

UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA

School of Library
Science



Class _____

Book _____

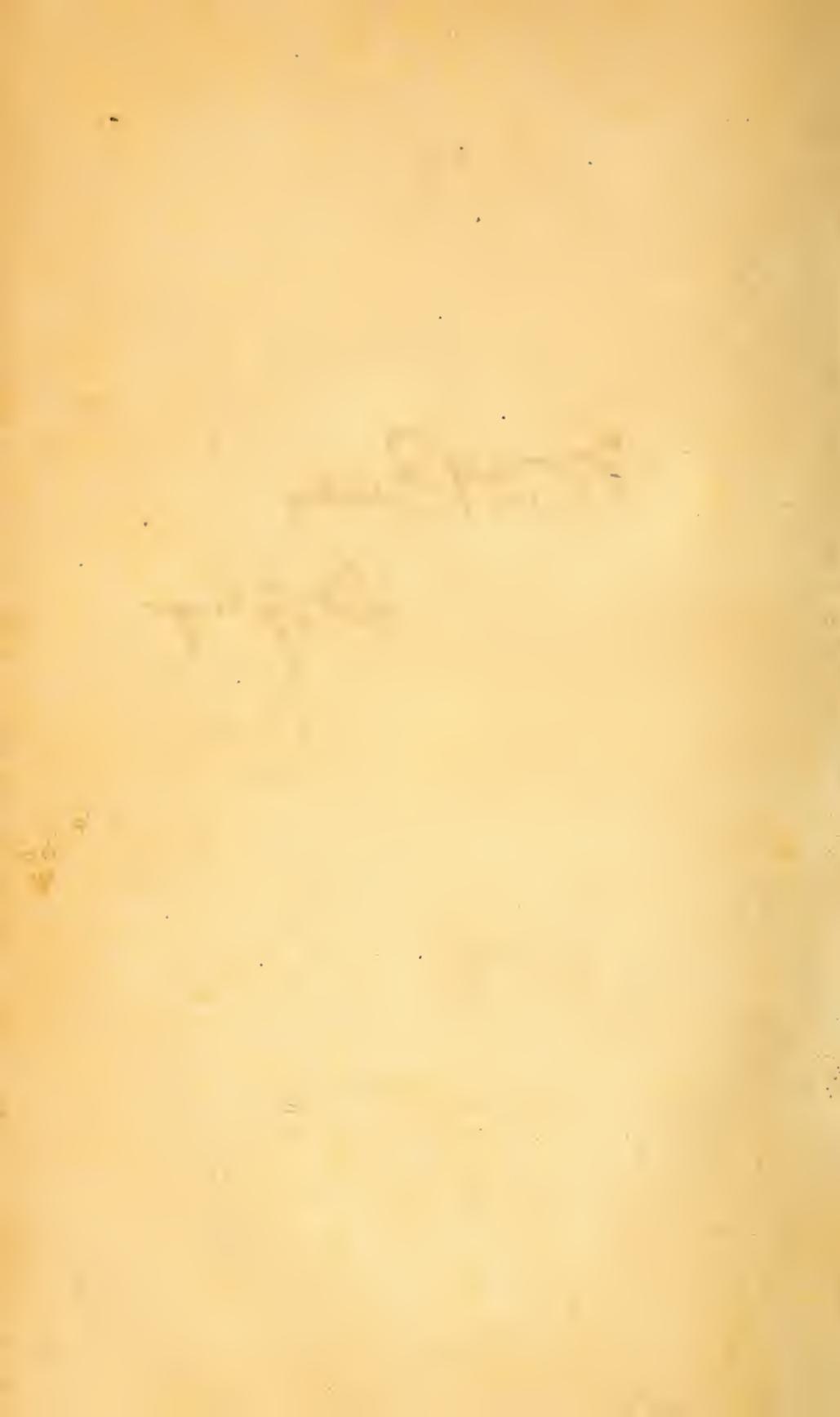


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Wm. H. Bixby

Lt of Engrs

6/3/75







CAPT. THOMAS M. BROWN

A. D. 1861

"ALL WE WOULD WISH, THE FOUR WINDS"

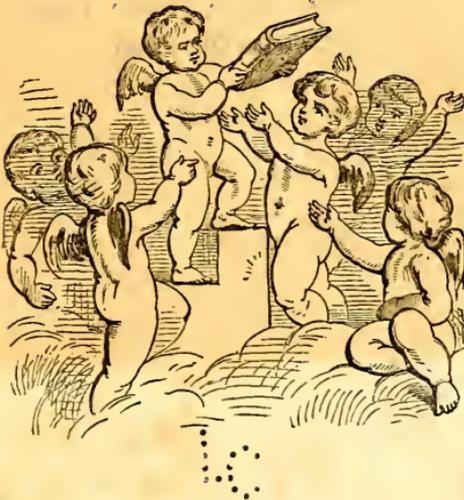
387 41.4
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY
J. T. TROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON, AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. III.



BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
124 TREMONT STREET.
1867.

dup. 3000 183

W H Buxby

123

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Transfer
Engineers School Liby.
June 29, 1931



UNIVERSITY PRESS : WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,
CAMBRIDGE.

CONTENTS.

	Page
About Me	<i>Mrs. Edward A. Walker</i> 462
About some Picture-Books	750
Among the Ice-Cutters	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 1
Archery and Archers	<i>Charles J. Foster</i> 370
Archery, The Sport of	<i>Charles J. Foster</i> 500
Assassin's Paradise, The	<i>H. L. P.</i> 311
Base-Ball and Cricket	<i>Charles J. Foster</i> 304
Batrachian Romance, A	<i>Vieux Moustache</i> 321
Birdie's Garden	<i>Margaret T. Canby</i> 495
Birdie's Snow-Storm	<i>Margaret T. Canby</i> 83
Blunder	<i>Louise E. Chollet</i> 527
Bows and Arrows, and Bears	<i>Charles J. Foster</i> 418
Boy's Adventure at Niagara Falls, A	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 435
Cast away in the Cold	<i>Isaac I. Hayes</i> 449, 513, 577, 687, 705
Cinderella, A Modern	<i>Caroline A. Howard</i> 280
Cove, In the	<i>Helen C. Weeks</i> 656
Daddy's Man	<i>Jane G. Austin</i> 349
Deer-Hunt in the Adirondacks, A	<i>Susan N. Carter</i> 537
Echo	<i>J. W. Palmer</i> 620
Emily's First Day with Pussy Willow	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> 592
Famine, A, and a Feast	<i>Edward Eggleston</i> 682
Foot-Ball and Hockey	<i>Charles J. Foster</i> 239
Going Halves	<i>Margaret Eytinge</i> 237
Good Old Times	<i>Elijah Kellogg</i> 41, 93, 149, 193, 293, 357, 424, 473, 547, 601, 671, 736
Helping Father	<i>William L. Williams</i> 75
History of a Sea-Swallow, The	<i>M. D. F.</i> 92
How we put out our Fires	<i>James M. Bugbee</i> 624
Jack's Jack-Knife	<i>Helen C. Weeks</i> 228
Jamie Again	<i>Gail Hamilton</i> 652
Lessons in Magic	<i>P. H. C.</i> 205
Little Beggar-Girl, The	<i>Mrs. A. M. Diaz</i> 556
Little Girl who wrote a Book, The	<i>Katherine K. C. Walker</i> 79
Little Pussy Willow	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> 12, 85
Lost Sister, The	<i>L. E. S.</i> 330, 397
Mayne Reid	15
Midsummer Night, A	<i>Mary Ellen Atkinson</i> 482
Miss Emily Proudie makes a Discovery	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> 720
Misses Smyth's Silver Wedding	<i>Betsy Blake</i> 285
Moth and Rust	<i>Louise E. Chollet</i> 7
Nathaniel Nye, the Wonder-Worker	<i>William Wirt Sikes</i> 403
Our Geranium, The Story of	<i>Lucia Chase</i> 118
Our Violet Girl	<i>H. E. B.</i> 209
Pacha's Son, The	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 713
Post-Boy, The Little	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 17
Prudy and the Pedler	<i>Sophie May</i> 755
Pussy and Emily at Sixteen	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> 471
Pussy Willow Blossoms	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> 217
Round-the-World Joe	<i>George Eager</i> 65, 140, 220, 257, 385, 486, 641, 723
Ruby's Visitor	<i>E. Stuart Phelps</i> 273
Sam's Monkey	<i>L. D. Nichols</i> 175
Sandpiper's Nest, The	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 433
Sea, The, and its Swimmers	<i>Charles J. Foster</i> 614

249956

Sports, Games, and Pastimes	<i>Charles F. Foster</i>	110
Swimming	<i>Charles F. Foster</i>	564
Swimming and Salt Water, More about	<i>Charles F. Foster</i>	730
Tin-Types	<i>Gail Hamilton</i>	51
Too Far Out	<i>Helen C. Weeks</i>	266
Tortoise-Shells	<i>A. V. S. Anthony</i>	588
Trotty	<i>E. Stuart Phelps</i>	35
Uncle Cobus's Story	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	411
Under the Flag	<i>Helen Wall Pierson</i>	168
What Dr. Hardhack said to Miss Emily	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	533
What Pussy Willow did	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	338
What Pussy did with her Winters	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	136
Where the Elves came from	<i>Anna M. Lea</i>	234
Will Crusoe and his Girl Friday	<i>Jane G. Austin</i>	665
William Henry's Letters to his Grandmother	<i>Mrs. A. M. Diaz</i>	630, 696
Winter Sports, — Skating	<i>Charles F. Foster</i>	163
Wonderful Beads, The	<i>William Wirt Sikes</i>	341

POETRY.

Bird-Catching	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	461
Both Sides	<i>Gail Hamilton</i>	394
Calling the Fairy	<i>Mary Leonard</i>	651
Castle-Builders, The	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	57
Child's Question, A	<i>Kate Putnam</i>	216
Darius Green and his Flying Machine	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	129
Flower-Secrets for Fan	<i>Mrs. George Warner</i>	347
Hob Gobbling's Song	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	23
In Time's Swing	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	748
Independence	<i>A. Q. G.</i>	56
Little Maid, The	<i>Mrs. Anna M. Wells</i>	470
Morning and Evening	<i>Mrs. Anna M. Wells</i>	636
Motherless Turkeys, The	<i>Marian Douglass</i>	376
No, You Can't	<i>Mrs. Anna M. Wells</i>	444
Old Gregory	<i>J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.</i>	117
Our Baby	<i>George S. Burleigh</i>	162
Out in the Snow	<i>Louise Chandler Moulton</i>	185
Over the Wall	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i>	759
Rainbow, The End of the	<i>Sarah M. B. Piatt</i>	403
Robin's House	<i>L. G. W.</i>	598
Sir Aylmer's Last Fight	<i>Charles F. Sprague</i>	610
Snow Falling	<i>John James Piatt</i>	148
Story of an Apple-Tree, A	<i>Mrs. Anna M. Wells</i>	247
Swinging on a Birch-Tree	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	355
Theatre, The Little	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	531
What?	<i>Kate Putnam Osgood</i>	587
Wish, The	<i>Charlotte F. Bates</i>	494

MUSIC.

[The songs written by *Emily Huntington Miller*, and set to music by *J. R. Thomas*.]

Beautiful Summer	634	November	699
Boat Song	571	Pictures in the Fire	761
Making Hay	442	Song of the Robin, The	250
Maying	315	Song of the Roses, A	378
New-Year Song	58	Summer Morning	506
Night Winds	186	Winter Night, The	122

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

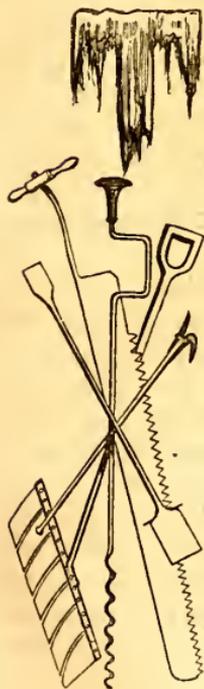
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1867.

No. I.

AMONG THE ICE-CUTTERS.



HE boys — and, I am glad to say, the girls too — had enjoyed a few days of the very finest skating, when one night there came a fall of snow, and the next morning Lawrence, looking from his window, saw the pond covered with a shining white mantle.

“Never mind,” said he; “we can sweep places to skate on. A good skater don’t care for a space larger than a parlor floor to practise on.”

So he went out that afternoon with a shovel and a broom to clear off a little of the snow. He was surprised to find a number of men on the pond before him. They had long chisel-shaped iron bars, with which they were cutting holes in the ice, about five paces apart, all over the pond.

“Look here!” cried Lawrence, running up to one of them, “what is this for? You’re spoiling our skating.”

“Your skating is spoiled already,” said the man; and *click! click!* his bar went through the ice again. “Our business would be spoiled too, if we did n’t cut these holes.”

“I don’t see how?”

“I’ll tell you how. This coating of snow prevents the ice from forming. Snow is warm; did you know it? A sheep covered up in a drift will live through a night that would freeze her to death if she was exposed to the weather. Just so, a heavy fall of snow is the best thing in the world to keep strawberries and other plants from winter-killing. It keeps

the pond warm in the same way. Ice will form, to be sure, under the snow, but so slow we should n't get half a crop if we did n't cut these holes and let the water through."

"I see," cried Lawrence. "The weight of the snow makes the ice sink a little; that forces the water up, and the water soaks the snow, and then freezes and makes ice."

"Yes, but that top-ice — *snow-ice*, we call it — is good for nothing. It's only a bother to us, as you will see if you are here when we are cutting. But it don't prevent the ice from forming underneath, as the snow does."

"I understand, — the ice is a good conductor of caloric, and the snow is n't," said Lawrence, who had learned enough of natural philosophy to come to this conclusion. "But why don't you have some sort of horse-scrapers to scrape the snow off?"

"We have horse-scrapers, but now the ice ain't strong enough to bear a horse; that's the trouble."

"Will it be good skating after the snow soaks and freezes?"

"It will be pretty rough. There's a good strip along by the Doctor's shore where we don't cut; it is kept for skating and fishing. You can sweep the snow from that, if you like, and cut holes for pickerel too, — a thing that ain't allowed on any other part of the pond."

"How can you prevent it? Do you own the pond?"

"No, but the ice-company have bought the privilege of cutting from all the owners around the pond, and so control it. Pickerel holes would spoil the ice at the time of cutting; besides, the horses would get their legs in them."

Lawrence was very anxious to see the work begin. He skated meanwhile on his uncle's shore, and after the snow-ice had frozen he went all over the pond, — although, as the man had predicted, he found it pretty rough.

Then there came another fall of snow. By this time the ice was firm enough to bear up horses, and the workmen came on it with plank scrapers six feet broad, and scraped the snow all up, like hay, in big windrows stretching across the pond.

Then there came still another snow, accompanied by sleet, and followed by rain; so that, when the storm was over, the pond was covered with a coarse frozen crust, too hard for the wooden scrapers. This brought out the iron-edged scoop-scrapers, formed for removing either heavy or crusted snow. Each scraper was drawn by a single horse, with a harness which consisted of a simple girth and loops for the shafts.

At last, one bright morning, early in January, Lawrence looked from his window and saw that the ice-harvest had fairly begun. It was Wednesday; there was no school in the afternoon, and as soon as he had eaten his dinner he hastened out to see the ice-cutters.

There were two men fishing on his uncle's shore. Having chopped holes in the ice, they dropped their hooks through them, baited with live minnows which had been caught in the autumn and preserved in tanks for this purpose. Their minnows were in a pail; an axe and three or four pickerel lay on

the ice ; and each man was watching half a dozen lines sunk in different places, a few yards apart, and adjusted so that a bite at either would pull down a rag of red flannel set up on a stick for a signal.

Lawrence, like most boys, took a lively interest in fishing. But something of still greater interest attracted him to-day ; and, stopping but a few minutes to watch the sport, he hastened on to the scene of the ice-cutting.

Two or three hundred men were at work on the pond, in two divisions, one at the upper and the other at the lower end ; presenting, with their horses and ice-saws and ice-hooks and cutters and scrapers and planes, a wonderfully animated and busy picture.

He chose to visit the lower end first, because he there expected to find the man whose acquaintance he had already made. He saw some men at work with a long, straight strip of board and a curious-looking instrument, and ran up to them. One of the men got down on his face and took sight across the board at a target, while the others drew the instrument along the edge of it. They thus marked the ice, somewhat as a school-boy draws a straight line with a pencil and ruler.

The man who had taken sight got up, and Lawrence saw that it was his old acquaintance.

“ So you ’ve come to see the ice-cutting. Well, here you have what is properly the beginning of it. We are striking a straight line, which is almost finished.”

Three or four more lengths of the board brought them to the target, set up by one of the windrows of snow.

“ This board is what we call a straight-edge. Here is an arm to it which we now open ; and you see it lies on the ice like a carpenter’s square. Now we are to strike another line at right angles with this ; and so we lay out our square-cornered fields of any number of acres, which are to be all cut up into such cakes as the ice-man brings you in summer. This instrument we mark with is called a hand-groove. You see it has seven steel-teeth, set one behind another, and riveted in this strong iron back. Each tooth is a quarter of an inch broad, and forms a sharp little plough by itself. The first cuts the slightest groove in the ice ; the second is a trifle longer, and cuts a trifle deeper ; the third, deeper still ; and so on, till the last, which leaves the groove an inch and a half deep.”

“ You go all around your field in this way ? ” said Lawrence.

“ No, only on two sides. Now see, — here comes an odd-looking horse-machine down the line we have struck. That is what we call a *guide-and-marker*. The *guide* is a smooth-edged blade that runs in the groove we have cut. The *marker* is a cutter made on the same principle with this hand-groove. The two are so fitted and fastened together that, when the guide runs in the groove, the marker cuts another parallel groove twenty-two inches from it.”

As the machine approached, Lawrence saw that it was drawn by a single strong rope, fifteen or twenty feet long, which kept it at a distance from the horse. The horse was led by one man, and the machine held by its handles,



like a plough, by another. The marker made a crisp, brittle sound, and threw out fine, bright chips, as the teeth cut through the ice; and after it had passed, Lawrence saw that there were two perfectly straight, beautiful grooves instead of one.

Arrived at the corner of the new field, the horse was turned about, and the machine (by means of an ingenious arrangement) turned over, so that, returning, the guide ran in the freshly-cut groove, and another groove was cut by the marker, twenty-two inches farther on.

"In this way," said Lawrence's friend, "the machine goes over the whole field, the last groove it cuts forming the boundary of the other side. Then it commences on this line, which we are here running at right angles with the first, and goes over the whole field the other way, cutting it all up into checkers twenty-two inches square. The marker cuts a groove two inches deep. Now you see another machine following it, drawn by a horse, just the same. But instead of being double, like the guide-and-marker, it is a single instrument, made up of teeth like the marker; only the teeth are longer, and they cut deeper. That we call a four-inch cutter, as it leaves the groove four inches deep. That will be followed by a six-inch cutter, and that by an eight-inch, and that again by a ten-inch. Each cuts two inches, which is about as much as a horse ought to be compelled to do. We have also a twelve-inch cutter, but this ice is not thick enough to require it."

“Do you cut clear through the ice? I should n't think that would do.”

“No, indeed. This ice is about fifteen inches thick, and we shall cut it only ten inches. We have harvested ice when it was only ten inches thick, and again when it was twenty-three inches; but that is rare. Sixteen inches is a good average thickness for working.”

Lawrence remained with his friend until the second line was struck. By this time a new machine, likewise drawn by a horse, made its appearance. It was the ice-plane, twenty-two inches broad, running between two grooves, and planing off the porous *snow-ice* which has already been described.

“Now,” said the man, “we will see how the ice is housed.” And he took Lawrence over a field where a hundred men had been at work all the morning.

It was a busy scene. On one side, the six-, eight-, and ten-inch cutters were going. On the other, men were breaking off broad rafts of the grooved ice, and floating them along a canal which had been cut to the ice-houses. Some were cutting through to the water with saws. Others were splitting off the sheets, the ends of which had been thus cut, with iron bars called “barring-off bars.” Still others, by means of “calking-bars,” were calking with ice-chips the ends of the grooves which were to come in contact with the water.

“The calking,” said Lawrence's friend, “is to keep the water from running into the grooves. For if it gets into them, it will circulate all through them, and then freeze, and the ice will be a solid mass again, as if it had n't been grooved at all.

“These rafts, or sheets of cakes, are, you see, thirty cakes long and twelve broad. The ends have to be sawed; but every twelfth groove—in this direction, lengthwise—is cut deeper than the rest, so that one man can easily bar off a sheet. Ice splits very easy from top to bottom, but it is hard to split it in any other direction. Lay a cake up out of water in a warm day, and it will always begin to honeycomb from the top downwards. Turning it on its side makes no difference with it; the frost insists on taking down its work first where it began to build it up. This shows that ice has a grain.”

The sheet of three hundred and sixty cakes, being split off, with its grooves all carefully calked around the ends and sides exposed to the water, was then floated off into the canal, and dragged on towards the ice-houses. One man, armed with an ice-hook,—an instrument resembling a pike-pole,—sometimes riding on the sheet, and sometimes walking by the edge of the canal, navigated this checkered raft to the slip, where it was broken up with bars into blocks of six cakes each, by men standing on the platform. Each of these blocks was fastened upon by an iron grapple, and taken by two men and a horse up an inclined plane to the summit of a strong staging built before the windows of a row of white ice-houses. One man guided the horse; the other guided the block along the smooth rails with a wooden handle attached to the grapple. It was lively work, one horse going up after another at a swift pace. At the summit of the staging, the blocks were seized by men with ice-hooks, and shoved along the now slightly declining rails towards the windows where they were wanted. Swiftly sliding, one

after another, went the bright crystal masses, to be seized again by men standing at the windows, and whirled into the ice-houses, where, layer upon layer, they were stowed away.

“As soon as the ice in these is built up to the level of this staging, the horses will begin to carry it up the next one” (for there was another staging above the first); “from that we shall fill the houses nearly to the top; then the ice will be completely covered with hay. Each of these vaults,” continued Lawrence’s friend, as they went up and looked into one of the great, gloomy buildings, into which the blocks went sliding and bouncing, and where several dimly-seen men were at work taking care of them, looking like demons in a pit, — “each of these vaults holds five thousand tons of ice. You will see, behind the ice-houses, trains of cars loading at the same time. The cars take the ice to ships in the harbor, and they take it to all parts of the world. We want to cut, this year, sixty-five or seventy thousand tons. Our two hundred and fifty men will cut about five thousand tons a day.”

Lawrence noticed that the ice-houses had very thick wooden walls; but his friend said: “Each wall is in reality two walls, two feet apart, with the space between filled in with tan-bark, which is the best thing we have for keeping out the heat.”

“Do you ever cut two crops of ice the same season?”

“Seldom. The second freezing makes poor ice compared with the first. I don’t pretend to give the reason. There is a great difference in the quality of ice for keeping. Ice cut in melting weather is porous, and won’t keep half as long as ice cut in cold weather.”

“It seems to me,” said Lawrence, as they descended the inclined plane, “machinery might be invented to take the place of these horses in elevating the ice.”

“Well, how would you arrange it?”

“I don’t know; but I’ve been thinking you might have two wheels, one at the water down there, and the other at the top of the ice-house; have an endless chain pass over them, hung full of grapples; set it in motion by an ordinary steam-engine; and let the grapples catch the blocks of ice in the slip, and carry them up an inclined plane to the stagings.”

The man laughed. “Go to the other end of the pond, and you’ll find very much such a machine as you have suggested. A common steam-engine of forty horse-power does the work of a hundred and fifty men and seventy-five horses, and does it quicker and better. We shall elevate all our ice in that way another year.”

Lawrence hastened to the upper ice-houses, and saw, to his delight, the operation of the new machine. It was so much like the one he had arranged in his own mind, that he began to consider himself a great inventor. The floating blocks, of two cakes each, were fed into a little slip under the lower wheel, which revolved just over the water. They were there seized by the grapples, which, coming down empty on the upper side of the moving chain, returned loaded on the under side.

Stiff ratan brooms, fastened to the platform, swept the blocks clean, as the grapples carried them up. The crystallized pond-water was thus elevated by this chain-pump, and poured into the ice-house windows, — the rattling and sliding masses, as they flew along the stagings, resembling an endless train of silver-bright cars seen on high bridges in the distance. There were four stagings, one above another, running the whole length of a long row of ice-houses. The ice was elevated at one end, so that one machine answered for all. The blocks were launched by the grapples upon a short inclined plane, which set them sliding down the gently sloping staging to the windows, where they were seized. The houses being filled to the level of one staging, the ice was then, by a slight alteration in the machinery, carried up to the next.

There was something about this harvesting of the ice so brisk and beautiful that Lawrence remained all the afternoon watching it; and more than once, afterwards, he went to spend a delightful hour among the ice-cutters.

J. T. Trowbridge.



M O T H A N D R U S T .

THE king's spectacles brought it all about; and whether he — but, in the first place, you are to know that, in the creek running through the Catskill Clove is a flat stone, planted slanting-wise in the bed of the stream, from under which you hear continually a discontented, grumbling voice, something like this: Wabble! wabble! wabble! — being, in fact, a respectable old water-goblin, who has had his trials, who tells his story all day long to the frogs and fishes, and who one day told it to me.

This old grumbler had four sons, three of whom were steady-going, well-to-do brooks, — the first being in the violet-growing business, the second a scene-maker, while the third had hired himself out to a woollen-spinner; but Steme, the youngest, had all his days been a care and vexation to his father. He had all the antic tricks of his cousins, the frogs and mists, and the fickle disposition of his mother, who was of the Fire family. One moment he drew himself out to the length of a giant, as if he had been so much gutta-percha; the next, he made himself so small that you lost him altogether. Now he sung, roared, puffed, bellowed, shrieked, and whistled, till the family were wild with his noise. A little after, he was gone, — mum as a mouse, however you called him; and never any two days alike, except in the fact that he was at all times idle and useless, — till one fine morning his father, being utterly out of patience, hustled him out of fairy-land, with, “See here, my lad! it is time you sought your fortune.”

“It is very odd,” said Steme to himself. “I am sure I could do something, if there were not some mistake somewhere”; — and coming just then to a house which had on the door-plate the words, “Wisest Man,” he rang the

bell, thinking, perhaps, the question could be settled there ; but the Wisest Man only shook his head.

“If you could have been of any use, somebody would have discovered it before,” said he.

So Steme travelled on till he came to the court of the king, where was a great hubbub ; and as no one would pay him the least attention, Steme grew sulky, and, coiling himself up, hid away in the tea-kettle.

“Now if anybody wants me, let them find me,” said he ; and you would never have known that he was there, unless by the way that the kettle-cover clattered now and then.

But, as I said, the court was in a hubbub, because of the king’s spectacles ; and whether he had changed them at the tailor’s, where he ordered the trimming for the Lord High Fiddlestick’s green satin gown, or at the jeweller’s, where his crown was being mended, or at the grocer’s, where he had stopped for a mug of ale, his Royal Highness was quite unable to decide. Only these could never be the spectacles that usually rested on his royal nose ; for whenever he looked through them, he could see nothing but moth and rust, — moths eating the bed-covers, the hangings, the carpets, the silks and velvets, the wool and linen, the lace and embroidery, in every part of his Majesty’s dominions, — rust on the gold and silver, the marble and granite, the oak and walnut, the houses and ships, everywhere in his kingdom. The king grew nervous. “We are all coming to poverty,” said his Royal Highness ; and though it was drawing toward Christmas, he did little but peep through the spectacles and look dismal.

Of course, all the court looked dismal too. The courtiers got a crick in the neck by going about with heads on one side, like his Majesty. The Lord High Fiddlestick, being of the jolly persuasion, was obliged to shut himself up and laugh privately by the hour, to take the fun out of him before waiting on his Royal Highness ; while the ladies wore their old gowns to court, and said, where the king could hear them, “O, we are obliged to piece and patch in these days. Between that dreadful Moth and Rust we are all coming to poverty, you know.”

In this dilemma they sent for the Wisest Man, who came at once, looking so profound that the king took courage, and said, “What shall we do ? Tell us, now.”

“Hum !” said the Wisest Man, “that is a grave question. Let us go back to first principles. If there was nothing to eat, there would be no moths, and nothing to consume, there would be no rust, — do you see ?”

“Yes, — certainly, — of course,” said all the courtiers ; but the king only groaned.

“But as there is silk and satin, velvet and linen, gold and diamonds, everywhere in the kingdom, I really don’t see what you are to do about it,” concluded the Wisest Man, and marched away home again.

This was cold comfort, and the king groaned more deeply than ever ; but the king’s son said to himself, “If there is no help for it, why cannot we contrive to grow rich faster, and so keep ahead of the leak ?”

So he sent for all the rich men in the kingdom.

"How did you grow rich?" asked the prince.

"By trading," answered they all together.

"Trade more, then," said the prince, "and we shall not all come to poverty."

"Alas! your Highness!" answered the rich men, sorrowfully, "we send away now just as much wheat and oil, and bring home just as much silk and gold, as we can find horses and wagons for carrying, and houses for storing."

"Work faster, then," suggested the prince.

"We work as fast as flesh and blood is able," answered the rich men together as before.

"Now is my time," said Steme to himself. "Here is work a little more to my taste than violet-growing";—and he began to clatter the cover of the kettle.

"Who is there?" asked the prince.

"Steme," gurgled the kettle.

"And what can you do, Steme?" said the prince.

"Carry as many tons as you like, and run sixty miles an hour," spluttered the kettle.

"That is a likely story!" cried the prince,—"curled up there in a kettle, whoever you are!"

"Try me," said Steme, coming out of the kettle.

So the prince ordered a load that would have broken the backs of forty horses to be strapped behind Steme, who darted off with it as if it had been a feather, shrieking, snorting, and puffing, as he always did when his blood was up; and though he had a three-days' journey before him, he was back in a few hours, fresher than when he started.

"More loads! more tons!" bellowed Steme. "Longer journeys! I want to go farther. I want to go faster. I can run twice as fast! Huzza!" swinging his arms, and capering, and jumping all the while, as if he was beside himself.

"Ah! this is better," said the prince, setting all the men in the palace to load Steme still more heavily. "Not much chance here for *Moth and Rust*."

Presently, back came Steme roaring for more loads. All the men in the kingdom were set at work. Twice as much wheat and oil was sent out, and four times as much silk and gold were brought in, as ever before.

"Not much danger of poverty now," exclaimed the courtiers; and even the king smiled, till he thought to put on his spectacles, when he saw more moths and more rust, eating twice as fast as ever before at the wheat and oil, the silk and gold.

"That is because you don't work fast enough," shouted Steme. "Who ever saw such wheels and looms? Let me spin! Give me thousands of wheels! I can weave! Give me looms! give me spindles!—millions of spindles, — hundreds of thousands of looms!"

So men worked night and day to make spindles and wheels and looms for Steme ; and a thousand workmen could not spin and weave the tenth part of what Steme did in a day.

“More, more!” cried Steme, buzzing and whirring and clicking and whizzing among his wheels and spindles. “Not half enough yet!”

But the king, looking through his spectacles, saw Moth and Rust busy as ever at the very wheels and spindles and looms themselves.

“Still it is your fault,” shouted Steme. “You don’t get about fast enough. Your horses creep like snails. Give me horses with iron backs, — hundreds of them, — thousands! I will draw your carriages. Give me paddles, — twenty and thirty in a hand. I will row your boats.”

So Steme drove the carriages, and rowed the boats ; and as people went dashing and tearing about everywhere, they panted to each other, “What a wonderful nation we have grown to be! no chance for Moth and Rust now!”

But, looking through his spectacles, the king saw moths by the million, and rust on everything.

“Your fault still!” snorted Steme. “Why don’t you read more? Why not have more books? Let me make your books. Everybody shall have them. Every one shall read and be wise. Some one will then find out the remedy for Moth and Rust.”

So Steme made books by the ton, and carried them everywhere, — thundering continually, “More, more! faster, faster! not half enough yet!”

But still the king saw moths and rust increase, and on Christmas eve he had no heart for Yule-logs and Christmas-trees, but wandered away in the forest, and walked there by himself, till just at dark he met a stranger.

“Who are you, and where are you going?” asked the king; for the man had such a broad, jolly, smiling face that the king knew it was none of his court.

“I am Merry Christmas,” said the stranger, “and I am going to the cottage in the forest.”

The king was curious to know why Merry Christmas had passed his palace, where were a hundred Christmas-trees and a Yule-log on every hearth, to stop at the cottage, where they could have nothing more than a pine branch, and he walked on too. In the cottage lived an old woman and a little girl. Against the chimney hung the little one’s stocking, and on the table, before the fire, was a chicken nicely browned. The mouths of the dame and the little one watered, for the dame had few chickens, and, as you may believe, they had not roast chicken for dinner every day ; but just as Merry Christmas opened the door, there stepped in, before him and the king, a poor little, hungry, shivering boy.

“Sit down,” said the dame ; “we were waiting for you. And let us thank the Lord for all his grace.”

“Why, there is hardly meat enough for two,” cried the king. “Such a little chicken!”

But “Hush!” said Merry Christmas, “I carve!”

And, looking at him, the king understood how there would not only be enough for three, but that it would taste better than the choicest bit of turkey that the Lord High Fiddlestick would carve for his Majesty's own plate; and when Merry Christmas sat down on the hearth, there was such a glow in the pine chips, and such a light in the tallow candle, and such a brightness through all the room, that came out of Merry Christmas, and had nothing to do with either fire or candle, that the three at the table rejoiced like a bird or a baby, without understanding why; and the king knew that the great hall in his palace, with its Yule-log and its chandeliers, would be dark and cold beside the little room.

Just then he remembered his spectacles, and, pulling them out, hastily clapped them on his nose and looked about him.

"Bless my soul!" cried the king with a start, and, taking off the spectacles, rubbed them carefully, and looked again; but stare as he would, he saw neither Moth nor Rust.

"How is this?" thought the king, when, looking again and more sharply, he spied written on everything in the little room, "We give of what we have to-day to whoever needs, and trust to God for to-morrow."

"O," said Merry Christmas chuckling, "no preventive like that against Moth and Rust";—but the king went home sorrowful, for he was very rich.

Louise E. Chollet.



LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW.

V.

PUSSY WILLOW was so happy and proud at her success in making bread, that she now felt a very grown-up woman indeed; and her idea of a grown-up woman was, as you will see, that of a person able and willing to do something to some useful purpose. Some of my readers may think that a little girl ten years of age could not knead up and bake a batch of bread like that which Pussy is described as doing; but they must remember that little girls who grow up in the healthy air of the mountains, and who have always lived a great part of their time in the open air, and have been trained to the use of their arms and hands from early infancy, become larger and stronger than those who have been nursed in cities, and who never have done anything but arrange dolls' baby-houses, and play at giving and receiving company.

Pussy was as strong a little mountaineer as you could wish to see; and now that her mother was laid up with a lame arm, Pussy daily gloried in her strength. "How lucky it is," she said to herself as she was dressing in the morning, "that I have got to be such a large girl! What mother would do without me, I'm sure I don't see. Well now, if I can make bread and biscuit, I'm sure I can make gingerbread and pies; and father and the boys will never miss anything. O, I'll not let grass grow under *my* feet."

This was in the dim gray of the morning, before another soul was awake in the house, when Pussy was up bright and early; for she had formed the design of getting up and making breakfast ready, all of her own self, before anybody should be up to call her or ask her to do it. For you must know it was Pussy's nature to like to run before people's expectations. She took a great interest in surprising people, and doing more than they expected; and she thought to herself, as she softly tiptoed down the stairs: "Now I shall have the fire all made, and the tea-kettle boiling, by the time that mother wakes. I know she'll wake thinking 'I must go and call Pussy, and ask her to get breakfast.' How surprised she'll be to find Pussy up and dressed, the fire made, and the kettle boiling, and breakfast just ready to go on!"

So Pussy softly felt her way into the kitchen, where it was hardly light as yet, and found the water-pail, and then, opening the kitchen-door, she started for the little spring back of the house for a pail of water. It had been Pussy's work from her earliest years to bring water from this spring to her mother,—at first in tiny little pails, but gradually, as she grew older and bigger, in larger ones, till now she could lift the full-sized water-pail, which she had on her arm.

"So here you are, Mr. Robin," said Pussy, as she stepped out of the door and heard a lively note struck up from the willow-bush by the window. "You and I are up early this morning, ar'n't we? Ha, ha, old Mr. Chipmunk,

— is that you? Take care of yourself, or I shall catch you. You are up getting breakfast for your family, and I for mine. Mother is sick, and I'm housekeeper now, Mr. Chip." So saying, Pussy splashed her pail down among the fern-leaves that bordered the edges of the spring, and laughed to see the bright, clear water ripple into it; and having filled it, she drew it up all glittering and dripping with diamond-bright drops, which fell back again into the little spring.

"There's a girl for you!" said old Mother Fern, when Pussy had turned her back on the spring. "That girl does credit to our teaching. Every feeling of her heart is as fresh and clear as spring-water, and she goes on doing good just as the brook runs in a bright, merry stream. That girl will never know what it is to be nervous or low-spirited, or have the dyspepsia, or any of the other troubles that come on the lazy daughters of men. And it all comes of the gifts that we wood-fairies have brought her. She takes everything by the smooth handle, and sees everything on the bright side, and enjoys her work a great deal more than most children do their play."

Meanwhile Pussy had gone in and kindled the fire in the stove, and set over the tea-kettle, and now was busy sifting some meal to make some corn-cakes for breakfast.

"I've seen mother do this often enough," she said, "and I'll surprise her by getting it all nicely into the oven without her saying a word about it." So she ran in all haste to the buttery, where stood a pan of milk which had turned deliciously sour, and shook and quivered as she moved it, like some kind of delicate white jelly with a golden coating of cream over it. A spoonful of soda soon made this white jelly a mass of foam, and then a tea-cupful of bright, amber-colored molasses was turned into it, and then it was beaten into a stiff mass with the sifted corn-meal, and poured into well-buttered pans to be baked. Pussy was really quite amused at all this process. She was delighted to find that the cake would actually foam under her hands as she had often seen it under her mother's, and when she shut the oven-doors on her experiment it was with a beating heart.

"I do believe, mother," said Pussy's father, opening one eye and giving a great stretch, — "I do believe Pussy is up before you."

"Good child!" said her mother, "she is making the fire for me. With a little instruction she will be able to make a corn-cake nicely."

Pussy's voice was now heard at the door. "Mother! mother! sha'n't I come in and help you dress?" — and a bright little face followed the voice, and peeped in at the crack of the door.

"Thank you, dear child; I was just thinking of coming to call you. I wanted you to make the fire for me."

"It's made, mother, — long ago."

"What a good girl! Well then, you may just get a pail of water and fill the tea-kettle."

"I got the water and filled the kettle half an hour ago, mother," said Pussy, "and you can't think how it's boiling! — puffing away like a steamboat, — and I've put the coffee on to boil, and —"

“ You have been a *very* good girl,” said her mother, as Pussy was helping her into her gown. “ You are such a nice handy little housekeeper that I think I can easily show you how to get the whole breakfast. Would n’t you like to have me teach you how to mix the corn-cakes ? ”

O then how Pussy laughed and crowed, as she led her mother into the kitchen, and, opening the oven-door, showed her corn-cakes rising as nicely as could be, and baking with a real lovely golden brown. And besides that there were slices of ham that she had cut and trimmed so neatly, lying all ready to be put into the frying-pan.

How Pussy enjoyed that breakfast ! The cakes were as light and golden as her mother’s best, and Pussy had all the glory of them, for she had made them all by herself. I don’t think Miss Emily Proudie ever felt so delighted to walk out in a new hat and feather as did little Pussy to be able to get this breakfast for her mother, and to hear the praises of her father and brothers on everything she had made.

It would be amusing if the good fairies would let us ride on a bit of their fairy carpet through the air on this same bright morning, when Pussy was so gay and happy in her household cares, and set us down in the elegant chamber where little Emily was sleeping. Everything about the room shows such a study to please the sleeping child ! The walls are hung with lovely pictures ; the floor is carpeted with the most charming carpet ; the sofas and chairs and lounges are all of the most elegant shapes, and spread out upon the sofa is a beautiful new walking-dress, which came home after little Emily went to bed last night, and which is spread out so as to catch her eye the first thing when she wakes in the morning. It is now past eight o’clock, and Pussy Willow has long since washed all the dishes, and arranged the kitchen, and done the morning work in the farm-house, and has gone out with her little basket on her arm to dig roots, and pull young wintergreen for beer ; but all this while little Emily has been drowsily turning from side to side, and uneasily brushing off the busy flies that seem determined she shall not sleep any longer.

“ Come now, Miss Emily ! your mamma says you *must* wake up and see your pretty new dress,” says Bridget, who has been in four times before, to try and wake the little sleeper. Emily sits up in bed at last, and calls for the new dress.

“ So, she ’s got it done at last, — that hateful Madame Tulleruche ! She always keeps me waiting so long that I am tired to death. But there ! — she has gone and put that trimming on in folds, and I told her I wanted puffs. The dress is just ruined. Take it away, Bridget. I can’t bear the sight of it. I *do* wonder what is the reason that *I* never can have anything done as other girls can. There ’s always something the matter with my things.”

“ Troth, Miss Emily, it ’s jist that ye ’s got too much of ivrything, and your stomach is kept turned all the time,” said Bridget. “ If ye had to work as I do for your new dresses, ye ’d like ’em better, that ’s what ye would. I tell ye what would do ye more good than all the fine things ye ’s got, and that same ’s a continted mind.”

“But how *can* I be contented,” said Emily, “when nothing ever suits me? I’m so particular,—mamma says so. I’m so, and I can’t help it, and nobody ever does do anything quite as I like it; and so I am unhappy all the time.”

“And what if ye did something for somebody else, instead of having everybody else a-serving ye?” said Bridget. “I works from morning to night, and gets my two dollars a week, and sends the most part of it to me poor old mother in Ireland; and it keeps me jolly—praise be to God!—to think I’m a-comfortin’ her old age. Did ye ever think whether ye did anything for anybody?”

No; Emily never had thought of that. From the very first hour that her baby eyes had opened, she had seen all the world on their knees around her, trying to serve and please her. Neither her father nor mother ever spoke or acted as if they expected her to do the slightest service for them. On the contrary, they always spoke as if they must do everything for her; and Bridget’s blunt talk now and then was the only intimation the little girl ever got that there was a way to be happy that she knew not of.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



MAYNE REID.

THE name of no writer can be better known to the boys and girls of America than that of Mayne Reid,—“the Walter Scott of the juveniles,” as he has sometimes been called. Therefore the readers of “Our Young Folks” will be glad to know something about the man himself, and to look upon his portrait, which is now for the very first time made public,—for he has never allowed his likeness to be published in England, or copies of his photograph (from which this picture is engraved) to be sold there.

Captain Mayne Reid, who now lives as a quiet English gentleman in his pleasant and retired country-seat, is the son of a clergyman, and of blended Scotch and Celtic blood. Strictly educated in all respects under his father’s direction, he only held his adventurous spirit in check until he should be his own master, and at an early age, breaking away from the restraints which annoyed him, he set out to travel, and to find diversion and fortune. The greater portion of his absence from home was spent in America, the southern and western portions of which particularly delighted him, by their greatness, their freedom of life and habits, their luxuriant growth of strange birds, animals, plants, and trees, their wild sports, and their rich recompense for the explorations of the hunter and the pioneer. He was in America when the Mexican war began, and he at once cast in his fortune with that of the country he had learned to love, and, joining a New York regiment as lieutenant, fought through the whole campaign, being advanced to the rank

of captain, which title he still holds. He is said to have been an impetuous and daring soldier, and was several times wounded, receiving one—the severest—shot during a desperate charge upon the walls of Mexico in the engagement which ended in the capture of that city.

Returning home after the war, and casting about for some occupation, he bethought him of making a book about the wonderful country he had visited, filling it with the results of his observation and adventure. He did so, and the volume was most successful, reaching a great circulation in a remarkably short time. This decided his course, and since that time he has devoted himself to literature, being one of the most popular authors of the time.

As all must know, Mayne Reid chooses his subjects from out-door life. Travelling, hunting, fishing, the investigation of strange climates, wild animals, curious trees and plants, remarkable adventures and new sports, are the topics with which he fills his pages. His own romantic nature leads him to prefer unfamiliar lands for the scene of his stories, and novel or astonishing combinations of incident for their action.

But this may be confidently said of Captain Reid, — that, however amazing or improbable may seem the thread of adventure which constitutes the narrative of his volumes, the statements which he makes in regard to geography, or botany, or natural history are sure to be true. When he is preparing a new tale, he gathers all the information that persons or books can give him in regard to the region into which he means to send his characters, and then, having got these facts before him, he proceeds to make a story which will include them all. Thus, though his anecdotes of animals or Indians, and his accounts of rivers or forests, may appear too strange to be true, yet, if one has the opportunity and the time to examine the narratives of travellers and scholars, he will find authority for what Mayne Reid has told him.

At this very time, the marvels which were recounted in "Afloat in the Forest" are being confirmed daily, by Professor Agassiz, who has just come home after a long journey in Brazil, and who tells in his lectures and writings similar wonders of the Gape and its inhabitants with all that eloquence and minuteness for which he is so famous. Rev. J. C. Fletcher, too, the eminent Brazilian traveller, has verified many of Captain Reid's accounts; and there now lies in a drawer in the editors' office a little round, rough, brownish ball, about as big as a pea, which he gave them, and which, if planted in suitable soil and properly nurtured, would grow up to be just such another great, useful giant as the food-producing *Assai*, of which you read last year; for it is the real seed of such a tree.

So, boys and girls, you may believe just as much as you please of strange adventures, amazing perils, and miraculous escapes with which Mayne Reid spices his stories; but you may trust him entirely when he tells you anything for a fact; and you must remember him kindly, as a man of another land, who yet loves your country, has fought and shed his blood for her, who always has a warm word to speak in her praise, and who would gladly have drawn his sword again for her in her last battles had not the feebleness of his health and the dependence of his family forbidden.



THE LITTLE POST-BOY.

[SWEDEN.]

I N my travels about the world I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life, in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my adventures in which children participated, so that the story and the information shall be given together. Ours is not the only country in which children must frequently begin, at an early age, to do their share of work and accustom themselves to make their way in life. I have found many instances among other races, and in other climates, of youthful courage, and self-reliance, and strength of character, some of which I propose to relate to you.

This one shall be the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. As you go northward from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes ruder and wilder, and the climate more severe. In the sheltered valleys along the Gulf of Bothnia and the rivers which empty into it, there are farms and villages for a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, after which fruit-trees disappear, and nothing will grow in the short, cold sum-

mers except potatoes and a little barley. Farther inland, there are great forests and lakes, and ranges of mountains where bears, wolves, and herds of wild reindeer make their home. No people could live in such a country unless they were very industrious and thrifty.

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer-sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time: the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back, more than once. But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province, commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much out-door work, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity. They are very happy and contented, and few of them would be willing to leave that cold country and make their homes in a warmer climate.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveller has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are either furnished by the keeper of the station or some of the neighboring farmers, and when they are wanted a man or boy goes along with the traveller to bring them back. It would be quite an independent and convenient way of travelling, if the horses were always ready; but sometimes you must wait an hour or more before they can be furnished.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer-skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out, and then to get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire. The cold increased a little every day, to be sure, but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm, soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes, after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I travelled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber-merchants were travelling the same way, and had taken the horses; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until other horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travellers at the station, and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with the two lumber-merchants; but his wife — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer-meat, upon which I made an excellent meal. The house, was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room. I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the post-house when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: "You need have no fear, sir. Lars is young; but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm don't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was again on the point of remaining; but while I was deliberating with myself, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheep-skin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth.

so that only the round blue eyes were visible ; and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer-skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all, when the door of the house was shut, and the horse started on the journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully, that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level: now trot a bit."

So we went on, — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no ploughs out to-night we'll have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plough down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees: there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the

drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road: we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"O, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear-hunt, last winter, up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer-skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir-tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer-skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. The Norrland horses are so accustomed to cold that they seem comfortable in a temperature where one of ours would freeze.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer-skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day, at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. But as I must have talked English and he Swedish, there could have been no connection between our remarks. I remember that his warm, soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no further than my knees. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots his scarf and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plough the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. This machine not only cut through the drifts but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the post-house at Umea, where we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited, nevertheless, until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good by to both, and went on towards Lapland.

Some weeks afterwards, on my return to Stockholm, I stopped at the same little station. This time the weather was mild and bright, and the father would have gone with me to the next post-house; but I preferred to take my little bedfellow and sled-fellow. He was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that, although I had been nearly all over the world, and he had never been away from home, — although I was a man and he a young boy, — I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better. We had a merry trip of two or three hours, and then I took leave of Lars forever. He is no doubt still driving travellers over the road, a handsome, courageous, honest-hearted young man of twenty-one, by this time.

Bayard Taylor.

HOB GOBBLING'S SONG.

NOT from Titania's Court do I
 Hither upon a night-moth fly ;
 I am not of those Fairies seen
 Tripping by moonlight on the green,
 Whose dewdrop bumpers, nightly poured,
 Befleck the mushroom's virgin board,
 And whose faint cymbals tinkling clear
 Sometimes on frosty nights you hear.

No, I was born of lustier stock,
 And all their puling night-sports mock :
 My father was the Good Old Time,
 Famous in many a noble rhyme,
 Who reigned with such a royal cheer
 He made one Christmas of the year,
 And but a single edict passed,
 Dooming it instant death to fast.

I am that earthlier, fatter elf
 That haunts the wood of pantry-shelf,
 When minced-pies, ranged from end to end,
 Up to the gladdened roof ascend ;
 On a fat goose I hither rode,
 Using a skewer for a goad,
 From the rich region of Cockayne,
 And must ere morn be back again.

I am the plump sprite that presides
 O'er Thanksgiving and Christmas tides ;
 I jig it not in woods profound ;
 The barn-yard is my dancing-ground,
 Making me music as I can
 By drumming on a pattypan ;
 Or if with songs your sleep I mar,
 A gridiron serves me for guitar.

When without touch the glasses clink,
 And dishes on the dresser wink
 Back at the fire, whose jovial glance
 Sets the grave pot-lids all adance ;
 When tails of little pigs hang straight,
 Unnerved by dreams of coming fate ;

When from the poultry-house you hear
Midnight alarms, — I am near.

While the pleased housewife shuts her eyes,
I lift the crust of temperance pies,
And slip in slyly two or three
Spoonfuls of saving *eau de vie*;
And, while the cookmaid rests her thumbs,
I stone a score of choicer plums,
And hide them in the pudding's corner,
In memory of the brave Jack Horner.

I put the currants in the buns,
A task the frugal baker shuns ;
I for the youthful miner make
Nuggets of citron in the cake ;
'T is I that down the chimney whip,
And presents in the stockings slip,
Which Superstition's mumbling jaws
Ascribe to loutish Santa Claus.

'T is I that hang, as you may see,
With presents gay the Christmas-tree ;
But, if some foolish girl or boy
Should chance to mar the common joy
With any sulky look or word,
By them my anger is incurred,
And to all such I give fair warning
Of nightmares ere to-morrow morning.

James Russell Lowell.



AUNT FANNY'S FIRST MARRIAGE AND ITS TRAGICAL ENDING.

DARLING "YOUNG FOLKS," — Would you like to read about this pathetic, ridiculous little marriage? For here it is written down, just as it happened.

One sharp, bright afternoon in December, ever, ever so long ago, a quick ring was heard at the front-door bell of a large house in the city of New York. The door was opened ; a tall, handsome man passed in with a swift step ; and, an instant after, a voice like a tuneful breeze sounded up the stairs, — " Fanny, Fanny ! where is my little pet ? Where can she be ? "

In a moment, a wee morsel of a child came flying down, and was caught

in his arms, and kissed a dozen times. The next moment she was perched on his shoulder, and carried triumphantly into the parlor.

"There, little brown bird," he said, seating her in a great arm-chair before the blazing fire, "there you are, all compact and comfortable."

There was no doubt about her being "compact." She looked almost a baby, though "half past five years old," as she said. Her small face lit up with a look of perfect happiness, as she settled herself to her satisfaction in the great chair, and she repeated, with a little chuckling laugh, "All compac' an' comf'able. Tell me a story, Roswald."

"Certainly," he answered. "Once upon a time a nice little girl had an old rag doll. She loved it so much that she took it with her wherever she went; so it came to pass, that one fine day they both went up to the moon together to make a visit."

"O, what a story!" exclaimed Fanny, her mouth dimpling into a smile, while her dark eyes shot out solemn reproof at the narrator.

"To be sure it is. You asked me to tell a story. Well; to climb to the moon conveniently, the nice little girl planted a Turkey bean, which grew at such a rate that — would you believe it? — it outstripped the wind, and was tied in a sailor's knot round a horn of the moon in about seven minutes; and then all that the nice little girl and her rag doll had to do was just to walk up the stem, as if nothing particular had happened. Up they trotted, both talking and laughing at once, as noisy and happy as possible.

"O, it was beautiful! There rested the moon in the sky, like a great silver island, while far, far below was the round world they had left.

"They found the Man in the Moon sitting all by himself in a great cave, at the foot of the biggest volcano. He was mending his stockings with some brown twine, and a monstrous crooked needle, — such stitches! — and eating between whiles a lump of green cheese, of which the moon is composed.

"'How-de-do, Mr. Moon,' said the nice little girl, making a very polite courtesy. The rag doll tried to courtesy too, but she only doubled up in the most dreadful manner, because she was not stuffed tight enough, and struck her rag head against a moon-stone.

"'Did you ever!' cried the nice little girl, catching her doll up. 'How's Mrs. Moon?'

"'I'm a bachelor,' growled the Man in the Moon.

"'O,' said the little girl; and she thought, 'That is the reason why you don't offer me the least bit of your cheese,' for she knew well enough that living alone made one mean and selfish, with a heart no better than that of a boiled cabbage; which vegetable, as every botanist can tell you, has n't a grain of spirit in it, good or bad.

"Yes; the Man in the Moon had lived, nobody knows how many thousands of years, without a single relation in the universe, — although the Emperor of China pretends to be his uncle, or grandfather, I forget which.

"'I've got four faces,' said the Man in the Moon, 'and I change them once a week. Don't you believe it?'

"'O, certainly,' answered the little girl, but the rag doll winked her eyes, and said nothing.

“Presently, they all went out of the cave for a walk ; the Man in the Moon first putting on a battered old hat, which looked as if he had borrowed it from a scarecrow. They climbed up a tall peak of the volcano, and rested on the edge of the crater, where the heat came up at such a rate that the perspiration trickled down their foreheads, — except the rag doll’s. She sat staring into the crater, as cool as a cucumber.

“Then the Man in the Moon told how he had been engaged all his days and nights racing after the sun, without ever being able to overtake him ; and this bothered and worried him (the moon man) so, that sometimes he would become as thin and sharp as a scythe ; while at other times he would n’t care, but would take to getting up late in the evenings, and then his face grew round and fat and shining, and he would favor the Earth and his wife with a grin of jolly good-humor, like this, — and here the Man in the Moon stretched his mouth, flapped his ears like a rabbit, raised his eyebrows till you would have thought they were going over the top of his head, twisted his eyes into a horrible squint, and glared at the company.

“‘I don’t like to stay here,’ said the old rag doll. ‘There are only double-faced men and women on the earth, down below. That is bad enough in all conscience. Four-faced people are quite too much. I can’t bear it!’

“‘Just wait till I catch the sun,’ growled the Man in the Moon, in a furious passion. ‘I’ll tear him out of the sky, and put him in my breeches-pocket. Then you’ll be borrowing your grandmother’s spectacles to see any face at all! Boo!’

“At this, the nice little girl turned quite blue with fright ; and, seizing her beloved rag doll, she jumped right out of the moon into the house next door to this. — And that’s the whole story ; and if you don’t believe every word I’ve been telling you, just run up to the moon on the first bean-stalk you can find ; but, mind you, don’t stay longer than you can.”

Fanny gave a little funny laugh, and then, heaving a sigh because the story was ended, she folded her hands, and looked gravely into the fire, thinking about the cross Man in the Moon, while Roswald, as she called him, talked to two young ladies who had just entered. They were Fanny’s aunts.

Presently the little girl heard her Aunt Mary repeat, in a tone of surprise : “Going to England, Mr. Carson? What sends you, at this season of the year?”

“I am tired of being idle,” he answered ; “I want occupation ; and I am going on important business, which may in a short time make me a very rich man.”

Going away. Fanny crept down from her great chair, and came climbing up his knee. “Don’t go, Roswald!” she begged. “I want you to tell me more stories, and say your cat’chism. You did n’t know your cat’chism last time. When I asked you, ‘Of what are you made?’ you said, ‘Wet powder,’ — you naughty boy!”

“Well, little teacher, I will study my cat’chism hard, and say it all perfect when I come back,” — and he stooped and kissed her anxious upturned face.

“O—h, but you’ll *never* come back!” and her lips curled painfully, and her dark eyes grew misty with tears.

"I promise you I will. You know you are going to be my little wee wife. You promised to make haste and grow ; and to do that, you must not cry : ladies never do."

"O, don't they?"

"No. If I had a wife who cried, people might think I had been beating her with the poker."

"Then I won't cry. There. See, I'm done." And the little thing looked up in his face with a pitiful smile, adding, "Shall I be your little wife now?"

"Yes, little innocent darling ; but you must n't fret a bit all the time I am gone. You are going to be a merry little kitten, and a robin, and a cricket, and lemon and sugar, and everything nice. Are n't you?"

"Yes, I am. I said I would n't cry ; and a lady never breaks her word. If you will only be so kind as not to get any older, I should be so glad. — But oh ! I *can't* let you go," — and a chubby arm went creeping round his neck.

"I'll bring you back a house to live in."

"Will you live in it too?"

"I'm afraid it won't be quite big enough for me. But that need not make any difference ; I can peep into the windows, and you shall hand me out a cup of tea, — the size of a thimble. Won't that be splendid?"

Fanny laughed and looked delighted for a minute, and then all the comfort appeared to fly away. She sighed, and seemed deep in reflection. Suddenly a gleam of joy chased the grief from her face, and she exclaimed, "Roswald, I will be your little wife *now* ! then I *know* you will come back, as papa comes back to mamma."

I ought to tell you, dear little reader, that Fanny's parents spent all their winters in Charleston, South Carolina, often leaving their children at their kind grandfather's house in New York. Their mamma would sometimes return first, in her impatience to see her darlings ; but, as Fanny said, "Papa always came soon after," and stayed during the hot months of summer.

Reasoning from this, the child was sure Roswald would be faithful and unforgetting in that far-off England.

The two aunts had listened to this conversation with amused attention. Young and full of fun, they thought it would be an exquisite joke to humor their little niece in her strange fancy. They loved, admired, and petted her, and took the kindest care of her and her brothers while their parents were absent. So the elder aunt, approaching Mr. Carson, her eyes sparkling with mischief, said : "I don't see how you can decline this proposal with any politeness. We will give you a grand wedding, won't we, Fanny ? — lots of candies, mottoes, bread and milk, and round hearts ; and you shall be married in the very best Mother Goose style. We will put one end of a bran new broom with an extra long handle, on the fender, the other end resting on the floor, and you and Mr. Carson shall jump over the broomstick together. Then you will be married, until the broom falls to pieces."

Fanny laughed a little happy laugh, and the big man kissed her, and it was all settled then and there that the wedding should take place Christmas evening, with the utmost pomp and ceremony.

A new white frock was made ; a broad white sash was bought ; the snowy pantalets were trimmed with lace ; the coral necklace and armlets were laid out, and a pair of tiny white slippers were sent home, which last received the high approbation of old Aunt Peggy, the black cook, who kept a little tin pan for no other purpose but to set upon the floor for Fanny to stand in when new shoes were tried on, — to see “ ef her little foots had growed any.”

Christmas came, — a wild snowy day. Fanny and her two little brothers planted themselves at the window, watching the crowds of people who passed. The snow did not drop down softly and silently : it was blown violently into faces and eyes. It flew up in wreaths and spiral columns, leaving the pavements perfectly clean in some places, and forming in hillocks in others. The furious wind played all manner of pranks with umbrellas, — bursting the whalebones, and breaking the handles, and in some instances, to the children's great delight, turning them inside out, making them look like wigs and cocked hats, of which the handles made the long queues.

Grandpa and Aunt Mary braved the storm and went to church. The children had church at home. The way they had it was this. In the olden times, people slept on great four-post bedsteads, with feather-beds and mattresses piled up so high that steps were necessary to mount into bed. At the side of the bed in the room where the children played church were two steps covered with Brussels carpet. If you turned these upside down, and placed a bench under the upper step, it made an enclosed seat, which did excellently well for a pulpit. The elder of Fanny's two brothers was the minister. He was four years old. The other was the chorister, and the little girl, with Miss Arabella, her new wax doll, which Santa Claus had sent her that day, and all her other dolls set up on chairs, formed the congregation.

Don't think I am making a jest of sacred things, my darlings. Far from it! These little ones were perfectly serious in their church. Every rainy Sunday morning was spent in preaching a little sermon, singing hymns, and praying that God would make them good children.

And now this day, when all was ready, the little minister said, “ Beloved,” with such a tender emphasis on the word, — “ Beloved, let us sing the following hymn.”

None of them could read a bit, but they all knew by heart what he repeated, holding their hymn-books in their hands.

“ O that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try with all my might
To mind as I am taught.

“ Whenever I am told to go,
I 'll cheerfully obey ;
And will not mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

“ When mother bids me, I will tell
About my little toys.
But if she 's busy, or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

“ For God looks down from Heaven on high
Our actions to behold ;
He loves good children when they try
To do as they are told.”

Then the other little brother rose. He sat in front of the pulpit, as the choristers used to do in churches in those old times. The chorister always held a tuning-fork in his hand. He would give it a little knock against the table, hold it to his ear, and then pitch the tune by the musical sound it made. So little John pretended to knock an imaginary tuning-fork and hold it to his ear; and then, looking at a corner of the ceiling, as the chorister in his grandpapa's church always did at the lofty ceiling, cooed out in his baby voice a familiar hymn so sweetly, and was joined so earnestly and reverently by the others, that I do sincerely believe it was accepted at His Throne as soon as the music which swelled from tutored lips in crowded churches, and perhaps sooner.

When the hymn had been sung, the minister, rising in his pulpit, and throwing back the long, golden curls of his hair, began the sermon: “ My dear beloved,” he said, “ if you want to be happy, you must be good; mind grandpa and aunties; never tell 'tories; never scratch like naughty cats; never bark and bite like robber dogs; and if your brother loses your India-rubber ball, you *must forgive him*, certainly” — and here the little minister looked down so tenderly at the little chorister, that, if it had not been in church, I do believe John would have jumped up and kissed him in the pulpit, for he knew that his brother was no longer angry because the chorister had lost his ball.

Was not this a good practical sermon?

After another hymn had been sung, church was out; and the only people who seemed glad of it were the dolls, who had looked stupid and uninterested during the whole service. Do you ever look and feel this way? For if you do, you might as well have a wax or porcelain head and a sawdust heart, for all the good going to church will do you.

Afterwards came the grand Christmas dinner, to which all the relations far and near had been invited; and in hilarious fun and frolic the day waxed and waned, and the low-gliding, pale-beaming winter sun sunk at last, crimson and clear, in the west.

Mr. Carson had made one at the dinner, and you may be sure his little pet was close beside him. In those old times the children dined on very simple fare in the nursery; but on this blessed Christmas day they all had seats at the table, and sat up in great grandeur and glory, afraid almost to wink lest it should not be considered good behavior. Indeed, staring at the delicious smoking dishes caused them to open their eyes so wide, that it would really have been a difficult matter to shut them, even for a wink.

I don't think you could have found a happier or merrier party if you had travelled all the way from here to Bagdad; and Fanny whispered in confidence to Mr. Carson, that Nursey had helped old Aunt Peggy to cook this fine dinner, and her face was as red and as hot as a live coal in consequence.

And now a great many candles were lighted, for there was no gas in those old times ; and after dinner all the company marched two and two into the large front parlor, the children walking gravely like the rest, except that every few steps they could not help giving a little skip, they were so happy.

What made all three suddenly spring forward and rush to the fire ? Lying across the rug, one end set up against the high brass fender, as if it were gazing at the ruddy blaze, was a *long new broom !*

"Weil, here 's a queer visitor for a Christmas party !" exclaimed grandpa, trying to look grave. "Perhaps a little witch came down the chimney on it, and is hiding behind the curtains."

"O, no," said Mr. Carson ; "a little witch is going to jump over it now. Is n't she ?" he asked, holding out his hand to Fanny.

She flew to him like a white bird, while the little brothers jumped up and down with ecstasy at this new play.

The company gathered round, as Fanny and Mr. Carson stood hand in hand before the broomstick. For one moment all was silence. The child's



heart beat violently ; her radiant little face grew pale ; but her wondering, trustful eyes were fastened upon his face, as, with awful pause and emphasis between each word he said, "One ! two ! three !" and immediately they jumped over the broomstick ! and became, in the innocent little one's solemn belief, *man and wife*.

O, it was but a cruel pastime ! Those grown people, having their thoughtless fun, did not understand the pitiful undertone of Fanny's tender little laugh when it was over. They never dreamed what an odd, sensitive little creature she was, — how perfect her conviction that jumping over a broom-

stick was the only way to be married. They never watched her in summer-time hunting under the clover-leaves, and peeping in the cups of the tiger-lilies, to find the fairies she was sure were hiding there ; but her own dear mamma knew her better, and, if she had been present, she would have forbidden this broomstick-marriage, so funny, and so — but never mind ! When you get to the end of the story, you will know what else it was.

Such fun as Fanny's brothers had ! They jumped forwards and backwards over the broomstick ; and Captain Pike, — a great black cat, old Aunt Peggy's prime favorite, — hearing such a racket up stairs, trotted in, and leaped after them, to their immense delight. Then all hands, Captain Pike and all, played "Puss in the Corner" ; and grandpa got out his long sword and cocked hat, which he had worn when he was a major in the Revolutionary army, and marched up and down with Fanny on his shoulder, the boys and Captain Pike following behind, while one of the aunts played "Yankee Doodle" on the piano ; and the Liverpool coal fire blazed, and the candles shone, until even the snuff-colored old paintings on the walls brightened up and flashed back, and thought more of themselves than ever.

The children were to sit up until ten o'clock, an unheard-of dissipation ; and now the hour had arrived. Two grim dragons of nurses, one black, the other white, came to capture them.

Fanny, like a good little darling, was coaxed to stand in the middle of the room, and make her grand courtesy to the company. This was effected by placing the tip of the toe of the right foot in front of the other, and making a slow stately sweep of the right foot in a backward circle, bending lower and lower. If she did not lose her balance and tumble over (which she generally did), it was a very dignified and imposing proceeding ; but on this occasion, over she popped just as she was about to rise triumphant ; but Roswald caught her in an instant, jumped her nearly up to the ceiling, shook her while in the air, and handed her laughing and breathless to Adeline, her black nurse, who ran quickly away.

The boys were harder to manage. They had no idea of leaving all this splendid fun. They climbed up on chairs, and jumped down again, crept under the piano and sofas, and hid behind the curtains, until at last Lecty, the white nurse, tired of racing after them, proposed that she should be a horse, and they the drivers ; whereupon they seized her long apron-strings, and before they knew it had galloped out of the parlor, up the stairs, and into the nursery, with the door shut fast.

The next day — the last but one before Mr. Carson sailed — he came to take his little favorite out for a walk "to buy housekeeping things," he said, which proposal filled the believing child's heart with joy.

Of course the very best place to buy housekeeping things was that fairy land, the toy-shop ; and to a famous one in those days they immediately went. Elderly New York people will remember Workmeister's, which used to be on the corner of Liberty Street and Broadway.

On the steps were all manner of enchanting things, among which a tiny wicker rocking-chair caught Fanny's eye. Down she sat in it, and commenced rocking and singing a little song.

"Come," said Mr. Carson.

"But I want it," she answered, still rocking. "Well, come in, little kitten, and we'll buy it."

So in they went, Fanny holding her chair fast behind her.

They not only bought the chair, but a Chinese mandarin, with his eyes all on a slant, who, if you did but touch him, bobbed his head as if he never meant to stop; they also purchased the pitiful story of Cock Robin, with gamboge and vermilion pictures, gorgeous to behold, a tin kitchen, a tea-set, and three little mugs, with A B C on one, the days of the week on the second, and the months of the year on the third, so that you might study your lessons and drink your milk at the same time, if you were in a hurry.

With a great deal of coaxing Fanny consented that the rest of the things should be sent home, but she would not part with her rocking-chair, and the two went on their way carrying it between them, the big man with a grave, measured step, and the little one dancing and skipping, her face radiant with happiness.

"I must buy a trunk, little wife," said Mr. Carson. "I shall go a traveling with it first, but when I return we will stuff it full of our best things."

"And put Miss Arabella in," interrupted Fanny.

"Yes, and Captain Pike too, if you like; and we'll buy a plum-cake for luncheon, and go everywhere in steamboats, and stage-coaches, and soon be wiser than any one ever was before, — wiser than the learned monkey who had seen the world."

Fanny jumped up and down in an ecstasy of joy at this "exchanting plan," as she called it, and before long they had reached Mr. John Black's celebrated trunk store, in Broadway, near Canal Street, and which, wonderful to tell, is in the very same place at this day. Here the little girl gravely selected a trunk, into which she was lifted, and the lid shut down for a moment, so that she might judge of its capacity to hold Miss Arabella and Captain Pike. She declared that it was plenty large enough; whereupon it was ordered home, and Roswald and his little wife and the rocking-chair went home too.

The last day came, as all last days must, and Mr. Carson took poor little Fanny in his arms to say good by. A great choking lump arose in her throat, her color faded, her limbs trembled, and the big tears burst from her eyes as she sobbed out, "O, I *can't* bear it! I *can't* bear it! I shall die!"

The aunts stood amazed and bewildered at the sight of such extreme grief in a little child, and Roswald, strangely agitated and distressed, could only beg her not to cry, and promise to come back; then, taking her clinging hands from his neck, he set her gently down, and fairly ran away.

All day long she sobbed and cried. Miss Arabella sat up stiff and staring in a corner, and held her kid arms out, but no notice was taken of her, and Captain Pike rubbed his side against the little rocking-chair, and purred his sympathy, but the child never heeded him. Her little brothers kissed her, and offered to give her their beloved horse with three legs, and all their tin soldiers. But although she moved her mite of a "hankerfish" away from one

eye in order to inspect the tin soldiers, she only shook her little disconsolate head. There was no comfort in anything.

At last, just at night, her aunt, in a sort of comic despair, proposed that she should work Roswald a pair of slippers, and exhibited a bunch of brightly-colored worsteds, and some coarse canvas. Ah! that sounded pleasant. The "hankerfish" came down, and Fanny was soon deep in the mysteries of cross-stitch. To be sure it was funny work, with no end of knots and puckers, and very cross stitches indeed,—for some of them were crossed four or five times, and her small fingers were pricked all over; but her face grew happy and beaming as she worked, and that more than made up for every blunder. Yes indeed! if Roswald did not prize and love every stitch of them all, he would have just the very hardest heart in the world and the moon into the bargain.

And so Fanny forgot to grieve, and was as happy and joyous as ever, and as naughty sometimes, too; but her aunts had only to say that Roswald would be shocked at such conduct in his little wife, to make her instantly penitent, begging pardon of everybody, and sitting silent and thoughtful for at least five minutes after. So you see a broomstick marriage has its good effects after all. It would have been hardly possible to forgive it otherwise.

The winter passed. Spring and summer came; and with the latter, papa and mamma, with kisses and presents for their darlings. Among them was a tiny book-case full of story-books. O, what a splendid present this was! far more so in those old times than now, when the best, the brightest, the kindest thoughts and hearts are busy every month in the year for Our Young Folks.

Mamma took Fanny in her lap, while the little boys stood or hopped up and down on either side, and heard all the news,—all about the grand broomstick marriage; and she noted well the little sobbing voice, the keen struggle to keep back the tears, the wistful sigh with which the odd little thing said, "He does stay *so* long away from his little wife."

Grieved and angry she put the child gently down, and went and read a sharp lecture to the thoughtless aunts, and then, as the best remedy for the mischief done, the subject was never mentioned again, and everybody seemed to forget it altogether.

Well, I must not tell you of the children's funny sayings and doings, because my story is getting so long, but hasten on to the next winter, when Fanny's parents were gone again to Charleston, and Roswald wrote that he was coming home, and was going to "bring somebody" with him,—whom he did not say. At last the ship arrived, and Fanny stood at the parlor window to watch for the carriage containing her dear Roswald. He was coming directly to her house, he wrote, and would go to a hotel afterwards.

One idea filled her heart and brightened her little brown face, as she exclaimed, with a smile of delight, "Now at last I shall see him!"

The tiny rocking-chair, the Chinese mandarin, the story-book, tea-set, tin kitchen and little mugs, were all as ready as ever for housekeeping. She put the mandarin up at the window, and made him bob his head at the

passers-by, so that they might know, she said, "that something was going to happen"; and the piece of canvas, quite covered with cross-stitches of every size and color, was spread out on the table, and made a most prodigious show. "How splendid it is!" cried Fanny, clapping her hands. "Roswald will go out of his wits for joy, when he sees his new shoes!"

Rumble! rumble! rumble! A carriage dashed up to the door just as tears of impatience and disappointment were swelling in the child's eyes. But look! They do not fall, but rest on her eyelids with a strange glitter, as if they had been frozen, and her little feet seem rooted to the spot.

Roswald — yes, Roswald himself — leaped out of the carriage, and the next instant lifted a young and lovely lady in his arms, carried her up the steps of the house, and in another moment they are in the parlor.

"Ah, Fanny, little darling," he cries, running quickly towards her, "come and be introduced to my wife. She knows all about you, and loves you dearly."

His wife. Poor little innocent, trusting creature! All her faith, truth, and devotion struck down, crushed at one blow! With wild eyes, as if she were gazing at some fearful apparition, the child gave a piteous cry, and fled from the room.

Ah, was it not a cruel pastime, — that broomstick marriage? Never, — never, grown people, practise a deception upon little children! for you know not what lasting, perhaps fatal, injury you may do.

Her little heart very nearly broke, that dreadful morning. Nothing, nobody could comfort her: not even Roswald's entreaties, through the closed nursery door, that his little darling would forgive him; that he never meant to grieve her so terribly; that he thought she knew it was all meant in fun. He did not laugh: no, he could not; for he was filled with sincere remorse and pity, that the thoughtless joke had caused such bitter sorrow. The aunts were distressed and frightened; the little boys got into a corner and whispered to each other in their dismay, and both the black and white nurses looked solemn and agitated.

It was many, many a long day before Fanny could be persuaded to see Mrs. Carson; and when at last they met, for a long time her lips would quiver and curl painfully as she talked to her. But the time did come when the child learned to love heartily and dearly the sweet and gentle woman who had usurped her rights. And she was never tired of hearing how Mrs. Carson went to the great St. George's Church in London, and there, in that sacred place, before the minister of God, and all the people assembled, promised to be a good and faithful wife to Roswald.

This was the *true* marriage.

Years have passed since that time, and the little Fanny — little still, though no longer a child — at length stood up herself in a *true* marriage, and is now your own loving "Aunt Fanny" writing this very story. Yet, long ago as it happened, there is a lump in her throat, and a twinge of pain in her heart, as she recalls, for your amusement, her *jump over a broomstick*.

Aunt Fanny.

TROT TY.

THIS is a story of a little girl who was going to have a Christmas-tree, and forgot all about it.

She was very much like all other little girls, I suppose. She liked to twist up her hair in curl-papers, and wear red lacings in her boots, and red ribbons around her net. She liked to play "House," and read fairy-stories, and cut up her mother's bonnet-ribbons to dress little snips of china dolls. She liked to "break friendships," and "have secrets"; she "hated" to write compositions; she particularly enjoyed having her own way; and her name was Lill.

One Christmas morning Trotty woke her up very early.

You would like to know who Trotty was? Well, it is not an easy thing to say exactly. Grandmother says that he is a little pink daisy; his brother Max pronounces him a humbug; Lill insists that he is a monkey; and his mother will have it that he is a dewdrop. Biddy inclines to the belief that he is a blessing; Patrick denominates him the plague of his life; while Cousin Ginevra, who has been to boarding-school and wears long curls, has several times informed me that he is *such* a little darling! Between so many conflicting opinions, it is somewhat difficult to classify him.

At any rate, whatever he was, he had seen the May-flower grow pink, and the tassels of silk hang from the rustling corn, and the blood-red maple-leaves fall, and the snow-flakes melt on his pretty, pink hand, three times. He had seen three mysterious Christmas eves, three merry Christmas mornings, and three sleepy Christmas nights, and he did n't remember a thing about them. This Christmas was the fourth, and he meant to remember this, and he did.

His hair was as brown as a chestnut, and his eyes were as blue as a September sky after a thunder-shower; his mouth looked like a ripe strawberry, and the corners of it always turned up, — except when he was politely declined access to the sugar-barrel, or grandmother expressed a reluctance to have him cut up her best caps for "hankers for Trotty," or Max refused him the harmless luxury of adding his notes and comments to the college copy of Homer with a quill pen and the blackest ink in the house, — when they turned obviously the other way, and had a hard time of it getting up again. When he laughed, it sounded like water falling into a silver basin; and when he cried, it did n't sound like that at all. When he talked, you would have thought it was a whole nest of blackbirds chattering; and when he walked, it was like rain-drops on the roof. And when he teased for apple-sauce!

Besides, he had a dimple, and his name was — I am sure I do not know. Not Trotty, probably, in the original; but whatever it was, I think that every one must have forgotten by this time. Perhaps it was Timothy or Tryphenius or Tiglath-pileser.

The most remarkable thing about Trotty was his u-bi-qui-tous-ness. That

is a long word, and you have n't the least idea what it means. If your eight fingers, and your two thumbs, and your two fists, and your two elbows are large enough to hold Mr. Webster's Dictionary, I advise you to look it out. But you would like to have me save you the trouble.

Well, then, it means that if you shut Trotty into the parlor, and hurried up stairs to have a few moments' peace in your own room, Trotty was on the landing before you. It means that, if you put him into your room, and whisked down stairs and looked up, there were his copper toes sticking through the banisters. It means that, if you spirited yourself up garret when he was looking the other way, there was a great clattering on the bare floor, and there was Trotty. It means that, if you seceded into the garden, there was a patter on the walk, and there was Trotty again. Trotty's feet were a very important part of him.

Trotty's feet they were which woke Lill on that Christmas morning. She heard them in her dreams tapping on the oil-cloth by the wash-stand, and she opened one eye, and saw the sky all on fire with such a sunrise as does not come every day in the year; Trotty outlined against it, perched on a chair by the window, his ten little pink toes peeping out like ten little pink shells from the edge of his white nightgown.

"Why, Trotty Tyrol! you will catch your death. Bundle into bed as fast as ever you can! But what a nice day it is going to be,—not a cloud to be seen anywhere!"

"Ye-es, there is a cloud anywheres," chattered Trotty, who was beginning to be cold. "There 's a little black cloud just on top of Mr. Deacon Jones's barn."

"Where? O, that is n't anything."

"O, no," echoed Trotty confidentially, "that is n't anything. I guess Christmas has come a purpose, don't you, Lill?"

Who would have thought just how much "a purpose" that Christmas was, or that neither Trotty nor Lill will forget that little black cloud as long as they live?

The sun swept kindling up and on, till the fire that lay low on the horizon opposite Trotty's eastern window had set the whole world ablaze; the smooth, crusted snow flashed under it, till one could not look for blindness; the icicles from the trees were tossing on the wind like broken rainbows; and Trotty went out and let them fall into his mouth, and into his curls, and into his neck, and into his little white mittens, and tried to rub the sunbeams out of his eyes, and tried to get to the front gate before the wind did, and could n't understand where his feet went to when he fell down, and was surer than ever that Christmas had come "a purpose." All the while, the little black cloud was hiding behind Deacon Jones's barn, and nobody thought anything about it.

By twelve o'clock there was no little cloud at all. A great, dull, ugly duskiness had crept over Mr. Jones's roof, and seemed to be trying to put the world out, just as you put an extinguisher on a candle.

Now you must know that Lill's Christmas-tree was shut up in the parlor,

waiting for night, and its glories of colored candle-light; that Trotty *would* keep rattling the latch, opening the door the fraction of a crack to squeeze in the tip end of his nose and one pink cheek, — agonizing on tip-toe to peep in at the keyhole, and hammering to get in, till his fists were black and blue; that he had been commanded, threatened, enticed, and deluded out of the vicinity just fifteen times that morning, and was back again hammering, rattling, squeezing, and peeping, within five minutes, each separate and individual time; that, as a consequence, the family mind was relieved when Lill proposed, after dinner, that they should go out and coast.

“Only I am almost afraid it will storm,” said her mother, looking at the dusky cloud.

“Why, it would n’t ever go and storm on Christmas!” said Lill.

“It would n’t never storm Christmas,” repeated Trotty, who always thought he must say everything that Lill did.

So Lill put on her hood with the blue silk lining and the tassel behind, and grandmother kept Trotty still long enough to get him into his little scarlet gaiters, and his bits of fleece-lined snow-boots, and his flannel coat, and his red tippet, and his tiny mittens with a red border on the wrists, and his jockey cap with the Scotch-plaid velvet trimming, and everybody kissed him all round, as if he had been going off for a year in Europe, to which Trotty, brought up to believe that the dispensations of Providence are inscrutable, resigned himself with fortitude. When his mother called him back after they had started, to kiss his eyes, “because they looked so much like papa’s to-day,” Trotty made no remarks, but I am inclined to think that the iron on that occasion entered his soul. At least, he informed Lill in confidence, on the way over to Gertie’s, that he “did n’t see why peoples could n’t kiss Bidy or Grandma just as well; and when he was as big as Max, would Cousin Ginevra have to keep calling him her little darling?”

Gertie was Lill’s most particular, confidential, intimate, and eternal friend. Last week it was Jane De Witt; but Jane De Witt had given a stick of barley candy to Lou Hollis, and Lill had n’t bowed at recess for three whole days. The week before, it was Molly Gibbs; but Molly had told somebody, who told somebody else, who told Gertie, who told Lill, that she (Molly) believed that she (Lill) was “real proud” of that quilted blue silk in her hood, and now Molly and Lill were sworn enemies. Next week, Gertie would go overboard. Lill usually went the rounds of the school about twice a term.

There was some sunlight left, in spite of the creeping cloud, and Trotty trudged along after Lill and Gertie, tugged his sled over the walls, stuck fast trying to crawl through the fences, and *invariably* fell on his nose when he fell down, but succeeded in reaching Long Hill without having lost anything but his tippet, one mitten, and a handkerchief, and coasted under the broken rainbows and over the blazing crust, the whole long afternoon.

You ought to have seen him! He would always slide down hill with his mouth open, and climb up with his eyes shut; and he had just about as much of an idea how to steer as a canary-bird. He would insist on dragging both his feet along the crust: he wore three holes in his snow-boots in

that one afternoon. His sled would spin round like a top, and he would roll off like a bundle, and pick himself up, and spin round and roll off again. Then, when his feet became cold, he began to cry, and told Lill that there was something in his boot which hurt him, — that was all the little monkey knew!

But for all that he had a very good time, and so did Lill and Gertie, — so good that they had forgotten all about the stealing cloud; it had stolen all over the sky; the rainbows were gone, the blaze of the flashing crust had died out like ashes, and a thick whirl of snow-flakes had been whitening the air for some time before they found it out.

“Ow!” said Trotty, at last, with a gasp, “look a-here, — there’s a snow-storm goin’ down my froat!”

“So there is, as true as you live,” said Lill, stopping short. “Did you ever?”

“It’s cold as Greenland too,” shivered Gertie, “and I do believe it’s after supper-time. Let’s run home as fast as ever we can.”

“Yes, let’s. I’m tired of coasting.”

“I’m tired of coasting, too. I *wished* I *could* get this stone out of my boot,” moaned Trotty.

So off they started across the fields. Now they were a long mile’s walk from home, — a half-mile from the open road; there were fences to climb, and a patch of woods to cross; the wind was rising fast, the snow was thickening faster, and it began to be hard work.

“Hurry up, Trotty,” said Lill, growing cross. “What a little slow-poke you are! Come along!”

Trotty came along as fast as he could come; but his little legs were so short, and his little feet were so small, that he could not keep up. Lill had to wait for him, and Lill was growing cold. “Trotty Tyrol, what a bother you are! I do wish I could ever go anywhere without you tagging after. There! run now, or I’ll go home without you.”

“O yes,” said tired Trotty, starting afresh. “I’ll run vely fast. My feet are so heavy! I wished you’d take hold o’ my hand, Lill!”

But Lill had both hands in her sack-pockets to keep them warm, and she pretended not to hear. The wind bit Trotty’s bare fingers, and the snow fell on them.

It grew dark very fast.

“If it were n’t for that everlasting little Trotty, we should be home,” said Lill to Gertie, just loud enough for Trotty to hear. “I do believe we shall be late to the Tree. I’ve a good mind to go on without him.”

Trotty’s under-lip quivered and grieved. Lill, as she ran along, heard him pattering faster behind her. “I’ll *try* not to be an everlasting little Trotty! Please to don’t go home to Christmas without me.”

Lill did not look back. If she had, she would have seen a purple fist rubbing two great tears out of two great eyes.

But it was growing darker.

The snow whirled into their faces and blinded them. The sharp wind

whistled and stung. Trotty gulped down the two tears, and trudged on manfully ; but he fell farther behind, and farther, and Lill ran on.

“Hurry up, Trotty, hurry !” she called, without turning her head. I really do not think that she knew how far behind he was. “I can’t wait for you any longer. You know the way home, and you can come right along. You ’d better be quick if you want any of the Tree.”

Trotty slipped upon the icy crust, and dragged his tired feet along, and slipped again, and fell, and clambered up, and hurried on, in a perfect little agony of terror. He was in the patch of woods now ; the shadows of the trees were dark ; the whistle of the wind was shrill.

“Lill, wait for me ! Wa-it for me !”

But Lill ran on.

“Lill ! Li-ill ! Lil-ly ! Wait for Trotty ! *Please* to wait for Trotty, Lill !”

But Lill did not hear. The snow was pelting into Trotty’s eyes : he could hardly see her now.

“Lill, I ’ve got somefin to tell yer, — I ’ve got *somefin to tell yer, Lill !*”

But Lill was out of sight now.

Trotty tried once more, his little piping voice choking into sobs : “It ’s somefin *real nice*, Lill ! O Lill, *do* let Trotty go home to Christmas !”

Nothing answered him but the long, loud shriek of the wind, sweeping over the hills, and through the trees. Trotty stopped running, and stood still.

It was now quite dark. The low branches of the pines shut out of sight the ash-like whiteness of the fields, where the last light lingered faintly, but did not shut out the storm. The feathery flakes of snow had turned to sleet that stung Trotty’s cheeks like needles, and thrust itself into his eyes like knives. He could not see the path ; he could not see the sky ; he had stuffed his blue fingers into his mouth, and into his curls, and down his neck, but he could not make them warm ; the fleece-lined boots had grown as cold as the snow that was drifting up about them ; the little flannel coat and scarlet gaiters could not shut out the bitter wind. The wide winter night was settling down, — Trotty’s Christmas night.

“Lill, come back !” called poor little Trotty, tramping feebly on. He did not know, he could not see, where he was going. “I ’ll be a good boy, Lill. I won’t be a bover any more. I ’ll run real fast. I won’t tag after. O, why don’t somebody come after Trotty !”

But nobody came after Trotty, and he was growing very cold.

“Why, Lill, where is Trotty ?”

“O, just behind us somewhere. He was so slow, and we — Why ! he — is n’t —”

The house was very dark. Nobody had thought to light the lamps. Supper was on the table, untasted. The fire was dying in the grate. Grandmother sat by it, trying to knit, but something was the matter with her eyes, and she had to give it up. Up in the corner, in the dark, some one was

crouched alone, shrinking all into a heap on the floor. It was Lill. She had not said a word. She had tried more than once to cry out, "O grandma! *do* you think they will find him? Will Trotty freeze to death? Grandma! grandma! I wish I could go too, and tell him I am sorry."

But the words would not come. She could not remind anybody that she was there. She would rather be forgotten. She said nothing, but she thought much.

She thought of Trotty, playing about in the morning in his nightgown, throwing pillows at her, his hair tumbled all over his face,—she had been cross to him sometimes in those pillow-fights,—of Trotty in the scarlet gaiters and jockey-cap and tiny mittens, making snow-balls in the front yard,—of Trotty's eyes and cheeks and funny little flat nose, peering in "to fighten grandma" through the low piazza window,—of Trotty at the sugar-barrel, the molasses-jug, the preserve-closet,—of the mischief in his face,—of his dimple. What if she never saw that dimple any more? She thought of Trotty trudging out with her that afternoon, when his "feets were heavy." It was a long walk for such bits of feet: she should have thought,—O, she should have thought!

She thought of Trotty climbing up the hill in the sunshine, and rolling off the sled,—of the bitter wind, and Trotty tramping home through the storm,—of his faint voice calling after her: "Wait for Trotty, Lill! Wa-it!" But she had not waited. Poor little voice!

And if it should never ask Lill to wait again? If Lill should never have any chance to tell him that he was not a bother? If he should go up to Heaven and tell the angels that Lill called him an everlasting little Trotty?

"Hark!" said grandmother. "What 's that?"

It was the clink of the front gate. It was the door thrown open. It was the tread of Max upon the floor,—his voice,—his mother's; but no other. They came in all covered with snow. Max had a bundle in his arms, and that was covered with snow; but it was very still.

Lill did a queer thing. She turned around, with her face to the corner, and put her hands before her eyes. She said afterwards that she did not dare to look.

But all at once the bundle sat up straight.

"I want my supper!" said a voice that was as much like Trotty's as any voice could be.

This is how Lill came to forget her Christmas-Tree. But then it was just as good for to-morrow night.

E. Stuart Phelps.





TROTTY LOST IN THE WOODS.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See *Trotty*, page 39.

GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

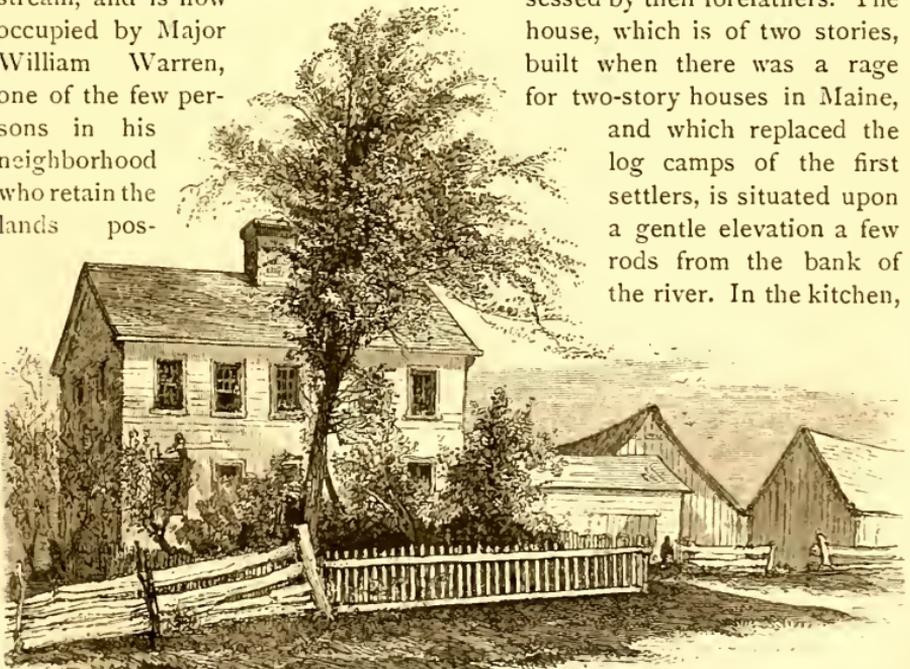
I.

THERE is no subject more worthy the attention of their children than the stern virtues and sterling worth and piety of the men who laid the foundations of the institutions which we enjoy, and our appreciation of which we have vindicated in the recent terrific struggle, thus reconsecrating the manhood of our institutions by the same baptism of blood with which their infancy was sanctified.

As the struggle recorded in the following pages is not fiction, but fact, we beg leave to introduce our readers at once to the principal person from whom we derived our information.

In the town of Gorham, Maine, is a fertile farm of about two hundred acres, skirted by a small stream called Little River, and sometimes Warren's River. The farm lies at the roots of high hills that slope gradually to the stream, and is now occupied by Major William Warren, one of the few persons in his neighborhood who retain the lands pos-

sessed by their forefathers. The house, which is of two stories, built when there was a rage for two-story houses in Maine, and which replaced the log camps of the first settlers, is situated upon a gentle elevation a few rods from the bank of the river. In the kitchen,



which occupies nearly the whole length of the house, is the old paneling of the walls, and there too are the ancient dressers which once glittered with their long rows of pewter dishes, now replaced by commonplace crockery. In the centre of the side of the room is one of the real old-fashioned fireplaces, with the oven between the jambs, and a chimney up

whose capacious throat you can look and see the stars. In the right-hand corner is the dye-pot, and a couple of blocks upon which the children sit and nestle together in the cold winter nights.

The old house faced to the south, and the out-buildings, running to the east and at right angles with it, formed a sheltered and sunny door-yard, which was occupied by an enormous pile of wood, composed of sections of the trunks of large trees, fifteen feet in length, mixed with the largest branches, the smaller brush not being worth hauling home in that day!

It is the afternoon of a bright, sunshiny day in February; the snow is falling from the roof, and the ice dropping from the glazed logs of the wood-pile; near to which is a youth just entering upon manhood, who evidently considers it to be the chief end of man to chop wood. Stripped as to his outer garments to the waist, his arms bare to the elbows, the perspiration dropping from his face, he is junking up a hemlock log into four-foot cuts. He is getting ready the night's wood, both for grandmother's room and the old kitchen fireplace, — for grandmother always has a fire built in her room to go to bed by. While he is thus engaged, a woman, aged, but vigorous and straight as a rush, comes out from the house and fills her apron with the great chips he is cutting out.

“A cold spring,” she observes, looking up at the bright sun.

“Why, how can you tell that, Grandma'am?” inquires the boy.

“Because, child,

' As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas day,
So far will the snow blow in before May,' —

and to-day is Candlemas.”

This is Grannie, — the youngest child of the family of which we are to speak. Her maiden name was Martha McLellan; that by marriage, Warren; and she is now about seventy years of age.

Being gifted with a retentive memory, she was in possession of all the traditions of her family, enriched by her own experience as the wife of a pioneer and the mother of a lusty family reared in hardship. She was rather small of stature, but of a frame uniting great strength and endurance, dark-complexioned, and with a keen black eye, which, when she was roused (for Grannie had a temper of her own), would flash like a snake's. “I know I am quick, (God mend me!)” she would sometimes say, by way of apology; “but if soon up, I'm soon down. It's the old Highland temper. And what 's the good of a pewter axe?”

But if Grannie had *grit*, she had grace too, and a noble spirit of her own, — God bless her! She was hospitable in the highest degree, and so kind and good in sickness that she was sent for from far and near, — better than half the doctors, — for she knew all the herbs of the mountains. Inheriting an iron constitution hardened by a life of toil, her only infirmities were occasional attacks of a rebellious colic, which, however, generally yielded to persistent applications of hot water and pumpkin-seeds.

There were few books in the house. Neighbors were distant, and in the long winter evenings, before a blazing fire, a dish of apples between the and-

irons (such as *were* andirons, made to hold up an eight-foot fore-stick, with hooks on the back for the spit), the apples flanked by a pitcher of cider, — O, was not our Grannie then a real treasure? She was not our own grandmother, you must know, but our grandmother's sister; yet we always called her Grannie, and she was just as good. Did n't she knit our mittens, and knit the name into them too? Did n't she come out into the field to bring us a luncheon when, in her opinion, we had eaten too slight a breakfast? and did n't she worry and make all the house worry when we were out late in the woods? Had n't we a right to call her Grannie?

The Major's wife we used to call Aunt, though she was but a second-cousin's wife. But did n't she bake for us in the old oven such three-cornered biscuit and turnovers and pan-dowdies, and roast raccoons, and have such glorious fires to welcome us when we came home wet, cold, and hungry from the woods!

But to the point. The great incentive to this eager preparation of the night's wood was a desire to propitiate Grannie, whom we had offended and touched in a very tender spot. It was this that made the chips fly and the perspiration run. She generally wound up her stories about hauling masts for the king's ships by saying, "Well, they used to have a barrel of rum at father's, a barrel at Brother Billy's, and a barrel at Cary's; and the barrel at our house they got more masts with, and it lasted longer, than the one at Billy's or Cary's."

Upon which we suggested that perhaps they watered it to make it hold out.

"Watered, is it!" she exclaimed, with an expression of scorn upon her features which would have done honor to Mrs. Siddons. "They were never guilty of such meanness in those days. They had no occasion, for they could drink their liquor and carry it off, and thank God for it like honest men, and not get drunk on a thimbleful as they do now. They were not, to be sure, so full of compliments, and stuck-up ways, and great pretensions to religion and doing God's work by the job, as they are now. But they had religion enough to keep them warm in His house without stoves; and when they got there, did n't sit fussing with their shawls, and flaunting their ribbons, and picking themselves like a hen in the sun. But they looked at the servant of God, and heard what he said, and practised it afterwards. They did n't backbite and talk about their neighbors, but loved them and lived together like brothers. Nobody ever thought of such a thing as charging a neighbor for cattle to plough, or a horse to go to mill, or a little seed-corn to sow. If one was sick or poor, the rest helped him. They put in his planting, or they cut his hay, or hauled up his winter's wood, and looked for their pay in the approbation of their own conscience, and of Him who has said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Water spirit for hard-working men to drink, indeed!"

Then, without deigning to wait for a word of apology or explanation, she took her pipe, thrust her thumb into the bowl to put it out, folded up her knitting-work, and went to her room, though it wanted a quarter of seven; and for two long months there were no more stories.

How we missed our customary evening feast ! We played fox and geese ; we caught rats in a meeting-house trap, and had a tame woodchuck ; we played "pull-up" with the neighbors' boys, — which consisted in sitting down on the floor and putting our feet one against the other, then taking hold of an axe-handle and seeing which could pull the other up. We even aspired to tell stories ourselves out of spite ; but they sounded too flat, and moreover we had to encounter Grannie's glances of contempt, as we thus lamed ourselves "treading in the steps of Cæsar." We shrewdly suspected that Grannie herself was in somewhat the same predicament ; for, like most old people, she was fond of talking about the events of her youth, and liked an attentive audience. But as to her yielding, — at any rate until we were sufficiently punished and penitent, — it was altogether out of the question. Driven to desperation, we had on this day resolved to do our best endeavor to melt her obdurate will.

There were three things that Grannie dearly loved, — good tobacco, a rousing fire, and a cup of green tea. About the middle of the afternoon we presented her with a fig of nice tobacco, which we had travelled six miles in the snow the night before to get ; and we had previously bunched onions in the evenings for Captain Codman in order to obtain money to pay for that, and for some little things that boys need. This was well received and gave us a ray of hope. The next stage of the process was to prevail upon Aunt to give Grannie a cup of tea that would "bear a flat-iron," to which she readily agreed. It was a regular conspiracy. The final stage was the great fire that Grannie loved. All old people, as the circulation gets low in their veins, love warmth. But Grannie was peculiar in this respect. She loved to see the blaze and listen to the crackling of the fire, if it was midsummer. As the great majority of our readers never saw an old-time fire, and never will, we propose to describe the process of making it. First came the log, — a green hemlock, four feet long, and three feet through, calculated to last two days. This was either hauled into the house on a hand-sled, or "walked in," that is, set up on end and worked along, one corner at a time. It was rolled into the fireplace upon two large sticks to keep it up from the coals, and with half a bushel of snow on it. Then came a back-stick two thirds as large on the top, then a fore-stick eight feet long and a foot through ; then the brands and coals of the old fire surmounted with great clefts of rock-maple, oak, birch, or beech, stark green, mixed with dry pine and pitch-knots. Finally a little blowing, by waving a hemlock broom back and forth a few times (Grannie used to fan with her apron), and the whole mass burst into a blaze, that went roaring up the chimney, and made the whole room as light as day. There was no call for patent Excelsior fire-kindlings in those days, when there were a bushel of red-hot coals, a charred log, and the brands of the old fore-stick to begin with in the morning.

We are now, supper being ended and the fire having burned down to reasonable dimensions, all seated around the hospitable hearth. In the right-hand corner is Grannie ; on the block between her knees and the jambs sits the penitent offender against the majesty of antiquity ; on her left the grand-

children and Aunt ; in the rear of the group sits the Major, his handkerchief flung over his face in order to conceal any signs and sounds of merriment from the quick eyes and ears of his parent, watching the progress of the plot.

Grannie was evidently in a favorable mood. She had praised the tea, praised the tobacco, expressed her satisfaction with the fire. As she thus sat with her checked apron smoothed over her knees,

— for though she had a silk gown for “dress up,” and a string of gold beads, she would have scorned to wear anything for every day that was “boughten stuff” (not made at home), — her knitting-work lay in her lap, and she drew long and gentle whiffs through her pipe. It was plain that things were working, — that she was not, as usual, about to retire when she had finished her pipe, but had brought her knitting, and meant to spend the evening with us. Em-



boldened by these pacific signs, the youth observes, with a wink to Aunt, “I don’t see how the old people ever got through with so much work. I am sure women now-a-days could n’t begin to do it.”

This was touching Grannie in a weak point. The Major’s wife was an early riser, — up with the crows. Her cows always stepped over the pasture bars very soon after sunrise ; while Grannie, with all her vigor and faculty for turning off work, was never a very early riser. She took it upon herself to reply.

“It was because they *worked*; mother always said that she never got her property by getting up early, or sitting up late, but by working after she was up. Sally here is a smart woman, smart as any of the women now-a-days ; so is my darter, Betsey Libby. But I wonder what they’d think if they had to milk seven cows, and get breakfast for eight men, fill up tubs and troughs with water to keep the clearing fires from burning the camp up, and then get on to the stallion, with a child before them, and ride through the spotted trees down to mother’s, and help her spin, and then back to get dinner. I wonder what they would think of that !”

“They could n’t do it, Grandma’am,” cried the youth, his hands clenched, and his face red with excitement and admiration. “It ain’t in ’em.”

“No, child,” replied Grannie, “it ain’t in ’em ; it never was in ’em, and it

never will be in 'em. God fits every back to its burden, and we were fitted for ours. At any rate they were heavy enough, I am sure of that."

"Now, Grandma'am, tell us about the time you made Sam's trousers."

"Well, in those days there were no carding-mills to card cotton and wool, nor cotton-factories to spin and weave, but everything we wore had to be made by hand. Sam was warned to go to General Muster, and he had to have white trousers. There was a pair in the house that his father had trained in, and that he lotted upon wearing. We had to make things last in those days, and they were made to last: they wa' n't made to sell; but when he came to try them on after dinner, the day before muster, they were so old and threadbare they all came to pieces. There was a time! one o'clock the day before muster, and no trousers. My girls wa' n't married then, — smart girls they were, too, brought up to work. Though I say it myself, I could drive things then. 'Girls,' I said, 'we must weave the cloth, and make those trousers by morning.' 'O mother, it 's impossible!' 'Don't tell me that, Betsey! Get the wheel, get the cards! Sam, clap the saddle on the mare and ride down to mother's and borrow her cotton-cards and some cotton-wool, for I 'm jealous we have n't enough in the house.' We sat up all night, and never stopped to eat, only we kept the teapot between the andirons. I drew the piece in the loom, and wove just enough for the trousers, cut it out, and made 'em that night, and the next morning he wore 'em to training. That 's the way we did things in 'those days.'"

"Now, Grandma'am, tell us about Uncle Billy, and the old Highland folks, and the Douglasses, clear from the bottom, clear from the roots, Grandma'am, do!"

"Not the Douglasses, child, — they were no kin to us; there was an old feud between us and the Douglass."

A celebrated French chemist, in his researches for a process to preserve wood from decay, cut asunder a small tree, and, placing it in a vessel filled with a red liquid, found that the liquid was drawn up by capillary attraction, even to the extremity of the branches and the very fibres of the leaves. Thus, as I sat in the chimney-corner, my chin on her knees, my eyes fixed on her face, and my mouth wide open, did the ancient dame impregnate my boyish fancy with the traditions of other days.

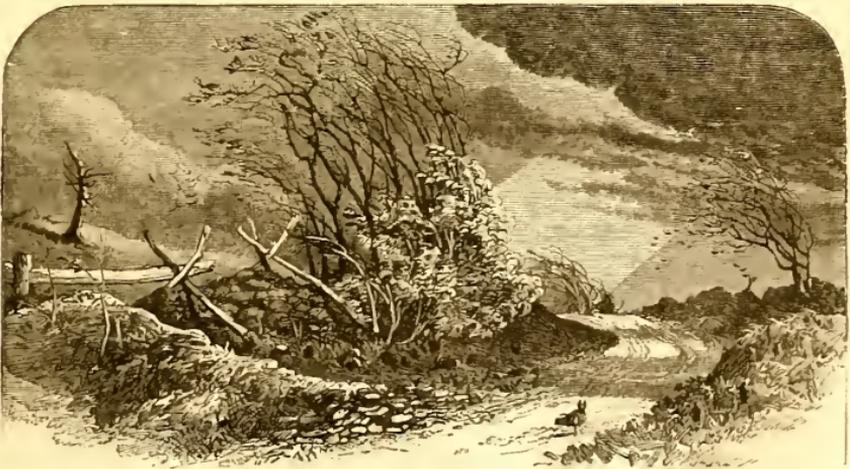
But of all the forms she summoned from the buried past, none ever made such abiding, loving, reverential impression as Uncle Billy, — the name by which he was known and loved far and near. To us the day dawned, and the sun rose and set, in Uncle Billy; he overshadowed us like a great presence. To be as tough, as resolute as Uncle Billy, was to us the sum total of life and life's happiness. Were cold, hunger, tempest, to be endured, we thought how would he have grappled with it. He was, according to Grannie, all that a friend should love or an enemy fear; and to her definition we gave a cordial assent.

There was a forest where we used to go and fell trees, by weeks together, in the short gloomy days of November, — a sombre and lonesome place, far from home. In the midst of it stood an enormous gray maple, green with

the moss of many centuries, impossible to approach ; for from beneath its roots came out a spring which, choked by dead leaves, windfalls, and withered branches, created all around it a 'quaking bog, which would not have borne a woodchuck, and would have engulfed an army. How we did ache to cut that tree, just to see it fall ! We should like to do it now. But since we could not fell it, we christened it Uncle Billy.

Often, as night drew on, as the shadows lengthened in the forest, and no sound was heard but the low creak of some swaying branch and the mournful sigh of the wind among the pines, did we steal timorous glances at the old tree, and, as its form grew dim in the twilight, we almost expected to see the bark open, and the tall form and grave features of our stalwart ancestor emerge from it. As we resumed our clothes, and, flinging the axe over our shoulder, set out for home in the twilight, we perchance mistook the echo of our own footsteps for those of some one following, and quickened our pace to the travelled road.

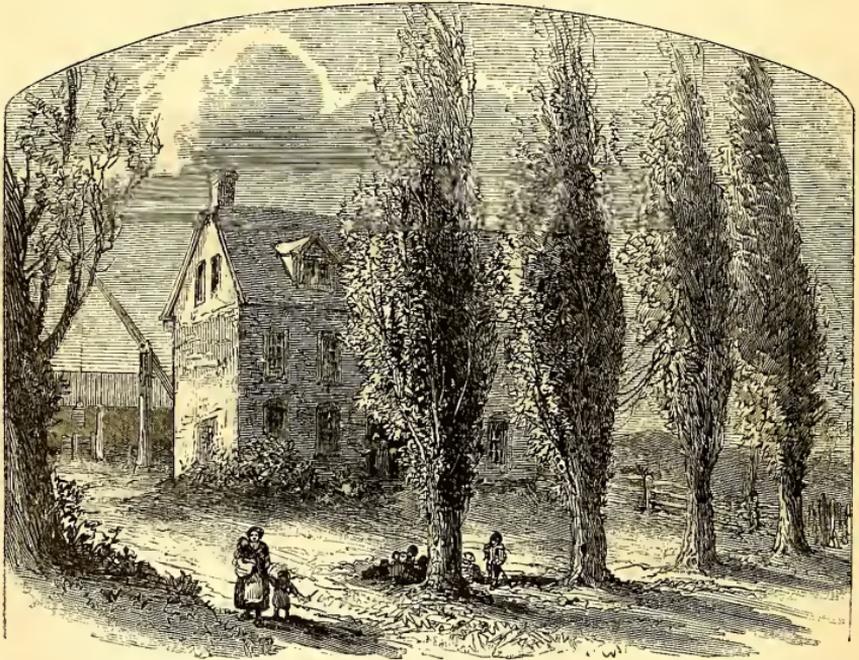
And here, before listening to our relative's narration in respect to the origin and fortunes of her family in the Old World, let us glance at the places where, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of ignorance, poverty, and war, they, with indomitable courage and trust in God, fought and conquered in life's battle.



As the traveller passes up the road leading from Scarborough to the village of Gorham, at the distance of a mile from it, he ascends a slight elevation, and his eye rests upon a row of locust-trees, by the side of a straggling wall, and an aged pomegranate, to whose withered branches a few green leaves, like friendship in misfortune, still cling. Near by is the remnant of an extensive orchard, the trees of which are decaying, — some hollow and prostrate, others surrounded by a wilderness of sprouts, striving with their green foliage to conceal the hoary parent, and to prolong its life. A lilac and a few currant-bushes covered with moss struggle for existence near to the cellar of what was evidently, at some time long past, a spacious house. The land around is desolate and forbidding, fast relapsing to the original forest ;

while the mind, upon contemplating it, experiences a feeling of regret at seeing savage Nature again resuming its sway where it is evident the hand of man has wrought, and human affections have taken root.

Ask any man past middle age, a native whom you may chance to meet, whose place that was or is, and he will tell you, "That was the 'Uncle Billy' place"; and almost any boy will tell you the same from traditional knowledge. Interrogate the aged man further, and he will tell you that these brown and barren fields once groaned with abundant harvests; the branches of those decaying trees once bent beneath the weight of choice fruit; large herds fed in the pastures; twenty cows filled the brimming pails; while upon that grass-grown cellar stood a noble house, and in it lived a man from whose hospitable door none ever went hungry away; and he will probably wind up by telling you that they never had any town's poor in Gorham as long as Uncle Billy lived. Thus the whole community seem to have assumed the task of keeping green the memory of a man who loved his country and his kind, but who had no son to keep his name in remembrance.



At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the principal village of Gorham, in the same direction, and just below what is known as the Academy Hill, near the banks of a brook, — now a mere thread, but which, at the date of this story, was a smart stream when fed from the full springs of the primeval forest, and which furnished to the pioneers many a dish of speckled trout, — stands a quaint-looking house of two stories. The walls to the second story are of brick, — the ends and roof of wood. The progress of improvement has replaced the old gable by a modern sharp roof, and some slight alterations have been made inside; the great fireplace has given way to a stove; otherwise the old house stands as the founders left it.

A few rods from it, and a little nearer the brook, is the site of the log-house in which those founders lived when not in garrison during the French and Indian wars, and from which they removed to the brick one, where, as we shall see, Elizabeth nursed the wounded savages. Just below, a spring pours its water into a wooden trough, for the convenience of the traveller. To this spring, on the evening of the 18th of April, 1746, Uncle Billy, then a boy, went to bring the night's water, while Indians ambushed the path on each side, and could have touched him with their hands. Upon the opposite side of the road, a few decaying apple-trees mark the spot where once stood the original camp in which the emigrants passed their first night.

In this house, built in 1773, the first brick building erected in Maine, the bricks of which were made by his own hands and those of his children, lived and died Hugh McLellan, and Elizabeth his wife,—the father and mother of Uncle Billy and eight other children, the youngest of whom, Martha, was our Grannie, to whom you have already been introduced, and who was, it is said, the very image of her mother. The story of their struggle I tell you as it was told to me, through many long winter evenings at Grannie's knees, till I was afraid to go to bed lest I should meet an Indian in his war-paint on the stairs, and covered my head in agony in the blankets if a door creaked, or a nail, loosened by the frost, snapped among the shingles.

They were called in that day Scotch-Irish. Not that there was any admixture of blood, but a long residence in Ireland had given rise to the name. In the year 1608, by reason of the rebellion of the native chieftains in the north of Ireland, and their subsequent defeat and banishment, about five hundred thousand acres accrued to the crown,—that is, became the property of the king of England. These lands James I. settled to a great extent with emigrants from England and Scotland. Ireland had for ages been the back-door to England and Scotland, through which the French had thrown forces into the kingdom, and aided the cause of insurrection. Therefore, as a bulwark against future aggressions, James determined to drive out the native Catholic Irish, and to replace them largely by a Protestant population of Scotch and English, but principally Scotch,—rough-handed and warlike,—whose lands were to be given them in fee-simple on certain conditions, and who might be safely counted upon to defend their property to the death. Thus being actuated by the strongest principles that operate upon the human mind,—self-interest, religious enthusiasm, and the antipathies of race.—it was supposed they would form a loyal population, that might prove a permanent bulwark against foreign aggression and domestic treason. As this was a pet measure of the monarch's, peculiar privileges were accorded them. Free schools were endowed, a University established, the extent of possessions limited, and all proprietors were compelled to reside on and cultivate their lands. Thus these Scottish emigrants obtained the name of Scotch-Irish, though, except in occasional instances, without any mixture of blood. Indeed, it was the great object of the king to prevent this, as it was upon the mutual antipathies of the two races that he relied for the success of his scheme. Provision was therefore made that they should be settled

in different parts of the territory, it having been found by a similar experiment in the time of Elizabeth, that, instead of the industrious settlers civilizing the wild Irish, the latter only envied the superior advantages of their neighbors, and by means of free access to their houses took occasion to steal their goods and plot against their lives. The wild Irish were therefore planted in the most level, open, fertile part of the country, and on the lands that were the most easily worked, in order that the superior quality of the soil might counterbalance the disadvantages arising from their natural indolence and want of knowledge of agriculture. Thus also they were exposed to the constant inspection of their neighbors, and it was hoped that, from being mere vagabonds, wandering from place to place with their cattle, they might be gradually habituated to agriculture and the mechanic arts. To the others were assigned the hills and the places of greatest strength and command, and those of the most danger, — the woods and wild parts of the country, — Ireland being covered — before they were destroyed to smelt iron — with vast forests, the remains of which are to this day found in the bogs. The old Irish were also forbidden to drive their cattle from place to place, or go “creagging” as it was called, but compelled to a settled habitation and tillage. Each landed proprietor was also required within a specified time to place a certain number of tenants on his place. The cottages were also required to be built in the English style.

From this race sprang Hugh McLellan of Gorham, and Bryce of Portland, the ancestors of all of that name in Maine. They were a hard-handed race, who knew right well how to wield the claymore, and belonged to the order of saints who hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord, and who inscribed upon the muzzles of their cannon, “Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.” Their paternal ancestor, Sir Hugh of the clan Argyle, came into Ulster after the expatriation of the old Irish from the neighborhood. He received an allotment of fifteen hundred acres, according to the conditions of tenure, with the understanding that he was to render knight’s service to the crown, and with his good sword hold his goods and lands against all comers, which he was nothing loath to do, being bred to arms from his youth. With the progress of refinement, the growth of knowledge and of a more kindly and rational piety, his posterity became an industrious, God-fearing, manly race, who, losing the fiercer traits of their forefathers, retained their hardihood and strength of limb.

Let us, turning back the leaves of the years, imagine ourselves in the County of Antrim, in the Province of Ulster, in 1733, when the resolute Presbyterian, forsaking country and kin, with his young wife dared the privation of a strange land and a savage wilderness, stimulated by no romantic hopes of finding treasure or amassing a fortune, but that he might obtain that which was denied him in his native land, — a heritage for himself and his children, — and might escape those persecutions to which all who at that time differed from the Established Church were exposed, — a period in our narrative which will more properly form the subject of another chapter.

Elijah Kellogg.



TIN-TYPES.

KATY came into the breakfast-room with a shy look on her merry little face. Papa was deep in his newspaper, and did not observe her. Harry raised both hands, rolled up both eyes, and stood on tiptoe in astonishment; but a violent gesture from Katy made him whistle in the "Oh!" that was about to roll forth. Shy? I should think so. First, there was her beautiful hair, driven from her forehead and piled above it in a rough-and-tumble heap. Second, there was her beautiful hair pulled through a — doughnut, do you call it? — and padded on somehow to the back of her head. Then, as seemed necessary, there were sundry bits of nets and ribbons to keep things from flying apart, and she was in truth a funny little puss to look on.

Katy sat down to the breakfast-table and tried to act as if nothing had happened. And papa, laying aside his newspaper, caught a glimpse of her. and then took a long look, and cried, "Overslept, Katy! Have not combed your hair this morning, dear?" — and then Harry's fun had free course. and Katy laughed, too, a little, and blushed a good deal.

"Why, papa, I never combed my hair so much in my life."

"Took her all night," cried Harry. "She began at bedtime, and has just finished."

Papa came up slowly, in great pretended amazement. and touched the wonderful doughnut cautiously. "The wheel of our old truckle-cart! and what is all this scare above?"

"Now, daddy, dear, don't," said Katy, coaxingly drawing her head carefully

away from the great, awkward fingers that threatened harm to her carefully built edifice. "We are going to have our tin-types taken, Harry and I, and so I dressed my hair, and you must not pull it down, there 's a dear."

"Why, it is all strapped up, child. One could unharness a horse as easily as your head."

"Strap! O papa! that is a fillet."

"Classical, papa," said Harry. "Did not the old Latin ladies wear such things when you were young?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief never. And I am not so sure I want an old Latin lady about the house. Madam Octavia Sulpicia Copernica, shall I trouble you to return to Latium, and bring my little Katy once more!"

"O, now, dear little papa! do not be stupid and teasing, when I am going to have my tin-type taken, and must be magnificent. Now, if you will only be good, you shall have your choice of them all."

And papa, having been brought up in a long course of such goodness, let the "scare" and "truckle-cart wheel" alone, and listened to the tale of the tin-types. Just nothing at all, they said: eighteen for a quarter of a dollar, which they were going to pay for out of their own income of ten cents a week. "Everybody has them, papa, and we give them all away. Jenny Hand had her eighteen Thursday, and only one left Friday night. You see, papa, you have them taken, nine at a sitting, and then little albums to save them up in."

"And you buy an album, too, out of your ten cents a week?"

"O, no," said Harry, "because an album costs so much we should be poor all the time, just beggars, to go into such an expense."

"We wait, papa," said Katy, demurely, "thinking something may turn up. Perhaps, when we get all our pictures together, somebody will look at them,—somebody who has plenty of money,—and will say, 'My dears, these are very pretty, and you must have a book apiece to put them in, and here is a dollar to—'"

"Say two, while you are about it," whispered Harry very audibly.

"Here are two dollars apiece, dear children—"

"No," growled Harry again; "you will upset the basket. A dollar apiece,—two for both."

"A dollar apiece, two for both, dear children, to buy each of you a beautiful tin-type album, with red covers and gilt edges.' I should not wonder, papa, if that somebody were a handsome man, with dear old brown eyes, and a lovely brown beard, a little gray."

"And eating buckwheat cakes this very minute," added Harry.

"At this very table, Harry."

"With a seal-ring on his little finger, Katy."

"With his hair a little curly, Harry."

"And a little bald on the top of his head, Katy."

"Where his dear little daughter, that he loves so much, combs his hair for him when he is tired, and asks nothing in return, Harry."

“And keeps pouring on the syrup, and does not hear a word we are saying, Katy.”

“And will not give us any tin-type albums, and break our hearts, Harry.”

Just here came the laugh they were planning for, and of course, with it, out came the money they were plotting for; and so breakfast was finished merrily, and papa was allowed to read his newspaper with a pleasant sense of having behaved very properly, and received the approbation of his judicious children.

Away to the photographer's they went, Katy carrying her head a little stiffly in her new “harness,” but quite happy in her stateliness. As they turned into the village, they saw a crowd gathered on the sidewalk, looking up earnestly at something in the great tree. “A squirrel,” suggested Harry; but Kate thought likely it was some new kind of bird. No, it was something fluttering, larger than a squirrel or a bird, “as big as a peacock and his tail,” said Harry.

“Why, it is a veil!” exclaimed Katy. “It is some one's veil blown off, and flying up and caught on the branch away up. It will never come down again. She has lost her veil.”

“Perhaps the same breeze that stole it will repent and bring — why, there is a boy up in the tree, now, after it!”

So there was surely. High, high up, it seemed to Katy, his light clothes appeared among the leaves. “Oh! I should think he would be afraid, and he is crawling out farther along the limb.”

“Afraid!” said Harry, rather contemptuously. “Why, there is nothing to be afraid of. I have climbed trees twice as high as that, and twice as fast, too. I wish I was up there, — I would show them how to do it. This is what I call slow.”

“I am sure I would not take so much trouble for a veil,” murmured Kate, half to herself.

“Not for a veil; but I would for Miss Eliza.”

“O, is it hers?”

“Yes. I heard a boy say so,” — for Harry had been working in and out among the crowd. “And it is Jack Crowley up there, and he would just kill himself for Miss Eliza any time.”

Jack had evidently climbed as far out along the branch as he dared to go, and was yet not within reach of the veil. He had a stick in one hand, and while holding on to the branch above him with the other, he tried with his stick to loosen the veil from the twig on which it was caught. But the stick was too short, and he called to those below to pass him another. This was easily done by two or three boys who were in the tree below him; but Miss Eliza was much more anxious about Jack than about her veil, and begged him not to trouble himself.

“No trouble at all, ma'am,” called down Jack, cheerily. “I like the fun. I see a bird's nest, too.”

“Lud, ma'am,” said a stout fellow who was watching him, “young chaps like him, they don't mind climbing trees no more 'n you do stepping into your

carriage. It's only a lark, ma'am, let alone a lady's veil, and her you, begging pardon."

"Pshaw, yes," said another, reassuringly. "That boy has climbed more trees, I'll be bound, after birds' eggs than—well, I wish I had as many dollars as he has climbed trees."

But here, notwithstanding Jack's experience, a sad thing happened. Whether undue excitement made him careless, or whatever it may have been, certain it is that in reaching forward he loosed the veil and also lost his balance. The veil floated down and floated out, and then down again, as majestic as you please; but no one saw it, for down came poor Jack, too, not majestic at all, not floating, but crashing, crashing through the twigs, bumping against the branches, and there he lay in a heap on the ground, torn, bleeding, senseless. Poor, poor little Jack Crowley!

Some screamed, one or two almost fainted. As for Harry, he caught Kate's hand, and they ran off as fast as they could out of sight and sound, till they found themselves, without knowing how, on Miss Eliza's door-step. There they sat down, all pale and trembling, and looked at each other's white face, and then Katy began to cry. "To be all killed and dead and bounced up so in a minute," sobbed Katy.

"O Katy! don't cry," said Harry, with a choking voice, "perhaps he is not dead."

"And he such a good boy, and showed us where the high-bush blackberries were last summer,—don't you remember?"

"And helped you fill your pail after you spilled them crossing the brook, and had to go and get the cows, too."

"O, I shall never eat any more blackberries as long as I live, for grief and sorrow,—or if I do I shall always think of poor Jack tumbling down dead off a tree."

And so they went on recounting Jack's virtues and their own sorrows and future proceedings, till Miss Eliza appeared and informed them that Jack was not in the least dead, though a good deal bruised and stunned. "Fortunately he broke his arm," said Miss Eliza.

"Fortunately?" echoed the children, in surprise.

"Yes; because if his arm had not received the shock, and so broken the fall, the fall might have broken his neck."

"Just as we thought it did," said Katy. "O dear little Jack! Miss Eliza, do you think we might go and see him, and make him happy a little, all bruised?"

"No, dear, the doctor is there,"—at which Katy grew pale again,— "and for the present he is to be kept as quiet as possible. After a few days he will be very glad to see you, and I dare say you can cheer him up a good deal."

"Come Harry," said Katy, "let us go home. I do not feel like tin-types any more, and poor Jack Crowley with his arm broken."

"What I shall do, Katy, I shall go home and find something to give him as soon as ever he gets well."

“ I wonder how soon do people get well of broken arms.”

“ Or I can give him something that does not want arms, — something to read, or something.”

“ O, I tell you, Harry! now this is just the thing! Let us go and have our tin-types taken, and buy him an album, and put everybody’s tin-type in it, and give it to him. Because he is poor, and never will have any!”

“ Now, Katy, that is bright. But if I buy his album, then you will have one, and I shall not.”

“ You may put all your pictures in mine.”

“ O, but it is not fun to have somebody else’s.”

“ Well, do see. You give him your album, and I will give him my money to buy whatever he likes with. Then we shall be even.”

And if they were happy before in going to the photographer’s, they were ten times happier in turning back now, — so happy that they could hardly keep their faces still long enough to be photographed. Katy was sure she looked like a fright, and Harry’s hair had dropped down over his forehead, notwithstanding the great pains he had taken to plaster it up in place. But there they were, thirty-six of them in all, to take or to leave; and then they selected the daintiest little album they could find, and filled it at home with the dainty little pictures which they prized so highly; and each time they unfolded one from its tissue-paper wrapper, they stopped to gaze at it, and talk about it, so that it was a good forenoon’s work to get the little album ready; and when it was ready, they turned it over and over again, till Harry declared they should get the good all out of it before ever Jack got hold of it. “ And O,” cried Katy of a sudden, “ I have thought such a nice thing again. My dollar, you know; let us get papa to change it into ten-cent pieces, and lay them between the leaves, so he will keep finding them and finding them.”

“ Just as you do in a dream, and that will spin it out ever so much longer than to find just one dollar all in a heap. O, yes!”

Of course papa was glad to accommodate them; and when it was thought proper to make their visit, Chryssa gave them a little basket containing a tiny loaf of frosted cake, and a glass of jelly; and papa added two oranges, and Sally contributed a cake of maple-sugar and the very handsomest of her carnation pinks; and altogether Harry thought in his secret heart that Jack was a rather lucky fellow to have broken his arm.

They were a little silent and afraid as they approached Jack’s house, — fearing the hush and twilight and strangeness of illness. But when they went in, there was no bed and no twilight, but Jack lying on the faded old lounge in the bright sunshine, with the cat perched and purring on his feet, as comfortable as could be. To be sure his arm was broken and tied up in a sling, which is not comfortable, and to be sure he was black and blue and stiff and sore, and felt, he said, as if he had been jounced in a bag of stones; but he talked as gayly and laughed as merrily as ever, and when Harry and Katy drew up their chairs and sat down by him, and held up the basket, how his eyes sparkled! “ Not much of anything,” said Katy demurely, — “ only a

crumb or two for the cat." Which Miss Puss seemed to understand, for she rose and walked up Jack's legs as coolly as if he had not been "jounced in a bag of stones," and would have poked her inquisitive nose into the basket, if Harry had not interposed. "There!" said Katy, having removed the lid, "now you have one well arm, and you must use it; we brought the things, and he must take them out, must he not, Harry?"

"Pop goes the weasel, then," said Jack, smiling with eager eyes, and he fingered off the napkin coyly. "Frosted cake! O my! And what's this in the tumbler? O jolly!" And so he went through the contents of the basket, his delight increasing with every fresh discovery; and when Harry brought forth the album and showed him his own name written in it beautifully in "German text," he fairly shouted, "O mother, only just come here a minute! Is n't it jolly to break your arm?"—and if there ever were any better tin-types than those, I never heard of them.

Gail Hamilton.



INDEPENDENCE.

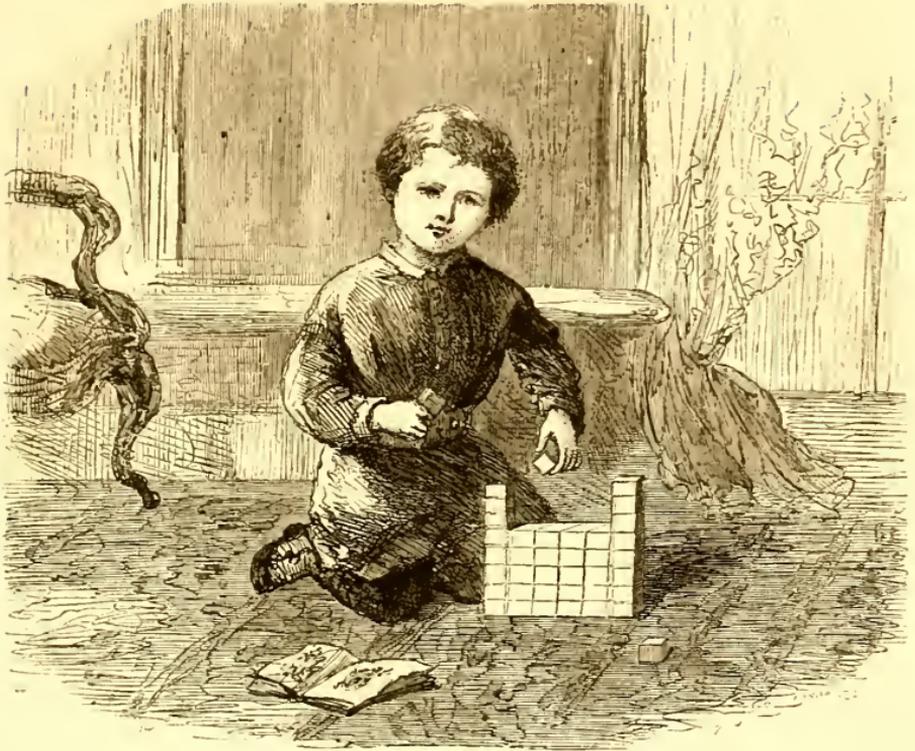
"PRETTY vine, what makes you cling
To that cold gray stone?
Why don't you lift your drooping head,
Like all the flowers in the bed,
And learn to stand alone?"

"Little maid," the vine replied,
"You need n't pity me;
I lie here in the warm bright sun,
And have the stone to rest upon.
I'm happy as can be.

"Why don't you leave your mother's side,
And run away alone?
I think you're just as bad as I!
You always want her standing by,—
And I want my gray stone."

A. Q. G.





THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,
 A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
 A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
 And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
 An eager listener unto stories told
 At the Round Table of the nursery,
 Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build ;
 There will be other steeds for thee to ride ;
 There will be other legends, and all filled
 With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
 Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;
 Listen to voices in the upper air,
 Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

Henry W. Longfellow.



Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Allegretto.

1. They say that the Year is old and gray, That his eyes are dim with

cres. *riten.*

sorrow ; But what care we, though he pass away?—For the New Year comes to-

colla voce.

a tempo.

morrow. No sighs have we for the roses fled, No tears for the vanished Summer ; Fresh

rallo.

flowers will spring where the old are dead, To welcome the glad new-comer.

2. He brings us a gift from the beau-ti-ful land We see in our ro-sy

riten.

dreaming, Where the wonder-ful castles of fancy stand In magi-cal sunshine

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *riten.* is placed above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "dreaming, Where the wonder-ful castles of fancy stand In magi-cal sunshine".

a tempo.

gleaming. Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer, With never a thought of sorrow ; The

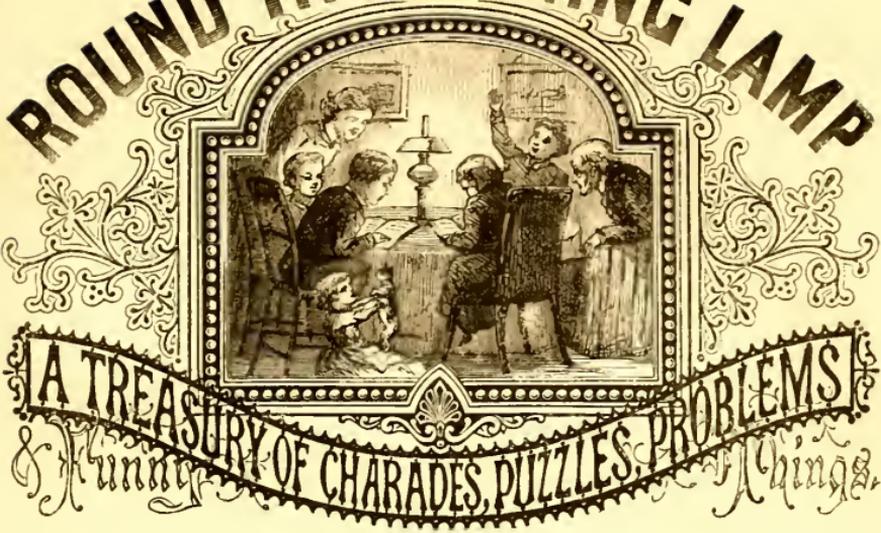
The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *a tempo.* is placed above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "gleaming. Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer, With never a thought of sorrow ; The".

Old goes out, but the glad Young Year Comes merrily in to-morrow.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Old goes out, but the glad Young Year Comes merrily in to-morrow."

The fourth system of the musical score consists of two staves, both piano accompaniment. It continues the musical theme from the previous systems.

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



CHARADES.

No. 1.

THEY met, — my bold and manly *third*,
 And she who held my *whole* ;
 Naught by the rippling streamlet stirred,
 While soul communed with soul ;
 With many a tender look and word
 He sought my slender *first* ;
 Then on the scene — Heaven save the
 mark ! —
 My base-born *second* burst,
 And idly launched his little bark ;
 My *third* with sudden fury shook,
 And with my *first* my *second* took,
 And hurled him headlong in the brook,
 The while his love — a merry soul ! —
 Shook, as she fled, my snowy *whole*.

BESSIE.

No. 2.

MY *first* is an article constantly used ;
 My *second*, though noisy, no music can
 boast ;
 My *third* is hung up, though of crime not
 accused,
 But only because it is ready to roast.
 My *whole* is a man through all ages re-
 nowned
 For the virtue and truth in his character
 found.

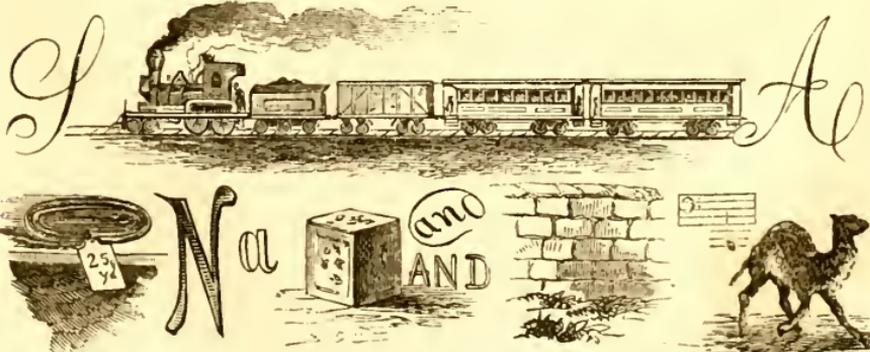
J. B.

No. 3.

MY *first* is nothing but a name ;
 My *second* is still less ;
 My *whole* shall ever nameless be,
 And now my riddle guess.

J. F. N.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 1.



WILLY WISP.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 2.

FRENCH.



ENIGMA.

No. 1.

I am composed of 26 letters.
 My 10, 1, 22, 5, 12, 9, 14, is a weapon.
 My 26, 5, 2, 18, 1, is a strange quadruped.
 My 19, 12, 9, 7, 8, 20, is an insult.
 My 17, 21, 1, 25, is a place where vessels
 are laden.

My 6, 15, 24, is a cunning animal.
 My 3, 15, 23, 5, 4, is what cowards often are.
 My 16, 21, 13, 16, 11, 9, 14, is a Yankee
 vegetable.
 My whole is indispensable to the literary
 world.

LILLA LAWSON.

PUZZLE.

No. 1.

I belong to the church, the house, and the
 farm ;
 I belong to a ship, and I then have an arm ;
 And while I have feet, (do not think I am
 funning,)
 I can't walk a step, though they speak of
 me "running" ;
 And by way of a merit I proudly declare,
 I'm always prepared to do things by the
 "square."
 In times so dishonest, this trait is a treas-
 ure,
 And so you may praise it, but not without
 measure.
 But now read me backwards : in busiest
 throug

You may see me go dragging my "slow
 length along."
 I'm a sort of a carriage, but, if you have
 pride,
 Would be hardly the one you'd select for
 a ride, —
 A thing not remarked for its beauty, but
 uses,
 And subject, like everything else, to abuses.
 But, O, what a proof of my owners' rapacity !
 They think there's no end to my strength
 and capacity.
 But I'll stop, — though each morn sees
 my burdens increasing, —
 Or you'll think that my rhymes, like my
 toils, are unceasing.

T. G.

ANSWERS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

7. 225 feet. 8. 648.

ENIGMAS.

25. Love's a virtue for heroes! — as white as the
 snow on high hills.
 26. My daily nourishment.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

32. Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, O, give me back my heart.
 [(Maid) o (fat hens) ER (ewe) (part) G (eye) V
 (hog minus H) (ivy = I V) (mi) (back) M (eye)
 (heart).]
 33. When honest, respectable people are the pio-

neers of a land, it is a real El Dorado. [W
 (hen on nest) (res) (peck) (table) (pea) (pill-ar)
 (tea) (he) (pie on ears) of (ale) & (eye) T (eye)
 S a (real) L (do, re, do).]

34. Quarrels occur among young folks generally
 from misunderstandings which can be settled
 by frank explanations. They should early re-
 ceive this treatment. [(Quarrel) (sock) (cur
 among young folks) (General Lee) F (rum)
 (miss under stand in G) S (witch) (can) (bee)
 (settle) D by (frank) X (plane) a (tie on S).
 (Tea) (hay) (shoulder) (lyre) (sieve) thi (street)
 (men) (tea).]



WITH the present number begins a new volume of OUR YOUNG FOLKS, and the Editors desire again to express their untiring sympathy with the thousands of busy little people who make up the far-extended circle of their patrons, critics, and friends. This sympathy goes forth impartially to one and all, and if it were possible to give each an individual example of it, they would gladly do so; but as this cannot be, let every boy and every girl feel included in this intimation of remembrance and regard. In the year that is opening now, the Editors hope to receive even more than the great multitude of letters and messages which have poured into their sanctum during 1866. There is no little note, however small, or cramped, or childish, which does not suggest to them an image of its writer, eagerly composing and inscribing it, and perhaps looking expectantly for an answer, and over every one they pause with the pleasant feeling that some one, perchance in a distant, out-of-the-way corner, has thought enough of them, and believed enough in them, to send this proof of industry or confidence. It is of course absolutely impossible to reply to all these despatches here, — just think of a Letter Box with answers or acknowledgments to eight or ten hundred writers! — and so many letters are received every month. All those which ask particular questions or contain paragraphs of general interest to the Editors' countless family will be noticed in their turn, but equally welcome will be the hundreds which need not this especial comment; for they show the same spirit, and that is of the most consequence after all.

But it is time to end this Preface. To all their friends the Editors extend the hearty, kindly wishes of this sweet season, when hearts should warm in the renewal of that time which brought the gracious Saviour to bless little children, and to guide and save them of a larger growth. And in this intent are commended to all, as a most beautiful and tender expression of the feeling which should spring up with Christmas and the New Year, these verses of Thackeray's, written many years ago for boys whom he loved and from whom he hoped much good: —

“Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses, or who wins the prize?
 Go, lose or conquer as you can:
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

“A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays:)
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days:
 The shepherds heard it overhead, —
 The joyful angels raised it then:
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men.

“My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still, —
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.”

Here are some conundrums sent us by friends: —
 Why are railway stations like groans? Because they are (*deep oh's*) depots.

Why is a “non-resistant” like a Tartar? Because he leads a *no-mad*-ic life.

If you asked one of the antipodes whether he lived under the zenith, what would he say? Nay, dear (Nadir).

Why is an astronomer like a press-gang? Because he will see stars (seize tars).

T. B. A. Under the circumstances, you did quite right. Generally speaking, it is not grateful or courteous to transfer to another the present you have just received; but if the gift be such that its value will be diminished or lost by postponement of its use, and you can neither avail yourself of it, nor yet return it to the giver, there can certainly be no objection if you allow some other friend to enjoy the benefit. Indeed, any really generous person would prefer that you should do so, that his favor might not be neglected, and so fall of doing good to anybody.

Daisy. We are glad to know it.

M'le De Trof. Your story has the merit of being simply and naturally told. The defects in it are such as study and practice will overcome. The sketch is better than the verses. Persevere.

E. V. A. We are glad of a letter from a patriotic little girl, like you, who knew our lamented President personally; but we have not room for the "Reflections."

"*R.*" We cannot spare the space for a careful criticism of your little poem; but its chief defect is in its irregular construction. You must study all about iambs and anapaests and dactyls, before you can write correct verses.

C. C. W.'s letter has been lying overlooked — not neglected — longer than we could have wished. A word in reply is all that we can offer now.

A writer's life is not so easy as it seems. If you undertake it, you must be prepared to meet discouragements which nothing but an intense love of your work will overcome. Very few pens have the Midas-power of turning what they touch into gold. Write, if you cannot help it, — but do not depend upon writing "for a living," if you can find anything else to do.

Bow-wow. Very well expressed and legibly written. The question is not unfamiliar, however, in a slightly different form.

C. A. S. sends a French conundrum: "What is the richest, and what the poorest letter in the French alphabet? *La richesse (riche S) et la pauvreté (pauvre T).*"

Gattie Garnet. You are quite right to "love everything that is wild and beautiful." But how is it about such things as are wild and *not* beautiful? Wildness in girl or boy is apt to be unlovely from the first, and will surely be so at last. Be wise in time.

Clinton B. It is really quite good; but remember that we can only use the *remarkably* good ones, and for every one which we do use there are hundreds which we cannot.

W. A. M. We do not. Ask some good chemist or druggist.

Eddie C. S. Not at present.

G. C. B. Draper's chemistry will probably suit you.

An Important Question.

"DEAR EDITORS, — In looking over the 'Letter Box,' I see a note to 'Fraxinella,' which reminds me that I should like to ask your advice on a subject which has puzzled me not a little. Like 'Fraxinella,' if I can do nothing else, I should like to be a writer. I know that my compositions are very good; that is, they compare favorably with those of girls older than myself, as they are always read at school. Then the girls always ask me to write or tell them stories, and older people — impartial ones, too — say that, when 'my taste is formed,' etc., I may hope to do something. What I want to ask you, then, is how to improve my taste and discern between merit and the contrary. Is there anything I had better read? I have read what I could that I thought would lead to such a result, and as my reading has never been restricted in the slightest, I have had good opportunities. Of course Dickens, Scott, Shakespeare, etc., I have almost as long as I can remember been familiar with, as with other standard writers. If you will be so kind as to recommend something to me, I should be very glad. Please do not think me *very* conceited, as I know my letter must seem so, for I have just stated these facts that they may help in the choice of books, if you will be so good as to answer this. Also, if it will be any aid to know my age, I am just fourteen. Before I close I must tell you how much I enjoy your Magazine, and beg your pardon for claiming your valuable time with this letter. Please be as kind to me as to 'Fraxinella.'"

"ONE OF THE YOUNG FOLKS."

If you have an acquaintance with such books as you refer to, we do not need to recommend you any more. Now let your acquaintance develop into knowledge: study these good books, as you would study your lessons, seek out their best points, and try by reflection and comparison to ascertain why these are the best. A few of the best books, thoroughly and thoughtfully re-read, with careful consideration of their ideas, their development, and their style, are better for you than a vast library of volumes, however good in themselves, which are cursorily examined and then laid aside for something new.

Connecticut sends this: —

"DEAR TRIO, — Let me for my own satisfaction bring my mite of praise and gratitude. And not mine alone, but that of a whole wide houseful of people, who all agree, little and big, that 'Our Young Folks' is the daintiest, freshest, 'cutest,' most delightful, *bulliest** of all 'child-folks' Magazines. Through it I am quite well acquainted with you, and I am therefore quite bold about asking a favor of you. . . .

I shall be ever after

Your obliged and grateful friend,

ELLA M. B.

* There are four boys in this family.



THE SEA-SWALLOW.

DRAWN BY GASTON FAY.]

[See *Sea-Swallow*, page 97.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

No. II.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

I.

BOYS, NOISE, AND TOYS.



ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE had come home! There it was in the *Herald*: —

“Arrived — A 1 Clipper Ship Circumnavigator, Brace master, 105 days from Hong Kong, with tea, toys, and fireworks to Joseph Josephs and Sons.”

No more breakfast for me. “Never mind my cap, mother. Hurrah, Charley! here’s news, — such fun, old fellow!”

Charley Sharpe lives next door to our house, and we talk to each other over the fence.

“What is it, George?”

“Why, Round-the-world Joe has come home!”

“Who’s Round-the-world Joe?”

[There! Now sometimes, — this is between you and me, — *sometimes* I don’t half like Charley Sharpe. He’s what my sister Georgiana — the one that’s engaged, you know — calls “eccentric”; which means asking who Round-the-world Joe is, when, at the same time, you know as well as I do. It must be smart, or Charley Sharpe would not do it; but I don’t think it’s useful, and I know it’s provoking. You see my name’s George Eager, and when I take an interest in a thing, I give all my mind to it, and if anybody has any nonsense to put in, then I’d rather he’d keep it till I’ve got over my earnest fit.]

So I said, in my severest manner: “Now see here,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk’s Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Mr. Sharpe; if you are going to converse rationally, converse rationally; and if you are going to ask me who is Sinbad the Sailor, ask me who is Sinbad the Sailor, and make yourself ridiculous."

Now Charley Sharpe is the best-natured boy ever I lived next door to, and when he saw I was on my dignity, as he calls it, he stopped being eccentric, and talked sense. "Come, George, don't lose your temper before breakfast, or you 'll have bad luck all day. What 's the use of being a boy, if you can't take a joke? Of course I know your Round-the-world Joe. He's old Captain Brace's son, that goes to sea with his father in the Circumnavigator, and spins such tough yarns when he comes back. You remember that one about the King of Oude and his barber, snowballing each other with marigolds on Christmas day? and that other one about his chameleon in Calcutta, that travelled an inch a day, and broke out all over with the variegated measles when he stirred it up with a straw?"

"Yes, I do remember that; and if you knew anything about the natural history of that remarkable beast, you would know that Joe's 'yarn' was all true. I can show it to you in father's Cyclopædia: 'CHAMELEON,—a Genus of Saurian reptiles inhabiting the warmest parts of Africa and India the most common Species is the *Chameleo vulgaris* so well known to travellers in Egypt and Northern Africa. The Chameleon is well described by Aristotle in his History of Animals the name is derived from the Greek and signifies Little Lion or as some maintain Camel Lion. The Chameleon moves very Slowly it will remain for Days on the branch of a tree to which it fixes itself very firmly by means of its Peculiarly divided Feet and Pre-hensile Tail. It is true that the Chameleon Changes its Color with great rapidity and it is probable considering the Scaly character of its skin that the varieties of color are due especially to Changes in the Surface of the skin from the Voluntary Contractions of the Muscular Fibres in the Dermis modifying the Reflections from the Pigment spots as well as from the colorless portions of the skin. From its sudden changes in Color and Size the Chameleon has from time immemorial been selected by Authors as the emblem of the Hypocrite the Wily Flatterer of the Great the Ambitious Demagogue the Cautious Knave and the Fickle Inconstant persons who from mere Indolence or unsteadiness of purpose are All Things to All Men.'"

"But as for you, give you liberty, or give you death! Three cheers for George! I tell you what, old fellow, it just takes your father's Cyclopædia to teach a boy the difference between a chameleon and a pollywog. Get your cap, and let's go see Round-the-world Joe."

But my mother said No; I must allow Joseph to devote that day to the obligations of Fil-i-al affection. She had understood he was a meritorious youth, and Un-feign-ed-ly attached to his worthy mamma.

I am sorry to say I laughed, and my darling mother looked very grave. So I said, "I beg your pardon, mother; but when you said 'meritorious youth,' I was thinking of Joe singing 'There were three sailors of Bristol city.' Besides, he can chew tobacco. But Joe does love his mother like sixty, and every time he comes home from sea he brings her sharks' teeth and tea."

“The practice of chewing (not chawing) tobacco is a very Rep-re-hen-sible one, my son, to which I am sorry to hear that persons who follow the sea are much addicted. It impairs the Di-ges-tive powers, weakens the moral sense, discolors the teeth, softens the brain, and soils the carpet. Now go and feed your pup, and don't give him strong coffee, as I am told it has a tendency to check the development of dogs.”

She meant “stunts” ’em, — the very thing I was trying to do with my black-and-tan.

Well, Charley and I agreed to put off our visit to Joe for a day or two, and that evening we got permission to walk down Broadway and see the shop-windows all dressed and lighted up for Christmas. By the by, was n't it lucky for Round-the-world Joe to get back just in time for the holidays ?

It was cold as an iceberg when we started out, — snowing, blowing, and freezing hard ; but Charley Sharpe and I are two tough little chaps, I tell you ; and when we had bundled ourselves in our stout shaggy sacks, with our skating boots and mittens and comforters, and drawn the flaps of our fur caps over our ears, we felt as snug as two seals at an air-hole. We had promised our two mothers that we would not stay out longer than nine o'clock ; so we agreed to take the book-stores and picture-shops on our way down Broadway, and the toy-shops as we returned. Well, we had gone as far as Canal Street, and it was time to turn back. Looking in the windows, we had picked out pictures and books, that we meant to pay for as soon as we got rich enough to set up a library and gallery half as big as Ticknor and Fields's store ; and twice we swapped : I gave Charley an expensive copy of the “History of King Arthur's Round Table” for “Baron Munchausen,” with Doré's illustrations, and he gave me a lovely picture of an awful shipwreck, with the loss of every soul on board, and the captain firing a cannon, for a splendid colored plate of a hurdle race, with six horses taking a six-barred gate and a small river at one leap, and one man down on his head, and his horse rolling over him, — which Charley said was splendid. But we have not brought away our pictures yet. Charley says the people that keep the stores put them in the windows to make a show, and they don't like to take them down till the holidays are over ; so we thought we might as well wait.

Well, we began then on the toy-shops, and as we were looking in a window, and Charley was trying to make up his mind what I must give him to boot with my Zouaves charging for his clock-work Great Eastern, a great red chunk of a boy came down the street, singing, —

“Storm along, my hearty boys,
Storm along, storm-ee !”

And when he got to the toy-shop he stopped singing, and began to whistle, low and in a very serious manner ; then he walked up to the other window and commenced hitching up his trousers, — they were sailor-trousers, — and the way he did it was very funny : first he took them by the waistband, and hauled them all up ; then he grabbed them with both hands by the seat, and gave them a savage jerk ; then he twitched the legs of them, and flung out

his toes, as if he was going to dance; and then he slapped his hat — it was a sailor-hat — on the back of his head; and all the time he kept on whistling very seriously, as if he was exercised in his mind. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and began to jingle something.

“Ten-penny nails,” whispered Charley.

“Pshaw!” said I.

“Keys, then,” said Charley.

“Not at all,” said I. “Keys and nails don’t jingle so fat; that’s money.”

Then the boy began to sing: —

“I’ve got sixpence,
 Jolly, jolly sixpence;
 I love my sixpence
 Better than my life:
 Two for to spend,
 And two for a friend,
 And two for to carry home to my wife.”

And then something else about “When he goes rolling ho-o-ome.” Presently the boy began to unbutton his jacket, — it was a sailor-jacket; and he put his hand inside of his blue shirt, and pulled out a leather bag that hung round his neck by a string; there was money in it, — specie, — for we could see the round marks of the rims on the bag; but they were stuffed in so tight they could not chink.

“Coppers,” said Charley, rather loud.

“Quarters, you’d better say,” said I, a little louder.

“Half-eagles, my hearty!” said the sailor-chap. “You see we’ve just been paid off, and the old man he says to me, ‘Joe,’ says he —”

“What! Round-the-world Joe?” said I.

“That’s the name I go by in Home Dock, among some land-turtles about the size of you.”

“Why, don’t you know me, Joe? My name’s George Eager. We used to go to school together, — don’t you remember? And once we had a fight, but that’s all right; and the last time you came home from Japan you brought me —”

“Bless your heart! Give us your flipper!” [Now you must not think hard of Joe for using such expressions. His father used to be in the harpooning profession, and Joe says he can’t help taking after the “old man” sometimes, and “talking whale” when he feels good. But I said, “Joe, you should not call you father ‘the old man,’ — it is n’t respectful.” “O,” says Joe, “that’s all right; sailors always call the captain the old man, especially if they respect him a great deal.”]

“And my name’s Charley Sharpe. I am the boy that gave you that Newfoundland pup; and you pulled me out of the water when I broke through the ice, skating.”

“Well,” says Joe, “all I can say is, it’s no use talking; this is what I consider bully.” [“Bully” is sailor and Shakespeare for “jolly,” “lively,” my fathér says.] “Come in here, and I’ll treat to a ship and a light-house.”

“No,” said Charley; “we are very glad to see you again, Joe; and if we



allowed you to spend your money on us, we should not feel as if it was the right kind of glad."

"That 's good," said Joe ; " I like you for that ; and it 's all the same to me ; for I brought home a chest full of curiosities and kickshaws, and if you 'll come round and take plum-duff with me to-morrow, you can take your choice."

" Thank you, Joe," said I ; " we 'll come and *see* them, if you please. Don't you feel very happy, Joe, to get back safe to your folks after so many dangers as you 've gone through ; and to bring your dear old mother so much happiness, just in time for a Christmas gift ?"

He did not answer me, because just then he had to blow his nose and wipe his eyes, — you see it was so bitter cold out there on the pavement.

" Got a cold ? Better come home," said Charley Sharpe.

Joe began to sing, — he 's as good as a Dime Warbler, that boy is : —

" Farewell to Mother ! First-rate she,
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft.
May Captain Time her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft."

Well, by that time it was getting on to nine o'clock, and we must hurry home, — "beating to windward," Joe called it, for it was blowing a gale. You may be sure we kept him busy answering questions ; all about water-spouts and icebergs and squalls, and albatrosses and penguins and flying-fishes. How big was the biggest whale he ever saw ? and did he ever see a cannibal, or the sea-serpent ?

“You see, Joe,” said I, “when I get hold of a real live book of travels like you, it does me good to turn you over, and look at the pictures.”

When we reached our door, Joe said he was sorry to “part company,” but we must n’t forget the plum-duff to-morrow.

“What ’s plum-duff?” Charley asked.

“Plum-duff?” said Joe. “Why, plum-duff is a mess of pudding, about the size of a slush-bucket, and stowed with raisins.”

“O, yes,” said Charley, just as if he knew.

But the last thing he said to me that night was, “George, what ’s a slush-bucket?”

Next day we went to see Round-the-world Joe open his “kick-shaw” chest. Such a sight of strange things and funny things,—curiosities and toys,—from China and Japan and Malacca and Birmah and Hindostan!

“Why,” said Charley, “I did not know those Chinees folks and the rest of the heathens had toys. I thought they just worshipped idols and drank tea.”

“Nonsense!” said I; “why not? Did n’t they invent kites and fire-crackers and chess-men and puppets? How could they have boys and girls if they did n’t have toys?”

“Who says they do have any young folks?” said Charley. “I saw something once that they said was a small Chinees boy; but he seemed to be about a hundred years old.”

Joe laughed, and said that was so. They all looked as if they were born old, and grew up young, like Peter Simple’s father.

“That ’s only because their heads are shaved, and they have too much manners,” said I: “it affects their spirits. Of course all nations have young folks, else how could they come? And I believe there have been toys ever since there were any children. Why, in the British Museum there are dolls and foot-balls and marbles that were played with by Egyptian young folks who have been dead and buried four thousand years.

‘The children of Israel took pleasure in making
What the children of Egypt took pleasure in breaking.’”

Then Charley asked me, with a very serious face, would I please look in my father’s Cyclopædia and see if Moses invented base-ball, and whether Chinese kites have Pre-hen-sile tails.

But Joe said they had no tails at all; they were rigged so they could stand up to the wind without any ballast. And then he dived down to the bottom of that big chest of his, and fished up two. One was made to represent a splendid bird, all red and green and yellow, with great wings and tail outspread; and the other was a flying-dragon, with horns on its head, and its mouth wide open, and two or three kinks in its tail,—so nice and monstrous! They are both made of a kind of silk, and have green glass for eyes, and Joe says when they are sailing high in the air, and the sun is shining through them, the effect is “bully.” He says he has seen an old man and his grandson squatted on a hillside together, near Hong Kong, flying two such kites;

and the grandfather looked so young, and the grandson looked so old, he could hardly tell which was which. He asked the old man what he would take for his kite; but he shook his head, — did n't want to sell. Says he, "Hi-yah, fou-ké! Mi no savee that pigeon. Mi likee that piece kito too much. S'pose you wanch ketchee one piece kito, can do. Mi ketchee one piece kito feest-chop, — can go top-side ol ploppa." O, but did n't that sound funny, the way Joe "sing-songed" it with his eyes shut! He said it was broken China ("pigeon English," the sailors call it) for "Good gracious, man! I don't know about that business, — too fond of my kite to sell it. If you want a kite, I can get you a first-rate one, that will fly in fine style." You see *fou-ké* means "man," and *savee* means "understand," and "pigeon" is the Chinese way of pronouncing "business." So the sailors call this outlandish lingo "pigeon English," because it's the language they have to trade in; and a Chinaman makes everything "a piece," — piece of man, piece of moon, piece of house, piece of horse; and *ketchee* means "get," and *feest-chop* means "first-rate," and *top-side* means up stairs, or up in the air, or up anywhere; and *ol ploppa* means "all right." Joe says the outside Barbarians and the Chinamen had an awful time trying to read each other's signals till, between them, they invented this pigeon-English, which is a sort of *chow-chow*, as the Chinese call it, — that is, a hotch-potch, — of Chinese, Portuguese and English.

Joe made us a present of those kites, the bird to Charley, and the dragon to me. Is n't he a valuable boy to be acquainted with? We don't intend to let the other boys know we've got them till next kite-time, and then see if we don't astonish these outside barbarians.

Well, the next thing Joe brought out of that enchanted chest was a stamp to seal letters with, — one of those wonders of ingenuity and skill and patience that nobody but a Chinaman or a monk or a prisoner has time to make. The seal part was a little square tablet of pearl, that you might have your initials engraved on; but the handle was a nest of ivory balls, all beautifully carved, and all loose, and moving freely, one within the other, so that by inserting a knitting-needle anywhere through the carved openings, you could turn either of the balls around and around, and examine the curious figures on it. But the wonder is, how those five inside balls, smaller and smaller till you came to the little smooth marble in the centre, *got* inside of each other; for Joe says there is no seam or opening anywhere. Charley said it reminded him of Peter Pindar's funny story of "The King and the Apple-Dumplings."

"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she: "I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings sew."

"No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin;

"How, how the deuse, then, got the apple in?"

But Joe told us how the balls got in. He says they are all carved, just as they are, out of a single piece of ivory, solid and round as a billiard-ball. The outside is first carved in some very open pattern, — snakes, for instance, and crocodiles, or vines, and flowers and the branches of a tree; and through

the openings it is carefully cut under, with a sharp, fine instrument, till a complete coating is detached from the solid part inside, — just as the peel of an orange may be loosened from the pulp with a scoop, without being taken off. So here is one hollow ball with a solid one inside of it; and this solid ball is carved through the openings left in the carvings of the outer one, and then *peeled*, just as the first one was. Now there are two separate carved hollow balls, still with a smaller solid one within. And then the carving is repeated again and again, always in different patterns, till there remains only the little smooth marble in the centre; and even on this figures are often cut. Of course the work becomes more and more difficult, as the carved hollow balls are multiplied, and the carver has almost to feel his way in the heart of the ivory, — under water, too, sometimes, to soften it. Joe's seal had six balls, but he says he has seen them with twenty; and it sometimes takes the most skilful workman four or five weeks to carve one ball. Only think! two years to make one toy! But Joe says, "What of that, when there are about twenty millions of Chinamen with nothing else to do? And what difference does time make to a lot of lubbers that tell how many bells it is by a cat's eye?"

"Wha-a-at?" said Charley.

"I tell you they do," said Joe. "They look in a cat's eyes to see what's the time of day."

"O, you get out!" said Charley.

"It's so," said Joe; "I'll take my after-davit; and I'll tell you how they do it. If you take particular notice of a cat's eyes, you'll see that at sunrise the pupil is quite wide; but it keeps on growing narrower and narrower till noon, when there's nothing left of it but a thin line, as fine as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye. After noon it begins to grow wider and wider —"

"Di-late," said I.

"Just so," said Joe, — "wider and wider till sunset; and that's the reason cats can see so well in the dark; their pupils take in all the light there is."

"Well," said I, "if that don't beat all the cat-stories! How do you wind your cat-clocks up? By the tail?"

"I must tell that yarn to my big brother," said Charley. "He's of a literary turn of mind, and I know exactly what he'll say. He'll say: 'It is not to be supposed that it is to this description of time-piece that allusion is had in the spirited descriptive ballad beginning,

"Hickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down she run. [Grammatical license, required for the rhyme.]
Hickory, dickory, dock!"

I asked Joe if they had such a thing as Christmas in China.

"No," said Joe, "but they have any quantity of New Years, — paper-flowers and flags and lanterns and fire-works: and such a row, with fiddles and

flutes and hautboys and gongs, that you could n't sing a sick baby to sleep through a speaking-trumpet." He says nine tenths of all the people in China starve themselves for a month beforehand to save up money for their New Year's spree. And such fellows as they are for lanterns and fireworks! They have a "Feast of Lanterns," as they call it, that comes on the fifteenth of the first month in their year; and then nothing but lanterns, lanterns, everywhere, from the shabbiest fishing-junk in the harbor to the finest Joss-house on the hills; big lanterns, little lanterns, silk lanterns, paper lanterns, round lanterns, square lanterns and lanterns with eight sides, carved lanterns, gilded lanterns, japanned lanterns, painted lanterns, lanterns with flowers and trees, lanterns with men and animals, lanterns with dragons and monsters, lanterns hung out of windows, lanterns on the roofs of houses, lanterns on the masts of junks. In Pekin some of these lanterns cost a thousand dollars, and are divided into halls and chambers, so large that the Chinese, by putting two or three of them together, can eat and sleep in them, receive visits, and have balls and plays.

As for fireworks, Joe says there 's nothing in this world a Chinaman is so fond of, unless it be his opium-pipe or his melon-seeds; crackers, bombs, rockets, wheels, fiery fountains and fiery trees, fiery dragons and fiery devils, fiery suns and fiery rains. For all that, although the Chinese have such a passion for playing with powder, and knew the whole use of it long before a European could shoot a gun, to this day they are as much afraid of a cannon, or a musket, or a revolver, as if they had never heard anything louder than a pop-bottle in their lives; Joe says that 's what puzzles him. But what 's the use, says he, of trying to take the bearings of folks that begin dinner with the dessert and go in black in white?

Well, that chest of Joe's was a perfect curiosity-shop. It 's my opinion that, for half the queer things he had there, the Great Original Barnum, or Artemus Ward, would have given him a free ticket for life to his show. He had wooden and earthen toys from Benares in Hindostan,—monstrous animals, such as never lived in the earth beneath or the waters under the earth,—funny idols, ugly and foolish enough to scare or shame the stupidest heathen from the error of his ways,—pretty little Brahmin oxen with bells,—elephants with castles on their backs, like chess-men, and camels with cannons,—Hindoo country-people riding in hackories,—a rude sort of machine, half-cart, half-carriage,—and Hindoo young folks, with bangles on their wrists and ankles, playing with monkeys.

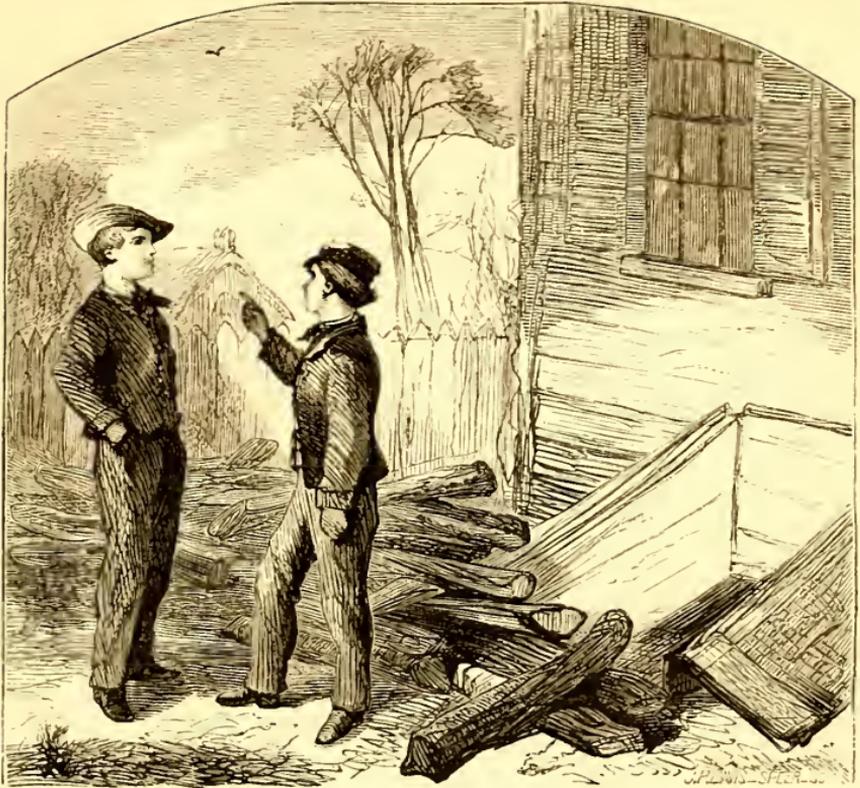
But the cunningest of Joe's toys—the most ingenious and entertaining—were those that are made of paper, wax, and clay, and sold in the bazaars in Calcutta;—little elephants, that could move their trunks in a very surprising and lifelike manner, and little Persian kittens, playing with their own bushy tails; little cockatoos of clay and feathers, with red top-knots, that fluttered their wings so naturally, as they hung by hairs in bamboo cages, that the cats would pounce on them; little paper boats, and palanquins, temples, and country-houses; little clay figures of servants, barbers, and pedlers, door-keepers, sweepers, and water-carriers, pipe-serv-

ers, umbrella-bearers, and dog-boys, jugglers, dancing-girls, and beggars ; and Joe said that in all these the copy was so true in dress, looks, and ways, that, if Charley and I could be carried through the air by genii or magicians, and set down in the middle of Calcutta, we could recognize all such people merely from having seen these clay "dummies" of them.

Then Joe had a full company of Burmese puppets, with a great variety of furniture, dresses, and ornaments. There were princes, ladies and children, soldiers and musicians and dancers, and everything complete for a theatrical performance on a puppet scale ; and — but Joe says if I don't belay this yarn, I 'll pay out all I know in one chapter.

George Eager.





HELPING FATHER.

“**M**ONEY does not last long now-a-days, Clarissa,” said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. “It is only a week since I received my month’s salary, and now I have but little more than half of it left. I bought a cord of pine wood to-day, and to-morrow I must pay for that suit of clothes which Daniel had ; that will be fifteen dollars more.”

“And Daniel will need a pair of new shoes in a day or two ; those he wears now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear,” said Mrs. Andrews.

“How fast he wears out shoes ! It seems hardly a fortnight since I bought the last shoes for him,” said the father.

“O, well ! But then he enjoys running about so much that I cannot check his pleasure as long as it is harmless. I am sure you would feel sorry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much,” answered the affectionate mother.

Daniel, during this conversation, was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand upon her hind legs. He was apparently much occupied with his efforts, but he heard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty soon he arose, and, going to his father,

climbed upon his knee and said, "Papa, do I cost you a good deal of money?"

Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the rate everything was selling, owing to the Rebellion. He had nothing to spare for superfluities, and his chief enjoyment was being at home with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as correctly as he could.

"Whatever money you may cost me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel."

"How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel.

"Fifteen dollars," was the reply.

"And how much for my shoes?"

"Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

"That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and earn some money for you, father," said Daniel.

"O, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy, and study well at school, that will repay me amply," said Mr. Andrews.

Daniel said no more, but he determined to try and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. An opportunity soon occurred. That very afternoon the load of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown off close to the cellar-door. It was Wednesday, and there was no school. "Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar.

"I am afraid it is too heavy work for you, my son," said his mother.

"I think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar-door, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down," replied Daniel.

"Very well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard you must give it up, and let Tim Rooney put it in," said his mother.

Daniel danced away, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious, and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else. Just then George Flyson came into the yard and asked Daniel if he was n't going to fish for smelts that day.

"I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.

"O, let the wood slide! We have got some round to our house that ought to go in, but I sha' n't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Rooney will be glad of that job," said George.

"No, I am going to do this before anything else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it scoting down the cellar-way.

"Did your old man make you do it," asked Flyson.

"Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question.

"Did your father make you do this job?"

"No; he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you sha' n't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

"Ho! Seems to me you are getting mighty pious all of a sudden. Guess I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you,"—and, with a sneering look, George went off.

The wood-pile down cellar grew larger, until the wood-pile in the yard was all gone; then Daniel shut down the trap-door, ran into the house and brushed his clothes, and started out to find his playmates and have a game of base-ball. He felt very happy, for he had earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thoughts of this much pleased him. He felt happier still when his father came home to supper and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother? I told the man to send it up this afternoon, certainly." Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."

"O, yes, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.

"Then Rooney must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews.

"I think a boy put it in," said his wife.

"What boy?"

"O, a smart little fellow that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.

"Some little chap that wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" asked Mr. Andrews.

"There he is; he will tell you all about it,"—and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so industrious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

It was not long after this that the bleak winds of November began to blow; the leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth; and everything prepared to put on the ermine garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny flakes had fallen, until hillside and valley, street and house-top, were covered with the spotless snow. "I wonder how deep it will be by morning. Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Rooney will be round to clear off the sidewalk and platforms. I must get ahead of him this winter, and save father some more money,"—and Daniel got into bed as quick as he could, so that he should awake early in the morning.

When Mr. Andrews awoke the next day, he heard the scraping of a shovel

on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Tim has got along early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shovelling snow."

When he got up, however, and looked out of the window, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shovelling off the sidewalk, his cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise.

"See that boy, mother," said he to his wife, "he has cleared the walk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is. When Christmas comes, we must reward him for all this."

And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the snow off after every storm; in the spring-time he put the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing good, which lends a charm to everything that we undertake.

One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his father said to him, "My son, I have kept a memorandum of the work that you have done for me the past year, and I find, that, allowing you what I should have paid Tim Rooney or any other person, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

"So much as that, father? Why, I did not know I could earn so much all myself, and I did not work very hard either," said Daniel.

"Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

"Pay me? What! the real money right in my hands?"

"Yes, the real money," and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of "greenbacks" in his little son's hand.

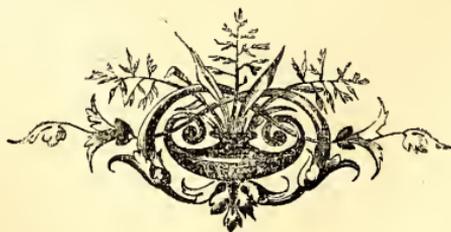
Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papa."

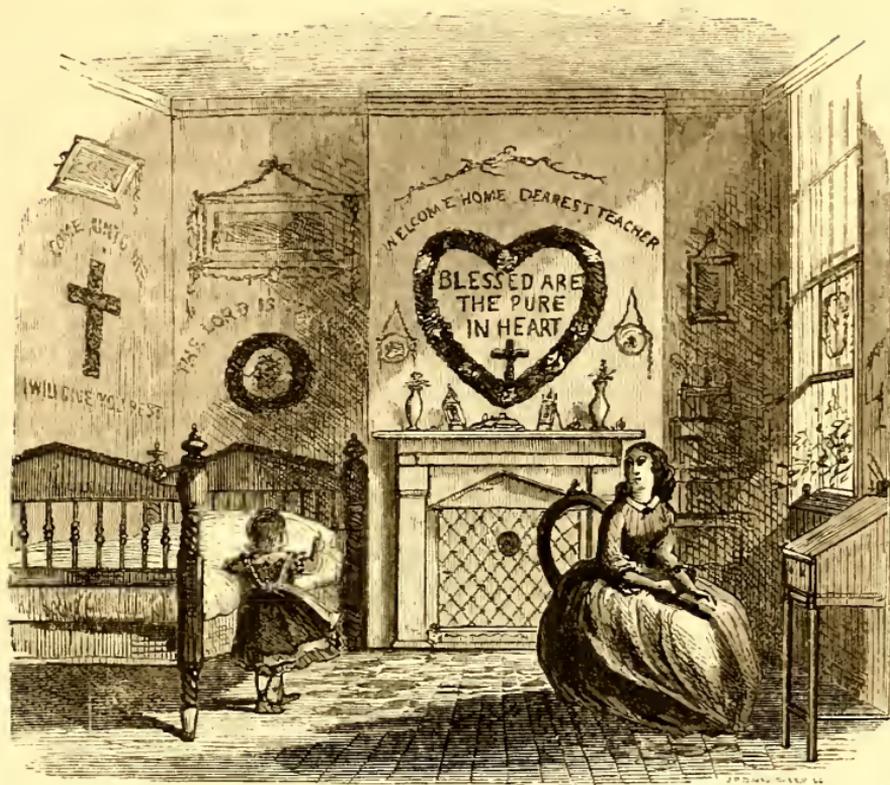
"What, my son?"

"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel.

And Mr. Andrews did so.

William L. Williams.





THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WROTE A BOOK.

I WANT to tell you almost the nicest thing which ever happened to me. Perhaps you will think it has nothing to do with the little Southerners whose story I am to finish for you, — but it has.

I had been away from my country home on a very long visit, and returned the month before Ella and Rosa came. As my little father (there are a hundred and ninety-five pounds of him, but I always call him little for love) and I drove up to the old parsonage, I must say I felt just a little blue over the gay city life I had left behind, and the quiet days before me. Glancing up at my own room, I saw through an open window upon the curtain of the opposite window, which looked toward the sunrise, a beautiful star of fresh green cedar. "That is Lizzie!" I cried at once; for you must know that in those days Lizzie was my true lover, and was forever trying to please me; and as my eyes used to ache then (because a baby pet of mine had struck them in play and left a pain there), my thought was that Lizzie had brought this bit of the woods, which we both loved so dearly, and placed it opposite my bed, so that when the aching eyes first opened every morning they might rest on the soothing green. You shall see if I was right.

The good father, who was in the secret, said, "Let us follow that new star in the east, and see what we shall see!"

So up the stairs we ran. Above the closed door of what I liked to call my "Chamber of Peace" was written, in letters of cedar, "PEACE BE WITHIN." Was n't that a lovely blessing for my coming home? But I was to be made still more ashamed of my *blues*. When the door opened, I thought I was in fairy-land. How can I ever describe it to you? I did not see all, myself, at first, for no sooner had I caught sight of the emblem which was arranged to catch my first glance, than I threw myself on to my bed in a crumpled little heap, and had a good cry before I could look further. This was the emblem: a heavy wreath of cedar, delicately shaped into the form of a heart, within which was the motto, in tiny letters, "BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART," and above it, in graceful curves and in large letters, "WELCOME HOME, DEAREST TEACHER!"

O that precious Sunday-school class of mine! Each one of my five darlings had chosen her own flower, and made of it a little bouquet, and these little knots of sweet blossoms were hung at different points of the blessed heart, — their stems being put into little phials cased in green, with water to keep them fresh. Lily had brought the pure white syringa; Helen, red rosebuds; Fanny, pansies; Emily, fragrant pinks; Mamie, little daintily tinged yellow roses. Was n't this a sight to bring glad tears into anybody's eyes?

But I have n't told you the half. The doors and windows were all hung with rich festoons of the cedar, drooping gracefully from above them, while here and there over the pictures were scattered wreaths of the same.

Above the head of the bed was suspended such a wreath, over which was the motto, "THE LORD IS THY KEEPER." Would ugly dreams dare come within that holy circle? Upon the wall, at the bed's side, was a cross; above it, the words, "COME UNTO ME," and below, "I WILL GIVE YOU REST." And last, but not at all least among the mottoes, was a little one hiding modestly away above my writing-desk, — "FEED MY LAMBS."

Each curtain had its own emblem. The star in the east I have already spoken of; on a second window was a harp, and on the other an anchor. These were all to have had mottoes; but the false alarm came, "She is coming!" and the fairies fled. The star was to have said, "Christ shall give thee light"; the harp, "Praise the Lord"; and the anchor, —

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed."

"That she 'll like," said the little girls, "for that is her favorite hymn."

You may believe I did not rest until I heard the whole story of the fairy-work. Perhaps a little bird told me. The great maple, whose boughs sprang into my window as soon as it was opened, was full of the best-natured of gossips, and there was one motherly robin with whom I was very intimate. Indeed, I wrote out her housekeeping experiences in a little book called the "R. B. R.'s, My Little Neighbors." Of course, if I could at pleasure peep into her nursery and pantry, she could spy back again.

"Now tell me all about it," said I. "Of course it is Lizzie!"

“Yes, Lizzie and Caddie planned it ; and such a time as they had with the little people ! In the first place, they took them into the beautiful woods for the cedar, and I saw them come home at sunset trailing great branches behind them. Their lips were shut as tight as if they were never to open again, for the plot was to be kept a great secret from everybody ; but their eyes danced, and you never saw such knowing little nods as they gave the young ladies and each other whenever they happened to meet.

“Another day the little conspirators met at Miss Caddie’s house to make the mottoes. The letters were drawn nicely on card-board, and then cut out, and the delicate cedar-leaves sewed carefully over them. Emily was sick, but begged to be propped up in her bed, that she might make two or three letters for you with her own hands. This I heard from a friend who lives near Miss Caddie. But I saw all the fun of putting up the hangings and the mottoes with my own eyes. If you could have seen the little fairies at their love-work, and heard their merry chatter, you would n’t wonder at my excitement. Why, I was actually in such a twitter that I tumbled off the nest two or three times, and Cock Robin was quite pitiful, and said, ‘Poor thing ! you are quite worn out. As soon as the children can toddle alone, you shall have a change of air !’ But when I pointed out to him the real cause of my light-headedness, he was as eager as I in watching them. They were so afraid you would surprise them in the midst of their work that some one was constantly sounding an alarm. Once they were so sure you were coming, that Miss Lizzie, who was balancing herself on the top of the head-board of the bed, arranging that motto, ‘THE LORD IS THY KEEPER,’ almost fainted, she was so startled ; and the others ran into the closet, or tried to hide under the bed, which was so low they could only get their heads out of sight !

“Sometimes they almost hoped you would come, so that they might see what you would do first (and really I was quite ashamed of you when I saw you rumpling your feathers on the bed in that absurd way, — hardly looking around at all) ; but finally, about fifteen minutes before you came, they all took flight, each one repeating, as she looked back from the threshold over all the lovely handiwork, ‘PEACE BE WITHIN !’”

After this, people came from far and near to see my fairy bower, and I have seen grown-up men and women, and ministers even, wiping the tears from their eyes as they looked at all the pretty devices, with the thought of what loving hearts had planned this charming surprise for a heart that loved them dearly. When little Frankie came to see the wonder, she stood looking very earnestly at the great heart with its motto, “WELCOME HOME, DEAREST TEACHER.” “Can you read it, Frankie ?” “Of course,” said she, quite indignantly ; “it says, ‘Come home, dear Katie !’” which was n’t so wrong as it might have been.

Also a certain little Mamie came and brought her precious little kitten, Snowberry. But I don’t think Snowberry had an eye for the beautiful, for instead of looking about her at all the pretty things Mamie had brought her to see, she just whirled around and around after the tip of her own silly tail, until she was dizzy, and then curled herself in the little box in which Mamie

had brought her, and went fast asleep! Mamie was so mortified at the poor taste of her cat, that she made herself very agreeable to make up for it. She even went so far as to say, "I think your books are the most beautiful in the world!"—but then, happening to think of another young lady whom she was very fond of, she added, "unless Miss Ehle has writed some, and then they 's both alike!"

But now I have given you a very poor picture of my Chamber of Peace, I must tell you about the little girl who came to share it with me one night. And this brings us back to the Little Southerners.

We had been having a merrier picnic than usual that day. We had spent the long morning down under the rocks through which a stormy little brook fights its way, only to tumble down upon the green meadow-grass below, quite too much out of breath even to sigh after its fall. This we called "Little Niagara," for fun. We liked this wild glen so much—what with the delightful trouble it cost us to get there, and the still greater trouble of getting away, to say nothing of the rollicking music of the brook above the fall, and its refreshing coolness below, under the shade of the overhanging moss cliffs—that we had made an appointment to meet there the next morning. But (Dear me! how much trouble that little word can hold sometimes!) there were other things to be done next day.

The evening after our walk, as Mother Robin and I were having a cosey sunset talk, I heard the well-known patter of Ella's feet over the walk, and presently she and Julia appeared. Now I knew at once that something had happened. There was in their faces that queer mixture of sorrow at being the bearers of ill news, and delight at having news to tell, which I have seen in older faces than theirs.

Ella told the story. "We are going to leave you to-morrow, Miss Katie!"

"Yes," said Julia, "papa has bought a country-house in N——, and we are all to go directly there to-morrow!"

And so this pleasant little summer castle tumbled down!

"I 'm sorry too, Miss Katie, but we 'll be all together there, maw (mamma) and grandmaw and little Walter,—and den you 'll come to see us." This was Ella's little comforting speech, and she had to make a good many like it before I could say "Good evening" to them.

As they were leaving, I said, "Now Ella, darling, if you are really going away from us to-morrow, you ought to come and spend to-night with me in my pretty greenery."

"Den I reckon I will, *sure enough*, if Aunt Hayet lets me!"

I had no thought that the little girl would really have courage to come to a strange house for the night, but "sure enough," just as the summer evening began to darken, I saw the dear little creature returning all alone! Such a brave little figure as it was! She came trudging on, swinging one arm sturdily to and fro, and under the other holding tightly a wad of white cotton, while a long train of the same dragged behind her on the sidewalk. This train proved to be one leg of her night-drawers, which she had caught up and made off with, not waiting for them to be folded.

Did n't she have a welcome! And did n't she have the most amazing stories, rattled off as fast as my tongue could spin, lest Ella should have time to get up even a homesick sigh between! But I wasted a great deal of breath, for she had n't a homesick thought, and was as much at home in the Chamber of Peace as if she had been its good angel.

She was a comical little picture, when I had dressed her in those same little drawers. I suppose she had her nightgowns made in that way, lest she should take cold, when her doll, who always slept with her, should "kitt de clothes off," as she said she was sure to do!

Ella knelt by herself and prayed, without a word from me, and then the little white drawers hid themselves in my bed, while the bright brown eyes shone from the pillow. As I locked the door, I said (for you see I could n't get the idea out of my dull head that Ella was sure to wake up, sooner or later, to the fact that she was in a strange place, and very possibly I should have to take her back to "Aunt Hayet" at midnight): "Now, darling, we are as safe as can be! Nobody can hurt us."

"Yes," said the little Christian child, "of tourse; and if anybody should get in through the keyhole he would n't dare touch us with *that* over our head, would he?" asked she, pointing to the motto above her, "THE LORD IS THY KEEPER." "No," she added, after thinking some time, "no,—not unless it was Pharaoh;—he might, you know."

"No, I don't, Ella. Why would he dare, more than any one else?"

"Why, Miss Katie!"—and there was just a little shade of rebuke in her tone,— "don't you 'member he did n't know who the Lord was?"

How many little four-year-olds know what Ella meant? If you will find in your Bibles the second verse of the fifth chapter of Exodus, then you will "*'member*" as I did.

Ella held her doll on her arm, and I held Ella. The doll was stiff and poky, and dented me all over with her sharp toes, but Ella was round and downy, and altogether a little queen of a bedfellow. As she nestled down for the night, she cried out suddenly, "Miss Katie, why don't you put me in a book?"

"Why, I don't know a great deal about you, little kitten."

"Well, den, I'll tell you!" So she told me such a very nice little story that I said, "If you will go to sleep now, and wake up to-morrow morning very bright, and tell it again to me just as you have now, I will write it in a book, and perhaps it shall even be printed some time!" So she cuddled close into arms which loved to hold her so well that they did n't mind dolly's "kitts" so very much, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, before my eyes were fairly open, Ella's story (autobiography is the grown-up name for it) began to bubble over her red lips, and I had to fly out of bed for my pencil and book, or else I should have lost some of it. I wrote it down letter for letter just as she spoke it, but I can never give you the twinkling of her fire-fly eyes, nor the comical flourishes of her tongue, which sometimes darted out so far that I was afraid she could never twirl it in again. I copy it for you from the very little green book in which I first wrote it.

"Now, Ella, begin. What shall we call it?"

"THE STORY ABOUT ELLA.

"Ella lived in G——, with her paw and maw and grandmammy. She had some pretty playthings. She had a large tea-set and a dinner-set. — You would n't have knowed dat, Miss Katie, if I had n't told you, would you? — She had a doll. Two dolls, one rag and one china. The rag-dolly had an ink face made of ink, eyes made of ink, and nose and mouth and hair made of ink. She [Ella, I suppose] had four little candlesticks like sure-enough lamps. No, there was two of the things you put candles in, and four candles, — two for each. And she could sew, and was making a bedquilt, — that's as pretty as I said last night, is n't it? — and had commenced making rag-dolly's dress, but have n't finished it. I don't tell about china-doll, coz dey all know about that, I reckon, but dey won't know what I mean by rag-dolly, so I tell. How much shall I tell? Will you write dis yere page down? Then I come up to Miss Katie's town, and she was so sorry for me to go that I stayed all night with her, and she wrote a book about me. We went to walk all of us, Aunt Hayet, Miss Katie, and meself, Arthur and Fred and Rosa and Julia — put in she's just de prettiest girl in de world! — and meself. Ella has a rag-dolly, too, that she takes most everywhere, but she did n't take it to walk *dat* day. And den paw — must I put paw? — bought a house that we had to go to N—— Wednesday to live in de house. I ain't got no more to say. [Ella did n't often slip in her grammar; but she was getting rather tired putting her tongue out so far.] O yes, I have! and I think it's going to be a very nice house. And there are a good many calves around in Miss Katie's town [for which Miss K. was by no means responsible], and I don't know as there are a good many in N——. He bought it [the house in N——, I suppose] with all the horses and carriages. There is n't many houses bought dat way, is dere? I think dis place where I am is a very good place, but I would n't like to live here, — but dat ain't coz I don't love HER! [The darling!] I want to see paw and maw. There ain't but one more line on dis yere page, is there? so I must be tickler what I say. Lemme see, *I loves Christmas very much!* Is dat a good one? Yes, coz everybody loves Christmas, don't they?"

"Now, Miss Katie, don't tell about Horace (Horace was baby, — Walter's twin brother, — who died when he was only one day old. "He was little to have a name, was n't he, Ella?" "Why, don't you know! Dey had to have somepin to put on his tombstone,") for I don't want any *dead* in dat book. But tell about Walter, coz I know a heap o' sweetness about Walter."

"THE STORY ABOUT WALTER.

"Walter is my brother, and he likes to play when nobody don't trouble him. He can say papa and mamma, and broke egg, and Julia, and Ella, and Rosa, and Fred, and Arthur. He can't say 'm plain, — and grandmammy he can say. Le's see! and Hayet he can say. He can run about all de

yards — dey don't know up here what yards mean ! — or chincapins either ! But when he falls down he does n't hurt heself. *He 's, a sweet little fellah!* Put dat down plain, dat he 's so pretty ; they 'll want to see him den. S'pose we tell dem where we live, den they can come and see him ; but they 'll have to hunt up the house. I 'd tell 'em where it was in the book, if I knew. He looks at pretty pictures without tearing books. Tell 'em how old he is, — one year, — coz you said babies one year old could n't talk, (I know better now !) and when dey see those words up dere, they 'll think I 've told what is n't right, — but it is, coz Walter *can*."

The last I saw of the Little Southerners was at the railway station the very morning Ella had made her two books. Something in my eyes kept me from seeing very clearly ; but Ella's brown eyes, brighter than her "sure enough lamps," made rainbows through my tears, as she said, "I ain't going to be lost from you, Miss Katie!" As for round Rosa, she nearly twisted off her precious little neck in trying to get a good-by look out of the car-window, which she was all the time polishing very hard with the little there was left of "Rag-Dolly" after our happy summer.

Katherine C. C. Walker.



LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW.

VI.

OUR little friend went on in the way we have described, every day finding a new thing that she was able to do, and taking the greatest delight in doing it. Gradually her mother's arm recovered, — as it never would have done, had not the helpfulness of her little daughter enabled her to give it entire rest, — and she was in a situation to resume her family cares.

"What a blessing our little Pussy has been to us !" said her father to her mother, one night, as they were talking over their family affairs.

"Yes," said the mother ; "that dear child is so unselfish, and so much more than willing to do for us, that I am fearful lest we shall make too much of her. I don't want to make a mere drudge of my daughter, and I think we must send her to school this summer. Pussy is a good reader, — I have always taught her a little every day, — and she writes little letters on a slate quite prettily for a child ; but now I think we must send her over to the Academy, and let her go in with the primary class."

Now the Academy was two miles off ; but all the family were used to being up and having breakfast over by seven o'clock in the morning ; and then Pussy put on her sun-bonnet, and made a little bundle of her books, and tripped away cheerfully down the hard stony road, along the path of the bright brown brook, through a little piece of waving pine forest, next through

some huckleberry pastures and patches of sweet fern-bushes, then through a long piece of rocky and shady forest, till she reached the Academy.

Little Emily Proudie also went to school, at one of the most elegant establishments on Fifth Avenue; and as she was esteemed to be entirely too delicate to walk, her father had provided for her a beautiful little *coupé*, cushioned inside with purple silk, and drawn by a white horse, with a driver in livery at her command. This was Emily's own carriage, and one would think that, when she had nothing to do but to get into it, she might have been always early at her school; but, unfortunately for her, this was never the case. Emily could not be induced, by the repeated calls of Bridget, to shake off her morning slumbers till at least half an hour after the time she ought to rise. Then she was so miserably undecided what to put on, and tried so many dresses before she could be suited, and was so dissatisfied with the way her hair was arranged, that she generally came to breakfast all in ill-humor, and only to find that they had got for her breakfast exactly the things that she did n't fancy. If there was an omelette and coffee and toast, then Emily wished that it had been chocolate and muffins; but if the cook the next morning, hoping to make a lucky hit, got chocolate and muffins, Emily had made up her mind in the mean time that the chocolate would give her a headache, and that she must have tea made; and with all these points to be attended to, there is no wonder that the little *coupé*, and the little white horse, and the driver in livery, were often kept waiting at the door long after the time when Emily ought to have been in her class-room.

Madame Ardenne often gently complained to Emily's mother, — very gently, because the Proudies were so rich and fashionable that she would have been in utter despair at the idea of offending them; but still the poor woman could not help trying to make Emily's mother understand that a scholar who always came into the class-room when the lesson was half over could not be expected to learn as fast as if she were there punctually, besides being a great annoyance to all the rest of the scholars.

Emily's mother always said that she was sorry it was so, but her dear child was of a most peculiar organization, — that it did not seem possible for her to wake at any regular hour in the morning, — and that really the dear child had a sensitiveness of nature that made it very difficult to know what to do with her.

In fact, young ladies who are brought up like little Emily, to have every earthly thing done for them, and to do no earthly thing for themselves, are often sorely tried when they come to school-life, because there are certain things in education which all human beings must learn to do for themselves. Emily always had had a maid to wash her and dress her, and to do everything that a healthy little girl might do for herself; but no maid could learn to read for her, or write for her. Her mamma talked strongly of sending to Paris for a French dressing maid, to keep her various dresses in order; but even a French dressing-maid could not learn a French verb for her, or play on the piano for her. Consequently poor Emily's school life was full of grievous trials to her. Her lessons seemed doubly hard to her, because she had

always been brought up to feel that she must be saved from every labor, and must yield before the slightest thing that looked like a difficulty.

Little Pussy, after her walk of two miles, would come into the Academy fresh and strong, at least a quarter of an hour before school, and have a good time talking with the other girls before the school began. Then she set about her lessons with the habit of conquering difficulties. If there was a hard sum in her lesson, Pussy went at it with a real spirit and interest. "Please don't tell me a word," she would say to her teacher: "I want to work it out myself. I'm sure I can do it." And the greater the difficulty, the more cheerful became her confidence. There was one sum, I remember, that Pussy worked upon for a week, — a sum that neither her father nor mother, nor any of her brothers, could do; but she would not allow her teacher to show her. She was resolutely determined to do it all alone by herself, and to find out the way for herself, — and at last she succeeded; and a very proud and happy Pussy she was when she did succeed.

My little girls, I want to tell you that there is a pleasure in vanquishing a difficulty, — in putting forth all the power and strength you have in you to do a really hard thing, — that is greater than all the pleasures of ease and indolence. The little girl who lies in bed every morning just half an hour later than her conscience tells her she ought to lie, thinks she is taking comfort in it, but she is mistaken. She is secretly dissatisfied with and ashamed of herself, and her conscience keeps up a sort of uneasy trouble, every morning; whereas, if she once formed the habit of springing up promptly at a certain hour, and taking a good morning bath, and dressing herself in season to have plenty of time to attend to all her morning duties, she would have a self-respect and self-confidence that it is very pleasant to feel.

Pussy's life in the Academy was a great enjoyment to her this summer. She felt it a great kindness in her mother to excuse her from all family duties, and take all the work upon herself, in order that she might have time to study; and so she studied with a right good will. Her cheerful temper made her a universal favorite. She seemed among her schoolfellows like a choice lot of sugar-plums or sweetmeats; everybody wanted a scrap or portion. One girl wanted Pussy to play with her; another made her promise to walk home with her; two or three wanted to engage her for recess; all Pussy's spare hours for days and days ahead were always engaged by her different friends. The girls said, "Pussy is such a dear girl! she is so bright! she makes the time pass so pleasantly!" And Pussy in return liked everybody, and thought there never was so pleasant a school, or such a fortunate girl, as herself.

On Saturdays there was no school, and then Pussy would insist on going into the kitchen to help her mother.

"Now, my dear, you ought not to do it," her mother would say. "You ought to have Saturday to amuse yourself."

"Well, it amuses me to make the pies," Pussy would say. "I like to see how many I can turn out in a day. I don't ask better fun."

So went on the course of Pussy's education.

BIRDIE'S SNOW-STORM.

ONE morning, when little Birdie opened his eyes, and looked towards the window, he was surprised to see the trees before the house all stripped of their bright leaves, and covered with white feathers, as he thought. He jumped out of bed, and trotted to the window in night-dress and bare feet, to look out, with wide blue eyes, at this new wonder that had come to pass. The feathers seemed to hang like wreaths on the brown trees, and the grass beneath was thickly strewn with them, and Birdie saw the pretty soft things floating about in the air, so that he was highly delighted. But he had not been there very long, when his mother called him to come back to bed, before Jack Frost pinched his little bare toes. The boy ran back, and cuddled down in his bed, which seemed very warm and comfortable; but still he kept wondering what had happened in the night to make such a change out of doors. At last he said, "Mamma, what time did you go to sleep last night?"

"At the usual time, dear," answered his mamma. "But why do you ask?"

"Why, somebody has *taken* all the leaves off the trees, and dressed them up with white feathers," said Birdie; "and may be you saw who did it, 'fore you went to sleep, mamma."

His mother raised her head, and looked out at the trees, and then said, "Yes, King Winter has been here."

"Did King Winter do that, mamma?" cried Birdie. "O, *do* tell me how he hangs all the feathers on those high trees."

Then his mother said, laughing: "Ah! I see what you want. You are on the watch for a fairy-story. Well, I will tell you a short one, while the room gets warm."

The little boy was pleased to hear this, and gave his dear mamma a shower of kisses, "for thank you," as he said, and then begged her to go on.

So she began: "King Winter lives in a very strong palace, near the cold North Pole; it is built of great blocks of thick ice, and all around it stand high, pointed icebergs; and cross white bears keep guard at the gate. He has many little fairy-servants to do his bidding, and they are, like their master, cross and spiteful, and seldom do any kind actions, so that few are found who love them. King Winter is rich and powerful, but he keeps all his wealth so tightly locked up that it does no one any good; and, what is worse, he often tries to get the treasure of other persons, to add to the store in his money-chests.

"One day, when this selfish old king was walking through the wood, he saw the leaves thickly covered with gold and precious stones, which had been spread upon them by King Frost, to make the trees more beautiful, and give pleasure to all who saw them. But looking at them did not satisfy King Winter; he wanted to have the gold for his own, and made up his

mind to get it somehow ; and back he went to his palace, to call his servants home, for this new work. As soon as he reached the gate, he blew a loud shrill note on his horn, and in a few minutes his odd little fairies came flying in at the windows and doors, and stood before him, quietly waiting to hear his commands. The king ordered some to go out into the forest, at night-fall, armed with canes and clubs, and to beat off all the golden and ruby leaves ; then he told others to take strong bags, and gather up all the treasure, and bring it to him. 'If that silly King Frost does not think any more of gold and precious stones than to waste them on trees, I will teach him better,' said the old king.

"The fairies promised to obey him, and as soon as night came, off they all rushed to the forest, and a terrible noise they made, flying from one beautiful tree to another, banging and beating the leaves off. Branches were cracking and falling on all sides, and leaves flying about, while the sound of shouting, laughing, and screaming told all who heard it that the spiteful winter-fairies were at some mischief. The other fairies followed, and gathered up the poor shattered leaves, cramming them roughly into the great bags they had brought, and taking them to King Winter's palace as fast as they were filled.

"This work was kept up nearly all night, and when morning came, the magic forest of many-colored leaves was changed into a dreary place. Bare trees stretched their long brown branches around, and seemed to shiver in the cold wind, and to sigh for the beautiful dress of shining leaves so rudely torn from them."

When little Birdie heard this, he was almost ready to cry, and said : "I don't like that Winter man,—he's naughty ; but I'll give the poor trees my new red dress to keep them warm !"

His mother said he was a good boy, and she would tell him how naughty King Winter was disappointed. "You will soon be laughing again when you hear what happened, my pet."

Then Birdie was satisfied, and his mother went on : "King Winter was very much pleased, as one great sack after another was tugged in by the fairies, and when morning came he called his servants together, and said, 'You have all worked well, my friends, and have saved much treasure from being wasted : I will now open these bags, and show you the gold, giving you each a share for yourselves.' The king then took up the sack nearest to him, and, turning it upside down, gave it a shake. The fairies looked on eagerly, but what was their surprise, when out rushed a great heap of brown leaves, which flew all over the floor, and half choked them with dust ! When the king saw this, he growled with rage, and looked at the fairies with a dark frown on his face. They begged him to look at the next sack ; but when he did so, it too was found full of brown leaves, instead of gold and precious stones. This was too much for King Winter's patience. He tossed the bags, one by one, out of the palace window, and would have tossed the unlucky fairies after them, had not some of the bravest ones knelt down and asked for mercy, telling him they had obeyed his orders, and, if King Frost had taken

back his treasure, they were not to blame. This turned their master's anger against King Frost, and very angry and fierce he was. He gnashed his great teeth with rage, and rushed up and down in his palace, until it shook again. At last he made up his mind to go out that night, break down King Frost's beautiful palace, and take away all his riches. Just see, Birdie, how he went from one wicked thing to another. He began by wishing for what belonged to some one else, and at last was willing to fight and steal to get it. I hope my little boy will always be satisfied with his own toys and books, and never wish for, or try to get, other children's."

Birdie promised he would never "do such a bad behavior," which was a favorite expression of his, and then asked to hear more of the story.

"Well, when night came, King Winter started out, with all of his fairies. Some were armed with the clubs they had beaten off the leaves with, and others had lumps of ice to throw at their enemies; but the king had been so angry all day that he had not told them what to do, and had left their sharp spears locked up. He wrapped himself in his great white cloak of swan's-down, that he might look very grand; and so they went on their way.

"King Frost lived on the other side of the wood, and he had heard all the noise made by the Winter-fairies, in spoiling the trees, and had seen, the next morning, the mischief they had done. It made him very sorry to find the beautiful leaves all knocked off and taken away, and he determined to punish King Winter for his mean and wicked conduct, by going to attack *his* palace, that very night.

"He spent the day, making ready for battle, dressing himself and his servants in shining coats of ice-armor, and giving each one several spears and darts of ice, tipped with sharp diamond-points, so that they looked like brave little soldiers.

"The two armies met in the midst of the great wood; and after some words between the kings, their servants fell to blows, and a great battle they had. The Winter-fairies fought with their clubs, and threw lumps of ice at their enemies; but their clubs were weak from being used so roughly the night before, and soon broke; and when their ice-balls were all thrown away, they could find no more. But King Frost had armed his servants well, and they threw their sharp darts among the Winter-fairies, and dashed at them with their spears, wounding a great many. The trees, too, seemed to fight against the cruel fairies; the bare twigs pulled their hair, and scratched their eyes; and the branches tripped them up, and thumped them well, whenever they could. So the Winter-fairies had the worst of it, as those who fight in a bad cause always do; and at last they started off full speed, and rushed through the wood, never stopping until they got back to the palace, and shut themselves in, — leaving their king, who was too proud to run, all alone with his enemies. You may be sure they were not very merciful, but all rushed at the mean old fellow at once. Some threw darts at him; others tried to trip him up; and a host of the little things began to pull at his cloak, screaming out, 'Give us your cloak to keep our trees warm! You stole their pretty leaves: you must give us your cloak!'

“ Now this was a magic cloak, and had been given to King Winter by the queen of the fairies ; so, when he felt his enemies pulling at it, he wrapped it tightly around him, and began to run. After him flew his foes, pulling and plucking at his great white cloak, snatching out a bit here and there, and laughing and shouting, while King Winter howled and roared, and rushed along, not knowing where he went. On, on, they flew, up and down the wood, in and out among the trees, — their way marked by the scattered



bits of white down from the king's cloak. It was not until day began to dawn that King Winter found himself near his own palace, when, in despair, he dashed his tattered cloak to the ground, and rushed through the gate, shaking his fist at King Frost.

“ He and his fairies took the cloak as a prize ; and as they went home through the wood, they hung beautiful wreaths of the white down on all the trees, and also trimmed the branches with their broken spears and darts, which shone like silver in the sunlight, and made the wood look as bright, almost, as before it had been robbed of its golden and ruby leaves. Even the ground was covered with shining darts and white feathers ; and every one thought it very beautiful, and very wonderful, and could not tell how it happened.”

“ But how did *you* know all about it, mamma ? ” said Birdie, very earnestly.

“ O, a little bird told me,” said his mother, smiling ; “ and I thought you would like to hear it. But now we must get ready for breakfast, my boy, and afterwards we can take a look at the ‘ white feathers ’ on the grass, and see if they will do to make *you* a cloak.”

“I don’t believe they will,” said Birdie, “but they might do to make a cushion for my little chair.”

And sure enough, after breakfast, Birdie brought in a pan-full of the feathers, and tried to make a cushion, and was very much surprised to find them “run away”; but his father soon came to take him on a sleigh-ride, and then he was perfectly happy, and talked all the way about King Winter.

Margaret T. Canby.



THE HISTORY OF A SEA-SWALLOW.

I MUST begin the story of my pet by describing the Tern family, of which he was a member.

The tern, or sea-swallow, is a large and graceful sea-fowl that frequents the shores of New England during the summer. It is frequently confounded with the gull, from its general appearance, but it is neither so large, so clumsy, nor so voracious. The tern, when full grown, presents a beautiful arrangement of color. The head is black, the back gray; the breast and the lining of the wings are pure white, while the bill and legs are of a bright orange-color. It breeds upon rocks, or small, uninhabited islands, and gets its food on the wing, soaring for hours over the water, ready to seize the fry that come to the surface in endeavoring to escape from the blue-fish below. Woe to the unlucky individual who, in his eagerness to avoid one enemy, falls a prey to the other, for as he jumps out of the water the tern swoops upon him, and, after dropping him once or twice to get him head foremost, swallows him in an instant. The fishermen generally know where the blue-fish is running by seeing where the tern is flying. I have often wondered how, between such lively assailants, the poor fry exist at all.

It was on the pleasant sea-shore at —, one day in July, that some boys returned from an excursion after birds’ eggs, bringing with them a great many specimens, among which was a tern’s egg just ready to be hatched. We could hear the little creature chirping inside; and a naturalist who was present, with a rap on the shell, summoned him into the world. After everybody had looked at him, a little girl whom I shall call Sally wrapped him up carefully in cotton, and carried him to the kitchen to be kept warm by the fire. There it cried at intervals all day, with nothing to eat, except when a compassionate servant would stuff some bread down its throat. Little Sally, at last remembering her charge, brought him to me, to show me how pretty he was, and we admired together his delicate color, and soft puffy down, and pitied his little open mouth crying to be filled. Just then Tom Hinckley, the boatman, came in with some fresh fish and crabs, and we thought we would give the little bird some crab. To the great delight of Sally, he ate several bits off the point of a pin, shut up his mouth with satisfaction, and settled

himself to sleep in the palm of my hand, with the most perfect confidence. Of course I could not resist that mute appeal, and held him carefully all the evening. But at last the time came for me to go to my own rest; and what was I to do with the bird? I resolved to make him a nice little bed, near my own, and feed him again in the morning. But once having felt the comfort of a warm hand, he would not stay in his basket; he kept putting his head out and trying to get near me; so, in despair, I wrapped him up in a pocket-handkerchief and kept him on my arm all night. He lay perfectly still until dawn, when he awoke very hungry, and cried out imperatively to be fed. Of course I rose with all speed, fed my noisy guest with some crab I had kept for the purpose, and then retired to take a comfortable nap; but at the end of an hour he was hungry again, and more vociferous, if possible, than before; so that I attempted no more naps that morning.

This was the first day of the little tern, and for many more days I fed him every hour with clam or crab, or the little fish his parents would have given him had he been with them. But I gave him so little at a time, that he did not grow much, and my friend, Professor B., the naturalist, thought I should not succeed in raising him, and advised a more generous allowance. Accordingly I let him eat as much as he would, and in a short time began to see a great improvement. At first he looked so much like a young chicken that I called him "Chicky," from the resemblance, — a name that he and everybody in the neighborhood soon knew as his; but gradually the little fawn-colored down began to be replaced by black feathers on the head, gray on the back, and white on the breast; and we watched their growth from the little sheaths with the greatest interest. He was my constant companion, either sitting on my hand, or asleep in my pocket, or running about on the grass where I sat. Every sort of thing was done for his pleasure. Little Sally and I would walk down to the beach with him and try to make him catch sandflies; or we would sit in the shade and let him run in and out of a dish of water placed in the grass. Sometimes we would put small eels and minnows in it, which he would catch and swallow with great delight; this being, as we thought, good practice for his future living. At another time, for his amusement, we took him down to the beach with us when we went to bathe, and put him in the sea. He swam perfectly well, but followed me about just as a little tin duck follows the magnet in the water, and seemed very much frightened. I suppose his mother would have been more judicious, and would have taken him to the sea only when he could fly over it.

Chicky had now for some time learned to stay in a box all night; and he soon began to feed himself. I cut up fish for him in pieces about as long as the fry, his natural food, and he would help himself. This was a great relief; for I had been obliged to take him with me wherever I went. Sometimes, on a day's excursion in a yacht, he would be rather troublesome. Now I could leave him in a little enclosure in my room, and be sure that he would not suffer. But he used to be very glad when I returned, and at night particularly would make the softest little cooing imaginable, until the light was out. In the day time he had a louder note of recognition which he uttered

whenever he heard my voice. Professor B—— thought it was different from the cries of the other terns. The Widow P——, with whom I lodged, thought his ears were sharper than hers; for she often only knew of my approach by hearing Chicky's announcement.

During all this time, of course, Chicky had not the use of his wings; but they were growing, nevertheless, and the first intimation he gave of their being nearly ready was by beginning at sunrise to practise flying. This performance was accompanied by a good deal of noise and flapping, and waked me up much too early, so that I was fain to promote him to a large empty attic, of which he had the sole use. Here he hopped up and down assiduously, till he could bear himself on his wings, and, after a week's labor, made a flight all around the attic. O, how proud he was! When I came up to see him, he would show off his accomplishment, and, alighting at my feet, would stretch himself up to his full height, with a bridling of the neck at me, as much as to say, "I am not indebted to you for this." Very often, as I sat there with my work, he would come in a more gentle humor, and lie down on the skirt of my dress, as quietly as a kitten.

But this unsuitable companionship was to come to an end, for I had determined as soon as he was able to fly, to take him back to his native island. An anxious look-out was therefore kept up for several days for wind and tide, until at last both were favorable. Tom Hinckley, the boatman, brought our little yacht to the pier. Chicky's particular friends were invited to be of the party, and that hero himself, in a box, with a good store of fish, was brought on board. An hour's sail brought us to the island, and we were landed on the beach, one by one, — Chicky and I last of all. I uncovered the box, took Chicky out, and let him escape into the air. O, how lightly he flew! how he soared to and fro far above my head among the other terns! "Ah!" said I, to myself, "he is making friends with them; he will go with them to-morrow to their feeding-place, and will learn to take care of himself." A pang of regret that I should never know him again, among so many birds, passed through my heart, but still I thought how happy he would be, — how he would enjoy his freedom and his fellows. Every now and then he would come down from his height and alight near me. I tried to make him feed on some of the fish I had brought, but he was too happy and too excited to eat. He would rest a little while and then fly away again.

It was now late in the afternoon. Our friends had wandered about the island till they were tired, and it was time to think of going home. I deferred as long as I could the decisive moment of leaving. How dreadful it would be, thought I, if I had brought the bird back too soon, and he should be unable to find food. I imagined the other young terns all carefully tended by their parents, and he, all forlorn, reproaching the only one he had known with her cruel desertion! These dismal reflections almost induced a change of determination; but my turn having come to be rowed to the yacht, and Chicky having taken a flight upwards, I was ashamed to declare it, and we soon after set sail. I watched him flying among the other terns till we were so far from the island I could not distinguish him, and then turned my eyes

away. We were sailing along at a beautiful rate, when somebody exclaimed, "There is a bird following us! It must be your tern." I could scarcely believe my eyes. Fast as we were going, he gained upon us; nearer and nearer he came, and at last hovered over our heads, trying to alight. We called to Tom Hinckley to alter our course, and presently we put up our hands and took him in. Dear little fellow! he was wiser than I thought, and was not going to give up his best friend so easily. So we welcomed him back, and he nestled down in his box contentedly, as if he were at home. I was glad to busy myself over him to conceal my tears, — for this mute confession of orphanhood had touched me nearly; and, as I raised my head again, I saw that other eyes than mine were wet. Indeed, we were all quite subdued from one cause or another, and the sail home was very quiet.

As the yacht tacked into the pretty harbor of Wood's-Hole, I no longer felt afraid of losing my bird, and let him out of his box again. Away he went into the air, but returned to me now and then, to the great wonder of everybody who had not heard of the adventure. As I thought he must be hungry, I took him to his attic that night that he might feed and sleep well after so much excitement. The next morning at daylight I opened the window and put him out, — then retired to my room till the usual hour of rising. When I had dressed, quite curious to know what had become of Chicky, I drew the curtain and looked out. Chicky was seated on a fish-car that was floating in the water just below my windows. He saw me instantly, and, uttering his usual cry of recognition, flew up to the house, fluttering his wings, and crying with all the energy of an empty stomach. I must confess I felt rather dismayed that he had not employed those two valuable hours in getting his breakfast; but I made the best of it, and called to Tom Hinckley to get one more fish for the bird. He swallowed several large pieces with great avidity, and with the last in his mouth flew back to his seat on the car. There he settled himself comfortably, while I went to break my own fast, and to deliberate with my friends upon the future training of the tern.

A unanimous verdict was given, that no more fish should be furnished to Chicky, that he might be forced to seek it for himself. But as we lingered at the breakfast-table, his voice came loud and determined, as he flew about the house, calling for me. As I came out, he hovered about me, and accompanied me to my lodgings, where he perched on the fence and awaited his food. I made several ineffectual attempts to refuse him, but he was so persevering that I was finally weak enough to yield, and there was an end to discipline that day, and a dangerous precedent established. Night came, and I wondered what he would do for a sleeping-place. After a good deal of disturbed feeling on account of the lateness of people in coming home with their boats, he selected a stake in the water to which a boat was moored, and roosted there all night. There were a dozen other stakes, but he invariably took that one at night, while the fish-car he preferred for the day, — both of them being within sight of the two houses I was chiefly in. Whenever I went from one to the other, he noticed it by his peculiar cry, unless he hap-

pened to be dozing. Sometimes he would fly up and join me in a walk, and at any time would come if I called him.

One day the brilliant thought occurred to me, that, if I went down to the pier and threw Chicky's pieces of fish into the water, and let him dive for them, he would learn to feed himself by that hint. Chicky was flying about; and at a propitious moment I threw in the fish. He saw it instantly, dived, and brought it up in perfect style; then he made a great circle all round the harbor, and, coming back, caught another and another, until he had had enough. Then, when he was hungry again, I took him to the great harbor, where great numbers of terns were flying all day, that he might see them feed. He saw, indeed, but did not apprehend. My long and patient walks resulted in nothing but an excellent appetite on his part.

What I should have done in this extremity but for the faithful services of Tom Hinckley, I know not. He came every morning at six o'clock to put the boats in order; but would first take a fish out of the car and bring it to my door all ready for use. Chicky soon understood what he was doing, and would sit on a post and watch him prepare the fish with great interest. Once or twice some boys went into the shallow water near the shore and drove up the little fry where they could catch them for Chicky. He was so much pleased with this attention that he would alight on their heads and go along with them. Indeed, he became so lazy that on our excursions he would often sit perched on my hat rather than fly. He had an excellent memory for any enjoyable morsel he had once eaten. Upon those occasions when I was endeavoring to starve him into getting a living, he would go begging wherever he had been fed with the fry he was so fond of, and would sit on the chimneys of houses where he had been acceptably entertained, and look down into the yard to see if there was anything good to be had. He made such a noise at my own door to announce himself, that I used to be quite ashamed of him; but I had a fortunate ally in my hostess, — a widow woman of a misanthropic turn of mind, — who took to Chicky as a relief from the baseness of her fellow-creatures in general. She was always sitting in her front parlor knitting, and was ready to go to the door to wait upon our domestic tyrant whenever he chose to call. Indeed, there was so much of the bird in the Widow P——'s appearance that it suggested a kind of affinity between Chicky and herself. She had the same excellent appetite, and made the same unqualified demands upon the patience of her friends. However this may be, she was never impatient with his hourly visits, and her voice even took on a tone of hopefulness when addressed to him.

The long, pleasant summer was now drawing to a close, and it was time for me to think of leaving the sea-shore. But I still lingered, in hopes that Chicky would take to his own kind and follow the terns which were departing southward. No such instinct, however, seemed to exist in his breast; he saw them go with the greatest indifference, and sat all day on the car, basking in the sun and rocked by the water. He never seemed to fly for the pleasure of it. If he visited the masts of vessels lying in the harbor, it was in the hope of getting something to eat; if he followed little Sally and me in

the boat, he would rest on the oars whenever we did ; we would have to tip him over when we were ready to go on. I began to acknowledge to myself that he was a spoilt bird, and felt all the more tenderness for him on account of the unfortunate incompleteness of his education. But what more could I have done ? I had attempted everything for his imitation but flying, and that was manifestly out of the question.

It was late in September, when, one morning, I awoke to find a stiff gale blowing from the southeast. I looked out of the window, but saw no Chicky. The waves were dashing over his car. Evidently he had attempted to rise from the water to our house, but on coming above the steep bank which had sheltered him from the violence of the wind, he had been unable either to alight or to go back, and was probably driven across the narrow peninsula to the north shore. I went out frequently in the course of the day to look for him, and once saw him high up in the air, trying to fly against the wind and descend near me ; but it was impossible. He was blown backward more rapidly than he could advance, and took refuge again on the sheltered side. Toward night the wind was less violent, and I saw him trying to get back to the harbor. I ran down the bank to meet him ; but somehow he could not manage to alight either on his roost or on the pier. I called him to me on a pile of sea-weed ; and as he approached, I saw that he had met with some injury, and that his leg was broken. I took him up in my hand, carried him to the house, and put him in his attic. The Widow P—— shook her head prophetically : she was too much accustomed to misfortune not to recognize its approach at once. “No good could never come to nobody in her house,” expressed the very negative of hope. But though there was a deep wound in his breast, I would not be discouraged. I made him as comfortable as I could, fed him, and left him for the night. We wondered much who could have dealt so unkindly with him. The Widow P—— thought it was “one of her enemies” ; but the next day we found it was an unconscious stranger who was digging clams. Seeing a handsome bird flying close to him, he thought it would be a good chance to kill him, and struck him with his hoe. Then first observing how tame he was, he was afraid he had done mischief, and let him go. Poor Chicky was begging for a clam, if the man had only known it !

In spite of the Widow P——’s gloomy predictions, Chicky began very soon to show the effects of good nursing. As his appetite was excellent, and he was well supplied with food, there seemed to be nothing in the way of his recovery, and before long he was able to stand on his leg again. Just at this time it became necessary for me to go to the neighborhood of Boston, and again Chicky’s fate hung in the balance. Should I leave him behind to be stolen and carried off, or to be shot for a “specimen,” or, if he escaped these dangers, to get an uncertain and ignominious living by begging ? No. I could not bear the thought that a bird which had been so regally brought up should come to such an end. So I resolved to take him with me, and have him cared for until I should be settled for the winter, and able to do it myself. I accordingly put him in a small bandbox, which I

could carry in my hand, and brought him safely on the long railroad journey to —, where there was a person on whom I could rely to feed him during my absence in the country. Unfortunately there was no empty room or attic for him to fly in, and he was put in a cage before a pleasant window that looked out upon a river. As soon as I got back, I was going to let him fly out, and learn to go to and from his new home.

At the end of a week I returned ; but how sad was the reply that greeted my ear as I inquired for Chicky ! During the whole time of my absence he had called for me incessantly, had refused his food, and only at night seemed to have any rest. As I went up to his cage he uttered a feeble cry of recognition, and when I took him in my hand crouched upon it as if he were glad to be near me. I held him thus a long time, smoothing his feathers and caressing him, when, surprised at his quietness, I looked more closely, and found that my little darling was dying. In vain I tried to recall him to life ; the ineffable force that had animated him was beyond my reach, and in a few moments he was gone !

And so the story of my little tern is told. I shall never know, of course, whether I did well or ill in bringing him away from the sea. He had three happy months of existence, and gave three months of amusement and occupation to me. I dedicate this little record of them to his memory, and hope it may give some pleasure, and perhaps instruction, to young lovers of natural history.

M. D. F.



GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

II.

IT is the end of October, but Old Ireland's fields are green ; for, though the landscape is destitute of forests, and the hedges which impart such an air of beauty to the soil of England are replaced by stone walls and ditches, — notwithstanding all this, the exceeding greenness of the entire turf makes large amends. Nothing more quickly arrests the eye of the traveller than the striking difference in the character of the dwellings and the methods of cultivation that meet his view, especially when taken in connection with the singular fact, that the most fertile portions of the soil present the poorest dwellings and the most meagre crops, while upon the steep and stony hillsides, the cold, broken, and less fertile lands, both the tenements and the crops are of a far superior quality. In those portions inhabited by the Irish are fields which have been cropped with oats and planted with potatoes, till the soil is

so exhausted that it will bear no longer, when it is left to itself to spring up in weeds, briars, and nettles. Heaps of earth serve for fences, with a furze-bush stuck in a gap for a gate. Some of these cabins are made by merely building up three mud walls against the bank of a ditch, laying on some poles for a roof, and covering them with sods and potato-tops, and look for all the world like an overgrown dunghill. But the cottages of the English and Scotch offer a strong contrast. Most of them are built of wood or stone, but even when constructed of earth, as many of them are, present a very different appearance. These are formed by setting four posts in the ground, at the corners, a frame for the door, and others for windows. Around this frame the walls are built with clay and chopped straw, two feet thick. Instead of a hole in the roof to let out the smoke, as in the Irish cabins, there is a stone or brick chimney, and the roof is well thatched with straw, and tight. There is always a little spot enclosed for a garden, and often bees in straw hives. The pigs and cattle, though permitted to run about the door in the daytime, are confined in their hovels at night. In all the cottages of the Scotch quarter may be heard the hum of the wheel, and the stroke of the weaver's beam, while linen, yarn, and webs of cloth of all degrees of whiteness contrast pleasantly with the emerald hue of the turf.

It was past the middle of the afternoon of a Saturday, when a young man of apparently twenty-three years, with a carpenter's axe flung over his shoulder, evidently returning from his week's work, and good-humoredly exchanging greetings with those he met, or who sat smoking at their cottage doors, might be seen ascending an abrupt elevation, commanding a large extent of territory occupied entirely by Scotch. Its summit was crowned with a fortress of massive stone, rough from the quarry, and, though without any pretensions to architectural beauty or ornament, of vast strength, the walls being seven feet in thickness. The house was built upon the edge of a cliff jutting into a bog, at the base of which flowed a brook of dark-colored water, which by a circuitous path reached the river Bann. Being built to the very edge of the little promontory, it was thus naturally impregnable on two sides. The narrow slits in the walls had been evidently loopholes for musketry, while in the larger apertures that served for windows were the stumps of iron gratings long since rusted off. From the front proceeded two angles which were also loopholed, and commanded the principal entrance, the door of which was of oak studded with iron bolts. In the original plan of the house, the whole ground-floor had been devoted to the storage of provisions and the reception of cattle in case of siege, while the upper story was the residence of the family and garrison, and was reached by a flight of steps formed by the projecting stones of the walls. The lower part, or keep, had been lighted only by loopholes, while the upper rooms were airy, and had large windows, which had once been grated, and were still fitted with strong oaken shutters, studded, like the door, with iron. In addition to this was an extensive courtyard, surrounded by a wall of great height and thickness, enclosing the hovels of the cattle, and a fine spring, which welled out from the side of the

hill, and whose surplus water, pouring through a narrow and grated aperture in the wall, ran down the sides of the declivity to the bog beneath. All along the course of this rill, which, owing to the steepness of the descent, ran with considerable force, were several little dams made by children in their play, and at the lower dam, which was made of stones and turf, much more capacious than the others, and in the construction of which they had evidently been aided by older hands, was a sluice-way of wood, in which was a little



water-wheel whirling with great velocity. Around this were assembled a group of children, who, with their legs bare to the knees, waded into the pond, filled up the sluice with turf, till the wheel stopped, and then, suddenly pulling it away, set up a great shout, and clapped their hands in glee, as the wheel began to turn faster than ever.

The young man to whom we have referred had now nearly gained the summit of the hill, and was fast approaching the house. This was Hugh McLellan, the son of Hugh, the present occupant of the estate. Under ordinary circumstances, as he was naturally light-hearted, he would have been whistling a lively tune to beguile the road as he returned from his labor; for he was a ship-carpenter, and had been all the week at work in a neighboring seaport. His father having given him his time at nineteen, he had by industry and prudence been gradually saving a little, and had been

married nearly two years to Elizabeth McLellan. Her parents having died when she was a child, she had been adopted by a wealthy uncle, who, having escaped the misfortunes which befell the other branches of his family, had retained the broad lands of his forefathers. Though of the same name, they were but very distantly, if at all, related. Her uncle, offended that she had married a poor man and a mechanic, disinherited her. But Elizabeth, with a nobler pride, instead of sighing over her trials and making herself miserable by dwelling upon her past prosperity, set herself to learn all kinds of domestic work, that she might fit herself to be a helpmeet to the poor man she had married because she loved him, and, going into the family with Hugh's parents, — for her uncle had turned her out of doors, — excelled in a short time every member of the family in the very labors to which they had been always accustomed, but which were new to her. Impelled by her strong affection for her husband and offspring, there was no drudgery she could not cheerfully undertake and carry through.

“I may, as they tell me,” said Elizabeth, with equal good sense and piety, “have married below my degree, a poor man, but I have married the man I loved, and that loves me, and that has the property in himself, — one that is a God-fearing man and dutiful to his parents. There is a promise to such, and I have no fear but we shall get along.”

Elizabeth was at this time from home, having taken their babe William, and gone on a visit to a relative.

Although, as we have said, the young man was naturally of a fearless, mery, hopeful nature, his features were now clouded with care; and his step, instead of quickening, became more measured as he approached home, as though he expected some unpleasant news or meeting. There was, indeed, enough in the state of the country and its population to render both old and young thoughtful and anxious. At the beginning of the reign of George II., the nation labored under burdens that nearly destroyed agriculture and repressed all incitement to industry, and the distress among the laboring class was terrible. The woollen manufactures were so depressed that thousands of people had to beg their bread, and hundreds starved to death. In respect to the North of Ireland, the most prosperous part of the country, Primate Boulter thus writes to the Duke of Newcastle: “We have now had three bad harvests together, which has made oat-meal, the great subsistence of the people, dearer than ever.” His Grace then complains of American agents seducing the people with prospects of happier establishments across the Atlantic, and adds, “They have been better able to seduce people of late by reason of the necessities of the poor.” The Primate then assures the Duke that thirty-one hundred had in the preceding summer gone to the West Indies, and that there were then seven ships lying at Belfast, which were carrying off about a thousand passengers; and “the worst of it is, that it affects only Protestants, and reigns chiefly in the North, the seat of our linen manufactures.” The Dissenters also at this time presented a memorial in respect to tithes, as the cause of the emigration. It was the pressure of these calamities that subdued the naturally buoyant temper of the young man, and

chastened his step; for he had that day finished his season's work, and knew not, with winter approaching, where to look for more.

As he drew near the threshold, he was espied by one of the little folks who had come to the front of the house in search of turf for the dam, and who, raising the joyful cry, "Hugh has come!" soon brought the whole troop around him. The tallest endeavored to reach his face to kiss him, at the imminent risk of cutting themselves with the sharp axe; others clung to his legs or inserted their hands in his pockets in search of expected and promised presents, while the last comer, seeing little prospect of securing even a finger, set off for the house, screaming at the top of his voice, "Father and mother, Hugh has come!" The shade of sadness on his countenance gave way to a bright smile as the children, some holding by the fingers and others clasping him by the leg, all insisted that he should not stir a step towards the house till he had seen the water-wheel he made for them go. Besides, Aunt Elizabeth was gone away with the baby.

"Who put it in for you?" said Hugh, as, upon receiving this assurance, he put down his axe, and, lifting the youngest to his shoulder, prepared to go with the children, who, delighted, went frisking along and hugging each other in the path before him.

"Father put it in for us," said the eldest boy. "He did n't know as he could do it, because he was busy trying to get his piece out of the loom before Sabbath day; but we got mother to coax him for us, and he found time, and he has got his piece all but out. He will have it out by supper-time. Mother has been helping him. But only see," he exclaimed, pointing to a great stack of weeds, broom, and potato haulm, — "see what a sight of weeds Andrew and I have brought this week; we brought them all on a barrow."

"No, you did n't do it all," cries the little fellow on Hugh's shoulder; "for Jean and I pulled a lot of them."

These weeds, where wood was so scarce, were burnt, and the ashes used to bleach the linen thread.

Leaving Hugh to accompany the children, let us take a survey of the house and adjacent lands. When we say that the abodes of the Protestant settlers presented a striking contrast to those of the Irish, both as to comfort and tidiness of appearance, we would not be understood to imply anything like the comfort or culture pertaining to the same class at the present day, but merely relatively; for there can be no good husbandry where the time of the farmer is divided between his land and his loom, as was the custom at that period. When the mere, or wild Irish as they were called, were driven out by James I., and their lands given to Scotch and English settlers, they retired to inaccessible forests and bogs with their cattle, where they bred, and from time to time made attacks upon those who occupied the lands from which they had been driven. Hence the old soldiers and Scotch from the border counties and marches, who had been accustomed to contend with the moss-troopers and the Highland caterans, and of whom the Irish entertained a salutary dread, were planted on the strong and elevated lands that commanded the defiles and roads by which they made their irruptions. Sir Hugh

McLellan had received from the crown a grant of fifteen hundred acres, and erected the building we have described as both dwelling and fortress, and here his descendants continued to dwell through the revolutions of that ruthless period,—at one time following their superiors to the field as true liegemen to the king, at others contending for life and goods with the Irish kernes. Three times had the old house been sacked and burnt, but the thick walls of whinstone, resisting all violence, had been as often built upon,—till, in 1649, the family, taking up arms with others for Charles, were deprived of their lands by Cromwell, and driven into Connaught. When the Restoration came, there were so many new claimants for lands that a compromise was made, and portions only of forfeited estates restored, upon which the family again returned to their possessions, though greatly curtailed, and these, through the expense of living and the misfortunes of the times, becoming gradually less and less, Hugh, the present incumbent, found himself, after the sale of some lands to discharge old liabilities, possessed of no more than twelve acres.

And thus, while living in a house conformable to the state and style of his ancestors, and containing the relics of other and better days, he was actually less well to do than many of the occupants of the mud cottages around him, and only by the severest toil and the most rigid economy supported his numerous family in thrift and comfort. Hugh never set himself above his neighbors on the score that his ancestors wrote Sir before their names, or refused to labor because his kindred did not; and he brought his children up in the same faith, and was respected and beloved by all the neighborhood.

“Only see,” said Hannah Brown to her gossip, Sandie Wilson, as they were returning from kirk, “what airs these McLeans do give themselves, just because they’ve got a little of this world’s gear, while there is the McLellans, that everybody kens is a real auld family, never appear to know it; but that’s the way with your real gentry. And there is Elizabeth, Hugh’s wife, that was brought up a real lady, out washing her linen at the brook, and scouring flax just like the rest of us, and singing at her work as though she had not been turned out of doors and lost a great fortune.”

Hugh, having satisfied the desires of the children, and escorted by them, now enters the house. The great oaken table, at which a company of soldiers might be seated, stands in the middle of the floor, where, indeed, it is a fixture. In a corner of the huge fireplace sits the mother, a comely woman of five-and-forty, at her flax-wheel, who greets her son with an appearance of great affection, which is as warmly returned. The father now appears from another room,—a tall, strongly built, grave-looking man, his clothes and beard covered with thrums from the loom, where he has been weaving. Alternate work in doors and out had prevented in his case that pale, sickly look that pertains to the regular weaver. On the other hand, he was far above the common size in his proportions, and manifested in every movement an elasticity and strength evidently undiminished by years. Indeed, he seemed a fit representative of those bonnie Scots whose claymores were so much the dread of the Irish in the troublous times. But his great build

was still more strikingly manifested when, the stern features relaxing into a glad smile of parental affection and welcome, he approached Hugh, and, placing his hand fondly upon his shoulder, in a strong Scotch accent called him his dear bairn, — towering a whole head above him, though Hugh was a large, powerful man.

After the evening meal was finished, the children went to their beds, and the older members of the family were left together. As they sat on the great wooden settle by the turf fire, the mother, who had noticed the disturbed and absent air of her son, inquired if he had heard any bad news during the week, and what made him so downcast.

“Mother,” he replied, “there is no news except bad news: there is but one thing talked about by both gentle and simple, and that is the hard times. There is no work to be had now, and they say it will be worse. I heard to-day that in Mitchelster four people had starved to death, and were found dead in the fields with only a little grass in their stomachs. They were reapers, who had been over to England in hopes to get harvest work, but found little, had to beg while there, and starved to death on the way home. I finished my season’s work to-day, and know not where to look for more, and,” continued he, laying his hand upon his father’s knees, and looking him full in the face, “I have been seriously thinking of going to America; but I shall take no step without your advice and free consent, nor go without your blessing.”

At this abrupt communication, the mother’s wheel stopped, and she buried her face in her apron. The elder children fixed their eyes eagerly upon their father, who, with an emotion he in vain strove to conceal, sat gazing into the face of his son. An intense painful stillness pervaded the room. Feeling that he was expected to break the silence, he at length said, though with a tremor in his voice that betrayed the severity of the struggle within: “Hugh, you have been an industrious, God-fearing boy, and a dear good son to your mother and me. I know you have not come to this decision without prayer; and whatever you may decide to do, I make no doubt you will have the blessing of Him who hath said, ‘Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’”

At this implied assent, the mother sobbed aloud. The father’s voice trembled, but, recovering himself, he continued with a firmer tone. “You are a young man, and naturally look forward to a settlement in life, — a home and land that you can call your own. These can never be yours in this country. Although, by the blessing of God, we are not in danger of absolute want, yet we are sorely taxed by government, and compelled to support a worship opposed to our consciences. We are harassed by Catholics, Independents, and the Established Church, and between these many mill-stones seem likely to be ground to powder. If you remain, the little you have hardly earned and prudently saved will be eaten up, and then, should times continue hard, you will no longer have the means to go. When I was a child, men began to go to America; many that grew up with me went; none of them have ever returned, although many of them are able to if they wish,

for we hear of their prosperity from their relatives here. Some of them own hundreds of acres, who, if they had stayed here, would have lived in a mud hovel, worked out by the day, been buried by the parish, and left no better inheritance to their children after them. It is possible there for a poor man, with nothing but his hands, to own the land he tills ; here it is not possible. My thoughts have been a great deal on it as I have sat at my loom, and I doubt not, had I gone there at your age, with all these boys and girls, and worked one half as hard as I have here, it would have been far better for myself and my children. Not that I would complain, having food and raiment while others are starving around me. Therefore, my son, though children are very near, and my heart aches at the thought of separation, yet you may be sure that, in whatever you do, you will have a father's blessing."

He could not bring himself to tell his son he had better go. Hugh crossed over to where his mother, who had been silent during all this conversation, sat beside her wheel, and, putting his arm tenderly around her neck, said, "Mother, don't cry so ; I will never go without your free consent."

"You never disobeyed me, Hugh," she replied ; "nor will you now, for I shall not withhold my consent, nor will you go without my blessing. Surely I never harbored a thought but for your good ; still, it is a sore thing for a mother to part with a son, (for we are not so strong in these things as men are,) and to put the wide ocean between her and the child she has nursed on her bosom. But what does Elizabeth say to your purpose ?"

"She does not know it, for it is only within the week that I have seriously thought of it. But from what I heard her say when some of her kindred went three years ago, and at other times since, I judge that she will be more for it than myself."

"She has no father or mother, brothers or sisters, to leave behind ; none nearer of kin than her uncle, who turned her out of his house and heart for loving you. She was, I think, but ten years old when her mother died ; her father was killed by the Irish kernes in '98, not an arrow-flight from this door. I was a bit lassie then, but I mind it well. It was not a thing to forget. He was brought in all bloody, and laid on this very settle. He groaned once and died. The blood ran from him into the fireplace. Your grandfather was alive then. He was an old soldier and a terrible man with the claymore, and when the wild Irish got between him and the gate, he cut his way through them into the court-yard. All the Protestants fled here for refuge, and I came with my parents."

"But how is it, Hugh," said the father, "that you have never mentioned this to us before, and now seem to have made up your mind at once ?"

"I have long been thinking of it, father, ever since I knew Elizabeth, and thought of making her my wife, and of having a home of my own, — which I well knew, as you have said, I could never have here. But I thought it would be a hard blow to mother and you, and I kept my thoughts to my own breast, and there they have been smouldering just like these turfs on the fire, and perhaps would have died out just from pure dislike to men-

tion it to you ; but the times coming so hard, and my work failing, brought it all up anew. I finished my job last night, and this morning received my wages. Feeling rather sad that I had no other work in prospect, I went to Maggie McDonald's, that keeps the Stag's Head, to break my fast, and take a glass of beer ; and there I found her house full of good, well-to-do Scotch people from the county of Cavan, lads and lasses and auld people, with little children, and they were bound to Belfast to sail for America. And they showed me letters they had from their kindred there, which said that you could buy a farm for the price of an acre here ; that in many places you could have land for the settling ; that there were no Irish or prelatists, but the people were all Protestants, and they were so far away that the government permitted them to do much as they pleased ; that though the winters were cold, fuel was abundant, and the soil fruitful ; that there was plenty of game in the woods and fish on the shores, for there were no dukes or earls to make game-laws ; that if any one did n't have money to buy land, they could have work enough from the other planters till they earned something for themselves ; that although they had to work hard, and suffer some the first few years, they soon became independent, whereas when they were here it was dependence and suffering all the time, with no prospect of change. Now me feeling so down-like, it just stirred up the auld fire, and I have thought of nothing else since. But," he continued, with the caution of a canny Scot, "perhaps I have thought of it ower much, and things are not as they are painted. The tree that blossoms does not always bear ; and I might come to rue the day I stretched out my hand farther than I could draw it back again. But I knew it would not be thus with you, and I determined to be guided by those who had experience, whose heads were cool, and whom it is my bounden duty to obey."

"Well, Hugh," replied the father, "your fathers left bonnie Scotland, and the auld kirk, and kith and kin, and came here to fight with the wild Irish, that they might plant religion here, and have a home and lands of their own, and they got them ; and had it not been for their loyalty to their king, which is no sin to be repented of, their children would have possessed them still. Thus you seem to be ganging the auld gait that they travelled before ye. You must make up your mind for hardship ; and sure I am that the savages we hear so much about can be no worse than the wild Irish, by whom so many of your family were murdered in '41, in the great rebellion. But it's time we were sleeping, for to-morrow is the Sabbath of the Lord. Get the good book, and let us look to Him without whose blessing nothing prospers." He then read the passage that records Jacob's vow, and remarked : "You will go as poor as the patriarch, my son, but you go as he did, with your parents', and I hope with God's blessing. I trust, if He should prosper you in the land you seek, that, like father Jacob, you will not be unmindful of Him who gives us all and is over all."

When Hugh, upon her return, proposed the plan to Elizabeth, she gave her consent without a moment's hesitation. "It is but little we have to fear," she said, "if we only have our health, and God's blessing, and there

is One above we must look to for that. Besides your family and a few others it is little I have to make me regret to leave this lawless land, where it is always a plague, a rebellion, or a famine. There can be no worse than this, where my father was killed, and my mother soon followed him from a broken heart. If we go, I never expect to see the day I shall not pity those whom we leave behind. Besides, when there I am washing my linen at the brook, or doing any work, I shall not have my uncle's daughters come strolling by, tossing their haughty heads, as much as to say, See what you have come to by marrying below your degree."

This was the only time during her whole life that she ever betrayed that she felt the altered position in which her marriage had placed her; but though she was cheerful as a lark about her work, and probably sang the loudest when her uncle's daughters came by, yet it was too much for poor human nature to endure without inwardly writhing under it. It seems strange to the casual reader, that, in a country so miserably poor as Ireland, marriages should be so frequent and so early. But this grows out of the improvident character of the people, the little reluctance they feel to beggary, and the facility with which the bare means of existence and shelter are procured, and that state of mind which looks and aspires to nothing higher. They go before the priest, and then by the side of some ditch they pile up some mud and stones, and collect furze and sticks to hold up and cover the roof. They then get a pig and go to housekeeping, their only furniture a broken pot. They hire out with the next landlord, if hands are wanted, if not, beg and steal, and thus, with scarce more of expense than a fox or otter, they find a den in which to shelter themselves, and raise up children to pursue the same wretched existence.

But such was not the character of the pair that sat hand in hand, on a pleasant afternoon, by the graves of Elizabeth's parents, talking over the subject more important to them than all others. They were of another race, and had received a different training. They had an ancestry, and an honorable name to maintain and emulate. They aspired, not merely to existence, a life spent in tilling the land of others, but to independence, though it be unaccompanied by wealth, and is the fruit of severe toil; and for this they were willing to risk much and to suffer much. Hugh had, on the whole, felt rather disappointed and dissatisfied at the readiness, and, as it had appeared to him at the time, almost levity with which Elizabeth had assented to his proposal that she should leave her native country and go into the wilderness to struggle, far from friends, with poverty and all the unknown trials of the emigrant. He well knew her love for him and her entire confidence in his ability and judgment, and he feared that, if she had assented upon the impulse of the moment, and without sufficiently weighing the difficulties to be encountered and from which he could not shield her, she might, when the hour of trial came, give way to corresponding depression. More especially, as he overheard his mother say at the time to his father, "Poor girl! she little knows what is before her, to take a babe into the wilderness." But his fears were groundless, and he had yet to learn what material his wife was made of. For as no hardihood of education can infuse grit where it is wanting, so neither

can luxury obliterate it when a native element of character. Elizabeth concealed under a lively temperament and exuberant spirits a keen judgment and great decision of character, with a quick temper and a generous, fearless disposition. Perfectly aware of the determination of her uncle to disinherit her if she married Hugh, she married him, and for his sake deliberately embraced to human view a life of poverty. Her keen perception of character was evinced in the declaration that she had married a man that had the property in himself, which perhaps she meant for a slur upon her uncle's sons, who were all of small capacity, destitute of energy, and lived upon their father. From the time that she made up her mind to marry Hugh, and, as she supposed, poverty, she began to learn to work. She could now spin and weave with the best, could work in doors or out, as was the custom with women of the middle class at that time; she could reap grain and take care of flax, from the pulling to the bleaching. She was superior to the thousand superstitions of the day, and had little fear of warlocks or witches. She would put a piece into the loom, or take up a stocking, or set out on a journey, on Friday, if she wanted to, just as quick as on any other day. Though not in the least inclined to anticipate trouble, but rather to act upon the maxim, Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, she was by no means slack in expedients to avert, or resolutions to meet it when at hand.

In reply to all his efforts to make her take a more serious view of their situation, she, divining at once his apprehensions, exclaimed, giving him a kiss: "It's no use to talk so to me, Hugh; never fear me; I am no thoughtless girl. I have seen sorrow and hardship, and expect to see more. I expect also to die. I mean to die but once. I don't mean to die a hundred times through dread of it. That we shall meet hardships I well know. What they will be, I don't know and I don't care. But when they come, we shall have to meet them, and we shall find out how to do it." Such was the character of the helpmeet Hugh took with him into the wilderness to struggle for a homestead; and if, as his mother said, she little knew what was before her, it was very evident that she feared and cared as little.

Hugh, after this attempt, made no further effort to impress her with a more serious view of their situation, except to remark that it was certainly a sad thing to leave all their relatives and friends, and go to live among strangers. "So it is indeed," replied she, "but they will not be strangers after we come to live among them. What makes us have friends here? Because we do right, and love people, and treat them kindly; and the same kind of conduct will make friends there that made them here. Besides, does not the Bible say, that, when a man's ways please the Lord, he will make even his enemies to be at peace with him?" It was a peculiar trait in Elizabeth's character, that, with an implicit trust in Providence, she always strove by her own efforts to leave as little for Providence to do as possible, which often caused her husband to say that she trusted Providence when she could not help it.

The time fixed for their departure now drew near. Two ships were lying at Londonderry, for passengers. In one of these, the *Eagle*, Captain Gilley,

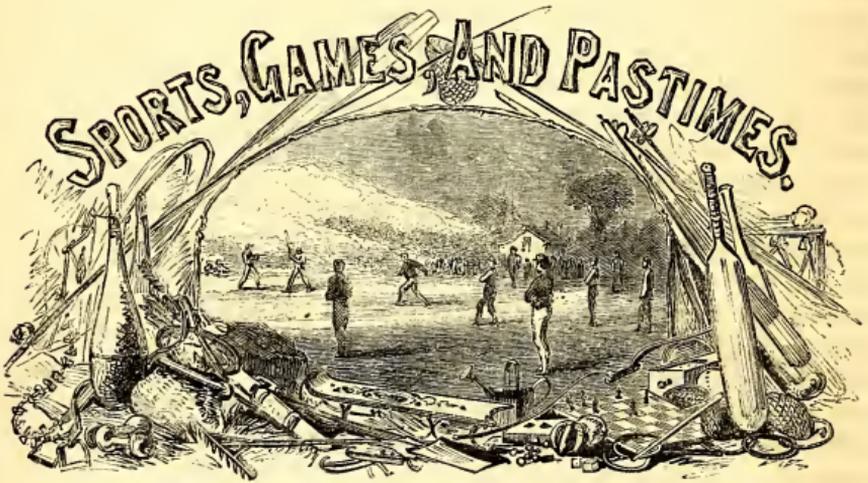
they engaged passage. As the ship was to sail on Monday, many of the relatives and neighbors came in on Sabbath eve to bid the departing couple good by. While they were engaged in conversation, Elizabeth, flinging her plaid over her head, slipped out unnoticed, and in the moonlight took her way to the church-yard; for, as we have said, superstitions went for nothing with her. Here the naturally light-hearted and resolute girl, kneeling beside the graves of her kindred, sobbed aloud. Then, as though the dear departed were present to listen, she exclaimed, "O mother! I shall never, as I have always hoped to, sleep beside my father and you. I am going to a far-off land. There shall I die, and there be buried. But though I have been a wild and thoughtless girl, I have tried to serve the God you served, and the Saviour you taught me to love. God has given me a kind husband and a sweet babe, and we are going on the sea; but I believe that covenant-keeping God who, as you have so often told me, showeth mercy to the children of his saints till the third and fourth generation, will be with me there." Then, plucking a tuft of grass from the grave, she hid it in her bosom, and rejoined the company without her absence having been observed.

Their relatives accompanied them to the place of sailing. One of the vessels was bound to the West Indies and filled with Irish; the *Eagle*, with Scotch. The Irish, both on board and on shore, made the air resound with their cries and lamentations. The Scotch, on the other hand, said little: a fervent grasp of the hand, a God bless you, or a silent tear, was all. The winter passage was stormy, in the small and crowded ship; and when a short time out, she sprang a leak, and they were obliged to put back. Setting sail again, they met with heavy weather, and carried away their rudder-head and foretopmast. Hugh repaired the rudder, and from a spare spar made a topmast. As they had lost two men when the topmast went, and were short-handed, he assisted in working the ship. All the worldly goods that they brought with them, besides their clothing, of which they had a good stock, were these: Elizabeth had a feather-bed, and a trammel and hooks on which to hang a pot, and Hugh had his tools. But when the ship sprang a leak they were flung overboard to lighten, with other cargo. They then had left only their clothing and provision for the passage, and ten pounds in gold, which they determined to keep to buy land, and to part with only in the last extremity. The captain was so much pleased with the conduct of Hugh in repairing damages and working the ship, that he gave him back his passage-money, and in addition made him a present of an axe, adze, and saw, from a lot of new tools which he had brought over as a venture.

Just after making the land, they spoke an outward-bound ship, whose captain told them they would not be allowed to land emigrants from Ireland at Boston, and the captain determined to run for York. The wind, that had been light and baffling all the fore part of the day, now came in strong from the south. All possible sail was made on the ship in order to force her in with the land before night. They soon made a high hill or mountain, which the captain told Hugh was *Agamenticus*, the ancient name of York, where they were going. As night came on, snow began to fall, mingled with rain,

which, freezing as it fell, coated the decks and rigging with ice. The ship, as though instinct with life, and anxious to escape the threatening storm, flew before the wind, and was rapidly nearing the land. Our adventurers vainly strove to pierce the veil of mist which hid from their view the shores of their new home; but they could only perceive a black, undistinguishable mass, upon which the vessel seemed to be madly rushing to destruction. The weather now became rapidly worse; but as the captain was well acquainted with the coast, being a native, and there was a large moon, he determined to run in. Hugh, who had stood his watch with the crew ever since the loss of the two seamen in the gale which carried away the topmast, went below at twelve o'clock, and at three was aroused by the welcome sound of the cable running through the hawse-pipe, as the weary vessel swung quietly at her anchor in York River, where we must leave him for the present, to awake in the morning in the new world which he had chosen for his future home.

Elijah Kellogg.



IT has been thought by some of the wise, that the sports and recreations in which the youth of a nation indulge have a good deal of influence on the nation itself,—that the English and Americans, for instance, have derived much of their robust and manly determination of character from their early pastimes, never wholly neglected even in manhood. I am of this opinion myself; and, as a great man once said, “If you ’ll let me make the ballads of the people, you may write all the heavy books,” so I say, if you will show me what games, and with what vigor and resolution, the boys play, I will tell you what energetic disposition the men bring to their business pursuits, and what degree of freedom and prosperity their nation enjoys.

In my philosophy, it is held that fortitude and courage are essential in a

man or a people ; and I confidently declare to the boys who read these pages, ay, and to their parents, tutors, and pastors also, that fortitude and courage are vastly increased, if not produced, by out-of-door games and sports. Games demand vigorous exertion in the open air, with exposure to the wintry cold and the scorching summer sun. This exertion and exposure not only increase the muscles and expand the internal organs, but also fortify the resolution and strengthen the will. Every boy knows, that, for the sake of his place in the game, he has not only learned to do, but to endure. Here we are now, on skates upon the pond, or treading sole-leather at foot-ball, hockey, and the like, on the summit of a frozen hill. The wind blows keenly, and there is at first a frosty feeling in toes, fingers, and nose. Every lad here might be at home ; but the game is going, and so all are here, — even the littlest lads of all, blowing into the fingers of their mittens, but never thinking of leaving for the fireside. The game goes on slowly at first ; then with more animation ; and then with a rush, a roar, and a clamor that overpower the angry blast, and defy the icy fingers of Jack Frost, who is outfaced by the rosy cheeks, stared out of countenance by the bold bright eyes. He cannot stand the blast of their warm breaths ; and so this tyrant of the weak cuts their company, and goes off to pinch the faces of the old, and nip the toes and fingers of those who are yet too young to take part against him. So, then, these boys that have felt the icy fingers of Jack Frost at their very throats, and beaten him away, have won confidence and hardihood which never can be lost, but will endure so as to be perhaps the safeguard of their nation.

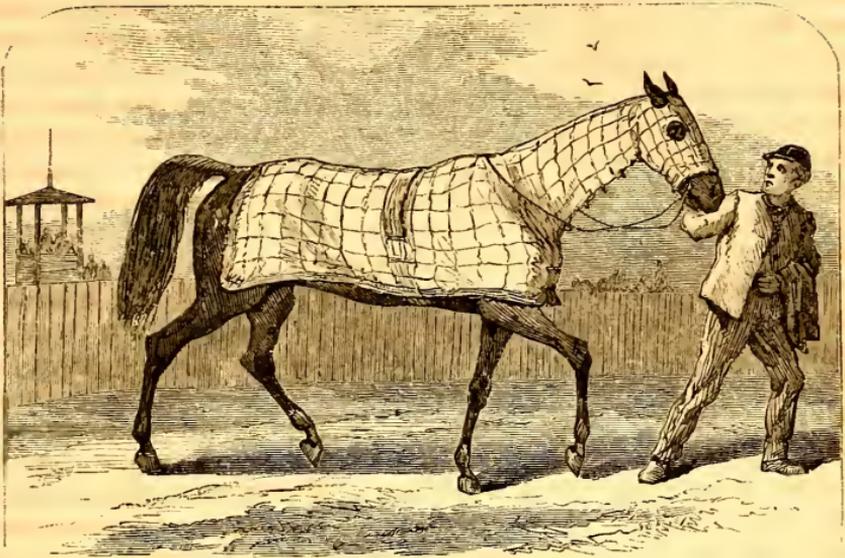
The pursuit of games, all the year round, summer as well as winter, tends to give big hearts, good, stretching lungs, and quick, strong brains. Never mind about any man's objections. It can be proved that all the prime internal organs are greatly improved by life in the fields, the woods, and on the lakes and streams. Thus games are superior to gymnastic exercises, which are to sports what the tiresome drill of the soldier is to the rush and riot of the battle. Gymnastics will aid in the development of muscle ; but what we want is not huge muscles, but good hearts and lungs and brains. Strength resides partly in muscle, no doubt ; but the hardest hitter of modern times, Tom Sayers, the fighter, had a long, thin arm, and a hand that a lady's glove would fit ; so that bulk of muscle is not required even for great feats.

Good wind is a thing of immense importance in the games of youth and the exploits of after life. Well, the sports of the icy stream, the snowy field, the piece of woodland, or the summer mead, expand the lungs, and keep them sound. But, besides this, games increase the power of the heart. It is very likely some wiseacre would laugh, if he heard you say that easy breathing depended as much upon the heart as the lungs ; but it is so. The trainers of race-horses have found this out ; and I believe the fact that English Eclipse was ascertained after death to have a heart that weighed fourteen pounds led to it. When explained, it is easy enough to understand. The flow of the blood through the lungs to get air proceeds from the heart. If that or-

gan sends it through with a good strong burst, it will get aerated in lungs of moderate size ; if it does not send the blood on with a good stroke, lungs of the size of two air-balloons would not prevent a distressful choking-up during violent exertion. Eclipse, with his fourteen pounds of heart, and lungs of only moderate size, could "run all day, and the next day too"; and this capacity, as well as his high courage, is mainly attributed to that big heart. Skating, sliding, coasting, hare and hounds, foot-ball, hockey, cricket, base-ball, archery, etc., have a direct tendency to increase the size and force of the heart, and to fortify and strengthen the texture of the lungs. I doubt if mere gymnastics will do either, although they will aid in building up muscle. Gymnasts, although men of immense muscle for their size, very often die of consumption, and, so far as I have observed, the muscle does not begin to go until the lungs are half or three parts gone. So, if you and your elders will consider these things, you will see that the reasonable pursuit of out-door games ought to be encouraged.

There is, however, a wrong as well as a right way of carrying them on ; and I shall set myself to relate the right method. In this chapter, which is merely preliminary, — a throwing up and catching of the ball before the real game begins, — I can only speak in general terms, of course. *No game should be played after you are really fatigued.* This does not mean that you are to quit because you may be "blown" by a long stretch at skating, or a grand rally in the *mêlée* or "bully" at foot-ball, or in a fine burst at hare and hounds. That is nothing, because, by moderating the speed, in a little while you will get what is called "second wind," and then you can go on better than before. But when the muscles and moving powers are tired and complain, then do you stop: you have had enough of it. Stop now, and tomorrow you will be as fresh as a lark, after a sound sleep. Keep on longer, and your sleep will be poor ; in the morning you will be stiff and sore, and unfit to join in a new game.

Another thing is, what to do, or rather what *not* to do, when you stop. No sitting down to rest and get cool ! None of that, lads, unless you want to be laid up, and miss all the other games of the season, to say nothing of contracting rheumatic disorders that may stick to you for life. Having left off the game while you were hot, put on your clothes while still warm and perspiring. Then walk home, and if home is not a pretty good distance off, walk still farther. Having got hot out of doors, there is but one safe way to get cool again, — that is, *gradually, in motion, and out of doors.* I dare say that the readers of this magazine know that a race-horse, in running four-mile heats, exerts about as much power as any animal organization is capable of. He pulls up very much heated, bathed in sweat, blowing hard, and often thumping in the flanks. What does the trainer do ? The horse is very hot, inside and out, just as you will be at the end of a swift and hotly-contested game. He must be cooled. But how ? Not suddenly, for if so, congestion and inflammation follow ; and not outwardly first, for if so, similar mischiefs will arise. The first thing to be done, especially if the weather is not hot, is to wrap him up in a blanket, as soon as the saddle



is removed. "O dear! that's a curious way to cool him!" say you. But remember, the first object is the relief of the internal parts; and the keeping up of the perspiration, after the excessive exertion has ceased, soon does this. The blanket is then removed, the sweat quickly scraped away, the horse again clothed, and then walked about slowly, until quite restored to his usual condition. His breathing is now regular, and the stroke of his heart is at its ordinary rate.

You see what has been avoided in treating this race-horse? He was not stopped and exposed to the cool air at once; he was clothed, instead of being bared to the wind; he was kept *in motion* — moderate motion of course — until cool; he was not suffered to drink large draughts of water. When you are heated, and leave off the game, remember what was done with the horse, and why it was done, because the four-miler could probably stand as much as you can, but he cannot stand sudden chills and cold draughts outside, while red-hot, as you may say, inside.

It may be affirmed that exertion at a game never does any harm, even to boys not of robust frame, unless it be too long persisted in; but sitting, or lying down, or loafing about half clothed, while warm, after the game, involves great risk. It is also true, that, these things being attended to, there are no boys so weakly but they may take part in the games of their stronger playfellows with advantage, when in fair health. Great strength is not wanted for the sports and games of youth, but dash, hardihood, speed, and activity are. None of these depend on bulk. You will often find that the best runner and jumper, the quickest and surest catcher and the best batter at ball, is not one of the big boys, but rather small for his age, — only, being what sportsmen call "truly made" and "well-balanced," his quickness and speed are great, and he has also a good heart and lungs. He will tire out the big, sprawling boys, in half a day's play.

Some have not a great deal of dash and hardihood to begin with, and to such as these games are of great account. It is a give and take affair. Very little will do to begin with, and every good game played will increase these qualities. Therefore, little boys should "go in" at the first chance that offers; otherwise they might remain like those whose careful mothers never will consent that they shall go into the water because they have not learned to swim. Pluck, precision, and toughness will follow their practice, as surely as night follows day.

Look at foot-ball, which often brings the contending sides into action all together, like two armies, each struggling for possession of the ball,—one to keep it going towards the opposite goal, the other to stop it at all hazards, and bear back the tide of battle; in this the game is better than cricket or base-ball, for in those the individuals only are engaged whose turn it happens to be at the moment. In the rally or "bully" at foot-ball, some hard kicks will be sure to hit the shins of the opposing players, instead of the ball. But does the receiver mind it? No indeed! The sting is felt for an instant; but the ball being in play near him, he goes at it with a shout, and that is about the last he knows as to the kick. Next morning he finds a bruise, but no pain and little soreness: the excitement of the game was the very best of liniments, and beat pain-killers all hollow.

For developing bold and hardy traits no game is better than foot-ball; and as it can be played at any season,—on the ice, on the snow, or over the greensward,—I wonder that it is not more in favor with American boys. When I used to play at it, we commonly remarked that beginners got the worst kicks, and the most of them. This is not because the players intentionally kicked the shins of the new-comers, but because of their own want of dash; while they were getting ready to kick, a player of the other side rushed in and *did* kick—the ball if he could, and if not, his shins who stood in front of it. So, when you begin to play at foot-ball, kick "early as well as often," as they say in regard to voting in New York. Don't hang over the ball and hesitate because an opponent is on the other side of it and close up. Push in and kick away: if you miss the ball, you may make him miss it too.

Again, if you play with a will, you will very soon get the *sleight*, and that makes an immense difference. It is not a conjuring-like dexterity, such as P. H. C. tells us of, in his "Lessons" about balls and coins, and so on, but a handy use of the implements of the game to the best advantage. Did you ever get into a canoe? No? Well, then, the first time you do, and try to paddle it, you'll upset it, and get a ducking, because you have not the "knack." The first time I tried it, overboard I went, though a pretty good oarsman, and somewhat used to cranky craft. It was one night in the north-west of Michigan, soon after it had been admitted as a State, and while the elk were still found above the bend of Cass River. I was belated, reaching the bank of the Saginaw River well on in the night. I had had a lonely tramp for miles after sundown, through the trails in the woods, listening for the first time to the strangely sad note of the whip-poor-will and the

bark of the fox. The ferry-man, a French-Canadian, who spent most of his time in trapping, was very drunk, and inclined to be quarrelsome. I took a paddle, launched a canoe, and, getting in, carefully struck out for the opposite shore. But I had n't the sleight, and the canoe soon "turned turtle," and shot me out. I had, however, the sleight of swimming, — learned years before, when a small boy, and afterwards improved in South America, Australia, and among the bright islands under the equator, studding the earth's zone like jewels in a beauty's belt, — and so I got ashore easily enough. In cricket and base-ball, whether batting or fielding, the sleight is more than half the battle; in foot-ball and hockey it is not quite so important, boldness being really the first element of a fine player; while at hare and hounds, speed and wind are all in all; and in skating, again, skill is the main thing of course.

Nothing tries the player's "condition" so much as hare and hounds. At cricket there is often a long pause between each run, and the same at base-ball; at football the exertion is violent, but one player seldom "owns" the ball, that is, has it to himself, long enough to tire him; the skater is not in a game, and naturally pauses when he begins to "blow." But the lads at hare and hounds cannot stop; if the hare slackens his speed, the hounds will run into him, while, if they slacken when he makes a burst, he will lose them, or get so far ahead that they cannot overtake him within the given bounds. Therefore the condition is tried; for upon that depends the ability to keep up a long run.

Boys in health are almost always in pretty good condition, provided they have plenty of chance for proper activity. Living on good, wholesome, simple diet, and taking much exercise on foot, they are in that state which is hardly ever attained by grown men without training. The Indians are like boys in this regard, when they can get no rum. Then simple diet and the great exercise they are compelled to take in pursuit of game for food keep them in condition, — reduced in flesh and strong in sinew. A school-boy can with impunity run a distance that would half kill his father, unless the latter had some training.

Some think training is a great mystery, but it is in reality a simple affair. Half the rules and practices are arbitrary and empirical, and do at least as much harm as good. Bennett, the Indian who ran races in England, and was called "Deerfoot," gave me a very good explanation of training when he first returned to this country. He wanted to make matches to run against time on the Fashion Course; to begin with, ten miles and a half in an hour, then eleven, and then eleven and a half. "But," I said, "Bennett, how can it be safe to match you to do eleven miles and a half in an hour, when you could not do ten and a half before you went to England?"

"O, it's the training, you know," he replied. "I was never half trained till I went there; but now I've been through the mill."

"But we have n't your English trainer here," said I.

"No, nor don't want him. I can train myself now. It's the simplest thing that ever was — *when you can stand it.*"

“I dare say. And what may be the process, to bring you up to the top notch?”

“Well,” said Deerfoot, draining his glass with a sort of sigh, “it is to live on plain food, — meat, bread, and gruel, — drink nothing but water and tea, and little of that, and walk thirty miles a day. That’s all there is about it.”

And that’s more than many can do, and more than most will do. Young men who have been worn down by study and late hours at sedentary occupations sometimes come to me, and ask to be recommended to a *good trainer*. They are more in need of a good nurse; but it is useless to suggest that they are not fit for training. If they would live like school-boys in holiday-time, and play with them for three months, it would be well; but such advice as this would be received with disdain, and perhaps as an insult. Training, they have heard, is the only thing, and they will not be satisfied till put under the regimen and rule of some such man as Deerfoot or Dooney Harris. They soon have enough of it. The pedestrian goes to work with them as his trainer went to work with him, and is much amazed to find that the pupil gets weaker and slower, instead of stronger and faster, as he did. Mr. Harris proceeds with his young man upon the plan followed heretofore with great success by those about to fight for a championship. All such men *over-work* such pupils. They go upon the principle that good condition is produced by reducing flesh by means of very strong exercise; and so it is, in men like themselves. But such a course is exceedingly dangerous to nervous young men who are debilitated through study and still life. It is likely to train them into a consumption, instead of giving them the strong, clear wind and firm muscle which support against fatigue. Instead of being reduced, they need to be built up, — to be made plump and ruddy, like the boys whose whoops at play now startle their shattered nerves and irritate their tempers; and to this desirable end a wise course of sports and pastimes is the very best prescription.

Charles J. Foster.



OLD GREGORY.

OLD GREGORY stood on a rising ground,
 And, viewing the country spread around,
 Said, "I'm worth a hundred thousand pound!"

His ample wealth had increased of late,
 The cash at his banker's was growing great,
 And he had just purchased a vast estate.

"We must look to those cots to-morrow morn;
 They obstruct the view from my elegant lawn;
 I'll sow the spot where they stand with corn!"

Then the kind old steward he shook his head, —
 "And all those poor who toil for their bread,
 Where will they hide their heads?" he said.

"They may hide their heads where they please, for me;
 It's none of *my* business!" said Gregory.

• "And yonder rickety, clackety mill,
 That grinds and groans at the foot of the hill,
 I'll stop its noise, and I'll keep it still!"

Then the kind old steward he looked forlorn: —
 "But the mill was built before you were born,
 And where will the villagers grind their corn?"

"They may go grind where they will, for me;
 All that is *their* business!" said Gregory.

Jolly old Gregory supped very late,
 He drank of the best, of the choicest he ate,
 His soul was contented, his heart was elate.

Then he took his usual nap in his chair,
 And, in his slumber, was never aware
 Of an unexpected visitant there.

Unaware indeed! He is slumbering still
 When the dusty miller reopens his mill,
 And the cottagers never shall dread his will!

And I fear that the villagers laughed with glee,
 That Death had had "business" with Gregory.

F. Warren Newcomb, Fr.

THE STORY OF OUR GERANIUM.

YESTERDAY afternoon I was reading my new story-book. Richard had gone to the post-office over at Bitterbush, and mother was out in the kitchen helping Jane, so there was nobody in the sitting-room but me. I "built" a huge fire, that rollicked and roared gloriously in the stove, and then I took my book and curled up in mother's arm-chair, in the bay-window. Outdoors the fields stretched ghostly and white away to the cold gray sky. Somehow, something in the still winter day out there made me think, with a chill, of two lines Richard is always humming to a queer tune of his own, —

" No sound save the wild, wild wind,
And the snow crunching under his feet."

But I, and the great rose-geranium, and Redo in his cage, were as cosey as could be, there in the warm bay-window, with the crimson curtains drooping over us. So I read and read; the story of the poor little "ugly duck," that bore all its misfortunes so humbly, hoping for better days, and at last grew to be a magnificent swan, white and radiant; the story of the sweet mermaid princess, who endured the bitterest agony for the sake of an immortal soul; and last, about the nightingale that sang the dead emperor into life, — the little neglected nightingale that sang at the window of the death-chamber till Death longed for his still garden where the pale roses bloomed, and so "floated out, like a cold white shadow," and the emperor stood up in his imperial robes, and said "Good morning" cheerfully to his attendants, when they came in to look after the corpse. He was very grateful, you may be sure, and offered her the most splendid situation at his court; but she only thanked him, and went singing back to her own good greenwood. Then I dropped my book, and sat thinking; the fire stopped roaring and just whispered drowsily, blinking through the chinks in the stove-doors; Redo swung himself slower and slower in the ivory ring, with only a chirp now and then, and I think we were all falling into a doze, when the geranium rustled its sweet leaves a little, and said: —

"I've been thinking about my life, this afternoon. It has been a very little, still one, I know; but yet somehow to-day I feel a thrill of joy and thanks going all through my green leaves and strong stems, because I do live. I remember myself long ago, a wee, puny leaf, mottled with yellow, struggling for life in an old broken pitcher which stood in a dirty window, among bits of soap, old nails, balls of twine, and boxes of shoe-blackening. I don't know to whom I belonged, nor who placed me there. Sometimes, when it rained, the water oozed through the casement and moistened the earth around me a little, and mornings the sun came through the thick dirt upon the panes, and just touched me with its sweet, faint glow. How I used to watch and long for it! The very looking forward to it often kept me

alive, I think, through the long, chill nights. I used to wonder if it were a blunder, my coming into the world, and yet I had a dim longing and hope under all that, that somebody might care for me and bless me, and that I might cheer somebody as the sun did me. I think it was this hope, after all, that kept me alive through the gray days and the dreary nights, with the earth parched around me, and every pore choked with dust.

“One day I heard footsteps coming near; and they had the sound of great, soft, slatternly feet, accompanied by a rattling of pails and brushes. Then a woman pushed aside the dirty old curtain that hung over the window, and cried out: ‘Goodness me! if here ain’t that little geranium slip! And I guess it’s alive yet. Well, as I’m going to clean the winder, I s’pose I might as well throw it out with some of the rest of this trash.’ She took the pitcher in her limp, slow hands, and was pattering through the entry toward the back door, when I heard a little, thin voice call from somewhere: ‘Don’t throw it out, Aunt Lide; may be it’ll grow.’ May be it’ll grow! O blessed voice! O blessed words! And I, poor numb dying leaf, resolved from that moment that I *would* grow. It was possible. Some one had hope for me. The woman looked at me a moment, and then carried me into the dingy little room whence the voice came. I see it now, with its four bare, musty walls, with its wooden, unpainted mantel, and the sickly fire fluttering under it, with its bedstead draped in ugly ‘nine-patch quilts’; and clearest and saddest of all, and yet sweet, the small white face of the little girl there, propped up in a straight-backed arm-chair with a crutch at each side. ‘If I could only tend it, and see it grow!’ she said, with a light shining up through the gray eyes like my sweet, dim morning-sunshine. Her aunt placed me in the window, and went out, saying crossly, ‘It’ll only be in the way’; but she looked in, after a little, and said quite kindly: ‘Margery, if you want to water your geranium there’s some water in that bowl on the mantel. Mebby you can hobble to it.’ So Margery tended me day by day, and watched me hour after hour, and I grew strong and green and tall, and she loved me passionately I know, and I’m sure I brightened her life. She used to fondle me softly with her wee white fingers, and she had the sweetest loving little fashion of kissing me and whispering, ‘My beautiful!’ She told me, in her queer, grave way, that I filled the whole room with my green, fragrant presence, and that I grew in her heart. O, it was a joy to live then! I used to watch my shadow at noon down upon the floor in the sunshine that fell there, with its multitude of dainty leaves thickly flecking the window shadow, and I felt sure then that I was no blunder, and that some loving invisible Hand above Margery’s shaped and cared for me. She was not always patient. How could she be, with that bitter pain, and that dull, dull life of hers? She used to sit close to me, with her head bowed upon the sill beside me, that I might hide from her sight the ghostly old church out there, and the grave-yard, with its broken fences, and fallen tablets with their faces growing musty and green down in the damp, dead grass. Alas! the poor forgotten dead, and the cows drearily nipping the brown weeds. ‘And yet,’ she said many times in a passionate whisper to me and herself,



'I'd as well be lying down there, with the cows nipping the weeds over me, as living *so*.' Then I thought of my own old dumb chilled life, and the hope that still blessed me in it, and how that hope was now realized, and I had come to a new, rich life of real living and loving; and so I had faith, and hoped for her. She used to talk to me most at dusk, sitting with her cheek against my leaves. One evening she kissed me, and whispered, 'My beautiful!' and then she sat still a long time with her hands clasped in her lap. I did n't know why, but I felt, somehow, that her thoughts were not all bitter. She whispered to me again at last: 'I'm sure, my beautiful, that the same Care is over me, broad and loving, that covers you; and who knows but some day it will bring *me* out of my dark cramped life into a brighter and larger one? Who knows, did I say? I am quite sure of it.' Had she read my thoughts? Had I taught it her, unconsciously, in some silent way? I could not tell; but from that time she never complained, and in all her little daily tasks, in her hours of pain, and the long, long days of nothing to do, I think she learned well a glorious lesson; and that was the lesson of patience.

"But how did we part when we loved each other so? Aunt Lide came pattering into the room one afternoon, with a cup of yeast in one hand and a dirty towel in the other.

“‘There ’s some Aid Society girls over the way,’ said she. ‘I saw ’em over to Mis Green’s when I went to borry yeast. They ’re a-going from house to house for contributions to the big Fair. I told ’em they need n’t come *here*. I sha’ n’t bother with it.’

“Margery’s thin white hands grasped her crutches in that little, eager, trembling way of hers when she was excited.

“‘But O Aunt Lide,’ she said, ‘if I could only give something! I am so good-for-nothing. I do want to do some good, some way, and be a part of life like other people. Would they take my geranium? Dear, darling geranium! yes, I can give you up. Take it, Aunt Lide, and tell them I do pray it may do somebody as much good as it has me.’

“Aunt Lide yawned, and wiped the yeast off the sides of the cup with her towel. Margary was almost out of breath, and all in a tremble with eagerness.

“‘Well, *I* don’t care,’ her aunt said; ‘I ’ll send it with Mis Green’s boy up to the rooms where the Fair ’s to be. He ’s going to take her things up.’

“So she gathered me into her arms, and Margaret kissed me, with the tears shining in her eyes; and so we parted.

“Among the thousand twinkling lights, myself a part of a sweet green wilderness, with red, white, and blue radiantly glowing above and around,— with the air full of songs of the red, white, and blue,— with bright, joyous faces bending over me,— with jewelled white hands touching me, and the music of glad voices all about me,— I felt a longing for my other life,— a longing to be out of all this, and back there in the dusk, with her face against my leaves, and her lips whispering her heart-thoughts to me. But I never doubted that she loved me still, and was thinking of me; and that was a comfort.

“By and by a woman with a tender, motherly face bought me, and it was your mother, and here I am in her bay-window; and I have lived to a serene green old age. Wake up, puss! The fire ’s out.”

I was n’t quite sure whether it was the geranium or Richard said that last; but there was the geranium standing perfectly still, with the afternoon light shining serenely through its leaves, and Richard was bending over me, looking like a jolly young Esquimaux in his big overcoat and huge fur cap and muffler. So I slid out of the arm-chair and tried to walk, but my feet were “asleep”; and then I gathered myself into a heap upon the rug, and held Richard’s letters and papers while he kindled the fire; and then we had such a magnificent time, chatting and laughing and reading and teasing each other, till mother called us out to tea.

Lucia Chase.





Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Allegretto.

pp *ff*

1. When the winds of win-ter Through the forests blow, And the moonbeams

p

glit - ter Cold - ly on the snow, Sweet it is to fan - cy,

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is in G minor, 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Though the earth is chill, How her heart is keep - ing Thoughts of summer

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line begins with a *ritard.* marking. The piano accompaniment includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and another *ritard.* marking.

still, — How her heart is keeping Thoughts of summer still.

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal line has *a tempo.* and *ritard.* markings. The piano accompaniment includes *a tempo.* and *colla voce.* markings.

This system is a piano solo section featuring a complex, flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

2. When the snows are drifting Trackless by the door, And the frosty

This system contains the fourth line of the song, marked with a '2.' indicating a second ending or a specific tempo. The piano accompaniment begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

windows Quaintly silvered o'er, Sweet it is to gath - er

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the corresponding piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: windows Quaintly silvered o'er, Sweet it is to gath - er.

Where the firelight falls, Making ro - sy pic - tures On the parlor

ritard.

p *ritard.*

This system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: Where the firelight falls, Making ro - sy pic - tures On the parlor. The piano accompaniment includes a *p* dynamic marking and a *ritard.* marking. The lyrics are: Where the firelight falls, Making ro - sy pic - tures On the parlor.

walls, — Mak - ing ro - sy pictures On the par - lor walls.

a tempo. *ritard.*

a tempo. *colla voce.*

This system contains the third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: walls, — Mak - ing ro - sy pictures On the par - lor walls. The piano accompaniment includes *a tempo.* and *colla voce.* markings. The lyrics are: walls, — Mak - ing ro - sy pictures On the par - lor walls.

This system contains the final piano accompaniment for the piece, consisting of the grand staff (treble and bass clefs) without vocal lines.

Sweet it is to listen,
 While a tender tone
 Sings of fragrant roses
 By the west-wind blown;
 Sings of merry waters
 Leaping in the light,
 Till the summer fancies
 Fill the winter night.

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS, & Things

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.*

No. 1.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

HUNTED for my life I fly,
 Swiftest-footed of my kind ;
 Cruel foes with shout and cry
 Pressing eagerly behind.
 Tiny grains, too small to count,
 Subtle, rare, and dearly sold ;
 Found on many a snowy mount,
 Bartered for their weight in gold.

CROSS WORDS.

Morning robs me of my power,
 In the night I come again ;
 None can bribe me in that hour
 For one bliss, or one less pain !
 Youngest man of four, — he stayed
 Wrath and speech till they were done ;
 Then his stinging lash he laid
 On the poor unhappy one.

* These acrostic charades are made upon two words, called the *foundation words*. These words must have some relationship to each other ; for instance, that of historical connection, contemporaneous existence, sameness of species, &c. The relationship may be very slight, very fanciful, but there must be one of some sort. Both these words must also have the same number of *letters*, as from these are constructed what are called the *cross words*, by means of which the charade is guessed. These may or may not bear relation to the foundation words, but there must be the same *number*

Asian city ! proud of yore ;
 Church whose patience did not fail !
 Now, along the river shore,
 Crumbling ruins tell thy tale.
 Bigot hands in baffled rage
 Fiendish tortures heap in vain ;
 Tender youth and feeble age,
 Seeing Christ, endure the pain.

H.

No. 2.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

The thing conveyed. The vehicle.

CROSS WORDS.

A meeting in which, by speech, both the thing and the vehicle are conveyed.
 An ancient lawgiver ; the first to apply "the vehicle" to a particular purpose.
 What we are all apt to do in the selection of the vehicle.
 A conjunction of the vehicles. H.

of them that there is of letters in the foundation words, and they must follow each other in acrostic succession ; the first cross word *commencing* with the *first* letter of the *first* foundation word, and *ending* with the *first* letter of the *second* foundation word. The number of cross words thus reveals the number of *letters* in the foundation words, and if one cross word be correctly guessed it will, by giving one letter of each foundation word in its correct position numerically, often suggest the whole of both words instantly.

H.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 3.



J. A.

ENIGMA.

No. 2.

We were once at a picnic, for which a name made up of 25 letters furnished us with abundant supplies.

For fish we had, 7, 9, 15, 21, 11, 23, 16, 4; 12, 13, 23, 20, 18; and one 11, 13, 4.

For meats cold, 18, 14, 7; and something purporting to be a young 15, 18, 2, 20, 21.

With this we took a 15, 23, 6, 20, 21, 13, 23.

For drinks there were, 17, 16, 19; 7, 5, 3, 10; and 6, 4, 22.

We had also 20, 19, 21, 22; and 12, 2, 16.

Our fruits were the 12, 16, 6, 20, 18; 12, 11, 14, 23; 15, 18, 13, 23, 23, 25; and 24, 12, 12, 3, 16.

We finished with 1, 24, 17, 22, 23; 5, 20, 11; and 2, 15, 11, 20, 23, 16, 24, 8.

The name upon which we feasted thus is that of a great man whose death England and America have not yet done lamenting.

MAY LEONARD.

ANSWERS.

CHARADES.

1. Hand-ker(cur)-chief.
2. A-bra(bray)-ham.
3. Name-less.

ENIGMA.

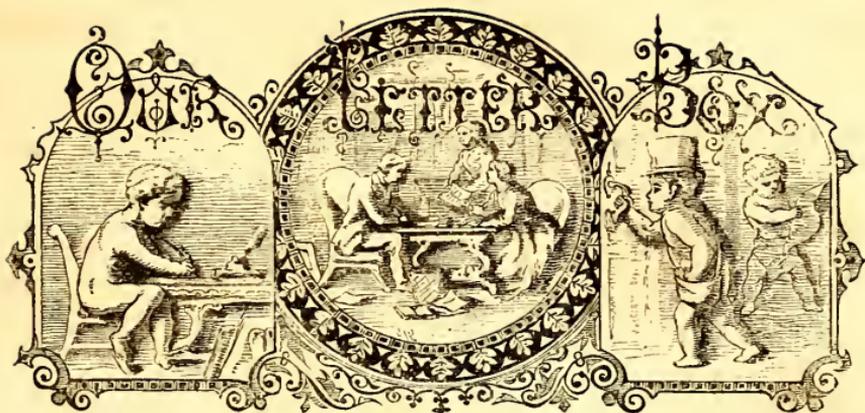
1. The Alphabet.

PUZZLE.

1. Yard.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

1. Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. [S (train) A (tag) N a (tea) ands (wall) (low A) (camel).]
2. Chateaux en Espagne. (Chat) (eaux) (en S paigne).]



F. and L. B. come to us with what they call "another question of school honor," which they state thus:—

"If we are involved in a scrape with several of our schoolmates, and we are questioned privately by the teacher, is it more honorable for us to tell, or to refuse to tell, the names of those who were with us? Will you please tell us, also, if we see any one do something that is against the rules, if it is better to complain of them and be thought a *telltale*, or to let it pass?"

In the first case, if you frankly confess your own part in the "scrape," and your willingness to receive your full share of the penalty, and then further tell your teacher that you sincerely wish to be excused from inculcating others, you would probably be allowed to remain silent; but if the question be pressed, you must answer it freely, because your silence might mislead, cause suspicion to fall upon those who were not to blame, and screen those who should justly receive the reward of their folly or naughtiness.

In the second case, you should not turn "*telltale*," unless you are injuriously affected by the misdemeanor of your schoolmate. If you should be appointed a monitor, or be given charge of the school-room in the teacher's absence, it then becomes your plain duty to note and report all transgressions; but under other circumstances it is not your business to be concerned with the behavior of others; you are not responsible for them, and to assume of your own accord to be a spy and an informer is to do a mean thing. But if, by accident, you become aware of some really wrong thing, of general ill-effect, you *may* then put your teacher upon guard,—but in this you must act most conscientiously, being sure that your motives are good, that you say no more than you *know* to be the truth, and with a view to check the offence rather than to punish the offender.

Flora has an inversion: "Ada, live on dew & wed no evil, Ada."

M—e S. gives us a "magic square" which always adds up 671; but we have no room for the table at present.

Snow-Bird. Altogether too old.

Fritz. There is no postage-stamp Magazine published in this country. We do not know of any such, although some of the foreign Magazines have many postage-stamp advertisements. — Not this year: we have so many plans to complete. We think you will like "Round-the-World Joe" quite as well.

Nellie K. A. The large sketch is good in drawing, but it does not read well.

W. F. B. The sketch is correctly outlined, but the shading is not so good; that is a little hard, and therefore the bird's body looks flat, instead of round. You will do well to master thoroughly some simpler subjects before attempting such as this, which, although it looks easy, really requires an accurate eye and a skilful hand to reproduce it.

Alice and Fenella. We do not account here for the receipt of all the letters we get, but we reply to all questions which appear to require answers. We cannot, of course, explain exactly why such and such puzzles, for instance, are not used, because we should have no room for anything else; but we intend to satisfy all other inquiries. If any query of yours has been overlooked, please repeat it.

A. D. A. wishes to know "what becomes" of Leslie Goldthwaite after the summer of which we have heard; thinks that other events must have befallen her, and that "there must have been winters in her life as well as summers." Undoubtedly; but we must remember that it was only a *summer* we were invited, at this time, to spend with her, and that in this summer she was learning to "live in others' lives." What became of others, just at that time, was the chief interest with her, and through her must be to us.

G. W. R. gave no answer.

C. B. W. Should you have used articles with your proper names? Why did you omit the accents?

F. T. and N. Well drawn, but too intricate.

S. Y. No, thank you.

W. B. *Hen-he-v-her* does not spell *never*. A Granite State boy ought not to resort to such Cockneyism, even in a rebus.

Hattie E. S. writes :—

"I must apologize to you for the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but I thought I had a pretty good excuse.

"My little brother went away from home for the first time, to boarding school, last winter, and I, to amuse and interest him, edited a little paper, published semi-monthly, which I called the 'School-boy's Friend.' I invited his schoolmates to send original articles for it, and offered rewards for the best. I succeeded beyond my highest anticipation, and some of the articles sent showed real talent. One of my contributors was a little fellow, not yet fourteen years old, who sent some very pretty verses, at different times. The last (received only last night) I thought particularly pretty, and papa said, 'Perhaps "Our Young Folks" may think them worthy a place in their columns.' So I thought I would send them to you. The writer is John T. AtLee; he will be fourteen years old in October. If you don't think them good enough to publish, I am sure you will agree with me in saying that they show talent."

And here are the verses :—

"OF THE SLEEPING FLOWERS.

- "Fair-haired Rosalie wants to know
If the flowers do dream, beneath the snow,
Of spring's sweet voice and summer's glow,
And winds that from the south-land blow.
- "Rosy is sure that the flowers do
Dream and dream, all the winter through,
Of the soft warm air, and the sky so blue,
And bird-notes sweet, and bee-words true.
- "Rosy dreams that she sees them dreaming,
Far, far under the snow's white gleaming;
All wrapt up in their beauty, and seeming
Blest, as if light were around them streaming.
- "There are violets, deeply blue,
Roses, gaining a brighter hue,
Morning-glories in light and dew,
Fair, as if day were always new.
- "And there are dandelions bold,
And buttercups with crests of gold,
With lily-pearls of price untold,
All wrapped up in the earth's warm fold.
- "Dreaming, dreaming the blessed while,
The wind's soft song, the sun's bright smile,
The bee that roams the forest aisle,
Their long, long summer days beguile.
- "Rosy says that she sees them plain
With dreaming eyes;—but when the strain
Of birds is heard, in spring's bright reign,
They'll awake and gently rise again."

Delie E. E. We can't spare the room for it.
Bryan B. You have done well.
Violet. It is ended.

Nellie & Charlie send some "comparisons," as they call them, from which we select some of the most amusing.

- Positive. An insect.
Comparative. A kind of drink.
Superlative. An animal.
Bee—be-er—beast (be-est).
Pos. A sign of office.
Comp. An animal.
Sup. A poor joke.
Badge—bad-ger—bad jest.
Pos. A falsehood.
Comp. A musical instrument.
Sup. An adverb.
Lie—lyre (li-er)—most-ly.
Pos. What bees make.
Comp. A small bit.
Sup. A celebrated dancer.
Cell—mor-sel—Celeste (cell-est).

Sophie S. sends us a letter, so full of pleasant chat and of questions, that we can't help printing it all, and here it is :—

"MILLBURN, N. J.

"MY DEAR 'YOUNG FOLKS,'—You don't know how much I love you! Uncle Joe takes you in New York, and brings you up here to us.

"I am an orphan, and so I live with Uncle Joe and Aunt Lizzie. I am going to be a school-teacher some of these days, so I go to school at Morris-town, about twelve miles from here.

"I love books. They say here at home, 'What an old book-worm Sophy is!' My name is Sophy S—. Father died two or three years before mother, and I can just dimly remember her. Uncle and aunt seem just like my parents though.

"I should like to write some nice stories for Young Folks. May I? I can rhyme pretty well, they say. The charade I send you is a sample. If it won't do, I'll try again,—that is, if you think it worth while. Do you?

"My great desire is to be an artist. Mother used to paint. I have got some of her little sketches by me now. I send you one of my heads. Do you think I can ever be a great artist?

"'Patience accomplishes all things,' uncle says. But I am afraid I can't do anything.

"I hope you will answer my questions, and not think me bold and rude to write to you.

"Your friend."

And now for our reply. Your prose is better than your poetry, Sophie. If the charade had been as good as the letter we should have printed it. We shall like to see your stories, but you must remember our frequent remark that beginners cannot expect to do as well as old hands, and to be accepted in competition with them. The drawing is very clever indeed. It is defective in finish, but the idea is animated and natural. It is yet too soon for you to question of greatness; but there is no reason to doubt that you may draw excellently by and by. Let us hear from you again.



OUR BABY.

DRAWN BY AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.]

[See *Our Baby*, page 162.]

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1867.

No. III.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.



IF ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, did n't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He could n't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try, —
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who did n't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that 's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green :
The son of a farmer, — age fourteen ;
His body was long and lank and lean, —
Just right for flying, as will be seen ;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry, — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,

Till his nose seemed bent
 To catch the scent,
 Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
 That made him look very droll in the face,
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
 Than ever a genius did before,
 Excepting Dædalus of yore
 And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs
 Those wings of wax
 He had read of in the old almanacks.
 Darius was clearly of the opinion,
 That the air is also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late
 Shall navigate
 The azure as now we sail the sea.
 The thing looks simple enough to me ;
 And if you doubt it,
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

“The birds can fly,
 An' why can't I?
 Must we give in,”
 Says he with a grin,
 “That the bluebird an' phœbe
 Are smarter 'n we be?
 Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
 Doos the little chatterin', sassy wren,
 No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men?
 Jest show me that!
 Ur prove 't the bat
 Hez got more brains than 's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then!”

He argued further: “Nur I can't see
 What 's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
 Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me ;—
 Ain't my business
 Important 's his'n is?”

“ That Icarus
 Made a perty muss, —
 Him an’ his daddy Dædalus.
 They might ‘a’ knowed wings made o’ wax
 Would n’t stand sun-heat an’ hard whacks.
 I ’ll make mine o’ luther,
 Ur suthin’ ur other.”

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned :
 “ But I ain’t goin’ to show my hand
 To nummies that never can understand
 The fust idee that ’s big an’ grand.”
 So he kept his secret from all the rest,
 Safely buttoned within his vest ;
 And in the loft above the shed
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
 And all such things as geniuses use ;—
 Two bats for patterns, curious fellows !
 A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows ;
 Some wire, and several old umbrellas ;
 A carriage-cover, for tail and wings ;
 A piece of a harness ; and straps and strings ;
 And a big strong box,
 In which he locks
 These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
 Around the corner to see him work, —
 Sitting cross-leggéd, like a Turk,
 Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
 But vainly they mounted each other’s backs,
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks ;
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
 He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks ;
 And a dipper of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink
 When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh,
 For Darius was sly !
 And whenever at work he happened to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let the dipper of water fly.

“Take that! an’ ef ever ye git a peep,
 Guess ye ’ll ketch a weasel asleep!”
 And he sings as he locks
 His big strong box:—

SONG.

“The weasel’s head is small an’ trim,
 An’ he is little an’ long an’ slim,
 An’ quick of motion an’ nimble of limb,
 An’ ef you ’ll be
 Advised by me,
 Keep wide awake when ye ’re ketchin’ him!”

So day after day
 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
 Till at last ’t was done, —
 The greatest invention under the sun!
 “An’ now,” says Darius, “hooray fur some fun!”

’T was the Fourth of July,
 And the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: “Now I sha’ n’t go
 Along ’ith the fellers to see the show.
 I ’ll say I ’ve got sich a terrible cough!
 An’ then, when the folks ’ave all gone off,
 I ’ll hev full swing
 Fur to try the thing,
 An’ practise a little on the wing.”

“Ain’t goin’ to see the celebration?”
 Says brother Nate. “No; botheration!
 I ’ve got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
 My gracious!—feel ’s though I should fly!”

Said Jotham, “’Sho!
 Guess ye better go.”
 But Darius said, “No!
 Should n’t wonder ’f you might see me, though,
 ’Long ’bout noon, ef I git red

O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said: —

“I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
‘What world's this 'ere
That I've come near?’
Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!”

He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
“I'm gittin' over the cold 'n my head.”
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

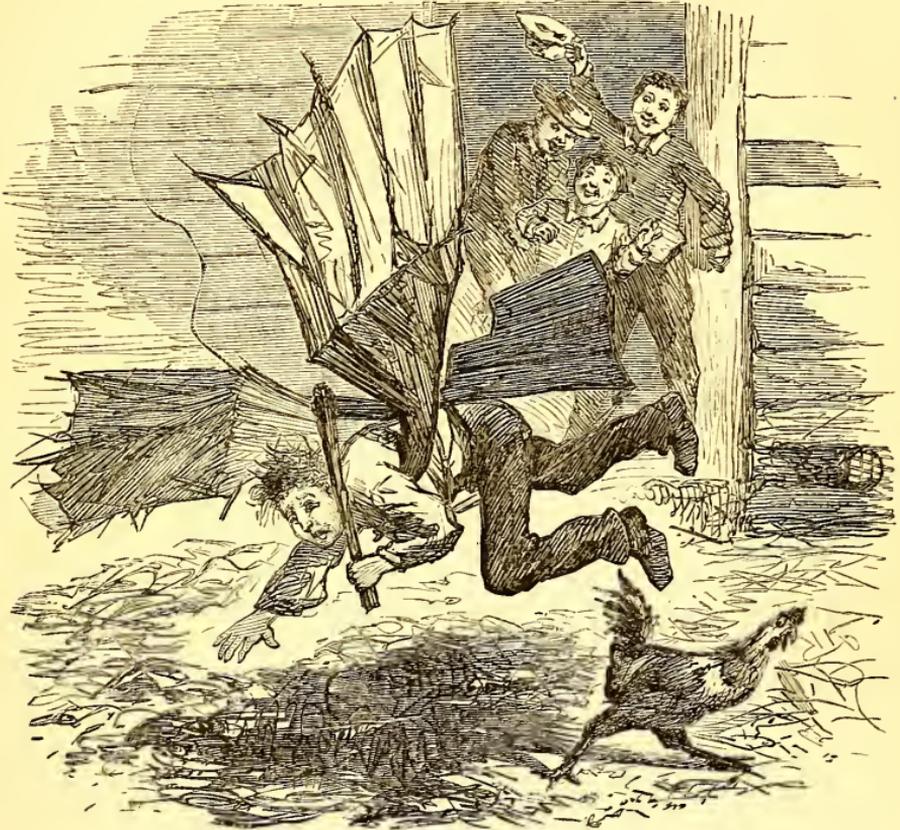
His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
“What is the feller up to, hey?”
“Don'o', — the 's suthin' ur other to pay,
Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day.”
Says Burke, “His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never 'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hed n't got some machine to try.”
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: “By darn!
Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!”
“Agreed!” Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.

And there they hid;
 And Reuben slid
 The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 "Keep dark!" said he,
 "While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail, —
 From head to foot
 An iron suit,
 Iron jacket and iron boot,
 Iron breeches, and on the head
 No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the bail,
 (I believe they called the thing a helm,)
 Then sallied forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm, —
 So this modern knight,
 Prepared for flight,
 Put on his wings and strapped them tight, —
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light, —
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip, —
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
 "He 's up in the shed!
 He 's opened the winder, — I see his head!
 He stretches it out,
 An' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near; —
 Guess he don'o' who 's hid in here!
 He 's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
 He 's a climbin' out now — Of all the things!
 What 's he got on? I van, it 's wings!
 An' that 't other thing? I vum, it 's a tail!
 An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
 Steppin' careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
 Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
 Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
 Fur to see 'f the 's any one passin' by;
 But the 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.

They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
 To see — The dragon! he 's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
 Flop — flop — an' plump
 To the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"



As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere, —
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels, —
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars, and various things, —
 Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
 And much that was n't so sweet by half.

Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
 'T is a merry roar
 From the old barn-door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
 "Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 "Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
 He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
 O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

MORAL.

I just have room for the moral here :
 And this is the moral, — Stick to your sphere.
 Or if you insist, as you have the right,
 On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
 The moral is, — Take care how you light.

F. T. Trowbridge.



WHAT PUSSY DID WITH HER WINTERS.

I HAVE told you how Pussy went to the academy in summer, and what good times she had going through the fragrant sweet-fern pastures, and across the brown sparkling brooks, and through patches of woods green with moss and gay with scarlet wintergreen-berries, — and what other good times she had studying and working out her sums, — and also how fond every one got of her.

Well, by and by autumn came, and the frost changed all the leaves on the mountains round the house to scarlet and orange and gold; and then the leaves began to fall, and the old north-wind came, and blew and whirled and scattered them through the air, till finally the trees stood bare. Then Pussy's father said, "It 's time to make all ready for winter," — for he had been getting the cellar full of good things. Barrels of cider had been rolled in at the wide cellar-door, great bins had been filled with rosy apples and with brown-coated potatoes, and golden pumpkins and great crook-neck squashes had been piled up for Thanksgiving pies; and now it was time to shut the great doors, and to "bank up" with straw and leaves and earth all round the house, lest sharp-eyed Mr. Jack Frost should get in a finger or a toe, and so find a way into the treasures of the cellar. For a very sharp

fellow is this Mr. Jack, and he always has his eyes open to see whether lazy people have left anything without proper care; and where he finds even a chink not stopped, he says, "Ha, ha! I guess I'll get in here";—and in he goes, and then people may whistle for their apples and potatoes. But Pussy's folks were smart, careful people, and everything was snugly stowed and protected, you may be sure.

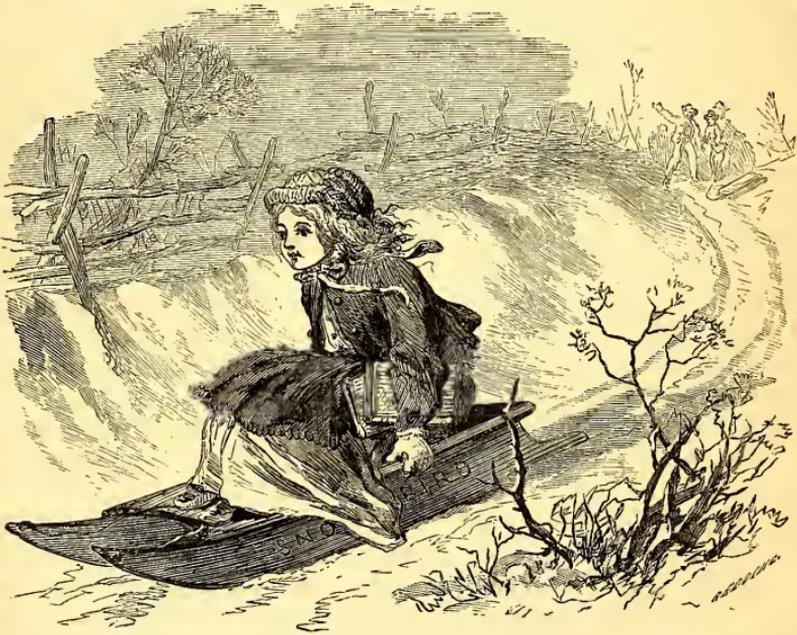
By and by the sun took to getting up later and later, setting a dreadfully bad example, it is to be confessed. It would be seven o'clock and after before he would show his red face above the bedclothes of clouds, away off in the southeast; and when he *did* manage to get up, he was so far off and so chilly in his demeanor, that people seemed scarcely a bit the better for him; and by half past four in the afternoon he was down in bed again, tucked up for the night, never caring what became of the world. And so the clouds were full of snow, as if a thousand white feather-beds had been ripped up over the world; and all the frisky winds came out of their dens, and great frolics they had, blowing and roaring and careering in the clouds, — now bellying down between the mountains, as if they meant to tear the world to pieces, then piping high and shrill, first round one corner of the farmhouse, and then round the other, rattling the windows, bouncing against the doors, and then, with one united chorus, rumbling, tumbling down the great chimney, as if they had a mind to upset it. O what a frisky, rough, jolly, unmannerly set of winds they were! By and by the snow drifted higher than the fences, and nothing was to be seen around the farm-house but smooth waving hills and hollows of snow; and then came the rain and sleet, and froze them over with a slippery shining crust, that looked as if the earth was dressed for the winter in a silver coat of mail.

Now, I suppose some of my little girls will say, "Pussy never can go two miles to the academy through all the cold and snow and sleet." But Pussy *did*, for all that.

She laughed a gay laugh when her mother said it would be best to wait till spring before she went any more. "I wait till spring? What for? What do I care for cold and snow? I like them; I'm a real snow-bird, — my blood races and bounds so in cold weather that I like nothing better than being out. As to the days being short, there are just as many hours in them as there were before, and there's no need of my lying in bed because the sun does." And so at half past five every morning you might have heard Pussy bestirring herself in her room, and afterwards in the kitchen, getting breakfast, and singing louder than the tea-kettle on the stove as she drove her morning's work before her; and by eight o'clock Pussy's breakfast was over, and the breakfast-dishes washed and put away, and Pussy gathered her books under her arm, and took her little sled in her hand and started for school.

This sled her brothers had made for her in the evenings, and it was as smart a little sled as ever you saw going. It was painted red, and had "Snow-Bird" lettered on it in black letters. Pussy was proud of its speed; and well she might be, for when she came to the top of the long, stony

hill on which the house stood, she just got on to her little sled, took her books in her lap, and away she flew, — past the pastures, by the barn, across the plain below, across the brook, — almost half a mile of her way done in a minute ; and then she would spring off, and laugh, and draw her sled to the next hill, and away she would go again. The sled was a great help to Pussy, and got her on her way famously ; but then she had other helps, for she was such a favorite in school that there was always one boy or another who came to meet her, and drew her on his sled at least half-way to school. There were two or three boys that used to quarrel with each other as to which should have the privilege of drawing Pussy from the chestnut pasture to the school-house, and he was reckoned the best fellow who got there first ; while more than once, after school, little Miss Pussy rode the whole way



home to her father's on the sled of some boy who liked her blue eyes and felt the charm of her merry laugh. You may be sure Pussy always found company, and she used to say that she really could n't tell which she liked best, summer or winter. In summer, to be sure, there were the pretty flowers and the birds ; but in winter there were the sleds and sliding, and that was such fun !

In winter evenings, sometimes, when the moon shone clear, whole parties of boys and girls would get an old sleigh-bottom, and come to the farmhouse, and then Pussy would get on her hood and mittens, and out they would all go and get on the sleigh-bottom together. There were Tom Evans and his sister Betsey, and Jim Styles, and Almira and Susan Jenkins, and Bet Jenkins, and Mary Stephens, and Jack Stephens, and nobody knows how many more, all piled on together, and holding as tight as they could ;

and away they would go, down the smooth white hill, and across the shining silvery plain, screaming and laughing, like a streak of merriment; and the old sober moon, as she looked down through the deep blue sky, never said a word against it, or hushed them up, for making too much noise.

Ah, it was splendid fun! and even when they stamped their feet, and blew their hands for cold, not one of them would hear of going in till nine o'clock; and then they all got round the stove, and ate apples and cracked nuts for half an hour more, and then went off home to be in bed by ten o'clock, so that they might all be up early the next day.

Another of the good times Pussy used to have was at a candy frolic. When the weather was at the coldest, and the frost so severe that everything really snapped, then was the time to make candy. Then Pussy's mother would put on a couple of quarts of molasses to boil in the afternoon, while Pussy was at school, so that the candy would be almost made by evening.

In the evening, when the supper-dishes were cleared off, you would hear them all trooping in, and a noisy, happy time they had of it, — trying the candy, pulling little bits of it out in teacups and plates and saucers, to see if it was done hard enough to pull. Finally the whole dark, smooth, ropy liquid was poured out from the kettle into a well-greased platter, and set out in a snow-bank to cool; and then all the hands were washed and greased, to begin the pulling.

Ah! then what sport, as each one took a share of the black-looking candy, and began pulling it out, and watching the gold threads come out as they worked and doubled and turned and twisted, till at last the candy grew bright amber-color, and then a creamy white, and, when finally hardened by setting it out again in the snow, would snap with a delicious, brittle crispness most delightful to see! How jolly were the whole party after this gay evening, as each wended his way home over the crisp sparkling snow, with a portion of candy-sticks, — and what talking there was in school next day, and what a going over of the jokes of last evening, — and how every latch of every door in all the houses round had molasses-candy on it for a week after, — are all things that my little readers who have ever given candy frolics will not need to have told them.

What I have said will be enough to show you that Pussy made a merry time of winter no less than summer.

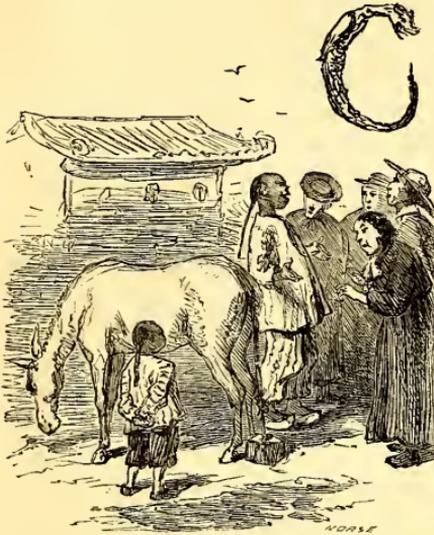
Harriet Beecher Stowe.



ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

II.

CHIN-CHIN AND SING-SONG.



HARLEY SHARPE," said I, "let 's improve our minds."

"All right, old fellow. What do you want to know first?"

"O, everything about China. Round-the-world Joe says a chap that don't know the difference between a junk and a joss-stick is just butting along his course by dead reckoning, and never can rightly tell where he is on the chart; all his navigation, says Joe, is worked by 'Dutch talent,'—main strength and stupidity."

"Well," said Charley, "the shortest and easiest method I know of to find out everything all at once

about China, and several other subjects, is to take the *c*'s out of that wonderful Cyclopædia of yours, boil them down to a pint, and take a teaspoonful every hour until it operates. Or, if we kept on drinking tea, chewing melon-seeds, firing crackers, and talking Pigeon-English long enough, we might both turn into Chinamen, and feel all the branches of the subject in our bones."

"Charley," said I, "how many stones and bricks are there in *Wan-li-chang*, the Great Wall? and how long did it take to build it?—that 's what I want to know. If the Chinese invented the compass, porcelain, gunpowder, printing, and paper, why do we have to send missionaries and Webster's spelling-books to them?—that 's what I want to know. If the population of China is as great as that of all the rest of the globe together, what is the use of so many folks of one kind in one place?—that 's what I want to know."

"How do cockroaches taste done in castor-oil?—that 's what I want to know," said Charley. "Why do they call the finest quality of tea 'old man's eyebrow'? Why do they put a piece of silver in a dead man's mouth, and make a hole in the roof for his seven senses and his three souls to fly through, and feed the ghost with roast pig? And was it really Bo-bo, the son of Ho-ti, who discovered *crackling*?—that 's what I want to know. Why is every one who utters a word against the idol *Kan-wang-ye* instantly seized with the bowel-complaint? How long did it take the patient old

woman of Kuh-thung, when she wanted a needle, to make one by rubbing down a crow-bar? And how did the Pekin schoolmaster stop his donkey from braying? — that 's what *I* want to know."

"O, as for the donkey," said I, "I can tell you that secret myself. The schoolmaster, who was travelling with a party of French missionaries, was mounted on a showy, vulgar ass, that was as conceited and noisy as he was good-looking and smart. All day long on the road that dreadful donkey brayed; all night long, at the inns, *hee-haw! hee-haw!* he blew his hateful horn, that all the world might lie awake and hear what a tremendous ass he was; all night long the poor missionaries tossed and grumbled and groaned, 'O the donkey! the abominable donkey! the diabolical Chinese donkey! Who will strike the donkey dumb?'

"In the morning came the schoolmaster (the missionaries had converted him), and hoped they had slept well. Then they all struck up together, 'O the donkey! the abominable donkey! the diabolical Chinese donkey!'

"'What a pity!' cried the schoolmaster, — 'what a pity! what a shame! Why did not your foreign reverences, your outside-barbarian holinesses, send for me? I would have spoiled his ridiculous horn; *I* would have shut off the wind from his vain-glorious bellows *very* suddenly. But your foreign reverences may make your minds easy; to-night your outside-barbarian holinesses shall sleep as soundly as if no jackass had ever been saved in Mandarin Noah's great junk.'

"And sure enough they did. When the schoolmaster came in the morning to inquire politely how they had passed the night, they all struck up together, 'Alas! the donkey! the murdered donkey! the conceited, amusing Chinese donkey!'

"'But,' said the schoolmaster, 'he is not dead; it was not necessary to take his foolish life. I merely fastened down his valve and closed his draft. If your outside-barbarian reverences will come with me, I 'll show you how it was done.'

"So they all followed the schoolmaster to the yard. There stood the dandy donkey, with his eyes fixed in shame and sorrow upon the ground, his ears hanging down in abject despair, and a big stone tied to his tail.

"'When an ass is going to bray,' said the 'cute schoolmaster, 'he always begins by elevating his tail; and he keeps it extended and stiff as long as his horn is sounding. You see, his tail is like the handle of the bellows to the big organ in the In-ki-li (English) joss-house in Hong Kong; you have only to make it fast so that he can't work it, and there 's an end to his sing-song till you set it free again. I 'll show you now,' — and then he removed the stone.

"At first, Donkey showed no sign of satisfaction; he made up his mind that his musical machinery was all ruined forever; and when the relief came, it took him by surprise, and he could not believe his own tail. But presently he shook just the tip of it, very gently, as if to convince himself that he was not dreaming; next, he brought the ends of his clumsy little body close together, and looked straight at the outraged tail, at first with melancholy anx-

iety and then with joyful astonishment ; and finally, he raised, very slowly, 'the handle' of his bellows until it stuck straight out as stiff as iron, worked it up and down once or twice, stretched out his neck, laid back his ears, shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and let out a hee-haw strong and raspy enough to wake a dead missionary.

" 'Plenty of style about him,' said the schoolmaster ; 'but *such* an ass !'"

"Pretty good that, for a Chinese story," said Charley, "and I wish I was smart enough to find the moral of it ; the first noisy jackass I met, I 'd tie it to his tail."

Yesterday, as we three were going to skate in the Central Park, Round-the-world Joe picked up something that Charley Sharpe had trod upon.

"What 's that, Joe ?" I asked.

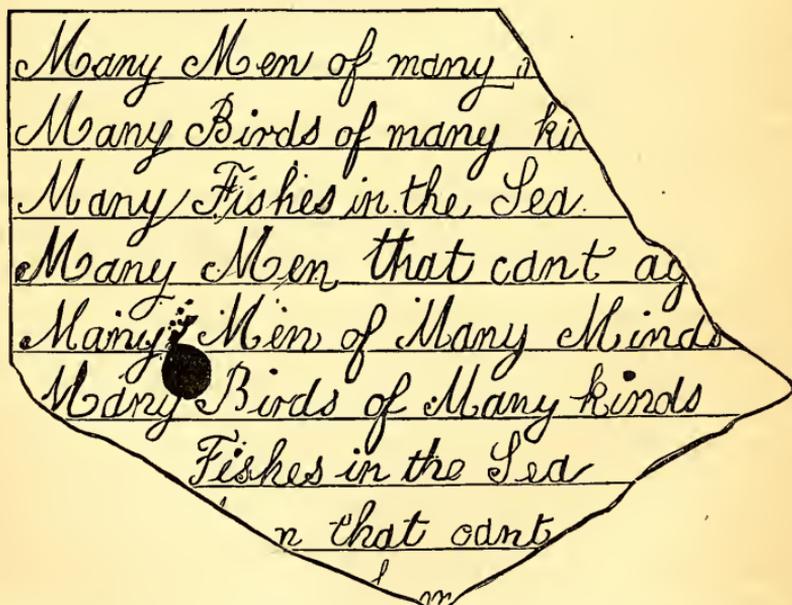
"Paper," said Joe, wiping it on his sleeve.

"Green-back ?" inquired Charley.

"No," said Joe, folding it carefully, "got writing on it."

"Check, may be," said Charley. "Let 's see."

Joe laughed, and handed him a scrap of writing-paper, soiled and torn ; it was ruled with heavy black lines, and was evidently a piece of a school-boy's copy-book, torn from the page in this shape : —



Charley turned this round and round, with a serious face, pretending to examine it with interest, as if it were a rare and precious specimen.

"Very ancient and curious," said he, handing it back to Joe. "If you are making a collection of those for a cabinet, George and I will be happy to contribute a cart-load or two, classified, from pot-hooks and hangers to 'Evil Com-mu-ni-ca-tions Cor-rupt Good Man-ners' in German text, and

‘Com-mand you may your Mind from Play’ in the fancy and ornamental sign-painter style, — the ‘Command’ in flourishes and circumbendibuses, with a great deal of ‘Play’ and very little ‘Mind.’”

“Charley,” said Round-the-world Joe, “I ’m afraid you carry too much gab for your ballast. You ought to ship for a sea-lawyer.

‘My timbers! what lingo you ’d coil and belay!

’T would be all just as one as High Dutch.’

Now, if you had ever been to China, you would know, without my telling you, why I picked up that piece of paper; because you would have seen hundreds of queer old priests, with light hods on their backs and hooks in their hands, like rag-pickers in Paris, poking around among piles of rubbish and dirt, and fishing out every bit of paper they can find with writing upon it. You would have noticed that the people passing on the roads and streets take pains not to tread on such paper; that, no matter how busy and bustling they may be, they will walk round it, or stop to pick it up; that they never put it to any mean or unclean use; and that even the little children will leave their play to drag it from puddles and gutters, wipe it on their sleeves, as I did, and hide it somewhere in their jackets; and if you had asked any one of these — priest, pedler, or school-boy — why he did so, he would have told you that it was ‘Conformable to Reason and According to the Rites, and the Precepts of the Venerable and Illustrious Sages, to rescue from profanation, and preserve with respect, and consecrate with piety —’”

“Phe-e-e-ew!” whistled Charley, “if that’s Pigeon-English or broken China, it’s mighty fine.”

“— Consecrate with piety the Written Word, which is the Noble Human Thought made visible and audible.’ So they send it by junk-loads to the great towns, and burn it in the pagodas, before the images of the ‘Venerable and Illustrious Sages.’

“Now that’s what I consider a highly intelligent and respectable Chinese notion; and when I picked up ‘Many Men of Many Minds,’ I was thinking of the poor patient old *bonzes*, with their hods and hooks, fishing in puddles for the Noble Human Thought.”

“I wish,” said Charley, “I had known all that three years ago.”

“Why?” said Joe.

“Because then my sweet-tooth was so large and my dignity so little, that I used to take my old copy-books to the market-house and swop them off to the old women who kept the candy stalls for maple-sugar; and when I think how much Noble Human Thought, made visible, sweet, and sticky, disappeared suddenly and forever down me, I feel ashamed of myself, and wish I was a Chinaman, tail, hod, hook, and all, fishing for Many Minds, Birds, and Fishes, in a duck-puddle.”

“Joe,” said I, “do the Chinese write letters, and have they post-offices and stamps, as we have?”

“Well, yes,” said Joe, they do ‘correspond’ with each other after a formal, cold-blooded Chinese fashion, without sincerity or secrecy; but they know nothing about the sacred feelings and the jealous confidences which

render our letters the hidden treasures of our hearts. They have among their books of Rites and Classics, as they call them, a sort of universal letter-writers, with patterns of letters suited to every person and occasion; *we* have such things too, — you may find them in the shops where ‘Dream-Books,’ ‘Fortune-Tellers,’ and ‘Sentimental Warblers’ are sold, — but few except ignorant or stupid and vulgar people ever use them. In China, on the contrary, they are in the highest fashion, and everybody, from The Son of Heaven, as the Emperor is styled, down to the Son of See-Kook, the pig-doctor, copies from them when he has to write, and tell his father that his mother is dead. It is not considered respectable and ‘conformable to reason’ to make a letter out of your own heart, when such nice ‘patent adjustable’ ones have already been made for you out of some venerable and illustrious sage’s head.

“There are no post-offices in China. When you have a letter to send off, you must have a special messenger to take it, or intrust it to any chance traveller. It is considered of small consequence that a Chinese letter has been lost, and none at all that a hundred people have been idle or stupid enough to open and read it; for they must have read a thousand others exactly like it, whatever it may happen to be about. Of every thousand letters that are written in China, nine hundred and ninety-nine would answer just as well for nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand other people as for those to whom they are addressed; so the most interesting thing about such a letter is, that it is written upon very funny fancy paper, stamped with red, blue, and yellow figures of birds, beasts, and flowers, heroes, demons, and dragons. No Chinaman has the slightest objection to your looking over his shoulder while he is writing to his wife; and if you have undertaken to deliver his letter to her, he will feel perfectly satisfied if you open it, read it, and throw it away, so that you tell her what it was about. She probably already has a hundred exactly like it, and would not bestow the hundredth part of a thought upon a thousand more. No Chinese mother ever clasped to her loving, anxious bosom a letter from her son; no Chinese boy ever hurrahed and laughed and cried, all at once, over a letter from his mother; for anybody can write to anybody for anybody else, and anything will do to say any time, so that it is according to the Rites.”

“That reminds me,” said Charley, “of something funny I have read in ‘Hood’s Own’ about autographs. If I were to ask a Chinese Illustrious Personage for his autograph, I presume he would send it to me in a style conformable to reason and according to the Rites, that is, by proxy, or anonymously, or in a disguised hand, or in print; or something of this sort, in fireworks, very neat: —

‘YOU CHIN-CHIN MI, MI SING-SONG YOU. HI-YAH!

‘FAH-QUAH-TUP-PAH.’”

“Joe,” said I, “do they have schools in China, with heads and tails to the classes, and keepings in, and real live, *go-it* school-boys, — the old-fashioned sort, that play jews-harps, shoot peas, and fling assafœtida in the stove, and once in a while turn good and smart and studious, just for a change?”

“To be sure,” said Joe: “there is more teaching done in China than in any other land on the globe. I can’t answer for the ship-shape quality of it,” said he, “but the quantity is prodigious. Almost every Chinaman knows how to read and write. Every little village has its school, and every roadside pagoda its schoolmaster. There is hardly a cottage, or even a junk, or one of those lubberly bamboo rafts and arks that drift by thousands on the lakes and canals, that has not its reckoning machine, and its annual register, and its writing-desk, with cakes of India ink, and small brushes instead of pens, and cunning porcelain tiles and saucers to soften the ink on. Then there is always a tablet hanging up, with a solemn text from Confucius, or some pompous proverb, painted on it; and in the larger houses and junks there is generally a ‘children’s idol,’ — a regular bugaboo figure-head, to bully the brats with. Every clerk or doctor that ships on a floating island or a garden raft (I’ll tell you all about those by and by) takes with him an armful of pamphlet novels and tales, and lives of celebrated mandarins and murderers, priests and pirates; besides wonderful poems and fables about the ‘Western marine demons’ beyond the black water, — the *Houng-mao-jin*, or Men with Red Hair, as they call the English, and the *Ya-me-li-Kien* (that is, Americans), the Men of the Gaudy Banner; and about the Land of Women, where no male thing can live; and the Land of Dog-men, with the slack of their ears towing astern; and the Land of Giants, all furred and feathered, and with only one great eye; and about the people who are born with a hole through the middle of the breast, so that a mandarin of that nation, instead of calling a coach or a palanquin when he goes out, has only to rig a sort of bamboo capstan-bar through his breast-light, and have himself slung across a couple of porters; and if the bar is long enough, and the porters are strong enough, several mandarins can be accommodated at one trip, provided they have no objection to looking like so many smoked herrings strung on a stick.”

“Now,” said Charley, “that’s just the sort of study that I have a real — what d’ye call it? — ap-ti-tude for. The trouble with me is, that I have too much Confucius and bugaboo, and too little Giant and Dog-man. As for the Rites and the Classics, they are not at all in my line. Our George here is the chap for them; are n’t you, Georgey?”

“O, you get out!” said I. “Joe, tell us about the school-boys. Did you ever know one — with a tail?”

“Well, yes,” said Joe. “There was young Kuh-tang; he and I were chums. His father was master of a rice-junk called the ‘Quintessence of Beatitude.’ The old man — that’s my father, you know — had chartered her to work between ship and shore when we were shipping our cargo, and every night she made fast to the Circumnavigator. Then sometimes I would go aboard Old Squint, as Lobby Scouse, the cook’s mate, used to call her, and sometimes Kuh-tang would board us, and we’d have him down in the foke’sel talking Pigeon-English and broken China to the watch below, and blowing about the sailing qualities of the Quintessence of Beatitude. He was born aboard the junk, as millions of Chinese children are,

and, young as he was, had served his time at tiller and ropes, so that he could handle her like the Flying Dutchman. It was beautiful to see him put her about in half a gale, when there was barely sea-room among the junks and the foreign craft for a tadpole to tack ship."

"Just so," said Charley Sharpe, and he winked at me.

"While his old man," Joe went straight on, "squatted by the main hatch, and sucked at his pipe with his eyes shut, like a turtle in love."

"Joe," said I, "what are you talking about?"

"Quintessence of Beatitude," said Charley.

"About Kuh-tang's school," said Joe. "You see he used to go ashore two days in the week to 'sing-song the Sacred Trimetrical,' as he called it. Jerry Gaff said it was to 'stow larnin'; and once I got him to take me with him. The school-house was on a hill abaft the town, and close alongside of a joss-house. There were about a dozen boys, little and big, — all in tidy blue jackets, very baggy, and baggy blue breeches, except one who was 'in black' for his mother, — *his* jacket and breeches were white; and their tails were neatly plaited and Turk's-headed at the end with red string. They all looked very old or very young, according to where you stood when you took your observation. The backs of their heads were full of age and wisdom, while their faces, and especially their little pig eyes, were full of cunning and fun.

"Magister Jin-Seng, the teacher, was a very ancient and curious Chinese fossil. His face looked almost as old as the back of Kuh-tang's head. His tail was turning gray, — a most extraordinary and honorable circumstance; not because it was his own hair, but because it had been left to him by a learned friend of his, a highly respectable doctor, who all his lifetime had observed the Rites strictly, and done everything conformably to reason; so that even his old tail seemed to remember what was due to a venerable and wise magister, and began to turn gray at the period when all polite and prudent tails are expected to do it. Magister Jin-Seng wore a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, about the size and shape of small soup-plates; and he looked down on his little school through them, awfully, like the man in two moons. Magester Jin-Seng was so monstrously learned, that if all that he knew had been printed in a book, the whole of George Eager's father's Cyclopædia would hardly have served as an index to the first volume of it. The professors and doctors called him *Sin-tshuen*, 'the Elegant and Perfect,' and he had passed so many examinations, and carried off so many diplomas, that every hair in his tail was as awful as a faculty. First, he had taken the degree of *hien-ming*, which signifies 'having a name in the village'; next, of *fu-ming*, 'having a name in the department'; then of *sin-tsai*, or 'flowering talent'; then of *ku-jin*, or 'promoted man'; and finally, of *tsin-szu*, or 'entered doctor'; and now he was a candidate for the *han-lin*, or 'Forest of Pencils'; that would be the crowning glory, for it would entitle him to a chair in the Imperial Academy, and he could ask the Emperor questions — if the Emperor would let him.

"Of course instruction under so great a man was expensive. It cost

Kuh-tang 'four dollars in money, of rice one hundred pounds, of tea, salt, lard, and lamp-oil, each two catties,* — Magister Jin-Seng to find pupil Kuh-tang in paper, ink, and pencils, — Conformability to Reason and the use of the Square Globes extra.'

"Magister Jin-Seng was enthroned in a high chair, raised above the floor on a stage. All the boys sat before him, on bamboo stools, at two long tables, their backs toward him, and their books in their hands. The Man in Two Moons raised his long bamboo, and cried in slow and solemn tones, 'It-is-con-form-a-ble-to-rea-son-that-we-be-gin-the-ex-er-ci-ses-of-the-day. BEGIN!' Then all the boys began to sing-song, swinging themselves backwards and forwards. Some sing-songed the multiplication table, rattling the red, white, and blue buttons in their reckoning machines; some boxed the compass, sing-songing the points; some sing-songed the horn-book of Wang-Pihau, the Trimetrical Classic, and the Millenary Classic, and all the Five Classics; some sing-songed the sayings of Chu-Hi, and the proverbs of Wan-Wang, and the puns of Slam-Bang; and some chin-chinned the tablet of Confucius: but all of them rocked and bawled with all their might.

"Then the Man in Two Moons said very slowly and solemnly, 'It-is-con-form-a-ble-to-rea-son-that-we-be-gin-the-ex-er-cise-of-the-E-l-e-gant-Pencil. BEGIN!' So they all put aside their books and compasses and reckoning machines, and took up their porcelain tiles and ink-cakes and pencils; and Magister Jin-Seng set them a copy on the black-board: —

JEN-DZE-TSOU-SIN-PEN-CHAU:

'MAN IN THE BEGINNING WAS BY NATURE HOLY!'

Then they all began to write, sing-songing the syllables; and each, as he finished his copy, showed his work to the Magister, who corrected the bad strokes of the pencil, sometimes with another pencil dipped in red ink, sometimes with more bad strokes with the bamboo. Then the pupil presented his copy to the Magister, made a low bow, turned his back, and sing-songed from memory his *Jen-dze-tsou-sin-pen-chau*. One boy had not separated his *pen* from *sin*, which Magister Jin-Seng said was not conformable to reason or worthy of an Elegant Pencil; and he bamboed him accordingly. This is called *pey-chou*, or 'backing a lesson,' because the boy backs the lesson against the bamboo, and the master bamboos the lesson on his back. Kuh-tang caught it for having a text from Confucius on his thumb-nail and a pun of Slam-Bang in his mouth.

"Then Magister Jin-Seng exhorted them all to diligence and honorable perseverance, and advised them to imitate the example of Sung-King, who tied his tail to a hook in the roof to keep his head from nodding over his classic at midnight; and of Che-jin, who studied truth by the light of a glow-worm.

"After that, all the boys chin-chinned him, and went home sing-songing a proverb of Wei-chan: 'One never needs one's Wits so much as when one has to do with a Fool.'

* A catty is about a pound and a third.



“Kuh-tang and I went aboard the Quintessence of Beatitude to rub his sore back with goose-grease.”

George Eager.

SNOW FALLING.

THE wonderful snow is falling,
Over river and woodland and wold;
The trees bear spectral blossom
In the moonlight blurred and cold.

There's a beautiful garden in Heaven;
And these are the banished flowers,
Fallen and driven and drifting
To this dark world of ours!

John James Piatt.

GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

III.



IN our last chapter we left Hugh, after the fatigue and excitement of the night, quietly sleeping in York harbor. As day broke, the married pair were on deck, and eagerly viewing the shores of the strange land. Strange indeed must all have appeared to them, who had never in all their lives seen anything resembling a grove of trees, — only a few scattered specimens in the parks of the nobility, or the trunks which were dug from the bogs, — and who had scarcely any knowledge of frost or snow, as they gazed upon the vast masses of forest crowning the hills and filling the valleys, the whole country buried in snow, and the ice, through which the vessel under her canvas had pressed, fringing the shores. But as the sun arose, they beheld a spectacle which surpassed all they had ever conceived of beauty, and which, in their new and strange circumstances, produced an impression upon their minds never to be forgotten.

Although it was but moderately cold, the wind being southwest, the frost had congealed the sleet of the previous night upon the branches and trunks of the trees on the edge of the forest, and on the cliffs at the shore, over

the whole surface of the snow, the dwellings of the settlers, and the cordage of the ship. And when the sun, rising over the masses of forest that covered the eastern bank of the river, poured his full radiance upon the landscape, he lighted up the scene with an effulgence that the eye could scarcely endure, and a beauty surpassing all description. But to those who beheld it for the first time, and under such peculiar circumstances, it seemed like enchantment. They looked at each other as they stood upon the forecastle without the power of speech, and in a sort of maze, as if to say, "Is this reality, or the work of the fairies whom we have heard so much about in Ireland?"

The log-houses of the settlers, every niche and projection of the rough logs filled with ice, shone like silver. The frozen gems which overlaid the branches of the trees were of every imaginable form; generally conforming to that of the twigs, leaves, and buds, but at other times congealed in the most fanciful shapes, in all that infinitude of variety which the Creator be-

stows upon his workmanship. There were spheres and prisms, diamonds of the purest water, and masses of network embossed with silver, from the finest gauze to the coarsest lattice. In one place were cylinders, in another pyramids. Here was a long branch flashing in the sunlight, and extending over the river, from which sprang lesser ones bristling along their entire length with minute lances and spangles of pearl. The hues were as various as the shapes, arising from the different colors of the materials upon which this fretwork was laid, and which shone in the clear sunlight through their crystal covering. The clear white of the birch, mottled with specks of gray, and occasionally banded with stripes of dark red where the elements or the hand of man had removed the outer bark, contrasted strikingly with the dark green of the pines, and the black spruce, and the lighter drapery of the cedars, the crimson buds of the maple, and the spotted limbs of the beech. The bright yellow of the willows, and the dun of the leaves that still clung to the branches of the beech and white oak, — the tufts of many-colored moss on the cliffs, mingled with the dark purple of the shaggy-barked hemlock, and the white patches on the trunks of the firs, — all heightened in their effect by the dark green of the waters, which now began to curl beneath the morning breeze, — completed a picture which no art can imitate, no pen can describe.

A swift trampling is now heard in the forest ; a large moose, roused in his distant lair by the hunters or the wolves, bursts from beneath the branches of a hemlock weighed down to the ground by the frozen sleet, and, scattering the icicles far and near, bounds upon the ice, and, ascending the opposite bank, at a leap vanishes in the forest ; although long after he has passed from view his course can be traced by the click of his hoofs, the falling icicles, and the whirl of the partridge roused by his passage.

So quickly did he burst upon them and disappear, that they had only time to notice his huge, misshapen head, his immense height, the tuft beneath his throat, and his great horns.

“What in the name of heaven is that, — a bear ?” cried Hugh to the mate ; who replied, smiling, that it was a moose.

“Will it bite ?” said Hugh.

“No, but it will kill a man with its fore-feet if it hits him,” replied the mate, who then explained to Hugh the nature and habits of the creature.

“Well,” continued Hugh, glancing again at the forest, from which, moved by the wind and thawed by the sun, the ice was beginning to fall in showers, “whatever hardships I may suffer in this country, (and I don’t expect they will be few,) I never shall forget how handsome this looked.”

“Hardship won’t hurt you,” replied the mate ; “you are one of the *hard-meated* kind ; your arm feels like the branch of an oak-tree. I only wish I had your strength. Would n’t I keep sailors in order !”

While they were speaking, four Indians, with rifles and snow-shoes on their backs, suddenly came from beneath the hemlock, and followed on at a loping trot in the track of the moose.

“They will never catch that moose, — never in the world,” said Hugh. “Why, they don’t go one half so fast as he does.”

"Yes, they will," said the mate. "In a short time the crust will thaw and let him through, and cut his legs so that he can't run, and then they will put on their snow-shoes and catch him."

Elizabeth and Hugh had heard so much of Indians and their cruelties, and seen so many pictures of them, that they recognized them at once, and gazed with great interest upon those receding beings, of whose character and habits they were to have so sad an experience.

As the captain had refunded Hugh his passage-money, he had now a little to help himself with till he could look about and till spring. By the captain's direction he went to the house of a settler named Riggs, who agreed to let him have a room for the winter. He borrowed a hand-sled and hauled up his goods and tools, and Riggs invited them to dine. Mrs. Riggs at once "took to" Elizabeth, and the children were delighted with the baby.

After dinner they sat down before a fireplace as large as that in the old house in Ireland, which was built hundreds of years ago, when there was wood in that country, and when the great families on occasion roasted oxen whole; but instead of a little smouldering fire of turf, this was filled with great logs of wood, which sent the blaze roaring up the great chimney. Riggs, who was a well-to-do farmer, with a family of rugged boys, brought up from the cellar a great pitcher of cider and some apples, and offered Hugh and Elizabeth a pipe, and they sat down to talk and get acquainted.

As the host had been born in the country, and had cleared up his farm from the forest, he was fully competent to tell Hugh and his wife all they wanted to know, and all the methods of getting along in a new country.

"It will be much better for you," said he, "to work out awhile before attempting to farm for yourself. You will thus save yourself from a great many mistakes and much needless labor by reason of taking hold of things by the wrong end, and will gain experience that will be worth to you more than money."

Hugh saw the reasonableness of this advice, and determined to act upon it. He then, as fire was the first requisite, asked where he could buy some wood.

"Wood?" replied the other, — "help yourself anywhere. We are glad to burn it up here to get rid of it. And now, as you are a carpenter, and the boys and I are not over handy with tools, if you will make me a pair of bob-sleds, we will haul you wood enough to last all winter."

"I will gladly make them," said Hugh, "if you will give me the pattern."

They then ground the tools, while the boys set off for the woods, and before night he had a load of wood at the door, a fire burning, and a few utensils for cooking procured. Elizabeth had washed the room and made up a bed on the floor in one corner. Mrs. Riggs lent them a table and a wooden settle; and that night they sat down by a cheerful fire to supper in their own room, safe from the perils of the sea, and with grateful hearts to Him who had preserved them.

Hugh soon had proof of the report that there was work for all in America. The captain employed him to unhang the ship's rudder and repair it in a more

thorough manner than he had been able to do at sea, and also to make a new top-mast and top-gallant-mast, and a new pawbit to the windlass, and to do some calking on the ship's upper works ; — as carpenters in Europe often in those days learned the calker's trade, he was thus enabled to do the whole. In the mean time his wife procured a wheel, and began to spin flax and wool, and exchange the yarn for provisions ; and every night when Hugh came home from his work, his ears were saluted with the familiar sound of the wheel. The first stormy day he made a bedstead, which raised them off the floor ; and after that, at different times, a table, a high-backed settle, and some chairs bottomed with basket-work.

When the ship was done, he hired himself with a gang of men to go into the woods to cut spars. He had never seen a tree cut in his life ; but doing as he saw the rest do, he became in the course of the winter so expert in the use of the narrow axe, to which he had never before been accustomed, that not a man in the gang could take the heart of a tree from him.

When the snow went off in the spring, he let himself to his neighbors ; at one time he was employed in clearing land, at another in burning, cutting, and piling the logs for the second "burn," hacking in the crop, and fencing. Thus he became familiar with and an adept in all parts of the pioneer's life. Elizabeth, in the mean while, spun and wove for the neighbors, and learned from them the art of making leggins and breeches of deer and moose hide.

He had not been long in his new abode before the selectmen came to see him to find out what he was, — for they had a custom, in those days, of warning all persons of idle and poor character out of town, lest they should become an expense to the townsfolk or cast discredit upon them. He frankly told them that he was a Presbyterian ; that he left Ireland to escape persecution, and to obtain a home for himself and family ; that he had attended their meetings, and been fed with the bread of life, and should cordially unite with them in the worship of God. This declaration melted the crust of the Puritan heart like frost in the sunshine, and he at once found himself admitted to the confidence of the community.

Thus, by prudence and industry, our immigrants husbanded their little stock of money, learned the habits of the country, the modes of doing business, and the most profitable methods of labor. They made many valuable friends, and established a good character among their neighbors.

In the fall Hugh was invited by his brother James, who had been some years in the country, to come to Saco and cut masts. Leaving his family at York, he spent the winter in the woods. In the spring he moved his family into the house with his brother, and worked for him through the summer. The next year he moved to Back Cove in Falmouth, and by permission built a log-house, and cleared a piece of land, and then by what he could raise and obtain by his work lived comfortably. Scarcely was he settled here before he was driven off by the Indians, and obliged to flee for safety to Portland ; his house was burnt, but he saved a horse and cow, though all their clothing and household stuff were lost. What little money he

had earned was expended in replacing his tools and their housekeeping necessaries ; so that the family were now thrown back upon the ten pounds which, through all their trials, they had kept as a sacred trust, to buy land. But with indomitable resolution he went to work in Portland, still hoping for a home, which now seemed further off than ever. The dread of the savages, who had wasted the whole eastern shore of Maine with fire and slaughter, had heretofore caused the settlements to be made upon the shore, both as being less exposed to attack, and as affording fish for food and enabling the settlers to obtain hay and pasture from the salt marshes while clearing their land.

But Portland was now rapidly recovering from the effects of the Indian wars. Masts and fish and lumber were exported in large quantities, ships were built, and a back line of lots was in the process of laying out. Work was plenty, and Hugh was able to support his family comfortably ; but money was scarce and hard to be obtained, nearly all trade being by barter. But land in any safe and desirable position could not be obtained without money, and their great desire — amounting almost to anguish — was for land. No American born and bred can realize the uncontrollable desire cherished by the poorer classes of Europe, who have been tenants for generations, to become themselves owners of land, — to have a spot they can call their own ! It was especially strong in the breasts of Hugh and Elizabeth. But to continue in this way, accumulating but a trifle above their living, seemed to afford but a wretched prospect of ever obtaining enough to purchase land, cheap as it was held in the Colonies. For several weeks this Christian mother, Elizabeth, as she lay on her bed, kept from sleep by anxious thoughts, revolved their situation in her mind ; and often during that period, as she afterwards said, she rose in the night and prayed for direction and support. At length she came to a decision which she lost no time in making known to her husband.

“ Hugh,” said she, the next night, after supper was over and the children abed, “ what man was that you were talking to so long the other day at the wood-pile ? ”

“ What day ? ”

“ Why the day you stayed at home to cut wood.”

“ O, that was more than a fortnight ago.”

“ No matter, who was he ? ”

“ I don’t know his name.”

“ How provoking you are ! What was his business with you ? ”

“ Well, that was a man who is going to settle in Narragansett No. 7.”*

“ Where is that ? ”

“ Nine or ten miles back in the woods. The government has given a township to the men who fought in the Narragansett war, and their heirs. This man has his father’s share, and he is going to settle on it ; and he has bought out some others.”

* What is now Gorham, the scene of our story.

"I suppose the government has given this land to these men, just as King James gave land to our people who fought against the French and Papists, because he had n't money to pay them, Hugh?"

"Just so. He tells me that a good many of these people have farms in Massachusetts, and don't need to go into the woods and endure hardship, and run the risk of being killed by the Indians, and so they sell their rights very cheap. He has bought some rights for a mere song. He says the land is excellent, and heavily timbered."

"What risk is there from Indians? Are we not at peace with them, and have n't they signed the treaty?"

"Yes; but many think they can't be trusted, and say they are sullen, and when they are in liquor threaten. My brother James says they are plotting something, and will break out before long. This is the general feeling, I find; and that is the reason for these Narragansett lands being sold so cheap, because people don't like to leave the sea-shore and the places where there are garrisons, and where they are safe from the Indians."

"I thought you talked with him a good while."

"Yes, I talked with him some time."

"That was more than a fortnight — yes, it was nearly three weeks — ago, and you never said one word to me about it, Hugh!"

"Well, I don't know as I did."

"Hugh," said she, rising and placing her hand on his shoulder, "do you want me to tell your thoughts? You talked a good hour with that man, and more, — for I was spinning where I could see you, and I knew by the thread I spun; and you were in real earnest. You found that the land was cheap, and came within your means, and yet you never mentioned it to me. I know that you saw this was a better chance than you have ever had, or ever will have again; but you kept it to yourself, because you would n't expose me and the children to the Indians, and thought I would be for going."

"Betsy," replied he, putting his arms around her, and taking her upon his knee, "you are a witch! That *is* just the reason why I said nothing about it, and I have tried to put all thought of it out of my mind; but I can't, — it haunts me night and day."

"That is what you have been thinking about with your head between your hands, while I have been washing the dishes."

"Yes, Betsy."

"I had an inkling of this. William overheard your talk, and told me part, and I guessed the rest from your looks. Now, Hugh, I say, go! All the time you have been poring over this, I also, unknown to you, have been thinking about it, and praying to God. It seems to me that we are placed just like this. If we had had money enough, we could have bought land at home." Her eyes filled with tears at the familiar word, but she brushed them away and continued: "If we had money, we could also buy land here in Falmouth, and have schools for our children, and the preaching of the Word, and have neighbors, and be safe, — because this safety and these good things cost money. But here is a piece of land that is offered for a

very little money, — just what we have got, — and the balance in blood and risk and hardship. Now, money is just what we have the least of; but we are rich in the other things. We have health and strength and resolution; and I say, let us go up and take the land and possess it, and make a home for ourselves and our children. We have suffered a great deal; let us stick to it and gain our object, and not lose the good of all we have gone through.”

“You are a brave, good lass,” said Hugh, pressing her to his bosom; “but have you considered the difference between living here and in the woods, with a few families, — miles apart, — so that the Indians can cut them off one by one?”

“Well, Hugh, I say, ‘sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.’ The people who are going are Massachusetts people, born in the country, used to hardship, used to Indians and to fighting them. I am sure the people that have killed Philip and destroyed the Narragansetts can take care of these Indians, who have had some severe lessons already. I say, if land can be bought for danger and for hardship, that is the chance for us, who have not much else to pay down.”

“But have we a right to expose the lives of the little ones?”

“That is where the greatest trouble has been with me,” said his wife; “but I have turned it over in my mind, and carried the matter to my Maker, and I feel clear that we should go, and leave the rest with Him.”

“That is just the way I have felt from the first,” said Hugh, drawing a long breath, as though relieved of a heavy burden; “but I did not like to expose you and the children to risks that I would cheerfully take myself. Had I come over here as my brother James did, a young man and single, I would have ground my axe and started by sunrise the very next morning after I heard of such a chance at night. But as we have both been brought to think alike without saying anything to each other, I take it to be God’s will that this should be our path, and by His blessing we will walk therein.”

This Narragansett No. 7 was a lot of wilderness land given by the State of Massachusetts to Captain Shubael Gorham and one hundred and nineteen others, for their services in King Philip’s war, and was called for him Gorhamtown. But it was a town only in name. It had been surveyed for settlement; and here and there a logging road ran through the woods, made by lumbermen, who in the winter months, when there was no danger from the savages, came to cut timber, and haul it to the Presumpscot River. It is not certain whether there were only two families in the place, — Captain John Phinney’s and John Ayres’s, — or whether there was another, James Mosier’s. Thus, with the exception of these families, it was an unbroken forest, a thoroughfare of the Indians as they came to the sea-coast to hunt fish and trade skins in time of peace, and in time of war to harass and kill the settlers; it was nine miles from Portland, and reached only by a path through the woods.

The morning after this conversation, Hugh started for Narragansett, and spent nearly a week exploring the different lots which he knew were for sale, in company with a young man who had carried the chain for the sur-

veyor, and who knew the corners of the lots. Just as night drew on, they came upon the hill where the academy now stands ; and seeing a smoke rising up among the trees below them, they followed its direction, and came to the camp of John Ayres, which stood where the brick house which we have mentioned now stands. He cultivated no land, abhorred the axe and every kind of regular work, but lived by trapping, hunting, and fishing. He was at home, made them welcome, and, having just killed a deer, was able to entertain them bountifully.

Hugh McLellan was a man who, besides possessing a deep religious faith and fearless nature, always took hold of things by the right end ; everything that he touched prospered. This arose from an excellent judgment, great strength of body, and a patient, hopeful nature. He soon found that the spot where he was now was the one most suitable for him ; and after spending the next day in exploring it, told Ayres, on his return to the camp at night, that he should buy it, and move in during the latter part of winter or in the early spring.

"Well, then," said Ayres, "as I am only a squatter, I suppose I must make tracks."

"By no means," replied Hugh ; "neighbors are not so plenty. I should be very sorry to have you go away, and shall be very glad to have you stay as long as you wish. There is room for both of us, and many more."

He found the place well watered by springs, and the brook, which is now a mere thread, was then large, and afforded trout in plenty. The high land was covered with an enormous growth of maple, yellow birch, and oak. The ravines and banks of the brook were filled with hemlock, pine, and ash. But that which principally attracted his attention and decided his choice was the great size and straight growth of the white pines, which, mixed with a few hemlocks, covered the swales and slopes of the hills, and were scattered here and there among the hard-wood trees, and which were suitable for the masts of the largest ships of war. Masts for large ships are now made of several pieces, clustered round a central core, and hooped together, because the country does not now afford trees of sufficient size to make them in one piece ; but then they were made of a single tree.

In those days, when the States were Colonies of Great Britain, the Royal Commissioner of Forests employed surveyors, who went through the woods and marked with a broad arrow every sound and straight pine over thirty-six inches in diameter. These were reserved for the king's ships, and the owner of the land whereon they grew could not cut or sell them. But the government would pay him liberally to cut and haul them to the landing. They were tremendous trees, some of them more than four feet through ; and to fell and haul them through the woods with the wooden-shod sleds and small cattle of that period, fed entirely on hay, and often merely by browsing, was an enterprise that might well daunt the boldest. But Hugh was no common man ; he saw that the masts were of the best quality, and would command their price in cash could they be transported to the coast, and he felt himself equal to the task. He also saw, further than this, that all around were

rivers and brooks which afforded mill-sites, — Presumpscot on the east, Strand-water on the south, and still another on the west. There were also smaller affluents, which at that day, when all the springs shaded by forests were full, afforded at a trifling outlay moderate water powers. Thus, while the masts and other spars could be made directly available, the remaining timber would become more valuable each year, as population increased, roads were made, and mills were built. Here he determined to make his clearing, and to labor for a home for himself and family. There were, as has been said, but two permanent settlers beside himself — Phinney and Musier — on the whole tract, (for Ayres was a mere hunter and transient dweller,) — one of them about a mile distant, the other more than two miles. Except their clearings, all was an unbroken forest to the sea, and back to Canada; while it was directly in the Indian trail that led from Canada to the sea-coast, whither the Indians in great numbers resorted in the spring, summer, and autumn, for fishing and hunting, and to spear salmon, and in many places to raise corn.

Hugh now returned to his family, secured the land, and, as it was late in the fall, found work upon a vessel during the winter. In the last week in February he left his work, and with his pack and axe started on snow-shoes for the woods. Upon the easterly side of the road leading to Fort Hill, and opposite to where the brick house now stands, upon land now occupied by Asa Palmer, Esq., he found an old logging camp, with the roof fallen in and filled with snow and leaves of trees. The great logs of which the walls were built had resisted the force of the elements and the hand of Time. Several hands, it was evident, had been required to roll up these logs, and the camp was of a size sufficient to contain a number of men. Hugh beheld these evidences of former occupation with that interest which men always feel who are about to undertake a perilous enterprise, as they trace the footsteps of those who have preceded them in like efforts. So long had it been abandoned, that a clump of young trees had grown up within the walls of the camp, and almost obliterated all evidences of the pioneers' operations. But with a practised eye he traced through the young growth the road by which the masts had been hauled, and that to the spring where the lumbermen had obtained their water. He searched out the decaying stumps of the trees they had cut, and by the luxuriant growth of clover and other grass, and of weeds foreign to the woods, ascertained the place where stood the hovel for their cattle. Having now satisfied his curiosity, he returned to the camp, and proceeded to cut the young trees and bushes that grew within it; then, using his snow-shoes for shovels, he began to clear it of snow. While thus engaged, his thoughts involuntarily reverted to those who had built and occupied the structure before him.

"It is many a long year since these pines were cut and men slept in this old ruin," said Hugh to himself.

While busied with these thoughts, and scraping the snow along the sides of the camp, he came upon an Indian tomahawk buried in the sides of one of the logs that formed the end wall; the handle had decayed and fallen away, and the stem of a blackberry-bush had sprung from the moss and dead

bark of the log, and grown through the empty eye. As he stood thus, alone in the wilderness, and held this emblem of savage hostility and ruthless barbarity in his hand, even his firm mind was not proof against uneasy thoughts. Involuntarily the idea would intrude, that the gang of the camp had been killed by the Indians, and he almost expected to find their bones among the leaves. It was impossible to prevent the thought, "Such may be my fate and that of my family."



Having completed his task, he got together some dead wood and brush, and made a great fire in the middle of the camp, thus burning up all the impurities and the green moss on the walls, and making the whole place dry and wholesome. As he had no tools to make splints and shingles, and bark would not run at that time of the year, he was compelled to cover the roof with brush. As the ends were standing, he made rafters of poles, and covered them with the brush, laying it in courses like shingles, placing the butts of the branches uppermost and lapping over. He then put other poles upon the brush, to prevent the wind from blowing it away, fastening them down with wooden pins, and leaving a large hole in the middle for the smoke to make its escape through. Thus he made quite a tight roof. Next, he hewed out some planks from a pine sapling, pinned them together for a door, and hung it on wooden hinges. He then covered the ground with hemlock boughs, upon which he spread his blanket for a bed.

"A man might as well take all the comfort he can," said Hugh; so, driving four stakes into the floor before the fire, he piled up some logs between them, and spread his blanket over them to lean his back against.

Having eaten his supper, he sat down, and, leaning his back against the logs, took his axe between his knees and began to whet it with a stone (for he had no grindstone), that he might be ready for the morrow's labor.

"It is good enough for a king," said he, stretching out his hands and feet to the blaze, and looking around upon the walls, now dry and lighted up by the fire. "This is what I call real comfort. If the children and their mother were only here, it would be perfect."

His first work was to fell trees for a "burn"; and as the sap had begun to flow, he made a trough, and, sticking his axe into a rock-maple, put a chip in the gash to guide the juice, and so had maple sap to drink while at work.

It was now the latter part of March, and he determined to go for his family, who were all ready and waiting to join him. They set out from Portland at daybreak, cheerful and with light hearts, although they would have been objects of pity to any person they might have chanced to meet. Elizabeth rode on the white horse, carrying one child; William drove the cow; and Hugh followed, with a pack on his back and a little girl in his arms. Elizabeth had on the horse with herself nearly all their household stock.

They arrived at the camp late in the afternoon, as they travelled but slowly, cumbered with children and cattle. But when they arrived, they found a heavy snow had fallen and broken in the roof, and filled the camp with snow. It was a sad disappointment; the children were crying with cold and hunger; they themselves were fatigued; and it was all the more bitter because Hugh had on the road told them how comfortable his abode was, and how he had a great fire ready to kindle the moment they arrived, and the little ones, with the eagerness of children for change, had been pleasing themselves with anticipations of the good times and great fires they were to have in the new camp.

But nothing daunted, Hugh kindled a fire beneath the root of a wind-fallen tree that sheltered them from the wind; Elizabeth milked the cow and gave them all a drink; and leaving William to mind the smaller ones by the fire, the pair set resolutely at work, removed the snow, put some brush on the roof, made a fire, and, spreading down some quilts to keep the children from freezing their feet (for they were all barefoot), and huddling all together for warmth, lay down by the fire to rest.

"This is a sorry time for you and the children, Betsy," said Hugh.

"Indeed, we've much to be thankful for," she replied, with her cheerful temper, that it was not in the power of circumstances to repress; "we've wood enough, and no rent to pay, thank God; and the children don't mind it. I've known a poor creature's pig seized and his fat taken off the fire in Ireland (thank God we're not there!) for the rent of a place not half so good as this, and not two rods of land with it! Sure, it's our own; and home is home, they say, be it ever so homely."

The sun rose bright the next morning, with a warm southwest wind. Hugh got up early, made a good fire, and brought in some sap and spruce-gum for the children; the snow melted away from the door, and ran into the brook, and they could play out of doors. They were therefore in high glee, and all were cheerful and happy.

"It don't take much to make children happy," said Hugh to his wife, as he glanced at their smiling faces and healthy, robust forms.

"Not if they have but little," she replied. "But there are the children or rich people, who have everything that can be imagined, and one would think ought to be happy; they are never satisfied, always fretful, while ours are contented with spruce-gum and maple-sap."

"I think, then, poor people's children are best off," said Hugh.

"To be sure they are," replied Elizabeth; "that is, if they have food and clothing, and could only be brought to believe it. And you know yourself, that the children who are brought up in a hard, rough way always make the brightest and smartest men. Look at our William,—he has seen hard times ever since he was born, and where can you find a boy of his age like him among the children of the rich? How much more he is worth for getting along in the world than my uncle's boys in Ireland, who have always had all they wanted, and who, because they have had it, are feckless and do-nothings. I might have been the same," she continued, "if I had n't been lucky enough to marry a poor man";—and the lively creature laughed and clapped her hands with a heartfelt merriment that was contagious, and in which Hugh and all the children joined her. Then, rising up, she said, "While I feel so happy, I'm going over to see the woman in the other camp, and get acquainted with my neighbors."

Having now his tools, Hugh split out shingles four feet long, and, putting them on rough, made the roof tight; while William, who was now eight years old, filled the chinks between the logs with clay from the brook, and, piling up brush around the bottom logs, made the place really warm and comfortable. Till this time they had been obliged to keep the horse and cow in the camp at night, for fear of the wolves and bears, to the great delight of the children, who, every time their mother's back was turned, would get a little milk, which made her wonder why the cow gave so little,—for the rogues kept their own counsel, and so the falling off was imputed to driving her from Portland.

But their father now made a hovel of large logs that the wolves could not get into. He then brought from Portland the wool and flax wheels. To be sure, they raised no flax or wool. But Hugh oftentimes, when he could not obtain money for his work, took wool or flax for pay, and his wife spun and knit up the wool into stockings and mittens for him and the children, and spun the flax, and then carried it to Portland to his cousin Bryce McLellan, who was a weaver by trade, and who wove it in his loom. Such shifts were they put to at that time to get along. Sometimes, also, she took flax and wool home to spin for other folks, and had a proportion of it for spinning it.

They now had a piece of land, and it was paid for, and was their own. But to pay for it had taken the last penny. They had not a chair, stool, nor table; for when the Indians burnt their camp at Back Cove, they lost everything; and when they lived in Portland, in the house with Jennie Miller, who was a relation, they used her things. Hugh had as yet no time to make them, because he must spend all the time possible in cutting down trees, by which they might get their bread. They had but a fortnight's provisions

for themselves ; not a lock of hay for the cow or horse, although it was yet only the middle of March ; no bedstead, for they slept on brush laid on the ground. They needed neither churn nor milk-pans, for they drank the milk as fast as it came from the cow. They sat on the floor, and ate off of the floor ; but Hugh said that was what half of Ireland did. They had not a bit of earthen, tin, or crockery in the camp, but ate from plates of wood made with an axe and adze, and with wooden spoons. They had neither tea nor coffee pot, because they had no tea or coffee ; no candles or lamps, for they had but one room, and the fire made it light as day ; and when they wanted a light in the night, they took a pine knot or a piece of pitchy wood. They had not a fowl of any kind, for they had no grain to feed it on. But they were a living exemplification of the truth of the proverb, "Where there 's a will there 's a way." The horse and cow picked up a living by means of the great quantities of "browse" afforded by the trees that were felled for clearing, and the old grass that was on the banks of the brook and in the open places of the woods ; while the fear of wolves always brought them home at night. Notwithstanding, they were cheerful, resolute, and happy, because they trusted in God, and believed that he would crown their endeavors with success. Poor as they were, they had the Bible, the Catechism, and a few other good books. Night and morning from that humble camp went up the voice of praise and heartfelt thanksgiving to God ; and the Ministering Angel passed by many a lordly palace and luxurious abode to hover in benediction over the rude camp of the immigrant in the wilderness. They were strong of limb, strong in faith, strong in God,—these descendants of those who read their Bibles among the hills of Scotland, with the broadsword holding down the leaves against the breeze, and who fought against Claverhouse. By degrees they obtained the things of prime necessity. Hugh went to Strandwater, bought some boards, cut them up, laid them across the horse's back, and thus brought them home, and made a table. He hewed out a plank settle, and made a back to it of small poles ; split out some stools from a large log, and put legs to them. Every stormy day that he could not work, he made some article of necessity for the camp. Meanwhile the children collected sap, and Elizabeth made sugar, which they used or sold to the Indians (who, though they made it themselves, could never have enough of it) for meat and fish. Hugh continued to fell trees, and, when he got out of provisions and could do no better, went out to work at Saco or Portland, to get a little corn, and brought it home on his back ; and when by good fortune it was more than he could thus bring, William or his mother went with the horse.

It was now late in April, and as the trees cut then would be too green to burn, Hugh went out to work till June, when it was time to burn the fallen timber, in order that he might obtain provisions to last him through his planting, when he must be at home. Here we shall leave him for the present, with wishes for his success.

Elijah Kellogg.

OUR BABY.

O, HAVE you seen her! You should see
Our Baby girl, our little one,
An opening bud of mystery,
An everlasting hope begun!

Our Baby is a sunny thing,
A sunny thing of love and light,
A little blossom of the spring,
A tiny lily sweet and white.

Her eyes are of the softest blue,
And in the whiteness of her face
Are like the sky gaps breaking through
A pearly cloud in summer days.

Our Baby's arms are little wings
That flutter plumeless in the air;
And in her infant crowing sings
The angel music unaware.

A sweetness clings to all her flesh,
Like early grasses steeped in dew;
And in her silky hair, the fresh
Faint odors that from Heaven she drew.

A thousand things our Baby knows,
A thousand things she cannot tell;
For she remembers Eden's rose,
And sunny banks of asphodel;

And she has not forgotten, quite,
The glory of her home above;
She sees it in the smile of light,
She sees it in the smile of love.

Our Baby answers them in smiles
As full of light and love as they,
And draws our elder hearts, with wiles
Of sweetness, to her infant play.

And oh! as thus she brings us back
To childhood's simple truth and love,
Be ours to keep her shining track
As sinless to her home above!

George S. Burleigh.



ALL the boys and most of the girls skate when the ice is good, and most excellent exercise and diversion they find. I remember the time when, in country districts, not one out of fifty enjoyed this pastime. The diversions of the ice were sliding and playing hockey, the girls joining only in the former. Sometimes, indeed, there was football upon a big pond, but an ice surface is not well suited for that sport; falls are rather too numerous, and the rush of players to one spot, where there may be a rally round the ball, involves the risk of a break, unless the ice is very thick and strong. Skating is all the fashion now for all, from children to the middle-aged; hockey is not often combined with it, and yet in a game of this kind on skates the sport is capital, and the fun fast and furious. But skating pure and simple is good enough for most boys, when it can be had, and for girls, too, for that matter.

My first impression about skating connected it with the girls. Did you ever see an illustrated book in which the various nations are personified, each by a figure? If you did, you will remember that Holland, the mother country of the honest folks who first settled New York State, and there smoked their pipes in peace until overrun by the Yankees from Connecticut, was represented by a maiden of sixteen, skating along the canal to market with a basket of butter on one arm, and one of eggs on the other. Years after I first saw the book, I wintered on the Elbe, and there, as near as might be, was the flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked maiden, gliding along to market with her butter and eggs. Since then I have seen other pictures of skating; — Russians on the Neva, clad in sables; Swedes at Stockholm, wearing the spoils of the bear; and our own dainty fashionables, done to death

almost by the tailor and dressmaker, on the lake in Central Park ; — but none of them have supplanted the figure of the little Dutch damsel, with her blue eyes, her butter, and her eggs.

Skating, to be well enjoyed, should be carried on where there is plenty of room for speed and turns. In this sport, as in racing, there should be no "cross and jostle," but in the neighborhood of large towns this can scarcely be avoided ; on a fine day or evening, at the skating-ponds, the crowd is so great that no real skating can be had. There is a little *wiring* in and out, and dodging about, but no downright striking out. It reminds one of the Prince of Wales ball in New York, where the crowd was so great that, in order to enable one set to dance, they had to make a roped ring in the centre of Cooper Institute, and employ the police to keep it ; but in the country there is space and verge enough. Before you start, look out for your equipments ; clothing is a matter of importance, — for while it will seldom be too warm, it will sometimes be too heavy. Under-clothing is the thing to rely upon, not heavy, stiff over-coats, which cramp the body. Wool is the material. Cotton they said was king, but wool is the king-maker ; for on a winter's day, with light, yet thick woollen under-clothes, you will feel like a king, and may defy the frost. Its virtue is not limited by winter and cold climates ; the mortality from the coast fever among the sailors in African ports was vastly diminished by a rule that they should wear woollen under-shirts. It used to be said of one part of the coast, —

"The Bight of Benin, —
For ten that come out,
A hundred go in!"

But this is so no longer.

A woollen under-shirt, then, is almost indispensable ; and if there is a delicacy of habit, and an aptitude to take cold, let it be thin, with a light buckskin shirt worn next to it. I said before there was nothing like wool. I now say for boys and girls of not very hardy habit, and unused to "roughing it," "There 's nothing like leather." The buckskin shirt is a very shirt of mail against coughs, colds, sore-throats, and the like. The stockings should be warm, and *fit the foot*. The trousers and waistcoat will be the ordinary ones for winter wear. Over the waistcoat a Cardigan jacket is a capital thing for a skater ; and while skating on still days, not intensely cold, you will need no coat, or only a light one over it. This jacket is named after the British officer who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava ; it is knitted of worsted, or crocheted of Berlin wool, and your sister or cousins can make it, or they are not half as accomplished in the useful and ornamental arts as I take them to be. It is simply a jacket to fit the figure, long enough to come down over the hips ; it buttons down the front, and the sleeves are tight at the wrists, which is a great point towards keeping you warm. These jackets may be seen in the stores, but the price is very high, except for poor, short things, ended soon after they were begun. Therefore let the young ladies get the material and move their nimble fingers. Being warm, light, and elastic, the Cardigan is the very best thing

for skating. Even in cold, windy weather, a light coat will be enough to wear over a Cardigan.

The boots for skating should be tolerably stout, and made to lace up in front above the ankle. That sort of boot braces the ankle-joint, and the skate fits to it better than to any other. Commonly it should be made of good calf-leather, without patent-leather tips, kid tops, and like fancy things. But where the hide of a young alligator can be had, the best material that Nature ever formed for a winter boot is within your power. Take the skin of the legs, where the scales are small, and nothing can beat your uppers; they will *look* a little clumsy, and those who know nothing of the matter may fancy the leather rigid. But it is as soft and pliable as kid, never stiffens in drying, and is as proof against water or melting snow as a bottle: I speak from experience.

In regard to the skates, I think the most simple in construction are the best. The new inventions have not brought forth any useful original principle that I can see. The irons should not be fluted, except for children and light boys. For them the grooving is useful, as the skate takes hold of the ice more readily. But where there are weight and some force of stroke, the smooth-edged skate will take hold of the ice easily enough. The advantages of the smooth-edged iron over the fluted one are two, — it does not cut up the ice so much, and it has no groove to clog up, become slippery, and give the wearer a back fall.

The skates being firmly buckled on, the beginner must, if possible, get the assistance of a friend at the outset. With good nerve and a friendly hand, the difficulty of a commencement, which is the greatest of all, will be soon overcome. A few falls may be expected as a matter of course. The legs must be kept well together, but the toes may point outward a little. In striking out, it is best not to be rash at first; if the right is to be the leading leg, the left knee must be stiffened up to bear the weight, and then bent a very little at the moment the stroke is made. The right foot is to be advanced with a gliding motion, the weight being thrown on the inside, well forward towards the ball of the great toe. The right knee is then to be straightened and the left foot advanced. The strokes should not be above a yard in length at the outset. If two boys will hold the end of a staff, and let the beginner take the middle of it to steady him, the stroke will soon be learned. The stroke is to be gradually increased in length, and the foot which is relieved at each stroke kept off the ice longer. The skater must not look at his feet, but keep his eyes on something a good distance off. The body should be advanced a little, and the head held well up. When perfect steadiness and precision are attained, an upright position may be assumed; but if this is attempted at the beginning, the young skater will find his heels go from under him, and he will get a back fall. The movement should be smooth and free, not scrabbling and jerking. To stop, the knees must be bent, the heels drawn together, and the weight thrown on them. Or, by taking a short turn, and advancing the inside foot to sustain its share of the weight, a halt is soon effected.

For the old and young dandies and exquisite misses, who take to skating as a means to show their graces, the fashionable ponds near the cities are deservedly in favor. The great crowds which make real skating impossible are no objection, because few exquisites can skate well, and the crowd is an excellent excuse for such pattering about on the irons as they are capable of. But the boys and girls who make up the band of "Our Young Folks" want to skate,—to enjoy the genuine thing. Therefore they do not go to the ponds where there are many flags and much music, with calcium lights and what not by night, but seek other scenes.

The chosen place of action is out of town. The New-Yorker may take delight in the Fifth Avenue Pond or the Central Park Lake. The Brooklynite may believe in those whose banners wave over that great suburb. The Montrealer may have his sheltered "rink," screened overhead, warmed by stoves, and lighted with gas. But our young folks hie away from the cities to the lake, with its sheltered nooks and woody islands, where the wild-fowl breed,—the long pond, under the grove on the hill, where the squirrels coil up in the hollows of the trees, and snooze away the hardest of the winter,—the winding reaches of the river, where the muskrats build their castles, and where the beaver and the Indian in old times used to dwell. The pond above the mill-dam will please them; and there are less satisfying places than the stretches of a canal, especially for straight-away work, when the wind is sideways and the water low.

The lee side is always to be chosen, and if possible the lee of a piece of woods. There are two good reasons for this: one is that the shelter makes the sport much more enjoyable, and the other is that you can go faster and farther in a still atmosphere than in a windy one. The outside wind works not in aid of the *wind-mill* inside.

Up in the morning early, is a motto of the young skater; a crust and a cup of milk before the family are astir, and then away to the trysting-place. It nips the nose a little, this frosty air, and inclines us to push along briskly. It is that time when at other seasons Puck says to his master,—

"Fairy king, attend and mark,
I do hear the morning lark!"

We are break-of-day boys!

"Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,"

the sky is lighted up. The boughs soon sparkle with sprays of gold, and clusters of diamonds, brighter than those that some whom we know wear as ornaments, and just as real. Here you are, all in a clear glow; the skates are buckled, and away you go. The sport is just delicious; and I think you enjoy it all the more because your time is limited, and you must be at home to breakfast. When you have done, sit down out of the wind, off with the skates quickly, on with your jackets or over-coats, over the Cardigans, and away with you at a good swinging walk. The mush and milk and buck-wheat cakes must suffer, but what then? The cook forever, and no need for the doctor.

Now a word about diet. You like hot buckwheat cakes, with butter and honey, I dare say. I know I do ; but I can tell you, my boys, that mush and milk is better for the wind and the muscle ; oatmeal porridge is better than either. I have my doubts whether oatmeal is not better for the wind and the formation of muscle than wheat-flour. Tom Cribb, once champion of England, was very nearly defeated by a powerful negro named Molyneaux, from the Southern States. But they were matched again. Captain Barclay, the man who walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours, took Cribb to the Highlands of Scotland, and trained him upon oatmeal porridge, mountain mutton, and walks of thirty miles a day through the blooming heather. The consequence was that he beat the black easily.

If skating in the early morning sunshine is delicious, — and I think you will admit that it is, — skating by night, by the light of the clear, cold moon, is simply glorious. The stars look down upon a happy band ; all is still upon the gleaming hill, and all snug in the valley ; no sound comes from the farm-yard, except perhaps the challenge of the valiant cock, who, in sheer defiance of the cold, now and again crows lustily. Under the lee of the bluffs, upon smooth, hard ice, the game begins, and this is the way of it.

Long, quick stroke, and away we go,
By the bluffs that are crowned with snow,
Waking the fish in the pools below,
 To wonder what may betide.
The starry trout and the winding eel
Quake alike at our flying steel,
As on we dash, or sideways wheel,
 And over the shadows glide.

Speed, lads, speed ! o'er the icy way,
Swift as darts the pike at his prey
From the lily-pads on a sunny day,
 On the marge of a limpid lake.
Shout, shout, "Ho, ho ! 't is the sport we love !"
The wild-fowl shriek in the drift above,
The watch-dogs bark, and the gentle dove
 Coos soft in the cedar brake.

The swifts are gay in the summer time,
The swallows glad in the autumn prime,
But we are birds of the frosty rime,
 All under the northern sky.
With wings of steel, we fly by night,
Revelling loud in the cold moonlight,
Or, wrapt in folds of mist so white,
 Go silently gliding by.

Charles F. Foster.



UNDER THE FLAG.

MISSISSIPPI was crying!

O, I see some of you are making round eyes at this, and one sharp-looking boy, with a bright glance and a snub nose, says sarcastically, "Yes, of course, a perfect *torrent* of tears." But that little fair-haired girl who has not yet learned the world's wisdom—to doubt—says wonderingly, "I knew that rivers had mouths,—but eyes—I don't understand."

This was a little girl, and not a river.

You see, down South, the people are very fond of their own particular States. Perhaps some of you have heard that it is a self-evident truth that the whole is greater than any of its parts. But this has never been evident to some persons down there, and I dare say they believe to this day that their own particular State is worth more than the whole United States. This idea is known as the doctrine of States' Rights, and you know they fought to support it not very long ago, which was exactly as if you boys were to fight for a piece of plum-cake, when you might have the whole.

So it happened that a little girl came to be called after a State. You may meet every State in the Union walking about in Dixie. I myself have known a "Virginia Revolutianna," and two or three "Americas," all "South Americas," of course.

But this fresh-looking little girl, whose face is now in a cloud, a storm-cloud where rain is falling, was seldom burdened with her long name, for the servants and nearly every one else called her "Missy." It had been such a happy day! I will tell you about it, and how such a sunshiny time came to end in a shower.

When Missy saw those golden arrows of light shooting into her room, she jumped out of bed, ran to the window, and looked out with delight. Morning was breaking, and the sun crowned it with a kingly crown. Over the green islands with their fruitful shores, over sunny slope and verdant swell and far-reaching woods, the bright beams were dancing. The birds twittered and fluttered about, as if they were fairly drunk with light and joy. And Missy danced too in her white night-gown, and sang till you might almost have fancied her some odd white bird of most uncommon plumage.

"For I shall have a picnic to-day, Screwny, dear," she said.

Screwny was her elder sister, properly named Susan, a staid, proper girl, who talked like a copy-book.

"In these times of trouble and danger, how can you think of such a thing?" said Screwny. "A picnic, when we have been living on corn-bread and bacon for a month!"

"Ah! but Tip gave me a darling little fat chicken last night, that Maum Juno broiled to a delicious brown. It made my mouth water, and I thought of a picnic at once."

"One chicken," said Screwny contemptuously, "and stolen of course."

Missy was silent. Tip was not irreproachable on that score. His morality, like his face, was not perfectly white. But it was hard to have such a wet blanket thrown on her enthusiasm.

"Tip knows I would n't eat stolen chicken," she said, proudly, as she brushed up the short, bright curls, till they looked like a little golden crown. "You are so disappointing, Screwny."

"Disappointment is the lot of man," answered Screwny in her primmest style. "What would you say to the Yankees landing in the midst of your picnic?"

"O, I hope not till we'd eaten our chicken; there would n't be enough for all," said Missy, laughing.

But their mother's voice was now heard calling in sharp tones that made the girls start. She was not a mother to be kissed and coaxed into anything. She was straight and cold, and seemed as if childhood lay so far behind her that she had forgotten all about it.

Nevertheless, Missy came off conqueror. It was something to get the children comfortably off for the day. She could have some sweet potatoes, but she could not have Tip. Now as Missy's picnic only included her sister and Tip, this last was a great loss.

Even Screwny relaxed when she saw the crisp chicken wrapped in a napkin, and the brown potatoes, looking their sweetest, piled about it.

"Exercise in moderation is always to be sought," quoth Screwny, "as it has a most beneficial effect on the health and spirits."

"But, O Tip, I wish you could come with us," said Missy. "I counted on a row over to St. Johns."

Tip was chopping wood. He would have chopped his hand off to serve Missy, but he was a factotum about the Morgans' now. They were "pore white folks," and only owned a half-dozen slaves, so he could not be spared. He was what the common people called a "likely yaller boy," tall, slim, with soft, dark eyes; but there was fire under the softness, and under the thick, dark skin there were nerves that could thrill with pleasure, as yours do, or be stung to madness by pain. Years ago his father had been so stung into searching for freedom through the neighboring swamps, and over all the dreary stretches of land and water to the Ohio shore. Would Tip ever forget the night that the bloodhounds set off on his trail, and the dull waiting, day by day, to see "daddy" brought back torn and bleeding to his dingy little cabin. Strange, is n't it, for prayers to go up to Heaven, that the husband and father may not come home? — but so prayed Maum June and Tip. And God, sitting on his great white throne beyond the sunsets, heard the cry; for "daddy" never came back. Tip was fifteen now, and the maddening hunger for life and freedom stirred him through and through. Mr. Morgan was a hard master, — but there was hope still. The Yankee fleet was coming, and in the mean time he could serve Missy, and wait.

He bobbed his head as she spoke to him now, with the courtesy of a knight of olden time; but of course *you* would n't have read the chivalry in his yellow face, because it was colored, and had knotty wool over it.

“Lors, Missy, no end to de work for dis nigga ; I ’d gin a heap to gwine wid yer ; but yer see ’t ain’t no use a wishin’. Reckon missis tinks I ’d spile if I did n’t keep a goin’.”

So Missy and her sister went on and turned out of the brown dusty way into the woods, where the wild strawberries shone out coral-red under lush green leaves, and the dew still sparkled on the broad, glossy magnolia-leaves and their pure pearly buds. The long, mournful moss draped the trees, but even that took a fresher color in the golden morning light. And Missy frisked about like a kitten, and envied the bird-life in the branches, — the birds who had no hard lessons, and no tiresome work, and no desperate struggle for house and home and food and raiment, — for she thought, “Feathers cost them nothing, and their fashions never alter, and they never can tear their clothes.”

“But I should want to read,” said Missy, “and so I could not be quite happy as a bird. I have brought Hans Christian Andersen with me, Screwny.”

So they sat down in a mossy nook, velvety soft and green, with the birds darting about like winged flowers or flying gems, and a bit of blue sky shining above, and the bluer water gleaming through the tree openings, and a soft plashing of waves on the beach, to read.

But Screwny tired first of the intellectual fare, and looked at the basket with longing eyes. When Missy looked up, she saw something more surprising ; namely, Tip, making his way slowly through the trees.

“Ki, Missy, I jes’ done made de time to gin you a row” ; — and he looked so happy that Missy questioned him no further.

So, after the chicken was discussed, they went out into the long grass where crowds of bees were droning in the sunshine, and crowds of brown grasshoppers hopped about over the purple flushed slopes, — where yellow butterflies fluttered their golden wings, — down to the brown beach, where a little boat rocked gently on the tide.

How dreamy Missy grew as those oars dipped softly in the water, and the liquid plash sounded in unwritten music on her ear ! Every blow seemed to shatter the shining water into diamond showers ; yet the sunshine goldened far down in the waves, like a heart of light. Then Tip sang, as the negroes always do in rowing : —

“O, dar is a ribber, a cole, dark ribber,
An’ my soul is gwine before ye.
O make de ribber a shinin’ ribber
To carry me home to glory.

“Trabble low, trabble low, —
O, we ’s gwine home to glory ! —
Trabble low, my Christian frien’s, —
O, we ’s gwine home to glory !”

“Glory !” It seemed to Missy as if they had reached it already, such a blue sky bent over them, with snowy floats of clouds like white-winged ships sailing over it ; the shores sloped away in a dim greenness, and the sun made a golden path for them as they floated idly on.

But she was brought back sharply to this lower world before long. When the golden-belted bees began to stagger home, Missy thought it was time to go too; and she wondered that Tip hung back as they approached the house.

Maum Juno stood at the kitchen door, watchful and irate. "You done cotch it now, I reckon," she said, as she caught Tip by the arm. "Missis did n't fine her frien's at home, and she done come back, an' a mighty fuss she 's made about yer. O, she 's mad as blazes."

Tip stood up defiantly, a burning flush glowing through his light yellow skin, and a fierce light kindling in his soft, sleepy eyes. Missy looked sadly at him; she understood it at once. "O Tip, it was wrong, but I know you did it to please me. I will beg mamma to let you off."

Screwny followed at a measured pace, and reached the room in time to hear her mother coldly say, "Tip has disobeyed, and he shall be punished. I've already ordered that he shall have twenty lashes to-morrow."

And Missy burst into tears, — so we have reached the beginning of our story, and you know what she was crying about. She could not eat when tea-time came, but was glad to go out into the soft evening air, and lay her flushed and tear-stained face on the grass, and the cool breeze fanned her, and the branches waved about her, till I suppose she fell asleep; for the stars were looking down at her, with a hundred golden eyes, when she opened her own again. But something beside the soft night-wind stirred near her. At first a chill of fear made her shiver in the warm summer air, but then in a moment she recognized the voices, and did not stir.

"It's mighty hard, Tip," said Maum Juno, in a low, sad tone. "I 'se done raised yer, an' had a heap o' comfort in yer; but 'pears like ye 're dead sot on goin'. Ye allez had a hankerin' dat a way, an' now dis yere lickin' —"

"O, as for de lickin', tell ole Missis I 'se berry sorry dat I could n't wait for it; de spress train lebes dis yere station at half past eight. An' I reckon I ain't gwine to fine time to come back arter it; for, as de boy said when dey wos a teachin' him his letters an' a lickin' him at ebery letter, 'I can't tell if it 'ud be worth going t'rough so much for so little.'"

"Now Tip," said Maum Juno, "don't go in dat sperrit. Gib yerself to yer Hebbenly Master, and don't be a heavin' of yer jokes about in dis yer solemn season. Who gwine ter help yer troo de ma'sh, ef de good Lord don't take pity on yer? Ye know when Jacob was a trabblin', how de Lord helped him wid dat yere ladder."

"Tink dat yere ladder 'ud reach to der Yankees?" said Tip. "'Pears dat sech a ladder 'ud be mighty useful to us poor niggas. Reckon dese white folks tinks dey owns de ladder to heaven, and when dey gets up dere dey 'll jest fotch it up after 'em."

During this talk, Tip had been dressing himself in girl's costume, — an old blue homespun dress with a coarse check apron, — and he was just finishing by tying an old sun-bonnet on his head. Missy hardly breathed, yet a fierce struggle was going on in her innocent little heart. Tip was going to run away, and what was her duty about it? Her father had gone to Savannah,

and would not be back for weeks. There was a fair chance for Tip to get off, and, poor fellow! he had been so kind to her. How could she go and denounce him to her mother?—remembering all the time the twenty lashes that would cut into his quivering flesh when once the bright morning broke. But then they would lose him. They were poor enough already; and Missy, young as she was, knew the value of soul and body, or rather of bodies, when black and owned by a Southern planter. So she listened with such a beating heart that she wondered they did not hear it throb through the silence, to tell them some one was near.



Maum Juno did look furtively about once in a while, as she hurried a few poor things into a bundle. "Look sharp for yer dad, when ye gits safe to de Norf, Tip," she began in a trembling voice. "Reckon he clean forgot de ole cabin and de chil'en. Tell him Pete's dead, an' lilly Sam's done sole away. 'Pears like I nebber see de ole man in dis worl', Tip, but I reckon Hebben's as nigh to Georgy as it is to de Norf, — so some day or odder I'll meet him in de shinin' streets."

"Lors! does yer eber 'spect to walk in dem shinin' streets?" said Tip with bitter sarcasm. "Reckon when ye gits to heaven ye 'll have to stay in de quarters."

"Ye 're an onbeliever, Tip, I 'se sorry to see, or ye 'd know de lovin' Master says dat dar's no bond an' free dar. But go now, ef ye 're gwine, and yer ole mammy 'll pray for ye nigh an' day."

"Good by, mammy," said Tip, in a really sobered tone. "I 'se gwine sure 'nuff. I 'll tink a heap o' pore ole dad, when I gits in de ma'sh to-

night; and when I gits to de Yankees, I 'll learn to read and write so as to write yer a line."

So Tip was gone, and Missy sat there awhile like a guilty thing, thinking it all over. There was still time to run to her mother; there was time to set the hunters on his track. Why, if she only called aloud, — if one only took a few steps, — he would be a prisoner. Poor Tip! he did not own himself; he was theirs; he was running away with their property, — stealing part of their inheritance, — and yet she did not cry "Stop thief!" She sat there as if spellbound, and listened, as in a dream, to Maum Juno, who was fixing things for the night, going about very softly, and singing in a sort of awe-struck tone: —

"O what yer gwine ter do
When dat day comes?
O what yer gwine ter do
When dat day comes?
When de yearth begin to shake,
An' de hebben 'gin to quake, —
O what yer gwine ter do
When dat day comes?"

Then Missy got up very slowly. Poor Tip! She was decided now. It will be better not to have owned souls when "dat day comes." She crept stealthily up to bed, wondering that they had not missed her; but she heard Screwny's voice reading aloud as she passed, and these words sounded on the stillness, — "Neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all." So the problem was solved; and Missy fell asleep and dreamed of the lonely swamps, with their tangled vines, and the great pines that stood up in them with horribly swollen trunks and dank gray moss dripping from them, and poor Tip cowering under them, dreaming of freedom.

So Missy looked pale the next morning when she sat down to her lessons, and when Screwny asked her where Rio Janeiro was, she answered wildly, "In the desert of Sahara."

"I suppose it 's a camel then," said her sister, with withering sarcasm.

"Seems to me, Missy, it 's no use havin' a mind if you don't keep it convenient when it 's required. Now mine 's just like my work-basket, — always in order, and I know just where to put my hand on an idea when I want it."

But Missy sat silently waiting for the first mutterings of a storm that must surely come, — waiting with a throbbing heart, as some timid souls wait and watch the thunder-cloud, with the fear that the next fiery flash may leap on them, or strike somewhere near, and shake the solid earth beneath their feet.

It came at last sharp and quick. "Girls! Tip has run away, — the ungrateful scamp; there 's no doubt of it, he 's gone."

Missy could not look astonished. She did not try; but Screwny's exclamations quite covered her silence.

"When did you see him last, Missy?"

The child turned pale. She could not lie; but she had heroic stuff in her,

for she looked steadfastly at her mother, though her voice faltered. "Last night."

"Of course," was the quick and fierce reply; "but when,—how late?"

Poor Tip's joke made Missy remember the hour too well. "At half past eight."

The steadfast, shining eyes, the pale cheeks, made Mrs. Morgan examine Missy's face with a keener look. Through and through her, Missy felt that look blaze into her very soul to light up the secrets there. But even her mother's cold voice faltered at the next question. "Did you,—did you hear anything of this?"

"Yes, mamma! I heard Tip say he was going to run away!"

Then Missy dropped her eyes, and her heart stopped its quick choking throbs,—would it ever beat again, she wondered. A dead silence of a moment,—only a few flies buzzing in the slant yellow sunbeams on the floor,—only a clock that ticked louder and louder, till Missy thought it sounded like another frightened heart, beating out its terror. She knew what her mother's anger was; she had seen it visited upon the servants before,—now she was to bear it alone. She saw the pale, fixed face, the stern, set mouth, though she never raised her eyes.

"Screwny, bring me 'Dr. Jack.'"

The words struck her like a blow. "Dr. Jack" was a long leathern strap,—the terror of her childhood, but only used as a bugbear, for Missy only knew it in name. Now it curled about in Screwny's hand like some venomous live thing. Yet Missy did not speak a word.

Mrs. Morgan asked no further questions. Explanation could not be given to her for such a crime, and the child knew her mother too well to offer any. She only shut her eyes as the fiery, cutting strokes came down on her bare neck and raised great scarlet welts on the white skin.

"Now help a runaway slave again," said Mrs. Morgan, as she shut poor Missy in her room.

So there she sat through the long bright May-day, with a sad, tired little heart. It was a hard world,—a cruel world, she thought; but she did not repent of letting poor Tip go free. She looked with longing eyes across the purple downs to the gloomy coolness of the swamps beyond, as if she could see the lonely, friendless boy toiling through their tangled brakes. Freedom was worth something, then. It was more than shelter, more than comfort, more than food; it was worth toil and hunger, starvation perhaps, death itself, since Tip had perilled all to gain it. So she did not repent her crime, but rejoiced that she had helped to make him free. For day by day wore on, and he was not brought back.

The yellow leaves of the elm-tree dropped all about Missy on that clear September day, and lay in little golden drifts around her feet. The chrysanthemums were all ablaze in the garden, and the fever flush was kindled in the maples. Only the solemn pines stood up unchanged, and murmured their own music to the winds. The world looked bright again to Missy as she

listened to a measured tramp, and saw a grand procession with gay flags of crimson stripes and silver stars, with the gleaming of armor, the beat of drums, and martial music ringing out the changes on that wonderful old tune, "Hail Columbia," file slowly by.

Mrs. Morgan and Screwny watched it from a window, with colder eyes ; but Missy danced about at the gate, and Maum Juno looked at the mystic flags as if they were the wands of some mighty enchanter.

She drew a long breath as the last one flapped in the wind at the turning of the road.

"Dat 's de flag dat makes us free, Missy, bress de Lord !" she said ; "but I 's not gwine to be sot up by it a mite. We 's pore creturs at de best."

Two weeks after, Missy saw this in a New York paper, from an army correspondent : "One of the most valuable guides to our army in this region of swamps and thickets has been a young mulatto who seems to know every foot of the way. He has shown great fortitude in the marches, which have been severe for a slender boy of fifteen. Like all his race, he is a fast friend to the Yankees. His name is 'Tip,' but I call him 'Tip-Top.'"

Then Missy knew that she had helped in some small way to bring into the land "the flag that made them free."

Helen Wall Pierson.



SAM'S MONKEY.

DORA SUMNER was a dear little girl, about four years old. Her hair was the color of corn-silk, and fell on her plump shoulders in soft flossy curls, while her blue eyes looked lovingly at everybody and everything. She was such a sunny-tempered little creature, that her old nurse Roxy used to say, "Ten children like our Dora would make less noise and trouble in a house than one like Master Sam." Sam was Dora's only brother, — a saucy, careless fellow of eight ; always tearing his clothes, playing tricks, chasing the cat, or teasing Annie. As for Annie, she was the eldest of the children, a gentle, thoughtful girl, who rather liked to be considered a young lady, though she was not much over ten.

One evening in March, the three children were with their mother in the cosey sitting-room of their house, in a pretty village near Boston. Annie and Sam were playing dominoes, while Dora, who had finished her early supper of bread and milk, was watching the game, and making brave efforts to keep awake until papa should return from visiting his patients and give her a good-night kiss. The poor child was very sleepy, however, and, in spite of all her struggles, her rosy mouth stretched once and again into a big yawn. Each time, her mother and Annie noticed it, and smiled significant-

ly, for it was one of the family rules that the third yawn after tea should be a signal for going to bed. At last number three came, and the little one, slipping from her chair, leaned her weary head on her mother's lap, sighing, "Wing for Woxy, mamma, Do's 'awned fwee times." Roxy came accordingly; but before she carried her pet away, good-night kisses must be given all round, and the prayers said at the mother's knee. The other children paused in their game to watch the child, as she knelt and slowly repeated "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," then drew a long breath and went on, "God bwess papa and mamma, Nannie and Sam and Woxy, make Do a good girl, and bwess dear Uncle Max, and 'Genty Annie,' and bwing 'um safe home out of the big sea. For Jesus' sake, Amen."

All the listeners knew what Dora's prayer meant; but perhaps you may not understand it, and so I will tell you that "Uncle Max" was Mrs. Sumner's only brother, — a very warm-hearted, generous man, who, having no wife or children of his own, was extremely fond of his sister and her family. He was a sea-captain, and owned a fine vessel named the "Gentle Annie," in which he made voyages to China, South America, or the West Indies. Whenever he returned from these trips, he brought presents for his sister and the children in his big green chest. They all loved him dearly, — he was so merry, so good-natured, so willing to tell them stories, and sing them songs, and amuse them in funny ways that no one else would have thought of. Sam often declared that Uncle Max was better than Christmas, or New Year, or even Fourth of July; and once at school, when Jenny Dowse boasted she had a pony all her own, and Susy Moody said she had two new silk dresses, Annie had silenced them both by saying, "You have n't either of you an Uncle Max, who owns a whole ship, and has been to China and seen whales and sharks."

This beloved uncle had left them six months before the evening I was telling you about, intending to visit several South American ports, and to touch at Cuba on his return. He was now expected daily; and, for a week past, the children's first act in the morning had been to rush to the head of the stairs to see if the well-known green chest were in the hall below.

One of Uncle Max's merry ways was to let them all wish for what they wanted he should bring them next time. On the last afternoon he was with them he would lie down on the sofa as if very weary, and declare his intention of taking a nap, adding, that they must be very quiet, and, if they had any last wishes to express, they might whisper them to "Gentle Annie." By this he meant a little model of his vessel which stood on a table at the head of the sofa. One of the sailors had made it for Sam. So the children would keep as still as mice, until, from breathing heavier and louder, Uncle Max would finally snore sonorously; then one by one they would steal up, and whisper the secret wishes of their little hearts to the carved figure-head of the "Gentle Annie." The elder ones always had their minds made up, and their wish ready, having previously ascertained where their uncle was going, and then consulted their parents and their geographies as to the desirable articles to be procured there. Little Dora, however, more ignorant and

more trustful, always said, "P'ese, Genty Annie, bwing Do huffin nice." Somehow or other, the wishes were always gratified, and, when next uncle's chest returned, there were the very things they had whispered about.

Perhaps you are old and wise enough to guess the mystery ; perhaps by this time Sam and Annie had solved the puzzle ; but the plan was first made when they were so young as to think there must surely be fairies' work about it, and no one had ever showed any wish to give it up. Both uncle and children liked it as well as ever. Before the last voyage, Sam had wished for a funny live monkey, Annie for a big basket of oranges, and Dora, as usual, for "huffin nice." Sam had heard how lively and roguish monkeys were, and he thought it would be rare fun to have one, and see him playing tricks in the kitchen, putting neat Annie's basket out of order, and perhaps even pulling off Roxy's false curls. Annie's idea had been more amiable. "I might wish for a sandal-wood fan," she thought, "but I could only carry it once in a great while to a party, and I know I should fidget all the time then, for fear it would get broken. I will have oranges, and then I can take one to school every day for luncheon, and papa loves them cut up in sugar for tea, and I can ride about with him, and give them to his patients. I will have the fan when I am older." So she wished for the fruit, and Sam for Jocko ; and when I tell you that part of the rule was, that neither child should know the other's wish, you can understand how eagerly they looked for their uncle's return, which would bring surprises as well as gifts to all.

While I have been telling you all this about Uncle Max, Dora has gone to sleep in her crib, the game of dominoes is ended, papa has returned, tea is over, and Sam and Annie have also snuggled into their respective beds. Just as they had called out "Good night" to each other for the third time, the front gate was heard to click open and slam shut, and a clear, strong voice came singing under the windows, —

"But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high."

"Hooray for Uncle Max," cried Sam ; and his slim legs kicked off the blankets and carried him to the head of the stairs in an instant.

"O splendid ! O hush !" exclaimed Annie, in one breath. "O, where *is* my wrapper ?" — and out she came too, thrusting her arms into the sleeves of her flannel gown.

Sure enough, there is father opening the door, and mother, close behind, slips past him, and is snatched in the big blue-coated arms. Yes, it is darling Uncle Max ! No one else has such shaggy hair, all in black curls and rings ; no one else such tanned cheeks. Who beside him would lift mamma clear off her feet, and call her his "own dear Molly," or dare to take papa by the shoulders and kiss him ? Nobody else would have spied the shivering, eager little peepers above, and, singing out so heartily, "Now for the babies !" have come leaping up the stairs. Sam gave a shrill yell, and rushed down

three steps, and clung around his waist ; and as he reached the top, Annie, laughing and crying together, launched herself into his open arms, and received a dozen kisses before she was set free.

"Go back to bed, you little foxes," cries the merry uncle. "Here comes Roxy, and she 'll scold us both. Go quickly to sleep, or you won't be fit to go with me to the Museum to-morrow."

The children disappeared quickly in their rooms.

"Ah, Roxy, here I am again, to break all your good rules, you see."

"I 'm merry glad to see you, Captain Max, whatever," says Roxy ; "and I know it 's little Dora you 'll have to kiss before you 'll have your tea, sir."

So she led the way, turned up the gas, and there lay the little cherub, rosy and beautiful, in her crib, with her golden curls tossed like a glory above her head. One fat hand clasped tightly a much-soiled rabbit, made of once white cotton flannel, and with which the child always went to sleep. The rough sailor gazed at her till the tears filled his eyes, and his sister called from below, "Tea 's all ready, Max."

"Ay, ay," he answered, kissed Dora gently, and went down.

You may be sure the children were all up early the next morning. Dora rode down stairs on Uncle Max's shoulder, Sam and Annie following, full of eager expectation. The first thing they saw on entering the dining-room was a big wooden box marked "Miss Annie Sumner," full of delicious-looking oranges, peeping out of their white papers. The next discovery was a box of guava jelly in Dora's plate ; then a piece of beautiful white and pink Cuba linen for wrappers on the mother's chair, and, chained to the leg of the table, a funny, old-mannish looking monkey, about as big as a young cat. You can imagine the astonishment of the girls at Sam's gift, their delight over their own, and the thanks and kisses showered on Uncle Max. Dora insisted that Jocko was "Uncle Jakey," an old black man who sometimes came to saw wood.

"It *is* Uncle Jakey, got all small. I know it is. He better go in the kitchen wiz Woxy," — and nothing would induce her to touch him or regard him as a pet, playfellow, or friend.

She was much pleased with her own gift, her "pwitty wed butter," as she called it, and stopped several times during breakfast to hug her uncle. Roxy shared her pet's prejudice against the monkey, and went about holding her skirts carefully from contact with him, and tossing her head in a way she had when things did not please her. Her mistress secretly sympathized with her, but was consoled by a private promise from Captain Max that he would take away Jocko at the end of a week, if she really wished it.

That afternoon Uncle Max took the elder children to the Museum, as he had promised, allowing each of them to invite one of their particular friends to go too. They were thus a party of five, and had a glorious time. The only drawback was, that the captain bade them good by as soon as they reached home, being obliged to take the night boat for New York.

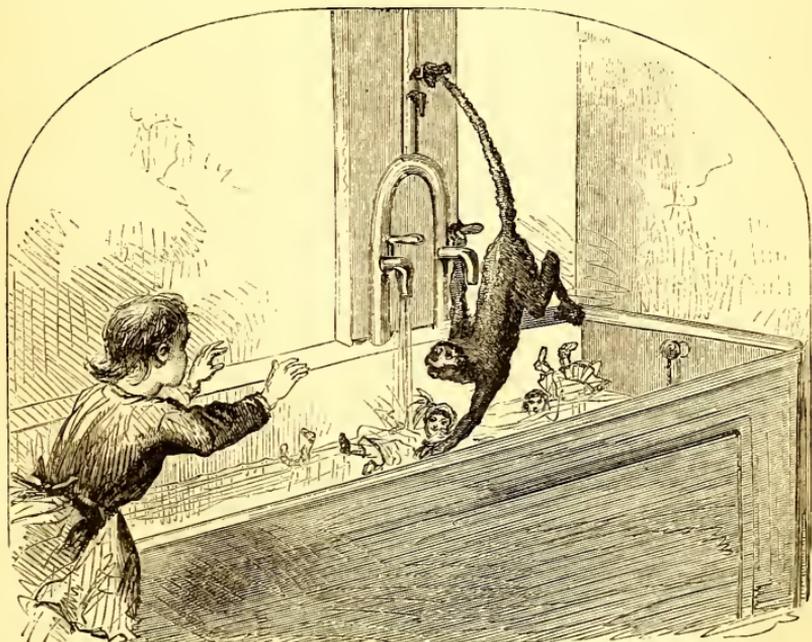
"I shall be gone four or five days," he said, "and when I return I shall expect to hear how many dozen oranges Annie has eaten, and how Sam's monkey has behaved. Mind now, Sam, if you let him trouble your mother, I'll take him away where you'll never see him again."

Sam grinned; he did not believe his merry uncle would ever keep the threat. Like many other children, he did not know that one so lively and good-natured could also, in case of need, be stern, just, and immovable.

At the end of a week Captain Max returned. This time he came late, and all the children were asleep, the Doctor had been called out, and Mrs. Sumner was alone. As soon as he was comfortably seated and his cigar lit, he requested, and his sister gave him, *The Sad Story of Sam's Monkey*.

"O Max! such a week as this has been! I can laugh about it now with you, but it has been no laughing matter for either the children, or Roxy, or me, I assure you.

"You know, when you left, the creature was quite shy and still, and would hardly move or eat. In the morning he still seemed so harmless and depressed that I allowed Sam to leave him unchained when he went to school, thinking he would feel more at home if he walked about a little. Accordingly he did walk about, but very slowly and shyly. He seemed to take a fancy to Roxy, and, though she hated him, followed her about closely while she gave Dora her bath and afterwards washed some laces in the bath-room basin. His aspect was so comically wise and attentive that we all laughed, and felt more kindly towards him.



"By and by I went down stairs, leaving him asleep in a patch of sunlight

on the play-room floor, while Roxy and Dora were sitting as usual in the nursery close by. I had hardly been down half an hour when piercing screams from Dora made me run up again. O such a scene! The perfidious monkey, in imitation of Roxy's performances, had collected all the dolls from the baby-house, thrown them into the bath-tub, and turned on the water, besides putting to soak in the basin a pile of Dora's freshly-ironed white aprons, which Roxy had left a moment on a chair. Poor Dora's grief, as she pulled her drenched dollies out of their bath, was extreme. The china ones were unhurt, except as to their dresses; but the large painted one was a melancholy spectacle: the black of her hair and the red of her cheeks had run all over her face, and ruined her white frock. I could think of nothing but a savage in his war-paint;—while the favorite wax lady, with real hair, was painfully like a drowned kitten. Roxy's wrath was loud and long. The monkey fled before it, and did not reappear until dinner-time.

"I'm sorry to say that Sam only laughed till he cried when he heard of the ruin Jocko had wrought. But before night he realized that mischief was not always so amusing. I allowed him to take the monkey out for a walk, on condition he did not loose him or allow him out of his sight for a moment. For a while all went well. Jocko made plenty of sport, pelting the boys with acorns, riding on Ponto, etc.; but at last they grew tired of him, chained him to the fence, and amused themselves by skipping stones on the surface of the pond. Presently Mr. Monkey began to imitate them; and, though his stones did not skip, he threw them so fast and made such ludicrous imitations of the positions and gestures of the boys, that they screamed with laughter and encouraged his play.

"Suddenly some one cried, 'He gets his stones out of your pocket, Sam! O, my eyes! they're your marbles!' Too true! Sam had carelessly flung his overcoat on the fence, and Jocko, smelling the gingerbread in the pockets, had explored them all, discovered the marbles, and made rapid use of them. Alas! the beautiful Chinese ones, the gorgeous glass ones, the agates, the alleys, and the commoneys, were all deep in the middle of the pond. Poor Sam! he gave way, forgot his manliness, and cried as bitterly as Dora had over her drowned dollies. Jocko received a good whipping, and was chained up for the night, with nothing but dry bread for his supper.

"Poor Sam was somewhat consoled the next morning; for kind Annie gave him fifteen cents out of her own pocket-money to buy new marbles. On the strength of this, he forgave Jocko, and fed him generously before he went to school. I decided that the mischievous creature must remain tied; but Sam made such eloquent representations of the harshness of solitary confinement in the woodshed, that I commuted the sentence to a short rope under the kitchen table.

"Going down there in the course of the morning, I found Bidy cutting up fish for a chowder. She solemnly informed me that the monkey watched her so closely that she was getting quite nervous. 'The wise-like look of the baste is somethin' awful, marm; he sees ivery turn of me hand, and it's all of a creep I am, with his stiddy watchin' and niver spakin', for it's my belafe he could spake if he chose.'

"I laughed at her, gave my directions for dessert, and was leaving the room, when she called my attention to the cellar door. The latch was out of order in some way, so that to keep the door closed she was obliged to bolt it. She dropped her knife as she turned to show me, but neglected to pick it up until we had examined and discussed the broken latch. Promising to have it mended, I went away, and she, stooping for the knife, noticed with relief (as she told me afterwards), that Jocko had curled himself up, and gone to sleep. Alas, poor Biddy! she little knew that, while she was so volubly explaining the state of the door, the wily creature had not only noticed that, but had used the knife to cut his rope, and was only waiting for a good opportunity to make use of his liberty. His time soon came. Biddy went down cellar, and her apparently sleeping enemy instantly started up, closed and bolted the door upon her, and, with joyful chattering, found himself master of the kitchen.

"His first exploit was a thorough foraging of the pantry. Here he ate out the middle of two pies, consumed several cup-custards, emptied the sugar-bowl upon the floor, the better to select the big lumps, and threw the salt-cellar through the window, because he did not relish its contents. He next directed his inventive mind to the cooking, quite regardless of the scolding of his prisoner, who was now wildly beating on the cellar door. Having previously watched her putting the various ingredients into the chowder, he now decided to add a few of his own selection. With this in view, he pulled open the table drawer, and, finding there a pleasing variety of objects, he proceeded by the aid of a chair and a towel to reach and remove the cover of the kettle without burning his wicked paws, and with wonderful swiftness he then added the whole contents of the drawer to poor Biddy's savory stew.

"What his next achievement would have been we can never know, for at this moment Roxy was heard coming down stairs to re-iron the white dresses so rudely treated the day before. Jocko dropped on the cover, towel and all, and ran to hide himself behind the flour-barrel in the pantry, and Roxy coming in *saw* nothing amiss; but poor Biddy's cries were distinctly audible, and in great amazement she hastened to open the door, and was instantly overwhelmed with bitter reproaches from the furious prisoner, who of course regarded nurse as the sole author of the joke. It was only after the exchange of a great many loud words, and the copious shedding of tears on cook's part, that they came to an understanding, and finally, — missing Jocko, — to the right conclusion.

"Of course he was nowhere to be found, and peace was at last restored, but not to continue long; for Biddy, going to the closet, discovered the dreadful signs of invasion there, and set up a yell worthy of a wake. Roxy at the same moment, stooping over the range for a flat-iron, perceived an unaccountable odor, lifted the cover of the chowder-kettle, and immediately sat flat down upon the floor and gave way to screams of dismay and laughter. The noise of this duet reached even to the nursery, and Dora and I hurried down, expecting to find the house on fire at least. O Max! if you could only have been here! I have not laughed so since we were children,

and that bottle of beer burst, and blew off grandfather's wig. Roxy still sat on the floor, lame and weak with hysterical laughing and crying, but not quite able to subdue either; Biddy, with her apron over her head, alternately bewailed 'the poor dear docthor's dinner spiled, and he niver mistrustin', and threatened Jocko with every form of violent death.

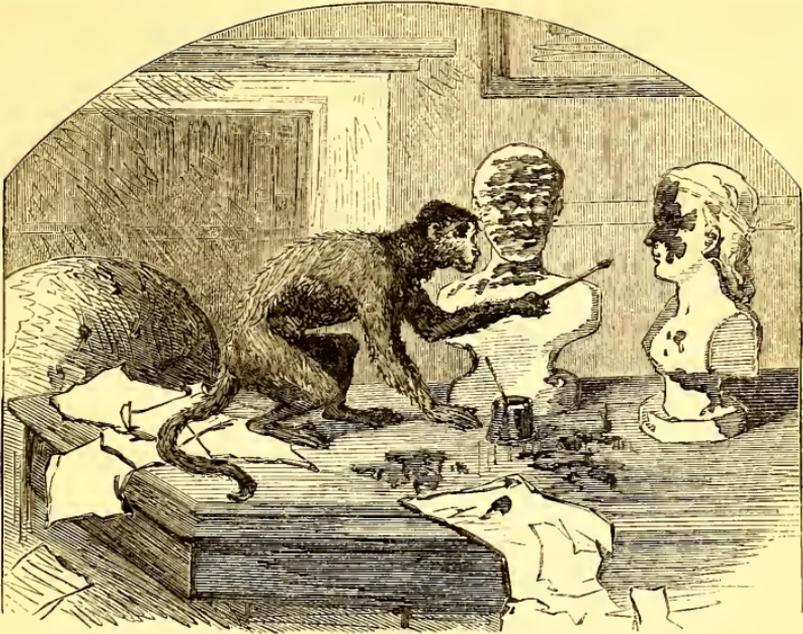
"The state of the pantry was nothing compared to that chowder. There, all boiling and steaming together, were slices of pork and rusty hair-pins, flakes of fish and a ball of lamp-wicking, rounds of potato, a half-knitted stocking, bits of onion, spools of cotton, and a big lump of beeswax, a half-eaten apple, a pocket-comb, and a fancy fan, the 'Key of Heaven' reduced to the consistency of the hard crackers, a lump of flag-root, and two or three neck-ribbons floating on top. Such a time as we had fishing all these out! But you can imagine the rest, — how I scolded the girls into self-command, and set them to preparing a new dinner, — how the Doctor, not having his regular Friday's chowder, forgot what day it was, and missed an important appointment, — and how Jocko crept out at nightfall, and received a suitable compensation for his tricks.

"All day Saturday he languished in chains, and, though the children invited their friends to see him, I would not allow him to be loosed. Sunday, Annie was kept in by a bad cold, and I left him in her care without anxiety, while I took Sam and Dora to church.

"Annie first established herself in her father's office with a book, having chained Jocko to a chair and put the biggest volume of 'Anatomical Plates' into it to keep it steady. Getting tired after a while, she went into the parlor, leaving her charge safely anchored, and apparently asleep. Unluckily for her, the Doctor came in for a bottle, and, seeing his beloved book in a chair, carefully replaced it on the shelf, and went out again, unconscious of the monkey who was thus left comparatively at liberty. Annie, trying to puzzle out 'Old Hundred' on the piano, had forgotten all about him, or rather she supposed him still asleep. But he was softly and gradually dragging his chair to the table, and at last he brought it close, and his chain allowed him to climb up and examine the Doctor's properties at his leisure. The day before he had seen the children trying with paints and brushes to restore form and beauty to Dora's drowned dollies, and some remembrance of it must have been in his mind now, when he seized the mucilage brush and bottle, and tried to embellish the great plaster busts of Æsculapius and Hippocrates, between which he found himself.

"The results not being lively enough to please his tropical taste, he next dipped his brush in the ink, and then indeed he saw the fruit of his labors. When I returned from church, poor Æsculapius was metamorphosed into an Othello, and Hippocrates was in a zebra-like condition of stripes, while the artist himself wore an expression of absorbed delight. My cry of dismay startled him from his rapture, and, with miserable whimperings, he tried to hide himself in the paper-basket.

"As he was far too inky to be touched, I carried him away in it, and had him once more chained up in solitude in the shed. Poor Annie had a hearty



cry over the results of her unusual carelessness, and her father gave peremptory orders that the monkey should not be unchained or brought in again during your absence.

“All trouble might have ended here, had Sam been obedient; but I’m sorry to say the spirit of mischief is often stronger than anything else in that boy. I should feel more troubled about it than I do, Max,” she added roguishly, “if I had n’t seen such cases before, and known them turn out tolerably well. Monday I had a peaceful day. Tuesday morning also passed without annoyance. After dinner, however, the Doctor took the girls and me to ride, giving Sam leave to spend the afternoon at Teddy Ray’s. Unfortunately Teddy was not home, so Sam came back, and, finding time hang heavily on his hands, he yielded to temptation, and decided to unchain the monkey just for half an hour, and have a good frolic with him for the last time. Roxy being out, and Bidy in her own room, there was no one to check him, and, as he fondly thought, no one need ever know of his misbehavior. So, going into the shed, and carefully closing all the doors, he released Jocko, who celebrated his liberty with many joyous leaps and droll antics. For a while all went merrily. Sam taught his new mate to play ball, and found him a ready pupil. He says they threw it back and forth over a hundred times without failing, and only stopped then because he laughed so at Jocko’s eagerness and spiteful throws. In this way time passed unnoticed. Teddy Ray, meanwhile, having come home and heard of Sam’s visit, came with boy-like promptness to return it. Sam gleefully admitted him, made him promise secrecy, and then proudly displayed the new accomplishment of his pet. Ted was delighted, and would not hear of having such a playmate chained.

"When we hear the carriage coming will be time enough ; let 's have all the fun we can, Sam." And Sam yielded, as he is too apt to do, to the counsels of his older, bolder ally. So the three began to play ; but Jocko evidently considered Teddy an interloper, and obstinately refused to throw the ball to him. Teddy, in revenge, would not toss it to Jocko, who now chattered and squealed with jealous rage. This, of course, was 'gay fun' to the boys, and they continued to aggravate him ; now withholding the ball entirely, now tossing it over his head, and again pretending to throw it, and laughing and jeering when he held out his paws for nothing.

"At last he was wrought up to a state of fury, and, snatching a broken tumbler which had been set over one of Bidley's plants in the window, threw it with true aim at his rival. Poor Ted's cheek was dreadfully cut, and the blood streamed at once. Sam's temper was up in a moment. Brave as a lion he sprung on the enemy ; but Jocko was angry too, and gave his young master more than one vigorous scratch, and pulled out two pawfuls of his curls before he was conquered and chained.

"On this cheerful scene, the Doctor and I entered, followed by Annie and Dora. Poor Teddy, faint and dizzy, sat on the wash-bench, leaning his head against the wall, while his pale face and gayly braided jacket were striped and smeared with blood. Sam stood over him, sobbing with fright and remorse, trying to wipe away the stains with his little dingy handkerchief, which he had soaked in water. Why is it that boys' handkerchiefs always look so, I wonder?"

"Because they carry worms and pebbles and gingerbread and pitch and liquorice paste in their pockets," suggested Uncle Max.

"Perhaps it is. But I must finish about poor Sam. His mingled relief and shame, when he saw us, were very touching. 'O papa,' he cried, 'I am so glad you 've come ! O, I have been very bad, and you may punish me hard, only see to Teddy first, pray do ! I will tell you all about it, only do stop the blood. Poor Ted ! it was all my fault, mamma, and you may send away Jocko as soon as you please. O, will it make a dreadful scar, and will Mrs. Ray hate me ? I 'm so sorry, Ted. I wish it was I that was cut so. Don't mind my face, it 's only scratched, but fix poor Teddy's.'

"His distress when he heard that the wound must be sewed up was far greater than Teddy's own, and I had much more of a scene putting him to bed, bathing his swollen face, hearing his full confession, and soothing him to sleep, than the Doctor had with Ted in the surgery. All this time Annie had her share of consoling to do ; for poor Dora, who had never seen more than a drop of blood at a time before, thought that both the boys were 'deaded,' and was crying with all her might. I assure you, I have had to feed the monkey myself ever since, for no one else will go near him. And you will take him away early, to-morrow, Max, won't you ? and not reproach Sam ; for the sight of the results of his disobedience has been a severe punishment to him already."

"I will do just as you say, Molly," said Uncle Max, very gravely. "I am beginning to feel that I was wrong to bring such a playfellow to your quiet

home ; but, as I told you before, I only borrowed him of one of the sailors, who will call for him to-morrow. I am sorry I ever did so thoughtless a thing. I hope Annie's oranges have not been unfortunate too ?”

“ No, indeed,” said Mrs. Sumner, with a happy smile ; “ that story will be quite a different one.”

L. D. Nichols.



OUT IN THE SNOW.

THE snow and the silence came down together,
Through the night so white and so still,
And the young folks, housed from the bitter weather,—
Housed from the storm and the chill,—

Heard in their dreams the sleigh-bells jingle,
Coasted the hillsides under the moon,
Felt their cheeks with the keen air tingle,
Skimmed the ice with their steel-clad shoon.

They saw the snow, when they rose in the morning,
Glittering ghost of the vanished night,
Though the sun shone clear in the winter dawning,
And the day with a frosty pomp was bright.

Out in the clear cold winter weather,—
Out in the winter air like wine,—
Kate with her dancing scarlet feather,
Bess with her peacock plumage fine,

Joe and Jack with their pealing laughter,
Frank and Tom with their gay hallo,
And half a score of roisterers after,
Out in the witching, wonderful snow.

Shivering graybeards shuffle and stumble,
Righting themselves with a frozen frown,
Grumbling at every snowy tumble,—
But the young folks know why the snow came down.

Louise Chandler Moulton.



Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Moderato.

Ho! yo ho! the winds are call - ing, Knocking at the cottage

door, While I sit and idly fan - cy Many voices in their

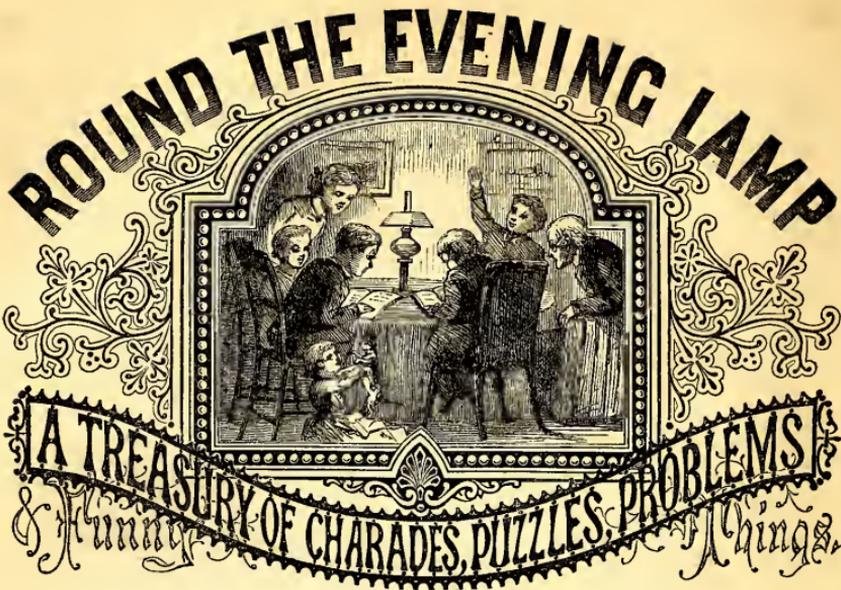
roar. I can hear the sailors shouting, Where the seas are white with

foam, While they think of children sleeping In their quiet beds at

home; — In their quiet beds at home.

Ho! yo ho! the winds are sighing
 Underneath the cottage eaves,
 In the dreary darkness moaning
 Like a tender voice that grieves;
 And the maples creak and shiver, —
 Yet my heart can gayly sing;
 I have caught a sound of promise
 Whispered from the coming spring.

Ho! yo ho! the winds are saying,
 "Spring is coming, full of mirth;
 You may hear her footsteps patter
 Lightly on the frozen earth.
 Storms may wake and winds be wailing,
 Clouds be black with icy rain,
 Yet be sure the grass is creeping
 Upward to the light again."



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 3.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

The Beginning. The End.

CROSS WORDS.

That which protects the beginning.

That which confuses the beginning.

The laziest embodiment of both.

That which if the beginning *is*, the end
will be bad.

H.

No. 4.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

A friend to woman I have been,
Since Mother Eve first learned to sin ;
No one of all her daughters fair
Can suitable apparel wear,
Or be in graceful gait arrayed,
Without my ever present aid.

Yet still the first cannot be reckoned
Completely armed without my second ;
In vain her useless toil she plies,
And o'er the task allotted flies ;
We must unite the loving twain,
If we their needful help would gain.

CROSS WORDS.

Useless when whole, yet broken gives
The food on which a creature lives.

An habitation formed for man,
Before the human race began.

That which the lover seeks to gain,
When he his purpose would explain.

That which we surely must believe,
More blessed to give than to receive.

That which can fearful ruin throw
Where tropic flowers and fruits may grow.

That which the years will surely bring
To every sad or joyful thing.

S. A. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

No. 1.

Curb me land. Old Thumb. Change
on. My Wade. Mein herr. Rain-pad.
As a dog can. When set to. (All names
of rivers in the United States.)

C. E. A. D.

No. 2.

By transposing the letters in the word
"Misrepresentation," make four words
which shall recall a well-known scene in
the New Testament.

R. W. S., JR.

CHARADES.

No. 4.

My *first*'s an evil thing to do,
And yet we needs must do it,
Both saint and sinner, I and you,
Or sadly we should rue it ;
Though *out* of bed a shame and sin,
'T is very right and proper *in*.

My *second* is of small account,
And yet, you cannot doubt it,
My *whole* with all his might and *main*
Would be a myth without it ;
And once it had, it can be shown,
Both priest and temple of its own.

Now when in drowsy ears my *whole*
Sloth whispers in the morning,
Reverse my *second* ! Sloth will fly
Before that word of scorning,
As you before my *whole* would flee,
Tawny and terrible to see !

BESSIE.

No. 5.

The sounds commanded by my name
Are hushed where you repeat the same ;
Alone, I bid sweet voices flow,
Yet, doubled, am a place of woe.

Repeat my name in felon's ear,
And lo ! his face is blanched with fear ;
And yet my name, when he is free,
Will bid him hail his liberty.

J. L.

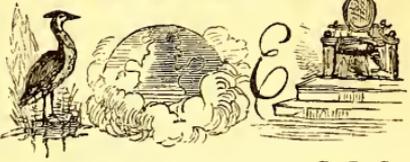
ENIGMA.

No. 3.

What is that word of six letters of which
the 2d, 1st, and 6th form a noun ;
the 5th and 1st, an abbreviation ;
the 1st, 2d, and 3d, an adverb ;
the 3d, 4th, and 6th, an interjection ;
the 2d, 6th, 1st, and 3d, a noun ;
the 4th, 5th, and 6th, a noun ;
the 5th and 4th, a French adverb ;
the 1st and 2d, a preposition ;
the 4th and 2d, a conjunction ?

H. F. B.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 4.



C. J. S.

PUZZLE.

No. 2.

I am a word of two letters.
My *first* represents that which is dearer
to me than house or lands.

My *second* is the name of an article
which cheers my life and adds to my en-
joyment.

My *whole* is the most definite and the
most indefinite word in the English lan-
guage, which may apply to anything in
the universe, and which can yet desig-
nate but a single thing.

LEVI D.

ANSWERS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

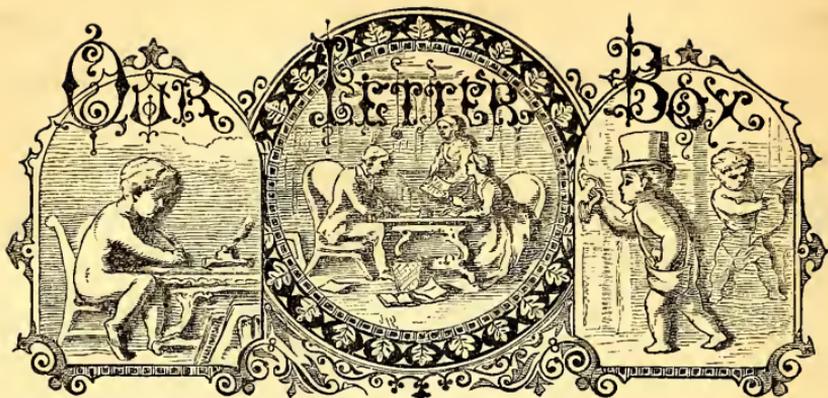
- | | |
|-----------|---------------|
| 1. DreaM, | 2. IntervieW, |
| ElihU, | DracO, |
| EphesuS, | ErR, |
| RacK. | AnD. |

ENIGMA.

2. William Makepeace Thackeray.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

3. O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pains of anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.
- [O (woman in our hours of E's), U N (sir) (ten),
(sea) (boy minus B) & hard (top) (lease), W(hen)
(panes) O (fan) Gu (eye) sh (ring) t (he) B (row),
a (minister) (ring) (angel) THOU.]



Ada Peck. The story is very well in its way ; we will see about the enigma.

Nellie R. We will use a part.

Horace says : "When is a loaf of bread inhabited? — When it has a little *Indian* in it."

Bluebell. Both, if you can ; either, if you can't do both.

C. W. V. We have received it.

H. J. M. "The Inexhaustible Bottle" will be explained directly.

Kitten. Almost.

Alice. Your letter interests deeply, but we do not think that the subject is one for publicity.

Linden Blossom. The old rates still hold. The enigma? — no.

A. B. C. Decidedly it is wrong.

Ned Nevans. A good idea, but not carried out as it should be.

S. G. B. We have the same subject already engraved in a little different form.

X. Y. Z. Thank you. Read what we have said to young writers in other numbers.

S. Many thanks for your favor, but we fear our young folks would hardly understand the "Soliloquy."

W. A. M. You must wait a while before your turn will come round again.

J. L. J. Your puzzle is a new one, but you have made too many errors in transcribing. Spelling, punctuation, capitals, etc., are all regarded in our judgment of contributions.

Eugene T. We cannot spare the room.

F. L. W. We would rather not print an enigma about ourselves.

W. J. McA. Your definition of "my whole" tells the story at once.

F. S. S. Very good ; but it could not be reproduced without occupying too much space.

"*The Woodland Princess.*" Will the author of this sketch please to send her (?) address?

Daniel H. There are mistakes in it. There is no such Greek letter as that you name.

Col. Cochran. 1. We do not reprint any old matters, even though rare. 2. On alternate pages. 3. All at once.

A. A. F. Glad to hear from you. We hope that your favorite will soon write you something.

E. H. F. "Great vices do (*not*) make men famous" — but *infamous*.

Nellie. They are cunning little rebuses.

Clyde Stuart. No.

A Little Correspondent says of "Our Young Folks" : "There is one thing which I do not quite understand, and that is, where the letters of the Letter Box come from, and who answers them. I read the letters, and I think they are very interesting, but I should like to know where they come from."

Why, dear little friend, they come from *everywhere*, — from every State, and from almost every county, in the country ; from children just like you, who want to know something, and turn this way for information. The answers are given by the Editors of the Magazine.

W. A. C. sends some conundrums, of which we give this sample : —

"If two matches are lying on the table, and one be taken away, how many will be left? — Two ; because it takes two to make a *match*."

A Grandfather. Thank you ; but "Good Old Times" will give as much of the history of the past as we have space for during this year.

"*Little Miss Contrary*" is not admissible into our well-behaved family.

Subscriber. Because the space could be more advantageously used. — Dickens is very much more than "a great caricaturist" ; he is wise, tender, truthful, earnest, pathetic, simple, grave, tragic, and mirthful by turns, and caricature, when he uses it, is but one element out of many, and he is even more of a moralist than a caricaturist.

Lilla Lambert. If you are "only a little girl," you write a very nice note. Tell Sancho, please, that a candle is not a good synonyme for "shines."

Chemicus. It goes into the basket at once, because there is no answer.

Agatha's letter runs on in this sprightly fashion :—

"I received your delightful little Magazine from my sister as a Christmas present. Having taken it the year of 1866, I know just how good it is. As for the author of 'Leslie Goldthwaite,' I *never* can say enough for that woman. 'Her price is far above rubies.' But to change the subject.

"How does Willy Wisp contrive to send so many and such good things? Does he make them all the time? Does he get every one to help him? I should really like to know. Mamma thinks that such things are a waste of time. She says that they do no good, and one only wastes time puzzling over them; one had better be drawing or practising.

"Ah well! people differ in their opinions.

"Please pass your judgment on the enclosed, for it is a *great* disappointment to write and never hear a word from your letter.

"And now I say once more, with all my heart, 'All hail to the Editors!'"

How Willy manages we do not know. We have seen better puzzles than "the enclosed."—Please tell mamma that we do not mean to induce her little daughter to leave any duty undone for our sake; and that we hope she will agree with us, after all, that it is best for children if even their amusements oblige them to be patient, thoughtful, careful, and ingenious. A puzzle is as hard as a sum, and just as good exercise, if you "*stick right to it.*"

J. Martin G. sends a new plan for the game of "Proverbs." This is usually played by giving one word in turn to each of a group of players, who is to introduce that word in his answers to the questions (which must not exceed three) of the player who is to guess the proverb; the latter has to find out each person's word, and unite all into the proper sentence. By the new plan, instead of questions and answers are a series of poetical quotations, each containing a word of the adage which is to be studied out. *J. M. G.* gives this example, in which the words of the proverb are italicized to show the composition of the puzzle :—

"Upon a black-plumed charger
One rode who held a shield."

"And the *swallow*'ll come again, mother, with summer o'er the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave."

"Than *does* the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night."

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is *not* its goal."

"By dreams that *make* night shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night."

"He stood beside *a* cottage lone
And listened to a lute."

"One *summer* eve, when the sun was low
And the nightingale was mute."

A Mother, in far-off Michigan, writes to us thus :—

"I write to thank you from my heart for the good your Magazine has done me and mine. I wish that I might thank the author of 'Leslie Goldthwaite' for her story;—it has been the source of so much comfort to me, living, as I do, almost without the pale of civilization, and surrounded by all the work and care incident to a new country. I have thought my life but dry leaves, and when I look at my children, I see so many things 'crowded out,' that I almost despair. But the words of cheer she has written have found a response. . . . Again I thank you for efforts to improve and elevate our children; and that you may be prospered and blessed is the ardent wish of

"MARY C. A."

In December we received this pleasant note :—

"I am an old fellow, but not so old that I cannot enjoy along with my children the good things which we find in your Magazine for the young folks. At our family circle, a few evenings since, one of my youngsters attempted to manufacture something which he hoped might be good enough to be admitted into your columns. His daddy has assisted a little, and the result is enclosed. The draughtsman of the family is out of town, so I send the manuscript in the rough. If you can make any use of it, you are welcome to it.

"Truly yours,

"AN OLD FOGY,

"who can't help playing the child once in a while."

We are obliged to the "old fogy," and we shall send the youngster's "something" to be engraved.

Willy Wisp sends this inversion :—

"STRANGER. 'Yo ho, madam! I'm Adam, O hoy!'"

"LADY. 'Oh sir, Irish, O!'"

"*Claudie's Prayer*" will soon be printed here, and also two or three songs with which we have been favored.

Minnie and Marion. We should not approve of *making* "children believe that there is really a Santa Claus who brings them their presents." But we see no harm in allowing them to indulge their childish passion in such a belief, or in humoring it. If all the poetry and fancy, the imagination and invention, were taken away from us, this would be a very poor world indeed. The children of to-day will outgrow all their little notions about Santa Claus, and fairies, and the like, as they do their faith in the understanding and feeling of their playthings, and just as their fathers and mothers did before them. If it is not wrong to think that a sawdust doll can be a companion and enjoy good treatment, or that a wooden horse knows when his little owner speaks to him, neither is it wrong to let the girl and the boy have just as much dependence upon any other creature of their imagination.

C. H. F. sends from St. Louis a private letter to one of us; but it contains so much that will interest, and perhaps instruct, others, that we print a large part of it here:—

"Although you do not seem exactly like a stranger to me, as I have read a good many of your books, and have often heard mamma speak of you as a townsman of hers, I hardly know how to commence this letter, as I am a little boy, only eleven years old, and not much used to writing, and have never in my life addressed a letter to an Editor.

"I have been taking 'Our Young Folks' ever since it was first published, and have read with interest and preserved with care every number; and intend to have them bound in volumes. It has already cost me \$4.80, as I have bought it at the book-stores, at 20 cents a month; but when I saw the Prospectus for next year, I thought it would be so much cheaper for myself and others at the club price, that I concluded to risk my chances at getting it through the Post-Office; and papa said that perhaps I could earn five or ten dollars, to spend during the holidays, by getting up one or two clubs of twenty-five subscribers.

"So last week I got up my first club, and you would hardly believe me if I should tell you how busily I had to work for it. I had many obstacles to contend with, such as Southern prejudices against 'Yankee' literature, — the absence of the lady of the house, — 'no children,' — cross servant-girls, — and the fear of the irregularity of the mails.

"I have never attended school, because mamma prefers to teach my sister and myself at home, and we all enjoy it very much. I study Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, and Brewer's 'Science of Familiar Things.' I also read and spell in Wilson's 'Fourth Reader,' and write compositions. Last week my subject was 'Christmas,' and this letter is my composition for this week."

Milton Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have our thanks for a very curious affair, which is too ingenious and philosophical in principle to be set down as merely a toy, although its purpose is mainly amusement. It consists of a pasteboard cylinder, with a number of little slits in the side; in it is placed a strip of paper on which are printed figures of a man or an animal in different positions; the cylinder is placed on a pivot fixed in a stand and made to revolve, and then the several figures are so blended by their rapid motion that a person who watches the slits as they pass before him seems to see *one* figure moving swiftly and successively through all the various attitudes or actions, — running, or vaulting, or playing ball, as the case may be. The illusion is one of the most amusing and curious in the science of optics, — a series of set figures having the effect of a single moving figure. The invention is called the "Zoetrope," and we presume the makers will gladly answer any inquiries about its cost, etc.

This sweet little poem came to us we know not whence, and so we print it here in the hope that the author will acknowledge it, and send us her (?) address.

"HOLD FAST WHAT I GIVE YOU.

"Molly, and Maggie, and Alice,
Three little maids in a row,
At play in an arbor palace,
Where the honeysuckles grow, —

"Six dimpled palms pressed together,
Even and firm, two by two, —
Three eager, upturned faces,
Bonny brown eyes and blue.

"Which shall it be, O you charmers?
Alas! I am sorely tried;
I, a hard-hearted old hermit,
Who the question am set to decide.

"Molly, the sprite, the darling,
Shaking her shower of curls,
Whose laugh is the brook's own ripple,
Gayest and gladdest of girls?

"Maggie, the wild little brownie,
Every one's plaything and pet,
Who leads me a chase through the garden
For a kiss, the wicked coquette?

"Or Alice? — ah! shy-eyed Alice,
Looking so softly down
Under her long, dark lashes
And hair so golden brown, —

"Alice, who talks with the flowers,
And says there are none so wise, —
Who *knows* there are elves and fairies,
For 'has n't she seen their bright eyes?'

"There, there, at last I am ready
To go down the bright, eager row;
So, up with your hands, my Graces,
Close, — nobody else must know.

"Hold fast what I give you,' Molly!
(Poor little empty palms!)
'Hold fast what I give you,' Maggie!
(A frown steals over her charms.)

"Hold fast what I give you,' Alice!
You smile, — *do* you so much care?
Unclasp your little pink fingers:
Ah ha! the button is there!

"But do you know, sweet Alice,
All that I give you to keep?
For into my heart you have stolen,
As sunbeams to shadows creep.

"You, a glad little maiden, —
How old are you? Only nine, —
With your bright, brown hair all shining,
While the gray is coming to mine.

"No matter, you'll be my true-love,
And come to my old arms so;
And 'hold fast what I give you,' Alice,
For nobody else must know."



GOING HALVES.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See *Going Halves*, page 238.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1867.

No. IV.

GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

IV.



THE long-expected month of June came at last, and the weather was most propitious, for the month of May had been a very dry month, and the dry weather continued, which was of great consequence to Hugh, as his timber had been cut late and was green, while the success of his crop depended upon a good "burn" to consume the roots and leaves, and have a good bed of ashes to plant on.

It was a time of great interest with the children, — the burn, — and indeed with all of them, as their bread depended upon it. By daybreak they were astir; indeed, Billy had been up and out of doors two or three times in the night to see if it was daylight. They hastily despatched their breakfast, and then moved everything in the camp over the brook, lest, it being a dry time, the fire should run into the woods. Most terrible conflagrations have been, and are still in the eastern parts of Maine, caused in this way. When all was prepared, Hugh and Elizabeth and William, each with a firebrand, approached the edge of the clearing that was driest, — being that which was cut in the winter, — and waving the brands over their heads till they blazed, flung them among the dry leaves. In an instant forked tongues of flames sprang up, and the fire,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

fanned by a light breeze that came up with the sun, roared and ran with the speed of a race-horse before the wind. The children clapped their hands and danced about for joy. The parents looked gravely on, for there was danger of its running. But happily the greater part of the fuel was in a few hours reduced to ashes without damage, and Hugh, walking over it the next morning, after it had cooled, joyfully pronounced it a good burn.

But the children were not so well satisfied with the result as their parents. It had been a great and glorious jubilee amid the monotony of their lonely life, and they could not feel at all satisfied that it should last no longer. The forest in its original state had been thickly peopled with wild animals of various kinds, of which the greater portion yet remained. When the fire was well kindled, Hugh told the children to go to the farther end of the clearing and they would see some fun; and to keep them out of the track of the fire, their mother went with them. No sooner had the flames and smoke begun to drive through the timber, than its inhabitants took the alarm, and such a scampering as there was! It was a curious sight to behold. There were raccoons, woodchucks, rabbits, skunks, porcupines, partridges, foxes, and field-mice in armies "on the clean jump," all running for dear life to gain the shelter of the forest, while a great gray wolf, which had been taking a nap beneath the fallen trees, brought up the rear.

Hugh, who, in expectation of some such guest, had brought his gun with him, fired, and the ball cut through his backbone; still the hard-lived savage, bracing himself upon his forefeet, while his hind parts were useless, snarled, and showed his teeth till Hugh despatched him with blows from the breech of the gun. "Take that, and that, and that, my gentleman," said Hugh. "You are the fellow that chased the horse the other night."

The flight of the smaller animals, and the death of the wolf, had put the children almost beside themselves with mingled terror and wonder, and when the spectacle passed away so rapidly, it produced a corresponding depression. They walked round the wolf,—first at a respectful distance, for they were afraid he might come to life; and Billy moving his tail with a stick, it made Abigail run and scream as though he was after her. But gradually they grew bolder, till Billy finally kicked him, and Abigail threw dust in his face.

"Why, mother," said Billy, sitting down disconsolate at the door of the camp, "I thought it would have lasted two or three days."

"And I too," said Abigail; "I thought it would be so handsome to see it burn in the dark nights."

It was now somewhat difficult to decide what to do with the land. The proper way would have been for Hugh to go upon the land in the latter part of May, and begin to cut down trees, and so to continue through the month of June. Then the trees and the stumps would have "bled" (or given out their juices) freely, and have become, in the long, hot summer, exceeding dry; and also, as the trees would then have been in full leaf, the leaves would have remained on, and, being dry, would have made the fire burn very much better. The stumps of the trees, too, would have bled so

freely that they would not have sprouted so much the next year. Then, by setting his fire in the autumn, Hugh could have burnt cleaner, and the land would have been in excellent order for sowing with winter rye, or (early in the spring) with grain or with corn; whereas—though by the dryness of the spring he had got a good burn—it was now the 10th of June, and late to plant corn, as, the country being covered with forest, the frosts came early in those days.

But the fact was, they were almost starving for bread, and, having now a piece of land of his own, Hugh had become tired of going great distances to work for food, and of bringing it home on his back; so he determined, although it was late, to force a crop, and, with his usual good judgment, he succeeded. He made the holes with a stake, the children dropped into them the corn and pumpkin-seeds, and he covered them with his foot. Part of the ground he sowed with peas, and on some spots, where it was very mellow, and without many roots, he planted potatoes, because he said that it was not good to have all your eggs in one basket, and that, if one crop failed, the other might do something. The ground was naturally warm, and, being covered with a thick coat of hot ashes, forced the crop along, and they were soon assured of a bountiful harvest. Hugh, the moment his seed was in, went into the woods to fell trees for the next year's burn, that he might have it ready at the proper time. The cow—now having in addition to the grass an abundance of "browse" from the trees which Hugh was cutting, and which were now in full leaf—began to increase her gift of milk, so that the children had abundance, and the parents often came in for a share.

The little money Hugh had from time to time received for his labor was husbanded to the utmost extent for use in case of sickness or accident, and also to enable them to obtain what seemed to be the foundation of all progress with them, a yoke of oxen. The wife and Billy would go to the brook, or through the woods to the Presumpscot River, and catch fish. They got sometimes meat from the Indians in exchange for milk; raccoons and partridges were also plentiful in the woods; and Hugh, who always took his gun with him into the woods, would often shoot a partridge or porcupine, or come across a 'coon in a hollow tree.

Every effort was made by Billy and his mother either to procure food or to do without it, in order not to oblige the father to leave his labor in the woods, as every tree cut was so much towards a harvest the next year. Elizabeth even learned to use an axe, and, as she was possessed of the strength of a man, assisted her husband to no small extent in chopping. Billy also had a light axe, and now began to chop a little. As Hugh had no grindstone, but had to go nearly a mile, to Captain Phinney's, to grind his axe, Elizabeth would take William and go there and grind one axe while he was chopping with the other.

As it was now almost impossible to work in the woods by reason of the black-flies, midges, and mosquitoes, (Hugh coming home some nights as bloody as a butcher from their stings,) he went to Portland to work. It was determined between them before he set out, that, if they got out of provisions,

William or Abigail, who could now ride a horse, was to let him know, in order that none of the money he earned might be expended without absolute necessity ; otherwise he was to remain at his labor.

Though so poor themselves, they often found opportunity to exercise hospitality. The brooks and streams in the neighborhood were the resort of beavers and muskrats ; hedgehogs, of which the Indians also make great use, were abundant in the hard-wood growth, as they feed on the bark of trees ; and salmon and other fish were numerous. This attracted the Indians, who had a sort of summer-residence at Gambo, a few miles off, where they had a cornfield, and they were often camping by the brook below the house. Elizabeth often treated them to a drink of milk, though in so doing she sometimes pinched herself, or gave them food or a piece of tobacco, or spun for the squaws a little thread, which they valued very highly, it being much better than deer-sinew for stringing their beads and working their moccasins ; and when overtaken by storms, they often spread their blankets at her fire. The Indians, with whom it is always a fast or a feast, were not by any means backward, when they had been successful in hunting or fishing, about returning these favors. She also obtained from them a great deal of valuable information about the preservation of food, and shifts whereby to get along in emergencies. As for William and Abigail, they went back and forth to the Indian wigwams, and played in the brook with their children, and slid down hill with them, in the winter, on pieces of birch-bark, and ate with them, if they happened to be eating, — for the savages are not regular about their meals, but eat when they are hungry or when they can get food, — and would no more hesitate to ask food from one old Indian squaw, who was often at the camp after thread, than from their mother, and thus were on the best of terms with all the Indians round.

One morning, in the latter part of July, Ayres's wife came into the camp in great agitation. Though a very kind, prudent, and industrious woman, she was timid, and had a nervous apprehension of Indians. "Have you heard the news?" said she, dropping into her seat and clasping her hands over her bosom, and then asking for a drink of water.

Elizabeth gave her the water, and then inquired, "What news?"

"Why, about the Indians!"

Going to the door, Elizabeth told the children they might go down and play with the Indians ; and when they were out of hearing she said to her visitor: "Now tell your news. I was afraid the children would hear and tell it all over again to the Indians."

"Well, I expect we are all going to be murdered ;— I do. I feel as if I was murdered now."

"Who is going to murder us?"

"Why the Indians, — these skearful, scalping savages that are down here to the brook now ; and you've sent your children there, right into the very jaws of destruction. I don't believe they will ever come back. They say some king or other has died in Europe, and that has made war between the Austrians and Prussians (I believe it's Prussians, — if it ain't, it's no matter),

and the Prussians have got the French to help them ; and the English, they say, will take up agin the French, because the English king is a relation to the Germans, and has land there ; and then of course the Colonies will be brought in, as they always are, and then the French will stir up all the Indians in Canada, and the whole tribe of Eastern Indians ; and there will be drafting men, and calling out the militia, and expeditions to Canada, and men will have to leave their families and go to cruel war, and your husband will have to shoulder his gun, and leave you and these children and the babe that 's yet to be born, and march, and we shall have a bloody mess of it. We are going to move into Portland right off to-day ; and so I 've just run in a minute to bid you good by, and must go right home and pack up. But you will go, — of course you will ; you won't stay here to be murdered by the raging savages. When we get there my husband will tell Hugh, and he will come back and take you off to-morrow. My man did n't want to go, but I told him I would take the children and start right off afoot before I would stay to be murdered by the raging savages ; and if he did n't want to see me dead and in my coffin, he would go this very day."

While Mrs. Ayres was thus going on, wringing her hands at every word, Elizabeth sat before her with her knitting-work, as unconcerned as though there had not been an Indian in the universe, patiently waiting for her to get out of breath, which she did at length, winding up with a sort of groan, and the inquiry, "Ain't you almost scared to death ?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Elizabeth, who now coolly proceeded to dissect her neighbor's intelligence. "Where did you get this news ?"

"My man got it in Portland."

"Where did it come from ?"

"I don't know ; but it is just as I tell you."

"Does he believe it himself ?"

"Nobody can tell what he believes ; he ain't afraid of anything."

"Did he read it, or see it posted in any handbill, or did he only hear it ?"

"I don't know."

"Have the General Court or selectmen done anything about it ?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I don't believe a word of it ; for, in the first place, if there was anything in it, Hugh, who is in Portland, would have known it and been here before this time. If there was prospect of war with France, the Governor would know it, and put people on their guard against the Indians the very first thing. I suppose there is some trouble brewing in Europe, that in time may bring on a war, and some people who have nothing else to do have made a great story out of it."

"Then you ain't a going ?"

"Not I ! We 've worked too hard to get here to run away on a rumor."

"Well, I 'm sorry for you, and your husband, and your innocent children. You are a hard-hearted woman, to feel and talk so lightly at such a time, when the sword is hanging over us, and the raging savages are to be let loose upon us."

"I suppose," said Elizabeth, a little provoked by this accusation, "it is because I am not nervous."

"Well, you will have the worst of it; your children will never come back; they will be killed or carried to Canada, and sold to the Frenchmans."

"But," said Elizabeth, who sat where she could look out of the door, "they are coming now, and one of the 'raging savages' with them."

"Then I'll go! for I've never been brought up to keep company with Indians"; and thus saying, Mrs. Ayres flung out of the door in a huff, without bidding her neighbor good by, — the very purpose for which she came.

The "raging savage" was Molly Sakbason, one of some Passamaquodies who were camping in the neighborhood. She had a basket in her hand, and a pappoose on her shoulders; William had hold of one side of the basket, while Abigail was striving to reach the baby's face with a bulrush. Elizabeth, as she looked upon the party, said aloud, "Well, Ayres's wife is kind-hearted, and I am sorry to lose the only woman I could speak to without going a mile. It was so nice to put my shawl over my head and run in there. But I pity the man who has such a wife in an Indian country."

The squaw had brought a fish in the basket, and wanted, in exchange for it, some thread, which Elizabeth got her wheel and spun, — coarse and strong, as the Indians preferred to have it. In the mean time the squaw, taking her child from her back, set it upon its board against the logs, while she watched with great interest the spinning; and the children, getting some milk in a pewter porringer, fed the child with a spoon. Elizabeth then dismissed her visitor with the present of a needle, which greatly delighted her, the Indians preferring our needles to their own, which were made of a small bone found in the deer's foot.

The McLellans now had green peas in abundance, which were a great addition to their store, and potatoes; but the latter they resolutely abstained from eating, as they could not pull up a hill without destroying many half-grown ones, and thus diminishing their winter's stock. About a mile to the south was a sandy plain, where the fires had destroyed the growth, and a great abundance of blueberries grew. To this spot the wild pigeons resorted in great numbers. Knowing the importance of securing such a seasonable supply, Elizabeth determined to learn to use the gun; so, having loaded it, she mounted the horse with William, and proceeded to the place. The birds being so numerous that she could scarcely miss, they returned loaded with game, and continued this profitable sport as long as the pigeons remained; after which, Elizabeth, by this time an expert shot, killed many of the raccoons which were improving the moonlight nights in eating the corn.

The middle of October was now come, and Hugh came home to his family. It was a most joyful meeting in all respects. Not only were they full of satisfaction to be once more together, but Hugh brought home the money he had earned, not having had to expend a dollar for the support of his family, and finding them better off for provision than they had ever been before, with

a noble crop all ready for harvesting. But he had neither barn, cellar, nor garret in which to store his crop, nor cart to haul it on. He at once made a sled for the horse, on which, by light loads, he dragged home his harvest. He then made a crib of logs for his corn, and, digging a pit in the ground below the reach of frost, he put his potatoes there, covering them with timber, over which he put earth, and leaving an entrance in one end, which he carefully covered with brush and waste, that it might be both well protected and easy of access in winter.

In the course of the summer, Elizabeth, going through the woods, and finding that there was to be great abundance of beech-nuts and acorns, bought a pig, which lived very well upon grass and the roots he found in the woods, till the frosts, in the fall, caused the beech-nuts and the acorns to drop, when he became fat, and fit for the knife, without any other feeding.

Elizabeth received with heartfelt satisfaction the well-earned praises of her husband for her excellent management during his absence, and they had many a pleasant talk around the fire in respect to the expedients she had resorted to in order to procure food for the family without drawing on his wages, while Hugh laughed heartily at her exploits in shooting.

Hugh could now look fairly forward to an unbroken winter of work at home, and he improved his time to the utmost. Having at command some ready money, he bought a grindstone, of which, it will be remembered, he stood much in need. He then cleared a road from the southeast part of his land to an old mast-path that ran to the county road at Stroudwater, and cut spars and logs, and made his sleds, and then, in the latter part of the winter, went to Saco, and engaged his brother James and the Pattersons (into whose family James married) to help him haul. They came with their cattle, built a camp in the woods, and hauled till spring, while he continued cutting; and when the warm weather put an end to logging, he found himself better off than he had ever been before in his life, and at liberty to do what he loved best of all, — give himself to farming, without hiring out to work.

There was one man who had watched the progress of Hugh and Elizabeth with great interest, and conceived for them a sincere affection, which was as warmly returned, — Captain Phinney; and he now came down to congratulate them on their good fortune, and spent a sociable evening with them. Hugh, according to the usage of that day, wished to offer him some spirit, but the only metal article they possessed was one pewter porringer, while they had not a cup or a tumbler, being all obliged to drink from the same dish. At supper they had neither wheat-bread nor butter nor tea nor coffee to offer their friend, but only pea-soup with pork boiled in it, and potatoes, and milk to drink, and a corn-cake baked on a board before the fire. But, for all that, Captain Phinney told his wife when he came home, that, as sure as Hugh McLellan lived, he would be a rich man, and ought to be, and that his wife was equal to him.

Hugh next burnt over the ground he had cleared in June, and planted a much larger field of corn than before. The piece he planted the last year was of no use for tillage, as it was too full of stumps and roots to be ploughed,

and, besides, neither oxen nor plough could be had. Only the burnt land, where the sod was destroyed, and which was full of ashes, was available.

"Well," said Elizabeth, who always looked at the advantages rather than the disadvantages of their situation, "if we were in Ireland now, poor as we are, without cattle to plough the ground, or manure to put upon it, and somebody would give us the use of a piece of land, it would not be worth taking, while here, (blessed be God!) with nothing but an axe, a sharp stake, and a firebrand, a poor man can raise bread for his family."

As Hugh could cut abundance of wild hay in the woods, he bought half a dozen sheep, and, making a pasture of the land planted before, turned them into it, together with the cow; and the grass which came up there, with the sprouts from the stumps, gave them a good living. In order to avoid the great labor of going so far to mill, he dug out a large rock-maple log for a mortar, and made a pestle, and tied a rope to the top of it and fastened it to the limb of a tree, the spring of which helped to lift the pestle, which was the hardest part of the work. Part of the flour was fine enough for bread, and the rest they boiled and ate with peas and beans. They had now a good prospect for a crop, but in the mean time their scanty supply of corn was so nearly gone, that they had bread but twice a week, and lived principally on pea-broth and game, with milk. But the Indians made game scarce, and the time spent in hunting interfered seriously with the labor absolutely necessary for the crops. Often, while getting hay, they could have no breakfast till Hugh shot a partridge, or William caught a fish in the brook. It is true they had a little money, and might have bought corn, but they were hoarding this to purchase a yoke of cattle and farming tools. Therefore they endured with Spartan fortitude the hardship of short living and scanty clothing, and in the autumn they succeeded in their purpose. Hugh, leaving his wife and William to get in the harvest with the horse, went to Saco, where he worked for a month, and returned, bringing with him a yoke of oxen, large for that day, and broken to work in the woods. Great was the rejoicing when the cattle came, and Mrs. McLellan said that nothing they afterwards attained ever caused such general delight. Ever after that memorable day, and when they could count their cattle by scores, they always had in the herd a Star and Golding; and it was said that Uncle Billy, no matter what his oxen's names were, always called them, when he drove, Star and Golding. Hugh said, getting that yoke of cattle seemed to be the turn of his fortune; that he then had something to work with, and everything seemed to go easier afterward, though the purchase of them brought him down again to the last dollar.

As he had now cattle, he determined to erect a better dwelling than the old rotten camp, where the snakes lived in the logs, and ran over the floor. In anticipation he had peeled some hemlock-bark for the roof in June. Had it been winter, he might at once have hauled logs to the mill and got boards and plank in abundance, but there was no road passable for wheels; but he wanted to get out of the old camp before another winter, and thus was compelled to make the best of his circumstances. And, after all, the house was

a great improvement upon the old camp. The walls of the camp were built of round logs, these were of hewn timber; the chinks between the logs in the camp were large enough to run your arm through, and were stuffed with moss and clay; but the timber of the house was hewed to a "proud" edge, and dovetailed together at the ends, and it was as tight as a churn; the camp had no floor, but this had a floor of hewn timber; the walls of the camp were but three logs high, and had settled by decay, so that you could only stand erect in the middle, (and a good part of the middle was taken up by the fire,) while this was ten feet high, with a chamber, the floor of which was also laid with hewn timber. The camp had but one room, no window, a hole in the roof for a chimney, no oven, so that the bread was baked in the ashes, covered with an iron pot, or on a stone at the fire, while the pot hung by a chain from a pole laid on two crotches; the house had three rooms below, with partitions of bark and blankets hung up for doors, a fireplace and oven of stone laid in clay mortar, and a chimney made of sticks of split wood, laid *cob-fashion* and plastered inside and out with clay to keep them from catching fire, with a crane to hang the pot on. The roof was covered with hemlock-bark, lapped and nailed as shingles are, and perfectly tight; and there were windows with stone shutters, and two with squares of oiled paper instead of glass. As there was a general apprehension of trouble with the Indians, the windows were made small, and the door was of oak timber with iron hinges, and with a wooden latch on the inside, having a string to lift the latch from the outside; and when the string was pulled in and the bars put up, it would have been no easy matter to force an entrance. The house being built of such thick stuff, and sheltered by the woods on the north and west, with brush piled up around it, into which the snow drifted in the winter, their great fires rendered it perfectly comfortable in the coldest weather.

Into the great kitchen, which extended the whole length of the house, and, after the confinement of the camp, seemed a king's palace, Elizabeth moved with great glee. She instantly set off for Portland, and brought home her loom, which, having no room to set it up in the camp, she had left at Jeanie Miller's; indeed, the camp was so low that she could only spin on the large wheel when the fire was cold, and after the children had gone to bed. In the summer-time she had been wont to take the wheel outdoors under the shade of the trees, and, putting the baby in a blanket, fasten it to the branch of a beech, where it swung in the wind, while she would spin and sing to it, or, taking hold of the branch, would gently sway it up and down, and rock it to sleep; sometimes she would fasten a string to it, by pulling which the children could rock it, or Abigail would sit on the grass and knit and rock the baby. But she had now ample room in the corner of the large kitchen for her loom, wheels, and all her other things. In the opposite end of the kitchen was a log with notches cut in it for steps, up which the children clambered to bed. In the camp they had slept on the ground; but Hugh now hewed out some birch joists, and planed them, and made bedsteads for both parents and children; Elizabeth wove ticks and stuffed them with beech-leaves, which made excellent beds.

These different matters occupied them till snow came ; Hugh then went into the woods, and, hiring another yoke of cattle to go with his, and putting the horse with them, he spent the winter in hauling spars and logs.

For the next two years he continued to clear land, logging in the winter, and gradually bettering his condition. He had now four oxen, hens, hogs, sheep, two cows, and a heifer that he was raising. He had corn and wheat, potatoes, turnips, and cabbages, for he could now plough his land. He also bought pewter plates, and iron spoons, and knives and forks, and they had coffee on Sabbath mornings. They also had flax and wool, and they were better clothed, for they raised all they lived on ; and his winter's logging brought him ready money.

William was now eleven years old, very large of his age, and began to manifest a most wonderful aptitude for hunting and shooting, — every spare moment being spent in this manner. Children reared in hardship develop early, and his growth in this direction was greatly hastened by his constant intercourse with the Indian children. The Indians take great pains to instruct their children in the arts of the chase, upon which their existence depends, and put weapons adapted to their age into their hands the moment they are capable of using them. In all these instructions William shared. The older Indians, pleased with his preference for their company and pursuits, made him bows and arrows, some blunt at the point, and others headed with flint, and taught him how to use them, predicting that he would be a great warrior. He practised incessantly with the Indian children till he could kill with his arrows squirrels, rabbits, skunks, and even porcupines. He persuaded his father to put a handle into the old tomahawk which he had found so long since in the camp ; and sticking it into his belt, with his bow and a wooden knife and an eagle's feather, he marched through the woods, imagining himself Bloody Hand, or Leaping Panther, or some other great brave of whom he had heard. His uncle James, coming over from Saco to pay them a visit, asked William, as the family were seated after supper before the door, to let them see how well he could shoot. They looked on in astonishment to see him knock a bumble-bee off a thistle with a blunt arrow at forty yards, and a squirrel from the top of a beech with a sharp-pointed one. His uncle declared that such a talent for shooting ought to be encouraged, especially in such times as those, when it might come into play ; and said that he had a light gun he would give him when he was a few months older. Nothing could have given William greater pleasure than this, and he looked eagerly forward to the time when he should receive it.

Hitherto, Hugh had limited his lumbering operations to getting out spars for merchantmen, and logs to be manufactured into boards and planks, great quantities of which were shipped from Portland to Europe and the West Indies. But as he had now cattle of his own and provisions for his family, he determined to cut and haul the masts for the king's ships, great numbers of which he had upon his land, of the largest size and the best quality.

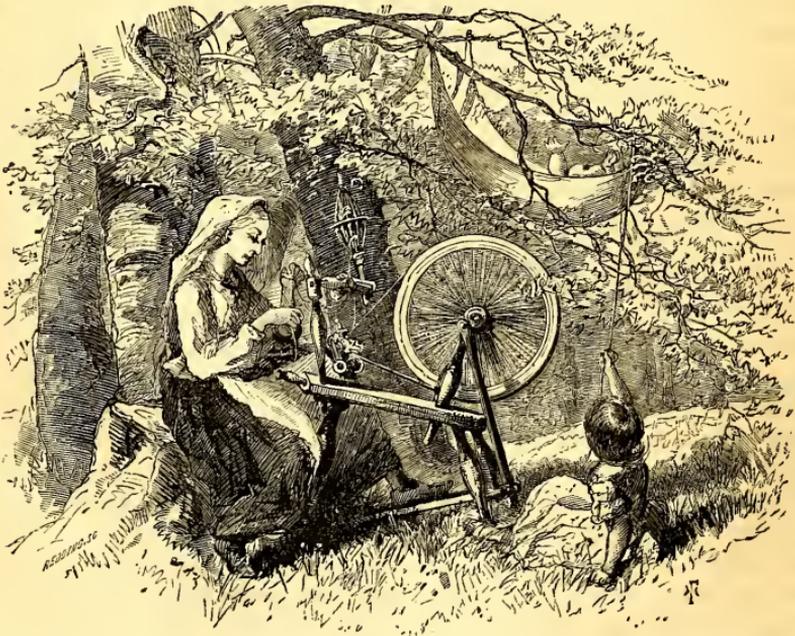
A few words of explanation may here be necessary. Though Portland was now rapidly rising from its ashes, and ships were built, and there was a

large export trade, and it had been settled a hundred years before, yet so often had it been laid in ashes, and its inhabitants driven off or destroyed by the savages, that all this period had been occupied in carrying settlements nine miles from the sea-coast. But it must not therefore be concluded that these forests had not been penetrated by white men, and their riches known and prized. There was but little danger in lumbering compared with settling, — merely going into the woods for a short time to cut and haul timber, with a body of hardy men, unencumbered by women or children, all in a body, armed to the teeth, and as ready to fight as to eat. There was also less danger in lumbering, because it was pursued only in the winter, when the Indians left the coast to hunt farther back in the country. Hence there were many early logging-roads cut through the woods in various directions, which, suitable for lumbering in the winter when the snow made all level, were impassable in summer, except on foot or horseback. One of these roads, now much overgrown, it having been disused since the Indian troubles in 1722, ran near Hugh's lot. This road he cut out, and extended it to a swale where some masts of great size grew, one of which, as Grannie declared, was so big that a yoke of cattle were turned around upon the stump without stepping off. This tree stood near where a carpet-factory has since been built.

Although the trees marked with the broad arrow could not be appropriated by the owner of the soil to his own use, the English government paid him a bounty, and, if he saw fit to cut and haul them, liberal pay for his labor. The government found its account in this, for the masts were more valuable than those obtained from Sweden or Norway, and the bounty was an encouragement to the settlers to preserve them, even if they did no more. For though the authorities could prevent the owner of the soil from making use of them, and punish him if he did, detection was difficult, and it could not prevent him from clearing the land around them, when the wind would tear them up by the roots, or from setting a fire that would very likely kill them in burning his other land. Indeed, they were in constant danger from the fires running through the woods, lightning, and tempest, and the commissioners were always ready to employ the settlers to cut them. Still the market never was overstocked. The trees were of immense size, many more than five feet in diameter, very difficult to handle and to haul with the small cattle then raised; and while the job also required some outlay of money, the inhabitants were poor and scattered; and thus thousands of trees marked with the broad arrow stood for half a century in the forests, against which no axe was uplifted. But the inducements for enterprise were great; money was scarce, lumber of all kinds brought money, and when the masts were at the ship's tackles the cash was ready. Hugh felt himself equal to the task, and with him to decide was to execute. All through the first of the winter he was in the woods from dawn of day till the stars appeared in the sky, and sometimes by moonlight or firelight in the evening. But they were happy days, — the happiest of his life; he had a frame of iron, and labor was a delight; every blow struck was for himself, his children, and his homestead. Stripped to the waist, his sinewy arms bare to the elbow, and the perspira-

tion standing in drops upon his face, the blows fell fast and heavy, till the enormous column, tottering and trembling for a moment, fell to the ground, flinging the broken branches high in the air, and with a noise like distant thunder. Nor was his work always solitary; sometimes of a pleasant afternoon Elizabeth would come down, and, sitting on a root in the sun, knit her stocking; sometimes a party of Indians on their way to Portland or Saco would sit down by his fire, eagerly accepting the pipe he offered, and, as they smoked in silence, gaze evidently with dissatisfaction upon the havoc he was making in the forest, which was rapidly diminishing the game, and with it their means of living. Then, in sullen dignity wrapping their blankets around them, they would say: "White man cut much trees. Much trees, much moose, much bear; no trees, no moose, no bear,—Indian starve." No wonder they thus felt; for many years the whites had been confined to a little rim of settlements along the coast, and often had been entirely driven out and their dwellings burnt. At intervals they had penetrated a few miles, and cut a few masts and logs; but now, as the Indians travelled, they passed the mills of Colonel Gorham, on the Presumpscot, and the clearing of Captain Phinney, who had now turned many acres of forest into cultivated fields. Other settlers were building camps, and the sound of falling trees was heard on every side. A shade of anxiety would cross Hugh's face while he followed with his eye their forms stalking away with noiseless tread, for he saw that his work did not please them, that their methods of life and his could by no means go on together, and that the work which put bread into his mouth took it from them.

Elijah Kellogg.



LESSONS IN MAGIC.

IX.

I HAVE an apology to make : the old adage of "A new broom," &c., rather applies to my case, I am afraid. I started out, in my first Lesson, with a long tirade against tricks performed by aid of apparatus, and yet I find, on looking over my articles, that I too have given Legerdemain the go-by. However, in future, I will try to confine myself to such sleights as are executed entirely by manual dexterity. In fact, it is only right that I should ; for the first lesson in magic that I ever took was a very neat piece of Legerdemain, and, although that was a good many years ago, I remember it as well as if it were yesterday, and will now describe it for the benefit of my readers.

Two hickory-nuts were laid on the ground, — it was in the country I first became acquainted with the art, — and each covered with a straw hat. The performer — a bright English lad of about sixteen, whom I regarded as something superhuman — then pronounced the following mysterious words : "Chiddubiddube, chiddubiddubi, chiddubiddubo, hey, presto, pass !" — and, lifting the hats, discovered the nuts both under one hat. Of course I was astonished, never having seen anything half so wonderful in my life, and for some moments I was unable to speak. Being blessed, however, with "the gift of gab," I soon recovered myself, and my first remark was in the form of a request. "Do it again." He did it again, and kept doing it again, several times, without making it any clearer to me. Strange as it may appear to my readers of to-day, I did not attribute it to any "new physical force," or consider the person who was exhibiting for my amusement a "medium." On the contrary, I regarded the matter more in the light of a joke, and remarked to my comrades, in rather an obscure way, "Ain't it funny?" They all agreed that it was funny, and then, the performer declining either an explanation or repetition of the trick, we separated.

The next day, as I was going across a field, I came on my English friend trying to catch a bird. "I've been the last hour," he said, "trying to get that bird ; but although he has kept just about here for that time, I have not been able to come near him."

"If I catch him for you, will you tell me how you made those nuts" (I am afraid I said "*them* nuts") "get under the hat?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "and half a dozen tricks besides."

The result of which pledge was, that he got the bird, and I the secret of the trick, which I will now give to you, my readers.

Compared with many that I have since learned, the trick is very simple, but still is quite clever. The whole secret of it is in the manner of taking hold of the rim of the hat.

Fig. 1.



Supposing the two nuts to be placed at a distance of two or three feet from each other, we pick up one hat and place it over one of the nuts. In picking up the hat, however, we are careful to take it by the rim, letting the forefinger and little finger go outside the rim, and the second and third fingers under it, as shown in Fig. 1; the thumb remains perfectly passive, having nothing at all to do. In placing the hat over the first nut, the fingers that are under the rim grasp the nut, which is then palmed, and when the other hat comes to be placed over the second nut, the first one is laid alongside it by the same two fingers.

The Inexhaustible Bottle

was a very popular trick, but, like most other things, having had its day, died out, and is now seldom exhibited. It is, however, a good one, and, when properly performed, cannot but astonish, as everything connected with it is apparently so fair.

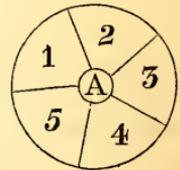
A large champagne bottle is produced, and, after having been well rinsed with water in presence of the audience, the performer proceeds to pour from it any liquor that is desired, and in unlimited quantities. After the demands of the audience are satisfied, the bottle is broken to show that there is no preparation about it.

To perform this trick, you have a bottle made of block tin, the interior

Fig. 3.



Fig. 2.



of which is divided into five sections, as shown in the accompanying diagram. These partitions occupy the whole of the inside of the bottle, excepting the space marked "A," and terminate in tubes in the neck of the bottle. Having made sure that they are perfectly tight, in fact air-tight, with the exception of the openings at the end of the tubes, a little hole is bored through the side of the bottle into each partition, and

these holes are so arranged that the tips of the thumb and fingers will just cover them, when the bottle is held in the hand, as in Fig. 3. Finally, the bottle is painted dark green, and varnished so as to look as much like glass as possible. Now, if the different partitions are filled with liquor,

and these little holes are kept closed, no fluid will escape when the bottle is reversed. If, however, the performer raises one finger, the liquor that is in the compartment under that finger will run out of the neck of the bottle, so that the bottle is completely under the control of the "magician," who can at his pleasure cause any liquor to flow from it. When you wish to exhibit the trick, first fill the partitions each with a different kind of liquor, by means of a pear-shaped funnel, or one with a long, small point to it, taking care to have the holes which are on the sides of the bottle closed with a bit of wax.

All this of course you do before coming out to your audience. Your bottle being prepared, you come forward, and, holding it up, inform your audience that you will first proceed to rinse it out, so as to satisfy them that it contains nothing. Place an ordinary funnel in the neck of it, and, taking a *large pitcher with very little water in it*, proceed to pour some of the water into the bottle; it will run into the space A, and when that is filled, you pour it out again into the pitcher. You now ask the ladies and gentlemen what liquor they would like, and then pour from your bottle what they may desire. As your glasses are very thick, and literally hold but a thimbleful, there will seem to come more liquor from your bottle than actually does come.

In order that no one may call for a liquor with which you are not provided, you say, when first about offering to allay their thirst, "Now, gentlemen and ladies, what can I give you, — brandy, whiskey, gin, sherry, Madeira, port?" thus suggesting to them the liquors you can supply, and one of which they will probably call for. If there is a call for "Madeira," you give "sherry," which now-a-days passes current for it. If they ask for "rye whiskey," you pour out "Bourbon," which will be accepted, and so on, — acting on the plan of the bookseller's clerk, who, on being asked for Fox's "Book of Martyrs," which he did not happen to have, offered "The Pilgrim's Progress" as the nearest thing to it.

To finish the trick, you make an excuse to pass behind your table, and, in so doing, exchange your bottle for a genuine glass one. In the neck of this you have a tin tube holding about a wine-glassful of strong solution of Epsom salts, with which you fill the glass or glasses of those who are next served, and then, suddenly pretending to discover that something is wrong, you call for a hammer, with which you break the bottle, thus convincing the audience that there is no preparation about it.

A kettle is sometimes made on the plan of this bottle, so as to furnish tea, coffee, and milk, the holes for the fingers being in the handle, which communicates with the partitions and the tubes from which the liquor flows, terminating in the spout. It is not, however, half so effective as the bottle trick, and the kettle is much more expensive.

It has just occurred to me, that I have again broken my promise of keeping to sleight-of-hand tricks; but my readers must excuse me, for, being of the stage, stagy, I naturally think first of what I am most familiar with. And, after all, it is about those tricks that are publicly exhibited that most curiosity is felt; so I will conclude this article with another favorite of Pro-

fessor Anderson, — how I hate that title of Professor, which every man, be he corn-doctor, barber, or learned in the sciences, now bears, — and in my next will positively — I came near writing, “for this night only” — describe nothing but “sleights.”

The Great Hindoo Mystery,

or the wonderful disappearance of a human being from a table completely isolated from the stage, used to create immense excitement. With a “Sphinx” table, this trick would be very easily performed, but it was exhibited long before the “Sphinx” was thought of; and an explanation of it may not be uninteresting.

The table used was about four feet high, and five or five and a half long, with a cloth on it, falling in front and at the sides to about the depth of eighteen inches. Before commencing the trick, this cloth was raised, in order that the audience might see there was no drawer, and that the frame of the table, which was only four inches deep, would not admit of a person being concealed beneath it.

A boy was now placed on it and covered with a huge “extinguisher.” This was raised in a few moments and he had disappeared. Where had he gone? Not out of the top of the extinguisher, nor through the table into the stage, as in either case he would have been seen. Where then had he gone? He went *into the table*. But how could he do that, when there was no drawer?

I will tell you. Under the table was a false bottom, attached to it by some strong canvas, which, whilst supporting it and connecting it with the top, permitted it to fall to within an inch of the bottom of the cloth which covered the table. In fact nothing less than a “bellows-table,” which I described in my Fourth Lesson, only made on a large scale, and square instead of round. In the top of the table is a trap large enough to admit of the person who is to disappear passing through.

When Anderson performed this trick, he managed it in this way. When his son first mounted the table, there was a cloth round it, reaching from the top of it down to the stage. As soon as the boy was covered with the extinguisher, he passed through the table (both the top and false bottom being provided with traps) into and under the stage. His father now removed the cloth and commanded him to disappear. The extinguisher was raised and he was gone. “Where are you?” his father would ask. “Here, sir,” he would answer, entering the front of the theatre, to which he had in the mean time gone.

Again he mounted the table, which, this time, had not the *long* cloth around it. Again he was covered, and now his father would command, “Begone from the table, and appear in the gallery.” The extinguisher was lifted off, the boy was gone (into the table); but as this was always the last trick, and the curtain now fell, the audience dispersed without stopping to inquire whether or not the boy was in the gallery, taking it for granted that, if he obeyed one part of the command, he surely would the other.

P. H. C.



OUR VIOLET GIRL.

BLANCHE MARESQUELLE was a little French maiden. Her father had just come with his family to settle in America, and had bought a fine residence on the banks of the Hudson, just above New York. Blanche liked her new home very much, although everything was so strange to her. But she had a taste for the beautiful, and from morning till evening she found so much to admire that she had no time to be homesick. If she had been shut up in the close streets of the city, I dare say it would have been otherwise. It was an unfailing delight to this little girl to sit beneath the shade of a large elm on her father's grounds, where she could see far up and down the pretty river, and across to the opposite shore, and watch the steamers and sloops and boats gliding hither and thither. And her constant companion in these pleasant hours was her next-door neighbor, Nellie White.

Nellie was a nice child, bright and quick, and withal very amiable and polite, and the two little girls were very happy together. Their parents were pleased with the companionship for several reasons. One was that it would help each of them in acquiring the language of the other. Blanche would teach Nellie French, and Nellie would teach Blanche English; though you would not suppose there was much teaching going on if you heard their jabbering. Bad French and broken English seemed the order of those long summer hours. Nevertheless they did learn quite rapidly.

"Now, Blanche," said Nellie one day, "won't you tell me a story, all about yourself, and where you used to live. And tell it, please, in French, just to see how much of it I can understand."

Poor Nellie! she little knew what she asked. It was such a study for her to listen, and try to catch the meaning, that before many minutes she gave up in despair.

"O Blanche, my dear Blanche," she exclaimed, "I can't understand! Do speak English, will you?"—little thinking that this would be quite as severe a study for her little foreign friend. However, Blanche undertook it, and with a queer mixture of the two languages she made out to tell a very pretty story. As my little readers, I fear, would fail to understand the medley, I will render it for their benefit into correct English.

"The year before we came to this country," said Blanche, "my father, mother, and I made a visit to Switzerland. Father had a brother there who was curate of a little church in Andermatt, a village just at the foot of the St. Gothard Mountain. My uncle lived in a tiny cottage, too small to accommodate visitors, and so papa took lodgings at the hotel. I wish you could just see this hotel. The mountain behind the house rose higher than the highest church-tower I ever saw, so that some of the rooms were all the time darkened with its shadow. It was a two-story wooden house, the roof covered with great stones, as all the roofs in that neighborhood were."

"That's funny," interrupted Nellie. "What for?"

"To keep it from being blown off," replied Blanche. "The people have to protect their houses so in a great many parts of Switzerland, for such awful winds sweep down the mountains, and rush through the valleys, that, if they did not, they would not have a roof to shelter them half the time. Right by the side of the hotel a little stream poured down over the wildest bed of rocks you ever saw, making a great tumult as it tumbled along. Sometimes we found beautiful stones and crystals among the pebbles that were washed down by the torrent from the mountain. A stone bridge crossed this river just beyond the house, which we had to go over when we went to my uncle's, and—"

"Who ever heard of a stone bridge!" exclaimed Nellie.

"You have wooden bridges here, I know," said Blanche, "and they seem just as strange to me as stone bridges would to you. But almost everywhere in Europe, where the streams rush down from the mountains with great force, and at some seasons of the year are swollen into great rivers, they have to build very strong bridges, or else, you see, they would often be

swept away. We could stand on this bridge and look up the narrow ravine to where the water seemed just like a silver thread running down the mountain-side, and then, turning round, could watch it tumbling and boiling along until it disappeared in the channel it had worn around the next hill. If we could have traced it far enough, we should have seen where it joined with another stream, and then fell down, down, in three narrow, steep cascades, and poured its waters under the famous Devil's Bridge, of which you have heard, I suppose. This wonderful spot is only a little way from the village of Andermatt.

“The valley in which this little village is built is so shut in by hills, that the days are very short at all seasons of the year. It takes the sun an hour or two in the morning to climb over the high mountain towards the east, and it disappears behind the western hills very early in the afternoon. It seemed strange to us, but it was delightful there nevertheless, and mamma and I had such charming walks, and gathered such quantities of beautiful flowers!

“The first night we arrived there, after we had taken supper, we sat down by the window to enjoy the strange, wild scenery, when a group of children came along and stopped before the house. The largest of these was a girl about twelve years old. She was very pretty, although her dress was mean, and her light hair, braided in two long, straight queues, hung down in most ungraceful style below her waist. She had a basket in each hand, one filled with violets and roses, and the other with carvings and little crystals.

“When they saw us at the window, they commenced singing a hymn. It sounded sweetly to me as they sung it then; and I heard it so often afterwards that I could n't help learning it. So I will sing it for you.

‘Sound of bells
Gently swells
As the shepherd climbs the hill;
Richer far,
Voice of prayer
From the heart that faith doth fill.

‘Glaciers high
Sparkling lie,
In the radiance of the sun;
Heart of mine
Thus shall shine
When the gate of heaven is won.

‘Christ, who said
He would feed
Sheep and lambs in pastures green,
Calleth thee,
Calleth me,
To the heavenly fields unseen.

‘When at last
Life is past,
And the flesh sinks to the tomb,
We shall rise
To the skies,
Where undying flowers bloom.’

“Papa said, when he heard the hymn, he knew they must be good children, and he would buy something of them. So we went down and got a beautiful bunch of flowers and one or two of the little toys. The girl said her name was Marie, and that she had no father or mother, but lived with her uncle, and the other children were her cousins. She said her uncle was a mountain guide, and in the winter carved these toys for them to sell to the travellers who were always passing through the village. We all liked the child, she was so polite, and had such a sweet way of speaking; and when she went away, I said, ‘Come again.’ ‘Yes, miss,’ she answered, in a soft, gentle voice, with a pleasant smile on her face. But I need not have invited her, for our landlord told us that Marie and her cousins came regularly every morning and evening during the summer season to sing and sell their flowers. And quite a sum of money they earned in this way; for two diligences, one from Italy and the other from Germany, met there at the foot of the mountain daily, and brought many travellers, who were always willing to expend a trifle for the children’s wares. We found this true; for, during the three months we were there, we scarcely missed seeing Marie a single day, and before the summer was out had become quite well acquainted with her, and had really learned to love her very much. We pitied her too, because she was an orphan. She used to sing an ‘Orphan’s Hymn,’ in a very sad, touching way. The first time I heard it was the morning after our arrival. Marie sang it alone, and her voice waked me long before it seemed to be daylight. But I told you that our rooms were darkened by the shadow of the mountain, so that daylight did not reach us at a very early hour. This was the song:—

‘Far and wide I seek my home;
To it shall I ever come?
I wander, wander all around,
But yet my home is never found,
And when a human face I see,
Alas! ’t is none that cares for me.

‘My father perished in the slide;
My mother ’s resting by his side;
My sister ’s in a foreign land;
My brother joined a soldier band;
Our hut is buried in the snow;
Ah me! no more a home I know!

‘But yet, ’t is true, however wrong
And dreary life may move along,
Each step leads nearer that blest home
Where woes and partings never come.
Then cease, my throbbing heart, nor sigh;
Look up, look up, for home is nigh.’”

“Why, those are nice hymns,” said Nellie, — “just as nice as we sing.”

“Yes, and why should n’t they be?” asked Blanche. “They showed, papa said, that the child had been piously brought up. O, some of those Swiss people are very good! We met a good many in my uncle’s parish who were. They were poor; but that was nothing. Papa says we often find the most strong and simple faith among the poor.

“One day mamma and I went out to walk with our baskets on our arms. We always carried these to hold the flowers or curiosities we might gather. We were just crossing the bridge when we overtook Marie.

“‘Where do you live?’ asked mamma.

“‘Won’t you come and see?’ she replied. ‘It is a pretty place, and you can get beautiful flowers near by. You can’t see it from here, for it is round the other side of that hill.’

“So we followed her over a rough road, scrambling over rocks and hills, until, on the other side of what I should have called a mountain, we came in sight of their little cottage. We noticed a garden by the side of it, but we saw no flowers in it; and when we asked her where she got her flowers to sell, she answered: ‘Up there, and there, and there,’ pointing to several hills in different directions. ‘They are all wild-flowers,’ she said, ‘and we have to get up very early in the morning to get them fresh. There are the children picking now for this evening. Don’t you see them?’

“We looked up where she pointed, and saw some little specks away up on a shelf in the side of the hill. Really, they looked more like rabbits than children.

“‘Do you let those little things climb away up there?’ asked mamma. ‘I should think it would be too dangerous.’

“‘O no, madam, they are used to it,’ said she. ‘Would n’t you like to go up? There are beds of violets there.’

“So she led the way along a very narrow and steep footpath, that wound round and round the hill. She went as nimbly as a squirrel; but we were not used to such rough climbing, and found it quite tedious. But we were well paid when we got there. It was just before sunset, and we stood where we could look through a cleft of the hills, and see the sunlight falling on the great St. Gothard, and it was a magnificent spectacle. The top of the mountain had on its cap of snow and ice, which it never lays aside, morning or night, summer or winter. A little way down from the white peak, the clouds were resting, and the sun shining upon them made them look like an immense mantle of delicate white gauze. And we saw something very strange that evening, which, mamma said, we might not have seen once in a hundred times. It was the diligence, which was due at the village in about an hour, growing, as it were, right out of this fleecy cloud. Did you ever see a ship at sea grow out of a fog? I have. First the bow appears, then one mast, then another, as though the vessel were being made by magic right there in mid-ocean. Well, so this diligence came. All at once, while we were looking, a horse put his head out of the cloud; then came his fore-feet, then the rest of his body; then a pair of horses followed, and another, and another; then the driver; and at last the great vehicle itself. But it did n’t look very large to us there. The horses looked like dogs, and the diligence not much larger than a baby’s carriage. We stood and watched it as it came down the steep, zigzag road. It seemed sometimes as if it would pitch right over those frightful precipices. And, really, it is quite dangerous riding over the mountain passes, although the roads are finely built, and kept

in excellent order. They are obliged to have so many horses, and if the first one makes a false step, all is over. But accidents seldom occur. Both horses and drivers are used to their business, and are very careful.

"After we had enjoyed this scene, Marie called our attention to another large mountain near by. 'Do you see all those little houses up there?' she asked. 'They are chalets.'"

"What are those, pray?" inquired Nellie.

"Why, they are the summer residences of the Alpine shepherds. The shepherds, in the summer-time, take their flocks and herds from the valleys up to the mountains for pasture. In the winter-time they cannot live there, on account of the winds and snows.

"'I used to live up there,' Marie said, 'with my father and mother, till a dreadful avalanche came, and crushed our little cottage, and father and mother and little baby within it; and since then I have had no home.'

"'Where were you when the avalanche came?'" inquired mamma.

"'I will tell you about it,' she said. 'It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of June, and I had come down the hill to bring some flowers, and a nice little cheese my mother had made, to a lady who lived in a large house, or castle, which you see away up there,' pointing to a steep, rocky ledge behind us. 'I used often to go there, for Lady Maud was very kind to me. She taught me to read and sew. I was just coming out of the gate with one of the maids, who was going down to the village, when we heard a terrible crashing noise, like a sharp peal of thunder. We both jumped. 'What a loud clap of thunder!' said she; and yet, when we looked around and up, there was n't a cloud to be seen. The sky was clear and blue, and the sun shone brightly. 'Oh! oh!' cried the maid the next minute, 'a slide! look there!' I turned about, and there we saw the avalanche pouring down the side of the mountain, right towards the hamlet where I lived. And we could hear it, too,—the dull, heavy sound,—as it rolled along. 'O my father! my mother!' I screamed. 'My darling little Sophie! What shall I do? what shall I do?'—and I screamed, and ran about as if I was crazy. The girl tried to soothe and quiet me, but I could not keep still, for we could do nothing but just look and see the destruction coming.'"

"What makes an avalanche?" asked Nellie.

"On those high mountains," said Blanche, "the snow never melts entirely away, but every year brings more, until it gets piled up like houses and mountains of itself. The slightest movement on those heights, such as a traveller stamping his foot heavily, or speaking with a quick, loud voice, so as to cause a sudden motion of the air, or a bird flying quickly over, will loosen a small bit of snow from the mass. This, if no bigger than a nut, rolling down, becomes every moment larger and larger. Then it breaks off other pieces, and these rush on, growing all the time, until the mass becomes very large and heavy, and it keeps falling and increasing, bearing down trees, rocks, and everything in its course. You see the little houses of the shepherds cannot stand before these dreadful slides, but are carried away, and the poor people are often killed, and their sheep and cattle

destroyed. An old shepherd told us once, that on the highest mountains, where there is nothing but ice and snow, where no human being dwells, avalanches occur daily; and the people who visit these dangerous heights tread as lightly as possible, and are almost afraid to speak, lest a flake of snow should be disturbed, and they carried down with the avalanche."

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,"

sang Nellie, "and cast my lot far away from those horrid mountains."

"But the Swiss people love their mountain-homes dearly," replied Blanche. "Papa says they seem to feel a reverence and affection for their native hills, such as children feel for their parents. Well, it seems that avalanche buried Marie's home and parents. When the spot was visited afterwards, there was not a trace of them to be found, but a great rock, as big as a church, covered the place where the cottage stood. She tried to point out the very rock, but I don't know whether I saw the right one or not.

"And what did you do then?" asked mother.

"My uncle took me to his house," said she. "He is a very good man, and they are all kind; but I can't help crying sometimes for my own dear father and mother. My oldest sister is married, and lives in Germany, and one of my brothers is in the army. The other one drives the diligence from Airolo,—that's on the other side of Gothard,—and I see him once in a while. I do all I can to help my uncle and aunt. I take care of the children, and pick flowers to sell, and search for crystals in the brooks; and strangers are very kind to me, and buy of me a good deal. Every Saturday afternoon we go to the curate's house to read and say the catechism."

"The curate is my uncle," said I.

"He is a very kind man," she replied, "and takes a great deal of pains to teach me. I don't know how to thank him enough."

"By this time we had got our baskets heaping full of flowers, for we had been picking while we were talking, and the little ones had helped us too. O, such flowers!—the lady-slipper, small sunflower, violets and roses, harebells and geraniums,—and they grew in such abundance! I never saw anything like it. We could n't bear to leave them, but night was coming, so we came down from the hill, and Marie and the children walked to the hotel with us. Papa asked my uncle about our little 'Violet Girl,' and he told us the same story; and the long and short of it is, that father and mother made up their minds to take her to bring up. She came to America with us, and —"

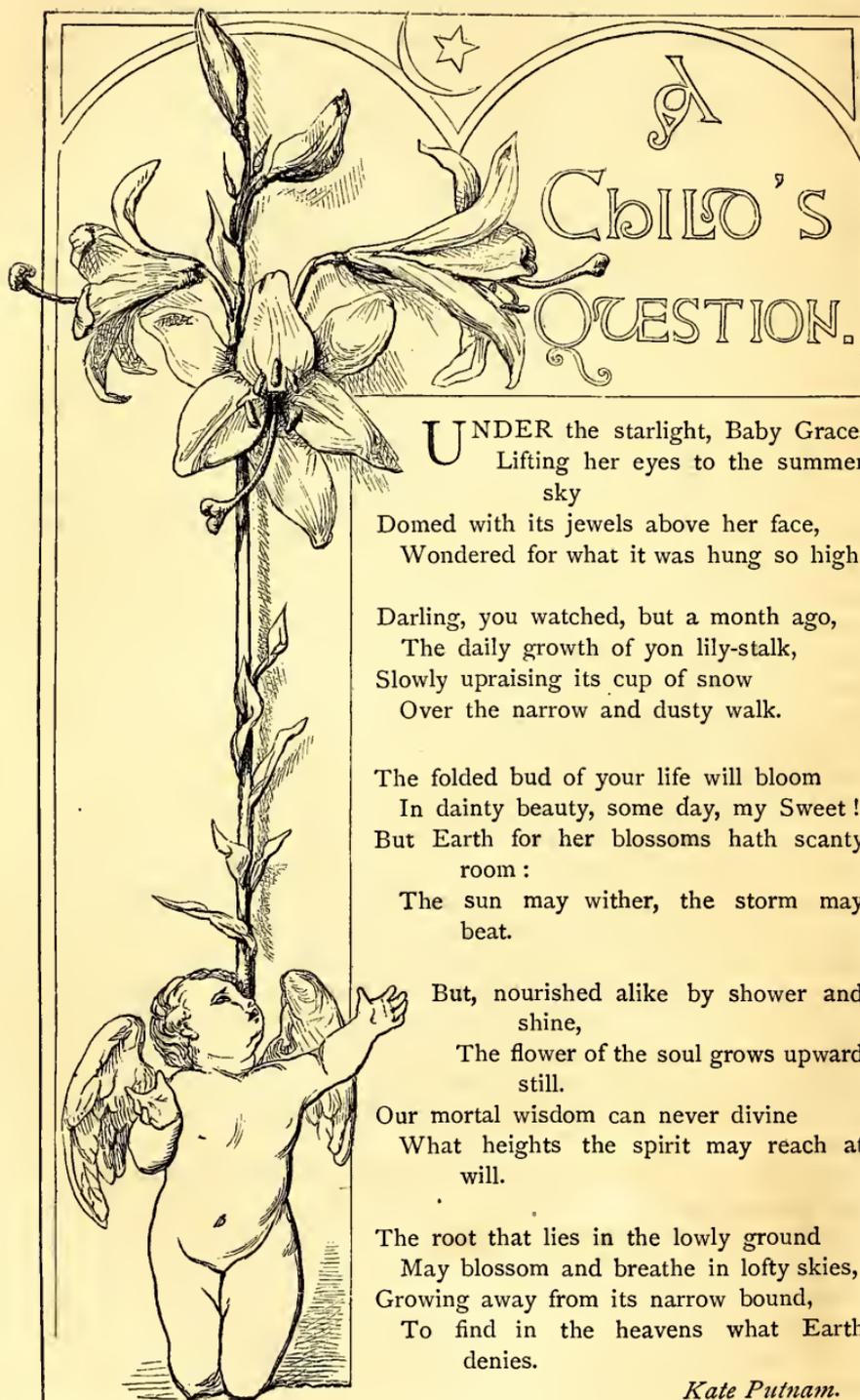
"What! Is she the little girl I have seen at your house? I thought she must be your sister," exclaimed Nellie.

"Why? She does not look like me."

"No, but then she is *so nice!*"

H. E. B.





UNDER the starlight, Baby Grace,
Lifting her eyes to the summer
sky
Domed with its jewels above her face,
Wondered for what it was hung so high.

Darling, you watched, but a month ago,
The daily growth of yon lily-stalk,
Slowly upraising its cup of snow
Over the narrow and dusty walk.

The folded bud of your life will bloom
In dainty beauty, some day, my Sweet!
But Earth for her blossoms hath scanty
room:
The sun may wither, the storm may
beat.

But, nourished alike by shower and
shine,
The flower of the soul grows upward
still.

Our mortal wisdom can never divine
What heights the spirit may reach at
will.

The root that lies in the lowly ground
May blossom and breathe in lofty skies,
Growing away from its narrow bound,
To find in the heavens what Earth
denies.

Kate Putnam.

PUSSY WILLOW BLOSSOMS.

LITTLE Pussy went on in the sort of life we have described two or three years longer, helping her mother at home, and going across the lots and through the woods to the distant academy; and gradually she grew taller and larger, till one day her father woke up and said to her mother, "Wife, our Pussy is growing into a real handsome little woman."

Now Pussy heard the remark as she was moulding up some little biscuit in the next room, and she smiled to herself.

"Am I pretty, I wonder?" she said to herself. So that evening she strolled down into the meadow, where the brook spread out in one place into a perfect little looking-glass, set in a green enamelled frame of moss and violets, and waving feathers of fern-leaves. Here she sat down on the bank, and began to consider herself in the water. Looking in, she saw a pair of eyes just the color of the blue violets which were fringing the bank, a pair of rosy cheeks, a fair, white forehead, and some long curls of brown hair. Pussy considered awhile, and then she gathered some violets, and crows-foot, and drooping meadow-grasses, and wove them into a garland, and put it on her head, and peeped into the brook again to see how it looked.



"She is pretty," said old Mother Fern to Miss Hepatica. "She is pretty, and she has come now to the time when she may as well know it. She will begin now to dress herself, and brush out her feathers, as the bluebirds and robins do in the spring-time."

Pussy walked home with the garland on her head, and at the door she met her father.

"Why, how now?" he said. "You look as your mother used to when I went a-courtin'. Girls always get the knack of fixin' up when their time comes."

And that night the father said to the mother, "I say, wife, you must get Pussy a new bonnet."

"I've been braiding the straw for one all winter," said the wife. "Last fall we picked and sorted the straw, and got the very nicest, and I have enough now done to make a nice straw hat. I will soon have it sewed, and then, when you drive over to Elverton, you can get it pressed in Josiah's bonnet factory."

"And I'll buy her a ribbon myself," said the father.

"No, no, father; after all, it would be better to let me have the wagon and the old horse, and take her over to Worcester to choose for herself. Girls have their own notions."

"Well, perhaps that 'ere 's the best way, mother. I tell you what, — that child has been a treasure to us, and I would n't stand for expense; get her a new gown too. I won't stand for money. If you have to spend ten dollars, I would n't mind it, to have her dressed up as handsome as any gal that sits in the singers' seats on Sunday."

What would little Emily Proudie have thought of a spring outfit that could be got for ten dollars? One of her dresses was trimmed with velvet that cost thirty dollars, and Emily cried when it was brought home because it was the wrong shade of color, and sent it back to Madame Tulle-ruche, to have all the velvet ripped off, and thirty dollars' worth of another shade put on. But what did she know or care how much it cost?

The next morning, after the worthy couple had arranged for Pussy's spring prospects, her father was so full of the subject that he could not forbear opening it to her at once. So at breakfast he pulled forth a great leather pocket-book, out of which he took a new ten-dollar bill, which he laid on Pussy's plate.

"Why, father, what is this?" said Pussy.

"Well, I noticed last night how pretty you looked, with your posies on, and I told your mother the time was come when you'd be a-wantin' folderols and such like, — as girls ought to have when they come to the right age; and, as you've been always a good daughter, and never thought of yourself, why, we must think for you; and so there 't is. Get yourself any bit of finery you want with it. I don't grudge it."

Now Pussy had never in her life had a dollar of her own before, and if, instead of ten dollars, it had been ten thousand, she could scarcely have been more delighted. She laughed and cried and jumped for joy, and she and her mother calculated over and over again how this large sum should be invested. Pussy insisted that half of it should be spent for mother; but mother very firmly insisted that every bit of it should go to Pussy's spring outfit.

“Let her have her way, child,” said the father. “Don’t you see that you are herself over again? She has her young days again in dressing you.”

And so the straw braid was sewed into a little flat straw hat; and the straw was so white and delicate, and the braid so fine, that all the gossips round about said that the like of it had never been seen in those parts. And when she sent it over to the bonnet factory at Elverton, Josiah Stebbins — who was at the head of the factory, and was a cousin of Pussy’s mother, and, some say, an old sweetheart too — he put the precious little hat through all the proper processes, and delivered it at last, safe and shining, to her, and would not take a cent in pay; so that there was Pussy’s little fortune still untouched.

Then they had a glorious day, going over to Worcester, shopping. They had a friend in town with whom they could stay over night; and so, though it was a good twenty miles’ drive, they did not mind it.

There they bought a white cambric dress, and a blue ribbon, and a wreath of lovely white daisies, mixed with meadow-grass, which the shopman said had been made in Paris. Pussy wondered in her heart how Paris milliners could know so exactly how meadow-flowers looked. The young man at first asked so much for the wreath that Pussy quite despaired of being able to get it; but when he saw the blue eyes fixed so longingly on it, and noticed the pretty light on her curls as she turned her head in the sunshine, somehow he began (like a great many other young men) to wish that a pretty girl could have her own way; so finally he fumbled at the lid of the box, and looked at the price-mark, and said that it was the last of the set, and that they were closing out the stock, and ended by letting her have it for just half the price he originally asked. So Pussy returned home the next day delighted, with what seemed to her a whole wardrobe of beautiful things.

Very fast flew her little fingers as she fixed the wreath of daisies and meadow-grass around the shining crown of the delicate straw hat, and then tied it with long strings of blue ribbon, and found, to her delight, that there was enough still remaining to make a sash to her white dress.

Her mother fitted the dress, and Pussy sewed it; and the next Sunday Pussy’s father took her to church with a delighted heart. He was observed to keep wide awake all sermon-time, staring straight up into the front gallery, where Pussy sat in the singers’ seats, with her pink cheeks, her blue eyes and blue ribbons, and nodding wreath of daisies and meadow-grass. He disturbed his wife’s devotion several times while the choir were singing,

“While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return,”

with his “Mother! mother!” (with a poke of the elbow.)

“What is it, father?”

“Do look up at her.”

“I *have* looked.”

“But, mother,” (another poke,) “is n’t she the prettiest girl you ever saw?”

“Father, dear, don’t talk now.”

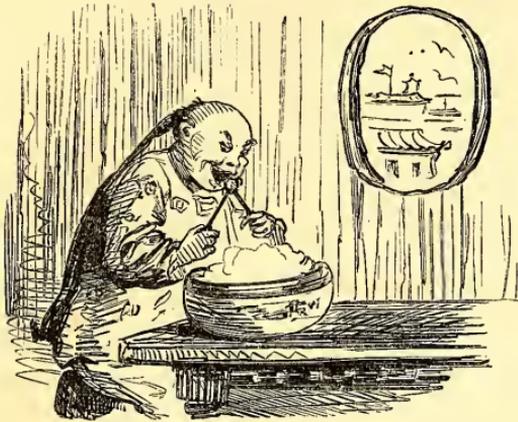
“I declare,” said the father, as they were driving home, “I don’t grudge that ’ere ten dollars one grain.”

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

III.

REGULAR CHINESE FUN.



THE bowline ! the bully, bully bow-
line !

O the bowline ! the bowline ! —
HAUL ! ”

That was Round-the-world Joe pulling on his tight new boots. “ Nothing like a bit of a song for boarding the main sheet in a gale, or coaxing a tight boot home. Just pay him down with a little smooth slush first, and then haul on him with a will, all together, like this : —

‘ O, the good old way ’s the easy way :
Wa-ay — ea-sy wa-a-ay ! ’ ”

and Joe, with a grunt and a stamp and a puff, and his face very red, popped his foot in, *sock*.

“ Just so,” said Charley Sharpe : “ that ’s what I always tell Georgey. ‘ Georgey,’ says I, ‘ there ’s nothing like a bit of a sheet for boarding a song in a main gale. Just slush your boots down with a smooth will first, coax for your pay when you ’re a little tight, and haul it all home together.’ ”

“ Now, Mr. Sharpe,” said I, “ what *is* all that run-mad nonsense you are getting off this time ? ”

“ O, that ’s the Language of the Sea, my dear ; that ’s the style that my big brother, with the literary turn of mind, is going to write his Nautical Dime Novel in. What ’s the use of keeping company with a boy that has Crossed the Line, and Doubled the Cape, if you can’t express yourself ship-shape ? ”

“ Very well,” said I, “ the first thing we know, that same big brother of yours will be REVIEWING us in some overgrown booby of a newspaper or magazine ; and asking us if we can find nothing more Elegant and Improving to set before the Inquiring and Susceptible Mind of Ingenuous Youth, than the heels-over-head nonsense of a set of natural-born, live boys.”

“ All right,” said Charley, “ let him REVIEW away. I wish I had as many dollars as I don’t care if he does. Reviewing never knocked anybody from his base yet, that had the right sort of a constitution.”

“ What ’s REVIEWING ? ” asked Round-the-world Joe. “ O, I know now. It ’s blowing up the bo’sin for not bending his clove-hitch right, when all the time you can’t show the cook how to take a turn round a belaying-

pin. But come, my lads, if we 've got all our traps aboard, let 's get under way for a cruise among the shops."

So we started down Broadway, Charley Sharpe having to leave a message for some one at the Metropolitan Hotel.

"Do they have hotels in China?" said I; "and did you ever 'stop' at one?"

"O yes," said Joe; "there was the 'Heaven-on-Earth Hotel,' at Shanghai, kept by Mr. Loong-Wil-Yam, — Old Long Bill, we used to call him. The front door looked as if it were made of old tea-chests, and there were inscriptions all over it, in Chinese letters, like gridirons fighting, describing all the delicacies of the season that Mr. Long Bill could set before his noble guests, — 'Hospitality, Pleasant Company, and Kitten Soup, Politeness, Virtue, Tender Puppies, and Wise Discourse; besides Fried Silk-worms, Disinterestedness, Sharks' Gizzards, Poetry, Conundrums, the Pleasures of Memory, and Cockroaches done in Castor Oil. Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, and swoon with satisfaction! Your respectable Loong-Wil-Yam will receive your Thoughts as his Friends, and treat your Desires like his Children. HI-YAH!"

"Good gracious!" said Charley Sharpe. "How much for all that?"

"Well, you see, chum," said Joe, "Chinese signs are very much like some folks we know of, who hang out more promises than they can keep inside. Of course there were not *cash* enough in all the Flowery Kingdom to pay for such a spread as Old Long Bill offered in his bill of fare, but Barney Binnacle and I had a pretty good time at the Heaven-on-Earth Hotel for about ten cents.

"Over the window there was another sign,

<p>THIS PLACE ONE PIECE MAN MAKEE TALKEE FIRST-CHOP PIJUN INGLIS OL PLOPPA.</p>

which was as much as to say, 'Elegant English spoken here.' So we called for the piece of man that did the Pigeon-English all proper, and he came and chin-chinned us, and asked us what would we do the House of Fragrant Festivities and Gratified Desires the honor to order. And we told him we'd take a little of everything he had on the front door, especially a pair of the tender puppies, and some Pleasures of Memory on the half-shell. And he said 'All Right: can s'cure,' — he could get them. And then he brought us some pickled peanuts and a boiled cucumber, two spare-ribs of rat on toast, and a proverb of Wei-chan on flowered paper, 'Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed'; — which was doing pretty well for a Chinese sign. He said he was sorry they were just out of everything else, except a cut of cold Politeness, some Hospitality warmed over, and a little Plain Talk left by the last customer, done brown."

"But, Joe," said I, "where were the shark's fins, and the bird's-nests, and the peacocks' combs, and the goose-feet, and the humming-birds' brains, and the grasshoppers' gizzards, and the butterfly cutlets, that we read of in all the books of travel?"

But before Joe could answer, Mr. Charley (who is *so* smart, you know, and *so* satirical, and such a bore) must put in his pertness: "Why, you see, Georgey, we are under the painful necessity of confessing that we have been quite out of all those delicate national dishes, ever since the illustrious member of the American-Forest-of-Pencils Society, who wrote the article 'China' for your father's Cyclopædia, dined with the Corrector of Learning, and the Flowering Talent, and the Entered Doctors, and the rest of the awful big-wigs, in the Grand Hall of Examinations. Ever since that exhaustive occasion we have been compelled to import our peacocks' feathers from foreign countries, to make our mandarins with; and as for the humming-birds, we have to make shift now with the brains of humbugs."

"Yes, George," said Joe; "there 's plenty of honest truth in what Charley says, though he has a droll way of putting it; the stories that travellers tell about Chinese dinners are like the bill of fare in a Bowery restaurant,— the substantial matter-of-fact that you can get out of four gilt-edged, fancy columns of Epicurean fiction is a codfish ball, or some leathery liver, or 'one stew, and no questions asked.' And nobody knows that better than our old friend, Loong-Wil-Yam, for the customers that patronized the Heaven-on-Earth Hotel used to bring their own tea in a little bag slung to the waist-band of their trousers, and some salt fish, sour-kROUT, potted puppies, and rice (*Kan-leang*, 'dry and cold,' they call it), in a sort of three-decker trunk. Why, the folks that stayed all night in the house used to drink large bowls of warm water with salt in it, the first thing next morning, to destroy their appetites (if you don't believe that, I 'm willing to take my after-davit to it); or else, as soon as they turned out of their bunks, they would eat enough rice and cold boiled cucumbers to last them till the same time next day, — breakfast, dinner, and supper in one, to tide them over another Heaven-on-Earth; for the Chinese have stomachs like camels, — they can go longer in ballast, and then stow more stores at once, than anything except a regular Ship of the Desert.

"But Old Long Bill did not always keep his customers on such short commons. As often as New Year's, or the Feast of Lanterns, came round, he shipped a heavy cargo of grub, doubled the force of cooks on the galley, and sent a fellow to the front door to beat a gong and call the public in: 'Come in, O Beautiful and Elegant! Come in, O Rich and Powerful! O Wise and Accomplished, come in! And eat, drink, and be merry! For Life is short, and Art is long; and your respectable Loong-Wil-Yam is not immortal, and Heaven cannot abide on Earth forever!'

"Then it was rich fun," said Round-the-World Joe, "to see them beginning dinner with the dessert, and ending it with the soup; having their food brought to them ready cut up in little morsels, as we do for young children; eating it with a pair of sticks, instead of knife and fork; wiping their mouths with bits of colored silk paper, instead of napkins; leaving their seats between the courses to take a pull at an opium pipe, or play 'Simon-says-wiggle-waggle' for thimbles of rum; pecking at their fried silk-worms between the square cups of hot wine; and fanning themselves, and chin-chinning each other.

"A description of every dish was bawled out by the waiter who brought it in; and as he set it on the table he proclaimed the name of the gentleman who had ordered it; and when the dinner was over, a Mandarin of the Kettle (as they call the head-cooks) stood at the door, and sing-songed the name and title of each guest as he passed out, and the quality and price of everything he or his friends had eaten. This is to excite their vanity, and make them all extravagant for sheer envy of each other; so that those now treat who never did before, and those who always treated treat the more. You see," continued Joe, "if Mandarin Ben-Net of the peacock's feather had nightingales' heads, it would never do for Mandarin Gree-Lee of the coral button to call for pigs' feet."

"I wonder," said Charley, "if Mr. Delmonico takes 'Our Young Folks.'"

"Why, Charley?" I asked. "What has that to do with Mandarins and hotels and the price of pigs' feet?"

"Because," said Charley, "it will be as much as a Corporation Dinner in his pocket if he reads this number."

"Talking of hotels," said Joe, "did you ever hear of the House of the Hens' Feathers at Pekin?"

"Emperor's chicken-coop?"

"No, — public roost for beggars and vagabonds. It's about an acre of house, — nothing of it but walls, roof, and one floor, and that a sort of flush deck, — not a bedstead or bureau, table, chair, bench, or stool, — just an acre of bamboo flooring, covered two feet thick with feathers, and called *Ki-mao-fau*, the House of the Hens' Feathers. Every night two thousand of the homeless loafers and other human nuisances of Pekin — men, women, and children alike, all horribly squalid and disgusting — come with their *cash* to hire a nest for the night in the hens' feathers. In they all tumble pell-mell, wrangling and squalling, scrambling and scratching, and stow themselves spoon-fashion, two thousand in a bed.

"Then somebody bangs a gong; and immediately they all turn over on their backs, and the fellows with sharp elbows draw them in, and the chaps with long legs draw them up.

"Bang! — and up pop two thousand heads with tails to them, and two thousand noses and twenty thousand toes are pointed straight at the ceiling.

"Bang! — and a hundred pulleys begin to creak, and down from the roof descends an acre of coverlet, made of felt, with two thousand holes in it.

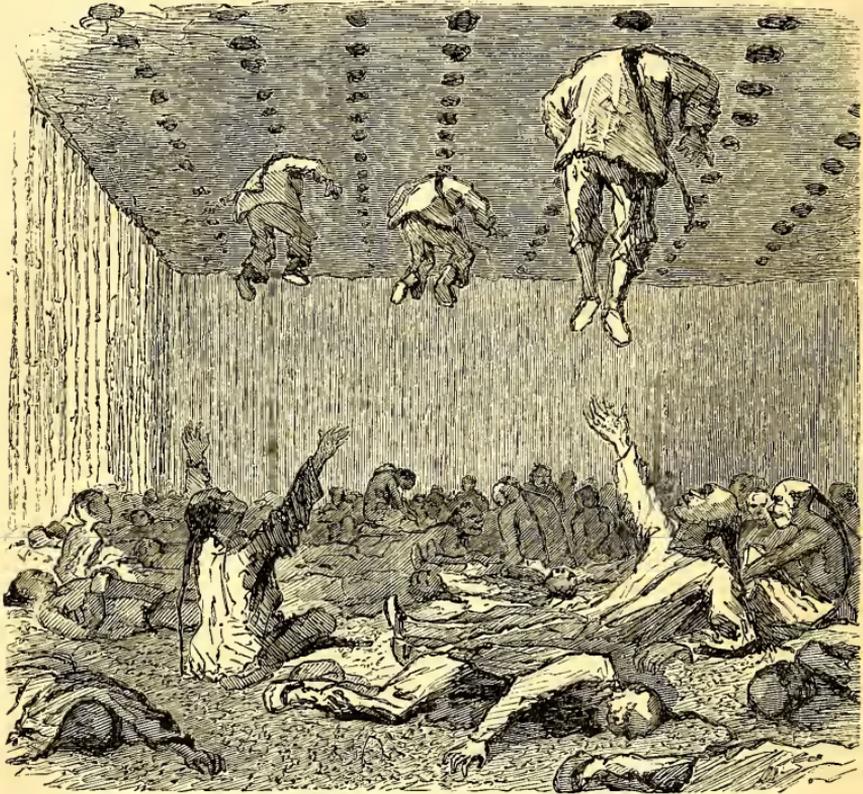
"Bang! — and the two thousand heads pop through the two thousand holes, and fire off six thousand sneezes.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! — and all the lights are put out, and four thousand eyes are shut, and two thousand noses begin to snore.

"And there you are till daylight, — the door locked, your neck in limbo, everything pitch-dark, and an acre of grunting Chinese pigs between you and the window. If Long-Sam, on your right, happens to be a kicking chap, or Lean-Nan, on your left, digs with her elbows, — if big John Chinaman, at your head, keeps up a mangy scratching, or little Johnny Chinaman, at your feet,

yells all night with the colic,—so much the worse for you ; there you are till daylight, and you must grin and bear it. Neither the kicking, nor the digging, nor the scratching, nor the yelling, will make any difference in the price,—you must pay your sapeck in the morning all the same.

“But for all that the world moves, and daylight comes at last, even to the House of the Hens’ Feathers.



“Bang! — four thousand eyes are opened wide.

“Bang! — two thousand heads pop under the coverlet, — all but three.

“Bang! — up goes the acre of coverlet to the roof ; and up go with it three screaming heads, and three dangling tails, and six yellow, struggling legs ; those heads had forgotten to pop under when the gong sounded the second time.

“Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!—and the two thousand human porpoises jump up all together, and begin to plunge and roll and flounder in that sea of feathers, and scramble for their rags, and scratch.”

“Why, Joe,” said I, “that reminds me of Mr. Thackeray’s funny description of the Jew passengers on board the steamer *Iberia* in the white squall. But is that story all true, ’pon your honor, — feathers, coverlet, and all?”

"I'll take my after-davit to it," said Joe. "And every man, woman, and child of them pays one sapeck (which is about one fifteenth of a cent) before they go out on their begging business for the day. At first, every lodger was allowed a separate quilt; but the ragamuffins stole so many of them, to make jackets and trousers of, or to sell again, that the proprietors had to rig the acre of coverlet with the two thousand holes."

I asked Round-the-world Joe if there were any Broadways in China.

"O yes," said he, "*Chinese* Broadways."

There is Tung-Kiang-mi-Kiang Street in Pekin, and the Great Street of Tranquillity; and Old and New China Streets, and Spectacle and Looking-Glass Streets, in Canton. The Great Street of Tranquillity is the finest in all China. It is a hundred and eighty feet wide, and long and straight, and is bounded in part, on the north side, by the walls of the Emperor's Palace. Vast and magnificent temples, roofed with white or yellow marble, the splendid palaces of princes, covered with green-glazed tiles, the courts of justice, superbly columned and adorned, and hundreds of gray-tiled residences, belonging to private citizens of wealth and consequence, are there. In all these fine houses the doors and partitions are of camphor, cypress, and sandal-wood, profusely and curiously carved, so that they are both attractive to the eye and agreeable to the nose; and the windows are hung with tapestry, and the walls with paper, on which famous sentences from philosophers and poets are painted.

On Tung-Kiang-mi-Kiang Street the shops are as various and as splendid as on any part of Broadway, from Union Square to the Park. There are the jewellers' shops, where ornaments skilfully carved out of ivory, pearl, jasper, and precious woods, are sold; and the shops for books and pictures and toys, and for glass-ware and porcelain and lacquered ware, and for silks and shawls, and bamboo furniture inlaid with box-wood and ivory. Joe says on Leoo-le-Chang Street, where there are several bookstores, a Chinese Ticknor and Fields publish a magazine every moon for Our Celestial Young Folks. It is called "The Artificial Garden of Complicated Raptures"; and Charley Sharpe says the woodcuts, which are drawn by the artificial Mr. Sol-A-Ting, and engraved by the complicated Mr. An-Ton-Y, display all the sweetness of a tea-caddy and the force of a soup-plate.

Joe says the queerest thing about the Chinese streets and people is that they always smell of musk, — just as all Hindostan smells of sandal-wood, and all Birmah of petroleum, and all Japan of varnish, and all Africa of Jim Crow. But Joe says, as for that, there's an English smell too, and a French smell, and an American smell, — and for all he knows a Boston smell, and a New York smell. He says *he* can't tell one from the other, but the cook's dog on the Circumnavigator *could!*

Once, on Looking-Glass Street, in Canton, Round-the-world Joe and Barney Binnacle joined a party of Chinese boys, who were having holiday, and a small frolic, in honor of the name-day of one of them. Barney and Joe asked one bright little chap who spoke Pigeon-English if they might go along just to see how they did that sort of thing in China; and Little

Pigeon said, the fast young gentlemen of the Central Flowery Kingdom would not object to the company of the foreign marine devils, if the foreign marine devils would treat. Barney and Joe said of course they would, if the sucking mandarins would give them change for a dollar, in *cash*; but as it takes fifteen sapecks to make a cent, and as a sapeck is about the size of a jacket-button, and as fifteen hundred of them would have been a load for a small donkey, and as there was no small donkey convenient, the sucking mandarins said ten cents' worth of treat would satisfy them. So Round-the-world Joe gave them the dime, and he and Barney filled their pockets with the change, — one hundred and fifty sapecks; and then the gay young bloods of the Central Flowery Kingdom and the foreign marine devils cruised around in company among the shops and stalls, and had a good time.

Joe says, in all his travels he never saw a set of young monkeys get through a ten-cent spree in such a solemn, Sunday-school style; they gave all their minds to it awfully, and in the lowest kind of spirits, and ate, drank, and were merry as if to-morrow they were to die, sure. But were n't they keen little customers, nevertheless, and did n't they know how to get half a cent's worth for a sapeck! Joe says he could n't help thinking, that, if they only kept on cheating and stealing in the same proportion, and according to their years and opportunities, every one of them would be able, by the time he was a man, to build a jail and lock up all the others in it. They went from shop to shop, and from stall to stall, buying a walnut here and a joint of sugar-cane there, in this place a dozen fried beans, and half an orange in that, a cup of tea from one man, and a candied grasshopper from another, a slice of bamboo pickle from Wot-Siz-Name, and a doughnut made of coconut oil, from Thing-Am-Mee; but every unlucky dealer lost money by them, and wished he was dead; as Artemus Ward says, it would have been as much as two cents in his pocket if he had never been born.

"Watermelon seeds!" said Joe. "You want to know if they bought any of them? Well! if those melancholy young Chinese undertakers chawed one watermelon seed, they chawed a solid peck. Watermelon seeds! WELL! As you may imagine, from what I told you about the travellers at the Heaven-on-Earth Hotel, Chinese stomachs are built on the gutta-percha principle, and there 's one thing a Chinaman never does, — the only pre-pos-te-rous thing he never tries, — and that is bustin'; a true Celestial never busts. Why, if you or I were to stow as many watermelon seeds as Little Pigeon, and the rest of those sucking Mandarins, put themselves outside of, brass hoops would n't hold us. Barney Binnacle asked Little Pigeon, when he was on his third quart, if he thought he could stand it, and Little Pigeon put on airs. "Hi-yah, fan-kwei!" (which means foreign devil,) — 'hi-yah, fan-kwei!' says he, 'how kin do? how kin makee talkee so fashion. Mi too muchee strong man inside — kin secure.'

"Watermelon seeds!" said Round-the-world Joe. "WELL! And what do you guess they do it for? They don't taste good, they don't make you feel good, they are not much to smell; there 's no more richness, no more meat in them, than in so much cork. But three hundred millions of people,

every man, woman and child of them, beginning with their first tooth, and chewing all together all the time till they die,—how many watermelon seeds does that make?”

“Enough,” said I, “to pay the national debt of England; laid side by side, one seed apart, they would reach round the world 7,000,000,000 times and a half; and if one of them was dropped into an ordinary half-pint tumbler every five minutes, the last one would fall at precisely half past eternity.”

“Half-pint tumbler?” inquired Charley. “Is n’t there some mistake about that?”

“No,” said I, “half-pint, — must be glass, too.”

“Watermelon seeds!” said Round-the-world Joe. “WELL!”

“Joe,” said I, “what is a sapeck?”

“Sapeck,” said Joe, “is the great Chinese institution. It’s entirely owing to sapecks that so many watermelon seeds are chewed, and that there are so many people to chew them; for if it was n’t for sapecks, nine tenths of the people would die of starvation, and the other tenth could then afford to chew tobacco. A sapeck is the only coin in the world that you can buy half of next to nothing with, and get next to nothing half done for. You can buy half a piece of chalk with a sapeck, and enough watermelon seeds to half kill you; and there are sights in China that you can see with one eye for a sapeck. All the Chinese babies cut their teeth on sapecks; sapecks are the first things they cry for; sapeck is the first word they pronounce; and as soon as they can sit alone, they play at keeping pawnbroker’s shop, and pawn their melon seeds for sapecks. A sapeck is so small a coin that the only thing you could buy with it in this country would be somebody’s soul now and then. It is made of copper and pewter, is about the size of a nickel cent, and has a square hole in the middle, so that it can be strung like button-moulds. So sapeck is one of the most insignificant little chaps in this world, and also one of the most tremendous; for his other name is CASH.”

George Eager.



JACK'S JACK-KNIFE.

JACK'S great toe dug holes in the sand as he stood on the shore, dreamily looking out to the sky; and the salt water, slowly rippling up, made them into little wells, or filled them with sand and sea-weed. Jack did n't mind, as he stood there in a brown study, that the tide was rising and creeping over his restless feet up to the very Sunday trousers that he had put on when mother had said he might go on board of Captain Ben's sloop with Jimmy Ben.

Captain Ben was really Captain Ben Slocum; but nobody ever thought of calling him that; and so, as Jimmy and Nathan and Polly came, one after the other, and grew up gradually in the little low house under the sand-hill, it was Jimmy and Nathan and Polly *Ben*, and likely to be so to the end of the chapter.

Jack was not one of them. He lived half a mile from them, and a thick pine-wood lay between his house and the sea, though for all that they could hear it, day and night, winter and summer. Jack's father was only a clam-digger and fisherman, who drove his cart two or three times a week back into the little towns farther inland, and sold the fish he had caught, while Jack and his mother dug clams on the beach till they were so tired it seemed as if there were nothing good in the world but bed.

Jack had never had time to learn much more than to read and write a little; there were no schools near them, and if there had been, he was always too busy to go; but his mother had taught him all she could as they worked together. She told him long stories from the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," for these were the only two books of which she knew anything; and Jack could tell much more about the Bible than many grown-up people. In the winter evenings, when the fishermen came in, he sat and listened with wide-open eyes to the stories they told of Captain Kidd's money, buried 'long shore, or the ships that had come sailing in from beyond seas, only to be wrecked on the reefs and shoals off the coast.

So Jack had grown to be twelve years old, with few ideas of the great world about him, and no events save the coming home of Captain Ben's sloop three or four times a year. Only a week ago it had cast anchor in the little cove, and Jimmy and Nathan and Polly Ben had rushed wildly down to hurrah for father's coming home, and to find out as speedily as possible what he had brought them.

Wonderful things came from that little cabin. Sunday caps for the boys, and bright dresses for mother and Polly; sweet oranges and candy, and once a whole bag of cocoa-nuts, which they ate till they were very sick indeed, and hardly wanted ever to see another.

This time there was something quite worth while. Jack was on hand as usual, and wondered why Cap'n Ben did n't give the children something at once. Tease and pull as they would, his hand stayed firmly in his pocket, and did not come out till they were all under the roof of the little gray house,

where mother and Polly could look and admire. Such a pressing up about Cap'n Ben when the hand did come out, and such a shout from Jimmy and Nathan when it opened!

Two knives! — knives such as they had never seen before, ivory-handled, double-bladed, strong and sharp and bright, — knives that might whittle away at boats for a twelvemonth and be none the worse, — that might even lie out over night and hardly know it, Jimmy said.

Those were not the days of cheap knives, for it was many years ago. Jimmy had had only an old one of his father's, and Jack had never owned one at all. So, as he looked at the beautiful shining gifts and thought of all the good times Jimmy and Nathan were to have, envy and jealousy could hardly be kept out, even when Jimmy, diving to the bottom of his pocket, fished out the old knife and handed it to Jack, with a "Here, Jack, I don't want it no more."

A week ago such a possession would have been paradise to Jack. Now he could hardly say, "Thank you," and rushed out of the house, down the steep bluff, and out to a long, narrow strip of sand running far into the bay. There he stood, digging in the wet sand where we first saw him, a woful pucker on his freckled forehead and a very wistful look in his honest gray eyes. Jack stood there till a larger wave, rolling in, wet him so thoroughly as to awaken him to the fact that those Sunday trousers were really drenched, and then with a spring he left the point, dashed up the bluff, and home through the pine-wood. Evidently an idea had come after hard thinking, for next morning, when the breakfast of clams and johnny-cake was eaten, he darted off on the road to the village, and was missing two or three hours.

Such a broad, full smile as lit up Jack's little brown face when he returned is seldom seen, and such a medley of words never before had come from the mouth of one small boy. "Squire Green! knife! cows! two dollars! Jimmy Ben! Sloop going again!"

What it all meant Jack's mother never could have told, had not Jack sobered down and given her the whole story.

So it came out that driving cows appeared the only method of making money, and that Squire Green had said to somebody, who had mentioned it in Jack's hearing, that he would give two dollars to any boy who would drive his cows to and from pasture without stoning or racing them. Jack had applied, and, meeting with approval, had undertaken the task for three months, at the end of which time he might hope for a knife in every respect the counterpart of Jimmy Ben's; and here Jack's delight suddenly found vent in a whoop, and a dance round the clam-basket, that no wild Indian could have beaten.

"But, Jack," said his mother, "I thought Jimmy Ben gave you his old knife."

Jack blushed. "So he did, but 't ain't the kind I wanted; point was broke off, and it had got all rusty. I swopped it for some red apples and a piece of string."

"That's you, boy all over! if you can't have just what you want, you'll go without till you can, and so half the time you don't have nothin'."

"But I'll have it now, mother," and Jack dug up a great clam, and threw it into the basket with a *vim* that showed energy enough to earn a hundred knives.

So through the summer weather Jack drove the cows, along the little stretch of sea-shore, over the Point, up to the meadows. Rain fell, and wind blew, but he trudged along patiently, finding a boy's pleasure in both, and in the coloring of the gorgeous sunrisings and sunsettings he daily saw. At last September had come, and towards the end of the month the wild winds of the equinoctial began to blow, and Jack saw one morning, as he looked off to sea, that a storm was coming up, and that he must bring the cows home along the bluffs, out of reach of the heavy waves rolling in on the Point.

All day the storm gathered strength, and at evening, as the fishermen watched a schooner beating up toward the Narrows, they said among themselves that she never would come to port, and that daylight would give them a harvest of drift-wood and sailors' chests, and the fine goods on board of her. All night the wind howled, the rain fell, and the sea roared. Jack in his little bed heard guns fired, and knew they were signals of distress from the ship; but there were few on the shore, and those few had no life-boats, or indeed any in which they could brave the raging sea.

So, when morning came, there was work in good earnest for the wreckers, — and thirty years ago all along that shore were such. The narrow strip of sand under the bluffs was strewn with fragments from the wreck, though it had not entirely broken up, but lay beating up and down on the rocks. There were no signs of life on board; either all had perished, or reached the mainland in their boats. Her cargo was only lumber, and the fishermen grumbled, as they hauled in the boards, that it was nothing better.

Jack had rushed off in the early morning to drive his cows. Only two days longer, and the precious two dollars would be in his hand. He was so full of hope and spirits, that, dancing home over the sands, he hardly noticed the poor schooner fast going to pieces. Wrecks in autumn and winter were a common sight to Jack, and sometimes he had stood by his father, as he and other wreckers buried the bodies of poor fellows who had struggled to reach land, but lost strength and were swallowed up in the cruel waves.

The shore was almost clear; only one or two men were still working far out on the rocks. Jack ran on, skirting a little cove at the head of which were a cluster of rocks where he had often fished at high water. Something lay there, — something which took away Jack's breath for a moment, and sent the blood in one great thump to his heart.

It was a dead sailor, wedged in between the rocks, and half covered with the dripping sea-weed. There was a belt about his waist, and Jack gave another start, as it reminded him of the bright gold pieces Cap'n Ben himself had taken from just such a belt found on another drowned man only the year before. Nobody would know if he slipped off this belt, and certainly if he did not, those men working down the shore would, as they passed the body on their way home. Jack had seen such sights too often to dread touch-

ing the belt, and so he unfastened it hastily, made a vain effort to drag the man quite out of reach of the waves, and then ran like a flash till he reached the pine-wood.



Safe under the dark-green trees he sat down, and, taking the belt from inside his jacket, looked at it, half afraid, half curious. Nothing save one hard lump at the back. Jack wished again for his knife as he pulled at the tight stitches. A sharp bit of oyster-shell loosened them at last, and he saw one — two — three — four — five glittering pieces of gold! He shook the belt, turned it over, — there were no more; but what wealth even these five represented! Jack thrust them hastily back to their place, as the dreadful thought came, Suppose anybody had seen him take them out, and should try to get them away, or, worse than all, if he told his mother, as he knew he must, sooner or later, would she let him keep them?

Jack grew quite pale as he thought of the many chances which might take them from him, and belted them tightly around his own waist, under his jacket, before he started again for home. He had no appetite for clams or johnny-cake, or even for the piece of gingerbread his mother brought him when she saw he did not eat.

Digging was hard work that day, and Jack's share of clams in the great basket had never been so small. At nightfall, when the cows were safely home, he went round by the beach. The dead sailor still lay there; the wreckers had not yet noticed the body, and Jack thought how dreadful it was to lie there with the salt spray dashing over one, and no covering but sand and sea-weed. Perhaps this money had been saved for his little children at

home ; perhaps he had an old mother, who needed it, and who would wonder so long where her boy was, and why he did not come. Jack felt tears filling his eyes, and ran again to get away from them.

Night came, and in his little bed, under the roof, Jack tossed and tumbled miserably. Through the chinks in the rafters he saw the stars shining, and by and by the moon rose, and made it so light that sleep would not come. Now, with such dead silence all around, only the steady beat of the sea on the shore in his ears, he thought and thought. "Thou shalt not steal," said conscience over and over again, and over and over again Jack repeated, "'T was n't stealing ! Even good Cap'n Ben took money from that man he buried, and thought he 'd a right to it ; and I 'm sure he 'd 'a done it if he 'd found this one."

No use. The white face of the dead sailor rose before Jack till he felt as if he were going wild.

"Maybe the other sailors got ashore ; and if they did," he thought, "they may come to find him, and they 'll know who he saved the money for. 'T ain't mine anyhow, an' I 've just got to put it back. To-morrow 'll do. I 'll take it down the first thing in the morning."

Still Jack tossed and tumbled. The belt was like fire to him. "It 's no use going on like this," said he to himself. "I 'll get up now, this very minute, and go down to shore. 'T won't be no worse than lying here, rolling round so." And, with his heart beating quickly, he slipped on his clothes, stole down the steep stair, and, carefully unbolting the door, stepped out into the night.

It was clear and still, but Jack's heart almost failed him as he saw the pine-wood rising dark before him, and knew he must go through it to reach and return from the shore. A strong will, and the dread of holding this ill-gotten money an hour longer, pushed him on. Through the wood, out to the open land, down the steep bluff to the cove, and up to the rocks, Jack rushed. How still he stood for a moment ! and then what a sharp little cry of disappointment and fear he uttered ! The body was gone, and as he glanced along the shore there were no traces of one.

All Jack's courage forsook him. He trembled and shook for a moment ; strange shadows seemed to lie all about him ; there were dreadful sounds in the air ; and, with a great sob, he ran wildly up and on, till the wood was passed and his own room received him again. Poor Jack ! How he wished, as he buried his head under the bedclothes, that he had never touched that money, and O how long morning was in coming !

When day broke, he got up sadly. The precious two dollars were to be his to-day. Only a week ago, how he had longed for the time to come, and now he felt as if he hardly cared at all. The belt seemed to weigh him down, and he started after the cows with so sad a face, that Squire Green, who met him on his way from the pasture, thought something must be wrong at home.

"What 's the matter, Jack ?" said he. "Anybody sick ?"

"No, sir," sighed Jack ; and here an inspiration came. Squire Green was

a justice of the peace. Who so well as he could know just what to do about this terrible business? "Please, sir," said he, "there 's something I 'd like to tell you about."

"Sit right down on this flat rock, Jack," answered the Squire, "and let us hear all about it."

So Jack told his story, and wondered that the old Squire did n't look very severe as he went on. When he had ended, there was quite a long silence.

"Come home with me, Jack," said the Squire at last; and poor Jack rose up, convinced that the two dollars were lost forever, and that he was going to jail at the very least. So he crept along miserably, and hardly held up his head to see where he was going, till they entered the yard in front of the Squire's house. Two or three rough-looking men stood there, and one said, "Have you heard anything of it, sir?"

"Yes," answered the Squire, "I 've got it with me."

There was quite a stir, and the men followed into the large sitting-room, where the Squire, taking Jack by the hand, turned to them, and, to our hero's astonishment, told them the whole story.

When he described Jack's run through the wood to return the belt, one of the men gave the boy a great slap on the back. "By George, you *are* a brave chap!" said he, "I would n't 'a' done that for a thousand belts!"

Jack's heart grew lighter and lighter as he found the worst was past, instead of to come; and he pulled off the belt and handed it to Squire Green, who passed it over to the rough man.

"It 's poor Bill's belt, sure 'nuff," he said, "an' glad he 'd be to know we 'd got it for his wife and little gal. He was washed overboard, young 'un, tryin' to get into the boat that took us to land, and we found his body last night and brought it up here to give it decent burial. There 's a hundred dollars here, an' it 's lucky 't was you found it, an' not any o' them blasted wrackers! What do you want for givin' on it back?"

"Nothin'," said Jack. "I 'm glad to get rid of it."

"Haw! haw! haw!" shouted the man. "Wal, you do look as if you was. You sha'n't lose nothin' by it," and they went out leaving Jack with Squire Green.

"You 're a good boy, Jack," said he, "and I think you 'll make a good man if you go on as you have begun. There are your two dollars, and you may tell your mother and father I am coming to see them to-morrow."

Jack flew over the ground, and, whirling into the house, almost upset his mother, who was walking to the cupboard with a bowl of thoroughwort tea she had made for him, fully believing that his sad face would end in his coming down with measles or mumps.

"Land alive, boy!" she cried. "What 's the matter now?" and she listened in astonishment to Jack's account of the past few days.

It all seemed so wonderful, that she felt constrained to put on her sun-bonnet and go with Jack down to Cap'n Ben's, whose sloop had come into the cove that morning, unnoticed by Jack for the very first time in his life.

How admirably Jimmy and Nathan and Polly looked at him, and how the Captain slapped the table when the tale ended !

“ I did n’t calkilate you was arnin’ money to pay for it, Jack,” said he ; “ but when I see how down in the mouth you looked when I gave them knives, I made up my mind that, if I had a good run, you should have one jest like ’em, an’ I did, an’ here it is,” — and Cap’n Ben handed Jack a knife, the very image of the two that had spurred him on to work all summer.

“ I ’ll pay *you* then, Cap’n Ben,” said Jack.

“ No, you won’t ! ” shouted the Captain. “ It ’s yourn, an’ that ’s the end on ’t ! ”

Was ever such a day ! Jack, provided with knife, cared no longer for money, and presented it by turns to father and mother, who advised him to lay it away in the cupboard, where he finally put it, under a cracked teacup.

When Squire Green appeared next day, he had two propositions to make ; one from the rough man, who had taken a great fancy to Jack, and wanted him to go to sea as a cabin boy, with the chance of rising every year, and perhaps in time becoming captain of a ship. Another from the Squire himself, who wanted Jack to come and live with him, and learn to be a farmer.

Which carried the day you can guess. I shall only tell you that back of the Highlands lies a beautiful farm, with wheat and corn fields, and great meadows where the cattle feed, and that the tall man who manages everything answers to the name of Jack, and that, still more, when he goes home at night to the little farm-house back of the old Squire’s, somebody comes to meet him who looks wonderfully like Polly Ben grown up, and that running by her side is another Jack freckled, and with big gray eyes, who I am very sure is some relation to our Jack.

Helen C. Weeks.



WHERE THE ELVES CAME FROM.

THE story that I have to tell is about Adam and Eve, our great-greater-greatest grandfather and grandmother. After they were sent away from the garden of Eden, they built themselves a neat little house in a retired part of the world, and went to work very industriously. Adam — *Mr.* Adam, I should say, for we ought to be very respectful to our ancestors — dug all day in the garden, planted his corn and potatoes, and in every way set a good example to his neighbors. Mrs. Eve was for a little while very industrious also. She spun plenty of neat little dresses for herself and her children, and baked very nice bread for the whole family. You must not forget that, although she and Adam worked so hard, they really belonged to the very *first* family in the world ; and if they did not keep any servants, it was only because there were none to be had.

Well, as I said, Mrs. Eve was for a while a very good housekeeper. Her children were neatly curled and dressed, and the kitchen was always in good order. One unlucky afternoon, however, Mrs. Eve, having finished her work rather earlier than usual, went out to take a little walk. She rambled gayly through the woods, gathering flowers to deck her cottage with, now and then singing a little song and bounding lightly on the path. Suddenly, whom should she see but her old acquaintance the Serpent! At first she was frightened, and turned to run away; but he saw her too, and, quick as lightning, glided around her, spreading out all his glittering coils on the grass, and gliding and sliding with the most graceful, wave-like motion. She looked down at the beautiful creature, and, on the whole, thought it would do no harm to speak to him; for had not he too been driven from Paradise, and punished bitterly, for giving her that unlucky apple?

“How are you, sir?” said Mrs. Eve.

“O, I am very well; at least as well as could be expected,” replied the Serpent; “but indeed, my dear lady, you are sadly changed by this life of hard work. It gives me really a pain in my heart to see you working so hard! Why, those beautiful lily hands are as brown as a nut! Those beautiful hands,—what have they to do with work? O, how I should love to see you playing on a harp and singing such tunes as the angels sing! Only I think you would give them much more expression, you have such a heavenly voice! Ah, well, I must say farewell. It would not do for us to be seen talking together!”—and he slid away through the grass and flowers.

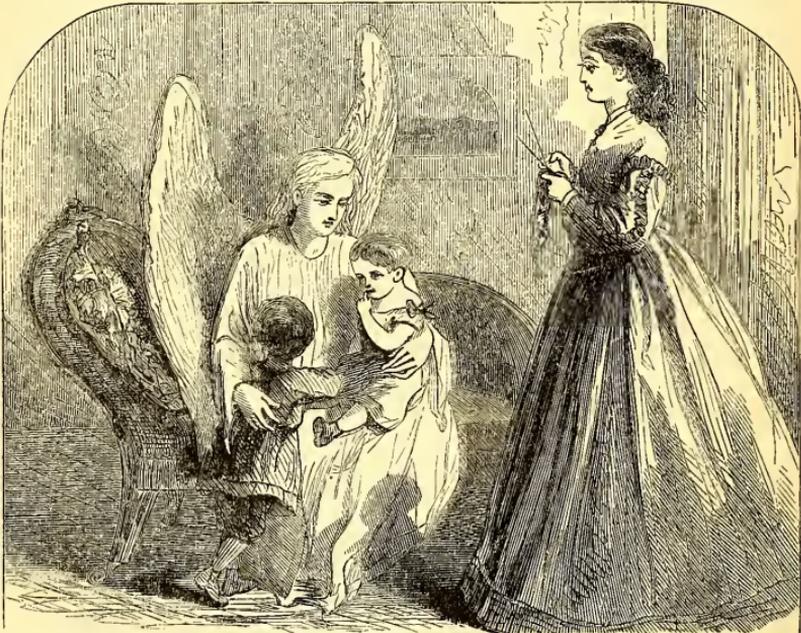
Mrs. Eve walked homeward more slowly than she had walked out. She looked at her little hands, once so white and soft, and thought it would do just as well, if, instead of scrubbing her floors and paint so often, she did it thoroughly once or twice a year. This was the way that the grand house-cleanings, which turn your nurseries topsy-turvy, and every spring and fall clear out all your favorite treasures of old bottles and ribbons, were instituted. Mrs. Eve, you see, began to be lazy, and concluded to clean house twice a year instead of every day; and, of course, all her descendants do likewise.

This was not, however, the end of Mrs. Eve’s laziness. By degrees she forgot how to spin, and her poor children were soon in rags. A crowd of little youngsters there were too! When you came near the house their little heads peeped out from every window, as thick as the ferns that grow together in the crevices of an old rock. A great noise they made too, all playing and shouting together; for Mrs. Eve never thought of teaching them to be industrious and useful, but spent all her time reclining gracefully on a sofa, or trying such airs as she had occasionally heard among the angels.

One day Mrs. Eve was lounging in her parlor, working a pair of slippers for Adam. (worsted-work, she said, always looked *so* ladylike!) and now and then singing a very sentimental tune, when, behold! there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Eve was much surprised; for in those days, as there were very few people in the world, there was not much morning visiting. She quickly opened the door, however, and, behold! a beautiful angel, in an elegant suit of pure white, stood without. She was delighted to be noticed by

such high society, and welcomed him very cordially. "Ah!" thought Dame Eve, "I should never have had the honor of this visit, if I had not taught myself how to sing so finely. Of course, the angels could not care for one who did nothing but work!"

The angel talked to her very kindly a little while, and asked many questions about her husband and her children, and at last particularly requested to see the children; for angels, you know, are always very fond of the little ones. Mrs. Eve said she would bring the children to see him, and went up stairs to call them. It was a long time since she had washed their faces or curled their hair; and when the little creatures gathered around her, she found it would take several hours to make them all clean. Then, too, she suddenly remembered that she had no nice clothes for them, and certainly it would not do to let an angel see them unless they were neatly dressed. After rummaging ever so long, she at last discovered two little frocks that were still fit to be seen; so she chose a couple of children, who she thought would fit them, and washed and dressed them in a great hurry, and carried them down to the parlor. The angel patted the little ones very kindly on the head and took them, one on each knee. "But," said he, "Mrs. Eve, are these your only children?"



Now Mrs. Eve was very much troubled. She thought if she told the angel that she had a nurseryful besides, he would want to see them all, and as it would be quite impossible to make them at all presentable, she determined to tell a story, and answered, "Yes, sir, these are all my children."

Then the angel put down the two little ones from his knee, and arose to leave. As he rose he seemed to grow taller and grander, and his face grew

stern and solemn, and his eyes looked right into Eve's and saw the wicked lie she had told. He said to her: "Eve, you have not told me the truth. You have many other children besides these, but remember that what is unworthy to be seen by the eye of the Lord shall henceforth be hidden from all men!"

Then as he vanished Eve knew that it was the Lord himself who had been with her, and she fell on the ground, weeping bitterly, and wishing in vain that she had never told the wicked, sinful lie. At last she arose, determined to take care of her children as she used to do before the evil Serpent persuaded her to mimic the fashions of Heaven. So she went right away to the nursery to wash the children all round, and make them look as nicely as she could. As she went up the stairs she heard their merry voices, and the sound of their little feet as they ran about playing with one another, but when she opened the door, not a child could be seen! She heard their little voices, she could feel their loving little hands and their gentle kisses, but not a single little darling rosy face could she see; and now she knew what the Lord meant when he said they should henceforth be hidden from all men, and she felt sure that she should never see her little pets again.

Eve was really good-hearted, and but for that wicked Serpent she might have been very happy. Now she was very sad and sorrowful, but she went industriously to work, kept her house in good order, and, above all, took great care of the two children whom she had shown to the angel, and who were consequently not invisible, as the others.

As for the little ones who could no more be seen by men, at first they were inclined to be mischievous, and indeed some of them are still, but the greater number, when they saw how hard their mother worked, did all they could to help her, and when she rose in the morning she would often find that they had done all her work for the day. These are the good elves and fairies, and they still go about the world invisibly helping all those who are good and patient and try to help themselves.

Anna M. Lea.



GOING HALVES.

IT'S true, every bit of it,—no make-believe picture at all. I saw the original myself, last summer, and I'll tell you all about it.

I was sitting by my window one warm, sunny June afternoon, looking at the illustrations in "Our Young Folks," when I heard a childish voice, with an unmistakable brogue, calling out in derisive tones, "Ha-a-a-a! givin' candy to a nagur! givin' candy to a nagur!"—and, raising my eyes, I saw a trio of small boys who live in our street. The little fellow whose voice I had heard was one Master John McCafferty, who, though a good-natured, grinning, quick-witted urchin, like most of his race, despised "the nagurs!"

It's queer, is n't it, despising people because they're more *shaded* than

we are? Why, the animals show more sense in this matter than some of us human beings. A pretty time there 'd be if the white kitten and the gray kitten should refuse to associate with the black one, and should set upon him and drive him into the corner, and leave him there, almost frightened to death, while they lapped up all the milk! Or if the speckled chickens looked with contempt upon their dark-brown sister, and snatched all the corn from her, and pulled her feathers out in the bargain! A pretty state of things, indeed! But, dear me, this is n't telling you the story.

Johnny's sarcastic remark was addressed to a dear, bright, blue-eyed boy, the son of my next-door neighbor, who, with the cunningest little look of intense benevolence on his wee face, was offering a share of his candy to Darkey. Now, I don't call the colored boy "Darkey" for fun, I assure you; but that 's the only name I know him by; and as he grins good-naturedly when it is shouted after him, I suppose he has no serious objection to it.

Percy, as I said before, is a bright, blue-eyed fellow, who is always willing to give a portion of his cake, candy, or apple to a friend; but he deserves particular credit for "going halves" this summer afternoon; for Percy is also extremely sensitive, and, to say the least of it, it was n't pleasant to hear Johnny McCafferty shouting at the top of his voice, "Ha-a-a-a! givin' candy to a nagur! givin' candy to a nagur!"

Percy waxed indignant, and shook his little round fist at Johnny McCafferty. "Johnny McCafferty," said he, "you just hush! He 's no more of a nigger than you are, *under his skin*. And now I won't give *you* a piece. I was going to, but I *won't*, — you 're too saucy. I 'll go halves with you, Darkey; so open your mouth and shut your eyes and bite down to there," — placing his finger half-way down the stick of candy.

Darkey opened his mouth, and it was n't small, — no, to tell the truth, it was large, *very* large (Percy seemed rather taken aback by the prospect at first, but stood his ground with the air of a boy who had resolved to do what was right), — and he shut his eyes; only for an instant, though, — for how could he see to bite "down to there" with his eyes closed?

I tell you, Johnny McCafferty began to look serious when he beheld the refreshments disappearing in this wholesale fashion, for he saw that *his* chances for obtaining a bit were indeed very small.

"Golly, that 's good and sweet," said Darkey, smacking his lips; but just then I heard the voice of his master.

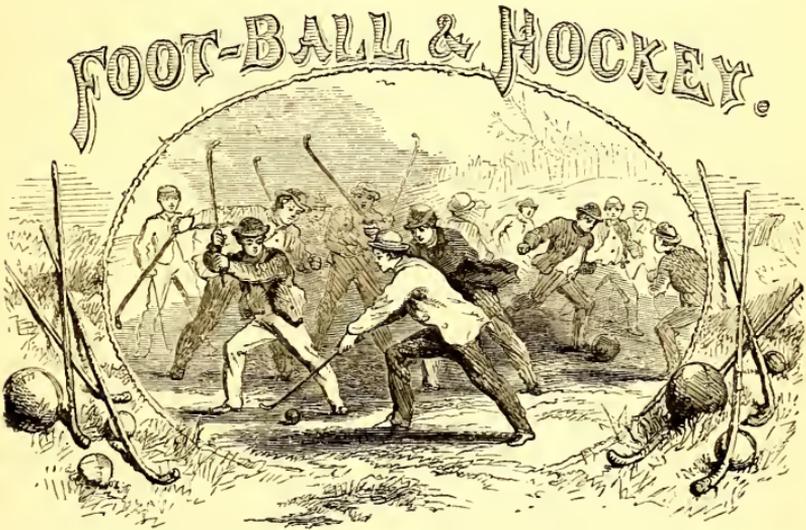
"You young scamp," cried he, from his parlor window, "have n't you been to the butcher's yet? You were sent half an hour ago. Just you wait, sir," — and the window went down with a bang.

But Darkey *did n't* "wait." He started off at railroad speed, rolling his candy about in his mouth, and swinging his basket to and fro. Percy looked after him a moment, as though rather astonished at his abrupt departure, and then commenced conversing with a little dog who had been sniffing about, evidently in the hope that somebody would "go halves" with him. And so the picture was broken; but it was impressed on my mind, and the more I thought about it, the prettier I thought it was; and, on again tak-

ing up "Our Young Folks," it straightway occurred to me that all of you would be as delighted to see it as I had been. The artist came home, and I told him all about it, just as I have told you, and then suggested, "Suppose you reproduce it for our dear 'Young Folks'?" And he, loving children very dearly, hesitated not a moment, but set to work and drew it all just as you have it in this month's Magazine.

Margaret Eytinge.

OTHER WINTER GAMES.



LET us first consider foot-ball, a game held in the very highest esteem by English school-boys, and played with great ardor, not to say fury, in the winter season of the year. It may, indeed, be played at any season, but it serves peculiarly for the winter and spring, because the ground at such times is not in order for cricket and base-ball, and ice is not always to be found suitable for skating. Almost any sort of ground will do for foot-ball, — the best, however, being good level greensward, when dry. Very good games may be had, too, upon a hard surface of snow, and I have often played it on the ice. The falls are then, however, a little too frequent. The outfit for foot-ball is of the simplest kind, — merely a large ball, six or eight inches in diameter. Ours used to be a hollow ball made of leather, or sometimes hide with the hair on. It was made in sections, sewed together, except one, which was made wider than the others, and across which the edges of the two between which it was placed were laced with a leather thong. It was the same

as the tongue over which you lace your boot on your instep. This was for the purpose of putting in a bladder of the proper size, when blown up, to keep the ball stretched. The bladder being put in, it was blown into until the ball was filled. Then the neck of the bladder outside was tied, and forced into the ball, and then the lacing was drawn tight. This gave strength without much weight. A bladder alone would be a very good foot-ball if it were durable; but it is not, and a few kicks send a hole through it. Now-a-days, however, foot-balls are to be had of gutta-percha, and they will do as well as the old-fashioned sort. The ball being provided, nothing is needed for the game but a place to play it in. A field is the best for this, and the distance between goals may be regulated by the size and number of the players.

As I said before, foot-ball has long been a favorite game with the villagers and school-boys of England. It is not confined to a certain number, like cricket and base-ball, in which there are at most but thirteen players ever actively engaged at one time. At foot-ball you can have thirty, or twice thirty, if you please; for the great schools hold that, in regard to the number of players, the more the merrier. It was customary at one time for different villages in the midland counties of England to play against each other. On these occasions all the males, except the very young, the very old, the maimed, and the blind, turned out on their respective sides. The women and lasses, too, were not backward in going to see the game, and encouraging the players. But desperate struggles took place; bad blood grew up between neighborhoods; and the game often ended in a sort of battle-royal on the common where it was played. Those who had been worsted by the foot, whether fairly or not, appealed to the fist, and the fighters were sometimes so obstinate as only to be dispersed by the magistrates, and the reading of the Riot Act. This Riot Act was a statute commanding people to disperse when it was read by a magistrate, and if they remained together after it had been read, they were guilty of a misdemeanor. Long and bitter feuds, too, sometimes grew out of the village-against-village play. The game is of that exciting nature that it inspires courage and hardihood more than any other play, and the violent partisanship which resulted may not be altogether set down to rivalry in neighborhoods. The same neighborhoods played cricket against each other, but that never brought on a fight. There was another thing laid to the charge of foot-ball in the rural districts which gave it a bad name. The squires and gamekeepers pretended to believe that almost all the poaching forays in the country were planned at these foot-ball matches. But this was not true, I think. The game is not now as much played in the villages and country districts of England as it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. But it has found stanch and constant support in the great public schools, Rugby, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and the like. The boys at these great training institutions (I use the word because mentally, morally, and physically the boys at these schools are trained) take quite as much pride in the prowess of their school at foot-ball as they do in its learning. Some may say that this should not be so, but these should read "School Days at Rugby," a book that you have got, perhaps. If you have not got it, somebody ought to get it for you.

Simple as foot-ball was in the beginning, when it was nothing but a struggle between two sides to kick the ball from one end of a field to the other, against each other, many variations and intricacies grew up. These variations arose in part from the simplicity of the original game, which had been played without written rules. The game as played at the great schools was different, and is yet different, in its rules and parts. At all of them it consists in the playing of a ball towards a goal, against the efforts of the other side to play it to the other goal. This is the great principle of the game; but the mode of play differs. The goals are commonly about two hundred yards apart, and at the ends the goal-posts are set up. These are poles put say ten yards apart. Between these posts, sometimes over and sometimes under a crossbar or cord, the ball had to be driven to constitute a goal. Now, at some of the schools all had to be done by kicking, which was proper, the game being *foot-ball*. But at Rugby it was allowable to seize and carry the ball by hand. Another rule at Rugby grew out of this, namely, that, when one player was carrying the ball, his opponents might do anything short of knocking him down with a club to stop him. This made the Rugby game the roughest of all in the schools, and the boys seemed to love it and cling to it because it was rough. The game at Eton was not quite so rough. As no carrying of the ball was allowed, there was no necessity for tripping up the player, mauling and hacking him to make him drop the ball. Still it was pretty rough. It began with what was called a "bully," or "hot," round the ball in the centre between goals. The ball was placed upon the ground between the two sides; the players of each were ranged together, shoulder to shoulder, in close order, face to face with their antagonists; and now all efforts were directed to break the other line, and force the ball through. The struggle was always fierce, and sometimes prolonged. Many hard kicks were given and exchanged. Old military officers have often compared the steadiness and obstinate courage of the British infantry in a charge of bayonets to those of the boys in the "bully" and "hot" at foot-ball. Once the ball was forced through the line on either side, the "hot" was broken up, and the players became, in a measure, dispersed. Each side has to keep behind the ball, that is, between the ball and the goal they are defending. A player is not allowed to get behind his opponents and there wait for the ball, and so stab them in the back, as it were. Two of the strongest, most vigilant, and active players on each side are detached to remain near the goals to guard them and return the ball, if it should be kicked through the main rank of their players. These are the goal-keepers; they are like the reserves of an army. The width of the playing-space is not as great as its length; but it is many times greater than the width between the goal-posts. Therefore, the ball may often be driven past the goal-posts while in proper play, and still not through them so as to win a goal. When the ball was thus played past the posts, but not through them, there were different rules. In some it counted a *rouge*, and so many *rouges* were equal to a goal. At other schools, whoever should first touch the ball "down in goal," that is, behind the goal, should have a "place-kick" from a certain point. When the

ball was behind the goal, then, or seemingly going behind, there was a desperate struggle to touch it down, or to prevent somebody else of the other side from touching it down. This was another great delight to the Rugby boys. They rushed in at each other, hacking, mauling, and tripping, until they lay in heaps around the ball, about which there was such a desperate struggle to "have it down." It had to be had down with the hand, and held for a certain space, and that hand and the arm and head above it were in some danger of sundry kicks. The sides were headed by captains; and when the game was at a crisis nothing could exceed the daring with which the boys rushed in to maintain an advantage or to repel a strong attack from the other side, amidst "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

At one time the game of foot-ball was scarcely ever played except in the schools. Some years ago, however, clubs were formed in the neighborhoods of the large cities, and these clubs soon began to agitate for the formation of rules which should govern the play all over England. They also desired to exclude the hacking, mauling, and tripping in practice at the schools, as well as do away with the "bully" and "hot" with which the game began, and the scrimmage at the effort to "have it down" when it went behind the goal-posts. The schools were called upon to come into a convention which should be empowered to enact one set of rules for all England. The lads were unwilling to send delegates to a convention with full powers. Each school was willing enough that there should be uniform rules all over England, provided they were the ancient rules of its own school. Eton wanted the carrying of the ball by hand put down; Rugby insisted that the practice and the fierce struggles resulting from it made the best of the game; other schools clung to what was peculiar in their methods of play; and they all united in declaring that they would have nothing to do with such a reform as that proposed by the city clubs. A hot controversy arose. The city clubs declared that the game at the schools, particularly at Rugby, was brutal, and that boys were often compelled to limp out of action lame from kicks received in the "hot" or the "have-it-down." The school-boys retorted by calling the clubmen "milkshops," and declaring that the game they proposed was effeminate.

The clubs at last promised to agree to rules by which it should be lawful to kick at whoever had the ball in play, and pointed out the absurdity of two boys kicking away at each other's shins at one end of the field, while the ball was at the other. But these efforts to induce the schools to come into council and give up the rugged beauties of foot-ball, as they had been used to play it, totally failed. To the arguments against kicking and hacking, they replied: "We don't consider a kick on the shins, or a fall by the trip, a very dreadful thing. If we get kicked or thrown at our game, and like it all the better for these chances, shall we change it to please you? Your shins are not hurt; you are not down in heaps in our scrimmages; and we, who have always played in that way, are of opinion that we should not like your *soft* game half as well." To a last appeal to come into a convention at which a committee of collegians from Oxford and Cambridge should be appointed to draw up a code, the school-boys replied that they would not trust

the collegians. Foot-ball was not played at the universities, but only at the schools. And the Rugby boys finally declared that they would agree to no rules, not even if drawn up by the Lord Chief Justice of England, which should abolish the "bully" and the "scrimmage" at the "have-it-down."

Thereupon the clubs acted without the schools. Delegates assembled at the Free-Masons' Tavern, on the 8th of May, 1866, and a set of rules were adopted. I shall give these, and point out the difference between the game as played by them and that under the various rules of the chief schools.

Rule 1. The distance between the goals shall not be more than two hundred yards; the width of the playing space one hundred and fifty yards, to be measured on each side of a line drawn through the centre of the goals. The goal-posts shall be seven yards apart.

The height is not mentioned, and there is no provision for a cross-bar which was in use at some of the schools, and over or under which, as the case might be, the ball had to be kicked to win a goal.

Rule 2. The captains on each side shall toss for choice of goal. The side losing the toss, or losing a goal, shall have the kick-off from the centre-point between the goals. After a goal is kicked, the sides shall change ends.

This rule abolished the beloved "bully" or "hot" of the Rugby boys. The captain who won the toss, of course, chose the goal which had the wind at the backs of his players, and in the faces of their opponents. At the schools, the play would begin with the "bully" round the ball in the centre, until one side was forced to give way by reason of its line being broken and the ball forced through. In place of this, by the rule as given above, the winners of the toss must have a kick-off, which is not to be interfered with, though the ball may be stopped, if the other side can stop it, at five yards from the kicking-off place.

Rule 3. A goal must be kicked fairly between the posts, without touching either of them, or any portion of the person of one of the opposing players. In case of the ball being forced through the goal-posts in a scrimmage, a goal shall be awarded, but not if the ball is forced through with the hand or arm.

After all, it seems that the clubs have included a scrimmage as lawful when a desperate effort is made by one side to win a goal, and by the other to resist it. If the ball is sent through by a clean kick, and one of the defenders touches it on its passage ever so slightly, it is no goal. But if half a dozen of them touch it in the scrimmage at the line of goal, it will still count as a goal, if forced through. The school-boys had always said, "No scrimmage, no foot-ball!" and had declared that girls might as well play it, if the scrimmage was left out. I dare say there was some chuckling at the schools, when they found that the convention had been unable to devise a game of foot-ball without it.

Rule 4. Two posts, to be called the kick-off posts, shall be erected at a distance of twenty yards on each side of the goal-posts, and in a straight line with them.

These posts, the use of which is explained in the next rule, were unknown

to the schools ; they are for that part of the play devised to supersede the "have-it-down" at Rugby, and the struggle for a "rouge" at Eton.

Rule 5. In case the ball is kicked behind goal, any one of the side behind whose goal it is kicked may bring it twenty yards in front of any portion of the space between the kick-off posts, and shall kick it towards the opposite goal.

This is how they got rid of the famous "have-it-down" at Rugby, and "touch-it-down" for a *rouge* at Eton. Instead of the desperate struggle which followed to touch it down when it went behind the goal, this rule provides that, by the mere fact of going behind, it shall be the property of the defenders of that goal for a free kick, at a point twenty yards in front of the goal-posts, and anywhere not more than twenty-three yards and a half from the centre-line of the playing-ground.

Rule 6. Any player catching the ball directly from the foot or leg may call, "Mark!" He is then to have a free kick from any spot in a line with his mark and the centre of his opponents' goal-posts ; no player being allowed to come inside the spot marked, or within five yards in any other direction.

This rule is drawn in a bungling way. "Any spot in a line with his mark and the centre of his opponents' goal-posts," might be claimed to include a place within six inches of the line between the goal-posts, if the ball had been caught, and the player had called his mark when on the centre-line of the playing-ground. The rule should have said, any spot in a line with his mark and the centre-line of the playing-ground, drawn through the centre of the goal-ground.

Rule 7. Tripping and hacking are strictly prohibited. Pushing with the hands or body is allowed when any player is in rapid motion. Holding is only allowed while a player has the ball in hand, except in the case provided in Rule 6.

It should have said, that there could be no holding at all when there is a clean catch from the foot or leg, and the catcher calls his mark. The first part of this rule is not likely to do away with hacking and tripping altogether. When a player sees an opponent just going to kick at the ball, it is not in human nature — at any rate not in school-boy nature — to pause within distance, and not kick too. It is incompatible with the first principle of the game. One has as much right to kick as another, and a third as much right as any two. Now if three kick at once at the ball, shins will be in danger of hacking. If this prohibition extends to hacking while the ball is being kicked at in the centre of a group of players, it must needs be disregarded, for one side is not going to stand still while the other side kicks the ball.

Rule 8. The ball may be taken in hand at any time, but not carried farther than is necessary for a kick ; and no player shall run with the ball unless he strikes it against the ground in every five or six yards.

It would have been better to enact that the ball should not be taken in hand at all, except in case of the catch and mark.

Rule 9. When a ball goes out of bounds, it shall be brought back to the point where it crossed the boundary line, and thrown in at right angles with that line.

It would have been well to enact here, that the ball shall be thrown in by one of the umpires.

Rule 10. The ball, while in play, may under no circumstances be thrown.

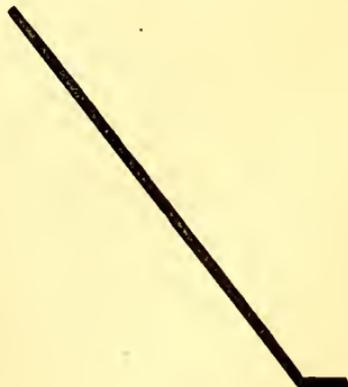
Rule 11. In case of deliberate infringement of any of the above rules, the captain of the opposite side may claim that one of his party shall have a free kick from the place where the breach of the rule was made.

Whether the claim is well founded is of course to be decided by the umpires, or rather by the umpire that was nearest to the place where the alleged deliberate infringement of the rule took place. When the player has a free kick for this cause, it is to be like that after a catch, in so far that no other player shall come within five yards of him.

Rule 12. Before the commencement of a match each side shall appoint an umpire, and they shall be the sole judges of goals and breaches of rules. The nearest umpire shall be appealed to in every case of dispute.

With the above rules in hand, and after the description of play I have given, the boys who read "Our Young Folks" will have no difficulty in understanding foot-ball. Any doubt that may arise will speedily disappear when they begin to play, and they may take my word for it that they will greatly enjoy this bold, robust game. After a few matches between even sides of a dozen or two dozen each, they will discover the reasons which have made the boys of the English schools esteem it above all other games, even above the scientific game of cricket. The latter is in truth a beautiful game, but for dash, daring, wild excitement, and powerful exercise that hardens the muscles and gives wind that never tires, nothing compares to the hurly-burly of foot-ball.

Hockey is a game of much simplicity, affording a great deal of sharp exercise, both of the legs and arms, and much fun. The ground to play on may be like that of the foot-ball players, two hundred yards between goals, and one hundred and fifty yards wide. But where the sides are strong, and the space is ample, it may be well to have the distance between goals three hundred yards. There are no goal-posts at hockey, except to mark the goal-line, so that a goal may be won anywhere in the line, instead of only in the seven yards in the centre, as at foot-ball under the club rules. The means of play are so simple, that they are within the reach of all. The object to be driven home is simply a piece of hard wood, say two inches long and an inch in diameter. A cut from a dry, tough bough with the bark on is all that is wanted. One out of a seasoned hickory or blue beech sapling of the requisite thickness is just the thing. The lads who live in the West will have nothing to do but to saw



a piece two inches long out of a well-seasoned hoop-pole. This piece of wood is called the "nun." Each player has a hockey-stick, which should be straight from the hand end down to within about three inches of the striking end. There it may either curve, run into a knob, or make a sort of angle. I think the best and handiest is in the shape here given.

The thickness and length are of course to be according to the size of the player. A young sapling, with a piece of the root, may easily be got of the shape above given. A stick without the root will seldom be got of the right shape, and, besides, the root is tougher and heavier than the other part, and so better adapted for the striking end. Sides being chosen, the first stroke is tossed for, and the rules are similar to those of foot-ball, except that a nun is to be driven home by strokes of the sticks, instead of a large ball to be kicked home. The players may strike as often and as hard as they please, and it is a good point to interpose your stick between the nun and the blow of an opponent when you have not time to strike first yourself. There is great fun and excitement as the nun is driven here and there, backwards and forwards, and the boys follow in chase. As at foot-ball, no player is allowed to get before the nun and behind his opponents. As most boys are right-handed strikers, they must be on the left-hand side of their ground to give a good two-handed stroke to the nun; but it is a rare advantage to be able to give a left-handed stroke sometimes. The foot exercise in this game is fine, for the nun is sometimes struck away a long distance at a stroke, and then all hands but the goal-keepers pursue "hot foot," that is, at speed. He who can outrun the other party gets the next stroke, and if he can gain time to set the nun up endwise, he may do so, and his blow, well delivered, will drive it the farther. The striking, too, brings into play the muscles of the arms and shoulders, and as the striker bends a little to deliver a hearty stroke, the muscles of the back and loins are much exercised. Hockey may be played on the ice; but in this game and in foot-ball great care must be taken that the ice is strong and sound. When there is any doubt about this, choose dry ground for these games, because in the rallies which are constantly occurring round the ball or the nun, ice that might do very well to skate on would give way, and in you would all go. I recollect once playing hockey on the ice of an ancient moat. There were about a score of us, and rushing together round the nun, after we had been some time at play, down we went through the ice. Luckily the water was not deep enough to drown us, and, scrambling out as well as we could, we ran home at a good pace. There was not one of us that caught even a cold by that ducking on a winter's day. The run home kept up a good circulation, and stalled off all evil effects. Some play hockey with a round ball, but a wooden nun is the best.

Charles J. Foster.



A STORY OF AN APPLE-TREE.

I N an orchard old and shady,
Once a little tree was born :
Very slow at first its growth was,
Scarcely taller than the corn.

But, at length, the changing seasons,
Moistened earth, and sunny sky
Nourished so the growing sapling,
That it branched out, broad and high.

One gay morning in the spring-time,
Little buds, green, pink, and white,
From the tender twigs outreaching,
Softly opened to the light.

Two or three warm days of sunshine,
Two or three baptizing showers,
And the buds burst forth in blossoms
Fair and sweet as summer flowers.

Each white blossom, rosy-tinted,
Sat within a cup of green,
Rising whence, like fairy torches,
Golden stamens stood between.

'Mid the petals madly plunging,
With a fierce and noisy glee,
Eager for the hoarded honey,
Buzzed all day the toiling bee.

Girls and boys bent down the branches
Passing in the morning cool,
Taking nosegays thence to cheer them
Through the lengthened hours of school.

On the boughs the white hen roosted,
There the red-tailed cock was seen,
With their canopies above them,
Like a monarch and his queen.

Breezes came and kissed the blossoms,
Pleased their playfellow to be ;
But, at last, too rudely sportive,
Shook them, tore them from the tree.

Falling thus, all widely scattered,
There a carpet soft they made, —
Heaps on heaps of velvet petals
Woven in with light and shade.

Still the sturdy cups that held them
Kept their places on the stem,
And within their clasping bosoms
Bore they each a precious gem.

Pushing upward, warm and eager,
Now scarce larger than a pea,
Strove young apples, hard and bitter,
Ripened in the sun to be.

Hard and hairy! Will such atoms
Ever reach to size and strength?
Will the apple-robe of beauty
Wrap their meagre forms at length?

All the days of June delightful,
When the damask roses grew,
'Mid thick leaves concealed, the apples
Silently were growing too.

And the robin redbreast saw them
As she sat within her nest,
Patient, motionless, and watchful,
With the eggs beneath her breast.

Larger, larger, all through July
Robin saw them; but before
August came, came forth her young ones,
And she watched the fruit no more.

Robin said, "Of course my children
I must nourish; yet I 'm loath
To abandon those young apples, —
Hope it will not stop their growth."

All the apples laughed to hear her:
Larger grew they every day,
Swelling in the glow of summer,
Ripening in the noontide ray.

Like the streaks upon the tulip,
Purple gleams across them spread,
Or they yellowed in the sunlight,
Or they blushed a rosy red.

Then, oppressed with their rich burden,
Thus perfected, ripe, and round,
Every bending branch, compliant,
Dropped its fruit upon the ground.

And the people at the farm-house,
When October days had come,
Joyful, brought and filled their baskets, —
Bore the fragrant apples home.

Now the tree her look so lively,
Look so fresh, had ceased to wear;
Bird and bee had left her, — only
Robin's empty nest was there.

Hour by hour the leaves were dropping,
And among the boughs, forlorn,
Autumn winds came sighing, sobbing,
Till the last brown leaf was gone.

White-winged hen and kingly rooster
Soon the failing tree forsook, —
In the barn, on beam or rafter,
More at ease their slumber took.

Bravely stood the tree and cheery,
Though so gray and leafless grown;
Hopeful still, but very lonely, —
Ev'n the empty nest blown down.

When the winter snow-drifts covered
All the landscape, high and low,
Tippets white she wrapped about her,
Graceful tippets of the snow.

March! And now the frozen rain-drops
Glittering hung from all her stems,
And she stood in jewels blazing,
Decked from top to toe in gems.

Then, at last, with soft embraces
Spring returned. Without pursuit
Came the young buds, came the blossom,
Came the foliage, came the fruit.

Bravely should we meet our troubles,
Patient, whatsoever they bring,
For the dear God sends the winter
Only to restore the spring.

Mrs. Anna M. Wells.



THE SONG OF THE ROBIN

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Moderately quick.

1. The rain patters fast, and the wind hurries by; The sunshine is
 2. He hears the swift drops pat - ter soft on the pane, And the leaves in their

lost in the cloud-covered sky; But the rob - in, he sings as he
 cra - dles talk love to the rain; There are ech - oes of mirth in his

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderately quick.' The lyrics are interspersed between the musical staves.

sits in the tree, For a brave lit - tle sing - er is he!
car - ol - ling free, For a wise lit - tle sing - er is he!

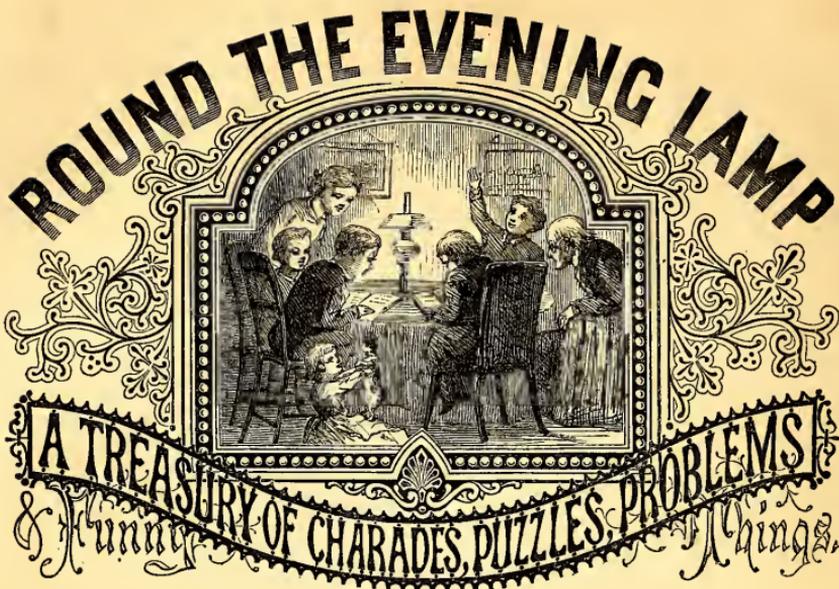
dolce.
He comes from a land where the summer is fair, Where the
He knows how the dai - sies will blow on the hill, And

p

breath of the ro - ses is sweet in the air; But he knows the old
sheep will go cropping the pastures at will; So he laughs at the

home, and he hails it with glee, For a true-hearted singer is he!
storm as he sits in the tree, — O, a wonderful singer is he!

f



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 5.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

See me, and you'll be as blind
As when first you try to find.

Can you, with me, do this trick, —
Change an egg into a chick?

CROSS WORDS.

Glistening globes waft in the air,
Bright with hues of beauty rare.

Two, if wise, who disagree,
Straightway summon number three.

Rhyme, like this, the hard outside,
Tries the good within to hide.

C. J. E.

No. 6.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

The winner of a race.
That which won it for him.

CROSS WORDS.

The man who made the first whaling
voyage.

A celebrated poet.

A man who lived principally on air.

A famous navy yard.

The pearl of mothers-in-law.

A king who owns no real estate.

The first Fenian.

A place ordained of old.

A woman whose covetousness caused
her death.

THE SEVEN GABLES.

No. 7.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

Faithful and brave was the band we bore
To seek a home on a stranger's shore.

CROSS WORDS.

The swiftest of coursers cannot rival my
speed.

Come to me, if of friends you think you're
in need.

I am sometimes a passion of hideous
mien.

Again as a fairy I dance on the green.
My servants love darkness far better than
light.

The scene I have been of a terrible fight.
The manner in which to treat evil we're
told.

A river much sung of by poets of old.
Without me you ne'er can earn honor or
gold.

MRS. C. B.

CHARADES.

No. 6.

ARRAYED in costume chaste and neat,
 My *first* comes tripping down the street ;
 Arrived at home, at Johnny's call
 She hastes to find his bat and ball,
 And feed the dove, a pet of his, —
 And so a right good *second* is.
 Next in the church we see her stand ;
 Her maiden heart and maiden hand
 She gives to one who loves her true,
 Transformed to *first* and *second* too.
 But soon around the social board,
 With rich and costly viands stored,
 Guests gayly from the sparkling bowl
 Perform my *third* ; and the repast
 Is ended, when they take my *last*,
 While riding on my *whole*.

ANNIE LOUISE.

No. 7.

My *first* and *second* are the same,
 Yet has my *first* a well-earned fame, —
 Has been enrolled on history's pages,
 Ay, and will be renowned, for ages.
 My *second*, by my *first* oft used,
 Has been extolled and much abused
 By learned doctors ; it is found
 In ships and dock-yards to abound,
 And yet it shows its features dark
 In many an aristocratic park.
 My *whole*, a rough and warlike race,
 In Asia's records find a place ;
 Of old thought dangerous to catch,
 They may in China meet their match.

KITTIE CARROLL.

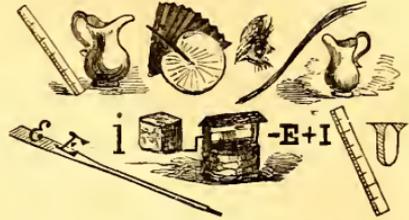
ENIGMA.

No. 4.

I am composed of 14 letters.
 My 1, 2, 13, is a part of speech.
 My 3, 1, 2, 13, 14, is what doctors often use.
 My 12, 5, 14, 3, is a long time ago.
 My 9, 14, 11, 12, is what everybody ought
 to do.
 My 6, 5, 11, 7, 8, is what we drive on.
 My 10, 5, 9, 3, is what we lift weights with.
 My *whole* is what every one should know.

W. H., JR.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 5.



J. E. S.

P U Z Z L E .

No. 3.

What is my name ? Let those declare
 Who by my aid can fly
 Beyond the clouds in middle air,
 And sail along the sky.

Four words, and these the most sublime
 Of any spoke on earth,
 Or heard by listening ear in time,
 To me gave instant birth.

E'en now, I'm here within these walls,
 And when the moon retires
 On all the streets my radiance falls
 As burn my flickering fires.

X.

A N S W E R S .

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| 3. HaT, | 4. NuT, |
| Enigma, | EartH, |
| AI, | EaR, |
| DuLl. | DoE, |
| | LavA. |
| | EnD. |

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Cumberland. Humboldt. Chenango. Medway. Meherrin. Rapidan. Sacondago. Whetstone.
2. Simon Peter in tears.

CHARADES.

4. Li(lie)on.
5. Sing, — Sing-Sing.

ENIGMA

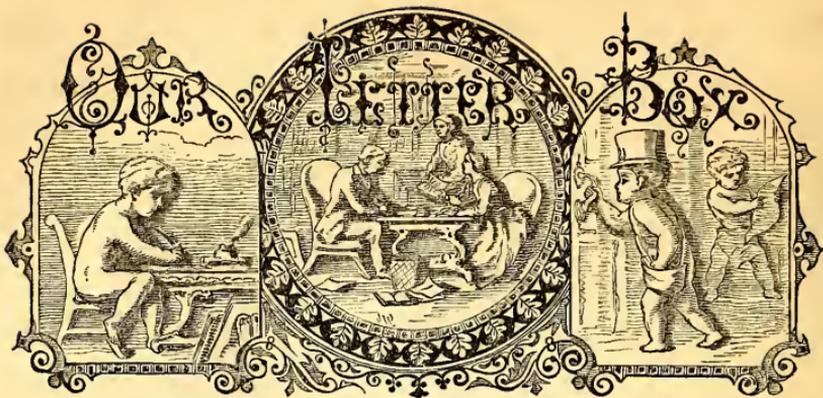
3. Office.

P U Z Z L E .

2. It, — eye, tea.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

4. Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne. [(Bear) L (eye) k e t (he) (Turk) (knob) Rot (hern) (earth) E (throne).]



Alice & Fenella. It is a magazine devoted to descriptions of the postage-stamps of various countries, their prices, &c. — We have a short story by the author of "Leslie Goldthwaite," which we shall print by and by.

John Y. AtLee writes us that the verses attributed to him by Hattie E. S. are not original with him, — that he selected them "without any idea of claiming the authorship," — and that he desires us to contradict her statement, which arose of course from her haste in looking over what he sent her.

Cousin Ella says: "We read the 'Young Folks' after we go to bed, till mamma says, 'Put the gas out,' and then we play 'buzz,' or 'think of a number.'"

Mary B. Everett. The enigmas are too long, and the verses, we are sorry to say, are not so pretty as those you sent us before.

S. C. A. T. "Salve" does not stand for "save."

Oberon. Thank you.

Albany sends a note, signed by eight young folks, inquiring whether we will "set apart a portion of the Magazine for stamp-collectors." We are not prepared to promise a special department, but any items relative to stamps, &c. will always be welcome to a good place here.

G. S. M. and others. We mean to take up the subject by and by, but we doubt whether we shall be able to do so this year. You know it will require quite a number of articles to explain all its particulars.

Fritz. Don't you know that a peck-measure won't hold a bushel? If we should put into the Magazine the things you mention, (and very good things they are,) we should have to leave out some matters which it now contains and which you like.

G. H. D. Not original.

Xerxes. "The Testimony of the Rocks" is not a poem, but a scientific and religious treatise.

Nannie, John, & Co. We have a rebus on that subject now engraved and waiting publication.

Krazy Jimmie. It will be sent you for 20 cts.

"*The Story of Our Geranium.*" To our surprise a number of another juvenile publication has been sent us, in which this story is printed. There are some differences, but the stories are to all effects and purposes the same; and as the other publication was prior to ours, we have been asked to state whether we copied the story. We did not copy it, but printed from the author's manuscript. The only probable explanation is that the writer, impatient of delay in publication, gave a copy to the editor of the other journal, without consulting us, and without telling him that she was promised a place here.

W. R. K. The Falls of Lodore — written about by Southey in the verses commonly printed under the title "How does the water come down at Lodore?" — are in England, in the district known as the "Lake country," because in it are grouped Windermere and the other famous English lakes.

W. P. Your words are not right.

Willy Wisp would be pleased to correspond with any of our readers who would like to chat with him about rebuses. His address is, P. O. Box 224, Malden, Mass.

H. F. H. No. — Shall you send for it?

L. L. Manuscript for a Magazine is obliged by law to pay letter-postage. — None so young. — On one side only. — Yes; for two new names and four dollars the publishers will send you "Leslie Goldthwaite." — Don't expect too much.

J. J., Fanny C. B., K. N., Munsen, Charlie M., J. F. S., Santa Claus. Thank you for sending.

Jack o' Lantern. We do not know his age, — thirty-five years, perhaps. — We believe he was never in the navy.

F. B. J. has a couple of conundrums: —

"What is the difference between a ship and a man inspecting farming tools? — Answer: One ploughs the sea, and the other sees a plough."

"What is the difference between a church-bell on Sunday morning, and a jeweller weighing gold ornaments? — Answer: One rings away, and the other weighs a ring."

"Pater" says:—

"The following verses were addressed by one of your young readers at the sea to her father at home on the occasion alluded to. They interested one, they may interest others."

We have only room for these:—

"The rain is beating on the panes
And dropping from the eaves,
Is pelting with its glassy balls
The opening apple-leaves;
And just below, the courteous grass
Is slowly bending down,
As if to greet the merry guests
So lately come to town.
And yet, O rain! with all your pranks
You cannot call away
My thoughts from what they're resting on,—
My father's dear birthday.

"The wind is sighing through the trees
As ne'er it sighed before,
As if a wind had never borne
The weight of woe it bore.
But yet, O wind! with all your grief,
You cannot call away
My thoughts from what they're resting on,—
My father's dear birthday."

Theodore Stanton's verses are only tolerable, but the fable is good:—

"THE THREE BROTHERS.

"Three brothers of old Bagdad town,
While for their fortunes seeking,
Met three old beggars sadly poor,—
The three old beggars weeping.

"The first one to the first one gave
Two pence from out his earning;
The second cursed the second one,
And quickly passed him spurning.

"The third, the vilest of the three,
Despite the cries of anguish,
Hard smote the third one's weary frame,
And left him low to languish.

"The first one died a rich old man,
The second one a miser,
The third one for base murder bled,—
Which one you think the wiser?"

Helen W. Do all your duties, little and large, faithfully; learn all that is given you to learn; observe others, and follow their example in all good things; try to think for yourself, and to decide of your own judgment what is right and what is wrong. Beyond this, you can only be patient and wait for your place and your opportunity in the world. Unto most of us a task in life is appointed, as we shall sooner or later find out; but "they also serve, who only stand and wait."—Your note deserves commendation for its neatness.

R. J. J. We have no information beyond that already published.

H. T. S., C. of E. B. B. C. A Latin rebus should be made up in Latin symbols.

Susy S. We have had that sentence once.

Box 123, &c.; Flora. We have done the line in a rebus once already.

L. C. Your definition would tell the story to almost everybody at once.

Ned Noddy. Sew is pronounced *sō*, not *soo*.

G. A. W. You sent no answers.

Warner B. You must not use the letter *h* aspirated in a rebus to help you in spelling a word in which it does not belong. "Hat" really will not do for "at," any more than "pin" would do for "in." We do *not* "make 'w,' 'ore,' 'earth,' spell earth." Please explain.

Iris sends these pretty answers to the Double Acrostic Charades in our February number:—

"No. 1.

"FOUNDATION WORDS.

"O'er snowy steeps,
Winged on by fear,
Flies from his foes
The hunted *Deer*.

"Not grains of gold,
Nor ivory tusk,
More valued are
Than Eastern *Musk*.

"CROSS WORDS.

"Full bright the spells of slumber seem,
Till 'work-day' hours disperse the *Dream*.

"We read, of all Job's comforters,
Elihu most his spirit stirs.

"In ruins on the silent shore
Lies *Ephesus*, her glory o'er.

"The martyr's soul, unfeared death,
Firm at the *Rack* maintains his faith.

"No. 2.

"FOUNDATION WORDS.

"A rule in which the schools accord,—
For each *Idea* seek a *Word*.

"CROSS WORDS.

"Words should convey ideas true
In every friendly *Interview*.

"T is said stern *Draco* first bestowed
The words of law in written code.

"In choice of words it doth occur
That all men are most apt to *Err*.

"Skilful word-wielders understand
The great connecting power of *And*."

C. B. W. The reason for introducing the articles in the exercises you mention is, if we understand the matter correctly, that the learner may be helped to a decision about the gender of the name by the gender of the article, which is unmistakable. — We do not wish to discredit the judgment of your teacher in the slightest degree, but if you represent him aright, he seems to undervalue the accents. These are often necessary to determine between words of similar spelling, and in the most advanced grades of Greek scholarship they are made to have an influence also on pronunciation. Since he considers Mr. Sophocles and his books as good authority, perhaps he will follow out that eminent Grecian in his views and principles of accent. — Let us hear from you again.

Mrs. E. J. R., who sends us a pleasant account of maple-sugar making, which we have not room to print, sends us also these cheering words: —

"Our little people are delighted with your charming Magazine, and we who have the care of them are perhaps just as well pleased.

"*We are satisfied*, for the companions to whom you introduce them are so true and natural, and instruction is so pleasantly mingled with amusement, that Christian parents need not fear to place your dear little book in their children's hands."

Fanny L. says: —

"I have a little brother who wishes to send an enigma to your Magazine, but is very busy just at present making a small water-wheel for a brook in our lawn, so wishes me to write the note for him.

"His name is Frank, and this is his first trial; so he is very anxious that you should favor him by putting it in the first copy you can.

"We like your Magazine better than any we ever took, and have recommended it to all of our young friends, so ever so many of them take it now.

"I think I will close this letter, or I shall not have room enough to put in the enigma."

Just tell brother Frank, if you please, Fanny, that his puzzle was not an enigma, but a charade; and also, that we must lay it by, because the second syllable does not come out right, — "car" not being a proper term for "ca."

Clara B. C., *Periwinkle*, *James C. B.* (good writing), *J. W. T.* (prints nicely), *Kittie Fitch* (what a cunning horseshoe!), *Harry C. C.* You must all be contented with our thanks for your favors.

J. E. C. Your spelling puzzle has been mislaid until recently. According to the best authorities, "peddler" is as correct a word as "pedlar"; "Sybil" is a mistake for "Sibyl"; and the precious stone mentioned is not "cornelian," but "carnelian," — from *carnis*, the paler varieties being *flesh*-colored. — What is the best way to chew tobacco? To *eschew* it.

T. H. } Capital!
Goak. }

N. C. B. When our set of songs is finished, we shall probably print some nice little piano-forte pieces.

L. T. K. Was it all spelled rightly?

E. A. G. It will be a long time before such another can be had; things of that kind are rarer than giants, and to find one would please us even more than you.

A Little Girl. "The Seven Wonders of the World" were the Colossus at Rhodes; the Pyramids of Egypt; the Pharos (light-house) at Alexandria; the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Statue of Jupiter Olympius; and the Mausoleum built by Artemisia.

Willie P. McC. Did you write it yourself?

W. L. C. sends a copy of a little monthly paper, containing advertisements of postage and other stamps for sale by its publisher, which is probably to be considered as an exception to our remark that no postage-stamp magazine was issued in this country.

Corinne. Not yet, not yet!

Johnnie. We can't promise, but we will see.

B. Reynolds. The enigma is very good, but we do not like the sentiment of the subject.

O. O. There is a good deal of truth in what you say; charades are better made from the syllables of one word, correctly spelled, than from a combination of words; but we must suit all tastes if we can. We shall print a part of yours, — not all, for that would be more than your share. — The rebus is well drawn, but not entirely good in its symbols. "Sail" does not stand for "sal," nor "reefer" for "rever," &c.

Alice. You have much to learn before you can appear creditably in public.

Red Star. Rather hard.

Violet. Because the author had ended it.

Here is a comical little tail-piece, for the idea of which we are indebted to "The Unknown Three." It is one of a few picture proverbs that we have by us, and we wonder how many of our little people will guess it at sight.





DISCOVERING THE SCHOONER.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.
ENGRAVED BY W. J. LANTON.]

[See *Too Far Out*, page 271.]

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1867.

No. V.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

IV.

KEEPING IT UP.



ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE sat on his front stoop, moping; and as Charley Sharpe and I came up, he turned his face the other way, so as to pretend not to see us, and blew his nose, and began to whistle.

“I say, George,” said Charley, “something wrong with Joe this morning,—know by the way he blows his nose.”

“Pooh!” said I, “got a cold in his head.”

“Got a warm in his heart, you mean. Georgey, when you see a straightforward chap like that *overdo it* blowing his nose, and dodge with his handkerchief round the corners of his eyes, and begin to whistle (high old whistling!) like a sick bobolink that’s had too much green persimmons, it’s his feelings that are too many for him.”

“Think so, Charley?”

“That’s what’s the matter, Georgey.”

“Hello, Joe!” said Charley, “here we are again, as lively as a pair of polliwogs in a duck-pond.”

“Good morning, lads,” said Joe, gravely; his eyes were red, his voice was husky, and his lip quivered.

I made a sign to Charley to stop joking. But, dear old fellow! he was as serious as I, only he had a different way of showing it.

“Feel badly, Joe?” I asked. “How’s your mother this morning?”

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk’s Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Then Joe jumped up, and turned his back to us, and stamped his foot, and said, "Con-found it! Confound it!" says he, "I don't deserve to have any mother. If she was to die this very minute, serve me right. I'm no better than a piratical cannibal; that's what I am,—a pi-rat-i-cal can-ni-bawl!"

"Look here, Joe Brace," said Charley, "if you mean to say you've been mean enough—"

"Hold your tongue, Charley," said I. "What's the matter, Joe?"

Joe looked at Charley as if he did n't know whether to knock him down or shake hands with him; and then he said: "Well, you see, lads, here's how it is. This morning, at breakfast, the old man he begins to talk about getting the 'Circumnavigator' in trim for another voyage—to California, or Australia, or somewhere. And mother,—she says she hopes I'll stay at home with her next time. And I says, 'I'd look pretty staying at home, would n't I? I'd like to know who'd bring him his coffee at four bells, or tell him how she heads. Why, mom,' says I, 'he's no more fit to go to sea by himself than a hen.' At that the old man he laughs, and his coffee goes the wrong way and chokes him. But mother, she looks steady into the teapot, the way she does when it's drawing, and winks her eyes very hard,—'count of the steam, I guess; and says she, 'It's a long, long, lonesome time, my boy,—a lonesome, anxious time,—and you're the last I've got,—and I'm getting old and foolish—' Con-found it!" said Round-the-world Joe, and he stamped his foot and blew his nose again.

"Well?" said I.

"Well?" said Charley.

"Well," said Joe, "of course I made a piratical cannibal of myself. 'O, bother,' says I,—'don't talk like that, mom; do be more manly; you're worse than a sea-sick cook.' And then I happened to cast an eye over towards the old man, and—well, he was just a-lookin' at me,—that's all, just a-lookin' at me. You never caught my old man lookin' at you, did you?"

"No," said I.

"Well, you need n't want to. 'Youngster,' says he, 'do you know what day this is?' 'Friday, sir,' says I. 'Day of the month?' says he. 'Tenth of April,' says I, mighty peert. 'Tenth of April,' says he. 'And where were you *last* tenth of April, sir, about this time o' day, if me and that sea-sick cook may make so bold as to ask?' He was a-lookin' at me, and I was a-thinkin'. 'Straits of Malac—' And then it all fell on me like a house, and I wished I was dead; but I did n't say another word. Me and the old man just looked at one another, and I got up and kissed mother, and came out here.

"Lads," said Joe, "last tenth of April, in the morning, we were in the Straits of Malacca, and a white squall struck the 'Circumnavigator' while we were taking in sail; and somehow my chum, Ned Foster, got knocked off the foreyard and fell on deck, hurt so he only lived an hour; and the last words he said were these: 'Joe,' (that's me,) 'take my chest home to mother,—she's a widow, you know; and tell her I have read that Bible every day, accordin' to promise; and it's all right. And, Joe,' says he,

‘I want you to make *me* a promise now.’ I could n’t say anything, you know ; but I looked straight into poor Ned’s eyes. ‘All right,’ says he. ‘You ’ve got a mother, too, Joe,’ says he, ‘and she ’s as good as gold, I know, if she ain’t a widow. Promise me, that you ’ll keep loving her all the time, as if the very next minute was to be your last.’ I could n’t say anything, you know ; but I squeezed his hand, and he squeezed mine, and said it was all right. And it *was* all right — with him. Con-found it !”

“Well,” says Charley Sharpe (very shaky), “guess you do love your mother, don’t you? Guess she knows it, don’t she? If she don’t, she ’s only got to send for one of them spiritual magnetic clearvoysters, and they ’ll tell her all about it for a quarter.”

Of course, that made Joe laugh, (which was just what Charley was after,) and then he blew his nose again and began to sing : —

“Why, what ’s that to you, if my eyes I ’m a-wiping?

A tear is a pleasure, d’ ye see, in its way ;

’T is nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping, —

But they that ha’n’t pity, why, I pities they.

“If my maxim ’s disease, ’t is disease I shall die on, —

You may snigger and titter, I don’t care —”

“Joe,” said I, “tell us some more about that funny spree you went on with Little Pigeon and the other Chinese chaps. What did you and Barney Binnacle do with all your sapecks?”

“Flung about a peck among the beggars,” said Joe. “Reckon there must have been a thousand to scramble for them.”

“Now, that ’s what I can’t get through my hair,” said Charley.

“How ’s that?” said Joe.

“Why should there be so many beggars in China,” said Charley, “when it takes fifteen sapecks to make one cent, and every sapeck will buy a handful of rice, and a handful of rice will keep one Chinaman going, and a cent’s worth will stuff his wife and children.”

“That ’s just how it is,” said Joe. “It ’s so much easier to ask for a sapeck than to work for it, and so much more pleasant to give the sapeck than to smell the beggar, or squirm at the sight of his sores, and so many more people have sapecks to spare, and a sapeck is such a small thing to give or to get, and rice is so cheap and filling, and Chinese beggars are so nasty and saucy, — that ’s just how it is. It ’s my opinion it ’s the sapecks that make the beggars, and at first the beggars make their own sores on purpose to beg with, and then the sores spread and make more beggars, until at last there ’s so many of them they breed a famine.”

“That ’s it, Joe,” said Charley, “it ’s the Political E-conomy ; they get it just like the small-pox. Don’t they, Georgey? You know.”

“The Ex-ces-sive Cir-cu-la-tion,” said I, “of an In-fini-tesi-mal Cur-ren-cy by offering a Pre-mi-um to Idleness and Indifference diminishes the Number of Pro-du-cers on the one hand while it increases the Number of Con-sumers on the other hence says Richard Cobden —”

"Hence," said Charley, "no gentleman's library is complete without your father's Cyclopædia; and it must be a sweet consolation to John Chinaman, when he is starving to death, to know that you and that Cobden boy know what killed him."

"Now, if you are going to talk Politics," said Round-the-world Joe, "you may count me out; likewise Economy, — I did n't ship for either of them. But there's one thing I do know: when John Chinaman has made up his mind to die of starvation, somebody had better stand from under."

"How so?"

"Why, when a dead Chinaman's body don't get buried, his soul gets mad, and turns into a devil, rampaging around and raising Cain generally. All China believes that gives fits to cats, pip to chickens, bots to horses, and hollow-horn to cattle, and afflicts the folks who neglected its carcass with crosses in love, miseries in their bones, and bad luck in their speculations. So somebody invented the Society for the Distribution of Gratuitous Coffins, to head off the spiteful ghosts of the beggars that die of hunger in the porches of pagodas, or freeze to death under the lee of graveyard walls; and nobody is safe from fits, pip, bots, hollow-horn, unrequited love, blanks in the lottery, or getting euchred, who does n't belong to the Society for the Distribution of Gratuitous Coffins."

"Sho!" said Charley Sharpe.

"That's so," said Joe. "Then there is a King of the Beggars, enthroned on a dirty dog-mat at Pekin, who is as much of a monarch in his way as the tremendous 'Son of Heaven' and 'Brother of the Sun and Moon' himself. He reigns over all the gypsies, ragamuffins, rapsallions, and tatterdemalions in the Central Flowery Kingdom, and they acknowledge allegiance to him, and pay tribute into his treasury. On certain days, according to law, he lets loose upon the land the whole nasty swarm of them at once, and they go raiding upon cities and villages, gayly flourishing their monstrosities and deformities and leprosies and sickening sores, and all their crawling abominations; howling like wolves, and laughing and crying like hyenas, and grunting like hogs, and —"

"Ugh! — stop that, Joe," said I, "do!"

"Away they go," said Joe, "like all the plagues of Egypt boiled down to a pint; and they hop and crawl and wriggle and gnaw and blow, till the poor people in the towns begin to 'call in their emergence upon countless saints and virgins,' and dragons and ghouls, to come and help them; for no man dare strike one of them, or drive him from his door, on Beggar-day. Then up steps the King of the Beggars and calls a town-meeting, and offers to call off his frogs and lice and flies and locusts for so many cart-loads of cash, cash down. And the Board of Health pays the money, and away they go, hopping, crawling, wriggling, gnawing, blowing, to the next town. But all this time the King of the Beggars is personally responsible for every man of them; and if they are guilty of anything extra-outrageously outrageous, — such as scaring a prefect's pony, or waking a judge's baby, — the Mandarins seize his ragged Majesty by the tail of his head, drag him to the stocks, and

then and there pound him with bamboos on the pit of the stomach till he squeals like a stuck pig."

"That 's what I want to go to China for," said Charley Sharpe.

"As how?" said Joe.

"To get bamboosed. They say that when you have come to the worst of the hurting part, as if one more lick would kill you dead, then it begins to feel good."

"I don't know how that may be," said Joe, "but I dare say Tea-Pot and Little Pigeon, if we had them here, could unfold a tale, as the ghost says, that speaks the theatre piece."

"Who was Tea-Pot?"

"One of Little Pigeon's friends that we went on the ten-cent spree with. He was a short, round chap, with very little legs and a great deal of stomach, and Barney called him Tea-Pot because he was built so squat. Tea-Pot and Little Pigeon both got bamboosed tremendously when they went home, for losing so many sapecks that day."

"How did they lose them?"

"Gambling," said Joe; "but it was not for that that they were triced up, and caught their three dozen."

"What for, then?" asked Charley.

"For not winning. Every man, woman, and child in all China 'fights the tiger' like the very old — John Morrissey; and is ready to go his whole pile on cards, dice, dominoes, chess, checkers, skittles, cock-fights, quail-fights, spider-fights, — any kind of a 'lay out,' — as naturally as if they were all born on Mississippi steamboats, rocked in California cradles, weaned on Saratoga water, and had been running for Congress ever since. They'll bet everything they can raise, from their fans and chopsticks to their wives and children. Tea-Pot's old man had been an awful sport in his time, and when he got his hand in, and the game was lively, did n't mind what he put up. He had lost Tea-Pot's mother at Thimble-rig, and his own tail at Simon-says-Wiggle-Waggle, and the fingers of his left hand at All-fours; and once, at Shanghai, Little Pigeon's father lost all his clothes in the dead of winter, spider-fighting, and had to run about among the bake-houses, and cuddle up to the warm walls, first one side and then the other, like a sick kitten to a hot brick, — that 's the naked truth.

"The way they play for fingers is funny: two of them sit down to a small table, with a flat stone, a small, sharp hatchet, a dish of nut-oil hot, with a lamp under it, and a pack of cards. As often as a game is lost and won, the loser lays one of his fingers down on the flat stone, and the winner takes the hatchet, chops the finger off and puts it in his pocket or his mouth. Then the loser sticks the stump in the hot oil to stop the blood, and takes another hand."

"Now you Joe!" said I.

"Take my after-davit."

"Certainly," said Charley, "that 's one of the advantages that China offers to the traveller, over all other foreign parts; you can't *lie* about it. If

the last tough story is rather hard to swallow, the Chinese will make it all right for you next time. Like the Jerseyman that the wonderful Fakir of Blunderpore, in performing his celebrated gunpowder trick, blew through the roof of the theatre, all you 've got to do is to wait till you come down, and wonder what they 'll do next. You pays your money, and you gets the worth of it."

"But Joe," said I, "when they 've lost all their fingers, how do they work their chop-sticks?"

"Why, you see," said Joe, "by the time they 've got to that part of the game, they don't generally have any more use for chop-sticks; for as long as they 've a grain of rice left, they *stump it down*."

"But what do they do with all the old fingers?"

"Sell them to the pickpockets and sleight-of-hand people," said Charley, "or plant them, and raise presti-digit-taters."

I can't exactly see how that is!

"Tea-Pot and Little Pigeon," said Joe, "lost all their sapecks on a cricket-fight. On the corner of Cream-jug Street and Slop-bowl Alley, a member of the Chinese Fancy had a lot of fighting crickets in bamboo cages, exactly like bird-cages, only smaller, — you can see them at the China shops on Broadway and Washington Street; and on a pretty lackered table he had a deep soup-plate. Little Pigeon and Tea-Pot cried 'Hi-yah!' when they saw him, and showed their sapecks, and called for a lay out; and Little Pigeon said, 'Spose one piecee fights makee, too much fun can secure, Bul-lee!'

"Then he and Tea-Pot selected a pair of the peertest, that were well matched in size and weight, — regular game crickets, bred and trained, none of your common tea-kettle kind, that sing Peerybingle babies to sleep on the hearth. And Tea-Pot named his cricket 'Fire-Dragon,' and Little Pigeon's was called Gong-Devil, and they set them down on the edge of the soup-plate, and asked the Fancy gentleman if he would be Umpire, and he said he would. Then Little Pigeon offered to bet the end of his thumb against one of Tea-Pot's eye-teeth; but Tea-Pot said he could n't take it, because his teeth were all spouted, and he had to pay the pawnbroker so much a day for the use of them. So they were obliged to get along the best way they could, with sapecks. Then the old sport that was umpire said, 'Gentlemen, make your game!' and they both began to poke their crickets with sharp sticks, and call them names, to get their blood up. Tea-Pot called Fire-Dragon a sick donkey, and Little Pigeon called Gong-Devil an old woman, till they both got mad; for crickets are naturally quick on the trigger, and these two fellows were as gamy as Heenan and Sayers. The sick donkey began to rear up on his hind legs, and look round for something about his size; and the old woman began to claw and grit her teeth, as if she wished she knew what poked her. Presently they caught sight of each other, and with three cheers —"

"What?" said I.

"They jumped down into the soup-plate, and clinched in the middle of it,

just where a blue man with a blue tree on his head was crossing a blue bridge on a blue umbrella. At it they went, give and take, nip and tuck, when, all of a sudden, before you could say Jack Robinson —”

“O, that won't do at all,” said Charley; “you must say, ‘in even briefer time than this hasty, and I fear inadequate and incoherent description has occupied.’”

“Gong-Devil turned over on his back, groaned, shivered once, and then lay still, — dead as the mummy of Pharaoh's mammy; and Fire-Dragon reared up on his hind legs and gave three —”

“Now stop that, Joe,” said I.

“But Little Pigeon snapped him up, turned him upside down, and hollered, ‘Foul!’ And, sure enough, there was a long pin sticking in his tail; Tea-Pot had put it there, to keep his pluck up. Little Pigeon and Tea-Pot both grabbed for the sapecks together; but the old sport that was umpire, he grabbed first and got it; and he said he 'd hold it for them till the case was decided. But the case will not be decided in the reign of the present Emperor.”

“By the last advices from Pekin,” said Charley, “we learn that the cause has been carried up to the Supreme Court. But the Supreme Court has been occupied for the last three hundred years with the Great Green Cheese imbroglio, depending on the question whether the moon is in Hong Kong or Shanghai.”

Not far from the corner where the cricket-fight occurred was a show, where, as the bill announced, Signor Foo-Foo, the Champion Wizard of the Flowery World, from the Celestial Academy of Music at Nankin, would swallow his head and lift himself up by the tail; Signorina Poo-Poo, Fairy Fu-nam-bu-list, and Injin-rubber Rose of Loveliness and Elasticity, from the Imperial Cooper Institute at Pekin, would dance a break-down on a cobweb, and fling a double somerset through a finger-ring [THIS ESTABLISHMENT ADVERTISES IN THE HERALD]; and Joe and Barney, with Little Pigeon and Tea-Pot and Young Hyson, and the rest of the Chinese boys, started to go there. But they had n't got far when they saw a pretty little girl, about five or six years old, running toward them, screaming with terror, and pursued by a Chinese madman of frightful aspect, who was yelling and cursing awfully, and stabbing the air with a great murderous dirk-knife. Joe and Barney sprang forward to rescue the poor little thing, but before they could reach her the madman caught her by the hair, plunged the horrid knife in her innocent bosom, and flung her body, quivering and bathed in blood, on the pavement. Joe and Barney stood for a moment, stunned and stupefied with horror, and almost turned to stone. But they recovered themselves quickly, and, Joe crying, “Come on, Barney!” and Barney crying, “I'm with you, shipmate!” they sprang upon the furious monster, and laid him on his back; and while Barney held him down by the throat, Joe wrenched the weapon from his grasp.

“Stick the knife in him, Joe, if he moves,” said Barney.

“Call the police,” said Joe.

“Po-lice! Po-lice!” bawled Barney. “Don’t be afraid, Police!”

“You can come up now, Police,” cried Joe; “it’s all over, and there’s no danger.”

But, instead of police, what should they see but the Chinese boys laughing as if they would go into fits. Little Pigeon was clapping his hands and dancing a crazy hornpipe with delight; Tea-Pot, rolling on the ground and red in the face, was behaving like an apoplectic dumpling; and another boy was slapping Young Hyson’s back to keep him from strangling. Even the murderer was grinning from ear to ear, and spluttering Pigeon-English as well as he could, with Barney choking him.

“Mi devil-man [conjurer]! Hi-yah! Mi makee one piece fine fun! Mi too muchee fine fun kin ketch, Hi-yah!”

And last of all, came the gory remains of the pretty little victim, holding out her shoe; and says she, in Chinese, “Please, sir, give me a cent to buy my grandmother a drink of water: she’s so hungry she don’t know where she shall sleep to-night.”

Then Joe looked at Barney, and Barney looked at Joe; and both said, “Chinese joke, I guess”; but Joe said, “Don’t see the point.”

Little Pigeon told Joe to “Look see one piece knife”; and then they did see the point. The handle of the dirk was hollow, and filled with sheep’s blood. When the point was thrust sharply against anything, the blade slid back into the handle, and at the same time a little valve flew open, and the blood spirted out.

Joe and Barney let the mad murderer up, and walked off, feeling very foolish. They filled the little girl’s shoe with sapecks, but they did not know Chinese enough to ask her not to say anything about it.

What with too much laughing and too many melon-seeds, Joe says, Tea-Pot was taken with the Chinese stomach-ache, and the other boys had to take him to a doctor. They found one on the corner of the street, perched on a high stool, with about a peck of red pills before him on a tray. His brother was a fortune-teller, and carried on business at the same table, with an old almanac, a calculating machine, a bottle of leeches, and a black cat; and as both of them wore long gray beards, and spectacles the size and shape of a saucer, and as they were both very deaf, and had to keep their heads close together, it was next to impossible to tell one from the other.

The doctor felt all of Tea-Pot’s different pulses twenty-four times, and played twenty-four different tunes on them with his fingers, as if they were two dozen pianos; and then he laid his head to the fortune-teller’s head, and they both stroked their beards, and both looked through their spectacles like a couple of owls, and both said, ‘H’m!—Hah!—Ho!’ And then the Doctor told Tea-Pot that his disease was in the vital spirits,—that the Igneous Principle and the A-queous Principle inside of him had fallen out about something, and were fighting in his stomach like Kilkenny cats; that the A-queous Principle was getting the worst of it; that Reason required that something should be done to back up the A-queous Principle, for fair

play ; and that, as water-melons and soap-suds were friends and relations to the A-que-ous Principle, it was plain that Tea-Pot ought to eat a great many water-melons and drink a large quantity of soap-suds ; and that it was his professional opinion, after playing the twenty-four tunes on the twenty-four pulses, according to Reason, that, if Tea-Pot did not continue to grow worse, he might, at the propitious hour, to be calculated from the seven moons and the seventy stars, begin to grow better, by virtue of the green medicine depending on the element of wood. "My compliments to your respectable mother, — Hi-yah ! H'm !"

Then the other old owl told Tea-Pot's fortune, to see whether he would pull through or not. He said that, according to Reason and the Tom-Cats, and according to the Leeches and the Rites, it appeared that two events personally concerning Tea-Pot might happen in the course of time, — Tea-Pot might die, and Tea-Pot might be a great-great-grandfather ; and that, in order to avert the first, he must consult Doctor Owl, and in order to avert the second, he must take Doctor Owl's opinion. "My compliments to your respectable mother, — Hi-yah ! H'm !"

Then Round-the-world Joe paid the bill, Tea-Pot being broke ; and Barney Binnacle tied the two owls' tails together, and they all came away. And as it is not according to the Rites for one Chinese gentleman to pull, handle, or otherwise meddle with another Chinese gentleman's tail, I presume those two old owls are still patiently waiting for the propitious hour, according to the Leeches and the Tom-Cats, when their respectable tails may be untied.

George Eager.



T O O F A R O U T .

CAPTAIN BEN was in a hurry. To be sure it was only five o'clock in the morning, but he had been up since daybreak bringing ashore in the schooner's boats everything he did not want to leave on board, and piling them into the wood-shed, till Mrs. Ben affirmed it would be as much as their lives were worth to try and get a stick of wood.

After long deliberation it had been decided that the Mary Ann could not go to sea again till newly copper-bottomed, and to-day Cap'n Ben and his men were to sail up the bay and leave her at the ship-yard. Polly and Nathan and Jimmy could hardly eat their breakfasts for joy at the idea that father would be at home at least a fortnight; and yet there was a small pout on Polly's red lips. The boys were going up the bay with father, and coming home in the evening laden with fire-crackers, rockets, and pin-wheels, for to-morrow would be the Fourth of July.

Polly had begged to go, but as Cap'n Ben and the boys were coming down in an oyster-boat, and very likely might not run into the cove till late at night, mother had vetoed the plan, and Polly's own sweet temper was struggling with a little natural indignation that the boys should do more than she could.

"Nathan's had the measles, mother, and I have n't, and I should think I could keep awake as long as he can; he ain't but nine any way, and I'm seven and a month."

"Good reason you did n't have the measles," shouted Nathan, "when they kep' you up to Jack's house all the time, for fear you would. Anyhow you've had the mumps, and I have n't, an' you'd get 'em again, sittin' in dirty water all the way down from the ship-yard."

"I don't care," Polly began; but Cap'n Ben, swallowing his last mug of coffee, rose up.

"Come, boys, tuck the rest in your pockets; we've got to be off."

Polly followed slowly down to the shore. Jack was on hand, ready to bring back the boat which took them to the schooner, where the men were already weighing anchor. Polly watched her brothers climbing over the side, and heaved a sigh as she said to herself that she could have gone up just as easy as Nathan if she *was n't* a boy.

How exciting it would have been to be on board, and hear the blocks squeak as the ropes ran through them, and then lean 'way over as the anchor came up, and look at the queer sea-weeds on it, while the schooner tacked, and then with filled sails sped up the bay. Here was Jack coming back, though, and perhaps he was going to dig clams on their beach to-day, and she could have him to play with. Polly ran out to the very end of the point. It was only a rod or two from the big rock and the buoy where they moored the spare boats, though quite deep water lay between.

"I say, Polly," said Jack as he came nearer, "I'm going to leave the

boat here, and you get into the punt an' come out to the rock, so 't I can get ashore. I don't want to swim, 'cause I can't take time to dry my clothes."

Polly ran back to the beach where the punt lay, half in and half out of the water, pushed off bravely, and rowed out to Jack, who, fastening his skiff carefully to the buoy, jumped into the punt and took the oars in his own hands.

"Good for you, Polly," said he. "There ain't many girls small as you be can row a boat, and not one 'longshore can swim a stroke but you."

"I would n't 'a' learned," said Polly, "but father said I was n't fit to be a sailor's little girl if I did n't, an' I learned just as fast as Nathan. I can swim out to the big rock now, an' not be tired one bit," and Polly pointed to where they had left the large boat. "What you going to do to-day, Jack?" she added.

"Goin' to dig like a streak, so 's to have time for fun to-morrow," said Jack. "I left the big basket down to South Point as I came along; you come with me, Polly, if your mother 'll let you."

Polly ran up to the house, where her mother was busy baking pies and gingerbread for to-morrow's festivities.

"Do what you want till supper-time, so long as 't ain't mischief," she said, "for I have no time to look after you. Take enough in your pockets for you and Jack, and be off with you."

"I 'll swim awhile, mother, may n't I?" said Polly. "The water 's good an' warm, an' Jack 's going to be round all day."

"Not to-day, Polly," answered her mother. "You 've got a cold now, an' you 'll get more if you go in a swimming, an' then race round in your wet frock."

"But, mother!" said Polly, "I wanted to go out to Black Rock an' get some Job's-tears off the sea-weed on the end: there 's beautiful ones there."

"You can get 'em another day," said her mother, "or may be Nathan 'll do it for you to-morrow; but you must n't think of it. Run off now, and play by Jack like a good girl."

Polly shut the door hard as she went out. First to have to stay at home because she was a girl, and then not to go in swimming when she had set her heart on it. She could not feel good-natured, and went sulkily along towards the Point.

Half-way down, the rocks, thick enough anywhere alongshore, were piled up together, and one great one arched over, and formed what the children called their house. Here Nathan and Jimmy brought all treasures of smooth pieces of wood for boats, stray bits of bunting, curious shells and sea-weeds, and here in one corner, sacred to Polly, were her doll, and the wooden cradle manufactured for it by her father, gay bits of broken china, and a little wooden bench. Here, through spring and summer weather, the children played, and when autumn winds began to blow there was a grand moving time to the wood-house chamber, where through the winter they rioted till spring came again.

Polly felt too cross to meet Jack just then, and so stopped to take a look at Matilda Ann, her doll. The cradle was in sad disorder. Matilda must have been restless in the night; for the little patchwork quilt lay at one end of Polly's corner, and the sheets at another. She made up the cradle smoothly, and then tried to play that Matilda Ann had kicked off the bed-clothes, and made herself sick, and must have a doctor immediately.

"Jack!" Polly called, going out on the shore, "I want you to come and play you 're a doctor."

"Could n't," said Jack; "I 've got to keep a doctoring these clams. I 'm puttin' 'em to bed in this basket fast as ever I can."

Polly did n't even laugh, but went back slowly, and settled down again to teach Matilda Ann her letters, and so passed away the time till nearly noon; but it grew harder and harder. All Matilda Ann needed was necklace and bracelets, which should by this time have been made from the Job's-tears, as ornaments for Fourth of July.

"I can't stand it," said Polly. "Only to think how nice she 'd 'a' looked!" Then a new idea came. "I 'll go out in the punt," thought she. "Mother only meant I must n't get wet, and I sha' n't in the punt. It 'll be better than swimming, I do believe! If I 'd 'a' swum, I 'd had to get into the big boat to get round to the very end where the best shells are, for father said I must n't go to the very end of the rock yet awhile, when I swum, 'cause it was too deep water, an' that I must n't get into the big skiff, 'cause I could n't manage it; so the punt 's the very thing!"

Alas for Polly! Jack, finding the supply of clams on South Point running short, had taken the punt and was rowing down the shore to a beach where he knew they abounded. It was provoking. There lay the rock, hardly a stone's throw from the shore, and there was Jack, pulling off over the smooth water, and only shaking his head a little as Polly screamed to him to come back.

"I can't mind mother this time, anyhow," said she, "for I 've got to have those shells, and Jack 's gone off with the punt."

Back she ran to the rock house, pulled off her clothes, and put on the old pink frock she wore as a swimming dress, and then down to the shore again, and into the water. How warm it felt, and how easily her little limbs made their way through it! She quickly reached the rock and sat down a moment to take breath. There were no shells near her, but at the other end Polly saw them shining on the great clusters of sea-weed. The skiff rocked softly up and down near her. "So much nicer," thought Polly, "to just row round there an' get all I want, than to crawl down the rock for 'em through all that nasty green slime and stuff."

She stepped into the boat, untied the rope which fastened it, and rowed a stroke or two. "How easy it goes!" said she. "Father did n't know, when he said I could n't manage it."

Nevertheless, reaching the jagged point of Black Rock, just visible above water, it did not seem so easy to gather shells in this way as she had thought. The boat would not stay still, but bumped up against the rock,

and then swung round in a very trying way. She caught at a trailing length of sea-weed, covered with the little gray and white shells, and pulled it in to her, sitting down in the stern to pick them off. This done, she moved back to her oars, intending to go round on the other side. One was there, but the other, knocked back and forth against the rock, had taken matters into its own hands, and was quietly floating off to sea. Polly's impulse was to jump after it. "If I do," said she, the boat will get away, for it's untied. I'll have to get back to the buoy with one oar, and when Jack comes back, I'll ask him what I'd better do."

Getting back was not so easy. The current setting out to sea had made it possible for her to reach the end of the rock toward the shore, but as she had swung round on the ocean side, that same current, stronger than any force in her little arms, was surely drifting her away from rock and buoy. Polly pulled hard at her one oar, but two could have done her no good then. There was already quite a space of smooth green water between boat and rock,—farther than Polly had ever dared to swim. She stood up in the bow and screamed, "Mother! mother!" But mother, busy in her kitchen, far up on the shore, heard nothing, and Polly sat down, quite bewildered with fear. "Perhaps Jack will see me," she thought; but Jack was only a little black speck on a distant beach, and no boat of oysterman or fisherman was in sight. The tide was going out, and Polly saw herself drifting, drifting, steadily out to sea. There we leave her.

Jack dug till two or three o'clock, filling his basket and the end of the punt with clams, and then rowed very slowly up to the cove. He was hot and thirsty; so, drawing his boat up on to the shore, he ran up to Cap'n Ben's for a drink.

"Where's Polly?" said Mrs. Ben.

"I don't know," answered Jack; "I thought she was here. I guess she's down to the rock house playing with her doll."

Mrs. Ben went quickly down to the shore, and on to the rocks. Jack heard her cry out as she reached them, and ran fast.

"Jack! O Jack!" she said. "Polly's drowned! O my little Polly!"

Jack saw the clothes and shoes lying near her, but his quick eye had discovered, as he ran, that the boat was missing. "No, she is n't," he said; "she ain't drowned at all. The boat's gone from the buoy, and she's in it, I know."

Jack ran out to the end of the Point, where we first saw him, and looked out over the water. There was certainly a boat in the distance, and on it a little pink speck. "Polly's out there!" he shouted. "I've been out farther 'n that, an' I'll row hard 's I can, an' bring her back. 'T aint so far";—and he flew back to the punt, threw out his clams, and pulled off furiously.

"Save your strength, Jack," called Mrs. Ben, "an' I'll send men off fast as I can find 'em";—and she ran down the shore towards a fisherman's house.

Every man and boy was away,—gone up the bay to sell off as much

as possible before the Fourth, and there was nothing to do but to wait, patiently as might be, for Cap'n Ben's return. She went up to the bluff and watched the two boats. Jack was pulling strongly; but how hard it seemed that there could not be some tough fisherman with him, to lengthen the strokes, and gain upon the fast-disappearing little boat! The sun was almost setting now, and they seemed sailing into a gold and crimson sea; but Mrs. Ben only thought that soon it would go down, and then her little Polly might die of fright in the darkness. The breeze blew up freshly, and there was a swish of water on the beach.

"Lord help us!" said Mrs. Ben; "the tide has turned, and Jack never can row against it"; — and she sank down crying on the bluff.

Jack too had watched the setting sun, and pulled more vigorously. His arms ached, and he trembled from head to foot with the effort. He was passing now a little island, hardly more than a rock, and the only one near the Highlands, and the current set in strongly towards it. He was nearing Polly too, and she evidently saw him, for she waved the skirt of her frock, and Jack heard her voice coming faintly across the distance.

He set his teeth and pulled fiercely. There was a snap, and he fell back sharply to the bottom of the punt. The slender oar had given way. Jack groaned, then pulled himself up, and examined the damages. The oar was useless, but he stood up and paddled the boat along till safely beyond the current. It was perilous work. The little flat-bottomed thing almost went over, time and time again, as Jack stepped from side to side; but Polly was in plain sight, wild with joy at being so near safety, and paddling with all her little might. A few minutes' intense work, and Jack was near enough to throw the boat-line.

"Hold hard, Polly!" he shouted; "hold on for your life!"

Polly pulled in the rope, the boats drew nearer and nearer, till with a great jump Jack found himself safe in the skiff, while the little punt floated alongside, bottom up. Polly caught hold of him, and the two children sank down with a great burst of sobs. Jack had just strength enough to pick up the sound oar as it floated by, and tie the punt to the skiff, and then lie back.

"I never was so tired in my life, Polly," said he, "and I can't row another stroke. We sha' n't come to any harm now, for the night's still, and we'll be picked up in the morning. Cuddle down close to me, and we'll go to sleep."

Polly, worn out with terror and crying, and Jack, with hard work, lay down in the bottom of the boat, and slept almost as their heads touched the jacket which Jack had rolled up for a pillow. A light wind came now and then from the south, but the skiff slid easily over the little waves, and the children did not stir.

Far into the night Jack awoke. The stars were still shining, and for a moment he thought himself in his own little bed under the roof. In the east was a faint streak of light, the first sign of coming day. Polly's little brown head lay on Jack's knee, and she still slept quietly.

"It's lucky it's hot weather," thought Jack, "or she would n't be so com-

fortable with nothin' on but that frock. He drew her closer, and put his arm around her. To care for somebody in that darkness was a relief, and Jack sat looking steadily off to the east, watching the faint glimmer change and deepen into dawn. It seemed hours to him before the first gleam of sunlight came over the water, and Polly opened her eyes, first dreamily, and then half wildly, as she stretched out her stiff little arms and legs.

"Shake yourself, and get the wrinkles out, Polly," said Jack, "an' then you stand in the stern and steer, and I 'll pull ahead, some nearer that schooner that 's coming along so spry. Let 's see which 'll catch up with the other first."

Polly stumbled over the seats, and took the rudder in her hand. Planks certainly were not as comfortable as the trundle-bed at home: she ached from head to foot. "If I 'd only something to eat, Jack!" she said.

"I 'm hungry too, Polly," answered he, "but we 're going to have a Fourth o' July breakfast on that schooner."

Jack was right. An hour later a boat pulled from the schooner, manned by two sailors sent out by the captain, to whom it had been reported by the man at the helm, that two children were rowing for the schooner as hard as they could pull, though what they were doing out to sea, at four o'clock in the morning, he could n't tell.

Jack quickly told the story, and then Polly had the opportunity she had so longed for yesterday morning, of climbing up a schooner's side. It was n't nice now, one bit, for she felt as if every sailor leaning over the railing knew every particular of her naughtiness, and was laying it up against her, and she looked hard on the deck as the captain came forward.

Jack knew him at once. It was Captain Brown, who had been the year before at Cap'n Ben's, and since then had been down on the South Carolina coast, and now came from Charleston. He took both the children to his own cabin, gave them a good breakfast, and listened to Jack's story.

"How came you afloat in such a rig?" he asked.

Polly grew crimson as she explained, and wanted to sink right through the cabin floor.

"Never mind," said the good-natured captain; "mothers do know best pretty often, an' I guess you 'll think so too after this. Your father 's been cruisin' round for you all night, most likely, and thinks may be you 're drowned. We 'll be lookin' out for him."

Just then there was a shout from the deck, and Polly was sure she heard her father's voice. Too timid to go on deck in her strange dress, she shrunk back, but Jack had darted up, and was looking over the water.

Two boats were pulling rapidly toward the ship, and in one Jack saw his father and Cap'n Ben.

"Hooray!" he shouted till he was hoarse, while Captain Brown, whirling Polly up to the deck, held her out like a flag.

What a meeting it was! Poor Cap'n Ben had not reached home till nearly midnight, and then had set out at once with Jack's father, who was in great fear for his boy's safety too. Three of the neighbors had already gone out;

but in the darkness little could be done. They had thrown up rockets and shouted, but the worn-out children knew nothing of this, and it was not till Cap'n Ben, looking at the schooner through his spy-glass, had recognized his own boat towing behind, that he began to feel a little hope.

Now they were miles from home, and it would be a sad Fourth for mother and Nathan and Jimmy till they came sailing in again. Captain Brown crowded all sail, and they went swiftly on, while Jack and Polly, too tired to run about, sat and listened to the stories Captain Brown was telling of his year down South, of the Charleston people, and of a Mr. Calhoun in particular, who he said did n't want the United States to be united any longer, and who, with a lot of other Nullifiers, would have had their way, if President Jackson had n't sent down troops and hindered them.

Polly, in her father's arms, looked and listened, till Captain Brown's voice seemed to come from away off, and then she slept again.

When she opened her eyes she was on deck. The stars and stripes were flying, gay bunting decked every stay, and the negro cook brought out his banjo and strummed Yankee Doodle as they sailed up to the cove. She could see the shore plainly, and there were her mother and Nathan and Jimmy and all the neighbors. Jack threw up his cap as he saw his mother among them, and could hardly stand still while the anchor was dropped, and the boats lowered in which all went ashore.

The two mothers cried together, — Jack's mother over Polly, and Polly's mother over Jack, — and then everybody went up to the little brown house, and after all did n't get in, because, not having been built with such an end in view, the room could n't possibly hold more than half of them.

Not a word was said about Polly's disobedience. Only in her little heart she had made a vow, when drifting away alone in the boat, that never again would she bring such sorrow to other people as she knew mother and father felt at her trouble. She kept close to her mother all day, only going away to press every good thing she could think of on Jack, who declared she meant to kill him.

At night they set off their fire-works, with the addition of some splendid ones which Captain Brown brought from the schooner. The last piece was "UNION," in great letters of red, white, and blue.

"Hooray for Union!" shouted Jack and Nathan and Jimmy together, and "Hooray for Union!" answered the lookers-on as the last spark went up.

"Secession's no go for gals nor for States," said Cap'n Ben. "Jack's been our Jackson! Hooray for Jack!"

Helen C. Weeks.



skip right pages

his cart, waiting for the tardy Bridget, put to flight such absurdities, and Somebody turned over for another nap. But for once curiosity was destined to overcome indolence, and a hasty rush to the window and a peep through the shutters solved the problem of what made that scratching.

In the next building was a bakery, and, as a natural consequence, there were plenty of ashes to be disposed of; and, not having the fear of the police before their eyes, the people had poured them in one heap in the gutter, instead of collecting them in box or barrel "as the law directs." The accumulation was fast freezing into a solid mass, and growing to a mountain, quite enough to excuse the cart-men from taking it away. Thus much Somebody had seen and passed by, daily, but not till this particular morning had she seen the "atom of animated nature" which crowned the pile.

Where the last ashes were poured, and the warmth still lingered, stood the valiant little delver. No seeker for California treasure was ever more patient, more persevering, and scarcely more hardy. The yardstick would measure nearly all her height, but the belles of Madison Square might have envied her figure, had they ever been up early enough to catch a glimpse of it. The dirty worsted hood tied under her chin did, not tie up all the pretty wavy brown hair, and the rosy cheeks with a dimple in each, or the roguish eyes. The ragged little woollen shawl was tied in a great knot behind, over the torn calico that left the little red knees bare to the tops of a pair of leggings that once doubtless warmed more tender limbs, and hands and arms were cased in old stockings with holes cut for thumbs. It is a wonder that those same thumbs were not frozen, for they were holding on to an iron rod, crooked at one end like a poker, with which she hammered away at the heap, only stopping to pick up a coal blacker than the rest, that, washed by the snow, looked as if it might be made to burn again. There were not many such, and the store in her basket was but scanty, for Jack Frost had laid his hand on them and was very loath to give them up.

Now you don't suppose that Somebody noticed and thought of all this, standing in her night-dress of a December morning? Not a bit of it. She was not *quite* so romantic as that, though she *was* romantic enough to think poor children just as interesting as rich ones, and often a great deal better, because it is so much harder to be good amidst constant struggling and suffering than when life is made easier by every comfort that money can buy.

It did not require many mornings, however, to learn that the little maiden was always earliest of the cinder-pickers to visit that particular heap, so that, if there was anything to be got there, she had it long before less enterprising ones came along. The long windows of the warm dining-room were a good place to watch her, and, as the mornings grew lighter, Somebody did n't mind getting up half an hour earlier. And the little one soon knew that there was a face at the window; and while she worked, she would look up with a shy smile that showed two rows of teeth like corn. Perhaps she was glad of company in the cold, lonely morning, there were so few to notice her among all the comers and goers of the great city.

Once a gentleman stood by Somebody, and the little girl knew that they were talking about her. Presently this gentleman opened the window and threw out a handful of somethings that rattled on the pavement and rolled down, trying to hide themselves in the snow and ashes. How her eyes danced, and her feet too, as she gathered them up, bowing and courtesying with life and grace in every movement!

Again the window opened, and the gentleman said, "Here, Kohlasche" (you know that is German for cinder), "I heard you singing the other day, — can't you sing us a song?"

She looked a little frightened, and hesitated, but seemed to conclude that she ought to do something in return for his kindness; so she set down her basket, and, coming to the window-railing, sang such a pretty, plaintive song, all in German. And her voice was so sweet and childish! When she had finished, Somebody would have liked to send her away with a kiss, but was afraid of being laughed at. Perhaps it was as well, for kisses were so rare to her that she might not have understood its meaning:

On another morning a boy scarcely larger than herself, but carrying a heavy pail of garbage, set it down to rest, and, as he stood watching her, began to whistle the tune she was singing to herself, which made her stop singing and look at him, which was just what he wanted.

"Pretty hard picking, hey?" said he, by way of introduction. "Folks burn their coal awful close, these war times. Let's help. I'll scratch and you pick up. Give us your poke!"

So they began to work away together, the boy talking all the time, and stopping frequently to stand with arms akimbo as if he had accomplished a great deal.

"What does yer granny do with all these coals? How many cart-loads does she get in a day? Don't yer have no fire but these? Sells 'em, eh! A shill'n a peck! Jim-me-nee! She must have *heaps* o' money. We gives three shill'n a pailful for *fresh* coals, when we buys 'em by the pail, but Dad says folks is pretty hard up when they buys coals that way; it's putting too much money inter other folkses pockets.

"Yes, I carry swill every morning, 'fore school, though. Bub or me goes to the Alhambra House, and t'other goes to the brewery. We likes to go to the hotel, 'cause yer see Dad's sister is cook there, and that 's how we gets the swill; and 'most allers she saves something nice for Bub and me. See here, now!"

Carefully lifting a cabbage-leaf from the top of his pail, he brought forth in triumph the bones of a chicken, nearly picked.

"Have one?" he questioned, with good-natured generosity; and munching his, he added, with epicurean criticism, "Guess they lives pretty well at the Alhambra. Yer granny sells more 'n coals, I reckon? If she 's as dear on her rum as she is on coals, customers must be scarce. Cracky! there she comes now! Pick up yer basket. *Won't* you catch it for stopping ter talk ter me!"

And shouldering his pail, he trudged off whistling — what do you think? —

“No one to love.” It’s a fact. But then, you know, for a penny one can buy from off the Park railings almost any song in existence.

Up the street came trundling a large hand-cart piled with cinders, a dog harnessed to each side, and, pushing against the front bar, an old woman swathed, like a mummy, in every description of rag, — wrinkled, old, and ugly, with scanty locks of gray hair blowing about her weather-beaten face.

She stopped when she saw Kohlasche, who ran to her and held up her basket. The dogs stopped too, and tried to get nearer to the little girl, wagging their tails, and seeming glad to see her. Granny looked into the basket, emptied it upon the cart, scowled, handed it back to the child, and, with a shake and a cuff, pointed down the street to where ash-boxes and barrels bordered the way. Evidently glad to part from her taskmaster, she hurried off; but as the old woman disappeared to rummage an area, little Kohlasche turned, and, taking from the bosom of her shawl the chicken-bones which she and the little swill-carrier had been picking, she hastily gave one to each dog, bounding away before they could lick her hand, as they wished to do. Poor dogs! They had the quick instincts of children in knowing a friend. Weary as they were, and hating their bondage, they gladly and pantingly sat down to rest, uneasily glancing around, however, and the moment the old woman’s head appeared above the pavement they were alert with fear, and moving on.

So by these several steps it was that Somebody came to think her little romance about the pretty cinder-child. She could not belong to that old woman, — of course not. Never was such beauty born of such ugliness. It was a shame that she should be left to such a life, — that nobody came to the rescue. So it was. She might be a stolen child. Perhaps some lonely mother mourned as dead the innocence and loveliness which might better be buried under green earth and bright flowers than under poverty and wickedness. Something *must* be done! Something *should* be done!

Thus from watching little Kohlasche came talking to her, and from talking came visiting her home, — to find dirt, cruelty, wretchedness. A cellar, a gin-shop, a wicked old woman who beat and starved several children and two dogs, whom she lodged and held to do her bidding, — to pick, to gather, and even *steal*, in furtherance of her miserable trade.

No, the little girl was not hers. She thanked fortune she had no “gals,” — there was “more to be made on boys.” Six years before, the eyes of a hapless woman who lodged with her (and, alas! loved all too well the burning solace that made her forget life’s horrors) had closed upon them all for the last time as those of her baby-girl began to stare wide open in unmitigated wonder. Babies can sometimes be made useful, so Granny did not throw this one away or send it to the almshouse. Would she give her up now, to have a good home, to go to school, and be helped to grow up as good as she was pretty? Yes, if it was made worth her while, — if she was paid for her trouble — in letting her live, she must have meant.

Somebody remembered distinctly that she herself was once a child, a

thing it is to be regretted that many forget ; and well too she remembered the tears she shed over Cinderella, the despised but triumphant, and she longed to play "the fairy godmother" to all possible "Cinderellas" of these days.

Dear old Mother Lovechild ! Blessed be her memory when she shall pass to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." She not only *suffered* them ; to her the words seemed a command to *help* them to come unto Him. Her heart was always good, and had a warm corner for children ; but sorrow visited it early and left it more tender for bruising. Husband, children, all were gone, — last, the daughter who left three tiny children to their grandmother in her age and poverty. How could she send them away ? The Lord gave them, and would help her to take care of them. So she prayed while she worked, and the Lord did help wondrously. Hearts as warm as her own prompted fuller hands to give. They gave house and food and fuel, and increased the little fireside group by ones and twos, till the little cottage and the mother's hands were full. Some called it a ragged-school ; but few rags were there, and cleanliness and plenty and love made it home. And all shared alike with the mother, for she called them all hers. Her eldest grandchild had grown old enough to help her teach the little ones and sing with them as year by year they came and went.

It was after weary days and disappointments, but at length "the fairy godmother's" wand was lifted, and lo ! "Cinderella" stood transformed in the midst of these. Her little brown hands were folded over a bright new dress and apron, and her hair was neatly combed and curled, as she stood up with her class to spell. And after they spelled, they sang ; and it would have done you good to hear and to see how they knitted and sewed and played.

And here it would be pleasant to pause and say with satisfaction, "That is all." But inexorable Truth says, "Go on."

Somebody loved to call at Mother Lovechild's now and then to refresh herself with a sight of the bright eyes, little sleeved aprons, and copper-toed shoes, just as other somebodies like to drop in at the florist's and refresh themselves with camellias, tuberoses, and daphnes. But she came out one day with tears in her eyes, for little Kohlasche was gone. Yes, *gone*. Decoyed away, it was supposed, by the old cinder-woman, who, though diligently sought for, could not be found. Stolen, perhaps, for her clothes, — perhaps to hire out for her voice.

Dear children, "the fairy godmother" prays that, if anywhere you meet a little girl with brown hair and blue eyes, roaming the streets to beg, or digging in heaps of dirt and ashes, or you should chance to hear a sweet, childish voice singing to the sound of a wandering hand-organ, you will look kindly and searchingly to see if it be not her dear lost "Cinderella."

Caroline A. Howard.



MISSSES SMYTH'S SILVER WEDDING.

"MAMMA, may Bessie and I have a silver wedding?"

Mamma looked up suddenly, with wonder in her beautiful eyes; and papa put down his paper, with his face all covered with summer lightning from the twinkling of mirth that afterwards broke out into the gentle thunder of his hearty laugh; and actually, after a little while, there was a shower in his eyes, he laughed so long.

The little girl felt the color spreading painfully over her face at this unexpected reception of her innocent question, and she looked appealingly at her mother to know what it meant. Mamma, with her quick instinct, saw the trouble in the young face, and began, with her usual affectionate sympathy, to explain the question of the silver wedding, and the merry answer it had received.

"O, don't teach that child anything about it!" interrupted papa. "Do for once put your wisdom to bed, tuck it up, and let it sleep awhile. You know that Grace and Bessie are more united than a great many married people, and as their faith in each other is as pure as silver, I say let them have a silver wedding, after their own fashion! I should n't wonder if we could learn a lesson from it some way, and it won't hurt my dear little girls. Come, Grace, and tell me all about your plans. Your mamma is a very dear woman, but she knows very little about silver weddings, — never having had any of her own, — while papa knows this much about them, that — that he is invited to one next week."

"O, yes!" eagerly replied little Grace; "Bessie and I read the card; and it was just that that made us think it would be so pretty to have a silver wedding ourselves. Does n't silver wedding sound nice, papa? You know silver's so bright, and a wedding is such a good time; so Bessie and I thought we should like a bright, good time, and we would ask you to let us have a silver wedding; but you laughed so, papa, that I don't believe you will say yes."

"I will say yes, with all my heart, little one," said papa, with a kiss; "so call Bessie, and let us all talk it over together, so that we may know exactly what is expected."

Grace hurried into the garden to hunt up Bessie, and while she was gone there was an animated discussion between the father and mother upon the child's singular request. The mother, who was very cautious in everything that related to her children, had a doubt about the silver wedding, when it could only be play; but the father was so amused at the childish conceit, that he was determined the children should have their party, and call it what they pleased.

Mr. and Mrs. Smyth loved each other very much, and had these two little girls, Grace and Bessie, to bear them loving company. They lived on the sea-shore during the summer, thoroughly enjoying the sparkle of the waves,

the vision of white sails floating past, and the bathing in the surf. Perhaps you can imagine something of the father's and mother's characters from the scene in which they have been introduced; but Bessie you do not know at all yet, and Grace but very little.

Now you must think of a dear little girl with great brown eyes, and short, curly hair, with the innocent expression of a baby in her face, and you have a picture of Bessie Smyth, who is the sweetest child that ever gladdened a parent's heart. And then you must think of a bright, active little girl, with brown eyes, but not very large, with hair always neatly brushed back from her forehead, so as to take out as much of the natural curl as possible (it was very well for Bessie to look like a baby), and with a face full of thought: then you have Grace Smyth, who, although not as childlike as Bessie, was quite as much a comfort to her parents' hearts.

I can tell you in confidence that Grace felt a little superior to Bessie, but she never showed much of this to any one, because she had an idea that it really was n't Bessie's fault that she was so much of a child at six years. Grace, you must know, was eight! In all the plays Grace was the mother, and in unconsciously imitating her mother's manners, she had gained an advantage over Bessie, who, as the child, had settled into her face the innocence which had charmed even her play-mother to love her dearly.

Such were Grace and Bessie Smyth, as they appeared before papa and mamma, when they came in from the garden to talk over the silver wedding. Papa had already arranged his writing materials for work; and as soon as Grace saw him, with the smile upon his face, and his pen in his hand, she knew that the bright, good time was coming.

"Well, little girls, here you are to give us your wishes as to the style of your invitation cards. We will have them out directly, as the evenings next week will be appropriately lighted by the silver moon."

"O, you are so good, dear papa!" exclaimed Grace, kissing the hand that held the pen, "and there's a kiss on your hand to pay it for writing the cards." Bessie looked up into her father's face with thanks that needed no words.

"I am pretty good, I know," replied papa, with grave satisfaction in his tone, "and mamma is pretty good, too; I should even venture to say that she is very good—in her way." And then both the children laughed, and followed their father's loving eye to their mother, who was the very best woman in the world to all of them.

Mamma smiled contentedly, and in her heart broke out a little song of joy that she was honored by her husband, and that such children called her "mother."

"Well, little ones, let the busy mother go on with her humdrum hemming."

"That sounds like 'the busy bee,' does n't it, papa!" interrupted Bessie.

"I never saw such children as yours, Margaret; they will turn everything I say about you into a compliment. Now, children, let your dear mamma be, if you can, and attend to the silver-wedding invitations."

As he spoke, papa dipped his pen into the ink, and looked up inquiringly, as if waiting for the first word. "O, of course. I came very near forgetting the initials, at the head of our card." And soon the children saw, within the lines he had marked out as the size of the card, the initials B. G. in fine Roman characters.

Bessie's large eyes opened as wide as possible with admiration and delight, while Grace looked with dignified satisfaction upon the imitation of the heading she had noticed on the elder wedding card.

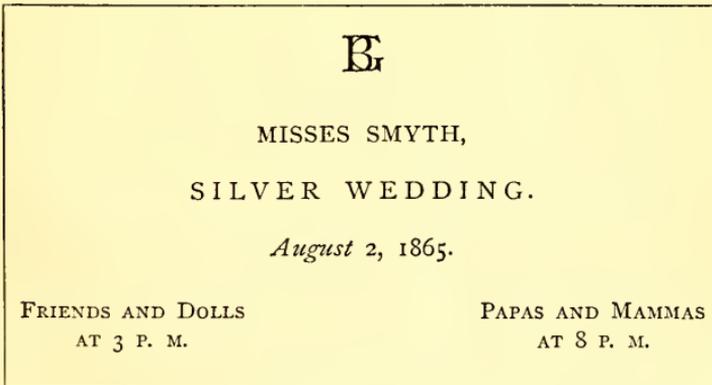
"That's very nice, papa," said Grace, quietly, as she felt was proper.

"That *does* look pretty well! Come, Margaret, and see our famous beginning."

Mamma left her work to admire the initials as much as the children hoped she would, and she remained near her husband's chair to watch his further progress, in answer to the touch of little Bessie's hand.

"I think, papa, that we had better say, 'Grace and Bessie Smyth, with their dolls, would be happy to see their friends with their dolls, next Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, to tea, and pass the evening, to their silver wedding,' " said Grace, suddenly, and without a pause, as if this form of invitation had been a matter of mature consideration, and had become at last a fixed and elegant fact, which would no longer bear concealment.

Papa laughed very softly this time, fearing the painful color which began to appear in the little girl's face; and then he said, "That will do, I think, if I give it a little more style." And while they were all silently watching him, papa produced the following card:—



"O, that is splendid!" exclaimed Grace, losing for an instant her balance of dignity, and actually clapping her hands as Bessie might have done. "Can't James take them round this very afternoon?"—Bessie joining with all her eyes in the request.

"Not so fast, my little girls," replied papa. "How can I get the invitations written in such a hurry? Besides, I am not sure that I have blank cards enough for your list of little folks. Just think of the work in those

initials alone! Why, I shall have to charge three kisses for each G and each B. You see that I can't possibly get through the work and the pay in one afternoon. I promise to do all I can. We shall have all the invitations sent by to-morrow night. That will do very well, because it will be very long waiting for the day. Do you think a week will be long enough for the preparations, Bessie?"

"I've got to get a new white dress for Flory, papa," answered Bessie, gravely, "and I believe she ought to have silver spangles somewhere. I think I'll go right off and ask Nurse Mary if she has any, for she always has what I want,"—and as she spoke, she folded her mother's hand in both of hers a moment, and then left the room to attend immediately to her doll's wardrobe.

Grace lingered to see some of the invitations written upon the cards her father found in his desk, and then, remembering that Bessie might tell Annie Heywood all about the grand affair before she should be there to see her surprise and delight when it was announced, she started off through the glass door of the library, and was at the end of the avenue before her father thought that she might be needed to help make out the list.

By consulting together, however, papa and mamma finished the work; and the next afternoon the cards were all on the way to their destinations. So there was nothing now to hope for but a pleasant day, and good health to "Misses Smyth" and the invited guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Smyth took pains to have the whole matter understood by the other papas and mammas, so that the party was a subject of pleasant preparation and amusement to the elders as well as the little folks,—so much so, that even Mr. and Mrs. Smyth came to be surprised at the result; for on the day before the silver wedding they received a number of little packages, which were put away without comment, but with some telegraphic communications which were quite perplexing to the children.

Grace hinted to Bessie, in the course of the day, that the packages must be full of nice things for the tea in the summer-house,—perhaps all kinds of cakes and *bonbons*, such as she had seen at Southmayd's.

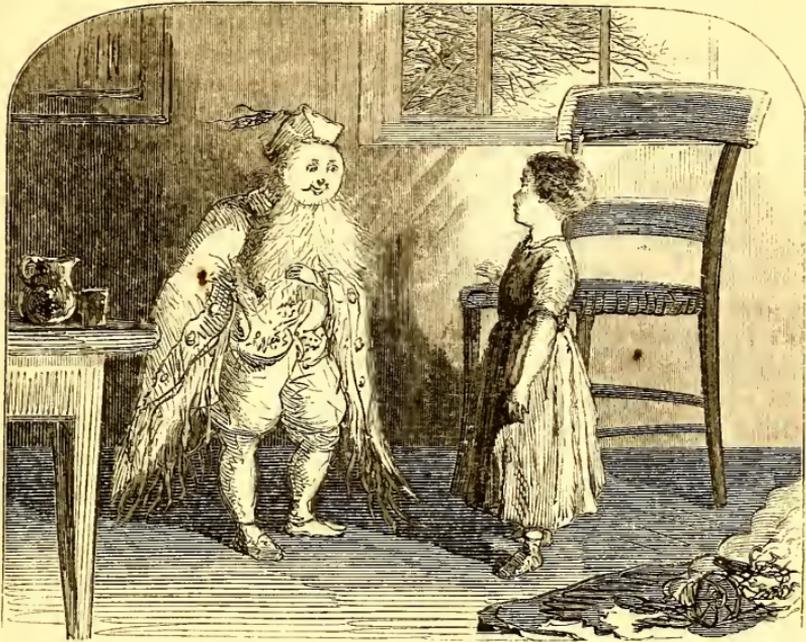
"Perhaps," said Bessie, a little doubtfully. "But then, if papa had ordered them, he would n't have looked so astonished when they came. Mamma seemed almost to have tears in her eyes when that last bundle came. I sha' n't believe it was cake, or even grapes, till I see them."

So, putting away the mystery, as something that they should know all about on the morrow, they ran down to the summer-house to see if any preparations were going on for the party.

The summer-house stood upon a little elevation which commanded an unobstructed view of the sea. Flower-beds were all around it; and on the right, in the direction of the beach, was a grove of silver poplars, which seemed to rival the glistening of the sea when the wind tossed their leaves to and fro.

Within the summer-house were two rooms,—one for mamma's work or writing, when she liked to be alone, and the other more open to the sun and

skip 2 pages



RUBY'S VISITOR.

HER father had gone to the village one night, and left her quite alone in that bit of a house ; it was really very small, — it did not seem much larger than a dog-kennel ; but it was large enough for two people, especially if one were such an atom as Ruby. It was a very lonely house, too, for it stood half-way up a mountain where the shadow of the pine forest was darkest, and the great white stretch of snow that sloped down through it lay still and untrodden, — still, except when the icicles clattered sharply down from the trees on it. Ruby could hear them often, when she sat alone ; she could hear the wind too, sobbing around the house as if its heart were broken, and then wailing off over miles of mountain solitude. Sometimes she could hear the chirp of a frightened bird in its nest, or the mournful cry of the whip-poorwill over in the swamp. Once she heard the growl of a distant bear that had lost his way.

But she never thought of such a thing as being afraid. Her father found and shot the bear, the next day, and it was the only one that had been seen on the mountain for years. As for the icicles, and the wind, and the whip-poorwill, she had heard them ever since she could remember, and they did not disturb her in the least. On the contrary, she thought they were very pleasant company when her father was gone, and she used to sit at the window for hours together, listening to them.

But she had her playmates in-doors as well as out. Of these, her favorite was the fire. Now I do not believe there are many people who can build such a fire as Ruby could. She used to gather such piles of light, dry brushwood, and such branches of dead oak-leaves, which made the prettiest, quivering shavings, and she had such fragrant pine-cones for her kindling-wood!

When the hearth was all blazing and crackling with a fire about as tall as she was, she used to sit down before it, and stretch out her hands with the fingers close together, so that she could see the beautiful, brilliant blood in them; or take off her shoes and stockings, and put her pretty pink feet almost into the ashes to warm them; or sit with her eyes very wide open, and look and look into the pile of blazing fagots, till she made herself think that it was some great city in flames, towers falling, steeples tottering, churches crashing, and hundreds of houses in hundreds of streets turned to living fire.

Or she would watch the lights and shadows chasing each other all over the little low room. Where they flecked the ceiling, they painted rare fresco-work, that shifted and changed to some new pattern every moment; where they quivered over the bare plaster of the walls, they hung them with tapestry drooping and rich with quaint devices, and glittering with embroidery of black and golden threads. Every piece of the old, well-worn furniture, — the huge pine-bedstead, and Ruby's little couch in the corner behind the chintz curtain, the rocking-chair and the cricket and the rough table, — all grew into the richest of foreign woods, with coverings of crimson and orange velvet, and the curtain waved itself into damask folds with jewelled fringes. As for the unpainted floor, that became the pavement of a palace, inlaid with ebony and gold.

At least, so Ruby used to think, and night after night, when her father had gone to the village to sell his wood, or the rabbits and squirrels that he shot in the forest, she would fancy, all the evening long, that she was not Ruby at all, but some beautiful, happy Princess.

Now how she came to be called *Ruby* I really do not know; but, after thinking of the matter two whole nights and a day, I have arrived at the conclusion that it was probably because her cheeks were as red as the reddest gem, and as soft as the sweetest of June roses, and her lips like beads of coral. I presume they were made so on purpose to be bits of crimson lights for her hair and eyes, which were as black as a summer's night when the stars are hidden.

On this evening of which I started to tell you, she built up her largest and brightest fire, — for it was a very cold evening, — looked a few minutes at the towers crashing down through the city, — watched for the frescos, and the tapestries, and the gold and ebony pavements to flicker and glow into their places, — put upon her forehead her mother's chain of gold beads that was kept so carefully in the drawer, and that served her for a princess's crown; then she suddenly remembered another of her playfellows who would be in the room that night, and went to the window to look for it.

Perhaps you will think it must have been a stupid companion, but I assure you that Ruby did not find it so. It was only the moonlight which had fallen silently in, and lay quite pale upon the floor.

The moon itself, looking very large and very lonely, was bright above the tops of the pines, against the blue of a far, faint sky. Every branch of every tree was tipped and edged with silver; all the foliage of the evergreens, and the dead leaves that had hung all winter shivering on their stems, flashed in the light like crystals; the footpaths stretched on through the woods, arched overhead and glittering, winding away and away like interminable fairy corridors, and the snow, like a mirror, caught all the pearly lights with which the air was filled, and threw them back. Ruby thought that they were little rainbow kisses tossed up at the moon.

She sat down on the floor right in a flood of light, with her hands folded, and her eyes looking up through the tree-tops, like a bit of a silver statue. And sitting so, she began to think — as Ruby loved to think when she was alone — about the rivers of molten pearl, and the diamond mountain, and the silver grass on silvered fields, and the trees with rainbows for blossoms and jewels for fruit, and the little ladies dressed in spun dew-drops, and — O, so many things that *might* be in the moon! If one could only find out for certain!

“O — I — really — why, what’s that? O, dear me!” said Ruby at last, scrambling to her feet in a hurry. For something or somebody was walking through the air, down upon the broadest of the moonbeams. Almost before she could draw a breath, it stood close upon the outside of the window, — something very large and very dark, but whether it was a man or an animal, Ruby could not decide.

“O, you can’t, you know,” she began, moving away a little, “you can’t possibly get through the window, — if you’ll wait till father comes, may be I’ll let you in at the door.”

But, to her unutterable surprise, the strange visitor at this came directly through the window without the slightest difficulty, or without making so much as a crack in the glass, and landed on the floor beside her.

“Oh! — if you please won’t! — why, I never did!” said Ruby, winking very hard, and looking around for a place to hide. But the stranger did not look in the least as if he had any thoughts of wringing her neck, or swallowing her whole, or doing her any harm whatever. He was only an old man, — a very odd old man, though. He was not so very much taller than Ruby; he had exceedingly white hands, and wore white satin slippers. His trousers were bright corn-color, and he had long pink stockings that came up to his knees. He wore a coat of white broadcloth, with sleeves a yard wide, and silver fringe and buttons. His vest was of faint, gray velvet, — whether it was faded or not, Ruby could not make out, — and on his head was a three-cornered cap of white tissue-paper, with a little black tassel on top of it. But by far the funniest thing about him was his face. It was as round as a dinner-plate, and perfectly white. His eyes were round, and his nose was round, and his mouth was round, and there was not a particle of color

anywhere in them. His eyebrows and eyelashes, his hair, and his long, flowing beard, were like drifting snow.

He stood looking very solemnly at Ruby, and, after he had looked a minute without speaking, he made her so low a bow, that the tassel on the tip of his tissue hat touched the ground.

"Why — why, who are you?" stammered Ruby, with her eyes very wide open.

"Guess," said he, setting his cap straight.

"Well, maybe," began Ruby, trying very hard not to be frightened, — "maybe you're one of the fairies that live in the rocks by the brook. I guess I saw you peekin' out of a crack, last week."

"No, you did n't," said the stranger; "guess again."

"Or perhaps you're some sort — some sort of a — sort of a king, you know," said Ruby, hesitating, and feeling of the gold beads on her forehead; "and you've got a palace, — a real live one."

"Guess again," said the old gentleman.

"I should n't wonder" — Ruby began to look again for a place to hide — "if you might be a — a *ghost!*"

The visitor burst into a laugh that echoed through the hut. "You're a good Yankee! You have n't come any nearer than you are to the moon."

"I'm sorry I'm so stupid," said Ruby, humbly. "Won't you tell me?"

"O, certainly, with the greatest pleasure, — certainly, certainly, I'm the Man in it."

"The Man in *what?*"

"The Man in the Moon."

"O my!" said Ruby.

"Yes, I am," continued he, growing suddenly very sober. "I have been ever since I can remember."

"You don't say so!" Ruby drew a long breath.

"I do," asserted the Man in the Moon, with an air of gentle melancholy.

The crimson lights on Ruby's cheeks fairly paled and glowed with curiosity. "If you would n't mind telling me, I should like so much to know, sir, what — what on earth you came down for?"

"Your fire."

"*My fire!*"

The old gentleman nodded. Ruby began to be afraid that he was going to make a bonfire of the house, or burn her at the stake.

"Cold!" said her visitor in an explanatory tone, shivering till every separate hair of his huge beard seemed to stand on end.

"What! don't you have any fire up there, sir?" asked Ruby.

"Sat on a snow chair all last evening, and slept under one blanket of ice, and a frost bedquilt, — caught the worst rheumatism I've had this season," said the Man in the Moon, sighing.

"O, how dreadful! and you don't mean to say you saw my fire clear down here, — *really?*"

The old gentleman nodded again.

Ruby looked at the fire, then up through the window at the moon. "I don't see how you could see so far, to save your life! Would n't you like to come up and get warm, sir?"

The old gentleman had been seized with such a shivering fit just then, that Ruby thought he would shiver himself to pieces; which would not have been at all convenient, as she should not know what to do with the broken bits. She felt relieved, however, when he smiled the roundest of smiles out of his round mouth, and seated himself in the rocking-chair in front of the hearth, apparently with the greatest satisfaction.

"You — you are — really, you are very kind," began her visitor, rubbing his hands. "I am *not* a thin man," he proceeded, apparently giving himself no trouble about the want of connection between his sentences; "never was but once, and that was when I lived on putty and dew-drops for two years. We had a famine. I grew so small I got lost one day in my own coat, — could n't find my way out for four hours and a half."

"Dear me!" said Ruby.

"Yes, you are very kind not to laugh, nor anything of the sort," he continued, with an absent air, — "very, indeed; and it is very good in you to let me warm myself at your fire, — very. On the whole, I think it is exceedingly good."

"Why, I should n't think of doing anything else," said Ruby, who had quite recovered from her fright; "but do tell me what you eat in the moon, when it is n't a famine?"

The old man twirled his silver buttons, felt of the tassel on his cap, gave his head a little shake, and looked solemnly into the fire. "Depends on the season, — sand-cakes with hail-sauce are about as good as anything in their time. I have an excellent recipe for a sea-shell pudding; and for breakfast, I take fried snow-balls pretty much the year round."

"O," said Ruby. "Well, I *should* like to know if you were n't cold, taking such a long journey in that hat."

"O," said the Man in the Moon, "I 'm used to it."

"But what do you wear it for?" persisted Ruby.

At this he looked very wise, and stared into the fire again, but said nothing. Ruby did not dare to repeat the question; so she stood with her eyes very black, looking at the funny, fat little figure and solemn white face beside her.

"Are there *really* little ladies up there," she broke out at last, "with silver dresses, and diamond mountains, and castles with great pearl doors, and little princes riding white horses, and —"

"No, ma'am," interrupted the Man in the Moon, "there is n't anybody but me."

"Don't you get dreadfully tired of it?" said Ruby, beginning to feel very sorry for him.

He gave a little short groan, and, taking a black silk handkerchief out of his pocket, began to wipe his eyes. The handkerchief was so large that it dragged on the floor, and covered him quite out of sight, till he began to feel

in better spirits, when he folded it up sixteen times, and put it back in its place.

"Who hems your handkerchiefs?" asked Ruby, suddenly.

"Hem 'em myself."

"Why, how did you learn to sew?"

"O, I always knew how: first time I remember anything about myself, I was sitting on top of a thorn-tree, mending a pair of mittens."

"You *were*?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, with a meditative air, "I was."

Seeing how much enjoyment he appeared to take from the heat of the fire, Ruby suddenly bethought herself that he might also fancy some supper, — especially, poor man! as his bill of fare in his own residence was so uninviting. So she stole away on tiptoe to the closet, and brought out the remains of her supper, — a brown-bread cake, and a cup of goat's milk. There was a bit of cold squirrel, too; but that was saved for her father. She spread them before her visitor on the table.

"Would n't you like some supper, sir? It is n't much; but I think it must be better than what you have at home."

"Much obliged," he said, looking first at the bread, then at the milk, then at her, — "very much indeed. Really, you are remarkably polite; but I never allow myself to eat away from home; it does n't agree with my constitution. The last time I did it, — I 'd gone on a visit to my first-cousin, who lives in the planet Jupiter, — it gave me St. Vitus's dance, and I had to walk on my head for a week afterwards."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Ruby, who *did* catch some country expressions occasionally. "Well, I 'm sure I would n't have asked you, if I 'd known."

She put up the tea-things with a great clatter and hurry. Indeed, I am not sure but she was afraid the dyspeptic gentleman might be overcome by his appetite, and snatch a mouthful or two as she was carrying away the bread and milk. As for his exercising around the room on the tip of that tissue hat, though it might be a very interesting phenomenon, she thought she should, on the whole, prefer that he would not perform till her father came home.

She had no more than fairly locked up her dishes and come back to take a seat on the cricket, when she was attracted by a strange behavior on the part of her guest. He had been watching her, every step she took about the room, and now he folded both his little fat hands, and, looking at her very hard, gave her a solemn wink.

"What do you want?" asked Ruby.

Another wink; but he said not a word.

"I — I don't exactly understand," said Ruby.

Wink — wink — wink.

"Does the light hurt your eyes, sir?"

Wink — wink; but not a syllable did he say. Ruby was now really frightened. Perhaps he was a cannibal, and was going to make his supper out of her, after all! And, O dear! to think of being eaten up alive! And if she

could *only* jump out the window and run away! And what *would* her father think when he came home, and found nothing but her dress and shoes and a heap of little white bones!

Wink — wink — wink — wink.

O dear! could n't she climb up the chimney?

And then he opened his mouth. Ruby screamed aloud, but she did not dare to stir.

"I say," said the old man, "you 're a very polite young lady, — very polite; quite a sweet voice; and you 're very good-looking, too."

"Dear no, sir," said Ruby, drawing a long breath, and feeling very much relieved.

"What should you say," continued the old gentleman, "to coming home with me? You might come back every Saturday night and see your father, you know."

"O dear!" cried Ruby, turning pale, "I could n't think of it, — I could n't possibly."

"O, it 's of no consequence," replied the Man in the Moon, looking quite unconcerned, — "none in the world; it 's just as well. I think I must be going now. There won't be anybody to ring the nine-o'clock bell if I don't." And before Ruby could find words to speak, he had walked with a serious air to the window and disappeared.

Ruby started, stared, and rubbed her eyes to look out after him. The forest was quite still; the wind had cried itself to sleep, and her father was just coming up the foot-path that led to the door.

Ruby, bewildered, looked up, — miles and miles away at the moon. The old gentleman's solemn face was staring down out of it; and if it had not been for the branch of a little tossing birch-tree that came in the way just then, she would have been sure — perfectly sure — that he winked at her. Though I have been told that her father, with the stupidity common to parents, teachers, older sisters, and all ignorant people, continues somewhat sceptical on that point to this day.

It is reported, I believe, by a correspondent of a Patagonia paper, who found it in a Kamtschatkan exchange, which had it from the editor of a Boorioboola daily, who copied it from a popular magazine issued on the Mountains of the Moon, — where, of course, they ought to know, — that all this happened about the time when the Man in the Moon was hunting for a wife.

E. Stuart Phelps.





A MODERN CINDERELLA.

THE eyes pertaining to Somebody opened very early, and very reluctantly, one bitter cold morning, in a front room on the third or fourth floor of a boarding-house "up town." About the same moment, and perhaps the cause of that effect, the ears of Somebody became aware of a grating, scratching sound somewhere below. It might have been six o'clock, but the sun was not in the habit of getting up before that hour, probably because the weather was so cold, and, when inside shutters were partly closed, the hour seemed very doubtful. As before said, the eyes opened reluctantly, with a vague idea that it was somewhere about midnight, and the ears added to this impression sundry suggestions of burglars, and, listening intently to the mysterious pick, scratch, rattle, were almost convinced that some visionary thief was about to seek a fortune in a clerk's boarding-house. But the unearthly whoop of a milkman, and the sound of his flapping arms, as he stood up in

Turn back sixteen pages

air, where visitors lingered to enjoy the view, or rest in their walks through the grounds. As the children entered the inner room, they found that the rural furniture had been removed, and that the walls were covered with light festoons of evergreen. Nurse Mary and Katie the chambermaid were busy at work, and the children had scarcely time to see the shining of silver paper and heaps of little bright stars lying upon the floor, when they were urged to run away, as they would be so much better pleased to see it when it was all finished, — besides, “Papa wished it.” So, half sorry, yet obedient, Grace and Bessie walked down to the water, to pass away the time by watching the waves roll lazily upon the beach and roll lazily back again. It was such a warm afternoon that the waves seemed inclined to take things easily and half drop off to sleep, as most of the people were doing in the fine houses along the shore.

There was every prospect in the west of a fine day on the morrow; and as the children watched the sun go down, Grace exclaimed, in her own grand style, “Bessie, our silver wedding is to be the loveliest affair! There will not be a cloud anywhere, I am very sure, for it really seems as if the sun said, ‘Good night; I mean to shine brightly for you to-morrow.’”

“There is n’t any man in the sun, is there, Grace?” asked Bessie, having heard of the Man in the Moon.

“No, there is n’t Bessie; but you may be sure that, when we go to bed, the Man in the Moon will be peeping in, and winking at us, as much as to say, ‘I shall be round to-morrow night.’”

Bessie’s laugh rang out merrily at the prognostications of Grace; and as it was growing late, the two started back to the house with their arms interlaced behind them; and it was not long after that they were lying under their mosquito-netting, with the Man in the Moon promising, as well as he could promise, that he would be round on the silver-wedding night.

The day did indeed dawn without a cloud. The children sprang out of bed at the first call, and, raising the linen shades, looked out upon the smiling garden, the smiling poplar-trees, and the smiling sea. What a day for a silver wedding was this! And at the breakfast-table, what a smiling papa and mamma! And such was the gladness in the hearts of Grace and Bessie, that the silver of the breakfast-service seemed to smile in company. Well, it was altogether delightful.

What do you think could add to this? The visit to the summer-house to see everything completed in the decorations, which seemed like the work of fairy fingers; then the dressing; and then the first arrival, at three o’clock precisely, of Miss Alice Browne, with her three beautiful dolls, all dressed in wedding favors, and attended by a servant with a basket of white grapes.

It was this arrival that gave the first visible form to the grand idea; and even Grace forgot her welcome in the realization of the silver wedding thus inaugurated; for the dolls’ hats were evidently newly trimmed with shining white ornaments in honor of the occasion.

While Grace stood half amazed at the pretty sight, her mother stepped forward, and relieved them all of their embarrassment, by leading the way to

the summer-house, which was now to be reception-room and tea-room for the children. It was not long before the little visitor was made quite at home by the admiration of her dolls, — it so soon warms one into friendship to have one's own admired !

After this the arrivals became frequent, and then the guests would come along in little parties gathered on the way, and at last all were there, and the plays began. It was a very pretty scene in and around the summer-house, that lovely afternoon. Every child was dressed in white, and beautifully dressed dolls outnumbered the children. There was every variety of equipage for the very little folks, and down on the beach the doll-wagons were drawn rapidly with laugh and shout over the smooth sand, while the little ladies within sat with their eyes wide open upon the lovely view, with the same expression upon their faces as they had in the bazaar where they were bought, — poor dolls ! At a certain time there seemed to be a stir among the servants of the house, and papa came down among the merry little people playing games, to say that all must go upon the beach for a short time with him, for he wanted to tell them a story of a wonderful mouse, who always sent his compliments to the household cat when there was to be a cheese party, for fear that, if she did not receive this delicate attention, she would eat him up.

At this prospect of a story, all the dolls that had been left in the shade, or had been carelessly tossed down, were gathered again into the maternal arms, and the party joined the group upon the beach. Here seats had been placed for them, and, having arranged themselves around Mr. Smyth, he kept them in the best of spirits with his story of the wonderful mouse.

We will not recite this story here, for we wish to tell that preparations were going on in the summer-house for the children's tea. As the outer room was small, it was arranged that the children should have a view of the tea-table, and then pass to seats outside ; in this way, mamma and Nurse Mary would have the whole control of the table. I know that we must n't think too much of such things, but that tea-table was a wonder of the nicest bread and butter and cakes and jellies and tarts and fruit and cream and nice sweet milk ! Mamma and Nurse Mary were perfectly satisfied.

But what was that carefully guarded secret in the reception-room ? Some little stragglers saw the nice things that were passed from the house to the tea-table, and they caught a glimpse of the table itself, as they flitted along the walk ; but they caught no whisper of the secret which was in mamma's watchfulness, and papa's smile.

When everything was ready, the doors between the two rooms were thrown open, and also the door leading from the inner room into the garden, and then, at a preconcerted signal, papa on the beach gave the word for a return to the summer-house to tea. The command was eagerly obeyed, the white flock looking like doves to those who watched their coming.

Mrs. Smyth received them at the outer door of the reception-room, and then its secret was revealed. On a rosewood table were arranged the silver-wedding presents of Grace and Bessie from their little friends. In the

centre of the table stood a miniature silver tea-service complete, resting upon a little silver waiter, and about it smaller articles of silver, with baskets of flowers and fruits. When the first exclamations of delight were over, Grace and Bessie came forward to receive and examine their gifts, scarcely realizing that, after the manner of older circles, a silver tea-set had been presented to them. This was from the little guests whose parents were most intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, and was a copy of the very latest style at Bigelow and Kennard's. The waiter was from papa. Each article was of excellent workmanship, and the tiny medallions which ornamented them were all in keeping with the general finish. The set was quite large enough for a child's tea-party, and fully repaid the givers for the pains they had taken in their directions for so novel a specimen of plate. Upon a card accompanying the gift were the names of the little girls who were supposed to present it, with gracefully worded compliments upon the happy occasion.



Following the exclamations of delight around the table, Grace and Bessie were astonished at other gifts, quite as perfect in their way. There was a small silver vase with lilies of the valley in wax, "From Annie Heywood,

with love"; a pretty silver thimble for each, with "Nurse Mary" on the card; six little silver spoons "From Aunt Lucy and Uncle Edward"; two napkin rings with a delicate little napkin in each, embroidered with the initials as they appeared on the silver-wedding invitations, "From Mamma"; and better than all, two beautifully bound Bibles, with silver clasps, from a little invalid friend who could not be present, but who had written upon her card, "From Daisy Childs, whose mother says, whenever you unfasten the silver clasps something brighter than silver will shine into your souls." The children were deeply touched by this token from their sick Daisy, and Bessie remembered the tears in her mother's eyes which she had spoken about to Grace, — this must have been the present that affected her so much.

However, this was no time for tears; so the young guests, after due time had been allowed them for an examination of the presents, were invited into the tea-room, and their eyes were regaled with another feast of good things. This time they appropriated them to themselves, and there followed a great chattering for little voices, lively stepping round of the waiters, and timid screams at some fancied danger from a bug taking a walk, so that it was quite amusing for papa to hover round, although grown people were not invited to the feast. After this very satisfactory part of the entertainment was over, and dancing upon the lawn had commenced, the eight o'clock guests began to arrive, and the treasures of the inner room were again revealed to admiring eyes.

While all were thus engaged, — with the silver moonlight softening the scene into a picture of fairy-land, — Bessie stole gently to her mother's side, and, looking wistfully into her face, asked, "Mamma, did people give us all those beautiful presents because they thought we asked for them?"

"O no, my dear," replied her mother, amused and gratified by the earnestness of the child's expression; "they did not think for an instant that you asked for them, and I am as much surprised as yourself that they were given; but I suppose that every one who sends out cards with 'Silver-wedding' invitations must expect the penalty."

"If people thought we asked for them, dear mamma, we would never have a silver wedding again, I'm sure!" said Bessie, with a little sigh for such a sacrifice.

"O, never mind, my dear, don't trouble your little heart about the matter. It has been a pleasure, I know, to all who have given you these pretty gifts. So go, now, and have a good dance while you can, for the silver wedding will soon be over."

Mamma had a quiet laugh with the grown-up friends of Bessie upon her silver-wedding doubts, and they all agreed that she was rather wise in her littleness of body.

Grace, on the other hand, when she saw the guests departing, thought of nothing but the success of her grand idea, and courteously invited them all to her *golden* wedding, another year.

Betsy Blake.

GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

V.

THE time had now come for hauling. Hugh, during his residence at Falmouth and Saco, had established a character for industry, integrity, and good judgment, by which and the efforts of his brother James and his cousin Bryce he obtained men and teams, who, as the value of the masts was fixed and the pay sure, agreed to help him "on shares." Hugh improved the first snow that fell by hauling some logs to the mill at Sacarappa, where they were sawed into boards and plank. With these he made a long table, and some settles to place before the fire, with backs as high as the top of a person's head, to break off the drafts of wind that went up the great chimney. He also made some benches as long as the table, one for each side, and supplied doors between the rooms instead of blankets, and board partitions in the lieu of hemlock bark. But he was so anxious to get the masts cut before the neighbors came to help him, that he worked in the woods through all the storms, and made his doors, settles, and benches in the evenings; and as they had no candles, when he had to work away from the fire-light William held some splinters of pitch-wood, which answer very well for candles.

Great was the excitement in that lonely household, the members of which but seldom saw a white face beyond the circle of their own family, when at noon of the appointed day there came ten men, with twenty oxen, bringing their hay and provisions on sleds. All was now bustle both in doors and out. Elizabeth had been up long before day, and had heated the ovens and baked beans, and made Indian puddings, and boiled beef and pork and cabbages, — for they now had abundance.

"We certainly ought to be thankful," said she to her husband, as she looked over the table to see if all was in order, "that we can set such a table as this, and nearly everything on it from our own land."

"It is all from our own land," he replied; "for though we bought the beef, our timber paid for it, and I rather think that will be the easiest way to get all the provision. But only see what it is to have oxen, — for, as the blessed Book says, 'much increase is by the strength of the ox,' and we certainly ought not to forget old Star and Golding. If it were not for them, we should not have a table to eat from."

The children had been up ever since daybreak, aroused by the crackling of the fire in the oven, and Abigail was not half dressed, which her mother had been too busy and excited herself to notice. They kept right at their mother's heels, scrutinizing every motion, except when they were sent to bring in wood or water. It was a great day to them. They had never seen so many people together in their lives as would be at their house to dine that

day, and it was only a few months since they had first seen an ox, so that the novelty of the sight had hardly worn off. They could not be satisfied with looking at and feeling of the new pewter plates, shining like silver, which were now brought out for the first time, the great pewter platters and porringers, the brown earthen drinking-mugs, and the cranberries, stewed and sweetened with molasses, which Elizabeth had got of the Indians, — for nobody else knew where they grew. All these things were new to them, for they had been used to see on the table only wooden plates and drinking-vessels, and wooden or horn spoons. When at length they heard the shouts of the teamsters in the distance, coming slowly, as they with difficulty urged their weary cattle through the deep snow, which had not yet been broken, they rushed bareheaded from the house, in an ecstasy of happiness and wonder that is beyond all description. Hugh's cattle, and even the horse, shared in the general excitement; the horse whinnied, the oxen bellowed, and the calf ran in between the strange cattle, and astride of the chains, and between the bars of the sleds, and cut up all kinds of antics. The oxen were chained to trees and fed, but, worn out with their journey, — for they had been out all night, — they dropped down in the snow and refused to eat. The men, scarcely less weary, passed into the great kitchen, where a blazing fire was roaring in the huge fireplace, and the bountiful table spread. Hugh had stationed himself by the door with a pailful of New England rum and water sweetened, and as they came in gave each one a drink, after which all took their seats at the table, where, after the grace, Hugh and his wife and William waited upon them.

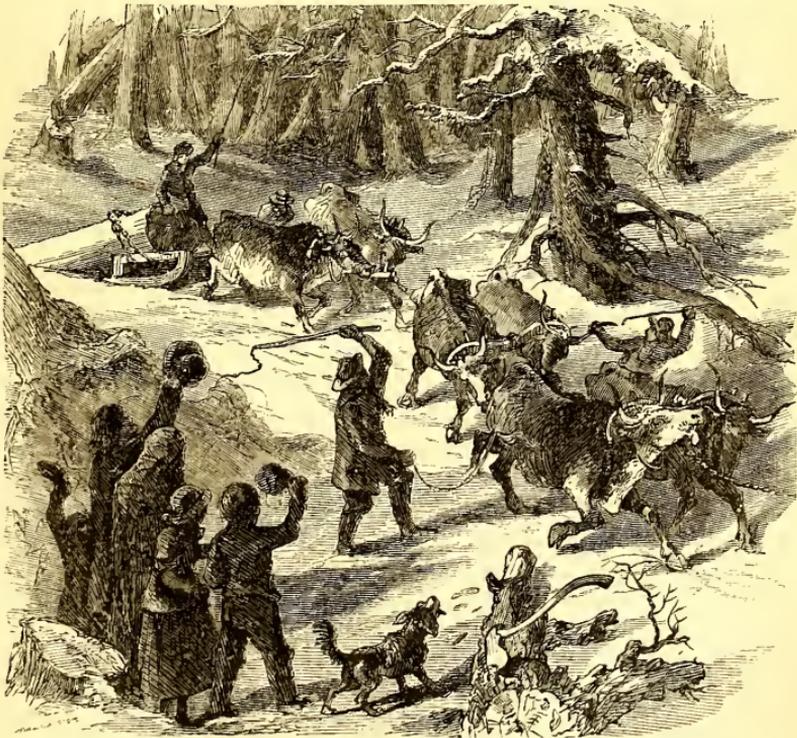
Nothing could be undertaken in those days without rum. It was the great and almost the only vice of our fathers; and many of those acres obtained with so much toil and bloodshed were lost by their children, through habits of intemperance learned at the very fireside. That appetite which the iron constitution and strong will of the parents kept within the limits of sobriety was by their descendants in too many instances indulged to excess. Thus, while the elders were willing to deprive themselves of the common comforts of life that they might give their children the blessings of religion and education, they taught them at the same time a habit which destroys both soul and body.

The contents of the great pewter platters disappeared with great celerity before the hungry guests who had been wading all night in the deep snow, and had not broken their fast since the day before. Their hunger being at length appeased, they drew up around the great fire, and dried their wet clothes, and thawed their frozen shoes and leggins, and rested an hour or so.

Refreshed by the hearty meal, the warmth, and the short rest, they took their axes and proceeded to a growth of small pines within a short distance of the house. The keen blades, swung in practised hands, flashed in the air, the woods rang with the din of blows, and soon the long, slim trees lay widely prostrate. Some now began to cut them into appropriate lengths, while others notched and rolled them up; and in an incredibly short time a rude hovel rose where a few hours before had been the dense forest. A

floor was now laid with poles, — puncheons, as they termed them, — which Hugh, who was most skilful with the broad-axe, had been hewing on one side, — all which the time permitted. The stanchions for tying the cattle were now put in, which had been brought all made, and the neck bows ; a roof of brush was then put on, the hay put in, and just as the twilight came on the tired oxen were released from the yoke and placed in their new quarters.

In addition to the government timber, Hugh had cut a lot of smaller spars, for which there was always a ready market. The royal timber was also of different sizes ; the masts were immense sticks, three feet in diameter after they were hewn, and more than a hundred feet in length, — the bowsprits were larger, but much shorter, while the yards were smaller still. The party had in the first place to break the road with empty sleds, it being all the oxen could do to get through the deep snow ; then they took light loads of the small spars, which they continued to haul for some days, — in the mean time carefully examining the road, cutting off all roots and limbs that projected into it, putting poles in all the soft places, and treading down the snow into them that it might freeze and make a hard road, and making the necessary bridges in the gullies, till all the way was as hard and smooth as glass. Then they put on a bowsprit to try, which from its different shape was much less difficult to haul than a mast. As the road bore this without “slumping,” they now loaded one of the large masts. This was very exciting work, and especially to the children and Elizabeth, who looked on.



Men were stationed by the middle cattle to keep them from getting down, or getting the chain over their backs in crossing the gullies and knolls, — for they were sometimes hung up by the neck for a moment, and a chain straightened over a creature's back would break it instantly. Men were also stationed by the sled with ropes to keep it from turning bottom up. But when the great mass moved off at the word of command, the sled creaking and groaning under the weight, the drivers shouting, and the oxen exerting themselves to the utmost, Captain Phinney took off his hat and gave a cheer for the first mast cut and hauled in the town of Gorham since it had received that name; in which all joined, the shrill screams of the children, who wellnigh split their throats in striving to perform their parts, predominating over the rest.

They sometimes took a day or two, and beat up the quarters of a bear, or hunted moose upon the crust, to help out their provisions; and thus they went on successfully, getting out mast after mast, without accident to man or beast, till the advent of spring put an end to their work.

When they came to settle up the winter's labor and divide the proceeds, Hugh found himself in possession of more money than he had ever seen before in his life. Encouraged by this, he determined to devote his whole attention to the occupation which he had found so profitable.

But though successful, he received a lesson which he never forgot, since he and his family were brought nearer to starvation than ever before. He hired two hands, and went to cutting masts for the next winter's work, peeling the bark off to keep the worms from spoiling them. When haying-time came, he mowed all the wild grass he could find in the natural meadows and old beaver-dams, and stacked it, making abundant provision for his cattle in the winter. Then, not having planted a hill of corn, and only a few potatoes and peas, he set himself to cutting masts, intending to buy his bread, and give his whole mind and time to lumbering. By the middle of November he had a great number of masts and other lumber ready to haul on the first snows.

But now occurred a misfortune, which it is not surprising an emigrant and a stranger in the country should not have foreseen, — especially as hundreds born in the country, and better advised, were in the same condition. Silver and gold were at that time scarce, and almost all trade was by barter. To this lumbering was an exception, and offered a direct means of getting hard money, whence followed a universal neglect of farming in Maine. The result of which, in turn, was a great scarcity of breadstuff. As this was procured from the Carolinas and other parts of the country by small vessels, in the winters, when vessels could not get in to the coast, the scarcity at times amounted to a famine, and became especially severe at such times with those outlying settlers who were separated by wide and almost impassable woods from any place where corn could be procured. The last time that the team went down with a mast, Hugh had bought and hauled home corn enough to have lasted him, under ordinary circumstances, till February. But as he had neglected hunting altogether that he might cut masts, he had lit-

tle meat, and so consumed more corn. He had no harvest to look forward to, and by the middle of November, when his stock was greatly reduced, he found that, as the great body of settlers in Maine had done pretty much like himself, there was scarcely any corn or grain in the whole Eastern country, — that the great bulk of the people must, till another year, depend for food upon the uncertain supplies that came by coasters, — and, going to Portland to get an axe, he made the alarming discovery that there was no corn there to be had at any price. In addition to this, as he had determined upon buying his corn, he had kept but one spring pig, and so had but little pork to raise.

“Well, wife,” said Hugh, somewhat depressed after telling her the state of things, “I thought if we had money, we could not but get on; and now that we have more money than we ever had in our lives, we are like to starve. It makes me think of a story I have heard about an Arab who was travelling in the desert, and in a starving condition. He espied a bag on the ground, and, hoping it might be bread, picked it up; but it contained only pearls.”

“Don’t be distrustful, Hugh,” replied his wife, whose spirit nothing could depress, “after all that God has brought us through. Look at this nice, comfortable house, and remember that first night in the old camp; and only look at this,” — placing a plump and savory-steaming partridge before him, that Billy had shot that morning with his bow and arrow. “Depend upon it, my laddie, it is not those who have money who are going to starve, even in a famine; it was never so in the old country, for they would still find some means to get what little there was.”

Encouraged by the cheery tone of his sage counsellor, backed by a voracious appetite, (for the cold and hungry man had eaten nothing since morning, and had brought an axe and a half-bushel of salt on his back nine miles through the woods,) and with his back to the blazing fire, he made short work of the partridge, drank up a platter of hot pea-soup, and finished with sundry thick slices of bread. But when, having satisfied his hunger, he turned round to the great fire and stretched out his wet feet to the grateful heat, and met the cheerful countenance of his wife, who, too industrious to lose any time, sat knitting on the block in the corner, while in the other corner lay Billy, stretched at full length on the hearth, with his feet to the fire, and he noticed the great bones and sinews of the boy, giving promise of early and efficient partnership in his own toils, he began to be of his wife’s opinion.

“You are better than I am, Elizabeth,” said he; “and I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am. God forgive me! We are ungrateful creatures at the best.”

“I have not been travelling all day through the swamps with a load on my back,” said she, “but sitting here by the warm fire; and we feel down-hearted when we are tired and hungry. But now take the good Book, and thank God for all His mercies, for surely they have been many.”

Hugh prayed, and was strengthened. They then, after laying their plans to meet this new emergency, retired to rest. The result of this matrimonial counsel was soon apparent. The allowance of bread in the family was

diminished, and a whole week spent in hunting, and the meat dried in the smoke, after the method of the Indians. Hugh went to Portland and bought a quantity of pickled and dry fish. A great quantity of acorns, beech-nuts, ground-nuts, and lily-roots were gathered and dried and stored up; these last were to grind with the corn to make it hold out longer. As there were a good many masts cut, a large part of the time was devoted to hunting, which the coming cold weather and deep snows would render difficult.

Hugh, now expecting the teams, took some of the boards which he had obtained during the last winter, and laid a floor in the chamber above, and all over the lower part of the house, that it might be warmer than the timber floor, which was open and rough-laid, while this was double, planed and jointed, and as tight as a cup. But that which pleased Elizabeth most of all was the procuring of a Dutch oven, — which was a flat-bottomed iron kettle, having an iron cover with a rim around it two inches high. This was put on the fire, and hot coals put on the cover, and thus, with heat both above and below, bread or meat baked nicely, — which saved heating the great oven, and, as the bread baked in half the time it would on a board by the fire, this was a great help in the short, cold winter mornings when so many men were to have their breakfast before light, that they might get the cattle fed, and be in the woods by sunrise.

Hugh now went over the road and removed the trees that had blown down or fallen across it in the summer, and put new poles in all the miry spots and skids in the hollows. The snow soon came, and with it, much earlier in the season than before, the teams and men. They had made so good a winter's work the year before, that they were eager to begin as soon as possible. All their talk this winter was about the scarcity of corn and grain, for all alike felt the hand of poverty, and all were agreed in opinion that the settlers in the Eastern country had made a great mistake in devoting themselves so much to lumbering. Indeed, some of them confessed, that, though they had five hundred acres of land, they had not planted a hill of anything, but had spent the entire year (except when they were cutting their hay) in cutting and hauling timber, or rafting it down the rivers, or at work in the mills; and now corn was thirty shillings a bushel, and little to be had at that, — the holders keeping it for a higher price, knowing that people must buy or starve. Solemn resolutions were made that, if they escaped starvation this time, they would never be caught doing the like again.

“But the worst of it is,” said Patterson, of Saco, “if we go on in this way, we shall not be able to lumber much longer; for we shall have no hay for the oxen, because we burn over the land, and don't plough it, but let it lie and so it bears no grass, but grows up to fire-weed and pigeon-weed and wild-cherry and all kind of stuff, — the forest over again.” Indeed, such was the case to some extent then, for one of the men who was short of hay, and had four oxen, offered Hugh one yoke of them for their keeping, which, as he had abundance of hay, was gladly accepted; for Hugh had formed quite different plans for the next year, in consequence of his bitter experience.

By hunting, grinding acorns and the cobs of the corn together with the

kernel, they contrived to make the corn hold out till the hauling season was over, though their meat diet brought on various disorders and eruptions. But when the company was gone, and the bustle and cheerfulness which their presence caused no longer existed, and they were left alone, — with cows almost dry, the deep snows so favorable for the taking of moose and deer diminished, the bears, raccoons, and beaver leaving their dens, and no longer to be taken as before, and the children, missing their milk, beginning to cry for the bread which could not be given them, except in scanty morsels, — the hearts of the parents grew heavy, and their minds were filled with gloomy thoughts. As a penance for the past year's neglect, the father now began to cut trees for a burn ; but his arm, enfeebled by hunger, struck but feeble blows ; still he persevered, and performed about half his usual task. In this extremity they resorted to various expedients ; maple-sugar was boiled with milk and roots, and eaten to allay the cravings of hunger. Many a time did Hugh drop his axe, and, falling on his knees in the lonely forest, plead with Heaven for aid, rising to return with renewed courage to his labor.

At this period of distress an Indian, who had been out hunting without success, (belonging to a party who had camped at Sebago Pond,) entered the house, evidently faint and weary, and, approaching Elizabeth, said, "Indian hungry." She, without a moment's hesitation, gave him a portion of her scanty allowance, although she was then boiling lily-roots for the children's dinner, together with elm-bark and hazel-nuts. She then spread a blanket for him by the fire, and he lay down to sleep. Arising completely refreshed, he pursued his journey, departing without a word of acknowledgment.

In four days from this time the same Indian came, and, laying on the table a porcupine's skin filled with corn, and the hind leg of a beaver, said : "Squaw have big heart ; she have little, she feed Indian. Indian, he have big heart too ; he feed squaw." His keen eye, well read in the signs of hunger, had detected its ravages in the faces of the mother and children, and he hastened to repay the kindness.

William, who had gone to Saco to try to purchase some corn, now returned with only a peck, with the gun his uncle had promised him, and a dog, — a puppy of a large and excellent breed ; and it would be difficult to tell which he was the most delighted with, — the dog or the gun.

"Why, William McLellan," exclaimed Elizabeth, when she saw this unwelcome addition to their family. "Have we not hungry mouths enough to fill now, that you must needs bring this good-for-nothing puppy to eat us out of house and home ? I thought you had more sense, William."

"O mother," he replied, "the dog will help fill our mouths, instead of taking anything out of them" ; — and so indeed it proved, for he not only aided essentially in the support of the family, but finally became the means of saving their lives, and the mother often had occasion to change her hasty conclusion.

William spent the remainder of the day in cleaning his gun, and running bullets to fit it in a mould which his uncle had also given him. The next morning early, he started with the dog for the woods, and in two hours came back with three raccoons.

"Why, Will," said his mother, overjoyed, — for it was long since they had procured any meat, — "how did you get all these so quick?"

"I did n't get them," said he, rejoiced to vindicate his dog's character, — "I never should have got 'em: the dog got 'em. They were all coiled up round the body of a spruce, right at the butts of the limbs, — O, just as snug! — and I might have gone under the tree a hundred times without seeing them, they were so near the color of the bark; but Bose scented them, and began to bark, — you don't know how he did bark, — he barked *awful*, and began to scratch, and stand up on his hind legs, and put his fore-paws against the tree, and then I saw 'em."

A few days after, Bose treed some partridges, which Billy shot and brought home; and he found the holes of raccoons and woodchucks in hollow trees and logs; and William cut them out, and the dog shook them till he killed them.

At length, one day when his father was away, William came to his mother in great excitement. The dog had found a bear in a den.

"How do you know there is but one?" said his mother.

"Because I saw him go in."

Here was a great temptation; the weather was cold enough for the meat to keep a long time, and, as they were without pork, the fat was a great item to the mother in her cookery, and the skin was valuable to sell, or for clothing. Elizabeth reflected some moments while the son eagerly watched his mother's face to anticipate her decision; finally, to his great delight, she said: "William, we must have that bear. Providence has put him in our way, and it seems to be our duty. We shall certainly be protected in doing our duty."

"It was n't Providence, ma'am, it was Bose," cried Billy; "he drove him into the den."

"Well, it was Providence that sent us Bose, Billy."

Thus doubly fortified by hunger and a sense of duty, after William had loaded the guns they sallied forth.

"Mother," said Billy, "it's better that your gun should be empty than mine. I'll start him out, and you fire."

He tried by thumping on the den, which was under a windfall where two trees had blown down together, to make the brute come out, but the bear, which, as they afterwards found, had been hunted before, only growled and refused to come.

"You disobliging old scamp," said Billy, "I'll make you come, — you see if I don't," — and, going to the house for a firebrand, he set the den on fire. No sooner had the smoke begun to penetrate the den, than the bear began to sneeze, and soon came out, receiving the contents of Elizabeth's gun in his face and eyes.

William, thus early manifesting the cool judgment that distinguished him in after life, had loaded his mother's gun with shot, knowing that the scattering would do much to make up for the inaccuracy of aim, and would blind and bother the bear, and afford him and the dog a better opportunity to deal



with him. But, confident in the sureness of his own aim, he had loaded his gun with two balls. While the bear, half blind and mad with pain, hesitated a moment, the dog seized him behind, and, rising on his hind legs to confront the dog, he received William's fire, who, resting his gun over the windfall, took deliberate aim, and shot him dead.

"Did n't Bose do well, mother?" said William.

"I think you did well, my boy; you shot him."

"But I never could have shot him so slick, if Bose had n't taken hold of him behind; that stopped him, and I had a chance for a rest, and could n't help hitting him."

They now took the oxen and sled to haul the carcass to the house; but the cattle would not go near the brute, and finally got away from them, and, snorting and trembling, ran home. So they skinned and cut the bear up in the woods, and took it home on the back of the horse, which, accustomed to adventures, was not a bit afraid of a dead bear. Ever after this Bose had a warm place by the fire, and shared with the family the provisions he contributed in so great a degree to procure.

Bose often went hunting on his own account, and would dig out and bring home animals, and then cover them up in the ground, to eat at his leisure. If he found an animal that he could not get at, he would come home and by signs invite his master to follow him to the place. He had an unconquerable antipathy to Indians. He would scent them at a great distance, and it was necessary to tie him up when they were about to keep him from tearing the Indian children to pieces, and the Indians from shooting him. The moment he scented one at a distance he would begin to growl, and the hair on his back would rise up.

The frost was soon out, and the land which Hugh had first cleared was in a state to plough, the stumps and roots being tender with decay. He had now, with his own cattle and those he had taken to winter, a powerful team, and he hired help and broke up a large piece of ground. He then took the ends of the ears of corn which were not fit to plant, and ground them together with the cob and some acorns, — which was the last of their corn, although it had been husbanded with the greatest care, and they had been on allowance for four months. But while the last baking was in the oven, he heard from his brother at Saco that a vessel had come in with corn, that the civil authorities were compelling the owners to sell it in small lots and at a moderate price, and that three bushels had been secured for him. This good news was brought by John Cutts, one of the men who worked with him in the winter, — the same man that let him have the oxen, and who had now come for his cattle, bringing half a bushel of the corn on his back.

“I knew you were short as you could be,” said John, “and thought I would make you glad to see me.”

They were indeed glad to see him, and, as blessings or troubles rarely come single, it was announced that one of the cows had calved, and the children were jubilant with the prospect of milk. A pleasant evening was that, and bear-meat tasted delicious now there was bread to go with it. A mighty corn-loaf was baked, and the other batch, half baked, was taken from the oven and thrown away.

As there were no newspapers, all news was communicated by word of mouth, and John informed them of all that had occurred during the winter, — who had died, who had been married, the news from England, the suffering of the people for bread, and the doings of the Great and General Court in Boston, — and so the evening passed pleasantly away.

The next morning Hugh set out for Saco to get his corn, and then he heard that a vessel had arrived at Portland with four thousand bushels more. The fact was, that these vessels had been detained off the coast many weeks by northerly winds, and then came in together. After resting a day he went to Portland and brought home ten bushels more and some pork. Hugh thought the face of nature never looked so beautiful as on that day. He whistled, he sang “The Battle of the Boyne Water.” He smiled to himself as he reflected upon the happiness the provisions he was carrying would occasion in his family, nor did he forget to lift up his heart in gratitude to God, the author of all his blessings.

Erelong it was the tenth of May, and the leaves on the white oak were as big as a mouse’s ear, — the Indian sign that the time was near for planting corn. Hugh, taught by past experience, put in all the seed-corn he then had, (as the corn he procured at Saco and Portland was Southern corn and not fit for planting,) and a large piece of potatoes, which were not generally raised at that time, together with wheat, beans, and peas; he then made his burn and planted corn there. During the whole summer he gave his attention to the cultivation of the soil, and again bought fowls and hogs, as they had been obliged to eat up all theirs. William went to Saco, and

obtained ducks' and turkeys' eggs, and set them under hens ; and the ducks lived finely in the brook, which abounded in frogs, upon which they fed.

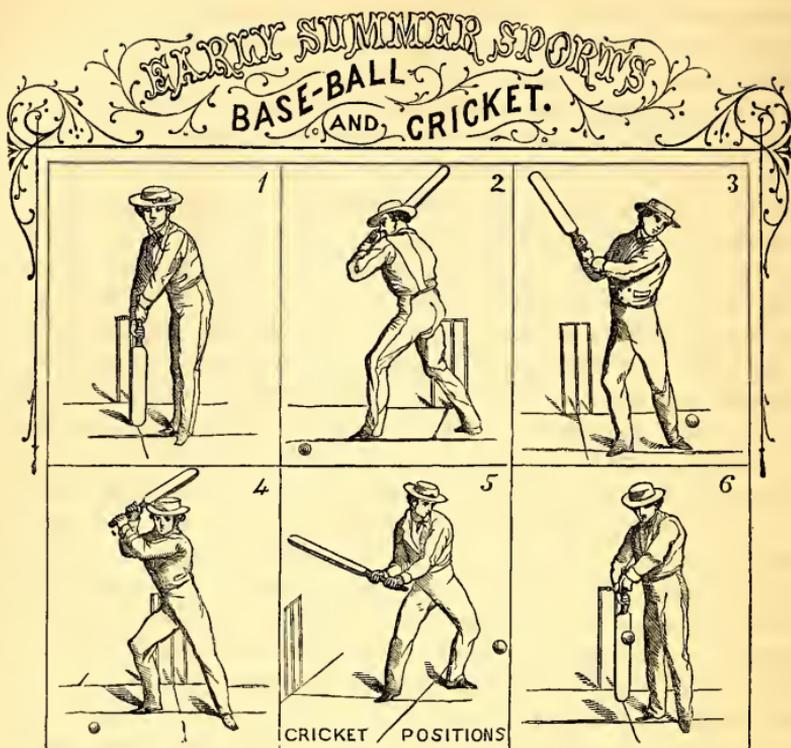
When autumn came round they had the satisfaction of looking upon fields rich with harvest. The coons dared not trouble the corn, for Bose shook some of them to pieces ; and that, and his barking in the nights, frightened away the rest. Hugh filled his crib with ears of sound corn, and festoons of it were hung up all around the kitchen, — much more than he needed for his family. They had pork and milk and eggs in abundance, with a noble crop of wheat, — for this was before the day of the Hessian fly. Since he had no barn-floor to thresh it on, he threshed it upon boards laid on the ground.

Hugh had now a remarkable illustration of the wisdom of not neglecting the cultivation of the soil in order to lumber. The great majority did not lay to heart the bitter experience of the last year ; but, unable to resist the fascination of the woods, so soon as the vessels came with corn, forgot all their past sufferings. Therefore, though there was no famine, yet corn bore so high a price that Hugh with the proceeds of the corn he sold was enabled to hire help enough to cut and get out as many masts as he did the year before, when he neglected everything for lumbering, and almost starved in the winter beside. When the teams came again to commence lumbering, Hugh was able to receive them in even better style than at first, and had constructed bunks like those in a vessel, so that the men slept up stairs, and lay till breakfast-time (except the one who got up to feed the cattle), and thus were not in the kitchen and in the way when Elizabeth was getting her breakfast.

Next came the spring of 1744, and, to the great joy of the McLellans, other settlers began to move in to their vicinity. For two years people had been coming in, but not near them ; yet it had been of the utmost advantage, as it had enabled them to have the preaching of the Gospel, the want of which they had felt to be one of their greatest deprivations, and they had just now had six months' preaching. "I should be so glad," said Hugh sometimes to his wife, "to have a near neighbor ; when I am chopping, to hear the sound of somebody's axe beside my own. I often think Bose would like to have some other dog to bark at, instead of having always to bark at the moon, or hold a concert with the wolves and foxes."

"I am sure I should," said Elizabeth ; "I should like to have some woman that I could run in and see, and ask about anything I am doing. You know a woman's work is different from a man's. Men ask each other about their work, and take lots of comfort talking about it with one another, and so women do just the same. Often, when I am making a gown for Abigail, or something for William, or putting a piece in the loom, or coloring something, I think if I only had somebody to whom I could say, 'How would you do this?' or 'How does this set?' And then about cooking, — people do things so differently. I have nobody to ask but you, and it is plain to be seen that you don't know or care ; but if it was a woman, — especially a woman who had children, — it would be different. I am sure I miss Mrs. Ayres, — she was a great deal better than no neighbor, though she was a poor rickety creature, and afraid of her own shadow."

Elijah Kellogg.



OF all games, base-ball is the most played in this country. Cricket comes next in favor of those which are played with a ball. Tennis, fives, rackets, trap-ball, &c. are but little known. The popularity of base-ball is immense, and is of recent growth. The regular clubs are numbered by thousands, extending from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their immense number is not more remarkable than the enormous crowds of people who attend the great matches near our large cities as spectators. When two crack clubs play at Brooklyn, or on the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, the multitude is so great that it is well into the night before the ferry-boats have brought them all back to the home-hive, New York. This game has an extraordinary fascination for the players and lookers-on, which I think is mainly because of the rapidity of the action. It goes right along without pause, after it is once begun. It is all movement and dash,—hurry, hurry, hurrah! This suits Americans, whether young folks or old folks; whatever else we may be, we are not a deliberate people. Cricket is a deal more formal, and some think it “slow.” Unless the play is really fine, there is a sort of dawdling at it which provokes the impatient spectator. The game out of which base-ball grew was called Rounders, and at one time was much played in England; but of late years cricket has altogether superseded it there.

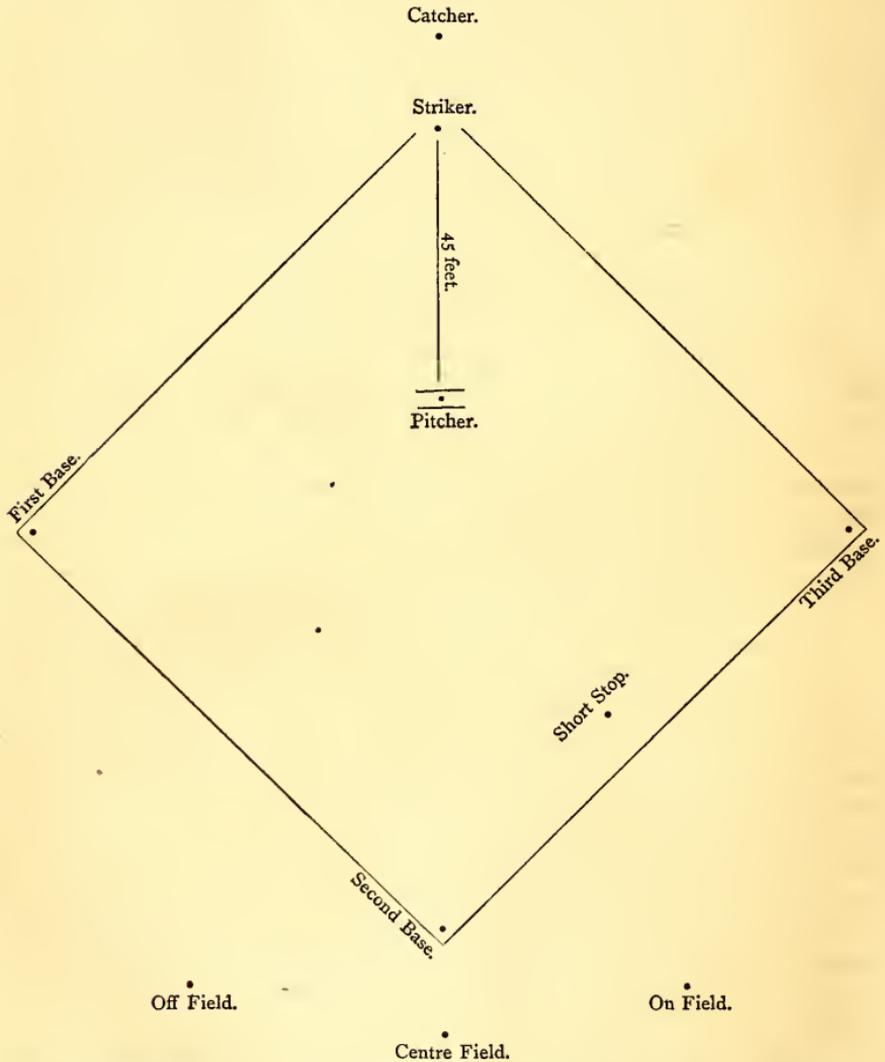
The rules of rounders were few and simple, and the apparatus for play

easily obtained. A bat and a ball were all that was required. The bat was simply a round club, tapering up towards the hands ; the ball was hard, covered with white sheep-skin, not with red leather, as a cricket-ball is, the latter being much harder and heavier. The ground was a square, with four bases. There were, as there are at base-ball, the home base, where the striker stands ; the first base, ninety feet to the right and front of the striker, as he might stand in front of the feeder, or pitcher ; the second base, ninety feet to the front and left, so as to bring it in a line with the feeder and striker ; and the third base, ninety feet to the left front of the striker. Therefore a line drawn from the home base to the second base, and one drawn from the first to the third would intersect each other at the middle of the square, and resolve it into four triangles. The feeder's place for the delivery of the ball was forty-five feet from the home base, the position of the striker. The "out" side took the field as scouts, to stop or catch the ball, and return it to the pitcher, or the keepers of the bases, as might seem most advisable under the circumstances. The ball was to be pitched by the feeder, not jerked, or thrown. The striker might refuse three balls ; that is, decline to strike at them, but at the fourth he was compelled to strike. If the ball was caught off the bat, or on the first rebound from the earth, the striker was out, or if he tipped the ball so that it went behind him, he was out ; if he missed it altogether, he was out ; if he was struck with it by one of the opposing side before he had reached the first base, or while between any two bases, he was out. As soon as he had made his stroke he threw down the bat, and ran for the first base, and if it was a good hit to the second base. When the ball was struck far away to the long field, he might be able to go all round. But, as more frequently happened, all the bases would be occupied at one time, and any one would be put out if struck by the ball in the hands of a player on the other side while off a base. For this reason there was a base-keeper at each base, whose business it was to receive the ball from the fielders, or feeder, and put the others out whenever they attempted to run a base.

In that game they scored a run for every base made. In base-ball a run can only be made by making good all the bases. There was also this peculiarity at rounders, — the last of the side whose innings it was had a chance to secure another innings for his side. He might call for "three fair hits for the rounder" ; he might then refuse to strike as often as he pleased, and when he did strike, he could make no score unless he could run all the bases. He had three trials at this, and if he succeeded his side went in again. If he failed to run from home to home, at one of his three strokes, his side was put out. This feature has not been incorporated into base-ball, at which the rule is that, when three of a side are out, all that side are out. This again tends to keep things lively.

To play at base-ball, according to the rules, there should be nine on each side. This gives the out side the pitcher, three base-keepers, the catcher, and four fielders. One of these, however, is placed within the square of the bases, to the left front of the striker, as he stands squarely in front of the pitcher. He is called the short stop, and his position will be

understood by the diagram below. The dimensions given are those in use by the clubs; but as the players are mostly young men, our young folks must reduce the distances according to their size. Thus, forty-five feet is too far for a boy to pitch the ball to the striker; and I have this to say to the readers of the Magazine, that wherever they find a rule laid down which is impracticable for them, or which hinders, instead of promoting, the spirit and fun of the game, they had better disregard it. The rules are made for them, not they for the rules.



The striker being at his home base, the rules to be followed are simply these. The ball must be pitched, — that is, the hand must be swung forward without touching the hip with the elbow, and it must be done with a straight arm. It must be a fair ball, — that is, delivered fairly at the striker,

within striking distance, and without touching the ground. If the ball is struck outside of the first base, or of the third base, it is a foul ball, and nothing can be made of it. If the ball is caught off the bat, or on the first bound, the striker is out; but if not, he must leave his home base when he has struck the ball; if there is a player on the first base, he must leave that, and so on all round. Any player touched by the ball in the hands of another player, while off a base, is out. The bases are sanctuaries, and the game is, not to leave the one on which you stand, until there is a necessity, or a good chance to gain another. When the striker has missed two fair balls, the next fair ball is in play, whether he hit or miss it, so that, if it be caught, the striker is out, and if not caught by the catcher, the striker must make his first base just as though he had struck the ball instead of missing it. In this, as in all other games, there is nothing like actual play for the thorough understanding of them. Our young folks may anywhere see the game played, and then they will be quickly prepared to understand its principles and take part in it.

Cricket was played in England three hundred years ago, but it is only within a hundred years that it has become very popular. It is more elaborate than base-ball, requiring a nicer eye and more calculation, but is easily learned, and delights young and old alike. Men continue to play it with great zest after they have passed the middle age, and nothing can exceed the joy of a lot of boys in the midst of a good game. In England every school has its cricket-ground, and in large ones there are often two or three sets of players, — those of about the same size and age going together. The implements of the game are two bats, one ball, and two wickets. The bats are made of light but tough wood, willow being the best. The ball is covered with Russia leather, sewed on in two even halves. Young folks are apt, through ambition, to choose bats and balls too large for their age, and, in consequence, they do not so soon get that freedom and precision in batting and bowling which practice would otherwise give. Each wicket is composed of three stumps and two bails. The cut at the head of this article shows the wicket erected. The distance between wickets is twenty-two feet for men, but for boys it should be reduced, as the bowling will then have more pace, and more runs may be made, which encourages the young players and increases the pleasure of the game. Eleven on each side is the regular number of players, but capital games may be played with as few as seven. It is then, however, hard work for the fielders, when the batting is good.

The wicket stands in the middle of a line six feet long, which is called the bowling crease. The ball must be delivered by the bowler before both his feet are over this crease, otherwise it is no ball, and the innings side score one. The bowler at cricket does not deliver the ball while standing, as the pitcher at base-ball does, but, going backwards some steps, makes a sharp run, and thus increases its swiftness when he sends it out with all his force. There are, however, exceedingly good slow bowlers, and the deceptive,

twisting way in which these balls come puts many batters out. The batter at the wicket about to be bowled at assumes the position given in No. 1. of the batting diagram ; it will be seen that he stands with one foot on each side of a line drawn across the wicket. This is four feet from the stumps, and is called the popping-crease. The batter at the other wicket must be careful not to move over his popping-crease, unless his bat is grounded inside of it ; for if he should do so, instead of bowling the ball at the batsman's wicket, the bowler may put the former out with it. The object of the bowler is to pitch the ball so that it may take the ground so far from the bat that it cannot be safely struck before it touches the ground, and yet so near, that the eye, instantaneous as the action of that organ is, has hardly time to see it on the rebound before it must be struck. This measuring of his distance by the bowler is called being "on the spot." So, when a bowler is "on the spot," and sends the return ball straight for the wicket, and swift as well, few runs can be got. The batsman has enough to do to guard his stumps and bails. When the slow bowling is adopted, he may perhaps run at the ball, so as to meet it on the pitch, but his danger is double then, for, if he miss it, the wicket-keeper may stop it, and put him out before he can ground his bat inside the popping-crease. The ball in No. 2. of the diagram is well wide of the wicket on the off side, and the batsman has thrown his left foot across in front of the wicket, and has his bat high, to give it a hard, low cut to the off. In No. 3, the ball is on the leg side, and the batsman is about to make a hit to leg. A great many runs are got by fine hits to leg. No. 4 shows the batsman's position to strike at a wide off ball, with the right leg instead of the left advanced across the wicket. In No. 6 the ball is coming straight for the middle stump, and the batter is about to block it well forward. In No. 5 it is an awkward ball, and the best mode of guarding the wicket against it is shown. Besides the fast and slow underhand bowling, which methods are those most adapted for boys, there is a mode of delivering the ball called round-arm bowling. In this the arm is swung out, away from the bowler, instead of perpendicularly by his side. More swiftness is attained by the round-arm method ; but it is at the expense of straightness and true distance of pitch, unless the experience and practice are very great.

Next to the bowlers, the wicket-keeper is of greatest importance to the side not at the wickets. He stands just behind the wicket which is being bowled at, and this is changed every four or six balls. If the batsman miss the ball, it is the province of the wicket-keeper to stop it with his hands, and put out the batsman, if he is over the popping-crease, or throw it back to the bowler so quickly that he may put out the batsman at his end, should the latter have advanced from his ground, in expectation of a stroke by his partner and run. Behind the wicket-keeper the long-stop is posted, and when the former fails to stop the ball, the latter does so, if possible ; otherwise the batsman may run "byes," as though the ball had been hit. Quickness and precision of eye and hand, with daring and fortitude, are the gifts necessary to make a good wicket-keeper. He must stop every possible ball, no matter how swift it comes. It is found in practice that nothing brings so many hard knocks

to a wicket-keeper as a flinching at the instant the ball is coming within reach. He should rather meet the danger, and thus he will overcome it. It is also his business to catch the ball when thrown in to him by the scouts, and put the runner to his wicket out, if he cannot get there quickly enough to ground his bat within the popping-crease before the wicket is knocked down by the ball. Runs may be made for overthrows, if the wicket-keeper, or the bowler at the other wicket, should fail to catch or stop the ball when it is thrown in. Therefore the nearest fielders back them, when a throw is about to be made. For every time the batsmen exchange wickets by running from one to the other, they score one run. When the ball is caught after having been hit by the bat, no run can be made, and the batsman is out. But though no run can be made, the other batsman may be put out if he leaves his ground and cannot get back to it before the ball touches his wicket so as to remove a bail. The ball may hit the wicket from the bowler, or in any other way, as by a throw, or from the hand of the wicket-keeper; but if it do not knock a bail off, the batsman is not out. The ball, however, very seldom touches the wicket at all without sending a bail off. If the *wind* of a ball were to send a bail off, the batsman would not be given out by the umpire. But if a bail was off, the umpire would hold it a presumption that the ball did in fact touch the wicket; and if he was not satisfied that it did *not* touch the wicket, he would act on the presumption, and give the player out. Boys generally play without umpires, from the fact that all want to play, and nobody wants to fill the honorable, but dull and unthankful judicial office. The consequence is some pretty hot disputing and hearty wrangling as to whether a player is out, at times. Say he has been stumped by the wicket-keeper, either after having struck at and missed a ball, or in making a run. Now the wicket-keeper is positive that the batsman had neither foot nor bat within the popping-crease when he put the wicket down with the ball; and the batter is just as positive that he had. The evidence is divided, and equally honest, and there is no authority to decide. Half the play-time is wasted in such disputes. Therefore there should be two umpires. A catch at cricket must be made before the ball has touched the ground. At base-ball it is good at the first rebound, but not so here. When the ball has touched any part of the bat, or the striker's hand (but not his wrist), it is a stroke, and a catch by the wicket-keeper, or any other of the field side, will put the player out. The fielders are disposed so as to catch or stop the ball when struck. The positions of the bowler delivering the ball, the wicket-keeper, and the long-stop have been given. The other bowler stands a few yards on the off-side and a little behind the wicket, where he is in a good place to catch or stop balls which have been just tipped with the bat. Five more fielders are posted on that side usually. But this only leaves two for the on side, and these two have to field hits to the long-field on and leg; and in the play of boys, another scout had better be put on the on side about mid-wicket. The captain of the side which is fielding should arrange the most of his force near the wickets, rather than at a great distance from them. The quickest and most active lads, next to the wicket-keeper, should be placed at what is called point of the bat

and mid-wicket, on the off side. The good throwers are put to the long-fields, on and off, the leg, and the cover point. When the bowling is good, chances for catches are likely to be afforded to those fielders nearest the bat on the off side. The following diagram shows the positions of the field for fast bowling. For slow bowling a fielder *must* be placed between long-field on and leg, and the fielders on the off side are drawn in more, for the reason that these slow balls are more frequently hit up. The bowler not bowling is short-slip. The diagram will give such of Our Young Folks as are qualified to be the captains of the game the general principles upon which the fielders should be arranged. In actual play, however, he will plant his scouts with reference to the peculiarities of the batters at the wickets.

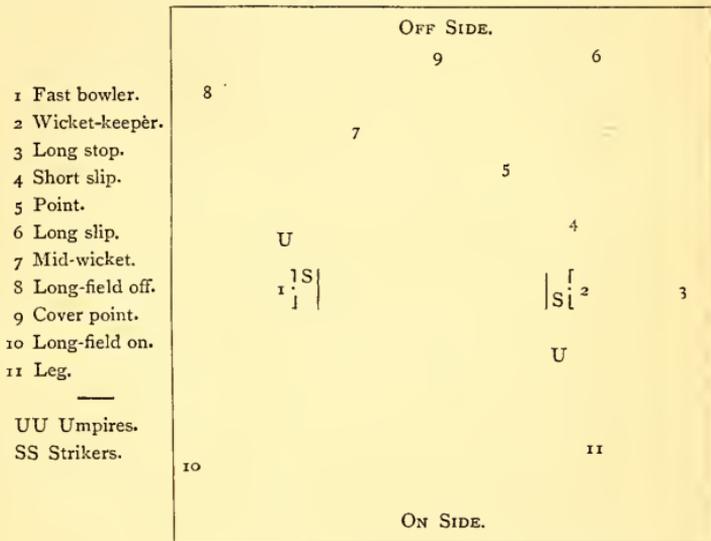


DIAGRAM OF FIELD FOR FAST BOWLING.

The young player, whether batting, wicket-keeping, or fielding, should endeavor to get a quick and true eye for the ball. Without this he cannot become a good cricketer; with it, he will be sure to do so, with practice. When batting he must not look at his bat, but must keep his eye on the ball from the hand of the bowler until the moment of striking. So, too, in fielding, the eye must range with the ball. Many young players, just as the ball is coming, drop their eyes towards their hands, instead of keeping them on the ball. By thus diverting the eye, catches are missed. The hands are sure to second the eye, if the latter gets true range of the ball, no matter how swift it may come. Once in the hands, it is the fault of the fielder if the ball escapes him. A ball held *never* hurts half as much as one which strikes the hands without being held. If a ball from the bowler is going straight for the stumps, and strikes the leg of the batsman, the latter is out, — leg-before-wicket. In bowling, the ball should not be grabbed in the palm of the hand, but held with the thumb and finger, so that twist may be given.

Charles F. Foster.

THE ASSASSIN'S PARADISE :

OR, THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

LONG ago, when this earth on which we live was at least six hundred years younger than she is to-day, there reigned far up in the mountains of Persia a warlike prince by the name of Alo-eddin, the Sheikh al Jebal. Sheikh al Jebal means, in Arabic, "Chief of the Mountain Places"; but he was familiarly known to his neighbors and to old story-tellers as the Old Man of the Mountain. If you think this name denoted any want of respect, let me hasten to correct your mistake. Such a power was he in the land he lived in, that the most formidable princes stood in terror of him for their lives and crowns. His four strong castles, — Alamût, Lamsir, Kirdkuh, and Maimun-diz, — frowning down from their rocky heights, defied the bows and spears of the fiercest Tartar hordes; and as for his trained warriors, the like had never been seen in all Asia for skill and endurance and reckless courage.

Never had prince such followers: they seemed possessed by a very madness of obedience to the will of their lord, and the greater the danger, the more eager were they to be permitted to risk their lives in his service, — indeed, their enemies said they seemed to desire death even more than victory when they charged in battle. Moreover, they were so expert in the abominable trades of murder and robbery that they came to be called, by the horror-stricken people of that land, "The Assassins." Not a travelling merchant, returning home with the proceeds of his sales in neighboring cities, escaped their bloody ambush; caring nothing themselves for the booty, they rejoiced to lay the gold at Alo-eddin's feet, having left their poor victim to moulder in the mountain passes, while wife and children waited and mourned, and hoped against hope at home.

Murder after murder had been committed, too, among such near-at-hand princes as had been so rash or so unfortunate as to offend the Old Man of the Mountain, who had his devoted slaves skulking in secret through all the large cities where the royal courts of his rivals were held, and he had but to speak the word and a hundred men eagerly contended for the honor of executing his dreadful orders. This implicit devotion, blind obedience, and utter contempt of life on the part of these assassins, in the service of so cruel and arbitrary a prince, was for a long time a great mystery to all that part of the world. It could not be for love of their master, said the people, for his was not the character to inspire so noble a passion; neither could it be for personal gain, for they were allowed no wealth beyond the rude necessities of a martial life. All Persia trembled and wondered and conjectured; but the only conclusion she could reach was that the Sheikh al Jebal used wicked spells and magic arts, or even held league with evil spirits themselves. Now, as I know the riddle that all Persia tried to guess, listen to the story of

PRINCE ALO-EDDIN'S PARADISE.

Far, far away from the busy towns, up mountains and down dales, over plains and across rivers and torrents, a full seven days' journey by camel from Balkh, the magnificent city, there are — or were six hundred years ago — two mountain peaks so high that they seemed to lift the moon higher still up into the sky, whenever she passed over their snow-white tops. Between these two mountains, hollowed out by long centuries of rains and storms and mad, impetuous river-floods, lay, as it were, a great green bowl of beauty, filled to the brim with the prettiest groves, the gayest waterfalls, the sunniest nooks, the brightest and most tuneful birds, ever found in fairy-land itself. The ground was one thick carpet of soft green ferns and mosses, sprinkled all over with brilliant flowers that loaded the air with their fragrant breath. Every delicious fruit you can name grew in this enchanted garden: orange-trees, pomegranates, quinces, and date-palms offered their succulent sweets, and the almond and pistachio trees shook down their dainty kernels into your very lap.

The denser woods were peopled with chattering parrots, green, red, and orange-feathered; with the argus-pheasant, whose gorgeous tail glittered and waved with every passing breeze; with the milk-white gerfalcon, the turtle-dove, and the falcon of the scarlet breast, the dainty francoline-partridge, red-legged and red-beaked, and the bulbul, plain but tuneful. Antelopes, stags, and fallow-deer roamed at large through these sylvan shades; while in the distant meadows grazed the beautiful snow-white oxen of Persia, large-eyed and stately, with short ivory horns, and hump of silky fleece; and the enormous sheep of Aleppo; and Arabian horses of that rare race, since lost to the world, that were all foaled with a star in the forehead.

The streams and lakes abounded in every variety of delicate fish and waterfowl; — speckled, shining trout, the white *beluga*, the *osotrin*, and the pink salmon; the graceful swan, the heron, and the stork, and that gorgeous red-and-black-headed crane whose white plumage is covered as with a thousand eyes of gleaming gold.

Fountains, flowing not only with the purest water, but with milk and honey and the sweet palm-wine, played in fantastic shapes, and at every turn bowers curiously covered with fragrant vines offered their refreshment and repose, while the distant tinkle of music, playful gusts of song, and the jangling laughter of merry-hearted youth, rocked the weary senses to delicious slumber.

Near the centre of this bowl-shaped valley, a palace of wonderful beauty rose to view. The roof, all green and red and blue and violet tiled, gleamed like a rainbow in the distance; its marble walls, covered with golden images, flashed in the sunlight like burnished mirrors. In the gardens immediately surrounding this shining palace, beautiful young women, clad in robes of golden tissue that floated about their slender forms like garments of light, and handsome youths, robed in Persian *khilâts* of crimson silk with chamois girdles, swayed to and fro in graceful dances to the measure of exquisite music that floated out from the chambers within.

Still farther on, a lake, clear as crystal, rippled along the flowery banks, bearing upon its silvery bosom a shell-shaped boat with sails of perfumed silk and gilded oars, and this too filled with beautiful youths and maidens, who played and sang to flutes, harps, and lutes, till the valley echoed with the sweet, wild strains. Nubian slaves, clad in scarlet stuffs, and poising on their turbaned heads salvers of the most delicate viands, or golden flagons of the choicest wines, glided here and there, serving the fair inhabitants of this Happy Valley with the refreshment their momentary caprice demanded.

As night drew on, the whole valley blazed with myriads of dazzling lamps, — green, red, blue, orange, and violet, — hanging on every tree and shrub, around the arbors and fountains, and from every jutting cornice about the carved wonders of the palace.

Within the palace the scene was one of regal splendor. The ceiling of the banqueting-hall, a lofty vault of red, blue, and gold, was covered with figures of great dragons and peacocks and serpents; the walls were hung with paintings on cloth of gold made in Yasdi or Baghdâd; the couches and carpets and curtains, all of silk and damask and cloth, were embroidered with precious stones in every fantastic device.

The fountains of sweet-scented water plashed musically in their marble basins, while dark-skinned slaves moved noiselessly about, lighting the perfumed lamps, and filling the gold and crystal chalices with freshly gathered flowers; but this luxurious stillness was soon broken by beves of young people, who, weary of out-door sports, thronged the apartments of the palace, — dancing, singing, playing graceful games until the banquet hour, when, with wines and fruits and all the choicest viands of Asia spread before them, deeper and deeper grew the excitement and intoxication.

But while jest and joy are gayest, Bolghâna, the queen-beauty of the *fête*, approaches the golden flagons of wine, prepared for the deluded youths who are her guests, and pours into each drinking-cup a black, deadly-looking liquid, of which whoever drinks shall become as if dead, yet still not dead.

An hour later, and every boyish head lies low; one by one Bolghâna has had them borne out by her slaves and laid upon couches to await their midnight journey; for drugged, stupefied, dead asleep as they are, they have yet a long, long ride to take before day-break. On the morrow they must awake in the Sheikh's castle of Alamût. Four days ago they were taken from their beds in that castle, — drugged, stupefied, and dead asleep, — and awaked, as they supposed, in Paradise, but only Prince Alo-eddin's Paradise.

And now do you know the riddle that all Persia could not guess? These youths that were dancing and feasting in the shining palace were some of the Sheikh al Jebal's favorite warriors. It was his daily practice to talk to them about the Paradise that Mahomet had promised to all the faithful, and to assure them that their holy Prophet had given him power to open the gates of the Celestial Garden to any man who should engage with all his heart in whatever task he should allot him. If zealous and obedient, he should have foretastes, while yet in the body, of that delightful abode, and, should he chance to die in his lord's service, he should be borne thither by hours never to return.

Having prepared the beautiful valley, and made fast its secret, by erecting an impregnable castle at its only entrance, he caused these youths to be drugged with opium, — a powerful and dangerous decoction from the poppy plant, — while feasting at his own table, and then, fast locked in sleep, to be conveyed by night on the fleetest Arab horses, through the castle, straight on to the shining palace. Here, stretched upon a couch of rosy satin, fanned with peacocks' feathers, in an atmosphere heavy with flowers and the sweet-scented *kalambak*, the young soldier awoke to find himself apparently in the very Paradise his Sheikh had promised, and attended by the lovely hours who had been described to him as its fair inhabitants.

Refreshed with a perfumed bath, the richest attire of embroidered silk was placed ready for his use, and the rarest viands and wines and fruits, served in golden dishes, pressed upon him, till, every sense satiated with pleasure, he truly believed himself in the midst of heavenly delights.

On the return of these enraptured visitors to the court at Alamût, when the Old Man of the Mountain would ask them where they had been, they would answer, "We have been to Paradise, by favor of our gracious lord"; and then to the astonished court they would relate every detail of their mysterious and enchanting visit.

And so, year after year, by means of this cunning trick, the Old Man of the Mountain increased in power and audacity, and was more than ever the terror of the land.

But vengeance, though tardy, came at last. A mighty prince named Hulagu, brother to the Grand Khan, hearing of the murders and robberies committed upon defenceless travellers through his own country, determined to put a stop to such atrocious wickedness. So he sent one of his armies to besiege the Sheikh al Jebal in his own great castle of Alamût; but such was its strength, that, though for three whole years Prince Hulagu's forces stormed and struggled and fought valiantly, it was not until its doomed master and his men were starved out that it surrendered. The Sheikh's strong fortresses were brought to shame, his garden of Paradise utterly destroyed, and he himself put to an ignominious death, — since which time there has been no Old Man of the Mountain.

No Old Man of the Mountain? Nay, young friends, we may be sure he still lives; for what is he but that Evil Voice that says to every human heart, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

H. L. P.

[But see now, what a strange thing has happened! Six hundred and eleven years after this terrible enchanter and assassin is killed, — five hundred and sixty-six years after the grand old Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, first tells the wonderful story of the Old Man of the Mountain, — and *just ten days* after *this* account of his Paradise is written for Our Young Folks, comes intelligence from India, that a Persian named Aga Khan has appeared before the Supreme Court of Bombay, and proved that he is the lineal descendant of that fierce Sheikh of the castle of Alamût, and therefore Hereditary Grand-Master of the still existing Order of Assassins! And British law has recognized this Aga Khan as the *living* Old Man of the Mountain, with absolute power over all the people of his sect, as in the days of Alo-eddin and his Paradise! Was ever fairy-tale stranger than this plain newspaper fact?]



MAYING

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES. *Allegretto.*

1. Come a - way! the ro - sy morning
2. Come a - way! the wa - ters whisper,
3. Come a - way! when spring is waking

Breaks a - bove the hill; Happy birds with mer - ry mu - sic
 Sing - ing as they pass; Where the cow - slip buds are shining
 Bird and flower and bee; Earth is full of hap - py voi - ces

All the si - lence fill. Down the lane the winds are call - ing,
In the meadow grass. In the woods the May-flowers clus - ter
Call - ing you and me: "Heart be glad! when storms are o - ver

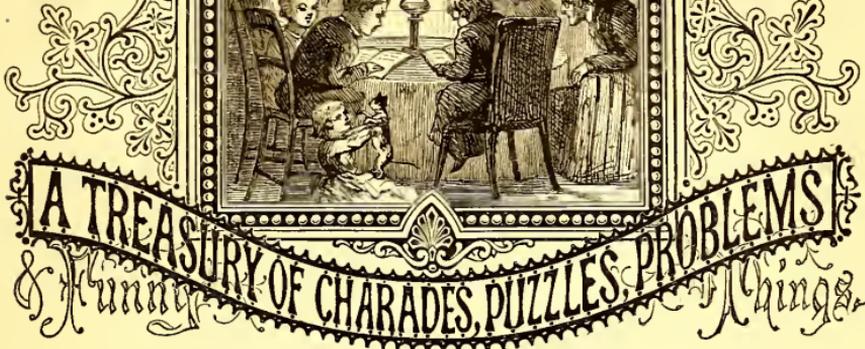
cres.
Where the pop - lars lean, All their sien - der tops to - geth - er,
p Round our rov - ing feet, Deep in leaf - y hol - lows hid - ing
Comes a bright - er day, And the drea - ry hours of win - ter

ritard.
Robed in faint - est green, — Robed in faint - est green.
Half their dain - ties sweet, — Half their dain - ties sweet.
Blos - som in - to May, — Blos - som in - to May!"

ritard. *a tempo.*

f *dim.*

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



PUZZLES.

No. 4.

First, I am what the wind is doing ;
 Beheaded once, of cows the cry ;
 Again, what many lose by doing ;
 Behead me again, the birds that fly
 Use me in all their various flights.
 This your attention now invites.

CHARLIE.

In pilis cognoscitur, sed non in bove ;
 In sella insidit, sed nusquam in domo ;
 Inhaeret in litera, sed non in tomo ;
 Puella possidet, sed tamen non mater ;
 Et filius semper, sed minime pater ;
 In pluvia fluit, sed abest ab fonte ;
 In valle assurgit, non surgit in monte ;
 In albis videtur, sed nunquam in nigris ;
 In alacri habitat, sed non in pigris ;
 In sole, in luna, in stellis apparet,
 Sed terra infelix perpetuo caret.
 Adolescentes, nunc operam date,
 Et, quod obscuratur, manifestate !

A. W.

No. 5.

In folio est, sed non in arbore ;
 In lumine est, sed non in ardore ;
 In lana videtur, sed nunquam in ove ;

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 6.



C. J. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 7.



HATTIE V.

ENIGMA.

No. 5.

I am composed of 58 letters.

- My 24, 2, 31, 19, 13, is a division of Asia.
- My 5, 22, 52, 6, is a river of the United States.
- My 8, 21, 25, 28, 4, 16, 3, 27, 24, 43, is a river of Canada.
- My 40, 56, 11, is a river of Siberia.
- My 30, 15, 35, 44, 48, 34, is a division of Asia.
- My 32, 52, 50, 36, 16, is a river of Africa.
- My 26, 35, 18, 41, is an inland sea of Asia.
- My 35, 33, 7, is a sea.
- My 45, 35, 39, 58, 46, 40, 49, is a city of New Jersey, noted for a battle of the Revolution.
- My 56, 5, 51, 37, 6, 53, is an important city of Massachusetts.
- My 54, 55, 56, 34, 19, 57, is a principal city of New York.
- My 29, 23, 19, 54, is a river of Siberia.
- My 17, 9, 10, 15, 29, 23, 27, 58, is a noted island near Africa.
- My 5, 1, 14, 28, 12, 13, is a river of Canada.
- My 35, 28, 51, 28, 25, 38, 18, 20, is a cape of Arabia.
- My 45, 24, 47, 54, 42, is a lake of Africa.
- My whole is an old Scottish proverb.

W. A. MAY.

ANSWERS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|--------------|
| 5. Soap-bubbleS | 6. JonaH | 7. SteaM |
| UmpirE | GoethE | PhiladelphiA |
| NuT | BlondiN | EnvY |
| | Ezron-GebeR | ElF |
| | NaomI | DeviL |
| | NeptunE | WaterloO |
| | EmmetT | EscheW |
| | TopheT | LethE |
| | TarpeiA | LaboR |

CHARADES.

6. Mis-sis-sip-pi. 7. Tar-tar.

ENIGMA.

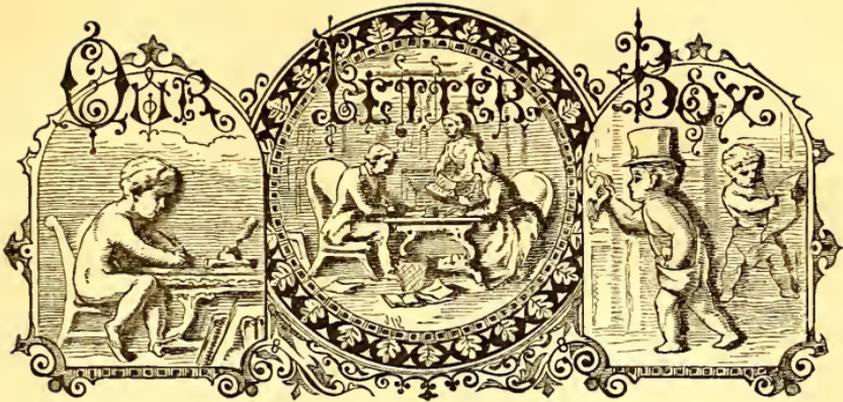
4. The Lord's Prayer.

PUZZLE.

3. Light.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

5. Rule your fancy with your reason, or it will rule you. [(Rule) (ewer) (fans) (eye) (withe) (ewer) (e's on oar) i (tea) (well — e + i) (rule) U.]



Fanny S. S. If only they were not proverbs !

Rosa H. It could be guessed too easily without working it out.

Dana. They are good for a beginning.

Fennie Wren. The "license" is really too great.

Physic. Our subscribers must have the preference, of course. — You can begin a subscription with any month.

X. F. T. S. Only a checkmate can win at chess ; in case of a stalemate, or check to king if he moves again, the game is drawn.

From J. C. P. :—

"Mother Goose cackleth in the tongue whereby she saved Rome.

"Jack et Gill, quaerentes fontem,
Ascendebant parvum montem ;
Ille, cadens, fregit frontem,
Secum trahens hanc insontem."

Now then, Latin scholars, try it !

Allen E. H., Fanny G. S., Eddie, Mab, H. W. S., Fanny C. L., Olin D. W., Christabel, Quynne, G. P. W. You all have our thanks for special letters, which are here acknowledged.

Chemicus. Is the charade your own ?

Gracie. The verses are very good indeed, and if we could make room we would print at least a part of them, if only to show you that we appreciate your fond interest in your sister. Your letter is very pleasant.

May Foster. 1. This question we cannot answer. 2. The double sign (" ") is the regular quotation-mark ; but when one quotation comes within another, the single sign (' ') is used to denote the difference. 3. A young lady may of course ask for a gentleman's *carte de visite*, if they are sufficiently acquainted for the request not to be a familiarity, or to place her under an obligation which might become unpleasant in future ; in regard to any particular case she should ask her mother, if unable to decide for herself.

Bow-wow. We don't like being personal in any remark or reference.

Meg sends three inversions :—

"Hannah, stop & nap ; pan & pots, Hannah !

"Draw no tub, Ada, but onward !

"Star, live on, & no evil rats."

Charlie. Captain Reid is not publishing anything at present, being much occupied with business matters. —The author of "Farming for Boys" considers it as ended.

L. W. Your note is not "a naughty note" at all, and our friend feels quite pleased with your liking. He writes for no other Magazine, and whenever he has anything suitable for the young folks we shall be sure to print it.

Tillie E. All that is said in "Round-the-world Joe" about the manners and customs of the Chinese or other foreign nations is true. The author has been an extensive traveller, and relates what he has himself seen ; good authority can be found in writers of historical repute that every statement of fact, description of habit, or expression of opinion is really true. The Chinese are certainly the most astonishing people in the world ; nothing seems too absurd for them to believe, or too ridiculous or impossible for them to attempt.

A. M. says : "I want to ask you just one question. Won't you please tell me what you think about *slang* ? Is it wicked, or only unladylike ? I'm sure almost all school-girls use it, and some slang phrases come so pit-a-pat to express just what you mean. If it is *wicked*, of course I will try to leave it off ; but if it is merely unladylike, I don't pretend to be a young lady yet, so what is the use of trying to appear so ?"

Ladyhood depends not upon years, but upon character ; it is internal quality, not outward behavior alone. You can be a lady in feeling, thought, and language at fifteen just as well as at fifty, although your experience would not be all-sufficient in doubtful or difficult cases at the earlier age. It is never too soon to practise refinement, and if you indulge yourself now in unbecoming speech, you will find it hard to break off by and by. Slang is not a good thing ; there are occasions when it is excusable, no doubt, but there is no occasion when the avoidance of it is not better than the use.

Cliff. A ream (which ought to be always written *reim*) is not a strap with a buckle, as you draw it, but a strip of ox-hide twisted for use as a cord or thong.

Arinda. No, thank you.

Mary E. W. Yes, the book premiums are still given.

Alfred E. Yes indeed; some of our letters come from much younger children than you.

Walter D. J. tells us in his letter that beside himself his "grandmother is very much interested in 'Good Old Times,' as her ancestors came over in the same way as Hugh and Elizabeth."

A Subscriber to four copies. Will you kindly tell us how a *dialect* can be represented in print, unless by variations from the ordinary forms of words?

Agatha. We have a letter for you.

E. D. T. We hope so, — or something like it.

N. J. M. "The Invalid" is not well enough for us. — The value determines the price. — "The May Queen" of Tennyson is not published separately, except as a song, in which case it costs about \$ 1.50.

Hattie E. McL. If you address as before, it will be all right.

K. C. H. It's about ourselves, you know.

Joseph P., Enella. Take to heart all our previous advice to young writers, and apply it.

Kate A. Hansen gives us

"MOLLY'S SONG.

"O queer little stitches,
You surely are witches,
To bother me so!
I'm trying to plant you:
Do stay where I want you,
All straight in a row.

"Now keep close together!
I never know whether
You'll do as I say.
Why can't you be smaller?
You really grow taller,
Try hard as I may!

"There! now my thread's knotted,
My finger is dotted
With sharp needle-pricks!

I mean to stop trying;
I cannot help crying!
O dear, what a fix!

"Yes, yes, little stitches,
I *know* you are witches, —
I'm sure of it now, —
Because you don't bother
Grown people like mother
When *they* try to sew.

"You love to bewilder
Us poor little 'childer,'
(As Bridget would say,)
By jumping and dancing,
And leaping and prancing,
And losing your way.

"Hear the bees in the clover!
Sewing 'over and over'
They don't understand.
I wish I was out there,
And playing about there
In that great heap of sand!

"The afternoon's going;
I *must* do my sewing
Before I can play.
Now behave, little stitches,
Like good-natured witches,
The rest of the day.

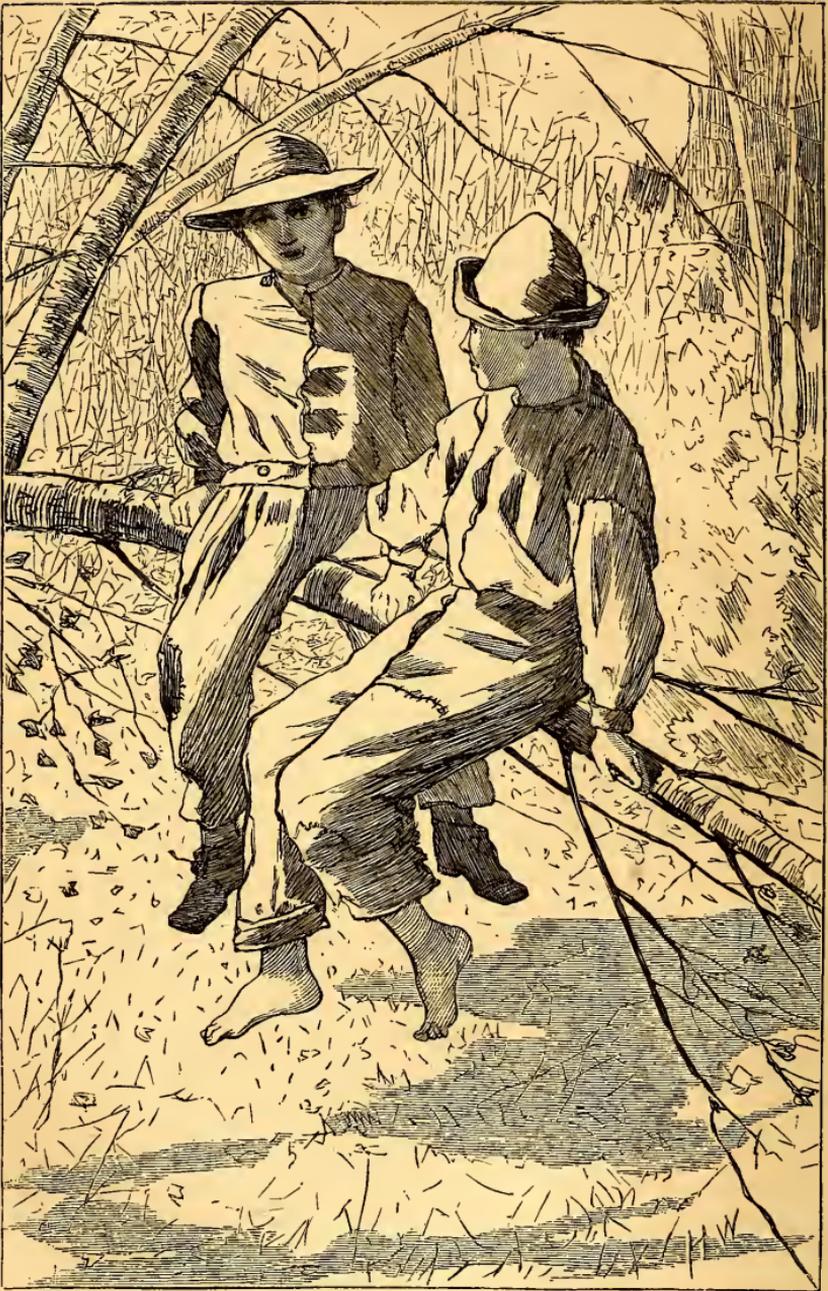
"I'd almost forgotten
About waxing my cotton,
As good sewers do.
And — O what a memory! —
Here is my emery
To help coax it through.

"I'm so nicely provided,
I've really decided
To finish the things.
There's nothing like trying;
My needle is flying
As if it had wings.

"There! Good by, little stitches!
You obstinate witches,
You're punished, you know.
You've been very ugly,
But now you sit snugly
Along in a row."

Here we have another condensed proverb, for which we are indebted to the ingenuity of C. E. S. The one in the last number is, "United we stand, divided we fall."





SWINGING ON A BIRCH-TREE.

DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

[See *Swinging on a Birch-Tree*, page 355.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1867.

No. VI.

A BATRACHIAN ROMANCE,

WITH ZOÖLOGICAL OVERTURE.



THE Animal Kingdom is divided by the science of Zoölogy into four great branches or types, — Vertebrata, Articulata, Mollusca, and Radiata.

You, my young friend Harry, are an enthusiastic fisherman, and being a thorough, successful one, — a genuine disciple of the wise and simple Izaak Walton, — have probably a case, or box, or leather book, in which one drawer or pocket holds deep-sea lines; another, brook and river lines; another, perhaps, the giant hooks for sharks and blue-fish; then we find packages

marked “bass-hooks,” “perch-hooks,” “pickerel-hooks,” “trout-hooks,” etc., etc. Here is a place for floats, and there for sinkers. Pursuing your favorite sport ardently and intelligently, you systematize it, and keep the tools of your pleasant craft in order. So the great lovers and students of the splendid and elevating science of Zoölogy — the department of Natural History treating of animals — have arranged and ranked the divisions of the Animal Kingdom. First, they have made four great branches or types, each determined by its organization, — the highest type, that called Vertebrata, consisting of animals of the most varied and complicated structure. The second type, Articulata, is of a bodily organization not so intricate and ingenious. The third type, Mollusca, comprising such soft-bodied animals as cuttle-fish, oysters, and clams, has a structure simpler than the second. And the fourth type consists of animals of the fewest and most symmetrical parts.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

But in each of these particular branches or types there are many strongly marked divisions and subdivisions. In the branch of Articulata, for instance, are bees, lobsters, and earth-worms; but the bee is of a different *class* from the lobster, and the lobster is of another *class* than the earth-worm; and the bee, though of the same *class* as the bug and the spider, is of another *order*; the bug, the spider, and the bee being each of a different *order* of the *class* of Insects. The particular *order* to which the bee belongs is called Hymenoptera, — distinguishing all insects with four membranous and transparent wings, the hind pair the smaller, and all traversed by a few irregularly branching veins. Under the *order* Hymenoptera are several *families*; Bee family, Wasp family, Gall-fly family, etc. And again there are different *genera* of these *families*. In the Bee family is the genus Hive-bee, the genus Humble-bee, etc. Even the genus may contain a variety of *species*, or groups of individuals essentially alike, as in the Hive-bee genus are the species drones, queens, and workers. So we see that the Animal Kingdom is divided into branches, each branch into classes, each class into orders, each order into families, each family into genera, each genus into species; as in our War Department we have seen Armies of the North, South, East, and West, divisions of each of those armies, brigades of each division, regiments of each brigade, companies of each regiment, and — corresponding to the zoölogical species above — a captain, first-lieutenant, second-lieutenant, and so on to privates of each company.

One more illustration to — Halloo! who was that saying, “Hurry up, old Moustache, with your science, and come to the story”? You rogue! surprised, eh? that my ears are so sharp. But, my dear fellows, and sweet, patient girls, before bringing forth my hero I must give you another example of how the science I am talking of applies to the Animal Kingdom, and has a shelf or drawer or pigeon-hole for every living thing. Perhaps another familiar illustration will excite your curiosity, — draw your attention, — give you a general idea of the extensive, yet simple, study of Zoölogy; if so, it will add a new zest to all your out-of-door sports, beside elevating and utilizing them. Suppose some one of you, with your terriers, to have dug out a woodchuck from beneath that old stone wall between the potato-field and the woods. Well, is it not interesting to know, as you hold up the destructive guerilla by the tail, that he is of the same branch of the Animal Kingdom as you yourself? Of the same branch or *type*, — the Vertebrata, — because he has an *internal skeleton with a backbone for an axis*. That plan of structure characterizes the highest of the four types into which all animals are divided. And you and he, and monkeys, bats, birds, turtles, frogs, and fishes, are all of one plan of structure, — are all Vertebrata. The woodchuck, too, is not only of the same *type*, but of the same *class* of that *type* as you, — the Mammalia, — that is, of the *class* comprising all those Vertebrata which bring forth their young alive, and nourish them with milk from their own bodies. But he is not of the same *order* in the Mammalia *class*, for you are of the *order* of Bimana, or Man, and he of the *order* of Rodentia, or Gnawers; and thinking of how your natural position is an erect one, and his a

crouching, leaping one, that you talk whilst he can only make unintelligible sounds, and of other principal differences between the *order* of Man and that of Rodentia, consisting of squirrels, gophers, rats, porcupines, and hares, you can understand the differences that divide animals of one *class* into several *orders*. Under that *order* of Rodentia, he is of the *family* of squirrels (all sorts of squirrels proper, beside prairie-dogs, marmots, dormice, beavers, and our dead friend, the woodchuck, being squirrels, zoölogically speaking), that is, he is of a *family* of Rodentia distinguished from other *families* of that *order* by the peculiarity of having the shin-bone and lesser bone of the leg distinct. Finally he is of the *Arctomys* (woodchuck) *genus* of the squirrel *family*, because he has — differing from the prairie-dog, dormouse, beaver, or any other *genus* of the squirrel *family* — a long, thick, depressed body, those small cheek-pouches, those small thumbs armed with little flat nails, and naked soles. Now, I ask, does it not add to the fun of catching your game, to study out in what it is like you or differs from you, in what it is like any other animal or differs from it, — to know just where it belongs in the grand bureau of the Animal Kingdom ?

But to my story.

Damon, — his skeleton and stuffed skin are before me as I write, — my hero, was an inhabitant of the waters and borders of a pond, called Wissahissick, among the Blue Hills of Milton. Truly his lines had fallen in pleasant places, for a lovelier spot than Wissahissick — now commonly called Houghton's Pond — one must go more than twelve miles from Boston to see. Off from the ordinary roads of travel, shadowed by the highest of the Blue Hills as the sun sets, guarded in comparative seclusion on the east by a large tract of unsettled woods and swamp, that steps not across the intervening Blue Hill River, but leaves a wide uncultivated plain (still marked in little hills where the Indians planted corn one hundred years ago) between its haunts of partridge, woodcock, rabbit, and fox, and the depth, quietude, and picturesqueness of Damon's once happy home, the peaceful Wissahissick, with but one roof in sight, reposes prettily, attracting those who know her fascinations to picnic on many a summer and autumn day by her retired shores. Some such health-and-pleasure seekers have seen, perhaps, though unconscious that they gazed on a character to live thereafter in the pages of "Our Young Folks," my hero ; for there he lived, loved, croaked, roamed, and died. When I first met Damon, his nursery days of tadpolism were long ago past. He was out in the world, his own master, and pretended to forget that he was ever a tadpole, with enormous head and belly and a long tail. He was a handsome fellow, with his length of over twenty inches, his large, intelligent eyes, and his active limbs. He wore a tight-fitting coat of green and a white vest, while his peg-top breeches and gaiters were in color a combination of coat and vest. His singing, on which he particularly prided himself, was peculiar, — not like Mario's or Brignoli's, and yet, perhaps, considered as fine in the society he adorned. It was something between the sweet croak of the raven, and the gentle bellowing of a young bull. However, I remember that in most stories the writer opens the account of

his leading character with some mention of the hero's family and rank. Let me supply the oversight here before proceeding further. Damon came into the Zoölogical Kingdom with the Vertebrates, the first, you remember, of the four great branches, and the most aristocratic of the four. He was a member of the fourth class — the Batrachia — of that grand branch, and he belonged to the noblest order of his class, the order of Anoura or Tailless Batrachians (that is why it was a grievous insult to tell him he was once "only a tadpole, a *tailly tadpole*"). You may talk about your Hancocks, Quincys, Gores, Winthropps, and others, but he, Damon, was, by family, of the *Ranidæ*! Moreover, if Damon was not a rare genius, he was certainly a *Genus Rana*, and he was distinguished from others of his family by being "*Rana Pipiens*" (so it was written in a blank leaf of register in the Zoölogical Bible), though they and the rest of the world vulgarly called him *Bull-Frog*. In return for the nickname, he dubbed his brothers (each has a large family scattered in all parts of our country) *Green-Frog*, *Leopard-Frog*, *Pickerel-Frog*, and *Wood-Frog*, though in society and by letter their true names were given as *Fontanalis*, *Halecina*, *Palustris*, and *Sylvatica*. I cannot condescend, particularly now that my friend is dead, to call him *Bull-Frog*. No! no! But, dropping the great family title of *Ranidæ*, let us speak of him by his Christian title, *Pipiens*, and that *genus* term of distinction, *Rana*, prefixed to his and each of his brothers' given name by the great zoölogical world. Poor skin and skeleton, I knew and loved you as Damon, — my Damon! With a tear let me blot out the familiar pet term, and talk of you to the cold world only as *Rana Pipiens*. Well, *Rana Pipiens*, though a mighty dandy, was a handsome, powerful fellow. He could take a leap of over a foot in height and nine feet in length.

After a long winter, and as the frost oozed out of the ground, *Rana Pipiens* awoke one soft April midday in his winter bed beneath tree-stumps and mud. He stretched his limbs, yawned once or twice, and was about to turn around for another nap, when he perceived that his once firm bed was damp and muddy. At the same time, too, he thought he heard a robin's song. "Nonsense," said he, "it can't be spring yet; I have not had half sleep enough." But spring it was, and *Rana Pipiens* had been sleeping steadily for nearly six months. He soon recognized the facts, perhaps because of the uncomfortable bed and a hungry gnawing at the pit of his stomach; so he commenced slowly and languidly to make his way out of his winter's home. After much digging and squeezing, he came to the sunny world above ground, but for a time could only blink and rub his eyes. The trees and bushes were yet bare, the air was cool, but the sun spread his rays with the force and assurance of spring, many birds twittered and hopped about, and the pond before him laughed in glad little waves. Getting accustomed gradually to light and air, he passed the remainder of the day, first in sitting lazily on a flat stone, darting out his tongue continually until he had made an immense meal of insects, then in taking a bath; but, ugh! the cold water made his skin quiver, and he soon finished that; next he practised leaping, and, being dissatisfied with his strength and activity, tried to sing a note or

two ; but what disconsolate, discordant, feeble notes ! As the shadows and dampness of evening warned him to hunt up a leafy night-retreat, he heard a buzzing, humming, loud and louder chorus of peeping, twittering voices, like a combined whistling of thousands of snipe. Rana Pipiens turned his head to listen, while an expression of derision stole over his countenance. "Dr-u-u — Dru-u-u-nk !" said he, hopping along, — "those miserable, blabbing little Fontanales" (Green-Frogs) "at their noisy nonsense already !"

Many days of April passed away, Rana Pipiens remaining under the lassitude and dreaminess that naturally follow a prolonged sleep. All he did was to eat, eat, eat, to doze beside sunny stones and roots, to leap a little higher and farther each day, to swim a few yards in shallow water, to wink, blink, wink, and sometimes to attempt a croak. In that last accomplishment he made but slow progress, and practised it only as a duty ; his heart was not musical while the east winds continued, and those Fontanales of one song, and such sappy, sentimental delight at the return of spring, kept up their morning and evening "nonsense," — so he styled it. Lilacs and willows were green, the young leaves of the horse-chestnuts were out ; April had passed into May. Now Rana Pipiens commenced making excursions about his Wissahissick country, giving "good-mornings" to friends and brethren whom he met, startling schools of tadpoles by leaping slyly with a "Jo-onrk !" and a splash into their shallow pebbly play-grounds, admiring a grassy point here and a promising plantation of water-lilies there, once cunningly jumping on the back of a turtle that he discovered twenty feet from the pond, and riding his frightened steed until it took to the water. The old boy was getting gay and active. Sometimes, too, he grew sentimental in his rambles, and from mossy tree-stumps would watch, hour by hour, the changing, drifting clouds in the sky above him, and his batrachian heart would be strangely stirred by many fond fancies and golden hopes. With what a sigh and whispered, guttural "R-o-o-nk !" would he, after such a May reverie, let himself down from his observatory, and in dreamy bounds make his way to the north side of the pond, where, on the sunny border of a wood, the bank sloped southward ! There, old Beau Rana Pipiens, with big, soft eyes, looked on a natural garden, while his ears enjoyed the harp-like melody of the pines, and his yellow nose drew in the sweets of anemones, violets, columbines, and those wild flower-queens of May, — the trailing arbutus. Happy, contented fellow was Rana Pipiens on such days of May. He could lounge and dream in them as we men Mammalia, eating our bread by the sweat of our brows, cannot. "Loafer ?" Yes ; but he was made so, and was a good, humorous fellow at any rate.

One of these sentimental hours of stump-reverie, however, came very near being fatal to our tailless batrachian friend. It was about the first of June. A warm day and a gentle, soft south-wind made the dreamy head of Rana Pipiens to nod and nod. At last the "nodding, nid-nid nodding" fell off to sleep, and the musings to forgetfulness. After a while the sweet unconsciousness changed to a dim perception of a disagreeable, harsh voice, that ruffled the tranquil surface of his slumber, as a stone thrown into the quiet waters of a



pool breaks its tranquillity into little waves. The fact was, a gaunt, hungry crow had sailed over the Blue Hills in search of a dinner by Houghton's Pond. Lighting on the seared branch of an old oak by the north side of the pond, he sang out a ravenous croak. It was that "Caw! c-a-aw! caw!" my sleeping friend imperfectly heard. He was gradually awaking, but hungry Master Crow suddenly saw our friend, and ceased his cawing to descend with fierce beak and claws on the prey he particularly preferred. As the crow flapped from his perch, the opening eyes of *Rana Pipiens* spied his danger. Like a great, black arrow the destroyer swooped down, and his talons were within a foot of our friend's fat green back, when, with a tremendous leap, somersault, and gurgling "Ah-r-r-o-o-nk!" *Rana Pipiens* threw himself into the mouth of a hole beneath a neighboring rock. And there lighted the crow, to dig with beak and claws, and caw fiercely and more fiercely. *Rana* trembled and quaked until the report of a gun assured him that his enemy was either dead or scared away. The fright, however, made our *Batrachian* more careful after that, and often when I saw him during the summer, and he saluted me with a satirical (for he could joke over his own defeats) "Funk! Ho what a f-u-unk!" I could only distinguish his great green head, like a big emerald, rising above the water about the lily-pads, and the protruding eyes rolling watchfully, but comically, around.

I have not space in which to tell all the incidents in that one summer's period of our hero's life. It was full of sun-basks and fresh baths, adventurous journeys and delicious squats in the mud, evenings at the singing-club and mornings in exciting chase of darting insects. But, though it abounded in pleasure and interest to him, it was not without its troubles and dangers. Out of his own *Batrachian* class, he had one or more enemies in every other class. In that of *Mammalia* was the cruel Boy of the order of Man; in the *Bird*

class many, as the Crow of the order *Raptores*, and the Bittern, of the order

of Waders ; in the class of Reptiles, there was the voracious Snapping-Turtle of the Testudinata order ; and among Fishes, an occasional giant Pickerel of that order with the prodigious name—the order of Abdominal Malacopterygians (!)—snapped threateningly at the calves of his yellow legs. However, the long title of his fish-enemy's order rather sweetened the occasional risks that our aristocratic friend ran from the sharp teeth of a long-nosed pickerel.

All those minor events must be denied the reading world until Rana Pipiens's biography may be written ; what few facts in his career I have yet to write of are those which principally lent romance to it, and at last, through the chivalry of an aspiring spirit, sadly signalized his painful death.

Some time in June or July, my hero of big heart and long legs saw a lady (a Ranida lady of course) of swimming grace, queen-like figure, languishing green eyes, the tiniest hands and feet imaginable (*on a frog*), and such a voice !—such a voice that my pen, to do it justice, would need be dipped in the distillation of bass-voils and the morning breath of lowing cattle. Her name was Musidora. For that reason I had given the name of Damon to him, our hero, whose heart she won. And now Rana Pipiens was no longer a careless, happy mortal, but, convulsed by the palpitations of his loving heart, he gave up old amusements, lost his appetite, and sat for many hours of each summer day sighing away his once jolly existence in muttered, melancholy croaks. At night, when the plaintive call of the whippoorwill resounded through the forest, and when other Ranidæ from every quarter of the pond answered each other's comical songs, our love-struck friend would seek with stealthy leaps the bower of his Musidora, and there pour out in chanted verses of most ridiculous pathos his consuming passion. His lugubrious notes, perhaps, flattered Musidora, but to all other hearers they were only sources of ridicule. One witty fellow, a rival of our hero's, was one night taking tea with the lovely Musidora, when our love-sick swain struck up his ditty on the pond shore before the charmer's bower. As Rana Pipiens finished a pathetic verse with the strain, "Love's bark was sunk !—oh ! aah ! Love's bark was sunk !!!" the rival from a back window replied in slow, sad, bass voice, "And Damon got dru-unk !—Ha ! H-a-a ! and Damon got dru-unk !!!"

Incensed in the highest degree, so that his muscles quivered with rage, Rana Pipiens had yet the coolness to answer not a word, but wait until his insulter left Musidora's roof of leaves and flowers. When the rival, unconscious of a hidden foe on his path, was passing our hero's dark corner, out leaped Rana Pipiens and struck his enemy full in the face with his distended foot. The assailed one quickly recovered from the blow, and, drawing a trusty rapier of well-tempered sword-grass, cried, in a voice husky with rage, "Come on, foul frog ! Blood ! blood !" Rana Pipiens answered the challenge by drawing his weapon and awaiting the onslaught. What a scene of blood and passion for that quiet night ! The stamping feet, the murmurs of rage, the flashing of the slim, green blades in the streaming moonlight ! A quicker interchange of thrusts and parries, — a groan, — and



the rival has fallen pierced through the lungs by Damon, — once so gentle, so kind-hearted, now a *murderer* !

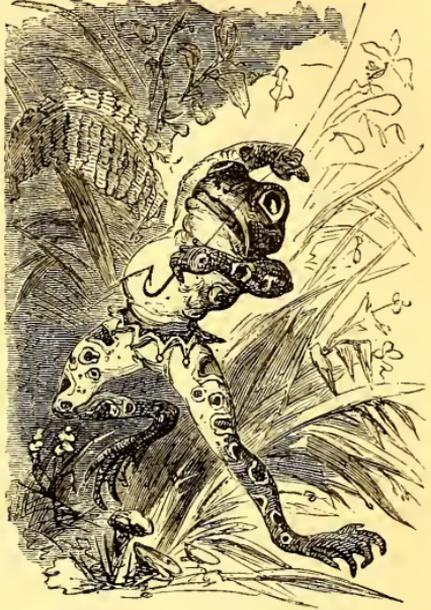
Rana Pipiens must flee! Trembling because of his terrible crime, he hastened from the cold body of his foe. By early dawn of the following day, Rana Pipiens was a miserable, conscience-stricken outlaw by the wild forest shores of Punkapog. There he lived among strangers until September came and the fierce clamor had subsided. His relatives, having much power in the Wissahissick community, allayed the popular feeling against Rana Pipiens, and wrote him to return. Alas, poor fellow! thou hadst better have dragged out thy miserable existence — an unfortunate among strangers in a dreary land — than to have returned to the tragic fate that cut thee short in the flower of life !

A week after his return, Musidora accepted his hand, and their engagement came out. All the Ranida society in Wissahissick crowded to offer congratulations. Many went merely from curiosity to see the fatal duellist; others to admire the beauty of the fair Musidora; some, because of true friendship for the distinguished couple.

Now was the world again bright and joyous for the sorely tried Rana Pipiens. Always with his beloved Musidora, the glances of her green eyes were more comforting than the beams of the sun, her smiles more satisfying than mouthfuls of May-flies.

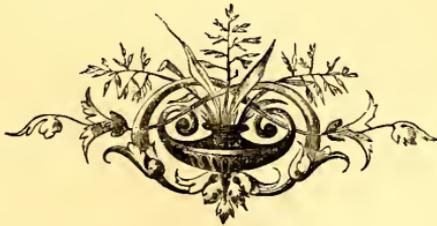
One lovely afternoon in October, ten days before their wedding was to take place, Damon and Musidora strolled out arm in arm for a walk. In pleasant talk they wandered to a favorite cove at the east end of the pond, and there, among the lily-pads, enjoyed for a time the landscape constantly

changing its effects in the departing touches of the setting sun. Enraptured by the beauty of the scene and their own fond chat, they heeded not the approach of one of their enemies, — one of the class *Mammalia*, — a cruelly mischievous boy of the order of *Bimana*, or *Man*. This youth stealthily crept near, and, holding a fishpole above our innocent *Ranida*, dropped a hook, artfully hidden in half a square inch of red flannel, directly on the delicate nose of *Musidora*. Enraged by the insult to his lady-love, *Rana Pipiens* instantly sprang to tear down the hated color. He missed it. The dirty-faced, barefooted, grinning little rascal raised the hook a few inches, and then shook it again, this time above the head of *Rana Pipiens* himself. With a croak of rage, — a savagely muttered “*Ah rhoonk!*” — *Rana Pipiens* made a strong and sudden leap, and caught the maddening rag. But look! See him rise through the air! See those kicks of agony, — the hands spread out imploringly, and then clutching the line by which he is suspended, — the knees bent to the body and then kicked down in a spasm of pain, an effort at escape! What a cruel scene! What plaintive, fearful, beseeching cries come from the breast of our poor captured, wounded hero!



While the affrighted *Musidora* fled weeping and trembling from the scene, the savagely-laughing eleven-year-old specimen of *Bimana* drew in his prey to his clutches, and in a minute more poor *Damon* was a murdered corpse. I bought the body of the slaughtered one from the slayer, and preserved the remains of a fellow-being I had so well known in his lifetime. Thus tragically terminated the romance of *Rana Pipiens*.

Vieux Moustache.



THE LOST SISTER.

IN a little hut in the forest which borders on the German Ocean dwelt a brother and sister, Franz and Bertha by name. Franz was much older than his sister, being fifteen years of age, while she was only ten. He was strong, and large in frame, with a good-humored, but not very intelligent face. Bertha was a bright, merry little girl, and perfectly fearless in the lonely woods. They had not always lived in this manner, but had dwelt with their parents in a neighboring village. It was but a few months since their father and mother had died of a fever, within a few days of each other, leaving them orphans, and wholly destitute. The father had been a carpenter, and was beginning to teach his son the same trade when he died; but he had learned so slowly that no one was willing to take him for an apprentice. They said that he was too stupid to learn any trade, and only fit to be a wood-cutter or a charcoal-burner in the forest. A great many people would have been willing to take little Bertha into their houses and maintain her in return for such work as she could do, but nothing could persuade her to leave her brother. They remained in their parents' house for two or three days after the last funeral, for no one wished to disturb them so soon, when one evening Bertha said to her brother, "Don't you think, Franz, that we ought to decide what we shall do now?"

"I don't know what to do," answered Franz, gloomily; "I have been to all the master-workmen in the village, and not one of them will take me. Ah! if father had but lived to teach me a little more!"

"Yes, but Franz," persisted Bertha, "we must think of something, for you know we cannot go on living in this way."

"You can go to the Frau Hoffman's, if you like," replied he; "I know she wants you to help take care of her cross children."

"No," said Bertha, shaking her head decidedly, "I shall stay with you. And now see what a nice plan I have made! You know the hut in the forest, which Gottfried the wood-cutter has just left to go to the wars? Well, I am sure that you could get his place, and we would live there, and it would be so comfortable, and I would be your housekeeper!" Bertha's eyes danced at the thought of the fine housekeeper she would be, and even Franz roused himself at the idea.

"Why, that is just what I should like," he said; "but what would you do all alone, while I am out at work?"

"O, I should be quite happy," she replied. "You know that I can spin and weave, so I should have a great deal to do; and then you could tell me where you were going to work, and I could bring out our dinner, and we could have it together in the woods, like a picnic."

They sat up very late that night talking over their plan; and the more they thought of it the better it seemed; for though Bertha was so young, she had a wise head, and knew very well what was best to do. Early the next

morning Franz went to the Mayor and asked for the wood-cutter's employment, which was very willingly given to him. Gottfried had sold all the furniture of the hut when he went away, so that they brought with them such articles as they needed from their old home. Bertha was very particular to have her mother's loom and wheel in her new dwelling; and when they were set in their places, and the tall clock stood ticking in the corner, the hut began to have quite a home-like appearance. Franz brought all his father's tools, because he did not like to part with them, though he had no use for any except an axe and a hatchet. Such of their parents' furniture as they thought they should not need, they sold, and with the money Franz paid all the funeral expenses. When people saw that the orphans were so much in earnest about helping themselves, they began to be very willing to assist them. The miller sent them a large bag of meal, and many farmers brought them presents of vegetables and cheese. When they first removed to the hut one and another of the villagers' wives would often come and spend several hours at a time with Bertha, and show her how to do a great deal of household work. After a while they came less frequently, for they were all busy women, with families of their own to take care of. But Bertha had learned so much from them while they continued to come, that she was able to manage quite well by herself afterwards. In the morning she would arrange everything in the hut as neatly as if she had lived in a great city where she might expect many visitors, for she wished to have things look pleasant and cheerful for her brother and herself. After this she would spend most of the day in spinning and weaving. She made all her own and her brother's clothes, and she was known to be so skilful a spinner that people would sometimes even bring her flax from the village to be spun, and in this way she earned a little money herself to add to her brother's wages. Thus they lived for some time, very quietly to be sure, but very happily, for they loved one another so much that they never cared for the loneliness of the place nor longed for other company.

One autumn morning, as Franz was preparing to go out to his work, Bertha put the bread and cheese which made his usual dinner into the little tin pail, and gave it to him to carry, saying that she should not be able to bring it to him that day, for she had some work which she was in a hurry to finish; but that she would come out at dusk and walk home with him instead. Franz assented, as he always did to whatever she proposed, and, only bidding her be careful and not work too hard, he kissed her and said good by. Bertha stood at the door and watched him as he went down the path, while the leaves rustled and crackled beneath his feet, and the sun shone brightly through the branches, which still bore a few red and yellow twigs. She kept calling "Good by! good by!" as long as her brother was in sight, and when she could no longer see him, she turned back into the hut. It seemed quite dark and gloomy to her within, in comparison with the fresh brightness of the early morning out of doors. As she took up the large bundle of flax, she said to herself, "I almost wish I had not given Franz his dinner, it will be so pleasant out in the woods to-day. But then I must finish this

spinning for the Sattlerin Graff before night, or I think she would not give me any more." She sat down by the wheel and soon grew interested in her work. Joining her voice to the cheerful hum of the wheel, she spent the day quite pleasantly in singing and working. A little while before dark the yarn was all spun, and neatly reeled off, and folded up ready for the Sattlerin, whenever she might call for it. Then Bertha gladly put on her cloak, and drew its hood over her head, and set off gayly for the forest. As she ran along the path she observed a little old man, a short distance ahead, who was walking in the same direction as herself. As she came up to him, she saw that he stooped a great deal, and that his face was very much wrinkled; but yet he carried no staff, and seemed very bright and active. He wore upon his head a curious-looking red cap. The rest of his clothes seemed to be of an indefinite dusky hue, but where a stray beam of the setting sun fell upon them it showed that their real color was a dull green. He turned when he heard Bertha's approaching steps, and looked keenly at her with his sharp, gray eyes.

"Who are you, my little maid?" he said; "and what can you be doing all alone in the forest?"

Bertha was a good deal astonished at meeting a stranger in such a retired spot, but, as she had been alone all day, she felt glad to have some one speak to her, and answered readily. "I am the Fraulein Bertha, the sister of Franz the wood-cutter," she replied, with as much importance as she could assume, "and I live with him in the hut just a little way behind us."

The old man turned his eyes upon her again with a quick glance of satisfaction. Then he gathered some of the brightest leaves from the trees, and commenced forming them into a wreath, walking very slowly as he did so. Bertha loitered by his side, watching the progress of the work, and they grew quite friendly together, as they talked of the forest, and the wild birds and little animals that dwelt in it. As the work on the wreath went on, Bertha thought she had never seen one so beautiful. Finally she ventured to ask who it was for.

"It may be had for the asking," replied the old man, giving it a finishing touch and holding it out so that the sunlight might strike through it.

"Then may I have it?" said Bertha eagerly.

"Yes," answered he, "but you must put it on for yourself."

Bertha took the wreath with thanks, and soon, throwing back her hood, arranged it upon her head. "Now I look like a wood-fairy, don't I?" said she, gleefully.

The old man frowned slightly. "More like a princess, I think," he answered rather dryly.

They walked on together a few steps, when, just as Bertha was beginning to think that she must hasten on to her brother, who would be tired of waiting for her, the old man stood still, and pointed to something.

"See that tree, Bertha!" he exclaimed.

Bertha looked, and saw a very large tree standing a little back from the foot-path which they were following. It was indeed a tree of wonderful size,

and she thought it very strange that she had never noticed it before. In its trunk, three or four feet from the ground, there was a large, hollow space, looking like a doorway, quite high and broad enough for any little girl to enter.

"Let us go nearer and look at it," said the old man, and Bertha, full of wondering curiosity, went with him.

When they reached the tree she could just look over the edge of the hole. There she saw a flight of steps, leading downward, cut in the wood.

"I wonder whether steps can be strong that are cut in such old wood," remarked the little man, carelessly.

"I will try them," said Bertha, climbing up on the edge, and then bravely stepping down.

They seemed quite strong, and she went down one or two, when suddenly the old man sprang up behind her and prevented her return. Bertha was rather astonished at his activity, but thought he was only in sport, until, glancing up, she saw a most malicious expression upon his withered face.

"Yes, go down!" he said, with a mocking laugh. "These steps lead to the underworld, where you must serve us for a hundred years. It is all your own doing, too, for you know that it was of your own accord that you put on that wreath, and without it you never would have seen this tree, and we could have had no power over you."

Bertha tried to tear the fairy wreath from her brow, but it was immovable. No hand but her own could have placed it there, and none but her captor's could remove it. She stood still, despair and indignation at the treachery of the dwarf rendering her perfectly defiant. "It is all a shame and a cheat!" she cried. "I never would have put on the wreath if I had known what it really was!"

"Of course you would not!" coolly answered the dwarf. "But come, go down quickly!"

Bertha was forced to obey. And now, to add to her troubles, came the thought of her brother, and of the grief he would feel at her loss, and she burst into a torrent of wild tears and sobs. But the relentless dwarf drove her on before him, and soon, after going down the rest of the steps, and passing through a dark, narrow passage, they came to a large open space.

From this space two paths branched off in opposite directions. The one on the right led to the gay palaces and gardens of the underground dwarfs; that on the left, to a dreary plain, where the mortal children whom they had captured and made their slaves were constantly employed in their hard tasks. The dwarf stopped for a moment, hoping that Bertha would look around, and that the distant view of the bright palaces and flowering trees on the right would make the place where she was to dwell seem still more hateful to her. But she was too much absorbed in grief to see anything; and, indeed, all the delights of that abode would have seemed perhaps even worse than the toils she was to undergo, for she had no heart to enjoy anything there. They turned to the left, and soon Bertha heard a mournful strain of music rising on the air. It came from her fellow-captives, little

German children, who were sadly singing their old home songs as they labored. Then the dwarf who had brought her down gave a shrill whistle, and immediately another dwarf even uglier than himself appeared. To him Bertha was given in charge, with the command that she should be employed day and night in spinning. "For I have heard that the Fraulein Bertha, as she calls herself," said her captor, contemptuously, "is a good spinner, and we must get all we can of her work."

Thus Bertha was led away to join the other unfortunate children who were there before her, in their hard and hopeless toil, — her pleasant home, her happy occupations, and, worse than anything else, her dear brother, all lost to her, as she believed, forever. The time passed wearily on. Bertha tried to talk a little with the other children, who all had some story of wrong similar to her own to relate, but they were constantly watched by their cruel taskmaster, who punished them whenever he heard a word spoken, so that they could not have much companionship together.

But now let us see what happened to Franz, thus left alone in the world. On the day that Bertha was carried off he worked hard, as usual, cutting down several trees and clearing them of their branches. When he saw that the sun was near setting, he began to expect his sister. Still he went on with his work. Sunset came, and it began to grow dark, so that he put up his tools and stood leaning against a tree, wondering much that she did not come, but unwilling to start for home alone, thinking that it might disappoint her, and make her feel as if she had been to blame in not coming sooner. Thus he stood for some time while it grew darker and darker. He then began to feel afraid that she might have been taken ill suddenly, and was just slinging his tools across his back to go home and see how it was with her, when he heard the sharp little voice of a wood-elf in the bushes behind him.

"Do you know what has happened in the wood this afternoon, Thornie?" it said.

"No; what is it?" replied the elf that was spoken to:

"The underground people have carried off Bertha, the wood-cutter's sister, to keep her a prisoner for a hundred years on the old terms."

"You mean, unless the statue that can speak is given them for a ransom?"

"Yes. Stupid Franz is a likely one to make it, is n't he?" was the answer, and they both laughed.

Franz heard every word they said, and stood still for a moment, struck with horror. Then he remembered how malicious these elves were said to be, and tried to believe that they had made up the whole story on purpose to tease and frighten him. It agreed but too well, however, with the fact that Bertha had not come for him as she had promised, and, full of the keenest anxiety, he hastened home at the top of his speed. He found the hut quite dark when he reached it; but, instantly lighting a candle, he looked around. Everything was neatly arranged; a few sticks were laid together upon the hearth, ready to make a fire; the bundle of yarn which Bertha had spun that day lay by the side of the wheel; but Bertha herself was nowhere

to be seen. Then Franz could no longer doubt the truth of what the elf had said. He sat down by the table, and, burying his face in his hands, remained for a long time lost in mournful thought.

"Alas!" he said to himself, "is Bertha indeed gone? Can it be that I shall never see my dear sister again? And how wretched must be her life among the cruel dwarfs who have carried her away! O Bertha! Bertha! if I might but save you and bring you home again! But that can never be. No, I shall nevermore see my sister!"

After a while he thought that he must let the people in the village know what had happened, though it was not possible that they could be of any service. So he set out to walk to the village, still saying to himself as he went, "I shall never see my dear sister again."

Suddenly he heard a soft voice whisper, "Thou canst see thy sister again!"

He was now in an open part of the wood, and the moon, which had risen, was shining brightly. He turned quickly round, and saw the tall, delicate figure of a fairy lady, dressed in a robe of clear, faint green, like that of the leaves when they first come forth in the spring, with a bright and gentle face.

"Be quiet!" said the fairy, raising her hand with a warning gesture; "it must not be known that I have spoken to you; but I will show you how your sister can be brought back to earth again, if you will obey me in all I say."

"I will do anything," answered Franz, speaking as softly as he could in his excited state.

"Listen to me, then," said the fairy. "I am Pinella, and I have my dwelling in these woods. I know how much you and Bertha care for one another, and because nothing pleases me more than such love between a brother and a sister, I would most gladly bring you together again. But if any of my race should know that I had helped the wood-cutter, they would inflict the severest penalties upon me. So that, first of all, you must promise not to tell any one that you have seen me, and to perform all that I direct you to do with the utmost secrecy."

"I promise, willingly," said Franz.

"Then," said Pinella, "in the first place, I will tell you what you have to do. The statue which you must make must be exactly like your lost sister as she appeared when you last saw her, — the color of her eyes and hair, the dress she wore, everything, indeed, must be precisely the same. And more than all this, the image must be able to speak, as you heard the elves say a little while ago."

"Alas!" said Franz, "I can never make such an image. I never made so much as the figure of a dog or a bird in my life, and I know that I cannot do it."

"Do not speak so," replied the fairy; "for, if you make up your mind that you cannot do a thing, you never will do it; but if you will only try, I can help you so much that you will be sure to succeed. Now I must leave you; but if you are willing to trust me and do what you can to save your sister,

come to this place to-morrow night. Meantime remember to tell no one that you have seen me. Farewell !”

As she finished speaking, the fairy moved quickly away ; but Franz called after her, in a loud, hurried whisper, “ I will come ! I will try ! I will do anything to save Bertha !” She turned her face back toward him with a smile, and he now began to feel a little hope for the first time since Bertha had disappeared.

He continued his way toward the village, and soon reached the house of the Sattler Graff, whose wife had given Bertha her last spinning. He looked in at the window and saw the family sitting around the fire. One of them was a little girl of about the same age as his sister. The sight of her made him feel so very forlorn that he did not like to go in. While he thus stood irresolute by the window, he saw the saddler rise from his seat and put on his great-coat to go out. Franz moved a little away from the house, and as soon as the man came out from the porch he walked towards him.

“ Ah, Franz ! is that you ?” cried the saddler, as he caught sight of him. “ We don’t often see you in the village of an evening, you keep house so well with that good little sister of yours !”

“ Poor Bertha is gone !” said Franz, sadly. “ I came here to tell you that the underground people carried her off this evening while I was at work in the forest. But I —” he added hopefully, and then suddenly stopped, remembering in time the promise that he had just made. He was going to say, “ But I have seen a good fairy who will help me to bring her back !”

The saddler was too much astonished and shocked to notice how abruptly Franz stopped speaking. “ Bertha carried off !” he repeated. “ And she was so good and so useful and so intelligent, — quite a little woman, indeed ! Poor Bertha !”

The compassionate saddler stood still for some minutes, grieving over the little girl’s fate, then, turning to Franz, he said, “ And you, my poor boy, — you will not wish to live in the forest any longer, now that you will be all alone. Come and stay at my house for a few days, at least until something can be settled for you.”

Franz remembered his appointment with the fairy for the next night, and thought of the strange labor which he would have to perform in secret. These thoughts made him decide that it would be much better for him to live by himself. So he thanked the saddler very heartily, but said that he should prefer to remain where he was. The man was a good deal surprised at his decision, but did not urge him to alter it, for he had but a small house to live in with his large family of children, and he knew quite well that his wife would not be at all pleased at having Franz with them, especially as she had always thought him very awkward and stupid.

“ Well, Franz,” he said, “ it is better that you should do as you choose. I will come in soon and see how you get on, and my wife shall go now and then and help you about your housekeeping.”

Franz said that he hoped they would come, and then they bade each other good night and parted. Franz knew that he need not himself tell any one

else of Bertha's disappearance; for he was sure that the saddler would spread the news through the village, so that he walked homeward immediately. The next morning he had to get breakfast for himself in the best way he could, and then he went out to his work as usual.

All day he was longing for the time to arrive when he might go to meet the fairy, and he found that it was only by working very hard that he could be at all patient. Twilight came at last; and after having hastily eaten a little bread and cheese which he had saved from his dinner,— for he liked to keep away from the lonely hut as much as possible,— he set off for the appointed spot, with his axe resting on his shoulder and his hatchet in his hand. Scarcely had he reached the place when he heard the voice of the fairy lady speaking to him as she came forward through the trees.

“ You are truly a good brother, Franz,” she said, “ and I am glad that you have brought your tools with you. Now I will tell you what is first to be done. In this forest there grows a tree whose wood possesses a wonderful power. If you carve it into the exact shape of anything that you wish to copy, it will of its own accord become of the proper color. This, you see, will be a great help to you, for you could never get all the different paints which would be needed to color your image, and, even if you could, it would not be possible to match them so exactly that the dwarfs could not discover any difference between the statue and your sister's real appearance. I cannot show you the way to this tree myself; but I will tell you how you can find it. You must fasten the rest of your tools securely about you, and hold your axe loosely in both hands. The edge will turn of itself in the right direction, and all you will have to do is to go where it points. When you reach the tree, you will find a fierce-looking dwarf stationed there to guard it; but if you do not take any notice of him, he will not be able to hurt you. Cut the tree down as quickly as you can, and take home a piece of the trunk about four feet long. This will make a statue of just about your sister's height. You must work upon it only in the evening, when your regular labor in the forest is done; and remember never to let any one know what you are doing. Be careful to save all the little chips and splinters of the precious wood, and put them safely away by themselves, for they will all be wanted. I will come to you soon and see how you succeed. Until then, farewell!”

With the last words the fairy disappeared, giving Franz no opportunity to make any objections or to ask any further help.

L. E. S.

(To be concluded.)



WHAT PUSSY WILLOW DID.

AND so it became an established fact that our Little Pussy Willow was very pretty to look at, as well as good for use. Now, for our part, we are not of the class of those who think it is no sort of matter how one looks if one is only good. Our kind Father in heaven has set us the example of making all his useful works ornamental. A peach-tree might have been made to bear good peaches without having any ornament about it; in fact, peaches might have been made just as they come into market, in rough bushel-baskets; but, instead of that, only see the beauty that is lavished on a peach-tree! There is no flowering shrub that one can get for one's front door-yard that is more beautiful. There is, first, the beauty of its long, narrow green leaf, which grows with so rich a luxuriance, and then the beauty of its lovely pink blossoms, and after that the charming velvet peach, colored so beautifully with a rosy bloom on one side. And so, in the same manner, apple and pear trees are in the spring of the year covered with the most delicate and delicious flowers. Now, as not more than one in a dozen of these thousands of blossoms ever sets for fruit, it is plain that our good Father meant them for ornament alone.

And so the impulse which makes men and women wish to ornament the houses they live in, and to wear delicate and beautiful clothing, is quite in agreement with the will of our great Creator, who has made everything beautiful in its season.

So that when our little Pussy, on Sunday morning, felt such pleasure in tying on her pretty, fair straw hat, crowned with nodding daisies and meadow grasses, she was just as good a little Christian as she was when she was getting breakfast and helping her mother about the daily work, or reciting her lesson in the Bible class at her Sunday school.

It is not wrong for you, my little girl who reads this, to wish to look pretty, any more than it is wrong to wish to be good ; and it is not in the least true, that it is of no sort of importance how you look if you are only good. It is true, though, that it is a great deal more really beautiful to be good than to have a pretty face, or be well dressed. Think this over by yourself, and see if you do not find it so. If you have two schoolmates, one of whom is very pretty and wears the prettiest of clothes, and the other of whom is plain, and wears very plain clothes, at first you like the pretty one the best. But if she is ill-tempered and cross, if she frowns and scolds and is disobliging, by and by she really begins to look homely to you. And if your plain friend is always bright and cheerful and good-tempered and ready to oblige you, you begin to think her quite pretty ; she looks pretty to you because you love her.

Now the great trouble about girls and women is, not that they think too much of outside beauty, but that they do not think enough of inside beauty. If Pussy thought of nothing but how to dress herself, if her whole mind were taken up with thoughts about her clothes, she would be on the way to lose what is her best beauty, and her most lasting one, — that is, her unselfish and sweet disposition.

So there is not the least harm, also, in loving to be admired, — especially if you prefer the admiration of your own dear, true friends, to that of strangers. There are some young girls who do not care how they look at home, who do not care that their fathers and mothers and brothers should see them with tumbled and torn dresses, and rough hair, while they will spend hours and hours in getting ready to shine in some party or ball. But our little Pussy was delighted to have her mother pleased, and her father happy, and to see that her brothers were proud of her. She looked at herself in the glass when she came home from church, and saw that she was very pretty, and thanked her Heavenly Father for it, and thought what a good girl she must try to be to those dear parents who loved her so dearly.

She felt as if ten dollars spent on her dress was almost an extravagant sum, but thought she would try to make it up by being very industrious and economical ; and she began directly to be very busy, in secret, braiding straw to make her mother a bonnet that should be even finer and nicer than her own. She had learned so well that she could braid straw while she was reading or studying, and her little fingers were never idle, even while her mind was away on other things.

The love of beauty did not stop with her own dress. She began to consider what could be done to make their home attractive. There had been always a best room at the farm-house, but it had been rather a bare place. Not one of the thousand little pretty things and knick-knacks which dress up

modern parlors could they have at the farm-house. The floor had not even a carpet, but was covered with clean white sand, crinkled with great art and care, so as to resemble the rippled sand on the sea-beach.

But Pussy set her eyes on this room, and resolved to make it pretty. First she persuaded her mother to let her open the windows and take away some heavy, dark paper curtains, so that the bright light of the sun might be let in. Then she searched the buffet, in the corner of the best room, and found there an old India china bowl that belonged to her mother's wedding tea-set, and this she set upon the table and kept constantly full of mignonette and other sweet flowers that perfumed the air of the room. Then she arranged mosses and ferns in various little fanciful plots upon various dishes and plates. Her brothers, seeing her object, lent her the aid of their strong arms, and dug up for her roots of plummy ferns, which they brought home all waving with their great fan-like leaves, and planted for her in the lower half of a cask which they sawed in two for the purpose. This was set in the fire-place, and then Pussy busied herself in covering the sides of the cask with green moss. The looking-glass she ornamented with wreaths of evergreen, intermingled with the long gray moss that grew on the boughs of pine-trees, and brightened by red berries. In short, after a while the little parlor looked like some of those quaint mossy bowers in the woods, where one loves to sit and enjoy the sunshine.

There were tall, climbing rose-bushes which grew up over the window and looked in with a hundred rosy, inquiring faces, all through the month of June; and by the time the roses had passed away, there were morning-glories planted at the roots of the bushes which kept up a constant succession of bright blossoms through the summer.

Pussy had induced her brother to make her a rough frame for a lounge, which she cushioned and stuffed, and then covered with a pretty, neat green chintz. A couple of rough boxes, cushioned and covered with the same material, made a pair of ottomans to match this lounge; and the room really began to wear quite an inviting appearance.

Pussy had persuaded her father to allow her the milk of one cow, which he cheerfully did, for he knew she was a deft little dairy-maid. Pussy was happy and busy enough taking charge of Clover, — for so her cow was called. She prepared a breakfast for her every morning with her own hands, and Clover would come up and stand with her head over the fence waiting for it. Pussy would stroke her head, and pat her, and talk to her, and tell her that she must try and be a good cow, and give her a plenty of milk to make butter of; and Clover would look at her attentively out of her great, clear, soft eyes, where you could see the shadow of the lashes just as you can see the rushes in a brook. The fact is, Pussy grew so fond of Clover that she spent a great deal of time petting her. Clover learned some of the arts of civilized life with great rapidity; she would eat cake and gingerbread and apples out of Pussy's hand, and Pussy would sometimes put a wreath of buttercups and daisies round her horns, and lead her by one horn to look at herself in the brook, and see how she liked herself. What Clover thought of all this she

never mentioned; but she showed her regard for her young mistress in the best way that a cow could devise, by giving the most uncommon quantity of nice rich milk. And then Pussy's brothers went to work and built a milk-room out in the pasture directly over the brook, so that the little stream pattered directly through it; and here Pussy's pans of milk were set to raise their cream, and here was her seat when she used to churn and work her butter. Pussy's butter became quite celebrated in the neighborhood, and sold for an extra price, and Pussy counted the money with a glad heart. In six months she had saved enough to buy a neat little shelf of books to put in the parlor; and many and many a happy hour at home grew out of that shelf of books. No ornament of a house can compare with books; they are constant company in a room, even when you are not reading them.

Pussy used sometimes to take a book out and show it to Clover, and say, "Thank you for this, dear Clover," — all which Clover accepted in perfect serenity.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



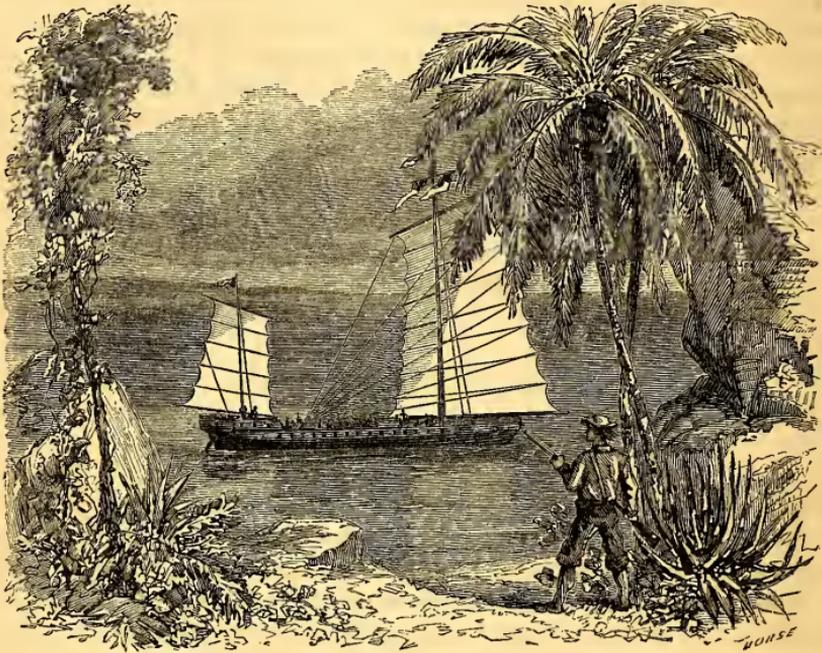
THE WONDERFUL BEADS:

OR, KING FU-TI AND NATHANIEL NYE.

NATHANIEL NYE was born in Boston about sixty years ago. When he was a lad of eighteen, he shipped as a sailor on board a vessel bound for Liverpool, and left the vessel there and went to London. For a period of about six years, following his departure from Boston, he wandered from city to city of Europe, with his bright Yankee brain ever on the alert to acquire useful knowledge. He worked at several trades long enough to become somewhat familiarized with them; — in a cutlery establishment in Sheffield, England; in a pottery in Sevres, France; in a glass factory in Venice, Italy; in a cabinet shop in Munich, Germany; and I don't know what more. At the same time he cultivated acquaintance with books; so that by the time he was twenty-four years old he had a head uncommonly well stored, and hands uncommonly skilled in different kinds of workmanship.

At this time he began to think of returning to Boston, and settling down in life. But before doing so, he determined to go to China and familiarize himself with silk-manufacturing, a subject he had studied just enough in France to induce him to think he could make it profitable to transfer this pursuit to his native New England. He therefore shipped on a China-bound vessel. But he never reached China. In the Pacific Ocean, the vessel was captured by a Malay pirate. The captain of the pirate, after killing the English officers, made a proposal to the crew. He had had until recently

among his men an English mariner named Leach, who had been killed in an engagement a short time before this. He now offered to spare the life of such one of the men as should best illustrate his knowledge of navigation on the English method. Half a dozen eager fellows offered their services; but, on examination, the Malay captain found that they all knew too little for his purpose, with the exception of Nathaniel Nye, who was no less wise in this matter than in many others. So, to save his life, Nye became the Malay captain's factotum; but he was firm in the purpose of deserting as soon as an opportunity arrived.



One day the pirate stopped at an island in the South Pacific to replenish her stock of water. Watching his chance, Nye concealed himself at twilight in a clump of bushes not far from the shore, and was overjoyed at seeing the vessel weigh anchor and make sail without him, for he had not yet been missed. He was now a free man, but as to what sort of an abode Providence had thrown him upon, he could form but a general idea. However, he was provided with his gun and a few rounds of ammunition, together with food enough to last him for a day. So, after penetrating inland till late in the evening, he stretched himself out on the ground, and fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake till the next morning.

He now resumed his journey, but had not walked far when he suddenly found himself face to face with a savage whose dusky countenance was hideously tattooed. The islander made an effort to wrest Nathaniel's gun from him; but the American proved the stronger of the two, and the savage retired to a short distance. Suddenly turning, he drew his bowstring to his

cheek, and pointed an arrow at Nathaniel. The latter, preferring that of the two the savage should die, fired upon and killed him. The report of the gun brought upon the scene a hundred dusky warriors, who surrounded our unfortunate adventurer, disarmed him, stripped him of his clothing, and led him to their village, where he was condemned to be shot.

The hour of execution followed speedily on the sentence. Nathaniel was led forth, bound and guarded. The king of the tribe sat beneath a wide-spreading tree, surrounded by a circle of his subjects. A line of warriors were drawn up at a short distance, and the king rose to his feet to address them. Taking from his neck a string of glass beads which he wore, he detached one of them from the string, and held it up between his thumb and forefinger. "This jewel," said the king, "shall be the prize of him who shall first pierce the prisoner's heart with an arrow."

You may imagine that Nathaniel had watched what passed about him very closely. The king, in speaking, was very profuse of gesture, and Nathaniel comprehended what he was saying, although he could not understand his words. Perhaps his perceptions were rendered more keen by the sight of the twenty arrows, headed with sharp fish-bone and feathered with bright red feathers, which were already pointed at him. He made a gesture to attract the attention of the savage who had acted as an interpreter for him thus far. This savage, whose name was Mog-Pi, spoke the Malay dialect, enough of which Nathaniel had picked up, while on board the pirate, to be able to make himself understood. The interpreter approached.

"Is that necklace highly valued by your king?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mog-Pi, "the king's necklace has no brother. It was captured in one of our wars with a neighboring tribe, and was bought with the blood of a hundred warriors."

"Ask your king if he will spare my life, and give me my liberty, if I will make him ten such necklaces."

Mog-Pi laughed.

"What does he say to you?" demanded the king, impatiently.

"He says," answered Mog-Pi, "that, if you will spare his life, he will make ten such necklaces as that."

"What!" cried the king, in great surprise, and with gestures showing the intensity of his astonishment. "Is he a magician?" He approached Nathaniel and stared at him earnestly. "Make him say it again, Mog-Pi."

Nathaniel repeated his words.

"Unbind him!" cried the king. "Shall I have my new necklaces tomorrow?"

Nathaniel took a moment for reflection, and then said to the interpreter, "I must have thirty days."

The king was greatly disappointed at this; but he finally agreed to the terms. "I am suspicious," said he. "Why can he not make these gems sooner? But give him the time he asks. He shall be watched night and day, and, Mog-Pi, tell him this: if in thirty suns he has not proved his wonderful power, his tongue shall be cut out and burned for lying, his eyes shall

be picked from their sockets for having looked on my disappointment, and his body shall be burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds."

"A very uncomfortable prospect that," thought Nathaniel; "but I shall do it. Blessed day that sent me into Giacomelli's glass-works! I am saved."

He was soon left to himself, except that a guard of four stalwart savages kept watch over him; and sitting down under the tree whose shade the king and his subjects had just vacated, he began to take counsel with himself.

"Thirty days in which to make a bushel or so of glass beads," he said to himself, "and nothing to work with but these two hands. Excuse me, my brains, I came near forgetting you. And now, what to do? There are two materials that I must have, to make glass of; namely, flint and an alkali. Flint is here in plenty, in the shape of sand, which is mostly composed of flint. If I had time to spare, I dare say I could hunt up a purer article of flint, in the shape of quartz crystal; but sand will do. To melt it, I must have an alkali, either in the shape of potash or soda, and this I must make. The ashes of wood and plants will yield me potash in plenty; but there it is again! I have n't time to spend in converting these ashes into an alkali. Now, as to soda, that is a simpler matter to get, — I have only to burn a quantity of sea-wrack, of which there appears to be plenty on this island; and, besides, soda makes glass brighter and harder than potash. So soda it is!"

With this he sprang up briskly to go at his task at once, and, noticing his guards staring intently at him, he addressed them, though knowing they could n't understand a word. "You poor heathen dunces, you expect to hear me cry, *Presto, change!* and see me wave my hands in the air, I suppose, don't you? What a precious lot of greenies you fellows are, anyhow! I suppose you don't know that glass was made in Egypt three or four thousand years ago. I suppose you don't know that Moses and Job both knew about glass in those old times of theirs. I suppose you don't even know who Moses and Job were. But I'm wasting my time addressing you, gentlemen. Let me see," he continued musingly. "Raw materials are very well as far as they go; but the worst part of it is to come. I must have a furnace in which to melt my sand and soda, or I can do nothing."

Nothing was more certain than this. To melt sand and soda requires a very intense heat, and of course the crucible in which they are melted must be able to sustain this heat unharmed; and not only that, but it must resist the chemical action of the soda, which will melt some things that fire won't, because it can't. The material must therefore be a clay containing so small a proportion of flint as to resist the action of the alkali. The main constituent of this clay is alumina, which, when mixed with a certain proportion of sand and a little magnesia, will resist almost any fire.

Nathaniel understood all this thoroughly, thanks to his habits of study, for it is not probable he ever would have learned so much by the mere working in a glass factory; and without more delay he set out to search for the materials for his crucible, or "bead oven," as he facetiously termed it, for there

was no dampening his spirits. Men who have seen much of life are not apt to lose their spirits under menacing danger.

The thirty days were rapidly slipping away, and the greater part of them had been used by Nathaniel in experimenting, with slowly improving results. At last the much-desired oven was done, and the last day of the thirty was perilously near at hand. The oven stood in a large hut, where he had gathered wood for a fire, with the aid of savages whom the king placed at his service; for the king was liberal with all the assistance in his power, though he kept a vigilant guard over our hero, and frequently commissioned Mog-Pi with repeating to Nathaniel the tortures that awaited him if he failed to meet his agreement. Nathaniel only smiled at these things, and went on with his labors; but his heart fluttered a little as the critical hour drew nigh. He had selected the finest sand he could find, and had the savages grind it still finer between smooth stones; and by burning aquatic plants in holes dug in the ground, as he had learned to do in Giacomelli's factory in Venice, he had succeeded in obtaining in the ashes some fine pieces of soda, which also were ground fine by the much-wondering natives.

"Now leave me alone," said he; and he put every man of them out of his hut-factory. "The hour has come," he said to himself. "If I have made any mistake in my preparations, and therefore fail, I am a dead man, and alas for my poor tongue and my unhappy eyes!"

He lighted his fire. The wood proved bad, and gave but little heat with a great deal of smoke. Better wood had to be provided, and he tried again. Then the oven, being new, heated very slowly. At last there remained but just time enough to enable him to complete his operations before the fatal day, provided he had no further hindrances. Mixing the sand and powdered soda, he put the compound on the stone shelf in his baking oven, over the fire, and stirred it slowly with a piece of iron, so that it should heat up evenly, and not make lumps.

"Come, be lively, Mister Fire!" apostrophized Nathaniel, who naturally felt a little excited, and may therefore be excused if he said an absurd thing or two. "What a spoon this is to stir my frit with! It's the only piece of iron these poor heathens possess, though. Now, then, Mister Fire, *will* you be lively? Aha! now for it! My frit is getting cherry-red, and will soon be ready to go into the red-hot crucible."

At last it was hot enough to put into the crucible without breaking it, and in it went. And while Nathaniel with a flushed and happy face was skimming the mixture as it melted, and keeping up a roaring fire underneath, the king and his warriors were gathering outside; for the last day of the thirty had come. Mog-Pi put his head in at the door of the hut and said: "The warriors are preparing their arrows. If the beads are not ready at the setting of the sun, you know your fate."

"Well, well!" said Nathaniel, without looking around; "keep quiet, will you? Hang the fellows! if I should need a half-hour's grace, they wouldn't give it to me."

The melting was successful. Nathaniel Nye felt that he was saved, as he

viewed the clear, transparent liquid in his crucible. He was none too soon, however. The sun was already sinking behind the western hills, and as he beheld this sign, Fu-ti the king strode into the hut, with his warriors at his heels. But the hut was not so large as some houses I know of in Boston, and only a few could enter. These gathered in a semicircle about the king, while others peered in at the door. Before the king there stood a large vessel filled with water, which Nathaniel had got ready and placed there.

“Show me my stars!” demanded Fu-ti. “Where are the stars you promised me?”

“Here is one,” said Lonet, — for he had already begun to pick up the language of the islanders, and understood the king’s words, — and at the moment of making this reply he dipped his rod of iron in the crucible, and let the liquid glass which had adhered into it drop in the water, where it immediately hardened and formed an opaque white bead, pear-shaped, such as are often known by the name of Prince Rupert drops. This he presented to King Fu-ti.



The king looked at it in amazement, and then, turning to his warriors, set up a shout of joy, which they re-echoed till the little hut rang again. Nathaniel Nye joined in the shout, and

made as much noise as the loudest of them, for he thought he had reason to be as delighted as the king; and I think so too.

“He has got a glass bead, and I have got my life,” laughed Nathaniel, as he again dipped the iron in the crucible, and again produced a bead. What was the king’s delight as he saw the beads accumulate to the number of several hundred under Nathaniel’s skilful management!

When he had got the required number ready, our hero decided to make the warriors his friends. So he made a bead for every one of them, and so delighted them by his generosity that they could have fallen on their faces before him in gratitude and admiration.

“I guess I will give them a touch of the wonderful now,” said Nathaniel, taking a bead in his hand. This he struck sharply on the pointed end, when it exploded with a loud noise, like the firing of a pistol, leaving nothing in his hand but a little dust. This was so marvellous to the savages, that they cried out in alarm.

Nathaniel Nye now found himself a very popular man in the community. King Fu-ti manifested his respect and affection for his late prisoner by going up to him and rubbing his nose against Nathaniel’s. All the warriors followed in their turn, and some of them had such very hard noses, with such very rough rings in them, that Nathaniel had almost as trying a time of it as General Grant had last summer in shaking hands with his admirers; but our hero submitted with a good grace, and reflected that, if his nose was a little lame at the end of the performance, he had been accorded the highest honors of the country. To cap the climax of their regard, he now ran some of

the melted glass into several little clay moulds that he had provided for the purpose, and turned out various curious and pretty articles.



From this time forward, Nathaniel Nye became almost an object of worship on the island. Had he been a bad man, he would have taken unmanly advantage of the reverence in which he was held ; but his mother was one of those good New England women who instil noble principles into the minds of their children, and Nathaniel had not forgotten his training in all his wanderings. So he set to work to endeavor to Christianize and civilize these people. By addressing himself to their interests as well as their consciences, he soon succeeded beyond his first expectations. At the end of a year they had given up their idols and erected a temple to the true God. Idleness and war were forsaken for industry and thrift, and before long the nation was metamorphosed.

William Wirt Sikes.

FLOWER SECRETS FOR FAN.

AH ha, little maiden ! I 've heard, I have heard
 From the lips of my faithful, confiding Bluebird, —
 No eavesdropper he, but 't was under his tree
 You were sighing your wish, and he caught every word.

And *would* you, then, like so dearly and well
 To hear all the secrets of dingle and dell
 That nobody knows but the wind that blows,
 And the brooks and the birds, and *won't* you tell ?

Little Ann Emony surely you know ;
 The Wind is my father, I bend and bow low
 Down in the grasses whenever he passes,
 Because I know and love him so.

My lady, Spring Beauty, lives just within call,
 Her dress is striped pink, and she 's stately and tall,—
 Much finer than I, although Bluebird says, "Why?
 I like people best who are quiet and small."

Down by the brook, in a leafy nest,
 Shady and cool, in her soft blue dressed,
 Wild Vio Letta — perhaps you have met her —
 Leans over the one that loves her the best.

And her lover, the Brook, he madly sings,
 And rubies and diamonds gayly flings
 Up over her hair and breast so fair,
 As she sits and dreams all golden things.

Wood Robin came wooing, the other day ;
 He carolled his sweetest roundelay,
 But Vio, so wise, never lifted her eyes,
 And Robin flew, silent and hopeless, away.

The bright clouds smile down as they sail by above her ;
 The fishes flash gold, but nothing can move her ;
 Still she sits, in her blue, ever faithful and true,
 Hearing naught, seeing naught but her glad, leaping lover.

So we are to have a wedding, you see,
 Under the merry old greenwood-tree,
 But when, I can't tell, though I like you so well,
 For they 've only told Patty, and she told me.

Did you ever see Patty, little 'E. Patty Car ?
 She wears pale purple, her eye 's like a star.
 Nobody 's like Patty, so dainty and natty,
 So shy and so tender, look near or look far.

Patty's house is of moss, down under the fern,
 And all through the winter so bitter and stern
 She opens it wide for the homeless to hide,
 The beetles and bugs, till spring doth return.

The birds and the butterflies love her well,
 And—if you won't mention it—Gray Squir Rell
 I 've seen stop his chatter and sit looking at her
 By the half-hour, — but that I ought never to tell.

O, there comes Bluebird, as fast as he can,
 To sing to me ; so I must leave you, sweet Fan.
 With this he will fly to you ; so now good by to you,
 And I hope you 'll soon call on your friend, little Ann.

Mrs. George Warner.



D A D D Y ' S M A N .

ONCE upon a time, and a long, long time ago, for it was on the nineteenth day of May, 1780, the good and pious people of New England, not to mention the sinners, of whom probably none then existed, were very much startled by a phenomenon known ever since as "The Dark Day," — not a make-believe dark day, such as we all see now and then, when the darkness comes from our own hearts and heads, — not a national dark day, although the people who saw it were in the midst of the Revolutionary war, and a good many of them enjoyed taking exceedingly uncomfortable views of the country's future, just as some of us have been fond of doing in the last few years, — not a spiritual or intellectual dark day, such as the world has seen so many of, that a long epoch in its history is known as the Dark Ages, — not the dark day of an eclipse, foretold by all the wise men, and for which we prepare smoked bits of glass, and have such fun in blacking our noses by peeping through them, — in fact, not like any other dark day that ever was heard of since the world began, and for which no one is even now able to account.

There yet live people who were children then, and one of these, a charming old gentleman, has told me all about it, and I will tell it to you again.

He says that, very early upon that morning, a learned astronomer, who had risen betimes to take a peep at the morning, discovered that something was wrong with the clouds and the winds, and predicted to his family that the day would be the darkest ever known in New England, for the heavy strata of cloud he had seen driven by opposing winds across each other at different heights, must, if they continued to thicken as they were then doing, obscure the sun's rays almost entirely. Very likely the astronomer's family smiled slyly into its coffee-cups, and said to itself that long vigils and early rising, together with much star-gazing, are apt to make a man fanciful, and that a

cloudy day was no such marvel. But before the coffee-cups were washed and put away, the prophecy had become a fact, for the clouds, growing darker and heavier with every moment, seemed closing down upon the earth like a great black roof, shutting out the daylight almost altogether. The sea, moaning and surging in an uneasy sort of way, lay black and awful under the blacker sky, except when long lines of foam curved like white lips upon its surface. The wind, sighing through the broad pine woods that lie for miles about the Old Colony where I heard the story, sounded wild and wicked as the winds that blow down to us from the old days of sorcery and witchcraft; or perhaps it was because all who saw and heard them were so frightened and astonished that they seemed to look and sound so. But at any rate, (for this is a homely fact, not to be done away with by common-sense suggestions,) the hens, not usually too romantic in their notions, saw something so strange about the day that at nine o'clock in the morning they went soberly to roost, and, with their heads under their wings, slept straight through the day and night that followed. The cows, too, came to the bars, lowing to be driven home; the dogs whined and howled, the pigs squealed, the horses would n't go, and the little children ran crying to their mothers.

As for the big children, I suppose they thought it fun, and capered about, getting in every one's way, asking all manner of questions, running out every minute to look, and in, every other minute, to report upon the way things were going. At least that is the way we would have acted if we had been there, would n't we?

But the fathers and mothers, — those poor fathers and mothers who have to take all the care and worry, while the children keep all the fun, and who are sometimes tempted to be too severe and sad, just because they can no longer be gay and careless as they once were, — the fathers and mothers, I say, took very gloomy and terrified views of this Dark Day.

Some thought the world had come to an end, and that this was the Day of Judgment; these occupied themselves with listening for the blast of the last trumpet, and looking toward the gloomy heavens to catch the radiance that should herald the coming of the Lord. Others considered the darkness a sign of God's displeasure at the wickedness of man, and a warning to amend before it was too late. Others thought it an omen that the war was about to end disastrously; and a few Tories, who had been obliged till then to hold their tongues, now ventured to say that the war was a wicked and an unnatural one, and had excited the wrath of God, — that the American Colonies had done very well under the rule of Great Britain, and should have remained quiet, instead of making every one uncomfortable, and sending the prices of everything worth having out of honest people's reach, — just such talk, indeed, as might have been heard during our own great war in many an odd corner and cowardly hiding-place.

Yet others were there, who were so determined to take a rational and everyday view of the Dark Day that they insisted it was only caused by vast volumes of smoke from burning woods, added to the natural murkiness of a cloudy day; but this explanation was about as satisfactory as if some one

should tell us the deluge was caused by Mrs. Noah's having emptied her washing-tubs into the ocean.

So every one believed that the most dreadful thing he could imagine was about to happen, and nearly every one began to pray very loud, as was then the fashion under almost all circumstances, and to read the most awful passages of Scripture that could be selected, as also was then the fashion; for our good Puritan fathers were much fonder of talking of the justice and power and wrath of God than of His infinite love, mercy, and patience. So they read and prayed the whole day through; and when about five o'clock the clouds lightened a little, they thought, I suppose, that they had prayed away the Dark Day, and felt quite satisfied with themselves and their efforts; but at nightfall the darkness came on again, and more intensely than ever, of course, the unnatural gloom of the day being added to the natural gloom of night, and both together causing a darkness that people say was to be felt as well as seen, and oppressed those who ventured out in it with a crushing, choking feeling, intolerable to endure. Lights in the windows of houses could not be seen from the opposite side of the street, and several persons were quite lost and bewildered in trying to go from one house to the next. One young man in particular was sent across North Street in Plymouth with a message, and although he took a lantern, and the houses were both well lighted, he could not find the way, and after wandering for half an hour up and down, backward and forward, and round and round, as you have seen the Blindman do when the handkerchief is tight, and no one guides him by calling, he groped his way home by the help of the fence, and ventured out no more that night.

One old lady there was, however, who showed an amount of coolness, and what the boys call pluck, that deserves to be recorded. She was grandmother to the pleasant old gentleman who told me the story, and he evidently took much satisfaction in that circumstance. This old lady, after reading and praying all the day, and finding herself greatly strengthened and comforted thereby, devoted a part of the night to writing verses about the Dark Day, whose end she could not yet know. These verses her grandson still preserves, and they are so quaint and simple, so devout and so brave, that I am sure you will like to read them, fancying all the while the dark and solemn night, with the frightened people not daring to go to bed, but waiting for what dreadful thing was to happen before morning, and the cheerful, brave old lady sitting so calmly among them, now comforting those about her, and again turning to her verse-making.

"A FEW LINES COMPOSED ON A REMARKABLE DARK DAY.

MAY 19, 1780.

"There 's many changes past this yeare,
And one Dark Day there did appeare;
Ye Sun did soe withedrawe his light
It made ye noonday looke like night.

“As for y^e monthe it was in Maye,
And fell upon y^e nineteenth day.
Y^e darkness held till almost night,
And then agen it grew more light.

“But when y^e evening did come on,
Y^e darkness did agen return ;
Y^e good folk who were then abroad
Say that they could not keep y^e roade.

“Some persons were in great distress,
And by their words they did express
They tho't y^e Judgment Day was neare,
And that y^e Lord would soon appeare.

“But it to me was a true marke
To show y^e darkness of man's heart ;
For when y^e Lord withdrawes his light
Man's heart is then as dark as night.

“Nowe may this day a warning bee
To all y^e folk that doe it see,
And may we soe refine our ways
That we shall see no more Dark Days.”

I wonder if, in their holy readings, any of these frightened people came upon the text, “Darkness endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” If so, they must have remembered it when the sun rose the next day, somewhat dimly to be sure but yet visibly, and the gloomy sky cleared by slow degrees, until at sunset all was as bright and joyous as ever, and of all the Dark Day nothing remained but its memory, and, we will hope, some of the good resolutions its terror had evoked. But good resolutions with no better foundation than terror are not very strong, and I am afraid the world was not so much improved, after all, as it should have been by the Dark Day.

Very early that next morning, a man on horseback, pale and anxious, as indeed it had been quite the fashion for every one to be during the last day and night, rode into Plymouth from the neighboring town of Carver, asking every one he met if they had seen his little son, a child of four years old, with long fair hair curling about his shoulders, large black eyes, and a clear red and white complexion. He had risen upon the morning of the Dark Day before either of his parents, dressed himself in his little blue frock and cap, and left the house. The father, rising soon after, had gone to the woods to his work, supposing the child at play somewhere near home ; and the mother, after looking for him in vain, concluded he had gone with his father. About nine o'clock, when the darkness brought the farmer home from the woods, and stopped the household labors of his wife, it was discovered that the child had not been seen by either since he left his little crib in the early morning. The father tried to seek for him, but the intense darkness soon drove him home again, fortunate in being able to reach home ; and all that fearful day and night the poor father and mother had been obliged to wait, doing nothing, and fancying every moment some new peril or misfortune to

their darling, and reproaching themselves for not having better watched him. And yet all that dark Dark Day and all that darker night, they could not even leave their lonely house, could not stir hand or foot to seek for him; and before the daylight came, the mother lay scorched with fever and raving with delirium upon her bed, not even knowing when her husband, calling a neighbor to stay with her, rode away, with a heavy and almost hopeless heart, to look for the boy.

Arrived in Plymouth, and telling his sad story to every one he met, the farmer came at length to an old woman, who, while picking up some chips upon the previous morning, had seen a pretty child dancing by, who she thought must be a stranger in the town. She called to him and asked where he was going.

"Going to seek my fortune," said the child, stopping to look at her with his great dark eyes.

"Your fortune, indeed! And what may be your name, my child?" asked the old woman.

"Why, don't you know? I'm Daddy's Man," replied the boy; and, shaking back his yellow curls, he danced away before the rising wind, like a little fairy changeling, leaving the good woman shading her old eyes and staring after him, doubtful if she should not have kept him from his fortune, until at any rate he had given her some less fantastic name and errand.

The pale father listened eagerly to all the rambling story the old woman was glad to tell, then, climbing stiffly to his saddle, said: "Yes, yes, mother, it was my boy, no doubt. That is just his pretty way and brave temper; and as for the name, he never went by any other since first I took him in arms, and said he was Daddy's Man. And which way did he go?"

"Straight on into the town, and like enough you will hear of him there, good man. I would —" But the father, with his white face and straining eyes set steadily forward, listened to nothing now, and a few minutes later was asking his eager questions of every one who would stop to listen.

At last a little girl, running with her book to school, paused to hear the story as it was told to two or three pitying women, and when it was done shyly said, "I guess he's dead, for I saw an angel on the Burying Hill yesterday morning that looked just like him."

"Nay then, Patty Winslow, what do you know of how angels look, and what was it that you saw?" asked one of the women, turning upon the child, who, nothing daunted by the doubt so bluntly expressed, went on to tell in her simple fashion how she had tried to go up on the Burying Hill on the morning of the Dark Day, but had been frightened back by the great clouds that came rolling down toward her, and was running home, when she saw a little figure standing on a tomb with long fair hair blowing out behind him, and a pale face with great dark eyes uplifted to the sky, while the little hands were tightly folded upon the breast.

Patty stopped a moment to stare at the strange and lovely sight, and remembering a picture in her mother's Bible of an angel standing much in the same way before the door of the Holy Tomb, she concluded that here was

another angel, come perhaps to call the dead men from their graves, if this indeed were the Day of Judgment, and so crept softly away, not daring to approach the beautiful vision.

"It was my boy," again cried the father. "You did indeed see an angel, my little maid, but in the flesh, as God grant I yet may find him."

Then setting spurs to the horse he had not dismounted from, he rode on, still asking of every one he met if they could give him news of little lost Daddy's Man, until at last the whole town was aroused to join in the search, and all that day the lost child was sought through the dark pine-forest, and on the tangled borders of the ponds, and among the great round hills, and along the desolate shore, where the waves came sobbing in, as if they had a story to tell of him that might break your heart to hear could you but understand



their mighty voice. At last, just at the sunset, they found him deep in the heart of the great wood between Plymouth and Kingston, ten long miles from the home he had left so bravely and so merrily upon the morning of that terrible Dark Day. How had those little feet carried him so far, and how had he missed all the friendly roofs that would have sheltered him, the kind hearts that would have cared for and protected him, and how, in the darkness and the terror involving him, had he made his way through miles of tangled forest to the lonely spot where he was found? There he lay, under a great pine-tree, his pretty curls tangled with the brown needles, his

dark eyes close shut, his little listless hands folded upon his breast, and the smile of Heaven upon his parted lips.

I am so glad that it was the father himself who found him, and who, treading cautiously toward him, and bending fearfully above him, dreading to find him too sound asleep for earthly waking, caught the first glance of those slowly opening eyes, the first glad flash of consciousness and recognition.

“O Daddy!” shouted the little man, springing to his father’s arms, “I’m so glad you’ve come! The night was so dark and long, and I could n’t find my fortune.”

Ah! the prayer that the father prayed, kneeling there in the solemn wood, his darling clasped close, close to his heart, his wet face upraised to the God who had given him back the treasure so nearly lost forever, must have been a prayer of such praise as the angels sing before the Great White Throne, full of joy and gratitude not to be put in words.

And so Daddy’s Man was carried home in triumph to comfort that poor mother, whose illness must have fled before the great joy of his return; and we will hope that, when next the little hero went forth to seek his fortune, it was with better success.

And if you would know his name when he grew too old to be called Daddy’s Man, and all the rest that may be said of him, go to dear Pilgrim Plymouth, and ask the first old man you meet for the story of the Dark Day. He will give it you in all its details, and many a charming legend beside, or I am no true prophet. And so good by.

Fane G. Austin.



SWINGING ON A BIRCH-TREE.

SWINGING on a birch-tree
 To a sleepy tune,
 Hummed by all the breezes
 In the month of June!
 Little leaves a-flutter
 Sound like dancing drops
 Of a brook on pebbles, —
 Song that never stops.

Up and down we seesaw:
 Up into the sky;
 How it opens on us,
 Like a wide blue eye!

You and I are sailors
Rocking on a mast ;
And the world 's our vessel :
Ho ! she sails so fast !

Blue, blue sea around us ;
Not a ship in sight ;
They will hang out lanterns
When they pass, to-night.
We with ours will follow
Through the midnight deep ;
Not a thought of danger,
Though the crew 's asleep.

O, how still the air is !
There an oriole flew ;
What a jolly whistle !
He 's a sailor, too.
Yonder is his hammock
In the elm-top high :
One more ballad, messmate !
Sing it as you fly !

Up and down we seesaw :
Down into the grass,
Scented fern, and rose-buds,
All a woven mass.
That 's the sort of carpet
Fitted for our feet ;
Tapestry nor velvet
Is so rich and neat.

Swinging on a birch-tree !
This is summer joy,
Fun for all vacation, —
Don't you think so, boy ?
Up and down to seesaw,
Merry and at ease,
Careless as a brook is,
Idle as the breeze.

Lucy Larcom.



GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

VI.

“WE ought to have schools,” said Elizabeth one day; “our children will be savages; and I do want some playmates for them other than Indians. William is more than half Indian now; he talks Indian, struts about with a knife and tomahawk, and all he cares about is hunting. Since he shot the bear, the old Indians tell him he will be a great chief, and sometimes I fear he will go off with them. The other day he had a whole parcel of paint, — going, as he said, on the war-path. I suppose the Indian children put it into his head.”

But they were now to have their wishes gratified. One pleasant afternoon Captain Phinney came down with his wife to supper, and, as there was a moon, they were persuaded to spend the evening. Elizabeth had been long desirous of having them as guests, not merely because she had a great affection and respect for them, but because she was now able to entertain them well, and, if the truth must be told, that she might show her new house and dishes. She could now set on the spirit in a pewter tankard scoured as bright as silver, and with it pewter porringers to drink from; she could offer also in earthen cups some tea, which was then a great luxury, drank only two or three times a year, — at Thanksgiving, and when the minister came. After supper Hugh took the company to see his stock, — four large oxen and three cows, with half a dozen sheep and pigs. Then he showed his wheat in a chamber, and, in a lower room parted off from the kitchen, his carpenter's bench and tools, and a shoemaker's bench covered with moosehide, on which were awls and lasts and pincers that he had brought from Ireland. Finally he uncovered the potatoes, the sight of which greatly astonished and pleased them. “Why,” said the Captain, “I had no idea there were any potatoes raised near here. Where did you get the seed?”

Hugh then told him that, when he repaired the vessel at York, he found some that a passenger had left in one of the berths, and, having no land, gave them to his brother James; but when he came to this place he had taken the seed again and planted it.

Elizabeth had also her treasures to show, — butter that she had put down in the summer, a piece of thick cloth that she had woven for breeches and jackets, table-linen and towels, figured and bleached as white as snow, linen yarn, spun almost as fine as silk, and deer-skins, which she had learned from the Indians how to dress, and which were as soft as cloth. The table-linen and the napkins were in a box of birch-bark, worked with differently-colored porcupine-quills, blue, red, and yellow. “Look at this,” said she, taking from the box a beautiful table-cloth which Hugh's mother had woven and given to her at their marriage; “how handsome this is! and

yet the figures on this box, worked by the wild savages, are handsomer. I often wonder at their work when I see their tools."

When they were again seated before the fire, Captain Phinney said to Mr. McLellan: "I am astonished when I consider how you have got along in the world. About two years since, I took supper with you in the old camp; we all had to drink out of one dish, for you were very, very poor, with a small family and no help. Now you have a better house and better stock than I have, more corn and grain, and almost as much land cleared; yet I had no land to pay for, and had two stout boys to help me."

"And when I look back," replied Hugh, "it appears to me like a dream. I lay it to the good providence of God, who has blessed the labor of our hands. I think, however, you are at fault when you say that I have had no help. A kind Providence gave me this wife to begin the world with, who has been more to me than a whole family of boys. Not only has she done the work of the house, which other women deem sufficient, and which is all any man ought to ask, but she has helped me in the field, has reaped grain, dug potatoes, pulled flax, and got in a whole harvest when I was away, and has even cut down trees and done many other things which I never would have permitted her to do had it not been for my extreme poverty. She has aided me by counsel, and encouraged me when I felt worn out and depressed. William, also, young as he is, has been a great help in the way of obtaining provisions. I do not know how we could have got through the last winter, had it not been for him and his dog."

Captain Phinney having succeeded in drawing out his favorite William to tell the story of the bear, the company laughed heartily when he came to his mother's saying that it was their duty to kill it, and Mrs. Phinney doubted very much whether she should have considered it her duty to make such an exertion.

"But William," said the Captain, when the story was finished, "you give nearly all the credit to Bose. Now it is Bose's *nature* to clinch a bear; I might say yours too, for you have come to be almost an Indian. It seems to me that your mother was the leader, after all, and ought to have the most credit."

"I thought everybody knew what mother is," said Billy; "for a good many times father has said to me in the woods, 'William, help your mother all you can when I am away, for there is not such another mother in the world.' But I thought you did n't know about Bose, and I wanted you should."

Elizabeth blushed at this incidental proof of her husband's appreciation, and said: "I never was much used to dogs, and when William brought this one home I felt sorry and provoked, as we had then so little to eat for ourselves. But I have been astonished to find how valuable a dog is in a new settlement, as a help in hunting, and a safeguard too. I did n't like to have Abigail play so much with the Indian children, but she had no other playmates; in the winter she could not go to your house, — it was so far, — and in the summer the bears and wolves were about; but now that we have a dog, he goes with her, and I don't feel concerned. Besides, Bose is good company when my husband is gone."

"But why did you learn to use a gun?" said Mrs. Phinney.

"Necessity," said Elizabeth, smiling, "drove me to that, as it has to many other things, and not any fondness for shooting. Hugh had paid away his last dollar for land, we had a crop in the ground, and he was away working hard to earn money to buy provision to live on till that ripened. We had not an ox, sheep, or plough, and needed money to buy them, and I could not bear to take every cent for food as fast as he earned it, when there was game all around us in the woods. William was then too young to handle a gun, so I determined to learn. Besides, I felt that, if there should be trouble with the Indians, I might be the means of saving the lives of some of my family; and now that I can shoot, I mean to practise till the Indian troubles are over, or there are more men hereabouts than at present."

"It is a noble resolution," cried Captain Phinney, gazing with undisguised admiration upon the speaker; "and nothing but good can come of it. But this talk of Indians reminds me to tell you the last news, which is, that it is the opinion in high quarters that there will be a general war in Europe on account of the Austrian succession, and it is almost certain that war will be declared by England against France, and then we shall have another Indian war. There are but two courses open to us," continued he. "One is to build a garrison, in which our families may be secure, and stay by to work our land; the other is to flee to Saco, or elsewhere, till the war is over. If we remain in our houses, we shall all be cut off; if we build a garrison, the government will furnish us with cannon and a guard of soldiers. There will be time enough to build a garrison after we know that war is declared, but in the mean time we should be making up our minds either to go or stay; and, as I know you to be persons of good judgment and resolution, I wish to get your opinions and advice."

"I can speak only for myself," said Hugh. "I am for staying where I am. Here are my property, and all the means of getting bread I have. If a sufficient number will stay to build a garrison, I will stay, be they many or few. But I shall leave all other considerations to my wife; in such a time the women and children suffer most."

"I," said Elizabeth, "am of the same mind as my husband, — I am for staying."

"It is the decision I expected you would come to," said the Captain, "and it is mine likewise. Mosier is also for staying. There are quite a number of us, all able-bodied men, and more are coming to join us. With a good garrison and strict watch, and under the Divine blessing, I hope we may win in any war; it is also possible that all trouble may blow over. But there is another more pleasant matter I wish to speak about. I expect you are going to have a very near neighbor."

"I shall rejoice at that," replied Hugh, "if he proves a good one."

"His name is Watson, and he is the husband of Elizabeth, my eldest daughter. He is going to take up the lot on the ridge west of you, so that your lands will join."

"Have they children?" said Elizabeth.

“They are young married folks, and have but two. Though it would perhaps come better from some one else, I will say that Eliphalet Watson is an industrious, resolute, God-fearing man, and will be to you a first-rate friend and neighbor.”

“What a comfort that will be!” said Elizabeth. “It was only a little while ago that we were saying we wished we had a neighbor, and I was telling how much I missed Mrs. Ayres.”

“It is a custom,” continued the Captain, “when a new settler comes in, for the old residents who are all settled to give him a lift about putting up his house. I thought I would ask you to aid Watson, with the rest of us, when he comes.”

“Certainly I will,” replied Hugh; “but if I were going to begin, I would not build my house till I had made my burn. A man going into the woods in a hurry claps his house up anywhere, and hardly ever gets it where he wants it. Besides, he is in great danger of burning himself up in first clearing his land, when he has no open spot on which to set his house. Watson can come here and live with us and welcome, this summer. He will be convenient to his work; we’ve room to spare, enough to eat, and a plenty of milk for the children. Then, after he has been about on his place three or four months, has become acquainted with it, and knows what he wants, and where he wants his house, we will all turn out and put it up in a jiffy. Perhaps, too, he may leave, on account of the war, and then he won’t need any house.”

“No, he won’t,” replied the Captain; “he is not one of that sort. But you are very kind indeed, and I think your advice is good. I will tell him of it, and also of your kind invitation. If he should accept it, we should take his wife and the children at our house.”

“Tell him also,” said Hugh, “that I have a heavy team, and when he makes his burn, will help him roll and pile his logs.”

“Tell his wife,” added Elizabeth, “that I join heartily with my husband in the invitation.”

The evening being now far spent, they parted with mutual good wishes, and the Captain, mounting his horse, with his wife behind him on a pillion, was soon lost in the shades of the forest.

Hugh and Elizabeth that night builded many castles in the air as they sat by the fire. “Now that we have wool and flax,” said she, “I mean that you and the children shall have something better to wear than leather breeches; for although they are strong and warm when it is dry weather, they are not very comfortable when it is wet.”

This season Hugh proposed to build a framed barn, and also to board and shingle the roof of the house, and to build a brick chimney. He and William reckoned they could make the bricks, and they knew they could make the shingles. But all these pleasant anticipations were to be dashed, and the McLellans were to be called to greater trials than they had ever yet experienced. Still, as though to strengthen them for it, Providence was allotting them a year of unalloyed happiness.



The last of another May was now come, the planting was finished, and Hugh had determined, before the hoeing came on, to cut his barn frame. Settlers were joining them now also. John Reed made his clearing between them and Captain Phinney, just over the brook. Then came William Bryant, and made his between Reed and Phinney.

"Look here, husband," said Elizabeth, one evening; "here is Bryant with a family, and Reed, and Watson, and others are coming; I don't see what there is to hinder our having a school for all the children in the neighborhood. We might take one of the front rooms, and put in some benches, and fix it for a school-room, in the summer at any rate; and if you build your brick chimney, we might then make fireplaces in the other rooms as well as in the kitchen, and so we could use it in the winter. What a great thing it would be for the children! Here they are all the time with the Indian children, and they will grow up just like them; and yet it is but little time that you or I can get to instruct them."

"But where shall we get a schoolmaster?" inquired Hugh.

"Why, there is Sarah Phinney,— she has good learning; you can all club together and hire her."

"Whether I build the chimney or not," said Hugh, "I will put a stone fireplace in there just like this in the kitchen, and I will go and see if the rest will join me; and if not, we will hire her ourselves. It is just as much our duty to give our children learning as it is to give them bread. I think the neighbors will like it in the summer; but in the winter how could the children get here?"

"The older ones could come on snow-shoes, and haul the younger ones on a sled. They might be obliged to lose a good many days, but it would be a great deal better than nothing."

Hugh found the others of the same mind, and he accordingly put in some benches, and secured the teacher ; and the next week the school was under way. William could not be spared all the time, as Hugh needed his help in hoeing and haying ; but he went three days in the week, and in haying-time Elizabeth went out and worked, she was so anxious that her son should go to school. Abigail was also taken from school in haying-time to help do the housework, that her mother might work out-doors, and let William be in school ; for in those days it was thought more necessary that boys should have instruction than girls. William, as you very well know, was extremely fond of hunting, and also of shooting with the bow (for he did not abandon that even after he had his gun), and going to school almost deprived him of this sport, because on Saturdays, when there was no school, he was most of the time obliged to help his father ; yet William was glad of the privilege of going to school, because he was a wise and good boy and saw the importance of it, and also saw how earnest his parents were for it. Besides, William did not roam in the woods shooting merely to please himself, but to procure something to live upon, and he could not have gone to a school before, even if there had been one, because he would have had to hunt to support the family. Indeed, all seemed delighted with the school, except Bose, who could n't appreciate the advantages of learning. He was cross and uneasy enough, because he wanted William to go hunting with him ; and so he would go to the door of the school-room, and whine and scratch till William would come out to still him, and then he would go and jump up to the hooks where the gun was kept, and bark, and then run to William, and put his fore paws on his shoulders, and lick his face, and look so wishful, and say as plain as a dog could say, "Now, William, I do want you to take that gun and go into the woods with me. Do, William !"

Mr. Watson soon began to fell trees and prepare for his burn. Leaving his wife and children at Captain Phinney's, he came to live with the McLellans. On Saturday nights he went home to his family, and sometimes also in the week. His wife would frequently take her knitting or sewing, and come down to take tea, bringing perhaps Mrs. Phinney and the children. They and Elizabeth's children would play together, and, if they could get a chance, would all steal off to the brook to frolic with the Indian children. Mrs. Watson would often stop all night, and then Elizabeth had somebody to talk with and consult about her work. Sometimes she would bring down wools, and sit and card while Elizabeth wove, and sometimes she would bring flax and get Elizabeth to spin it, while she would get into the loom and weave, or would cut and make some dress for the children, — for she was very capable in such things ; but she could not spin flax and make it look as nice as Elizabeth. Thus they aided each other, and were like sisters. As they sat together thus in the afternoons, they chatted over their work, and had the best times imaginable. Elizabeth was keen of wit and possessed great descriptive powers, and she would tell of odd things that had occurred in Ireland, so that Mrs. Watson would laugh till she cried. No one would have thought, to hear them, that a terrible war was impending, that massacre

was almost at their very doors, and that they knew it. Mrs. Watson had great skill also in coloring with bean-leaves, and willow-bark, and sumach, and all kinds of roots. One day Elizabeth brought a piece of bright red cloth, and, laying it in her lap, said, "What do you think of that?"

"O what a clear, beautiful red!" she exclaimed.

"Handsome, is it not?"

"Never saw anything like it; will it wash?"

"Yes, it is a real fast color. What do you suppose I colored it with?"

"Dye-wood that you got at Saco, or cochineal."

"No, I colored it with the leaves and blossoms of a plant that old Molly, the Indian whom you saw here the other day, gave me."

"Why did n't you ask her what it was?"

"I did, but she would n't tell. I don't suppose she would have given it to me, only she was hungering for some tobacco, and she heard me tell William that he would have to take the horse and go to Saco, or somewhere, and get me some red dye. Then she said that, if I would give her the tobacco, she would get me some red dye that would never fade as long as the grass grew; and I believe she has been as good as her word. I am astonished when I see what gifts the Almighty has given to these poor savages. Why, they can color their skin robes, and belts of wampum, and the things they keep for great occasions; and porcupine-quills they can color red, or blue, or yellow, and they will last better than ours, with all our knowledge."

"Did you put alum in it?"

"Yes, she told me to; but they don't; they put into it the juice of some other herb that has the same effect. They won't tell these things, although sometimes they will color things for me; but it is just as they happen to feel: at other times you could not hire them to do it. It is my opinion that only a few of them know these things, and they keep the secret just as our dyers do, and that old Molly is one of these, because she is always at work upon such things, and does not do so much of the drudgery as the other Indian women. I hardly ever see her bringing wood."

It was equally pleasant for Hugh, after working and living so many years alone, to have Watson to talk with when he came in from his labor; and the two men contrived to get together, as well as their wives, without hindering their work, and so they became as fast friends as their wives. When Watson first came, Hugh said to him, "Now, Mr. Watson, we are to be very near neighbors, and as all men are liable to err, I want you, if ever you have any matter against me, to tell me of it before you do anybody else, and I will do the same on my part";—and this wise and Christian habit kept them close friends till death. They were very useful to each other, too. Watson, though an excellent farmer, and a very intelligent man, having had far greater advantages than Hugh, had no mechanical gift, and could scarcely make a sled-stake; but Hugh could do anything with wood, and could even shoe an ox or horse in case of necessity. Watson took Hugh's advice about building, and found it wise, for he finally set his house in the middle of the very piece he had preferred to burn over.

“How lively it seems now!” said Hugh. “Ever since I was a boy I worked in a ship-yard with large gangs of men, and even after I came to the colonies. But since I came to this place, I have worked month after month alone in the forest, where I could hear nothing but the echo of my own axe, the chattering of a squirrel, or the sound of wind among the trees. Now I can hear the sound of your axe in one ear, and that of Reed’s in the other; and when the wind is northwest I can hear Bryant’s children as plain as day, screaming and laughing, and Bryant driving his oxen to plough.”

But fearful rumors were now abroad; it was said that war was inevitable between the mother country and France; it was certain that the Indians would be stirred up by France, and let loose upon the frontier settlements, and Maine was all frontier, — Gorham (Narragansett) lying directly in the Indian trail.

In the latter part of May this state of suspense was turned into fearful certainty. An Indian runner in the service of the government brought word to Captain Phinney that England had declared war against France. All was now activity along the sea-coast, arming forts, and building garrisons, and preparing for an attack from the French by water. But the danger of the settlers in Gorham was from the Indians. It was nineteen years since the last Indian war; but there were many whose parents, children, and friends had then fallen beneath the tomahawk. Many of the settlers had themselves fought, and its horrors were fresh in their recollection. But the excitement was somewhat allayed by the news that the government had made a treaty with all the Indians this side of the Penobscot River, and with the Penobscots, to take part on neither side; and so said the Indians themselves, who appeared as friendly as ever. Soothed by this report, the inhabitants, loath to leave their fields and lose their crops in order to build a garrison, continued at their labors as usual, in spite of the efforts of Captain Phinney, who put no trust in Indians or Indian treaties.

Hugh determined, instead of going into the woods to cut a barn-frame, as he had intended, to put his own house in a state of defence, rather than await the tardy movements of the rest. He first took off the bark roof, and then, with some heavy timber, made a projection all round, and loopholed it, that he might be able to fire down upon any one coming to break the door or set the house on fire. He put on a new roof and shingled it, first covering it with plank. He then dug a small cellar under the floor, and stopped up the windows to the size of loopholes. Next he made a large trough, and put it within the house and filled it with water. Finally he bought an additional gun, lead, powder, and flints, and, having made thorough preparations, went about his work as usual. “If we were in garrison,” said Hugh, “we should have to come out to work our lands, and this house is now about as good as a garrison.”

In the autumn Captain Phinney, Hugh, and the other near neighbors, all turned out and helped Watson put up his house, and a hovel or log barn for his cattle. As they were all strong men and skilful at the business, having had abundant experience, the work went rapidly on; and they made the house

in rather a different manner from that in which we proceed in modern days, — *they built the chimney before they built the house.* A fireplace in those days was an enormous thing ; it was like a great cave ; you might stand under the mantel bar, and when it opened its mouth, it swallowed half a cord of wood. The chimney in which this great fireplace was built was thirteen feet square, sometimes more ; the foundation was laid with great rocks, of which the jambs of the fireplace were also made. Daniel Mosier said that the easiest and quickest way was to build the chimney first, and then they could take the oxen and haul the rocks just where they wanted them, as there was no cellar, and put them right on to the work, instead of having to get them in at the door. So they made him master-workman of the chimney, — and a noble one he built too ; and by the time he had the chimney up, the others had the logs cut and hewed, ready for the walls of the house, which they soon rolled and piled up. Captain Phinney gave Watson a cow and a pig. Hugh gave him half a dozen hens and a turkey, Elizabeth presented a beautiful linen table-spread, and cooked a dinner and carried it over, (she and Hugh helped to eat it,) Mr. Bryant sent half a sheep, and Daniel Mosier a bushel of wheat-flour and a leg of bacon, — so that the family could begin life splendidly in their new home.

The government not being able to persuade the Saint John and Cape Sable Indians to remain neutral, declared war against them, and required the Penobscots to aid in subduing them. When Captain Phinney heard of this he said : “ Now we shall have it, before long. Dog won't eat dog ; you can't make the Indians fight against Indians, — at any rate such a tribe as the Penobscots ; with some of the remnants of broken-down tribes, like these Saco Indians, it might be done. They won't do it, and when the government insists on it, they will join the Canada Indians and these around here and in New Hampshire against us.”

Still the spring passed quietly, and the Indians came as usual, and were apparently as friendly as ever, although there was open war between the government and the Eastern Indians, and it was said that the Penobscots had been seen with their war parties.

During the summer Mrs. Phinney would frequently go over on a Saturday to take supper with her daughter, calling at Hugh's either going or coming, and often the Watsons and McLellans would “ go a piece ” with her, on her way home. So, on a Saturday night in July, 1745, Mrs. Phinney came down after dinner with her husband to make her usual call. As they came along on their way home by McLellan's, he and Elizabeth were sitting in the door, with Sarah, who had been keeping school, and who was waiting for her father and mother. “ Come ! ” said the Captain, “ put on your things and go along a piece with us.”

Hugh complied, and the neighborly party proceeded till they came to the brook, when a curious and comical scene met their view. On the northern side of the brook were four Indian wigwams covered with bass-bark, and from the limb of a large tree was hanging the carcass of a deer, from which a squaw was cutting steaks and roasting them on sticks stuck in the ground.

Two other squaws were making moccasins, while three men were at work upon a birch canoe. But in the brook below were a whole bevy of Indian children, from ten to fourteen years old, with nothing on but their breech-clouts, mingled with whom were the white children, all apparently at the very summit of earthly enjoyment. They had built a dam across the brook, and in the pond formed by the flowing back of the water they had made three beaver lodges or houses, constructed in exact imitation of those made by the beavers themselves.



“The young rogues must have had older hands to help them make these houses,” said Captain Phinney, “for they are true to the life.”

There was a hole in the dam, and some of them were repairing it; others were swimming with sticks of willow and alder for winter provision in their teeth, and sinking them before the doors of the houses with stones; some were crawling on their knees in the water, with mud held in both hands up against their throats, which they carried to stop the break in the dam. All were imitating beavers; and as their tawny backs glistened in the sun, they were not unlike those animals in appearance. Abigail McLellan was cutting willows with a hatchet, and Bryant’s children and some Indians were crawling on their hands and knees and dragging them in their mouths to the water. “I wonder they don’t try to gnaw the trees down,” said Hugh; “they do everything else.”

While they were all thus busily at work, one beaver walked on the dam and did not put his hand to anything, but seemed a sort of sentinel,—for every little while he would slap on the water with his foot for a tail, and then

in an instant all the young savages would dive into the water and disappear, the sentinel after them, and go into the houses that had entrances under water, while the white children would hide in the woods, and for a few moments all would be as still as death ; then the sentinel would poke up his head and listen, and then utter a low cry, upon which they would all come out and go to work again. But the most singular actors in the scene were the young Indians, who were in the banks of the brook. Beavers always make holes in the banks, the entrances to which are under water, but afterwards slanting upwards as they go in, so that they are warm and dry. To these they flee when their houses are disturbed. The urchins had made holes in the banks, and every little while out would come an Indian child ; and, as his head rose above water, his black wet hair and skin shining, and his eyes glistening like balls of fire with the excitement, the sight was so irresistibly ludicrous that the whole company burst into peals of laughter, while the savages on the bank never moved a muscle, but kept on with their work as though unconscious of the presence of visitors.

“O mother,” cried Abigail, who now for the first time caught sight of the party ; “see, we are playing beaver !”

“Only see there,” said Elizabeth, pointing to the woods ; “if there is not our William, as good an Indian as any of them !”

Sure enough, William was now seen in company with a young Indian, both armed with bows and arrows, with tomahawks in their belts, creeping on their bellies in the direction of the dam. When within a short distance, William, fitting an arrow to the string, drew the bow, and the shaft struck the sentinel on the back, who fell at once, but, though wounded, made out to roll himself into the water with a loud splash, alarming all the rest, who disappeared in an instant to the different retreats. All was now still, and not a beaver to be seen or heard. William and his companion, a fine-looking fellow, stood talking together in a low tone after the animals had disappeared.

“As I live,” said Captain Phinney, who was listening, “they are talking Indian !”

“Very likely,” said Elizabeth. “William can talk Indian and give the war-whoop with the best of them. One reason why I was so anxious to have a school was to wean him and Abigail from them ; but who can wonder that they are bewitched to get with them ? I am sure this is worth going a mile to look at, and what capital fun it must be for them ! Indeed, I almost wanted to go in with them. But see there ; what are they going to do next ?”

The two boys now approached the dam and cut a hole in it with their tomahawks, when the water began to pour out in a great stream, leaving the houses and the holes in the banks dry. The animals, now leaving their houses and holes, began to run for the woods on their hands and knees, imitating the slow gait of the beaver, which cannot run much faster than a frog can hop, although very active in the water. William and the Indian now attacked them, tomahawk in hand, chasing and knocking them on the head till they had despatched them all. They then threw the bodies to-

gether in a great heap, and, giving the yell of victory, went away, probably to get help to carry off the game ; but no sooner were their backs turned, than all the dead beavers got up and ran away.

“Do you suppose,” said Hugh to Captain Phinney, “that these Indians who have been here so many summers, and whom we have treated so kindly, will turn against us with the rest ?”

“Do I ? Yes, indeed ! And as they know all about us, where the farms lie, and just how many of us there are, they will be just the ones to guide the French and other Indians to cut our throats. I wish I knew what those surly fellows are thinking about that are at work on that canoe. They have been here now four summers, and I have never seen a canoe amongst them ; now they are building one, and a large one too. It looks as though they expected to travel a great deal ; but you never can tell anything by an Indian’s looks, as you can by a white man’s. When they want to keep anything secret, there is no more expression in their faces than in an anvil. Neither can you torture or frighten them into telling anything. The whole Spanish Inquisition could not force a secret from an Indian’s lips. I sometimes have a great mind to get the neighbors together and take them all prisoners, before they have time to get away and become spies and enemies. There would be so many guns and tomahawks the less to dread. All that prevents me is, that it would hasten matters, and bring the Indians that are camped around Sebago Pond upon us before we are ready. My son Edmund has been up there hunting, and he says there are twenty there, that there are very few squaws and children with them, that some of them had new guns of French make, and that their knives were new. If we only had the garrison built, I would do it in a moment, so sure do I feel that they are meditating mischief.

“There is scarcely anything that an Indian will not do for liquor ; they never refuse it ; they will in winter sell the beaver-skins they need for clothing to get it. Highly as they prize a gun, I have known them, when they had been drinking a day or so, to barter one for rum. Liquor will also do what nothing else will, — unlock an Indian’s tongue, so that it will run like a mill-clapper. Often when in liquor they will let out what no threats, bribery, or coaxing could get from them sober. I offered old Molly’s husband a pint of rum the other day, if he would drink it at my house, and stay the forenoon and fill the bottoms of some snow-shoes for me ; and, don’t you think, the creature refused it ! He offered to take the rum and the snow-shoes to his wigwam and do the work there ; but I wanted to set his tongue loose to find out what was going on. Still he refused, though he loves rum to distraction. I felt sure then that he suspected my design, and that there was something on foot which he was fearful he might, under the influence of liquor, let out to me.”

“I should think,” replied Hugh, “that William, understanding their lingo, would hear something dropped by the women or children.”

“No,” said the Captain, “they are not like us in that. Neither women nor children know the warriors’ secrets ; besides, Indian women are as close-mouthed as their husbands.”

"Do you suppose," inquired Elizabeth, "that old Molly would stand by and see William killed?"

"Yes, unless they could take him prisoner, and make an Indian of him, which would n't be a great task."

"Do you believe," said Elizabeth, "that the Beaver, as William calls that young Indian, who is his sworn friend, who has been his playmate this four years, who spends weeks sleeping in the woods by the same fire with him, would kill the Leaping Panther, as he calls William?"

"I suppose," replied Captain Phinney, "that the Beaver would now risk his life for William, and share the last morsel with him; but if the Beaver had struck the war-post, and was painted for the war-path, and his Indian nature was up, he would glory in hanging William's scalp at his girdle."

"I cannot think so," said Elizabeth, glancing at the two boys, who, having finished their sport, sat by old Molly's fire, eating the deer-steaks she had been roasting for them.

In August, the government, finding the Penobscots were not only determined not to aid in subduing the other Indians, but were also, if they could not remain neutral, disposed rather to join with them, declared war against them, and offered a bounty equal to a hundred dollars in silver for each Indian scalp. But before the news had reached Gorham, William, going down one evening, as usual, to the Indian wigwams, found them deserted, and not an Indian to be seen. The settlers, now completely aroused and sure of immediate danger, set instantly to work upon the garrison, in order that they might put their harvest into it as it was gathered, and might keep the women and children in security.

The government had raised a company of rangers, who, guided by three friendly Saco Indians, scoured the woods. These reported that the Indians who had all summer been encamped at Sebago had disappeared. There was no longer any doubt that the savages had gone to Canada to receive instructions and arms, and would soon reappear as merciless and subtle foes! William was greatly disturbed at the loss of his playmates, especially of the Beaver, with whom he had spent so many happy days. He walked sadly over the silent spot lately so full of life; he contemplated the desolate wigwams, whose bare poles were still standing, the blackened brands of the camp-fires around which he had eaten so many meals and listened to the tales of the older Indians, the marks at which they had been accustomed to shoot, and the remains of the old beaver-dam where they had enjoyed such glorious fun so recently. But when he came to the place where they used to swim, and saw the rafts made of logs bound together with withes (one of which was then moored to the bank just as they last had left it), and the little birch canoes that the squaws made for them, and saw the foot-prints of his old playmates yet fresh in the clay, the tears came into the lonely boy's eyes in despite of himself, and he hastened, almost ran, from the spot.

Elijah Kellogg.



“ Loud rush the torrent floods,
 The Western wilds among,
 And free in green Columbia’s woods
 The hunter’s bow is strung.”

THERE is hardly any greater enjoyment, in the summer season, than to rove abroad with a hearty band of playmates, over the green meadows, and through old stately woods, bow in hand, and with arrow ready to be laid to the string. The rippling of the streams, the song of the wild birds, the hum of the brown bees, the flash of sunny butterflies, and the sweet breath of the meadow-gales, are all enjoyed in the prosecution of the ancient, the noble, and the romantic sport of archery.

I think bows and arrows were the first manufactured implements of hunting and war. The primitive savages, no doubt, might use a stick or a stone as the first thing that came to hand, but their invention probably soon compassed the bow and the sling. There have not been many savage races without the knowledge of bows and arrows. The Australian blacks, however, had no knowledge of them; but they had that singular and ingenious implement, the boomerang, which is grossly misdrawn in a book that I have lately seen. The picture is no more like the real boomerang which I saw thirty years ago in the hands of the natives of New South Wales and the regions of Torres Straits, as far north as the great Gulf of Carpentaria, than a hen is like a horse. Farther to the eastward, and outside the great barrier reefs which have been built up by the countless myriads of the coral insect, lies

the land of New Zealand. I think I remember to have read that its people had bows and arrows when Cook discovered the islands. The natives of the Pacific groups were, however, mostly armed with spears, and it might perhaps be found by investigation that the bow and arrows have seldom been seen in the hands of any races of men who had not at some time been in communication with the tribes or nations of the Old World. Some might think that our Indians and the ancient nations of Mexico and Peru disproved this idea, but the evidence is strong that in remote ages North America was peopled by an immigration from across Behring's Straits, and the bow has always been a favorite instrument in the hands of the people of the northern part of Asia. It was proverbially so. When the Fairy King says to Puck,

"About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find," &c.,

the merry wanderer of the night replies,

"I go, I go, look how I go!
Swifter than arrow from a Tartar's bow."

We have then a right to suppose that our Indians first got the bow and arrows from the Tartars on the other shore of the Straits. Wherever they got them, few knew the use of them better in the chase and war, — but at this we will glance by and by.

In the old mythology we find the gods and goddesses using bows and arrows. Apollo, the god of day, who drove the coursers of the sun, was the archer god. Diana of the Ephesians, who presided over virgins and the chase, was an archer. Juno is called by the poets the goddess of the golden bow. The god of love has bow and quiver, and, being blind, shoots his arrows at sad random. In the wars of the Iliad, in which Troy fell after ten years of fighting, the bow was a prime instrument. The strong and crafty king of Ithaca, Ulysses, had a bow that none but himself could bend. Achilles, after having killed Hector, was killed himself by an arrow. In the wars waged by the people of Israel the bow was a chief weapon. In Job's description of a battle he says, "The quiver rattleth, the glittering spear and the shield." The Assyrians were famous archers, and their monarch, Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, slew the beasts of the chase with his arrows. Later on, the Parthians were famous bowmen, as were the Huns, the Scythians, and, in short, all the tribes and peoples who came from their forests and fastnesses and overwhelmed the Roman Empire. Then Timour the Tartar, at the head of his archer hordes, swept over Persia, and conquered China. The Saracens and Libyans were expert with the bow; but no people ever excelled the skill and courage of our ancestors of "Merrie England" with that warlike instrument, and it may be thought that the people of Anglo-Saxon blood to this day are indebted to that circumstance for much of their liberty and progress.

In the wars which accompanied the retreat of the Romans from England, the arrival of the Saxons, the irruptions of the Danes, and the invasion of the Normans, the main body of the forces fought on foot, and their arms were "bows and bills." The latter was a sort of battle-axe. The nobles and gen-

try were mounted, clad in armor, and having for weapons sword and lance. At the battle of Hastings, the bowmen of England, under Harold, standing shoulder to shoulder, and letting fly their gray-goose shafts with steady aim, had nearly defeated the Norman knights. They would, in fact, have won the battle, had not the Normans craftily pretended to give ground, and so induced the bowmen to break their ranks in pursuit. So you see that, even at that early period, our English forefathers were noted for the cool and obstinate valor with which they would fight in line; and this is why their sons won at Waterloo and Inkermann. In the long wars of the Middle Ages against the French, the English won almost all the great battles. This was mainly due to the commons, who were the archer infantry of the island armies. The knights of France were as valiant and able as the knights of England. They were as well mounted; for in those days the great improvement of the English horse, which was brought about by competitive racing, had not begun. But the French had no foot-soldiers that could stand against the bows and bills of the commons of England, and the great victories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were won by reason of that. You shall find that the bowmen won the battles, though the mailed knights got most of the honor and praise.

This last may be accounted for by the fact that the nobles and barons kept in their pay the minstrels and chroniclers of the time. The fact that every man, and every boy, I may say, had his bow, and knew how to use it, kept the king within bounds, and enabled the people to withstand the tyranny of the nobles. If the king was a weak tyrant, like John, the barons, mustering their bowmen, took the field against him, and seldom laid down their arms until they had compelled the monarch to agree that he would govern according to the ancient constitution and laws of the realm. Then the nobles themselves were in some sort curbed by the knowledge that they must depend upon their tenants and retainers for means to keep up their state, and bring a power into the field. Besides that, the woods and forests swarmed with outlaws, of the stamp of Robin Hood, who, being kith and kin to the yeomanry and common people, allied themselves with the latter, revenged them upon oppressors, robbed fat monks, and kissed pretty girls in kirtles gay, "all under the greenwood tree." Their skill with the bow was surprising. The story of William Tell, shooting at an apple on the head of his son, was preceded by the old ballad in which that feat is related as having been done by William of Cloudslee, a noted Northern archer of the English outlaws. At five-score yards Robin Hood hit a willow wand no thicker than his thumb. But the best of ordinary archers refused to shoot at such a mark, and it must be allowed that Robin was a man "above ordinances." He was also a strong shooter. Common armor was no sufficient defence against his gray-goose shaft, a cloth-yard long. At the siege of Torquillstone castle, when he had shot several times at De Bracy, he exclaimed, "Curse on thy Spanish steel coat! Had English smith forged it, these arrows had gone through!" The Spanish armor in that age was esteemed as superior as the Spanish blades, which were forged and tempered at Toledo. The Spanish yew was also accounted the best wood for bows.

The people of England, then, in the Middle Ages, always had the power to resist the oppression of the barons, and to dethrone weak and tyrannical kings. Happily for us, they frequently exercised it. When King Richard II. returned from Ireland, he was told of the great uprising of the people in favor of the banished Earl of Hereford, the son of old John of Gaunt. The climax was in these words : —

“The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state.”

I once saw a curious commentary upon Shakespeare, in which it was supposed that he used the word “double-fatal” because the yew composing the bow was in two pieces, glued together. But Shakespeare never had such a “base, mechanical” meaning as this. The yew was “double-fatal,” because it was the actual implement of slaughter, as well as the symbol of death. Many churchyards in England are surrounded by yew-trees, and the shrouds of the dead used to be stuck over with slips of it. The witches of “Macbeth” use, in their incantation, these ingredients : —

“Maw and gulf
Of the ravin’d salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i’ th’ dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Slivered in the moon’s eclipse.”

All through the Wars of the Roses, in which the people of England were ranged about equally, one half under the banners of the Plantagenets of York, and the other around those of Lancaster, the bowmen were the main force. At the very last battle of those great civil wars, that of Bosworth Field, the martial King Richard III. began the onset upon Richmond’s men, shouting,

“Fight, gentlemen of England, fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !”

In the forays and brawls of the Border, too, the bowmen commonly decided the fate of the day ; and the moss-troopers knew that their incursions must be so rapid and sudden that they could gather their plunder and get away before the archers could assemble in force. Otherwise the long bows would have sent the cloth-yard shafts through the bodies of the horses, if not through the breasts of their riders, just as the Camanches of our Southwestern plains drive their arrows through the sides of buffaloes. The fine old ballad of Chevy Chase gives us a picture of that strong-handed age. Percy, the stout Earl of Northumberland, crosses the border to hunt the Scottish ground of Teviot-dale

“With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.”

Earl Douglas goes with two thousand spearmen to drive him back ; and in view of the slaughter that he is about to relate, the bard says,

“To hunt the deer with hound and horn
Lord Percy took his way, —

The child shall rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that day."

The chieftains meet, and after brief parley the fight begins. At the first flight of arrows the English bowmen kill fourscore of the Scots. Douglas assaulted in three columns, and slaughtered many English. At length the Earls meet. Douglas summons Percy to surrender; the latter refuses, and

"With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow."

The stout Earl dies, shouting, "Fight on, my merry men all!" Percy, in admiration of such great valor, took the dead man by the hand, and thereupon Sir Hugh Montgomery spurred up and ran him through with a spear. But he did not live long after this stroke; an English archer perceived that Percy was slain.

"He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet."

The English prevailed, according to the bard, but not without great loss; and indeed night put an end to a conflict in which it seemed that the parties would exterminate each other. Fifty-five Scotch only survived. As for the invading hunters,

"Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree."

Doubtless it might be said that it was a cruel wrong of the barons to lead their tenants and retainers into such bloody work. It is very apparent, however, that in those days the common people were always willing enough to be led into brawl and war. When the monarchs of England could get money from the Commons in no other way, their usual expedient was a promise to make war on France, and then a subsidy, or a benevolence, was at once forthcoming.

The bow and arrows played a great part in English history. The life of Edward, a prince of great prowess and renown, was saved, when he was wounded by a poisoned arrow, by the devotion of his queen, who sucked the poison from the wound. Another English king was killed by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel while they were out hunting deer in a royal forest. It is said to have been an accidental shot, but many thought Sir Walter hit what he aimed at. In after times, when the tyrant John asked Locksley about his skill with the bow, the archer replied, "A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit." "And Wat Tyrrel's mark at a hundred yards," was added by somebody in the crowd.

In the English armies of that age the proportion of bowmen to men-at-arms, who were mounted and fought in armor, was ten to one. Edward's great army for the invasion of Scotland, against Robert Bruce, was sixty thousand bowmen to six thousand men-at-arms. Therefore you see that the main power of the nation was composed of bowmen who fought on foot. The forces of Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and Robin of Redesdale, the men of the people who at different epochs led a power of the common people against the crown and the nobles, were still more largely composed of bowmen. Wat Tyler was a blacksmith, Jack Cade was a bricklayer, Robin of Redesdale, the greatest man of the three, was a drover. Being once in London, and telling a nobleman to whom he was known of some grievances suffered by the people, and malpractices of the Duchess of Bedford, aunt to the Queen, the Earl said, "Come with me to the Tower; you shall denounce her to the king!"

"Hardly," said Robin. "I like not entering into the Tower: it may not be so easy to come out again. I will denounce the Duchess surely enough, but it shall be upon the wolds of Yorkshire, with fifty thousand bowmen at my back."

To the bow the common people of England owed their liberties. From before the invasion of the Saxons, almost until the era of the Reformation, it was as familiar to the hands of the lowest class as the plough, the spade, and the scythe. It was the instrument of the rude outlaws who roamed forest, marsh, and woodland, and set at defiance alike the king and the barons; and it was the weapon which made monarchs and feudal nobles careful how they trod upon the rights of the people. When every man in the community was an armed man, neither prince nor noble could enslave the peasantry. In those old times, butts (that is, targets) were erected in every parish, and at them, on festivals and holidays, the archers shot. There is a collection of old English bows in the Tower of London; and about the oldest portion of that ancient and famous building is call the Bowyer's Tower. I saw these bows at the Tower when a boy; and if I should go there again they would interest me more than a view of the crown jewels, for with these arms, and true courage, the people gained and held the jewel liberty. The commons were not at great charges for arms, horses, and armor. Upon a pinch they could cut their favorite weapon from any hedge. Many of you young folks will visit the island from which our ancestors came, and I trust you will see the antiquities of that land,—the gray old towers, the mouldering ruins of the abbeys, the old, ivy-mantled oaks, under which baron and bowmen marched to battle for and against a king.

But I have gossiped on at such length about archery in past ages, that the subject must be continued, in order that modern archery may be treated of,—which shall be done next month.

Charles F. Foster.





THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

THE White Turkey was dead! The White Turkey was dead!
 How the news through the barn-yard went flying!
 Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
 And their case for assistance was crying.
 E'en the Peacock respectfully folded his tail,
 As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
 And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
 Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?
 And when evening around them comes dreary and chill
 Who above them will watchfully hover?"
 "Two, each night, *I* will tuck 'neath my wings," said the Duck,
 Though I 've eight of my own I must cover!"
 "I have *so much* to do! For the bugs and the worms,
 In the garden, 't is tiresome pickin';
 I have nothing to spare,—for my own I must care,"
 Said the Hen with one chicken.

“How I wish,” said the Goose, “I could be of some use,
For my heart is with love over-brimming ;
The next morning that ’s fine, they shall go with my nine
Little, yellow-backed goslings, out swimming !”
“I will do what I can,” the old Dorking put in,
“And for help they may call upon me too,
Though I ’ve ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to.
But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,
And their bones through their feathers are stickin’ !”
“Very hard it may be, but, O, don’t come to me !”
Said the Hen with one chicken.

“Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows,—
I ’m the most overburdened of mothers !
They must learn, little elves ! how to scratch for themselves,
And not seek to depend upon others.”
She went by with a cluck, and the Goose to the Duck
Exclaimed, in surprise, “Well, I never !”
Said the Duck, “I declare, those who have the least care,
You will find, are complaining forever !
And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,
For some aid in your woe, O, beware how you go
To a Hen with one chicken !”

Marian Douglass.





A SONG OF THE ROSES

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Allegretto.

1. No beau-ti-ful palace have I on the hill, No pictures to hang in my
 2. When down my green valley in purple and gold, The morning comes dewy and
 3. And when at the evening my la-bor is o'er, And shadows grow long on the

halls; But nev-er a paint-er could match with his skill The
 bright, I look from my window to see them un-fold Their
 lea, The breath of the ro-ses floats in at the door, As

ro - ses a - bloom on my walls. Then sing we a song of the
buds at the kiss of the light.
if they were talk - ing to me.

rose, A song that is tender and true! She wears her red robes like the
dain - ti - est queen, All gleaming with jew - els of dew.

Detailed description: This block contains the first three systems of a musical score. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. Then sing we a song of the rose, A

ALTO. Then sing we a song of the rose, A

TENOR. Then sing we a song of the rose, A

BASS. Then sing we a song of the rose, A

PIANO-FORTE.

Detailed description: This block contains the chorus section of the musical score. It features four vocal parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, each with a line of music. Below the vocal parts is the piano accompaniment, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics for the vocal parts are 'Then sing we a song of the rose, A'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first part of the score.

song that is ten - der and true! She wears her red robes like the

song that is ten - der and true! She wears her red robes like the

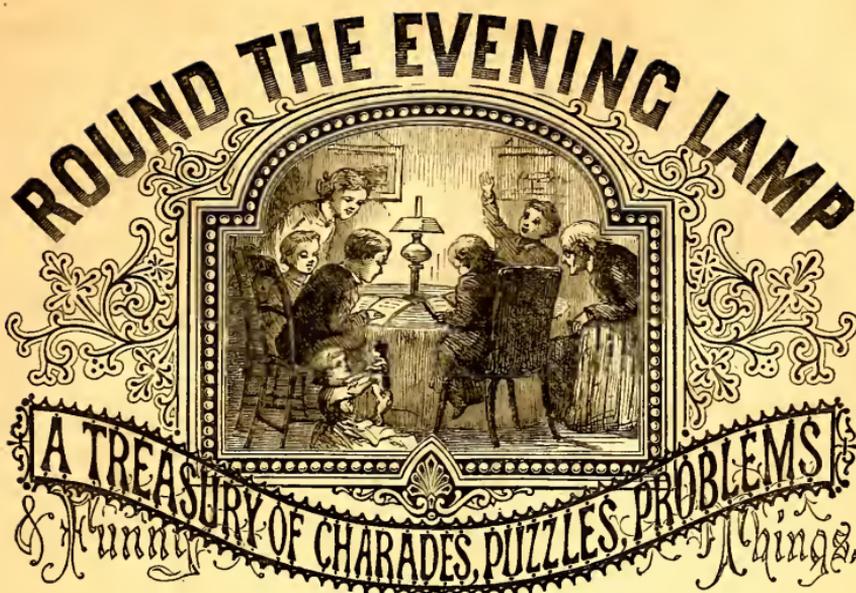
This system contains the first two stanzas of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "song that is ten - der and true! She wears her red robes like the".

dain - ti - est queen, All gleaming with jew - els of dew.

dain - ti - est queen, All gleaming with jew - els of dew.

This system contains the second two stanzas of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "dain - ti - est queen, All gleaming with jew - els of dew."

This system contains the final two stanzas of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "dain - ti - est queen, All gleaming with jew - els of dew."



CHARADES.

No. 8.

FAIR Lucy, standing on the lawn,
Some thought of sorrow nursed,
And, heedless of the lovely morn,
She softly breathed my *first*.

My *second*, on the hawthorn near,
Were trilling forth a tune,
And gentle Lucy deigned to think
Their music was a boon.

And soon upon the ambient air
Her own clear accents roll,
In strains more witching, all declare,
Than ever sung my *whole*.

EMMA VAN D.

No. 9.

O SHERWOOD is merry in summer,
When the weather is bright and fair ;
And Sherwood is dreary in winter,
When the gnarled oak-boughs are bare ;
But in heat or cold, my *whole* so bold
Is ever my *first* in the forest old.

When the sheriff goes down through Sher-
wood,

With the officers of my *last*,
My *whole* lies close in his covert snug,
While the train goes riding past.

'Neath his leafy screen he hides unseen,
Till the riders are out of the forest green.

CARL.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

No. 1.

The height of a block of wood is one half of its thickness ; the length is three sixths of the height ; the thickness is four times the length. What are the dimensions ?

F. W. K.

No. 2.

I am a word composed of 7 letters. Subtract my 7th from my 1st, my 5th from my 3d, my 2d from my 4th, my 4th from my 6th ; add the several answers together, and the sum of the figures com-

posing the number thus obtained will be a number from which, if you take nothing away, only 1 will remain. What am I ? what is the number left after several subtractions ? what is the sum of the figures composing it ? and how can you take nothing from it and have 1 left ?

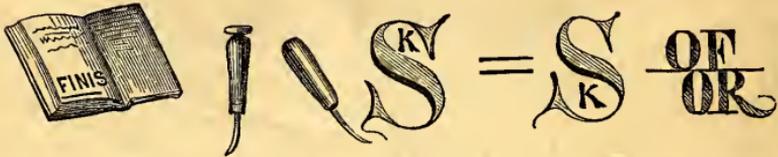
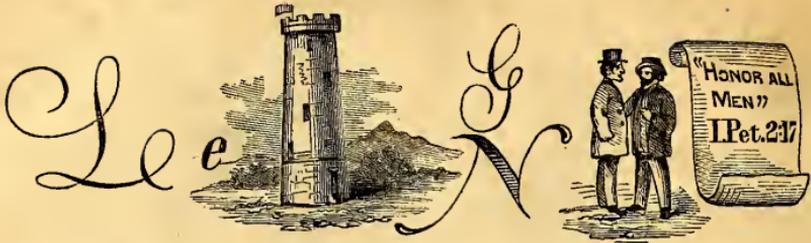
COUSIN WILL.

No. 3.

What number is that which, when multiplied by 12, equals its square multiplied by 2 and its cube divided by 3 ?

LILY.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 8.



ENIGMAS.

No. 6.

FRENCH.

- I am composed of 32 letters.
- My 9, 36, 30, is from the verb *être*.
- My 11, 4, 8, 1, 14, is a French negative.
- My 3, 18, 16, 21, is a French pronoun.
- My 20, 29, 2, 1, is nothing.
- My 23, 29, 24, 16, expresses situation.
- My 6, 5, 32, 27, is certain.
- My 30, 11, 15, 31, 25, is the masculine of *épouse*.
- My 12, 31, 28, 27, 10, is in the future tense of the verb *avoir*.
- My 32 is an article.
- My whole is a piece of excellent advice.

ESPIÈGLE.

No. 7.

- My whole is a ruler all "young folks" should honor,
- Her right is divine, — the crown be upon her!
- My 4, 2, 1, 5 is her capital city,
- Now large, and now small, now homely, now pretty.
- My 1, 2, 3, 4 oft flutters around it,
- And even within sometimes I have found it.
- My 4, 5, 6, 2 tells of one great and fearless,
- (The son of my whole, be he ever so peerless.)
- Such as 4, 2, 1, 5, 6 has sung in the story,
- That has clothed both the sung and the singer with glory.

T. D.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 9.



ANSWERS.

PUZZLES.

4. Blowing.

5. Litera L.

ENIGMA.

- 5. The woods, the waters, and the Clan Alpine Are the oldest things in Albyn.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

- 6. Scarfs, garters, books, amuse his ripper stage, And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.

[(Scarfs) (garters) (books) A (muse) h (eye) S (rye)per (stage) & (beads) & (prayer-books) R t (he) (toys) of (age).]

- 7. The king's ship rode gallantly onward over immense billows. [(Tea) (he) (kings) (ship) (rod) E (gallon) (tea) (lion) (war) (dove) (rim) (men) (sea) (bill) o's.]



Nellie L. S. writes a pleasant account (which we have not room to copy) of her following Pussy Willow's example, and getting breakfast, — for the first time, too, — to the surprise and satisfaction of her parents and the family. She found the business by no means difficult, and the sense of having really done something quite repaid her for all her trouble.

Lue E. Don't you think the next one will be better?

Alice. The April and May numbers were both finished when your letter came.

W. S. J. Are they original with you?

L. B. The title of that romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne to which you refer is "The House of the Seven Gables."

C. A. B. The "New American Cyclopædia" is published in New York by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., to whom you should write for the information you want. The price of a set is about \$60.

M. A. B. You can *try*. — There are two s's in cuirass.

Charles R. N. Van P. It will be finished.

F. L. He only sent us a copy which he had bought. We do not know of any postage-stamp publication which we can recommend.

Reader. Two new subscriptions for one year, or one for two years, will give you a prize. Willy Wisp's real name we could not tell you without breaking confidence.

G. E. D. Too late.

Amy P. Your letter makes us very glad.

Winnie. No, thank you.

Ethel and Claire. Where were the separate answers?

Minnie A. W. Our volume for 1866 can easily be had; the price is \$2 in numbers, \$3 handsomely bound in muslin.

James A. F. Not this year.

Tom. You should have dated your letter April 1st, instead of 4th. Such an admission would be better made in joke than in earnest.

A. J. B. Artemus Ward is only an imaginary showman, not a real one. Charles F. Browne, who invented the character and the name, has just died in England.

Dwight, Kitty Clover, Eddie P., Fessie M. B., Edith Hazleton (rather romantic), *Alice May W., Lilly Y.* (you have n't grown out of our good graces yet, by any means), *Mammoth Cave, Kitty May, F. E. H., Nellie Winthrop.* You all have our thanks for long letters or enclosures.

Queen Mab. A very nice letter.

A Novice. Your rebus is a little forced. Will you try again.

Timber. We do not know.

T. H. offers these specimens of a new kind of puzzle: —

"By *changing fronts* in the following riddles is meant the interchange of the consonant sounds at the beginning of two spoken words; as, changing *red hot* into *head rot*, or *arm chair* into *charm air*: —

"A foolish fellow with changed front becomes a cold vegetable juice.

"A street of our American metropolis becomes with changed front the ocean bringing the riches of all countries to its wharves.

"A particular slice of raw beef becomes with changed front the remnant of a cigar, and a dis-solute fellow who has smoked it.

"A foolish fellow vain of his dress becomes with changed front a young female of the pasture, and the signs which marked the traitor.

"An indispensable article of furniture in most kitchens becomes with changed front a specimen of what is neither coin nor bills, and is yet the wealth of the largest banks in the world.

"An exhortation to a haymaker when the rick is tall becomes with changed front a boggle and a specimen of pastry.

"An article of furniture for kitchens or parlors becomes with changed front a long robe and a small bay.

"A delicacy fresh from the griddle becomes with changed front a small terrestrial habitation, and a goodly marine inhabitant."

Now, guess away!

Samson. We shall soon print an article on deer-hunting. — A book on the birds of New England, by Mr. E. A. Samuels, is just publishing in Boston.

Clarence Clayton. If a rebus is written out as we print our answers, it is sufficiently clear.

C. M. Crandall & Co., of Montrose, Pa., have sent us a specimen of their Building Blocks, which are among the most ingenious toys we ever saw. The blocks are of different sizes and shapes, and the ends of each are notched, so that they can be fitted tightly together, keeping just the position in which the little builder may have put them. With the addition of some wooden ornaments which accompany the blocks, villages, churches, fences, and all sorts of edifices, can be imitated by a child. We think parents will find them as useful as they are cheap.

Willy Wisp has sent us quite a lot of squibs, from which we select these examples: —

"FIRST BUTCHER. From what does it appear, neighbor, that your beef is worse than mine?"

"SECOND BUTCHER (angrily emphatic). 'T aint, sir."

"BOY PHILOSOPHER. What, for instance, could we address to a worm's comprehension?"

"ECHO. *Hen-shun.*"

"How is it shown that Gov. Winthrop knew little about the ages of his children?"

"ANSWER. He called his third son *Forth.*"

"What nation did surprise parties probably have their origin in?"

"ANS. Conster-nation."

"How should a duellist direct the letter of acceptance which he sends his challenger?"

"ANS. Fellow, — D. C. (*felo-de-se.*)"

"What kind of a cane will best facilitate the progress of pedestrians?"

"ANS. Hurri-cane."

"By what power should a draw-bridge over a wide river be raised?"

"ANS. By hy-drau-lic power."

"Which is the largest moth that ever existed?"

"ANS. The mam-moth."

Claudie's Prayer has a message for mothers which makes it welcome to a place in "Our Letter-Box": —

"CLAUDIE'S PRAYER.

"Come, Claudie, the bird in the maple
Has ended her motherly cares;

And kitty is purring in dreamland,
'T is time you were saying your prayers.'

"But Claudie's feet never grew weary,
His eyes were too starlike for sleep,
And off in the garden he bounded
With many a frolicsome leap.

"Life bubbled within and ran over
In ripples of laughter and fun,
Unconscious of self or its action,
As the hat or the dress he had on.

"Come, Claudie,' I said, as I found him
Coiled up in a strange little heap,
'Your fresh milk and night-gown are waiting, —
'T is time you were taking your sleep.'

"But Claudie still wriggled, and twisted,
And floundered in infinite glee,
Till vexed at myself for forbearance
I grew near as childish as he.

"Come, Claudie,' I said, and impatience
Looked everywhere out of my eyes,
As I added somewhat to my wrinkles
And tried to look dreadfully wise.

"His rosy lip quivered a moment,
His little round hand was in mine,
And into the parlor in silence
I led him with settled design.

"Then barring his eyes to the twilight,
He fell on his bare little knees,
And I thought that some bright shining angel
Dropped the words in his mouth, — they were
these: —

"God bless my mamma,' — and the accents
Were mingled with sobbings and tears,
And the prayer went no further in utterance,
Though I think that it reached to His ears.

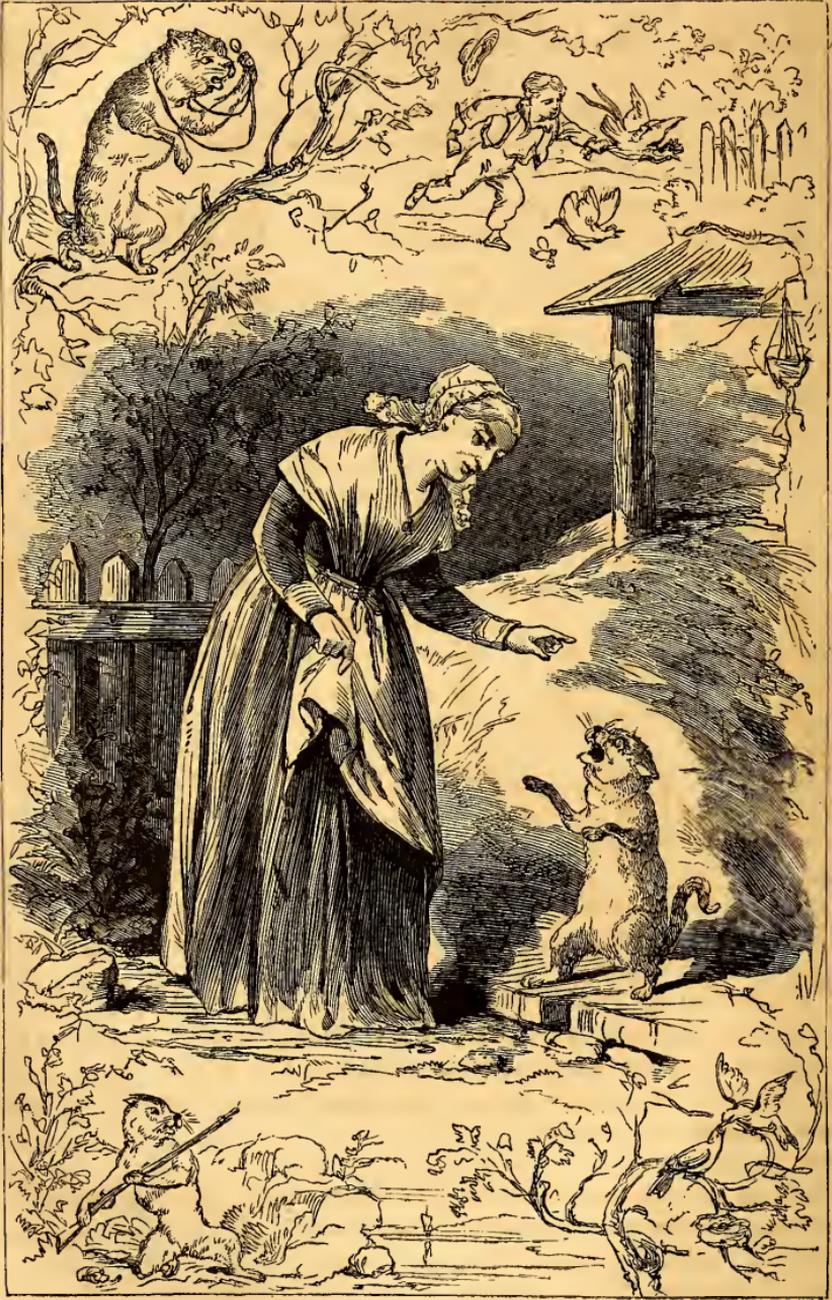
"He said not a word of 'Our Father,'
Not a word of his 'Now I lay me,'
And I thought in the hush of that moment
That I needed the prayer more than he.

"And oft in the days that have followed,
When life has grown sombre with care,
Impatience and weakness have vanished
At the thought of that night and that prayer."

MRS. E. A. SEVERANCE.

Of course most of our little people guessed the meaning of last month's puzzle, "Seeing is believing" (*C in G is B leaving*). For this month we offer this picture proverb by C. J. S.





BOTH SIDES.

DRAWN BY H. L. STEPHENS.]

[See *Both Sides*, page 394.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1867.

No. VII.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

V.

GOOD CHILD, BABY, AND BRAT.



“GEORGE,” said Charley, “I’ve found out something in your line.”

“I have n’t got any line,” said I.

“O yes, you have ; it’s Useful Knowledge. And you’d fight the poor editor on that line all summer, and disgust the Young Folks, and ruin the Magazine, if it were not for Joe and me. But, as Mr. Hosea Biglow

says, ‘they did n’t know everything down in Judee,’ where you came from ; and I’ve been researching and erudition-ing like a house afire, till I’ve found out something that is n’t in your father’s Cyclopædia : **THEY HAVE GOOD CHILDREN IN CHINA !!**”

“NO !!!”

“Fact, sir ! The regular keep-your-face-clean-don’t-tear-your-trousers-never-whistle-on-Sunday-die-young-and-go-to-heaven-sure kind !”

“Do tell !” said I. “Joe, did you ever see one ?”

“Well,” said Joe, “that depends on what you call a good child. Now there was Tea-Pot —”

“O Murder !” said Charley, — “a chap that would euchre his grandfather

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk’s Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

out of his tail, and go a-fishing in an eclipse. Nice notions about good children, you 've got, Mr. Brace, I don't think."

"Tea-Pot," said Joe, "had his failings; I'm agreeable to own that much; but considering his lights and channels and observations, I think he steered his course tol'able straight for a Chinese. I've seen some Tea-Pots since I came home that could n't stand the fire as well."

"Ah! but there was Wu-Mang," said Charley; "your Tea-Pot could n't hold a catechism to him. My big brother with the literary turn of mind is writing a life of him for the 'Sunday Mercury.' (He's very particular, is my big brother with the literary turn of mind, and never writes for anything but the Sunday papers.) This is the way it begins:—

"'Born an Orphan at an Early Age, of Poor but Wealthy Parents, Wu-Mang —'"

"Don't, Charley," said I, "please don't. Life is too short, and instructive discourse too precious, to waste in such idle parodies. Speak your little biography, if you've got one, and have done with it."

"Well, then, Once upon a Time there lived —"

"No, you don't," said I. "If your story is authentic history, give us the dates. None of your legendary uncertainties, or license of fable, as your big brother with the literary turn of mind would call it."

[All this while Round-the-world Joe was whistling, and playing mumble-the-peg with his pocket-knife on the stoop. Then he began to sing at us,

"O, I'd rather sail on the salt seas
Than be bored with such lubbers as these.
For I've no foke'sel to fly to,
And if you suffered what I do,
I'm sartin you never would try to
Be king of the O-why-hees."

Charley began again: "At Ching-tu, in the Province of Szechue, in the dynasty of Chau —"

"When did Chau die?"

"About two or three thousand years ago," said Charley.

"That's right," said I; "be particular."

"In the dy-nasty of Chau, there lived a remarkable lad named Wu-Mang, who loved his father and mother very much. In those days there were a great many mosquitoes in Ching-tu, and they were very bold and fierce, so that Mr. and Mrs. Mang, who were extremely poor and unable to provide themselves with mosquito-nets, were fairly sucked dry, and began to shrivel visibly; which so distressed their little Wu that he wept continually in secret, catching his tears in a pipkin in the daytime and emptying them into the pickle-tub at night, so that his parents might not know that his spirits were affected. At last, between grieving and scratching, he became exercised in his mind —"

"Does that hurt?" I inquired. "Anything like stomach-ache?"

"That depends upon where you carry your brains," said Charley. "So little Wu went to the temple, and burned a peck of mock-money before the image of the Goddess of Mosquitoes, and vowed not to skin any eels till

his tail grew gray, if she would only show him how to keep the mosquitoes from consuming his respectable father and mother.

“‘Set a trap,’ mumbled the Goddess.

“‘What bait, O Awful One?’ cried Wu-Mang, gasping.

“‘Wu-Mang,’ grumbled the Goddess.

“Now there was an answer that was calculated to floor anything less remarkable than a Chinese Good Child; and Wu-Mang sat down in the middle of the street, and chewed the end of his tail, and reflected. Suddenly he started up, punched his forehead with his fist, cried, ‘Ha! I have it!’—as the funny man in the play always does at least a quarter of an hour after everybody in the audience has ‘had it,’—and went home.

“That night he pretended to have growing pains, went to bed early, took off ALL his clothes, lay down outside the coverlet, and whistled for the mosquitoes.

“When poor old Mr. and Mrs. Mang came to bed, every humming blood-sucker was gorged to that degree that one more drop would have ‘busted’ him, and it would have been a sure case of apoplexy if he had tried to blow his horn. Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Mang were as plump as pumpkins, and as rosy as radishes; but as for little Wu,—well, *he had never scratched once!*

“Behold the filial devotion of Wu-Mang, the Lovely. He died young. Emulate his example. Hi-yah!”

[“Which,” said Charley, “at the current prices of mosquito-netting, I sha’ n’t do it. Hi-yah!”]

“Joe,” said I, “what was the funniest thing you ever saw in China?”

“Baby,” said Joe.

“How did you know it was a baby?” asked Charley.

“Had its big toe in its mouth,” said Joe.

“Does a Chinese baby always have its big toe in its mouth?”

“No, sometimes in its eye. Sometimes gets mad because it can’t get both big toes in its mouth at once,—then cusses.”

“How do you know they swear, Joe?”

“Heard ’em,” said Joe,—“awful. A red-headed mate, with the ship aback, deaf man at the helm, and all hands drunk, is a whole prayer-meeting compared to ’em.”

“Got any tail?”

“Sort o’ bob-tail,—little bunch on top of the head, for good luck; ‘peach,’ they call it. All young children sail under the protection of a goddess called ‘Mother’; and if the baby is a girl, its head is shaved before her image,—if a boy, before the ‘tablet of ancestors,’—when it is only one month old. On that occasion, the baby’s grandmother brings twenty duck-eggs, painted to represent children, animals, and flowers, and teaches the sucking Confucius how to get the meat out without smashing the shell. If the child is going to be uncommon smart, it takes hold, and pulls like a porpus from the word Go.”

“A very pleasing fact,” said Charley, “from which — you observe, Georgey — we derive the popular phrase, at once so philosophical and so playfully ironical, about Teaching your Grandmother how to suck eggs.”

“When Tea-Pot,” said Joe, “went to school to our old friend, Magister Jin-Seng, one day, just for a bit of fun, he unshipped the great round, solemn glasses from the Magister’s soup-plate spectacles; which that Man in two Moons told him was not conformable to Reason nor according to the Rites, and accordingly he bamboozed that sportive youth till he howled; and when Tea-Pot had done howling, the Magister explained to him that Calamities come from Heaven, and said his (T. P.’s) mamma must have forgotten to *bind his wrists*. After school Toby Tack and I met Tea-Pot going home to tell his mother. His eyes were swollen, and his nose was red, and his cheeks were streaky, and his tail looked mean and ashamed, and he had the snuffles, and was holding the stern of his trousers in an inelegant and mysterious manner. So Toby and I, seeing that this unlucky Tea-Pot had something on his mind, and was uncommonly pensive for such a peert Chinese, invited him to go with us aboard the “Quintessence of Beatitude” and play push-pin with Kuh-tang for ‘moon-cakes,’ — just to cheer him up. As we walked down to the port, he related to us, with many tears and snuffles, the parable of the Spectacles and the Bamboo; and when we had finished the first game of push-pin (which he won, of course), I asked him what old Two Moons meant by saying that his mamma must have forgotten to bind his wrists.

“Then he explained, that every Chinese baby is washed for the first time when it is three days old, and that immediately after the washing its wrists are tied together with a red cord or tape about two feet long, to which several ancient cash, one or two silver or copper toys, and a little drum, bell, and pestle, are attached; and so they remain bound till the child is fourteen days old. The cash are for a charm to keep off evil spirits, the toys are for good luck, and the red cord is supposed to keep that rascal’s hands from mischief and foolish meddling, — such as unshipping the eye-lights of learned, grave, and reverend Magisters, — all his life long.

“Tea-Pot told us that, on the day his wrists were bound, some dog’s hair and some cat’s hair, done up in red paper, were fastened with a red string to the latch of the nursery door to prevent the barking and the howling and the catterwauling of the neighborhood from scaring him and making him cry; and at the same time his mother hung a pair of his father’s trousers, legs upward, over the frame of the bed, and pinned on them a piece of red paper inscribed with four characters, requesting the Blighting Influences and the Spiteful Powers to please to have the goodness to be so obliging as to do her the favor to go into the breeches instead of the baby.

“When Tea-Pot was four months old his grandmother made him a present of a little red chair, some playthings, and a big gob of molasses toffee. The chair was nicely carved and gilded, the playthings were fastened to the chair, and the molasses toffee was very soft and sticky. Now what do you think that toffee was for?”

“To ward off the Blighting Influences and the Spiteful Powers?” said I.

“To gum up his hair with, when he got tired of chewing his big toe?” said Charley.

“Gentlemen,” said Joe, “if they did n’t take and smear that soft sticky molasses toffee all over the seat of that nice little red chair, and sock that poor little bare heathen plump down in the middle of it, to keep him from sliding off, wish I may never!”

[“My gracious, George!” said Charley, “you are n’t going to put that in, are you? O, what a shame!”

“Can’t help that,” said I; “it’s Useful Knowledge, and down she goes. I know it’s tough; but whatever relates to the Manners and Customs of the Chinese is good for Young Folks. So down it goes, if it chokes ’em.”

“Well,” said Georgey, “there’s one comfort,—the worst is over now. If they swallow that, they’ll swallow anything.”

“Gentlemen,” said Round-the-world Joe, very dignified, “I’ll take my after-davit to it.”

“That’s all right, Joe,” said Charley. “Anything left in that Tea-Pot? George and I will take a few more cups, if you please,—same strength as the last.”]

“On Tea-Pot’s first birthday,” said Joe, “they dressed him in his best bib and tucker, and set him in the middle of a big bamboo sieve. Then they arranged around him, on the sieve, a sapeck, a dead puppy, a small coffin, a



pencil, a pair of scissors, a large loaf with a fish on it, and the Jack of clubs; and they waited to see which he would take up first. If he chose the sapeck, he would be a rich banker; if the puppy, a celebrated cook; if the coffin, an

eminent physician ; if the pencil, an illustrious scholar and writer ; if the scissors, an able editor ; if the loaf and fish, a politician ; and — and little Tea-Pot grabbed the Jack of clubs, and slipped it up his sleeve.”

“ What was that a sign of, Joe ? ”

“ Don’t know,” said Joe ; “ but Tea-Pot told me he thought he ’d buy the rest of the clubs, and a pair of boxing-gloves, and run for Congress. He said he had already invited the Tiger to tea.”

“ What did he mean by that, Joe ? ” asked Charley.

“ Well, you see,” said Joe, “ whenever a Chinaman is about to engage in any important enterprise, he always gives a spread, and invites the god or devil who has charge of that particular line of business, whatever it may be, to tea ; and as *His Excellency the Grasping Cash Tiger* is the god of gamblers, why so — ”

“ Hurrah, Georgey ! ” cried Charley, “ I ’ve found out another thing that is n’t in your father’s Cyclopædia. It is n’t ‘ *Fighting the Tiger,* ’ it’s ‘ *Inviting the Tiger.* ’ Put down, ‘ Charley Sharpe presents his compliments, and says he don’t charge anything for that ; only he ’d like to have the credit of the discovery in the Notes and Queries and Answers to Correspondents.’ ”

“ When Tea-Pot,” said Joe, “ could stand alone, and had just begun to toddle, his uncle, Old Hyson, (I forgot to tell you that Tea-Pot and Young Hyson were cousins,) brought the great Kitchen Knife, the one they bone the puppies and mince the greens with, and, holding it between the baby’s fat little legs, with the edge downward, made believe to chop an imaginary rope or string. This is called ‘ cutting the cords,’ as if the baby’s feet were hobbled, like a skittish calf’s ; and they do say, if that line had not been parted or cast off, Tea-Pot would never have been able to scramble for peanuts, let alone run for Congress.

“ And then all the old folks of the Tea-Pot and Hyson connection began to be very anxious about him ; but they took a queer way of manifesting their careful affection : they kept him in shabby clothes, and would not let his tail grow, and they loaded him with mean nicknames, such as ‘ runt,’ and ‘ lubber,’ and ‘ bad-egg,’ and ‘ brat,’ and ‘ little stick-in-the-mud,’ and ‘ three-for-a-sapeck,’ and ‘ nobody’s pup,’ — while all the time, in their secret hearts, they were as proud of the pig-eyed little sucker as a hen with one chick, or a turkey-gobbler with a red string round his leg. You see they were afraid something dreadful might happen to him through Envy and the Evil Eye ; so they said to each other, ‘ Let ’s sham he ’s a no-account child (the precious pootsy-tootsy dumpling rosebud toad !) just to fool the Blighting Influences and the Spiteful Powers and the Begrudging Angels ; or the first thing we know they ’ll be cutting off his tail and making a poor dear transparent cherub of him. And Mrs. Tea-Pot actually went so far as to advertise him in the Herald : ‘ A Healthy blonde Boy, to be Adopted out. Inquire OVER THE LEFT.’ ”

“ On the 1st and the 15th of every month Tea-Pot’s mamma used to make him kneel down with her in three different places, and pray : first, to the

Goddess of the Bedroom, to make him good-natured and easy to nurse ; next, to the Goddess of the Bedstead, to cause him to sleep sweetly at all times without being fuddled first with Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, or any other real blessing to mothers, and without being rocked or joggled, bounced on the pit of his stomach, or pounded in the small of his back ; and finally, to the Goddess of the Eaves, to protect him from rolling off the front stoop, tumbling into the rain-barrel, or skinning his putty nose against the scraper.

"Once Tea-Pot being very bad with the wind colic, his anxious mamma burned much mock-money before the image of 'Mother,' and promised to offer up to her cat a fresh, raw pig's tail, if she would make Tea-Pot well, — and she did. And another time, when he was ill, she burned joss-stick, and made an offering of seven rice-balls to a certain powerful Genius, in order that he might shoot (with the balls) the 'heavenly dog' that plagues and devours pretty children. Then she almost ruined herself offering meat, fish, fowls, vegetables, and mock-money to the goddesses of Measles and Small-Pox, when Tea-Pot had 'em both ; and she had to pay an awful sight of money to the priest who rang the bell and banged the gong during a great storm, to prevent the thunder from bursting Tea-Pot's pustules.

"As for charms against evil spirits, Tea-Pot was covered all over with them, so that he looked like the Chinese Department of Barnum's Museum out on a spree ; and it was wonderful how such a little chap could tote around on his dumpy legs such a lot of old iron and bones, coins, wood, and string. His pockets were lined with red cloth ; and a red silk thread was braided in his tail to keep the demons from cutting it off ; and the quantity of ashes of yellow paper that that reckless young Gentile swallowed in his tea was enough to keep his stomach in a continual state of lye. On his ankle he wore a ring made of an old coffin-nail, and his girdle was a strip of ragged fish-net. Before he had the small-pox, his nurse used to hang a small gourd round his neck by a red string, and pray to the goddess of Small-Pox to empty her poison into the gourd, and not into the Tea-Pot. It was a bad sign for Tea-Pot when a crow sat on the roof and cried, *Ka, ka, ka!* — 'Bite, bite, bite!' — and his mother trembled when she thought of the owl ('the constable from the dark land') that might come any night to call for his soul. It was a good sign for Tea-Pot when a dog came to the house, because dogs always know where to look for comfort and good cheer ; but he cried when a cat came, because cats always know where to wait for rats and ruin.

"When Tea-Pot was four years old his mother dressed him in his birthday clothes of many-colored cloth, stamped with figures of beasts, birds, and fishes, junks, bridges, and summer-houses, and sent him to school, where every spring his magister invited the scholars to a feast in honor of Confucius ; on which occasion each of the boys brought the master a few sapecks, and received from him in return a white paper fan, on which he had written an appropriate line of poetry, or a proverb, or a phrase from the classics, — also a funny toy figure, representing a student, or a magister, or a professor.

"And Tea-Pot had gay old holidays, and plenty of them."

"George," said Charley, "did you know it was a Chinese schoolmaster that first invented holidays?"

"No," said I; "is that so?"

"Yes," said Charley; "and when he died he went straight to heaven; and ever since he does nothing but slide on a rainbow, see the processions, have his gold tin-type taken, go to the circus for nothing, and call for more Fourth of July."

"Charley," said I, "you are an allegorical extravaganza."

"You 're another," said Charley. "Spout on, Joe, with your Tea-Pot."

"Well," said Joe, "there was 'Filial Porridge Day' for instance, in honor of all Chinese fathers and mothers, when everybody's folks have a pious feed together, eating a sort of muddy soup made of rice, peanuts, taro, hemp-seeds, dried dates, and sugar; and when, in the evening, the children have lots of fun at home, building jolly bonfires, and dancing round them in masks, throwing salt in the blaze to make it crackle, letting off crackers, and burning all kinds of paper playthings.

"And there was the festival of 'Congratulating the Moon,' when the gallant gentlemen who live on the earth send their compliments to the beautiful ladies who live in the moon, and who pass their time going from one theatre to another, and watching 'the white rabbit pounding rice'; and when all the Tea-Pots, and other young folks, are treated to white, red, yellow, brown, and green 'moon-cakes,' representing the white rabbit with his pounder on one side, and a moon-lady on the other; or else gods and goddesses, birds, animals, and flowers. And this is a great time for toys too, especially pagodas made of dried clay, some of them six feet high, which can be illuminated very prettily.

"But Tea-Pot's favorite toy consisted of a pear-shaped lump of clay, about the size of an English walnut, with a small piece of resin in the centre. In the smaller end of the pear a hole had been pierced through the clay to the resin with a piece of wire; and in the side another hole, not so deep. If you inserted a piece of stiff wire into this side-hole, for a handle, and held the pear over the flame of a lamp, with the other hole uppermost, in a short time gas, formed from the heated resin, would escape, and, being ignited from the lamp, would burn for some minutes in a pretty jet. In Shanghai the boys buy a great many of these gas-toys, four for a cent.

"Tea-Pot's Christmas came on the last night of the year, ('Rounding the Year' is the Chinese term for it,) and always curiously resembled our own frolic of Santa Claus. Tea-Pot's 'old man' distributed gifts of money, new clothes, and toys among the servants and young folks, and all hands had a good time with bonfires, fireworks, and feasting.

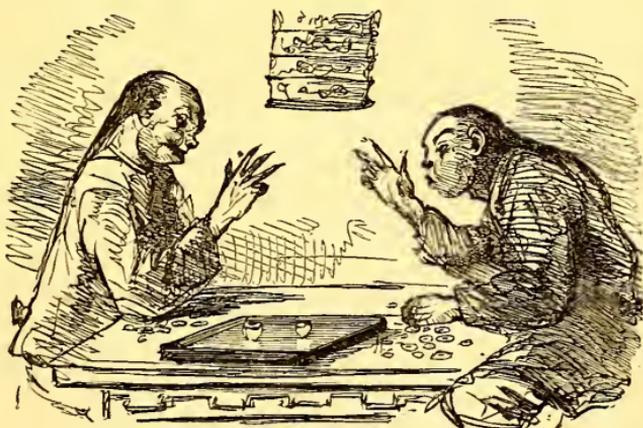
"Then there was the kite-flying on the ninth day of the ninth month, when all the Tea-Pots in China are boiling over with enjoyment, and 'half cracked'; all the air alive with kites, — bird, beast, and man kites, — kites shaped like butterflies, and kites shaped like eels, — kites in the form of dominoes, and kites in the form of spectacles, — flying tigers, flying dragons, and flying gods, — hawk-kites, five on one string, and pigeon-kites in flocks, — forty thousand people all flying kites at once on one hill!

"But as for the out-door sports of strength skill, and agility, such as

base-ball and fox-and-hounds, the Tea-Pots have no turn for them, — the only smart thing they do in that line being a game of shuttlecock, in which they use the soles of their feet instead of battledoors.

“The greatest of all the holidays, in Tea-Pot’s opinion, was the rousing New Year’s frolic, when, for four or five — and among some of the people even ten — days, no unnecessary work is done, and all places of business are closed, except the toy and candy shops ; when all the streets and dens are filled with gamblers, playing and betting ; when all the old folks make calls (just as we do in New York), and are treated to tea, pipes, and gin-seng ; and when all the young folks are presented with loose-skinned oranges, and watermelon-seeds done up in red paper, for good luck ; when bands of music and companies of play-actors go from house to house, and fireworks, juggling, and all kinds of shows are free to everybody. Tea-Pot’s father used to tell him, if he was a good boy, and never lost his money on a cricket-fight, he ’d be sure to go to New Year’s Day when he died.

“In the Feast of Lanterns, Tea-Pot could always beat the other boys with his ingenious contrivances. He made globe lanterns, to roll along the ground like fire-balls ; and lanterns with wheels and puppets, that were worked by the heated air from the light.



“Tea-Pot was very fond of a game called ‘Blowing-the-Fist, which is always played by two persons, this way. Suppose Tea-Pot and Little Pigeon are playing. They sit at a table opposite each other, each leaning on his right elbow, with his right fist closed, but held up, and advanced toward his adversary, and with their eyes fixed on each other’s face. Then, at the same instant, both *blow* and stick out any number of fingers, from one to five, each calling out a number without hesitation. Whichever of the two has named the number corresponding to the whole number of fingers thrust out has won. Thus: they blow, and *at the same instant* Little Pigeon sticks out two fingers, and calls, ‘Five’ ; and Tea-Pot sticks out one finger, and calls, ‘Four.’ Neither wins, as two and one make three. So they blow again ; Tea-Pot sticks out three fingers and calls, ‘Six’ ; and Little Pigeon sticks out three fingers and calls, ‘Four.’ Tea-Pot wins, because each has

three fingers out. Again: Little Pigeon sticks out five fingers and calls, 'Six'; and Tea-Pot sticks out *no* finger and calls, 'Five.' Tea-pot wins, of course."

"Old sinners play for cups of sam-shu wine; young ones, for cups of tea. The fun is in the quickness with which the movement of the fingers and the guess are both made. There must be no interval or hesitation.

"Well, at 'last," said Joe, "Tea-Pot's sixteenth birthday arrived, and he 'passed out of childhood,' as the Chinese express it, and became a *man* according to law, with all the rights and responsibilities of a Chinese man, especially the right to have his head and tail cut off if he happened to whip his own daddy. There the baby and brat part of him disappeared (he was never much in the Good-Child line); and we have no further interest in him at present, except to try not to be hard on his failings, and to remember that we are all more or less like him, — poor earthenware, and full of flaws. That's the good of going to China; it makes you a judge of tea-pots."

"Anyhow," said Charley, "this Tea-Pot is the genuine Chinese article, and it ought to *draw*. [Put that down, Georgey, and tell the editor he'll find a joke there, if he'll give all his mind to it."

So there it is; but *I* don't see it.]

George Eager.



BOTH SIDES.

"KITTY, Kitty, you mischievous elf,
What have you, pray, to say for yourself?"

But Kitty was now
Asleep on the mow,
And only drawled dreamily, "Ma-e-ow!"

"Kitty, Kitty, come here to me, —
The naughtiest Kitty I ever did see!
I know very well what you've been about;
Don't try to conceal it, murder will out.
Why do you lie so lazily there?"

"O, I have had a breakfast rare!"

"Why don't you go and hunt for a mouse?"

"O, there's nothing fit to eat in the house!"

"Dear me! Miss Kitty,
This *is* a pity;

But I guess the cause of your change of ditty.
 What has become of the beautiful thrush
 That built her nest in the heap of brush?
 A brace of young robins as good as the best;
 A round little, brown little, snug little nest;
 Four little eggs all green and gay,
 Four little birds all bare and gray,
 And Papa Robin went foraging round,
 Aloft on the trees, and alight on the ground.
 North wind, or south wind, he cared not a groat,
 So he popped a fat worm down each wide-open throat;
 And Mamma Robin through sun and storm
 Hugged them up close, and kept them all warm;
 And me, I watched the dear little things
 Till the feathers pricked out on their pretty wings,
 And their eyes peeped up o'er the rim of the nest.
 Kitty, Kitty, you know the rest.
 The nest is empty, and silent, and lone;
 Where are the four little robins gone?
 O Puss! you have done a cruel deed!
 Your eyes, do they weep? your heart, does it bleed?
 Do you not feel your bold cheeks turning pale?
 Not you! You are chasing your wicked tail,
 Or you just cuddle down in the hay and purr,
 Curl up in a ball, and refuse to stir.
 But you need not try to look good and wise;
 I see little robins, old Puss, in your eyes,
 And this morning, just as the clock struck four,
 There was some one opening the kitchen door,
 And caught you creeping the wood-pile over,—
 Make a clean breast of it, Kitty Clover!"

Then Kitty arose,
 Rubbed up her nose,
 And looked very much as if coming to blows;
 Rounded her back,
 Leaped from the stack,
 On *her* feet, at *my* feet, came down with a whack.
 Then, fairly awake, she stretched out her paws,
 Smoothed down her whiskers, and unsheathed her claws,
 Winked her green eyes
 With an air of surprise,
 And spoke rather plainly for one of her size.

"Killed a few robins; well, what of that?
 What's virtue in man can't be vice in a cat.

There's a thing or two *I* should like to know, —
 Who killed the chicken a week ago,
 For nothing at all that I could spy,
 But to make an overgrown chicken pie?
 'Twixt you and me,
 'T is plain to see,
 The odds is, you like fricassee,
 While my brave maw
 Owns no such law,
 Content with viands *à-la-law*.

“Who killed the robins? O, yes! O, yes!
 I *would* get the cat now into a mess!
 Who was it put
 An old stocking-foot,
 Tied up with strings
 And such shabby things,
 On to the end of a sharp, slender pole,
 Dipped it in oil, and set fire to the whole,
 And burnt all the way from here to the miller's
 The nests of the sweet young caterpillars?
 Grilled fowl, indeed!
 Why, as I read,
 You had not even the plea of need;
 For all you boast
 Such wholesale roast,
 I saw no sign, at tea or toast,
 Of even a caterpillar's ghost.

“Who killed the robins? Well, I *should* think!
 Had n't somebody better wink
 At my peccadilloes, if houses of glass
 Won't do to throw stones from at those who pass?
 I had four little kittens a month ago, —
 Black, and Malta, and white as snow;
 And not a very long while before
 I could have shown you three kittens more.
 And so in batches of fours and threes,
 Looking back as long as you please,
 You would find, if you read my story all,
 There were kittens from time immemorial.

“But what am I now? A cat bereft.
 Of all my kittens, but one is left.
 I make no charges, but this I ask, —
 What made such a splurge in the waste-water cask?”

You are quite tender-hearted. O, not a doubt!
 But only suppose old Black Pond could speak out.
 O, bother! don't mutter excuses to me:
Qui facit per alium facit per se."

"Well, Kitty, I think full enough has been said,
 And the best thing for you is go straight back to bed.

A very fine pass
 Things have come to, my lass,
 If men must be meek
 While pussy-cats speak

Grave moral reflections in Latin and Greek!"

Gail Hamilton.



THE LOST SISTER.

II.

LEFT to himself, Franz quickly began to follow the fairy's directions. As soon as he took the axe in his hand, after safely arranging the rest of his tools, he felt it trembling in his grasp, and saw it turning in a direction different from that in which it happened to point when he first raised it. He was a little frightened at the strange sight, but, gathering courage, he walked on whither it led, forcing his way through the thick undergrowth and between the tall trees. Finally he came out into a circular open space, where, by the light of the moon, he could plainly see the wonderful tree standing alone in the centre of the circle. It was not tall,—its topmost branch being about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. Its trunk rose, without any branches, to the height of nearly six feet, and it was quite thick. The leaves, though it was late in the season, were still green and fresh. Beneath the tree stood a dwarf, armed with a lance twice as tall as himself. He looked fiercely at Franz, but did not attempt to attack him, until, forgetting the fairy's words, Franz aimed a blow at him with his axe. Then the dwarf rushed furiously upon him with his lance, and would have pierced him through and slain him on the spot, if Franz had not escaped the blow by springing to one side. The dwarf, however, did not continue the battle, but retired to his post beneath the tree; and Franz, now remembering what he had before forgotten, advanced toward the tree without even glancing at the dwarf, and commenced cutting it down with powerful strokes. He was a strong and skilful wood-cutter, and very soon the tree lay prostrate upon the ground. Then, taking his hatchet from his belt, he quickly cleared the trunk of its branches, and also lopped off the upper part of the main stem, which was thin and tapering. He then unwound from his shoulders a coil of rope which he sometimes used

in drawing felled trees nearer to the broad paths in the woods. This rope had a running noose at one end. Franz now lifted the tree a little, and passed the rope around it. Then, drawing the noose gradually up the trunk, he tightened it against the stumps of the branches, which he had taken care not to cut very close, that they might serve for that purpose. Then taking the end of the rope in both his hands, he drew it over his shoulder, and prepared to drag his prize homeward. Though that part of the woods was wholly strange to him, he knew that he should have no difficulty in finding his way, for he had placed all along the path by which he came those little marks which wood-cutters use to find the paths which they have before passed over. But just as he took the first step toward the point where had entered the open space, the dwarf, who had been leaning gloomily upon his lance, and watching all that Franz did, sprang forward and seated himself upon the fallen tree. Franz stood still.

“Alas!” said he to himself, “what shall I do now? This dwarf is so small and light that I could draw him easily enough; but I should not like very well to take him home with me, for he might choose to stay there if I did. Perhaps, though, he may not wish to go so far. At any rate, I will set out, and then I can see what he will do.”

So saying, Franz began again to pull the log along the ground. He found it was very difficult to drag it in and out among the thick trees and undergrowth of the forest. Still he went on pushing and tearing his way through, taking no pains to prevent the branches which he bent out of his way from striking the dwarf heavy blows as they flew back. The dwarf, however, did not regard them in the least, and would not stir from his seat. After a time they came in sight of the little hut where Franz lived. Seeing nothing else to be done, Franz boldly drew the log toward the door, and was just raising it over the threshold when the dwarf sprang up, and, standing in an humble attitude, addressed Franz in a tone of sulky submission.

“Wood-cutter,” said he, “you have conquered! My tree is yours, and with it you have gained the right to my services. I will assist you in the foolish task which you have set for yourself in any way you choose to command.”

Franz paused for a moment, then answered: “Wicked dwarf! a work such as mine would never succeed the better for thy unholy aid. Depart! My only command is that you never approach me again!”

At these words the dwarf, uttering a loud yell, sprang into the forest.

It was now nearly dawn, so that Franz only drew the log into the hut, and concealed it in a corner without attempting to commence his work upon it. The next evening, however, he began, and for that and many succeeding nights he labored almost until morning in shaping the wood into some rude resemblance to a human form. Very rude it was indeed, and, though he worked eagerly, he was almost discouraged. Besides this, such constant toil was more than he could bear. He grew pale and thin, and every day did less and less work in the woods. His fairy friend saw all this, and resolved to put an end to it. One evening she met him, as with quick but feeble step he was hastening home to begin his night’s labor upon his statue.

“Franz,” said she, “this is all wrong. If you go on in this way, you will only hurt yourself without saving your sister. You must never work more than two or three hours in an evening. But you will find that you go on much faster so than you do now, for I will send a Wind Spirit who will breathe sweet music through your room while you work. As long as that sound lasts, you will have as much skill as the greatest sculptor; but if you continue to labor after it ceases, you will only mar your own perfect work. Farewell ! when the statue is finished, I will come to you again.”

This plan was precisely what Franz needed. That evening the fairy music began to sound as soon as he took the statue from the hiding-place where he kept it concealed during the day, as he did not wish to have his work come to the knowledge of any of the village housewives, who often came in, while he was absent, to bring him little presents of such articles as he could not easily make for himself. Very soft and clear sounded the music, and as Franz listened to it while he worked, he felt that he had never made such progress before. He had chosen to represent his sister in the attitude in which he had last beheld her, when, standing at the door of their home, she had waved him a farewell with outstretched hands. Now, as the music filled his soul, the form of his sister seemed to rise again before his eyes. He seemed to see her as she looked at that last parting, in her simple rustic dress of blue woollen stuff, with her fair curls streaming over her shoulders, and her bright eyes beaming with happiness and sisterly love. How easy grew his work with such a vision before him !

Thus, night after night, he toiled on, never ceasing to regret the absence of Bertha, nor to mourn for the hardships to which he knew she must be exposed, but full of the hope of her speedy rescue. Sometimes he would join his voice to the music, and express these feelings in a song : —

“ Swiftly passed my happy days
While my sister still was nigh ;
Now a mournful song I raise :
Bertha ! hear thy brother’s sigh !

“ Sister, think not I forget :
Time nor distance can remove
Ties like those that bind us yet ;
Naught can change a brother’s love.

“ Lab’ring thus ’mid hope and grief,
I will yet thy ransom earn.
O, despair not of relief !
Bertha ! thou shalt soon return.”

All this time, while Franz was patiently cutting and carving, the wood had remained of its own natural color. But now, as the finishing touches made each part of the statue perfect in form, the words of the fairy lady proved true. It was very delightful to Franz to watch this change, even while it was confined to the dress of his image ; but while he was finishing the head, he could not sufficiently admire the lovely transformation. The hair, no longer of a dull wood-color, floated back in shining golden ringlets, a soft rose-color suffused

the cheeks, whilst the lips were like the reddest coral, and the deep blue eyes seemed full of expression and of soul. When all was completed, Franz gazed with rapture at the beautiful work. He thought that now the power of speech, which the dwarfs required, must certainly belong to it, for it did not seem possible that anything so lovely could be dumb.

"Bertha!" he whispered, half expecting to see the lips open and breathe his name in answer. But the statue stood speechless still, unchanging in attitude and expression, and Franz saw that there was yet something more to be done. While he stood thinking of this, the fairy lady was by his side.

"Franz," said she, "you have done nobly! Now you see that, with energy and perseverance, nothing is impossible."

"But, lady," answered Franz, "if it had not been for the help that you have so kindly given me, I could never have done this."

"You may always be sure of the help you need," she replied, with a smile, "if you will only do your best yourself, and not depend upon others. Now there is but little left to be done. To-morrow night be ready to go with me to the forest. You must take with you the statue, and all the fragments of wood that remain, as well as materials for making a fire."

She was about to depart, when Franz, with a sudden burst of gratitude, seized her hand and exclaimed, "Kind lady, to you I shall owe all my happiness, if indeed my sister ever comes back!"

"Do not doubt of her return," she answered. "To-morrow night she shall surely be with you again." Gently withdrawing her hand from his grasp, she left him alone.

The next evening he made everything ready long before he expected the fairy's arrival, and then sat looking at the statue, and trying to realize the happiness of seeing his sister again. When it had grown quite dark, the fairy lady came.

"Now let us go to meet Bertha," said she. Franz slung over his shoulder the little fragments of the magic wood, which he had fastened securely together, and, lifting the statue in his arms, followed the fairy as she glided swiftly along the narrow path to the little hillock where Bertha had been carried off. When they had reached it, she drew a circle upon the ground with her wand, and bade Franz place the statue in the centre. Then, taking the sticks which he had brought, she arranged them in regular order around the edge of the circle, always putting them in groups of three, with their ends touching each other so as to form triangles of various shapes and sizes. Franz then took out his flint and steel, by means of which she lit a long and slender stick which she had kept apart from the rest. She gave this to Franz, and told him to set on fire each of the triangles which she had made. He did so. The wood did not blaze, but sent up great clouds of thin blue smoke, which curled and wreathed around the image, almost hiding it from sight. Then out of the midst of the smoky cloud came a voice from the lips of the statue. "Bertha!" it called, and at the sound the smouldering embers were extinguished, the statue disappeared, and Ber-



tha herself sprang from the circle, and was clasped in her brother's arms. For a moment they could think of nothing but their happiness, and when Franz turned to thank their fairy friend, of whom as yet Bertha knew nothing, she was gone. Like most of her race, she was very willing to render services, but disliked to receive the thanks of those she had helped.

The gray light of dawn was beginning to appear as Bertha and her brother walked slowly homeward, telling each other their various adventures. When they reached the hut it was quite day, and Bertha was very much surprised and pleased to see everything arranged as it used to be before she went away; for Franz had resisted the persuasions of the villagers, and always kept her spinning-wheel and work-basket, and all the little articles that she used, where she had been accustomed to have them, so that they looked as if she were expected to come back at any moment.

Bertha wished to remain there, and go back to their old way of life, but Franz was afraid that, if this were done, some new harm might befall her. "I think, Bertha," said he, "that it would be as well for us not to go and tell the people in the village of your escape until the afternoon, for I want to show you this morning that I can do something better than cutting down trees for a living in future."

Bertha was willing to do as he proposed, and eagerly watched him as he took a block of pine-wood that lay outside the door, and began to carve it into the shape of a bird's head and neck. He no longer possessed the skill which the fairy's aid had bestowed upon him while making the statue of his sister; but that work had given him some experience, and developed the

genius which he would never otherwise have shown. The work, when finished, was somewhat rude, but yet life-like. Bertha was delighted with it, and still more so when Franz told her his plans.

"Bertha," he said, "we have already found this wood a very dangerous place, and I fear that it may now be more so than ever, for the dwarfs are doubtless very angry that you have escaped from their power. I think that, if we should go and live in the village, I could gain much more than I do now by carving images such as this for the figure-heads of vessels, and perhaps some time I could do even better than that."

Bertha was so proud of her brother's talents that she willingly gave up the idea of remaining in her forest home, and gladly helped Franz in making everything ready to remove. That same day they went to the village, and nothing could exceed the surprise and pleasure of the kind-hearted people at seeing Bertha among them again. When she had told them her adventures, and how it was by her brother's efforts that she had been rescued, their former contempt for him was changed into admiration, and they readily entered into all his plans. A suitable dwelling was soon found, and before many days he and Bertha were comfortably settled in it. Franz had always enough to do, for all the villagers desired to possess some little image or bit of carving made by the hand that formed the magic statue, and the captains of vessels who heard his story, and saw his remarkable skill, never failed to wish to exchange the rough and unnatural figures upon their ships' prows for his graceful handiwork. Thus he went on constantly improving in skill, and becoming more and more widely known.

One day a large ship of war belonging to the king of the country stopped at the port of the village, to make some necessary repairs. While these were going on, her captain, as he was loitering about on shore, saw and admired a figure of a sea-goddess which Franz had just made. He bought it, and had it fastened upon the prow of his vessel. Now it happened that this ship was on her return from a long and successful expedition, and when she had left the village, and arrived at the capital of the country, a banquet was given on board, at which the king himself was a guest. As he was leaving the ship after the banquet was over, his eye fell upon this figure-head. Struck by its beauty, he asked whence it came.

"Sire," replied the captain, "I bought it of a poor wood-carver, in a little village where I stopped for repairs."

"Let him be brought immediately to my court," exclaimed the king; "for I do not know of a sculptor in the land who can produce such a figure as that!"

A ship was accordingly sent for Franz, which brought him and Bertha to the royal city, where he was received with the highest honor. There he made many beautiful and graceful statues, but among them all there were none so lovely as his figures of child-angels, and these always bore a resemblance, both in face and form, to his sister, as she had looked in her childish days when the dwarfs made her their prisoner.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

“MAY you go to find it?” You must, I fear,—
 Ah, lighted young eyes, could I show you how!
 “Is it past those lilies that look so near?”
 It is past all flowers. Will you listen now?

The pretty new moons faded out of the sky,
 The bees and butterflies out of the air;
 And sweet wild songs would flutter and fly
 Into wet dark leaves and the snow’s white glare.

There were winds and shells full of lonesome cries;
 There were lightnings and mists along my way;
 And the deserts glittered against my eyes,
 Where the beautiful phantom-fountains play.

At last, in a place very dusty and bare,
 Some little dead birds I had petted to sing,
 Some little dead flowers I had gathered to wear,
 Some withered thorns, and an empty ring,

Lay scattered. My fairy story is told.
 (It does not please her,—she has not smiled.)
 What is it you say? — “Did I find the gold?”
 Why, I found the End of the Rainbow, child!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.



NATHANIEL NYE, THE WONDER-WORKER.

BEING A SEQUEL TO “THE WONDERFUL BEADS.”

NATHANIEL NYE, on that far-away island where his life had been weighed in the balance with a few bits of shining glass, naturally felt attached to the rude hut that had been by him converted into a glass factory. He spent a good deal of his time there, trying to see what he could get up next for the astonishment of his savage friends. One day he threw the whole community into a state of great excitement by exhibiting a wonderful glass affair, as round as a cocoa-nut, and having a long, narrow neck. What-

ever Nathaniel poured into this amazing affair, — whether milk, or water, or red berry-juice, — the delighted islanders could see it plainly after it had disappeared down the long neck.

“Marvellous!” cried the king, as he put his hands on his knees and bent forward to gaze at the wonder. “To see through the sides of a dish with such a little hole in it! This is the most extraordinary of all! What do you name this miracle?”

“It is called a bottle,” said Nathaniel.

It was only after considerable study that our hero had been able to make the bottle. It was necessary that he should have a long iron tube, and it was only after much cogitation that the happy thought occurred to him that he could use the barrel of the gun he had brought to the island, for the purpose. He found it made a very good “rod,” as the glass-makers call it; and this is the way he used it. He would dip one end of the tube in the melted glass, catching a small portion, and then swinging it around in the air to cool it a little. After dipping it in so repeatedly, and taking on more glass each time, he soon had enough for a bottle. Then he blew through the tube, and the soft glass expanded just like a soap-bubble at the end of a pipe, when little Fred or Clara blows through it; and to shape the glass bubble he had a mould ready prepared.

The islanders were still in ecstasies of admiration over the bottle, when Nathaniel was again at work trying to produce a window-pane. The mixture out of which the bottle had been made was equally good for window-glass; for he had put a certain proportion of powdered lime in the mixture, so that the bottle would resist the effect of sudden transitions from heat to cold. The powdered lime, besides answering that end, renders the glass easier to cut with a diamond, — a very necessary quality in window-glass. To make the desired pane, Nathaniel did not blow his bubble into a mould, but swung the globe rapidly to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. This caused the globe to lengthen out, till it was shaped like a long, narrow egg. Then he placed it in the oven again, till it was softened and made pliable by the heat, and, drawing it out, gave it a sharp rap on the farther end, breaking it at that point. The softened sides spread now into the shape of a cylinder, one end still adhering to the gun-barrel. To get the cylinder free from the gun-barrel, Nathaniel put a drop of cold water on the hot glass at the point of adhesion, and struck a light blow on the gun-barrel near the middle. Then all he had to do was to cut the cylinder lengthwise with a dampened instrument, and the soft glass was easily flattened out into a window-pane. While it was still hot, it was easy to cut it into a perfect-shaped pane by means of the wet instrument before employed.

The pane of glass, I need not assure you, was hailed with acclamations by all the islanders, from the king down.

It must be admitted, even by us, to whom the uses of glass are quite familiar, that, considering the limited means at his command, our friend Nathaniel really accomplished surprising things. But there were many things beyond his skill, and the islanders were content to listen in open-mouthed wonder at

the marvels which he told them existed in Boston. They would sit cross-legged in a circle around him, in the cool evenings, after the employments of the day were over, while he talked to them.

“In Boston,” said Nathaniel, “there are instruments which contain bits of glass, skilfully prepared for the purpose, with which wise men look into the skies at night, and see the stars and the moon so plainly that they can tell us more about them than they could if they lived there themselves. They have found out that the moon and stars are round globes, like this earth on which we live.”

Nathaniel had before this explained to his savage friends a good deal about our own earth ; or you may be very sure he would have been flooded with questions now.

“And have the Boston wise men seen the people who live on the moon ?” asked King Fu-ti, staring up at the sky with a new interest.

“No,” said Nathaniel ; “there are no people there. They have found out that the moon is a wild waste where no living thing dwells. They have found out, too, that the sun is a world so large that this earth is a little thing in comparison ; and that besides our earth, which I have already told you travels round and round the sun all the time, there are a great number of other worlds like ours which also travel round it, and this happy family of worlds, all jogging round the sun so good-naturedly, they have called the solar system.”

Nathaniel paused and looked up at the sky, where the stars were very brilliant. He called the attention of the circle to the Milky Way, and while they were all gazing upward with open mouths, he said : “In the Milky Way alone, my friends, there are eighteen million such systems as this of which our world forms a part. And even they are but as a drop of water in yonder ocean, when compared with the rest of the kingdom which that God has made whom you have learned to worship. We should never know all these things so well, but for those bits of glass in telescopes through which the wise men look.”

“How ! how !” cried a dozen voices in chorus ; “this is most wonderful of all !”

“Wait !” said our hero, calmly. “There are in Boston certain other instruments with bits of glass in them, through which the wise men can look into a drop of water, and see millions of living creatures there, which you could never see with your eyes, — no, not if you looked a thousand years for them. Strange things the wise men see with the lenses in their microscopes. What would you think of an insect, — a tiny thing that you could pinch to death in your fingers, — and yet which has thirty thousand eyes ?”

“How ! how !” cried the voices, in blank amazement.

“It is more than the eyes of all my people !”, exclaimed the king. “Who saw this terrible monster ?”

“The wise men of Boston have seen many such, with the aid of the glass lenses ; and insects with more legs than you have hairs on your head, king !”

The savages all stared at the king's head with the deepest interest.

"But this is not all," said Nathaniel. "You know that, when your people grow old, they cannot see so well as in their youth. In Boston there are little contrivances made of gold, silver, or brass, in which are set two lenses of glass; and the old people who cannot see so well as in past years put one of these instruments across their nose — *so*," (Nathaniel illustrated with his fingers,) "and so long as they wear it there, they can see as well as they ever could."

"And do the old people go about with these things set up on their noses — so?" asked the king, imitating Nathaniel's illustration, and making himself goggles of his fingers.

"O, many of them!" said Nathaniel. "I have met hundreds of them in my life."

Again the savages cried, "How! how!" and exchanged astonished glances; and, putting their fingers to their noses, imitated the king and Nathaniel. The consequence of this was, that, in less time than I can tell it, the whole assemblage were roaring with laughter at the ludicrous thought, while some of them rolled on the ground and held their sides in an agony of mirth.

"How I should like to see a man with one of these instruments on his nose!" said the king. "But no, — I should burst out laughing in his face."

"And he, no doubt," said Nathaniel, "would find the ring you wear in your nose quite as much of an absurdity."

"How could that be?" asked the king, sobered instantly; and the whole assemblage became equally sober at the thought; for they looked upon the ring in the nose as the most genteel and beautiful ornament imaginable.

It would take too much time to report all Nathaniel said to his friends at these evening meetings, and the astonishment with which they listened when he told them about how glass was used to make plants and flowers grow faster than they naturally would in hot-beds; about looking-glasses in which you could see yourself reflected; and many other things which I need not mention.

"Tell me this, if you can," King Fu-ti one day said to Nathaniel. "What were those long pieces of glass which I used to wear on my breast?"

"They were what we call prisms. They are sometimes hung upon chandeliers, in my country, to reflect the light."

"And are not prisms glass?" asked the king.

"Yes, they are glass, but not such glass as beads and bottles are made of. A proportion of calcined lead — that is, lead-powder — is mixed in, when the glass is melted, and this gives weight and brilliancy to the glass, and makes it easier to cut into shapely chunks."

"And do you have hatchets and knives in your country sharp enough to cut glass?" asked the king, preparing himself for a fresh dose of astonishment.

"No, Futi; we can cut glass only with the aid of whirling grinding-wheels. The work is first cut roughly on an iron wheel; then worked down on a

finer one ; then polished on a wooden one ; and finally a cork wheel gives the finishing touch. It is a work requiring great skill and knowledge, and there are but few parts of the world where it is well done. The Bohemians are the best workers in cut glass ; but there are establishments in Paris, in France, where imitation diamonds, emeralds, and rubies are made with wonderful skill."

No little child in America ever craved knowledge of wonderful countries more earnestly than these simple islanders sought for the knowledge Nathaniel Nye gave them. But it was not only in the direction of glass-working that their minds thirsted after instruction. Nathaniel initiated them in the practice of the various trades with which he had familiarized himself in his ramblings over the world, and they were never tired of learning.

One thing is certain : at the end of three years, everything was changed throughout the whole extent of King Fu-ti's dominion. In manners and customs, in their houses and clothing, in agriculture, in religion, all was so different from the past, that you would hardly have been able to realize the ignorance that had prevailed there but three short years before. No wonder Nathaniel was universally beloved and respected.

One day King Fu-ti took Nathaniel affectionately by the arm, and, walking along by his side, said : "You are alone, but you are a kind-hearted man. You must have a wife. I have seen your eyes rest on the form of my daughter Lo-line. She is good and beautiful. She loves you. I know it. Take her for your wife. She will make you happy."



At the moment, Lo-line appeared. She was a graceful, willowy maiden, with large and soulful black eyes, fringed with long lashes ; but her skin was brown, like that of a mulatto. Nathaniel Nye had been so long away from Boston, that I suppose he had forgotten there was such a word as "amalgamation" in the dictionary. At any rate, he thought no more of this beautiful and gentle creature's brown skin than I would of the color of an angel's robe, if I were to see one to-morrow,—as I hope I shall certainly. He reached out his hands to her, and she came timidly, but quickly, to his embrace.

"My children," said King Fu-ti, "I bestow on you my blessing. May God watch over you !"

So Nathaniel married Lo-line, and very happy indeed she made him, because she was very happy herself, and overjoyed at being the wife of so good and wise a man. At the end of the year a little son was born in Nathaniel's house.

It was not long after this when, one day, our hero said to the king, "Fu-ti, I have a mother in my country. She must think her son dead. Poor woman ! I should like to see her once more before she dies."

"Well said, my son. But how is it possible ? America is so far away, and we have no communication with the world."

"You must send word to the neighboring islands," said Nathaniel, "and have them let me know when an American or European vessel comes this way."

It was four years since any vessel had come near King Fu-ti's island, which was so surrounded with reefs as to make it dangerous to approach. So Nathaniel's advice was followed, and, a few months after, an opportunity occurred for him to leave. The whole island mourned his going, and the king shed tears. So also did Lo-line, Nathaniel's wife, as she stood on the shore with her child on her arm, watching her husband's departure.

After a long and dangerous journey, Nathaniel reached home. But his mother was dead, and grass had grown on her grave for a year. Nathaniel's thoughts turned with strong affection to the simple islanders who held him in such love and esteem, and he at once made his preparations to return. He gathered what little property his mother had left him, and spent the most of it in buying a collection of useful things which he desired to employ for the benefit of the community where he had made his home.

He had been absent from the island nearly two years, however, when one evening the vessel cast anchor as near as possible to the shore of his adopted home. It was moonlight. Nathaniel at once had himself sent on shore in a yawl-boat, so as to surprise his people. His heart beat fast as he drew near the village.

But suddenly he looked around him in dismay, unwilling to believe his eyes. Instead of the flourishing village he had left, there was now only a desolation of ruined and burnt huts. He passed a miserable night in the midst of the ruins. At daylight he ventured out, and saw some one afar off, coming toward him. It was the king, who fell on Nathaniel's shoulder and wept for joy.

“At the first break of dawn,” said Fu-ti, “I saw a vessel on the coast, and immediately I was thrilled with hope. I hastened hither, and here I find you. Come! Your wife and child are well.”

Words would not suffice to describe the joy every one felt at again beholding Nathaniel; nor his joy at once more meeting his wife and child, whom he kissed fondly.

The explanation of the ruined village was given in a few words. Several months since, some savages from a neighboring island, jealous of the prosperity of King Fu-ti's subjects, had attacked them in the night, and without warning. Taken unawares, at first the king and his warriors were forced to retreat to the mountains; but perceiving afterward that Nathaniel's wife and child were among the prisoners the enemy had captured, the islanders had attacked their foe with great fury, in order to recover these two persons, so dear to the man who had been their benefactor. In this they were successful, and the enemy had fled in dismay, leaving many dead on the field.

“Then,” said the king, “we made our home in the mountains for greater security.”

“Well, well!” said Nathaniel, “it might have been a deal worse. I guess we shall do, after all; for I have brought with me the materials to build a much finer village, — and a good many other things beside.”

And, in truth, the vessel was loaded with everything that could be of use to the young colony; and glorious sport the islanders had in unloading their treasures and bearing them away to the site of the new village. They greeted each fresh disclosure of the novel and the useful with exclamations of wonder and delight.

After the vessel had yielded up all Nathaniel's goods, and sailed away, and everything had been arranged in a neat and orderly manner, the islanders gathered once more about our hero in the evening, with flaring torches, lighting up the picturesque scene. Then Nathaniel produced a large box containing a brilliant store of necklaces, bracelets, rings, and ear-rings, ornamented with all kinds of imitation gems made of cut glass. All had a share of these beautiful ornaments, and wore them proudly. Then Nathaniel told them that he had obtained these pretty things in France, where false gems are produced in great quantities, and in various degrees of excellence. In some cases it is almost impossible to tell them from real precious stones. He told them how glass took this or that color, according as they melted it with this or that metallic oxide. Thus they colored imitation emeralds, rubies, sapphires, hyacinths, amethysts, and turquoises with oxides of copper, gold, cobalt, iron, and magnesia.

To King Fu-ti Nathaniel had brought a present of especial beauty and value, — nothing less than a crown, in the shape of a head-dress of spun-glass and silk. This he also obtained in France, where liquid glass is spun into the finest thread, from which real cloth is made. The head-dress was surmounted by a crest, also made of spun-glass.

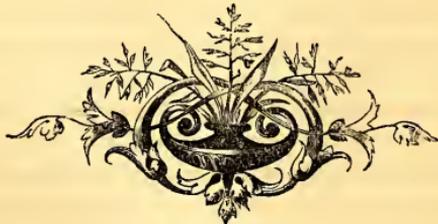
Besides these, he brought some painted glass for the windows of the church which they were now going to build; and when the church was

erected, (as it very speedily was, for all the islanders were glad to join in the work who could,) these bright-hued windows were put into the sashes, and I doubt if there was an island in the whole Pacific Ocean that had a church at all equal to that in the kingdom of Fu-ti. It was not a large church, but it was as neat as wax, and very tasty.

The village, also, was very soon erected, and the inhabitants resumed the happy, peaceful, industrious life which war had for the time interrupted. They found, after they had all got nicely settled, that our hero had reserved some of his most delightful surprises for them still ; and it really seemed to them as if glass was the most wonderful substance in the world, and capable of being put to an inexhaustible variety of uses. One night he would invite the king and a number of his friends to an exhibition of a magic lantern, and it would have amused you to witness the utter amazement which came over the islanders, as figure after figure stalked across the white sheet before which the audience were gathered. Then, after the performance, Nathaniel would explain the matter to them, and show how glass served the purposes of amusement in this case. At another time, he brought out upon the grand square of the village, in the evening, a fine harmonica, — a musical instrument which is not very common even in our own country, though it was invented by an American, — and upon this he would play the most beautiful tunes, to the great delight of the people gathered about. No words could express their astonishment at seeing Nathaniel evoke such entrancing strains merely by friction against the edges of these hemispherical glasses. Another day he produced a little cannon, which went off every day after that at just such an hour, under the influence of the sun's rays, concentrated by a glass lens, and brought to a focus on the powder at the cannon's vent.

Nathaniel obtained possession of several of the beads that he had made when his life hung on the event of his success. He made them into a tasty ornament, and had them hung up in the church, as a remembrancer to the islanders of the occasion to which, under God, they owed their present happiness. And from that time there was no happier kingdom in the world than that of King Fu-ti, nor among all the people one more happy than he who had been the indirect cause of all, — Nathaniel Nye.

William Wirt Sikes.



UNCLE COBUS'S STORY.

"NOW, Uncle, you have not told us a story for *ever* so long," said my niece Lightfoot, "and so you *must* tell us one this very evening."

"Yes, do, uncle. Oo, why can't you?" said Coppertoos, crowding between my knees without much ceremony. "You used to have lots of 'em."

"My dear children, all the stories now-a-days are full of facts, and mine are all of the silly, old-fashioned kind. Suppose I were to begin, 'Once upon a time there was a gas whose name was Hydrogen, and he lived in an India-rubber bag'?"

"O, no, no! not *that* kind!" protested both at once.

"Well then, 'One of the most curious circumstances in relation to the coleopterous insects is —"

"Now, you 're really *too* bad," pouted Lightfoot.

"Then you don't think it fair that, 'when the pie is opened,' the birds should begin to — preach? I am very much of your mind about that, so I will try to tell you a story after my own fashion. But it is so long since I have told one, that I am afraid I shall make but a poor hand at it. You must let me have my head, as they say of horses, and I may find the right road after a while. So here goes!

"When our English forefathers came over to this new land, I cannot hear that they brought any fairies with them. Though such tiny creatures take up but little space, yet I do not think that the Pilgrim Fathers would have cared for their company, even though the Mayflower had not been packed so full of tables and chairs as we all know that it was. And I doubt if they would have had a very good time with the P. F.'s at any rate. It is said, I know not how truly, that one of the company that came a few years later to Salem brought with him an acorn from Hearne's oak, under which, you know, the good folk loved to dance by moonlight. This he planted, and a fine tree grew from it, and they say that whoever goes to sleep under that tree at the full of a midsummer moon will afterwards have the gift of seeing fairies. But I could never find out that anybody ever did this, except a man named Hawthorne, and he either could not or would not tell where the tree might be found. Some think it is in Witch Woods at Beverley, but for my part I could never hear of a guide who would take me to it. As well as I can make out, a few English fairies did venture over from time to time, but they were never very well pleased with our greensward, it was so much less soft than what they had been used to, and wore out dancing-shoes so fast. These all went back after the Revolution, for fairies are not fond of new things, and they said that the Good Old Time was gone, never to come back. A Mr. Drake says that he has seen them since on the Hudson River, but his story does not seem a very likely one to me, and I rather think he only dreamed it after reading what an old poet named Drayton had told about them. It is pretty certain that Robin Goodfellow never came over,

though I have sometimes heard an owl shout "Ho! ho!" in the woods very much as he is said to do. I hardly think gladsome Robin, even if he had come, would have cared to stay where even cider is sinful, unless it be turned to vinegar to keep some folks' faces well soured. A great many Will-o'-the-Wisps, who love to lead people the wrong way, and souse them in cold water against their wills, found their way across the sea, and seem to like their new home very well. But, on the whole, I think it likely that we have not any real English fairies over here now. I have heard, indeed, of a Dutch Kobold who smuggled himself over to New Amsterdam, but I should not think him a settler of very good quality.

"Of course, you know, a country could not get along very well without fairies of some kind or other. For how could a baby be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, or anything of that sort, without help from the fairies? Now we all know very well that babies *are* now and then born so, even here, so there must be somebody to manage it for them; and as that kind of thing has always been done by fairies all the world over, there must be some among us. I was not born in that way myself, but I know a good many boys that were, and that made me curious to find out all I could about the fairies that brought the spoons. At first I thought they must be Irish ones, they are so apt to make blunders, and that they, perhaps, had carried my spoon to some other baby. But since then I have thought that I was not meant to have any, and that I am as well without it. However, that put me on hunting up the fairies, and I have learned that there are some Indian ones here, of about the same size as the European, and very much like them, only that they are of a swarthier hue. They wear leggings made of the little bags that spiders cover their eggs with, and moccasins felted very neatly of fern-down, so that they may pass through our great woods without scratching their legs or feet. They dress mostly in skins, and those who can afford it wear the golden furs of bumble-bees, which they know how to cure nicely by stretching them on spider-webs, by moonlight, with the wrong side outwards. Lakes and rivers they cross in little canoes made of acorn-shells split in two lengthwise, paddling them with the larger feathers of the humming-bird, which they find to answer very well. They still use the bow, with which they are very skilful, a good marksman among them bringing down a midge upon the wing nine times out of ten. Their arrows are barbed with hornet-stings, and they make bowstrings of three strands of gossamer twisted tightly together. A good thing about these strings is, that they do not shrink in damp weather. This is all that I could find out about them which I could be sure was true. I have heard other things, but I do not tell them again, because I do not feel as if I could believe them myself. It is said, for example, that their dances are not like those of Old World fairies, but war-dances, and that they paint themselves as the Indians do. Whether these things are likely or no, you can judge as well as I. One thing I forgot. Their wigwams, for so they call them, are made of the young cups of pitcher-plants, (I would tell you their Latin name if I knew it myself,) turned upside down, and staked firmly with bats' teeth. These will hold a great many of them. Some that

have had more to do with the whites build log-cabins with grass-stems laid across each other. But these are not thought so good against rain, though thatched pretty thickly with fallen pine-needles. They have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, of course, to play in, just like everybody else.

“Now there are two tribes of these Fairies, one of them ruled by a squaw-sachem, named *Fan-ta-si-a*, or *She that bloweth bubbles*, and the other by a sagamore who is called *El-bo-gres*, or *He that comes out right*. *Fan-ta-si-a* and her tribe are very good-humored, but they are of soft wills, and not very thrifty, hunting only now and then for sport, so that in winter they sometimes have a hard time of it. They spend most of the day in blowing bubbles, or playing on slender reed pipes, with which they make very winsome music. They are all their lives trying to string these bubbles so that they may take them to market. Of course, they always fail, but they feel so sure of great prices, if they *could* only get them thither, that they keep on trying. As for their music, nobody will pay much for that. But *El-bo-gres* and all his people, though they look cross, have a surly sort of kindness in them after all, and, being very active by nature, are always forehanded, so that, if you came to one of their lodges even in February, you would be sure to find good store of dried ants' tongues and great smoked gammons of grasshopper, that would make any one's mouth water that was used to that kind of food. Over the door of every wigwam you would see huge antlers of the horn-beetle set up as trophies, and the skins of caterpillars with the fur inwards, and well rubbed with emmet's grease to make them grow soft. They also make a great many useful things in the winter evenings, such as bows and arrows, hockey sticks, cricket balls, and very pretty baskets woven of dried corn-silk. These they sell to the other tribe when they are at peace with them. And they never will take payment in a promise to bring so many bubbles next week, but only in fern-seed, whereof they grind their flour, and which *Fan-ta-si-a's* people, when they are hard bestead, sometimes gather during the Indian summer, because it is light work, and may be turned into a picnic whenever they like.

“Well, children, now you know as much about these two tribes of native fairies as I can tell you. You have had the matter-of-fact, or body of my story, and now you shall have the wings, by which I mean the fanciful or truer part thereof. I think it will be as useful to you as the bugs and things they try to make you learn about now-a-days, because every one of us has two pair of eyes, one withinside, and the other without. This you do not know anything about as yet, but if you ask me to tell a story, I must tell it in my own way. When I was of your age, no boy thought he had a real good Election Day, unless his money would buy him two several stomach-aches, one for the forenoon, and the other to carry home at night. Just in that way I have divided my story, giving you, first, the facts, which you may get rid of as soon as you please, for they are only the shell, and next the unreal kernel, which you may take to bed with you if you find that you do not forget it too soon.”

“O Uncle Cobus, do please tell us the story, for I don't think this part is

pretty a bit!" sighed Lightfoot, pushing the yellow hair back from her eyes, where she had not minded it till now.

"N'r I nother!" growled Coppertoos, sturdily. "'T ain't any more like a real story than the surface of the country in the Jography at school is like the fields on the way home!"

"You should say 'neither' and 't is n't,' my boy," said I, trying to put him down.

"That ain't nothin' to do with the story," retorted he in triumph, getting deeper into his nursery-dialect than ever.

I saw it was of no use to parley, so I went on.

"Of course, one or other of these two head-fairies must be by whenever a baby is born. And this keeps them pretty busy, I can tell you, for the population of this country increases at a ratio of — what's the ratio, Coppertoos?"

"Dunno, and don't care!" snorted this young infidel to the gospel of Buckle.

"O Uncle," threatened Lightfoot, "I believe you're doing this on purpose, so as to get time to make up a story. Now I don't like made-up ones; I want a *real* one, and, if you do so any more, I won't kiss you when I go to bed, — see if I do!"

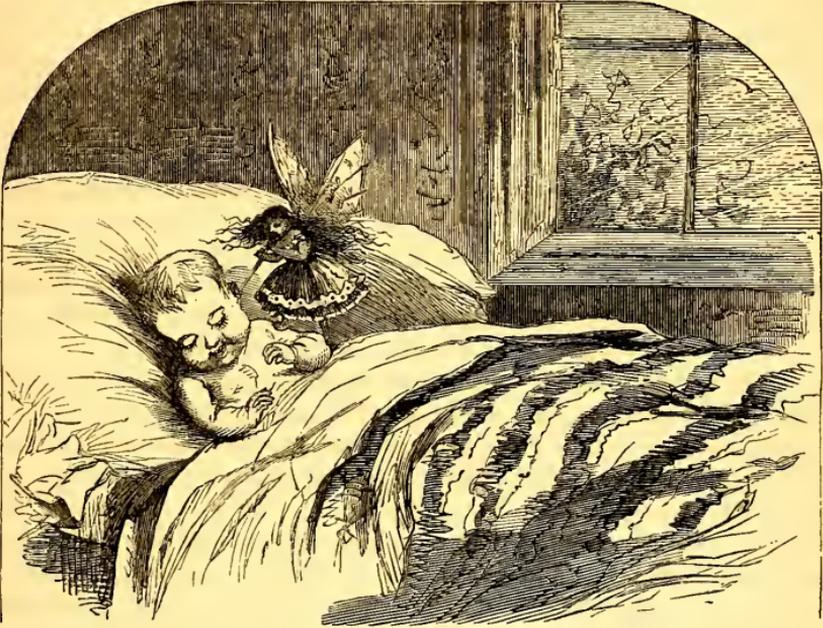
"Well, there must be a great many born, or there would not be so many parsley-beds, I should think," said I, gravely.

"Now you must know that it makes all the odds in the world which of the two fairies gets to the baby first if it is a man-child. For though both of them have very good wills in the matter, and mean to do the little fellow good, yet it is found that where El-bo-gres brings his gifts soonest, the child is apt to grow up into a man more willing to work, and therefore, on the whole, better fitted to live happily in this ant-hill of ours. After that is made sure of, what Fan-ta-si-a gives does him more good than harm; but if she came earliest, the child would turn out to have too much girl in him, and would not find his right place so easily in this rough-and-tumble life. For the two fairies are very unlike each other in what they bestow. El-bo-gres uses to rub the little pink palms of the baby's hands with the juice of a weed called good-speed-wort. I cannot find the name in any book, but the birth-fairies know very well where to get it when they want it. The good of this juice is, that it makes the hands *handy*, so that they can turn readily to any kind of work; for you know that there are two kinds of hands, — those that are good at anything, and those that are only good for *some* things."

"Whichjewratherhave?" broke in Coppertoos, all in one word of that nimble lingo of his.

"I would rather have the first kind, unless I had a pair of the second that were the very best in their way, like Mr. Rowse's, who drew your little scrubby noddle and made you look as your guardian-angel would like to see you, and as your mother sees you all the time, in spite of everything I can say." Coppertoos wagged his close-cropt head at me so like a little ram that I took up my story again at once.

“So when there was a boy-baby brought into a certain house in a certain village not far from here, the mother could not help hoping that El-bo-gres would get there before Fan-ta-si-a did. But it chanced that he had been very busy all that day, because, for some reason or other, a great many babies had chosen it to be born on, and so Fan-ta-si-a slipped into this house before him. She came in very softly indeed, and, gliding up to where the little new-comer lay, making very queer faces at the world he had come into, she put the end of a thin reed into his little rose-leaf of an ear, and



blew a bubble inside his head just behind his eyes. Before long in comes El-bo-gres in a great bustle, but he saw at once, by the strange way in which the baby was smiling, that Fan-ta-si-a had been there before him. However, he rubbed on his wonderful juice as if nothing had happened, though he feared it would do no great good.

“What was that baby’s name?” demanded Coppertoos, sharply.

“He was christened John, but his name was first Bobo, and then Bosun, and then Jacko, and then Jack, and at last, when he grew up, John again.

“Now this bubble that had been blown in his head did two things: it made everything he looked at seem to have a rim of rainbow round it, which, you know, it never really has; and it gave him the power of dreaming when he was wide awake, so that it was almost as good as a wishing-cap, for he could be and do and have whatever he liked, so long as the dream lasted.”

“Really and truly, uncle?” said Lightfoot, with plaintive doubt.

“No, my dear child, not really and truly in one sense; but really and truly in another, which, so far as this world is concerned, comes to very much the same thing. But you will understand that better one of these days.

“ So when Jacky said to himself, ‘ Let ’s play I ’m a king, or a captain, or what not,’ he would not have given a fig to *be* what he fancied, for any odds that he could see between the real thing and his dream of it. Now on this earth, and especially in our part of it, everybody must be *good* for something ; that is, he must be willing and able to do, as well as to sit and think how nice it would be to have it done. Perhaps Jacky might have made a pretty good poet — ”

“ What? Like Mr. Longfellow, Uncle ? ” asked Lightfoot, awfully.

“ No, my child, not quite like him ; for I think that El-bo-gres must have got to him before Fan-ta-si-a, he has so much work in him, and his hands are always so ready to do good.

“ Not that there was any harm in Jacky ; but he could see so well what *might* be done, that he never cared much to do anything in particular ; and then, if he did anything, it always had such a rainbow about it that it looked finer to him than to other people. And indeed it seemed of no great consequence at first whether he did anything or not, for Jacky’s father was rich, and of course he would never need to do anything, you know. But people have a trick in America of being poor one day and rich the next, or the other way, just as it happens ; and it fell to the lot of Jacky’s father to be one of the second sort. When this took place, however, Jacky had grown up to be a young man, and was called John. But long before this, Jacky’s mother had begun to think sorrowfully about him ; and at last, when his father began to have ill luck and to come home later and later, she used to sit up by the fire waiting for him, after every one else had gone to bed, and think about Jacky more sadly than ever.

“ Now the only living thing she had to keep her company was a cricket that lived somewhere in the chimney-corner, and whose life she had saved one day from the house-maid’s broom. So you can guess how grateful the cricket felt toward her, and how she began by degrees to love the cricket ; for people are more apt to love those they have done a kindness to, because that is the sort of thing that brings out whatever good there is on both sides, — don’t you see? So Jacky’s mother and the cricket began to love one another, and then, to be sure, they began to understand one another, so that the one could not go *creak-creak*, nor the other sigh and sit looking at the fire, but that each knew very well what the other meant. Now Jacky’s mother had been thinking one night that, if she could only find El-bo-gres, he might tell her something that would do good. Then the cricket *creak-creaked* a great many times, and crawled out from a crack in the hearth-stone, and turned up at her his little eye, that shone like any ruby, only brighter, because nothing shines like life. And Jacky’s mother knew what he meant, and it was this : ‘ I know where El-bo-gres is to be found, and I can interpret between you. For that tribe never hurt us crickets, because we make music for them after the day’s work. They are encamped now on the edge of the pond, whither they come every autumn to hunt dragon-flies. They make armor out of the scales of the green and blue ones, and fans of their wings.’

“ So the next day they two went together to the pond, and found every-

thing as the cricket had said. As they went along, the crows over the great pine-wood kept shouting *H'rah! h'rah!* which they could not help taking for a sign of good luck, it sounded so cheery. Jacky's mother did not see El-bo-gres, and I am sorry; for if she had, I could have told you how he looked. All that I can say certainly is, that he had a bass voice; for when he spoke, she heard something like the buzzing of a bee,—one of those great, grumpy ones that make their nests in the ground. But she was sure that the cricket had told the truth about the tribe's coming there, because she saw their nets stretched for the dragon-flies from one pickerel-weed to another, and looking just like spider-webs. Well, the end of it all was, that El-bo-gres said he could not think of anything to be done till something should break the bubble in Jacky's head. It would take a pretty hard knock to do that; but if it were once done, then the juice that had been rubbed on his palms would begin to work. So Jacky's mother and the cricket went home again, not much wiser than they went forth, as people are very apt to do when they ask anybody's advice but their own. For all that, the cricket chirped more cheerily than ever that evening, as if he felt sure that something good was coming to pass.

'Creak-creak, creakity-creak!
Something is sure to happen next week!'

sang the cricket; and though the rogue was wiser than some prophets I know of, and took care not to say just *what* would happen, yet Jacky's mother knew, as well as if he had said it, that he meant some piece of good luck.

"But the cricket was mistaken, as even the wisest of them, no less than men, sometimes are. One day next week Jacky's father came home and told his wife that he had lost everything he had in the world, and that they must sell the house they lived in, and where Jacky was born, to pay his debts. Now see the difference. Jacky's mother had been looking for this, and it had made her very sad for a great while; but when it came, she looked cheerful and tried to cheer up her husband, and they kissed one another and sat holding each the other's hand, till they felt happier than they had for many days, and loved each other as if their hearts would not break after all. But the cricket never once chirped again the whole evening.

"The next day, when Jacky heard the news, it seemed to him just as if some one had hit him a smart rap on the head, and something like the very thinnest glass were broken all to pieces within it. And when he came to look at things, there was no longer any border of rainbow about them; but they all seemed very clear and sharp-edged, and had a kind of hard look at first. Likewise his palms began to prickle, as if they would fain be a-doing; for the juice of the good-speed-wort began now to work strongly on him.

"Well, you both see how it is going to end, for Uncle Cobus likes the old kind of story such as used to be told to him ever so many years ago by the wood-fire, and those always had good endings. Jacky set to work with a will, and that always makes a way, you know. And so, all in good time, he had bought back the house again, and his father and mother lived

there with him as happy as could be till they died. And by and by there was another little Jacky, and I hope El-bo-gres got to him first; but I do not know. And every evening, what do you think that cricket did? He sat in his crevice, for he was getting pretty old now, and rubbed his fore-claws together, and sang,

‘Creak-creak, creakity-creak
I *told* you something would happen next week!’

For crickets, as well as men, are very apt to think that they are always in the right. But the nicest thing was, that, by degrees, whatever Mr. John looked at, (for so we must call him now,) began to get a rim to it brighter than ever.”

Then Lightfoot, who is getting a little beyond me now and wears a hoop, gave me a kiss and said, “Good night, uncle. You kept up a grave face; but I believe this is a ‘goodie’ story after all, and you know I don’t think they are half so pretty as the others. You used to tell nice, funny ones, that made me laugh. But I’m sure I thank you very much.”

But Coppertoes is the critic for me. He made a feint as if to turn a somerset, and shouted, “Hurrah! Fust-rate!” He was out of the room so soon that I did not think in time to find fault with him for saying *fust*.

James Russell Lowell.



BOWS AND ARROWS AND BEARS.

IT is probable that the best archers in the world are now to be found among the wild Indian tribes of our Western plains and mountains. With them the bow is not a means of recreation, but is still the implement of the chase and war, as it was with our early ancestors. Not long since I read a letter respecting the massacre of ninety of our troops at Fort Philip Kearney, and in that letter it was stated that, at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, an arrow from an Indian bow is almost as sure as a Minié ball. If it be so, the Indians are as good archers as were Robin Hood and his merry men in Lincoln green, when they roved under the forest trees, setting sheriff and baron on defiance. But the statement is probably an exaggeration, for the bows and arrows of the Indians are not as well made as the old English weapons were. Still, it is to be remembered that the Indian has the bow in his hands from childhood, almost from infancy, and I know of nothing that is so much the result of practice as strength of shooting and truth of aim in archery. It is quite certain that Indians have been known to send an arrow clean through a bison bull, an animal of great girth, very thick and tough hide, and matted, shaggy hair. With these weapons,

too, their boldest hunters kill the grizzly bear, which far surpasses any other wild animal, except the elephant and rhinoceros, in strength, ferocity, and tenacity of life. The lion is as strong for his size, but he does not attain anything like the weight of the largest grizzlies; in length the royal tiger is equal to the grizzly, but not in bulk. This bear is more ferocious than either the lion or the tiger, when wounded, and his tenacity of life is vastly in excess of theirs. It was, therefore, justly accounted a great feat for an Indian to slay one single-handed, and he was ever after looked upon as a hero. With good fire-arms, in the hands of a man of great daring and impassive nerve, the matter is different. I have a friend — I may almost say relative, as he is brother to my brother's wife — who passed four years in the mountains. He went there at sixteen years old, to an uncle of his, an eminent fur-trader and mountain man, excelling as a hunter and in influence with the Indians. My friend was just twenty years old when he left the trading-fort to return to St. Louis, and he had then killed, with his own rifle, eleven grizzly bears. But it is to be remembered that he was gifted by nature with all the qualities necessary to make a marksman and a mighty hunter. Of a grave disposition, of very strong and agile form, of temperament that knows no fear and is never flurried in the face of danger, he is exactly fitted for a hunter of the wilds and waste places. To all this he added an eye that was as quick as thought, and exact as truth itself. He can hit a rabbit running, any time, with a rifle-ball, using the old heavy Kentucky rifle. Sir George Gore wanted him to try one of the costly modern English rifles, but he said: "No, I do not think I should shoot well with it, if I was at close quarters with a grizzly bear. With my own gun my confidence is perfect, and I have never failed."

The biggest bear he ever saw was one killed by his uncle, himself, and a party of their men, on the banks of the Upper Missouri. They were descending the river in a Mackinaw boat, and the bear was discovered lying asleep upon a rock. My friend's uncle is one of the best marksmen that ever loaded a rifle; but such was the position of the bear, with his fore-paw across his breast and nose, that the first shot only broke his fore-leg. The nephew, Antoine, then fired, but the bear was down on his knees, with his head low, so that the favorite aim, low down in front of the brisket, could not be got. Many and many were the shots fired at this bear before he was killed. His hide was so thick and indurated that the balls could not get through it. They could not hit him in the eye, for his head was all the time in motion; besides, the boat rocked with the current, and the shooting was not so accurate as it otherwise would have been. To shoot at his forehead was of no use, for you might, as Antoine observed, almost as well have shot at an anvil. He was by far the largest grizzly bear that Antoine's uncle had ever seen, and he is the oldest mountain man now living.

As we are discoursing upon bears, instead of sticking to bows, I may as well add what I have heard and seen as to the ferocity and tenacity of life in the grizzly, in order that you may form an estimate of the courage of those Indians who killed him with bow and arrows, and wore his claws as a deco-

ration of honor. Some years ago, a great circus company, called Franconi's, from Paris, made a tour of this country. It was not, in fact, the Parisian concern, but it was as good, perhaps better. One of its chief proprietors and its manager was Mr. Avery Smith, of New York, a man who has made a large fortune in the show business, and *keeps it*. At that time I lived in the West, and knew him well. When the show reached Columbus, where I was residing, Mr. Smith sent for me, and we breakfasted together. I was a little facetious about Franconi, and the lady charioteers from Paris. The latter were all Irish, and had been taught to drive the chariots in a building over in Williamsburg.

"Now, look here," said Avery; "this Hippodrome is worth seeing, and has cost a sight of money; but there is something down there in a side-show that you will appreciate more. It is, indeed, the greatest *real* curiosity that I have ever known to be exhibited."

"Why, what is it?"

"The largest grizzly bear that ever was captured alive, or that ever will be. One of the men who took him, the only survivor of four, now shows him; the other three were killed in the fight. Come along; you shall see the bear, hear the story from the man's own lips, and see the scars where he was clawed and *chawed* in the battle."

"And you believe the story to be all true, do you, Avery?"

"I *know* it is," said he. "This man has travelled with the Hippodrome for months. He's a plain, simple man, who could n't 'put up a job,' or invent a story that would take *me* in for two minutes."

I knew that the man who *could* invent a story to take Avery Smith in must be a prodigy, so away we went to see the bear and hear the story.

I would have gone five hundred miles rather than not have seen the monster, and sooner than have lost the story I would have made it a thousand. By the side of the great tent in which the performances of the Hippodrome were given, there was a small one, at the entrance of which Mr. Smith introduced me to a person named Hubbel. He was a stoutly built man of forty-five, or thereabout, a little round-shouldered, and evidently possessed of great strength and activity. He was a quiet, sedate man, with an uncommonly strong jaw, a very calm, resolute eye, and a good forehead. I noticed that his left hand had been terribly mutilated, and that his cheek bore the seams of several deep gashes. Hubbel paid great deference to Mr. Smith, and immediately led the way into his tent. The great and almost sole feature of his "side show" was the enormous bear that met the eye on entering. I think there was a Barbary ape also, and a case containing some rattlesnakes; but nobody was likely to pay any attention to them in the presence of the Great Bear. He formed in himself, from his various attributes and the romantic story of his capture, a constellation, so to speak, of the first order. His proportions were so vast that at the first glance he looked more like a bison bull than a bear, and as he had an enormous hump upon the shoulders, such as I had never seen on one of his species before and have never seen since, it required a look at his head to remove the first impres-

sion that the animal in the cage before us was a bison. I afterwards became intimate with Old Adams, the bear hunter and tamer, who had a lot of grizzlies, with a cinnamon bear, and other varieties, in a tent on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway. He had a very large bear called Samson, afterwards acquired for his Museum by Barnum, and advertised as the largest that had ever been exhibited, and which many young New-Yorkers have probably seen ; but I say now, as I said at the time, when writing in Wilkes's "Spirit of the Times" of Adams and his bears, that Samson was as a pygmy to the gigantic animal in Hubbel's possession. I think I stood for ten minutes without a word, surveying the shaggy monster that rocked uneasily in his cage, standing sideways, and sometimes turning his seamed and battered head towards me. It looked as though his skull had been beaten almost to fragments, as with a sledge-hammer, and had afterwards united again. This was in a measure the case, for four stout men plied their axes upon it at the time of his capture. He had no teeth, except stumps ; for, in his rage at finding himself in captivity, he had bitten upon crowbars so as to break his tushes and other teeth.

"What do you think of him?" said Avery Smith, triumphantly.

"He exceeds all my conceptions," I replied. "There never was such a bear seen in a show before."

"No, sir, nor anywhere else, hardly," said Hubbel. "The Mexicans in California said he was by far the biggest that any of them had ever seen or heard of."

I continued my examination of the Great Bear. He had a carcass like an ox in bulk, and his arms and paws were of the most tremendous character. His length was very great ; and if he had stood up on the legs as horses and oxen do, he would have equalled a fifteen-hand (or five-foot) horse in height.

Mr. Smith now requested Hubbel to relate to me the full particulars of his capture, which the latter civilly proceeded to do. We seated ourselves before the Great Bear, and, face to face with him, the hunter gave the account of the desperate and bloody fight in his forest haunts on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada. What Hubbel said was confirmed, if I may so speak, by the bear himself ; for his huge size and strength, and the seams upon his head, where the forest axes had cut deep, told of a desperate and mortal struggle. Besides, there was the man's left hand, which had been bitten through and through, and his cheek, which had been sharply clawed ; and he also showed me terrible scars upon his side and thigh. I tell you his tale as it was told to me, premising that, from the earnest, unaffected manner of the man, and from the matter and consistency of his relation, I fully believed it. Further inquiries have confirmed me. I have talked the matter over with Antoine, and he tells me that the bears of the west side of the Rocky Mountains are larger than those of the east side, but not so active and ferocious. He also said, that, from my description, Hubbel's bear was not much larger than the one his uncle Charles Primeaux and he killed from the Mackinaw boat on the banks of the Upper Missouri. He also said that the unwieldy size of

Hubbel's bear was rather in favor of his captors than otherwise, considering the place in which he was taken. Antoine was of opinion that, if the animal had been a Rocky Mountain bear of large, but not uncommon, size and strength, the men would all have been killed. I took him to some menageries which contained grizzlies, (it was the only time he was ever in the East, and his great delight was the sea-shore at Coney Island, when there was a stiff wind and a rolling surf,) and he pronounced them small. We visited Barnum's Museum and saw Samson. The latter was held by Antoine to be a good-sized grizzly bear, not extraordinary. "How could he be?" said he. "Adams brought him up tame from a half-grown cub; and though they get fat in confinement, the frame does not seem to grow to size." Upon the whole, his verdict upon Hubbel's story was, that it was a "true bill."

It was pretty soon after the first rush of gold-seekers to California, when Hubbel, an Eastern man, — from Connecticut, I think he said, — sought to better his fortunes by going to that land of the mountain and the mine and the gigantic pine. With three other men, two of whom were from the States and the other a native Californian, or Mexican, as he called him, he was prospecting in the Sierra Nevada range. Game was plentiful, and they lived mostly by hunting, all being expert with the rifle and well versed in wood-craft. They were not dwellers in tents, but had built a log cabin, in which their hammocks were slung. One night, after a successful hunt for venison, not gold, they smoked their pipes, put out their light, and retired to rest, leaving the carcass of a good fat buck hanging to their rafters. In the dead of the night they were awakened by a strange noise in their cabin, and a rattle of their tools, pots, and pans. Their door, which opened inwards, had been left ajar, as was their custom. It was now tightly closed, and it seemed that some animal, which had been attracted inside by the scent of the venison, had shut itself in and was caught, with them, in a terrible trap. The men snatched up their boots and drew them on. They slept in their trousers, as men commonly do who live as they did. They had matches, and lit their swing-lamp. If it had been in the old tinder-box times, with flint and steel, I know not what might have happened; but it was in the instantaneous age of lucifers, sometimes called "loco-focos." They saw the huge bear, and he saw the light, but was "all abroad" — and with good reason — at finding himself in a miner's cabin, and no apparent way to get out. The men seized their rifles and revolvers and gave him a volley. With a roar that shook the roof upon its rafters, he rose upon his hams, and with his claws tore down the hammocks and the lamp. Many shots were put into him at such close quarters that his hair was singed with the flash; but he did not fall, and the small bullets seemed to have but trifling effect. The battle raged in the dark. Their charges being exhausted, the men took axes, and aimed for the spot whence the thick breathing came. In the *mêlée* two of them were so badly clawed that they were fain to escape by opening the door. They died at break of day. Hubbel and the Mexican remained to carry on the contest, both, however, severely wounded. But

the light that streamed in from the moon through the open door served them better than it did the bear. The animal was blind with blood; and, being very fat inside, was sorely distressed for breath, panting almost helplessly. Seizing the moment of advantage, Hubbel hewed at his head with all his force, and almost cleft his skull. Even then the Great Bear caught his left hand and the axe-helve in his mouth, and ground them up together. But now the Mexican, a very true, constant man in courage, plied his axe at the head of the bear, and he was finally beaten down, and lay stunned. Hubbel then stood over him with his axe in his right hand, ready to deliver a round, swinging one-handed blow, whenever he showed signs of reviving. He did give him several with the edge of the axe, while the Mexican, all bleeding and torn, went to the nearest party of prospectors for aid. The Mexican could have loaded a revolver, and either he or Hubbel might have despatched the Great Bear by a shot into the brain through the eye; but they had resolved to keep him alive, in captivity, if they could. Their neighbors soon arrived, and the bear was bound with bonds, and each of his legs tied to stakes driven into the ground. His wounds and hunger soon reduced him very much, but the gigantic frame endured. A stout cage of timber was built to confine the bear. Before he was hauled into it in part, and partly tempted to enter by the food placed within, which he now ravenously craved, he had broken out his teeth by biting the picks and crowbars of the miners. He was conveyed to the sea-coast by raft and by steamboat; and when Hubbel had recovered from his hurts, he started with him to this country. The wounds of the bear healed with great rapidity; but the scars and dents in his skull always remained, and the hair never grew over them. The grizzly bear can take with impunity, so far as life is concerned, wounds that would kill any other wild animal, save perhaps the polar bear, and, being cold-blooded, such wounds heal rapidly.

Hubbel told me that he did not make much by the exhibition of the bear. The people, he said, were "more taken by the music, and the spangles, and the dwarfs, and giants, and sich-like," of the other shows. But Avery Smith afterwards informed me that Hubbel had no talent as a showman. He was, no doubt, said Avery, a wonderful man for the wilds, and a hero because of this adventure; but he had not the *nous* to improve his opportunity. He would sit and smoke in front of the bear's den, and briefly relate his story to returned Californians, and other Western men and hunters; but that was all.

"He has," said Mr. Smith, "no imagination, no fancy! His story is always the same, — dry and matter-of-fact; and so is his method of doing business."

"You mean, he don't tell extravagant lies; but having a real wonder to exhibit, and a wonderful story to relate, confines himself strictly to facts," said I.

"Facts be hanged! facts of themselves are nothing. I declare to you that, if I had Hubbel's scars and his Great Bear, I should be almost tempted to leave the female charioteers, Franconi, and my respectable partners to

their own devices. He might make a fortune, and he just scrapes together a living."

There was some truth in this. The men who can capture the wild beasts and great reptiles seldom succeed in the exhibition of them. Old Adams was a case in point; so were three men from Louisiana, whom I once met, exhibiting an alligator of truly enormous size and strength,—not to say stench, for his musky odor was great. They had caught him, and showed him alive in the West, but seemed to make nothing. Some time or other I may tell you that alligator's story. For the present I have done.

There is not much concerning archery in this paper, in a practical point of view; but in the next numbers you will be told about bows and arrows, and how to enjoy the use of them. Till then, farewell.

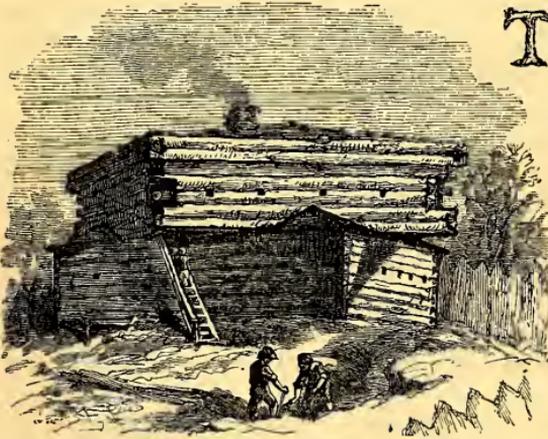
Charles F. Foster.



GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

VII.



THE settlers, having now got in their hay and grain harvest,—and alarmed by the report that Indians had been seen in the town, and that they had killed a man and boy at Topsham, and still more frightened by the news which Hugh received from his brother at Saco, “that the Indians had broken out, killed a man and forty head of cattle, and burned a garrison and saw-

mill,”—labored night and day to complete the defences of their garrison. It was erected on the highest land in the town, still called Fort Hill, close to the old burying-yard. The site of the present village of Gorham was then an unbroken forest, with the exception of a path through the woods to Portland, that could be traversed only on foot or horseback in summer, and with ox-teams in the winter. The garrison proper, which was already finished, was built of hewn timber, twelve inches square; it was sixty feet long, and fifty wide, being two stories high, the upper projecting three feet

over the lower. In this projection, loopholes were made, through which the inmates could fire down upon any one attempting to set fire to the walls or burst open the door. At each corner were built flankers, projecting four feet beyond the walls on each side, and consequently sixteen feet square. In two of these, and at opposite corners, were two iron six-pounders, which raked the walls. These cannon, although owned by private persons, were taken to Portland for its defence at the time of the Revolution, and never returned. The roof was nearly flat, with merely sufficient pitch to shed water, built of timber and made tight by calking, which was done by Hugh, who, as we have seen, was bred to the business. All around the edge of the roof was a bulkhead of timber, bullet-proof and loopholed.

These loopholes were not much larger, on the outside, than the muzzle of a gun, but enlarged upon the inside, so as to range about ninety degrees. There was no well inside the walls, but the large roof was provided with spouts, dug out of sappling pines, and the rain-water was caught in troughs. In the middle of the house was a great fireplace, where the inmates cooked their food in common. A portion of the lower story was reserved for the storage of provisions; the rest, with the entire upper story, was parted off into rooms, — some with partitions of hemlock bark, others with rough boards from Colonel Gorham's mill, at that time just finished, but afterwards destroyed by the Indians, — while some occupants made blankets and the skins of bears and deer serve their turn.

Every nerve was now strained to complete the additional defences, which consisted of a stockade, made of sticks of timber thirteen feet in length and ten inches thick, lined on the inside with hewn timber, six inches thick. At the corners of the stockade, also, were flankers, which, after having been carried up thirteen feet, were floored over, and a watch-box built upon the top, which afforded an excellent lookout. The flankers, the walls of the stockade, and also the watch-boxes were loop-holed for musketry.

As the Indians were destitute of artillery, it is evident that a block-house, built with so much care, and defended by men as resolute as the first settlers of Gorham, — many of them soldiers, and commanded by Captain Phinney, an old Indian fighter, — could never be taken by storm by any force they were able to bring. But the Indians were fertile in stratagems, and often succeeded in setting block-houses and stockades on fire by fastening pieces of lighted birch-bark to arrows, and shooting them into the roofs and walls. It was to guard against this, the greatest danger, that the roof was made flat, with a bulkhead around it, that they might keep it wet with the water from the troughs, which was not allowed to be used, except in case of siege; the water for daily use being brought from a spring on Captain Phinney's land, about fifty rods from the garrison, which has now been dry for many years by reason of the clearing of the land. The settlers cut away the forest for the space of three gun-shots around this little pond, that the Indians might not be able to attack them from a covert in case they were reduced to the necessity of making a sally for water.

To the casual reader it might still seem that all the Indians would need to

do, in order to compel a surrender, would be to sit down before the walls till the inmates were starved out, since they had no well within the fort, and only a limited stock of provisions ; but in this respect the peril was in reality very little. The Indians lived only by hunting, and could stay before a garrison but a few days, when they were obliged to go and hunt for their own support ; while, in the event of a siege, the first discharge of cannon would be heard at Portland, Saco, Windham (then called New Marblehead), and Scarborough, where were garrisons and soldiers.

During the winter the Indians made no attacks, for fear of being tracked by the scouts. The settlers then lived upon their farms, removing to the garrison only in the spring, or when an attack was feared. It was not so much the numbers or the prowess of the Indians that gave birth to the agony of those long, terrible years, but their subtlety and untiring patience when bent on plunder or revenge.

While in the fort, the settlers were comparatively safe, and in the winter unmolested ; but then, on the other hand, by reason of the previous summer's crop being cut off by Indian attacks, they were often left at the point of starvation.

With the opening of spring came the Indian, thirsting for blood, with eye that knew not pity, and arm ever raised to strike. The cattle, absolutely necessary for the white people's support and the cultivation of the soil, must go to the pastures and woods ; and each night they must be driven to the garrison yard ; while the savages, with eyes keener than the serpent's, lay in ambush to slay or capture those who sought them. Indeed, the Indians often left the cattle unmolested, during a whole season, though pinched with hunger themselves, in order that they might prove decoys to bring the owners within swing of their tomahawks.

Not a load of firewood hauled to the garrison, not a pail of water brought from the springs, but had its attendant risk ; every path of daily life and labor was beset ; the prostrate windfall, the hollow log, the tufted tree-top, the rank grass and rushes of the gullies, and even the very beds of the brooks, concealed a pitiless foe. The cracking of a dry stick sent a thrill to the stoutest heart, and all summer long the air was full of tomahawks. That beautiful season of the year, the Indian summer, with its soft hazy atmosphere and rich hues of fading foliage, was fraught with no pleasant associations to the anxious settler, for it was the chosen period for the savage to make his final and most fearful attack. In addition to all this, after laboring with scanty nourishment through the day, they were compelled to stand guard at night, lest the savages, mounting upon each others' shoulders, should scale the walls or thrust fire into the loopholes. In this latter duty the men were often aided by the women, who nobly bore their share of the heavy burden. Let the boys and girls who read this ponder well the hardships our fathers endured that their children might be better off than themselves.

"William," said Hugh, one morning, about the middle of September, "I want you to dig a potato-hole in the western field ; you will find four stakes

there, that I have stuck up to mark it out. Dig it four feet deep. I'll give you two days to do it in. It is easy digging, and if you do it in less time, you may have the rest of it to yourself. I am going up to hang the gates of the stockade, which will take me two days, and then our fort will be finished."

The middle of the first afternoon soon came; so eager was William to finish his stint, in order that he might have time to beat up the quarters of a wolf which Bose had discovered, that he had forgotten to take his gun with him. He had buried himself to his shoulders in the pit, and was working as for dear life, when, hearing a noise, he stood up on his shovel, and, looking over the heap of earth he had thrown out, saw that all the cattle were in the field and making for the corn. Having driven them out, he began to put up the fence which ran along the edge of the woods; but scarcely had he put up the first log, when, happening to look up, he beheld an Indian in his war-paint within a few feet of him. It was evident to William, at the first glance, that his intentions were by no means hostile; his gun, though within reach of his hand, was placed against the but of a pine, while its owner, with arms folded upon his chest, stood gravely regarding him.

William had never before seen a savage accoutred for war, and he resolutely gazed, and with admiration, upon the startling apparition. His legs were encased to the thigh in stockings of dressed deer-skin, ornamented (as were also his moccasins) with porcupine quills dyed with bright colors; on his loins he wore a covering of red cloth, the ends of which hung in a flap behind and before, and were fringed and covered with Indian bead-work; in this covering was a pocket containing parched corn, and a flint and steel, with tinder made of the fungus that grows on the birch. His head was shaved, except a space of three or four inches wide, extending from the crown to the nape of the neck, which was divided into portions plaited together, and made so stiff with bear's grease that it stood erect; the hair was pulled out of his eyebrows, and his forehead down to the eyes painted red; the rest of his body, which was naked, and his face, were painted with alternate stripes of red and black. The whole figure wore a frightful aspect, and, contemplated amid the gloom of the forest, was a thing to try the strongest nerves. In his belt were a tomahawk and an ammunition-pouch; and his scalping-knife was hung by a thong to his neck, while, to complete his equipment, a bow and quiver of arrows hung from his shoulder, secured by a band around the breast. The reason why the Indian encumbered himself with the bow, when in possession of the rifle, was, that the discharge of a gun would betray his whereabouts to the quick ears of his enemies, especially to the rangers employed by the government to scour the woods and follow the trail of the savages, who, being stimulated by a two-fold motive, — the desire of obtaining the bounty of a hundred and sixty-five dollars for Indian scalps, and the thirst for vengeance, — were ever on the alert. With the bow and arrow he could without noise kill game for his sustenance, and they were likewise of great importance as saving powder

and lead, for which the savage often had to travel hundreds of miles, and which were articles too precious to be lavishly expended.

William thought he had never beheld a grander sight than this warlike savage. But he could scarcely credit the testimony of his senses, when, through the thick coat of paint, he verily thought he perceived the features of his old playmate,—in short, that the stern, collected being before him was no other than the Indian lad whose laugh, but a few months ago, rang shrilly through the forest, and than whom none had been more light-hearted and frolicsome. In that brief period he seemed to have increased both in height and bulk, and, though but little older than William, to have leaped at once from a boy to the estate of a man. In a tone of mingled doubt and anxiety, William exclaimed, “Beaver, can this be you?”

The Indian extended his hand in silence, which William eagerly grasped. Drawing himself up with all the dignity of a chief who counted his scalps by scores, Beaver thus addressed his wondering playmate:—

“Leaping Panther, listen! Two moons ago, I was a boy, and played with the boys. I helped the squaws to pound the corn, get the wood for the fire, carry the canoes, and bring to the wigwam the meat the hunters had killed. Now I am a warrior. I have struck the war-post of my tribe; I have listened to the aged men, into whose ears the Great Spirit has whispered in their dreams, when the moose has lain down to rest, and the souls of the dead come back to ask why their blood is not avenged. I have heard the great war-chiefs tell their deeds,—how they struck the enemies of our tribe, bound them to the stake, and made them cry like squaws; and I have seen their scars of battle. When I too shall have taken many scalps, the maidens of my nation will contend to cook my food, light my pipe, and bring the meat to my lodge when I return from the hunt, to cover my moccasins and my leggins with ornaments, and pound my corn. Then I shall wear the eagle’s feather, and be counted with the chiefs at the council-fire.

“When the Master of Life calls me, I shall go to the southwest, where are the happy hunting-grounds of my fathers. There is no snow, there are no cold winds, but the leaves are always green, the flowers never fade, there is much game, and there bad Indians never come.

“Once we were children together; then we were like brothers. It is not so long ago that it should be forgotten. We slept by the same fire, played in the same brook, drank from the same gourd, divided what we took in hunting; one blanket covered us both. Those were happy days; they were too short for our pleasures, and we were sorry to see the sun go down.” As he uttered these words, his voice became musical, and his tones assumed an indescribable pathos, that melted into the very heart of his auditor, and brought the tears to his eyes. Pausing, he plucked from a rotten stump beside him two small hemlocks, whose roots, as they grew side by side, were twisted one around the other; holding them up, he said: “My heart is now soft, though it is the heart of a warrior. It is soft, because I call to mind that once we were like these plants. We grew side by side, and as our roots became bigger, they grew closer together; but now, like these, we must

also be separated." Tearing them asunder, he flung them in opposite directions. "We must now seek each other's lives.

"Leaping Panther, listen! Your people have taken away our hunting-grounds, and cut down the trees so that we have no meat for our squaws and our little ones. The blood of our young men, shed by you, and not yet avenged by us, cries in our ears so that we cannot sleep. Therefore we have dug up the hatchet. We shall not bury it again till we make it red with the white man's blood. Had I wished to kill you, without alarming your people, I could have done it with the bow or the tomahawk. If Wenemovet or Wiwurna, or any of our old playmates, had been here instead of myself, your scalp would have now been hanging at his girdle, or drying in the smoke of the wigwam. But as I watched you my heart grew soft. I said, 'I will speak to my brother. I will look in his eyes. We will tear our hearts asunder, and then we will seek each other's blood.' Do not therefore be afraid, but speak. The ears of the Beaver are open."

"I am not afraid of you, Beaver, though you are older than I am, have gun, knife, and tomahawk, and look so 'skeerful' in your paint, while I am barehanded. Mother Molly called me Leaping Panther, because I was so quick; I could jump on you and throttle you, before you could draw a knife, or cock a gun at me. Notwithstanding all your big talk about being a warrior, and striking the war-post, you never have seen (and it's my opinion you never will see) the day when I could n't lay you on your back at rough and tumble, or at close hugs,—and let you have both 'under-holds' into the bargain. In respect to your shooting me at unawares, I freely say that you might have done it, just as easy as a cat can lick her paw, and in that I owe you my life. But that is no more than I should have expected at your hands; it is your nature, Beaver; you are a brave, good, true-hearted boy, and it's only your Indian bringing up that will ever make you anything else."

A smile of pleasure flitted athwart the grave features of the Indian at this downright avowal from one he loved with all the intensity of savage passion.

"But tell me, Beaver, did the cattle tear that fence down?"

"No; I tore it down."

"That you might shoot me, when I came to drive them out?"

"No; but I was afraid of being seen by your people, and I took that way to draw you to my ambush."

"It was well planned, and you are rightly called Beaver, for the beaver is wise, and I doubt not you will be a great chief. But you have taught me a lesson. The next time I will let the cattle eat the corn before I will go to drive them out without a gun.

"Well," continued William, "if your heart grew soft when you saw me this morning, so did mine the day after you went away. You know we—you and I and Conuwass—were going to hunt porcupines in the hard woods on Watson's hill, and your mother was going to work me a belt just like yours. I got up early, and tied Bose up,—for the old fool will shake

a porcupine, and get his nose full of quills, — caught my gun, and ran with all my might to your wigwam. When I got there, you were all, all gone. Then I went down to the brook. There I found the rafts and the canoes, and all the things just as we had left them. Then, down to the swimming-place. But when I saw your tracks there, O, it brought everything right up, and the place looked so lonesome I could n't stay, but went back home. I went into the barn to untie Bose, and when he saw the gun in my hand, he began to jump up on me, and lick my face, thinking he was going a hunting. I said, 'Bose, you will never more have any such good times as we have had, because Beaver is gone, and we shall never see him again.' I had made out to hold in till then, but the minute I spoke your name the tears would come. I sat down and cried like a baby."

In the course of this conversation the boys had drawn nearer and nearer to each other, until at length they seated themselves side by side on a wind-fall, and somehow their hands got locked together.



"That was wrong, Panther; only squaws do that."

"I don't see why a man should n't cry, as well as laugh, especially if he can't help it."

"He should do neither; a warrior should never behave as a squaw; he should be like a rock."

"I know what you mean," was the rejoinder. "You think it makes against a man's courage to have a tender heart; but it don't. Now, there 's my mother. If the sun should fall right out of the sky, it would n't scare her. For all that I saw her cry when she thought Mrs. Watson was going to die.

Father is tender too ; but your whole tribe could n't frighten him, or make him cry, unless he had a mind to. There is our Alec, — Little Snapping Turtle. When he gets crying mad, then look out for yourself ; he 'll let you have hot coals, hatchet, anything that comes to hand ; but nothing scares him."

"You can never be a warrior, Panther, while you feel thus."

"I never want to be."

"Don't want to be ?"

"No. I had rather hoe corn, or hunt, than fight, just for the sake of fighting. I think it is just the poorest business a man can follow, except it is his duty."

"I see, Panther, the Great Spirit has given to the white man a different heart from the Indian's. I love to kill, — every Indian does ; I love to see blood run ; I would like to eat the flesh and drink the blood of the enemies of my tribe."

While he spake the savage gleamed from his whole face ; his eyes glared, his nostrils dilated, and his features, seen through the terrors of the war-paint, were those of a fiend. The instincts of his companion, nursed at the breast of a Christian mother, and imbued with the principles of religion, revolted at this display of a wolfish nature. He coolly replied : "I would n't. I should rather drink buttermilk. If an Indian had injured me, I should want satisfaction from him ; it would not do me any good to kill some other Indian, who never had injured me, just because he was an Indian ; or to murder a little innocent babe in the cradle, because his father or grandfather had injured me or my grandfather before he was born."

"That is our custom," replied the Beaver. "Our fathers and wise men have always done so, and taught us to do so, and therefore it is right."

"I don't care who taught it, or whose custom it is," replied his sturdy antagonist. "It ain't right, nohow ; that stands to reason. It's clean against Scripture and the Catechism too. You say that after this we must seek each other's lives because our fathers have injured one another. I've heard my father and mother say, a hundred times, that they never lost so much as a hen, or a kernel of corn, by the Indians, and that, so far as that was concerned, they did n't want any better neighbors than the Indians, — that they should have starved to death one winter but for the Indians. I am sure no Indian will say that we ever wronged him, or took his land, for we bought our land and paid for it. No more did our ancestors hurt them, for they are all on the other side of the sea, and never saw an Indian."

"Do not think, Panther, that the Indians do not know what is just. I have heard my people talk, and I know that, if you were living here alone, and no other white people here, no Indian would lift his tomahawk against you ; and if you were hungry, they would share with you their provision, be it little or much. They know very well that you are not like the white men who were in the Narragansett war, who had their land given them because they killed the Indians ; that you bought your land, although you bought it of those who killed the Indians ; but that was not your fault. They know, too, that your speech is different from theirs, that your actions are different, and

that there is no Indian blood on your hands, which are clean. But if you go with the rest to fight the Indians, you must expect they will kill you."

"I expect you to kill me if you can, in a fair stand-up fight, or an ambush, when our peoples ambush one another. But I don't see why we that have been like brothers together should pick each other out, and go skulking around, in the places where we used to play, to kill one another."

They remained a long time silent. At length the Beaver, rising, replied:—

"Panther, I have thought of your words, and they are good. Not one of my tribe but would have slain you to-day. If the warriors knew that I had not done thus, they would blush with shame. When I set out on the war-path, I said: 'I will speak to the Panther; after that, he will be on his watch; then my heart will be very hard. I know where he works, where he hunts, and where he plays. I will ambush him every step he takes. I will kill the dog, and then I shall the more easily kill him. I will hang his scalp at my girdle, and the warriors of my nation will rejoice. They will say that Beaver will be a great chief. He has slain the Panther, whose claws were almost grown, who could throw the tomahawk, and shoot the eye out of a squirrel, and who would have slain many of our people.'

"But your words have changed my heart, as the maple-leaves change beneath the fingers of the frost. We will not stain with each other's blood the places where we have hunted and fished and played together. Only when our tribes meet on the war-path will we be foes. When the Beaver thinks of the Panther, and of the long summer days they have hunted and played together, and sat by the same fire, it shall be like a pleasant dream of the night; there shall be no blood on it. Is it well?"

As the Beaver uttered these words, it was evident that it required all the stoicism of his Indian nature and training to keep down the tender emotions that were struggling to betray themselves. His face, despite the terrors of the war-paint, assumed a noble, touching expression, and his voice was feminine in its low music.

William was touched to the very heart, and, being less able to control his feelings, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembled, as he replied, "It is well!"

The Indian resumed his gun, and, extending his hand to William, they exchanged a parting grasp, and he was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

William remained listening to the light step of his playmate till it was no longer audible. Then, seating himself on the ground with his back to a tree, he ran over in his mind the happy days they had spent together, till he was at length aroused by the trampling of the cattle, which, having got a taste of the grass, were again going through the gap into the field. He saw with surprise that it was almost sundown, and that his mother, alarmed by his not returning to supper, was coming after him with a gun on her shoulder, accompanied by Bose. The dog, after jumping on William, put his nose to the ground, and instantly started on the track of the Indian; but William called him back. He then sat down on the ground, and began to growl and whine and run his nose into the dirt.

"William," said his mother, "look at that dog! There are Indians around! What made you come without your gun?"

"Yes, mother," replied William; "there is an Indian round here; but he won't injure us."

"But what is the matter with you, William? How came this fence down? You have been crying! I saw you sitting here with your face between your hands, the cattle going into the field right before your eyes, and I thought you must be wounded."

"I can't talk now, mother; don't ask me now. When we get home I'll tell you all about it. Bose, drive the cows home!" But Bose, reluctant to leave the Indian's track, required a second command, coupled with a little kick, before he would obey.

Elizabeth, though tenderly attached to her children, ruled them with a stern, though kind hand, and exacted of them unquestioning obedience. But she was possessed of great discernment of character, and with William, who was peculiarly thoughtful and affectionate, and seldom manifested any desire to overstep the limits of duty, she abated somewhat of the stern authority she exercised over the other children, who were of more rugged natures, — especially Mary (our own grandmother), and Martha (Grannie Warren), to whom we are indebted for the facts of this story, and who both of them greatly resembled herself; and so also with Alexander, who was a very devil for grit, and, as his father said, would have made a good mossa-trooper.

Elijah Kellogg.



THE SANDPIPER'S NEST.

IT was such a pretty nest, and in such a pretty place, I must tell you about it.

One lovely afternoon in May I had been wandering up and down, through rocky gorges, by little swampy bits of ground, and on the tops of windy headlands, looking for flowers, and had found many; — large blue violets, the like of which you never saw, white violets, too, creamy and fragrant, gentle little houstonias, gay and dancing erythroniums, and wind-flowers delicately tinted, blue, straw-color, pink, and purple. I never found such in the main-land valleys: the salt air of the sea deepens the colors of all flowers. I stopped by a swamp which the recent rains had filled and turned to a little lake. Light green iris-leaves cut the water like sharp and slender swords, and, in the low sunshine that streamed across, threw long shadows over the shining surface. Some blackbirds were calling sweetly in a clump of bushes, and song-sparrows sung as if they had but one hour in which to crowd the whole rapture of the spring. As I pressed through the budding bayberry-bushes to reach some milk-white sprays of shadbush which grew by the water-side, I startled

three curlews. They flew away, trailing their long legs, and whistling fine and clear. I stood still to watch them out of sight. How full the air was of pleasant sounds! The very waves made a glad noise about the rocks, and the whole sea seemed to roar afar off, as if half asleep and murmuring in a kind of gentle dream. The flock of sheep was scattered here and there, all washed as white as snow by the plenteous rains, and nibbling the new grass eagerly; and from near and far came the tender and plaintive cries of the young lambs.

Going on again, I came to the edge of a little beach, and presently I was startled by a sound of such terror and distress that it went to my heart at once. In a moment a poor little sandpiper emerged from the bushes, dragging itself along in such a way that, had you seen it, you would have concluded that every bone in its body had been broken. Such a dilapidated bird! Its wings drooped and its legs hung as if almost lifeless. It uttered continually a shrill cry of pain, and kept just out of the reach of my hand, fluttering hither and thither, as if sore wounded and weary. At first I was amazed, and cried out, "Why, friend and gossip! what *is* the matter?" and then stood watching it in mute dismay. Suddenly it flashed across me that this was only my sandpiper's way of concealing from me a nest; and I remembered reading about this little trick of hers in a book of Natural History. The object was to make me follow her by pretending she could not fly, and so lead me away from her treasure. So I stood perfectly still, lest I should tread on the precious habitation, and quietly observed my deceitful little friend. Her apparently desperate and hopeless condition grew so comical when I reflected that it was only affectation, that I could not help laughing, loud and long. "Dear gossip," I called to her, "pray don't give yourself so much unnecessary trouble! You might know I would n't hurt you or your nest for the world, you most absurd of birds!" As if she understood me, and as if she could not brook being ridiculed, up she rose at once, strong and graceful, and flew off with a full, round, clear note, delicious to hear.

Then I cautiously looked for the nest, and found it quite close to my feet, near the stem of a stunted bayberry-bush. Mrs. Sandpiper had only drawn together a few bayberry-leaves, brown and glossy, a little pale green lichen, and a twig or two, and that was a pretty enough house for her. Four eggs, about as large as robins', were within, all laid evenly with the small ends together, as is the tidy fashion of the Sandpiper family. No wonder I did not see them; for they were pale green like the lichen, with brown spots the color of the leaves and twigs, and they seemed a part of the ground, with its confusion of soft neutral tints. I could n't admire them enough, but, to relieve my little friend's anxiety, I came very soon away; and as I came, I marvelled much that so very small a head should contain such an amount of cunning.

Celia Thaxter.



A BOY'S ADVENTURE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

AS I was walking one day with my friend G— along the edge of the cliff below the American Fall, he told the following story of his first visit to Niagara.

“It was fifteen years ago,” said he. “I was a mere boy then. My father had died the spring before, and I was thrown upon my own resources. With my mother’s blessing, and twenty-three dollars in my pocket, I walked from our little home on Tonawanda Creek, in the town of Batavia, to Buffalo, where I hoped to get into business, make money enough to buy a house, take my mother to live with me, and educate my younger brother and sisters. I was full of ambition. But I did n’t succeed immediately in finding employment; and at the end of a week, having spent three dollars out of my precious little store, — for I knew that my mother had given almost her last penny for my journey, — I began to grow homesick and discouraged. At last I found a situation in a hardware store. I was to be boarded and clothed for my services, the first year; to receive, in addition, fifty dollars in money, the second year; one hundred, the third year; and so on.

"I engaged the place on Wednesday; I was to enter upon my duties the next Monday; and during the four intervening days I determined to treat myself to a view of the Falls.

"In order to save as much as possible of my mother's money to send back to her, I made the journey on foot. I was all day Thursday about it. I slept at a tavern, and was fortunate the next morning in making the acquaintance of a very polite young man, who said he knew the place, and would show me around.

"Ah! what a wonderful summer day it was! How the mist went up from the cataract! how the sun made rainbows in it, which brightened and vanished as the vapory cloud gathered, and the wind blew it away! how the birds sang in the woods on Goat Island! how our little ferry-boat tossed on the foaming eddies below the Falls! how grand and glorious it all was, and what a glad child was I!

"My new acquaintance proved a very pleasant companion, although he was so very polished and self-possessed that he made me, a green country lad, feel sometimes very painfully my inferiority. He abounded in fine sentiments, one of which I had occasion to remember,—'Confidence is the flower of friendship and the ornament of life.' This he was accustomed to say with a persuasive smile and a sweet inflection of the voice which were quite captivating. He had a bow, and a flourish, and an apt word, for every occasion. He was genteelly dressed,—although I remember that his coat was a trifle threadbare, and that he wore it buttoned across his genteel bosom, warm as the day was. Once or twice I had a glimpse of soiled linen under it; but his politeness quite made me forget for the time the trifling circumstance.

"'You must certainly cross the ferry,' he said, 'if only to be able to tell your mother that you have been in Canada. Your excellent mother,—how I should delight to see her, and say, "I had the honor of visiting Canada with your son"! Besides, you get the best view of the Horseshoe Fall as you cross the river below. I am sure,' he added, 'you will show your confidence in my friendship by taking my advice.'

"I told him I could not well afford the expense of crossing; and related the history of my twenty dollars. Tears came into his eyes as he grasped my hand.

"'I honor your motives!' he exclaimed. 'You shall make this trip at *my* expense.' He led me down the ferry stairs, and insisted on paying my fare in the boat. 'Not a word! not a word!' he said, waving me off, and counting out change to the boatman. 'Confidence is the flower of friendship, and the ornament of life.'

"So we crossed the ferry; and, having spent an hour in rambling about on the other side, he advised me not to return without having first walked under the sheet of water.

"'It is a most astonishing thing!' he said. 'You descend a staircase. You follow a path beneath the overhanging cliff. The thundering cataract is before you. You pass beneath it, along a narrow shelf of rock between it

and the precipice. You are under Niagara ! The shelf grows narrower as you proceed, until, by the guide's directions, you put your finger in a hole in the rock, which he tells you is the farthest point to which mortal man has ever gone. It is an experience no enterprising young American should be contented to live without.'

"'Is there no danger?' I asked.

"'None whatever. It is exciting, but not dangerous. All that is needed is a little confidence. Confidence is the—but you know what I think of confidence. Here is the house where you obtain clothes and a guide for the excursion. Let me suggest only one thing. You have a watch with you?'

"'Yes, one that was my father's. It is very dear to me on that account.'

"'How very affecting!' said he. 'Treasure it as you would the jewel of your integrity. You will not wish to get it wet; and you will be drenched to the skin in the spray of the cataract.'

"'I can leave it, with my money, where I leave my clothes,' I said.

"'In the hands of strangers?' he replied. 'Your clothes will be safe with them; but money? and your watch? Very well, very well. I suppose they will be safe, although I was about to suggest—but no matter. I shall not go under the sheet to-day.'

"'Indeed! why not?'

"'I've been under it a hundred times already. When I say a hundred times, I speak figuratively. I have been under it three times, in the course of my eventful life. Perhaps, after you have been, I will go, provided you will take charge of my pocket-book, and a valuable gold watch I carry, which was not exactly my father's, but which was presented to me by a very dear uncle,—and which, really, I am unwilling to trust in any hands but yours.'

"'This proof of confidence touched me deeply. 'Then,' said I, 'if you stay here, you shall take charge of *my* watch and money.'

"'As you please,' said he. And I delivered my treasures into his obliging hands. 'How beautiful!' he said, with the same persuasive smile and sweet inflection. 'Confidence is, indeed, the flower of friendship and the ornament of life.'

"'Now I had all the time a strong feeling that I ought not to go under the fall. It seemed as if something wrong would happen if I did. But this polite and friendly young man had gained such a complete influence over me that I had no longer a will of my own. Having permitted him to pay for my crossing the ferry, I felt bound to please him by accepting his advice in everything. He now added to my obligations by paying at the counter for the clothes and guide I was to make the trip with. This he did much against my will, but I could not prevent him.

"'While he was making change, an old gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made at the tavern the night before, touched my arm and drew me aside. 'You look like an honest boy,' he said; 'and from our talk last evening I became interested in you. But I'm afraid you are getting into bad company. Do you know that fellow?'

"'He?' I said. 'O yes, very well; I've been with him all day. Why?'

“‘Because,’ said the old gentleman, ‘I don’t like the looks of him. I believe he is a rogue.’

“‘You are very much mistaken,’ I replied. ‘He is one of the politest, one of the most generous men!’

“‘Well, well ; perhaps,’ said the old gentleman, smiling doubtfully. ‘All I have to say is, look out for him. You have n’t seen as much of the world as I have.’ And he patted my shoulder.

“Just then the young man came with the bundle of clothes I was to put on, and led me away to the dressing-room. He said the guide was waiting, and talked so fast, and hurried me so, that I had no time to think, until he took leave of me at the top of the staircase.

“‘I will walk about here until you come back,’ he said, in such a very friendly way that I was indignant at the old gentleman who had slandered him.

“However, the minute he was out of my sight, I became troubled in my mind about him. Then I reflected that I had all along felt secret doubts of his character, which his persuasive manners and fine sentiments had for the time kept concealed almost from myself,—just as the tossing white torrent of foam, below the Falls yonder, hides the boiling eddies under it. I remembered, with increasing uneasiness, the old gentleman’s kind warning ; and blushed at my foolish remark,—that I knew a perfect stranger very well, having been with him all day ! As yet I had not even learned my friend’s name. There *was* something false about his politeness, I could not help thinking ; and as to his generosity, what difference did it make which pocket-book paid my expenses, his or mine, if he finally ran away with both ?

“These thoughts flashed through my mind, notwithstanding the excitement of the adventure ; and, having stood a minute under the cataract, and put my finger in the crevice the guide showed me, I was anxious to return to the upper world. But now an accident happened, well calculated to favor the rogue, if he was a rogue, or to prove his friendship, if he was a friend.

“As I was passing from under the sheet, two or three small fragments of rock—loosened, I suppose, by the jar of the cataract—broke from the overhanging wall and fell on the path between me and the guide.

“‘Quick ! quick !’ he exclaimed, pulling me towards him. But before I had passed the spot, a larger mass of fragments came down, almost burying me beneath them. I just remember the guide calling for help amid the roar of the Falls, and pulling at my shoulder, which was already dislocated by the tumbling rocks. Then I swooned away.

“When I came to myself, I was in the same room where my friend had hired for me my guide and clothes. I was in great pain, and groaning at every breath. I was carried into an adjoining room, and laid upon a bed ; and there a surgeon visited me, and set my bones.

“Upon that bed I lay three weeks ; and almost every day I could hear people come into the public room, the door of which was sometimes open, and inquire with regard to the danger of going under the Falls.

“‘There is not the least danger,’ was the invariable reply. ‘No accident was ever known to happen to any person going with a guide.’ And there I, the victim of a terrible accident, lay and listened to these lies, which I was too weak even to cry out and expose.

“A lonely and anxious month that was; for after I had recovered from my injuries so that I could sit up, it was still a week before I was able to travel. I wrote to my mother. I also wrote to the proprietor of the hardware store to whom I had engaged my services. He did not reply, and I could not help thinking I had lost the situation.

“I received the best of care at the hands of the strangers in whose house I was. It was not altogether disinterested care, however. The business of furnishing guides and clothes to visitors going under the fall was very profitable; and it was in my power to injure it materially by publishing my accident. My case never got into the newspapers; and as I was convinced that the danger of going behind the sheet was after all trifling, I took no pains to warn anybody against it.

“My expenses, during that long, lonesome month, were cheerfully borne by my kind host. Fortunately for me, for I had not a cent in the world. I did not write that fact to my mother, for I still hoped to hear from my watch and pocket-book.

“On making inquiries for my polite friend, after my accident, all I had been able to learn was, that a person who professed great interest in me had charged the proprietor of the house to have everything done for me that could be done, and had left his address on going away, with a message that, if I wanted anything, I had only to apply to him. As I did want my watch and pocket-book, I determined to hunt him up. Luckily, his address was Buffalo, where I was going.

“Well, I had enough of Niagara Falls that time; and glad was I when the surgeon pronounced me able to travel. My host paid my fare to Buffalo, and gave me two dollars besides.

“On reaching the city, I hastened first to the hardware store where I had hired out. The proprietor looked at me grimly. ‘O, you are the boy that took the situation, and then ran away! Well, we don’t want any such boys as you. Besides, the place is filled.’ He would listen to no excuses, and I went away with a heavy heart.

“I next went to find my friend. The address took me to a large warehouse on Buffalo Creek, over the entrance to which I saw, with a thrill of interest, the very name that was on the card.

“‘Is Mr. Keplow in?’ I eagerly asked; and was shown to the counting-room.

“I entered, and met face to face, not the polite young man to whom I had intrusted my watch and money, but the plain old gentleman who had warned me against him. ‘Ah!’ said he, “you have got along; I’ve been expecting you. Sit down.’

“‘Are you Mr. Keplow?’

“‘That’s my name.’

“ ‘And he — that young man you warned me against — who had my watch and pocket-book — ’ I stammered.

“ ‘I know nothing about him ; and if he had your property, I could have told you beforehand that you would never see it again.’

“ ‘I have lost them then, and my situation too ! ’ I exclaimed, and burst into tears.

“ ‘Well, well,’ said he, in a comforting tone, ‘there is no great loss without some small gain. You have gained a useful experience, and perhaps you will gain something else.’

“When I told him about the situation I had forfeited, he laughed, and said it was no great loss, as that man never could keep a boy longer than a few months, he was so hard with his help. He then said he had a place for me in his store, if I would like the flour and grain business ; and before I left his counting-room I sat down at the desk and wrote to my mother that I had hired out for five years to my new friend.

“I remained eight years with Mr. Keplow, and before the end of that time I had my sisters and my younger brother going to school at my expense. Finally our firm wished to establish a branch house in Chicago, and I was placed at the head of it. There I have been ever since, and there I am now, doing about as large a business, buying and shipping wool and grain, as is done by any house on the Lakes.

“One morning, a year ago last winter, a gentleman entered my office, who said he wished to speak to me on personal and private business. The door being closed, he seated himself, took from his pocket a bundle of letters, and said : ‘Mr. G——, I have been induced to call on you, knowing that you are a liberal and high-minded man, and an influential member of the church of which I am a humble, but, I trust, faithful officiating minister. It is the same church, although you reside here in Chicago, and the field of my labors is in the distant State of Maine. My name is Loddy. I am a younger brother of the distinguished Dr. Loddy of New York. I produce these letters to show you that I am what I profess to be.’

“I glanced at the letters, and asked how I could serve him.

“‘I was so unfortunate, on getting off the train in a crowd last night, as to have my pocket picked. At this distance from my family and friends, I find myself suddenly without a dollar in money, either to pay my hotel expenses or to prosecute my journey. What I wish is a loan of fifty dollars, which shall be returned to you as soon as I get home. I regret exceedingly the necessity I am under of making this call upon your generosity, or I should rather say confidence ; but confidence is a beautiful virtue which we do not perhaps sufficiently cultivate, — it is the flower of friendship and the ornament of life.’

“I was already trying hard to remember where I had seen that man ; and every moment his plausible manners and persuasive smile were growing more and more familiar to me, when that favorite sentiment concerning confidence lighted up my memory as by an electric flash. I arose, locked the door, and pocketed the key.

“ ‘Mr. Loddy,’ said I, ‘do you remember a fatherless boy you robbed of a watch and twenty dollars, at Niagara Falls, thirteen years ago? I am that fatherless boy, and I am very glad to see you.’

“ He blandly denied all knowledge of the circumstance.

“ ‘Mr. Loddy, or whatever your name may be, you are an impostor; these letters are forgeries; and it is in my power to send you to prison. Your only chance for yourself is to make a frank confession, and promise better things.’

“ When he saw that I was in earnest, he said: ‘I *do* begin to remember a little adventure with a boy at Niagara Falls a few years ago; but I should never have suspected you of being that boy. How whiskers have changed you, to be sure!’

“ ‘Confess,’ said I, ‘that you are a sharper and blackleg by trade.’

“ ‘That is unfortunately the truth,’ he said, more seriously; ‘and I can say from experience that a very poor trade it is.’

“ ‘You do not look as if you had prospered at it,’ I said.

“ ‘I *have n’t* prospered at it!’ he exclaimed, his false smiles fading, and a genuine emotion coming into his face. ‘It’s a trade that don’t pay. If I had given half the time and energy to some honest calling, which I have employed in trying to get a living without work, I might now be a man of property and reputation like you, instead of the homeless wretch I am!’

“ He told me his history, saying in conclusion, ‘I have been twice in State prison; and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; *but I tell you my worst punishment is in being what I am.*’

“ He spoke sincerely; and I was never so forcibly struck with the truth, that the robber robs only himself. The wrong he had done to me, and to hundreds of others, was but trifling and temporary; but the wrong he had done to his own manhood was deep and everlasting.

“ I could not but pity the wretch, and having burned his forged papers, to prevent him from doing more mischief with them, I let him go. I have never heard from him since.”

J. T. Trowbridge.





Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Lively.

1. The east is ro - sy with the day, The mist - y shad - ows

float a - way, And down a - mong the corn, I hear The quails are pip - ing

loud and clear,—are pip - ing loud and clear. Tra la la! Tra la la! who

goes to - day A - mong the mead - ows mak - ing hay?

2.

With steady stroke, and clanging peal,
The mowers whet the gleaming steel,
And fast before the swinging blade
In fragrant swaths the grass is laid.

Tra la la! Tra la la! &c.

3.

Red lilies in the grass ablow,
Among the clovers dropping low;
And children run with eager feet
To bind them in a garland sweet.

Tra la la! Tra la la! &c.

4.

No speck is on the shining blue,
The thirsty sun drinks up the dew;
While far and wide, with lusty shout,
The mowers toss the hay about.

Tra la la! Tra la la! &c.

NO, YOU CAN'T.

LET me into the breakfast-room, Bridget, —
 I 'll be a good girl if you will ;
 And see if I can't be a lady,
 And see if I don't sit still.

You wash me and curl me and dress me,
 Yet say that I do not look fit.
 You think that I 'll tease for the sugar ;
 I won't do it — hardly a bit.

I won't put my foot on the table,
 Nor make the least atom of fuss ;
 I won't drum at all with my teaspoon,
 I won't pull the cloth in a muss.

Papa, if he only had seen me,
 I know would have said, "Let her stay."
 But just as I pushed the door open,
 You came there and snatched me away.

Don't say, "No, you can't," and then kiss me, —
 You 're not half so kind as you seem.
 I don't wan't to stay with you, Bridget :
 O dear ! I 'm afraid I shall scream !

I wonder if folks that are grown up,
 And thinking to have what they want,
 Are patient when doors are shut on them,
 And good when *they* 're told, "No, YOU CAN'T!"

Mrs. A. M. Wells.



ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS, & Amusing Things

CHARADES.

No. 10.

UP to a little rivulet,
 Half by ferns and rushes hid,
 Upon a sultry summer's day
 My *first* my *second* did.

But fierce a wolf came rushing,
 And my *first* drew back in fright ;
 For he knew the fierce wolf was my *whole*,
 And refuge took in flight.

O. O.

No. 11.

O'ER hedges and ditches away we go,
 With horse, and with hound, and a "view
 hallo" ;

But my *first* he is cunning, and wise, and old,
 And the chase grows slack as the scent
 grows cold.

My *second* fair Blanche to her lover gave,
 As he lowly knelt, to her charms a slave,
 And he bore the pledge through the field
 and fight,
 Till the weary day gave place to night.

So lovely my *whole* with its brilliant hue,
 So bright in the sunbeam, so fed by the
 dew,

That none would dream of the curse from
 it ta'en,
 As they meet its charms in the shady lane.

A. R.

P U Z Z L E S .

No. 6.

My whole is always passing.
 My first is in fiction, but not in book.
 My second is in cabinet, not in look.
 My third is in welcome, not in sack.
 My fourth is in edition, but not in black.

Bow.

No. 7.

A whole, all concede, I'm an old-fash-
 ioned dame.
 Cut short at both ends, I'm a singular
 name.

And yet at both ends if I'm shortened
 again
 Some hundreds of me you will find still
 remain.

L. S.

No. 8.

Whole, I am very hard.
 Behead me, I am a term in music.
 Curtail me, I am a weight.
 Behead me again, I am a preposition.
 Curtail me, and I am an exclamation.

Bow.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 10.



CAB

DOUBLE ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

No. 1.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

A royal pair are we, — our names
 Are blazoned in heroic story, —
 Our charms, our loves, our pride, our
 shames,
 Girt with the halo of our glory.

First I, who, nurtured by meek doves,
 Yet of a bolder spirit born,
 Scorning a woman's fears and loves,
 Led through the breach the hope forlorn.
 Aspiring higher, an Empress now,
 My power ranged through a wider field,
 Built cities, made wild Asia bow,
 Egypt and Ethiopia yield.

Later two thousand years I reigned,
 And though my fame is not so grand,
 The world's great Emperor I chained
 And led him with this little hand.
 And when one peerless man of men
 Loved me, and, loving, died for me,
 'Twixt death and bonds my choice lay then,
 And I chose death and to be free.

CROSS WORDS.

I doubt the thing I cannot see,
 Of things I see I doubt my seeing ;
 Nor Life nor Death is sure to me,
 Creator nor created Being.

Right royally my line I trace
 From hoary eld, and of my kin
 Are pain and crime and deep disgrace, —
 My name a synonyme for sin.

With visions of deep draughts and shade
 Parched lips and weary feet I mock ;
 Up springs glad Hope, — the visions fade,
 And Hope falls shattered by the shock.

The wealth of heat of Indian suns
 Ripens my blood's celestial hue,

No scrutiny its pureness shuns, —
 Untainted, bluest of the blue.

Decorum and all proper rules,
 Are only fiddlesticks to me, —
 Terror of homes, delight of schools,
 Queen of misrule and noisy glee.

A mystic science I, who solve
 Problems else found inscrutable,
 And with unerring truth evolve
 Solutions irrefutable.

Beneath thy tread mine humble lot,
 Prostrate I wait thy steps to greet ;
 Though trampled on I murmur not,
 But kiss the dust from off thy feet.

I bow my head to stocks and stones,
 And worship that which I have made ;
 I deck their shrines and build them thrones,
 Their favor bless, their wrath upbraid.

Constant, yet changeful, — changing ever
 From calm to wrath, from wrath to
 calm, —

In storm or zephyr failing never, —
 I sing to earth my ceaseless psalm.

J. L.

A N S W E R S .

CHARADES.

8. Sirens (sigh-wrens). 9. Out-law.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

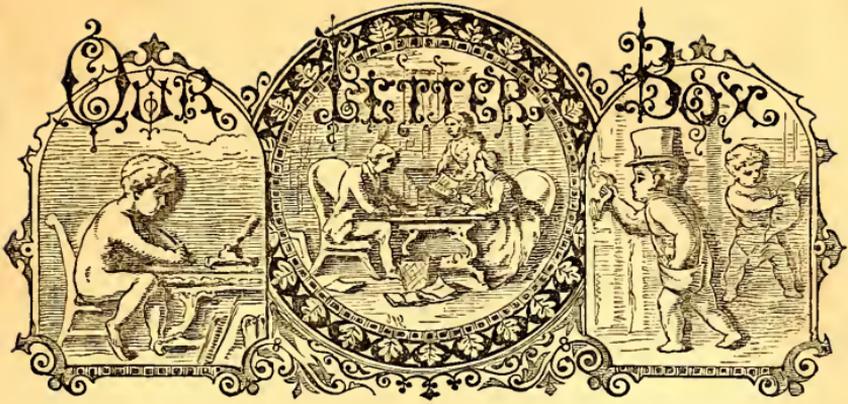
1. Height, 30 inches; length, 15 inches; thick-
 ness, 60 inches.
 2. Codicil. 3. Six.

ENIGMAS.

6. *Ne vous fiez pas toujours à l'extérieure.*
 7. Mother.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

8. Let our government extend to all skins equal
 tokens of honor. [Le (tower) (G over N) (men)
 (text) (end) (two awls) (K in S) (equal to) (K in
 S) (OF on OR).]
 9. The enemy opened fire under cover of a stone
 wall. [T (he) N M E (o penned) (fire under C
 over OF A STONE WALL).]



In answer to inquiries made about the Publishers' prizes for new subscribers to "Our Young Folks," the Editors are requested to say that the four large prizes were won by the following persons:—

First prize (two hundred dollars), L. H. Waters, New York.

Second prize (one hundred and fifty dollars), J. Banfield, Roxbury.

Third prize (one hundred dollars), G. F. Cass, Boston.

Fourth prize (fifty dollars), T. D. Plumb, Madison, Wis.

The number of subscribers obtained in the first club was *three hundred and seventy-two*.

Henry H. The conundrum which you say you "originated" is a very old one. We are sorry that somebody should have made it before you.

M. B. A collegiate education is of advantage to every man, no matter what his occupation may be, unless he begins his course so late that at its completion he will be too old for the early stages of the business or profession he intends to follow. — History, in all its branches, is a most important study for any person who hopes to be well informed and to have his judgment well founded.

Parker M. Your sketches are clever, but we cannot use them for engraving.

Carleton D. We could not possibly use it.

S. B. G. 1. None in particular is meant.
2. Yes.

E. B. R. Rhyme is not enough to constitute poetry, neither are mere words; well constructed verses, correct grammatical construction, good spelling, and even ideas, are of some importance. And, since you ask our candid opinion, we must say that your lines are lacking in all these particulars.

V. G. H. and K. L. H. "Is 'The Young Voyageurs' about the same boys that are spoken of in the adventures in search of a white buffalo?" — You mean, probably, by the latter book, "The Boy Hunters." If so, the characters are the same.

Edith and Clara say:—

"We have heard that, if you collect a million stamps and send them to Paris, the people to whom you send them will send you in return \$300. Now we want to know if it is so."

This million-of-postage-stamps offer is a shabby hoax, which is occasionally set afloat in spite of contradiction. Never believe any such story.

M. P. M. The lines beginning,

"O woman, in our hours of ease,"

are the first in Stanza xxx., Canto VI., of Scott's "Marmion."

G. P. M., Charles N. W., Freddy Frost, Kitty W., F. D. A., D. Edwin H., L. P., Ruth Lee, May Shafton, Sarah S., C. B. W., C. M., Arthur M. R., A. T. S., Ariel C. H., Fanny Fay, Henry F., Eddie D. S. ("a little boy nine years old, who has never been to school, but who has taught himself to write," — good boy!), *Sybil, E.* Please to take this acknowledgment as an answer to your favors.

A Young Lieutenant. That way will do.

Louie F. E. Send all at once. Remember what we have often said to the young writers. — Perhaps Trip will appear again some time.

Larkspur. In writing for the press, write only on one side of the paper.

S. B. C. Be patient; the best days are yet to dawn.

Alexander D., Jr. We will think over your suggestion. — In your writing is the foundation of a handsome hand.

R. S. G-r-o-w-n-s does not spell *groans*.

T. H.'s answers to his puzzle are:—

Silly chap, — chilly sap;

Maiden Lane, — laden main;

Rump steak, — stump, rake;

Silly fop, — filly, sop;

Coal hod, — whole cod (the *Banks* of Newfoundland, of course, are meant);

Pitch high, — hitch, pie;

Coal stove, — stole, cove;

Hot cake, — cot, hake.

Theo. N. We know of no treatise on croquet so good as that contained in "Every Saturday," No. 35.

Helen L. Bostwick sends this bit of verse, which is acceptable just now :—

"LITTLE PLAID SUN-BONNET.

"Little plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,
Down in the grass by the sunny wall-side?
Any short ringlets half out of curl?
Any round forehead as pure as a pearl?
Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over?
Any red mouth closing on a red clover?
Is it the wind makes you dance up and down,
Or is it a fairy head under your crown?"

"O, Earth is bright, by the glad Summer kissed!
Millions of roses getting scarcely be missed;
Acres of buttercups, growing so gay,
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.
Yet to my heart how your charm were destroyed,
All your flush meadows how wintry and void,
Earth, should you lose from your beauty and pride

Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide!"

Willie McC. We do not copy from others.

M. E. D. It is a very good composition, but it would hardly do for publication.

Milly Mass., Percie Vere, Lucie Linda. No, thank you.

Justina. We read "My Little Cousin" with pleasure, but it is not quite the thing to print.

One Third. It is "grown up."

Benj. B. "Ewe-man" will hardly do for *human*, nor "bell-est" for *blest*.

From Geneva, in far-off Switzerland, *Mary R. C. C.* sends us this note and puzzle :—

"DEAR 'YOUNG FOLKS':— Though I am in Europe, I receive you regularly, and I thank you very much for the pleasure you give me. At the beginning of every month I wait with impatience for the postman to come, and every time he rings I run, and am very much disappointed if I do not see in his hands your yellow cover. I never read anything that I liked better.

"As I found that children made puzzles, I tried to make one in French, and here it is :—

"Je suis un mot de cinq lettres.

"Mon entier appartient à la tragédie.

"Coupez-moi la tête, et je puis avancer les bateaux.

"Une lettre de moins, et je deviens immortelle.

"Dans mon dernier état, je suis un pronom."

A little girl inquires whether answers must be sent with enigmas. Yes: not only the whole answer, but every separate word of which the enigma is formed. We have such basketfuls of puzzles, only those can receive attention which are plainly and carefully written throughout.

Groton (Mass.) sends this Greek palindrome for our "Box." Perhaps some of our readers can give a translation. The accents are omitted intentionally :—

Νιψον ανομημα μη μοναν οψιν.

Antiquarian. You have pretty good notions of drawing, evidently, but you have much to learn. You will do well to make your sketches of buildings and common objects accurate, before you attempt to do much with figures, which are most difficult of all things to represent.

Last month's picture proverb is, "Little pitchers have long ears." This month we offer a capital one, for the design of which we have to thank Thomas S.





THE BIRD-CATCHERS.

DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

[See *Bird-Catching*, page 461.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1867.

No. VIII.

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

I.



BRIGHT sun shone on the little village of Rockdale; a bright glare was on the little bay close by, as on a silver mirror; three bright children were descending by a winding path towards the little village; a bright old man was coming up from the little village by the same winding path.

The three children were named William Earnest, Fred Frazer, and Alice. Alice was William Earnest's sister, while Fred Frazer was his cousin. William Earnest was the eldest, and he was something more than eleven and something less than twelve years old. His cousin Fred Frazer was nearly a year younger, while his sister Alice was a little more than two years younger still. Fred Frazer was on a holiday visit to his relatives, it being vacation time from school; and the three children were ready for any kind of adventure, and for every sort of fun.

The children saw the old man before the old man saw the children; for the children were looking down the hill, while

the old man, coming up the hill, was looking at his footsteps. As soon as the children saw the old man, the eldest recognized him as a friend, and no sooner had his eyes lighted on him than, much excited, he shouted loudly, "Hurrah, there comes the ancient mariner!"

His cousin, much surprised, asked quickly, "Who's the ancient mariner?" And his sister, more surprised, asked timidly, "What's the ancient mariner?"

Then the eldest, much elated, asked derisively, "Why, don't you know?" And then he said, instructively: "He's been about here for ever so long a time; but he went away last year, and I have n't seen him for a great while. He's the most wonderful man you ever saw, — tells such splendid stories, — all about shipwrecks, pirates, savages, Chinamen, bear-hunts, bull-fights, and everything else that you can think of. I call him the 'Ancient Mariner,' but that is n't his right name. He's Captain Hardy; but he looks like an ancient mariner, as he is, and I got the name out of a book. Some of the fellows call him 'Old Father Neptune.'"

"What a funny name!" cried Fred.

"What do they call him Father Neptune for?" inquired Alice.

"Because," answered William, looking very wise, — "because, you know, Neptune, he's god of the sea, and Captain Hardy looks just like the pictures of him in the story-books. That's why they call him Old Father Neptune."

By this time the subject of the colloquy had come quite near, and William, suddenly leaving his companions, darted forward to meet the object of his admiration.

"O Captain Hardy, I'm so glad to see you!" exclaimed the little fellow, as he rushed upon him. "Where did you come from? Where have you been so long? How are you? Quite well, I hope," — and he grasped the old man's hand with both of his own, and shook it heartily.

"Well, my lad," replied the old man, kindly, "I'm right glad to see you, and will be right glad to answer all your questions, if you'll let them off easy like, and not all in a broadside"; — and as they walked on up the path together, William's questions were answered to his entire satisfaction.

Then they came presently to Fred and Alice, who were introduced by William, very much to the delight of Fred; but Alice was inclined to be a little frightened, until the strange old man spoke to her in such a gentle way that it banished all timidity; and then, taking the hand which he held out to her, she trudged on beside him, happy and pleased as she could be.

The party were not long in reaching the gate leading up to the house of William's father. A large old-fashioned country-house it was, standing among great tall trees, a good way up from the high-road; and William asked his friend to come up with them and see his father, "he will be so delighted"; but the old man said he "would call and see Mr. Earnest some other time; now he must be hurrying home."

"But this is n't your way home, Captain Hardy, is it?" exclaimed William, much surprised. "Why, I thought you lived away down below the village."

“So I did once,” replied the old man; “that is, when I lived anywhere at all; but you see I’ve got a new home now, and a snug one, too. See, down there where the smoke curls up among the trees,—that’s from my kitchen.”

“But,” said William, “that’s Mother Podger’s house where the smoke is.”

“So it was once, my lad,” answered the old man; “but it’s mine now; for I’ve bought it and paid for it, too; and now I mean to quit roaming about the world, and to settle down there for the remainder of my days. You must all come down and see me; and if you do, I’ll give you a sail in my boat.”

“O, won’t that be grand!” exclaimed William; and Fred and Alice both said it would be “grand”; and then they all put a bold front on, and asked the old man if he would n’t take them to see the boat now, they would like so much to see it.

“Certainly I will,” answered the old man. “Come along,”—and he led the way over the slope down to the little bay where the boat was lying.

“There she is!” exclaimed he, when the boat came in view. “Is n’t she a snug craft? She rides the water just like a duck,”—whereupon the children all declared that they had never, in all their lives, seen anything so pretty, and that “a duck could not ride the water half so well.”

It was, indeed, a very beautiful little boat, or rather yacht. It was half decked over, making a cosy little cabin in the centre, with space enough behind and outside of it for four persons to sit quite comfortably. The seat was a sort of semicircle. The yacht had but one mast, and was painted white, both inside and out, with only the faintest red streak running all the way around its sides, just a little way above the water-line.

Captain Hardy (for that was the old man’s proper name and title, and therefore we will give it to him) now drew his little yacht close in to a little wharf that he had made, and the children stepped into it and ran through the cosy cabin, which was but very little higher than their heads, and had crimson cushions all along its sides to sit down on. These crimson cushions were the lids of what the Captain called his “lockers,”—boxes where he kept his little “traps.” In this little cabin there was the daintiest little stove, on which the Captain said they might cook something when they went out sailing.

When they had finished looking at the yacht, they jumped ashore again, and then, after securing the craft of which he was so proud, the Captain took the children to his house. It was a cunning little house, this house of the Captain’s. It was only one story high, and had an odd bay-window at one end and two odd windows in the roof; and it was as white and clean as a new table-cloth, while the window-shutters were as green as the grass that grew around it. Tall trees surrounded it on every side, making shade for the Captain when the sun shone, and music for the Captain when the wind blew. In front there was a quaint porch, all covered over with honeysuckles, smelling sweet, and near by, in a cluster of trees, there was a rustic arbor, completely covered up with vines and flowers. Starting from the front of the house, a path wound among the trees down to the little bay

where lay the yacht; and on the left-hand side of this path, as you went down, a spring of pure water gurgled up into the bright air, underneath a rich canopy of ferns and wild-flowers.

William was much surprised to find that this house, which everybody knew as "Mother Podger's house," should now really belong to Captain Hardy; and he said so.

"You 'd hardly know it, would you, since I 've fixed it up, and made it shipshape like?" said the Captain. "I 've done it nearly all myself, too. And now what do you think I 've called it?"

The children said they could never guess, — to save their lives, they never could.

"I call it 'Mariner's Rest,' " said the Captain.

"O, how beautiful! and so appropriate!" exclaimed William; and Fred and Alice chimed in and said the same.

"And now," went on the Captain, "you must steer your course for the 'Mariner's Rest' again, — right soon, too, and the old man will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Captain Hardy," answered William, with a bow. "If we get our parents' leave we 'll come to-morrow, if that will not too much trouble you."

"It will not trouble me at all," replied the Captain. "Let it be four o'clock, then, — come at four o'clock. That will suit me perfectly; and it may be that I 'll have," continued he, "a bit of a story or two to tell you. Besides, I think I promised something of the kind before to William, when I came home this time twelvemonth ago. Do you remember it, my lad?"

William said he remembered it well, and his eyes opened wide with pleasure and surprise.

"Now what was it?" inquired the Captain, thoughtfully. "Was it a story about the hot regions, or the cold regions? for you see things don't stick in my memory now as they used to."

"It was about the cold regions, that I 'm sure," replied William; "for you said you would tell me the story you told Bob Benton and Dick Savery, — something, you know, about your being 'cast away in the cold,' as Dick Savery said you called it."

"Ah, yes, that 's it, that 's it," exclaimed the old man, as if recalling the occasion when he had made the promise with much pleasure. "I remember it very well. I promised to tell you how I first came to go to sea, and what happened to me when I got there. Eh? That was it, I think."

"That was exactly it, only you said you were 'cast away in the cold,'" said William.

"No matter for that, my lad," replied the Captain, with a knowing look, — "no matter for that. If you know how a story 's going to end, it spoils the telling of it, don't you see? Consider that I did n't get cast away, in short, that you know nothing of what happened to me, only that I went to sea, and leave the rest to turn up as we go along. And now, good day to all of you, my dears. Come down to-morrow, and we 'll have the story, and may be a sail, if the wind 's fair and weather fine, — at any rate, the story."

And the children were probably the happiest children that were ever seen, as they turned about for home, showering thanks upon the Captain with such tremendous earnestness that he was forced in self-defence to cry, "Enough, enough! run home and say no more."

Captain Hardy, or Captain John Hardy, or Captain Jack Hardy, or plain Captain Jack, or simple Captain, as his neighbors pleased to name him, was a famous character in the village. Everybody knew the Captain, and everybody liked him. He was a mysterious sort of person, — here to-day and there to-morrow, — coming and going all the time, until he fairly tired out the public curiosity, so that even the greatest gossips in the town had to confess at length that there was no use trying to make anything of this strange man, and they gave up inquiring and bothering about him; but were glad to see him always, none the less.

The Captain was known as a great talker, and was always, in former years, brimful of stories of adventure to tell to any one he met, during his short stays in the village, who would listen to him; and, in truth, any one was glad to listen, he talked so well. Many and many a summer evening he spent seated on an old bench in front of the village inn, reciting tales of shipwrecks, and stories of the sea and land, to the wondering people. Of late years, however, he was not disposed to talk so much, and was not so often seen at his favorite haunt. "I'm getting too old," he would say, "to tarry from home after nightfall."

He had now grown to be fifty-nine years old, although he really looked much more aged, for he bore about him the marks of much hardship and privation. His hair was quite white, and fell in long silvery locks over his shoulders, while a heavy snow-white beard covered his breast. There was always something in his appearance denoting the sailor. Perhaps it was that he always wore loose pantaloons, — white in summer, and blue in winter, — and a sort of tarpaulin hat, with long blue ribbons tied round it, the ends flowing off behind like the pennant of a man-of-war.

Captain Hardy was known to everybody as a generous, warm-hearted, and harmless man; but he was thought to be equally improvident. The poor had a constant friend in him. No beggar ever asked the Captain for a shilling without getting it, if the Captain had it anywhere about him. Sometimes he had plenty of money, yet when at home he always lived in a frugal, homely way. Great was the rejoicing, therefore, among his friends (and they were many) when it was known that he had fallen in with a streak of good fortune. Having been chiefly instrumental in saving the British bark *Dauntless* from shipwreck, the insurance companies had awarded him a liberal salvage, and it was to secure this that he had gone away on his last voyage. As soon as he came home he went right off and bought the house which we have before described, with the money he brought back; and for once got the credit of doing a prudent thing.

The old man's happiness seemed now complete. "Here," exclaimed he, "Heaven willing, I will end my days in peace." But after the excitement

of fitting up his house and grounds, and getting his little yacht in order, had passed over, he began to feel a little lonely. He was so far away from the village that he could not see his old friends as often as he wished to. We have seen that he was a great talker ; and he liked so much to talk, and thus to "fight his battles over again," and had so much to talk about, that an audience was quite necessary to him. It is not improbable, therefore, that he looked upon his meeting with William and Fred and Alice as a fortunate event for him ; and if the children were delighted, so was he. He was very fond of children, and these were children after his own heart. To them the coming story was a great event, — how great, the reader could scarcely understand, unless he knew how much every boy in Rockdale was envied by all the other boys, when he was known to have been specially picked out by Captain Hardy to be the listener to some tale of adventure on the sea.

As we may well suppose, the Captain's little friends did not tarry at home next day beyond the appointed time ; but, true as the hands of the clock to mark the hour and minute on the dial-plate, they set out for Captain Hardy's house as fast as they could go, — as if their very lives depended on their speed. They found the Captain seated in the shady arbor, smoking a long clay pipe. "I'm glad to see you, children," was his greeting to them ; and glad enough he was too, — much more glad, may be, than he would care to own, — as glad, perhaps, as the children were themselves.

"And now, my dears," continued he, "shall we have the story ? There is no wind you see, so we cannot have a sail."

"O, the story ! yes, yes, the story," cried the children, all at once.

"Then the story it shall be," replied the old man ; "but first you must sit down," — and the children sat down upon the rustic seat, and closed their mouths, and opened wide their ears, prepared to listen ; while the Captain knocked the ashes from his long clay pipe, and stuck it in the rafter overhead, and cleared his throat, prepared to talk.

"Now you must know," began the Captain, "that I cannot finish the story I'm going to tell you all in one day, — indeed, I can only just begin it. It's a very long one, so you must come down to-morrow, and next day, and every bright day after that until we've done. Does that please you ?"

"Yes, yes," was the ready answer, and little Alice fairly cried with joy.

"Will you be sure to remember the name of the place you come to ? Will you remember that its name is 'Mariner's Rest' ? Will you remember that ?"

"Yes indeed we will."

"And now for the boat we're to have a sail in by and by ; what do you think I've called that ?"

"Sea-Gull ?" guessed William.

"Water-Witch ?" guessed Fred.

"White Dove ?" guessed Alice.

"All wrong," said the Captain, smiling a smile of satisfaction. "I've painted the name on her in bright golden letters, and when you go down

again to look at her, you 'll see 'Alice' there, and the letters are just the color of some little girl's hair I know of."

"Is that really her name?" shouted both the boys at once, glad as they could be; "how jolly!" But little Alice said never a word, but crept close to the old man's side, and the old man put his great, big arm around the child's small body, and as the soft sunlight came stealing in through the openings in the foliage of the trees, flinging patches of brightness over the green grass around, the Captain began his story. And thus it was:—

"Now, my little listeners," spoke the Captain, "you must know that what I am going to tell you occurred to me at a very early period of my life, when I was a mere boy; in fact, the adventures which I shall relate to you were the first I ever had.

"To begin, then, at the very beginning, I must tell you that I was born very near this place. So you see I have good reason for always liking to come back to the neighborhood. It is like coming home, you know. The place of my birth is only eleven miles from Rockdale by the public road, which runs off there in a west-nor'westerly direction.

"My mother died when I was six years old, but I remember her as a good and gentle woman. She was taken away, however, too early to have left any distinct impression upon my mind or character. I was thus left to grow up with three brothers and two sisters, all but one of whom were older than myself, without a mother's kindly care and instruction; and I must here own, that I grew to be a self-willed and obstinate boy; and this disposition led me into a course of disobedience which, but for the protecting care of a merciful Providence, would have brought my life to a speedy end.

"My father being poor, neither myself nor my brothers and sisters received any other education than what was afforded by the common country school. It was, indeed, as much as my father could do at any time to support so large a family and at the end of the year make both ends meet.

"As for myself, I was altogether a very ungrateful fellow, and appreciated neither the goodness of my father nor any of the other blessings which I had. Of the advantages of a moderate education which were offered to me I did not avail myself,—preferring mischief and idleness to my studies; and I manifested so little desire to learn, and was so troublesome to the master, that I was at length sent home, and forbidden to come back any more. Whereupon my father, very naturally, grew angry with me, and, no doubt thinking it hopeless to try further to make anything of me, he regularly bound me over, or hired me out, for a period of years, to a neighboring farmer, who compelled me to work very hard; so I thought myself ill used, whereas, in truth, I did not receive half my deserts.

"With this farmer I lived three years and a half before he made the discovery that I was wholly useless to him, and that I did not do work enough to pay for the food I ate; so the farmer complained to my father, and threatened to send me home. This made me very indignant, as I foolishly thought myself a greatly abused and injured person, and, in an evil hour, I resolved to stand it no longer. I would spite the old farmer, and punish my father for listening to him, by running away.

“I was now in my eighteenth year,—old enough, as one would have thought, to have more manliness and self-respect; but about this I had not reflected much.

“I set out on my ridiculous journey without one pang of regret,—so hardened was I in heart and conscience,—carrying with me only a change of clothing, and having in my pocket only one small piece of bread, and two small pieces of silver. It was rather a bold adventure, but I thought I should have no difficulty in reaching New Bedford, where I was fully resolved to take ship and go to sea.

“The journey to New Bedford was a much more difficult undertaking than I had counted upon, and I believe, but for the wound which it would have caused to my pride, I should have gone back at the end of the first five miles. I held on, however, and reached my destination on the second day, having stopped overnight at a public house or inn, where my two pieces of silver disappeared in paying for my supper and lodging and breakfast.

“I arrived at New Bedford near the middle of the afternoon of the second day, very hot and dusty, for I had walked all the way through the broiling sun along the high-road; and I was very tired and hungry, too, for I had tasted no food since morning, having no more money to buy any with, and not liking to beg. So I wandered on through the town towards the place where the masts of ships were to be seen as I looked down the street,—feeling miserable enough, I can assure you.

“Up to this period of my life, I had never been ten miles from home, and had never seen a city, so of course everything was new to me. By this time, however, I had come to reflect seriously on my folly, and this, coupled with hunger and fatigue, so far banished curiosity from my mind that I was not in the least impressed by what I saw. In truth, I very heartily wished myself back on the farm; for if the labor there was not to my liking, it was at least not so hard as that which I had performed these past two days, in walking along the dusty road,—and then I was, when on the farm, never without the means to satisfy my hunger.

“What I should have done at this critical stage, had not some one come to my assistance, I cannot imagine. I was afraid to ask any questions of the passers-by, for I did not really know what to ask them, or how to explain my situation; and, seeing that everybody was gaping at me with wonder and curiosity, (and, indeed, many of them were clearly laughing at my absurd appearance,) I hurried on, not having the least idea of where I should go or what I should do.

“At length I saw a man with a very red face approaching on the opposite side of the street, and from his general appearance I guessed him to be a sailor; so, driven almost to desperation, I crossed the street, looking, I am sure, the very picture of despair, and I thus accosted him: ‘If you please, sir, can you tell me where I can go and ship for a voyage?’

“‘A voyage!’ shouted he, in reply, ‘a voyage! A pretty-looking fellow you for a voyage!’—which observation very much confused me. Then he asked me a great many questions, using a great many hard names, the mean-

ing of which I did not at all understand, and the necessity for which I could not exactly see. I noticed that he called me 'land-lubber' very frequently, but I had no idea whether he meant it as a compliment or an abusive epithet, though it seemed more likely to me that it was the latter. After a while, however, he seemed to have grown tired of talking, or had exhausted his collection of strange words, for he turned short round and bade me follow him, which I did, with very much the feelings a culprit must have when he is going to prison.

"We soon arrived at a low, dingy place, the only noticeable feature of which was that it smelled of tar and had a great many people lounging about in it. It was, as I soon found out, a 'shipping office,' — that is, a place where sailors engage themselves for a voyage. No sooner had we entered than my conductor led me up to a tall desk, and then, addressing himself to a hatchet-faced man on the other side of it, he said something which I did not clearly comprehend. Then I was told to sign a paper, which I did without even reading a word of it, and then the red-faced man cried out in a very loud and startling tone of voice, 'Bill!' when somebody at once rolled off a bench, and scrambled to his feet. This was evidently the 'Bill' alluded to.

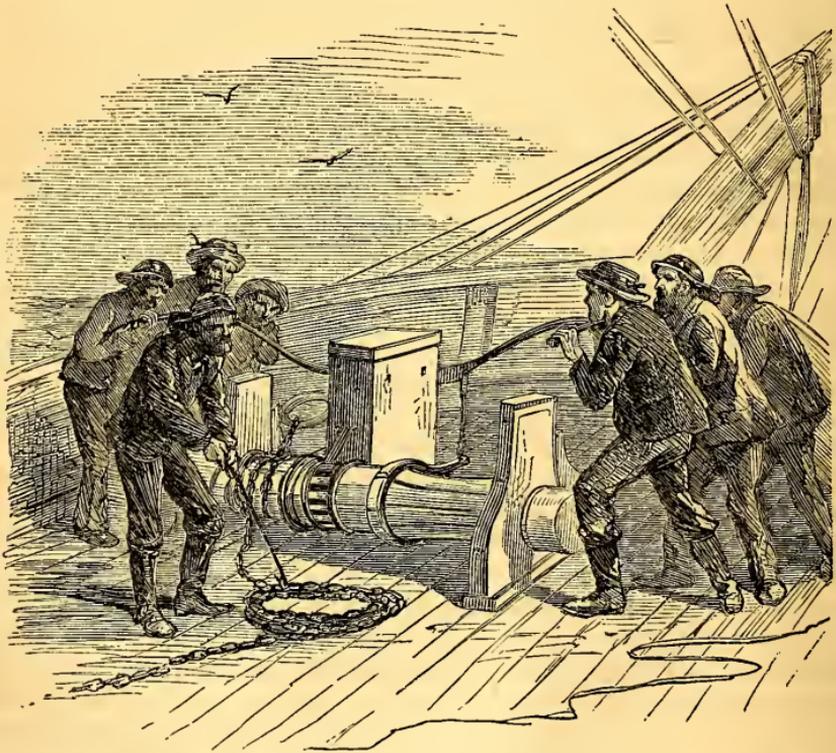
"When Bill had got upon his feet, he surveyed me for an instant, as I thought, with a very needlessly firm expression of countenance, and then started towards the door, saying to me as he set off, 'This way, you lubber.' I followed after him with much the same feelings which I had had before when I followed the man with the red face, until we came down to where the ships were, and then we descended a sort of ladder, or stairs, at the foot of which I stumbled into a boat, and had like to have gone bodily into the water. At this, the people in the boat set up a great laugh at my clumsiness, — just as if I had ever been in a boat before, and could help being clumsy. To make the matter worse, I sat down in the wrong place, where one of the men was to pull an oar; and when, after being told to 'get out of that,' with no end of hard names, I asked what bench I should sit on, they all laughed louder than before, which still further overwhelmed me with confusion. I did not then know that what I called a 'bench,' they called a 'thwart,' or more commonly 'thawt.'

"At length, after much abuse and more laughter, I managed to get into the forward part of the boat, which was called, as I found out, 'the bows,' where there was barely room to coil myself up, and, the boat being soon pushed off from the wharf, the oars were put out, and then I heard an order to 'give way,' and then the oars splashed in the water, and I felt the boat moving; and now, as I realized that I was in truth leaving my home and native land, perhaps to see them no more forever, my heart sank heavy in my breast.

"It was as much as I could do to keep the tears from pouring out of my eyes, as we glided on over the harbor. Indeed, my eyes were so bedimmed that I scarcely saw anything at all until we came around under the stern of a ship, when I heard the men ordered to 'lay in their oars.' Then one of them caught hold of the end of a rope, which was thrown from the ship; and, the

boat being made fast, we all scrambled up the ship's side ; and then I was hustled along to a hole in the forward part of the deck, (having what looked like a box turned upside down over it,) through which, now utterly bewildered, I descended, by means of a ladder, to a dark, damp, mouldy place, which was filled with the foul smells of tar and bilge-water, and thick with tobacco-smoke. This, they told me, was the 'fo'castle,' where lived the 'crew,' of which, I became now painfully conscious, I was one. If there had been the slightest chance, I should have run away ; but running away from a ship is a very different thing from running away from a farm.

"If I had wished myself back on the farm before, how much more did I wish it now ! But too late, too late, for we were all ordered up out of the fore-castle even before I had tasted a mouthful of food. In truth, however, it is very likely that I was too sick with the foul odors, tobacco-smoke, and heart-burnings to have eaten anything, even had it been set before me.



"Upon reaching the deck, I was immediately ordered to lay hold of a wooden shaft, about eight feet long, which ran through the end of an iron lever ; and being joined by some more of the crew, we pushed down and lifted up this lever, just like firemen working an old fashioned fire-engine. Opposite to us was another party pushing down when we were lifting up, and lifting up when we were pushing down. I soon found out that by this operation we were turning over and over what seemed to be a great log of wood,

with iron bands at the end of it, and having a great chain winding up around it. The chain came in through a round hole in the ship's side, with a loud 'click, click,' and I learned that they called it a 'cable,' while the machine we were working was called a windlass. The cable was of course fast to the anchor, and it was very evident to me that we were going to put to sea immediately. The idea of it was now as dreadful to me as it had before been agreeable, when I had contemplated it from the stand-point of a quiet farm, a good many miles away from the sea. But I could not help myself: no matter what might happen, my fate was sealed, so far as concerned this ship.

"We had not been long engaged at this work of turning the windlass, before my companions set up a song, keeping time with the lever which we were pushing up and down, one of them leading off by reciting a single line, in which something was said about 'Sallie coming,' or 'having come,' or going to come to 'New York town'; after which they all united in a dismal chorus, that had not a particle of sense in it, so far as I could see, from beginning to end. When they had finished off with the chorus, the leader set to screaming again about 'Sallie' and 'New York town,' and then as before came the chorus. Having completely exhausted himself on the subject of 'Sallie,' he began to invent, and his inventive genius was rewarded with a laugh which interfered with the chorus through two turns of the windlass. What he invented was this:—

'We've picked up a lubber in New Bedford town.'

And now they drawled out the chorus as before, which I will recite that you may see how senseless it was. Here it is, following, as you will understand, directly after 'New Bedford town':—

'Come away, away, sto-r-m along John,
Get a-long, storm a-long, stor-in's g-one along.'

You see I drawl it out very slow to imitate them. As soon as they were through with this chorus, the leader put in his tongue again, inventing a sentiment to rhyme with the first, howling it out as if he would split his throat in the endeavor. This is what it was:—

'Our lubber's lugger-rigged, and we'll do him brown,'—

which made them all laugh even more than the other sentiment, and caused an interruption of the chorus to the extent of four revolutions of the windlass; but when the laugh was over, they went at the dismal chorus again with double the energy they had previously shown, repeating all they had said before about 'John's getting along,' and 'storming along,' after the same manner as before. And thus they went on without much variety, until I was sick and tired enough of it. The 'lubber' part of it was too clearly aimed at me to be mistaken; but I could not discover in it anything but nonsense all the way through to the end.

"After a while I heard some one cry out, 'The anchor's away,' which, as I afterwards learned, meant the anchor had been lifted from the bottom; and

then the sailors all scattered to obey an order to do something, which I had not the least idea of, with a sail, and with some ropes which appeared to me to be so mixed up that nobody could tell one from the other, nor make head nor tail of them. In the twinkling of an eye, however, in spite of the mixed-up ropes, there was a great flapping of white canvas, and a creaking and rattling of pulleys. Then the huge white sail was fully spread, the wind was bulging it out in the middle like a balloon, the ship's head was turned away from the town, and we were moving off. Next came an order to 'lay aloft and shake out the topsail'; but happily in this order I was not included, but was, instead, directed to 'lend a hand to get the anchor aboard,' which operation was quickly accomplished, and the heavy mass of crooked iron which had held the ship firmly in the harbor was soon fastened in its proper place on the bow, to what is called the 'cat-head.' By the time this was done, every sail was set, and we were flying before the wind out into the great ocean.

"And now you see my wish was gratified. I was in a ship and off on the 'world of waters,' with the career of a sailor before me,—a career to my imagination when on the farm full of romance, and presenting everything that was desirable in life. But was it so in reality, when I was brought face to face with it, — when I had exchanged the farm for the fore-castle? By no means. Indeed, I was filled with nothing but disgust first, and terror afterwards. The first sight which I had of the ocean was much less impressive to me than would have been my father's duck-pond. I soon got miserably sick; night came on, dark and fearful; the winds rose; the waves dashed with great force against the ship's sides, often breaking over the deck, and wetting me to the skin. I was shivering with cold; I was afraid that I should be washed overboard; I was afraid that I should be killed by something tumbling on me from aloft, for there was such a great rattling up there in the darkness that I thought everything was broken loose. I could not stand on the deck without support, and was knocked about when I attempted to move; every time the ship went down into the trough of a sea I thought all my insides were coming up. So, altogether, you see I was in a very bad way. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? for can you imagine any ills so great as these? — 1st, To have all your clothes wet; 2d, To have a sick stomach; and, 3d, To be in a dreadful fright. Now that was precisely my condition; and I was already reaping the fruits of my folly in running away from home and exchanging a farm for a fore-castle."

The Captain here paused and laughed heartily at the picture he had drawn of himself in his ridiculous *rôle* of "the young sailor-boy," and, after clearing his throat, was about to proceed with the story, when he perceived that the shades of evening had already begun to fall upon the arbor. Looking out among the trees, he saw the leaves and branches standing sharply out against the golden sky, which showed him that the day was ended and the sun was set. So he told his little friends to hasten home before the dews began to fall upon the grass, and come again next day. This they promised thankfully, and told the Captain that they "never, never, never would forget it."

But the head of William was filled with a bright idea, and he was bound to discharge it before he left the place. "O Captain Hardy," cried the little fellow, "do you know what I was thinking of?"

"How should I, before you tell me?" was the Captain's very natural answer.

"Why, I was thinking how nice it would be to write all this down on paper. It would read just like a printed book."

The Captain said he "liked the idea," but he doubted if William could remember it. But William thought he could remember every word of it, and declared that it was splendid; and Fred and Alice, following after, said that it was splendid too. But whether the story that the Captain told was splendid, or the idea of writing it down was splendid, or exactly what was splendid, was not then and there settled; yet it was fully settled that William was to write the story down the best he could, and ask his father to correct the worst mistakes. And now, when this was done, the happy children said "Good evening" to the Captain, and set out merrily for home, little Alice holding to her brother's hand, as she tripped lightly over the green field, turning every dozen steps to throw back through the tender evening air, from her dainty little finger-tips, a laughing kiss to the ancient mariner, whose face beamed kindly on her from the arbor door.

I. I. H.



BIRD-CATCHING.

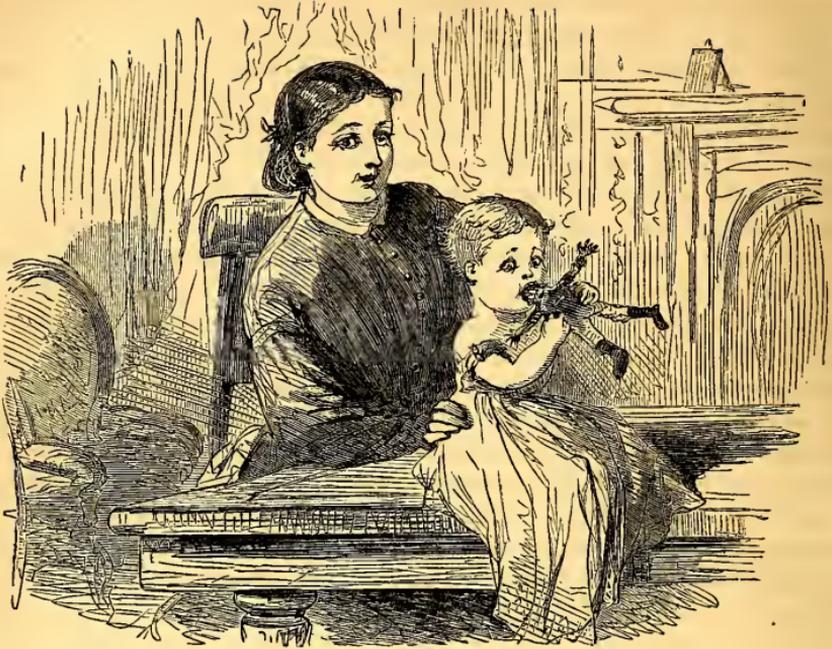
DOWN behind the grain together,
In the sunny summer weather,
It is pleasant, on my word,
Even if we lose the bird.

Shall we catch him? None can tell us,
They are such suspicious fellows,—
Birds of every note and feather,
In the golden summer weather.

There,—you stirred, and scared him.—*Who?*
It was but the wind that blew,
Trampling through the rustling grain:
See! he lifts his head again.

Whether he will go or stay,
Neither he nor we can say,—
Of the same uncertain feather,
Creatures of the summer weather.

R. H. Stoddard.



ABOUT ME.

I AM Jack, — Jimmy-Jack, — My-Jimmy-Jack. Perhaps I shall never find a better time to tell my own story. I am beginning to be left a good deal by myself, so I can think it all over at my leisure. The only trouble is, that I am as likely to be left standing on my head in the waste-basket, or tied round the door-knob, or lying face downward in the bath-tub, as in any easier position, and this, of course, has a tendency to mix my wits sadly, and may make my story somewhat mixed; but I have a story of my own, and it is just as good to me as anybody's story.

I was made something as Haydie Woodward said he was. How was that? Why, when he was about three years old, there came a visitor to the house who was very fond of him. She was sitting at the window with him one evening, when the great moon came creeping up over the mountains, with her wise old face turned full upon us to see if things were going any better than they were the last time she came round; and as the little boy turned as round and bright and almost as wise a face upward, the lady said, "It's grand, is n't it, Haydie? Do you know who made the moon?"

"No," Haydie said, he was quite sure he did n't know anything about it, and listened to the lady's explanations as if he had never been told before.

When his mamma was putting him in bed that night, she said, "O Haydie! How could you tell the lady you did n't know who made the moon?"

You mortified me ; you knew that as well as you know who made you. Who did make you, Haydie ?”

“Why, mamma ! It was *Dod* — on the *sewin'-machine* !”

Now I was made by Miss Alice, on knitting-needles. Whether she began at the bottom of the blue tassel of my cap, or at the tip of one of my black stockings, I can't say : there are several stitches dropped in my bump of memory. But one thing I do know : when I was once made, I was *done*, and did n't have to be knit out longer in the legs and arms, every little while, as seems to be the uncomfortable way with boys and girls in general.

To be sure, a few stitches more would have made my left leg as long as my right, which it is n't ; and my right eyebrow as high as my left, which it also is n't ; and my two thumbs of the same size, which they are not by a good deal. But that is neither here nor there, when you think how nice it was to be born (as I was) as much of a man as I could ever be by living a hundred years, with a splendid (blue) black beard all ready grown and curled, and with all my clothes for a lifetime on my back. No sooner was I born and admired, than I was named JACK, and sent off, by rail, to my present home.

I may as well tell you first as last, that I was not “born free and equal,” (I don't now refer to my legs, thumbs, and eyebrows,) like you “Young Folks,” but a slave ! All my journey, I hardly drew a breath, I was so anxious about the hands I was to fall into at its end. When at last I arrived, and was unwrapped, (it was on Christmas day,) I nearly burst out laughing in spite of my good manners (Miss Alice took care to put *that* in, whatever other stitches she skipped), and my solemn old face (“old,” I say, for I looked fifty at least the day I was born), when I saw who the master I had been so dreading really was ; for whom should it be but Queenie !

Don't you know Queenie ? Dear me ! That's a pity. I don't know how I ever can describe her. She was a ten-months-old baby, as white, as pink, as sweet as any Mayflower, but given to much buzzing, like a honey-bee, and with very loose ideas as to the uses of things.

Accordingly, when I was presented to her, she buzzed and babbled and danced in her nurse's arms, and finally pounced upon me as if she had been a humming-bird, and I so much trumpet-honeysuckle ; and, first I knew, my red, white, blue, spick-span new cap (with my head inside it !) was in a fair way to be made into honey, on the inner side of her pretty little bill ! Thanks to somebody, I was pulled out then ; but many a time since I have been there, — some part of my body, I mean, — and the wonder is that I am alive to tell the tale.

Queenie was now staying at her grandpapa's, because her own papa and mamma had been forced to leave her behind while they went over the seas in search of a blessing which they were not to find. The baby was too young to miss them, and indeed she was surrounded with such an atmosphere of love that I think she could hardly have wished for more had she been older. But how they missed her !

That very Christmas morning when I came to their darling, they were sitting on the great steps of St. Peter's, in Rome, singing lullabies for her softly together, as they did every single day of their absence.

“Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father keeps the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the dream-land tree;
A little dream falls down for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!”

Since I began to write, I have happened to find two letters which were written to Queenie's papa and mamma in honor of my arrival, which I think you ought to see. Here is

Grandpapa's Letter.

“I think you would have been pleased to see the darling's reception of a worked-up little Zouave”—(that 's just like a man!—no appreciation of the grand and beautiful!—“a worked-up little Zouave,” indeed! and I am one foot two, if I 'm an inch)—“which the express brought from Aunt Alice for a Christmas present. I have never seen her act so. I laughed and I cried till the fountains were nearly dry, and so did mother. I can't describe it.

“She scanned it at first at a distance, with her head on one side, rather soberly, but with now and then a smile, followed by a sort of *whir*. At length she flourished her feet imperatively, and stretched out her arms for it. Then followed the fun. She noticed each of the various colors, which seemed to please her greatly. She noticed every feature,—and Jack has a great many!—put her fingers into every fold, into his eyes and ears, pulled his whiskers, and was all the time crying, ‘Pitty! pitty! What 's dat? Who isht?’ interspersed with numerous whirs and spoutings and boisterous laughs, shaking Jack with one hand, and flirting the other crazily, with her legs flying like drumsticks.”

Next comes Nurse Susan's letter,—“Hoosie,” as Queenie called her. She was a bright English girl, who had taken care of the little one ever since she was three weeks old. The moment she came into the nursery, Queenie had liked her. She took the wee baby right into her arms, and, seating herself in a chair without rockers, jounced backward and forward, singing at the top of her voice,—

“One, two, three, four, five;
Onc I caught a fish alive
Down by the river-side;
Back again at supper-time.
Why did ye let him go?
Cozz he bit my finger so!”—

till everybody in the house was distracted but the wee baby, who thought it was splendid, and to this day thinks the same!

Hoosie had been two years in this country, and had smoothed off her old English a good deal; still, if she were very much excited, she was apt to fall

back on Staffordshire. "O, is n't hurr too cunning!" she would say, when her little charge developed some new accomplishment.

The handwriting of this letter is so particularly nice that I wish I could show it to you, and all the more because the spelling is n't quite what we are used to in New England. Still it may be all right in Staffordshire; and here is the letter precisely as she wrote it.

Nurse Hoosie's Letter.

"i write to you hoping to find you quite well at this time and i wish you a happy new year and i hope you are beter and i hope you have got to your journey end now i must tell you a bout your little daughter for she is so cunning i wish you could see hear to night i lade hear on the bed and she lay on the bed and hid hear face on the bed i said whear is hear and then she would look up at me and laf and then would put it down again i wish you could see us in a morning in the bed whe have sum fun with JACK for that is the name of him it is the doll that miss alice sent it for hear christmas present granmother bout hear a doll so that she has got too and whe cal it name topsey for it is a darkey and last friday g mother went oute and when she came home she had got a picture for hear of three white kitties for hear and she will tell us whear they are and mris R Ball sent hear of a wisel for a christmas present i shall be veary glad when you come home a gain."

Now if you think there was ever a letter written which gave much more pleasure to those who received it than this, I have the very best authority for telling you that you are mistaken.

From that Christmas day till now, I believe Queenie and I have never spent a day apart from each other.

Even when I first knew her she was a great talker; that is to say, she repeated the two or three words she knew over and over again a great many times, which makes the liveliest conversation in the world! When she was only five months old, she had said "Papa" and "Mamma," and when her other grandpapa (for this little girl was so rich as to have two grandpapas, and really "grand" they were), who then lived with her, asked her, in his deep bass voice, to say "Grandpa," what should the little mimic do, but drop her voice away down into the bottom of her throat and growl out "Papa," as gruff as you please, which made everybody laugh; and so she did it over and over again, and thought, as sure as could be, that she was saying "Grandpa!" After that, she never failed to growl for "Grandpa," while for "Papa" she used her natural tone: at least she did this until she learned to say "Gannapa," two or three months later. But this happened before I knew her, as did her summer at the sea-shore at the same age, when she was the belle of the season, and promenaded the veranda on everybody's arm; and every morning "received" a select company, who saw her come out of her bath, and take her "constitutional," pacing up and down Nurse Susan from head to foot with as regular steps as if she had known how to walk; and where one day in the bowling-alley a gentleman kissed her, and

said he should want to do it again sixteen years from that time, at which she buzzed and whirred very disdainfully, as she ought!

But to return to the things which I saw and part of which I was. Every day when the sun was bright, Queenie and Susan and I would go out on the green, where the gray squirrels keep house in grand style in the old elms, but come down very graciously (when they are hungry) to receive offerings of nuts, &c. from their admirers, little and big, or else we walked through the city streets, staring at all the pretty things in the shop windows, with nobody to say "Don't!" to us.

But if I tell you all that was done and said, nobody would put me into print, which would be too dreadful for the world and me.

There came a sweet morning in May, when Queenie once more saw her papa and mamma. She was very shy at first. There she sat on Hoosie's arm, holding me very tight, looking very stately in her short white frock and blue ribbons, — ("Deary me! what has become of our precious *long* baby whom we left behind us? Does this dainty little maiden really belong to us?" — this was one of the things they thought as they saw her,) — and looking at them solemnly from under her long lashes. But it was n't long before her papa had her seated on a big newspaper, spread upon the carpet, and was drawing her all about the parlors, bowing down his dear head, which was usually so high above us all, and almost breaking his back, for the sake of giving his baby one of his famous boat-rides, as he used to do before he went away. But although she sat up as straight as she did long before, when papa first invented the pretty paper boat, and was n't at all sea-sick, and was very much at home (she had *me* in her arms, you may be sure!) and delighted, yet we came to grief, for we "sat and sat and sat till we sat the bottom out" of our newspaper, and it was concluded that Queenie had grown quite too substantial for such a fairy craft.

But this return home brought me my first trial. We went back at once to Queenie's birthplace to live again, and there, sitting in the biggest chair in the study, was a magnificent *poupée* as she called herself, nearly as tall as our Queenie! Her hair was *crêpé* in the height of the fashion, and was also of the most modish shade, — a cream-white. Between you and me, it was nothing in the world but lamb's wool! I think I ought to know, for I've worn that same wig (much against my will) a great many times since. But nobody would have imagined, when Mademoiselle Eugénie first arrived in this country, that graceful head to have been nothing but sheep-skin and Spalding's glue! Her color was beautiful, and I think it must have been her own, for it was as bright as ever the last time I saw her, when she had been through everything and been scrubbed with everything imaginable.

When we first saw her — Queenie and I — she was n't in what we should call full dress. Queenie's papa had done the best he could for her, for, as she had no clothes to speak of when she arrived, he had ransacked the house while mamma was gone, and found a baby nightgown, which fitted the pretty creature very nicely.

She was a beauty, I must confess, although later in our lives she cost me many a heart-burn. Her eyes were deep, and bright, and blue like Queenie's, and her round limbs tapered into the plumpest little hands and feet, with real fingers and toes, as full of dimples as Queenie's own.

Eugénie she was to have been named, because she was born under the very shadow of the Tuileries ; but Queenie cried out "Minnie" when she first clasped the new playmate in her arms, and so "Minnie" she had to be forever, of course.

Minnie could sit down, and kneel down, and stand up, like any other lady, and she always gave you the impression that, if she did n't walk, it was only because she did n't think it worth her while. Her coquettish head could turn from side to side in the most fascinating manner, and indeed she tried this graceful art so often that the terrible consequence was that by and by she twisted it around so that the back was where her face should have been, — so look out, little folks, and not turn and twist too much !

But I am anticipating my story by a good many months.

At first, Minnie's head was all right ; but, alas for poor me ! I was all wrong. At least, Queenie no sooner saw the new pet than she threw me behind the big Japan books on a lower shelf in the library, and there I lay for several hours, till little black Willy drew me out by one leg, and made much ado over me, comforting me.

Poor little soul ! He knew how to sympathize with the neglected and lonely. He was the only child of black Nancy, who had been cook years and years ago at Queenie's mamma's mamma's. She had heard great stories of what was to be seen in far countries from the sailor-boy of the family, and was wild to see for herself. So one day (when she was quite an old woman, as the young people thought) she set sail for the East Indies, where she saw many things which are not set down in the books. "I saw the Cave of the Elephants," said she, in my hearing once. "White folks said it grewed so, but I knowed, as quick as I see it, it was *huged* out of a rock."

But after a time back she came from her wanderings, bringing with her a little black dot which she called a baby. By and by it grew till other people could see that it really was a baby, and after Queenie's mamma had a house of her own in a strange city, who should come into its kitchen one day but black Nancy, looking no older than ever, (for she was like me in always being, and never growing, old,) and with her the black dot grown into a four-years-old morsel of a boy named Willy.

He was just as black as black could be ; at least you thought so, until he snapped his eyes at you, which were so much blacker than his skin, that that began to seem "yaller" as Nancy called it, and which she thought was almost worse than being wicked ; so it could n't have really been "yaller," only a different shade of black. And as for his hair, that curled tighter to his head than French Minnie's, although Nancy was so opposed to crooked hair that she once had her own head shaved as smooth as your hand, and Queenie's mamma and uncle remember rushing out into the kitchen to see the operation, and how very queer her old pate looked when the barber had

piled up the pure white "lather" all over it, and how brown and shiny it looked when the razor had done its work, and how odd she looked in a wig of straight brown hair, and how very cross she was when the new crop began to sprout, and was woollier and crookeder than ever, and how spitefully she would twitch it and say, "The black scorpion!"

But perhaps the new fashion had reconciled Nancy to frizzed hair; at any rate, Willy's frizzed with a will; but his eyes shone with real fire, and he was as bright as if he had been snow-white and violet-eyed like our Queenie. But how he admired Queenie! He would sit on the floor at her feet, and show all his shining teeth as he laughed up at her, and once in a great while touch her little white hand with the tip of his black finger, or even his red lips.

As for Queenie, she just thought he was the funniest joke! She laughed as soon as she looked toward him; but when he ducked his queer little fleecy head at her, and said, "Moder's little lamb! moder's little lamb!" she laughed all over, and it seemed as if she could never stop.

But, as I said, Willy dragged me out from my Japan dungeon, and as soon as Queenie saw me again, — the darling! — she dropped Minnie, with all her roses, and dimples, and curls, and hugged me as if I had been gone a year. Then her papa picked her up with me in her arms, and gave Willy a whistle and a big bell, and marched all over the house, singing,

"Rub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub,
And how do you think they got there?"

while Willy squeaked the whistle and rang the bell before us, as solemnly as if he had been a Fourth-of-July celebration. And as for Minnie, she stayed in the drawer a good deal of the time after that, until Queenie grew bigger; for Mamma said Old Jack was best after all, for it made no difference whether he was wet or dry, or which side up or out he was, or how many ways he was doubled up.

Willy told Queenie and me a great many big stories. One of these was about a great gold woman who stood up night and day on the top of the court-house opposite us, holding a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other. Willy said his mother told him that this was the first woman who ever killed her husband in Massachusetts. But why she should be changed into pure gold for *that* reason, and set up on high, he did n't tell us. Willy also tried to teach us to say, "Wiggle, waggle, little star," (which Nancy used to repeat to Queenie's mamma, instead of "Twinkle, twinkle,") but we were dull learners and only laughed. Nancy had had a great deal of pains taken with her to teach her to read, but could never learn; and, indeed, said, "Colored folks have n't any souls, and course dey can't learn," — because you must know she had been a slave once, and very badly treated, so that she had lost hope, and was sometimes very sour. But when she came to have a child of her own, though he was very "colored," she was quite sure *he* had a soul, and wanted him to learn how to read and do everything like "white folks."

So Queenie's mamma, who had tried when a little girl to educate black Nancy, must needs try her hand now on Willy. But Willy liked to teach better than to learn. He never got beyond "round O," which was where he began. But one day, when he was set to look for round O's, he fixed upon a big C, and said "Dere 's a *broken O*"; which was n't so bad a mistake as might have been made.

But I must tell you something which happened one night after Queenie was fast asleep. Our cook had been sent away, and black Nancy came to fill her place for the time, and of course little Willy had to come with her. When bedtime came, Nancy found she had left his clothes in the little room, at the other side of the city, which these poor strays called home. So an old night-gown which had once belonged to a gentleman six feet high was brought out for her, as the best substitute that could be easily found, and Willy was tucked into it bodily, and put in bed in the fourth story, and left to his fate.

But when Nancy had been down in the kitchen some time, Willy waked up to the idea that he was in a strange place, and that a familiar face would be a pleasant sight. So, after shouting "Moder!" and "Nancy!" (he called his mother either name, as it happened) till he was tired, he decided to make a raid on the lower regions.

The young minister was sitting in his study on the second floor, writing away at his sermon, when he saw, through the open door, the oddest of ghosts sliding down the attic stairs. There was a little black knob on top, from which descended a dozen yards (more or less) of white drapery, which dragged and whisked and flopped from stair to stair as the little black knob came nearer. The sermon might have had some queer quavers in it by good rights, for it was a very funny sight. I was lying on the study-table under the concordance, and it almost killed me, — the ghost, and not the concordance.

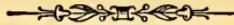
It did n't take the minister long to guess what was inside the bale of cotton, and he pitied the forlorn little fellow so much that, as soon as he could stop laughing, he told Willy he might come in and sit on the floor by him, and even gave him the chessmen to play with, which was a very rare treat to Queenie herself. And the little spectre never knew how it made the kind gentleman ache to keep the laugh in, as he talked so pleasantly with him.

One question Queenie's papa asked Willy was, if Nancy had told him anything about Jesus Christ. "Yes sirr," said Willy, sturdily. "What did she say about him?" "O, she said he was such a *pooty* man!" Now this made the minister feel as much like crying as he had felt before like laughing, for it touched him tenderly to see how the poor, ignorant woman had tried to teach her child, and had given to the Saviour of men the very choicest epithet she knew, "Pretty."

But by and by Willy began to ask for "Moder" again, and the minister's laugh came back as the little black knob with its trailing folds and floating streamers began to move off toward the door. So he bade Willy go down the staircase and knock at the door of the parlor below, and ask there for his "moder"! And so he did, and Queenie's mamma (who, as the minister

knew, was entertaining visitors there) opened the door, and there in the bright gas-light stood the long ghost with the little black knob to it! Then there was such a shout from the ladies and gentlemen below, echoed by the minister, leaning over the banisters above, that the little black knob spread all its wings — mighty pens and downy pin-feathers — and fluttered toward the basement, the most astonishing comet that ever appeared on anybody's horizon. Another time, perhaps, I may tell you how I came to be surnamed "Jimmy"; and something of my thousands of miles of travel, and more about French Minnie.

Mrs. Edward A. Walker.



THE LITTLE MAID.

WHEN I was a little maid,
 I waited on myself;
 I washed my mother's teacups,
 And set them on the shelf.

I had a little garden
 Most beautiful to see;
 I wished that I had somebody
 To play in it with me.

Nurse was in mamma's room;
 I knew her by the cap;
 She held a lovely baby boy
 Asleep upon her lap.

As soon as he could learn to walk,
 I led him by my side, —
 My brother and my playfellow, —
 Until the day he died!

Now I am an old maid,
 I wait upon myself;
 I only wipe one teacup,
 And set it on the shelf.

Mrs. Anna M. Wells.

PUSSY AND EMILY AT SIXTEEN.

LITTLE PUSSY had now grown up to be quite a young woman. She was sixteen years old, tall of her age, and everybody said that, though she was n't handsome, she was a pretty girl. She looked so open-hearted and kind and obliging, — she was always so gay and chatty and full of good spirits, — so bright and active and busy, — that she was the very life and soul of all that was going on for miles around.

Little Emily Proudie was also sixteen, and everybody said she was one of the most perfectly elegant-looking girls that walked the streets of New York. Everybody spoke of the fine style of her dress; and all that she wore, and all she said and did, were considered to be the height of fashion and elegance. Nevertheless, this poor Emily was wretchedly unhappy, — was getting every day pale and thin, and her heart beat so fast every time she went up stairs that all the household were frightened about her, and she was frightened herself. She spent hours in crying, she suffered from a depression of spirits that no money could buy any relief from, and her mother and aunts and grandmothers were all alarmed, and called in the doctors far and near, and had solemn consultations, and in fact, according to the family view, the whole course of society seemed to turn on Emily's health. They were willing to found a water-cure, — to hire a doctor on purpose, — to try homœopathy, or hydropathy, or allopathy, or any other pathy that ever was heard of, — if their dear, elegant Emily could only be restored.

"It is her sensitive nature that wears upon her," said her mamma. "She was never made for this world; she has an exquisiteness of perception which makes her feel even the creases in a rose-leaf."

"Stuff and folderol, my dear madam," said old Doctor Hardhack, when the mamma had told him this with tears in her eyes.

Now Doctor Hardhack was the nineteenth physician that had been called in to dear Emily, — and just about this time it was quite the rage in the fashionable world to run after Doctor Hardhack, — principally because he was a plain, hard-spoken old man, with manners so very different from the smooth politeness of ordinary doctors that people thought he must have an uncommon deal of power about him to dare to be so very free and easy in his language to grand people.

So this Doctor Hardhack surveyed the elegant Emily through his large glasses, and said, "Hum! — a fashionable potato-sprout! — grown in a cellar! — not a drop of red blood in her veins!"

"What odd ways he has, to be sure!" said the grandmamma to the mamma; "but then it's the way he talks to everybody."

"My dear madam," said the Doctor to her mother, "you have tried to make a girl out of loaf-sugar and almond paste, and now you are distressed that she has not red blood in her veins, that her lungs gasp and flutter when she goes up stairs. Turn her out to grass, my dear madam; send her to old

Mother Nature to nurse ; stop her parties and her dancing and her music, and take off the corsets and strings round her lungs, and send her somewhere to a good honest farm-house in the hills, and let her run barefoot in the morning dew, drink new milk from the cow, romp in a good wide barn, learn to hunt hens' eggs, — I'll warrant me you'll see another pair of cheeks in a year. Medicine won't do her any good ; you may make an apothecary's shop of her stomach, and matters will be only the worse. Why, there is n't iron enough in her blood to make a cambric needle !”

“Iron in her blood !” said mamma ; “I never heard the like.”

“Yes, iron, — red particles, globules, or whatever you please to call them. Her blood is all water and lymph, and that is why her cheeks and lips look so like a cambric handkerchief, — why she pants and puffs if she goes up stairs. Her heart is well enough, if there were only blood to work in it ; but it sucks and wheezes like a dry pump for want of vital fluid. She must have more blood, madam, and nature must make it for her.”

“We were thinking of going to Newport, Doctor.”

“Yes, to Newport, to a ball every night, and a flurry of dressing and flirtation every morning. No such thing ! Send her to a lonesome, unfashionable old farm-house, where there was never a more exciting party than a quilting-frolic heard of. Let her learn the difference between huckleberries and blackberries, — learn where checkerberries grow thickest, and dig up sweet-flag-root with her own hands, as country children do. It would do her good to plant a few hills of potatoes, and hoe them herself, as I once heard of a royal princess doing, because queens can afford to be sensible in bringing up their daughters.”

Now Emily's mamma and grandmamma and aunts, and all the rest of them, concluded that Doctor Hardhack was a very funny, odd old fellow, and, as he was very despotic and arbitrary, they set about immediately inquiring for a nice, neat farm-house where the Doctor's orders could be obeyed ; and, curiously enough, they fixed on the very place where our Pussy lived ; and so the two girls came together, and were introduced to each other, after having lived each sixteen years in this world of ours in such very different circumstances.

It was quite a circumstance, I assure you, at the simple little farm-house, when one day a handsome travelling-carriage drove up to the door, and a lady and gentleman alighted and inquired if they were willing to take summer boarders.

“Indeed,” said Pussy's mother, “we have never done such a thing, or thought of it. I don't know what to say till I ask my husband.”

“My daughter is a great invalid,” said the lady, “and the Doctor has recommended country air for her.”

“I'm afraid it would be too dull here to suit her,” said Pussy's mother.

“That is the very thing the Doctor requires,” said Emily's mother. “My daughter's nerves are too excitable, — she requires perfect quiet and repose.”

“What is the matter with your daughter ?” said Mary Primrose.

"Well, she is extremely delicate ; she suffers from palpitations of the heart ; she can't go up stairs, even, or make the smallest exertion, without bringing on dreadful turns of fluttering and faintness."

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Primrose, "we should not be able to wait on her as she would need. We keep no servants."

"We would be willing to pay well for it," said Emily's mother. "Money is no object with us."

"Mother, do let her come," said Pussy, who had stolen in and stood at the back of her mother's chair. "I want her to get well, and I'll wait on her. I'm never tired, and could do twice as much as I do any day."

"What a healthy-looking daughter you have!" said Emily's mother, surveying her with a look of admiration.

"Well," said Pussy's mother, "if *she* thinks best, I think we will try to do it ; for about everything on our place goes as she says, and she has the care of everything."

And so it was arranged that the next week the new boarder was to come.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

VIII.

AT the day of which we write, the intercourse between parents and children was much more formal than at present. The people were then living under a monarchy, and the spirit of the government was felt in the family. Deference to superiors in age or station was rigidly enacted. In many families children did not eat with their parents, but at a side-table in the same room. School-children were required to "make their manners" to their teachers, and to aged people or strangers whom they met in the road, going to or returning from school ; the boys took off their hats and made a bow, the girls made a courtesy, — that is, they bent the knees, and depressed the body, very much as ladies do now when a person treads on their dress in the street. And this was a good custom : it taught children politeness, and made them easy in their manners, and so civility became habitual, because it had grown in them. They did not stand in the middle of the road, thumb in mouth, staring at a stranger, but made their manners and passed on.

Parents were not accustomed to take their children in their laps and kiss and caress them, — not after they were babes. I should have been frightened, if my father had kissed me when I was a child. But they loved just as well as parents love their children at this day, for all that, and were willing to endure the greatest hardships, death itself, in order that their children

might have greater advantages than they themselves had enjoyed. Thus it was with Elizabeth and Hugh: they were not accustomed to caress their children, and their parental word or look was law, and neither to be questioned nor disobeyed. "Mother says so," was reason enough.

His mother assisted William to put up the fence, after which they took their way in silence to the house. As they reached the door, Bose, having yarded the cows, was stealing around the corner of the pig-sty, and making for the woods. He could not get the Indian's track out of his head, and, as William would not go with him, was determined to go "on his own hook."

"Bose, you villain, you!" cried William, "come here, sir!" He had never spoken so to Bose before. The dog came slowly towards him, his ears drooping, his tail between his legs, his belly dragging on the ground, and with an astonished, supplicating look. William took him by the nape of the neck, and, dragging him into the house, tied him to the bedstead, exclaiming, "You shall stay there at any rate till the scent is washed out!"

He now shut the door, and fastened it to keep the other children out, and, sitting down before his mother, told her the whole story word by word. He told her what Beaver said, and how he answered him. "As long, mother, as he talked about his striking the war-post, and being a brave and killing folks, and swelled up so, and seemed so big, and to think he was so much better than I was, I did n't care, — I should just as lief have fought with him as not. But you can't tell how it made me feel when he came to talk so to me as he did at the last of it. I had half a mind to go off with him; but something held me back. I suspect it was because I thought how he looked when he said he liked to see blood run, and that he could drink it."

"O William!" cried his mother, now thoroughly alarmed and distressed, "could you leave me and your father and your brothers and sisters and go to be an Indian and live with savages?" And, breaking through all the restraints and the customs of that day, she put her arms around his neck, and took his head upon her knees.

"No, mother," he replied at length, "I could never leave you. But I did love Beaver so! You know I had nobody else to play with, as Uncle James's boys have at Saco, and we agreed so well; and I've heard you yourself say, that, if he was an Indian, a better boy never stepped. When I saw how bad he felt, (though he kept it down,) and his voice sounded so, it did cut me deep. O mother, I don't know what to do with myself!" Then the great boy, fairly getting into his mother's lap, put his arms around her neck and sobbed like a little child.

It was the first sorrow and the first parting, and the "bitterness thereof drank up his spirit." Elizabeth, who had endured so many bitter trials herself, was deeply touched; all the mother was aroused by the agony of her son. She pressed him to her bosom, ran her fingers through his hair, and kissed him as she had done when he was an infant. At length she persuaded him to lie down, and, sitting by him, soothed him till, worn out by his feelings, he was sleeping for sorrow.

The piety of Hugh and Elizabeth was not something put upon them, narrow and bounded by the Sabbath and the family altar, but the offspring of their affections. They prayed not only at stated times, but whenever they were moved to do so. They "walked with God," and when they wished to say anything to Him, as to their father, they said it. If Hugh was building fence beside the woods on a pleasant spring morning, when the ground was steaming, and the fences smoking in the warm sun, the robins singing, and the wild geese *honking* overhead,—if the beauty of the scene, the promise of the year, or some blessing he had received, drew out his heart in gratitude to God, — the strong man who, if he feared God, feared nothing else, would drop his axe, and, retiring to the woods, pour out his soul in grateful prayer and praise.

Thus, when Elizabeth (after having spread the table for William when he should awake) sat down beside the bed, and thought over the circumstances he had related to her, considering the ripeness of judgment and sterling qualities both of mind and heart which he had manifested, and how fearlessly and nobly he had borne himself, she straightway knelt down and thanked her Maker for the boy, for his preservation from the bullet of the Indian, and that he had not been mastered by his feelings of attachment to his companion and his love for life in the woods, and gone off with the savage.

The history of those days proves abundantly that it is much easier to pass from civilized to savage life, than it is to emerge from the state of the savage to that of civilized man. And taking into consideration the boy's attachment to his friend, and his passionate love for the free life of the woods, his mother had the best of reasons for anxiety. During that same year, a lad by the name of Samuel Allen was taken by the Indians at Deerfield. Though he had been with them but eighteen months, "yet, when his uncle went to redeem him, he refused to talk English, would not speak to his uncle, and pretended not to know him, and finally refused to go home, and had to be brought off by force. In his old age he always declared that the Indian's life was the happiest."

William, after an hour's sleep, rose calm and refreshed. No slight cause could long disturb his well-balanced and healthy nature, and his emotions soon became subject again to his control. His mother placed food before him of which she knew he was fond, and, sitting down to the table with him, exerted herself to turn the conversation into a cheerful channel. While they were eating, Hugh came in and joined them at their meal.

When the children were put to bed, the three drew their stools around the fire, and entered into an anxious consultation in respect to their duty under the circumstances. It was probable that Beaver was only one of a body of savages on the war-path, who had committed the violence at Saco and Topsham and Purpooduck, and were watching for an opportunity to strike another blow. Ought they not instantly to give the alarm, in order that the settlers might be on their guard, and that they might, with the help of Bose, follow on the track of Beaver, and thus prevent the meditated blow, or cap-

ture him? Ought any feelings of good-will to him to influence them so far as to put in peril the lives of their neighbors? Perhaps before another morning they might hear the sound of the war-whoop.

It was their duty, perhaps, at that very moment, to alarm the nearest neighbors; under cover of night to get as silently as possible to the garrison, and fire the alarm gun, thus putting Mosier and the more distant inhabitants on their guard.

Thus reasoned Hugh and Elizabeth. On the other hand, William earnestly, though respectfully, opposed. He said that it was as clear as day to him that Beaver was neither a spy nor one of a party lying in ambush; for the Indians would never send so young a person on so dangerous and important an errand; that Beaver would n't have dared to spare him if he had been a spy, when he could have taken his life without noise, because they would have asked him where he had been, and what he had done; and that Beaver had told him that his own people would never know where he had been.

"Why, father," said William, "I had my back to him, putting up the fence; I turned round to look for a pole, and there he was, standing right behind me, and must have been standing there as much as fifteen minutes. He could have driven his tomahawk through my skull, or knocked me on the head with the breech of his gun, or shot me right through the back with an arrow, and I never should have known what hurt me. I believe that he came back on purpose to bid me good by, as he did n't have time when they went away. I know Beaver would n't lie, — he would think it mean for a warrior to lie, — and he said that was what he came for. I know that he had come a great way, and come fast too, for his moccasins and leggins were scratched and torn, he was spattered with clay, and the sweat had made the stripes of paint on his breast all mix together and run down on to his belt, and streak it all over, and he seemed beat out. There was but a little corn in his pouch; it was n't half full. He had a new French carbine, and his tomahawk and knife were new, and he had a breech-clout of broadcloth. I believe that they all went right from here to Canada to get their outfit, and that the rest of them are there to-night."

Although Hugh was well aware that William's judgment was far beyond his years, that a kind of instinct in respect to all matters of forest life, and a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, gave to his opinions a weight to which neither his age nor experience entitled them, yet he was astonished at the keen observation with which the lad had noted every part of the Indian's equipment, and the maturity of mind evinced by the conclusions drawn from it.

"How mean it would be, mother, when he has just spared my life," said William, in conclusion, "and we have agreed not to pick each other out, to go and set Bose and the Rangers on his trail! I'd rather be shot, any day."

"Well, William," replied his mother; "it is just as your father says. He knows what is best to be done."

After long deliberation, the father said: "Wife, I think the boy is right.

This Indian was so much attached to him, that the thoughts of his old play-mate haunted him night and day, and he could not rest till he had seen him again. And I should n't wonder if he had travelled all the way from Canada to do it. A hundred or even five hundred miles is not much to an Indian. When they have an object ahead, they will tire out any animal but a wolf. — William, look to the priming of the guns, and let us go to bed. It does not become Christian people to be outdone in generosity by a savage."

The next day the defences of the garrison were completed, and everything made ready for the inhabitants to move in. The guns were mounted in the flankers, a common stock of ammunition provided, and a flag-staff erected, upon which was hoisted his Britannic Majesty's flag. The Indians, discouraged, perhaps, by the evident preparations to give them a warm reception, notwithstanding their recent outbreak, left the Gorham settlers unmolested. It was evident that the Indians had no desire for a conflict, — that they were well aware that it was more for their interest to trade with the English than to fight with them, since, though they might obtain successes at first, they were sure to get many hard knocks, and to be defeated in the end, — that it was only by reason of French influence they engaged in the war at all; but those best acquainted with them believed that, after the first outbreak, they had gone back to Canada, to return in the spring with greater numbers, and thoroughly armed and prepared for conflict.

In view of this probable event, nine of the eighteen families of which the clearing then consisted left their farms and removed, some to Portland, others to Massachusetts. Nine — those of Captain Phinney, Hamblen, Mosier, McLellan, Harvey, Reed, Cloutman, Hodgdon, and Eliphalet Watson — remained to face the storm, and perish, if need be, defending their firesides. The amount of peril which, according to the common opinion of that day, they incurred, may be estimated from a remark made in a letter written from Falmouth, in 1747, to the Hon. William Pepperell: * — "I am now to inform you that y^e barbarous and cruel sons of violence, on y^e 14th inst., killed and scalped Na' Dresser, a young man, within thirty yards of David Libby's house. A scout of what few soldiers were here, with some of our inhabitants, immediately followed, came athwart of three camps, about half a mile above Gorham Town Garrison, where they found some beef and the skins of two cows. We are in poor circumstances, having but about 15 or 20 soldiers to scout from Capt. Bean's to N. Yarmouth, so that the people cannot pretend, without the utmost hazard, to plant, or sow, or carry on any other business, especially on y^e most out and exposed parts. And unless immediate succor or assistance, I cannot perceive how Gorham Town, Marblehead (Windham), and Sacarappy can subsist, — for they do not care to visit them, or carry them necessaries of life, unless they have more men."

Hugh, having an abundant harvest and a strong team, spent the winter in lumbering, with greater profit than ever before; but as the spring of 1746 approached, it was evident that the blow would not be longer delayed. Cap-

* See Maine Historical Society's Collections, Vol. III.

tain Phinney, uneasy and anxious by reason of the great forwardness of the spring,—as the spring was the customary period for the Indians to make their attacks,—begged and prayed the settlers to come to the garrison. All except four families complied,—McLellan's, Reed's, Bryant's, and Cloutman's. They determined to stay out till they could get their ploughing and sowing done.

We now crave the indulgence of our young readers while (for the sake of the Gorham boys and girls) we give a passing glance at the condition of the four families referred to, in order that they may know more clearly how much their ancestors underwent that their children might be better off than they themselves.

Imagine yourselves in the flat ground to the east of the Female Seminary. The road (such as it is), full of stumps and cradle-knolls and bushes, among which a horse can pick his way in the summer, and over which the ox-teams can go in the winter when they are all covered with snow, runs from Saccharappa up over Fort Hill to the river. You are on Hugh McLellan's land, all surrounded by woods. On your right hand, as you face north, is an opening in the woods where, Grannie said, her father cut a mast so large that they turned a yoke of oxen on the stump of it without their stepping off. As you descend the Academy hill, covered with a heavy growth of rock-maple and yellow birch, you come in sight of Hugh's log-house, which is on the western side of the road, close to where the brick house now stands, but nearer to the road and the brook. Some pomegranates and an old cellar mark the spot. As you cross the brook upon a fallen pine that serves for a bridge, and ascend the hill on the other side, you come to Reed's house, on the west side of the road, just north of the house now owned by George Pendleton, Esq. A little above Reed's, on the opposite side of the road, on what was the Colonel Nathaniel Frost farm, lived Cloutman. About fifty rods farther, on the west side of the road, you come to Bryant's. This house stood on the north side of the road that now crosses the Fort Hill road and runs over towards Cressey's and Clement's Corner, in the corner of the fence. Still going north, you cross a little thread of water, that was quite a stream once, at the foot of Nathaniel Hamblen's hill; on the bank of this brook Bryant was killed, while fleeing to the garrison. The road which you are in, full of stumps and knolls, is now Fort Hill road, but was then called King Street. As you pass on, you find it crossed by another at right angles, which was then called Queen Street, and, after going a few rods, lost itself in the woods. Upon the east side, in the corner made by these two roads, on the north side of Queen Street, stood the house of Captain Phinney, near where Moses Fogg's house now stands. A short distance north of this house, on the west side of the road, is the meeting-house, built of logs, and erected when there were not more than twelve or fourteen families in town. At the door of it is the horse-block,—a great stick of timber, one end on the ground, the other raised a few feet, thus , for children and short-legged people, who could take the horse to the highest part of it, which was nearly level with the beast's back. During the war, worship was held in the southeast flanker

of the fort, which stood just above the meeting-house. The road runs due north to the river, and south to where the Portland road now crosses it, whence it ran into the woods, and was lost. Gorham Corner was then up at Fort Hill, what is now so called being all forest.

You must also know, that your ancestors were very loving and sociable in their dispositions, had all things common, (you know what Grannie said in the first chapter when she was provoked,) and stood by each other till the death. Of course they had no public amusements, and when they could they used to assemble at each others' houses to have a social meal and a good time, and to hear the news, for they had no papers. As they were very industrious, and the labor of clearing their land and providing for their families was very great, the custom on such occasions was for the women to go with their knitting or sewing, and sometimes (if work was very pressing) with wool and cards, soon after dinner, while the men came at four o'clock, and they all had supper at five, — while, in consequence of the expected rest, they exerted themselves so much that they did a good day's work before they went.

Upon the 16th of April, Wednesday, the families out of the garrison were invited to Bryant's to supper. Shortly after dinner the women were all on the spot with their children. Elizabeth had her children, — Abigail, now eight years old, Mary, six, Alexander, four, and Carey, in arms; Cloutman's wife had her little boy Timothy, of eight years, while Mrs. Bryant had a family of five, the eldest a boy of twelve, and the youngest a babe but a fortnight old.

Mrs. Bryant was a large-boned, strong, fearless woman, with a freckled face, masculine voice, and a blustering way; she was an inveterate scold, but she was also generous, hospitable, kind in sickness, and always ready to do a good turn for anybody. She was a capital cook and housewife, and the neighbors, who were used to her ways, all liked her. Many of her people had been killed by the Indians, and she hated them with all her soul. In this respect she was the very opposite of Elizabeth, who always gave to them when it was in her power, and often in her own necessity, and so was always on the best of terms with them. But Mrs. Bryant would not allow that there was a single good quality in them. When they asked for anything, she would call them Indian dogs. And once she threw hot water on one who came to grind his tomahawk on their grindstone.

Reed's wife was a young woman, with two small children.

In the course of the afternoon they had a very animated discussion in respect to the Indians. Mrs. Bryant gave it as her opinion (in which she was supported by Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Cloutman) that they were no better than wolves, if indeed as good, and ought to be knocked on the head at every opportunity. She then related with great glee a most shameful butchery of Indian women and children by her husband's father and other white men in the Narragansett war; to the propriety of which her supporters gave their assent by saying, "It served them right."

"Now, Mrs. Bryant," said Elizabeth, "I can't think that a Christian wo-

man, and one so kind-hearted as I know you to be, could bear to see a little innocent babe that never injured anybody flung into a blazing fire, and another into a bog and trodden to death in the mud and snow before the eyes of its mother, even if that mother was an Indian squaw."

"Yes, I could, and glory in it. Nobody spares a rattlesnake, because it's little; it's a rattlesnake if it's only half an inch long, and will sting when it gets big enough."

"I am astonished, Mrs. McLellan," said Cloutman's wife, "that you, who profess to be a religious person, and are the wife of an elder in the church, should take up for those who have dealings with Satan! Why, don't you know that their conjurers can make a green leaf out of a dry one, can take an old cast skin of a snake out of a bush and turn it into a live reptile, and make water freeze right in the middle of the summer?"

"I don't believe any such nonsense," said Elizabeth, "or that they are any nearer to the Devil than any other wicked men. We are not to make ourselves even with them, and be perhaps worse than they are. There are allowances to be made for creatures that have never had the Gospel nor any kind of instruction. I am sure they are not one whit worse than the wild Irish we have had to deal with, but a great deal better."

"If," said Mrs. Reed, "you had had your own blood relations taken and fastened by a long rope to a beech-tree, so that they could walk round it, and then a fire built around them, and when they were all blistered with the heat to have a hole cut in their side, and one of their inwards pulled out, and fastened to a limb of the tree, and they whipped with briars and fire-brands, and made to travel round the tree till they pulled their bowels out, and dropped down dead, I reckon you'd feel as we do, and want to serve them the same sauce when you had a chance."

"Indeed, Mrs. Reed, I can't feel as you do, nor do I desire to," said this apostle of humanity. "I believe, if we had been brought up like them, we should have been much like them. Indeed, I have read in the old books that our ancestors were no better before they had the Gospel. And as to what you say about my being a religious person, if religion is to make me treat my fellow-creatures worse, I don't want it. I don't blame the Indians for defending their property; it's my opinion they have had hard usage. We never make a treaty with them but to break it; we never agree with them upon a line, but we are the first to step over it; we tread on them, and when they turn on us, we call them wolves. No, I don't feel like you. And were I, on my way home to-night, to find an Indian child forsaken in the woods, if I could not preserve its life in any other way, I would nurse it at my own breast before I would destroy, or suffer to perish, a thing that God made, and that had a soul in it, and for whom I believe Christ died."

"Well, well, well!" shouted Mrs. Bryant, perfectly astounded at sentiments so unusual in that age. "Heard ever any civilized body the likes of that? Call a savage a fellow-creature! Talk about nursing one of their brats! I would n't put it to a cow,—no, nor to a breeding sow! I would n't disgrace a hog so much. I suppose if an Indian should come

to your house, you would say, 'Take all there is here, it is yours'; then lay your head down on the door-step and ask him to cut it off."

"I should defend my land and property," said Elizabeth; "for we bought our land, and paid for it. But I would be willing to buy it over again, if I could have the names of the Indians that owned it at the bottom of the title-deed. I believe the property would wear better. I'll shoot an Indian, if I am called to, and when it is my life or his; but no child of mine shall mangle an Indian after the breath is out of his body, or take his scalp, or murder an Indian woman or child, if I can hinder it, let them do what they will to me or mine. And I will feed them when they are hungry, and warm them when they are cold, for I know that God made them as well as me."

"O, you don't know them as well as we do," exclaimed all the rest in a breath: "we have summered and wintered them. They will eat your bread and cut your throat as soon as they are done."

"Don't I?" she replied; and then related the story of the Indian who brought the corn and meat, while the tears sprang to her eyes as she recalled the agony of that terrible winter.

What reply the auditors who had presumed so much upon her ignorance of Indian character would have made to this we know not, for Mrs. Bryant, looking at the hour-glass, which was almost run down, said that it was four o'clock, and time for her to be getting supper. Upon this they all volunteered to assist her. "O no," said she, "it is all cooked. There is nothing to do except to make the tea."

"I hardly thought I could come," said Elizabeth, "I had so much to do getting ready to move into garrison; but when you sent me word that you had got some tea, I told Hugh I must and would come. Where in the world did you get it?"

"Why, Mr. Bryant's brother sent it to us from Barnstable,—you know we came from the Cape. He piloted an English ship into Provincetown, and the Captain gave him some,—you know you can get such things there. We have n't had a drop before since we came here. You could always get it there by paying enough for it."

"We had some last Thanksgiving," said Elizabeth, "but I guess it will be a long day before we shall get any more, for I expect this Indian war will make us as poor as ever, if we escape with our lives. We were just beginning to raise crops and live comfortably."

Elijah Kellogg.





A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

SHALL I tell you a tale of midsummer night,
 The fairies' holiday?
 The sun was gone, and the stars were bright,
 And the elves were all at play.

A little boy who had won a race
 With his playmates after school
 Had laid him down in a quiet place,
 In the shadow green and cool, —

Had gone to sleep beneath an oak,
 When the sun was red and low,
 And whether he woke, or dreamed he woke,
 I do not pretend to know.

But the woods were full of lilies fair,
 And tulips white and red,

And each was the curtain rich and rare
Around a fairy's bed.

A crocus sprang from the velvet moss,
So close beside his ear
That the words the little people said
He could not fail to hear.

“O my love, my own dear love,
Where are you going to-day?”
“I shall visit the haunt of the brooding dove
And frighten her foes away ;

“For yesterday came a yellow snake,
Gliding up to her nest,
And her timid heart with fear doth quake
Under her shining breast.

“And I shall march to the dismal den
Where dwells the bandit toad,
Who seizes the glittering beetles when
They venture to pass that road.

“O, there is enough, and more than enough,
For a sword like mine to do.
I should like a squire alert and tough,
I could keep him busy too!”

“But, O my love, my own dear love !
Be not too rash and bold !
The tales of your valor in me move
A fear which turns me cold.”

Then there was a laugh, a lightsome jest,
And kisses soft and sweet ;
A donning of armor and martial vest,
And then the sound of feet.

The purple curtain he pushed aside,
And a merry laugh laughed he, —
“There is my squire, my bonny bride !
Look out, sweet lady, and see !”

The fairy peeped through the silken fold,
And dazzled the urchin's sight : —
“Now haste, my beauty, be firm and bold,
And say the charm aright.”

But what it was that the lady spoke
The boy could never tell,
For he was lying beneath the oak,
Bound by a marvellous spell.

Whether he shrank, or whether she grew,
Was little matter to him,
But he gazed on her eyes of wondrous blue
Till his senses seemed to swim.

At last she beckoned, and up he sprang,
As small as a woodland elf;
A chime of laughter around him rang,
He did not know himself.

“I am a knight, and you are my squire;
Follow me through the wood,
And I will give you a generous hire
Of fairy pennies good.”

He tried to think of his father's home,
Of the touch of his mother's hand,
But memory died in his heart, as foam
Melts into the shining sand.

And so, as a boat cut loose from shore
Drifts out to the untried sea,
Of his own real life he thought no more,
And said, “I will follow thee !”

He followed him down to the dismal glen,
All armed for the valiant fight,
And bearded the toad in his loathsome den,
And fought for the beetles' right.

The white-winged moth, and the butterfly,
And the darning-needle slim,
Felt glad and safe as the fay marched by,
And told their wrongs to him.

A ruffian spider, grim and black,
Lay watching out of sight
For little Miss Firefly, coming back
From the ball with her lantern bright.

He dragged her into his dungeon damp,
And shut her up to die,

But up at the window she hung her lamp
For some gallant knight to spy.

“What is that spark, my trusty squire,
Which glimmers faint and far,
Like a fairy beacon’s ruddy fire,
Or a little baby-star?”

And knight and squire pressed on to see,
Till they heard poor Firefly call,
And then they knocked full lustily
On the wicked spider’s wall.

And when he came, they tied him tight
With the ropes which he had spun,
Led out his captive before his sight,
And slew the cruel one.

They did full many a valiant deed,
Which should be told or sung,
And made full many a tyrant bleed
Ere the midnight chimes were rung.

And then they danced on the dewy green,
And banqueted on the shore,
And the bold squire gazed on the fairy queen
Till he dared to gaze no more.

About the time that the morning broke,
And scattered the pageant fair,
He found himself under the shady oak,
And the knight and his lady there.

“Fill full his pockets with fairy gold,
For he has been brave and true;
And now, my lady, be firm and bold,
And all the charm undo.”

The lady’s voice like music rang,
Though he knew not what she said,
And the little boy from the grass upsprang,
But the fairy scene had fled.

Mary Ellen Atkinson.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

VI.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE "TEA-POTS."



“ALL I know about that,” said I, “is, thirty-five thousand of them die every day.”

“Who says so, Georgy?”

“My father’s Cyclopædia.”

“Oh! Then China must be a very easy country to live in, and a very hard one to die in.”

“At the rate of thirty-five thousand a day? I don’t see it, Sharpey.”

“That’s because your statistical education has been neglected. Don’t your father’s Cyclopædia say the population of China must be at least three hundred and fifty millions?”

“Yes; lowest estimate (Mr. G. W. Cooke’s), 360,279,897,—high-

est (Article ‘China,’ Pierer’s *Universal Lexicon*), 410,000,000.”

“Very well, then, where’s your arithmetic? Thirty-five thousand into three hundred and fifty millions, how many times does that go?”

“35 into 350, 10 times, and nothing over; naughts into naughts is naught, three naughts,—10,000,” said I.

“Just so,” said Charley. “Good boy! You’ll be Chief of the Census Bureau yet, or even Lightning Calculator at Barnum’s Museum, if you live, and are not too particular.”

“Well, and what does all that prove?”

“Why, don’t you see? It shows that in China there are at least nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine chances to one that you won’t die any day. It must be as good as having a Mutual Life Insurance Company all to yourself, to live there.”

“I don’t know anything about your statistics and things,” said I; “I’m not a Board of Health. But it does seem to me thirty-five thousand a day is pretty fair dying for a country utterly destitute of steamboat explosions, railroad collisions, patent pills, and whiskey.”

“Why, bless your heart!” said Round-the-world Joe, “thirty-five thousand ain’t the quarter of ’em. The chap that did the ciphering for your father’s Cyclopædia must have thought he was writing a composition on Immortality. Where were all his infanticides, and his homicides, and his suicides, I’d like to know?”

"Infanticides?" said I. "Good gracious! You don't mean to say —"

"Yes, I do," said Joe; "if it was n't for keeping up the stock of boys, they 'd drown every kitten of 'em before they could crawl."

"What! Ba-a-bies?" said I.

"Babies," said Joe, — "that is, the she ones. Hundreds of thousands of them are drowned, or strangled, or flung to the bears, every year.

"Why, it 's perfectly ridiculous," said I. "What 's the matter with them?"

"Well, you see, Georgey," said Charley, "they had no business to be girls. What 's the use of girls, anyhow? They can't wear galluses, nor raise mustashers, nor smoke without getting sick. It costs a heap of money to keep them in photographs, waterfalls, and peplums, and when you require the services of a man, they are nowhere. Counting first cost and improvements, and advertisements, we find they don't pay. But boys! — well, boys are what I call good stock; there 's money in boys; when you 've got boys you 've got something you can depend upon, and if you happen to get in a tight place, there they are."

["Beware, rash youth!" Joe hoarsely whispered, (but his words fell like a box upon my sensitive ear.) "Pretty Kate Eager reads the *Young Folks!* That daring passage will not escape her eagle eye."

"O Joseph!" cried Charles, "if I thought she thought I thought that, I should never smile again. O no, Joe! she is such a Supeeerior Being! — *She understands Me!*"

"Gentlemen," we interposed, with freezing dignity, "we will, if you please, return to the subject of Babicide in China. The name of a certain young person, very nearly related to ourself, must not be trifled with."

There was an interval of mute, embarrassing emotion. Then a dulcet strain of love-lorn melody was softly wafted upon our ear. 'T was the tender, though manly voice of young Brace: —

"Ah thin, Mam dear, did ye niver hear of purty Molly Branaghan?
Troth, dear, I 've losht her, and I 'll niver be a man agin;
Not a shpot on me hide will another summer tan agin, —
Sence Molly she has lift me all alone for to die."

"O, the left side of me carcass is as wake as wather-gruil, Mam,
There 's sorra a bit upon me bones since Molly 's proved so cruil, Mam,
I wush I had a carabine, I 'd go and fight a juil, Mam:
Sure, it 's bether far to kill meself than stay here for to die!

"The place where me heart was ye might aisy rowl a turnip in —"

"Joe," said I, "you wander, Sweet One."

"Where was I?" he asked, feebly.

"In China," said I, — "infanticide, you know, — female offspring, &c."]

"O yes; I remember now. Well, it 's just as Charley says; only the Chinese make no joke of it. Girls, they say, are a burden to the poor and a bother to the rich. They can do nothing to support themselves, or their parents; they must be kept at home, to be pampered and adorned in idleness, till they are old enough to be married, and then they must have costly dow-

ries of furniture and clothing. A married daughter belongs to the family of her husband, and is not expected to help her own parents in poverty, sickness, or old age; and an unmarried daughter, over eighteen years of age, is a nuisance and a disgrace. When a daughter is married, fine presents must be made to the family of her husband; when a son is married, presents are received from the family of the bride.

"A boy, on the contrary, is regarded as a blessing and an honor to his house. He will soon be old enough to work for his father and mother; he will keep up the family stock, and confer distinction upon the family name. He may be made mandarin, or prefect, or head cook, or even a writer for magazines, and become enormously rich and powerful. Above all, he can burn incense before the tablet of his ancestors, and keep their graves swept clean, and offer roast pig and tea to their ghosts, — duties which a girl is not considered worthy to perform. If any Chinaman were to allow his daughter to scrub the tombstone of his father, I tell you she 'd raise spirits, and the spirits would raise thunder, — so they say there."

"But, Joe," said I, "can't the monsters contrive any other way of getting rid of the poor little kittens than by drowning them?"

"O yes," said Joe; "I must do them the justice to say that they prefer selling them, or even giving them away; and are quite thankful when any kind person will buy one, or accept her as a gift, — like those lovely female infants, 'to be adopted out,' that we read of in the *Herald*, whose eyes are always so blue, and whose parents are always so refined. But girl-babies in China are like girl-puppies in New Jersey, — it's very hard to find anybody who wants one 'of that kind.' When they are sold, they usually fetch \$ 2 per annum of their age, — that is, \$ 2 for a one-year old, \$ 4 for a two-year old, and so on."

"About half the price," said Charley, "of good black-and-tans, — anywhere except in New Jersey. There the price depends upon 'the kind,' the dog-tax, and the spring business of the Camden and Amboy Railroad."

"And there's suicide," said Joe. "If there's any one thing that a Chinaman admires more, and understands better than any other kind of a man, it is suicide. It is a necessity, — the poorest Chinaman cannot dispense with it; it is a luxury, — the richest Chinaman is proud of it; it is respectable, — every decent Chinaman patronizes it; it is fashionable, — every dandy Chinaman cultivates it; it is commendable, — every pious Chinaman approves of it; it is profitable, — thousands of Chinamen get their living by it; it is heroic, — generals glory in it; it is honorable, — gentlemen settle their difficulties with it; it is wholesome, — doctors recommend it; it is smart, — lawyers practise it; it is improving, — scholars study it; it is 'perfectly killing,' — the ladies dote on it; it is amusing, — the children play at it; it is universally popular, — everybody bets on it; it draws, — theatres and newspapers run it."

"Is that all?" said Charley.

"It is also remarkable, — every traveller writes about it."

"But I don't seem to see," said I, "how those thousands of Chinamen get their living by it."

"Suppose you are very poor, and have a very large family."

"Well?"

"Suppose you have a very rich enemy with a very small family."

"Well?"

"All you have to do is to go to your rich enemy's house, and hang yourself to his lantern."

"Just so."

"That 's the talk!" said Charley.

"Your rich enemy is imprisoned and tortured, and you get your revenge, don't you?"

"Well?"

"And your poor family go to law with him, and get awful damages, don't they?"

"Well?"

"So you are all right."

"Don't see it," said I.

"That 's not my fault," said Joe. "Suppose you are in love with a fascinating creature."

"That 's all right," said Charley.

"And she rejects your suit with scorn."

"But she would n't," said Charley.

"Never mind, — let 's call it so, this once, for the sake of illustration. And her father is a bloated aristocrat, bursting with sapecks."

"Well?"

"You climb over his garden fence at night, and jump down his well."

"Well?"

"Well! You take the conceit out of her, break her heart and get her head shaved, reduce the bloated aristocrat to squalid poverty and disgrace, and divide his property among your relations. So *you* are all right."

"H'm?"

"Now suppose, instead of pursuing this moderate course, you murdered your rich enemy, or the beautiful aristocrat."

"Ah! now you are talking like a Christian," said Charley.

"Why, then it would be your own relations that would all be ruined and disgraced, and when you died you would n't be allowed even so much as a one-horse funeral; while it would be your rich enemy and the bloated aristocrat and his pursed-up flirt that would have all the good time."

"Hey?" said Charley.

"And suppose you owe a heap of money, and Christmas comes, and you can't pay anybody. All you have to do is to buy a coffin on credit, lie down in it, and swallow a pint of the deadliest poison. No creditor will annoy you that year; such is the custom."

"I see," said I.

"And suppose you have the stomach-ache, or a great lot of biles in all sorts of inconvenient places; and peppermint and mustard plasters, and bread-and-milk poultices, and soap and sugar, and tobacco quids, and shoe-



maker's wax, are all in vain, — you have only to tie a piece of white crape to the tail of your eldest son, and then hold your head under water for half an hour; the relief is rapid and permanent."

"O, is n't that strange?" said I. "What an interesting country! And how little is known about it!"

"That's so," said Joe. "You should go there first, and then read all the books of travel, like me, if you want to be astonished. When two Chinese gentlemen have a difficulty, they don't call each other out, — pistols, bowie-knives, surgical instruments, cold mornings, strong coffee, and all such nonsense; but they call their friends in, and sit down sociably together to a nice feast, with all the delicacies of the season. And after soup — which is always the last course of a Chinese dinner, you know — the two gentlemen who have had the difficulty rise, drink each other's health in expensive tea, pay each other some pretty compliments, and bow to the company; and immediately each of them bores a hole in his own stomach without a bit of fuss; then they drink each other's health again, make another bow to the company, and so lie down and die very pleasantly. Everything is conducted on the most honorable principles, and in the most gentlemanly style, and there is plenty of satisfaction."

"But don't it strike you, Joe," said I, "that such disregard of human life looks — a little queer?"

"Well, it does have that appearance," said Joe. "But only think — Three Hundred and Fifty Millions of them! What's a million or so, here or there? especially when you consider where they all came from."

"Where?" said I.

"When Puang-Ku, the First Person, made the world —"

"But who made Puang-Ku?"

"Don't ask conundrums. When Puang-Ku had made creation, by clearing out a place in Chaos with his hammer and chisel, the Heavens sent down to Earth *two brooms*, with their compliments; and from those two brooms the whole Chinese part of the human race has descended."

"Pshaw!"

"It's in their Bible, I tell you. And as brooms are about the commonest and cheapest things in all China, — why, there's an idea for you; now study away."

"Where do they put each other when they are dead?"

"In coffins, of course," said Joe.

"Nice shiny, fashionable ones, with all the modern improvements?" inquired Charley; "and with a dear Mr. Gracechurch Brown to make everything genteel and expensive?"

"They hire a Professor of Ceremonies, — same thing, you know," said Joe, — "to arrange their funerals, when they can afford one; and they have some very chaste styles of coffin, of thick heavy boards, called 'longevity or old-age boards,' (but I guess that's 'sarkastikal,') made air-tight with a mixture of varnish and pounded crockery, and all the seams calked with cloth; they oil it inside and out a great many times, stain it black, or red, or violet color, and varnish it till it shines like an auction piano.

"All over China it is considered The Thing to have a grand upright premium coffin in your drawing-room, and no mandarin's establishment is complete without one. Ladies and gentlemen present each other with complimentary coffins on their birthdays, and other ladies and gentlemen call to offer their congratulations, and turn up their noses at the quality and price. The manufacture of coffins is on a most imposing scale; as the newspapers say, 'A vast amount of Capital is invested in this important branch of Industry, and millions of Operatives and skilled Artisans find constant employment in the numerous extensive Coffin-works.'"

"That's the style," said Charley, "to draw the advertisements, and set all the rival establishments to puffing their own concerns, and running each other down. There's the Steinway coffin, for instance, and the Chickering coffin, and the Knabe coffin, and the Wheeler and Wilson coffin, and the Grover and Baker coffin, and the Singer coffin, and the Florence coffin. Each of them is far superior to all the others, each has taken all the gold medals and diplomas at all the Chinese Institutes and State fairs, and each of them publishes testimonials from all the celebrated dead clergymen, editors, generals, and mandarins, declaring that, for tightness, dryness, snug-

ness, and durability, that particular coffin is the very best coffin he ever performed or operated upon."

"The custom of giving coffins as premiums to clubs of subscribers," said I, "originated with the 'Peking Gazette' in the Han dynasty, B. C. 150, and not with the Greeley strawberry, as is generally supposed."

"My youthful friend Tea-Pot," said Joe, "had his failings, — I've acknowledged that before, — but nobody can say he was not a dutiful son. He was always trying to make his father comfortable, and when he saved up all his winnings at mumble-the-peg and push-pin to buy the poor old man a nice warm coffin, it was very touching."

"Georgy," said Charley, "we must write the Life of Tea-Pot, for the 'Good Boy' series."

"But here comes the important question," said I: "*Where Do They All Go To When They Die?*"

"Now you've got me," said Joe. "I'm a conscientious traveller, and I don't pretend to describe what I never saw. All I know is, they don't all go to heaven; for they have a saying of their own, — 'If everybody was good, the bottom of heaven would drop out.'"

"How about the other place?" said Charley.

"Never had any bottom to drop out," said Joe. "And *you* will never touch bottom, if you don't pay more attention to your catechism, and stop asking such naughty questions as that."

Joe says every Chinaman has three souls, — *houen*, they call them, — and when he dies they separate. One of them passes into another body, one remains in the family, and the other follows the corpse and dwells with it in the tomb. They think the family-*houen* of a child is spiteful and dangerous, and they take the strangest pains to deceive it and drive it away. When the poor thing is dying, some one carries it a long distance from the house, and throws it into a river, or leaves it in the woods, so that its mischievous *houen* may pass into a crocodile, or a fish, or a wolf, or a bear, and not return to plague the folks at home. And the person who carries off the child does not proceed in a straight line, but zigzag, — a little to the right, and then a little to the left, and then backward, and then across, and sometimes almost in a circle, — so that the *houen* may never be able to find its way back to the house.

They think it is all dark in the spirit-land, and that without lights the dead will stumble and lose their way. So when a friend is dying they have two candles ready, and the moment he has breathed his last, they light them, and set them by his bedside.

They present to the lips of the dead cups of wine, and bowls of rice and vermicelli, to strengthen him for his "long meander"; and they make a small sedan-chair, and four little figures of bearers, all of bamboo splints and paper, and burn them before the corpse, that the spirit may ride when it is tired; at the same time they burn mock-money, of white or yellow paper, to pay the wages of the bearers. The paper represents silver or gold; and sometimes they burn another little man with a little umbrella, to protect the ghost from the dark sun.

In the reception-room of the house they keep, for some time, a place for the spirit, with a table, a chair, a stool, a pair of slippers, and a rag-doll to represent the dear departed. On the table there are two candles, a bowl for rice, a pair of chop-sticks, a wine-cup, and a stick of burning incense.

When it is a father of a family who has died, his sons sleep beside his coffin, lest he should feel lonesome in the night; and in the morning they bring him hot water to wash in, and rice for his breakfast; and always at bedtime they bid him good night.

On the forty-second day after he has "saluted the world," the dead man arrives at a certain point on his journey, turns back to look at his home, and suddenly discovers that he is dead. Then he feels very badly, and loses his appetite, so that his family have much trouble to find anything that he can fancy.

In the ceremony called "Mounting the Platform," long tables are set, covered with a great variety of dishes, and a numerous company of dead folks are invited to come and enjoy themselves. Among other things prepared for them there are vessels containing gruel, or salted paste, with spoons, and pails of water, covered with sheets of paper. The gruel is for the *headless* spirits, who cannot chew, and the spoons are to put it down the holes in their necks with. The water is for the dusty spirits, that have walked a long distance, to wash in, and the paper is for towels to wipe on.

The Chinese, who have a method of doing everything always the reverse of ours, actually lay up for themselves treasures in hell. They think they can send on money in advance, to pay their necessary expenses and provide them with comforts when they arrive there; and that they can forward clothes and furniture to their dead relations and friends, and remit funds to pay debts that dead people owe to other dead people. The way they manage this is very simple and expeditious: the money, clothing, furniture, and materials of all kinds are represented by paper, cut in various forms, and by bamboo strips and splints. To send it to ghosts, all that's necessary is to *make a ghost of it*, and this they do by burning it.

Sometimes they send a gauze trunk, made of bamboo rods and paper, in the shape of a wardrobe, five or six feet long, and three or four feet high, with shelves in it. It is packed with miniature furniture, — bedsteads, chairs, lanterns, plates, and bowls, clothing of all kinds, and even little images of servants, all made of bamboo and paper, and all burned.

Joe says they usually send a letter to the Ten Kings of Hell, by two paper couriers mounted on paper horses, to inform them of the death of any distinguished person; and when a family are about to send a "gauze trunk" to one of their dead relations, it is not an uncommon thing for a living neighbor to bring a bundle of paper clothing, or other useful articles, and request them to send it in the same trunk, with a note addressed to the "relation," requesting him to deliver it to the person for whom it is intended, and much oblige his respectfully, Fun-Y-Thing.

The Ten Kings of Hell, who are supposed to be very considerate and polite, provide each dead man, as soon as he arrives, with a little imp

to show him the way around. This pilot is called "the Devil who follows," and whenever a family send presents to their departed father or brother, they take care to enclose at the same time a little pocket-money for "the Devil who follows," lest he should play tricks on the stranger, and lead him into furnaces.

"Joe," said Charley, "what do you think of them, anyhow?"

"Boys," said Joe, "I'm almost afraid to think of them at all. They are a very funny people to watch, and to wonder at; but they are a frightful people to *think about seriously*; they are so cunning, cruel, and mocking! No wonder the men have tails, and the women have feet like goats; *everybody has both where they came from*, — or where I should say they came from, if it was n't casting a reproach on the goodness and wisdom of God who made them."

George Eager.



THE WISH.

A LITTLE child white-robed for sleep
 Is lying with upturned eyes;
 The mother is singing; the moon looks in,
 The little one dreamily cries:

"Come nearer, nearer me, great moon,
 And make me just as bright
 As the angels mother sings about
 Are, up with God to-night."

A little child white-robed for sleep
 Is lying with closed eyes;
 The mother is weeping; the moon looks in
 On her who will never arise.

Nearer the great moon seems to come,
 Wrapping her in its light, —
 Ay, brighter than moon or star, in heaven
 She shines with God to-night.

Charlotte F. Bates.

BIRDIE'S GARDEN.

EVER since little Birdie had taken his walk in the woods, and heard about the garden his mother had when a child, he had been wanting to have a garden of his own. His mother promised to give him a piece of ground, and help him plant it with flowers, as soon as the weather became warm and dry enough for him to be out of doors all day. It seemed a long time to our little friend before the rain stopped falling, and the dark clouds blowing over the sky, and he sometimes said, "Summer *never* will come"; but at last the warm sunshine greeted him day after day, the grass began to turn green, and summer had really come.

Then his mother said to him, early one morning: "Now is the time for your garden, my boy. You have been quite patient, and deserve to be rewarded. Let me tie on your broad straw hat, and then you can take your wheelbarrow out on the path, while I get a trowel, and we will go to work."

No sooner said than done; for Birdie was ready in a twinkling, and was trundling out his wheelbarrow before his mother could turn round; but he did not mind waiting out of doors, where all was so bright and pleasant. He picked some yellow dandelions and wild violets out of the grass, and trotted to the poultry-yard to take a look at the hens and chickens, and had almost forgotten his garden when he heard his mother calling him. He ran to her, and found her waiting at the back door, with her garden-hat and gloves.

"Forward! March!" said she; and Birdie seized his wheelbarrow, and followed her.

They went down the wide gravel-walk that ran through the garden, bordered on each side by flower-beds. Some of the plants were covered with flowers; the rose-buds were beginning to open, and the lilacs nodded sweet, purple blossoms above, while heart's-ease and mignonette were blooming nearer the ground. Birdie said he hoped *his* flowers would be as pretty, and his mother said she thought they would, if he took good care of them. Near the end of the garden, a narrow path crossed the middle one, and here his mother turned and stopped before a border that had been freshly dug and raked, and said to Birdie, "This is to be your garden, my boy; now we must plant it full of flowers or vegetables; which do you want?"

He thought a moment, and then said, "I want half for flowers, mamma, and all the rest for *sings to eat*; but I don't b'lieve *tables* would grow in such a little place."

His mother smiled, and said: "Things to eat are called vegetables, dear. If you wish to plant half of your ground with them, Thomas must make a little path in the middle of this border, and you can walk on it and look at your garden."

Birdie was pleased with this plan; and his mother sent him to find the gardener, and ask him to bring his spade and make a path.

Thomas soon came; and Birdie said he would stay and help him, while his mother cut some flowers for the parlor. So he brought his wheelbarrow, and

picked up all the sticks and stones that Thomas threw out of the ground ; and when he had gathered up a few, he would take them to a pile of rubbish and empty them, calling out, at the end of each trip, "I'm helping Thomas, mamma !"

The path was soon made, and Birdie was much pleased with it ; and after trotting up and down several times, he ran to his mother, and said, "Now, mamma, can't I have a rose-bush in my garden, all full of roses, and some tulips, and violets, and lots of pretty flowers ?"

His mother smiled rather sadly, as she pushed back the hair from his warm face, and said : "We should have to get the fairies to help us, dear child, if you want your garden to bloom in one day ; but we can move some plants into it, and I will give you some seeds, and in a few weeks you will have 'lots of pretty flowers' in your little garden."

This was a new idea to Birdie, who thought one day's work would turn his border into a blooming flower-bed, and whose gardening had always been on a plan of his own, and consisted in sticking flowers into the ground by their stems ; which answers very well for a day, but would hardly make a handsome garden by the end of summer. He looked down, and was quiet so long that his mamma said, "Never mind, dear ; the time will soon pass by, if you are busy and good," — thinking he was grieving over his long waiting. But the little boy looked up very cheerfully, and said, "I wonder where the fairies live, mamma ; for if I knew where to find them, I would go and beg them very hard, and give them my new picture-book, and then I'm 'most sure they would make my flowers grow."

His mother sat down on a garden-chair, and, taking Birdie on her knee, said : "Mamma knows of some fairies who will help you, even without the new picture-book ; one is called Patience, who likes to live in our hearts, if naughty Impatience does not drive it out. If you will let Patience live in *your* heart, my child, and wait until Our Father in Heaven sends the dew and the sunshine to awaken your flowers, you will soon see them growing and blooming. Then there is a fairy called Love, a heart-fairy like Patience, who is always watching to make good children happy. Perhaps it will find out a way to help you. But now we must go to work and see what we can do ourselves ; for we cannot expect help, unless we do our share."

Birdie listened attentively to his dear mamma's kind words, and then she put him down with a kiss and a loving smile, which went right to his heart like a sunbeam, and drove away all his disappointment. He watched and tried to help her, as she took up carefully, with the trowel, two or three small rose-bushes, leaving plenty of earth around the tender roots, and placed them in the little wheelbarrow, which Birdie wheeled slowly to his new garden. They planted them near the fence at the back of the border, and then went for another load of plants. In this way they moved some violets and daisies, some yellow cowslips, and some "Johnny-jumpers," as Birdie called heart's-ease ; and when all this was done, the garden was quite full of plants.

Birdie's kind mother then gave him some flower-seeds, and, showing him

how to plant them, she said: "Now, after a day or two, the warm rain will awaken the little plants, and they will send their tiny roots creeping into the soft earth to find food, and then the tender leaves will come peeping up to find the sunshine, and so they will grow and bear flowers."

"But, mamma," said Birdie, "I planted some seeds last summer, and I dug 'em up the next day, to see if they were growing, and they *never* grewed at all!"

His mother smiled, and said: "O, you must not dig them up, my child; that was Impatience at work; you must let them alone until they are ready to come up. How would you like me to pull you out of your bed at night to see if you were asleep?"

Birdie seemed to understand, nodding his round head wisely, and saying, "I 'll not dig 'em up this time."

So his mother left him at work, and went into the house, to put the flowers in water. Before long she heard a pair of little feet come pattering through the hall, and go trotting up stairs, and then soon come trotting down again, and out into the garden. She followed quietly to see what the little boy was doing, and got there just in time to see him putting an old pair of slippers into a hole he had dug.

"Why! what *are* you doing, Birdie?" said the mother, so suddenly that he started, and looked up in surprise, before he said: "I want some lady's-slippers in my garden, mamma. You had some last summer, and they were *so* pretty, all white and red, with little bits of slippers in them; so I 'm just going to plant these old shoes, — *you* don't want 'em any more, — and then I 'll have lady's-slippers when they grow."

"O dear me! what a memory you have!" said his mother, laughing, as she thought of the pretty flowers Birdie admired so much, and how his father had said, in joke, that they grew from old shoes. But seeing the child's puzzled look, she only said, "Give me the slippers, dear, for they will not grow; but I will give you some seeds that I picked from the flowers we had last summer."

So Birdie dug up the shoes, with rather a long face at their dusty appearance, and whispered, "I 'm sorry, mamma, — I won't do it again," — and then went to work to plant the flower-seeds.

His mother left him again, and it was not long before he came in quite warm and tired, and said, "My garden is all done, mamma, and my wheelbarrow is put away in the tool-house, and I 'll try to be patient, and wait till everysing grows; but," he added with a sigh, "I hope it won't be *very* long."

His mother told him he would have plenty to do, with weeding and watering his garden, and then advised him to look for clean hands and face in the bath-room, as dinner was almost ready.

After dinner papa heard the history of the garden, and at the end of it Birdie said, "Don't you think they make dear little *weeny* watering-pots at the tinman's, papa?"

The "tinman" made everything, according to Birdie, — for as most of

his toys were tin, and were often sent to the shop to be mended, he thought there was nothing the tinman could not make or mend, and often proposed taking broken china or torn books "to the tinman's." This time he was right, however, and his father promised to look for a nice little watering-pot when he went to the village, and then Birdie ran off to play with his kitten.

That evening he was on the front porch, looking at the cows going back to the meadow, when he heard a step, and found it was Thomas going into the garden with a large watering-pot. "O Thomas," said the child, "won't you water my garden?"

"Have n't time, sir: you must mind your own garden, your mother said," answered Thomas, hurrying on.

Birdie thought he would see what he could do with Nancy, for his father and mother had gone out for a drive. So he trotted into the kitchen, and then out into the shed, calling Nancy; but no sooner had he reached the shed, than he saw, standing near the pump, the *weeniest*, nicest little watering-pot that ever was. There it stood, bright and new, as if it had just come from the tinman's. "O, it's for me, it's mine!" shouted Birdie. And, seizing Nancy's dress, he pulled her towards it, saying, "See, Nancy; is n't it sweet? Won't you put some water in it, please, Nancy dear? I want to water my garden."

Nancy was a fat, rosy, good-natured Irish girl, who had lived there a long time, and was very fond of the little boy; and though she seemed to be busy, she said, "Sure, then, its meself likes to plase ye, when ye ax so pretty"; and, filling the little watering-pot at the pump, she helped Birdie carry it to his garden, where together they managed to give each plant "a drink of water." Then a place was found in the tool-house for the new possession, and the tired little boy found his place in bed.

His first thought the next morning was of the new watering-pot, and he told his mamma about it, and asked her if she knew where it came from.

"Is it too large for the fairies to carry?" asked she, smiling.

"Yes, indeed, mamma, unless they were big fairies, — most as big as me," answered he, trying to look tall.

"Well, dear," said his mamma, "it was a fairy even bigger than you, — a grown-up fairy, called Papa. There he is now, coming in at the gate," she added. "Run and thank him for it, and tell him breakfast is ready."

Birdie ran, and, jumping into his father's arms, said, "Thank you, dear, kind fairy Papa!"

"For what?" said his father, seeming much surprised.

"Why, for that dear little new watering-pot; did n't you get it for me at Mr. Tinman's? Now tell the *truf!*" and the child looked earnestly at his papa.

"Well, if I must 'tell the truf,' Birdie," said the father, "I *did* get a small watering-pot from the tinman yesterday. And so it pleases my little gardener, does it? I'm glad to hear it"; — and, with a kiss and a toss in the air, Birdie was landed on the porch, and they went to breakfast.

As soon as it was over, Birdie asked his mother and father to go and look

at his garden ; and as they consented, he hopped along in front of them, until he came to the path that ran by his border ; but when he reached it, he stood still, looking with great surprise at his little garden. What do you think he saw, little ones ? I don't suppose you can guess, but, as I happen to know, I will tell you. There was the bed he had left the night before without a flower in it, and now it was filled with the loveliest flowers he had ever seen ! In the centre was a rose-bush with beautiful pink roses on it, and around it were small plants, some with white and red blossoms, and others with purple flowers, that were very sweet-scented. That was enough to delight a little boy who had made up his mind to wait two or three weeks to see his plants in bloom. After staring at this wonderful sight for a few minutes, as if he could hardly believe his own eyes, Birdie gave a shout of joy, and, clapping his hands, called out, " O, come quick, papa and mamma ! Come see these flowers, they 're *so* sweet ? "

His parents hurried up to him, with smiling looks, and, as they saw the verbenas and roses, they said, " Where *did* they come from, Birdie ? Did you plant them last night ? "

" No," said the child ; " I just watered the plants mamma moved, and there was n't a *singly* flower on 'em, and now my garden is full ; I guess the fairies must have *brang* 'em."

Birdie's grammar was apt to be forgotten when he was excited. His father smiled at this speech, and, laying his hand on the mother's shoulder, said, " Yes, a good fairy brought them for you, my boy ; here she is."

For a moment Birdie looked rather puzzled, but he soon understood it, and, seizing his mother's hand, he said : " O you dear, darling mamma ! You 're the *bestest* fairy in the whole world " ; — ending with showering kisses on her hand.

His mother bent over him fondly, and said : " I told you, my pet, that the fairy Love would help you if you were good and patient, and this is some of that fairy's work. When I saw you so patiently waiting for your plants to bloom, I determined to give you a pleasant surprise, and so papa and I went to the greenhouse last evening, and brought home these flowers for you." Then his mother explained to him that garden plants could not be moved when they were in bloom, because it was apt to injure the roots a little, and that made the flowers wither ; but greenhouse plants were raised in pots, and could be taken from place to place, and even planted out while in bloom. Then Birdie insisted on giving a flower to his mamma " to put in her hair," and, as she knew it would please him, she said he might do so. The little boy took one of the prettiest pink blossoms, and felt very happy as his mother thanked him, and placed it in her glossy hair. He said, " I'm going to be good all the days now, and never drive my kind fairies away " ; and with this good resolution we must leave him for the present, hoping that all our little friends will follow his example ; for when the fairies of Obedience and Patience are in the hearts of children, the fairy Love is never far distant.

Margaret T. Canby.



IN modern archery several sorts of shooting are practised. The clubs use targets, fixed from sixty to a hundred yards apart. These are round mats made of straw, covered with canvas, which is painted black and white in rings. The targets are elevated from the ground, and the archers shoot so many arrows from one to the other, and then from that end back again. The arrows of each shooter are marked.

It is not likely, however, that our readers will follow the ceremonious observances of the clubs. Their archery is likely to be more of the roaming, rough-and-ready kind, in which, during their wanderings over the fields and through the woods, they can shoot at any object which may present itself. This particular mode is called "roving." The name describes the sport well, and the rules are simple.

The distance of the object shot at, say a tree, may be from sixty to a hundred yards, and farther, if it is within the strength of the shooter. The first object is chosen by agreement, and if the shooting is of one party of boys against another, the captains of the sides agree upon object and distance. But the winner of the first shot has the right to choose the next target. Arrows lodged in the object are equal, for there being no "bull's-eye" (which is the round centre of a target), all that have hit the target itself are of the highest value. Arrows which do not hit the object are also counted, provided they are within five bows' length of it. The nearest is of the greatest value of those not in the mark itself. Those that are more than five bows' length from the object shot at are also equal, — that is equally bad.

Now suppose George, John, and William shoot at "roving" against Henry, Alfred, and Louis, — and George and Henry, as captains of the bands, have selected a tree at a hundred yards, as near as they can judge, — there is no need for measurement. George lets fly and hits the tree. Henry misses it, but his arrow pitches within two bows' length. John follows and comes within four bows' length. Alfred shoots within a bow's length. William claps into the tree, and now it is impossible for Henry's side to win; for though Louis may hit the tree, his side will only have one arrow in it to two of the other side's, and an arrow in the tree is better than any number out of it. But if William had missed, and Louis had hit the tree, Henry's side would have won. Each side would have had an arrow in the object, and the arrows of Henry and Alfred would have been best of those not in the tree.

Shooting at the "clout," is another convenient method for boys. The clout is a round piece of pasteboard, about a foot across. It is put into a split stick, the other end of which is stuck slantwise into the ground, so that the lower edge of the clout just touches it. The distance may be from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards, for it is to be nearly at the extent of range for the average shooters of the party. The score is the same as at rovers. An arrow in the clout will beat all out of it, but, my young friends, it will require some practice before you will put one into it at a hundred yards.

The next order of shooting is more for the display of strength than skill, as no object is aimed at, and the longest shot is the best. This is called flight shooting. It does nothing to perfect the aim of the shooter, but still it is very useful to beginners, because it makes them apt and ready with the bow, and increases the strength and steadiness of their arms. It demands a great deal of muscular power to draw an arrow well home, and much firmness of muscle and nerve to hold the bow steady with the left hand, and let go the arrow from the string, straight and sharp, with the right.

We must now consider the implements to be used. The bow is, of course, the first in order. Ingenious lads may make bows for themselves, but in the vicinity of the cities they can buy them much better finished at moderate rates. There is a shop in New York which I have often visited to examine implements for archery and other sports, where is kept a great variety of bows, from sizes adapted to children up to those six feet long and upwards, which none but strong men can bend and shoot with. The material of bows is various; yew, lancewood, hickory, and snakewood are all used, and we lately saw some bows from Japan which were made of two flat pieces of bamboo, glued upon a piece of white hard wood. These bows were very long and strong, and required corresponding power in the shooter. The bows made of yew are sometimes all of one piece, sometimes of two pieces glued together; lancewood and hickory together make a fine bow; snakewood makes a good, strong shooting bow, requiring power in the shooter. I shall describe the different sizes hereafter. The bow is tapered from the middle towards the ends, which are fitted with pieces of

horn, having notches cut in them to receive the string; hence the term horns of the bow. The back of the bow — the part from the string and the shooter — is flat. The belly, which is inside when the bow is bent, is rounded. Care must be taken, in bending the bow, to observe that the back is outwards, for if an attempt is made to bend it the reverse way, with the belly out, it is likely to break. The handle of the bow is so near the centre that, when it is grasped for shooting, an arrow in the centre of the string just rests upon the upper side of the hand (the thumb and forefinger) which grasps the handle of the bow. The handle itself is covered with velvet in bows manufactured for sale.

It is much better to buy bow-strings than to trust the strings not made for the purpose; the former are round and true, and are covered with a composition which protects them from the weather. The bow strings should be kept dry, if possible. At the battle of Cressy, the archers of the French army had suffered their bow-strings to be wet by a sudden shower; the English had kept their bows in their cases. When, at the orders of the kings and generals, they joined battle, the shooting of the English was vastly superior, partly because their bow-strings were dry. When from use the bow-string becomes soft, and the twist has come out of it to some extent, give it a few turns *the right way* by rolling it with the palm of one hand on the palm of the other, and rub it with beeswax.

A spare string should always be carried. At one end an eye is worked, and this is slipped into and out of the notch in the upper horn every time the bow is bent. At the other, the lower horn, there is a standing fastening, by means of what sailors call a timber-hitch. The eye is always over the bow, whether the latter be bent or unbent, so the bow-string is never at loose end, like a whip-lash, but only slack in the centre. The timber-hitch can hardly be described. It is the easiest thing in the world to make when once seen. That being fast, you are ready to bend the bow.

Take hold of it by the handle, with the back towards you. Put the lower horn on the ground against the middle of your right foot inside. Take the eye of the string with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand; put the heel of that hand upon the back of the upper arm of the bow. Press firmly down upon that upper arm with the heel of the left hand, while you draw the middle of the bow outwards with your right hand. Your right foot and left hand are now holding the arms of the bow one way, while your right hand is drawing the middle of the bow the other. As it bends, the string slackens, so that you can push it up with the thumb and forefinger until the eye drops into the notch, and the bow is bent. It is unbent by the same process, the eye being lifted out of the notch, and suffered to drop down towards the handle.

The arrows are round and straight, made of pine, with iron or brass points riveted in. Some are of the same size from end to end, while others are made tapering a little from the middle towards the ends. A piece of horn is fitted on to the but of the arrow, and in this there is a groove to receive the string. Near the but the arrows are armed or plumed with

three feathers, one on each side and one on the top. This latter is of dark color, and it must be upwards when the arrow is laid to the bow to shoot. The arrows of the old English archers and outlaws were mostly fitted with the wing feathers of the wild goose, and hence came the expression "gray goose shaft." A quiver for the arrows, and a pouch and belt, together with a leather brace and shooting glove, are also among the equipments of the modern archer of the clubs; but I think our young folks will manage to dispense with, or find suitable equivalents for, everything but the bow and arrows.

Now, in providing the bow, you must not be too ambitious as to size. Good shooting and strong shooting will much sooner be attained by practice with a bow well within the strength of the shooter. I have just seen a lot of bows of various sizes, recently imported; the capacity was indicated by weight in pounds, — not the weight of the bow, but of power to pull the arrow to the head. A little information as to sizes and prices I here give. The best snakewood bow for gentlemen is six feet six inches long, capacity from 40 to 60 pounds; the strings are Flemish; the price is \$8.00. These are *self* bows, made of one piece of wood. A *back* bow for gentlemen, which means snakewood, yew, lancewood, or hickory in a combination of two pieces, that is snakewood and hickory, or lancewood and hickory, or snakewood and lancewood, has a capacity of from 46 to 70 pounds, and costs from \$8.00 to \$9.00. We now come to bows suitable for ladies and boys. Best *back* bows, Flemish strings, four feet, four feet and a half, five feet, and five feet and a quarter, capacity from 24 to 40 pounds, are to be had from \$2.00 up to \$7.50. In this class the young folks will find what they want, if they can afford it. Passing on to the lancewood *self* bows, we find them for gentlemen six feet long, capacity from 56 to 65 pounds, price \$4.00. For ladies and boys, five feet long, capacity 24 to 36 pounds, price \$3.50. A five-foot bow is quite large enough for a very strong boy, and more than most youths can shoot with; the Indians on the plains use bows of less than five feet in length. As a general rule, the length of the bow ought to be about the height of the shooter.

Bows very suitable for young people, and very likely quite as good to shoot with, may be had at lower rates. Remember that ornament adds really nothing to the utility of the instrument. Fine lancewood bows, stained, polished, horn-tipped, and fitted with fine (but not Flemish) strings, cost as follows: six feet long, \$2.50; five feet long, \$2.00; four feet and a half long, \$1.50; *four feet long*, and this is a very useful article, \$1.12. You can even go lower, and get a lancewood bow, four feet long, for 30 cents. The Japanese bows, of great capacity, are \$4.00 each.

But in the country it will not be often convenient to reach a store where archery implements are kept, and so I will tell my country readers how a bow is best made. The simplest and rudest way of all is to cut a hickory pole, from three quarters of an inch to an inch in diameter, let it get dry just as hoop-poles do, and cut it the right length, leaving the rind on. Cut a notch at one end to receive the timber-hitch of the standing end of the

string, and one at the other end to catch and retain the loop when the bow is bent. Now here is a bow, rough to look at, but not altogether to be despised in regard to shooting. A great improvement is, however, within the reach of anybody who has the use of tools. Take a long split of hickory from the sap part of a young tree, such as ox-bows and axe-helves are made of. When it is seasoned, work it round on three sides, and flat on the other, which is to be the back of the bow. At the same time let it taper gradually from the middle to the ends, which may be rounded out so as to stand flaring outwards and upwards, when the bow is laid upon its belly. In the inside of these curved ends, that is, on the back of the bow, the notches for the string are to be cut.

In a bow five feet long the string will be about five inches from its belly when it is bent. The best Flemish bow-strings cost from 19 to 38 cents each. It must be remembered that all the prices mentioned in this article, being those of a large importing house, are in gold, or its equivalent in currency.

As to arrows, it is to be remarked that the old "cloth-yard shaft" of the Middle Ages is no longer in use. We suppose that modern archers find that arrows of twenty-eight inches in length are quite as long as they can draw to the head with good stiff bows. They range from that length to fifteen inches. When I was a boy, we used to make the shafts of our arrows of dry reeds, cut out of the pools in a neighboring marsh, and they used to shoot well enough. A broken brad-awl bound with a waxed-end into the split end of the reed was a formidable point, but the arrows were not feathered. The consequence was, that we lost many a one which would not have been lost if the feathers had been there to be seen in the grass or foliage. When we failed to find an arrow on a tolerably clear place, our habit was to go back, as nearly as we could judge, to the place we shot from, and let fly another at the same object. The flight of this, closely watched, often led to the discovery of the first.

It is now time to say something about shooting itself. Stand sideways to the mark, the legs well planted, and the feet rather wide apart than otherwise. Other methods are more easy and graceful, it is said; but none is so firm and steady, and without firmness and steadiness the shooting cannot be good. Therefore, plant yourselves flat-footed, feet apart. Get steadiness first, grace may come afterwards. Of all mistakes, one of the greatest is trying to teach the young to do things gracefully that they can't yet do at all. No boy taught to ride by a riding-master ever gets the ease and power and finished grace of him whose riding education is begun in the field under some old horseman. The reason is, that the master is trying to teach the boy to do certain things gracefully, which are not essential parts of the riding at all; while the experienced rider pays no attention to anything but the seat, the bend and *clip* of the knees and thighs, and the lightness yet strength of hand. When the rider knows these thoroughly, the rest is sure to come, for he feels power and ease, and is therefore naturally graceful.

But to return. Being well planted with the left shoulder forward, raise the

bow with the left hand, grasping it by the handle, and fit the arrow to the string. Extend the bow, held upright, until the left arm is straightened. Draw the arrow back in a line with the lower part of the ear, glance along it at the object, and let fly sharply. Finger-stalls — cots, perhaps you would call them — had best be worn on the right hand. Some draw the arrow back to the head, and then pause while taking aim, but this needs great strength and steadiness in the left arm. The attention is to be fixed upon the object shot at, not upon any other external thing.

Two calculations are necessary to a correct aim; one for the direct line of flight, the other for the proper elevation as to distance. Neither an arrow from a bow, nor a cannon-ball from a rifled gun, will go far in what is called point-blank range, — that is, a straight, flat flight is always a short one. To get the distance, a certain range upwards must be taken, by elevating the point of the arrow, or the muzzle of the gun, at the moment of discharge. This getting the right elevation is experimental, and at first a matter of some difficulty. During the late war you would often read that one party or the other retired, not because they were beaten, but because the gunners of the opposite artillery had “got the range,” — that is, the right elevation for the distance.

As to the line of the shot, in archery, a great deal depends upon the wind. If it is blowing sidewise, it must be allowed for; if endwise, much less elevation will be required by those who shoot with it than by those who shoot against it.

You are not to look at the arrow when aiming, but at the mark, and this is the great secret of good shooting with bow, shot-gun, or rifle, — especially with the first two. It seems to me that I never see anything but the bird when I bring down a quail or wild duck on the wing. If I glance along the barrel to the sight mechanically, and then pull, I am a “goner,” — and so is the bird shot at, for it is sure to be missed.

I think this covers all that need be said about archery, and so I leave this capital sport to be cultivated and enjoyed by my young country-people.

Charles F. Foster.





WINDEN-BOND, SC.

SUMMER MORNING

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Allegro Moderato.

1. Who can tell how the morning breaks, Who has seen how the daylight
 2. Who can tell how the day comes down O'er the moun - tains, bare and
 3. Who can tell how the day is born, Who has watched for the gleaming

Pia e Staccato.

wakes, Up on the si - lent hills? Up on the si - lent hills?
 brown, In - to the valleys green? In - to the valleys green?
 morn Out on the lone - ly seas? Out on the lone - ly seas?

p

Over their heads the mists are rolled, Stained with pur - ple, and cleft with gold;
 Out of the shadows cool and sweet, Birds go sing - ing, the morn to greet;
 Pearl and ruby and sapphire blue, Flood - ing the waves with a glo - ry new, Like a

Down from the cliffs of gran - ite cold, Slowly the sunshine thrills.
 Wood and mead - ow and spring - ing wheat Glisten with dew - y sheen.
 blos - som - ing gar - den of trop - ic hue Swayed by a summer breeze.

cres.

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS, & Amusing Things

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 9.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

My first and second make a pair
 We often see, — the brave and fair.
 My first is not, unless my second
 Is in the same connection reckoned.
 Without my first, my second lives,
 And in a home sweet comfort gives.

CROSS WORDS.

A living creature seen in June,
 When Nature's voice is best in tune.
 A man of whom we have been told
 His family was not controlled.
 That which we use in life's first cry
 And keep on using till we die.

That which we all must strive to be
 Where'er we go, on land or sea.

DUCHESS.

No. 10.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

The name of a celebrated English novelist.

CROSS WORDS.

A Spanish nobleman.
 A Mohammedan nymph of Paradise.
 A poison.
 An instrument of torture used by the Inquisition.
 A fabulous river.
 A hero of mythology, said to have founded the city of Elis.
 An Assyrian queen.

VIOLET.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 11.



CHARADES.

No. 12.

MY *whole* has been made with the warden,
And iron was given for gold ;
My *first* is raised from its socket,
The prison doors unfold.

No time to loiter or linger, —
Speed ! speed ! through the open gate
To the willow copse by the river,
Where the saddled horses wait.

Now whip and spur, bold riders,
For life and liberty now !
The price of freedom was heavy,
But my *second* is yours, I trow.

CARL.

No. 13.

WHEREVER English land
Meets with the pebbly shore,
My *first* lies on the strand,
Changing forevermore.

My *second*, as we 're told,
State secrets can hold fast ;
Yet sometimes to a keg of gold
Will yield them up at last.

Fond mother, anxious wife,
With agonizing soul,
The exile sick of life,
Have turned toward my *whole*.

X.

ENIGMAS.

No. 8.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 44, 20, 31, 28, 24, 2, 10, is a group of
islands in Asia.

My 3, 5, 21, 40, 9, 23, is a city in Asia.

My 4, 32, 42, 39, is a mountain in Europe.

My 16, 41, 2, 8, 13, 12, is a river in North
America.

My 43, 11, 20, 45, 1, is a sea in Europe.

My 37, 22, 14, 39, 6, is a lake in Africa.

My 17, 18, 27, 15, 31, 39, 7, is a cape pro-
jecting into the Pacific Ocean.

My 19, 33, 36, 26, 18, is a lake in California.

My 6, 28, 33, 34, 35, is a strait in Europe.

My 31, 30, 11, 29, 20, 44, is a mountain
in Germany.

My 38, 25, 30, is a river in India.

My *whole* is a verse in the book of Prov-
erbs.

F. L. FOSS.

No. 9.

FRENCH.

Je suis composé de 41 lettres.

Mon 3, 2, 19, 29, 1, 13, est une grain.

Mon 20, 36, 19, 37, est un petit homme.

Mon 38, 36, 6, 24, 5, 19, 7, est un habi-
tant de la Gaule.

Mon 31, 5, 15, 28, est un meuble.

Mon 8, 22, 27, 23, 19, 37, est une fête.

Mon 40, 16, 6, 4, est un nombre cardinal.

Mon 21, 28, 29, 39, est un savant.

Mon 34, 9, 24, 12, 28, 41, est un militaire.

Mon 35, 30, 14, 17, 28, 29, 25, est une
commission.

Mon 35, 28, 10, 11, 16, 28, 6, est une mante.

Mon 9, 18, 36, 38, 33, est une gage.

Mon 26, 36, 32, 5, 10, est un parloir.

Mon tout est un proverbe Française.

WHO ?

No. 10.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 44, 14, 24, 4, 20, is a spring month.

My 11, 29, 51, 1, 21, 8, 38, is a delicate
spring flower.

My 16, 32, 26, 28, 12, is an early spring bird.

My 53, 15, 27, 7, 12, 30, is a season.

My 5, 49, 52, 10, 23, 3, 45, 9, 17, 25, 35,
is a vegetable.

My 19, 37, 32, 50, 42, 33, 39, frequently
occur in spring.

My 47, 41, 30, 20, 43, is what some boys do.

My 44, 2, 33, 26, 18, 23, 39, is a boys'
spring game.

My 13, 11, 46, is a fraction of a year.

My 6, 17, 36, is very rare.

My 22, 5, 7, 31, 47, is a whiff.

My 15, 32, 48, 28, 34, 51, is what all our
young folks should be.

My *whole* is a familiar spring couplet.

C. F. W. C.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 12.



800 IVAM Show



S. EUGENE.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

No. 4

A man divided his property, amounting to \$2,000, among four persons.

The difference of the first and second persons' shares was equal to one half of the third person's share.

The sum of the first and third persons' shares is equal to the sum of the shares of the second and fourth persons, and that sum increased by \$200.

The difference of the shares of the first and fourth persons is equal to four times the share of the third person.

What is each person's share?

JULIE M. P.

P U Z Z L E S.

No. 9.

I am not a melancholy being, though I am often cast down. I have no feet, yet Camilla never moved as gracefully as I. I dwell mostly on the earth's surface, though men sometimes find me in caves; and if you will look carefully at the full moon, I will look down at you therefrom, though my eyes are blurred, and my nose and mouth are distorted. I am like Mrs. Prim's little girl, always seen, but never heard. You may strike me, stab me, shoot me, but I remain unhurt. I am a good racer, but I never did outrun a reindeer, neither did a reindeer ever outrun me, when on a race. I am a good flier; yet I never outflew a pigeon, nor did a pigeon ever outfly me, at trial. I have competed with kangaroos, kittens, and grasshoppers in jumping, but, strange to relate, none of us could ever succeed in beating. I am fond of staying under trees, umbrellas, and parasols. Sometimes you will see me running fast on the ground

as though I was frightened, being chased by a cloud a mile away from me. I am very ductile at sunrise and just before sunset, and am so plastic that you may make out of me a rabbit or a fox's head as quick as you can say the words. I am without doubt the best caricaturist in the world; but as it is quite dark now, I will bid you good night and go to bed, which place philosophers might hunt for forever, but they never would find it.

WILLY WISP.

No. 10.* — LATIN.

Make a correct sentence of these words, and translate it:—

O	quid	tuæ
be	est	biæ?
ra	ra	ra
es	et	in
ram	ram	ram
	i	i.

HARD NUT.

* We believe this puzzle is old, but it is so good that we give it our readers to try. — Eds.

A N S W E R S.

CHARADES.

10. Ram-pant. 11. Fox-glove.

PUZZLES.

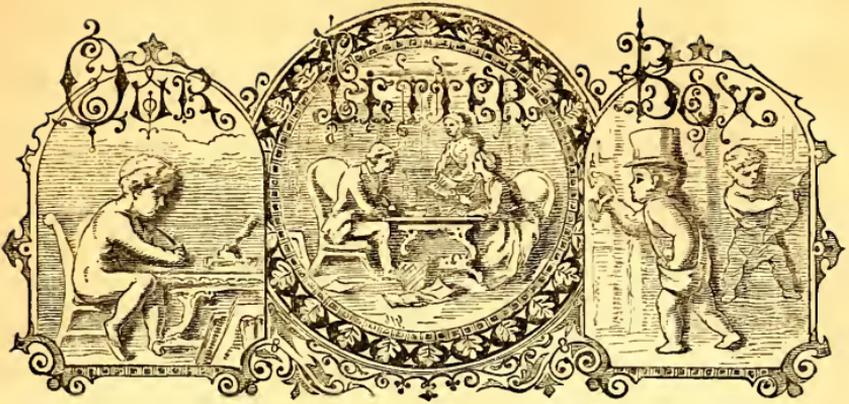
6. Time. 7. Madam, Ada, D.
8. Stone, tone, ton, on, O.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

10. In avoiding one error do not fall into another. [(In avoiding one error) D U (knot) (fall in 2) a (knot) (her).]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

8. SceptiC,
EviL,
MiragE,
IndigO,
RomP,
AlgebrA,
MaT,
IdolaterR,
SeA.



R. R. P. sends from Philadelphia this letter:—
 “I noticed, in reading the May number of ‘Our Young Folks,’ that Mr. Foster has made two great mistakes in his article on ‘Cricket and Base Ball.’ First, in saying, ‘the distance between the wickets is twenty-two feet.’ This ought to be twenty-two yards, and as there is some slight difference (as will no doubt be readily perceived), which might lead a great many young Americans away, who look to the ‘Young Folks’ as the standard, I thought I would call your attention to it.

“Now for the other. ‘When the ball is caught after having been hit by the bat, no run can be made, and the batsman is out. But though no run can be made, the other batsman may be put out if he leaves his ground, and cannot get back to it before the ball touches the wicket so as to remove a bail,’—which is, in fewer words, that two batsmen can be put out on the same ball, which is impossible, and directly against the rules of the game. And I think you, by noticing the mistakes in your ‘Letter Box,’ will confer a favor upon me, and raise Mr. Foster considerable in the eyes of Cricketers in general. Hoping not to appear dictatorial, I remain

“Yours respectfully.”

To this criticism Mr. Foster replies as follows, establishing his position completely:—

“FIRST. Twenty-two feet is an error; the distance between the wickets, for men, is twenty-two yards. For boys it should be less, so as to get pace and distance in the bowling.

“SECOND. There is no rule to prevent two batsmen from being put out for one ball, but there is a ruling by umpires to that effect, which is, in fact, contrary to the rules. For instance, if the ball is caught off the bat, the striker is out; if the non-striker leaves his ground, and a bail is knocked off by the ball, he is out. Now, if these provisions were interpreted according to their plain sense, both the batsmen might be put out for one ball, unless the ball became dead in the hands of the catcher. Let us see whether it does. Rules 26 and 44 say the ball shall be considered dead when finally settled in the bowler’s or wicket-keeper’s hands. There is not a word about its being dead in the hands of the scouts. Now, suppose the

striker is caught out, and, the other batsman having left his ground to run, the catcher throws at his wicket and knocks it down. Two distinct and independent things have been accomplished here, for each of which the rules prescribe that a man shall be out. It has been overridden by rulings, but not by rules. We used to play the game so when I was a boy, and I am convinced that, in order to encourage good fielding, it ought to be played so now. The players instinctively stump the other man, when the striker is caught out, if they can; and if the umpires were to hold that the ball had touched the ground before the catcher held it, the man stumped would be out. Now, why should he not be out when the ball is caught? He is stumped for an independent act of his own. When the bowling is slow, the non-striker very often leaves his ground before the ball is struck. Failing to get back to it before his bails are displaced, he ought to be out, unless there is a specific rule, providing that a ball caught shall be dead in the hands of the catcher, or that two batsmen shall not be put out for one ball. There is no such rule in the code, and it is a mere invention of umpires.”

H. W. Send subscribers for as many different post-offices as you please. The advertisements in the early numbers of the year show exactly what the premiums for subscribers are.

A. F. “Well drove” is not good English; you should say “well driven.” Your rebus was clever, — will you try again?

Nancy J. O. The singer’s name is Par’epa.

Empire State. “Appearance” has no *e* in the last syllable; the apostrophe in “don’t” does not follow the *d*; “puzzles” is not to be spelled “puz-zels.” Ought you not to be correct before you are critical?—The postage-stamp business is a peculiar one, and can only be well explained by an expert in it.—The person to whom you refer is not “very idle,” but very industrious; he saves all his odd minutes, and so has plenty of leisure for recreation when he wishes it.

Levi L., Fannie, Lilla W., Franklin M., Artie C., Emilie L., Louie F. E. Thank you, one and all.

The answer to Mary R. C. C.'s French puzzle is *Drôme*.

North Canaan says :—

"In our school there is a boy that is in the habit of putting oranges, candy, &c. in under our desks. At first we took them and thanked him; but then he bought us all tickets for an Old Folks' concert, and, after we had gone to hear it, we heard that he had *stolen* the money to buy them with. Now, *of course*, we do not want to take any more presents from him, but he *will* keep giving them to us; and we would like to have you tell us how we should refuse them, for he *appears* to be a very pleasant boy, and we are afraid we will hurt his feelings if we tell him what we have heard."

The safest course in regard to presents is, to refuse all which you do not *know* are rightly given, — that is, given by proper persons, who are able to afford such generosity. In any doubtful case, consult your teacher or your mother immediately. So far as this instance is concerned, you need not suspect your school-fellow of theft; you can simply decline to be placed under obligation by encouraging his offers, and if he is really a good boy, he will not force any attention upon you. — Pronounce "Hiawatha" as it is spelled, with the *i* long.

This Composition, which has come to us by chance from an exhibition of the Cotting School in Arlington, Mass., has something so pleasant about it that we think it entitled to a place here :—

"THE WHITE VIOLET.

"One day I saw something blue lying on the snow, and it made me wonder how blue violets with green leaves would look growing out of the snow. Then I thought white ones would be more likely to grow out of the snow. It always seemed to me that all violets were blue at first. I don't know why, unless it is because I never saw a white one till ever so long after I had seen blue ones. So I am about to write a story of a white violet.

"In green fields, far away, some blue violets grew on the verge of a brook which went rippling over the pebbles until it reached the great ocean.

The sun smiled through the pine boughs upon them. Even the sky was not so blue as the violets. Every breeze bore their fragrance far away, and they spent happy and peaceful lives.

"One night, when all the flowers were sleeping, the breeze, which had wandered about all day and had not yet gone to rest, whispered to one of the violets of a child who lay sick in a cottage across the brook, and begged it to go to her. The Violet promised to go. Next morning the Violet told to the other violets its purpose, and the brook, hearing, told it to all the other flowers that grew on its banks, and they all bowed their heads while the Sunflower prayed to God to take care of the Violet on its errand of love. The Violet went, and every morning and evening the sick child looked at it and smiled, while it filled the room with its fragrance. Every morning and evening too the flowers all prayed for the one that was away. So summer passed, and autumn came with its sharp winds, and still the Violet shed its fragrance in the room, though the deep blue was almost gone. One morning the child took the Violet and kissed it, and then fell asleep. Then the Violet knew that its work was done, and went back to its home by the brook. But the brook was still, and all the violets had died, and leaves covered them up. The green grass was faded like the flowers, and the Violet was all alone. The sharp winds swayed it to and fro, and bowed its head to the ground. But an angel looked down from heaven and smiled upon it, and in a day or two the snow fell, and washed it white like itself. The Violet lifted its head for a moment, and then died.

"Winter passed, spring came again. The birds sung and the brook flowed on as before. The blue violets bloomed on its verge just the same. But among them were some beautiful white ones, and they grew there summer after summer, and will always grow there. And although they have lost some of their fragrance, all love them as much as the blue ones, and perhaps would love them more, if they could know what I do about them.

"MAGGIE S."

The picture proverb in the July number is, "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." This month we offer you for trial the name of a famous play, although we are afraid that it is almost too easy for you. The design was sent us by Goak.





ENTERING THE ICE.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. E. CHURCH.]

[See *Cast Away in the Cold*, page 524.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

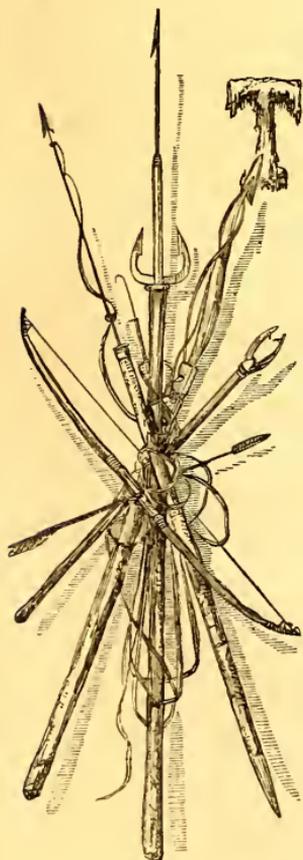
SEPTEMBER, 1867.

No. IX.

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

II.



THE two days which the "Ancient Mariner" and his young friends had passed together had so completely broken down all embarrassment between them, that the children felt as if they had known the old man all their lives. It was therefore, perhaps, not unnatural, that, when they went down next day, they should feel inclined to give the Captain a surprise. So they concerted a plan of sneaking quietly around the house that they might come upon him suddenly, for they saw him working in his garden, hoeing up the weeds.

"Now let's astonish him," said William.

"That's a jolly idea," said Fred, while Alice said nothing at all, but was as pleased as she could be.

The little party crawled noiselessly along the fence, through the open gate, and sprang upon the Captain with a yell, like a parcel of wild Indians; and sure enough they did surprise him, for he sprang round his hoe, as if preparing to defend himself against an attack of enemies.

"Heyday, my hearties!" exclaimed the Captain, when he saw who was there. "Ain't you ashamed of yourselves to scare the old man that way?"

And then he joined the laugh that the children raised at his own expense, and enjoyed it as much as they did.

"That 's a trick of William's, I 'll be bound," said he ; "but no matter, I 'll forgive you ; and I 'm right glad you 're come, too, for it 's precious hot, and I 'm tired hoeing up the weeds. There 's no wind, you see, to-day, or we might have a sail ; but come, let us get out of the sun, into the crow's nest."

"The crow's nest !" cried William. "What 's that ?"

"Why, the arbor, to be sure," said the Captain. "Don't you like the name ?"

"Of course I do," answered William. "It 's such a cunning name."

It was but a few steps to the arbor, and the happy party were only a few moments in reaching it. Once seated, the Captain was ready in an instant to pick up the thread where he had broken it short off when they had parted in the golden evening of the day before, and then to spin on the yarn.

"And now, my lively trickster and genius of the quill," said he to William, "how is it about writing down the story ? What does your father say ?"

"O," answered William, "I 've written down almost every word of what you said, and papa has examined it and says he likes it. There it is" ;—and he pulled a roll of paper from his pocket and handed it to the Captain.

The old man took it from William's hand, looking all the while much gratified ; and after pulling out a pair of curious-looking, old-fashioned spectacles from a curious-looking, old-fashioned red morocco case, which was much the worse for wear, he fixed them on his nose very carefully, and then, unfolding the sheets of paper, glanced carefully over them, growing more and more gratified as he went along.

"That 's good," said he ; "that 's shipshape, and as it ought to be. Why, lad, you 're a regular genius, and sure to turn out a second Scott, or Cooper, or some such writing chap."

"I am glad you like it, Captain Hardy," said William, pleased that he had pleased his friend.

"Like it !" exclaimed the Captain. "Like it !! that 's just *what* I do ; and now, since I 'm to be immortalized in this way, I 'll be more careful with my speech. And no bad spelling either," ran on the Captain, as he kept on turning back the leaves, "as there would have been if you had put it down just as I spoke it. But never mind that now ; take back the papers, lad, and keep them safe ; we 'll go on now, if we can only find where the yarn was broken yesterday. Do any of you remember ?"

"I do," said William, laughing. "You had just got out into the great ocean, and were frightened half to death."

"O yes, that 's it," went on the Captain,— "frightened half to death ; that 's sure enough, and no mistake ; and so would you have been, my lad, if you had been in my place. But I don't think I 'll tell you anything more about my miserable life on board that ship. Had n't we better skip that ?"

"O no, no !" cried the children all together, "don't skip anything."

"Well, then," said the obliging Captain, glad enough to see how much

his young friends were interested, "if you *will* know what sort of a miserable time young sailors have of it, I'll tell you; and let me tell you, too, there's many a one of them has just as bad a time as I had. In the first place, you see, they gave me such wretched food to eat, all out of a rusty old tin plate, and I was all the time so sick from the motion of the vessel as we went tossing up and down on the rough sea, and from the tobacco-smoke of the fore-castle and all the other bad smells, that I could hardly eat a mouthful, so that I was half ready to die of starvation; and, as if this was not misery enough, the sailors were all the time, when in the fore-castle, quarrelling like so many cats and dogs, or wild beasts in a cage; and as two of them had pistols, and all of them had knives, I was every minute in dread lest they should take it into their heads to murder each other, and kill me by mistake. So, I can tell you, being a young sailor is n't what it's cracked up to be."

"O, was n't it dreadful!" said Alice, "to be sick all the time among those wicked people, and nobody there to take care of you."

"Well, I was n't so sick, may be, after all," answered the Captain, smiling, — "only sea-sick, you know; and then, for the credit of the ship, I'll say that, if you had nice plum-pudding every day for dinner, you would think it horrid stuff if you were sea-sick."

"But don't people die when they are sea-sick?" inquired Alice.

"Not often, child," answered the Captain, playfully; "but they feel all the time as if they were going to, and when they don't feel that way, they feel as if they'd like to. However, I was miserable enough in more ways than one; for to these troubles was added a great distress of mind, caused by the sport the sailors made of me, and also by remorse of conscience because I had run away from home, and thus got myself into this great scrape. Then, to make the matter worse, — as if it was not bad enough already, — a violent storm set upon us in the dark night. You could never imagine how the ship rolled about over the mountainous waves. Sometimes the waves swept clear over the ship, as if threatening our lives, and all the time the creaking of the masts, the roaring of the wind through the rigging, and the dashing of the seas, filled my ears with such awful sounds that I was in the greatest terror, and I thought that every moment would certainly be my last. Then, as if still further to add to my terror, one of the sailors told me, right in the midst of the storm, that we were bound for the Northern seas to catch whales and seals. So now, what little scrap of courage I had left took instant flight, and I fell at once to praying (which I am ashamed to say I had never in my life done before), fully satisfied as I was that, if this course did not save me, nothing would. In truth, I believe I should actually have died of fright had not the storm come soon to an end; and indeed it was many days before I got over thinking that I should, in one way or another, have a speedy passage into the next world, and therefore I did not much concern myself with where we were going in this. Hence I grew to be very unpopular with the sailors, and learned next to nothing. I was always in somebody's way, was always getting hold of the wrong rope, was in fact all the time doing mischief rather than good. In truth, I was set down as a hopeless idiot, and was con-

sidered proper game for everybody. The sailors tormented me in every possible way. One day (knowing how green I was) they set to talking about fixing up a table in the fore-castle, and one of them said, 'What a fine thing it would be if the mate (who turned out to be the red-faced man I had met in the street, and who took me to the shipping-office) would only let us have the keelson.' So this being agreed to in a very serious manner (which I had n't wit enough to see was all put on), I was sent to carry their petition. Seeing the mate on the quarter-deck, I approached, and in a very respectful manner thus addressed him: 'If you please, sir, I come to ask if you will let us have the keelson for a table?' Whereupon the mate turned fiercely upon me, and, to my great astonishment, roared out at the very top of his voice, 'What! what's that you say? say that again, will you?' So I repeated the question as he had told me to, — feeling all the while as if I should like the deck to open and swallow me up. I had scarcely finished before I perceived that the mate was growing more and more angry; if, indeed, anything could possibly exceed the passion he was in already. His face was many shades redder than it was before, — and, indeed, it was so very red that it looked as if it might shine in the dark; his hat fell off, when he turned round, as it seemed to me, in consequence of his stiff red hair rising up on end, and he raised his voice so loud that it sounded more like the angry howl of a wild beast than anything I could compare it to. 'You lubber!' he shouted. 'You villain!' he shrieked; 'you, you!' — and here it seemed as if he was choking with hard words which he could n't get rid of, — 'you come here to play tricks on me! You try to fool me! I'll teach you!' — and seizing hold of the first thing he could lay his hands on (I did not stop to see what it was, but wheeled about greatly terrified), he let fly at me with such violence that I am sure I must have been finished off for certain had I not quickly dodged my head. When I returned to the fore-castle, the sailors had a great laugh at me, and they called me ever afterwards 'Jack Keelson.' The keelson, you must know, is a great mass of wood down in the very bottom of the ship, running the whole length of it; but how should I have learned that? One day I was told to go and 'grease the saddle.' Not knowing that this was a block of wood spiked to the mainmast to support the main boom, and thinking this a trick too, I refused to go, and came again near getting my head broken by the red-faced mate. I did not believe there was anything like a 'saddle' in the ship. And thus the sailors continued to worry me. Once when I was very weak with sea-sickness and wanted to keep down a dinner which I had just eaten, they insisted upon it that, if I would only put into my mouth a piece of fat pork, and keep it there, my dinner would stay in its place. The sailors were right enough, for as soon as my dinner began to start up, of course away went the fat pork out ahead of it.

"But by and by I came to my senses, and, upon discovering that the bad usage I received was in some measure my own fault, I stopped lamenting over my unhappy condition, and began to show more spirit. Would you believe it? I had actually been in the vessel five days before I had curiosity enough to inquire her name. They told me that it was called the 'Black-

bird'; but what ever possessed anybody to give it such a ridiculous and inappropriate name I never could imagine. If they had called it Black Duck, or Black Diver, there would have been some sense in it, for the ship was driving head foremost into the water pretty much all the time. But I found out that the vessel was not exactly a ship after all, but a sort of half schooner, half brig,— what they call a brigantine, having two masts, a main-mast and a foremast. On the former there was a sail running fore and aft, just like the sail of the little yacht 'Alice,' and on the latter there was a foretop-sail and a foretop-gallant-sail, all of course square sails, that is, running across the vessel, and fastened to what are called yards. The vessel was painted jet-black on the outside, but inside the bulwarks the color was a dirty sort of green. Such, as nearly as I can remember, was the brigantine Blackbird, three hundred and forty-two tons register. Brigantine is, however, too large a word; so when we pay the Blackbird the compliment of alluding to her, we will call her a ship.

"Having picked up the name of the ship, I was tempted to pursue my inquiries further, and it was not long before I had possessed myself of quite a respectable stock of seaman's knowledge, and hence I grew in favor. I learned to distinguish between a 'halyard,' which is a rope for pulling the yards up and letting them down, from a 'brace,' which is used to pull them around so as to 'trim the sails,' and a 'sheet,' which is a rope for keeping the sails in their proper places. I found out by a diligent inquiry and exercise of the memory, that what I called a floor the sailors called a 'deck'; a kitchen they called a 'galley'; a pot, a 'copper'; a pulley was a 'block'; a post, a 'stanchion'; to fall down was to 'heel over'; to climb up was to 'go aloft'; and to walk straight, and keep one's balance when the ship was pitching over the waves, was to 'get your sea legs on.' I found out, too, that everything behind you was 'abaft,' and everything ahead was 'forwards'; that a large rope was a 'hawser,' and that every other rope was a 'line'; to make anything temporarily secure was to 'belay' it; to make one thing fast to another was to 'head it on'; and when two things were close together, they were 'chock-a-block.' I learned, also, that the right-hand side of the vessel was the 'starboard' side, while the left-hand side was the 'port' or 'larboard' side; that the lever which moves the rudder that steers the ship was called the 'helm,' and that to steer the ship was to take 'a trick at the wheel'; that to 'put the helm up' was to turn it in the direction from which the wind was coming (windward), and to 'put the helm down' was to turn it in the direction the wind was going (leeward). I found out still further, that a ship has a 'waist,' like a woman, a 'forefoot,' like a beast, besides 'bull's eyes' (which are small holes with glass in them to admit light), and 'cat-heads,' and 'monkey-rails,' and 'cross-trees,' as well as 'saddles' and 'bridles' and 'harness,' and many other things which I thought I should never hear anything more of after I left the farm. I might go on and tell you a great many more things that I learned, but I should only tire your patience without doing any good. I only want to show you how John Hardy received the rudiments of his marine education.

“When it was discovered how much I had improved, they proposed immediately to turn it to their own account; for I was at once sent to take ‘a trick’ at the wheel, from which I came away, after two hours’ hard work, with my hands dreadfully blistered, and my legs bruised, and with the recollection of much abusive language from the red-faced mate, who could never see anything right in what I did. I gave him, however, some good reason this time to abuse me, and I was glad of it afterwards, though I was badly enough scared at the time. I steered the ship so badly that a wave which I ought to have avoided by a dexterous turn of the wheel, came breaking in right over the quarter-deck, wetting the mate from head to foot. He thought I did it on purpose, (which you may be sure I did not do,) and once more his face increased its redness, and his mind invented hard words faster than his tongue would let them out of his ugly throat.

“I tell you all this that you may have some idea of what a ship is, and how sailors live, and what they have to do. You can easily see that they have no easy time of it, and, let me tell you, there isn’t a bit of romance about it, except the stories that are cut out of whole cloth to make books and songs of. However, I never could have much sympathy for my shipmates in the ‘Blackbird,’ for if they did treat me a little better when they found that I could do something, especially when I could take ‘a trick at the wheel,’ I still continued to look upon them as little better than a set of pirates, and I felt satisfied that, if they were not born to be hanged, they would certainly drown.”

“I don’t think I’ll be a sailor,” said Fred.

“Nor I either,” said William. “But, Captain,” continued the cunning fellow, “if a sailor’s life is so miserable, what do you go to sea so much for?”

“Well, now, my lad,” replied the Captain, evidently at first a little puzzled, “that’s a question that would require more time to explain than we have to devote to it to-day. Besides,” (he was fully recovered now,) “you know that going to sea in the cabin is as different from going to sea in the forecabin as daylight is from darkness. But never mind that, I must get on with my story, or it will never come to an end. I’ve hardly begun it yet.

“Now you must understand that, while all I have been telling you was going on, we were approaching the Arctic regions, and were getting into the sea where ice was to be expected. A man was accordingly kept aloft all the time to look out for it; for you will remember that we were going after seals, and it is on the ice that the seals are found. The weather was now very cold, it being the month of April.

“At length the man aloft cried out that he had discovered ice. ‘Where away?’ shouted the mate. ‘Off the larboard bow,’ was the answer. So the course of the ship was changed, and we bore right down upon the ice, and very soon it was in sight from the deck, and gradually became more and more distinct. It was a very imposing sight. The sea was covered all over with it, as far as the eye could reach, — a great plain of whiteness, against the edge of which the waves were breaking and sending the spray flying high in the air, and sending to our ears that same dull, heavy roar which the breakers make when beating on the land.

“As we neared this novel scene, I observed that it consisted mostly of perfectly flat masses of ice, of various sizes (called by the sealers ‘floe’); some were miles in extent, and others only a few feet. The surface of these ice floes or fields rose only about a foot or so above the surface of the water. Between them there were in many places very broad openings, and when I went aloft and looked down upon the scene, the ice-fields appeared like a great collection of large and small flat, white islands, dotted about in the midst of the ocean. Through these openings between the ice-fields the ship was immediately steered, and we were soon surrounded by ice on every side. To the south, whence we had come, there was in an hour apparently just as much ice as before us to the north, or to the right and left of us, — a vast immeasurable waste of ice it was, looking dreary enough, I can assure you.

“I have said that the pieces of ice now about us were called ‘floe,’ or ice-fields; the whole together was called ‘the pack.’ We were now in perfectly smooth water, for you will easily understand that the ice soon breaks the swell of the sea. But the crew of the ship did not give themselves much concern about the ice itself; for it was soon discovered that the floes were covered in many places with seals, lying in great numbers on them near their margins.

“Now you must understand that seals are not fish, but are air-breathing, warm-blooded animals, like horses and cows, and therefore they must always have their heads, or at least their noses, out of water when they breathe. When the weather is cold, they remain in the water all the time, merely putting up their noses now and then (for they can remain a long time under water without breathing) to sniff a little fresh air, and then going quickly down again. In the warm weather, however, they come up bodily out of the sea, and bask and go to sleep in the sun, either on the land or on the ice. Many thousands of them are often seen together.

“As we came farther and farther into the pack, the seals on the ice were observed to be more and more numerous. The greater number of them appeared to be sound asleep; some of them were wriggling about, or rolling themselves over and over, while none of them seemed to have the least idea that we had come all the way from New Bedford to rob them of their sleek coats and their nice fat blubber.

“We were now fairly into our ‘harvest-field,’ and when a suitable place was discovered the ship was brought up into the wind, that is, the helm was so turned as to bring the ship’s head towards the wind, when of course the sails got ‘aback,’ and the ship stopped. Then a boat was lowered and a crew, of which I was one, got into it, with the end of a very long rope, and pulled away towards the edge of a large ice-field, pulling out the rope after us, of course, from the coil on shipboard. As we approached the ice the seals near by all became frightened, and floundered into the sea as quickly as they could, with a tremendous splash. In a few minutes they all came up again, putting their cunning-looking heads up out of the water, all around the boat, no doubt as curious to see what these singular-looking beings were that had come amongst them, as the Indians were about Columbus. and his Spaniards, when they first came to America.

“As soon as we had reached the ice, we sprang out of the boat on to it, and, after digging a hole into it with a long, sharp bar of iron, called an ice-chisel, we put into it one end of a large, heavy crooked hook, called an ice-anchor, and then to a ring in the other end of this ice-anchor we made fast the end of the rope that we had brought with us. This done, we signalled to the people on board to ‘haul in,’ which they did on their end of the rope, and in a little while the ship was drawn close up to the ice. Then another rope was run out over the stern of the ship, and, this being made fast to an ice-anchor in the same way as the other, the ship was soon drawn up with her whole broadside close to the ice, as snug as if she were lying alongside of a dock in New Bedford.

“And now began the seal-hunt. It would not interest you to hear all about the preparations we made, first to catch the seals, and then to preserve the skins and try out the oil from the blubber, and put it away in barrels. For this latter duty some of the crew were selected, while others were sent off to kill and bring in the seals. These latter were chosen with a view to their activity, and I, being supposed to be of that sort, was one of the party. I was glad enough, I can assure you, to get off the vessel for once on to something firm and solid, even if it was only ice, and at least for a little while to have done with rocking and rolling about over the waves.

“Each one of the seal-catchers was armed with a short club for killing the seals, and a rope to drag them over the ice to the ship. We scattered in every direction, our object being each by himself to approach a group of seals, and, coming upon them as noiselessly as possible, to kill as many of them as we could before they should all take fright and rush into the sea. In order to do this we were obliged to steal up between the seals and the water as far as possible.

“My first essay at this novel sport, or rather business, was ridiculous enough, and, besides nearly causing my death, overwhelmed me with mortification. It happened thus. I made at a large herd of seals, nearly all of which were lying some distance from the edge of the ice, and before they could get into the water I had managed to intercept about a dozen of them. Thus far I thought myself very lucky ; but, as the poet Burns says,

‘The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a-geley,
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy,’ —

so it fell out with me. The seals of course all rushed towards the water as fast as they could go, the moment they saw me coming. But I got up with them in time, and struck one on the nose, killing it, and was in the act of striking another, when a huge fellow that was big enough to have been the father of the whole flock, too badly frightened to mind where he was going, ran his head between my legs, and, whipping up my heels in an instant, landed me on his back, in which absurd position I was carried into the sea before I could recover myself. Of course I sunk immediately, and dreadfully cold was the water ; but, rising to the surface in a moment, I was

preparing to make a vigorous effort to swim back to the ice, when another badly frightened and ill-mannered seal, as I am sure you will all think, plunged into the sea without once looking to see what he was doing, and hit me with the point of his nose fairly in the stomach.

“I thought now for certain that my misfortunes were all over, and that my end was surely come. However, I got my head above the surface once more, and did my best to keep it there ; but my hopes vanished when I perceived that I was at least twenty feet from the edge of the ice. It was as much as I could do to keep my head above water, without swimming forward, so much embarrassed was I by my heavy clothing, the great cold, and the terrible pains, (worse than those of colic), caused by the seal hitting me in



the stomach. I am quite certain that this would have been the last of John Hardy's adventures, had not one of my companions, seeing me going overboard on the back of the seal, rushed to my rescue. He threw me his line for dragging seals (the end of which I had barely strength to catch and hold on to), and then he drew me out as one would haul up a large fish.

“I came from the sea in a most sorry condition, as you can well imagine. My mouth was full of salt water. I was so prostrated with the cold that I could scarcely stand, and my pains were so great that I should certainly have screamed had I not been so full of water that I could not utter a single word. But I managed, after a while, to get all the water spit out, and then, after drawing into my lungs a few good long breaths of air, I felt greatly refreshed. I could still, however, hardly stand, and was shivering with the cold. But I found there was strength enough left in me to enable me to stagger back to the ship, where I was greeted in a manner far from gratify-

ing. The sailors looked upon my adventure as a great joke, never once seeming to think how near I was to death's door, and the mate simply cried out, 'Overboard, eh? Pity the sharks did n't catch him!' It was clear enough that this red-faced and unpitying tyrant would show me no mercy; and when, pale and cold and panting for breath, I asked him for leave to go below for a while, he cried out, 'Yes, for just five minutes. Be lively, or I'll warm your back for you with a rope's end.'

"The prospect of a 'back warming' of this description had the effect to make me lively, sure enough, although I was shivering as if I would shake all my teeth out, and tumble all my bones down into a heap. As soon as I reached the deck, the mate cried out again for me to 'be lively,' and when he set after me with an uplifted rope's end, his face glaring at me all the while like a red-hot furnace, you may be sure I was quite as lively as it was possible for me to be, and was over the ship's side in next to no time at all, and off after seals again. After a while I got warmed up with exercise, and this time, being more cautious, I met with no other similar misadventure, and soon came in dragging three seals after me. The mate now complimented me by exclaiming, 'Why, look at the lubber!'

"We continued at this seal-hunting for a good many days, during which we shifted our position frequently, and made what the sealers called a good 'catch.' But still the barrels in the hold of the ship were not much more than half of them filled with oil, when a great storm set in, and, the ice threatening to close in upon us, we were forced to get everything aboard, cast loose from the ice-field, and work our way south into clear water again, which we were fortunate enough to do without accident. But some other vessels which had come up while we were fishing, and were very near to us, were not so lucky. Two of them were caught by the ice-fields before they could effect their escape from the pack, and were crushed all to pieces. The crews, however, saved themselves by jumping out on the ice, and were all successful in reaching other vessels, having managed to save their boats before their ships actually went down. It was a very fearful sight, the crushing up of these vessels, — as if they were nothing more than egg-shells in the hand.

"This storm lasted, with occasional interruptions, thirteen days, but the breaks in it were of such short duration that we had little opportunity to 'fish' (as seal-catching is called) any more. We approached the ice repeatedly, only to be driven off again before we had fairly succeeded in getting under way again with our work, and hence we caught very few seals.

"By the time the storm was over the season for seal-fishing was nearly over too; so we had no alternative, if we would get a good cargo of oil, but to go in search of whales, which would take us still farther north, and into much heavier ice, and therefore, necessarily, into even greater danger than we had hitherto encountered. Accordingly, the course of the vessel was changed, and I found that we were steering almost due north, avoiding the ice as much as possible, but passing a great deal of it every day. The wind being mostly fair, and the ice not thick enough at any time to obstruct our passage, we hauled in our latitude very fast."

“Excuse me, Captain Hardy,” here interrupted William, “what is hauling in latitude?”

“That ’s for going farther north,” answered the Captain. “Latitude is distance from the equator, either north or south, and what a sailor makes in northing or southing he calls ‘hauling in his latitude,’ just as making easting or westing is ‘hauling in his longitude.’”

“Thank you, Captain,” said William, politely, when he had finished.

“Is it all clear now?” inquired the Captain.

“Yes,” said William, “clear as mud.”

“Clear as mud, eh! Well, that is n’t as clear as the pea-soup was they used to give us on board the *Blackbird*, for that was so clear that, if the ocean had been made of it, you might have seen through it all the way down to the bottom; indeed, one of the old sailors said that it was n’t soup at all. ‘If dat is soup,’ growled he, ‘den I ’s sailed forty tousand mile trough soup,’—which is the number of miles he was supposed to have sailed in his various voyages.

“But no matter for the soup. The days wore on none the less that the soup was thin, and still we kept going on and on,—getting farther and farther north, and into more and more ice. Sometimes our course was much interrupted, and we had to wait several days for the ice to open; then we would get under way again, and push on. At length it seemed to me that we must be very near the North Pole. It was a strange world we had come into. The sun was shining all the time. There was no night at all,—broad daylight constantly. This, of course, favored us; indeed, had there been any darkness, we could not have worked among the ice at all. As it was, we were obliged to be very cautious, for the ice often closed upon us without giving us a chance to escape, obliging us to get out great long saws, and saw out and float away great blocks of the ice, until we had made a dock for the ship, where she could ride with safety. We had many narrow escapes from the fate which had befallen the poor sealers.

“At first, when we concluded to go after whales, there were several vessels in company with us. At one time I counted nine, all in sight at one time; but we had become separated in thick weather, and whether they had gone ahead of us, or had fallen behind, we could not tell. However, we kept on and on and on; where we were, or where we were going, I, of course, had not the least idea; but I became aware, from day to day, that greater dangers were threatening us, for icebergs came in great numbers to add their terrors to those which we had already in the ice-fields. They became at length (and suddenly too) very numerous, and not being able to go around them on account of the field-ice, which was on either side, we entered right amongst them. The atmosphere was somewhat foggy at the time, and it seemed as if the icebergs chilled the very air we breathed. I fairly shuddered as we passed the first opening. The bergs were at least three times as high as our masts, and very likely more than that, and they appeared to cover the sea in every direction. It seemed to me that we were going to certain destruction, and indeed I thought I read a warning written as it were

on the bergs themselves. Upon the corner of an iceberg to the left of us there stood a white figure, as plain as anything could possibly be. One hand of this strange, weird-looking figure was resting on the ice beside it, while the other was pointing partly upwards towards heaven, and backwards toward the south whence we had come. I thought I saw the figure move, and, much excited, I called the attention of one of the sailors to it. 'Why, you fool,' said he, 'don't you know that the sun melts the ice into all sorts of shapes. Look out hard, if there is n't a man's face?' I looked up as the sailor had directed me, and, sure enough, there was a man's face plainly to be seen in the lines of an immense tongue of ice which was projecting from the side of a berg on the right, and under which we were about to pass.

"I became now really terrified. In addition to these strange spectral objects, the air was filled with loud reports, and deep, rumbling noises, caused by the icebergs breaking to pieces, or masses splitting off from their sides and falling into the sea. These noises came at first from the icebergs in front of us; but when we had got fairly into the wilderness of bergs which covered the sea, they came from every side. It struck me that we had passed deliberately into the very jaws of death, and that from the frightful situation there was no escape.

"I merely mention this as the feeling which oppressed me, and which I could not shake off. Indeed, the feeling grew upon me rather than decreased. The fog came on very thick, settling over us as if it were our funeral shroud. The noises were multiplying, and we could no longer tell whence they came, so thick was the air. We were groping about like a traveller who has lost his way in a vast forest, and has been overtaken by the dark night.

"It seemed to me now that our doom was sealed, — that all our hope was left behind us when we passed the opening to this vast wilderness of icebergs; and the more I thought of it, the more it seemed to me that the figure standing on the corner of the iceberg where we entered, whether it was ice or whatever it was, had been put there as a warning. How far my fears were right you shall see presently.

"The fog, as I have said, kept on thickening more and more, until we could scarcely see anything at all. I have never, I think, seen so thick a fog, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the ship was kept from striking the icebergs. Then, after a while, the wind fell away steadily, and finally grew entirely calm. The current was moving us about upon the dead waters; and in order to prevent this current from setting us against the bergs, we had to lower the boats, and, making lines fast to the ship and to the boats, pull away with our oars to keep headway on the ship, that she might be steered clear of the dangerous places. Thus was made a slow progress, but it was very hard work. At length the second mate, who was steering the foremost boat, which I was in, cried out, 'Fast in ahead.' Now 'fast in' is a belt of ice which is attached firmly to the land, not yet having been broken up or dissolved by the warmth of the summer. This announcement created great joy to everybody in the boats, as we all supposed that we would be

ordered to make a line fast to it, that we might hold on there until the fog cleared up and the wind came again. But instead of this we were ordered by the mate to pull away from it. And then, after having got the vessel, as was supposed, into a good, clear, open space of water, — at least, there was not a particle of ice in sight, — we were all ordered, very imprudently, as it appeared to every one of us, to come on board to breakfast.

“We had just finished our breakfast, and were preparing to go on deck, and then into the boats again, when there was a loud cry raised on deck. ‘Ice close ahead! Hurry up! Man the boats!’ were the orders which caught my ear among a great many other confusing sounds; and when I got on deck, I saw, standing away up in the fog, its top completely obscured in the thick cloud, an enormous iceberg. The side nearest to us hung over from a perpendicular, as the projecting tongue on which I had before seen the man’s face. It was very evident that we were slowly drifting upon this frightful object, and directly under this overhanging tongue. It was a fearful sight to behold, for it looked as if it was just ready to crumble to pieces; and, indeed, at every instant small fragments were breaking off from it, with loud reports, and falling into the sea.

“We were but a moment getting into the boats. The boat which I was in had something the start of the other two. Just as we were pulling away, the master of the ship came on deck, and ordered us to do what, had the mate done it an hour before, would have made it impossible that this danger should have come upon us. ‘Carry your line out to the fast ice,’ was the order we received from the master, and every one of us, realizing the great danger, pulled the strongest oar he could. The ‘fast ice’ was dimly in sight when we started, for we had drifted while at breakfast towards it, as well as towards the berg. Only a few minutes were needed to reach it. We jumped out and dug the hole and planted the anchor. The ship was out of sight, buried in the fog. A faint voice came from the ship. It was, ‘Hurry up! we have struck.’ They evidently could not see us. The line was fastened to the anchor in an instant, and the second mate shouted, ‘Haul in! haul in!’ There was no answer but ‘Hurry up! hurry up! we have struck.’ ‘Haul in! haul in!’ shouted the second mate, but still there was no answer. ‘They can’t hear nor see,’ said he hurriedly; and then, turning to me, said, ‘Hardy, you watch the anchor that it don’t give way. Boys, jump in the boat, and we’ll go nearer the ship so they can hear.’ The boat was gone quickly into the fog, and I was then alone on the ice by the anchor, — how much and truly alone, you shall hear.

“Quick as the lightning flash, sudden as the change of one second to another, there broke upon me a sound that will never, never leave my ears. It was as if a volcano had burst forth, or an earthquake had instantly tumbled a whole city into ruins. A fearful shock, as of a sudden explosion, filled the air. I saw faintly through the thick mists the masts of the ship reeling over, and I saw no more; — vessel and iceberg and the disappearing boat were mingled as in a chaos. The whole side of the berg nearest the vessel had split off, hurling thousands and hundreds of thousands of tons of ice, and

thousands of fragments, crashing down upon the doomed ship. Escape the vessel could not, nor her crew, the shock came so suddenly. The spray thrown up into the air completely hid everything from view; but the noise which came from out the gloom told the tale.

"Presently there was a loud rush. Great waves, set in motion by the crumbling icebergs with white crests that were frightful to look upon, came tearing out of the obscurity, and, perceiving the danger of my situation, I ran, from it as fast as I could run. And I was just in time; for the waves broke up the ice where I had been standing into a hundred fragments, and, crack after crack opening close behind me, I fled as before a devouring fiend.

"I had not, however, far to run before I had reached a place of safety, for the force of the waves was soon spent. And when I saw what had happened, I fell down flat upon the ice, crying, 'Saved, but for what? to freeze or starve! O that I had perished with the rest of them!'

"So now you see that I was really and truly cast away in the cold. In almost a single instant the ship which had borne me through what had seemed great perils was, so far as appeared to me, swallowed up in the sea, — crushed and broken into fragments by the falling ice; and every one of my companions was swallowed up with it. And there I was on an ice-raft, in the middle of the Arctic Sea, without food or shelter, wrapped in a great black, impenetrable fog, with a lingering death staring me in the face."

The Captain paused as if to take breath, for he had been talking very fast, and had grown somewhat excited as he recalled this terrible scene. The eyes of the children were riveted upon him, so deeply were they interested in the tale of the shipwreck; and it was some time before any one spoke.

"Well!" exclaimed William at last, "that was being cast away in the cold for certain, Captain Hardy. I had no idea it was so frightful."

"Nor I," said Fred, evidently doubting if Captain Hardy was really the shipwrecked boy; but Alice said not a word, for she was lost in wonder.

"I should not have believed it was you, Captain Hardy," continued William, "if you had not been telling the story yourself, this very minute; for I cannot see how you should ever have got out of that scrape with your life. It's ever so much worse than going into the sea on the seal's back."

The Captain smiled at these observations of the boys, and said: "It was a pretty hard scrape to get into, and no mistake; but through the mercy of Providence I got out of it in the end, as you see, otherwise I should n't have been here to tell the tale; but how I saved myself, and what became of the ship and the rest of the crew, you shall hear to-morrow, for it is now too late to begin the story. The evening is coming on, and your parents will be looking for you home; so good by, my dears. To-morrow you must come down earlier, — the earlier the better, and if there's any wind we'll have a sail." And now the children once more took leave of the Ancient Mariner, with hearts filled with thanks, which they could never get done speaking, and with heads filled with astonishment that the Captain should be alive to tell the tale which they had heard.

Isaac I. Hayes.



BLUNDER.

BLUNDER was going to the Wishing-Gate, to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies, and a little coach, like Tom Thumb's. And of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is, to find it; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate, with a tall marble pillar on each side, and a sign over the top, like this: WISHING-GATE, — but just an old stile, made of three sticks. Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly, — the way it looks, I mean, — a worm-eaten stile, in a meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules and regulations. She could only direct him to follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met; and over and over she charged him, for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything, "Be sure you don't miss him, — be sure you don't pass him by." And so far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was

straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood, or turn to the right? There was an owl nodding in a tall oak-tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that this was a great philosopher, who sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight, under his nose; and he could think of nothing better to say to this great philosopher than "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Eh! what's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a mile-stone! Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" — and, ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went, and "what was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all?" While he hesitated, a chipmunk came skurrying down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk, politely. "What with getting in nuts, and the care of a young family, I have so little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! who, I have no doubt, can tell you all about it. You will know him, for he does nothing but grumble about the good old times when a brook would have dried up before it would have turned a mill-wheel."

So Blunder went on up the brook, and, seeing nothing of the water-sprite, or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is, — I can't find it," — when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog. "I am very sorry, but the fact is, I am an artist. Young as I am, my voice is already remarked at our concerts, and I devote myself so entirely to my profession of music, that I have no time to acquire general information. But in a pine-tree beyond, you will find an old crow, who I am quite sure can show you the way, as he is a traveller, and a bird of an inquiring turn of mind."

"I don't know where the pine is, — I am sure I can never find him," — answered Blunder, discontentedly; but still he went on up the brook, till, hot, and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices squabbling.

"Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at

my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey."

"And I want my nap."

"I will come in."

"You shall not."

"You are a miserly old elf."

"And you are a brute of a bee."

And looking about him, Blunder spied a bee, quarrelling with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "I don't know anything about geography. I was always too delicate to study. But if you will keep on in this path, you will meet the Dream-man, coming down from fairy-land, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder; and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you should look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-man, asleep under a witch-hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away. But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes; for at home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or, "I can't find it," and then his mother or sister went straight and found it for him. So he passed the Dream-man without seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern..

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and, catching up his lantern, set out at once.

Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, whisking off among the tree-tops.

"But I can't come up there," whimpered Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

O, a very angry little boy was Blunder, when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump; and it happening, unluckily, that this rotten stump was a wood-goblin's chimney, Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans, in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper. The old goblin, who was asleep up stairs, started up in a fright at the tremendous clash and clatter, and, finding that his house was not tumbling about his ears, as he thought at first,

stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

“Quick!” cried she. “If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney.”

Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore frantically about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes; but of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. “I can’t find them! O, I can’t find them!” sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

“Run into the closet,” said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but — “I don’t know where it is,” he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin, half-way down the stairs.

“Goodness gracious mercy me!” exclaimed cook. “He is coming. The boy will be eaten in spite of me. Jump into the meal-chest.”

“I don’t see it,” squeaked Blunder, rushing towards the fireplace. “Where is it?”

Clump! clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs, and coming towards the kitchen door.

“There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that,” cried cook, quite beside herself.

But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could the shoes, the closet, and the meal-chest; and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him prancing around the kitchen, and crying out, “I can’t find it,” but, fortunately for himself, Blunder caught his foot in the invisible cloak, and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

“What was all that noise about,” asked the goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

“Only my pans, master,” answered the cook; and as he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling up stairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry. It was dark, he did not know the way home, and, seeing an old stile, he climbed up, and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir. Just then came along the South Wind, with his pockets crammed full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder’s way, he took Blunder home; of which the boy was glad enough, only he would have liked it better if the Wind would not have laughed all the way. For what would you think, if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman, who went chuckling to himself, and slapping his knees, and poking himself, till he was purple in the face, when he would burst out in a great windy roar of laughter every other minute?

“What *are* you laughing at?” asked Blunder, at last.

“At two things that I saw in my travels,” answered the Wind; — “a hen, that died of starvation, sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain; and a little boy who sat on the top of the Wish-ing-Gate, and came home because he could not find it.”

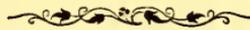
“What? what’s that?” cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire, her mouse-skin cloak hung up on a peg, and toeing off a spider’s-silk stocking an eighth of an inch long; and though everybody else cried, “What luck?” and, “Where is the Wishing-Gate?” she sat mum.

“I don’t know where it is,” answered Blunder. “I could n’t find it”;—and thereon told the story of his troubles.

“Poor boy!” said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

“Yes, that is all very fine,” cried his godmother, pulling out her needles, and rolling up her ball of silk; “but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do then; but this little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl, and waked up the wrong owl; so he passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog; so he sat down under the pine-tree, and never saw the crow; so he passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o’-Lantern; so he tumbled down the goblin’s chimney, and could n’t find the shoes and the closet and the chest and the cloak; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it. Ugh! Bah!”—and away went the fairy godmother up the chimney, in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

Louise E. Chollet.



THE LITTLE THEATRE.

I KNOW a little theatre
 Scarce bigger than a nut.
 Finer than pearl its portals are,
 Quick as the twinkling of a star
 They open and they shut.

A fairy palace beams within:
 So wonderful it is,
 No words can tell you of its worth,—
 No architect in all the earth
 Could build a house like this.

A beautiful rose window lets
 A ray into the hall;
 To shade the scene from too much light,
 A tiny curtain hangs in sight,
 Within the crystal wall.

And O the wonders there beside !
The curious furniture,
The stage, with all its small machinery,
Pulley and cord and shifting scenery,
In marvellous miniature !

A little, busy, moving world,
It mimics space and time,
The marriage-feast, the funeral,
Old men and little children, all
In perfect pantomime.

There pours the foaming cataract,
There speeds the train of cars ;
Day comes with all its pageantry
Of cloud and mountain, sky and sea,
The night, with all its stars.

Ships sail upon that mimic sea ;
And smallest things that fly,
The humming-bird, the sunlit mote
Upon its golden wings afloat,
Are mirrored in that sky.

Quick as the twinkling of the doors,
The scenery forms or fades ;
And all the fairy folk that dwell
Within the arched and windowed shell
Are momentary shades.

Who has this wonder holds it dear
As his own life and limb ;
Who lacks it, not the rarest gem
That ever flashed in diadem
Can purchase it for him.

Ah, then, dear picture-loving child,
How doubly blessed art thou !
Since thine the happy fortune is
To have two little worlds like this
In thy possession now, —

Each furnished with soft folding-doors,
A curtain, and a stage !
And now a laughing sprite transfers
Into those little theatres
The letters of this page.

J. T. Trowbridge.

WHAT DR. HARDHACK SAID TO MISS EMILY.

AND so it was settled that our elegant young friend, Miss Emily Proudie, was to go and stay at the farm-house with Pussy Willow. Dr. Hardhack came in to give his last directions, in the presence of grandmamma and the aunts and mamma, who all sat in an anxious circle.

"Do pray, dear Dr. Hardhack, tell us just how she must be dressed for that cold mountain region. Must she have high-necked, long-sleeved flannels?" said mamma.

"I will make her half a dozen sets at once," chimed in Aunt Maria.

"Not so fast," said Dr. Hardhack. "Let's see about this young lady," and with that Dr. Hardhack endeavored to introduce his forefinger under the belt of Miss Emily's dress.

Now the Doctor's forefinger being a stout one, and Miss Emily's belt ribbon being drawn very snugly round her, the belt ribbon gave a smart snap, and the Doctor drew out his finger with a jerk. "I thought so," he said. "I supposed that there was n't much breathing room allowed behind there."

"O, I do assure you, Doctor, Emily never dresses tight," said her mother.

"No indeed!" said little Miss Emily. "I despise tight lacing. I never wear my clothes any more than just comfortable."

"Never saw a woman that did," said the Doctor. "The courage and constancy of the female sex in bearing inconveniences is so great, however, that that will be no test at all. Why, if you should catch a fellow, and gird his ribs in as Miss Emily wears hers all the time, he'd roar like a bull of Bashan. You would n't catch a man saying he felt 'comfortable' under such circumstances; but only persuade a girl that she looks stylish and fashionable with her waist drawn in, and you may screw and screw till the very life leaves her, and with her dying breath she will tell you that it is nothing more than 'comfortable.' So, my young lady, you don't catch me in that way. You must leave off belts and tight waists of all sorts for six months at least, and wear only loose sacks, or thingembobs, — whatever you call 'em, — so that your lungs may have some chance to play, and fill with the vital air I'm going to send you to breathe up in the hills."

"But, Doctor, I don't believe I could hold myself up without corsets," said Miss Emily. "When I sit up in a loose dress, I feel so weak I hardly know what to do. I need the support of something around me."

"My good child, that is because all those nice strong muscles around your waist, which Nature gave you to hold you up, have been bound down and bandaged and flattened till they have no strength in them. Muscles are nourished and strengthened by having blood carried to them; if you squeeze a muscle down flat under a bandage, there is no room for blood to get into it and nourish it, and it grows weak and perishes.

"Now look there," said the Doctor, pointing with his cane to the waist of

a bronze Venus which adorned the mantel-piece, — “look at that great wide waist, look at those full muscles over the ribs that moved that lady’s breathing apparatus. Do you think a woman with a waist like that would be unable to get up stairs without fainting? That was the idea the old Greeks had of a Goddess, — a great, splendid woman, with plenty of room inside of her to breathe, and to kindle warm vital blood which should go all over her with a glow of health and cheerfulness, — not a wasp waist, coming to a point and ready to break in two in the middle.

“Now just there, under Miss Emily’s belt, is the place where Nature is trying to manufacture all the blood which is necessary to keep her brain, stomach, head, hands, and feet in good condition, — and precious little room she gets to do it in. She is in fact so cooped up and hindered, that the blood she makes is very little in quantity and extremely poor in quality; and so she has lips as white as a towel, cheeks like blanched celery, and headaches, and indigestion, and palpitations of the heart, and cold hands, and cold feet, and forty more things that people have when there is not enough blood to keep their systems going.

“Why, look here,” said the Doctor, whirling round and seizing Miss Emily’s sponge off the wash-stand, “your lungs are something like this, and every time that you take in a breath they ought to swell out to their full size, so that the air that you take in shall purify your blood and change it from black blood to red blood. It’s this change in your lungs that makes the blood fit to nourish the whole of the rest of your body. Now see here,” said the Doctor, squeezing the sponge tight in his great hand, — “here’s what your corsets and your belt ribbons do, — they keep the air-vessels of your lungs matted together like this, so that the air and the blood can hardly get together at all, and consequently it is impure. Don’t you see?”

“Well, Doctor,” said Emily, who began to be frightened at this, “do you suppose if I should dress as you tell me for six months my blood would come right again?”

“It would go a long way towards it, my little maid,” said the Doctor. “You fashionable girls are not good for much, to be sure; but yet if a Doctor gets a chance to save one of you in the way of business, he can’t help wishing to do it. So, my dear, I just give you your choice. You can have a fine, nice, taper little body, with all sorts of pretty little waists and jackets and thingembobs fitting without a wrinkle about it, and be pale and skinny, with an unhealthy complexion, low spirits, indigestion, and all that sort of thing; or you can have a good, broad, free waist, with good strong muscles like the Venus up there, and have red lips and cheeks, a good digestion, and cheerful spirits, and be able to run, frisk, jump, and take some comfort in life. Which would you prefer now?”

“Of course I would like to be well,” said Emily; “and in the country up there nobody will see me, and it’s no matter how I look.”

“To be sure, it’s no matter,” chimed in Emily’s mamma. “Only get your health, my dear, and afterwards we will see.”

And so, a week afterwards, an elegant travelling-carriage drew up be-

fore the door of the house where Pussy's mother lived, and in the carriage were a great many bolsters and pillows, and all sorts of knick-knacks and conveniences, such as sick young ladies use, and little Emily was brought out of the carriage, looking very much like a wilted lily, and laid on the bed up stairs in a chamber that Pussy had been for some weeks busy in fitting up and adorning for her.

And now, while she is getting rested, we will tell you all about this same chamber. When Pussy first took it in hand, it was as plain and dingy a little country room as ever you saw, and she was very much dismayed at the thought of putting a genteel New York young lady in it.

But Pussy one day drove to the neighboring town, and sold her butter, and invested the money she got for it, — first in a very pretty delicate-tinted wall-paper, and some white cotton, and some very pretty blue bordering. Then the next day she pressed one of her brothers into the service, and cut and measured the wall-paper, and contrived the breadths, and made the paste, and put it on the paper as handily as if she had been brought up to the trade, while her brother mounted on a table and put the strips upon the wall, and Pussy stroked down each breadth with a nice white cloth. Then they finished all by putting round the ceiling a bordering of flowers, which gave it quite an air. It took them a whole day to do it, but the room looked wonderfully different after it was done.

Then Pussy got her brother to make cornices to the windows, which she covered with bordering like that on the walls, and then she made full white curtains, and bordered them with strips of the blue calico ; she also made a bedspread to match. There was a wide-armed old rocking-chair with a high back, that had rather a forlorn appearance, as some of its slats were broken, and the paint wholly rubbed off, but Pussy took it in hand, and padded and stuffed it, and covered it with a white, blue-bordered dress, till it is doubtful whether the chair would have known itself if it could have looked in the glass.

Then she got her brother to saw out for her a piece of rough board in an oblong octagon shape, and put four legs to it ; and out of this foundation she made the prettiest toilet-table you can imagine. The top was stuffed like a large cushion, and covered with white, and an ample flowing skirt of white, bordered with blue, like the bedspread and window-curtains, completed the table. Over this hung a looking-glass whose frame had become very much tarnished by time, and so Pussy very wisely concealed it by looping around it the folds of some thin white muslin that had once been her mother's wedding-dress, but was now too old and tender for any other usage than just to be draped round a mirror. Pussy arranged it quite gracefully, and fastened it at the top and sides with some smart bows of blue ribbon, and it really looked quite as if a French milliner had been at it.

Then beside this, there was a cunning little hour-glass stand, which she made for the head of the bed out of two old dilapidated spinning-wheels, and which, covered with white like the rest, made a handy little bit of furniture. Then Pussy had arranged vases of blue violets and apple-blossoms here

and there, and put some of her prettiest books in the room, and hung up one or two pictures which she had framed very cleverly in rustic frames, and on the whole the room was made so sweet and inviting that, when Emily first looked around it, she said two or three times, "How nice! How very pretty it is! I think I shall like to be here."

Those words were enough to pay Pussy for all her trouble. "O mother, I am so sorry for her!" she said, rushing down stairs; "and I'm so glad she likes it! To think of her being so weak, and I so strong, and we just of an age! I feel as if I could n't do too much for her."

And what the girls did together we will tell you by and by.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



A DEER-HUNT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

"WELL, boys, here we are at Bartlett's!" said Mr. Craig, as his boat, closely followed by another, grounded on a little beach at the foot of a soft-swelling green knoll.

When the guide, as the boatman is called in the Adirondacks, had dragged the boat a little farther up out of the water, Mr. Craig jumped on shore, followed by his son Harry, a tall, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy of about fifteen. The other boat held two more boys, one his son Frank, a lad of twelve, and the other his nephew Herbert.

Mr. Craig was a benevolent, kindly-looking man, an eminent lawyer in New York, who had brought the boys for a hunting and fishing trip to the Adirondacks. He wore a thick, dark hunting-coat and trousers, and the boys were dressed in bright flannel shirts, soft black felt hats, and tall boots, all of them carrying knapsacks, swung at their sides by leather straps passing across their shoulders, and containing powder-flasks and cartridge-boxes, and each boy had a tin cup hanging at his waist, and carried a gun.

The guides took from the boats the "traps," consisting of a tent and blankets and other furniture for camping out, then pulled the boats from the water and carried them up the bank on their shoulders, placing them bottom side up to dry.

The Saranac boats are about twelve feet long and very narrow, made of pine boards about a quarter of an inch thick, carefully lapped over one another, and painted a dark blue both outside and in. They are made very light, to be transported easily over the carries, and hold three persons, a guide who sits in the bow to row, a passenger in the stern with a high back-board behind him, and another in the middle seat.

"Now, boys, come up to the house!"

At the top of the knoll stood a long, two-story, unpainted frame-house, with a piazza running its entire length, on which several men sat, some read-

ing, and others examining their guns and fishing-flies, while on the green before it three or four young men, gay in red flannel shirts, were practising firing at a target.

Several guides were clustered at the open door of a log cabin in which the hunting implements were kept, a little at one side, with three or four gaunt fox-hounds standing about them. On the outside wall of the hut fishing-nets and a dead heron dangled, besides two or three deer-skins stretched out to dry.

The presence of the neighboring hills threw the whole place into deep, cool, gray shadow, but the beams of the setting sun lighted up, almost with a rose-color, the range of the Ampersand Mountains on the other side of the clearing, and brilliant orange and rosy clouds filled the sky. At the foot of the knoll the narrow river Saranac was sleeping, dotted with pond-lilies, and the distant sounds of the cow-bells on the hills mingled with the noise of the falls or rapids at the side of the Carry beyond the house.

"Shall the boats go over the Carry, or wait till morning?" asked a guide coming up from the river-bank.

"O, either time will do," answered Mr. Craig. "I must arrange with Bartlett about our outfit and guides to-night, to be ready for an early start." So saying, followed by the boys, he entered the house.

The mountains were yet in deep shadow when the boys arose the next morning. Little wreaths of white mist curled up their steep sides, and a steam from the river ascended into the thin, cool morning air.

"It is a glorious day for our start," said Harry, running down stairs to the piazza. The guides were lounging about, and a pack of hounds in a large enclosure on the other side of the river barked and yelped as they watched the approach of a man bringing them their breakfast. At the door of the guides' house a fire was smouldering, and several of them overhauled their fishing nets as they stood around it.

Breakfast over, three guides, Sam Williams, Dan Wood, and Paul Johnson, with a couple of dogs, and followed by three boats in a long wagon, accompanied Mr. Craig and his party over the short Carry.

"Cut some brakes for the dogs' beds, Paul, as you come along over the Carry," said Williams, who acted as leader of the party, stalking along to the place of embarkation on the Upper Saranac Lake.

The waves danced bright and blue in the crisp wind, gently rocking the slender little boats, whose keels grated on the small beach.

Williams was a square-set, brawny fellow, in a dark flannel shirt. Each of the other guides had an English fox-hound in leash, who jumped about and whined to be off to the hunt. Tents, guns, and knapsacks were scattered about on the ground ready to be packed in the boats.

Paul Johnson, a tall, Indian-looking fellow, with the eye of a hawk, cut armful after armful of the coarse fern-like brakes, and deposited them on the shore, while Williams proceeded to arrange them in thick beds in the middle of one of the boats for the dogs to lie on. "Here Tige, come along!

Don't pull him by his ears," he said to the guide, who was helping the dog into the boat. Tige seemed to know what was going on, and, giving a whine of satisfaction, coiled himself up quietly in the boat, and, though he kept his eyes and head up, attentively looking about, he did not move a leg for fear of tipping over the little craft in which he was lying.

"Now give me another dog," said Williams, "and now a couple of the guns. There, that will do. Now, Dan, you get in here and take Frank Craig along with you. Here, slip in, Frank. Sit quiet in the stern and don't rock the boat. Now be off."

Dan gave the boat a shove, and, as she moved from the shore, sprang into the bows himself, and in a moment was rowing swiftly down the bay which the Saranac makes here, bordered on each side by dense forests of pine and maple coming down to the water's edge.

"Now put in the tent snugly in the middle of your boat, Paul, and then Mr. Craig will go with you, and I will take Herbert and Harry with me." Mr. Craig had been giving the boys many cautions about the use and care of their guns, and now as he left them, said, "Be sure neither of you have your guns capped in the boats."

After a few minutes, guides, dogs, and all were safely stowed away in the boats, and were skimming up the lake to the Indian Carry.

"T is not quite so rough as it was last night coming up Round Lake," said Frank Craig to Dan, as they moved along. "Why, off the little islands in the middle of the lake, a squall struck us, and in two minutes the white caps were so high that they sent the spray flying in our faces. For my part, I never had such a rocking and ducking before."

"That 's a great lake for squalls," answered Dan, "but to-day I think the water will be quiet enough here for any one." And indeed, after they passed the point that divides the bay from the lake, long bands of still water reflected the deep green and blue of the opposite shores.

"There 's a heron," said Dan, as a large gray bird rose slowly from the edge of the bank and flapped awkwardly over the tops of the trees into the woods. "Plenty of them here, and loons too, — only I don't like to hear the loons laugh when I am out on a hunt, for that always brings rain, and there 's an end to deer-driving, for the dogs are no use, there 's no scent when the ground is wet. There 's a good view yonder up the lake!"

The scene was indeed lovely. High hills, densely covered with forests to their summits, sloped in long lines to the edge of the water, the trees brilliant with light, or black with shadow as the clouds chased each other above them, while the more distant mountains had every lovely hue, from rich purple to soft azure.

"There 's the Indian Carry," said Dan, as he rounded a little point, and a small clearing on the edge of the lake a mile distant came in sight. He lifted the oars out of the rowlocks, and dipped them in the water to make them run smoother, then, replacing them, rowed vigorously for a few minutes till the keel of his boat scraped on the pebbly beach.

Another guide, who had first reached the carrying-place, had already un-

loaded his boat, and placed it in an ox-team to be drawn across the Carry. The men shouldered the traps, and taking the dogs by their chains, lest they should be off to the woods unawares, straggled along to the other side, over a rough, miry road, bounded by raspberry-bushes. "O, you have brought your boat along with you, have you?" said one of the boys, as Dan appeared with his boat on his shoulders, looking much like a long turtle covered with its shell.

"Yes, Frank here, though he is the youngest, thinks we may catch the first trout if we can get to Ampersand Brook before the rest of you come along to disturb the waters; but any way I did n't want to wait till the team can go back for my boat, as it will be near on to an hour, so I have brought it myself, and can go back for the traps in half that time; so Master Frank and I will have the first chance to try our luck."

Frank and his companion were soon launched on a smooth little pond, the first of the three Stony Ponds, and were skimming swiftly over its mirror-like surface.

"Are those pond-lilies that cover so many acres?" asked Frank.

"Yes, and here is where the deer come down to feed o' nights. Many is the time I have heard them champing the lily-pads, when I have been through here."

"Do you often see them in the day-time?"

"Seldom enough, except when the dogs chase them into the water; for if they catch a glimpse of a boat, they are off before one can so much as seize his gun to aim at them."

"I should like to *see* one, if nothing more," said Frank.

"Well, keep a sharp lookout, and perhaps you may."

They now wound into a little creek, so narrow that the shores were scarcely an oar's length from the boat, and the pond-lilies grew so thick that the keel pushed them aside as the boat moved along.

"Here are fresh deer-tracks in the mud," said Dan, nodding his head towards the bank; and indeed there were plenty of little hoof-marks all along up and down. The silence was profound. Grassy banks bordered the creek, and a few rods back from the stream rose the tall forest-trees, their front unbroken, except where here and there a tall pine towered above the rest into the still summer air, or an occasional white skeleton of a tree, long ago scathed by fire and bleached white by the snows and rains, stood sharply out from the dark woods behind it. The stream turned and twisted, but at each bend showed only a new phase of the same solitude. Kingfishers dipped occasionally into the water, and now and then Dan left off rowing to turn aside some log that had floated across the stream.

Presently they entered another pond, covered with pond-lilies like the first, and then again passed out by a winding creek.

"Hush, Dan, I see a deer; see, quick, quick, — shoot him!" Dan turned his head, and there, not many rods up the creek, stood what looked to Frank like a large deer, gazing attentively at them. He did not move, and Dan, giving the boat a pull up to the side, pushed along under the overhanging



grass. He took his rifle and snapped it, — the cap was a bad one. Frank was so excited he could hardly breathe as he kept his eye fixed on the motionless animal. The next time Dan was more successful. His aim was sure, and the creature fell. With a few oar-strokes Dan reached the spot where it lay dying. But now poor Frank's joy at "killing a deer" was turned into grief, for the creature on the grass was a pretty little fawn, about half grown.

"I thought it was a yearling, or I would not have brought him down," said Dan. "However, if we had not got him, some catamount would. Its mother must have been killed last night." Frank felt very much grieved, and, even when they were well under way again, the sight of the little dead deer at the end of the boat made him look very gloomy.

"Here is the Ampersand Brook," said Dan. "Now, Frank, for your first trout." He pulled the boat to the shore, where a clear little mountain stream entered the last of the three ponds, at the bottom of whose pure cool waters several trout were lying under the shadow of some overhanging maples, the branches of which almost swept the water. The sunlight glanced among the trees, and every few minutes some trout would leap up and plash back into the pond, making long circles which faded slowly off into the distance.

They threw their lines, and in a few minutes Dan drew in a trout of moderate size.

"O, I have got a bite, I have got a bite!" exclaimed Frank. "No, he's gone."

"Keep still, and don't jerk so hard," said Dan. "See," and he quivered his rod over the water, gently moving it to and fro. A little twitch, and he

again drew in a fine large fellow, which he threw flapping on the grass. Frank now felt a little movement at the end of his line, and presently jerked out a little trout about ten inches long.

"I never knew they *were* so pretty," said he, examining the bright gold and vermilion spots on its sides; "and how *dark* its back is, like steel!"

"That's because it has been in a cool, shady spot," said Dan. "When they are out in the sunlight, or on a shallow bank, they are pale and dim-looking."

Dan and Frank kept on fishing in silence for some time, till a splashing of oars warned them of the approach of the rest of the party.

"Hallo!" cried Sam Williams, in his deep base voice, "what luck?"

"A dozen pretty good-sized ones," answered Dan. "We had better be going now," and he cut a long twig, and strung the fish on it.

"We'll stop up yonder a little way for dinner," called out Williams to Dan,—"there on the point where the creek joins Racket River";—and very soon he and the boys who were with him had moored their boat on a little beach, at the head of which a deserted camp told of recent occupancy.

By the time Dan and his companion had landed, Williams and the boy had collected sticks for a fire and laid them over the ashes of a former one at the foot of a tall old pine-tree, whose side was burnt and charred a good way up, from being used as a chimney. A hollow at its root formed a good hearth and fireplace.

"Now for your fish and venison!" said Williams; and as by this time the rest of the party had arrived, the dark, still scene was enlivened by the bright-colored shirts of men and boys, and the fragrance of roses, and the many forest smells were mixed with that of frying meat and the smoke of the wood-fire. A cool, bubbling spring furnished them with the purest water, and while the dinner was cooling the boys strolled along the shore, picking raspberries, and watching a flock of black ducks flap and swim, rushing frantically up the river.

"Let's have a shot at them, only it's no good, they are so far off," said one of the boys.

"No good for food," said Henry. "Sam Williams says they are tough and taste strong. So we'll let 'em flap."

"See these light scarlet flowers; what are they?" asked Frank.

"Cardinal-flowers, called here the Indian Plume." At the edge of the water they glowed like flakes of fire in the cool shadows, and then there were the delicate purple "Queen of the Meadow," and a little farther up the bank the red bunches of the cornel, and checkerberry, with its dark, shining, myrtle-like leaves, and tufts of delicate ferns without number.

"See that kingfisher,—how he wheels up so high in the air!" exclaimed Harry. "Strange that they can see the fish so well from such a distance!"

Dinner over, the party was soon gliding up the stream.

"The deer have been at work here, and not many hours ago!" said Dan, pointing to a broad shallow or slew, where the cropped stems of underbrush were mingled with broken lilies, yellow and white, and the red undersides of the lily-pads.

Flat, grassy fields, dotted with clumps of maple and elms, which thickly bordered the edge of the river, were quivering with light. Now and then, at a turn, a high hill, glowing with the richest forest, came almost to its edge, or the vista opening wider showed a soft blue distant peak. The scenery was park-like in its character, and, as the afternoon sunlight streamed down green glades, it seemed as if a gentleman's country-house must stand at its head, or a group of boys or girls come down the sun-flecked avenue. Frank, as they rowed along, thought of Hawthorne's description of the Assabet River.

"A more lovely stream than this has never flowed on earth,—nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane, and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood, which whispers it to be quiet; while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes; the river sleeps along its course, and dreams of the sky and of the clustering foliage, amid which fall showers of holier sunlight, imparting specks of vivid cheerfulness, in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tint. Of all this scene, the slumbering river has a dream-picture in its bosom."

At one of these glades Sam Williams had landed, and, calling in the other boats as they came along, told them that here he meant to have a "Drive." All three boats were drawn up along the shore. The dogs jumped about delighted, as Sam Williams held them by their chains. "Now be off!" said he, unloosening their collars. At a bound they cleared the bushes and ran yelping into the woods. In a few minutes they returned, and again were started off, this time up the glade a little higher. They nosed the ground and smelt into the underbrush, and then were out of sight, lost in the forest.

"They have got a scent, I think," said Sam Williams. "Take to your boats now, boys,"—and, stationed in their craft at wide intervals, the guides watched the shores. Not a sound was heard. Occasionally a bird crossed the sky, and once a large eagle soared over their heads, very high up in the air. The minutes passed slowly. The boys, eager with expectation, carefully examined their gunlocks.

"It seems to me they never *will* come!" said Harry to Sam Williams, when they had been attentively listening for some time.

"Wait a while, and we'll see," answered the guide.

Again they listened.

"Hark! What is that?" asked Herbert, as a faint sound disturbed the quiet. After a minute the distinct cry of a hound was heard, followed by another and another, as the dogs came nearer, till all at once a rush was made through the crackling underbrush, and a tall buck followed by the dogs dashed into the river. Seeing one of the boats, he made vigorously for the opposite shore, but as he passed some overhanging bushes, "Crack!" came

a shot from a boat hid in them. The deer gave a spring in the water, and then commenced sinking, but in a twinkling the boat was alongside of him, and he was dragged to the shore. With one cut of the wood-knife in his throat, Paul Johnson laid him still among the brakes.

"Whose shot was that!" exclaimed the boys, "was it yours, sir?" they called to Mr. Craig.

Mr. Craig shook his head and laughed, and pointed to his guide.

The deer proved to be a fine large one, with five prongs to his antlers, showing him to be six years old. He was soon placed in the bottom of a boat, lying on some grass and fern.

The afternoon was now well advanced, and the golden light lay in long bands across the stream.

"Shall we have another 'Drive' to-day?" asked one.

"No, I think not," said Williams. "We are nearly an hour yet from our camping-ground at Racket Falls, and it will be best to get the tents pitched before nightfall, especially as I think we may 'float for deer' by and by."

Before sunset they were enjoying the comfortable warmth of a good camp-fire at the foot of three tall pine-trees, which stood on a little headland at the end of the clearing at Racket Falls. The tent was pitched, and the venison was soon toasting or frying. The boys put away their traps in the tent to keep them from the dew, and collected about the blaze to escape the cool, chilly air. At their feet the Racket flowed swiftly along, speckled with foam, from the falls above, whose noise was mingled pleasantly with the sighing of the pines over their heads.

"Paul Johnson, go up to the house at the Carry and get some milk and butter, will you?" said Sam Williams; and Mr. Craig and one of the boys volunteered to accompany him.

Stumbling over a broken corduroy road that skirted the clearing, after a few rods a little log cottage came into view, gray against the background of pines and maples, which the coming twilight had blent into one uniform black mass. The house was small, with many of the appurtenances of living in the open space before it. A huge iron pot, swung on a pole over an extin-



guished fire, hung between a forked stick at one end and an old log at the other. A rough smoke-house, made of large pieces of bark, stood near, with a dog-kennel of like material, at the entrance of which a large hound whined and barked as he saw the new-comers. Under some bushes was a spring, stoned round and covered with a little roof of bark.

Frank went down to the spring to get a drink, and found a couple of tin pails swung across it on a stick, in which trout and venison were kept cool in the water, as cold as ice. Behind the house a rough log barn and pig-pen completed the group of buildings.

As they lifted the wooden latch to enter the house, great was the commotion inside. The large, rude kitchen was filled by a couple of parties who had just arrived with half a dozen guides.

A middle-aged man and three or four youths were talking German, and a sick lady with her husband and friend were warming themselves by a stove which stood in the middle of the room, while the guides were bringing in and hanging on pegs in the timbers at the top of the room heaps of rubber-coats and blankets, tents and baggage; and those of them who had got their work done were sitting on a bench behind a long table at the end of the room, cleaning their guns, and rubbing whatever of their wares might have collected any dampness. Guns and fishing-rods stood about in the corners of the room, or lay on cross pieces fixed to the timbers overhead, and deers' horns here and there served for hooks for nets.

The guide got the milk and butter, and by the time they were at the camp again supper was ready and soon eaten by the hungry party. The stars were shining brightly, and a cool breeze swept the camp, causing the party to gather closer round the large fire, which crackled and burned briskly, lighting up the forms of all who were near it, and making the surrounding woods seem the darker and gloomier.

"What do you say, boys, to a 'deer-float'?" asked Mr. Craig. "Sam Williams says, if we wish it, this is the very night to go, — dark and still; and the deer will soon be out, as they feed after twilight and before dawn chiefly."

"O, of all things!" answered all the boys at once.

"Then get yourselves ready," said Mr. Craig, "and put on your thickest clothes, for it will be cold enough before you get back."

The guides rubbed and prepared the "Jacks," or lanterns, which they always use, and which are made of birch-bark bent into a half-circle, with a wooden top and bottom, with one side left open for a glass. Within this little box oil-lamps are fastened, and the whole is supported by a long stick which is stuck in the prow of the boat.

The boats were now carried down the bank, where they had been placed bottom upwards to dry, and soon a guide was seated in the stern of each boat to paddle,—Harry and Herbert in the bow, behind the Jack, and Frank in the middle seat of one boat to watch and may be help.

By this time the night was intensely dark, for the tall trees on each side of the river shut off the little light made by the stars. "Just the right night for a hunt!" said Sam Williams to Harry, whom he had taken in the boat with him. "Wrap your blanket well round your knees."

Two boats only started, leaving Mr. Craig and Paul Johnson to look after the camp while the rest were away. The boats moved down the stream, without a ripple being made by the paddle, which was not raised in the

water, but noiselessly worked to and fro. The light from the Jacks lit up here a dead tree-trunk, swung half across the stream, and there, as it fell on the banks, started out from the uniform darkness, as if by enchantment, a delicate birch or clump of maple, or, falling on the shores, disclosed a world of beauty in ferns and lilies.

Soon the woods opened a little, and showed a low bank, sloping gently into the water, which was reedy and covered with lily-pads. Sam, by varying the direction of the boat, threw the flash of the lantern up and down the slew, motioning to Harry to keep perfectly still. Not a sound was heard. The boat stopped paddling, and merely drifted with the current. Total darkness surrounded them save when the dancing gleam from the Jack lighted up the trees, grass, and lilies in the slew. The guide held the boat still. Now there was a little rustling in the underbrush, and soon a champing sound began, as of a creature feeding. Sam threw the light a little higher up, and suddenly two bright spots shone out against a tree. They were the eyes of an animal suddenly startled and dazzled, gazing at the light. Sam seized his gun and fired. Instantly the boat was shot up a little channel into the slew.

"We will have him before he can sink, even if the water were deep, but it is not," said Sam Williams. As soon as they touched the shore, he sprang out, and, drawing his wood-knife, quickly despatched a fine doe.

"How is this?" said he, hearing a noise close by them. It was a little fawn, who stood quietly eying them, as unconcerned as a dog could have been. Sam Williams took the creature in his arms. "We'll take it back to camp," said he; "it will be a pretty pet to have."

"A lot of venison and a live fawn! Hurrah!" exclaimed Harry. "Pretty well for our first 'float.'"

"We'll have to let the others try for the rest," said Sam Williams, "for I think we have load enough now."

While they were at this slew, the other boat, with Dan Wood and Herbert and Frank, had passed them in the darkness going farther down the stream.

"What in thunder is that?" asked Frank as a "Hoo, hooo, hooooo!" broke out of the stillness.

"Nothing but an owl. If you stay in the woods long enough, you will have a chance to hear a wild-cat, which cries like a baby,—and may be a wolf, though these last are not as common as they used to be. But be still now."

They all sat in shadow behind the Jack, floating noiselessly. A slew was close by, and a pulling and puffing noise came from it. Dan threw the lantern light about, at the same time seizing his gun and cocking it. A moving mass passed the band of light. "Zip, bang!" A loud whistling was heard, and afterwards a crashing of boughs, and then entire stillness.

"How provoking!" said Frank, seeing the guide begin to paddle away vigorously.

"O, we'll have one yet," said Dan.

The next time their luck was better, and before midnight they were at the

camp with a fine deer in the boat, with a hole in him from Frank's gun as well as the guide's.

The camp fire was brightened up to warm the voyagers, who came in chilly and stiff from their cramped position in the boats. The weather had now become cloudy, and the wind began to sigh and moan in the tree-tops. When they were all comfortable, the fire was newly raked up, the boys, wrapped in their blankets, crept into their hemlock beds in the tent, and the guides, rolled in theirs, lay on the ground with the heels of their boots resting in the ashes. The dogs were long ago asleep, and soon the camp was hushed, with only an occasional cry of the owl to vary the sounds of the wind.

Patter ! patter ! drip ! drip ! came down the rain on to the tent the next morning when the party opened their eyes.

"We can't go back on such a day as this, I suppose," said Harry, as he stood at the door of his tent, examining the sky.

"We 'll get breakfast first, and then see," answered Sam Williams. "Come, boys, let's brighten up the fire !"

The blaze soon crackled and hissed as the rain fell into it, but it got the better of the storm, and soon venison-steak, fried trout, and a mug of hot coffee were ready for each of the party.

After breakfast the shower held up a little, and the boys thought it was going to clear, but Sam Williams shook his head. "We can get under the rubber blankets," said he, "and keep dry. We have got a pretty good number of deer, and it's little use our remaining."

The boys put on their blankets, sticking their heads through holes cut in the middle of them, and pulled their hats close down over their ears. The dogs were cuddled up in the middle of one boat, and the little fawn, with all four legs tied up, was put in another, the traps and venison being stowed away among the three boats.

"How wet and dirty it is !" said Frank, as the rain ran down his India-rubber cloth in little rivulets, wetting the bottom and sides of the boat, and standing in pools between the stay-pieces.

One shower passed after another, and the guides' hands and faces grew red as the wind and rain blew in them. Great drops of water were shaken from the trees and fell into the river, whose surface was smooth and dull as oil. Hour after hour the guides pulled away at the oars, stopping to make the portage at Indian Carry.

"Good ! there 's Bartlett's Landing," exclaimed Harry, after sitting silently watching the shores for some time. The dogs whined, and the guides fired their guns to give notice of their approach.

At length they reached the shore, and the boys, cramped and stiff, hobbled and hopped over the Carry till they were in a few minutes beside a roaring fire at Bartlett's, their wet clothes hanging up to dry, and the prospect of a warm dinner and dry stockings making them glad that they had deferred a longer camp till the weather should clear away.

Susan N. Carter.

GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

IX.

AT half past four o'clock the men came in with their guns on their shoulders, and set them up in the corner of the room. Attracted by the sight, the children (who were quite sure to be present when least wanted) came crowding into the room, and began to finger the guns, causing Mrs. Bryant to exclaim, in sharp tones, "Let those guns alone, can't you! You'll be shot! Mr. Bryant, do see to that girl, — as I live, crawling up on those guns!"

Bryant took the child, which did n't mend matters much, as she instantly began to scream with all her might.

"Sarah Jane Bryant, do you take that child, this minute, and get out of the house every soul of you! And do you stay till we are done supper, and you shall have some sweet-cake."

In the course of half an hour, hearing the child crying bitterly, Mrs. Bryant looked out; there it was, its clothes hitched to a stump, screaming and struggling to reach the rest of the children, who were so engaged in their original employment as to be entirely regardless of its screams.

Some of them were lying flat upon the ground, and, with sticks for guns, were taking aim at one who was picking ivory plums; another, with a stick broken across to represent a tomahawk, was crawling up behind the screaming child. They had painted each other's faces with clay from the brook and smut from a stump, in black and blue stripes. Tim Cloutman, his head ornamented with a cock's tail-feathers, had thrown Abigail on the ground, where she lay as though dead, while he, his left hand twisted in her hair and his knee on her back, was, with a case-knife, going through the operation of scalping her, doing his best meanwhile to imitate the scalp yell.

Stepping back, Mrs. Bryant beckoned to Mrs. Cloutman, who sat nearest the door, and bade her look.

"They have learned that from hearing us talk."

"God grant it be not a forerunner," was the reply.

The children's sport was cut short by the shrill voice of the mother: "Sarah Jane Bryant, what upon earth are you doing? Don't you hear that child, you good-for-nothing jade, you!"

"O ma'am!" replied Sarah Jane, "we are playing Indian."

"I'll Indian you, if you don't take care of that child! Here, give her to me. Now" (throwing them a cloth) "go straight to the brook and wash yourselves! Pretty pickle you are in, — and company in the house."

Clutching the cloth they ran to the brook, only to put on infinitely more dirt than they took off.

"Now supper is ready," said Mrs. Bryant, "but where are the folks? Where is William McLellan and my Stephen? Mrs. Cloutman, what has become of your man? He was here a minute ago."

Going to the door to call them, she found William and her son engaged in throwing the tomahawk, while Cloutman was sitting on a log looking at them. They had hewed a flat place on the side of a pine-tree, and marked an Indian's head on it with a piece of charcoal, and were trying to hit it. William hit it every time; but young Bryant, who was learning, could not half of the time hit the tree, and when he did, he hit the handle or poll of the hatchet instead of the edge, so that it fell down without sticking in.



"I don't see how you do that, Bill," said Cloutman. "I don't believe I could do half so well as Bryant."

"You see it's all practice, Mr. Cloutman," replied William. "I can shoot an arrow or fling a tomahawk as well as any Indian between here and Canada, though they are bred and born to it, as it were. You see a tomahawk will make so many turns in going such a distance; at so many paces it will strike with the handle down, at so many with the handle up. At first you must pace off the distance, but after a while you will get so as to measure it with your eye; you know there is a good deal of judgment to be used in shooting with a rifle as to distance. It is a good deal like that."

"I wish," said Cloutman, as he came in, "I was as good with a gun as I think Billy will be if he lives. If the Indians know their own interest, they will kill him as soon as they can. He'll make some of their heads ache if he comes to be a man."

Indeed, if there is any truth in the old proverb, that practice makes perfect, this prediction was in a fair way to be verified, since from the time the boy was seven years old, when, with an old hoop for a bow and a piece of

mullein-stalk for an arrow, he made a target of the oven door, he had practised incessantly, either with the bow or the gun, and latterly had killed nearly all the meat the family had consumed. He had also kept himself in powder and lead by trapping beaver.

The supper being now on the table, all were invited (in the phrase of the day) to "sit along and partake of such as we have." After grace had been said by Hugh, they all fell to with right good-will.

Bryant was in good circumstances for these times. Not having to buy his land, as he was the son of one of the Narragansett soldiers, he had been able to stock his farm and hire some help in clearing it, and to raise all the essentials of life in abundance. Bryant's furniture was much better than Hugh's, who indeed could be scarcely said to have any worth the name, and that little had been all made by himself, whereas Bryant's had been brought from Massachusetts. Instead of a cross-legged table, he had one with leaves; instead of stools, "boughten" chairs with bottoms of basket-work. Mrs. Bryant had a hair sieve, a case of drawers, a brass kettle, and an iron mortar, while Elizabeth's mortar was only a rock-maple stump. Yet Bryant treated McLellan with great deference, and often sought his advice, both out of respect to his character and his position as an elder in the church, — perhaps also from a secret consciousness that, with all his disadvantages at the start, he was the better man of the two, rapidly overcoming the distance between them, and would eventually outstrip him in the race for competence.

The food and the furniture of the table were quite different from those in style at the present day. The table-cloth was of fine linen, figured and woven by Mrs. Bryant's own hands; the plates, or, as they were then called, trenchers, were square pieces of wood dug out, and at least not liable to dull the knives. Mrs. Bryant rejoiced in a china cup and saucer, of very small size, and quite beautiful, which was an heirloom, and given her by her grandmother, who brought it from England. As for her company, she having sent them word that she was to have tea, they had brought cups and saucers and spoons with them, as she had not enough for so many. The sugar-bowl was of pewter, and filled with maple-sugar. In the centre of the table, in a tin dish, was an enormous chicken-pie, upon which Mrs. Bryant, who was proud of her cookery, (as what good housewife is not?) had exerted all her skill. The crust was rich and flaky, of home-made wheat flour, which Mrs. Bryant had sifted as fine as could be, with plenty of butter rolled into it; there were several circles, beginning at a little distance from the edge, and growing smaller and smaller as they approached the centre, all made of pastry. In the centre was a round hole through which the gravy most invitingly oozed, emitting a savory steam, that made Bose, who had come without invitation, lick his chaps so as to be heard all over the room. The space between the edge of the dish and the first circle was filled with ornamental figures, which the good housewife had made with a trunk key before baking. She then rolled out some dough, and cut out some stars and hearts, and put them into the second row, first a heart and then a star, and so on; then she took an acorn that had the cup on it, and pressed it into the

dough all round the last row, and then put her completed work into the oven for baking. The pie was flanked by a custard pudding, some boiled pork, and a large dish of potatoes, which in that day were almost as great a rarity as oranges. In addition to this, there were loaves of Indian bread, and plates of butter, and a great bowl of stewed cranberries, sweetened with maple-sugar, which are as good and fashionable now as they were then. The piles of provisions rapidly disappeared before these "valiant trenchermen," the pork and potatoes first, then the chicken-pie and the pudding.

The dishes being removed, Mr. Bryant placed on the table some pewter tankards and a gallon of milk-punch in a large wooden bowl made out of beech and beautifully turned and ornamented on the outside with figures. "His Majesty's health, God bless him!" was then drunk, after which many compliments were paid to Mrs. Bryant for her cookery, which she received with evident pleasure, but due humility, saying by way of reply, "that she knew it was not just the time to have company, when they were so much pressed with work and danger at the door; but still she and William felt that it would be pleasant for the old neighbors, who had suffered so much hardship together, to meet sociably once more before they went into garrison, as it could never seem so homelike there."

"What do you think about going into garrison, neighbors?" said Bryant. "I don't know but we are running too much risk; half of the families have fled, and the rest are all in the fort but us. The Captain was at my house this morning; he says that he knows the Indians will be here soon, and thinks they are not far off now."

"He was down at our house," said Hugh, "urging me to go. But we might, as I told him, as well be killed by the Indians, as go into the fort with nothing in the ground, and starve to death after we get there."

"It is just as the Elder says," observed Cloutman. "A man can do more in one day on his place when he and his family are living on it, than he can in two when he is half a mile off. It is high time the grain was in, and I am inclined, since we have already risked so much, to stay out till we get the grain in and the fences up."

"I," said Reed, "have got everything done except harrowing in a piece of grain; I could go in to-morrow, but I sha' n't go and leave the rest out. I will help you get your work along, and we will all go in together."

"I know a good deal about Indians," said Cloutman, "and I think some of 'em know me; therefore I may say, without fear of being thought a coward, that they are a terrible enemy. They will creep through the woods with no more noise than a fish in the water; they will track any one they are after, I sometimes think, like a hound, by the scent. Though they have no great patience to besiege a place, there is no end to the patience with which they will dog a man till they run him down. When we are at war with them, no man can be sure, at any hour of the day or night, that he is not covered by an Indian's rifle, or that they are not prowling around his dwelling. I suspect that they have some scores to settle with me that they will try to square up before this war is over. When I tended the old mill,

at the lower falls, in 1741, an Indian got into the mill while I was gone to supper, and lay down behind the logs. Just before twelve o'clock, as I was setting the log, he pulled trigger at me, but his gun missed. I flung the crowbar with which I was setting the log at him, and knocked him down. Then I set the saw going, and put him on the log, and held him there till I split him in two, and flung the halves down the saw-pit. They never forget anything, and I think the sooner we can finish our work and get into the fort, the better. I have n't been used to think or care whether they had a grudge against me or not; but since I have got this woman and little boy," (laying his hand kindly upon his wife's knee,) "I feel different."

"O Edward!" said his wife, "don't stay out another day! It is better to be safe, if you do have to work at a little disadvantage."

"I think as much," said Bryant.

"But, William," replied his wife, "I can't get along in the fort without a cradle for this babe, and, if you will take a day and make one, I will risk my scalp a day longer."

"These are troublous times, neighbors," said Hugh, "and should teach us our dependence. When we part, we know not that we shall ever meet again. Shall we have a word of prayer before we separate?"

"With all my heart," replied Bryant; and these iron men, with their wives and little ones, knelt reverently together before God.

The leave-taking occupied some time, as the women had a great many last words to say, and every one must needs kiss the baby. In the mean time the children, who were but seldom in each other's company through fear of the savages, began to anticipate the pleasure of being in garrison.

"Won't we have such a nice time!" said John Reed. "The stockade will keep off all the wind, and we can have our plays right under the lee of it in the warm sunshine. I seed it when they were building it, and I went up to carry father's dinner, — mother and me."

"Yes," said Tim Cloutman, "and there will be such a heap of boys there! — me, and John Reed, and Joe Harvey, and the Hamblens, and Jim Mosier, and Johnnie Watson, and the Bryants and McLellans. Won't it be nice?"

"They have got a drum up to the fort, and a flag-staff, — O just as high! — and a color. They are going to have the gun fired every night and morning, — my mother said so, — and it will scare the Indians awful, and they 'll run clear to Canada."

"I seed them fire it one time," said Steve Bryant. "First it went fizz, fizz, and then bang! O my! what a noise!"

"Well," chimed in John Reed, "we can't have any chance to go fishing, or drown out woodchucks, or get beech-nuts or acorns."

"What of that?" replied Tim. "They won't let me go now, because they say there's Indians round, and when they ain't round and I want to go beech-nutting or acorning, then they say that the bears are out beech-nutting and acorning. I'm sure I had rather be in the fort, where there ain't any bears nor acorns either."

"Besides," said Abigail, "up at the fort are the nicest great large chips

and blocks that the men cut off. We can build the nicest baby-houses, and have our babies in them; and when Mrs. Bryant's little baby gets big enough, we will have that out there, and build a little house to put it in, and have our tame crow out there too. Jim Mosier has got a little kitten."

"Baby-houses!" broke in the martial Tim. "Who cares for baby-houses? We'll have bows and arrows and guns, and build forts, and play French and English, have battles, and lick the Frenchmans," cried Tim, doubling both his fists in a heat of warlike excitement. Tim was eight years old.

Just as they set out, they heard in the woods behind the house the screams of a blue-jay,—a sound too common at that season of the year to attract much notice. Cloutman merely said, "There's a fellow, Bill, that will be wanting to pull up our corn one of these days."

The sun was still about half an hour high, and they separated thus early on account of Indians, and because they had cows to milk before dark. Bose had already gone home to get up the cows.

They had passed over about a third of the distance between Bryant's and the spot where they were to separate from Cloutman, when a fir-bush, growing on the edge of the path behind them, began to wave, although there was not a breath of wind. At length from beneath its very roots appeared the glaring eyeballs and grim features of a savage in his war-paint, the rest of his body concealed by the roots of the bush and a heap of brush that lay around them. The subtle savages, uniting their strength, had pulled up the tree by the roots, with all the moss and earth adhering to it. After digging out the soft earth beneath with their hands, they had placed their comrade in the cavity thus formed, and replaced the tree, covering the whole with moss and brush so artfully that it had all the appearance of a growing tree. A little farther on the party came to a hollow log, the end of which protruded into the footpath; across the end of this log Abigail caught her clothes so firmly that her father was obliged to stop and disentangle them. But no sooner had they passed on out of ear-shot than from this very log crept a savage, armed with knife and tomahawk. The two savages, with a passage as noiseless as that of a bird, withdrew to the recesses of the forest, where they were joined by two others, who, like themselves, seemed to have sprung from the ground or fallen from the clouds. The screams of the jay now ceased, the voices of the settlers died away in the distance, the savages retired still farther into the forest, and no sound was heard save the low moan of the night-wind through the wilderness.

The Indians at this time obtained more from the English for the ransom of prisoners, than the bounty given by the French for English scalps; hence, except when they had some grudge to satisfy, or when the captives were wounded and therefore unable to sustain the fatigue of a journey to Canada, or were children and too young to travel, or when they themselves were pursued and could carry the scalps easier than the captives, they seldom took life, if they could without too great risk to themselves take prisoners. It was also Indian law that the captives belonged to the one who seized them first. Hence it was often the case that one savage would seek to kill another's

prisoner, if he had against him any personal enmity ; then the captor would defend his prisoner, and sometimes bury his knife in the breast of the other, not out of any feeling of compassion for the captive, but because he did not wish to lose his ransom. The Indians had found out that the party were at Bryant's, and had determined, if they were returning home unarmed, to ambush and rush upon them with knife and tomahawk, kill and scalp the children, and take the men and women prisoners. To this end they had pushed over a dead tree full of limbs that stood just ready to fall beside the path, that, while the men were occupied in removing it for the women and children to pass, they could spring upon them with advantage. They had therefore placed the Beaver, who, as being but a boy, was quite useless in a grapple with men, in the top of a large hemlock that commanded a view of Bryant's door, with orders, if the party were armed, to give the scream of a blue-jay.

As this proved to be the case, the Indians — who had a wholesome dread of the settlers' rifles, and especially of Cloutman, who, in addition to being extremely skilful with the rifle, weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, was in the prime of life, and of such strength that he could crush a walnut between his thumbs and a plank, and once carried nine bushels of potatoes in a bed-sack — determined to let them pass unmolested, and wait with Indian patience for a better opportunity.

Upon Friday night, the 18th of April (old style), 1746, the McLellan family, the day's work being ended, were all in the house. Hugh was sitting in the door, in order that he might have all the fast-fading daylight for his work. Calling to William, he told him to take the pails and go to the spring and get a supply of water for the night.

The path to the spring was waylaid by Indians, who were in ambush behind the house, and who, as they afterwards said, could have touched him with their hands. They suffered him to pass unmolested, because they hoped when it became dusk to surprise the whole family. Many of them were the same Indians who had lived among the settlers, and knew their habits ; with these were some Canada Indians and a few Penobscots.

They knew that, in consequence of the log-house being dark, the family were accustomed when it was pleasant to sit with the door open till they went to bed, which was soon after dark, and then bar it for the night. Their plan was, as soon as it grew dusk, to steal around the corner of the house, and, before the door was barred, rush in. They would probably have succeeded, and surprised and overpowered Hugh, who was busily at work, before he could have reached his gun, which hung on hooks over the fireplace ; but their plan was frustrated by Bose, who, when he was ordered out doors for the night, went out before the door, stretched himself, and, snuffing the air, ran back into the house growling and showing his teeth.

"Indians !" exclaimed Hugh, shoving back his bench, shutting the door, and thrusting the awl he was at work with over the wooden latch.

In another moment William supplied a more efficient fastening by putting the handle of a broken skillet into an inch auger-hole that was bored for that purpose in the post above it. They then put in the additional bars provided

for the purpose. They had a milk-pan full of powder, four guns, and plenty of lead, but it was not in balls. Elizabeth hung up a blanket before the fire, to keep the light from being seen outside, and went to melting lead in a skillet, and running bullets with an iron spoon, while Hugh and William lay at the loop-holes with two guns apiece. But the night passed away without further alarm, the Indians having relinquished their attempt.

At sunrise they ate their breakfast, resolved to finish their work that day, and go into the fort the next morning. Just as they were about to start for the field, John Reed came to the door.

“Good morning, Elder.”

“Good morning, John.”

“I came down to see if you would lend me a chain.”

“Yes, there it is in the crotch of that tree.”

“I want to harrow my grain in and go into garrison to-morrow.”

“We had a little bit of a scare last night,” said Hugh.

“Did you see any Indians?”

“No; but just as we were going to bed Bose all at once ran into the house, and growled and stuck up his back, as he always does, when there are Indians round. He always did hate an Indian. We fastened the house and kept watch, but saw and heard nothing more, and there are no tracks around the house. I think he smelt some wild creature. But William and his mother, who have noticed the dog’s ways more than I have, are positive that it was Indians.”

“I have not seen any Indian sign,” said Reed, “and I have been in the woods a good deal, and I don’t think there are any round; though, as Ed Cloutman said the other night, they are a critter to be felt before they are seen, and it seems a clear tempting of Providence to stay out any longer.”

“Well, Mr. Reed,” said William, “I’ve had that dog ever since he was a pup, and I’ve hunted with him months, and I may say years; I ought to know his ways by this time. Now he always hated an Indian, and before the war, when they used to be in and out of the house every day, and came to the door to grind their knives and tomahawks, he would have torn them in pieces if we would have let him. But after we beat him for it, when he smelt one of them coming he’d stick up his bristly hair and growl, and put his tail between his legs, and go off growling into the house, and get under the bed or the table and lie there and snarl till they were gone. He did just so last night, did n’t he, mother?”

“Yes,” she replied, “and was uneasy for an hour, and then gave it up and went to sleep.”

“Now,” continued William, whose education in the woods had made him a real hunter, and who found a fruitful theme whenever he touched upon the good qualities of his dog, “it stands to reason it was Indians. If it had been a moose, or a bear, or a catamount, his tail would n’t have been between his legs, I can tell you; but his tail would have been right up. Instead of growling, he would have begun to whine and jump up on me, and kiss me, and have gone and looked up to the gun, and barked, and tried to coax me

to go after it, whatever it was. Now Bose don't know we are at war with the Indians, and he thought if he barked he should be whipped, because we used to whip him when he barked at them, and so he showed his spite in all the way he dared to."

"Well," replied Reed, "I am hindering you and myself too. Mrs. McLellan, I'll thank you for a drink of milk."

He drank the milk, and, throwing the chain over his back, started for home. The milk made him dry, and when he came to the brook he flung the chain from his shoulder, and, putting down a piece of bark at the edge of the water to keep himself from the clay, spread out his hands on either side, and laid his breast on the bark to drink. Two Indians instantly threw themselves upon him, and, forcing his head and face into the water, mastered him. Forcing his hands behind his back, they bound them with thongs of deer-hide, and then helped him to rise.

As soon as he had regained his breath, and blown the mud and water from his nose and mouth, he exclaimed to one of the savages whom he knew: "What a mean, cowardly way that is to set upon a man! Let me loose, and if I don't handle you both I will go with you of my own accord!"

"Indian no such big fool," was the reply. "Reed very strong man; Indian hold him fast."

Reed administered a kick to the savage who stood before him, that sent him backward into the brook, which was running even with the banks. The other savage laughed at this, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Come." Reed, well knowing that any hesitation would be followed by a blow of the tomahawk, sullenly obeyed. They took him through the woods, over his own land, and as they went he could hear the voice of William McLellan driving his oxen, but, as the Indians had taken the precaution to gag him, could give no alarm. Indeed, these Indians had started for Hugh's, but, hearing the click of the chain on Reed's shoulder, they gave up that part of their plan, and, concealing themselves, fell upon him.

The Indians were very reluctant to fire a gun if they could kill or capture without, fearing to alarm the garrison. A band of scouts, with whom were three Saco Indians, had come from Saco the afternoon before, on their way to Windham, but had left that morning at daylight; whereas the Indians thought they were still at hand, and were fearful of bringing this large force upon them, especially as the friendly Indians who were with them could follow their trail. They were anxious to take Cloutman, and to obtain his rifle, which was an excellent one, as they well knew; and as for the Bryants, they hated them, and had many injuries to revenge upon them. Their antipathy to the Bryants was not only of long standing, as his ancestors were engaged in Philip's war, and had inflicted much injury upon the Indians, but it partook of a personal character, as in time of peace they had uniformly treated them with harshness, and refused to give to them when it was in their power. But the day of reckoning had come, and the savage of all beings on earth was the least likely to be slack in repaying injuries.

Elijah Kellogg.



THE LITTLE BEGGAR-GIRL.

THERE were once two beggar children, named Paul and Nora. Paul was ugly and cross, but Nora was so sweet-tempered that nothing could make her speak an unkind word. She had beautiful eyes, and her hair was of a golden brown. These children had no home, and not a single friend in the world. On pleasant nights they slept in a market-cart; but if it was rainy, they crept underneath. It was their business to wander about the city, begging whatever they could.

One day Paul found an old basket with the handle gone. "Now," said he, "we will go into the bone business."

"And then won't you beat me any more?" said Nora.

"Not if you mind me," said Paul, "and beg something nice for me every day. What have you got there?"

Nora showed him some bits of bread, dry cake, a chicken-bone, and a bunch of grapes, which an old gentleman had given her, because her eyelashes were like those of his dear little grandchild who had died years before.

"Why did n't you get more grapes?" said Paul. "I could eat twenty times as many. Here, you may have three, and the whole of that chicken-bone."

Nora threw her arms about his neck, and said, "O Paul, how good it is to have a brother! If I did n't have you, I should n't have anybody."

That night they crept under the cart, for it was rainy. But first they covered the ground with some old straw. "How good it is to have a cart over us," said Nora, "and straw to sleep on!" But Paul bade her stop talking, for he was tired.

After he was asleep, Nora crept out to pay a visit to her window. She called it her window. It was on the back piazza of a nice house. The curtains hung apart a little, leaving a crack; and every night she paid a visit here to watch the undressing and putting to bed of a little girl.

She could see the laughing face, as it peeped through the long, white nightgown, and the rosy little toes, as they came out of their stockings. She could see the little girl's arms, holding tight around the mother's neck, and the mother's arms, holding tight her little girl. She could also both see and hear the kisses, and, by putting her ear close to the window, could sometimes catch the very words of the evening hymn. Nothing seemed to her half as beautiful as this, for it was the only singing she had ever heard.

But on this particular night she dared not stay long at the window, for Paul had said they must start out of the city by daybreak to look for bones, and had bade her go to sleep early. She only waited to see the little girl's hair brushed, and then to see her spat the water about in the washbowl.

After creeping under the cart, where Paul was sleeping, she put out her hands to catch the rain-drops, and washed her face. Molly, the rag-picker, had given her an old comb she had found in a dirt-barrel, and a faded handkerchief. For these she had given a bit of cake. To be sure the cake was dry, and required a stone to break it; but it contained two plums, and when Molly made the trade she was thinking of her little lame boy at home. And so Nora sat up in the straw and combed out her pretty hair. It was long, for there was no one to cut it, and of a most lovely color. To tell the truth, there was not a child in all the street whose hair was half as beautiful.

"I cannot be undressed," she thought, "because I have no night-clothes, and I cannot be kissed or sung to sleep, because I have only Paul. And Paul, he could n't, — O no, Paul don't know the way; but I can do this."

And while thinking such thoughts as these, she combed out her long hair, just as she had seen the little girl's mother do; and, by tying the three-cornered handkerchief under her chin, she kept it all smooth.

The next morning they set forth at sunrise to search for bones, swinging the basket between them.

"How lucky the sun shines!" said Nora. "Now our clothes will dry." And when they were out of the city she said, "No matter for shoes now, Paul, the grass is so soft."

"You are always being pleased about something," said Paul. "Anybody would think you had everything you wanted."

Nora was still for a moment, and then she said: "O no, Paul! I want one thing a great deal. I think about it every night and every day."

"What is it?" said Paul. "Can't you beg for one?"

"No," said she, "I could n't."

"Why don't you tell?" said Paul, speaking crossly.

"I don't like to say it," said Nora.

"Tell!" said Paul, giving her a push, "or I'll strike you."

Nora crept up close to him and whispered, "I want somebody to call me darling."

"You're a ninny," said Paul. "You don't know anything. I'll call you darling. Darling, hold up the basket."

"But that is n't real," said Nora. "You don't know the right way. And the darling is n't in your eyes,—not at all. Yesterday I met a little girl, as little as I. Her shoes were pretty, and a kind lady was walking with her, and when they came to a crossing, the lady said, 'Come this way, my darling.' And it was in her eyes. You could n't learn to say it right, Paul, for you are only a brother, and can't speak so softly. Did we two have a mother ever, Paul?"

"To be sure we did," said Paul. "She used to hold you in her lap, and tell me stories. I was n't but four then; now I'm eight."

"Was she like Molly?" asked Nora.

"Not a bit. Her face was white, and so were her hands,—jolly white. She used to cry, and sew lace."

"Cry? A mother cry? What for?"

"Can't say. Hungry, may be. Sometimes father hit her. But stop talking, can't you? I want to run down this hill. Catch hold."

As they were walking along the road at the bottom of the hill, breathing very fast from running so hard, they met a wicked-looking man, whose whiskers were black and very heavy. His nose was long, and hooked over at the end. He had on a short-waisted coat, with a peaked tail. His shoulders were so high that they almost touched his ears; when he laughed they went higher still,—and this was pretty often, for he hardly spoke without laughing.

When he saw Paul and Nora, he said, "Where are you going, children? Going to take a walk? He! he! he!"

"To pick up bones," said Paul. "I know a man that buys them."

"I'll buy your bones," said the man, "and give you a good price for them. I keep in this yellow brick house. Come this evening. Come about eight. Come to the back door. Is this your little sister?"

"Yes," said Paul.

"Well, bring your sister. I like your little sister. He! he! he! Good morning, and good luck to you." Then he patted Nora's head and went away laughing, "He! he! he!"

It was hard work for Nora, walking so far out of town, and then climbing so many fences, looking for bones, which had been thrown away, or hidden by dogs. And many times they were driven away by cross servants.

"It's all your fault," said Paul. "You are always peeping in at windows. If you don't stop it, I'll strike you."

"I only want to see what the little girls do," said Nora. "They go up the steps, and the door shuts, and then, when I can't see them any more, then what do they do, Paul?"

"How should I know?" said Paul. "Can't you stop talking and give me something to eat? What have you got?"

Nora showed him all her broken bits, and then untied the corner of her handkerchief. There were a few pennies tied up there, which a lady had given her who was pleased with her pleasant face. "What shall we do with these, Paul?" said she.

"Well," said Paul, "I think, — I think I'll buy a cigar. I never had a cigar."

"To be sure," said Nora, "such a big boy ought to have a cigar."

And while Paul smoked his cigar, she sat upon a stone near by, watching the smoke. He leaned back against a tree, puffing away, with his feet crossed high up on a rock. Nora was so pleased!

"How glad I am I've got you," said she. "If I did n't have you, I should n't have anybody. When I grow up, may be I'll be your mother and give you good things."

"You're a little fool!" said Paul. "Stop your talk now, and go look for more bones. There's no need of both of us sitting idle."

"O, my feet ache so!" said Nora. But she minded Paul, and went searching about till he called her to go back to the city.

The walk back was so tiresome that Nora almost dropped down from weariness. "O Paul!" said she, "my hands are too little: and they are sore, and my feet are too. I can't hold on. O, it's going! Paul, it's going!"

Paul gave her a blow across the shoulders. "There!" said he. "Let that basket go down again, will you? Hurry up! Who wants everybody staring?"

Nora's bare feet were bleeding, her arms ached, and her shoulders smarted where his hand came down. She was such a little, such a very little girl! Poor thing! she did her best.

Upon reaching the yellow brick house, Paul and Nora walked directly in at the back door, as they had been told. The wicked-looking man came to meet them, and took them into a room that was very low in the walls, and that was hung round with bird-cages. In these cages were canary-birds, — a great many canary-birds, — also Java sparrows and mocking-birds. The room smelt very strong of soap. In a door leading to the next apartment there were two squares of glass set; through this small window they could see a man's face, tipped a little backwards, which the hand of another man was covering with soap-foam. By this they knew it must be a barber's shop.

The wicked-looking man took Nora by the hand, and said, as he placed her in a chair, "All right, my little lady, he! he! he! All right, my little beauty! I want to cut off your hair."

"O no! O no!" said Nora. And she covered her head with both hands.

"O yes! O yes!" said the man. "I won't charge you anything, — not

a penny. Cheap enough, he! he! he!" For the wicked-looking man wanted Nora's beautiful hair, to make up into braids and curls, such as ladies buy. He came close up, with his shears.

"O, I want it, I want it!" said Nora, beginning to cry.

"Let the man have it, can't you?" said Paul.

"O, I can't let him, I can't, I can't!" said Nora, sobbing.

"Why not? what 's the use of it?" said Paul.

"O," said Nora, "because — because — I like it. And I have no boots, and no night-clothes, and nobody to lead me, and so — and so — I want it."

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said the man. "I 'll give you something for it. What do you want most? He! he! he! Think now. Is n't there anything you want most?"

"Yes, sir," said Nora. For she remembered what she had told Paul, in the morning.

"Well," said the man, "I thought so. What is it? Say."

"I don't like to speak it," said Nora.

"Don't like to? Why?"

"Because," said Nora, sobbing, "you have n't — it seems like — as if you could n't."

Paul burst out laughing. "She wants somebody to call her darling," said he.

"To call her *what*?"

"To call her darling." And then he burst out laughing again; and the man raised both hands, and put up his shoulders, and burst out laughing, and they both laughed together.

At last the man took a walk round among his bird-cages, and said: "Come, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll give you a bird. If you 'll give me your hair, I 'll give you a bird."

"A live one?" asked Nora.

"Yes, a live one. And beside that, your hair will grow; then you will have both."

"Will it sing?" asked Nora.

"When it's old enough," said the man. "And here 's a little basket to keep him in. It used to be a strawberry basket. I 'll put some wool in it. It looks like a bird's nest. I 'll tie a long string to it and hang it round your neck. There. How do you like that? He! he he!"

He hung it around her neck. The bird looked up into her face with its bright little eyes; Nora put down her lips and kissed it. Then she looked up at the man and said faintly, "I will."

The man caught up his long shears, and in less than five minutes Nora's beautiful hair lay spread out upon the table. She turned away from it, weeping.

But Paul pulled her roughly along, and she soon dried her tears by saying over to herself: "It will grow, it will grow. And I have two now, — the bird and Paul. Before, I had but one, — Paul. Now, two, Paul and the bird; the bird and Paul, — two."

For a whole week after this Nora could think of nothing but her bird. It was lame; the man had cheated her; he had given her a bird that would not sell. But Nora loved it all the better for this. She would sit on the curbstone and let it pick crumbs from her mouth. When walking, the bird hung from her neck in its little basket. Nights, she let it sleep in her bosom.

Very often ladies and gentlemen, passing along the street, would stop when they saw her feeding her bird. They seemed to think it a very pretty sight. Or, if people met her walking, the basket hanging around her neck with the bird's head peeping out, they would turn and say, "Now, is n't that cunning!"

But one day at the end of the week Paul came from fighting with some boys; they had beaten him, and this had made him mad and cross. Nora had begged nothing very nice that day. He called her lazy, and came behind as she was feeding her bird, and knocked it upon the pavement.

"There," said he, "now you will do something."

The bird was killed. Nora caught it to her bosom, and sobbed out, "O Paul! My little bird! O Paul!" Then she lay down upon the pavement, and burst into such loud crying that Paul, to hush her, ran off, and said he was going for a policeman to lock her up.

Nora had now lost her only comfort. No, not her only comfort, — for she could still watch the little girls walking with beautiful ladies, and could still listen, standing upon the back piazza, to the singing of evening hymns. And one day she discovered something which gave her great joy.

Without knowing that she could, without meaning to try to sing, she herself sang. At first it was only a faint, humming noise, but she started with pleasure, for it was the very tune in which the lady sang hymns to her little girl. She tried again, and louder. Then louder still, and at last cried out: "O Paul! It's just the same! It's just the same! I did n't think I could! How could I, Paul? How did I sing?"

That was a hard summer for Nora. They had to go every day out of town, and wearisome work it was, climbing fences and walking over the rough ways. And very few pennies did they get.

But when winter came, it was much worse. Nora begged a few clothes for herself and Paul; but all they could get were not half enough to keep out the cold. And when night came they piled up what old straw the cartmen would give them, and crept under that.

One very cold evening Paul said, "Now to-night we shall surely freeze to death."

"O no!" said Nora, "I know where there are such heaps of straw. A man came and emptied a whole bed full."

And when it grew dark, they brought bundles of this straw and made a bed of it in the corner of a wall near a church.

"Now, if we only had something for a blanket," said Paul. "Can't you beg something for a blanket?"

"O no!" said Nora. "It is so cold. Let me creep under the straw."

"Go, I tell you," said Paul.

"O, I don't want to beg in the evening!" said Nora.

"You shall go," said Paul. And he gave her a push.

Then, as he grew very cross, she said, "I'll try, Paul," and ran off in the dark.

It was a bitter cold night. The sharp wind cut through her thin garments like a knife. Men stamped as they walked to keep their feet from freezing. Ladies hid their faces behind their furs. Scarcely any one spoke, but all went hurrying on, eager to get out of the cold.

"None of these people have anything to give me for a blanket," thought little Nora.

She ventured to beg at a few houses, but the servants shut the doors in her face, and she could hear them answer to the people above stairs, "Only a beggar-girl."

For all it was so cold, Nora could not pass the window of the back piazza without looking in for a moment. The curtain was partly drawn aside. No one was in the room. But through the door she could see another larger room, brilliantly lighted. There were wax candles burning, and a bright fire was blazing in the fireplace. There were vases of flowers upon the table, and the walls were hung with large pictures in shining gilt frames. Around the fire many people were seated, and the little girl was there bidding them all good night. Nora could see them catch her up in their arms. One gave her a ride on his foot, another gave her a toss in the air, and one made believe put her in his pocket. And to every one the little girl gave a kiss on both cheeks.

Then her mother led her into the room where Nora had so many times watched the going to bed, and Nora saw, as she had often seen before, the white shoulders catch a kiss when the dress slipped off, then the bright face peep through the night-gown and catch a kiss, and the little rosy feet put up to have their toes counted. Then there were huggings and showers of kisses, and the little girl was laid in her crib, and blankets tucked close about her.

Next came the evening hymn, which the mother sang sitting by the crib. Poor little Nora was almost benumbed with cold; but this singing was so sweet, she must stop just a few moments longer. Wrapping her thin shawl tight about her, she stood bending over, her ear close to the window, that not a note might be lost.

And soon, almost without knowing it, she too was singing. But as Nora had never learned any hymns, she could only sing what was in her mind: "Nora is cold. Nora has no blanket. Nora cannot kiss any mother."

She sang very softly at first. But her voice would come out. It grew louder every moment; and this so delighted her that she forgot where she was,—forgot the cold, forgot everything except the joy of the music. And when the tune ran high, her voice rang out so loud and clear that the lady heard inside, and came towards the window.

Then Nora was frightened and ran away. She ran back to the corner of the church where Paul was lying. He was asleep now. She crept in among the straw, and sat there shivering, looking up at the stars. She looked up at the stars, but she was thinking of the good-night kisses in the lighted room around the fireside, and of the little girl lying asleep in her crib, with the loving mother watching near. And the more these pleasant thoughts passed through her mind, the more lonely and sorrowful she felt.

"O Paul!" she whispered, "if I did n't have you, I should n't have anybody in the world. Good night, Paul." She put her arms softly around him, stroked his hair, and then tucked her thin shawl closely about him, just as the lady had tucked the blankets about her little girl, and kissed him. "Good night, Paul," she whispered again.

Then she leaned her head upon his shoulder and began to sing; but very softly, lest some one should hear. She sang of the blazing fire, of the candles burning, of the flowers, of the pictures, of the undressing, of the kisses, of the sleeping child, and then of other little children walking in the streets led by beautiful ladies. Then it seemed as if she herself were one of these little girls. In her dream, she too was dressed in gay clothes, warmed herself by glowing fires, or was led along in the warm sunshine by a gentle lady. And all the while she seemed to keep on singing, and everybody, the loving mothers and all the pretty children, sang with her, until the whole air was filled with music. Her little bird, too, seemed to be there, and was singing with the rest; he came and nestled in her bosom.

Then she found herself sitting alone, clothed in white garments in the midst of a soft silvery light. A river rolled at her feet, beyond which hung like a veil a thin, shining mist. It was from behind this mist that the light was shed about her. And still the music kept on, but far more loud and sweet. It came from beyond the river, and she heard a voice in the air which said, "Come and sing with the angel children."

Then she arose and stood gazing like a lost child, not knowing how to cross the stream. But instantly a smile spread over her face, for standing near, upon a bridge of flowers, she saw a lady in whose face were exceeding beauty and sweetness. She stretched forth to Nora her beautiful white hands, saying, in gentlest tones, "Come this way, my darling." And Nora trembled with joy, and smiled still more brightly, for the countenance of the lady was beaming with love, and the darling was in her eyes as she clasped to her bosom her dear little child.

In the morning an early traveller found Paul lying in the corner by the church, asleep; and leaning upon his shoulder was the face of his little sister, stiff and cold in death. But the smile of joy was still there, and was witnessed by hundreds that day. For a great many people came to see the little frozen beggar-girl, who had passed from her life of sorrow with so sweet a smile.



SWIMMING is a very interesting sport, and often also the means of saving life in a sudden emergency ; therefore Our Young Folks, girls as well as boys, ought to learn to swim, and the art is very easily acquired where the opportunity is afforded. Some parents are greatly exercised for fear their children should go into the water ; if the bathing-place is well known, and the bathers have companions, this fear is as idle as that of the hen with a brood of young ducks, who remains upon the bank in great excitement and alarm when they swim away to the centre of the nearest pond.

Although swimming is very easily acquired, it is an art not natural to man ; many animals can swim without any lessons or previous trials, but man cannot do so. The philosophers indeed teach us that the nature of the human body is such that it ought to float of itself, and therefore man ought to be able to swim. The answer to this is, that no man, not even a philosopher, can swim the first time he is in deep water. In spite of all his knowledge of the human body and the laws of displacement, down his body will go: Yet swimming is very easy ; almost all that is necessary is to go into the water, — water about up to the armpits. In a week or two you will learn to swim, merely by seeing others swim, and imitating their movements. It is so easy to swim, that I believe an infant might be taught to do so before it could by any possibility be taught to walk. In some countries very small children may be seen swimming, and that near the edge of a powerful

surf. I have seen little negroes and Malays swimming lustily about, who could not have been above three years old. It has been stated that in the Philippine and Ladrone Islands infants may be seen in the tumbling surf, where it rolls upon the white sandy or coral beach. So they may, but it is in their mother's hands.

Savages can nearly all swim, and swim well. The only exceptions are those who inhabit such arid wastes as those of Arabia and Tartary. The coast savages are invariably splendid swimmers. I went through Torres Straits once, the passage between the east coast of New Holland and the great barrier reefs which lie between it and the open expanse of the South Pacific Ocean. These straits are many hundred miles long, and the navigation was then so little known and dangerous, by reason of hidden reefs and shoals, that we anchored every night. The coast from Sydney, New South Wales, to the Gulf of Carpentaria, was uninhabited, save by roving bands of Australian blacks, many of whom had never seen a white man. We could see a few of them occasionally skulking along in the bushes that fringed the beach; and once a band of them stood upon a distant ridge, in full relief against the sun, which was setting behind them. I suppose that no barbarians of lower grade than these natives of Australia were ever discovered. They were utterly destitute of raiment, they had no huts, their canoes were of the poorest and rudest sort, with nothing for paddles but bits of bark, not much larger than their own hands. At one place where we anchored, a lot of them came off to the ship in these canoes, which were only capable of carrying a single person. We noticed that there were no women among them. Another thing I also remarked. You will have read that savages can easily produce fire by means of two pieces of hard wood. Now, I dare say they may do it in case of necessity, but by means of immense labor and perseverance only, and not easily. This was my conclusion from seeing that several of them had in the bottom of their canoes smouldering brands of hard wood, with which to raise a blaze whenever they might want one. They were capital swimmers, some of the best and swiftest that I have ever seen. A six-pounder gun on the forecastle was fired with blank-cartridge while they were alongside, and at the report down went every one into deep water, over the sides of their canoes. When they rose they were at a great distance from the ship, making towards the mainland. They could not be got back, and we towed their canoes ashore with our jolly-boat. That place was not far north of Endeavor River, where Captain Cook repaired his ship, the Endeavor, after she got ashore on the reefs in his first voyage of discovery. We landed in the little sandy cove where the great navigator hove her down to get at her bottom. It is called Careening Bay. I think it was here that the first kangaroo was seen by any white man. We used to have a good swim in those straits every evening when the anchor was down.

I learned to swim when a very little boy, in a marl-pit, in England. A pit or a pond is better for young beginners than a running stream, because of the current. We used to go to these marl-pits to bathe every evening in summer-time, and the small boys very soon learned to swim. Some of the

big boys had a mean and cowardly habit of ducking the little ones when they were in deep water. Any big boy that would do this ought to be cow-hided just as he steps from the water. I remember that it was the cause of several fights among our set, for some of the larger boys took it up, and the duckers had to fight upon it. They were invariably whipped, and no wonder, for tyrants of this sort have never courage or endurance.

Afterwards, when I was at boarding-school, there was no chance to swim. There were a hundred and twenty of us, and we had a large field for our sports, — cricket, kite-flying, and the like, as well as the regular play-ground, with large sheds for wet weather, — but no swimming water. But in the midsummer vacation swimming and fishing were our great sports.

After I left school, and long before I was a man, I went to the Spanish Main. The first port we visited was La Guayra. It is an open roadstead, and very little swimming was done, for there were horrible stories about sharks, several of which we had caught on the passage. From La Guayra we went to Carthagena, one of the oldest cities in America, I think. It was built with great strength and solidity by the old Spaniards, and, in spite of earthquakes and neglect, many of its massive buildings still stand. It lies at the head of a bay ; and close to the shore where the boats landed, we saw a few negroes bathing. But it was not encouraging, the water was so dark and muddy, and we did not venture in. The whole place seemed as if it were rotting to decay. The batteries were crumbling away, the gun-carriages were all moss-grown, and thousands of green lizards ran in and out among the round-shot and rubbish that lay in heaps on the bastions. The soldiers were the dirtiest, the laziest, and the most squalid-looking set that I have ever seen. There was, however, one tall, handsome fellow, a sergeant ; he had a great weakness for ribbons and lace, and I thought he ought to have been a brigand, or a smuggler in Biscay.

We went from Carthagena to Savanilla, and here, in spite of the sharks, we went in for swimming. The port was a lonely and unfrequented one, a bay almost landlocked. On one side the land was high and wild. On the other there was a long, low island, covered to the water's edge with bushes. Monkeys abounded in its woods, and the jaguar, or South American tiger, also frequented it. It was a place to remind one that

"The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar."

There was no town at the landing-place. A bamboo hut served as a custom-house, and another was a house of entertainment. Farther inland, on the banks of a lagoon which swarmed with alligators, there was a cluster of huts. There were no plantations for miles. The shipments consisted of logwood, hides, and a sort of dried nut, useful for tanning leather, called divi-divi. When we entered this delectable place, there was but one vessel in the harbor, the British sloop-of-war Nimrod. As if she had been waiting for us to come, she hove up her anchor on the morning after our arrival, and

made sail to sea. We had a tedious time of it; the weather was very hot, and the sea-breeze, being intercepted by the high land at the mouth of the bay, gave small relief. We longed to bathe in the evenings, but the ground-sharks could be seen darting out from under the ship's counter when anything was thrown overboard, and sometimes, when it was flat calm, the fin of a huge monster could be seen above the water, like a great black rhinoceros horn, as the shark swam lazily about in search of prey. The captain had laid an absolute interdict against our going into the water; and the mate said he believed there were sharks in the bay as big as the famous Port Royal Tom. This Port Royal Tom was a large shark whose haunt was Port Royal Bay, in the island of Jamaica. He had his rations daily from the men-of-war, it being held that he was of more service than the guard-boats in keeping the men from trying to swim ashore at night.

When we began to take in cargo, a Spanish stevedore, a fine, bronzed, stout fellow, who was always smoking paper cigarettes, came aboard to stow it. Some of us worked with him in the hold. If it was not hot down there, I don't know what heat is, and I have seen the planks of the deck so hot that the pitch would come out of the seams, as if boiling. Our only article of dress was a pair of flannel drawers. When he came on deck, after knocking off in the evening, the first thing the Spaniard did was to pitch overboard, head first, over the gangway rail. He then came to the surface, swam rapidly about for a few minutes, and then, taking hold of a rope, raised himself on to a spar which was slung alongside at the water's edge as a fender. He then came on board and dressed himself. Supper over, we sat under the awning smoking our pipes, when the oldest lad among us, after a very long whiff, exclaimed, "Mates, these here yarns about Port Royal Tom, and sharks collaring fellows in the water a-swimming, is jest a precious humbug. I see the sharks swim away from the Spaniard when they came out from under the keel at the first splash to see what was overboard."

It was suggested that we should ask the stevedore about it. He could speak some English, and we could speak a little Spanish, and we got on together excellently. From him we learned that a shark will not touch a man in the water, so long as the man keeps moving. He is probably more afraid of the man than the man is of him. But if the man remained quiet, hanging on by a rope, or by the gunwale of a boat, his legs would be in danger.

We afterwards acted upon this hint, and swam every night, keeping in good motion, making a splash, and heaving ourselves up out of the water at once when our swim was ended. The place was alive with large sharks, and no accident or trouble from them ever happened. That was the last place at which I was ever kept from swimming for fear of sharks. I not only never knew of a shark attacking a swimmer myself, but among all the sailors and coast men that I ever met with there was not one that knew himself of such a thing. Of course, if a man is in the water long enough to tire out, and lose action, the sharks will take him; or if he becomes helpless from fright, the same thing will happen.

Some years after I had opportunity of putting this to further test. We had left Batavia, in the island of Java, bound to Rotterdam in Holland, with a valuable cargo of coffee, sugar, spices, and specimens of natural history for the University of Leyden. Some mighty boa-constrictors and a tiger or two were among them. When at sea, it was found that the ship leaked a good deal; and, upon examination in the forehold, it was discovered that the leak was in the larboard bow, near the stern, and not a great many streaks under water. It was thought that, if the ship were anchored in smooth water, she might be lightened by the head enough to bring the leak up, so that it could be calked.

With this view, the captain took her into the Cocos or Keeling Islands, — a group which lies in the South Pacific, about a thousand miles southwest of Java, and nearly in the route of ships bound from that island to Europe or America, round the Cape of Good Hope.

The cluster of islands numbers a great many, — I do not know how many. They are small, the biggest being no larger to look at than a good-sized prairie farm, but so beautiful! The islets themselves are of white coral rock. With the soil which ages have accumulated upon them, the highest part is but three feet above the sea; a dense growth of cocoa-nut trees covers them, and a few white men and Malays visit them from time to time to engage in catching turtle, which are found of enormous size on the low beaches, and in making cocoa-nut oil. The sea around these islands was so clear that one could see shells and sharks on the bottom, in full twenty-fathom water. All day the sky was cloudless, the sun shone radiantly, and the heat was nicely tempered, even at noontide, by the steady breeze of the southeast trade-wind. If a man could be content away from friends and the heady bustle of the battle of life, here was a sort of natural paradise,

“ Amidst the green isles of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things.”

There was no chart of this group. Its position was laid down in the sailing charts, but there was no guide for navigation among the islands. The lower masts of two vessels, with their tops just above the water, gave warning that treacherous reefs lay below, all the more dangerous because there was not sea enough to make breakers over them. In threading about towards what was deemed the best place for anchorage, near the largest of the islands, the ship struck. We let go everything, and the yards came down by the run. In a few moments the sails were clewed up, except the top-sails, which were hoisted again, and laid flat to the mast. They did not get her off; but we got out kedge anchors, and hove her off into deep water. She had grounded on a ledge of coral as steep as a wall, for while her bows stuck fast, there was plenty of water under the stern.

Being anchored in a good berth, we tore off the forehatch, hoisted out many *krang-jangs** of sugar, and piled them up on the after-deck. By this

* Five hundred-weight.

means the leak was got at, and calked as well as it could be calked in the wash. That ended, the captain was very anxious to learn whether any damage had been done when she struck. Some of the cocoa-nut oil getters, all of whom had come off to her in whale-boats, to ask for canvas, rope, salt beef, and rum, professed to be great divers. But none of them would go down unless the reward was very large, as they pretended that the danger from sharks was great. The captain had chattered with them for some time, when the mate said, "This asking for extra pay on account of sharks is a downright imposition; any of the boys aboard this ship will swim and dive all round her for nothing."

"Well," said the professed diver, "let 'em go down and report whether her bottom is all right."

"I think we 'll do so," said the mate to the skipper; "they may not be able to see all that these fellows could see, but they can tell whether there is much copper off."

Word was passed for the boys, and we went aft. English ships carry apprentices, and there were five of us on board apprenticed to the owners, a great firm in Liverpool, whose vessels traded all over the world, nearly, — at any rate to the East and West Indies, Australia, South America, the Southern States, the west coast of Africa, and China. I don't think any of their ships went "up the Straits," which is through the Straits of Gibraltar and up the Mediterranean. The common notion is that boys go to sea because they are good for nothing else; but that was not the case with the boys who sailed in the ships of that firm. All on board had received a fair English education; two were sons of captains who had been lost at sea; one was the son of a master cabinet-maker in Liverpool; another was the son of one of the chief clerks of the firm; and I was the fifth. The eldest of the two whose fathers had been lost at sea was the best swimmer and diver among us, and I was the next. We were the eldest. Each of us was able to steer the ship, and to help reef the top-sails, and we were learning navigation under the instruction of the captain and mate, both capital navigators and prime seamen. Indeed, I think that the mate was the best navigator and sailor I ever knew. But he had a failing for strong grog and plenty of it. However, he never got drunk at sea, and owners and underwriters trusted him. He asked us whether we were afraid to dive under the ship; to which we replied, "Not a bit."

"Then," said he, "you, George and Charley, go over the bows, and let us know whether you can see much copper rubbed off on either side of the keel."

We stripped, and as we stepped on to the windlass to get on the deck of the top-gallant fore-castle, the diver from the islands said, "Plenty of big sharks here, boys!"

"We know it," says I; "we have seen them under the stern."

We took a good plunge together, and got down to the keel, but the current carried us aft. So up we came, and asked for a rope to be swept under her, and made fast to the lower studding-booms hauled out, so that we might

go down it hand over hand. While this was getting ready, the diver said, "The sharks ain't in a biting humor, I see," struck a hasty bargain with the captain, and went down two or three times with our rope. He could certainly remain under water much longer than we could, but I doubt if he did any more than just get under the bilge, out of sight, and stay there, kicking up a bobbery with one hand and both feet, until it was time to come up again. He reported the ship's forefoot torn off, but no damage whatever done to the hull. He ought to have been hung to the yard-arm for that report. All the way home, (and we were above a hundred days going from the Cocos,) the ship leaked so that the pumps had to be kept going nearly all the time. Five or six of the best men in the crew were sick of the Java fever, a dreadfully slow, wearing complaint, and none of them got fit for duty until we were past St. Helena and Ascension Island.

Near the chops of the Channel we had the heaviest gale that I was ever in. It blew from the east-southeast, and lasted five days. When we had been lying-to for three days, with the starboard tacks aboard, the captain found that we were getting too far north, and wore ship. It was a ticklish business; we were in the trough of the sea twice, once as she fell off, and then as she came to on the other tack. At this last she walloped, and rolled, and shipped mighty big seas, while we hung on, like grim death, to the weather rigging. At last, the close-reefed maintop-sail brought her up to the lying-to point, and she rode easy. But it was found that the pumps would not keep her free on that tack, and in four hours, after vainly trying to make them suck, we had to wear round on the starboard tack again. The prospect was not encouraging. The gale blew great guns, and gave no sign of breaking. If it continued, we might make Stornoway, the most northerly point of the Orkney Isles; if we did not make that, the next land was Greenland. We were, too, short of provisions, except salt beef and pork and sugar and coffee. Our allowance of ship's bread, and it was the worst ship's bread I ever saw, was eight ounces a day. It was bought of a Chinaman in Batavia, was made of ground rice and Indian corn meal, and was harder than some grindstones. I think, if our men could have had their will of that Chinaman, they would have baked him in his own oven. But, old-sailor like, my yarn has run away with me, and I must take a round turn now, and hold on till another month.

Charles F. Foster.





BOAT SONG.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Allegretto.

Be - yond the upland reach - es The sun is sinking low, The
 A - cross the harbor wav - ing, The summer woods are green, And
 Now pull, my sturdy row - ers, With steady strokes a way! The
 Row light! we near the shadows, — Row light a - long the shore. The

waves a - long the beach - es Are pur - ple in its glow, — Are
 wa - ters soft - ly cur - ling In small waves lie be - tween, — In
 track is smooth be - fore us, Our oars keep merry play, — Our
 wa - ters break in sil - ver From off the glancing oar, — From

pur - ple in its glow. Come on, my stur - dy row - ers! With
 small waves lie be - tween. The wind is fresh - ly blow - ing From
 oars keep mer - ry play! Hur - rah! we ride like sea - kings A -
 off the glancing oar! The even - ing breeze is creep - ing In

sinews strong as steel; Come, grasp the bending oars, Push off the grating keel!
 leagues away at sea: Come on, my sturdy row - ers, And taste its joys with me!
 cross the sparkling brine, And feel in all our pul - ses The red blood leap like wine!
 spicy airs along: Now soft, my stur - dy row - ers! Take up the homeward song.

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 11.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

The shadows of night I never see,
Nor the mantle of darkness e'er falls on me,
For in rapid flight
On the wings of light
I speed, but I hear the first footfalls of
night.

I bring to each man a burden to bear,
But mix ease with the burden, and hope
with his care,
He prays for my birth, but my death is
his mirth,
And unbemoaned,
With sins unatoned,
I pass away to my grave alone.

Together we come a welcome guest ;
The laborer ceases his toil till we pass ;
The noise in the mill,
The axe on the hill,
Cease, when our presence is announced,
As if by one will.

CROSS WORDS.

Is a parchment on the sea-beat shore,
Where the wrecked traveller writes his
good intentions o'er.

An unknown world in space, —
A planet keeping on its even way apace.
The police of nations, governing a space
Where their stern passage even leaves no
trace.

K.

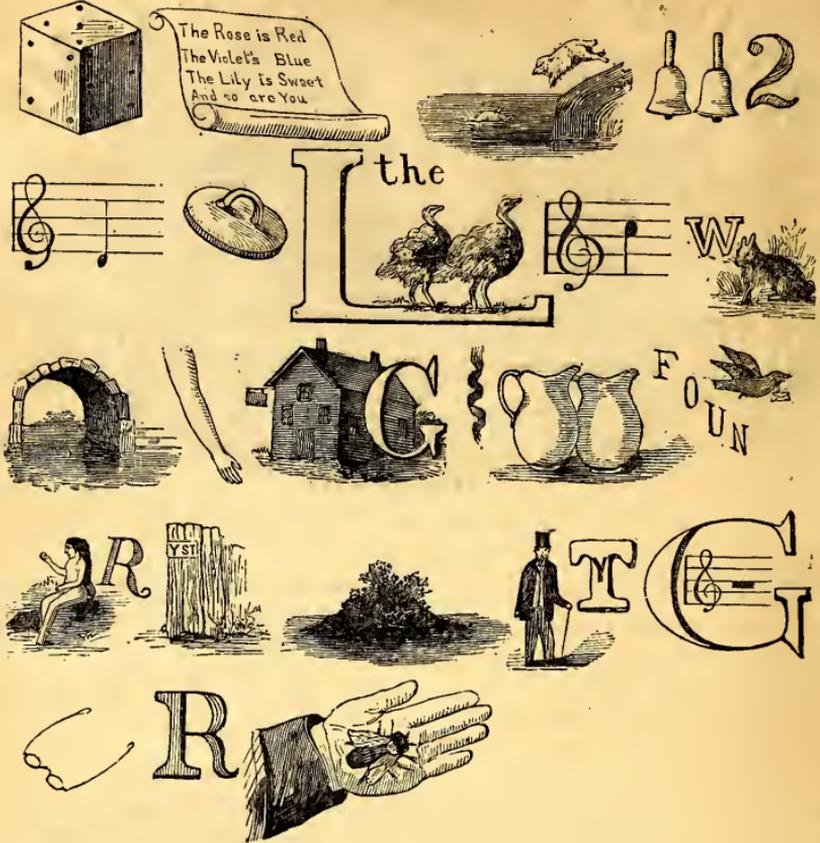
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 13.



The



ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 14.



ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

No. 5.

A number is composed of four figures, the sum of which is 26. The sum of the first and third is equal to the second multiplied by 4. The difference of the second and fourth is equal to the first multiplied by 4. The sum of the second and third is equal to the fourth multiplied by 2. The difference of the first and fourth is equal to the third multiplied by 4. What is the number ?

ANSWERS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 9. BuG,
E'I,
AiR,
Useful. | 10. CiD,
HourI,
ArseniC,
RacE,
LethE,
EndymioN,
SemiramiS. |
|------------------------------------|--|

CHARADES.

12. Bar-gain. 13. Sea-ward.

ENIGMAS.

8. Hatred stirreth up strife, but love covereth all sins.
9. Les fous font des festins, et les sages les mangent.
10. March winds and April showers
Bring forth the sweet May flowers.

PUZZLES.

9. A shadow.
10. "O *super-be*, quid *super-est* tuæ *super-biæ*?
Ter-ra es, et in *ter-ram i-bis*." The translation is, "O proud man, what remains of thy pride? Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

4 900, 800, 200, 100.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

11. There are no birds in last year's nest. [(Tea) (hare) R N O (birds in last) Y (ears) (nest).]
12. If one man ate eight potatoes for a meal, how many will two men eat for tea? [(Eye) f (one man) 8 8 (pot) 8 o's IV A M (eel), how (men) e (will) (two men) EAT IV T?]



M. B. Your best plan for ascertaining the expenses of a college course, and the opportunities of earning the whole or a part of the money to pay for it, will be to address the Presidents of five or six Colleges, asking for such information as you need. Be exact in your inquiries, enclose stamps, and you will undoubtedly get satisfactory replies, with catalogues, &c. As your means are limited, you will do best to apply first to some of the inland Colleges of good standing, such as Amherst or Williams in Massachusetts, with a reference also to Cornell University in your own State. As you are now seventeen years old, the sooner you can be properly fitted and entered, the better. *On no consideration whatever run in debt.* If you have money in one place, and wish to make a purchase in another, you may reasonably and honestly be a debtor until you can complete the exchange; but if you have *no money*, take nothing which you are not willing to receive as a gift, and wait with patience and courage to earn that which you cannot without humiliation accept.

Snow-flake. Willy Wisp makes all of his rebuses, &c. — We should be very glad to establish such an exchange of chat here as you propose, but we should not have room for anything else, if we printed all the letters.

Lorain Lincoln. "America," the common hymn-tune, is only another form of the English anthem, "God save the King." The authorship of this tune has been much debated, and even now remains doubtful; some assign it to an English writer, Clarke, but it is probable that the air is of ancient German origin. — The name of the great female actor was Rachel Félix. — You can undoubtedly get a photograph of Ristori from Brady's or Anthony's, in New York.

N. There are no photographs of Gail Hamilton.

Mattie F., Kenyon C., Haymaker, J. A. I., Alf. E., Wispy Willow, Ellen H., E. E. E., A. D. H., Rosalie, Artie C., Kittie, Geo. H. D., Sweet Clover, Charles P. Thank you all.

Bushman. We cannot name any good book of reference in the department you mention. — The volume for 1865 can be had; price, in numbers, \$2.00; bound handsomely, \$3.00.

Coralie. Good for a beginner.

Mat. "Try, try, try again."

Victorine has sent a very frank little letter, just such as we like, although she says, "Sister Lucy says I can't write well enough." In one place she writes: "I wish I was a boy, so I could play outdoors in the streets, and then I would n't have to think about being good. Boys do just as they please, don't they? But when I grow up, mamma says, I will like being a woman." And mamma is right, dear; boys have more liberty, perhaps, but no more real enjoyment than girls; but, if they are so fortunate as to have good parents, they cannot "do just as they please," any more than their sisters, because a wrong thing is wrong, whoever does it. — You need not feel troubled about the question your big brother asked you, because it is only a puzzle, and not a real sum. Ask him this question yourself, and see how soon he will guess it; we will give the answer next month. "A blind beggar had a brother; the blind beggar's brother died; the man that died had no brother. Now explain the riddle."

This letter has come all the way from North San Juan in California: —

"The croquet-set premium for my club of twenty new subscribers to 'Our Young Folks' arrived in good condition a short time since, and now forms one of the most attractive and appropriate recreations upon our school grounds; while the magazines themselves furnish us an agreeable and profitable half-hour's reading at the close of each day's session of school. We are highly delighted with our experiment, and find that *our young folks* among the gold mines of the Sierra Nevada Mountains are capable of appreciating and enjoying the good things written for the young folks among the pleasant hills of New England.

"E. M. P."

Tea. D. Appleton & Co., and G. Routledge & Sons, both of New York, publish good books on chess.

Inquisitive. Consult your teacher, and if you do not get a satisfactory explanation write to us again, and we will investigate the question for you.

May. 1. There will be colored pictures — fine ones, we believe — in the last part of the volume. 2. Willy Wisp is an assumed name. 3. There will be more “Lessons in Magic” when the necessary engravings are done; the “Lessons” are written and waiting.

F. L. The principal incidents are true, although of course they did not occur under exactly such circumstances as the story gives.

F. G. No *e* in tomato.

C. St. J. Too plain an imitation of “Hiawatha.”

Farmer Boy. You should have sent the “work” to your arithmetical puzzles, that we might know whether your answers were right. — We do not know of any good “self-instructor” in Latin. If you wish to begin by yourself, try Andrews and Stoddard’s Grammar, with Andrews’s “First Lessons,” or books which correspond to them.

Busy Bee. You have spelled one word of the answer wrongly, and conjugated a verb in the caption wrongly, in your French enigma.

“Who can tell us how to make the largest and most splendid soap-bubbles?” The inquiry comes from a family of children, who have been only in part satisfied with the results of their bubble-blowing. We can remember creating rainbow-worlds out of a clay pipe and some clean soap-suds in a wash-tub, when Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, — magnificent worlds, too, in our own eyes. But our young Alexanders want more and larger worlds than ever we knew, and somebody suggests that there are chemical soaps which will produce bubbles of wonderful size and color. Drop a line into the “Letter-Box,” you who have the desired knowledge.

Nellie and Gracie Linden have written us long, pleasant letters, which would be found agreeable reading if we had the space for them. We like them particularly for the kind spirit which they show, each sister apparently following the Bible injunction, “In honor preferring one another,” — an injunction which we commend to all our readers as a principle to be respected as well among school-mates and friends as among brothers and sisters.

This month’s picture proverb was designed by our friend J. L. Guess it, and then act upon it, young ones. Of course, you have by this time found out that last month’s puzzle was “Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

Jack. That answer will do.

Lucy D. Nichols sends us this bit of curious composition, made by a friend of hers: —

“An Alphabetical Bouquet for Cora,
Diligently Elaborated by Flora;
Graceful and Highly Imaginative,
Jovial, Keen, and so Laugh-at-ive,
Moral, Nonsensical, Off-hand-ic,
Practical, Quizzical, and Romantic.
Somewhat Tedious, Undoubtedly, still
Very Well Xecuted, and with a will;
Youthful Zeal displayed in various places,
And — here it is — suited to many cases.

“Ah! well-a-day. Awake! away!
Before the bark bounds by the bay,
Come, Cora, caper to Calais.
Drown darksome doubts, and don’t delay.
Emerge exulting. Evermore
Fair fairy fancies flit before.
Gayly go on, with gamesome glees,
Hampers of ham, and huge head-cheese.
I will the Indian weed inhale,
Joyous to jump from out this jail.
Kings cannot more contentment keep.
Lightly love o’er life’s labors leap.
Malicious men may not molest,
Nor venture near our nautic nest.

“O Owen! o’er our oaken oars,
Phœbus his pleasing purple pours.
Quaint quiet quells our quivering quite.
Rest royally, roll on, ride right.

“So, sweetest, sail we o’er the sea;
Time, tide, and tempest wait for thee.
Unceasingly let us unite
Vivacious Virtues, and invite
Wit, worth, and wisdom, wreathed well;
Xcellent all, — let each xcel.

“MORAL.

“Youth, youthful, yawns, and yelps, and yells,
Zealous for zebras and gazelles,
And often wishes to be free;
So forth he goes, as here we see.”





SIR AYLNER SLAIN BY THE WHITE KNIGHT.

DRAWN BY JOHN TENNIEL.]

[See *Sir Aylmer's Last Fight*, page 613.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

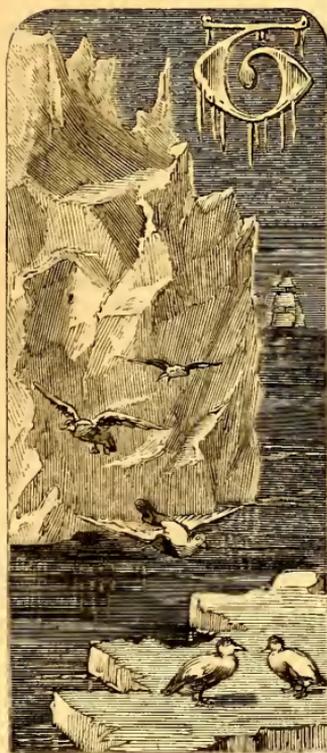
OCTOBER, 1867.

No. X.

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES. .

III.



HIS time Captain Hardy was not to be caught napping, as on the previous day. Indeed, he was out looking for his young friends even before the time. "If they don't come soon," said he to himself, "I'll go after them";—and they did not come soon, at least the Captain thought they were a long time in coming, and he started off, if not after them, at least to look after them. When he had reached the brow of the hill from which both the Captain's and Mr. Earnest's houses could be seen, the old man discovered the children coming down one of the winding paths which led through Mr. Earnest's grounds. It was some moments before they saw the Captain, and when they did see him there was much wondering what had happened to bring him up so far on the hill.

"Why, what's the matter with him?" exclaimed William. "Look, he's flinging up his hat!"—and the little party set off upon a rapid run. Meanwhile the Captain stood on the brow of the hill, whirling round his tarpaulin hat with the long blue ribbons flying wildly in the wind. When the children came

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

nearer, they heard their friend calling loudly to them, "Come, my hearties, you are slow to-day. Be lively, or we 'll lose the chance."

"What chance?" asked William, when they had come up with him.

"The wind, the wind, — why, don't you see there's a spankin' breeze? I was afraid we 'd lose our sail, so I came to hurry you up."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted both the boys together, "that's jolly"; — and without further ado the Captain hurried his little friends along with him down through the woods to the water.

The old man had been down there before, and had everything in readiness. The little yacht was lying beside the little wharf. "Look sharp now, and be lively," exclaimed the Captain as he helped them one by one aboard; and then he got in himself and shoved the yacht off from the landing, and with the assistance of a singular-looking boy, whom the Captain called "Main Brace," he spread the sails, and the lively craft was soon skimming over the waters, carrying as lively a party as ever set out on an afternoon frolic. "Jolly" was the only word which seemed at all to express the children's pleasure, and if the boys said "it was jolly" once, they must have said it fifty times at least; while little Alice exhibited her excitement by jumping from one side of the boat to the other, stopping now and then to lean over the side and watch the little waves gurgling past them, sometimes dipping her delicate hands into the water, and screaming with delight when the spray flew over her.

The party were seated (when seated at all) in what is called the "stern sheets," that is, on the seat in the open space behind the cabin heretofore described, — the good-natured and kindly Captain in the midst of them, firmly holding the helm or tiller of his boat, and guiding it with steady hand wherever he wished it to go, cracking a pleasant joke now and then, and enjoying in all the fulness of his big, warm heart the joyous delight of his young guests. And he was in no hurry to stop the sport, for he ran on clear across the harbor, and then said he would "'bout ship," and put back again.

"What's 'bout ship?" inquired William.

"That's going about on the other tack," replied the Captain.

"What's going about on the other tack?" asked William, as wise as he was before.

"I'll show you," said the Captain. "Now see here: first I give the proper order, as if somebody else was giving it to me, and I was the man at the wheel, 'Hard-a-lee,' do you observe; — now look, I put the helm down as far as I can jam it there; — look now, how that turns the boat and brings her up into the wind, — you see the sails begin to shiver, — the wind is blowing right in your faces now; — now we have turned nearly round; the boat, you see, has come up on an even keel, — level, you know; — now look out sharp for your heads there, for the boom is going to jibe over to the other side; — there, don't you see we've turned round, — that house over there that was almost ahead of us is now behind us. There goes the boom, bang! There fills the sail, see it bulging out, — the jib you see shakes a little yet, — but there she goes now filled out like the other; and now you see I've got the

helm back where I had it before, in the middle, 'steady,' you know, and there goes the Alice off on the starboard tack, and an easy bowline back towards the Mariner's Rest again. Was n't that nicely done?"

"Splendid! splendid!" cried William; "I wish I could do it."

"I'll teach you, — it's easy learned," answered the Captain; "but look out there, or you'll go overboard; get up to windward, and trim the boat; you see we are leaning over to the other side now."

And thus the Captain kept on "tacking" across the harbor, going to and fro, for more than an hour, enjoying every minute of it just as much as the children did. When at length, however, the children began to quiet down a little, the sharp edge of novelty being worn off, the Captain ran into shoal water, and brought his boat's head once more up into the wind; but this time, instead of letting her head pay off to starboard, he steered her right into the wind's eye, with the sails shivering all the time, until the boat stopped, when he cried out to Main Brace to "let go the anchor," which Main Brace did promptly, with an "Ay, ay, sir!" and then he clewed up the sails, and spread a white and red striped and red-fringed awning over the place where they were seated, and said he was now going on with the story. "Is n't this a tip-top place," said he, "for story-telling?" And the children all said it was "tip-top," and "jolly," and "grand," and made many little speeches about it, which to put down here would make this account so long that everybody would get tired before getting to the end of it.

"Now I call this a much better place than the 'Crow's Nest,'" went on the Captain; "for don't you see, when we knocked off yesterday I was standing in the middle of the sea, on a great ice-raft. To be sure we are not exactly in the middle of the sea here, nor on an ice-raft either, but we are on salt water, and that's where I like to be. The air is better for the wits, and the tongue too, for that matter, than on the land there, which is a good enough place to be when there is no wind; but I like to be on the water, and have plenty of sea-room, when the wind blows, especially when it blows a gale, — for on land, at such times, I'm always afraid that the trees will blow over on me, or the house blow down on my head, or some dreadful accident will happen, whereas on the sea one has no fears at all; and besides, at sea one is always at home, — come rain or shine, he's always his house with him, and never has to go groping about for shelter."

"Only you must n't be in the fore-castle," put in cunning William, who remembered the Captain's fright when he first found himself at sea in the Blackbird.

"Never mind that, lad," replied the Captain, "I was only a boy then, and had n't come to years of discretion. I've made better friends with the sea since that day. But let us go on, or we'll never get through with this story, any more than the Flying Dutchman will get into port, though he keeps on beating up and down forever; and as for to-day, why, we'll leave off just where we began, like thieves in a tread-mill, if we don't get started pretty soon.

"Well, you see, as I was saying, you left me standing on an ice-raft in the

middle of the Arctic Sea, cast away in a cold and forbidding place, and all alone. My shipmates were all either drowned or killed outright by the falling ice, so far at least as I knew to the contrary. The prospect ahead was not a pleasing one, for of course, as I think I have said before, the first thought which crossed my mind was, that I should starve or freeze to death very soon. Of course I was greatly astonished by what had happened, and indeed it was hard for me to believe my senses, so suddenly had this great disaster come upon me. I stood staring into the mist, and listening to the terrible sounds which came out of it, as one petrified; yet after a little time I recovered myself sufficiently to realize my situation. The instinct of life is strong in every living thing, and after I had stood in the presence of this frightful chaos for I have not the least idea how long, I began to think what I should do to save myself.

“The waves which had been raised after a while began steadily to subside, and as the sea became more calm I found that I could approach nearer to where the wreck had happened by jumping over some of the cracks which had been made in the ice, and walking across piece after piece of it. These pieces were all in motion, rolling on the swell of the sea, and the farther I went, of course the greater the motion became. I had to proceed cautiously, and when I jumped from one fragment of ice to another, I was obliged to look carefully what I was about, for if I missed my footing I should fall into the sea, and be either drowned or ground up by the moving ice.

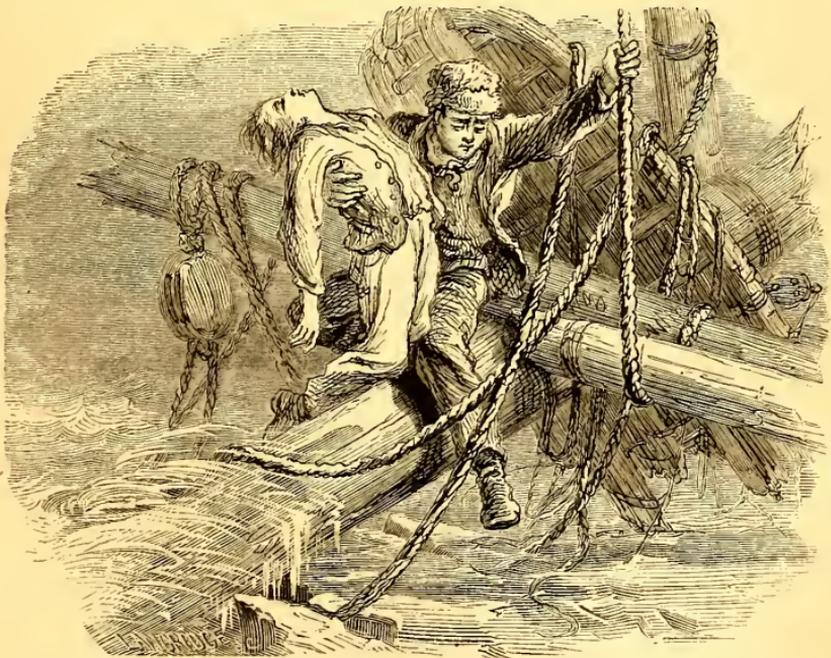
“Had the iceberg all gone to pieces at once, the sea would soon have become quiet; but it was evident from the noises which reached me that a considerable part of the berg was still holding together, and was wallowing in the sea in consequence of its equilibrium being disturbed by the explosion, and still keeping the sea agitated. I could indeed vaguely see this remaining fragment, swaying to right and left, and I could also perceive that, with every roll, fresh masses were breaking off with loud reports, like the heavy crash of artillery. I could, however, discover nothing of the ship or either of the boats. I was able to detect, even at a considerable distance, some fragments of ice floating and rolling about, when the fog would clear up a little, and as I peered into the gloom I thought at one time that I saw the figure of a man standing upon one of them. It was but a moment, for the fog closed upon the object, whatever it may have been, and it vanished as a spectral figure.

“My eyes were strained to catch a further glimpse of this object, but nothing more was to be seen of it. But from this my attention was soon attracted by a dark mass which had drifted upon the edge of the broken ice, not far to the right of the place where I had been standing when the boat left me. I soon made this out to be some part of the wreck of the ship. In a few moments I could make out that it was a piece of a mast; then I could plainly distinguish the foretop. Each succeeding wave was forcing it higher and higher out of the water, and I discovered, after a few moments, that other timbers were attached to it, and that beside these were sails and ropes, making of the whole a considerable mass. After observing it attentively

still further, I thought that I perceived a man moving among the tangled collection of timbers and ropes and sails, endeavoring to extricate himself. Whatever it might be, it was some distance above the sea,—so high, indeed, that the waves no longer washed it fairly, —only the spray.

“It soon became clear to me that my suspicions that this was a man were correct; and being more convinced that one of my shipmates at least was yet alive, I rushed forward, without any thought as to the consequences, to rescue him or perish in the attempt. It was clear that he could not liberate himself.

“You will remember that I was now standing on a fragment of ice which had been broken off from the solid ice-field by the waves. It was one of a number of similar fragments, all lying more or less close together, between me and the place where I had been standing when the waves began to subside and the ice ceased to break up. Between where I now stood and the wreck, the ice was in the same broken condition as behind me, only, being nearer the open water, the pieces were rolling more, so that there was much greater danger in springing from piece to piece. Without, however, pausing to reflect upon this circumstance, I rushed forward as fast as I could go, jumping with ease over every obstacle in my way, until I was, in a very few moments, on the piece of ice that held up the end of the tangled wreck. I had evidently arrived in the very nick of time, for the wreck was, instead of coming farther up, now beginning to sink back into the sea.



“What I had taken for a man proved to be one, or, as I soon found out, a boy, — the cabin-boy of the ship, a light, pale-faced lad, and only fourteen

years old. The boy was evidently fast in some way among the rigging, and had been trying to free himself. As I came close, however, I observed that he was entirely quiet, and had sunk out of view. Quick as thought I mounted up into the wreck, and then I saw the boy with a rope tangled round his leg and lying quite insensible. Underneath him another man was lying, much mutilated and evidently quite dead. As I was mounting up, a wave washed in under the wreck, but I escaped with only a little spray flying over me, which, however, did not wet me much. It was but the work of a moment to whip out my knife, which I carried like every other sailor, and cut the rope which bound the boy down, and which he had tried in vain to loosen. After this I had no further difficulty, and, seizing the boy around the waist with one arm (he was very light even for his years), I clambered out of the wreck to the ice without getting much more water upon me, and, hurrying off, did not stop until I had jumped with my burden across several cracks, and ran across several pieces of ice, making a place of present safety on the unbroken or fast ice. Here I laid down my insensible burden, all dripping with the cold water, and in a state of great anxiety I bent over the boy. At first I thought that he was dead, but it was soon clear that this was not the case, for he was breathing, although slowly, yet freely. Out from his wet hair a little blood was oozing, and upon examining the spot I found that there was a bad bruise there, and that the skin was broken, though there was not a serious cut. This was clearly the cause of his present unconsciousness, as his breathing seemed conclusively to show that he had managed to keep his head above water, and had not been brought to his present state by drowning. It occurred to me that the blow had simply stunned him, and that it had come almost at the moment I arrived to rescue him. I could not perceive that the skull was fractured, and I felt convinced that, if the boy could be warmed and allowed to lie at rest, he would after a while come to. To this conclusion I arrived while leaning over the poor fellow, examining his heart, while he lay on the chilly ice, never once thinking where I was, and all the while calling frantically to him; but I might as well have called to a stone. When I rose up fully impressed with the necessity of securing for the lad rest and warmth, and fully realized, for the first time, my powerless situation, (that I was even apparently unable to save myself, still less the boy,) my heart seemed to give way entirely, and I sank down once more beside him. A prayer to Heaven for succor, which I had no thought could ever come to me, rose to my lips, and at that very moment a ray of hope dawned upon me. The great fog was breaking away, the bright sun was scattering the mists, and land was bursting through it near at hand. Light, fleecy clouds were rolling up above the sea, and, as they floated off before a gentle wind, a blaze of sunshine burst through an opening in them and fell upon myself and the boy whose life I had, at least for the present, saved.

“I could now look out over the sea for a considerable distance. Although there was still much confusion there, yet the ice was steadily quieting down, and the waves caused by it were subsiding rapidly. But a change not less marked had taken place in the space between where I stood and the open

water. The wreck from which I had rescued the boy had settled back into the sea, and the fragments of ice were separating and floating off. Had I delayed but a few minutes longer, I should never have reached the fast ice, but should have drifted off upon the dark waters, as the man had done whom I saw standing in the fog that I have told you of before.

“As the fog cleared up more and more, the land which first appeared stood out boldly, and the sea was visible over a range of many miles. It was dotted all over with fragments of ice and numerous icebergs, many of which reached up into the disappearing mists, looking like white mountains in miniature, with clouds drifting across their summits. The land did not appear to be more than a mile distant from me, and it was evident that I stood upon ice which was fast to it. Indeed, when I was first cast upon this ice I might have known, had I paused to reflect, that land could not be very distant from me, as the very name ‘fast ice’ indicates clearly of itself that land is near.

“With this lighting up of the air, various thoughts came into my mind. First, could I get to the land and save the boy as well as myself; secondly, could I aid anybody else; and thirdly, could I save anything of the wreck out of the sea. These last two reflections were quickly disposed of, for, although I could see many fragments of the wreck, none were within reach, and no other person was in sight, — ship and boats and men were all gone down before the crushing avalanche, and nothing was left but myself and a senseless boy.

“I must here pause to tell you that, although we were in the Arctic regions, and on the ice, the weather was not cold, the time being the middle of the summer. Of course the dense fog made the air a little damp and chilly, but, as I have said, not cold. My shipmates before the wreck happened never dressed in anything warmer than the usual woollen clothing, and seldom wore coats. For some reason, I do not exactly remember why, I had, upon going on deck from breakfast that fatal morning, in addition to my ordinary coat, put on a heavy pilot-cloth overcoat, which had been furnished me by the master of the ship, — the price of it to be deducted from my wages. And it was most fortunate that I had put this coat on, for it now served a good purpose in wrapping up the boy.

“Seeing that there was now nothing to be gained by longer delay on the ice, I picked the boy up in my arms and started for the land. It may strike you as somewhat strange that I should have gone about it so calmly, or indeed that I did not fall down in despair, and at once give up the hope of saving myself when there was so little, or rather no apparent prospect of it before me. But for this there were some very natural reasons; for, in the first place, the thought of saving the boy’s life kept my mind from dwelling too much upon my own misfortunes; and the hope of finding the land which had come in sight out of the fog inhabited, stimulated my courage, and inspired exertion.

“Although the boy was not heavy, yet I found that in the distance I had to carry him I grew much fatigued; but the necessity for haste made me strong, and to save the boy’s life seemed now much more desirable than to

save my own, inasmuch as if the boy died, and I survived him, and could in any way manage to live on, I should be in truth in a worse condition than if dead, as it appeared to me, — being all alone.

“As I approached the land very near, I became much alarmed by discovering that a considerable space of water, partly filled with fragments of ice, intervened between me and the shore; but after holding to the right for a little distance I came at length to a spot where the ice was firmly in contact with the land, and, after climbing over some very rough masses which had been squeezed up along the shore, I found myself at length on the green hillside already spoken of; and here upon the grass, in the blazing sun, I laid down the yet insensible boy.

“What was I now to do? The boy was yet in very much the same condition that he was when I set out with him for the shore. Meanwhile more than half an hour must have elapsed, during which time the boy was wrapped in his wet clothes, which to a man in the full possession of his senses would have been prostrating enough. It seemed to me that he was sinking under the double influence of the blow which he had received, and the wet clothes which were on his body. I had, however, the gratification of knowing that I was on firm land, and away from the cold ice. The grass was warm, and the air, as I have said, was scarcely chilly. Under these improved circumstances it was clearly better to expose the boy's body wholly to the air than to allow him to remain in his wet clothing. The first thing, therefore, which I did was to divest myself of my own clothing in order that I might give my warm under clothing to the boy. This left for myself only my pantaloons and my coat. After buttoning the coat tightly round me, I removed the boy's wet clothing and rubbed his body with such parts of the tail of my overcoat, as his clothes had not wetted while carrying him, and this done I drew on to him my shirt and drawers, and then, pulling up the grass, I heaped that about him, and over this threw my damp overcoat, the grass, however, preventing it from touching him. All this occupied but a few minutes, for I worked with the energy of despair. I then set to rubbing and pounding his feet and hands, which were very cold, to get some circulation back into them.

“I had now done all that it was possible for me to do for the present towards the restoration of my poor companion, who still remained in precisely the same insensible condition as before, and I now determined to look about me and ascertain if there were any evidences to be discovered of human beings living near at hand. The scene around me was dreary enough to strike terror even into a stouter heart than mine; and when I had fully viewed it, I had to confess to myself that it did not seem probable that any living thing, not to mention human beings, could possibly be there. The first thing I did was to shout and halloo again and again, at the very top of my voice; but no answer reached me except the echo of my own voice in a deep and dark gorge close by. This echo startled me and made me afraid, though I never could tell why. My loud calling had failed to produce any impression upon the boy whatever, and I now felt sure that he was going to die. Without exactly knowing what I did, or what I was doing it for, I now ran to the

right over the green grass, and then over rough stones up to a considerable elevation, and commenced hallooing again, when, much to my astonishment, I heard a great fluttering and loud sounds right below and within thirty feet of me. I sprang back as if some terrible enemy had attacked me, but I recovered myself in an instant, when I discovered that the fluttering came from a number of birds which rose from among the rocks. The birds were brown and quite large, and I knew at once that they were eider-ducks, for I had seen them frequently before, while in the ship, and the sailors had told me their name. Without having any distinct motive in doing so, I now went down to where the birds had risen, when still others rose before me, in great numbers. The rapidity of their flight, and the loud noise which they made, startled others still farther away, and thus flock after flock kept on rising from among the rocks, screaming, and flapping their wings in a very loud manner. Several hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, must have thus got upon their wings and commenced sailing over head.

“You must know that the eider duck, in order to protect its eggs from the air when it goes off to get for food the little fish that it catches in the sea, plucks from its breast the fine feathers called down, in which it buries its eggs very carefully. In each of the nests I found there was a good handful of this down, and the thought at once occurred to me to gather a quantity of it, and cover the boy with it. I went to work immediately, and collected a great armful of it, and, hastening to where the boy was, I deposited it, and then hurried back for more. In a very short time I had accumulated a great pile of it, and, spreading a thick layer of it out close beside the boy, I drew him over upon it, and then covered him with it completely, and spread my overcoat as I had done before.

“The value of putting this discovery to prompt use was soon manifested. The boy, from being cold almost as a corpse, began to show some symptoms of returning warmth, his breathing seemed to be more rapid and free, and his eyelids began to move a little, though they did not fully open for some time; but it was then only for an instant, and I was not certain whether he recognized me or not. I called to him loudly by name, I rubbed his forehead, I pounded his hands, but he gave no further recognition; yet he was getting more and more warm, and in this circumstance I rested my hope.

“Having accomplished this much, and feeling pretty sure that the boy would recover in the end, my mind now very naturally fell back upon the contemplation of my own unhappy condition. I moved a few steps from the boy, and sat down upon a rock overlooking the sea. There was nothing there to inspire me with courage, when this question came uppermost in my mind: ‘Suppose the boy does recover from his present stupor, how are we going to live?’ Could anybody indeed be in a more sorry state? Let me enumerate:—

“1st. I had been shipwrecked, — a fortune usually considered bad enough under any circumstances.

“2d. I had lost all of my companions except a feeble boy whom I had rescued from death, and who was now helpless on my hands.

"3d. I was cast away on a desert land, I knew not where, but very far towards the North Pole, as was clear enough from the immense quantities of ice which whitened the sea before me.

"4th. I was chilly, and had no fire nor means of making any. Nor had I sufficient clothing to cover me.

"5th. I was hungry, and had no food nor means of obtaining any.

"6th. I was thirsty, and had nothing to drink, nor could I discover anything.

"7th. I was without house or hut to shelter me.

"8th. I was without weapons to defend myself against the attacks of wild beasts, if any there should be to molest me.

"To counteract these positive evils I had four things, namely:—

"1st. Life.

"2d. The clothes on my back.

"3d. A jack-knife.

"4th. The mercy of Providence.

"And this was all!

"What chance was there for me?

"Little enough, one would think. And, in truth, there did not seem to be any at all. When I thought of all this, I buried my face in my hands, and moaned aloud, and the big tears began to gather in my eyes."

"O was n't it awful!" exclaimed William.

"I don't see what you *could* do, Captain Hardy," exclaimed Fred.

"The poor boy," exclaimed Alice,—"I hope he did n't die. Did he, Captain Hardy?"—and the child began to imitate the example set by John Hardy when he sat upon the rock and looked out upon the icy sea and speculated upon the chances of his ever seeing again the home from which he had so foolishly run away.

"Well, I'll tell you about that some other time," answered the Captain. "You may be sure I did n't die, at any rate, whatever may have happened to the boy; but just now I can tell you no more, for look there at that cloud coming up as if out of the sea, appearing, for all the world, as if it meant to pipe a squall after us, by and by; and now, with your leave, we'll slip home while the play's good. So here goes. Up anchor."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered William, as he jumped forward very unnecessarily to help Main Brace, to whom the order to "up anchor" was given.

"Halloo!" cried the Captain. "Turned sailor already, eh?"

While Main Brace and William were getting in the anchor, the Captain was stowing away the awning, and then, the yacht being free, he spread the sails, and with his helm brought her to the wind; and there being now a lively breeze, the party were not long in crossing over to the Captain's anchoring-ground, where he turned so as to stop her as he had done before, and then cried out, "Stand by to let go the anchor," to which William answered, "Ay, ay, sir!" and when the boat had stopped, the Captain cried out again, "Let go," and William answered, "Ay, ay!" again, and let it go. Then, as soon as the Captain had secured his yacht and stowed

away the sails, the whole party hurried ashore, and up the path to the Captain's cottage, for already great drops of rain were beginning to patter on the leaves, and the roaring wind was heard among the forest-trees, giving the first warning cry of a coming shower.

Isaac I. Hayes.



W H A T ?

WHAT was it that Charlie saw, to-day,
Down in the pool where the cattle lie?
A shoal of the spotted trout at play?
Or a sheeny dragon-fly?

The fly and the fish were there, indeed ;
But as for the puzzle, — guess again !
It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed ; —
Who knows but a bee had fallen down ?
Or a spider, swung from his broken thread,
Was learning the way to drown ?

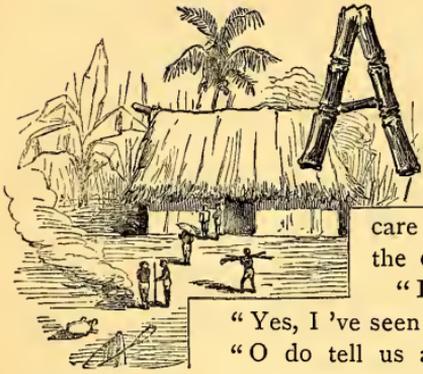
You have not read me the riddle yet.
Not even the wing of a wounded bee,
Nor the web of a spider, torn and wet,
Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you who have grown so wise, —
What could the wonderful sight have been,
But the dimpled face and great blue eyes
Of the rogue who was looking in?

Kate Putnam Osgood.



TORTOISE-SHELLS.



SHELL comb! Do you know what a shell comb costs, and what the turtles suffer, that you children and your mothers may adorn yourselves with them? If you knew the manner in which the shell is obtained from the poor creatures, may be you would n't care to encourage the cruelty by wearing the combs."

"Do you know, pa?"

"Yes, I've seen the operation."

"O do tell us about it! Make it into a *real* story though, — one for *true*, you know!"

Now this was too bad. I had told these children the story of the "Yellow Cat," the "Adventures of the Blue Monkey," "Cinderella," scraps of the "Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe," until I was so weary of the repetitions that I had bought the children off, promising a handsome present to each if they would not ask me for any of the old things until the expiration of one week from the date of agreement; and here I had unthinkingly "got myself into a box."

"O yes! *do* tell us about the turtles from which they get combs. O do, pa! You know that is n't one of the old stories, and so we can ask you for it; besides, it is true, you know, and so it is n't a story, because you said you had seen it all. But *do* make it just *like* a story-book story. O, ever so nice!"

They had caught me, so I was forced to submit to my fate, and the three little ones ranged themselves about and upon me in the easy, promiscuous way children have when they take possession of a friend. If one was in danger of slipping from her perch, she would seize on my mustache, whiskers, collar, or any other point that offered good holding-ground, and, righting herself, seemed to regard me with the utmost surprise if I offered any remonstrance to such rough treatment. However, in due time we were all comfortably placed, and, with three red little mouths wide open, and six bright little eyes fixed on mine, I began.

"Well, you must know that many, many years ago, — ever so many years before you were born, — so many, in fact, that you might think I was built about the time of the Pyramids, if you knew anything about them, I got it into my head that I wanted to go down to the country of the Aztecs. Don't know who or what the Aztecs were? Well, never mind, you will know one of these days, when you get along further in your studies." (The children were stationary at words of three syllables.) "Well, as I was saying when you interrupted me, I thought I should like to go to that strange country.

‘Did mother go with me?’ No, I did n’t know your mother then, or I should have stayed at home; and I did n’t walk there. No, I did n’t go in cars, either. If you will only wait, I’ll tell you how I got down to that wild country over the sea.” (Why *will* children ask so many questions?)

“I sailed from New York in a brig, and had much the same experience as the star-fish, whose trials and tribulations I read you from a number of ‘Our Young Folks,’ and my cruise was also interrupted by a coral reef, and that was the cause of my short residence among the turtle-fishers of Chinchorro.

“We were wrecked, but by means of our small boats succeeded in reaching the little island inside the reef, where the fishers dwell about two months out of the year. Our brig, badly jammed among the jagged points of the coral rock, was soon banged into pieces by the angry waves.

“From the Indians we learned that we were about fifty miles north of our destination, which was Belize, the principal town in British Honduras, which, by the way, is not a part of Honduras, but a strip of land stolen from Yucatan. The Gulf Stream — not the big one, but a little fellow in the Caribbean Sea — had carried us north and to destruction. But you know very little about that, either.

“On the little island was one hut, built after the manner of the country. There are no great architects there now, — no handsomely laid-out parks, with elegant sidewalks and carriage-ways, nor any of the improvements of the smallest New-England towns. So the hut was made by setting up a lot of stout canes, planting them firmly in the ground, and filling the spaces between with soft clay, which soon hardens when exposed to the sun and air. Over this were placed cocoa-nut branches with the ends pointing downward. These were kept in place by being tied to a ridge-pole at the highest part of the roof, and by several other poles between the top and the ends of the branches. A hut of this description is soon built, and is not only a cool and comfortable place, but is also a perfect protection against the rain. They rarely have windows, but get the light from two openings or doors, one of which usually opens on the land side, — the other on the sea.

“Of course I speak now of the huts on the coast, (inland, they follow no particular method,) and the reason for it is that the winds generally blow from the sea during the daytime, and from the land after nightfall; so, by leaving both doors open, they have a constant breeze. If the hut is located near swampy ground, from which rises a fever malaria, they close the door on the land side, leaving open the one toward the sea, and so escape the fever without depriving themselves of the cool air. Within, from stout posts erected at intervals along the sides, swing a number of hammocks, one for each occupant; and so nicely are they arranged, that, when we retired at night, and set our hammocks swinging, each bed took its allotted curve without interfering with its neighbor. These huts are found usually near cocoa-nut and banana trees, which give not only shelter, but also food.

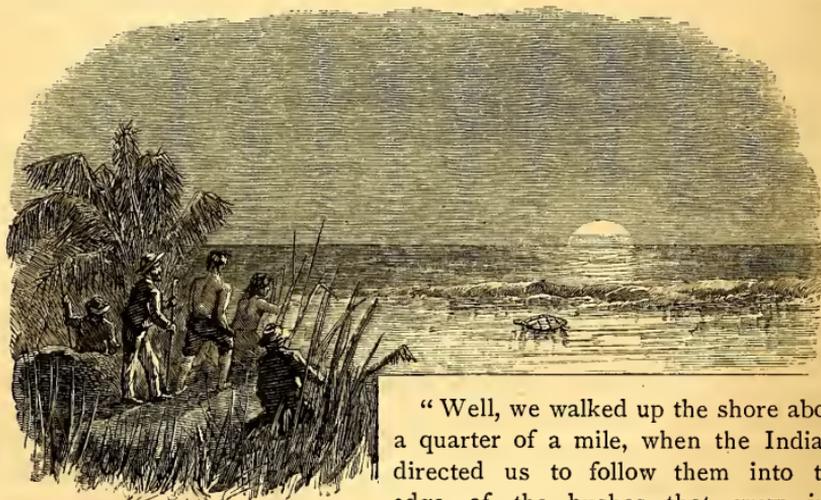
“Our party made themselves at home among the hospitable occupants of the island, and by their invitation went up the beach the night following the

disaster to see them catch the turtles on which grows the valuable article of commerce known as tortoise-shell.

“During the early spring months, the turtles come into the shallow waters around the small islands lying out at sea, to feed on the tender grasses, and to lay their eggs. They are such timid creatures that they rarely come on shore until after the sun goes down. Then they crawl out on to the sand, dig a hole with their flippers above high-water mark, and deposit fifty or more eggs, which they cover with great skill. After this, they take no further care of their progeny, as the hot tropical sun heats the sand, and the hot sand hatches the eggs. So you see it is only during the laying season that the ‘old folks’ can be caught in sufficient numbers to induce the Indians to leave home and follow turtle-catching as a business.

“But, although the eggs are so skilfully covered, the natives, who are acquainted with the habits of the turtle, often succeed in finding them. The wild beasts are also expert in discovering the deposits, and, in common with the Indians, seem to esteem the eggs as choice morsels; and so, between man and beast, the turtles that are to be have but a slim chance of ever paddling about the shallow waters to nip the tender grasses, and the gayly-painted nautilus, as he sails quietly by. So a single meal for a tiger may deprive hundreds of little girls of their coveted back-combs.

“‘Why do the tigers eat the eggs?’ Why, it is just as natural for them to eat the eggs as for the turtle to eat the *mollusca*,—just as the chicken snaps up the grasshopper, and you in turn eat the chicken.



“Well, we walked up the shore about a quarter of a mile, when the Indians directed us to follow them into the edge of the bushes that grew just beyond the reach of the surf. There we waited, preserving the utmost silence, eagerly scanning the water, which was lazily tumbling upon the sand. After half an hour’s watching, we were rewarded by the sight of a fine specimen creeping up the shore, unconscious of the danger that awaited it.

“Yes, I ‘did feel sorry for the turtle,’ because I instinctively knew that

there was something unpleasant in store for the poor thing, and I was strongly inclined to make a noise, and so frighten it away; for, although the wise men tell us that they are cold-blooded creatures, and have but little feeling, I think you will agree with me in the statement, that the process of getting off the shell is anything but a desirable experience, even for this lower order of God's creation, which is said to be without nerves.

"When it had got far enough from the water to make capture certain, out darted two of the Indians, armed with iron hooks, and in a minute the poor thing was on its back, helpless!

"We caught three that night, and dragged them down the beach to the hut. Here we got coffee and *tortilla*, a kind of corn-cake, and soon after went to our hammocks, the Indians promising to call us at daybreak to see the shells taken off the backs of the living animal.

"This shell, you must know, is not a solid piece covering the whole back, like that of the common fresh-water turtle which you saw in the aquarium the other day, but is a series of oblong scales or plates, thirteen in number. A small portion of these are large and quite flat, but the greater number on an average-sized turtle are about five or six inches in width, by eight and sometimes even twelve inches in length, and about one quarter of an inch in thickness.

"The next morning, just as the sun lifted himself above the edge of the ocean, we followed our chocolate-colored friends to the beach. A little way from the water we found the three turtles pinioned by their flippers, with their backs covered with dry sticks and leaves. These were ignited, and when the shell was sufficiently heated, (an operation requiring much experience, as too much heat spoils the shell, and too little causes it to crack and tear in the removal,) a knife was skilfully placed beneath the scales, one by one, and they came off without difficulty. Can you imagine the fearful sufferings of the poor creatures?"

Little Helen sighed.

"After the plates were taken off, the animals were released, and, much to my surprise, crawled down to the water and disappeared! And the Indians told us that the operation, if carefully performed, seldom killed the turtle, and that after a time a new shell formed in one solid mass over the whole back. This of course is not a marketable commodity, but it serves as a protection against its marine enemies, and by the time the next season comes it is ready to lay more eggs, and so on to the end of its life.

"All this care is used on the part of the Indians to preserve the life of the turtle, because it is from only one variety, the 'Hawk-bill,' that the valuable shells are procured, and if every one was killed that is robbed of its 'plates,' the species would soon be destroyed, and shell-combs would be in the possession of the 'first families' only."

"But do the combs grow all ready for use?" said one of the little ones.

"No, when the shell is properly cleaned, it is sold to merchants in Belize, who send it north, where it is manufactured into many beautiful articles; and it is only after the shell is polished that it becomes semi-transparent,

and the bright reds, yellows, and browns make their appearance as positive colors.

"Of course all the shell used does not come from the little island where I was wrecked, nor are all the fine combs made in this country; but the largest and probably the completest factory in the world is in Providence, R. I. There they make every variety of shell jewelry, working fanciful ornaments of gold into the surface of the shell. I have no doubt that your mother's combs with the gold stars and crosses on them were made at that place.

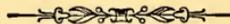
"To work the shell, it is necessary first to soften it in boiling water, when it can be cut and bent without danger of cracking or splitting. Sometimes, to get the proper curves, it is put between plates of iron or brass, and so allowed to cool, when it hardens into any form desired. Even the clippings of the shell can be melted into a solid bit. You recollect when your mother broke out one of the teeth from her comb? Well, I sent that to a shell-worker, who put the comb into boiling water, stuck in a new tooth, and the comb became as perfect and as solid as before. By the same means the shell is bent for card-cases, and ornaments used in inlaying fancy boxes and furniture."

After I had finished my story, little Helen, who has a delicate, sympathetic nature, sat wrapped in thought. Presently her face brightened; she had evidently discovered a way out of the difficulty.

"Pa," said she, "I think it very wrong and naughty to hurt the turtles so much, and I would n't care to have them burnt just so I could have a comb, but may be you could find an old one, that belonged to a dead turtle. Then he would n't be hurt anyhow, and I would n't be encouraging the killing of 'em, you know."

So I suppose I shall have to buy her a comb that grew on a dead turtle.

A. V. S. Anthony.



EMILY'S FIRST DAY WITH PUSSY WILLOW.

WE left little Miss Emily Proudie lying like a broken lily, stretched out on the white bed that Pussy Willow had made for her, where, tired with her day's ride, she slept soundly.

Dr. Hardhack had been very positive in saying that neither her mother, nor any of her aunts, nor indeed any attendant who had taken care of her in New York, should have anything to do with her in her new abode. "She is to break all old associations," he said, "and wake up to a new life. I can't answer for her health if you give her even a servant that she has had before. Engage some good, wholesome country-girl for a companion for her, and some good farmer's wife to overlook her, and turn her out into a nice, wide

old barn, and let her lie on the hay, and keep company with the cows," he went on. "Nature will take of her, — only give her a chance."

About five o'clock the next morning, Emily was wakened by a bustle in the house. What could be the matter? she thought, there was such a commotion on the stairs. It was, however, only the men folk of the household going down to their breakfast; and Pussy and her mother had been up long before, in time to get the corn-cake baked, and coffee made, and everything ready for them.

Then there began to come up into the windows such a sound of cackling and lowing and bleating, as the sheep and the cows and the oxen all began, in different tones, calling for their morning breakfast, and gossiping with one another about a new day. Emily lay in her bed and watched the pink light, making her white curtains look all rose color, and the sounds of birds and hens and cows and sheep all mingled in her mind in a sort of drowsy, lulling murmur, and she fell into a soft, refreshing doze, which melted away into a deep sleep; and so she slept ever so long. When she awoke again, the sun was shining clear and bright through her window-curtains, which had been looped back with festoons of wild roses, that seemed so fresh and beautiful that she could not help starting up to look at them.

She perceived at once that while she had been sleeping some one must have been in her room, for by the side of her bed was a table covered with a white cloth, and on the table was a tall, slender vase, full of fresh morning-glories, blue and purple and rose-colored and dark violet, with colors as intense and vivid as if they had really been morning clouds grown into flowers. "O how beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"I'm so glad you like them!" said a voice behind her; and Pussy Willow stood there in a trim morning wrapper, with just the nicest white frill you ever saw around her little throat.

"O, did you bring these flowers here?"

"Why, yes; I picked them for you with the dew on them. I thought it a pity you should not see them before the sun shut them up. They are ever so beautiful, but they only last one morning."

"Is that so?" said Emily. "I never knew that."

"Certainly; but then we always have new ones. Some mornings I have counted as many as sixty or seventy at my milk-room window when I have been skimming the cream."

"How very early you must get up!"

"Yes, about the time the bobolinks and robins do," said Pussy, cheerfully. "I want to get my work all done early. But come now, shall I help you to dress?" — and Pussy brought water and towels to the bedside, and helped Emily with all her morning operations as handily as if she had been a maid all her life, till finally she seated her, arrayed in a neat white wrapper, in the rocking-chair.

"And now for your breakfast. I have got it all ready for you," — and Pussy tripped out, and in a few moments returned, bringing with her a tea-tray covered with a fine white cloth, which she placed upon the stand.

"Now move your table up to you, and put your vase of flowers in the centre."

"O what a pretty breakfast!" said Emily.

And so it was, and a good one too; for, first, there was a large saucer of strawberries, delightfully arranged on green vine-leaves; then there was a small glass pitcher full of the thickest and richest cream, that was just the color of a saffron rose-leaf, if any of my little friends know what that is. Then there was the most charming little cake of golden butter you ever saw, stamped with a flower on it, and arranged upon two large strawberry-leaves, that actually had a little round pearl of dew on each of their points. Pussy had taken great pains to preserve the dew-drops unbroken on those leaves; she called them her morning pearls. Then there were some white, tender little biscuits, and some nice round muffins of a bright yellow color, made of corn meal by a very choice receipt on which Pussy prided herself. So on the whole, if you remember that Emily's chair stood before an open window where there was a beautiful view of ever so many green hills, waving with trees, and rolling their green crests, all sparkling and fresh with morning dew, you may not wonder that she felt a better appetite than for months before, and that she thought no breakfast had ever tasted so good to her.

"Do eat some with me," she said to Pussy, — for Emily was a well-bred girl, and somehow did not like to seem to take all to herself.

"O thank you," said Pussy, "but you see I had my breakfast hours ago."

"Why, what time do you get up?" said Emily, opening her eyes wide.

"O, about four o'clock."

"Four o'clock?" said Emily, drawing in her breath. "How dreadful!"

"I don't find it so," said Pussy, with a gay laugh. "If you only could see how beautiful everything is, — so fresh and cool and still!"

"Why, do you know," said Emily, "that, when I heard people moving this morning, I thought it was some time in the night? I thought something must have happened."

"Nothing but what happens every morning," said Pussy, laughing. "I hope it did n't disturb you."

"O no; I fell into a very sound sleep after it. Why, it must have been two or three hours before I woke again. What do you find to do?"

"O, everything you can think of. I feed Clover, and milk her. You must get acquainted with Clover; she is just the gentlest, most intelligent little beast you ever saw, and I make a great pet of her. Mother laughs at the time I spend in getting her breakfast ready every morning, and says she believes I put eggs and sugar in her corn-cake. I don't quite do that; but then Clover expects something nice, and I love to give it to her. She has beautiful, great, soft eyes, and looks at me with such gratitude when I feed her! She would be glad to lick my hand; but her tongue is rather too rough. Poor Clover, she does n't know that! But you ought to see the milk she gives. By and by perhaps you would like to come down to my spring-house and see my pans of milk and cream."

"And do you really make butter?"

"Certainly ; I made this that you are eating."

"What, this morning?"

"No, yesterday ; but I stamped it this morning on purpose for your breakfast. It has a pansy on it, you see ; Brother Jim cut my stamp for me, — he has quite a taste for such things."

"Dear me!" said Emily, "how much you must have to do ! I think I must be quite a trouble to you, with all your engagements ; I think Dr. Hardhack ought to have let me bring a maid."

"O, she would only be in the way," said Pussy ; "you had a great deal better let me take care of you."

"But you must have so much to do —"

"O, my work for to day is about all done ; I have nothing to do really. The butter is made, and set away to cool, and the dinner all put up for the men to take to the field ; and they won't come home till night. This is my time for sewing, and reading and writing, and doing all things in general. And so, now, when you feel like it, I 'll show you about over the premises."

So the two girls put on their hats, and Pussy began to lead her frail young friend about with her.

First, they went down along by the side of the brook, at the bottom of the garden, to the spring-house. It seemed refreshingly cool, and the brook pattered its way through it with a gentle murmur. On either side was a wide shelf set full of pans of milk, on which the soft, yellow cream was rising, and there was a little rustic seat at one end.

"There is my seat," said Pussy, pointing it out. "Here 's where I sit to work my butter, and do all sorts of things. It's always cool here, — even in the hottest days." Then Pussy showed Emily her churn, and the long row of bright tin pans that were sunning on a board on the outside."

All this was perfectly new to Emily ; she had never in her life thought how or where butter was made, and it was quite a new interest to her to see all about it. "If only you did n't make it so very early," she said, "I should like to see you do it."

"It is right pretty work," said Pussy, "and it is a delight always new to see the little golden flakes of butter begin to come on the cream ! Perhaps, by and by, when you grow stronger, you might get up early for one morning. You have no idea what beautiful things there are to be seen and heard early in the morning, that never come at any other time of day. But now let 's go to the barn. Would n't you like me to take you to ride while it 's cool ? There is old Whitefoot left, that the men are not using. I can have him whenever I please."

"But you say the men are all gone," said Emily.

"O, I 'll harness him," said Pussy ; "Whitefoot knows me, and will let me do anything I please with him. I do believe he 'd buckle his own girths, and harness himself up to oblige me if he could, — poor Whitefoot !"

So saying, they came into the large, clean, sweet-smelling barn, now fragrant with the perfume of new hay. It had great wide doors on either side, and opened upon a most glorious picture of the mountains.

“Now,” said Pussy, “you must need rest awhile, and I ’m going to get you up into my more particular haunt, — up this ladder.”

“O, dreadful! I could n’t go up there,” said Emily, “it would set my heart beating so.”

“O, never mind your heart,” said Pussy; “just let me get my arm round your waist, and put your foot there,” — and before Emily could remonstrate she found herself swung lightly up, and resting softly in a fragrant couch of hay.

“You did n’t know how easy it was to get up here,” said Pussy.

“No, to be sure I did n’t,” said Emily. “What a nice, queer old place, and how sweet the hay smells.”

“Now,” said Pussy, “let me carry you to my boudoir, and put you on my sofa.”

There was a great open door above where the hay was pitched in, and opposite this door Pussy placed Miss Emily, with a mountain of sweet-smelling hay at her back, and a soft couch of it under her.

“There, now!” said Pussy, “you are accommodated like a Duchess. Now, say if I have n’t a glorious prospect from my boudoir. We can look



quite up that great valley, and count all those cloudy blue old mountains, and see the clouds sailing about in the sky, and dropping their shadows here and there on the mountains. I have my books out here, and some work, and I sit here hours at a time. Perhaps you ’ll like to come here days, with me, and read and sew.”

Now, to tell the truth, Emily had never been fond of reading, and as for

sewing, she had scarcely ever taken a needle in her hand ; but she said nothing about this, and only asked to look at Pussy's books. There were Longfellow's "Evangeline," Bryant's Poems, Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and "Paul and Virginia" in French.

"So you read French," said Emily, in a tone of slight surprise.

"A little ; I don't suppose I pronounce it well, for I never really heard a French person speak. Perhaps, by and by, when you are better, you will give me a few lessons."

Emily blushed, — for she remembered how very negligent of her studies she had been at school ; but she answered, "I never was a very good scholar, but they used to say I had a very good accent ; one cannot be years in a French school without acquiring that."

"And that is just what I need," said Pussy, "so it all happens just right ; and you will give me a lesson every day, won't you ?"

"You are so kind to me," said Emily, "that I should be glad to do anything I can."

"Then it's all settled," said Pussy, exultingly. "We will come and sit here with our books, and breathe the fresh air, and be all still and quiet by ourselves, and I will read to you, — that is," she said blushing, "if you like to be read to."

"O, you are very kind," said Emily ; "I should like it of all things."

"And now," said Pussy, "if you would like a little drive before the heat of the day comes on, I 'll just speak to Whitefoot."

"You 're not really in earnest in saying you can harness him ?" said Emily.

"To be sure I am ; how should we women folk ever get about if I could n't ? I can push out the wagon, and have him in in a twinkling."

"And, sure enough, Miss Emily, looking through a crack, saw old Whitefoot come out of his stable at the call of his young mistress, and meekly bend his sober old head to her while she put on the harness, and backed him between the shafts of the carriage, and then proceeded to fasten and buckle the harness, till, finally, all was ready.

"Now let me bring you down," said Pussy.

"You seem to think I am only a bale of goods," said Emily, laughing.

"Well, you are not to exert yourself too much at first. Mother told me I must be very careful about you, because I am so strong, and not expect you could do anything like me at first."

"Well, I think I shall try to help myself down," said Emily ; "it was only foolish nonsense that made me afraid. I can hold to that ladder as well as you, if I only choose."

"To be sure. It is the best way, because, if one feels that way, one can't fall."

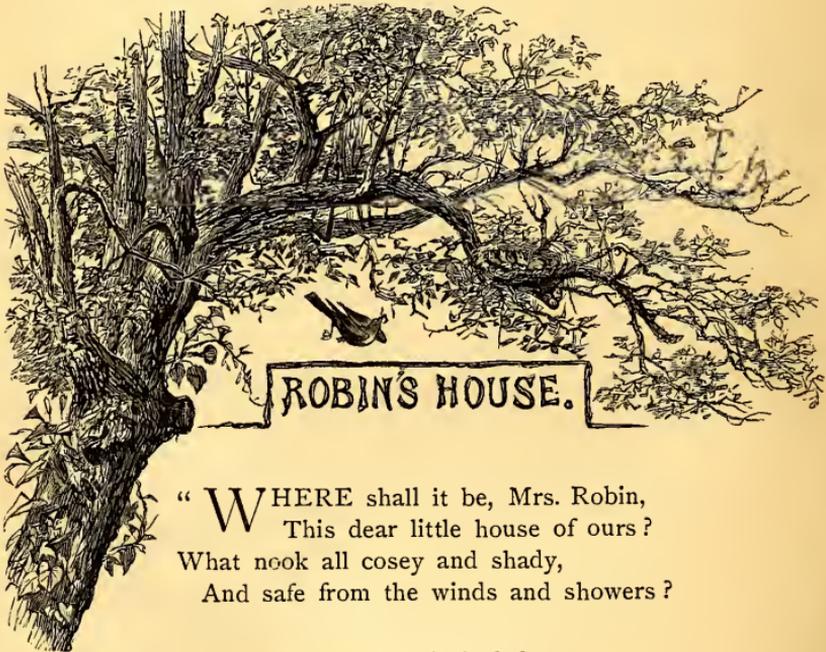
Emily had never done so much for herself before, and she felt a new sensation in doing it, — a new feeling of power over herself ; and she began to think how much better the lively, active, energetic life of her young friend was, than her own miserable, dawdling existence hitherto.

The two girls took a very pleasant drive that morning. First to mill, where Pussy left a bag of corn to be ground into meal, and where Emily saw, for the first time, the process of making flour. Emily admired the little cascade, with its foamy fall of dark water, that turned the old, black, dripping mill-wheel; she watched with somewhat awe-struck curiosity the great whirling stones that were going round and round, and the golden stream of meal that was falling from them. She noticed all along on the road that everybody knew Pussy, and had a smile and a word for her.

“O, here ye be!” said the old miller; “why I’m glad to see ye; it’s as good as sunshine any day to see you a comin’.” And in return, Pussy had inquiries for everybody’s health, and for all their employments and interests.

So the first day passed in various little country scenes and employments, and when Emily came to go to bed at night, although she felt very tired, she found that she had thought a great deal less of her ailments and troubles that day than common. She had eaten her meals with a wonderful appetite, and, before she knew it, at night was sound asleep.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



“WHERE shall it be, Mrs. Robin,
This dear little house of ours?
What nook all cosey and shady,
And safe from the winds and showers?”

“Now you are mine, little lady,
My own little bonny bird-bride,
'T won't do to be roaming like gypsies
Over the world so wide.”

“Come then, and we ’ll find in the meadow
 Green branches so cool and deep,
 Where I ’ll build you the daintiest palace,
 And sing you to sweetest sleep.”

Up glanced little fond Mrs. Robin,
 With happy, approving look,
 And away they flew over the valley,
 Just stooping to drink at the brook.

“O, see what a beautiful maple !
 Shall we build it, my lady, here ?”
 “No, no, it ’s too straight and stately ;
 It is n’t our style, my dear.”

“Ah ! there is an elm, Mrs. Robin,
 So graceful ; now what do you say ?
 But that was too high and airy,
 And onward they kept their way.

“Look, look ! O, look, Mr. Robin !
 For here is the very tree,
 Bending its crooked old branches
 Into crannies as snug as can be.

“And O what snow-flakes of blossoms,
 Filling with sweetness the air !
 And O what bluebells go climbing
 And clustering everywhere !”

So merrily went the young robins
 To work, like the busiest bees,
 Gathering queer little hay-straws,
 And odd little sticks from the trees.

And then they bent and they twisted,
 As only the birds know how,
 Till at last, all soft and downy,
 In the kind old apple-bough

Was the dearest and daintiest palace,
 The sweetiest and coseyest nest,
 And a jubilant song filled the orchard
 As the sun sank down in the west.

So, all through the June days, the breezes
Whisper their magic spells,
And nearer the bright morning-glory
Climbs, swinging its airy bells,

And five little blue eggs are nestled
Under the brooding wings,
And five little younglings are learning
The love-song Sir Robin sings.

So, slowly, and surely, and safely,
They grow 'neath that tender care,
Till they spring to the happy sunshine,
Into the glad, free air,

And five more pert young Red Breasts,
At the daylight's earliest peep,
Are chattering under our window,
To waken us out of our sleep.

L. G. W.



GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

X.

AS Cloutman was going into garrison, and must therefore leave his field to a great extent unwatched, he had bestowed extra labor on his fencing. The day before the occurrence we are about to relate he had "top-ridered" it all round with spruce-trees, leaving all the brush on them. This morning he was sowing grain, which was the last work he had to do before going into the fort.

The field was surrounded by woods in which the Indians had hidden themselves. Five of the strongest and most active concealed their guns in the woods, and, armed only with knives, prepared to grapple with him, and, if possible, take him alive, as they expected a large ransom, while the other three kept their arms, in order to shoot him rather than permit him to escape. Watching their opportunity, when his back was turned and he was sowing from them, they sprang towards him. Hearing the footsteps, he turned, and saw the great odds against him, and that they had got his rifle, which he had left at the end of the piece.

He instantly ran for Bryant's house ; but when he came to the fence, which he had made so very high the day before, in attempting to leap it, he got tangled in the brush, and fell back. Once more he attempted it, with the same result. Cloutman was, like many men of great size and strength, deficient in agility. William McLellan or Bryant would have cleared it at a leap. Finding the Indians were upon him, he turned and faced them. He struck the first with his fist, with such force as to break his jaw, felled the second with a back-handed blow, and, catching up the third, flung him senseless upon the ground, and put his foot upon his neck. As he had his back to the fence, he would doubtless (such were his enormous strength and courage) have got the better of the whole of them, had not the others, coming up, presented their guns at his breast ; seeing that further resistance was useless, he surrendered. Had he not fenced his field so well, he would have got to the Bryants', and saved himself and them.

Bryant was an exceedingly active man, a great wrestler, and very swift of foot. He was wont to say that, in a two-mile race, he could outrun any Indian he ever saw. When the Indians came upon him, he, with his son, a lad of twelve years, was fencing, having no gun with him. He told his son to hide himself in the woods, while he ran for the garrison. The Indians, knowing Bryant would alarm the garrison, pursued him at their utmost speed ; but he ran like a deer, and distanced them in a moment. Seeing that he would escape, one of them fired and broke his arm.

As he was obliged to hold up the shattered arm with the other, they now rapidly gained upon him, nearly exhausted with loss of blood and with his efforts. He had reached the bank of a little brook that skirted the high

ground upon which the garrison was built ; a little farther and he would be in safety. As he summoned his failing strength to leap the brook, he heard the footsteps of his relentless foes. In that terrible moment he caught sight of one of his neighbors, Daniel Mosier, coming down the hill from the garrison, with a loaded gun on his shoulder. "Fire, Daniel, for God's sake, fire!" cried Bryant, with the energy of despair, as the footsteps of his pursuers came nearer:

But Mosier hesitated. A man of excellent capacity and character, and ever ready to do his part in all other respects, he yet lacked the nerve required to act up to the stern code of the settlers, which required every man to stand by his neighbor to the death. At the summons of Bryant, he levelled his rifle at the foremost Indian, who, seeing the motion, slacked his speed, which gave Bryant opportunity to leap the brook. In another moment he would have been in safety ; but Mosier hesitated to pull the trigger. That hesitation was fatal to Bryant. The two savages—who were armed only with knife and tomahawk, having thrown aside their rifles to run—saw it, and, leaping the brook, buried their weapons in his skull. One of them then, placing his knee on the dead man's breast, and taking hold of the hair upon the top of the head, lifted the head up a little way from the ground ; he then made a circular cut with his knife around the roots of the hair, and, taking hold of the raw edge with his teeth, tore off the scalp. It was the work of but an instant to him, made familiar with it by long practice.

Mosier returned to relate the tale to the inmates of the garrison, by whom his failure to fire was never either forgotten or forgiven. As for the Indians, they hastened to join the rest in completing their work of vengeance at Bryant's house.

The boy ran through the woods for McLellan's, but, fearing that the Indians would overtake him, plunged into the brook, thrusting his head under the roots of a tree that grew on the edge of the bank, while his body was immersed to the neck, and concealed by the bank. The Indians, coming to the brook and losing his track, did not search narrowly for him, as they were eager to plunder the house, and destroy the rest of the family.

Bryant, when he left home, had charged his wife to keep the children near the house, and not permit them to go ranging about in the woods. In order to do this, she had promised them, if they would stay round the door, that they should have some maple syrup, and boil it down to sugar. She had just gone down cellar, through a trap-door in the floor, to get it for them, telling them, as they attempted to follow her, that if they did n't stay up stairs they should n't have a drop. Thus debarred from following, they all got down on their knees, at the mouth of the hole, trying to peep down to see where their mother put it, and what she kept it in, and how much she had. Thus the devoted family were all together on the floor.

Scarcely had she disappeared in the cellar, when the savages, finding the door unfastened, rushed into the room. The children at the sight of these demons set up a cry of horror ; the mother thrust her head up the trap,

when she beheld the chief of the band, a gigantic savage, his hands red with blood, and the scalp of her husband at his belt. He instantly slammed the door down upon her head, and stood on it, while the rest proceeded to the work of slaughter.

Maddened by the screams of her children, perishing beneath the tomahawks of the savages, the mother made frantic efforts to lift the door, but in vain. In a few moments the cries ceased. The door was thrown open, and the mother beheld the elder children mangled and scalped, lying in their blood upon the floor. While the miserable woman gazed upon this heart-rending sight, an Indian, in whom she recognized the one upon whom more than a year before she had flung the hot suds, was in the act of drawing the babe from its cradle by the feet; swinging the little creature around his head, the cruel monster dashed out its brains against the stone jambs of the fireplace, and threw it on the bed. With a mother's instinct the poor woman rushed to the bed, caught the mangled form in her arms, and pressed it to her bosom.

While she was thus engaged, the chief whose prisoner she was, passing a thong of deer-skin over her arms, pinioned them to her side. No sooner was this done, than the savage who had destroyed the babe, snatching it from her grasp, flung it into a kettle of boiling water that hung over the fire, exclaiming in hellish glee, "Hot water good for Indian dogs, good for papoose too." He then danced before her, snapping his bloody fingers in her face, and, pointing to the bloody scalp at his companion's belt, assured her it was that of her husband. He then raised his hatchet to cleave her skull; but it was instantly wrested from his hand by the big Indian, who, enraged at this attempt to rob him of his captive, flung the other with great violence against the wall of the house. The Indians were very fond at this period of taking female captives, whom they sold for servants into French families; and as our grandmothers were excellent housewives, they were always in request in Quebec and Montreal. The Indians now ransacked the house, and, taking the guns, powder, and bullets, with what provisions they could carry, the wretched mother, and the fresh scalps of her butchered household, they hurried to the woods.

Meanwhile, the McLellans were busily at work. William, with one gun upon his shoulder and another fastened to the top of the yoke, drove the cattle and harrowed in the grain which his father scattered upon the smoking furrows of the virgin soil, filled with fertilizing ashes and the mould of decayed forests. The birds sang overhead, and the robins followed the harrow to pick up the grubs and worms which it dislodged from the dead bark of the old stumps, and all seemed peaceful and propitious. The children and their mother were no less busy at home. Elizabeth was sitting in the door, spinning linen thread. The children were making a garden in the sun at the door; Abigail was digging up the ground with a hoe, and Mary with a butcher-knife. Alexander had fastened one of his father's shoes to Bose's tail, and was pulling him by the neck and trying to make him draw it along. But all Bose would do was to wag his tail back and forth, and thus twitch

the shoe from one side to the other, licking the child's face between whites.

"Mother," cried Abigail, "do make Cary come into the house; he keeps getting right on to my hoe, so that I can't plant my beans."

"Ma, I can't hoe one mite!"

Just as Elizabeth rose from her wheel to see to the children, she heard the report of the gun that was fired at Bryant. She then told Abigail to go up to Bryant's and see what that gun was fired for. Now there was nothing Abigail loved better than to go to Bryant's and get with their children. But she remembered the alarm of the last night and was afraid to go, and went and hid in the brush. After some time had passed, her mother, finding she had not been, boxed her ears, and sent her off. The little girl went on her way, but reached the house just after the Indians had gone. She heard them talking in the woods as they went.

As she came up to the house, Sarah Jane, whom the Indians had scalped and left for dead, lay right in the door, with her raw and bloody head sticking out at it. She knew Abigail, and in a faint voice asked her to give her a drink of water. But the child was too much frightened to heed; she ran for home, and when she reached there fainted at the threshold. Her mother put her on the bed, and threw some cold water in her face. She revived, said "Indians," and fainted again. Elizabeth instantly blew the horn, barred the doors, and loaded the two guns that were in the house.

The moment the sound of the horn was heard in the field, William, reaching over the shoulder of the nigh ox, unhooked the chain, and, without stopping to unyoke them, he and his father seized their guns, and ran for the house. When they reached the house, they found it fastened, and Elizabeth at the loop-hole with a gun. The child by this time was able to tell what she had seen. They knew not but the garrison was surprised, and all in it, together with the other neighbors, killed. They drew water, filled all their vessels, and prepared for a siege. "If they master our scalps," said Hugh to his son, "they shall cost them dear, and not while this powder holds out."

The men in the garrison had been told by Mosier of Bryant's slaughter; but being few in number, and not knowing how great the force of the Indians might be, they remained within the walls, only firing the alarm gun to warn the neighboring garrisons that there were Indians around.

The McLellans kept watch that day and the following night. At noon the next day a body of men were seen coming over what is now called the Academy Hill. At first they took them for Indians, and prepared themselves for an attack; but they proved to be rangers from Portland going to the fort. They had heard the alarm gun, and hastened to the rescue.

They came to the house, where they were gladly welcomed. William went to the field, and found the oxen feeding near where they had been left. Loading their things on a drag, they then went to the garrison. They now, with the inmates of the fort, began to investigate the fate of their neighbors.

Proceeding to Bryant's house, they found the dead body of the eldest

daughter still lying in the door-way, over the sill of the door, whither she had crawled in her death-agony, perhaps in the vain attempt to follow her mother. The Indians had taken the blankets from the beds, and what bread was baked, and left the marks of their bloody fingers on the milk-shelves that Mrs. Bryant had taken so much pride in keeping as white as soap and sand could make them. "By the living God!" exclaimed Edmund Phinney, "if we don't revenge this accursed butchery, we don't deserve the name of men."

They found the body of Bryant lying on the side of the brook, and, not finding that of Mrs. Bryant or Stephen, concluded that they had been carried away captive. In Cloutman's field, they saw the marks of a desperate struggle, but found no blood. At the brook, they found the chain Reed had flung from his shoulder, and in the mud evident traces of his struggle. While they were looking at the trail, Bose, who had been shut up in the fort, came tearing through the woods, and in an instant rooted out from among the leaves an Indian belt, part of Reed's shirt that had been torn off in the scuffle, and a bunch of deer-skin thongs.

"That dog," said Captain Bean, the leader of the rangers, looking on with admiration, "is worth his weight in gold. What will you take for him, my boy?"

"Sell Bose!" cried William. "I would as soon sell my soul."

"It is as plain as day now," said the Captain. "They waylaid Reed here, and bound him, — these are some of the thongs they had left; and they have taken Cloutman, and Bryant's wife, and the oldest boy, and made tracks for Canada. I believe this dog will find their trail."

"That he will," said William. "He would track a humming-bird from one thistle to another."

They instantly put Bose on the trail, and he tracked them to the place where they had collected their captives; they saw the footprints of Reed, Cloutman, and Mrs. Bryant, but not of the boy; they therefore concluded that he had been shot in the woods. But while they were debating about it, he made his appearance. Bose led them to the bank of Little River, where the trail was lost. It was evident that they had here entered the water, which threw the dog off the scent; and as it was now dark, they were obliged to relinquish the pursuit for the night.

With the dawn of day, the rangers were on the track. The whole forenoon was consumed in regaining the trail, so artfully had it been concealed by the savages. It was then manifest that they had too much the start to be pursued with any hope of rescuing the captives, and the pursuit was reluctantly abandoned. Deep and general was the sympathy manifested when Stephen Bryant was brought by the scouting party to the fort. The poor boy had remained up to his neck in mud and water till nearly dark. He then crept from his hiding-place, and concealed himself in a hollow tree that grew near the bank of the brook, where he remained till he recognized the voices of William and Hugh among those who were searching for Reed.

As he stood amongst them, pale, covered with mud, and the rotten wood

from the tree, which stuck to his wet clothing, his face scratched with briars, and bearing the traces of recent tears, every heart yearned over him.

"Have the Indians gone?" was the first question of the bewildered boy, upon whose mind the impress of those horrible forms still remained vivid.

Being told that they were gone, he then said, "I want to go home; I want to see my mother."

At this declaration there was not a dry eye among the inmates of the fort, who, from the youngest to the oldest, were grouped around him.

"Your mother is not there," at length said Elizabeth, "the Indians have taken her to Canada."

"Did they kill my father?"

"Yes."

"I was afraid they had; I heard the gun when I was running through the woods. Where are my brothers and sisters?"

"They are dead."

"Where is the baby?"

"That is gone, too."

"Did mother carry it with her?"

"No, the Indians killed it."

"The little baby?"

"Yes."

"Then I've no father, mother, brothers, or sisters. There's no place for me to go to, and nobody to take care of me," said the desolate boy, bursting into tears.

"God bless you! you poor little soul, you," cried Elizabeth, taking him into her motherly lap and kissing the tears from his cheeks, while her own fell fast and mingled with his. "I'll be a mother to you; we'll all be your mothers! You shall come and live with us, and as long as God gives me a crust you shall have half of it!"

Elizabeth now set herself to provide some food for him, as he was nearly famished, having been two days without eating. In the mean time Daniel Mosier's wife washed his face, and washed and combed out his hair, which was all matted together, and filled with mud and leaves and dust from the rotten tree, for he had lost his cap in running from the Indians. She then put some clean clothes of her son James on him.

While he was eating, Abigail drew her mother one side, and asked her if she might give Stephen her tame crow. She said he felt so bad she wanted to give him something. There was nothing Abigail valued so much as her crow, and she knew no other way of showing her sympathy.

His hunger being satisfied, Hugh took him by the hand, and led him to view the remains of his father and brothers and sisters, which, having been cleansed from blood and filth, were laid out in one of the flankers. They then put the poor child, worn out with fright, sorrow, and fatigue, to bed; and as he seemed fearful of being left alone, Mrs. Mosier lay down with him, and soothed him till he fell asleep.

The stern necessities of their situation left the settlers little time for grief

or despondency. Their crops must be put in, and the Indians, made bold by success, would doubtless return as soon as they had disposed of their captives, and received the bounty for their scalps. The government now furnished them with eleven soldiers to assist in procuring food and defending the garrison. These soldiers, dressed in Indian fashion, were armed with rifle, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, and were most of them old hunters, accustomed to Indian fighting, and eager for Indian scalps, for which the government gave a bounty. They had a corporal of their own, and were under the command of Captain Phinney. A good part of their time was employed in scouting through the woods, in order to keep the Indians at bay, while the people were at work in their fields.

The men now labored in squads ; they would all go to one field and hoe the corn, or gather the harvest, and then to another, being thus so strong in numbers, part keeping watch while the others worked, and all having their arms with them, as to bid defiance to the Indians.

The restless savages, secreting themselves in the woods in such a manner as to elude the vigilance of the scouts, prowled around the garrison, watching the opportunity, when the men were at work and the soldiers away, to get in and kill the women and children. Some two months after the attack on Bryant's family, Elizabeth and Mrs. Watson were bringing water from the spring to wash, the men being away at work ; as the gate to the stockade was heavy, they left it open when they went in, not closing it till they came out again. All at once Bose, who was asleep in the sun before the gate, jumped up, ran into the yard, and began to growl ; Elizabeth, who had just taken up the pail to go after another "turn," instantly pushed to the gate, and fastened it. "There are Indians round," she said to her companion, "we shall have to do without water to-day."

"Perhaps he smells some wild creature," replied Mrs. Watson ; "the woods are full of them."

"What is it, old dog ?" said Elizabeth ; — "Indians ?"

Bose at the word "Indians" drew back his lips, and showed all his teeth, looking ugly enough. "There, I don't want any plainer language than that ! Let us go up in the watch-box. They saw the gate open, and meant to get in. If they come near enough, I'll shoot one of them."

The two women went up to the watch-box over the flanker, and looked long and patiently. At length Elizabeth said, "See that bush move ; there is an Indian behind that bush."

"It is the wind," said Mrs. Watson.

"There is no wind," was the reply.

"Perhaps the cattle are rubbing against it."

At that moment an Indian rose and peeped cautiously over the bush, looking at the fort. Mrs. Watson gave a little scream, but it was drowned in the report of the gun Elizabeth fired. The men were soon at the fort ; she went with them to the bush, behind which a large pool of blood was found, and a trail showing that the savage had been carried off by his companions.

That night Captain Phinney's old "line-backed" cow and a heifer did not come home with the rest of the cattle. The next morning Edmund Phinney went to look after them. The Indians, who had killed the cattle, fired upon him, breaking his left arm, and wounding him in two other places. Getting behind a tree, he took his gun in his right hand, and, by retreating from one tree to another, kept them at bay till a party who had heard the firing came out from the fort to meet him. There was no doctor in the fort, and, wounded as he was in three places, Eliphalet Watson and a hunter by the name of Thorn went on foot to Portland with him to have his wounds dressed.

During the following years, the settlers were gradually reduced to the greatest distress for bread and clothing. It was so dangerous working the land, and so much time was consumed in guarding against the Indians, that they could raise but little. Sometimes there was not more than two quarts of boiled wheat in the fort. The Indians burnt up the mill, and they had to pound all their corn in a mortar, and boil their grain, and eat it so. Their oxen and cows were killed, and as they were not able to plough their old fields, nor to keep down the weeds and sprouts from the stumps, but were obliged to raise crops on burns, (since they could do that after a fashion without cattle,) the fields went back in a great measure to a state of nature, and their hay-crop was nearly destroyed. They were obliged, at the greatest peril of life, to resort to hunting for food, and to clothe themselves with the skins of beasts, and all, from the highest to the lowest, wore moccasins. Hugh and Elizabeth, no novices in the school of adversity, resorted to all their old expedients for procuring food, and she, laying aside her wheel, began again to dress deer-skins.

At this period, his father and the rest having gone to hunt, William was hoeing corn alone. Leaning his gun against a stub some ten feet high at the corner of the piece, he began to hoe the outside row, next to the bushes. Casting a look at the other end of the row, he saw through the bushes the face of Conuwass, one of his Indian playfellows. He then began to hoe backwards, as if to do his work better, till he got the stub between him and the Indian; then, seizing his gun, he crawled behind a windfall, and lay in ambush, with his finger on the trigger. Presently the Indian came creeping through the bushes that skirted the edge of the corn, to the foot of the stub, and, rising cautiously up, looked around it, exposing a good part of his body. William instantly fired, calling out at the same moment, "Conuwass, you no shoot young Bill this time!" The Indian, clapping his hand on the wound, ran into the woods, exclaiming, "Bill, you shoot him well this time." The good old gun-barrel with which William shot the Indian is now in the possession of Colonel Hugh D. McLellan of Gorham.

The settlers, continually harassed by the Indians, who were spread over the whole frontier, from the Kennebec to Wells, cleared a large field on Bryant's and Cloutman's lands, which they planted and sowed in common.

In the middle of this great field, out of gun-shot from the woods or the log fence, they raised their crops. Here also they made a breastwork of logs, behind which they might take shelter if the Indians should attack them in force.



In the middle of this breastwork stood a large stump, upon which they placed two boys, a little and a big one, back to back, as sentries. The guns were set up against the breastwork, over one corner of which was a bark roof as a shelter in case of a shower, and to keep the guns dry. The boys were relieved every hour, a half-hour glass placed on the top of the breastwork serving to divide the time. Some of the boys who were lazy, and had rather keep guard than hoe, were not very prompt about turning it.

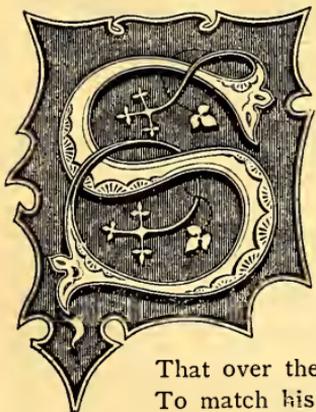
Foiled by this arrangement, the savages at length hit upon a plan, the ingenuity of which was only equalled by its audacity. Within twenty feet of the gate of the breastwork was a large rock, the northwest side of which was perpendicular, and about breast-high. Some half-burnt logs had been set up endways against this, one end of which rested against the top of the rock, the other on the ground. Small stumps and brush had been from time to time flung upon this in clearing the land, and among these rotting

logs, blackberry and gooseberry bushes had grown up, completely darkening the cavity underneath. Into this hole four Indians had crept during the latter part of the night, their bodies naked to the breech-clout, and painted with smut and bear's grease, the better to harmonize with the burnt logs and brands among which they lay, and armed only with knife and tomahawk. Their plan was, when the sun became hot, and the boys tired and sleepy, to seize the moment when the men were all at the other end of the piece, with their backs to the stump, to rush upon the boys and tomahawk them. Then, raising the war-whoop, they would seize the guns and keep the unarmed settlers at bay till the rest, who were concealed in the woods, should reach the spot. They had also ambushed the path to the fort, as they supposed that the settlers, finding their foes in possession both of their arms and fortress, would flee to the garrison. It seemed that most, if not all, of this devoted band must now fall a sacrifice to the subtlety of their implacable foes, when the plot was made to recoil upon its authors by one of those trifling circumstances termed fortunate, but attributed by our pious ancestors to the special providence of God, at the very moment set for its execution.

Elijah Kellogg.



SIR AYLMER'S LAST FIGHT.



SIR AYLMER was a doughty knight
 As ever buckled steel.
 To be sure, he could neither read nor write;
 But his mail-clad arm had a brawny might
 I should not like to feel.
 Sir Aylmer had been to the Holy Land;
 And, with many a weighty blow,
 Had cut down scores of Saracens,—
 How many, I do not know.
 He had fought in many a furious fray,
 And given such heavy thwacks,
 That over they rolled, those knights of old,
 To match his sinews over-bold,
 Stark stiff upon their backs.
 His lance would spit a warrior through,
 As a cook would truss a fowl,
 And his battle-axe crack a head in two
 With no more trouble, nor more ado,
 Than it might a wassail-bowl.

He could eat and drink as well as fight,
And yet I fain must say
That after the sack his head was light,
And he did not seem to be so bright
As after the grand *mêlée*.
But in those old times 't was a common thing,
And nobody cared at all.
Sir Aylmer was a tough old blade,
As titled gentlemen then were made,
And honored his ancient hall.

The day was fair, and the sun was high,
As Sir Aylmer galloped along.
He was bound for the tourney. Before the king,
The knights were to gather within the ring,
A gay and gallant throng.
If you wish to know what a tourney was,
You must read it in *Ivanhoe*.
The glittering armor, the waving crest,
The swinging mace, and the lance at rest,
That wonderful tale will show.

Sir Aylmer had reached his private tent
In stern and warlike mood.
He settled his harness on his back,
And quaffed a quart or two of sack
To cool his heated blood.
The court was there; and ladies came
And ranged themselves around.
In times of old, the noble dames
Enjoyed those downright, muscular games;
They did not faint, nor shriek, nor cry,
To see some dozen gentlemen lie
All smashed upon the ground.
Their interest was to see, and know
'T was the work of their particular beau
Whose arm had dealt the crushing blow.
No prudish fear their nerves would show
At any unusual pound.
Sir Aylmer strode within his tent,
And grimly sat him down.
Outside, there hung his blazoned shield,
A bull's head on a crimson field, —
Of wide and proud renown.
It was the custom, in that game,
That whatsoever champion came

To touch the shield, with sword or spear,
 The owner must in arms appear
 To meet, in sport or deadly fight,
 As should become a valiant knight,
 And then the breeze would bear afar
 The clamor of the mimic war.
 Then smash would go the iron mace,
 And clattering fall the sword ;
 Till chopped and banged and beat about,
 All human semblance battered out,
 They tumbled on the sward.
 But still it was the fashion then :
 These were the sports of gentlemen,
 As chronicles record.

Sir Aylmer waited for his chance,
 Armed cap-a-pie, with sword and lance,
 When through the lists there rode along
 A warrior through the glittering throng,
 His horse, the armor that he wore,
 His waving crest, the shield he bore,
 All snowy white. None knew his name,
 Nor when, nor whence, nor why he came
 And as he rode, by one consent
 All stopped to view him. On he went,
 Up to Sir Aylmer's pennoned tent,
 As though on special purpose bent.
 All silent as the grave he rode.
 What might that wondrous sight forebode ?
 His steed appeared with velvet shod,
 For no one heard him as he trod.
 No clank of mail could any hear.
 'T was strange, that rider's still career !
 Before Sir Aylmer's tent he stayed,
 And drew a strangely fashioned blade,
 That like a scythe was bent,
 And touched the shield ; but yet no sound
 Reached them who, gazing, stood around,
 Rapt in astonishment.

Sir Aylmer buckled his harness tight,
 For, wonder at this as well he might,
 The challenge he must meet.
 Yet, brave as he was, I fain must say
 A shudder came over him on that day,
 And he shook on his steel-ribbed seat ;

But forth he rode with the stranger knight,
And drew his trusty blade,
That many a time, in fatal strife,
Had taken Christian and Paynim life,
And terrible havoc made.
The king and the nobles and ladies there,
And all the motley crowd,
They looked with a strange, unearthly fear
As the champions of the lists drew near,
And spoke ne'er a word aloud.
And then the sound of the trumpet came,
Like the blast of the judgment day,
And bold Sir Aylmer grasped his brand,
As he heard the note, and nerved his hand
The mandate to obey.
His ponderous sword he raised at length,
And struck, with all a giant's strength,
Full at the snowy crest.
Through man and horse it sheared its way.
No plaited mail that blow could stay,
No shield its weight arrest.
Through helm and corslet went the blade
One long and trenchant sweep it made,
Down through the stranger knight.

O mighty arm! O trusty steel!
That such a skilful blow could deal
With such terrific might.
But could it be? They rubbed their eyes
And gazed in wonder-struck surprise,
And so indeed would you.
The cloven knight received the blow
Like a pin-prick; nor seemed to know
That he was sliced in two.
Quick as a flash *his* weapon went,
As 't were a bolt from heaven sent,
A touch, — and it was o'er.
And yet Sir Aylmer reeled and fell.
The doughty knight who struck so well,
Whose prowess many a tongue could tell,
Would lift his sword no more.
They, wondering, bore his corse along;
And where the wassail, laugh, and song
Had nightly echoed, late and long,
There in his castle hall
His stalwart form in state they laid.

The guests they drank and the monks they prayed ;
 And then with a vulgar pick and spade
 For the proud old warrior a bed they made,
 So low, that he never by mortal aid
 Would rouse at the trumpet call.

The stranger knight, he went away ;
 But where he went none ever could say.
 And yet, I believe we all
 Shall hear his challenge at our tent ;
 A summons to that struggle sent
 Where all our strength is vainly spent,
 Where all must surely fall.

Charles F. Sprague.



THE SEA AND ITS SWIMMERS.

AT the close of our "Swimming" chapter we were on the starboard tack, in a heavy gale of wind. Five days and nights it blew very hard, but towards midnight of the fifth night there were signs that the gale was about to break. The wind began to whistle and shriek through the blocks and running-rigging, and this is regarded at sea as a pretty sure token that the force of a gale is nearly spent. There was one chance, however, to which we looked with a good deal of anxiety. Gales from the east and southeast in the North Atlantic are often the precursors of still heavier weather from the northwest. The wind lulls suddenly and chops about. A break in the clouds no bigger than a man's hand is seen upon the north-western horizon, and the wind comes away from that quarter a regular screamer. "Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind." If things had taken this course at that time, I do not think I should be now writing this article, for our ship would probably have foundered ; no boat could have lived in the cross-sea, and no swimming so far from the land would have been of service. But the gale died away suddenly, and was not succeeded by a northwester.

At twelve o'clock the next day there was hardly any wind at all, and the sky was clear. But the sea still ran high, and there being no wind to fill the sails and steady the ship, she pitched and walloped about very hard. Every time her head went down, it seemed to go lower and stay longer than before. So the going down of the gale in that manner increased, rather than diminished, our present danger, and we were like to have gone down with it. She seemed to be getting more by the head. A consultation was held by the captain, the mates, and the carpenter, and they resolved that, in order to save her, it was necessary to lighten

her by the head. Overboard went everything belonging to the ship that could be spared,—butts of water, spare anchors, &c. Then came the cargo's turn. I had nearly gone over myself while we were unlash- ing the spare anchors. The vessel shipped a heavy sea over the weather bow, and it swept half a dozen of us to leeward with resistless force. At such times sailors always grab for that which is the dread of the desperately wicked,—a rope. We all got hold of something. I caught the standing part of the jib halyards, and hung on until my arms cracked in their sockets. A purchase was now rigged, the fore hatches ripped off, and we broke out the krang-jangs of fine white sugar, five hundred-weight each. Over they went, and, as they floated lazily away, I thought what a prize some of them would have been to the poor people on the coast of Donegal, off which we were. I suppose we hove over about fifty tons. It had a good effect. Instead of rooting down like a hog, the ship rose buoyantly, and we went to the pumps with more satisfaction.

The next day we spoke a brig from Liverpool, bound to the Mauritius. The gale which had driven us so far to the north and west of the chops of the Channel had forced her to come out by what is called "north about,"— that is, instead of coming by the south end of Ireland, Cape Clear, she had come round the north end, and between that island and the Western Highlands of Scotland. She gave us a couple of bags of bread and some tobacco, which was hardly less prized, as we had been without any, and smoking burnt coffee, coarsely crushed, for some time. It is not a bad substitute, and tea is another tolerably good one; but nothing at all equals the pipe of good Cavendish to the tired sailor.

Soon after, we made the Irish land, the coast of Donegal, and, sailing along it, let go our anchor in the roads at Tory Island. Here we got store of fine, big, mealy potatoes in exchange for sugar and coffee. We were liberal in barter, although the property did not belong to us; but then our sinews, at the pumps for above a hundred days, had brought this leaky ship and her valuable freight into port. Our tariff was a bucketful of sugar and half a bucketful of coffee for a bushel of potatoes. The islanders traded readily on these terms. They also offered poteen, but we had had a liberal allowance of East India arrack all the passage, and we liked that better. I could say a good deal as to the effect of six glasses of strong arrack every day, both in preserving health in the deadly harbor of Batavia, and in enabling us to stand the terrible strain at the pumps, week after week and month after month, in addition to the regular duty of working ship. But there is much objection to strong liquors, even in trying times, and it is not for me to make any argument or excuse for them.

We left Tory Island three times before we succeeded in getting through the passage between the Mull of Kintyre and the Mull of Galloway, being forced back twice by the current. The Scottish coast here is grand to behold. The Western Highlands, mountain on mountain and peak on peak, all crowned at that season with snow, were glorious to see. The Paps of Jura, three lofty peaks, dominated the whole. We passed the Cock of Arran,

to put into the Clyde. As we entered the Firth, the steamer *Admiral*, from Greenock for Liverpool, was coming out. She hove to while we ascertained how much our ship leaked per hour, in order that she might take the news to the owners and underwriters. There were no telegraphs then. The amount of leakage was ascertained by sucking the pumps dry, removing the boxes, and finding, by means of an iron sounding-rod covered with chalk, how many inches of water came in in five minutes. It was three inches; therefore the ship made three feet an hour, in depth, and she was a hundred and forty feet long. With nobody at the pumps, a very few hours would have seen her water-logged, and in a sinking condition. At Greenock she was partly unladen, and taken on the ways, and then the falsity of the diver at the Cocos was made apparent. Her forefoot was not knocked off at all; but her starboard bow had been sent with such force against the steep coral rock that it started a butt in the planking, not far under the water. It was, indeed, sometimes out of the water when she careened very low to port, and this was how it was that she could be kept free by the pumps, on the starboard tack, but not upon the larboard tack, in the five days' gale.

To come back to swimming, instead of sailing, if you want to know how to use your limbs in learning to swim, watch a frog in the water. The stroke of a man, in the best, easiest, and most lasting method, is as much like the frog's as can be. The frog in his stroke spreads his arms and legs wide outside of him while flat in or on the water. So does the man. The dog, the horse, the ox, swim in a different manner, pawing the water beneath them as it were. Now some people say that the dog method, or the Italian method, which resembles it, is the best way for a man to swim; but I think the dog only swims that way because the oar-like method, with which the frog and the man use their feet and hands, is impossible to him. He is so tied in at the shoulder and elbow, that the oar-like stroke is impossible to him. You can stretch out your arm to its full length sideways, with the palm of the hand behind, whether in the water or out of it. A dog cannot do so with his paw, and therefore he is confined to the forward and downward stroke, while you can make the side-stroke with both arms at once, the palms of your hands and the soles of your feet being the blades of four oars which shove you along. I could never tell how the otter swims, though I have often seen them in the streams; for they dive so suddenly and swiftly that I could not catch their action. I suppose it resembles that of the dog and the water-rat. I once saw an otter in Michigan swim above half a mile with his head out of the water. He went so swift, and left such a wake behind him, that I thought at first it was a line of ducks. He was near the farther bank of a wide river, swimming against the stream, too far off to shoot at with any chance of killing with a duck-gun, and too far off for his leg action in the water to be seen; so I sat down and watched him. I saw him land, and a fine big fellow he was, — a dog otter, no doubt, for so the male is called.

Soon after I brought the prairie-wolf and silver-gray fox from Iowa, and presented them to the Central Park, I had the promise of an otter or two from the lakes and streams in the northern part of that State. The people

in authority at the Park, however, seemed to think that it would be a great favor to me, to construct a proper tank and house for the otters my Iowa friends and myself proposed to give them. Now I did not think so; and therefore I wrote to the trappers to let the young ones roam and swim as free as their own wild waters, at least until their skins were worth a reasonable price. The otter is a desperate fighter, and always dies silent, like a thorough-bred bull-dog. The female is as brave and devoted to her young as any animal I know of. The following anecdote of an English female otter is strictly true. A cub was taken on the Cary Water, near Ashwater in Devon, and carried to Hayne, where it was placed in a large tub in the stable yard. Early in the morning, the spur of the old otter was tracked round the yard by the keeper, Blatchford, and the marks of her teeth were visible on the tub, where she had tried to force an opening. She had taken the line of the men who had captured her cub, and had come a distance of eight miles across country, accompanied by another cub. The latter remained in a large pool in the grounds of Hayne, situated in the dense wood under St. Hubert's Hall. The small hounds of Mr. William Eastcott, of Norton, were soon on her line, and, leaving the cub, marked her in the Headweir Pool, under Town Wood; at that place they were joined by the warranted otter hounds of Mr. Newton of Millaton, and then ensued a long chase by Eastlake Wood, Lower Mill, and Thorntleford, to Patshill, turning into a little rivulet under Orchard, which the otter followed to its source, breaking away over Orchard Common to Combbow Wood, and then reaching the Taw River. Going down stream rapidly, passing Lower Trenchard below Raddon, and on to Leigh, she got into the deep pools of the Lyd by Sydenham, and was left towards nightfall in a strong hover between the Warren and Whiteleigh. That same night she was again at Hayne, in the stable-yard, and was found the following morning in the river, going away, as the day before, up stream. Four or five couples of hounds, however, having been sent forward to Thorntleford Bridge to come down stream, in order to meet the body of the pack, the otter was forced into the open, but succeeded in reaching the mill beat, passing Borfootbridge, going through the wilderness at Hayne, and was captured in the large pool under Babriball Wood. She was given her liberty with her cub late at night, and the next day they were traced up the bed of a shallow rivulet by Rowden over Bradymore to Down Mill, by Shallowford, breaking ground over Downicary Moor to Tower Hill and the Cary Waters, whence the cub had been taken.

Some have said that the otter can swim as fast as a salmon, which is a very swift fish; but that is a mistake. I think he is as fast in the water as any quadruped, unless it be the beaver; but the salmon can swim three or four feet to his one. I think the swiftest fish that I have seen is the dolphin, when in chase of a shoal of flying-fish. In the tropical seas I have often gone on to the foretopsail-yard to watch them, as they hunted their prey through the waters. Their appearance is very beautiful. They are of a bright green, in the dark blue waters, and dart ahead like an arrow loosed from a strong bow. When on deck, dying, their color changes quickly, and

they present a rich golden or bronzed shade, mingled with purple and green. The dolphin is fair eating, but not as good as his particular friends the bonita and albercore, which hunt the flying-fish also. Persecuted by these swift fish in the water, and by sea-fowl whenever they rise out of it, the flying-fish have a hard time, yet their numbers are very great.

The albercore is a very large and fast fish. I was once nearly dragged off the bowsprit-head by one. I was sitting on the heel of the jib-boom, dangling a line in the water, which had been rigged for catching dolphin or bonita. The way is to bait the hook with a piece of white rag, or a bit of tin, and just let it play up and down with the heaving motion of the ship, sometimes on the top of the water, and then in the air again, like the flying-fish. I had this line in hand, carelessly, when a monstrous albercore took the hook with a tremendous rush, and, if the line had not parted, I should have gone overboard. The second mate was looking on, and said, "If the hook had held, you would have caught a mighty big fish." "No," I answered; "if it had held, the fish would have caught me."

The shark is not fast, so far as I have observed. He seems to be a lazy, sluggish sort of fish. It is curious that the real deep-sea shark is always attended by one or two little fish, about four or five inches long, beautifully barred across the back like the zebra. These are called pilot-fish, and they swim about the head of the shark, and pilot him to his prey.

Since, in the former article, I gave it as my opinion that the shark is afraid of a man in the water, and will avoid him while he keeps in motion, I have had a conversation on that point with a gentleman whose experience is as large as mine. He is a civil engineer, a man of fine attainments, who has sailed and travelled much, and had many stirring adventures. He is a good diver, and owns the diving-bells which are used in New York harbor. He has never known a shark to attack a man in motion, nor has he ever met with a man who did know of such a case from personal observation.

At one time this gentleman was much in the Bahama Islands, and putting on a diving-helmet, which came to his waist, he used to go down in water from ten to twenty feet deep, and collect rare specimens of the coral which is found in such beautiful and various shapes in those waters. Once, while thus employed, a large shark came towards him. He sat down on a rock and presented the point of the harpoon he always carried in these marine explorations, and waited to see what the shark would do. The shark poised himself as if for a dart. There was no action of his fins or tail, and there he was motionless. He did not like the look of the helmeted man at the bottom of the shallow sea, and, after a good survey, he sheered off in quest of something whose shape he could understand. This same gentleman once walked across a bayou on the back of an alligator that was eighteen feet long. He killed him, too, and has his skull.

He was out shooting in the southwest part of Louisiana, and across a narrow bayou, which was dry, but full of soft mud, he saw one of those large white cranes which are rare specimens in collections of birds. The crane was not within shot, and the sportsman desired his boy to cross the bayou

and make a sweep round behind the bird and put him up, so that he might fly over toward where the gunner lay in ambush. But the boy said he could not find a log, and my friend, getting impatient, determined to cross himself, and stalk for a shot. He saw what he supposed to be the top of a log just above the mud, and stepped on to it. Half-way across he felt it moving under him, and when he leaped upon the other bank, the jaws and tail of the alligator were in motion. But he was not active, luckily, being imprisoned almost in the mud. It took eight rifle-shots at close quarters to kill him. When he was hauled out on the bank, by a yoke of oxen, he measured eighteen feet from the snout to the tip of the tail, and his skull was five feet long.

You will remember that, in a former number, I told you of an immense alligator I saw alive in the possession of some men who had caught him in a lake or bayou in Louisiana. These men said they determined to catch him because he had taken a negro. My friend says they must have been mistaken. The boy was no doubt taken by a gar-fish, a dangerous and most formidable creature inhabiting the same waters as the alligator. The latter will not attack men or boys, either in the water or out of it. There is indeed one time at which they will show fight. They watch the place where the female has laid her eggs in the sand, and if a man interferes with the nest, they will defend it. Their weapon is not their tremendous jaws, but the horny tail, with which they give a round sweeping blow. The idea that this reptile, with his short legs and vast bulk, can chase a man on the ground and make prey of him, is absurd. He is not a fast swimmer.

Although the dolphin is, in my opinion, the swiftest fish that I have seen in motion, circumstances have come under my observation which lead me to believe that there is a fish in the sea whose speed far surpasses it. I mean the sword-fish, an inhabitant of the tropical waters, and very seldom seen. I have seen the planking and oak timber of a ship which had been penetrated to the depth of ten inches by the round, spike like sword of one of these fish, where it was broken off. Now the sword-fish is not large, and I conceive that the velocity at which he struck the ship when he drove his weapon in to that depth must have been enormous. I do not pretend to be able to estimate the rate at which the fish must have gone through the water when the blow was struck, and I have never happened to meet with any account of the sword-fish by an eminent authority. It is said that the sword-fish kills the sperm-whale by piercing him under the belly; and from all that is known of the species, and that is but little, he is the most quarrelsome and vindictive inhabitant of the great tropical seas.

It has been set down that the whale is fast. I doubt it. I have never seen one swim swiftly on a level. When the whalers are fast to a sperm-whale, if he goes twenty miles an hour it seems to be an immense rate to them. But this would be a mere nothing to the speed of the dolphin, and almost standing still, I think, to the rate of the sword-fish, when he delivers his lightning stroke. I have no doubt the whale *goes down* very fast, when he throws his flukes up, and sounds head downwards towards the bottom, but that he swims very fast on a level, I can hardly believe.

Charles F. Foster.



ECHO.

THE STORY OF A FOOLISH TONGUE.

ONCE on a time, great Pan, the country god, kept lonesome ways, and mourned in bosky hiding-places through all the golden summer of Arcadia. Though the mountains and the meads were his, and the forests and the fields, and the springs and brooks and pools, and all the fleecy flocks and all the dappled herds,—and at his bidding the dales blushed deep with blossoms, and the demure little lakes broke out in pretty, pensive dimples, and the birds sang, and the springs danced, and the brooks laughed, and the waterfalls romped and shouted, and all the air was full of songs, and the vines of eager whispers, and the grass of tender murmurs soft and low, and all the woods and glens of fantastic stories, and the rocks and moors of awful legends, and the twilight of romance, and the moonlight of rapture, and the midnight of wonders,—yet he who set all this loveliness to music, and wound up the seasons like a cunning clock, to play their happy tunes, drew no delight from the entrancing concert of his own melodious choir, but left its ecstasy to lighter hearts, and kept his lonesome, silent ways, and moped in caves and leafy coverts.

For even the grand old gods had their grand sorrows, and were the grander for them. Jupiter, king of gods and men, had mourned with terrible tears for the cruelty of the mortal race; Vulcan, the celestial artist, who built the brazen houses of the gods, and fashioned the golden handmaids who waited on himself, had been flung headlong from highest heaven into the lowest depths of sea; Apollo, glorious giver of music and inspiration, once wan-

dered, an exile, in Thessaly, and fed, in servile poverty, the flocks of King Admetus ; Ceres, munificent foster-mother of the tender fruits of the earth, who crowned the ripening corn with gold, and plumped the purpling grape with wine, sought her lost darling, her playful Proserpine, from land to land, from sea to sea, never resting by night nor day, — through hunger and thirst, through terror and despair, following her even to the grim gates of the dreadful Under-world.

And in the high holiday of that lovely, melodious Age of Gold, when the rich rivers rolled with milk, and the woods dripped with honey, and the ready ground “produced without a wound, and the mild serpent had no tooth that slew,” when

“The nymphs and shepherds sat,
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers ; and with whispers low
Kisses that would not go,” —

in that faerie Age of Gold, when the mountains drew rainbows about their shoulders as a lady draws her scarf, and ivory and rubies and the tails of peacocks grew on trees, and all the face of earth was dimpled with the smiles of happy people, — in the gay noontide of that Age of Gold, this poor Pan carried in his bosom thoughts as dark as night, and a heart as heavy as lead ; for he looked into his soul, and all was loveliness and tender yearning, — he looked upon his shape, and all was ugliness and cruel forbidding, — a beautiful, musical angel within, a hideous, discordant monster without. Poor Pan !

He mourned for Pitys, the dainty meadow-nymph, graceful as a doe and gentle as a dove, whom he wooed with all his sweetest songs and quaintest gifts ; and she was kind to him. But furious Boreas, the North Wind, hated her because of him ; and so he blew her from the top of a high rock whither she had climbed for golden lizards, and crushed her tender body with the fall.

Then Pan, all farewells and despairs, took her up lovingly, with many exploring kisses and passionate moans, and brought her to the secretest place in the woods, and laid her down by their dear old trysting-stone. And he changed her swaying body and her beckoning arms into this lithe young pine-tree, at whose foot he now flung himself weeping ; and as he clasped her graceful trunk in his embrace, and laid his sobbing breast and tearful cheek against her soft brown bark, and called, “Pitys ! O Pitys !” a murmur of compassion ran through all her branches, and into his love-lorn bosom she dropped her prettiest cone. Poor Pan !

He mourned for Syrinx, the bashful wood-nymph, timid as a hare and shy as a partridge, whom also he had wooed with wild-wood offerings, — belts of fire-flies and bracelets of burnished beetles, the songs of orioles and the stories of katydid ; but she denied him. And when at last he beheld her, radiant with blushing beauty, as she passed by Mount Lyceum, returning from a childish chase, her scarf filled with flying-squirrels and field-mice, and ribbon-snakes and chirping lizards, his love grew reckless at the sight,

and he would have seized her ; but she broke away from his goat's horns and his matted beard, his cloven feet and his shaggy knees, and fled with cries of terror. And Pan pursued her over the hills, around the lakes, across the fields, from tree to tree, from rock to rock ; till suddenly Ladon, the deep river, that was friend to Pan, flung himself right across her path, and cut her off. Then she fell upon her knees, and stretched forth her arms, and cried to her cousins, the water-nymphs, in an agony of fear, " O Naiads, help ! " and when, in a moment more, the eager, panting Pan, with an exultant shout, burst through the fence of osiers, laughing madly, he seized in his shaggy arms no helpless, trembling nymph, but only a tuft of hollow, shivering reeds that just now were his bashful Syrinx.

And Pan wept, and the reeds were shaken with his sighs, and moved in a murmur of pity. Then he plucked seven of the hollow reeds, and made him a simple pipe that, as often as he sighed upon it, sang to him the sad song of Syrinx ; and on it, since, as sweet a piper has piped to a child a song about a lamb : —

" ' Pipe a song about a lamb.'
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 ' Piper, pipe that song again.'
 So I piped : he wept to hear."

Poor Pan !

He mourned for Echo, the merry mountain-nymph, tricky as a jackdaw and talkative as a magpie, pert as a wagtail and foolish as a fly, whom lately he had wooed with vanities in fashion in the mountains, — veils of mist and scarfs of rainbow, nets of the spray of waterfalls and complexions of sunset ; but she only laughed, and mocked him, — mocked the bleating treble of his love-songs, and the goat-like caper of his dance, the wistful wagging of his matted beard, and the grotesque fun of his amorous faces, and the clumsy stammer of his tender speech, till beves of beautiful nymphs, met in the meads to gossip, made the still twilight air ring with their laughter, like a burst of bells, at the droll but cruel mimicry of giddy, vain, and thoughtless Echo. Poor Pan !

Though still he kept his lonesome ways, — Pitys, the pine-tree, the only monument to his lovely loss, — Syrinx, the pipe, his only solace, (in the bitter sweetness of pity singing to him of that crown of sorrows which is remembering happier times,) — though still he mourned alone in the secretest places of the woods, and would have hidden his heavy trouble even under his dear old trysting-stone, — the mocking laugh of Echo found him out, and shamed and shocked his soul.

Then the grand old gods grew weary of that foolish, impious jay, whose flippant flings at sacred things, her heartless, unchecked chatter, conceived in idleness and brought forth in vanity, spared neither the Terrible nor the Holy, but scolded Jove, and scandalized Diana, and made a small-talk of the Awful Mysteries, — the gods were sick of Echo.

So Minerva, mistress of wisdom and prudence, proud and severe, put a check upon the nuisance forever. Nevermore should Echo *converse*, nevermore partake of the cheering interchanges of friendly thoughts, — the

genial address, the playful reply, the witty rejoinder, — sweetest, dearest, holiest of all, the tender confidence. But as she had abused the divine gift of Speech, whereby the Immortal is distinguished from the Brutal, and made her tongue, that should have been a cunning instrument of melody, a rude weapon of treachery and mischief, impiety and shame, henceforth there should be left to it no nobler use than to repeat what she might hear; it should be turned against all that was dearest, sweetest, holiest to her own heart; and she should mock and tell, mock and tell — forever.

“All that was dearest, sweetest, holiest to her own heart! Mock and Tell! Mock and Tell! Forever! O, forever!”

Distracted, demented, she flew to the forest. Narcissus hunted there, — of all the youths of Arcady the bravest and most beautiful; Narcissus, for whose love a thousand nymphs contended, — most passionately of all, Echo, and Echo most in vain.

A spotted hind, with an arrow in her side, burst through the vines, and bounded across the path, Narcissus pursuing.

“Hal-loo!” cried he.

“Hal-loo-oo!” mocked Echo.

“Come hither!”

“Hith-er!”

“Who art thou?”

“Who art *thou*?”

“I do not know thy voice.”

“Not know thy voice?”

“Art thou mocking?”

“Mock-ing,” cried Echo, in agony.

“I will smite thee.”

“I will smite *thee*.”

And Narcissus, furious, plunged impetuously through a thorny thicket, and stood before her, bleeding.

Echo, all horror, and imploring anguish, would have fallen upon his neck; but the youth, with flashing eyes, flung her off. “Fool! I never loved thee,” he cried.

Then Mercury, the god of Chance, who listened to the contest behind a cloud, pitied poor Echo, and helped her — once.

“Ever loved thee, ever loved thee!” she repeated joyfully.

“If I pity thee, thou wilt tell.”

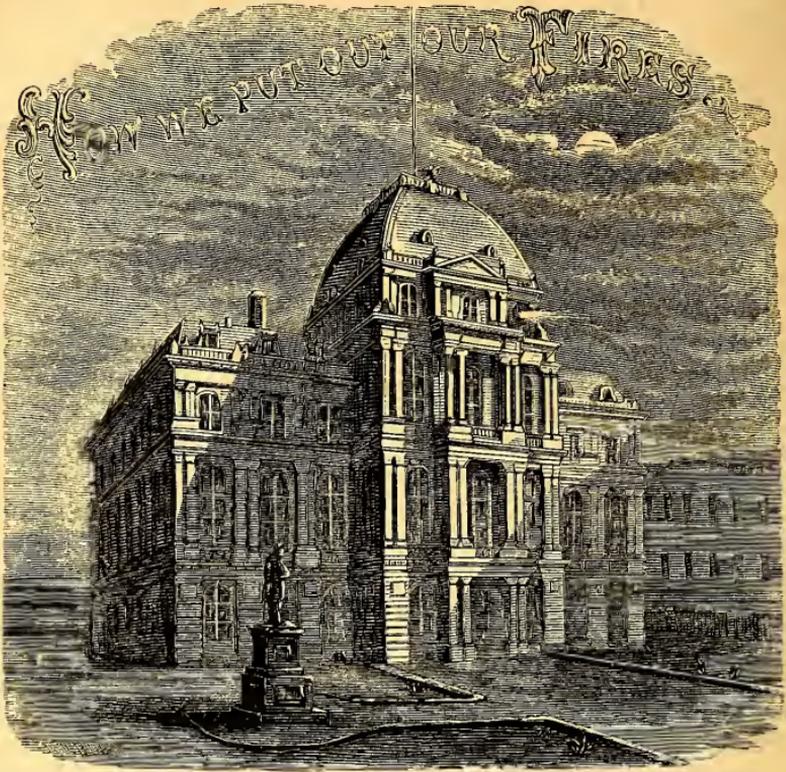
“Will tell,” — ah, wretched Echo!

“Now I shall hate thee forever.”

“Forever — ev-er!”

When Echo had pined with shame and hopeless longing till nothing was left of her but bones and a voice, the high gods changed the bones into rocks, where the Foolish Tongue still mocks. And poor Pan is avenged.

J. W. Palmer.



WALKING through School Street, in Boston, at any time of evening or of night, you will see lights shining out from the little windows away up under the dome of the new City Hall. There is the office of the fire-telegraph. In that little space are concentrated and governed the numerous wires which you see in the daytime running out in all directions over the roofs of the buildings in the vicinity. If you follow these lines from the Boston City Hall, you will find a good many of them leading you into churches; — so you see they “are cast in pleasant places.” They tell, through the church bells, when and where a fire breaks out; they send engines and men to extinguish it; they wake up Mr. Smith, who lives in Chester Park, and give him the unpleasant information that the fire is in the district in which his store is situated, down town, and they wake up others who have no store down town, and who don’t care particularly whether Mr. Smith’s store is on fire or not.

Suppose we mount the long stairway in the City Hall, and take a look at this telegraph office, and inquire into the manner in which the alarms are given.

The room is divided by a rail, and we must stand outside unless specially

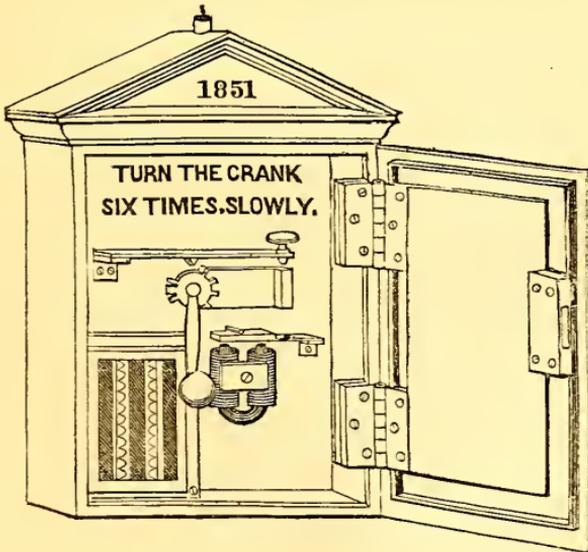
invited in by the Superintendent. There is only one chair in the room, which is a significant hint that accommodations are not afforded for a long visit. On a counter which stretches across the room is a curious array of shining brass instruments and machines, by which sixty different wires are operated upon. Some of the wires ring church bells, and some sound gongs in the engine-houses; but the largest number of them end in little iron boxes, which are fastened against the large buildings on some corners of the streets, and make no noisy demonstrations.

The electric current for a certain number of the wires is produced by a very powerful magnetic battery, and for others by a chemical battery of four hundred cups. This chemical battery looks just like a host of flower-pots, arranged on a pyramidal stand in a conservatory.

Four men are employed in the office besides the Superintendent, two of them being on duty all the time. Connected with the operating room are a sitting-room, containing a small collection of books, and two bedrooms. The men spend most of their time here; but even at home they are not free from their occupation, as the telegraph lines pursue them there and may summon them back at any moment.

Now we will see how the alarm is given, and the fire department called into action.

Policeman No. 56, going along his beat on Commercial Street, and trying the doors to see that they are fastened, comes to the door of a big granite warehouse, and sees a light through the crevices, and smoke issuing from the upper windows. He runs to the next corner, takes a key from his pocket, unlocks the iron box containing the end of a telegraph line, and



gives a certain number of turns to the crank of a little machine which is inside, and the motion of which sets the electric current astir upon the wire

which is connected with it. The box is numbered 14. A little bell in the telegraph office at the City Hall then calls attention in a sharp, brisk tone, and immediately a ribbon of white paper, about an inch wide, issues out between two rollers, with these characters stamped on it:—

These characters, you will of course understand, mean 1, 4. 1, 4.

The operator at the City Hall, seeing this at a glance, then goes to another machine, with hands like a clock, moves one hand to the figure 1, and the other hand to figure 4, gathers up his lightning reins, gives a touch to his fiery coursers, and away they go over the house-tops to the west end, to the north end, scuttling over to East Boston under the water, flying over the bridge to South Boston, and waking up the sleepers in Ward Eleven with their racket. King's Chapel replies promptly, in a solemn, dignified tone, the Old South follows sharp in a livelier strain, and then, from all directions, come hurrying up responses from a score and more of bells, all speaking at once in an eager, distracted way, some with musical sounds, and some in harsh, discordant, cold-in-the-head tones. After thus striking once, there is a little pause, and then the bells strike four times in succession, that is, each figure in the number of the box is represented in turn by its proper number of strokes,—1, 1 1 1 1. 1, 1 1 1 1, &c. This alarm is repeated six times, and then ceases unless another signal is received from box 14 that more force is necessary to subdue the fire.

The fire department are now in motion. There are eleven steam-engines, ten hose-carriages, and three hook and ladder companies. Each engine company has eleven men; three are on duty constantly, and the others only attend when an alarm is given.

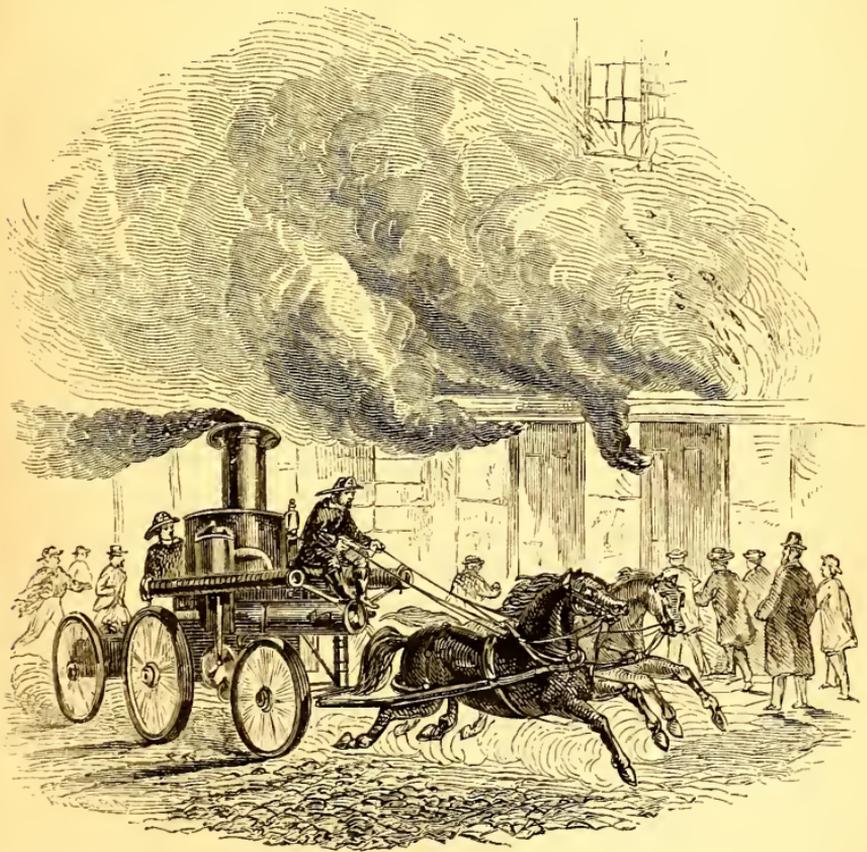
We will select Engine No. 4 to run with,—a “crack masheen,” as the news-boys call it. We find it standing trim and shining in the north end of Scollay's Building, between Court Street and Tremont Row. Here are the three men,—engineman, fireman, and driver. Here they *live*,—sleeping, and playing dominoes a good deal, I suspect. Their duty is to get their engine to the fire in the shortest possible time. A delay of ten minutes in the first movements may give the fire such headway that it cannot be overcome for hours. All this elaborate telegraph system is put in operation to save this trifle of time,—a trifle to us, but of considerable importance to the man who is asleep in the fifth story of a house which is on fire under the stairway.

But here comes the alarm. The little messenger from the telegraph office darts into the engine-house and raps smartly on the gong, *one—one, two, three, four*,—which may be translated thus:—“Mr. Kennard presents his compliments to Engine Company No. 4, and begs to inform them that he has received a despatch from the corner of Commercial Street and Eastern Avenue, that a fire has broken out in that vicinity, and the services of Engine No. 4 are requested at the earliest possible moment.”

But that would be a very liberal translation. The firemen understand it

to say, "Fire — corner of Commercial and Eastern Avenue," — and they are on their feet at the first stroke. The stout, good-natured looking horses, stabled in a room adjoining, prick up their ears and stamp impatiently. The sound of the gong is to them as the bugle to the war-horse.

The fire is lighted under the boiler of the engine, where the coal, wood, and kindlings are all ready, needing only the match to ignite them, for the purpose of getting up steam; the horses are "put to"; we mount the box, and are off for Commercial Street in a wonderfully short space of time. The horses start into a clumsy gallop of their own accord; the machine is whisked round the corners in a way that makes us, who are new to the business, feel rather nervous; a shower of sparks streams out from the smoke-stack, and the burning cinders, dropping from the fire-box into the street,



leave a brilliant trail to mark our passage. In five minutes from the time that signal was given by Policeman 56, the engine is on the ground. It is drawn up to the hydrant nearest to the fire, the iron cover marked B. W. W. (Boston Water Works) is pried up, and a short hose connects the hydrant with the engine. This furnishes the supply of water, which is thrown out through the long hose at the rate of six hundred gallons in a minute.

The first alarm calls out that third of the force which is nearest the fire ; namely, three steam-engines, one hook and ladder company, and three hose-carriages. The members of the other companies assemble at their houses and hold themselves in readiness for the next alarm.

We have scarcely got ready for action when the Chief Engineer arrives. He is a great power now, — a king, — his white-topped fire-hat an awe-inspiring crown, his big rubber overcoat a robe of state, and his trumpet a potent sceptre. He holds absolute sway. He can break into buildings, smash doors and windows, blow up walls, and compel any citizen in the vicinity to help in extinguishing the fire or carrying out the goods. He orders No. 4 to “play away,” or to “hold on,” and should No. 4 refuse to do either, it is disbanded and sent home in disgrace. He surveys the position of the fire, the chances of subduing it with his present force, the height and strength of the walls, and marks out his plan of battle.

The fire is in the centre of a large block stored with combustible materials, and has worked its way up through the ceilings from the first floor to the roof. The police are ordered to clear the street, and stretch ropes across to keep back the crowd. Another despatch is sent to the telegraph office, a second alarm is sounded as before, and a third more of the force is on the ground in a few minutes. A ladder is raised to the windows of the upper story, and a fireman ascends, quickly but cautiously, avoiding the hot slates which have begun to slide from the roof. Arrived on a level with one of the windows, he dashes it in with a swoop of his axe, and a volume of smoke rolls out. He does n't mind that, but swings himself in carefully, and tries to find out the condition of things up there. Presently he climbs back upon the ladder, and motions for a hose to be sent up. Ladders are now thrown against the adjoining buildings, men mount to the roofs, and the fire is attacked in front and rear, above and below. It fights stoutly, though, and charges up through the roof in such a determined manner that the attack in that direction has to be abandoned. The place grows hot beyond endurance, and No. 4 is obliged to draw off from its advanced position.

The third alarm is sounded, and this brings out the entire force. We have now two hundred and seventy-five men, and the eleven engines are throwing six thousand six hundred gallons of water in a minute. The water on the lower floor is several inches deep, but still the fire roars up through the roof with unabated fierceness. Presently the roof falls in, carrying with it the upper floors. There is a momentary pause, and then the firemen make a desperate onset, before the flames have time to gather strength again. The fire is now in a position to be played upon with full effect, and the result is no longer doubtful. After a few feeble attempts to raise its head, it falls back utterly defeated and crushed. Some of the engines are detailed to play upon the ruins for a while, and the others are sent home.

That is the way they put out fires in Boston, the most expeditious and orderly way yet discovered ; and the system of the Boston fire-alarm telegraph has been adopted by other cities, and is now likely to come into use in all places of any consequence.

The telegraphic fire-alarm system was first recommended to the city authorities by Dr. W. F. Channing, and was introduced in 1852. The steam fire-engine department was organized in 1860. These engines have been so entirely successful that most of the large cities, in this and foreign countries, are adopting them.

In London they have fire brigades stationed in different parts of the city, and when a fire breaks out a policeman or citizen runs to the nearest station, gives the alarm, and despatches are then sent from one station to another by telegraph. There the department is wholly supported by the companies that insure property against fire. If a person lives in an uninsured house he gets very little assistance from the department, unless some insured building is threatened; then they put out the fire to keep it from spreading. They have what are called "Fire Escapes," — ladders with a sort of canvas trough on the under side, — by which persons in the third or fourth story of a burning building are enabled to slide easily to the ground.

Perhaps you have read of Mr. Braidwood, who was the Director of the London Fire Brigade for twenty-eight years, and came to be known as the "Fire King." He was very much loved by all the firemen, because he always shared their dangers, and looked after their welfare. At a great fire in 1861, he had gone up among the leading hosemen, and was in the act of giving a drink to one of the men, who was suffering from the intense heat, when an explosion took place, and the walls of a great warehouse fell upon him, crushing him to death in an instant.

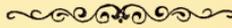
There is a true story of a dog named "Chance," that used to run to fires, in London. He followed a brigade home one night after a fire, and became so attached to the men, that, when his master came and took him away, he would not stay with him, but ran back and joined the firemen. Whenever there was an alarm, he would jump up on the engine and ride to the fire. He would drag out the hose, and rush into the fire, and bring out burning brands in his mouth, getting badly burned very often. He stayed with the company a long while, going to every fire regularly; but once, after he had been very much injured, and was being nursed and petted by the men, an alarm of fire came, he made a spring to get upon the engine, and fell back dead.

It would probably be impossible now for a fire to do so much damage as was caused by the great fire in New York in 1835, when six hundred and forty-eight houses and stores were burned, with eighteen million dollars' worth of property.* The great fire in London in 1666 lasted four days and four nights, and thirteen thousand houses, eighty churches, and a number of public buildings were destroyed. The city of Moscow, in Russia, has suffered more from fires than any other city of ancient or modern times. It has been almost entirely burned three times, — in 1536, in 1571, and in 1812, when it was occupied by the French. The most shocking destruction of life

* The great fire at Portland, on July 4, 1866, so remarkable in all respects, its insignificant beginning as well as its tremendous ravages, is an exceptional case which is not likely to be repeated elsewhere.

by fire, in modern times, was caused by the burning of the Church of the Compania, at Santiago, in Chili, in 1863. A magnificent festival of the Catholic Church had been going on for thirty days, and was to terminate in a grand illumination of this church. There were over twenty thousand lights, most of them supplied by camphene. A large image over the altar represented Murillo's Madonna of the Immaculate Conception, with her feet resting upon an illuminated crescent. In lighting up this crescent, the hangings above took fire, and in an instant the fire swept upward through the flimsy devices. More than three thousand women were kneeling on the floor, and the fire had been in progress but a few minutes when the lamps above were loosened and fell among them; the doorways became blocked up by those struggling to escape, and nearly two thousand were burned to death.

James M. Bugbee.



WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

FIRST PACKET.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I think the school that I have come to is a very good school. We have dumplings. I've tied up the pills that you gave me in case of feeling bad in the toe of my cotton stocking that's lost the mate of it. The mince pies they have here are baked without any plums being put into them. So, please, need I say, No, I thank you, ma'am, to 'em when they come round? If they don't agree, shall I take the pills or the drops? Or was it the hot flannels, — and how many?

I've forgot about being shivery. Was it to eat roast onions? No, I guess not. I guess it was a wet band tied round my head. Please write it down, because you told me so many things I can't remember. How can anybody tell when anybody is sick enough to take things? You can't think what a great, tall man the schoolmaster is. He has got something very long to flog us with, that bends easy and hurts, — Q. S. So Dorry says. Q. S. is in the abbreviations, and stands for a sufficient quantity. Dorry says the master keeps a paint-pot in his room, and has his whiskers painted black every morning, and his hair too, to make himself look scareful. Dorry is one of the great boys. But Tom Cush is bigger. I don't like Tom Cush.

I have a good many to play with; but I miss you and Towser and all of them very much. How does my sister do? Are the peach-trees bearing? Dorry Baker he says that peaches don't grow here; but he says the cherries have peach-stones in them. In nine weeks my birthday will be here. How funny 't will seem to be eleven, when I've been ten so long! I don't skip over any button-holes in the morning now; so my jacket comes out even.

Why did n't you tell me I had a red head? But I can run faster than any

of them that are no bigger than I am, and some that are. One of the spokes of my umbrella broke itself in two yesterday, because the wind blew so when it rained.

We learn to sing. He says I 've a good deal of voice ; but I 've forgot what the matter is with it. We go up and down the scale, and beat time. The last is the best fun. The other is hard to do. But if I could only get up, I guess 't would be easy to come down. He thinks something ails my ear. I thought he said I had n't got any at all. What have a fellow's ears to do with singing, or with scaling up and down ?

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

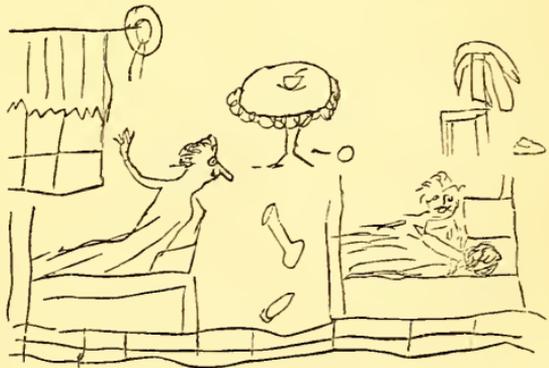
P. S. Here 's a conundrum Dorry Baker made : In a race, why would the singing-master win ? Because " Time flies," and he *beats time*.

I want to see Aunt Phebe, and Aunt Phebe's little Tommy, dreadfully.

W. H.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I 've got thirty-two cents left of my spending-money. When shall I begin to wear my new shoes every day ? The soap they have here is pink. Has father sold the bossy calf yet ? There's a boy here they call Bossy Calf, because he cried for his mother. He has been here three days. He sleeps with me. And every night, after he has laid his head down on the pillow, and the lights are blown out, I begin to sing, and to scale up and down, so the boys can't hear him cry. Dorry Baker and three more boys sleep in the same room that we two sleep in. When they begin to throw bootjacks at me, to make me stop my noise, it scares him, and he leaves off crying. I want a pair of new boots dreadfully, with red on the tops of them, that I can tuck my trousers into and keep the mud off.



One thing more the boys plague me for besides my head. Freckles. Dorry held up an orange yesterday. " Can you see it ? " says he. " To be sure," says I. " Did n't know as you could see through 'em," says he, meaning freckles. Dear grandmother, I have cried once. But not in bed. For fear of their laughing. And of the bootjacks. But away in a good place under the trees. A shaggy dog came along and licked my face. But oh ! he did make me remember Towser, and cry all over again. But don't tell. I should be ashamed. I wish the boys would like me. Freckles come thicker in summer than they do in winter.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I do what you told me. You told me to bite my lips and count ten, before I spoke, when the boys plague me, because I 'm a spunky boy. But doing it so much makes my lips sore. So now I go head over heels sometimes, till I 'm out of breath. Then I can't say anything.

This is the account you asked me for, of all I 've bought this week : —

Slippery elm	I cent.
Corn ball	I cent.
Gum	I cent.



And I swapped a whip-lash that I found, for an orange that only had one suck sucked out of it. The "Two Betseys," they keep very good things to sell. They are two old women that live in a little hut with two rooms to it, and a ladder to go up stairs by, through a hole in the wall. One Betsey, she is lame and keeps still, and sells the things to us sitting down. The other Betsey, she can run, and keeps a yardstick to drive away boys with. For they have apple-trees in their garden. But she never touches a boy, if she does catch him. They have hens and sell eggs.



The boys that sleep in the same room that we do wanted Benjie and me to join together with them to buy a great confectioner's frosted cake, and other things. And when the lamps had been blown

out, to keep awake and light them up again, and so have a supper late at night, with the curtains all down and the blinds shut up, when people were in bed, and not let anybody know.

But Benjie had n't any money. Because his father works hard for his living, — but his uncle pays for his schooling, — and he would n't if he had. And I said I would n't do anything so deceitful. And the more they said you must and you shall, the more I said I would n't and I should n't, and the money should blow up first.

So they called me "Old Stingy" and "Pepper-corn" and "Speckled Potatoes." Said they'd pull my hair if 't were n't for burning their fingers. Dorry was the maddest one. Said he guessed my hair was tired of standing up, and wanted to lie down to rest.

I wish you would please send me a new comb, for the large end of mine

has got all but five of the teeth broken out, and the small end can't get through. I can't get it cut because the barber has raised his price. Send quite a stout one.

I have lost two more pocket-handkerchiefs, and another one went up on Dorry's kite, and blew away.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I did what you told me, when I got wet. I hung my clothes round the kitchen stove on three chairs, but the cooking girl she flung them under the table. So now I go wrinkled, and the boys chase me to smooth out the wrinkles. I've got a good many hard rubs. But I laugh too. That's the best way. Some of the boys play with me now, and ask me to go round with them. Dorry has n't yet. Tom Cush plagues the most.

Sometimes the schoolmaster comes out to see us when we are playing ball, or jumping. To-day, when we all clapped Dorry, the schoolmaster clapped too. Somebody told me that he likes boys. Do you believe it?

A cat ran up the spout this morning, and jumped in the window. Dorry was going to choke her, or drown her, for the working-girl said she licked out the inside of a custard-pie. I asked Dorry what he would take to let her go, and he said five cents. So I paid. For she was just like my sister's cat. And just as likely as not somebody's little sister would have cried about it. For she had a ribbon tied round her neck.

The woman that I go to have my buttons sewed on to, is a very good woman. She gave me a cookie with a hole in the middle, and told me to mind and not eat the hole.

Coming back, I met Benjie, and he looked so sober, I offered it to him as quick as I could. But it almost made him cry; because, he said, his mother made her cookies with a hole in the middle. But when he gets acquainted, he won't be so bashful, and he'll feel better then.

We walked away to a good place under the trees, and he talked about his folks, and his grandmother, and his Aunt Polly, and the two little twins. They've got two cradles just like each other, and they are just as big as each other, and just as old. They creep round on the floor, and when one picks up anything, the other pulls it away. I wish we had some twins.

Kiss yourself for me.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. If you send a cake, send quite a large one. I like the kind that Uncle Jacob does. Aunt Phebe knows.

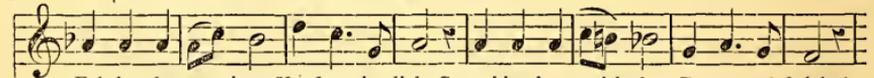
Mrs. A. M. Diaz.





Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.



1. Fair is the morning, Yet from its light Something has vanished, Dewy and bright!
2. When the young daisies Whiten the plain, When the red ro - ses Blossom a - gain,
3. Beau - ti - ful Summer, Bright was thy stay, Soft - ly thy beau - ty Fad - ed a - way;



Blue are the skies, But their laughter is dead; Beau - ti - ful Summer, Where hast thou fled?
 Then to our val - leys, Tender and sweet, Beau - ti - ful Summer, Say shall we greet?
 Still on thy sweet - ness Fondly we dwell, Sad - ly we whisper Words of farewell!



TRIO. *A little Faster.*

In - to the regions whose magi - cal light Keeps the heart's treasures e - ter - nal - ly
 Many a summer shall brighten the earth, Man - y a blossom to beauty have
 Gather the roses of youth as they bloom, Treasure their brightness, and breathe their per -

bright ; There, with their glory untouched by de - cay, Wait the sweet years that have
 birth ; Never, O never, on val - ley and plain, Dawn the sweet years that have
 fume ; Life hath new mornings to gladden thy way, Sweet as the years that have

vanished away, - Wait the sweet years that have vanished a - way.
 vanished, again, - Dawn the sweet years that have vanished, a - gain.
 vanished away, - Sweet as the years that have vanished a - way!

MORNING AND EVENING.

MORNING on the hill-tops
Radiant to see!
Bobolink and blackbird
Trilling on the tree.

Dews upon the field grass,
(Beads upon a string,)
Scattered when the ground-bird
Flaps his little wing.

Buttercups unfolding
Beautiful and sunny!
Bees 'mid the clover-beds
Diving for the honey.

Ruth among the green lanes
Violets to seek;
All the little soft winds
Kissed her on the cheek.

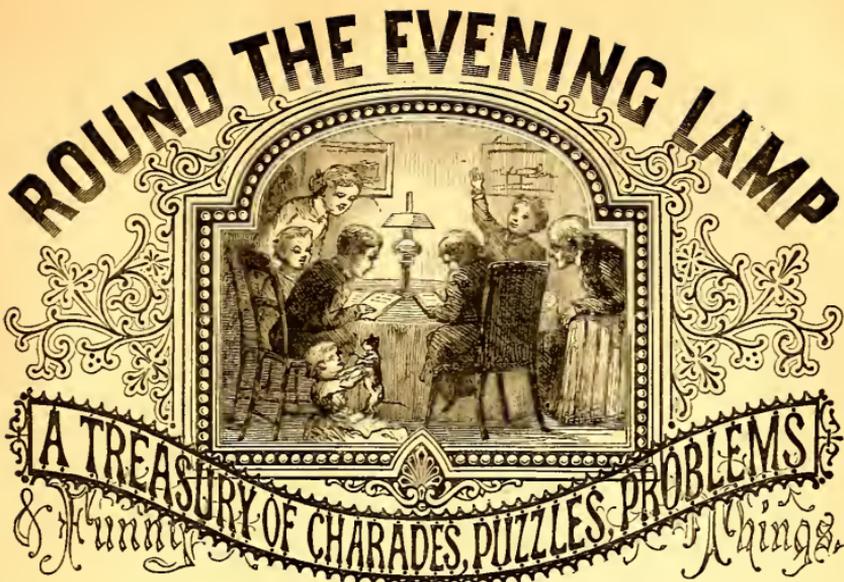
EVENING on the hill-tops!
Ruth has gone to rest.
All the pretty song-birds
Hidden in their nest.

When the sun has gone down
They no longer sing,—
Each little downy head
Turned beneath the wing.

Stars in the purple sky,
All their lamps alight;
Winds to the tall trees
Whispering good night.

Ruth within her small bed,
Dreamily she lies:
Came the dear mamma there
And kissed her sleeping eyes.

Mrs. Anna M. Wells.



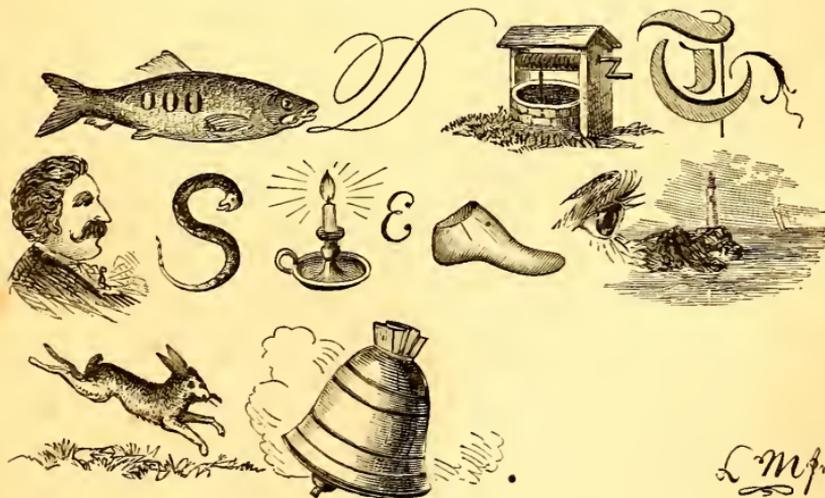
PUZZLE.

No. 11.

My first is in ladies, but never in women.	My seventh is in lead, and in silver, and gold,
My second no lady has, but it is human.	Though in tin and in iron it never is sold.
My third not at breakfast, but always at dinner.	My eighth may be found in both iron and tin,
My fourth, though in breakfast, is not seen in dinner.	And my ninth is in all the sweet smiles you can win.
My fifth is in pigs always found, not in hogs,	My whole is a city, known to you all,
My sixth no pig having it, like hogs and dogs.	Near to Washington; so its name pray promptly call.

J. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 15.



Lmf

CHARADES.

No. 14.

MY *whole* in thoughtful silence sits,
Perusing o'er the pages of my *first* ;
To outward things oblivious, he exists
While pampering to quenchless thirst.

Slow o'er the ground, in humble way,
My *second* drags its length along,
Crushed off by man's more stately tread,
Who deems it not a moment's wrong.

I. R. F.

No. 15.

ALL through, — and the old folks had
given their blessing,
A tear and a smile on every cheek, —

When fondly, yet coyly, my *second* caressing,
We speed in my *first* for a tour of a week.

The Falls and the Springs in the clear
autumn weather,

The Mountains that hold up the heav-
ens' high dome,

All vied to enchant us while travelling to-
gether,

Ere seeking the joy of our own little home.

At last, in our parlor, we looked on my *whole*,
And rightly decided, my *second* and I,
That no other place, from Equator to Pole,
Could ever such brimming enjoyment
supply.

CASPAR.

ENIGMA.

No. 11.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 18, 9, 3, 26, is a river in the United
States.

My 2, 12, 21, 6, 1, is a town in South
America.

My 17, 25, 5, 15, 7, is a town in European
Turkey.

My 24, 4, 1, 26, is a city in Africa.

My 23, 29, 32, 8, 10, 19, 26, is a group of
islands in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 20, 18, 4, 22, 16, 12, is a town of Spain.

My 19, 33, 3, 13, 29, is a river in Europe.

My 14, 19, 16, 32, 12, 31, is a town in
Prussia.

My 4, 28, 18, 26, 10, is a river that rises
in Switzerland.

My 23, 11, 6, 27, 10, is a river in the
United States.

My 30, 18, 16, 27, 24, 7, is a town in Texas.

My whole is a proverb.

Bow.

No. 12. — FOR BEGINNERS.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 7, 8, 1, 5, is a metal.

My 9, 3, 6, 10, is a hard substance.

My 2, 4, 7, 5, is a metal.

My whole should be in every store.

HAYMAKER.

No. 13.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 18, 6, 28, 26, was an attendant of Juno.

My 21, 25, 3, 13, is the goddess of youth.

My 20, 6, 28, 17, 5, 30, 19, were sea-animals.

My 23, 24, 22, 4, 7, is the name of a ruler.

My 19, 16, 10, 24, 6, 30, signifies time.

My 27, 29, is a preposition.

My 12, 2, 16, 1, is something used on water.

My 15, 11, 4, is an instrument used in
gardening.

My 14, 8, 10, 9, 13, 6, means to shake.

My whole is a celebrated quotation from
Shakespeare.

VIOLET AND ROSE.

ANSWERS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

II. SanD,

UnA,

NavY.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

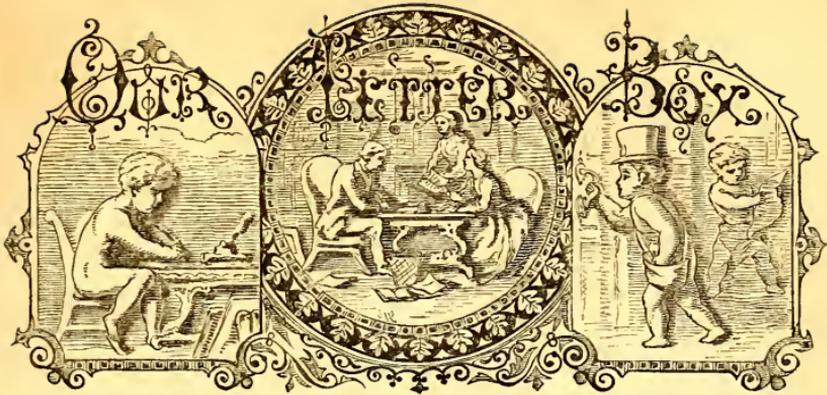
5. 8426.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

13. The pot cannot call the kettle black. [(T-he)
(pot) (can) (knot) (sea) (awl) the (kettle)
(black)].

- 14.* Divers use diving-bells to recover lost riches
under the sea, where are charming treasures
found of every style, and many interesting
spectacles are beheld. [(Die) (verse) (ewes
diving) (bells) 2 (re) (cover) L (ostriches *under*
the) C, w (hare) (arch) (arm) (inn) G (tress)
(ewers) FOUN (dove) (ève) R yst (island)
(man) (y *in* T) (rest *in* G) (spectacles) R (bee
held).]

* Should have been credited to Willy Wisp.



Behold the way that the questions pour in upon us sometimes, — half a dozen in a bunch. This bright little letter is from Worcester.

“TO THE EDITORS OF ‘OUR YOUNG FOLKS’: —

“We are fourteen, and want to know (1) whether it is proper to play Base-ball among ourselves, or with boys, and also (2) what flirting is, for as a boy speaks to us every time we pass his house, we are said by *one person* to *flirt*, and (3) is it our fault if he wishes to speak to us?

“(4) An enigma written by a friend of ours, signed Richard, has never been published, and all the people of this great city think it very mean. She is a fair-headed little maiden, with curls around her graceful neck, light blue eyes, and her name is Grace.

“(5) For a club of how many subscribers will you send us the three volumes of Dante; we are anxious to get them, (6) and can they be old subscribers?

“(7) When will Mr. Longfellow contribute his poem?

“I hope, dear Editors, you will be able to make this letter out.

“Will you please to answer this as quick as is convenient to you? and oblige your humble servants,
L. and E.”

We draw a long breath, and begin, —

(1) It is as *proper* for girls to play base-ball, as to play croquet; but the game requires more exertion than most girls are able to make, and more steadiness of nerve than most of them possess. Base-ball is almost a dangerous game, unless the players are quick of eye, hand, and foot, and girls are not so well fitted by nature or by habit and costume to meet its risks and demands as the tougher sex. (2) Flirting is coquetting on a small scale; it consists — as nearly as definition can render it — in a fickle and wayward behavior, whose purpose is to attract notice and win attention, without thought of any consequence beyond present pleasure; it is selfish and dangerous. But a natural desire and effort to please others and be pleasant with them is not flirting, any more than a natural hearty appetite, and enjoyment in it, are greediness and intemperance. (3) Not necessa-

rily. (4) We are sorry to have caused such an extensive grief. Please to console Grace for us, won't you? (5) For twenty subscribers, at two dollars each, whose names (6) are not now on our list. (7) There is no poem by Mr. Longfellow promised; we gave one in the last January number.

Della's pleasant letter includes this bit of description, which will be as interesting to the children as to us: —

“I wish you could see where I am sitting now: it is the sweetest spot on our place, and I call it ‘my nook,’ for this is where I write all my compositions, and study my lessons. It is a rustic seat, shaded by an old beech-tree, with a little streamlet winding its way at my feet, and such a pretty view; — our house surrounded by trees, with the blue hills in the background.”

S. S. K. and Others. For quoit-playing the directions are simple. The players must first agree upon the distance between the iron stakes or “hobs,” which should be eighteen or twenty yards apart for boys fourteen or fifteen years old. Sides are then chosen, and the players alternately pitch from hob to hob the number of quoits which have been decided upon, and which must of course be equal for all. The quoits nearest the hob, and within a given distance, count one each toward the game, *with this important limitation*: If a quoit thrown by James is nearer to the hob than any thrown by George, and the remainder of James's quoits lie between one of George's and the distance mark, then James only counts *one*, because George “cuts in” and breaks the order of James's quoits. The same rule will apply to George if there is a third player, and so on. The number of players and the distance of the limit are to be agreed on before beginning. When the result of the first throwing has been determined, the players take their places by the hob at which they aimed before, and pitch their quoits back to the first hob.

Jean P. Archery is not so much known in America as in England; if it were as thoroughly understood, we are sure that it would be as much practised, for it is a charming and useful sport.

E—n and E—a wish to be told about "behind the scenes" at the theatre. But they do not say whether it is the mechanical construction of the stage, the kind of people assembled in a theatre, or the behavior and customs of such a place about which they wish to know. So, for the present, we must content ourselves with saying briefly that theatre life is something like sea life; it has its pleasures and fascinations, of course, but it has also its great evils, its hard labors, its much bad company, and its undesirable associations, and is best left alone by all who can avoid it.

Madge thinks that her little brother's account of his batch of troubles and tribulations may amuse our little folk, and so she has transcribed it. The young gentleman certainly seems to have had rather a hard time.

"MY DEAR SISTER:—

"I am feeling very lonely to-day. Albert has gone off selling books. Then I had a young dog that was very pretty and affectionate. I taught him several things while I had him, although I got him only last Saturday, and sold him this morning. Mother does not like dogs very well, and did not want me to keep it; so to please her I let it go.

"Next on the list of my woes, the kitten (which is also very pretty, and I like very much) Amelia says must be executed without delay, just because she will taste the pies.

"The pig is sold, so I am left without any pets, except an occasional hen, which slyly gets into the garden and brings me out of the house to drive it away just as I have taken the first mouthful of breakfast.

"Don't you think I have good reason to be sad? But I guess it won't pay to mourn much over my misfortunes. I mean to keep up a stout heart, for mother says, 'These slight disappointments and crosses are sent that we may with fortitude bear'—I have forgotten the rest, but it means the trials of life.

"Next time I shall tell you of some of my enjoyments.

"Your affectionate brother, C."

E. L. V. A good shop in New York for bows, &c. is at No. 150 Broadway.

Uttor. You do not seem to know what you are talking about, or else you are unlucky in attempting to express yourself. Try to be more fortunate in your language when you write again.

Haymaker. All the contents of "Round the Evening Lamp" are supplied by the children, and for every one which we use we have perhaps two hundred that are not just right for printing.

Clara Clinton. Get Pycroft's "Course of English Reading." In that you will find laid down a guide through all departments of literature and history.

We have yet another proverb packed into a picture by J. L., which seems to us a capital one. The solution of last month's is, "Fast bind (b *in* d), fast find."





SOUND ASLEEP.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

No. XI.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

VII.

POETRY, NONSENSE, AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.



ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE was paring apples for his mother to make pies of; and, being one of those boys that give all their mind to a thing, and even pare apples with enthusiasm, he had thrown off his jacket and rolled his shirt-sleeves up to the shoulder.

“What ’s that, Joe?” inquired Charley.

“Which? — where?”

“On your arms, — blue things, — pictures.”

“O, that!” said Joe; “that ’s what I call my class-mark, — stands for “A. B.,” Able-Bodied Seaman, — means I ’ve been ROUND. When the second mate sees that, he knows I ’ve got my sea-legs on, and don’t look for me to wriggle through the lubber’s hole, or spit to windward.”

“Let ’s see!” said we too; and Joe took what he called a “close reef” in his sleeves and “squared his yards”; that is, he held out one arm to me, and the other to Charley.

Mine had a picture of a ship under full sail, with blue hull and spars and red rigging, and, underneath, the words, —

“CIRCUMNAVIGATOR — JOE.”

She had blue sails, and was dashing through red water ;

and there was a blue angel with red wings and a pink trumpet flying over her, blowing.

Charley's arm — that is Joe's, you know — had a blue eagle with a red tail, perched on a blue anchor, and under it the glorious motto of our native land : —

“E PLURIBUS UNAM !”

“O, is n't it splendid ?” said I, “and *so* natural ! Who did it, Joe ? and how did he do it ?”

“Pshaw !” said Joe, “that 's nothing ; if you want to see richness, look here !” and he tore open the bosom of his shirt, and slapped his breast proudly, like the sailor-man in the play, when he tears *his* shirt before the judge, and says, “If your Honor wants witnesses to the pre-*vi*-ous *car*akter of Cutlash Jack, your Honor can jest overhaul these here !” and then he shows a “gridiron” of ghastly wounds that impart to his manly chest the appearance of having been ploughed over when he was asleep. And the judge says, “Your hand, my brave lad ! Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep,” &c.

[But Mrs. Brace only said, “Joseph, my child, did n't I hear a button ?”]

Well, as Joe so triumphantly remarked, there *was* richness ! A blue sailor with red hair, dancing a hornpipe with a red sweetheart with blue hair, on a red cloud, surrounded by a blue rainbow, and both of them waving the Star-Spangled Banner ! Below was this proud inscription : —

“LONG MAY SHE WAVE !”

“O Joe ! how *do* you do it ?”

“*Stick it,*” said Joe.

“Spaulding's glue ?” said Charley.

“Needles,” said Joe, and he laughed.

“Hurt ?” I asked.

“Smarts some,” said Joe ; “but what 's that to a chap that 's been ROUND ? Besides, quids cures it.”

“Joe,” said Charley, “may I speak with you a moment in private, if Georgey will excuse us ?”

[We bowed, with dignity.]

“What 's the matter now, chum ?” said Joe, stepping aside.

“Joseph,” said Charley, “could you stick *her* — *here* ?” tearing the buttons off *his* shirt, and poking his hand under the left side of his jacket.

“Who ?”

“Hush ! You know, — Kate !”

“Well, you see, chum,” said Joe, “that 's a touch above me ; I 'm not in the high lines yet. If a star now, or a heart, or even her name, with an anchor to it, would do you any good, why, I 'm ready to stick you ; but portraits are Science, you know. Hows'ever, I 've got a shipmate, Toby Splice, — everybody knows Toby, — he 's been ROUND three times, and his father 's a ship-carpenter, — Toby 'll put you through beautiful.”

“Would she have to *sit for it,* Joe ?” inquired Charley, very anxiously.

“Do which ?” said Joe.

“Sit for it,” said Charley, — “so that Toby can get her expression correct, you know?”

“O, not at all,” said Joe, “I ’ll do that myself.”

“Do what?” said Charley.

“Sit for her expression,” said Joe. “Why, I ’ve sat for seventeen Long-may-she-waves, and every one was a perfect likeness. O, that ’s all right!”

“O Joe,” whispered Charley, “I ’m so much obliged to you! I ’m your friend forever! It ’s *such* a relief! Always next your heart, you know, — never can fade, — stern father can’t take it from you, and lock it up in his burglar-proof, — spiteful sister can’t steal it, and show it to all the other girls, and make fun, — nobody can harrow your feelings, you know. O, it ’s such a relief!”

“That ’s all right,” said Joe, and then they rejoined me. I was chewing apple-parings, and they thought me deceived. But I shall advise my sister to retire to a nunnery.

“But, Joe,” said I, “what do you do it *with*?”

“Injin Ink, Old Useful Knowledge!” said Joe. “But here ’s all about it, in a ballad that I made myself; and if it is n’t poetry, why it ’s true, that ’s all.”

THE BALLAD OF INJIN INK.

It is a Tarry Sailor-man
Doth shift his quid and sigh;
And, moping o’er his Injin Ink,
He spits, and pipes his eye:

In all their queer variety,
Perusing, one by one,
Spars, anchors, ensigns, figure-heads,
His fokesel chums have done.

Around his arms, all down his back,
Betwixt his shoulder-blades,
Are Peg and Poll and Patsy Ann,
And *mer* and other maids;

And just below his collar-bones,
Amidships on his chest,
He has a sun in blue and red,
A-rising in the west.

A bit abaft a pirate craft,
Upon his larboard side,
There is a thing he made himself,
The day his Nancy died.

Mayhap it be a lock of hair,
Mayhap a kile o’ rope:
He says it is a true-love knot, —
And so it is, I hope.

He recks not, that bold foremast-hand,
What shape it wear to you:
With soul elate, and fist expert,
He stuck it, — so he knew.

To "Ed'ard Cuttle, Mariner,"
 His sugar-tongs and spoons
 Not dearer than that rose-pink heart,
 Transfixed with two harpoons ;

And, underneath, a grave in blue,
 A gravestone all in red : —
 "Here lies, all right, Poor Tom's delight :
 God save the lass, — she 's dead !"

Permit that Tarry Sailor-man
 To shift his quid and sigh,
 Nor chide him if he cusses some,
 For piping of his eye.

Few sadder emblems are the heart's,
 Than, traced at first in pink,
 And pricked till all the picture smarts,
 Are fixed with Injin Ink.

"Now you know all about it," said Joe.

"But what kind of poetry do you call that?" Charley asked. "Sort of mixed, is n't it? I was just going to laugh, when we came to the grave."

"Why, you did n't imagine it was funny, — did you?" said Joe.

"At first I did, — a little."

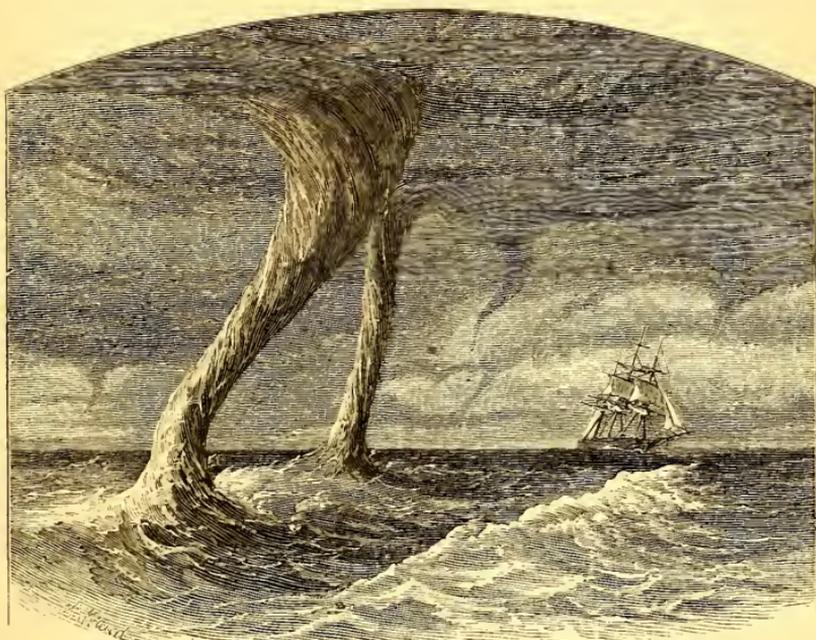
"Sich is Life," said Joe. "As my old man says, 'Laughing or crying, it 's all the same hyena.'"

"But let 's get back, aboard the 'Circumnavigator'; for by this time she 's half-way down the Indian Archipelago, on her way to Borneo and Java for camphor, spices, and gutta-percha. As Captain Cuttle — 'Ed'ard Cuttle, Mariner' — used to say, 'Overhaul your chart, and, when found, make a note on it.' Down the China Sea, passing Luzon and Manila; through the Straits of Mindoro, and down the Sooloo Sea; then through the Straits of Basilan, past the great pirate-island of Mindanao, and across the Sea of Celebes, with a southwesterly slant to the Straits of Macassar; and so along the east coast of Borneo, and through the Java Sea, to Batavia. And O, boys! but it 's a cruise of wonders, every furlong of it, from the last grinning Chinaman you leave at Hong Kong, with his own tail wagging at the small of his back, to the first Sea-Dyak you spy at Labuan, with the fresh head of his victim reeking in his hand, — an Eden of beauty and romance and enchantment, and with the biggest and ugliest kind of a serpent squirming and hissing and thrashing through it."

"Yes," said I, "and don't we school-boys know it? Why, the dullest Geography reads like Sinbad and Marco Polo in one, when it comes to the Indian Ocean; and the boy that is n't 'up' in his lesson then must be stuper than one of those 'Booby-birds' that you saw scrambling and squawking round the 'Circumnavigator' in the Gulf Stream, or nodding, gorged, on mangrove logs off the Straits of Malacca! His only excuse must be that he stopped to look at the pictures. I tell you, Joe, some of us are at home in the Indian Ocean, — are n't we, Charley? For instance, there 's where the trade-winds blow, that bowl you along steady, straight on your course, for a month at a time, without sea enough to spill a passenger's soup."

“Yes,” said Charley, “and there’s where the typhoons strike you like a thunderbolt, out of a clear sky and a calm sea, and tear you plank from plank, grinding like a coffee-mill.”

“And there,” said I, “is where everlasting rainbows span the flashing straits from island to island, — red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet arches, arch within arch, like a cathedral in heaven.”



“And there,” said Charley, “is where everlasting water-spouts are let down from the black and growling clouds to join with other water-spouts growing from the churned and frothy sea, bubbling, whirling, frosted columns, column upon column, column crossing column, to uphold the bursting, falling roof of sky.”

“Rosy groves of coral,” said I.

“Wrecking reefs of coral,” said Charley.

“Skimming swallow-fleets of fishermen,” said I.

“Dodging vulture-fleets of pirates,” said Charley.

“Proas like butterflies,” said I.

“War-canoes like scorpions,” said Charley.

“The confiding, child-like harvesters,” said I.

“The cunning, fiend-like freebooters,” said Charley.

“Curious, picturesque junks from China,” said I.

“Rascally, meddlesome rogues from China,” said Charley.

“Proud, intrepid Malays,” said I.

“Snaky, revengeful Malays,” said Charley.

“Grateful, affectionate Hill-Dyaks,” said I.

"Treacherous, remorseless, Coast-Dyaks," said Charley.

"Honey-hunters," said I.

"Head-hunters," said Charley.

"Chameleons, cockatoos, and birds-of-paradise," said I.

"Snakes, buzzards, and vampire-bats," said Charley.

"Life-saving drugs," said I.

"Death-dealing poisons," said Charley.

"Spicy breezes," said I.

"Sickly blasts," said Charley.

"Mermaids," said I.

"Sharks," said Charley.

"The Lotos," said I.

"The Upas," said Charley.

"Moonlight and enchantment," said I.

"Diabolical conjuration and midnight murder," said Charley.

"The sea glowing with luminous animals," said I.

"The land illuminated with burning villages," said Charley.

"Nutmegs and cloves, frankincense and camphor, diamonds, rubies, and opals, gold, silver, silks, tortoise-shell, feathers, pearls, and sandal-wood," said I.

"Earthquake, Pestilence, Slavery, and Death," said Charley.

"Where they 'whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,'" said I.

"'Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains,'" said Charley.

"'Where all the prospect pleases,'" said I.

"'And only man is vile,'" said Charley.

"Is that a game you're playing," inquired Joe, "or are you only showing off your wisdom?"

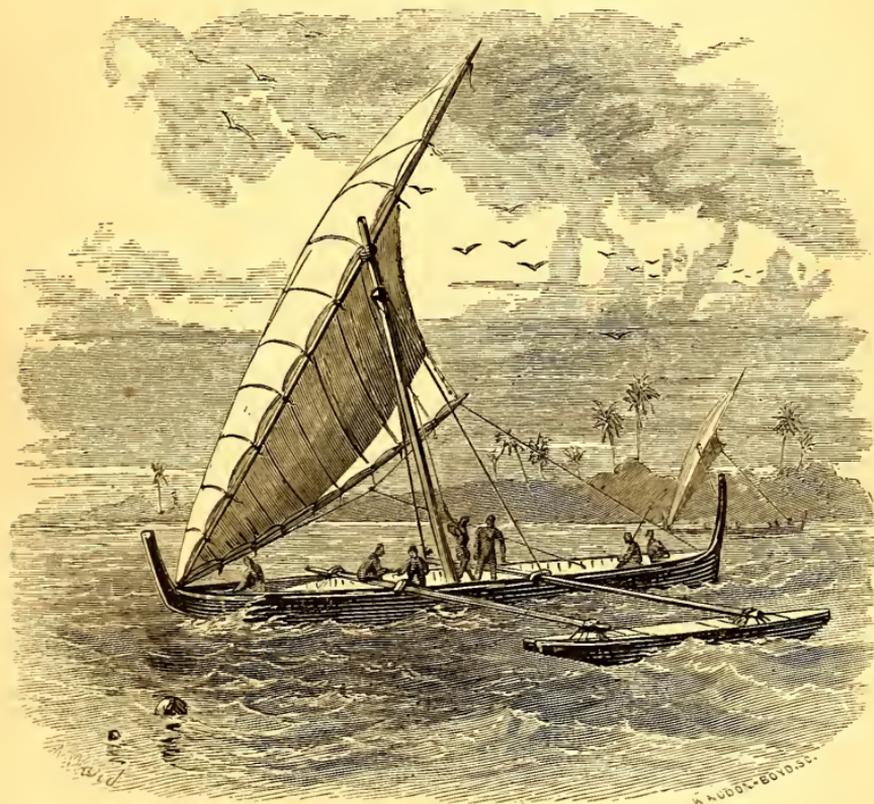
"Joe," said Charley, "it's a sermon!"

"You don't tell me so!" said Joe. "Well, I thought it sounded funny."

"Joe," said I, "what's a proa?"

"A proa," said Joe, "is a boat built like the handle of a jug or a political editor, — all on one side. Instead of having the stern round or square, as our craft have, and the two sides alike, it has stem and stern alike, — both rather sharp and high out of the water; and while one side is round, as in European and American vessels, the other side is flat, and nearly perpendicular. It has but one mast; and that, instead of being 'stepped,' as sailors call it, amidships, or exactly between the sides, rises, with very slight 'rake,' from the round edge of the proa. The hull is long and narrow; and as it is much deeper than it is broad, and carries a sail that covers the whole boat, you can readily imagine that the least puff would capsize it, if it were not for a very ingenious contrivance, not to be found on any other craft in the world except some of the fishing canoes of the Polynesian Islands. From the edge or 'rail' of the round side, a bamboo frame, very light, elastic, and strong, is run out over the water; and from the outer edge of this a

hollowed log, shaped like a small canoe, hangs just on the surface of the sea. Over the 'leeward' or flat side, and exactly in the middle of it, they run a simpler 'outrigger,' — that is, a heavy beam or pole, projecting over the water. The inner end, or 'heel,' of this is made fast under the round side of the proa, just where the mast is stepped. The sail, which is made of matting, and of great spread, is triangular, — one angle being at the mast-head, one at the bow, and the other at the stern ; of course, the lower side stretches the whole length of the craft. The after edge of the sail is free, but the for'ard edge works on a bamboo yard, which is slung near the mast-head, so that the foot of it falls diagonally into the proa near the bow, where it fits in a socket. The lower edge of the sail is stretched on a bamboo boom, one end of which projects over the stern. The outrigger, or bamboo frame, which supports the little canoe, is itself supported by tackling of coir rope — that is, rope spun from the fibre of the cocoa-nut — slung from the mast.



“Now,” said Joe, “I have taken pains to describe all that (and Mr. Waud says he will take pains to draw it) very accurately for you, because a Ladrone proa is really the most remarkable craft afloat, not only in respect of her shape, but in the way she is worked, and especially in the way she goes. In the first place, she is built and rigged from first to last, *never to be*

turned round, but always to present the same side to the wind. Either end is bow or stern, according to the course she happens to be on ; but the round side is *always* the windward, and the flat side always the leeward side. When they wish to 'go about' on another tack, they turn the sail, not the boat, around. All they have to do then is to lift the foot of the yard from its socket in the bow, and carry it round to leeward, with the boom, till it falls in the stern socket ; at the same time letting fly one 'sheet,' and hauling in another. Thus the bow is in an instant converted into stern, and stern into bow, and away she goes, trimmed ! No matter how fresh the wind, or how rough the sea, she never can upset, — her outrigger keeps her in perfect balance. Should she need more weight on either side, a man stands on the outrigger. By her extreme narrowness and sharpness, and her wonderful power of lying near the wind, — that is, of sailing nearly toward the points from which the wind is blowing, — the proa is the swiftest craft on all the waters of the world. She can run from twenty to thirty miles an hour. With the right breeze, nothing slower than a frigate-bird or a sea-swallow can catch her."*

"Speaking of birds," said Charley, "I should really like to know the honest truth, without prejudice, about the Booby. For I cannot believe that anything (unless it might be a lover, or a young hen with her first chickens) was ever such a chuckle-headed fool as the ornithology books make out that poor fowl to be."

"Well, chum," said Joe, "that's all right. A fellow that's been ROUND should n't be above doing justice even to a shark or a cockroach ; and if he *has* got a spite against a critter, he should n't be mean enough to backbite it. Nobody can say I'm down on the Booby ; I feel as friendly disposed towards that amiable stoopid as there's any call for. Still, if you put me on my after-davit, why, then I'm bound to say it ain't talented. To be sure, in its own line it's spry enough — just so far : it's a pretty smart fisherman — just so far ; and when it prances for a minute or two over a school of silverbellies, and then drops down among them ker-chunk, like a bullfrog on business, — why, then somebody's scales have got to go under somebody's feathers, that's all. But *whose* feathers ? that's the question. If you think I don't do justice to Booby, *whose* feathers, then ?"

"Well, whose ?" said Charley.

"Why, sir," said Joe, "by the time your Booby friend has got the water out of his eyes, taken one long breath, and swallowed Silver-Belly whole, who should come along but Frigate-Bird, — seven feet across the wings, sir,

* [While Joe was speaking, I remembered there was some Useful Knowledge about proas in Lord Anson's "Voyage Round the World," and when I went home I looked for it. Here it is : "So singular and extraordinary an invention would do honor to any nation, however dexterous and acute ; since, if we consider the aptitude of this proa to the navigation of these islands, which, lying, all of them, nearly under the same meridian, and within the limits of the trade-wind, require the vessels made use of in passing from one to the other to be peculiarly fitted for sailing with the wind upon the beam, — or if we examine the uncommon simplicity and ingenuity of its fabric and contrivance, or the remarkable velocity with which it moves, — we shall in each of these particulars find it worthy of our admiration, and deserving a place among the mechanical productions of the most civilized nations, where arts and sciences have most eminently flourished."]

and with a swoop like a thunderbolt, — Frigate-Bird, that sleeps in the air, and, though he neither swims nor dives, is never in want of fish for his dinner. No use for Booby to run, he has n't got the wings ; no use for him to fight, he has n't got the weight ; no use for him to dive, he has n't got the wind. But Frigate-Bird wants that Silver-Belly he has just swallowed. ' Throw down that fish ! ' roars F. B. ; and Booby throws it *up*. Before Silver-Belly can reach the water, Frigate-Bird has reached Silver-Belly. Now *whose* feathers, do you think ? You see, Booby is a smart fisherman — just so far.

" As I said before," continued Joe, " I have n't got anything against Booby ; he never did me any harm. But when I see a fellow that's just been knocked down with a belaying-pin come right back to be knocked down again, as if he liked it ; when I see a fellow with a mighty pair of pinions, and the broad ocean to flap them over, prance up to have his legs grabbed by the cook ; when I see a fellow that can dive from over the main-truck plump down among the bonitos and the albacores, and come up dry out of any sort of a sea, — when I see him staggering and floundering around on the poop-deck, the passengers making game of him, and him making faces, *sea-sick* ! — if I'm on my after-davit, I'm bound to say that fellow ain't talented.

" But," said Joe, " here's the beauty of it. When I see a double-ended line towing over the stern, with each end baited with a chunk of fat pork, and a couple of boobies in the wake of the ship, spending the whole blessed day gobbling down the two chunks, and then jerking them up again out of each other's stomach, as if they were on a wager which can first turn the other inside out, while the world of waters under them is all alive with fresh fish, — when I see that," said Joe, " if I'm on my after-davit, I'm bound to declare that, compared with such a pair of ornithological idiots, a lover, or a hen with her first chickens, is a perfect Martin Tupper for wisdom."

" Well," said Charley, " I don't seem to know what to make of them, unless they're a parable ; in which case, *Sich is Life*."

" Speaking of fishes," said I, " what are *Chætodons* ?"

" Lovely little things !" said Joe ; " the Straits of Macassar swarm with them, and they are plentiful in the Sooloo Sea. From their beak-like mouths they shoot flies with drops of water, and if you drop your hand in the sea they will come and play around it. Then there are the Parrot-fishes and the Rock-wrasses, glowing like tiny rainbows among the coral reefs, their bodies brilliant with bands and stripes of crimson, yellow, and silver ; and the Gurnard flying-fishes, with great prominent fins, pencilled and variegated like the wings of a butterfly ; and the Toad-fishes, or Anglers, with pectoral and ventral fins not unlike the feet of a tortoise, so that they can come out of the water, and crawl over the land : on their heads they have a sort of horns, from which a shining fringe plays freely in the ripples, by its brightness and its pretty changes continually attracting smaller fishes within reach of the slow and clumsy ' Angler.'

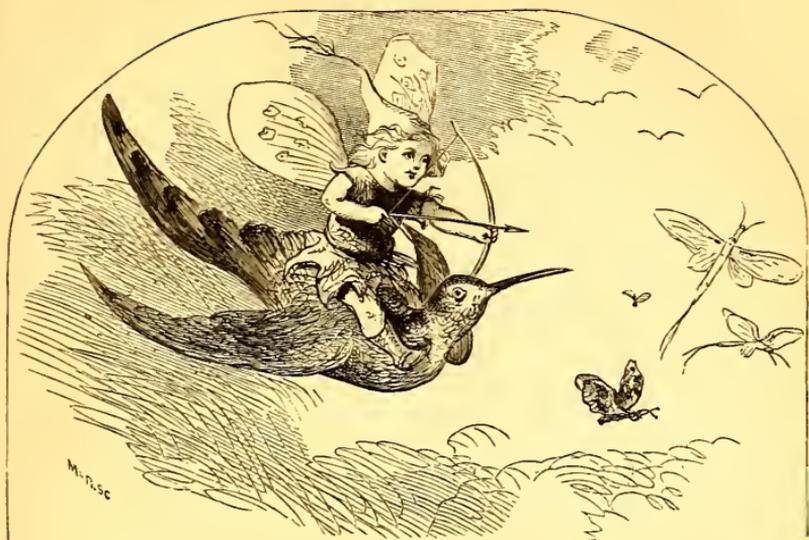
" In the Sooloo Sea, European sailors sometimes haul huge seines ; and

the sport is full of excitement and fun, such surprising draughts of strange 'outlandish' creatures are taken in the net, — sharks, sword-fish, flying-fish, dolphins, young alligators, turtles, and snakes.

"There 's a fish called the Puttin," said Joe, "which the people around the Sampun River in Borneo will never eat ; and this is the reason why. Once upon a time a good Dyak was fishing in the Sampun, and he caught one Puttin. Presently he wanted a light for his pipe ; so he landed at the house of a Malay on the shore, taking his Puttin with him ; and when he had lighted his pipe he returned to his boat, but forgot the fish. When the sun had gone down, he drew in his lines, and returned to the Malay's house for his Puttin. But, lo ! instead of the fish, in the calabash where he had left it there was a beautiful dwarf-maiden, with tiny golden wings like fins, and skin like scales of rosy pearl. And when the good Dyak recovered from his astonishment he took her home, and brought her up in his family very tenderly. She grew to be a woman, like any other Dyak woman, and she was married to the fisherman's son, and made him a good wife, — pounding the rice, and drawing the water, and mending the nets, and plaiting the mats. Then she gave birth to a son, and suckled him till he could run about. At last, one day, being on the river-bank with her husband and the little lad, suddenly she said, 'Here, take the child, and be kind to him for my sake. I have tried to be a good wife and a good mother ; but now my finny folk call me, and I must go to them.' And so she plunged into the river, and was changed back into a Puttin !"

George Eager.





CALLING THE FAIRY.

WHISTLE once more, whistle once more,
 Whistle again, little Willie ;
 What body knows but he 's under the rose
 Or fast asleep in the lily ?

Dreaming his wee bit dream, my lad ;
 Fighting his battles again ;
 Leading his men with a conqueror's pride
 On through the fiery rain.

His grape and canister, peas and beans ;
 His arrows, needles and pins, —
 Sharpest of steel, — and *steal* them he will, —
 That 's how the fairy sins.

He grows his silk on the waving corn ;
 His doubtlet is cut from its leaves ;
 His bonnet is hid in the kernel's heart
 He gives us the useless sheaves.

The milk-weed's pod is his fishing-boat, —
 It has weathered many a gale ;
 And a stolen bodkin forms the mast,
 Where floats a gossamer sail.

A butterfly's wing is his lady's fan,
 Her plume the willow-tree bears ;
 The spider weaves her Honiton lace,
 And gay are the gowns she wears ;

All sparkling with jewels, and powdered with gold,
 And streaked with the rainbow's hue,
 And (tell not your sister, my wise little lad)
 Her bravery always is new.

But whistle no more, whistle no more,
 My darling ! be watchful and wary !
 Hush ! hear the birds singing, the happy news bringing,
 "Day breaks !" — so good by to the fairy.

Mary Leonard.



JAMIE AGAIN.

FOR THE VERY LITTLE YOUNG FOLKS.

AGAIN? But you have never seen him before ! You do not remember, I suppose, what happened longer ago than yesterday. Never mind ! Jamie will be just as well pleased as if you had been thinking about him ever since he made you his first bow.

In the cold country where Jamie lives the frost lies thick on the window-panes all day long. A great fire rushes roaring up the chimney, and calls out constantly, "Be off, Jack Frost ! Be off, Jack Frost !" But Jack perches saucily on the window-seat, and snaps his fingers at the fire. And how do you think Jamie can see out-doors ? Why, his mamma takes a knife, and scrapes a little hole through the curtain which Jack Frost has hung there. The hole is about as big as Jamie's eyes, and a little higher than his nose, and through it he sees everything that is going on. Once Jamie took a sleigh-ride. O, it *was* a sleigh-ride indeed ! They went straight across the fields, over the tops of fences, upsetting a little now and then, and not minding it, till one of the horses, whose name was Charley, grew cross and tired, and got down on his knees, and said, as plainly as a horse could speak, that, as for going any farther on such a road as that, he would not. But Jamie's papa got out, and made a track for him a little way, and then Master Charley grew ashamed of his ill-temper and his weak legs, and went about his business. But Jamie quite shook with fright. He was afraid Charley was going to "get dead."

One thing Jamie wanted very much was a pair of boots to tuck his trou-

sers into. But he had no trousers to speak of, — little snips of things that only came down to his knees. Then he said his feet were tired, and he wanted a pair of slippers like papa's. So his mamma went to her bag of pieces, and found a bit of red merino, and made Jamie a pair of slippers. The soles were cut from an old buffalo-robe. Jamie grew tall as soon as he stuck his little feet into these new slippers. Now, when evening comes and papa begins to take off his boots, out come Jamie's slippers too. The bail of a little tin pail he sets on his nose for spectacles; takes a book, though he cannot read a letter, — the little know-nothing! — and places himself in his chair with one foot on the opposite knee, so that one slipper at least shall be in plain sight.

I think myself Jamie is rather fond of fine clothes. He laments his papa's old coat; he thinks it "looks awful." When his tired mamma happened to sit down without noticing that her dress was awry, he cried, in distress, "O mamma! you look like old gobbler with your dress all that way; it does n't look nice at all." If she puts on a new dress, his last words in bed are, "Be careful of your new dress, mamma."

I would not have you think it is always winter where Jamie lives. Sometimes the summer is warm and bright and green, and we take long walks. Once in our walk we saw a bull coming bellowing towards us, and Jamie and I thought we would run and climb over the fence. When we were quite beyond reach of the bull, Jamie grew very brave. "Why," said he, "when I was a little boy, — last summer, once, — I was out here, and a dozen bulls came along, and I was n't afraid!"

"Were n't you?"

"No; and, O, a good while ago, when I just begun to walk, there was thirty bulls come along! I *b'lieve* there was 'bout thirty bulls!" — but I don't myself believe there were more than twenty-eight, or at the utmost twenty-nine.

Once we went fishing. You should have seen Jamie with his rod on his shoulder, a pail of water in his hand for the fishes he was going to catch, and his curls tossing in the wind; at the river he set his pail on the ground, and sat down on the bank, and dropped his line into the water. The fishes were not hungry, but Jamie was patient. "Bring up the pail," he called cheerily, after waiting I don't know how long, "I may catch a fish by and by." And sure enough he did catch a fish, and after he got it home the cat caught it too, — so we were none the richer for it. When we could catch no more fish, Jamie thought we might at least catch toads; for he declared, "Benny caught a toad, — shot him with his bow and arrow, and killed him, and pulled him right out of the water, and he's 'live yet!"

One day Jamie came rushing into the house, shouting at the top of his voice that he had found a nest of kittens: "Ten, — four black ones, and four gray ones." We went out-doors, and there indeed was a nest with eleven of the dearest little kittens, — two families of cousins. Nine of them presently went out into the world to seek their fortune, and only two remained. These two Jamie was very fond of; and he handled them so much that Mother

Puss feared they would become spoiled kittens, and she hid them in the hen-coop. Foolish Puss! As if Jamie did not know the hen-coop through and through. Then she hid them again under the barn-floor, and in two days there was Jamie's saucy nose poking under the barn-floor. Then she hid them again; and for nearly a week Jamie could not find them, and Mistress Puss had a little peace of her life. At the end of that time Jamie got the better of her again. He had found the kittens! And nothing would do but we must go and see them. Jamie ran ahead, and made his little legs go so fast that we could hardly keep up with him; and he squeezed his little self between rails and through cracks just about large enough for a mouse, and then up on the fence, and up on the hen-house, and up on the shed-roof, and at last on the top of the barn! And there, in a snug little hole in the thatch, were the two little kittens curled up in the sunshine. But the cat did not look happy. She really scowled at Jamie.



Jamie has another pet, — a beautiful white rabbit, with pink eyes and long ears. But the rabbit is bashful, and they are not yet on the best of terms. Jamie has just come in quite sorrowful to say, "I just been out to give my rabbit a turnip; and I called 'Bunny, Bunny,' *four, four* times, and he did n't come out."

"Did n't he?" says Nano. "Well, come here a minute. Your face is dirty, I know; but give me a kiss."

O no!" says Jamie, with an expression of disgust.

But your lips are clean," says Nano;—whereat he just lays his thumb and forefinger round his mouth, and drops a kiss daintily through these defences.

His Bunny takes the place of a dog. Jamie does not much like dogs. A big one ran at him once, and came near biting him. "I tell you," says Jamie, "I had a drefful scare that time. It makes me shake yet."

One Sunday Nano was telling him about the flood and Noah. He was very still and attentive. "Were they all drowned?" he asked, when she had finished.

"Yes."

"All of them?"

"Yes, all."

He paused a moment, then shook his head: "I don't believe that. That's too big a story."

Jamie is very fond of using grown-up words. When his baby cousin lost his ball, he was kind and patient; but after she was gone he asked his mamma if she did not think Aunt Molly's baby was a real *nuisance!* When Nano wanted him to go home with her, "O no, he could not afford to." He does not wish to go to the Episcopal church because he "does not like the services." He is still as a mouse while we are driving in the lake, and after we come out, he draws a long breath, and says, softly, "O, how I did enjoy that ride in the water!" When the wind blows his brown curls in his face at the picnics, he says he "believes he shall get a habit of eating hair." But sometimes he goes a little beyond his depth. There is steamed bread on the table for breakfast, and he hears his mamma say that some one has inordinate self-esteem; so he puts the two together in his dear little brain, and presently says, "Thank you, mamma, for some of that self-esteem bread."

We were speaking one day of the Good President. Jamie said, solemnly, "He is dead."

"What made him die, Jamie?"

"Naughty man shoot him, and throw him up to God in the sky";—and Jamie flung up his arms as if he were throwing something up very high, so that we could see just how the beloved President went; and if you want to know what he is doing up in the sky, there is a little boy whose name is Eddie who can tell you all about it.

Gail Hamilton.



IN THE COVE.

SAD times had come for Polly Ben. "'Most seven years old," mother had said that very morning, "an' don't know how to sew yet."

"I do, mother," Polly had answered. "I can make a whole square of patchwork."

"Can't do it with your thimble," said mother. "You can't take a stitch as you ought to. You go play, an' I 'll call you at ten o'clock, an' then you must sew till dinner-time."

Polly went out sadly and down to the rock house. Matilda Ann was still in bed, and Polly sat down on her small stool and began to think. "I should n't wonder if it was 'most ten now," said she, "and there won't be time to dress her or anything."

She took Matilda out and looked at her. Poor Matilda! One leg was entirely gone, and the paint had all been scrubbed off, till her head was nothing but a wooden knob, with some ink eyes which her father had made on it the last time he had taken down the inkstand from the cupboard over the mantel-piece.

"I want a new doll," said Polly. "I 'm tired of old Matilda Ann. I 've a good mind to pull off her other leg."

At this moment Nathan appeared under the rock. He and Polly were so nearly of an age, that they enjoyed playing together, though Nathan was growing to look upon it as something of a favor, and was inclined to remind Polly of the things he might be doing with Jimmy or Jack, out in the oyster boat, or digging clams. Jimmy, being nearly eleven, supplied the family with fish, and the four children were not much together except on Saturdays and stormy days.

This morning Nathan had come running to tell Polly he was going far out in the skiff with Jack and Jimmy to fish for rock-fish, and to ask her if she did n't want to go with them and help bait the hooks. He stopped, quite astonished, for Polly, generally so careful with all her dolls, was holding Matilda Ann by the leg in a very reckless manner.

"I say, Polly, what you going to do?" said Nathan.

"Nothing," said Polly. "Yes, I am, too. I 'm going to pull Matilda Ann's other leg off, 'cause I 'm tired of her."

"Cracky!" said Nathan. "Won't mother scold you though? Give me a pull too?"

"I don't want to," said Polly, "'cause then you 'll want to do it to the two rag ones. Mother won't care, either, 'cause she lets me do what I 'm a mind to with my own things." Spurred on by this thought, Polly gave a little pull, and a delicate stream of sawdust began to run slowly down.

"Hi!" said Nathan. "Ain't it fun?" and he gave a harder pull.

"Let 's play she 's got a dreadful cut, and 's all bleeding to death," said Polly; "you be a doctor, Nathan."

"Yes, I 'll be a doctor," said Nathan. "Now you see this leg 's got to

come off right away, quick, 'cause she 'll die in a minute if it don't. Hold on, Polly, and I 'll pull."

Dolly was put together strongly, but Nathan pulled till crack went the last stitch in the leg, and Polly almost fell off her stool with the shock.

"Now let 's pull her arms off too," said Nathan. "'T ain't healthy for her to have arms when she has n't got any legs."

Here Jack's head appeared in the door-way. "I say, Nathan, why don't you come?"

Then, as he looked at the little pile of sawdust, and from that to Matilda Ann and Polly's red face, he burst into a laugh. "That 's one way to play baby," said he. "I thought you was fond o' Matilda."

"So I am," said Polly, beginning to cry. "I am fond of her, and I 'm going to mend her this very minute."

"No, you ain't," said Nathan, "'cause I 'm goin' out fishin' with it";—and, snatching the leg, he ran out.

"Bring that leg back," shouted Jack, who always stood up for Polly. "Bring it back, or you sha' n't go out in my boat."

Nathan came back, laughing, and threw the leg down, but too late for Polly, who, bursting into loud sobs, had clasped Matilda Ann, and rushed home to her mother. Mrs. Ben was frying doughnuts, and turned in surprise, as Polly ran in, holding up the mutilated doll.

"The land!" said she, "what *have* you done to Matilda?"

"She was dreadful sick," sobbed Polly, "an' we was doctorin' her, an' Nathan pulled too hard, or I held on too tight, an' it just come off."

"I should think it did," said Mrs. Ben. "You go put her on the best bed, an' I 'll sew on her leg by 'm by."

"You can't," said Polly, with a fresh burst. "Nathan runned away with it. He said he wanted it to go fishing with."

"Served you right, I do most believe," said Mrs. Ben, "treating your poor doll so. Tell Nathan I want him."

Polly walked down to the rock house. Nathan was invisible, but the leg lay there all right. She picked it up, with all the sawdust she could, and carried it up to her mother, who restuffed it, and sewed it on again better than ever.

"I 'll never doctor her any more," said Polly, "only for measles, may be. We was dreadful to pull her leg off."

"I should think you was," said Mrs. Ben. "Now the clock 's going to strike ten in a minute, and there 's your thimble and everything all ready."

Polly sat down with a very long face, and took the nicely basted towel into her hand. This subject of sewing with a thimble had been a sore one. She was certain she never could learn; if she pressed her needle into one of the little holes, it was sure to push the thimble off, or, if it did n't do that, the thread knotted, or caught in some mysterious way, and pulled out of the needle; and then, do what she would, she could not get it into the eye again, till it was so dirty one would have said it began life as brown thread. This morning all these difficulties came up, one after the other, till at last Polly

began to cry again. "'T is n't any use at all," said she. "The old thimble plagues me the whole time."

"You 'll have to be more patient," said her mother. "Look at me now, and see how I do it."

Polly looked, and then tried again; but this morning it was of no use. Her face was very red as she went on, and she drew such a long breath that Mrs. Ben laughed.

"You may stop now," said she, "and set the table for dinner; for you 're tired, and it 's 'most half past eleven. To-morrow morning we 'll try again."

Polly sighed as she laid the towel in her mother's big basket, and she sighed again next morning when she heard the clock strike ten. She was putting tiny gold and silver shells into a bottle of water, and then holding it up to the light to see the sparkle; and it was very trying to leave such lovely play, and sit for two hours poking her finger into a little brass thimble as fast as it tumbled off. To-day's work was not much better than the day before.

"What 's got into the child?" said Mrs. Ben. "Seems to me I never had no trouble learning to sew with a thimble."

"If you only was a boy,
Would n't you have lots o' joy?"

sang Jimmy, who had been watching the operation from the corner where he and Nathan sat mending a fish-net.

One big tear rolled over the bridge of Polly's nose, and fell on her towel.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Ben; "don't do any more now. Put it all away."

Polly put the thimble in her pocket, and ran fast to her rock house.

"Polly cries all the time, now 't she 's learning to sew," said Nathan.

"It 's hard work," said his mother, "and six year old ain't as patient as nine year can be."

Nathan turned red, for he felt very certain patience and he had but little to do with each other; and, to change the subject, he slid out of the door, and down to Polly, who sat hugging Matilda Ann, and looking very thoughtful.

"It makes my stomach ache to sew," said she, "an' I 'll wear my finger all out with that hateful thimble."

"Throw it away," said Nathan.

"No," said Polly, "'cause mother gave it to me. I 'm a great mind to hide it though."

"I 'll hide it," said Nathan. "You give it to me, an' then, when mother asks, you can say you don't know where it is."

Polly took out the thimble, and Nathan, snatching it, ran up to the head of the cove. When he came back his hand was quite empty, and Polly said not a word.

Somehow or other, play that day was not as nice as usual, and Polly went to bed very early. Next morning and ten o'clock came very soon; and Polly

sat down on her stool, and took her little box of spools and needles into her hand.

"Where 's your thimble?" said Mrs. Ben, seeing her sit idle.

"I don't know," said Polly, turning very red.

"Look all round for it," said her mother, and Polly began a search through the room.

"It 's very queer," said Mrs. Ben, too busy to notice Polly's red face. "I thought I saw you put it in your box, certain. So long as you can't find it, though, you may go out again, and I 'll look by 'm by."

Nathan, going down to the rock house after a time, found Polly sitting by Matilda Ann, and crying aloud.

"What 's the matter now?" said he. "Been sewing some more?"

"Where 's my thimble? I 'm an awful girl, I do believe," sobbed Polly. "I want to find it, and tell mother."

"She 'll give it to you for cheating," said Nathan. "Mother can't stand cheating, an' she 'll give it to me too for doing it for you."

"No, she won't," said Polly, "for I sha' n't tell about you. Get it for me, now, Nathan."

Nathan marched after the thimble; but, seeming to forget he was to hand it to Polly, ran up to the house.

"Stop, Nathan!" screamed Polly. "I want it myself."

But Nathan did n't stop, and Polly ran after him, just in time to hear him say: "Here 's Polly's thimble, mother. I hid it for her, 'cause she was tired o' sewing, an' she did n't know where I put it exactly, an' I would n't 'a' told her, if she had n't been a crying 'cause she 'd cheated!"

"I let him, mother," said Polly; "I 'm the baddest. I 'll sew all the afternoon."

"Well, if I ever!" said Mrs. Ben; and then smiled a little as she looked at them. "You 're good children to own up," said she, "an' I guess I 'll let it square our account. Off with you! and I should n't wonder if Polly sewed better to-morrow for having been an honest gal to-day."

Sure enough, for that or some other reason, the sewing went on so well that Polly at last took a dozen stitches, one after the other, with very little trouble, and in a week or two could sew much better with than without a thimble.

"How much money is there in my tin box?" said Polly, one day.

"'Most a dollar, I guess," answered her mother. "Why?"

"'Cause I want a new doll," said Polly; "a real good one, and not wooden, like Matilda Ann. One with hair like that we saw down to Shrewsbury."

"They cost a deal," said her mother, "and father is n't home to get you one."

"Could n't I earn some money?" said Polly.

Mrs. Ben thought awhile. "There 's all the over-hand seams to them new sheets," said she. "If you 'll do 'em nice, Polly, I 'll pay you two cents a yard."

Polly looked grave. Over-hand seam she could but just bear to do. "How many are there?" said she.

"Ten of 'em, and every one three yards long."

"Ho!" said Polly. "That 's thirty yards. I never could."

"Yes, you could," said her mother. "Do a yard a day, and 't would n't take you much more 'n a month. I 'll give you three silver quarters for the whole."

Polly's eyes shone. "I 'll do it," said she, and raced off to tell Nathan and Jimmy.

So through all the hot August days Polly sewed away at the long seams. It was very trying work sometimes, and her small nose would have a whole line of little beads of perspiration standing on it before she ended. The rows of stitches too, were of every shade, from gray and brown to a lively black, from Polly's little, hot, sweaty hands; but Mrs. Ben said to herself, 't would all wash out, and Polly was working hard, sure enough.

Finally came a day when the last stitch was taken, and Polly danced about like a wild child. Her mother had put the three shining silver pieces on the table by her, and Nathan, very much interested, had pried up the side of the money-box so that it would n't take a minute to turn all out together. There was quite a pile, and Polly began to count with a very eager face. "Five quarters, an' a sixpence, an' two dimes, and there 's twenty pennies and a five-cent piece. How much does it all make?"

"One dollar and seventy-six cents," said Jimmy, who did the arithmetic for the family.

And Polly shouted, "There 's a beauty little one for a dollar and a half. O mother, do come along right away!"

Mrs. Ben had made her preparations, and, though Polly did n't know it, Jack was waiting up on the bluff with the old horse and fish-wagon.

Polly never forgot that ride over the sandy road to Shrewsbury, with the September sun shining down on them, and a soft haze resting over the sea, towards which they often looked, to see if, by any chance, Cap'n Ben's schooner might be sailing in. Polly had no difficulty in choosing her doll; for there were but three in the store, and only one within her means. Such blue eyes, and red lips, and curling, yellow hair, have never in her opinion been seen on any doll since; and she hugged it all the way home in a perfect transport of affection. Even the scoffing and unbelieving Jimmy and Nathan admitted that it was "kinder pooty," and treated it with more respect than they had ever shown Matilda Ann.

"I am going to call her Seraphina," said Polly; "that 's the handsomest name I can think of. Mother used to know a girl, and her name was Seraphina Simmons."

So time went on. Matilda Ann was altogether neglected, and every stray bit of silk and muslin in the house was turning into mysterious fixings for Seraphina. Jimmy and Nathan were no less busy. They were finishing a little schooner, begun under their father's eye, and an exact model of his.

Polly had been hired with four red apples and a jews-harp to hem the sails, and the little thing was all ready for launching. Jack had gained a holiday by extra work; and the last Saturday afternoon in September the four children, with a supply of doughnuts and apple turn-overs, took up quarters in the rock house, while Jack put the last nail in the little ways down which the schooner was to slide. It was only a board, with a cleet, or narrow strip, nailed to each side, and one end fastened to another piece of board to raise it two or three feet from the ground, and so enable the schooner to slide down easily to the water.

Jack carried the board to the head of the cove, where the sand was smooth and the water not very deep, and set it so that the lower end was just in the water. Then Jimmy and Nathan put the schooner on it, and placed a little block of wood underneath to hold it steady till they were ready, while Polly, carrying Seraphina, looked on with admiration.

"Now, boys," said Jack, "I've got the hammer; when I knock the block out, and the schooner begins to go, you hurrah loud as ever you can."

Jimmy and Nathan took off their hats to have them all ready for a toss, and Polly almost choked, keeping back her hurrah till just the right moment. Jack gave a little knock, the block flew out, and the schooner started,—stopped a moment, as if it had n't made up its mind, and then slid down faster and faster, till it touched water, dipped a moment, and then skimmed along like a bird to the other side of the cove. Such a shout from the three boys that Polly forgot entirely she was to take part in it, and came out with a little shrill hurrah when all the others were through.

Jimmy had raced to the other side of the cove, and now the three boys, with trousers rolled up above their knees, sailed the little schooner back and forth with more and more enthusiasm.

"Won't father be tickled?" said Nathan. "I say, Polly, let's give Seraphina a sail. Play she's the captain's wife, come to the launch."

"O my!" said Polly, "I would n't dare. S'posin' she was to get upset."

"O, but she won't," said Nathan. "Don't you see how she goes? There ain't any upset to *that* schooner."

"She's steady as a rock," said Jimmy;—and Polly, who had great faith in Jimmy's judgment, allowed Seraphina to be seated on the deck and started off to the other side.

Certainly it was a very pretty sight, and they might have kept it up all night, if Jack, looking up suddenly, had not said: "My! there's the sun setting, an' I've got to drive the cows home. We'll send her across once more."

Seraphina's curls blew out as the little schooner got half-way across.

"Look out, boys!" shouted Jimmy, "there comes a flaw!"

The water darkened and rippled up as the quick breeze swept over it; the sails swelled, and the schooner keeled over almost to the water's edge, then righted, and went on safely. Seraphina slipped, caught against the mast,



then slid, and was in the water before the little vessel had reached the shore.

“O my doll, my doll!” screamed Polly, as Seraphina, weighed down by the heavy string of great glass beads Polly had put on her that very afternoon in honor of the day, bobbed up and down once or twice and then sank.

Nathan began to cry, and Jimmy and Jack looked on in consternation.

“Never mind,” said Jack, “I’ll get her up again. Where’s the punt and the oyster-tongs? No, I’ll swim out and dive.”

Jack and Jimmy both swam out, and both searched, but the doll was not to be found. Polly stood on the shore pale and quiet, and not shedding a tear till Jack said, “It’s no good. I guess she’s gone into some hole.” Then she started and ran fast to the house. Mrs. Ben turned, quite frightened at her pale face, and Polly ran into her mother’s arms.

“O mother, mother! O mother!” sobbed Polly, “what shall I do? Seraphina’s dead! she’s drowned!”

“Land o’ Goshen!” said Mrs. Ben, “what will happen next? Tell mother about it.”

So Polly, in tears and misery, told the sad story, while Jimmy and Nathan, who had followed her, stood looking on in silent sympathy.

“I guess Jack means to do something, mother,” said Jimmy, “for he said

he 'd take the cows home, and come back like a streak. He can do most anything, you know, Polly."

Polly, a little comforted, raised her head, but laid it down with a fresh burst a moment after. "He can't get her, I know," she said. "Her clothes are all spoiled, an' her hair 'll soak off, and all her beautiful red cheeks!—Oh!"

There was no comfort for this. Mrs. Ben sat and held her till bedtime, and then undressed her herself, and tucked her into the trundle-bed, and there we will leave her.

Jimmy and Nathan stood on the shore, looking off to the path over which Jack would come. The moon was up clear and full, and shining over the water, and, as the boys tried to remember the exact spot where poor Seraphina had gone down, Jack came like a flash, carrying the biggest oyster-tongs he had been able to find.

"I told Mis' Green all about it," said he, "and she told me to bring the doll right up there, if I found it."

Jack stepped into the punt which the boys had brought round, and rowed out as nearly as he could remember to the exact place. Then he stood up and slowly lowered the great tongs. There was dead silence on the shore while he groped about, and at last carefully raised them.

"Bosh!" said Jack, as he shook off a great clump of shells and sea-weed, and put them down again. This time he was longer, and the boys half lost patience, when —

"Hurrah!" all three shouted, for there was Seraphina, — nothing but a lump of mud to be sure, but still Seraphina, for they could see her scarlet skirt.

"Now," said Jack, when he had gone back to shore, "let 's have a race to Squire Green's."

Jimmy got there first, and stood outside the gate waiting for the others to come up. Mrs. Green was in the porch, and a fair, sweet-looking lady was walking up and down the wide hall.

"That 's the one that 's going to fix her," said Jack; "that 's Mis' Green's daughter.

The lady laughed a little as she saw poor Seraphina. "Take off her clothes, if you can, Jack," said she, "and then we 'll see what can be done."

Jack got them off after a fashion, and then the lady washed dolly in some water, till the mud was off. After all, it was not so bad. Her pink cheeks and lips were gone, and her hair soaked into a little dripping tail, but she was still whole and uninjured. Mrs. Lane (that was the lady) wiped her carefully, then combed her hair smoothly, and brought forward some curious little tongs, such as the boys had never seen.

"Those are too large," said she: "they are curling tongs, but I think a pipe-stem will do better for Miss Dolly."

Squire Green handed her one of his pipes, and Mrs. Lane heated it in the lamp, and then, brushing the hair smoothly around it, and pulling it out, there

was a more charming curl than dolly had before. This work done, she turned to the table and took up a little brush from a saucer standing there. Seraphina's red cheeks and lips were back in a twinkling.

"Now," said Mrs. Lane, "my little Lotty has some dolly's clothes which will, I think, fit Seraphina exactly."

So from the stand in the corner came little things, one after the other, till Seraphina was better dressed than ever.

"Now carry her very carefully," said Mrs. Lane, "and put her where she can dry all night. In the morning she will be just as good as before her ducking."

The boys could hardly wait to say, "Thank you," and dashed home. Polly was fast asleep, for it was after nine now. Mrs. Ben laid Seraphina on the table by the bed, and gave Jack such a piece of pie that it came very near being a whole one.

Polly opened her eyes brightly next morning, and then, remembering her loss, sat up sadly in the trundle-bed, and looked about. What a squeal she gave! for there on the stand lay Seraphina, in such a pretty pink dress that Polly felt quite crazy. Mother looked down from the big bed. "Well, Polly, what do you think o' that?"

Polly heard the whole story in silence, hugging Seraphina tighter and tighter, and was hardly willing to let go of her one moment all day.

That afternoon Jack and she went up to Squire Green's. There were three children there, — the little Lotty, and two boys, Paul and Henry, one older and one younger than Jack. Mrs. Lane was with them, and Polly at once fell in love with her sweet face and pleasant voice. By and by Squire Green came out.

"Here's a boy," said he to Paul, taking hold of Jack, "who'll show you all the ins and outs 'long shore, — a good boy, too, that won't be getting you into mischief."

Paul looked as if he did n't care to be shown, and Polly felt indignant that anybody should stare at Jack in such a manner.

"Jack fished up my Seraphina," said she, "an' he knows more than any other boy in the world."

There might have been hard words here, but Mrs. Lane gave each one a cake, and Jack and Polly ate theirs as they walked home.

"Good by, Jack," said Polly, as they reached her door. "I wonder if it's wicked, when you ain't any relation; but I love you just as much as I do Jimmy and Nathan, I do believe."

Helen C. Weeks.



WILL CRUSOE AND HIS GIRL FRIDAY.

“ I SAY, Sue, ain't it splendid ? ” asked Will, laying down the book, and turning to his companion.

“ Don't you like that part where Robinson crawled up and saw 'em eating each other ? Don't it just make you sort of creep all over, — so nice ? ”

“ Yes, that 's nice ; but I liked it better where Robinson saw the print of the foot in the sand. O, just think how scared he was then ! ” replied Sue, her great brown eyes opening wide in sympathy with Crusoe's supposed dismay.

Will did not pursue the subject. A new and wonderful idea had suddenly entered his curly head, and it took all his mental force to grapple with it. He laid down the book, went to the window, through which came the pleasant sights and sounds of a summer day in the country, stood there a minute, and then came back to the sofa where his pretty playmate still sat, her feet curled under her, her curls drooping over her rosy face, and her eyes fixed upon the picture of Robinson intent upon the footprint in the sand.

“ Sue,” said Will, softly, “ let 's us run away ! ”

Sue looked up in astonishment and a little doubt. “ Would you ? ” asked she ; “ what 's the use ? ”

“ Why, so as to be like Robinson, you know. We 'll have a cave, and I 'll make a palisade all round it, so no one can get in, and we 'll have a parrot. I know a fellow that 's got one, and I guess he 'll give it to me for my jack-knife, and we 'll have goats.”

“ Where 'll we get goats ? ” asked Sue, already warming with enthusiasm, but not yet beyond doubt.

“ O, we 'll get 'em — somewhere. May be we 'll find one running about in the woods ; or, if we don't, I might get a calf out of father's yard some night. And then you 'll sew my clothes, and we 'll have an umbrella made of skin, and I 'll teach you to read and write — ”

“ I know how to read already, and you can't write very well yourself,” interposed Sue, rather indignantly.

“ Well, just play, you know ; because if I 'm Robinson, you must be the man Friday, of course.”

“ But I ain't a man,” objected Sue.

“ Well, then, you shall be a girl Friday, and instead of Robinson I 'll be Will Crusoe, and then some day, when we get tired of it, and come back to live among folks, I 'll write a book, and tell all about it.”

“ Well, I will if you will,” consented Sue, still a little aghast at the size of the idea, but confiding, as was her habit, in Will's superior judgment and experience, not to mention his physical strength, which, with bigger girls than Susy, carries its weight. Besides, Will was ten years old, and Sue only eight, — a superiority upon which that young man was a good deal in the habit of insisting, as in the present instance, when he said, —

"Of course you will, Susy. I 'll take care of you like everything, and keep off all the creatures and savages, and make a nice bower for you out in another part of the woods, and tell you all about the world: we 'll play, you know, that I 've been everywhere and you have n't, and we 'll have lots of fun, you see if we don't."

"But how will we get to an island? There is n't any sea here," suggested Sue, after some moments of profound consideration.

"Why, we need n't have it an island. We 'll go off in the woods ever so far, and make believe it 's an island. And, Sue, I do declare if that ain't an idea! — we 'll take the doctor's horse and chaise!"

"My gracious!" gasped Sue.

"Yes. He 's just driven up and hitched it. He 's going in to see grandpa, and he always stays ever so long when he gets in there. Now, you see, we 'll just get in, drive straight ahead till we come to a forest, and then we 'll get out, and turn old Whitefoot toward home, and set him off. He 'll come back all right; and we might send a letter by him to tell our folks that they need n't worry, and that we ain't ever coming back."

"How 'll we write the letter out there in the island?" asked Sue, meditatively.

"I 'll carry a pencil and a piece of paper, and I can write enough to say just that, I know. Any way, I sha'n't have to print, same as you would, Susy. Never mind, though, I 'll teach you after we get the cave built, and the palisade, and all. Now you get your hat, and some picture-books, and the box of dominos, and some paper and a pencil, and I 'll go into the but'ry and get something to eat. Mother said, you know, we might have as much as we wanted of that gingerbread; so I guess I 'll take it all, and some bread and butter, and cheese, and a pie. You see we shall want such things for a day or two, and then we shall get to eating — What did Robinson eat mostly?"

"Fish and clams and cocoa-nuts, till the rice and wheat grew," said Sue, obviously doubting the supply of shell-fish in the forest island she was about to set forth to seek.

"O well, we 'll get something, — checkerberry-leaves and spruce-gum, any way, — and pretty soon there 'll be chestnuts," asserted Will, recklessly, and bustled off to his mother's well-stocked larder, whence he presently returned with a basketful of eatables.

Sue was ready also, her round arms and white apron full of books, toys, a gray kitten, and the tiny work-box given her upon her last birthday by her kind aunt, Will's mother. For Susy was an orphan, and had come about a year before to live with her uncle and aunt, and be a playmate and companion for Will, their only child. This fine summer day had been selected by the parents for a distant and long-deferred visit; and the children had been left to their own care and that of Melissa, the young woman in the kitchen, who, having given them their dinner, and seen them settled with their books in the cool, old-fashioned parlor, considered her duty accomplished, and went to her own room to "fix up" for the afternoon.

The doctor, closeted with grandpa in the bedroom at the back of the

house, was deep in one of his favorite theories, and Jotham, the hired man, was busy in the cornfield, so that no one was at hand to see or prevent the elopement of our youthful couple, who, divided between joy and terror at their own success, bestowed their housekeeping preparations in the bottom of the chaise, unhitched Whitefoot from the paling, and set forth.

"There, Sue, what do you say to that?" asked Will, after they were fairly started; and, settling himself in his seat, he looked round in triumph upon his companion, who answered, tremulously, —

"It's real nice, only are you sure you know how to drive, Will?"

"Drive! Of course I do! Don't father let me drive 'most always when we go out to ride in the carry-all?" asked vainglorious Will.

"Yes; but then he's right there himself, and he always keeps a-looking at you."

"Well, Sue, I do say you're too bad! When I'm going to make you a cave and a palisade, and catch goats, and everything, you talk all the time as if you thought I could n't do anything, and you did n't want to go. If you're scared, do say so, and we'll go home again."

As he spoke, Will made a pretence of drawing the rein to turn Whitefoot's head toward home; but, as he knew in his boy-heart would be the case, Sue prevented him, protesting, with tears in her eyes and in her voice, that she had no idea of being scared, that she was quite sure Will knew how to drive, that she did n't mean to say anything, and — and —

So Will resumed his conquering airs, comforted his little cousin, promised renewed protection, and drove on; she smiling with all her might, and concealing her quaking heart under assurances of the most unbounded confidence.

If the man who wrote it down that "the boy is father to the man," had said, instead, that the girl is mother to the woman, he would have shown more sense; but perhaps he thought, as the French have it, "that goes without saying."

The summer day was almost done; Whitefoot, Susy, and even Will himself, were beginning to grow tired; black clouds were rolling up for a thunder-storm; — and still the forest was not reached, nor had any desert island, either real or make-believe, presented itself. Susy had long ceased to speak, except in answer to Will's remarks or questions, and even these were growing rare, as the young Crusoe found the practical questions of his undertaking pressing more and more closely upon him, and did *not* find any ready answers to them.

The first low thunder-peal rolled along the horizon, heralded by the first blue flash of lightning. Whitefoot pricked up his ears, tossed his head, and quickened his pace.

"May be he's afraid of lightning, Will!" exclaimed Sue, sitting upright, and turning very pale.

"Sho! No, he is n't," said the boy, tightening his hold upon the reins, and looking uneasily about him.

"There's some woods over there, — may be it's the forest, — and we'll get out, and send Whitefoot home, if you say so," suggested he, presently.

“Yes, do. O Will!” and the little girl clung convulsively to her cousin’s arm, while a vivid flash and rattling peal seemed to fill the whole atmosphere.

Whitefoot, answering to the challenge, flourished his sandy tail, letting it fall within the dasher, uttered a shrill neigh, and set off at speed. Will tugged at the reins, but might as well have tugged at the Atlantic cable. Sue, too thoroughly frightened for disguise, covered her face with both hands, and sobbed piteously.

Another flash, and another, and Whitefoot, missing the doctor’s steady hand and soothing voice, gave full play to the “nerves” he did not often get an opportunity of indulging, and snorted, plunged, and tore madly on, making the chaise bound and rock behind him, until poor little Sue, too frightened now for tears, could only cling to the hand-strap, and hold her breath in an agony of suspense.

A final peal crashing through their very heads, accompanied by a blinding flash, and Whitefoot, springing to the side of the road, tilted one wheel into a ditch, upset the chaise, and rushed madly on, dragging it behind him.

The children lay where they were thrown for a minute; and then Will, sternly refusing himself the luxury of tears, gathered up what seemed at first but the bruised fragments of a body, but proved, upon inspection, to be the whole, shook himself together, and looked round for Susy. She, poor little thing! had fared worse. Her forehead was cut and bleeding, her eyes were closed, and her pretty face, white and cold as snow, looked more like that of a statue than that of Will’s rosy and merry little playmate.

He stood and gazed at her in awe for a moment; then, smoothing down her little frock, and laying his handkerchief across the wound upon her forehead, he sat quietly down beside her. “She ’s dead,” said he, softly, “and I shall sit here to keep the wolves off till I am dead too. Then they will eat us both, unless some angels come first to carry her off. I should think they would, she was such a good little girl!”

Then poor Will fell to wondering forlornly, if any angels should come for Susy, whether they would charitably help him, who had not been, as he now became painfully aware, a particularly angelic boy, and, even if they were so disposed, how they would be able to do so; and, with these questions yet unsolved, fell fast asleep, his head drooping lower and lower until it lay upon Susy’s lap.

“Sakes alive! what ’s this?” exclaimed Mrs. Hoskins, as she went out at her back-door the morning after the thunder-storm to set her shining milk-pans in the sun.

“What ’s what, mother?” asked a blithe voice; and Bessie Hoskins, dish-towel in hand, followed her mother to the door.

“Why, them young ones coming down the lane,” said the farmer’s wife, pointing to two forlorn little figures approaching the house from the direction of the wood-lot.

“Sure enough! Well, that beats me, I do declare,” returned Bessie, staring with all her might.

Approaching nearer, the strange guests showed themselves to be a fine-looking boy, without cap or jacket, but otherwise well dressed, and a lovely little girl, her head bound with a handkerchief, her face deadly pale, and wearing above her summer frock the jacket of her companion. Both children were so torn, stained, weather-beaten, and disorderly in appearance, that Bessie felt moved to suggest, — “They ’re walkabouts, — ain’t they, mother? Come to see what they can carry off.”

“For shame, Bessie Hoskins! Don’t go to suspecting folks just because they ’re poor and ragged. Not that these young ones seem so dreadful poor, neither. They look sort of used up, but they ’ve got on shoes and stockings, both on ’em, — summer time, too,” — said the shrewd and kindly mother, going a few steps down the garden-path to meet the children, who were just unlatching the little gate.

Bessie, somewhat abashed at the rebuke she had received, followed silently.

“Good morning, ma’am!” said hatless Will, as prettily as possible.

“Good morning to yourself, sir. What can I do for you?” replied Mrs. Hoskins, smiling good-naturedly.

“Why, you see, ma’am, we — Sue and me — are going a little way farther, only she ’s hurt her head, and I ’m awful hungry, ’cause Whitefoot ran away with the basket; and if you ’d give us something to eat, and fix Sue’s head a little, I ’ll send word to my folks, and they ’ll come and give you something, ’cause we ain’t beggars,” — and Will, a little flushed and uncomfortable, but withal glad to have delivered himself of the speech so carefully prepared, stood looking gravely into the kind face of Mrs. Hoskins, while poor little Sue laid her head upon his shoulder, and closed her eyes with a look of patient suffering very pitiful to the kindly heart of the farmer’s wife.

“Well, if ever I did see the beat of this! Here, you come right in, and set up to the fire. You ’re all of a muck with dew and dust, and — Guess you laid out all night, did n’t you?” — and as she spoke the dame brought in her guests, placed them in front of the crackling fire, and began to take off the jacket Will had buttoned over Susy’s bare neck and arms.

“Yes ’m, we had to sleep on the ground, ’cause Susy was dead, I thought, and I did n’t look for any cave; but in the morning she woke up, and then I thought we ’d find a house, and get something to eat, and I guess I ’d better leave her with you a little while, till I get a place fixed.”

“A *place*, child! What kind of a place do you calc’late to fix?” asked Mrs. Hoskins, with a side glance at Bessie, who hovered near, divided between astonishment and admiration.

“Why, a cave, or a hut, or something; I ’ll fix it,” replied Will, a little uneasily; for he began to fear his new friend might try to interfere with the project still so near his heart.

“Just you hear that, will you, Bess?” exclaimed Mrs. Hoskins; and then, acting upon the womanly impulse of relieving suffering before inquiring too curiously into the deserts of the sufferer, she sent Bessie for two mugs of

the rich new milk she had just strained, and, taking the poor little "girl Friday" into her lap, began to strip off the wet and torn clothing from her shivering limbs, uttering the while such exclamations as, "Poor little lamb! If ever I saw the beat! I declare for 't, it 's enough to make a mother bawl right out, to see a poor little innocent creter so put upon. There, my pretty, drink the nice warm milk right down. It 'll kind o' set ye up. That 's a beauty! Now she 's a little lamb-pie; and we 'll wash that great ugly cut all off nice, and get her to bed."

So, soothing and caressing the pretty child she had already taken into her motherly heart, Mrs. Hoskins fed, clothed, and placed her in her own bed, then returned to the kitchen to find the great Will Crusoe fast asleep upon the settle, a big doughnut in one hand and a piece of cheese in the other, and the tears he had so bravely kept back while he waked creeping from under his closed eyelids. Bessie still stood admiring him, her neglected towel hanging from her arm.

"My! ain't he a beauty?" whispered she, as her mother approached. "Just see his curls! and what a pretty mouth he 's got!" And Bessie stooped to kiss the bright lips quivering in sympathy with the tears.

Her mother grasped her by the shoulder, saying, "You go and mind your work, Bess Hoskins! Kissing the boy when he 's asleep ain't going to do him no good, nor you either. Wait till he wakes, and then see what you can do about making him comf'table. Kissing ain't much account, if that 's where it stops."

But before poor Will's nap was over, before Bessie's dishes were washed, or Mrs. Hoskins's cream well in the churn, a chaise drove rapidly up to the door, and from it sprang Doctor Morland's well-known form.

"I 'm powerful glad to see you, Doctor," began Mrs. Hoskins, untying her apron, and going to meet him.

"Can't stop a minute, mother; only called to ask if you 'd seen — Hallo! There 's my young horse-stealer, safe and sound; but where 's the little one? where 's Sue?"

"There! I reckoned you 'd know about 'em. Well, if this ain't just the beat of everything ever I see yet! Here, Doctor, come right into the bedroom. I ha'n't had time to fix up much this morning, but — there, that 's her you 're looking for, — ain't it?"

The Doctor bent over the dozing child, laid a finger on her pulse, then on her brow and cheek, and said gravely, "Yes, and a sick child enough she 'll be before to-morrow morning. We must get her home. Here, Mother Hoskins, you put on your bonnet, and come along with me to hold her in your lap. I can't wait to go for her aunt, and Will is n't big enough."

Mrs. Hoskins cast one look at her churn, another at the meat Bessie was just bringing out of the cellar, then hesitated no longer. Giving a few comprehensive directions to her daughter, she hurriedly changed her dress for a better one, tied on her bonnet, and, seating herself in the chaise, took upon her lap and gathered to her heart the poor little orphan, who lay there dozing and unconscious. The fifteen miles between the Hoskins farm and Will's

home were soon passed ; and before noon Sue lay in her own little bed, with her pale and tearful aunt bending tenderly over her. The Doctor did not leave her, but put Whitefoot in the barn, while Will's father, returning from his search in another direction, took his own horse, and set off to find his truant boy, with a mind divided between joy and displeasure.

"It would do him good to have a sound flogging," remarked he to himself more than once on the road.

"But you know you won't give it to him," replied himself to him, with a knowing smile, and himself proved right ; for when Will came running to the Hoskines' gate, his face all flushed with joy at the meeting, even while his eyes were full of tears as he eagerly asked for Sue, the father took him in his arms, and kissed him tenderly.

Sue was very, very ill for many days, and not strong again for many months, yet at last she recovered, and became as gay and active and beautiful as before ; but although she still believes very much in Will, and loves him better than any one else in the world, I do not think even he could tempt her to set off again to find an island in the forest, or to accept the part of Will Crusoe's girl Friday, even if the island were found.

Jane G. Austin.



GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

XI.

THE June morning dawned beautifully ; the settlers, leaving the rangers to protect the garrison, came, men and boys, to their work. Placing their dinners, and a pail of water, beside the pine stump, they freshened the priming of their guns, and, leaning them against the wall of the breastwork, plied their labor.

That morning, William McLellan, who was now eighteen, and James Mosier, who was much younger, were put upon the stump as sentinels, — William on the side next to the rock, James on that next to the men, who, with their backs to the rock, were nearly at the other end of the piece. The sun was getting hot, and the boys began to grow sleepy. It had been some weeks since they had been alarmed by Indians, and in that field they felt quite secure. William, with his hands on the muzzle of his gun, and his chin upon his hands, was almost dozing. The Indians, whose keen eyes were fastened upon the boys, were preparing for a spring, and had already loosened their tomahawks in their belts, when James exclaimed, "Bill, here comes the Captain !"

They straightened themselves up, and brought their guns to a "shoulder-

arms," as he came near. Thirsty with his work, he had come in quest of water.

"James," said he, after he had drank, "give me your gun, while you put that water where it will keep cool. It is going to be a very hot day, and it will be as warm as dish-water if it stays there. Put it under the side of that big rock, and be sure and set it level, for, if it is spilt, it will take one man to go after more, and two more to guard him."

This was a trying moment for the Indians, as James was approaching the very place of their ambush; but, with that unrivalled self-command which the savage possesses, they remained without the motion of a muscle, trusting that the bright glare of the sun without would so dazzle the eyes of the boy as to prevent him from seeing them in their dark retreat, especially as the color of their bodies harmonized so perfectly with the charred logs under which they lay. James placed his pail by the side of the rock; but as it was nearly full, and the ground fell off, he began to hunt for a stick or stone to put under the side of the vessel. In thus doing he looked into the hole, and his eyes encountered those of an Indian.

With a yell that reached the ears of the men at the other end of the field, he tumbled over backwards, and, clapping both hands to his head, as if to save his scalp, uttered scream upon scream. The Indians, hatchet in hand, sprang over the body, and, hurling their weapons at their foes to confuse their aim, turned to flee. The guns made a common report, and two of the savages fell dead, when Captain Phinney, catching a musket from the wall, brought another down with a wound in the hip. The remaining savage, catching up the screaming boy, flung him over his back as he ran, thus shielding himself from William's fire, (who had provided himself with another gun,) as he was afraid of hitting his comrade. The moment he was out of gunshot, he flung down his burden, and fled to the shelter of the woods. The wounded savage was despatched by a blow from the breech of Captain Phinney's rifle. James, now relieved from his fears, had screamed himself so hoarse that he made a noise much like a stuck pig in his dying moments.

"Now, William," said Captain Phinney, patting him on the shoulder, for he loved the boy, "you have shown yourself a man to-day, and one that is to be trusted. You know I have always said that you were more than half Indian. Now I want you to change clothes with that Indian I knocked on the head. I am going to send you to the fort, and I want your clothes to dress him in, and put him on the stump; for if these cunning imps miss any of us, they will know we have sent word to the fort. I want to take them in their own trap."

William put on the Indian's breech-clout, belt, and leggins, with knife and tomahawk. They then dressed the Indian in William's clothes, and, lashing him to a stake, set him on the stump, putting Stephen Bryant with him.

"Neighbors," said Captain Phinney, "these risky devils did n't come here without support near at hand. There are more, and a good many more, close by. I will say this for them, their plot was well and bravely laid, and



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See *Will Crusoe and his Girl Friday*, page 668.

nothing but the providence of God hindered its success. In my opinion, they won't give it up so, but they will ambush us as we go home to-night. We must therefore match craft with craft, if we can. William," continued he, "I want you to crawl to the fort, and tell the corporal what has taken place here; that we shall come to the fort by the old road, with the sun just half an hour high, and that we expect to find the path waylaid. Tell him to take his men and try to come at that time upon the Indians' rear, and to be very careful that he is not ambushed himself."

They now took their hoes, and, putting William between Edmund Phinney and Hugh, the two largest men, the rest crowding around, that, if the Indians were watching from the woods, they might not see him, escorted him to the end of the piece, where, flinging himself flat on the ground, he crawled through the grass to the woods, made his way to the garrison, and delivered his message.

No sooner did William, after he had thus provided for the welfare of the rest, find himself at leisure, with a good part of a June day on his hands, than his fancy was fired with the idea of discovering the Indian ambush, — an act of cool daring, in one so well acquainted with the keen senses of the savage, which cannot be easily paralleled. Taking from the Indian's girdle a bladder filled with paints, he got one of the rangers to paint his body and face a copper color, and tied up his hair in Indian fashion. He did this in order that his color might be more in harmony with the logs and trunks of the trees, and thus he would not be so easily seen in the dusk of the forest, and, if seen by the savages, might be taken for one of their number. He now set out upon his "war-path," to all appearance as veritable a savage as ever swung a tomahawk. He proceeded in the direction of the field, till he judged himself in the neighborhood of the Indians, and then, climbing a hemlock, sat in the branches to watch the crows.

Crows are singular birds; they have a keen scent for carrion, and are therefore always ready to hover about an Indian camp, to pick the bones of the game they kill. They are also a prying, meddlesome thing, wanting to know all that is going on in the world, and thrusting their noses into everybody's business. I don't blame them for screaming when they see a blue-jay, or a raccoon, because they steal their eggs; but if a fox is going along, or a man, though it is none of their business, they will hover over him and scream. Even the sight of a man sitting still in the woods will attract their regards.

William knew this very well, for he knew all about crows. He knew, too, that the crows had young ones in their nests, not far from the road to the field; that, if the Indians were there, the crows would be uneasy; and that the very silence of the Indians, and any attempt to hide in the woods, would make these keen-sighted and wary birds uneasy, because they would suspect some design upon them. He had not been long in the tree before he heard the crows screaming, and saw two of them fly towards a brook that skirted the road to the cornfield, and shortly fly back to the spot from which they started, and, seating themselves on the top of a dead pine, remain quiet.

He now made up his mind that the Indian ambush was near the foot of that tree,—that some of the Indians had gone to the brook to drink, and the crows had borne them company. “These crows are expecting a meal to-night,” said William to himself; “I trust they will feast on Indians.”

Fully alive to the deadly peril he incurred in attempting to creep to an Indian ambush, the young man, as we must now call him, bent all his faculties to the work. As the brook had shelving banks, and was then quite a stream, though now not worth the name, and would lead him near to the spot where he thought the Indians had gone to drink, he determined to take to the brook. The banks of the brook would also shelter him from the notice of the crows, which might betray him to the Indians; for he knew that the Indians understood crow language better than he did. The brook also made a good deal of noise running over logs and roots, which would prevent his steps from being heard.

In the first place, he covered his head and neck with brakes and moss, so as not to be distinguishable from the vegetation around him. He then got into the brook, and with the greatest care proceeded in the direction of the dead pine. Presently he heard the cry of a crow; sinking still lower in the water, he pressed himself under the edge of the bank; his ear caught the crack of a dry stick, and in the next moment the savage who had escaped from the cornfield came to the brook. Filling a small birch-bark dish with water, he retired, evidently taking the water to others. In this savage, William now recognized the Beaver. “I am now on the ‘war-path’ as well as he,” thought William, “and we will soon know which is the better man.”

Within a few rods of him, an enormous pine, that grew on the bank of the brook, had been turned up by a hurricane, tearing up with its roots the soil for many rods, and breaking down in its fall many other trees, whose trunks lay across it in every direction, while blackberry and raspberry bushes had taken root in the decayed trunk; the wild ivy also, and the fox-grape, that grows in low places, had run over the limbs of the old tree like an arbor, leaving between them and the earth a large space, as the tree lay up some six feet from the ground at its but. Thus there was a natural covered way, formed by this mass of underbrush, from its root to nearly its top. Creeping through between two of the great roots, from which the earth had fallen into the brook, William made his way to the top of the tree, when, looking through the brush, he beheld the ambush. The Beaver was sitting with his back against a tree, eating parched corn from his pouch; the rest were asleep. They were within less than a gunshot of the road from the cornfield, waiting till the settlers should return from their work.

Departing with the same caution, William returned to the fort. The rangers, who had eaten their supper, were ready to set out. “Now, my brave lad,” said the corporal, “you know the ground,—lead on. Place us where you please, and when you want us to fire, just give the war-whoop.”

William placed the corporal and part of the men at a little distance from the tree, to annoy the Indians in their flight, while with the rest he crept under the trunk of the old tree, and then patiently watched their sleeping foes.

The sentinel now aroused his fellows, who, freshening the priming of their guns, crept behind the trees, which, concealing them from the view of any one approaching by the path, exposed their naked backs — which, newly greased, shone in the rays of sunlight slanting through the leaves — to the deadly aim of their foes. The click of the Indians' gun-locks was now heard, as they cocked their pieces. Presently the crows announced the coming of the settlers. William, unnoticed by the rest, shook the priming from his rifle, and then said to his comrades, "Leave the sentinel to me, — I have some old scores to settle with him."

The Indians now put their guns to their faces, and while their attention was thus entirely occupied in front, the rangers embraced the opportunity to cock their rifles, and thrust them through the brush for a sure aim. The heads of the settlers were now seen as they came cautiously along. But before the Indians could pull a trigger, the war-whoop rang through the arches of the forest, and the bullets, at short range, rattled into their tawny hides. William's rifle sent forth the bright sparks from the flint, but no report followed. "I am even with the Beaver now," said he; "I have spared his life, as he did mine. He said if his people knew that he had spared me, they would blush. I guess if the rangers knew that I shook the priming from my rifle, they would shoot me on the spot."

The remaining savages, rushing forward to escape the fire in their rear, encountered that of the corporal's party and of the settlers. Ten lay dead; the others, many of whom were wounded, fled. William was gratified to perceive that the Beaver was not among the slain, whom the rangers were now scalping.

While they were thus occupied, he ran to the garrison, and, taking Bose, overtook them before they had proceeded far on the trail of the flying foe. Aided by the dog, which followed the trail with unerring sagacity, they made great progress, and before they reached the river overtook two of the wounded, one of whom, entirely crippled, had hid himself in the bushes; the other could with difficulty walk, but, determined to sell his life dearly, took a tree, and menaced the party with his rifle. The rangers would soon have despatched them both, but William begged their lives. He represented to them that Mrs. Bryant and many captives from Saco, Topsham, and Scarborough were in the hands of the French, and might be exchanged for them. The corporal seconding his request, in consideration of his services that day, they gave him the lives of both. As the moon shone bright, the rangers determined to follow the trail till midnight, and then camp on it, and pursue the next day, as they were in hopes, if they did not overtake the party, to pick up some wounded Indians, and obtain a few more scalps. Bose, at the command of William, and nothing loath, went with the rangers.

William's first care, when left alone with the savages, was to bind them with withes, that he cut from a beech and twisted. He then asked them if Beaver was wounded, and found to his great satisfaction that he was not. He now peeled some birch-bark from a tree, and, slitting the corners, turned them up in the form of a dish. He then pinned them together with a thorn,

luted the joints with clay, and gave his prisoners drink, after which, putting some brush under their heads, he returned to the garrison.

When he reached the fort, told the story, and asked for aid to bring the wounded men to the garrison, the greater part advised him to go back and knock them on the head, and take their scalps; and were only prevented from doing it themselves by the remonstrances of Hugh and his wife, and from the more weighty argument that they might be exchanged for friends in captivity. "The murdering, bloodthirsty vagabonds!" said those who were in favor of killing. "When did they ever spare the mother, or the child at her breast? See what they did at Bryant's, — took that little dear babe by the feet, and dashed out its brains before the mother's eyes. Mrs. Bryant told Cloutman, all about it in Canada, and he wrote home to his wife."

"Yes," said Stephen Bryant, "and I should like to cut their throats for them."

"What," said Watson, "did they do to the man they took at New Meadows? They roasted him alive at a slow fire, cut holes in his flesh, put in gunpowder, then stuck him full of pitch-wood splinters, and set him on fire."

"What did they do to my cousin?" said Hamblin. "They stripped him naked, and tied him in a swamp to be stung to death by mosquitoes, and every day whipped him with nettles till he died."

"Besides, if their wounds are not dressed," said Edmund Phinney, "they will mortify this hot weather, and I should like to know who is going to do that?"

"I would as soon touch a live rattlesnake," exclaimed Mrs. Watson.

"Well, I will," said Elizabeth, her spirit rising with the emergency, when she found them all against her. "I'll take care of any of God's creatures that are in distress. He has preserved me and mine. I'll not forsake the helpless, especially after the great mercy we have this day experienced."

"Well," said Jacob Hamblin, "I have some rights in this garrison, and I for one protest against Indians being brought into it. It was built to keep out Indians, not for a hospital to nurse them. If any want to live with Indians, let them go into the woods. We don't want *Irish* to tell us our duties. As the Scripture says, 'This one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge.'"

"Hear to this cock of the midden!" said Elizabeth, her eyes flashing, and using broad Scotch, as she was apt to do when her temper was up. "How brawly he crows whar there is no danger! No mair Irish than yourself, since our forbears came from Inverary, and we are lineally descended frae MacCallum More himself. It's weel kenned we are no people of yesterday, though it's but little I care for sic vanities. But just to let you ken that we belang to a race that hae been accustomed to hold their ain gear at the edge of the claymore, and I trow we are nae bastards —"

"Whist, whist, gude wife," interrupted her husband, "ye hae said enough, and mair than enough. Well, neighbors," he continued, turning to the excited group, "if we maun differ in our opinions, let us do it in such a

manner as shall bring no discredit upon our calling as Christians, nor be displeasing to Him who has this day so signally appeared in our behalf. You will excuse me for saying that we also have some right in this garrison, as I think I furnished more labor than any person here, and that you could not have well built it without me, at least in the shape it is in now. But as neither I nor my family can in conscience consent either to butcher these poor creatures or let them perish in the woods, we will leave the fort and go to our own house, and there we will take the Indians and take care of them, and when they recover, if they do recover, we will take them to Portland, and deliver them up to be exchanged; and if we perish for our humanity, and in the way of duty, the Lord's will be done!"

No pen can describe the astonishment of the company at this audacious proposal, uttered without a particle of passion, and in the tone of ordinary conversation. "It's just like yourself, Hugh," exclaimed his wife. "I knew you would say so. We risked our scalps to get a living, and we'll never be backward to do the same in the way of duty." Then, turning to the rest with all the indomitable pride of her Highland blood flashing in her eyes, she said: "We have nae the misfortune to be born in the country, but we came of gentle blood, and can afford to be generous. If you are attacked, send for us. We are three good rifles, not counting the children and the dog. Come, William, get the horse, and take them to the house. I'll be down with food and bandages."

The moment Elizabeth ended, Captain Phinney said: "Neighbors, will you permit this? I know we have suffered dreadfully from the Indians, but they have had their provocations. Something is certainly to be allowed for their ignorance, their lack of the Gospel, and their mode of life for ages. Don't let us, with the Gospel in our hands, be savages too. These people are new to the country; they have not, like us, been brought up to believe that the Indians are to be killed like wolves. Therefore, I think that, being without our prejudices, they are more likely to be right in this matter than we. No one would think of letting a French prisoner die of his wounds; yet the French are more to blame for these cruelties than the Indians. The Indians did not want to go into this war, but they coaxed them into it, and hire them to fight against us. Don't let our brethren, who surely are not backward to strike when peril comes, go out to certain destruction, because they will do what the Good Samaritan did in the Scriptures."

Perceiving that he made no impression, the shrewd captain turned his batteries in another direction. "Consider," he said, "how few we are in numbers, now that Bryant, Reed, Thorn, and Cloutman are gone. Can we afford to lose McLellan, who is one of the strongest and bravest men among us? His wife also can handle a gun as well as most men, and the dog is worth three men at any time. Then there is this boy, as I might call him, if he had not this very day shown the courage and skill of a veteran, — an excellent sharp-shooter, used to the woods, and nearly the only one who dares to go after game, or gets any when he does go, and thus is one great means of our support in these times, when we can raise so little. We may also in

a great measure attribute to him the slaughter we have this day made of our enemies.”

But the stubborn prejudices in which they had been educated proved too hard for the influence of the Captain, great as it was. Much chagrined and hurt, he said to Hugh, “Myself and Edmund will at least aid you to get them home.” Daniel Mosier and Watson also volunteered to go with them. They placed the Indian who was the less wounded upon the horse; Hugh held him on, while William led the animal by the bridle. They carried the other on a blanket stretched across two poles, relieving each other now and then.

When they reached the house, Elizabeth was already there, and had prepared beds for them, and kindled a small fire of pitch-knots to give light, as they had no candles. She washed their wounds, which, though many and deep, were flesh wounds, bound them up, and gave them food. She then washed the paint from their faces, when she instantly knew one of them to be the Indian who had brought her the meat and the skin full of corn when they were starving. As she looked upon him, their eyes met. The savage, taking her hand, pressed it upon his heart, saying, in his broken English, “Squaw got big heart, — Indian never forget.” Then, turning to his companion, he said a few words in his native tongue, upon which the other, also taking her hand, pressed it to his heart.

She told William, who could speak their language, to tell them the whole story in respect to the reluctance of the others to admit them to the fort; and that in the morning they should move out, and come to live there, and take care of them. She then renewed the fire, that they might have light, placed water where they could reach it in the night, as they were feverish and thirsty. They then retired, and left them.

Hugh and William still hoed their corn in common with the rest, and were on the best of terms with them, who, now that the excitement of dispute was over, felt the silent influence of their example, and admired that which they could not imitate. The Indians directed William to gather certain herbs and barks which they chewed and applied to their wounds, and which caused them to heal very rapidly, so that the one that was wounded in the thigh was soon able to go with William to hunt, and to take all the care of the other.

It was upon a Sabbath morning in August, a few months after the removal from the fort, that Hugh came into the house where Elizabeth was catechizing the children, with an expression of great joy upon his features. He sat down by his wife, and, taking her hand in his, said: “Betsey, I have been praying this morning in the woods. I had such views of God, and such a melting of soul, as I never had before. It was uneasy feelings that drove me to my knees. Ever since we left the fort, I have had, at times, great doubts as to whether I did right to expose my family here for the sake of saving the lives of these Indians; for I have come to know since, that, if we had not moved them as we did, a party would have gone out that night, and killed and scalped them, for their scalps would have brought over three hundred

dollars. The more I thought of it, so great was the burden of my soul, that I knelt down in the woods to cast it on the Lord. As I prayed, it seemed that a heavy weight was lifted from me. I was enabled so to cast myself and my cares upon Him, to feel such sweet confidence and trust in Him, such assurance that I had done right, and that neither I nor mine should ever come to harm by the Indians, that it seemed as though a voice spake to me from above. I mean, therefore, from this time, to dismiss all anxious thoughts from my mind, and endeavor to work and live in trust and confidence in God, and as though it will be as I then felt it would."

Hugh did not suffer his resolve to evaporate in words, for no sooner had he got in his harvest than he began to hew a barn-frame forty feet by thirty-six. As he and his son were busily at work, Captain Phinney came along. "Well," said he, "this is the greatest place of business I have seen yet. Nobody would think it was war-time, and an Indian war too. But where is the other Indian? There is only one."

"O, he is in the woods, hunting for himself and the rest of us; and a splendid hunter he is too."

"But are you not afraid that, when the other gets well, they will kill you in the night?"

"No."

"But there are other Indians round about. Are you not afraid they will get them to do it?"

"Not a bit of it."

"But is not your wife tired?"

"No," replied Hugh, with a smile, "she don't know what the word means; besides, she believes in Indians. There is no need of their getting up in the night to kill us, for Squid, as we call him, might shoot William at any time, if he liked, for they are often hunting together in the woods."

"Well, I hope it will all turn out well; but I have my fears. How do you know but the Indians will burn your barn?"

"I don't; but I don't believe they will. In short, Captain, I am like my wife. She says she don't mean to die but once, and that some folks die a hundred times dreading it."

Hugh raised his barn and covered it, and in the winter, after all fears of the Indians were over, went to logging. The Indians, after the other recovered, were taken to Portland to be exchanged, or held as hostages.

The next spring, Hugh determined to plant his corn by himself, and went to work on his land as usual; and, though Indians were in the neighborhood, they were not molested. Hugh and his family began to suspect that the Indians they had nursed must be among these war-parties, and that they watched over the interests of those who had protected them. For though his cattle ran in the woods, they were not disturbed, while other men lost theirs. This conjecture was soon made certain. Alexander, who had been in the edge of the woods, hunting after a hen's nest, came home out of breath, saying that he had seen Squidrassett; that he was awfully painted; and that he had told him to run home, for there were Indians round who might carry him off.

A few evenings after this, they were seated around the fire, when the door opened, and in stalked Squidrasset and four other Indians. Hugh and William sprang for their guns; but Squid told them that they came in peace, and, the more completely to assure them, took all his comrades' guns and put them out of doors. Then, pointing to a large, noble-looking savage, wearing a silver cross and a large breastplate, and having his head adorned with eagles' feathers, his leggins and belt worked with beads and fringed with deer's hair, and the handle of his knife inlaid with silver, he told them this was their chief. Seats were placed for the Indians around the fire; Elizabeth and the children standing behind, gazing half in terror, half in wonder, upon the stern countenances of the Indians in their war-paint.



After a few moments spent in silence, the chief rose, and thus addressed Hugh:—

“Brother, my young men have told me that it is not many moons since you came from over the great sea, and you have never shed the blood of our brothers the Narragansetts; therefore there are between us no old wrongs to avenge. They have also told me that you have never been out on scouting parties for the scalps of our women and children, to sell them to your king and sagamores for money. They have also told us that your son discovered our ambush, and slew many of our warriors. He has already distinguished himself. He will be a great chief. All this is right; you

were defending your lodges and your families, and, though you have struck us very hard, we do not complain. You are brave men, and we respect you. But there are other things between us.

“When it was peace, and our young men came hungry and tired to your camp, you made them welcome, though you were hungry yourselves; you gave them food, they slept by your fire, and you spread your blanket over them. That was right. It was as the Great Spirit has taught his children, and according to the customs of our fathers. Therefore we call you just.

“But there is another thing, which seems wonderful to us, because neither we nor our old men have ever known anything like it, nor the other tribes, for we have inquired of them. When our people lay in ambush, and you pursued and took them, though you would have done right to kill, or burn them at the stake, you did not. You spoke in their behalf, when others wanted to slay them. You likewise came here and took care of them, and in so doing risked your lives. This is what we cannot understand. It is not what Indians would do, and we are sure it is not what white men would do. We often hear white men speak good words, but we never see them do any good things. This is more than brave or just. We therefore think it must be from the Master of Life, who made all things. It has touched our hearts, and therefore we love you and thank you, and have come to tell you that as long as grass grows and water runs there is friendship between you and us, — between your children and our children. If we meet on the war-path, we will strike each other like men. If we slay you when our people meet in battle, we will bury you as though you were of us; if you are wounded, and fall into our hands, we will do to you as you have done to us. We will not kill your cattle, nor burn your lodges, nor hurt anything that is yours. We have also told what you have done to the other tribes, and to the Canada Indians. No Indian will harm you, because we see that you are what we never believed there was, a just white man. I have said. Brother, is it good?”

Hugh, in reply, expressed his thanks for the kind spirit manifested by the chief, saying he had only acted as he had been taught by the Great Spirit.

“Brother,” said the savage, “one word more. This land is ours; the Great Spirit gave it to our fathers. Because the white men are stronger than we, and have taken it from us, it is not therefore theirs. But we now give it to you and to your children, for the good which you have shown to us, and we shall never try to take it from you.”

Then the Indian, taking a pipe from his girdle, filled and lighted it, and, having taken a few whiffs, passed it to Hugh and William, and then it went round the circle. Hugh now invited them to eat with him. The repast being finished, the Indians, resuming their arms, departed in Indian file, and were soon lost in the depths of the forest.

William now rose to fasten the door. “Never mind that, Billy,” said his father; “we can sleep with open doors after this. The Indians could have killed us all, if they had wished, before we could have pulled a trigger. I shall never go into garrison any more.”

Elijah Kellogg.



A FAMINE AND A FEAST.

THAT hardy and adventurous class of men who were formerly known as *couriers des bois*, "forest scouts," and who are to-day called *voyageurs*, "travellers," have always been both eyes and hands to the North American fur trade. No toil has been too arduous and no enterprise too perilous for them. Of this class was Pierre Beaubien, who, like most of his companions, married an Indian woman. When his son Baptiste — or, as the *voyageurs* pronounce it, Ba'tiste — was but ten years of age, Pierre was killed by the Sioux. In consequence of this misfortune, the young half-breed was left to grow up among his mother's people, the Red Lake Chippewas, becoming, of course, a savage in all his tastes and habits. Whilst other half-bloods dressed more like white men than Indians, and followed the pursuits of their fathers, Baptiste preferred to fish and hunt in blanket and leggings. There was, however, one thing in which he differed from his savage relatives. He clung to his crucifix, which he wore as an amulet to protect from evil, and he cherished the recollection of the fact that he had been baptized a Christian by the Jesuit missionaries at La Pointe. And though the crucifix was about all the Christianity he possessed, yet the firmness with which he clung to the name was in exact proportion to his ignorance of its meaning.

As he grew up, he soon penetrated the shallow impositions of the medicine-

men ; and believing his crucifix and the sign of the cross to be sufficient to protect him from all evil *jeebi*, or spirits, as well as from the incantations of the jugglers, he did not hesitate to expose the system of humbugger by which the latter used the superstitious credulity of the Indians to their own advantage. By this course he soon incurred the hostility of the medicine-men, especially of the noted juggler of his band, whose name was Pembeenah, "The Cranberry." This old impostor, whose hideous and mummy-like face and shrivelled form made him look like the dried specimens in a museum of natural history, felt so great an animosity to Baptiste that he attempted his destruction by having him assassinated at night. The attempt proved a failure, though Beaubien was so badly wounded that it is doubtful if he could have recovered had it not been for the attention and kindness of the family of an American missionary who had recently settled among the Indians.

Baptiste, notwithstanding his savage life, had the impressible heart of a Frenchman in his bosom, and so much was he touched by the kindness he had received, that he was almost persuaded to abandon his barbarous mode of life ; but when, after a month or two of illness, he felt again the warm blood of health coursing in his veins, the force of habit was too strong for his resolution, and there came back the old passion for a life of savage freedom. And so, bidding his benefactors a grateful adieu, in which French, English, and Chippewa were strangely blended, he returned to the Indian village.

Though the old medicine-man did not dare to attempt violence again, he had not abated one jot of his hatred of Baptiste ; and to this he now added a like hostility to the missionaries, who had cared for his enemy, and whose influence with the tribe was all exercised against the superstitions upon which he depended for his authority.

But Pembeenah had other reasons for opposition to the mission families. One McCormick, an unlicensed trader, had found that the missionaries were obstacles to the accomplishment of his schemes for plundering the savages, and had bribed the juggler to secure their removal by having them robbed of all they had.

In order to accomplish this purpose, Pembeenah attributed every calamity that befell the tribe to the hatred that the Great Spirit had to the missionaries. Nor was he in want of calamities for texts. It was an unusually hard winter for the Indians. They are accustomed to live, during the cold season, principally on fish. These they catch by cutting a hole through the ice, which is generally from three to six feet thick. To this hole the fish come for air, when they are speared by an Indian who is watching for them. But the extraordinary thickness of the ice during this winter deprived them almost wholly of supplies from this source, while the extreme cold and other causes rendered the chase of little avail. The average temperature of the Chippewa country is that of Iceland, the winters being much colder, and the summers much warmer, than those of that island.

Pembeenah belonged to the Crane totem. It is certainly a remarkable fact,

if true, as stated by an intelligent and educated half-breed, that most of the families of the Crane totem have high and somewhat bald foreheads, and are remarkable for their clear, resonant tone of voice. It is said that most of the orators of the Chippewa nation are of the Crane totem. However this may be, it is certain that Pembeenah, being both orator and medicine-man, possessed much more influence than the chief, who indeed has no authority except in war. Nor did the juggler fail to exercise the oratory for which the Cranes are so remarkable, in showing the Indians how the famine was sent upon them as a punishment for allowing the missionaries to remain. He also pointed out, what was a much more effectual argument, the fact that the missionaries had flour, that they had two cows whose meat was good, and that there were blankets in their houses.

But at every step the old juggler was confronted by Baptiste, who was also a forcible speaker, and quite an influential man, being a member of the aristocratic totem of the Loon. Baptiste was the more in earnest, since he knew that a pillage could hardly take place without a massacre, and that even to turn the mission families out of their houses in the depth of such a winter would be to insure their death. He showed the Indians how useless the provisions of the white men would be to them. "How long will they last you?" he said. "Will you be any better off when the taste of the missionaries' cows has gone out of your mouth?" And then he depicted the certain punishment which the government would inflict upon them. And then he laughed at the dreams with which the medicine-man had tried to alarm them. And when pressed more closely, he boldly charged Pembeenah with being in league with the "bad trader," as he called McCormick, against the friends of the Indians.

But arguments avail little against hunger. As the distress increased, so did the desire to eat the flour and cows of the white men. Beaubien saw that, if the camp remained in the vicinity, the robbery and massacre of the mission families was inevitable. And so, at his suggestion, they moved off to the Red-River Valley, in search of game. But no moose could they find. Now and then they caught a muskrat, or shot a great snowy owl, or a prairie-wolf as lean and hungry as themselves. And still their cheeks grew thinner, their chins sharper, and their eyes more sunken. And as the famine grew worse, so did the speeches of Pembeenah against the missionaries become more vehement.

At last the young half-breed became greatly reduced himself. For, though he was the best hunter in the party, he was in the habit of giving away the most of the game that he captured, in order to gain the friendship and appease the anger of the others. And so one morning, utterly dejected and faint from hunger, he walked out of the camp. He saw that he could no longer restrain the inclination of the savages to rob the missionaries. Wandering about, without purpose or hope, he climbed a little knoll, from the summit of which there was quite a view of the prairie. It was a clear and bitter cold morning, and the "sun-dogs," or *parhelia*, were shining so brilliantly that there really seemed to be three suns. This phenomenon

is usually seen from fifteen to thirty times in a winter in that country. But on the morning we speak of, Baptiste beheld a phenomenon that is not often seen, even in that climate. It was a mirage of extraordinary brilliancy, in which the Leaf Hills, forty or fifty miles away, and usually out of sight from that point, appeared inverted upon the sky. This optical illusion is caused by refraction; the strata of air being of different temperatures, and, of course, of different degrees of density. An acquaintance of the writer once saw these same hills in such a mirage at the distance of sixty-four miles.

Baptiste could not help a certain feeling of superstitious awe as he looked at this remarkable sight; but suddenly remembering how effectually such a sight might be used on the minds of the Indians, he hastened back to the camp. But he was too late. Pembeenah had seen the same spectacle from another point, and was just relating, when Baptiste came up, that he had seen a spirit during the night, who had told him that the Great Spirit was so angry at the tribe for not killing the missionaries, that he had hung the Leaf Hills in the sky upside down, and that, if they would go to a certain point, they could see the wonderful sight for themselves.

With the utmost eagerness they all started up to see the new wonder. Baptiste felt that his doom was sealed. He knew that the medicine-man would first use the influence which the sight would give him for the destruction of himself. What was his relief to find, on reaching the designated place, that the mirage had entirely disappeared! The influence of the sun had destroyed the atmospheric conditions that produced it. The medicine-man was utterly discomfited, and another day was gained.

But Pembeenah recovered face enough to make another speech that afternoon. "We starve," said he. "Will the Great Spirit send us the pezhekee from the country of our enemies? Will he make the turnip grow in the winter?"

The pezhekee are the buffalo, or, more properly, the bison. They never have made the Chippewa country their range,—never, indeed, approaching nearer than thirty miles west of the Red River, which is the dividing line between the Chippewas and their mortal enemies, the Sioux. The turnip to which the medicine-man referred is a bulbous plant that is quite abundant on the prairies in the Chippewa country. It is much prized for food, and one of the most beautiful streams in their country is called by its name. This name has unfortunately been mistranslated into French, and the river is now called *Pomme de terre*,—Potato. It was indeed a forcible speech of the medicine-man, when he demanded if they supposed that the Great Spirit would send them bison, or make the turnip grow in winter.

Baptiste left the camp stealthily at midnight. He knew that, when morning came, the decision would certainly be taken to return and rob the missionaries, and he hoped to reach them in time to give warning of their danger. To prevent the course of his tracks betraying his destination, he made a long circuit up the valley of the Red River. Just as he ascended to the table-land that forms the eastern boundary of the valley, he caught sight of

a mass of dark objects moving over the snow. What could they be? The moonlight was dim, but he felt sure they were not moose. Could it be that the Sioux were on the war-path in mid-winter? He approached the objects, and found, to his delight and amazement, that it was a herd of bison. His first impulse was to fly back to the camp, and tell the good news. But then he reflected that, under the circumstances, he would not be believed; for nothing could be more improbable. We should not venture to tell the story here, were it not that this single departure of the bison from their range is a well-attested fact, — a fact never to be forgotten by the Chippewas, who for the first and the last time in their lives ate of the flesh of the cattle of the Sioux. This strange migration was owing to the failure of food in their usual haunts.

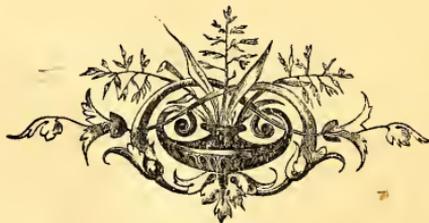
Baptiste wisely concluded that a story so improbable would need to be sustained by positive evidence. And so he set to work to kill a bison, — no easy task on snow-shoes. But he accomplished it about daylight. Then, cutting off the tail and taking out the tongue, he started back to the camp. But when he arrived, the almost extinct fires showed that it had been deserted for hours. The cause of his absence had evidently been surmised; and the Indians had left in the utmost haste, and were now far on their way toward the dwelling-place of the missionaries. By the most eager and tireless pursuit, he succeeded in overtaking them near their destination. He was met with fierce frowns on all sides, and some guns were raised threateningly. But Baptiste strode into the midst of the party, and, looking the old juggler in the face, he said, “The Great Spirit has indeed sent the buffalo into the valley.”

But the old man grinned at him a moment, and answered, “White-man’s son, do you think we are papposes, that you try to deceive us with idle tales?”

Then Baptiste drew forth the fresh tongue and the tail from beneath his blanket, and asked, “What are these?”

The swiftest and best hunters went back with Baptiste, and the rest of the party followed on. During the remainder of that winter, the Chippewas ate the meat of the bison. It was indeed a feast after a famine.

Edward Eggleston.



CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

IV.

THE Captain and his little friends had barely reached the cottage when the storm came down in earnest. The tall trees bowed their heads beneath the heavy blasts of wind, which shook them to their very roots, and the music of the rustling and sighing leaves was heard until the sounds were drowned by the fierce, dashing rain.

"Now this is a regular blow-hard, and no mistake," exclaimed the Captain, as the party stood in the door-way watching the bending trees and the clouds that rushed so wildly overhead. "Good thing we picked up our anchor when we did, or just as like as not we should have had to lie there all night."

"Why, we could n't have stayed there in such a storm, could we, Captain Hardy?" said Fred, inquiringly.

"To be sure we could," replied the Captain, "and snug enough too. Yes, indeed, the little Alice would have ridden out the gale handsomely. Then we might have stowed ourselves away in the cabin as nice as could be, and have been just as dry as we are here."

"And gone without supper," put in William, with a practical eye to the creature comforts.

"Easy there, my lad," answered the Captain. "Do you think you catch old Neptune on the water without a shot in his locker?"

"Would n't it have been jolly,—eating supper in the cabin," exclaimed William; "and then, Captain Hardy, would you have gone on with the story?"

"To be sure I would," answered the Captain.

"Then I 'm sorry we did n't stay there," replied William.

"Good," said the Captain. "But what says little Alice?"

"I 'd rather hear the story where we are," was the answer. And as the lightning flashed and the thunder rattled more and more, the little girl crept closer to the old man's side.

"Then I 'm glad we came away," replied the Captain; "and we 'll go right on too, for I see you don't like listening to the storm."

"O, I 'm dreadfully afraid!" said Alice.

"Go on, go on! Captain Hardy," exclaimed both the boys together.

"But where was I when we left off to run away, in such a lubberly manner, from the storm?" inquired the Captain. "Let me see," and he put his finger to his nose, looking thoughtful.

"You were just beginning to cry," put in William.

"To be sure I was, that 's it; and so would you cry, too, my boy, if you had an empty stomach under your belt, and nothing but a jack-knife in it," answered the Captain.

"That I would," exclaimed William, "I should have cried my eyes out. "But, Captain Hardy, — if you 'll excuse me, — was the jack-knife in the empty stomach or in the belt?"

"Ah, you little rogue! I 'll not mind *you* any more," said the Captain, laughing; "what would Fred have done?"

"I think I should have broke my heart," said Fred, promptly.

"That 's not so easy done as crying," exclaimed the Captain. "But what says little Alice; what would she have done?"

"I don't know," replied Alice, gently; "but I think I should have gone and tried to get the poor boy to speak to me, and then I would have tried to comfort him."

"That 's it, my charming little girl; that 's just exactly what I did. But it was n't so easy either, I can tell you; for the boy was still as dull as ever. I tried to rouse him in every way I could think of; but he would not arouse. I spoke to him, I called to him, I shouted to him; but he would not answer me a single word."

"What was his name, Captain Hardy? Won't you tell us his name?" asked Fred.

"Ah! that I should have done before; but I forgot it, you see. His name was Richard Dean. The sailors always called him 'the Dean.' He was a bright, lively boy, and everybody liked him. To see him in such a state made my very heart bleed. But he was growing warm under his great load of eider-down, and that I was glad to see; and at last he showed some feeble signs of consciousness. His eyes opened wide, his lips moved. I thought he was saying something, though I could not understand for some time what it was. Then I could make out, after a while, that he was murmuring, 'Mother, mother!' Then he looked at me, wildly like, and then he turned his head away, and then he turned it back and looked at me again. 'Hardy,' said he, in a very low voice, 'is that you?' 'Yes,' I said; 'and I'm glad you know me,' — which you may be very sure I was.

"But the poor fellow's mind soon wandered away from me again; and I could see that it was disturbed by visions of something dreadful. 'There! there!' he cried, 'it's tumbling on me! the ice! the ice! it's tumbling on me!' and he tried to spring up from where he lay. 'There 's nothing there at all, Dean,' said I, as I pressed him down. 'Come, look up; don't you see it's I?' He was quiet in an instant; and then, looking up into my face, he said, 'Yes, it's Hardy, I know; but what has happened to us, — anything?' But without pausing to give me time to answer, he closed his eyes and went on, — 'O, I've had an awful dream! I thought an iceberg was falling on the ship. I saw it coming, and sprang away! As it fell, the ship went down, and I went down with it, — down, down, down; then I came up, clinging to some pieces of the wreck. Another man was with me; we were drifted with the waves to the land. I kept above the water until I saw somebody running towards me. When he had nearly reached me, I drowned. O, it was an awful dream! — Did you come to call me, Hardy?' — and he opened wide his eyes. 'Is it four bells? Did you come to call me?' 'No, no,

I have n't come to call you, it is n't four bells yet,' I answered, scarcely knowing what I said; 'sleep on, Dean.' 'I'm glad you did n't come to call me, Hardy. I want to sleep. The dream haunts me. I dreamed that I was fast to something that hurt me, when I tried to get away. It was an awful dream, — awful, awful, awful!' — and his voice died away into the faintest whisper, and then it ceased entirely. 'Sleep, sleep on, poor Dean!' murmured I; and I prayed with all my heart that his reason might not be gone.

"What could I do?" "What should I do?" were the questions which soon crossed my mind respecting the Dean. There was, however, one very obvious answer, — 'Let him alone'; so I rose up from his side, and saw, as I did so, that he was now sleeping soundly, — a genuine, quiet sleep. He had become quite warm; and, after some minutes' watching, it appeared to me very likely that he would, after a while, wake up all right, — a conclusion which made me very happy; that is, as happy as one so circumstanced could be.

"Once more I now began to consider my situation. It seemed to me that I had grown many years older in these few hours, and I commenced reasoning with myself. Instead of sitting down on the rock, and beginning to cry, as I had done before, I sat down to reflect. And this is the way I reflected: —

"1st, I said, 'while there is life there is hope'; and,

"2d. So long as the land remains unexplored, I have a right to conclude that it is inhabited'; and,

"3d. Being inhabited, there is a good chance of our being saved; for even the worst savages cannot refuse two such helpless creatures food and clothing.' And, having thus reflected, I arrived at these conclusions respecting what I should do; namely, —

"1st. I will go at once in search of these inhabitants, and when I find them, I will beg them to come and help me with a sick companion.

"2d. On my way I will make my dinner off raw eggs, of which there are so many hereabout, for I am so frightfully hungry that I can no longer resist the repulsive food.

"3d. I will also hunt on my way for some water, as I am so thirsty that I scarcely know what to do.

"4th. For the rest I will trust to Providence.'

"Having thus resolved, I immediately set out, and in a very few minutes I had eaten a whole dozen raw eggs, — and that, too, without any punctuations at all. Then, as I walked on a little farther, I discovered that there were a multitude of small streams dashing over the rocks, the water being quite pure and clear, — coming from great snow-banks on the hill-tops, which were melting away before the sun.

"Being thus refreshed with meat and drink, it occurred to me to climb up to an elevation, and see what more I could discover. The ice was very thick and closely packed together all along the shore; but beyond where the wreck had happened the sea was very open, only a few straggling bits of

field-ice mixed up with a great many icebergs, — indeed, the icebergs were too thick to be counted. I thought I saw a boat turned upside down ; but it was so far away that I could not make out distinctly what it was. It was clear enough to me that nobody had been saved from the wreck except the Dean and myself.

“As I looked around, it appeared very evident to me that the land on which I stood was an island. Indeed, it seemed to be one of a group ; for a large island stood before me, apparently only a few miles distant ; and a few miles farther on there was a long stretch of land, covered with snow, which appeared to be main-land. In that direction the ice was all solid, while in the other direction the sea was, as I have told you before, quite open.

“After hallooing several times, without any other result than to startle a great number of birds, as I had done before, I set out again, briskly jumping from rock to rock, the birds all the while springing up before me and fluttering away in great flocks. There seemed to be no end to them.

“As I went along, I soon found that I was turning rapidly to the left, and that I was not only on an island, but on a very small one at that. I could not have been more than two hours in going all the way around it, although I had to clamber most of the way over very stony places, stopping frequently to shout at the top of my voice, with the hope of being heard by some human beings ; but not a soul was there to answer me, nor could I discover the least sign of anybody ever having been there.

“This failure greatly discouraged me, but still I was not so much cast down as you might think. Perhaps it was because I had eaten so many eggs, and was no longer hungry ; for, let me tell you, when one’s stomach gets empty, the courage has pretty much all gone out of him.

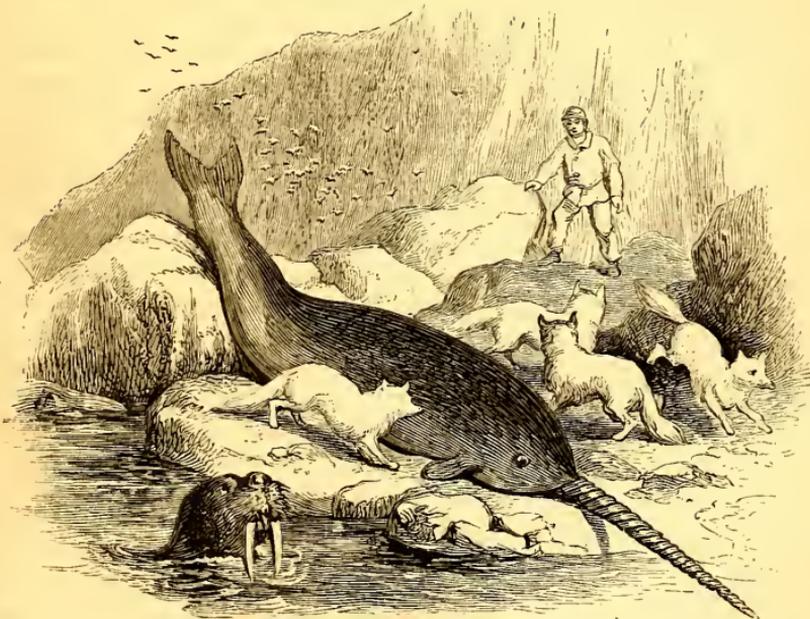
“Besides this, I had made some discoveries which seemed, in some way, to forebode good, though I could not exactly say why. I found the birds thicker and thicker as I proceeded ; in fact, they were in some places so thick that I could hardly walk without treading on their eggs. I also saw several foxes, some of which were white and others were dark gray. As I walked on, they scampered away over the stones ahead of me, and then perched themselves on a tall rock near by, apparently very much astonished to see me. They seemed to look upon me as an intruder, and I thought they would ask, ‘What business have you coming here ?’ They had little idea how glad I should have been to be almost anywhere else, — on the farm from which I had run away, for instance, — and leave them in undisputed possession of their miserable island. They seemed to be very sleek and well-contented foxes ; for they were gorging themselves with raw eggs, just as I had been doing, and they were evidently the terror of the birds. I saw one who had managed in some way to capture a duck nearly as large as himself, and was bouncing up the hill — to his den, no doubt — with the poor thing’s neck in his mouth and its body across his shoulder.

“Then, too, I discovered from the east side of the island, where the ice was solid, a great number of seals lying in the sun, as if asleep, on the ice ; and when I came around on the west side, where the sea was open, great schools

of walruses, with their long tusks and ugly heads, were sporting about in the water as if at play, and an equally large number of the narwhal, with their long horns, were also playing there. Only that they are larger, and have these hideous-looking tusks, walruses are much like seals. The narwhal is a small species of whale, being about twenty feet long, and spotted something like an iron-gray horse. Its great peculiarity is the horn, which grows, like that of a sword-fish, straight out of the nose, and is nearly half as long as the body. Like all the other whales, it must come up to the surface of the water to breathe; and its breathing is done through a hole in the top of the head, like any other whale's. You know the breathing of a whale is called 'spouting,' or 'blowing,' — that is, when he breathes out, it is so called, and when he does this, he makes the water fly up into the air.

"This breathing of the largest whales can be seen several miles; that is, I should say, the spray thrown up by their breath. So you see the common expression of the whale-fishers, 'There she blows!' is a very good one; for sometimes, when the whale is very large, the spray which they throw up looks like a small waterspout in the sea.

"Besides the narwhal, which I have told you about, I saw another kind of whale, even smaller still. This is called the white whale, though it is n't exactly white, but a sort of cream-color. They had no horns, however, like the narwhal; and they skimmed along through the water in great numbers,



and very close together, and when they come to the surface they breathe so quickly that the noise they make is like a sharp hiss.

"Considering the numbers of these animals, — the seals and walruses and narwhals and white whales, — I was not surprised, when I went close down to

the beach, to find a great quantity of their bones there, evidently of animals that had died in the sea and been washed ashore. Indeed, as I went along a little farther, and had reached nearly to the place where I had left the Dean, I found the whole carcass of a narwhal lying among the rocks, where it had been thrown by the waves, and very near it I discovered also a dead seal. About these there were several foxes, which went scampering away as soon as they saw me. They had evidently come there to get their dinner; for they had torn a great hole in the side of the dead narwhal, and two of them had begun on the seal. I thought if I could get some of the skins of these pretty foxes, they would be nice things to wrap the Dean's hands and feet in, so I began flinging stones at them as hard as I could; but the cunning beasts dodged every one of them, and, running away up the hillside, chattered in such a lively manner that it seemed as if they were laughing at me, which provoked me so much that I went on vowing to get the better of them in one way or another.

"All this time, you must remember, I had left the poor Dean by himself, and you may be sure I was very anxious to get back to him; but before I tell you anything more about him, I must stop a minute longer to describe more particularly this island on which I had been cast away. You must understand there were no trees on it at all; and, indeed, there were scarcely any signs of vegetation whatever. On the south side, where we landed after the wreck, the hillside was covered for a short distance with thick grass, and above this green slope there were great tall cliffs like the palisades of the Hudson River, — which you must all see some time; but all the rest of the way around the island I saw scarcely anything but rough rocks, very sharp and hard to walk over. In some places, however, where the streams of melted snow had spread out in the level places, patches of moss had grown, making a sort of marsh. Here I discovered some flowers in full bloom, and among them were the buttercup and dandelion, just like what we find in the meadows here, only not a quarter so large; but my head was too much filled with more serious thoughts at that time to care about flowers.

"You can hardly imagine anything so dreary as this island was. Indeed, nothing could be worse except the prospect of living on it all alone, without any shelter, or fire, or proper clothing, and without any apparent chance of ever escaping from it.

"I found, however, a sort of apology for a tree growing among the moss beds. I have learned since that it is called a 'dwarf willow.' The stem of the tree, if such it might be called, was not larger than my little finger; and its branches, which lay flat on the ground, were in no case more than a foot long.

"Besides these willows, I discovered also, growing about the rocks, a trailing plant, with very small stem, and thick, dry leaves. It had a pretty little purple blossom on it, and was the only thing I saw that looked as if it would burn. I can assure you that I wished hard enough that I had some way of proving whether it would burn or not. However, since I had discovered so many other things on this my first journey around the island, I was not with-

out hope that I should light upon some way of starting a fire. So I named the plant at once 'the fire plant'; but I have since been told by a wise doctor that I met down in Boston, that its right name is 'Andromeda.' It is a sort of heather, like the Scotch heather that you have all heard about, only it is as much smaller than the Scotch heather as the dwarf willow I told you of is smaller than the tall willow-tree that grows out there in front of the door.

"Although I had not, as I have said, discovered any natives living on the island, yet I came back from my journey feeling less disappointed than would have been supposed. No doubt my anxiety to see how the Dean was so occupied my mind that I did not dwell as much upon my own unhappy condition as I otherwise would have done. In truth, I think the Dean must have saved me from despair and death; for, if I had not felt obliged to exert myself in his behalf, I must have sunk under the heavy load of my misfortunes.

"When I came back to the Dean, I found that the poor boy was still sleeping soundly, — a sort of dead, heavy sleep. At first, I thought to arouse him; but then, again, since I found he was quite warm, I concluded the best thing was not to disturb him. Some color had come into his face; indeed, there was quite a flush there, and he seemed to be a little feverish. The only thing I now feared was that his reason might have left him; and this thought filled me with a kind of dread of seeing him rouse up, just as every one, when he fears some great calamity, tries to postpone the realization of it as long as possible. So I suffered him to remain sleeping, and satisfied myself with watching his now somewhat heavy breathing for a little while, when, beginning to grow chilly, (for the sun had by this time gone behind the island, thus leaving us in the shadow of the tall cliffs,) I began to move about again. I set to work collecting more of the eider-down, so that, when I should be freed from my anxiety about the Dean, I might roll myself up under this warm covering and get some sleep; for although my mind was much excited, yet I was growing sleepy, besides being chilly. I also collected a number of eggs, and ate some more of them; and, using several of the shells for cups, I brought some water, setting the cups up carefully in the grass, knowing that when the Dean opened his eyes he must needs be thirsty as well as hungry.

"All this being done, I fell to reflecting again, and, as was most natural, my thoughts first ran upon what I should do to make a fire. I had found — or at least I thought I had found — something that would burn, as I have said before; but what should I do for the first spark? True, with my jack-knife for a steel, and a flint-stone, of which there were plenty, I could strike a spark without any difficulty; but what was there to strike it into so that it would catch and make a blaze? I knew that in some countries people make a blaze by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together; but this I could not do, as I had not a particle of wood. In other countries, I knew, they have punk, into which they strike a spark, and the spark will not go out until the punk is all burned up, so that they have only to blow it on some inflammable substance until a blaze comes; but where was I to get the punk from? I

had also heard that fire had been made with lenses of glass, which, being held up to the sun, concentrate the rays and make a great heat, sufficient to set wood and like combustible things on fire; but I had no lens. Of course, I have no need to tell you that I had no matches, such as we have now-a-days here.

“Thus the night wore on. I say *night*, but you must bear in mind, as I told you before, that there was really no night at all, the sun being above the horizon all the time; and the only difference now in the different periods of the day was, that when the sun was in the south it shone upon us, while when it was at the north we were under the shadow of the cliffs. The sun, you must observe, in the Arctic regions, circles around, during the summer, only a little way above the horizon, never rising overhead, as it does here, but being always quite low down; and hence it never gives a very strong heat, although the air is sometimes warm enough to be very comfortable.

“I was glad when the shadow of the cliff passed from over me, and the sun was once more in view. I now grew quite warm, though my great fatigue did not vanish; but I was so anxious about the Dean that I would not sleep, and kept myself awake by moving about all the time, staying always near the Dean. At length, soon after the sun appeared, the boy began to show some restlessness; and as I approached him, I found that his eyes were wide open. He raised himself a little on one arm, and turned towards me as I came up to him, and looked straight at me, so calmly and intelligently, that I saw at once he had come to his senses entirely; and so rejoiced was I, that, without thinking at all what I was doing, I fell down beside him, and clasped him in my arms, and cried out, ‘O Dean, Dean!’ over and over a great many times. You cannot imagine how glad I was!

“‘Why, Hardy,’ said he, in a very feeble voice, ‘where are we? What’s the matter? What has happened to us?’ Seeing that it was useless for me to attempt to evade the question, I told him all the circumstances of the shipwreck, and how I had carried him there, and what I had been doing. I thought at first this would disturb him, but it did not seem to in the least. After I had finished, he simply said: ‘I thought it was all a dream. It comes back to me now. I remember a frightful crash, of being in the water on the wreck, of seeing some one approaching me, of being held down first by a drowning man and then by a rope, of trying to free myself, and then I must have swooned, for I remember nothing more. I have now a vague remembrance of some one talking to me about a dream I had, but nothing distinct.’

“‘But,’ said I, ‘Dean, don’t talk any more about it just now, it will fatigue you; tell me how you feel.’ ‘No,’ answered he, ‘it does not fatigue me, and I want to collect myself. Things are getting clearer to me. My memory returns to me gradually. I see the terrified crew. It was but an instant. I heard the crash. The great body of the ice fell right amidships, —right upon the galley. Poor cook! he must have been killed instantly. Some of the crew jumped overboard; I tried to, but got no farther than the bulwarks, and then was in the water; I don’t know how I got there.

When I came up there was a man under me, and I was tangled among some rigging, but was lifted up out of the water on some large mass of wreck. The man I told you of tried to get up too; but his feet were caught, and I saw him drowning. I saw another man holding on to the wreck, but a piece of ice struck him, and he must have fallen off immediately.'

"'Dean, Dean!' said I, 'do stop! you are feverish; quiet yourself, and we'll talk of these things by and by';—and the boy fell back quite exhausted. His skin was very hot, and his face flushed. 'O my head, my head!' exclaimed he; 'it pains me dreadfully! Am I hurt?' and he put his hand to the side of his head where he had been struck, and, finding that he was wounded, said: 'I remember it now perfectly. A heavy wave came, and was tossing a piece of timber over me, and I tried to avoid being struck by it. After that I remember nothing. It must have struck me. I'm not much hurt, — am I?'

"'No, Dean,' I answered, 'not much hurt, only a little bruised.' 'Have you any water, Hardy?' asked he, 'I am so thirsty!' It was fortunate that I had brought some in the egg-shells, and in a moment I had given him a drink. It did me good to see him smile, as I handed him the water, and ask where I got such odd cups from. 'Thanks, thanks!' said he; 'I'm better now.' Then after a moment's pause he added, 'I want to get up and see where we are. I'm very weak; won't you help me?' But I told him that I would not do it now, for the present he must lie quiet. 'Then raise me up and let me look about.' So I raised him up, and he took first a look at the strange pile of eider-down that was upon him, and then at the ice-covered sea, but he spoke not a word. Then he lay down, and after a short time said calmly: 'I see it all now. Hard,—is n't it? But we must do the best we can. I feel that I'll soon be well, and will not be a trouble to you long. Do you know that until this moment I could hardly get it out of my head that I had been dreaming? We must trust in Heaven, Hardy, and do the best we can.'

"Being now fully satisfied as to the complete recovery of the Dean, I gave myself no further concern about watching him; but at once, after he had, in his quiet way, asked me if I was not very tired and sleepy, I buried myself up in the heap of eider-down close beside him, and was soon as deeply buried in a sound sleep."

The Captain, evidently thinking that he had gone far enough for one day, now broke off suddenly. The children had listened to the recital more eagerly than on any previous occasion,—so much so, indeed, that they had wholly disregarded the storm; and Alice was so much absorbed in learning the fate of the poor shipwrecked Dean, that her fears about the thunder had been entirely forgotten. When the Captain paused, the storm had passed over, the sun had burst through the scattering clouds, and in the last lingering drops his silver rays were melted into gorgeous hues; for

"A rainbow — thrown brightly
Across the dark sky —
(Soft curving, proud arching
In beauty on high)

Had circled the even, —
 A bridal ring, given
 To wed earth with heaven,
 As it smiled 'neath the veil
 Of the glittering rain."

The little birds had come out of their hiding-places, and were merrily singing,

"Farewell to the rain,
 The beautiful rain";

and the party of little folks that had been hidden away in the "Captain's cottage," following their example, were soon gayly hastening across the fresh fields, — the old man carrying laughing Alice in his arms, to keep her tender feet from the wet grass.

Isaac I. Hayes.



WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

SECOND PACKET.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I was going to tell you about "Gapper Skyblue." "Gapper" means grandpa. He wears all the time blue overalls, faded out, and a jacket like them. That's why they call him "Gapper Skyblue." He's a very poor old man. He saws wood. We found him leaning up against a tree. Benjie and I were together. His hair is all turned white, and his back is bent. He had great patches on his knees. His hat was an old hat that he had given him, and his shoes let in the mud. I wish you would please to be so good as to send me both your old-fashioned India-rubbers, to make balls of, as quick as holes come. Most all the boys have lost their balls. And please to send some shoe-strings next time, for I have to tie mine up all the time now with some white cord that I found, and it gets into hard knots, and I have to stoop my head way down and untie 'em with my teeth, because I cut both my thumbs whittling, and jammed my fingers in the gate.

Old Gapper Skyblue's nose is pretty long, and he looked so funny leaning up against a tree, that I was just going to laugh. But then I remembered what you said a real gentleman would do. That he would be polite to all people, no matter what clothes they had on, or whether they were rich people or poor people. He had a big basket with two covers to it, and we offered to carry it for him.

He said, "Yes, little boys, if you won't lift up the covers."

We found 't was pretty heavy. And I wondered what was in it, and so did Benjie. The basket was going to "The Two Betseys."

When we had got half-way there, Dorry and Tom Cush came along, and called out: "Hallo! there, you two. What are you lugging off so fast?"

We said we did n't know. They said, "Let's see." We said, "No, you can't see." Then they pushed us. Gapper was a good way behind. I sat down on one cover, and Benjie on the other, to keep them shut.

Then they pulled us. I swung my arms round, and made the sand fly with my feet, for I was just as mad as anything. Then Tom Cush hit me. So I ran to tell Gapper to make haste. But first picked up a stone to send at Tom Cush. But remembered about the boy that threw a stone and hit a boy, and he died. I mean the boy that was hit. And so dropped the stone down again and ran like lightning.

"Go it, you pesky little red-headed firebug!" cried Tom Cush.

"Go it, Spunkum! I'll hold your breath," Dorry hollered out.

The dog, the shaggy dog that licked my face when I was lying under the trees, he came along and growled and snapped at them, because they were hurting Benjie. You see Benjie treats him well, and gives him bones. And the master came in sight too. So they were glad to let us alone.

The basket had rabbits in it. Gapper Skyblue wanted to pay us two cents apiece. But we would n't take pay. We would n't be so mean.

When we were going along to school, Bubby Short came and whispered to me that Tom and Dorry were hiding my bird's eggs in a post-hole. But I got them again. Two broke.

Bubby Short is a nice little fellow. He's about as old as I am, but over a head shorter and quite fat. His cheeks reach way up into his eyes. He's got little black eyes, and little cunning teeth, just as white as the meat of a punkin-seed.

I had to pay twenty cents of that quarter you sent, for breaking a square of glass. But did n't mean to, so please excuse. I have n't much left.

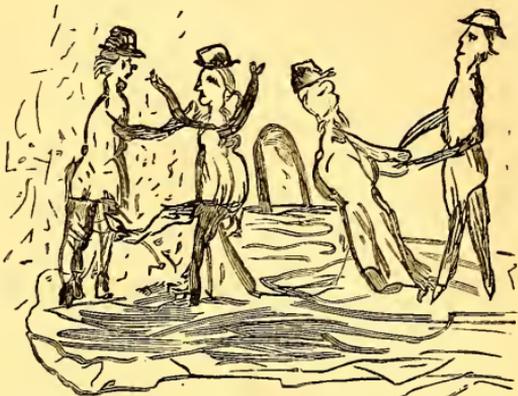
Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. When punkins come, save the seeds — to roast. If you please.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

One of my elbows came through, but the woman sewed it up again. I've used up both balls of my twine. And my white-handled knife, — I guess it went through a hole in my pocket, that I did n't know of till after the knife was lost. My trousers grow pretty short. But she says 't is partly my legs getting long. I'm glad of that.



I stubbed my toe against a stump, and tumbled down and scraped a hole through the knee of my oldest pair. For it was very rotten cloth. I guess the hole is too crooked to have her sew it up again. She thinks a mouse ran up the leg, and gnawed that hole my knife went through, to get the crumbles in the pocket. I don't mean when they were on me, but hanging up.

My boat is almost rigged. She says she will hem the sails if I won't leave any more caterpillars in my pockets. I'm getting all kinds of caterpillars to see what kind of butterflies they make.

Yesterday, Dorry and I started from the pond to run and see who would get home first. He went one way, and I went another.

I cut across the Two Betseys' garden. But I don't see how I did so much hurt in just once cutting across. I knew something cracked,—that was the sink-spout I jumped down on, off the fence. There was a board I hit, that had huckleberries spread out on it to dry. They went into the rain-water hogshead. I did n't know any huckleberries were spread out on the board.

I meant to go between the rows, but guess I stepped on a few beans. My wrist got hurt dreadfully by my getting myself tripped up in a squash-vine. And while I was down there, a bumble-bee stung me on my chin. I stepped on a little chicken, for she ran the way I thought she was n't going to. I don't remember whether I shut the gate or not. But guess not, for the pig got in, and went to rooting before Lame Betsey saw him, and the other Betsey had gone somewhere.

I got home first, but my wrist ached, and my sting smarted. You forgot to write down what was good for bumble-bee stings. Benjie said his aunt Polly put damp sand on to stings. So he put a good deal of it on my chin, and it got better, though my wrist kept aching in the night. And I went to school with it aching. But did n't tell anybody but Benjie. Just before school was done, the master said we might put away our books. Then he talked about the Two Betseys, and told how Lame Betsey got lame by saving a little boy's life, when the house was on fire. She jumped out of the window with him. And the Other Betsey lost all her money by lending it to a bad man that ran off with it. And he made us all feel ashamed that we great strong boys should torment two poor women.

Then he told about the damage done the day before by some boy running through their garden, and said five dollars would hardly be enough to pay it. "I don't know what boy it was, but if he is present," says he, "I call upon him to rise."

Then I stood up. I was ashamed, but I stood up. For you told me once this saying: "Even if truth be a loaded cannon, walk straight up to it."

The master ordered me not to go on to the play-ground for a week, nor be out of the house in play-hours.

From your affectionate grandchild.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.



NOVEMBER.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Moderately Fast.

1. The clouds are gray, the wind is keen, The frosty air is cold; We

say with sad - ness in the heart, "The year is grow - ing old!" The

grim old year! No tears has he, His limbs are strong, his arms are free, He

shouts a - loud a shout of glee, When storm - y winds are loud.

2.

3.

He saw the tender buds of May
 Breathe out their faint perfume;
 He saw the roses flushing red,
 The stately lilies bloom!
 The proud old year! no sighs has he,
 Though balm and bloom forgotten be,
 Though birds are silent on the tree,
 And stormy winds are loud!

He saw the grapes in autumn's prime
 Grow purple with the wine,
 The orchards drop their glowing fruit,
 The woods in glory shine.
 The brave old year! though boughs are bare,
 And tempests mutter in the air,
 His kingly heart is strong to dare,
 When stormy winds are loud!

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS & FUNNY THINGS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 12.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

A pastoral poet, whose great name
Gave to his birthplace endless fame.

CROSS WORDS.

- The burial-place of England's greatest sage.
- The name that Hellas bore on ancient page.
- The name we love to write above our portal.
- The warrior "the great dreamer" made immortal.
- The debt that youthful gamblers have to own.
- And she who in fair Argos had her throne.

A. R.

No. 13.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

One who sought an elevated station
whilst in the exercise of the humblest duties of life. Unable to retain the position he gained, he lost a crown.

The companion of his labors, who shared his elevation and was involved in his fall.

CROSS WORDS.

- A way of advancement.
- What might have averted the misfortune.
- The nature of the trouble.
- What may have been the height they endeavored to reach.

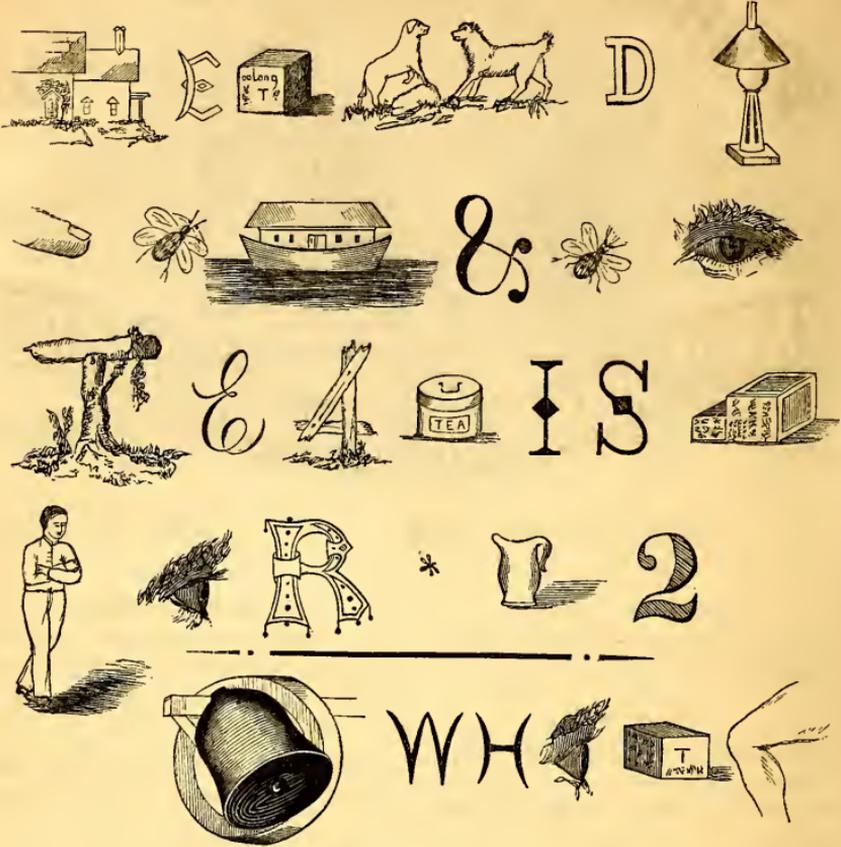
L. J.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 16.



K.K.L.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 17.



CHARADES.

No. 16.

YOUNG Clarence, rich in mental gifts,
By habit is accursed ;
I saw how slavish were its chains,
And bade him do my *first*.

Behold the tyrant Habit is !
It binds its victims fast ;
He answered to my earnest prayer
Naught but my *next* and *last*.

“Assert your manhood’s strength,” I cried,
“Declare you will be free,”
Or then, all hope, all promise gone,
In age my *whole* you ’ll be.”

A. M. W.

No. 17.

I ’M a word of four letters,
With syllables two,
And if you will guess me,
I ’ll tell them to you.

My *first* is a leader
Whom twenty-five follow ;
My *second* oft sounds
For joy or for sorrow.

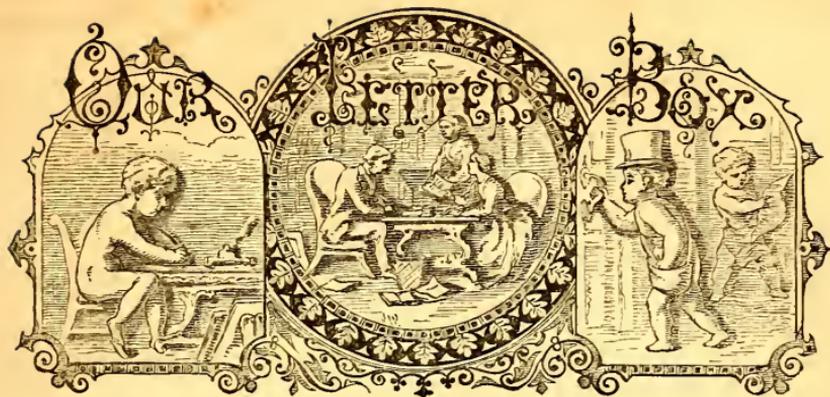
My *whole* as you see,
After all I have told,
Is simply the name
Of a martyr of old.

ANON.

ANSWERS.

14. Book-worm. CHARADES.
15. Car-pet. ENIGMAS.
11. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
12. A good clock.
13. To be or not to be, — that is the question.

- PUZZLE.
11. Annapolis.
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.
15. In shadows dwell the slight elastic harebell.
[(In shad o’s) D well T (he) S (light) E (last) (eye) (sea) (hare) (bell).]



"Little Nellie" must be declined.

Bessie Barnes. We don't know that we can well advise you on the point you mention; you will do best by consulting your parents.

Nemo. We have forwarded your letter to Mr. F.

W. C. P. Our rule is not to print translations.

A. M. B. Next year's plans are not yet wholly decided.

A. H. C. You should write Lafayette, not Layfeete.

Ernestine H. would be very glad to have you tell her "why Greek is not considered so essential a part of the education of a girl as of a boy."

Mainly, we suppose, because the education of girls is conducted with a view to domestic uses, that of boys for business or professional purposes. Greek would not be held necessary for a boy who was to follow mercantile pursuits; and, on the other hand, if a girl were intended for a literary or scholastic position, Greek might be thought requisite for her.

W. H. A. "Very" is an adverb, not an adjective.

H. A. W. There is no trustworthy "self-instructor" in any language, so far as we know. A good grammar, a dictionary, and some book of easy reading will best help you to a beginning.

Jessie. Your friend is wrong; of course she should lay the cloth. The rule which governs our every-day use of *lie* and *lay* applies to the use of those words in nautical language. The master of a ship *lays* her *to*, but the vessel *lies to*, when her course is checked and she becomes stationary at sea. Sailors might very likely say "the ship *lays to*," for their grammar is not apt to be of the best.

Ashwood. "Aunt Fanny" and "Fanny Fern" are not the same person; the former has devoted herself to juvenile writing, — she is the author of the delightful little "Night-cap" books, — while the latter has written "grown-up" sketches and tales principally.

Cnidus. There will be new premium lists published in the autumn for subscribers to the volume of 1868.

Minikin. "New" subscribers are those whose names are not on the subscription lists for the current year.

Sylvanus. Although "Winter's Flight" must pass us by, yet you may have hopes for by and by.

C. D. P. Is a *doe* "very soft"? Don't you mean *dough*?

R. F. Jr. The story is very prettily told, but do you think it deserves printing more than hundreds of other anecdotes?

Inquirer. Dr. Hayes's "Arctic Boat Journey" is exactly the book for you to read, if you wish to find out about the Northern regions more rapidly than you can do in "Cast Away in the Cold."

Alice and Helen. "Farming for Boys," enlarged by the addition of several new chapters, will be published in a book next spring. — There is not a statement given as a fact in "Round-the-World Joe" which is not strictly true, and supported by the best travellers' testimony. — We hardly approve of making Bible incidents the subjects of conundrums, &c.

Zuleima and Others. Light is the means by which we see. *What* this force or agent is, nobody really knows, and philosophers dispute. Some think that luminous objects throw off minute globules which affect the eye, but no other organ; others believe that the air is full of a fine ether which is made to wave or vibrate by illuminated objects, and that the eye feels these vibrations and translates them into a picture. But these are things for men of science to speculate upon; our first explanation is as definite a one as you can expect to understand until you are older and have studied more.

E. B. H. Your question has been already answered.

Two Corrections must be made in the September chapter of "Cast Away in the Cold." On page 517, "head it on," should be "bend it on"; and on page 524, "fast in," should be "fast ice."

Clintie B. You had better write to the place we have previously named as a good bow shop, — Heinrich's, 158 Broadway, New York.

Allen S. F. You sent no stamped envelope for an answer.

Arion B. It does n't explain any such thing. We have had more than a hundred versions of the same proverb, — some of them long before your date. Besides, the two are entirely unlike, the principal word being used in two perfectly opposite senses. Use your wits, dear boy.

Eureka. We will lay your suggestion before Mr. Foster. — There is nothing published on the subject.

Adil. It was the *subject* of Willy Wisp's *guzzle* of which the photograph was offered — if anybody could catch it; but the subject was a *kiss*, you remember. — Three languages are certainly enough to study at a time. How many other branches you can wisely add to these, your teachers can best tell, for they know you, your capacity, and your habits of study. We should advise you to take up nothing new, however, in addition to the languages. — *Ici* (French) has not the same significance as *ibi* (Latin); the former means *here*, and the latter, *there*; so you see the clarade won't exactly do.

An "*M. D.*," as he signs himself, sends a beautiful composition, which we copy exactly, — spelling, capitals, and all: "I do not wish to have you send another cope to the address of — for I can see nothing them that is beneficial or instructive and the engravings some of them are perfectly hideous to contemplate, some of them you will find enclosed your &c."

J. B. Count the words on one of your manuscript pages, and then on the printed page which you have chosen; then, a simple sum in proportion will tell how many manuscript words (or pages) will make up the quantity of print you desire to fill.

Peter Periwinkle. We do not care to copy one of our own rebuses, thank you.

Alexis. Let us see what you call comic pictures.

C. A. Mull, Dog Star, Keystone, P. Puhoo, F. C. (who sent a prettily painted rebus), *Frank S. D.* (whose letter, so mamma says, "is the longest he has ever written"), *Freddie A. C., Josiah Trinkle, Anon, Ranger, Mary A. W., M. C. M.* ("a black-eyed friend"), *Phil, Bob O'Link, Aggie, Lottie A. S., Nemo, F. S.* (you should have sent *separate answers*), *Horace, D. B. S., Jr., Sar Dean, C. B. W., Lizzie H., Anne N., Mintie Elwood* (go back to the books, dear!), *W. H. B., Bo-Peep, A. C. F., W. W. S., Chestnut.* We are much obliged to you, one and all.

R. F. H. You should sign a letter "respectfully," not "respectively." — The enigma is a bit too long; seventy-six letters are a great many.

F. Albert Dare. Very good for a beginner, but hardly up to the standard of publication.

M. E. O. has sent us a Christmas sketch, written by Cordie, a little invalid friend. The sketch is very pleasantly written, but the "Box" is so full, that we can only squeeze in our thanks for it.

Of course you bright boys and girls have found out that last month's picture-proverb was, "Every dog has his Dey (day)." Now see what you can make of this one, which was also designed by J. L.







IN TIME'S SWING.

[See *In Time's Swing*, page 748.]

THE ORNAMENTAL BORDER, DRAWN BY C. H. JENCKES; THE VIGNETTES, BY H. FENN; AND THE FIGURES, BY GEORGE G. WHITE.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1867.

No. XII.

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

V.



HE next day being Sunday, the Captain's little friends did not go down to see him, and the day after being stormy, they could not. So, when Tuesday came, they were all the more eager for the visit that it had been delayed; and accordingly they hurried off at a very early hour. Indeed, the old man was only too glad to have them come down at any time, for he had during these past few days become so used to their being with him, and had, withal, taken such a fancy to them, that he felt himself quite lost and lonely when a day passed by without seeing them. Like most old men, he was at first somewhat afraid they might disturb him if he said, "Come at any hour you please," instead of "Come at four o'clock"; but he had discovered them to be such well-behaved and gentle children, that he had made up his mind they could never worry or annoy him. So when last they parted, he said to them, "Come in the morning, if you like, and play all day about the grounds, and if I have something else to do you must not mind.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Nobody will disturb you"; — and, in truth, there was nobody there to disturb them, for besides the old man and his boy, Main Brace, there was no living thing about the house, if we except two fine old Newfoundland dogs which the Captain had brought home with him from his last voyage, and which he called "Port" and "Starboard." He had also a flock of handsome chickens, and some foreign ducks. "And now," said he, "when you have seen all these, and Main Brace, and me, you have seen my family, for this is all the family that I have, unless I count the birds that hop and skip and sing among the trees."

Main Brace did all the work about the house, except what the Captain did himself. He cooked and set the Captain's table, and kept the Captain's house in order generally. As for the house itself, there was not much of it to keep in order. We have already seen that it was very small, and but one story high. There was no hall in it, and only five rooms upon the floor. Let us look into it more particularly.

Entering it from the front through the little porch covered over with honeysuckle vines that are smelling sweetly all the summer through, we come at once into the largest of the rooms, where the Captain dines and does many other things. But he never calls it his dining-room. Nothing can induce him to call it anything but his "quarter-deck." On the right-hand side there are two doors, and there are two more on the left-hand side, and directly before us there are two windows, looking out into the Captain's garden, where he has fruits and vegetables of every kind growing in abundance. The first door on the right opens into a little room where Main Brace sleeps. This the Captain calls the "forecastle." The other door on the right opens into the kitchen, which the Captain calls his "galley." The first door on the left is closed, but the second opens into what the Captain calls his "cabin," and this connects with a little room behind the door, that is closed, which he calls his "state-room," — and, in truth, it looks more like a state-room of a ship than a chamber. It has no bed in it, but a narrow berth on one side, just like a state-room berth. All sorts of odd-fashioned clothes are hanging on the walls, which the Captain says he has worn in the different countries where he has travelled. Odd though this state-room be, it is not half so odd as the Captain's cabin.

Let us examine this cabin of the Captain. There is an old table in the centre of it. There are a few old books in an old-fashioned bookcase. There is no carpet, but the floor is almost covered over with skins of different kinds of animals, among which are a Bengal tiger, a Polar bear, a South American ocelot, a Rocky Mountain wolf, and a Siberian fox. In a great glass case, standing against the wall, there is a variety of stuffed birds. On the very top of this case there is a huge white-headed eagle, with his large wings spread out, and at the bottom of it there is a pelican with no wings at all. On the right-hand side there is an enormous albatross, and on the left-hand side there is a tall red flamingo, while in the very centre a snowy owl stands straight up and looks straight at you out of his great glass eyes. And then there are still other birds, — little ones and big ones, and birds

bright and birds dingy, scattered about wherever there is room, each sitting or standing on its separate perch, and looking, for all the world, as if it were alive and would fly away only for the glass.

On the walls of this singular room are hanging all sorts of singular weapons, and many other things which the Captain has picked up in his travels. There is a Turkish scymitar, a Moorish gun, an Italian stiletto, a Japanese "happy despatch," a Norman battle-axe, besides spears and lances and swords of shapes and kinds too numerous to mention. In one corner, on a bracket, there is a model of a ship, in another a Chinese junk, in a third an old Dutch clock, and in the fourth there is a stone idol of the Incas, while above the door there is the figure-head of a small vessel, probably a schooner.

When the children came down, running all the way at a very lively rate, the Captain was in his cabin overhauling his treasures, and dusting and placing them so that they would show to the very best advantage. Indeed, there were so many "traps," as he called them, hanging and lying about, that the place might well have been called a "curiosity shop" better than a cabin. In truth, it had nothing of the look of a cabin about it.

When the Captain heard the children coming, he said to himself, "I'll give them a surprise to-day," and he looked out through the open window and called to them. They answered with a merry laugh, and, running around to the door, rushed into the "quarter-deck," and were with the Captain in an instant.

"O what a jolly place!" exclaimed William; "such a jolly lot of things! Why did n't you show them to us before, Captain Hardy?"

"One thing at a time, my lad; I can't show you everything at once," answered the old man.

"But where did you get them all, Captain Hardy?"

"As for that, I picked them up all about the world, and I could tell a story about every one of them."

"O, is n't that splendid?—won't you tell us now?" inquired William.

"And knock off telling you what the Dear and myself were doing up there by the North Pole on that island without a name?"

William was a little puzzled to know what reply he should make to that, for he thought the Captain looked as if he did not half like what he had said; so he satisfied himself with exclaiming, "No, no, no," a great number of times, and then asked, "But won't you tell us all about them when you get out of the North Pole scrape?"

"May be so, my lad, may be so; we'll see about that; one thing at a time is a good rule in story-telling as well as in other matters. And now you may look at all these things, and when you are satisfied, and I have got done putting them to rights, we'll go spinning on our yarn again."

The children were greatly delighted with everything they saw, and they passed a very happy hour, helping the Captain to put his cabin in "ship-shape order," as he said. Then they all crowded up into one corner, and the Captain, seated on an old camp-stool, which had evidently seen much service in divers places, came back once more to his story.

“And now,” said he, “what was I doing when we knocked off the other day, after the storm?”

William, whose memory was always as good as his words were ready, said the Captain was “just going to sleep.”

“True, that’s the thing; and I went to sleep and slept bravely, I can tell you. And this you may well enough believe when you bear in mind how much I had passed through since the last sleep I had on board the ship,—for since then had come the shipwreck, the saving of the Dean and carrying him ashore, the walk around the island, besides all the anxiety and worryment of mind in consequence of my own unhappy situation and the Dean’s uncertain fate.

“More than twenty-four hours had elapsed since the shipwreck, and if I slept full twelve hours, without once waking up, you must not be in the least surprised. When I opened my eyes again, we were in the shadow of the cliffs once more; that is, the sun had gone around to the north again. The Dean was already wide awake. When I asked him how he was, he said he felt much better, only his head still pained him greatly, and he was very thirsty and hungry.

“I got up immediately and assisted the Dean to rise. He was a little dizzy at first, but after sitting down for a few minutes on a rock he recovered himself. Then I brought him some water in an egg-shell to drink. And then I gave him a raw egg, which he swallowed as if it had been the daintiest morsel in the world. ‘It’s lucky, isn’t it,’ said he, ‘that there are so many eggs about.’ After a moment I observed that he was laughing, which very much surprised me, as that would have been about the last thing that ever would have entered into my head to do. ‘Do you know,’ he inquired, ‘what a very ridiculous figure we are cutting. Look, we are all covered over with feathers. I have heard of people being tarred and feathered, but never heard of anything like this. Let’s pick each other.’

“Sure enough we were literally covered over with the down in which we had been sleeping, and when I saw what a jest the poor Dean, with his sore, dizzy head, made of the plight we were in, I forgot all my own troubles and joined in the sport which he was inclined to make of it. So we fell to work picking each other in good earnest, and were soon as clean of feathers as any other well-plucked geese. By this time the Dean’s clothes had become entirely dry; so each dressed himself in the clothes that belonged to him, and then started over to the nearest brook, where we bathed our hands and faces, drying them on an old bandanna handkerchief, which I was lucky enough to have in my pocket. I had to support the Dean a little as we went along, for he was very weak; but notwithstanding this his spirits were excellent, and when he saw, for the first time, the ducks fly up, he said, ‘What a great pair of fools they must take us for,—coming into such a place as this.’

“After we had refreshed ourselves at the brook and eaten some more eggs, we very naturally began to talk. I related to the Dean more particularly than I had done before the events of the shipwreck, and our escape, and

what I had discovered on the island, and then made some allusion to the prospect ahead of us. To my great surprise, the Dean was not apparently in the least cast down about it. In truth, he took it much more resignedly, and had a more hopeful eye to the future, than I had. 'If,' said he, 'it is God's will that we shall live, He will furnish us the means; if not, we can but die. I would n't mind it half so much, if my poor mother only knew what was become of me.' This reflection seemed to sadden him for a moment, and I thought I saw a tear in his eye; but he brightened up instantly as a great flock of ducks went whizzing overhead. 'Well,' exclaimed he, 'there seems to be no lack of something to eat here anyway, and we ought to manage to catch it somehow, and live until a ship comes along and takes us off.'

"The Dean took such a cheerful view of the future that we were soon chatting in a very lively way about everything that concerned our escape, and the fate of our unfortunate shipmates; and here I must have expatiated very largely upon the satisfaction which I took in rescuing the Dean, for the little fellow said: 'Well, I suppose I ought to thank you very much for saving me; but the truth is, all the agony of death being over with me when you pulled me out, the chief benefit falls on you, as you seem so much rejoiced about it; but I'll be grateful anyway, and show it by not troubling you any more, and by helping you all I can. See, I'm almost well. I feel better and better every minute, — only I'm sore here on the head where I got the crack.'

"To tell the truth, in thinking of other things, I had neglected, or rather quite forgotten, the Dean's wounded head; so now, my attention being called to it, I examined it very carefully, and found that it was nothing more than a bad bruise, with a cut near the centre of it about half an inch long. Having washed it carefully, I bound my bandanna handkerchief about it, and we once more came back to consider what we should do.

"Of course, the first thing we thought of and talked about was how we should go about starting a fire; next in importance to this was that we should have a place to shelter us. So far as concerned our food and drink, our immediate necessities were provided for, as we had the little rivulet close at hand, and any quantity of eggs to be had for the gathering, and we set about gathering a great number of them at once; for in a few days we thought it very likely that most of them would have little ducks in them, as, indeed, many of them had already. Another thing we settled upon was, that we would never both go to sleep at the same time, nor quit our present side of the island together; but one of us would be always on the look-out for a ship, as we both thought it possible that, since our ship had come that way, others would be very likely to, though neither of us had the remotest idea in the world as to where we were, any more than that we were on an island somewhere in the Arctic seas.

"But the fire which we wanted so much to warm ourselves and cook our food, — what should we do for that? Here was the great question; and fire, fire, fire, was the one leading idea running through both our heads; — we

thought of fire when we were gathering eggs, we talked of fire when, later in the day, we sat upon the rocks, resting ourselves, and we dreamed of fire when we fell asleep again, — not this time, however, under the eider-down where we had slept before, but on the green grass of the hillside in the warm sunshine, under my overcoat, for we had turned night into day, and were determined to sleep when the sun was shining on us at the south, and do what work we had to do when we were in the shade.

“Every method that either of us had ever heard of for making a fire was carefully discussed; but there was nothing that appeared to suit our case. I found a hard flint, and by striking it on the back of my knife-blade I saw that there was no difficulty in getting any number of sparks, but we had nothing that would catch the sparks when struck; so that we did not seem to be any better off than we were before; and, as I have stated already, we fell asleep again, each in his turn, — ‘watch and watch,’ as the Dean playfully called it, and as they have it on ship-board, — without having arrived at any other result than that of being a little discouraged.

“When we had been again refreshed with sleep, we determined to make a still further exploration of the island; so after once more eating our fill of raw eggs, we set out. The Dean, being still weak and his head still paining him very much from the hurt, remained at the look-out. He could, however, walk up and down for a few hundred yards without losing sight of that part of the sea from which quarter alone were we likely to discover a ship. This brought him up to where I had discovered the dead seal and narwhal lying on the beach, when upon my first journey round the island. I had told him about them, as indeed I had of everything I had seen, and he was curious to see if he could not catch a fox; but his fortune in that particular was not better than mine.

“For myself, I had a very profitable journey, as I found a place among the rocks which might, with a little labor in fixing it up, give us shelter. I was searching for a cave, but nothing of the sort could I come across; but at the head of a little valley, very near to where I left the Dean, I discovered a place that would, in some measure at least, answer the purpose of sheltering us. Its situation gave it the still further advantage, that we commanded a perfect view of the sea from the front of it.

“I have said that it was not exactly a cave, but rather an artificial tent, as it were, of solid rocks. At the foot of a very steep slope of rough rocks there were several large masses piled together, evidently having one day slid down from the cliffs above, and afterwards smaller rocks, being broken off, had piled up behind them. Two of these large rocks had come together in such a manner as to leave an open space between them. I should say this space was ten or twelve feet across at the bottom, and, rising up about ten feet high, joined at the top, like the roof of a house. The rocks were pressed against them behind, so as completely to close the outlet in that direction; and in front the entrance was half closed by another large rock, which was leaning diagonally across the opening. I climbed into this place, and was convinced that, if we had strength to close up the front entrance with a wall,

we should have a complete protection from the weather. But then when I reflected how, if we did seek shelter there, we should keep ourselves warm, I had great misgivings ; for there came up the great question of all questions, 'What were we to do for a fire?'

"Although this place was not a cave, yet I spoke to the Dean about it as such, and by that name we came to know it ; so I will now use the term, inappropriate though it is. I also told the Dean about some other birds that I had discovered, in great numbers. They were very small, and seemed to have their nests among the rocks all along the north side of the island, where they were swarming on the hillside, and flying overhead in even greater flocks than the ducks. I knew they were called little auks, from descriptions the sailors had given me of them.

"'But look here what I've got,' exclaimed the Dean, as soon as I came up with him. 'See this big duck!'



"The fellow had actually caught a duck, and in a most ingenious manner. Seeing the ducks fly off their nests, the happy idea struck him that, if he could only contrive a trap, or dead fall, he might catch them when they came back. So he selected a nest favorable to his design, and piled up some stones about it, making a solid wall on one side of it ; then he put a thin narrow stone on the other side, and on this he supported still another stone that was very heavy. Then he took from his pocket a piece of twine which he was fortunate enough to have, and tied one end of it to the thin narrow stone, and, holding on to the other end, hid himself behind some rocks near by. When the duck came back to her nest, he jerked the thin

narrow stone away by a strong pull on the twine string, and down came the big heavy stone upon her back. 'You should have heard the old thing quacking,' said he, evidently forgetting everything else but the sport of catching the bird: 'but I soon gave her neck a twist, and here we are ready for a dinner, when we only find a way to cook it. Have you discovered any way to make a fire yet?'

"I had to confess that on the subject of fire I was yet as ignorant as ever.

"Do you know,' continued he, 'that I have got a brilliant idea?'

"What's that?' said I.

"Why,' replied he, 'you told me something about people making fire with a lens made of glass. Now, as I was down on the beach and looked at the ice there, I thought, why not make a lens out of ice, — it is as clear as glass?'

"But,' said I, 'what will you set on fire with it?'

"In the first place,' he answered, 'the pockets of my coat are made of some sort of cotton stuff, and if we could only set fire to that, could n't we blow a blaze into the fire plant, as you call it. See, I've gathered a great heap of it.'" And sure enough he had, for there was a pile of it nearly as high as his head, looking like a great heap of dry and green leaves.

"The idea did not seem to me to be worth much, but still, as it was the only one that had been suggested by either of us, it was at least worthy of trial; so we went down to the beach, and, finding a lump of ice almost as big as my two fists, we began chipping it with my knife into the shape we wanted it, and then we ground it off with a stone, and then rubbed it over with our warm hands until we had worn it down perfectly smooth, and into the shape of a lens. This done, we held it up to the sun, relieving each other as our hands grew cold; but without any success whatever. We tried for a long time, and with much patience, until the ice became so much melted, that we could do nothing more with it, when we threw it away, and the experiment was abandoned as hopeless.

"Our disappointment at this failure was in proportion to our hopes. The Dean felt it most, for he was, at the very outset, perfectly confident of success. Neither of us, however, wished to own how much we felt the failure, so we spoke very little more together, but made, almost in silence, another meal off the raw eggs, and being now quite worn out and weary with the labors and anxieties of the day, we passed the next twelve hours in watching and sleeping alternately in the bright sunshine, lying as before on the green grass, covered with the overcoat. We did not even dare hope for better fortune on the morrow. We had, however, made up our minds to struggle in the best manner we could against the difficulties which surrounded us, and mutually to sustain each other in the hard battle before us. Whether we should live or die was known but to God alone, and to his gracious protection we once more commended ourselves; the Dean repeating, and teaching me a prayer which he had learned, as was very evident, from a pious and careful mother, who had brought him up in the fear of Heaven, and taught him, at a very early age, to have faith in God's endless watchfulness.

“And now, my children,” concluded the Captain, “I have some work to do in my garden, to-day, so we must cut our story short this time. When you come to-morrow, I will tell you what next we did towards raising a fire, besides many other things for our safety and comfort.”

And now the party scattered from the “cabin,” — the Captain to his work, and the children to play for a while with the Captain’s dogs, Port and Starboard, out among the trees, and to talk with Main Brace, whom they found to be the most singular boy they had ever seen ; after which they went to the Captain to say “Good evening” to him, and then ran briskly home, — William eager to write down what he had heard, while it was yet fresh on his mind, and all of them to relate to their parents, over and over again, what this wonderful old man had been telling them, and what a dear old soul he was.

Isaac I. Hayes.



THE PACHA'S SON.

[EGYPT.]

FOURTEEN years ago, I spent a winter in Africa. I had intended to go up the Nile only as far as Nubia, visiting the great temples and tombs of Thebes on the way ; but when I had done all this, and passed beyond the cataracts at the southern boundary of Egypt, I found the journey so agreeable, so full of interest, and attended with so much less danger than I had supposed, that I determined to go on for a month or two longer, and penetrate as far as possible into the interior. Everything was favorable to my plan. I crossed the great Nubian Desert without accident or adventure, reached the ancient region of Ethiopia, and continued my journey until I had passed beyond all the cataracts of the Nile, to the point where the two great branches of the river flow together.

This point, which you will find on your maps in the country called Sennaar, bordering Abyssinia on the northwestern side, has become very important within the last twenty or thirty years. The Egyptians, after conquering the country, established there their seat of government for all that part of Africa, and very soon a large and busy town arose where formerly there had only been a few mud huts of the natives. The town is called Khartoum, and I suppose it must contain, by this time, forty or fifty thousand inhabitants. It is built on a sandy plain, studded here and there with clumps of thorny trees. On the east side the Blue Nile, the source of which was discovered by the Scotch traveller Bruce, in the last century, comes down clear and swift from the mountains of Abyssinia ; on the west, the broad, shallow, muddy current of the White Nile, which rises in the great lakes discovered by

Speke and Baker within the last five years, makes its appearance. The two rivers meet just below the town, and flow as a single stream to the Mediterranean, a distance of fifteen hundred miles.

Formerly all this part of Africa was considered very wild, barbarous, and dangerous to the traveller. But since it has been brought under the rule of the Egyptian government, the people have been forced to respect the lives and property of strangers, and travelling has become comparatively safe. I soon grew so accustomed to the ways of the inhabitants, that by the time I reached Khartoum I felt quite at home among them. My experience had already taught me that, where a traveller is badly treated, it is generally his own fault. You must not despise a people because they are ignorant, because their habits are different, or because they sometimes annoy you by a natural curiosity. I found that by acting in a kind yet firm manner towards them, and preserving my patience and good-nature, even when it was tried by their slow and careless ways, I avoided all trouble, and even acquired their friendly good-will.

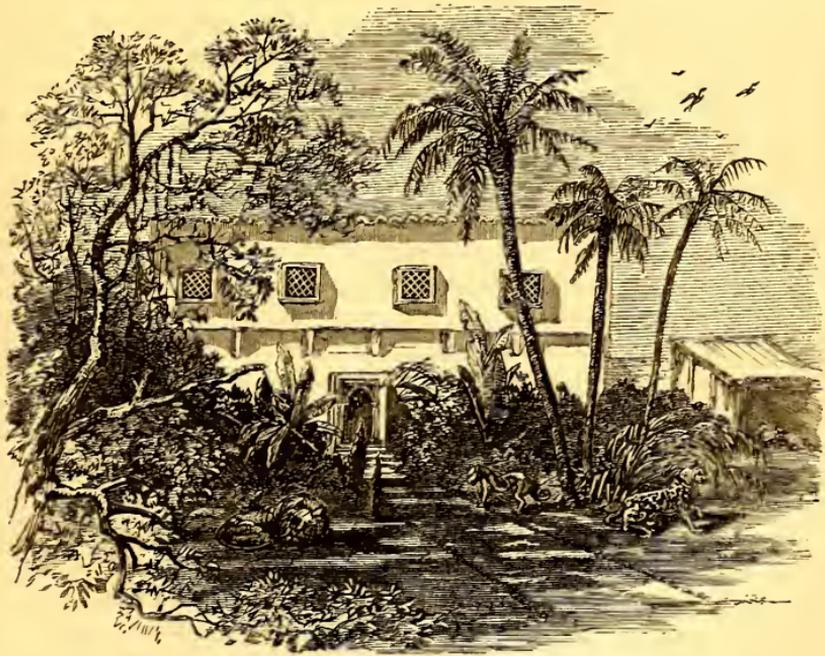
When I reached Khartoum, the Austrian Consul invited me to his house ; and there I spent three or four weeks, in that strange town, making acquaintance with the Egyptian officers, the chiefs of the desert tribes, and the former kings of the different countries of Ethiopia. When I left my boat, on arriving, and walked through the narrow streets of Khartoum, between mud walls, very few of which were even whitewashed, I thought it a miserable place, and began to look out for some garden where I might pitch my tent, rather than live in one of those dirty-looking habitations. The wall around the Consul's house was of mud like the others ; but when I entered I found clean, handsome rooms, which furnished delightful shade and coolness during the heat of the day. The roof was of palm-logs, covered with mud, which the sun baked into a hard mass, so that the house was in reality as good as a brick dwelling. It was a great deal more comfortable than it appeared from the outside.

There were other features of the place, however, which it would be difficult to find anywhere except in Central Africa. After I had taken possession of my room, and eaten breakfast with my host, I went out to look at the garden. On each side of the steps leading down from the door sat two apes, who barked and snapped at me. The next thing I saw was a leopard tied to the trunk of an orange-tree. I did not dare to go within reach of his rope, although I afterwards became well acquainted with him. A little farther, there was a pen full of gazelles and an antelope with immense horns ; then two fierce, bristling hyenas ; and at last, under a shed beside the stable, a full-grown lioness, sleeping in the shade. I was greatly surprised when the Consul went up to her, lifted up her head, opened her jaws so as to show the shining white tusks, and finally sat down upon her back.

She accepted these familiarities so good-naturedly that I made bold to pat her head also. In a day or two we were great friends ; she would spring about with delight whenever she saw me, and would purr like a cat whenever I sat down upon her back. I spent an hour or two every day among

the animals, and found them all easy to tame except the hyenas, which would gladly have bitten me if I had allowed them a chance. The leopard, one day, bit me slightly in the hand; but I punished him by pouring several buckets of water over him, and he was always very amiable after that. The beautiful little gazelles would cluster around me, thrusting up their noses into my hand, and saying, "*Wow! wow!*" as plainly as I write it. But none of these animals attracted me so much as the big lioness. She was always good-humored, though occasionally so lazy that she would not even open her eyes when I sat down on her shoulder. She would sometimes catch my foot in her paws as a kitten catches a ball, and try to make a plaything of it, — yet always without thrusting out her claws. Once she opened her mouth, and gently took one of my legs in her jaws for a moment; and the very next instant she put out her tongue and licked my hand. There seemed to be almost as much of the dog as of the cat in her nature. We all know, however, that there are differences of character among animals, as there are among men; and my favorite probably belonged to a virtuous and respectable family of lions.

The day after my arrival I went with the Consul to visit the Pacha, who lived in a large mud palace on the bank of the Blue Nile. He received us



very pleasantly, and invited us to take seats in the shady court-yard. Here there was a huge panther tied to one of the pillars, while a little lion, about eight months old, ran about perfectly loose. The Pacha called the latter, which came springing and frisking towards him. "Now," said he, "we will have some fun." He then made the lion lie down behind one of the pillars,

and called to one of the black boys to go across the court-yard on some errand. The lion lay quite still until the boy came opposite to the pillar, when he sprang out and after him. The boy ran, terribly frightened; but the lion reached him in five or six leaps, sprang upon his back and threw him down, and then went back to the pillar as if quite satisfied with his exploit. Although the boy was not hurt in the least, it seemed to me like a cruel piece of fun. The Pacha, nevertheless, laughed very heartily, and told us that he had himself trained the lion to frighten the boys.

Presently the little lion went away, and when we came to look for him, we found him lying on one of the tables in the kitchen of the palace, apparently very much interested in watching the cook. The latter told us that the animal sometimes took small pieces of meat, but seemed to know that it was not permitted, for he would run away afterwards in great haste. What I saw of lions during my residence in Khartoum satisfied me that they are not very difficult to tame,—only, as they belong to the cat family, no dependence can be placed on their continued good behavior.

Among the Egyptian officers in the city was a Pacha named Rufah, who had been banished from Egypt by the Viceroy. He was a man of considerable education and intelligence, and was very unhappy at being sent away from his home and family. The climate of Khartoum is very unhealthy, and this unfortunate Pacha had suffered greatly from fever. He was uncertain how long his exile would continue: he had been there already two years, and as all the letters directed to him passed through the hands of the officers of government, he was quite at a loss how to get any help from his friends. What he had done to cause his banishment, I could not ascertain; probably he did not know himself. There are no elections in those Eastern countries; the people have nothing to do with the choice of their own rulers. The latter are appointed by the Viceroy at his pleasure, and hold office only so long as he allows them. The envy or jealousy of one Pacha may lead to the ruin of another, without any fault on the part of the latter. Probably somebody else wanted Rufah Pacha's place, and slandered him to the Viceroy for the sake of getting him removed and exiled.

The unhappy man inspired my profound sympathy. Sometimes he would spend the evening with the Consul and myself, because he felt safe, in our presence, to complain of the tyranny under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian officers, he was very careful not to talk on the subject, lest they should report the fact to the government.

Being a foreigner and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Rufah Pacha. I did not speak the language well, I knew very little of the laws and regulations of the country, and, moreover, I intended simply to pass through Egypt on my return. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me. Although it was bright moonlight, we had a native servant with us, to carry a lantern. The Pacha ordered the servant to walk on in advance; and a turn of the narrow, crooked streets

soon hid him from our sight. Everything was quiet, except the rustling of the wind in the palm-trees which rose above the garden-walls.

"Now," said the Pacha, taking my hand, "now we can talk for a few minutes, without being overheard. I want you to do me a favor."

"Willingly," I answered, "if it is in my power."

"It will not give you much trouble," he said, "and may be of great service to me. I want you to take two letters to Egypt,—one to my son, who lives in the town of Tahtah, and one to Mr. Murray, the English Consul-General, whom you know. I cannot trust the Egyptian merchants, because, if these letters were opened and read, I might be kept here many years longer. If you deliver them safely, my friends will know how to assist me, and perhaps I may soon be allowed to return home."

I promised to deliver both letters with my own hands, and the Pacha parted from me in more cheerful spirits at the door of the Consul's house. After a few days I was ready to set out on the return journey; but, according to custom, I was first obliged to make farewell visits to all the officers of government. It was very easy to apprise Rufah Pacha beforehand of my intention, and he had no difficulty in slipping the letters into my hand without the action being observed by any one. I put them into my portfolio, with my own letters and papers, where they were entirely safe, and said nothing about the matter to any one in Khartoum.

Although I was glad to leave that wild town, with its burning climate, and retrace the long way back to Egypt, across the Desert and down the Nile, I felt very sorry at being obliged to take leave forever of all my pets. The little gazelles said, "*Wow! wow!*" in answer to my "Good by"; the hyenas howled and tried to bite, just as much as ever; but the dear old lioness I know would have been sorry if she could have understood that I was going. She frisked around me, licked my hand, and I took her great tawny head into my arms, and gave her a kiss. Since then I have never had a lion for a pet, and may never have one again. I must confess, I am sorry for it; for I still retain my love for lions (four-footed ones, I mean) to this day.

Well, it was a long journey, and I should have to write many days in order to describe it. I should have to tell of fierce sand-storms in the Desert; of resting in palm-groves near the old capital of Ethiopia; of plodding, day after day, through desolate landscapes, on the back of a camel, crossing stony ranges of mountains, to reach the Nile again, and then floating down with the current in an open boat. It was nearly two months before I could deliver the first of the Pacha's letters,—that which he had written to his son. The town of Tahtah is in Upper Egypt, near Siout; you will hardly find it on the maps. It stands on a little mound, several miles from the Nile, and is surrounded by the rich and beautiful plain which is every year overflowed by the river.

There was a head wind, and my boat could not proceed very fast; so I took my faithful servant, Achmet, and set out on foot, taking a path which led over the plain, between beautiful wheat-fields and orchards of lemon-trees.

In an hour or two we reached Tahtah, — a queer, dark old town, with high houses and narrow streets. The doors and balconies were of carved wood, and the windows were covered with lattices, so that no one could look in, although those inside could easily look out. There were a few sleepy merchants in the bazaar, smoking their pipes and enjoying the odors of cinnamon and dried roses which floated in the air.

After some little inquiry, I found Rufah Pacha's house, but was not admitted, because the Egyptian women are not allowed to receive the visits of strangers. There was a shaded entrance-hall, open to the street, where I was requested to sit, while the black serving-woman went to the school to bring the Pacha's son. She first borrowed a pipe from one of the merchants in the bazaar, and brought it to me. Achmet and I sat there, while the people of the town, who had heard that we came from Khartoum and knew the Pacha, gathered around to ask questions.

They were all very polite and friendly, and seemed as glad to hear about the Pacha as if they belonged to his family. In a quarter of an hour the woman came back, followed by the Pacha's son and the schoolmaster, who had dismissed his school in order to hear the news. The boy was about eleven years old, but tall of his age. He had a fair face, and large, dark eyes, and smiled pleasantly when he saw me. If I had not known something of the customs of the people, I should have given him my hand, perhaps drawn him between my knees, put an arm around his waist, and talked familiarly; but I thought it best to wait and see how he would behave towards me.

He first made me a graceful salutation, just as a man would have done, then took my hand and gently touched it to his heart, lips, and forehead, after which he took his seat on the high divan, or bench, by my side. Here he again made a salutation, clapped his hands thrice, to summon the woman, and ordered coffee to be brought.

"Is your Excellency in good health?" he asked.

"Very well, praised be Allah!" I answered.

"Has your Excellency any commands for me? You have but to speak; you shall be obeyed."

"You are very kind," said I; "but I have need of nothing. I bring you greetings from the Pacha, your father, and this letter, which I promised him to deliver into your own hands."

Thereupon I handed him the letter, which he laid to his heart and lips before opening. As he found it a little difficult to read, he summoned the schoolmaster, and they read it together in a whisper.

In the mean time coffee was served in little cups, and a very handsome pipe was brought by somebody for my use. After he had read the letter, the boy turned to me with his face a little flushed, and his eyes sparkling, and said, "Will your Excellency permit me to ask whether you have another letter?"

"Yes," I answered; "but it is not to be delivered here."

"It is right," said he. "When will you reach Cairo?"

“That depends on the wind ; but I hope in seven days from now.

The boy again whispered to the schoolmaster, but presently they both nodded, as if satisfied, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Some sherbet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored with rose-water) and pomegranates were then brought to me, and the boy asked whether I would not honor him by remaining during the rest of the day. If I had not seen his face, I should have supposed that I was visiting a man, — so dignified and self-possessed and graceful was the little fellow. The people looked on as if they were quite accustomed to such mature manners in children. I was obliged to use as much ceremony with the child as if he had been the governor of the town. But he interested me, nevertheless, and I felt curious to know the subject of his consultation with the schoolmaster. I was sure they were forming some plan to have the Pacha recalled from exile.

After two or three hours I left, in order to overtake my boat, which was slowly working its way down the Nile. The boy arose, and walked by my side to the end of the town, the other people following behind us. When we came out upon the plain, he took leave of me with the same salutations, and the words, “May God grant your Excellency a prosperous journey !”

“May God grant it !” I responded ; and then all the people repeated, “May God grant it !”

The whole interview seemed to me like a scene out of the “Arabian Nights.” To me it was a pretty, picturesque experience, which cannot be forgotten : to the people, no doubt, it was an every-day matter.

When I reached Cairo, I delivered the other letter, and in a fortnight afterwards left Egypt ; so that I could not ascertain, at the time, whether anything had been done to forward the Pacha's hopes. Some months afterwards, however, I read in a European newspaper, quite accidentally, that Rufah Pacha had returned to Egypt from Khartoum. I was delighted with the news ; and I shall always believe, and insist upon it, that the Pacha's wise and dignified little son had a hand in bringing about the fortunate result.

Bayard Taylor.



MISS EMILY PROUDIE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

WELL, my dear girls, who read this story, I want now just to ask you, seriously and soberly, which you would rather be, as far as our story has gone on,—little Miss Pussy Willow, or little Miss Emily Proudie.

Emily had, to be sure, twice or three times as much of all the nice things you ever heard of to make a girl happy as little Pussy Willow; she had more money, a larger and more beautiful house, more elegant clothes, more brilliant jewelry,—and yet of what use were these so long as she did not enjoy them?

And why did n't she enjoy them? My dear little girl, can you ever remember, on a Christmas or Thanksgiving day, eating so much candy, ice-cream, and other matters of that nature, that your mouth had a bitter taste in it, and you loathed the very sight of cake or preserves, or anything sweet? What earthly good did it do, when you felt in that way, for you to be seated at a table glittering with candy pyramids? You could not look at them without disgust.

Now all Emily's life had been a candy pyramid. Ever since she was a little girl, her eyes had been dazzled, and her hands filled, with every pretty thing that father, mother, aunts, uncles, and grandmothers could get for her, so that she was all her time kept in this state of weariness by having too much. Then everything had always been done for her, so that she had none of the pleasures which the good God meant us to have in the use of our own powers and faculties. Pussy Willow enjoyed a great deal more a doll that she made herself, carving it out of a bit of white wood, painting its face, putting in beads for eyes, and otherwise bringing it into shape, than Emily did the whole army of her dolls, with all their splendid clothes. This was because our Heavenly Father made us so that we should find a pleasure in the exercise of the capacities he has given us.

So when the good fairies which I have told you about, who presided over Pussy's birth, gave her the gift of being pleased with all she had and with all she did, they knew what they were about, and they gave it to a girl that was going to grow up and take care of herself and others, and not to a girl that was going to grow up to have others always taking care of her.

But now here at sixteen are the two girls; and as they are sitting, this bright June morning, up in the barn-chamber, working and reading, I want you to look at them, and ask, What has Miss Emily gained by her luxurious life of wealth and ease, that Pussy Willow has not acquired in far greater perfection by her habits of self-helpfulness?

When the two girls stand up together, you may see that Pussy Willow is every whit as pretty and as genteel in her appearance as Emily. Because she has been an industrious country girl, and has always done the duty next her, you are not to suppose that she has grown up coarse and blowsy, or

that she has rough, red hands, or big feet. Her complexion, it is true, is a healthy one; her skin, instead of being waxy-white, like a dead japonica, has a delicate shade of pink in its whiteness, and her cheeks have the vivid color of the sweet-pea, bright and clear and delicate; and she looks out of her wide clear blue eyes with frankness and courage at everything. She is every whit as much a lady in person and manners and mind as if she had been brought up in wealth and luxury. Then as to education, Miss Emily soon found that in all real solid learning Pussy was far beyond her. A girl that is willing to walk two miles to school, summer and winter, for the sake of acquiring knowledge, is quite apt to study with energy. Pussy had gained her knowledge by using her own powers and faculties, studying, reading, thinking, asking questions. Emily had had her knowledge put into her, just as she had had her clothes made and put on her; she felt small interest in her studies, and the consequence was that she soon forgot them.

But this visit that she made in the country opened a new chapter in Emily's life. I told you, last month, that she had a new sensation when she was climbing down the ladder from the hay-mow. The sensation was that of using her own powers. She was actually so impressed with the superior energy of her little friend, that she felt as if she wanted to begin to do as she did; and, instead of being lifted like a cotton-bale, she put forth her own powers, and was surprised to find how nicely it felt.

The next day, after she had been driving about with Pussy in the old farm-wagon, and seeing her do all her errands, she said to her: "Do you know that I think that my principal disease hitherto has been laziness? I mean to get over it. I'm going to try and get up a little earlier every morning, and to do a little more every day, till at least I can take care of myself. I have determined that I won't always lie a dead weight on other people's hands. Let me go round with you, Pussy, and do every day just some little thing myself. I want to learn how you do everything as you do."

Of course, this good resolution could not be carried out in a day; but after Emily had been at the farm a month, you might have seen her, between five and six o'clock one beautiful morning, coming back with Pussy from the spring-house, where she had been helping to skim the cream, and a while after she actually sent home, to her mother's astonishment, some little pats of butter that she had churned herself.

Her mother was amazed, and ran and told Dr. Hardhack. "I wish you would caution her, Doctor; I'm sure she's over-exerting herself."

"Never fear, my dear madam; it's only that there's more iron getting into her blood,—that's all. Let her alone, or—tell her to do it more yet!"

"But, Doctor, may not the thing be carried too far?"

"For gentility, you mean? Don't you remember Marie Antoinette made butter, and Louis was a miller out at Marly? Poor souls! it was all the comfort they got out of their regal life, that sometimes they might be allowed to use their own hands and heads like common mortals."

Now Emily's mother did n't remember all this, for she was not a woman

of much reading ; but the Doctor was so positive that Emily was in the right way, that she rested in peace. Emily grew happier than ever she had been in her life. She and her young friend were inseparable ; they worked together, they read and studied together, they rode out together in the old farm-wagon. " I never felt so strong and well before," said Emily, " and I feel good for something."

There was in the neighborhood a poor young girl, who by a fall, years before, had been made a helpless cripple. Her mother was a hard-working woman, and often had to leave her daughter alone while she went out to scrub or wash to get money to support her. Pussy first took Emily to see this girl when she went to carry her some nice things which she had made for her. Emily became very much interested in the poor patient face and the gentle cheerfulness with which she bore her troubles.

" Now," she said, " every week I will make something and take to poor Susan ; it will be a motive for me to learn how to do things," — and so she did. Sometimes she carried to her a nice little print of yellow butter arranged with fresh green leaves ; sometimes it was a little mould of blanc-mange, and sometimes a jelly. She took to cutting and fitting and altering one of her own wrappers for Susan's use, and she found a pleasure in these new cares that astonished herself.

" You have no idea," she said, " how different life looks to me, now that I live a little for somebody besides myself. I had no idea that I could do so many things as I do, — it's such a surprise and pleasure to me to find that I can. Why have I always been such a fool as to suppose that I was happy in living such a lazy, useless life as I have lived ?"

Emily wrote these thoughts to her mother. Now her mother was not in the least used to thinking, and new thoughts made a troublesome buzzing in her brain ; so she carried her letters to Dr. Hardhack, and asked what he thought of them.

" Iron in her blood, my dear madam, — iron in her blood ! Just what she needs. She'll come home a strong, bouncing girl, I hope."

" O, shocking !" cried her mother.

" Yes, *bouncing*," said Dr. Hardhack, who had a perverse and contrary desire to shock fine ladies. " Why should n't she bounce ? A ball that won't bounce has no elasticity, and is good for nothing without a bat to bang it about. I shall give you back a live daughter in the fall instead of a half-dead one ; and I expect you'll all scream, and stop your ears, and run under beds with fright because you never saw a live girl before."

" Is n't Dr. Hardhack *so* original ?" said mamma to grandmamma.

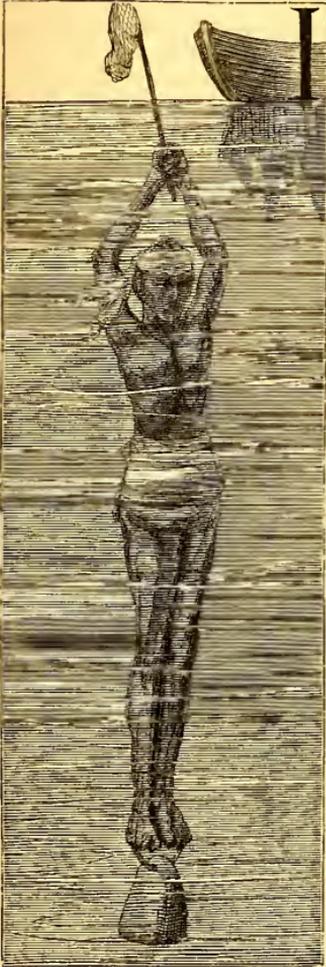
" But then, you know, he's all the fashion now," said grandmamma.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

VIII.

"FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND."



WAS sitting at the window reading, when Charley Sharpe came in with Round-the-World Joe.

"More useful knowledge, I'll bet," said Charley.

"Yes," said I, "and entertaining as well as instructive, — something nice for Joe about his Eden of islands in the Indian Ocean."

"Reel us off a turn or two," said Joe.

"Do what?" said I.

"Read it out."

"Oh! Why don't you speak polite English when you're ashore?" said I.

"Because fokesel lingo slips smoother, and coils snugger," said Joe; "you can stow more sense in a few fathoms of it, — not so much slack. But bear a hand, Georgey, and pay out your log."

"Busragon stretched along —"

"I know where that is," said Joe; "south-west side of Mindoro Straits."

"Busragon stretched along —"

"Who's preaching?" said Charley.

"Bayard Taylor," said I; "now hush! Busragon stretched along, point beyond point, for forty or fifty miles. The land rose with a long, gentle slope from the beaches of white sand, and in the distance stood the vapory peaks of high mountains. The air was deliciously mild and pure, the sea smooth as glass, and the sky as fair as if it had never

been darkened by a storm. Except the occasional gambols of the bonitos, or the sparkle of a flying-fish as he leaped into the sun, there was no sign of life on those beautiful waters."

"That," said Charley, "is what my Big Brother with the Literary Turn of Mind calls the Genial Style. All Style is either 'Genial' or 'Incisive.' 'The Genial Style,' says my Big Brother with the Literary Turn, 'may be described as —'"

"O, belay that!" said Joe; "you must take a fellow for a Young Man's Own Letter-Writer, or a Cooper Institute."

"Well, as this is not a Debating Society," said I, "Mr. Taylor and I will try it again."

"Toward noon the gentle southeast breeze died away, and we lay with motionless sails on the gleaming sea. The sun hung over the mast-head, and poured down a warm tropical languor, which seemed to melt the very marrow in one's bones. . . . The night was filled with the glory of the full moon, — a golden radiance, nearly as lustrous, and far more soft and balmy, than the light of day, — a mystic, enamored bridal of sea and sky."

"Ah-h-h-h!" said Charley.

"That's so!" said Joe, — both together.

"The breeze was so gentle as to be felt, and no more; the ship slid as silently through the water as if her keel were muffled in silk; and the sense of repose in motion was so sweet, so grateful to my travel-wearied senses, that I remained on deck until midnight, steeped in a bath of pure, indolent happiness."

"Now I know," said Charley, "where all the good travel-writers go to when they die, — where the wicked critics cease from troubling and the weary readers are at rest. But jump into your bath again, Georgey; don't mind me."

"Retreating behind one another, until they grew dim and soft as clouds on the horizon, and girdled by the most tranquil of oceans, these islands were real embodiments of the joyous fancy of the poet Tennyson in his dream of the Indies. Here, although the trader comes, and the flags of the nations of far continents sometimes droop in the motionless air, — here are still "the heavy-blossomed bowers and the heavy-fruited trees," "the summer isles of Eden in their purple spheres of sea.""

"Oh!" said Charley, "if I only owned an Old Man, and my Old Man only owned a Circumnavigator, I'd leave this weary world, where school forever keeps, and climb one of those heavy-fruited trees — with a basket."

But Joe said it was not all palms and banyans, heavy-blossomed bowers and heavy-fruited trees, in the Indian Ocean. Not far from the island of Cagayan, in the Sooloo Sea, there is a small, lonely coral bank, — a patch of glaring white sand, without tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, and surrounded by a belt of coral so steep that the Circumnavigator might have rubbed her sides against it, although no bottom could be reached with the hand-leads. The centre of this corpse of an island was stirring with an endless variety of sea-birds, from little naked, gaping, peeping chicks to the full-fledged screaming cocks and hens, that flapped and slapped the air overhead, and so boldly and obstinately disputed the landing of a boat's crew from the ship that Joe and Barney Binnacle and Toby had to knock them down with sticks by the dozen. On this grim and dismal coral strand, with no requiem but the roar of Old Ocean, and no visitors more gentle than those savage sea-birds, was the solitary grave of a Mussulman, with its *turban*, the symbol that marks the last resting-place of every follower of the "Prophet," rudely

carved from a block of wood. Joe thinks it would be hard for even the most pious Mohammedan, standing by such a grave in such a place, to "envy the quiet dead," as his Koran advises, and exclaim, "Would to God I were in thy place!" But for a true Mussulman any grave is better than the bottom of the sea, because, as Washington Irving says, they believe that the souls of the Faithful hover in a state of seraphic tranquillity near their own tombs.

But, of course, such barren banks are very rare and strange in the Indian Ocean, — almost all the islands, with their cones of never-fading green, "draped to the very edge of the waves, except where some retreating cove shows its beach of snow-white sand," looking, from the sea, like great emeralds set in silver; or the larger ones, with their woody valleys folded between the hills, and opening upon long slopes, "overgrown with the cocoa-palm, the mango, and many a strange and beautiful tree of the tropics; island after island fading from green to violet, and from violet to the dim, pale blue that finally blends with the sky," — showing like mounds of changing velvet that the giant genii of the sea have piled there to charm the fairies of the air.

Joe says, wherever the Circumnavigator came to anchor in this coral harbor, or off that bamboo village, the people put off from the shore, with great bustle, in their proas and canoes, and were soon alongside with fowls, quails, rice, yams, plantains, sweet pumpkins, and bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, oranges, pine-apples, the "stinking" but delicious dorian, the fragrant and more delicious mango, and the melting and most delicious mangosteen; besides a perfect Barnum's Museum of curiosities to satisfy the imaginations of the expectant young folks at home, — such as dwarf monkeys, golden paroquets, green pigeons, tufted doves, Java sparrows, and a great variety of curious and beautiful shells. All these were bought, not with dollars, but with glass beads, looking-glasses, gaudy handkerchiefs, pieces of red or blue cotton, bright brass buttons, lucifer matches, and empty bottles.

"At Samarang," said Joe, "on the north coast of Java, some of the fishermen had bird's-nests to sell."

"Do you mean the edible sort?" I inquired.

"The sort," suggested Charley, "that the Chinese make soup of when the Nanking Fire Department gives a dinner at the Celestial Hotel to the Peking Seventh Regiment?"

"Exactly," said Joe; "only when you trade for that kind, your buttons must be silver, and your bottles must be full."

"But, Joe," said I, "is it really a bird's-nest? And what is there in it to make soup of?"

"It is the nest of the sea-swallow," said Joe. "The Java traders call it the *lawit*, and on the Philippines it is the *salangane*, — a dark-gray bird, greenish on the back and bluish on the breast, and with a short, strong bill. There are two species; one smaller than a wren, the other double the size of a martin. They are found — both the large and the small — in swarms of countless thousands among the limestone caves of the Philippines, and in deep, sea-swashed, roaring caverns on the coasts of Java and Borneo. Ka-

rang Bollong (the 'Hollow Reefs'), on the south coast of Java, is famous for them.

"From coral rocks and stones on the sea-shore, these birds gather and swallow fish-spawn, glutinous weeds, and jelly-like animals, such as are seen floating on every coast; and this mixture of vegetable and animal matter is digested in their stomachs into a transparent glue, slimy and very adhesive,—such slippery, sticky stuff, as you young land-lubbers find along the shore on stones that are alternately covered and left bare by the tide. The bird has the power of disgorging this glue at pleasure; and when it is ready to build its nest, it begins by expertly plastering with its trowel-like beak the walls of thundering caverns on the coast, and dreadful, sunless dungeons of awful depth, where it has its strange and dismal home. It is employed during two months in the preparation of the nest, which is bowl-shaped, about the size of a common coffee-cup, and composed of waxy-white or transparent shreds, like isinglass, cemented together by that stomach-glue; but from the time the eggs are laid until the young are fledged, it grows continually darker and dirtier. On the rocky walls, millions of these nests adhere together, in regular rows and tiers, without a break. In each nest two eggs are laid, and hatched in about a fortnight; and the chicks are found lying softly on feathers, which have evidently been shed for the purpose from the breasts of the parent-birds.

"The value of the nest to the Javanese, Malays, and Chinese engaged in gathering them depends on its age. The best are those which are newly made, and nearly transparent; those that contain eggs, and are darker and mixed with feathers, are of the medium quality; and those from which the young birds have flown, and which are defiled with food and dirt and streaked with blood, are classed as inferior; some of the nests are of coarser texture, originally, than others. When they are gathered, they are dried in the shade, assorted according to quality, and packed in wooden boxes, holding a *picul* each,—that is, about one hundred and thirty-three pounds. They are then shipped in the junks,—a fleet of which waits to receive them twice a year,—taken to China, and sold in the principal markets for from \$1,250 to \$4,500 per *picul*, according to quality; the very best fetch double their weight in silver, or about forty dollars a pound.

"The caverns in which the nests are gathered are dreadful pits and dungeons,—deep, dark, and dangerous. The caves of Karang Bollong open in the face of a sheer wall of rock five hundred feet to the top; from mouths twenty feet wide and thirty feet high, they expand within the rock until they attain the tremendous dimensions of one hundred and twenty feet in width and four hundred and fifty feet in height; and far, far back in their black recesses the waves of the Indian Ocean furiously dash and roar, as if struggling to break from those cells and tombs of midnight horror back to their dazzling noons and tender moonlight again."

["Well!" said Charley Sharpe. "Wishimaynever!"

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Well! Wishimaynever if he ain't trying his hand at Fine-Writing!"

Why, George Eager ! I should n't have thought it of you. If that 's what you 've come to, you 'd better resign, and let my Big Brother with the Literary Turn edit us. Joe did n't say it that way, and the Young Folks will know it.

"O, that 's all right, Charley !" said Joe ; "let let him show his colors and fire a gun when he runs into Port Hyfalutin. What 's the use of being a Celebrated Author if you don't spread yourself now and then ? Proceed with the pretty talk, Georgy."]

"The rows and tiers of nests in the caves are found at different depths, from fifty to five hundred feet ; and the nest-gatherers, who are trained to their dreadful trade almost from infancy, descend to them by means of ladders of bamboo and reed, or of rope, when the depth is alarming. Down, down, down, — utterly out of sight and almost out of hearing from above, the foolhardy fowler gropes by the light of a torch through the pitchy darkness for his prize, — now clinging desperately to his slender ladder, now feeling with his cunning toes for a foothold on the dripping, slippery ledges, whence a single false step would plunge him into the greedy, fretting surf, or impale him on the spear-like spires of rock. Sometimes he drops his torch ! and as it flashes down some devil's-spout, and hisses in the boiling pot below, he can only crouch and tremble."

[Joe says he dropped *his* torch once, in an idol-cave in Burmah ; and though it still makes him shiver to think of it, he 'll try to tell the Young Folks the story, when he comes to it in the regular course of his travels.]

"The gatherings take place in April, August, and December ; and as each expedition, so romantic in its peril, is an exciting event, — especially to the women whose husbands or lovers are to descend into the caves, — its departure is celebrated with strange ceremonies and stirring sports. A *bimbang*, or feast, is spread ; and there are *wayangs*, or games in mask. The flesh of buffaloes and goats is distributed among the guests, and a pretty young Javanese girl, dressed in fantastic costume, represents an imaginary patroness, named Nyai Ratu Kidul, 'the Lady-Queen of the South,' to whom offerings are made, and her favor and aid invoked. There is an understanding, that, without her approval, the expedition cannot proceed, and that the 'nesting parties' must not move until she has given the word. But as the leaders of the expedition are always the judges of the omens, and have the appointment of the season, the Lady-Queen takes her cue from them, and is sure to give the required signal at the right time."

"And all this trouble, expense, danger, and superstitious tomfoolery," said Charley, "serves no better purpose than to help a lot of Chinese swells and office-holders to have a curiosity for dinner. Did you ever taste bird's-nest soup, Joe ?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"What did it taste like ?"

"An editor's paste-pot, warmed up."

"Trepang," said I, — "that 's another queer thing that the Chinese make soup of. What 's Trepang, Joe ?"

“Trepang?” said Joe, — “tre-pang? O, that ’s the sea-cucumber: *bêche de mer*, the Frenchmen call it, — the sea-spade.”

“Do you mean a real cucumber, that grows in the sea?”

“O, no! It’s an animal, — rather more so than the sponge, for it gives signs of sensation.”

“Then why do you call it a cucumber?”

“Because, although there are several species, they generally resemble a cucumber in form. They are very curious creatures, — usually about eight or nine inches long, and one inch thick; but sometimes they are found two feet long and eight inches round the middle. In the water the sea-cucumber displays its full length; but if you touch it, it suddenly contracts and thickens, like a leech, so as to completely alter its shape and appearance. But, long or short, thick or thin, it is always an ugly dirty-brown thing, — hard, stiff, and with scarcely a sign of animal life; though at one end of its body it has a mouth with shelly teeth, set in a circle, and surrounded by many feathered tentacles, or feelers.”

Charley said he had read about it in Gosse’s “Ocean.”

“The sea-cucumber is found in shallow waters, on coral reefs, or in those lovely, calm lagoons, that shine like looking-glasses just inside the breakers, — sometimes exposed on the bare rocks, sometimes half buried in the coral-sand, its tentacles floating on the surface of the water. The natives often capture the larger kinds by spearing them on the rocks; but the usual mode of taking them is by diving, where the water is four or five fathoms deep, and gathering them by hand, as the pearl-oyster is taken. A good diver will bring up a dozen at a time.

“To prepare them for market, they are split down one side, boiled, and pressed flat with stones; then, stretched on bamboo slips, they are dried in the sun, and afterwards smoked; and so they are shipped aboard junks, and sent to China, to tickle the whimsical palates of dainty prefects and epicurean mandarins. And you may imagine how fond of trepang soup those luxurious fellows are, when I tell you, that although the finest sea-cucumbers sell in Fuchow and Nanchang for about a dollar and a half a pound, fleets of from sixty to a hundred proas, carrying from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, leave Macassar in company to gather them.”

Joe says that of all the curious and beautiful forms of animal life that float or sail or row on the surface of the Indian Ocean, covering the sea for miles in all directions, the most curious and beautiful are the Violet Janthine, the Portuguese Man-of-War, the Sallee-man, and the Glass-Shells.

The Janthine is a snail with a shell which in form and size resembles the little house that the common garden snail carries on its back; but its color is pearly-white above, and violet beneath. It is provided with a curious oblong “float,” about an inch in length, composed of a delicate white membrane, inflated, and puckered on the surface into small bladders or bubbles; and supported by this the Janthine floats on the convex side of its shell. Three or four drops of a blue liquid are always found in its body; and some naturalists have imagined that the use of this is to

conceal the pretty little creature, when danger threatens it, by imparting to the water around it a color like its own. But this can hardly be so, since the whole quantity found in even the largest Janthine is barely enough to stain half a pint of water. In the spawning season, the eggs of this sea-snail are hung by pearly threads under the float; yet these tiny bladders are found in great numbers, separate from the mother, but with the eggs attached; so the Janthine must have the power of casting off its float, and forming a new one, — leaving its eggs, and probably its young also, to be warmed and cradled on the billows, in the heat and light of the sun.

Then there are those exquisitely lovely and fragile “Glass-Shells,” — little living row-boats, the bustling shallops of invisible sea-fairies, like the mussel-shell the poet Drake describes in his charming story of “The Culprit Fay”: —

“She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in;
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within.
A sculler’s notch on the stern he made;
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm blue deep.”

The two prettiest of these are the *Hyalea* and the *Cleodora*. Both have glassy, colorless shells, extremely delicate and brittle, with a pair of fins, or wings, which the elfin within uses as oars. In the dark the *Cleodora* is vividly luminous; its tiny glass lantern shining and bobbing on the top of a wave, like a fairy floating beacon for the Portuguese Men-of-War, and the Sallee-men, and its own consorts in the Glass-Shell fleet, to steer by.

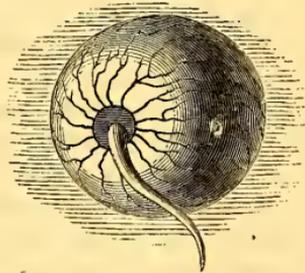
“Ah!” said Charley, “that’s what I want to know about, — the Portuguese Man-of-War. I read of it in all my ‘Voyages’ and ‘Adventures,’ but I never yet did clearly know whether it was a boat or a bug.”

“Like the Glass-Shell,” said Joe, “it is a living boat, only it carries sail instead of oars; and the Sallee-man is like it. Its build is very simple, — merely a bag of semi-transparent membrane, round at one end and sharp at the other, — that is the hull. Along one side of this bag it carries a puckered membrane, which it can spread wide, or take in, — that is the sail. From the other side hangs a thick fringe of blue tentacles, among which are a few that are crimson or purple, and very long, and with these tentacles it can sting severely any living thing that comes within its reach; small fishes, benumbed and helpless, are often found attached to it.”

Joe says a fleet of these Portuguese Men-of-War, some thousands of them together, as he has many a time seen them in the tropics, with their blue hulls, and pink-edged sails, all on a pygmy scale, bearing down before a tender, playful breeze on the long lazy-swelling slopes of sea, is just the prettiest and most engaging sight on all the world of waters. And of all the marvellous displays of God’s power that those behold who go down to the deep in ships, there is nothing so wondrous and so sweet as that tender Providence which keeps His little Men-of-War afloat and tight in seas where man’s big men-of-war go down like stones.

Joe says that, on a clear moonless night, when the Circumnavigator has been dancing over the water gayly, he has seen the Indian Ocean all ablaze, ahead and astern, to windward and to leeward, with countless billions of luminous microscopical creatures, the makings without end of Him who made Leviathan and Mastodon, and cares for all alike, — lines of light, belts of light, globes of light, flakes of light, spangles and sparks of light, churned and curdled milky-ways of light, mists and clouds of light, whirls and eddies of light, spouts and waterfalls of light, flashes and steady glows of light, meteors and auroras of light, ripples and billows and long swells of light, fountains and wheels and whirligigs of light, tapers and calcium-lights of light, glow-worms and planets of light, lamps and laboratories of light, sweet smiles and fierce troubles of light, light white and sharp, light yellow and dull, light blue and vivid, light red and dead. For God has sown the sea thick with luminous life, — the darting *Cyclop*, the whirling *Medusa*, the sparkling *Entomostraca*, the globular *Noctiluca*,* the glowing *Cephalus* (the sun-fish), the ghostly *Heterotis*, the ghostly *Squalus fulgens*. And to all these He has said, Let there be Light! And there is Light, compared with which the Pope's illumination of St. Peter's at Easter is a mere lucifer-match.

George Eager.



MORE ABOUT SWIMMING AND SALT WATER.

NEXT to the fishes and amphibious quadrupeds as swimmers come the aquatic or water birds. In some respects the latter beat the best of the amphibious quadrupeds. They can swim faster, though they cannot as divers stay under water as long as the otter, the beaver, the hippopotamus, and the alligator. The quadrupeds that are not amphibious are all inferior to the aquatic birds as swimmers. In the water they are almost wholly immersed, and if they can keep their heads up, it is about all they can do. On the other hand, the *floatage* of the birds is great. They swim on, rather than in, the water, and skim over its surface at a rapid rate. Their feathers

* A picture of the *Noctiluca*, greatly magnified, follows this article.

serve to buoy them up in some measure, and the hollow structure of their bones is another aid. But the principal thing is the *make* of the bird. The next time you have duck for dinner (and a most savory thing roast duck is), observe the shape of the breast. It is nearly flat, and beautifully moulded, not sharp, and deeply let down, as the breasts of turkeys and barn-door fowls are.

The duck is not a favorite of the poets. I only know of one who alludes to it; and he, in describing the graceful measure of a fat young lady in a dance, says that she circled about "like a duck round a daisy." But I know of nothing more easy and graceful than a duck on a fine sheet of water. It has passed into a proverb with the sailors, who say of a good ship in heavy weather, "She rides like a duck in a cove."

Very few, if any, of you young folks have seen the albatross, the largest of the great sea-birds. Off Cape Horn, and, indeed, all round the world in those southern latitudes, these noble birds are seen in immense numbers. They do not swim much, for their power on the wing is immense; but they must mostly sleep on the water, as they are found hundreds of miles from any known land. Besides, they are not making a passage towards the land, but circling and sweeping about "day after day, for food or play." And that reminds me that, in Coleridge's poem of "The Ancient Mariner," there is a mistake about the albatross. In speaking of the one he afterwards killed, the Mariner says, —

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog smoke-white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

No albatross would perch on mast or shroud. It is not a perching bird, but rests and sleeps upon the heaving waves. It is very broadly web-footed, and so made that it cannot rise and fly off from a flat, solid surface. Even in getting on the wing from the water, it paddles with its feet in the water, while giving quick strokes with its wings, for a considerable distance. But once fairly afloat between sea and sky, nothing can exceed the power and grandeur of its flight. We caught many of them during a passage to New South Wales. Some measured sixteen feet from tip to tip of wing, when extended. Our method was to rig a long line with a flat piece of pine board to float it out astern; and on this board there was a piece of fat pork on a good, stout fish-hook. This, being paid away astern, soon attracted the notice of an albatross, which would hover, take the bait, and settle on the water. When hooked, it was drawn up to the stern, hand over hand, and then lifted on board. I brought home the skull and bill of a very fine one. We tried the flesh of the albatross, but it was not as good eating as cutlets of shark. The latter is almost as good as some halibut.

The albatross carries hardly any flesh, except on the thighs; and this part seems to be nearly all sinew, and almost as hard as brass. No other bird that I know of goes so far out to sea for sport, except it be the stormy petrel. So you see that the albatross, which is the largest of the sea-birds, and the stormy petrel, which is the smallest, roam farthest over the ocean.

Before we quit this salt-water gossip, I must make another remark about sharks. Since I wrote in regard to them, and to men swimming in their haunts, the following report has come to my notice from Cork : —

“Captain Mitchell, of the American ship *Josephine*, just arrived in harbor, reports the fearful death of two of his crew, by being devoured by sharks while the vessel was lying at Rumados. He had been on shore, on the 26th of June, with two of his crew, purchasing some stores. Having transacted his business, Captain Mitchell took his boat, and, a fair wind blowing, he rigged sail. Having accomplished half the journey, accompanied by two seamen, a squall struck the boat ; and it was so severe that she was completely turned over, and sunk. Two barrels which had been in the boat were floating about, and Captain Mitchell directed his men to hold on by them till assistance came, while he himself seized the mast, about a foot of which projected above the water. The captain believes the men did as he told them, but in a few minutes after he heard their cries. On looking round, he found they had disappeared from the surface of the water, and in a minute he saw the water about where the men were become red, which left no doubt they had been eaten by sharks. The captain then prepared for the worst ; and at the time he gave up all chance of escape, as the waters in this place are actually infested with sharks. He lashed himself to the mast of the boat, and for thirteen hours remained in a state of fearful suspense. The accident to the boat occurred at four in the afternoon, and about two on the morning of the 27th, he found that his fears during the preceding ten hours were well grounded ; for when the day began to dawn, Captain Mitchell’s alarm may be imagined when he saw two immense sharks swimming about him, at an oar’s length, evidently watching an opportunity to plunge at him. With these two monsters of the deep watching over his person, Captain Mitchell remained in this perilous position for three hours longer. The captain, from mingled fear and exhaustion, was getting insensible, when, fortunately, about five o’clock, a lighter which was passing came to his assistance. The approach of the lighter frightened off the sharks, and Captain Mitchell was rescued from his awful position in a half-insensible state. He accounts for his preservation by the fact that a small portion of the sail was above the water, and the wind kept it continually waving and splashing the water, which, he says, kept the sharks from coming nearer to him than they did.”

Now, at first sight, it might seem to you that this contradicts what I have advanced ; but, if it is looked into, it will be found that it supports it. The Spaniard said, and I stated, that if a man was hanging to a boat or a spar he would be in great danger, and that, if a swimmer got frightened and lost action, the sharks would take him. In this case, the men were hanging to barrels. The two large sharks did not touch the captain in all that long night of thirteen hours, because of the flapping of the sail in the water. It appears by this that the Spaniard was quite right.

One thing to be remembered by young folks who go to swim is to keep out of a stream, current, or tideway. If you bathe in the sea or tidal waters,

choose the slack of the flood tide, which is when the water has attained its highest point, and has not yet begun to run ebb. If you bathe in a river, choose a still pool. I think as many are lost by getting into strong tides and currents as by being seized with cramp. When a swimmer is drowned, it is always set down to cramp; but I and several companions came very near going under once, and none of us had a bit of cramp in any shape. The way of it was this.

On a fine Sunday morning, in the lower part of the splendid harbor of Rio Janeiro, in Brazil, a lot of us stripped, and went overboard for a swim. We headed for the sea, and went gayly on, swimming swiftly and easily, and never considering nor knowing that there was a strong current running that way. I think we were half a mile from the ship when we went about, and then we soon found that we should never reach her by swimming against that current. There was but one thing for it, — to swim to some other vessel with the current. So we went about again, and put for a Yankee brig that was nearly ready for sea, and lay below. We reached her, but could not go on board because they were holding divine service, and all the Protestant ladies belonging to the American and British vessels in the harbor were under the awnings on her flush deck. So we just hung on to the chain-cables, and kept up a jolly splashing of the water to keep the sharks away. After some time, we attracted the attention of one of her men, and he brought us a boat from under the stern. In this we pulled off to our own ship.

A swimmer, suddenly turning against tide or current, and finding himself almost unable to stem it, is liable to be seized with a panic, and drown from fright.

I live at Astoria, and go down to New York every morning, and up in the afternoon or evening, on a steamboat. We generally take the east channel, between Blackwell's Island and Long Island. On the former there are some hundreds of prisoners, of course on the lookout for chances to escape. The tide runs very strong here to and from Long Island Sound and Hell Gate. Nevertheless, the convicts often swim across to the Long Island shore at Ravenswood; but then they either take the venture at the slack of the flood, high water, or at the slack of the ebb, low water. I once, however, saw a strong, bold swimmer go nearly across when the tide was running strong ebb. We discovered him soon after he left Blackwell's Island, and watched him from the upper deck as he battled manfully with the rushing tide. When he got into the centre of it, where it ran strongest, it seemed that he must go under; but he gallantly held his own. Then, nearing the Long Island shore, he was sorely tried and baffled by an eddy. And when he got through that, and was about to mount the sea-wall, he had been discovered by the keeper, and a boat had pushed off to recapture him. He could not escape, for it was broad daylight, and he was utterly exhausted by the swim across. He almost deserved his liberty for such an effort.

Another thing for you to remember is this, — you can float easier and higher in salt water than you can in fresh, but you cannot swim faster or farther. The greater density of the salt water enables you to float in it with

a buoyancy that is lacking in fresh water, but in swimming the greater density is an obstacle. Don't you know that, when your father makes a brine to pickle the pork, he keeps on putting salt to the water until an egg will float? That simple test will convince you that the heaviest ship in the world, the Great Eastern, must displace more fresh water, and sink deeper, if she could get into it, than she does in salt water. Now, where the convicts swim across from Blackwell's Island it is salt water, — the water of the ocean. It is called the East River, but improperly so. It is no river at all, but a strait between New York Bay and Long Island Sound.

Swimming in clothes is very difficult. I never tried it but once, and was then near coming to grief. It was when we lay in quarantine at Sydney, New South Wales, having had typhus-fever among the emigrants from the time we crossed the line. It was blowing a fresh breeze; there was some current, and a short, chopping sea. My cap blew overboard, and, without thought, I jumped over after it. I did well enough until I reached it, and then, turning about, I found that I made no headway with it in my hand. Therefore I took it in my teeth; but the sag of it, and the flannel shirt and trousers I had on, lowered my head so that the curl of every wave hit me in the face. I persevered for some time, and the second mate, seeing that I could not make progress, had a boat lowered, and I was picked up. The bathing-suits that are sold in the stores may do to bathe in, but they would not do to swim in. In the bathing that goes on at the fashionable watering-places, there is no such thing as swimming. You would no more learn to swim at Long Branch than you would learn to fly. As there is an undertow, — which is the undercurrent carrying out at the bottom the water rolled up by each billow, — an anchor is laid out in the surf, and from this a hawser leads to a stake driven in the beach. The bathers simply hold on to this hawser. Those farthest out towards the anchor are about up to their armpits; and many are not up to their knees in the water, except when a good big billow comes in with a sweep, and makes one exclaim,

“Roll o'er them, Ocean, in thy boisterous play!”

To enjoy a good swim at such places, it is necessary to go outside of the surf on the line of the coast, and then, stripping in the boat, go over and sound down, head first and eyes open, as a sperm-whale does.

In entering the water, it is best to pick out a deep place, and go in head first, with a good forward dive. Of course, you will have learned to swim before you plunge off a pier, a dock, or a bluff into tide-water, or the current of a river. You will not go very deep in your dive, for in practice it will be found harder to get down than it is to come up.

When the place chosen to jump from is a great height, and the water deep, you may go down feet first, with the arms folded across the breast, ready to be thrown out as you go down through the water. I have often jumped from the fore yard-arm in this way. The legs must be kept close together, and the body held stiff and straight. You should go down like a deep-sea lead, upright and rigid. A little swimming once a day is quite

enough. In our climate, bathing lowers the vitality, and it is thought by those who have studied the matter, that much bathing in cold water will induce consumption. Here, again, the warm salt water of the sea on the coast, or in the estuaries and mouths of rivers at flood-tide, is greatly to be preferred to fresh water. Salt water never gives cold. The sea air is a specific remedy for a chronic cough. But then this does not mean the sea-coast air, but the briny atmosphere which is found off soundings and far from the land. If salt water and sea fogs gave colds such as fresh water and land fogs do, sailors could hardly exist in some latitudes. The fishermen off Newfoundland, for example, are always in a fog, and nearly always wet; so are those of the British islands. Yet among ten thousand of them, a man will hardly be found with a cold or a cough while at sea.

I said at the outset that the old-fashioned method of action, like that of the frog, is the best. I am convinced that it is so. I have looked over a treatise on the upright or Italian method, invented by Bernardi, and cannot see that there is any use for it. The report of a commission, at Naples, on this subject, says: —

First. "It has been established by the experience of more than a hundred persons of different bodily constitutions, that the human body is lighter than water, and consequently will float by nature; but that the art of swimming must be acquired to render that privilege useful."

Secondly. "That Bernardi's system is new, in so far as it is founded on the principle of husbanding the strength, and rendering the power of recruiting it easy. The speed, according to the new method, is no doubt diminished; but security is much more important than speed; and the new plan is not exclusive of the old where occasions require great effort."

Thirdly. "That the new method is sooner learnt than the old, to the extent of advancing a pupil in one day as far as a month's instruction on the old plan."

We have here an old but rather useless fact, — that the human body is lighter than water. Nobody will learn to swim any sooner by knowing that from the experience of more than a hundred persons, because it is in the experience of millions that the human body, notwithstanding its lightness, always sinks and drowns in deep water, unless it has been taught to swim. Then, again, it is confessed that the speed is much diminished; but the claim is that a man can swim longer upright than he can on his breast and belly. Now, by swimming slowly, a man can swim a long time by the old method, provided the water is warm. Indeed, he can swim in that way a vast deal longer than it is proper for him to do. In regard to the last assertion, that a day at the new method will advance the pupil more than a month at the old, I can meet it with a positive denial. A boy or a man can be taught to be a good swimmer in a great deal less than a month by the old method. The Indians and all the savage races swim in the old method. The papposes are taught to swim when four years old, and in about three lessons they can do it.

Charles F. Foster.



GOOD OLD TIMES :

OR, GRANDFATHER'S STRUGGLE FOR A HOMESTEAD.

XII.

HUGH was now to reap as he had sown. The noble spirit he had manifested in taking care of the wounded savages brought its own reward. He improved his old fields, and cleared new, while others, confined to the fort for fear of the Indians, let their fields grow up to bushes, and cut scarcely any hay. The gratitude of the Indians had spared his cattle ; so he could work his land and haul masts. As England held the empire of the sea, the lumber ships were convoyed, or guarded, by men-of-war, and therefore he continued to lumber and gather stock.

At this period, James and Joseph, sons of Bryce McLellan of Portland, both fell in love with Abigail ; but she preferred Joseph. James was a cooper, very plain, but very pious. Joseph was a shipmaster, younger, handsome-built, red-cheeked, of exuberant spirits, as full of mischief and practical jokes as an egg is of meat, but free from vice, enterprising,



“Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.”

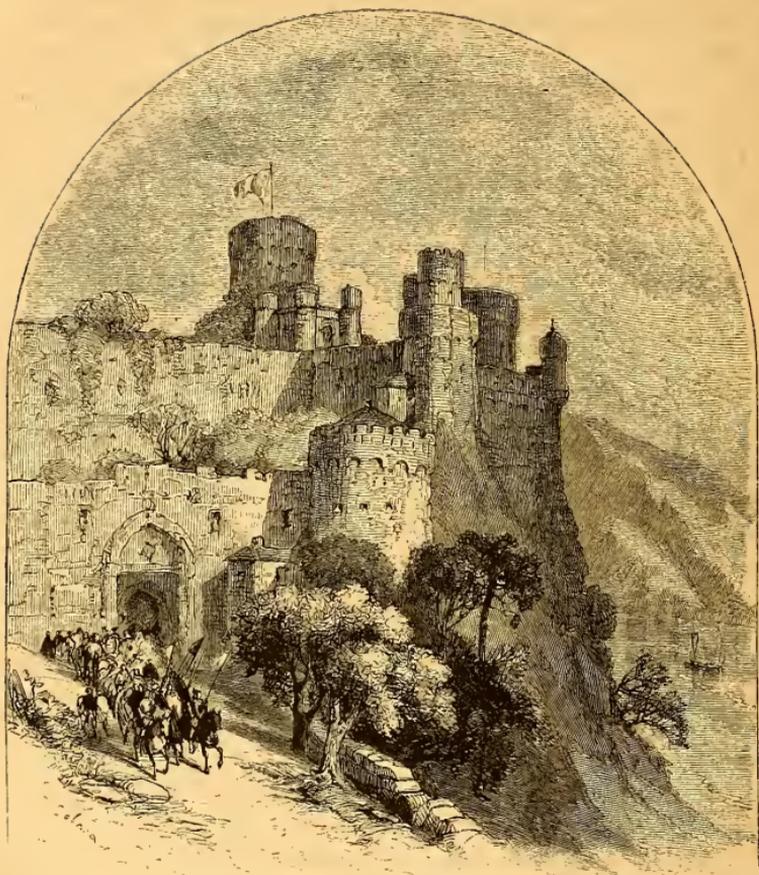


“We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.”



“The wise old Doctor went his round.”

*Drawings by HARRY FENN, from the New Illustrated Edition of SNOW-BOUND
by JOHN G. WHITTIER.*



THE BUGLE SONG.

DRAWN BY S. COLMAN, JR.

From the new illustrated "Red Line" Edition of Tennyson's Complete Poems.

and, as his after-life proved, knowing how to acquire property. It must be confessed that appearances were against Joseph.

Elizabeth considered it to be her duty to select husbands for her daughters. In so doing, she cared not a rush for the wealth of the candidate, but was rather influenced by moral character, and the possession of ability to earn a living. To use her own definition, "he was the most of a man that had the property in himself." Elizabeth knew what James was, — a God-fearing young man, who had a good trade, and would get a good living, and that was enough. As for Joseph, he might be very well, — she hoped he was, — no doubt he was so; but he was a sailor, — sailors had great temptations, — they were rolling stones, and did n't gather much. A woman who married a sailor had an anxious life.

Joseph and Abigail went blueberrying; he broke a gold ring in two, gave half to Abigail, and she hid it in her bosom. The next day he went to sea. Elizabeth sent for James to come up. When he came, she asked her daughter how she liked the man she had chosen for her husband.

"I don't like him at all, mother," said Abigail, "he 's old and he 's ugly. I won't have him."

"Tell me you won't have the man I have selected for you? Which knows best? You *shall* have him," and she boxed her ears.

Joseph came home, found Abigail married, and reproached Elizabeth in no measured terms. He then said, "I'll have Mary; she is younger, and she is handsomer."

"You cannot have Mary," was the reply; "I have destined her for another man."

"I *will* have her," said Joseph; then, turning to Mary, he asked her on the spot if she would have him, to which she replied in the affirmative.

Grannie Warren always told me (in confidence), when I sat at her knees in the chimney-corner, that Mary, our own grannie, was a true "chip of the old block"; and that her mother, not caring to push matters to extremities with her, made no farther opposition.

Abigail had been married in August; and Joseph, determined to make sure work of it this time, was married in September of the same year, 1756. Thus, amid the perils of the Indian war, Hugh and Elizabeth were marrying off their children, and getting property. Hugh even bought such lands as went for a very low price, because of the danger of occupation.

And now had come the 26th of September, 1759. Hugh and his family had just risen, when the quick gallop of a horse driven at full speed was heard; and the next moment the latch was violently pulled up, and in burst Captain Phinney. The Captain's manners were in general very grave and dignified, and he stood much upon ceremony; but on this morning his cocked hat was all awry, his face red with excitement, and his eyes were sparkling.

Catching off his hat, he waved it over the heads of the family, shouting at the top of his voice, "Quebec is captured! Montcalm killed! The

French whipped into shoe-strings! Canada is ours. Bless the Lord! No more Indian wars. Pull down the garrisons, work your farms, go logging, do what you like! God bless his Majesty, King of Great Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, — yes, and Canada! Hurrah!!!”

Out of breath, he sank into a chair, but with a look of inexpressible happiness. The cheer was instantly taken up, and repeated by the whole circle, from Hugh to Martha, the four-year-old.

“Stop and breakfast with us, Captain,” said Hugh, after he had heard the news.

“No, I thank you; I am too glad to eat.”

“Well, then, let us drink the King’s health.”

“With all my heart.”

It is utterly impossible for us to conceive the extravagant joy which pervaded New England when Canada was conquered. Those who for fourteen years had never labored in their fields, nor sat in the house of God without the musket beside them, nor ever gone to rest without feeling that they were liable to be waked by the war-whoop, could now rest and pursue their labors undisturbed. Old enmities were forgotten, and men hugged each other in the street for joy. In a few moments, the guns of the forts, and of the garrisons all around, and the batteries at Portland, together with the heavier broadsides of the men-of-war in the harbor, were heard celebrating the joyful event.

“It never rains but it pours.” The family were still sitting at the table, being delayed with listening to the good news. Indeed, Hugh was so transported with the tidings, that, for the first time in his life, he didn’t care whether he worked or not, when Jane, who was playing before the door, came in crying: “O mother! Uncle Joseph, Uncle James, and Aunt Mary are coming, with a man riding before them what’s got woman’s clothes on, and the funniest cap with two black feathers on it. He’s got something under his arm that looks like Uncle Bryce’s bellows, with four things sticking over his shoulder; and, mother! he’s putting the littlest one in his mouth.”

The parents had given attention only to the first portion of Jane’s news, as they instantly were engaged in consulting how worthily to entertain their unexpected guests.

“I’ve enough for breakfast,” said Elizabeth.

“I will kill a lamb before dinner; and there are chickens and eggs,” said Hugh.

Their deliberations were brought to a close by a shrill sound, that with its mighty volume seemed to fill the whole atmosphere.

“It sounds like the buzzing of a thousand swarms of bees,” said William.

“There comes the Bumblebee,” said Carey, as the strange noise took a deeper tone.

“It’s the drone of a bagpipe,” cried Hugh, the moment his ear caught the tone, “and it’s playing ‘Johnnie Cope.’ O wife,” said he, having by

this time reached the door, "it's our own bluid cousin, Archie Campbell, frae Argyle, wi' the pipes, and the kilt, a braw bonnet and plaid, our ain clan colors; and he's blowing away for dear life, God bless him!"

The whole family now rushed bareheaded from the house, and gathered around the guests.

"O Archie!" cried Elizabeth, flinging her arms around his neck the instant his foot was out of the stirrup, and kissing him on both cheeks again and again, — "that I should see my ain kindred, clean frae the braes of Loch Awe, at my ain door." Overcome by her feelings, she lifted up her voice and wept for joy.

No sooner was he released from the grasp of Elizabeth, than Hugh, taking both his hands in his own, said, in a voice that trembled with emotion: "It's a sight for sair e'en to look on your face, my auld companion; mony's the day we have played together, both in Scotland and in Ireland, when we went back and forth to each other's homes, — and how we used to lang for the times to come! But come into the house, all of ye."

"I ken'd ye had not forgotten the auld music o' your native land, and that 'Johnnie Cope' wad bring ye out like a swarm of bees," said Archie. "What a swarm there is of ye, lads and lasses! sae strang and hale, looking not a feckless loon among them, and yourselves looking sae hearty and young. If, as James has been telling me, ye hae seen hard times, it has thriven well with ye. Aweel, ye hae now a house of your own, and can plough your ain land, which ye could never have done at hame."

"But what brought ye here, Archie? You have not told us that."

"I came over with Frazer's Highlanders, — but belonged to the 58th, — to take Quebec; the transport our company was in was dismantled, and we put into Portland for repairs, and there we heard that the job was done. I got liberty till to-morrow noon, and I stumbled upon James in the street, and he brought me out here."

If ever there was heartfelt satisfaction upon earth, it was to be found that day in that log-house. They had an early supper, and the great fireplace was filled with wood to make the room look cheerful.

"Now, Archie," said Elizabeth, "we hae talked ower auld times, and asked, and ye hae answered, all the questions about the folks at home that we could think of, though I doubt not we shall think of as many mair when ye are gone. Now get your pipes, and let us have some of the auld songs."

"Weel," replied Archie, "I will begin wi' 'Johnnie Cope,' " and he instantly struck up the familiar tune, the words of which were these: —

"It was upon an afternoon,
 Sir John marched into Boston town,
 He says, 'My lads, come lean you down,
 And we'll fight the boys in the morning.'
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
 Or are ye sleeping, I would wit?
 O, haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat;
 O, fye, Cope, rise in the morning.

“ But when he saw the Highland lads,
 Wi’ tartan trews, and white cockades,
 Wi’ swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
 O, Johnnie took wings in the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.”

This was succeeded by the “Battle of Killiecrankie,” and many others. It is impossible to describe the effect produced upon the minds of his audience by this stormy music, which was connected in their associations with all that the heart holds dear on this side of the grave. The voice of tempests, the roar of a thousand torrents, the memories of many a green valley, and deep, clear lake sleeping among the hills, were recalled by its stirring notes.

As the songs went on, they rose from their seats, clasped each other’s hands, and with bending forms kept time to the music; but when Archie played the “Gathering of the Clans,” and the very rafters rang to these sounds, that had so often marshalled their kindred to victory or death, and wailed “savage and shrill” over so many bloody fields, their eyes filled with tears, and they wept and laughed by turns.

“Good old David danced before the ark,” said Elizabeth; “I don’t believe he was more rejoiced at the bringing in of the ark than I am at the outgoing of this weary war. Gie us a bonny spring, Archie; and I’ll see if these waeiful years have taken all the youth out of me.” She sprang upon the floor, and, being joined by Hugh, Joseph, and James, they did their best to execute a Highland fling. “There are not enough of us,” said she. “If there were just eight of us Highland folk, would n’t we do it now?”

“Is it not a strange thing,” said Archie, stopping to take breath, “that we Presbyterians of the auld Kirk, whose fathers fought against the Stewarts, and took the Solemn League and Covenant, should be so stirred up by their auld Papistical sangs?”

“They are our ain country sangs, for a’ that they have been the scout of the heathen,” said Hugh. “A Highlander’s heart will leap to the pipes till it is cold in the grave.”

“Did you hear what took place at Quebec?”

“No.”

“The auld fule of a general would not let the pipes play, and the Highlanders broke, and retreated in confusion. The Highland officer told the general he did vera wrang to take the pipes from the Highlanders, that these put life into them, and that even then they wad be of use. The general said, ‘Let them blow, in God’s name, then!’ The pipers sounded the charge, and the Highlanders, flinging off their plaids, rushed upon the French with their claymores, and drove them before them like sheep.”

“Now,” said Elizabeth, “that we have had our nonsense and our songs of bluidshed, let us have something better. Archie, I know that ye can sing as well as play; sing us ‘The Battle of the Boyne Water,’—it’s good enough to sing in kirk.”

Archie accordingly sang the auld song, which, although possessed of no poetical merit, was set to a good old tune, and commemorates a most impor-

tant event, and the singing of which to-day in most parts of Ireland would expose the singer to a broken head : —

“ July the first, in Oldbridge Town,
 There was a famous battle,
 Where many men lay on the ground,
 And cannons loud did rattle.
 King William said, ‘ I don’t deserve
 The name of Faith’s Defender,
 If I don’t venture life and limb
 To make a foe surrender.’
 A bullet from the Irish came,
 It grazed King William’s arm ;
 We thought his Majesty was slain,
 But it did him little harm.

“ ‘ Brave boys,’ he said, ‘ be not dismayed,
 For the loss of one commander ;
 For God will be our king this day,
 And I ’ll be general under.’
 Here let us all with heart and hand
 Unite forever after,
 And bless the glorious memory
 Of King William who crossed the water.”

Hugh was now able to take advantage of the changed condition of the times, and his progress was very rapid. He had a great number of masts on his own lands, and he bought all the land he could get. His great passion was for land; and he acted up to the spirit of Elizabeth’s maxim, “ We ’ll risk our scalps for land.” They had a fashion of keeping all their property together, and working together, which gave them a great advantage, as it furnished them with capital, and enabled them to undertake larger jobs. “ A good many littles make a mickle,” said Hugh to his children and relatives, who, with his brother James and his sons-in-law, made quite a numerous company. “ We will put it all in one pot, and boil it together, and then we shall have a pot full.”

Joseph carried lumber to the West Indies, and they built his vessel, and loaded her from their own forests. They bought timber lands, and small streams that they could dam with little expense, sawed out their own timber, hauled it with their own teams, and raised their own hay and cattle. Whenever any one married into the family, they all set to work to help him. In short, it was a Highland clan transplanted to the forests of Maine.

“ It’s time our William was married,” said Elizabeth. “ He has taken care of everybody else, — he ought to have some happiness himself.” She was not one who permitted her resolutions to evaporate in words. She instantly discovered that they had so much spinning to do, that she could not get along without a girl; where she should find a good one, the Lord only knew. At eight of the clock the next morning, she was in the saddle with a pillion behind it.

It would seem as if the Lord must have helped Elizabeth; for at four o’clock in the afternoon she came home, bringing with her a bouncing, corn-

fed girl, whom she introduced to the family as Miss Rebecca Huston. She said it was an excellent family, the Hustons, — good blood, none better, — and they were workers ; that she had never worked out, — would n't now, only to accommodate a neighbor.

In short, things worked to a charm. William and Rebecca milked together, and in due time they were married, on June 10, 1765. William bought a piece of land one mile south of Gorham Corner, — where were the old cellar and orchard to which reference was made in the first chapter. He added to this by subsequent purchase, till his homestead comprised seven hundred acres covered with a heavy growth of fine timber, and with a stream now called Week's Brook flowing through a portion of it.

It was an occasion of mingled feelings with his parents, when William was married. It was hard parting with him as a member of the household. He was born in the old country, and was a link between them and the home and friends of their youth. His grandparents had seen him, and held him in their arms. In stature and shape he strongly resembled Hugh's father ; and, as his parents looked upon him, it often brought the tears of old memories to their eyes. He had also borne the brunt of the battle with them, shoulder to shoulder, during the bitter years of poverty and the deadly perils of the Indian war. Then, too, he had been most trustworthy, even from boyhood, — if it could be said that he ever had any boyhood ; he had settled all the disputes of the younger children, and kept all around him in good-humor.

There was at that time no road from Gorham to Scarborough. William, his father, and his brothers, went into the dense forest, cleared a square of three acres, hauled out what timber they wanted for building, and burned the rest and planted the ground with corn. In the midst of this he put up his house and barn, September 15, 1763. As soon as one room was finished, he moved in. So thick was the forest at that time, and so completely was he buried in the woods, that he unyoked his oxen, and drove them in loose through the trees, rolled in the wheels of his cart, and carried the tongue and axletree on his shoulder.

He began housekeeping with himself and wife and four joiners, probably the smallest family he ever had, although without children of his own. He always liked to have many at the table and many at the fireside ; and the last thing before he went to bed, it was his custom to go out and look around to see if there was any benighted traveller in sight.

The year after his house was built, a road was cleared directly by it to Scarborough, and people began to haul lumber. He then placed a seat between two trees that stood beside the road for wayfarers and the teamsters, who always stopped to water their cattle at the hill, to rest upon. If half a dozen came along at dinner-time, they were always asked to eat. His wife was just like him in this respect ; if he liked to provide, she liked just as well to cook. She was as droll and keen of wit as her husband, and it was impossible to spend an evening there without many a hearty laugh.

The first meal they sat down to in their new house was supper. William provided abundantly, and charged his wife to fill both ovens.

"Why, William," replied she, "there are but six of us, and here is enough for twenty."

"Well, so there ought to be; this is the first meal in our new house, the first meal's victuals you ever cooked as my wife. Mother says you must have *lashings* the first meal, for just as sure as you have a little 'scrimped-up' mess, you will have it so all your life; but if you begin with enough, you will always have enough, and she knows. Perhaps, too, somebody may come in before we get through."

"I am sure I don't know where they should come from, except we invite in the crows,—we are not so near to neighbors; but if a dozen should come, there is enough."

They had scarcely begun to eat, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in!" shouted William. A singular-looking man made his appearance, in the remnants of a tattered uniform, who, after making a military salute, exclaimed, "God save all here!"

"Good day, friend; God's blessing hurts no man," said William. "Sit ye down, and eat with us," kicking a chair to the table with his foot, while Rebecca laid a plate. "Now, friend," said William, waving his hand over the table, "there are the victuals, and there" (pointing to the knife and fork) "are the tools; fall to and show yourself a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' It is just as free as water."

The meal being over, they drew together around the fire. Uncle Billy—as we shall now call him, as he had plenty of nephews and nieces,—besides, everybody loved him and called him so—then said to his guest, "What may be your name, friend? and whence do you come?"

"My name," said the stranger, "is Andrew McCulloch; they call me Sandie for short. I'll never deny my country,—I am Scotch born and bred."

"Scotland is a country no one need be ashamed of," replied Uncle Billy, "though she has good reason to be ashamed of many of her children."

"I'm thinking ye may come from Scotland yourself."

"From Ireland last, but our forbears were from Argyle. Have you been long in the Colonies?"

"Only three months; but I have been long from home, in all parts of the world. I have been a soldier."

"And have deserted?" said Uncle Billy.

Sandie made a gesture of assent.

"What will you do, and where will you put your head this winter, Sandie?" inquired his host. "If you fall into the hands of the king's officers you'll be shot."

"That is more than I know," replied Sandie.

"Can you chop, or hoe, or mow, or drive oxen?"

"No, but I suppose I might learn."

"And who's going to keep you and feed you, while you are of little or no use, and are learning?"

"I don't know; but I know one thing, and that is, I have suffered misery

enough coming through the woods from Canada. I have been almost starved to death, and I don't know why it was that I, who have taken so many other people's lives, did not end my misery by taking my own." His eyes filled at the recollection of his sufferings.

"Well, Sandie," said Uncle Billy, "you 'll be safer here in the forest than anywhere else. In the short days that are coming, you will be worth no more than your board and your tobacco,—which an old soldier can't live without, I suppose,—nor all of that, indeed. If you like to stay here, and mind the house and the barn, while I am in the woods, you can just stop where you are; you 'll be learning something to keep yourself with. In the spring, when the birds are singing and the travelling is good, you can take up your march, or, if you are agreeable then, I will give you wages. I keep all that will work, none that won't; but any way you will stop the night with us, and break your fast in the morning. It's my custom, and that of all our kin, to suffer no one to go away from the door hungry,—it would bring a curse on the roof-tree."

"May the good God, who guided me here, bless you!" said Sandie, quite overcome, in the fulness of his heart. "Surely, what I lack in knowledge I 'll make up in good-will";—and then, with the levity pertaining to a soldier, he put away all his troubles, and, taking "heart of grace," sang songs, told stories, and cracked jokes that made Uncle Billy laugh till he cried.

"I 'm glad we 've got somebody in the house," said Uncle Billy, looking complacently upon the company; "it is n't natural to me to live with only the wife and cat."

The old adage was abundantly verified in Uncle Billy's case; as he began housekeeping with a feast, so had he plenty all the way through. As he began with welcoming the wayfarer, so was he never without a retinue to eat his cheer, and warm themselves at his hearth. He fed every poor creature, and then set them to work.

There was good fruit in Cambridge, even at that day. When Uncle Billy was there, in Washington's army, he saved the seeds of all the apples he ate, and when he came home planted them, and lived to eat the fruit. The seeds, planted in the new soil, full of ashes, grew rapidly, and bear fruit still. That is where the old orchard came from.

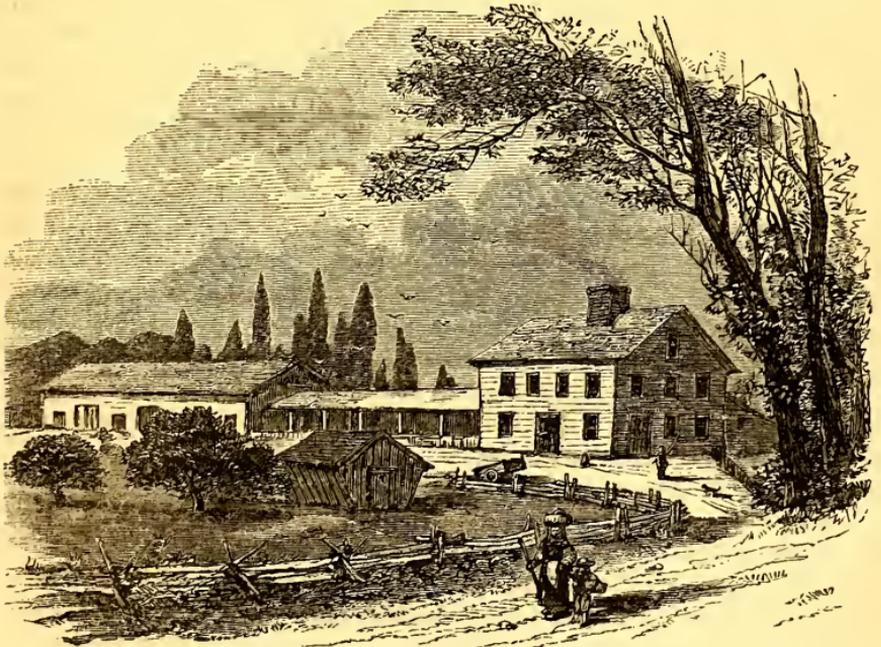
Among his domestics, in later days, were two original characters, Thomas Gustin and Mary Green. Tom was good-natured, lazy,—that is, as lazy as anybody could be where Uncle Billy was,—and a great eater. Mary was a good drudge, but had a long tongue, and would say what she had a mind to. Aunt 'Becca bought a cap that was of fashionable shape, and, being excessively proud of it, wore it a while every day to show it. Mary got one just like it, and, putting it on, sailed into the front room, and sat down beside her mistress. The old lady took off her own cap, flung it on the floor, and set her feet upon it. At this Mary exploded. "Madam McLellan!" said she, "I 'd have you to know that the Almighty made me as well as you, that he made us both out of the same clay, and that I have just as good a right to wear a nice cap as you have."

"Yes, Mary," replied Aunt 'Becca; "he did indeed make us out of the same clay, and out of the same clay the potter hath power to make a slop-jar or a china bowl."

Nothing could confuse Uncle Billy, nor could any accident prevent him from accomplishing his purpose. Sandie used to say, "You might as well draw a blister on Owen Runnel's wooden leg as to outwit Uncle Billy, for he could 'put a keel into a fly.'" For example, when they came to haul the big mast on the stump of which they turned the yoke of cattle, the strongest and best yoke of oxen they had split their yoke. The company supposed they must go home, and give it up for the day. Uncle Billy said, "No, it would never do for so many men and cattle to break off and go home." He guessed he could fix it.

"Fix it, Mr. McLellan!" said Daniel Mosier, "it's split from end to end."

They had no other tool than an axe. He cut down a straight-grained rock-maple, cut off it the proper length, and fitted it to the oxen's necks with the axe and a jack-knife. He then split it in two parts, and cut holes in each part to receive the bows, fastened the two parts together with beech withes, and drew wedges under them, chained the ring on, and wedged that, and then hauled the mast.



Uncle Billy's homestead consisted of a large two-story house, set endwise to the road, facing south, with a barn a hundred feet long connected with the house by a shed of the same length. At the northeast end was a row of Lombardy poplars. The approach to the front was by a lane, and the front

windows permitted a view of the orchard, at the western end of which was a row of cherry-trees. Here the good man lived, making all around him happy, and "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him." Here, too, he died, many years later, by decay of nature, at the age of eighty-one.

They owned in the family fifteen hundred acres of land, covered with a heavy growth of timber, and were in possession of large stocks of cattle and mills. Hugh paid the largest tax of any one in the town, and still lived in the old log-house. It was on a Thanksgiving, and the children were assembled at their father's table. "Mother," said William, "your family is too big for your house. If you have any more grandchildren, you must have a larger house, or we must eat Thanksgiving out of doors. Boys, what do you say to building the old folks a better house? If they won't take care of themselves, we must take care of them."

His words fell on willing ears, and were like sparks upon tow. "A house for father and mother!" was the unanimous cry.

"Well, my children," replied Hugh, his eyes glistening at this evidence of affection, "your mother and I have sometimes talked over the matter, but we have hated to leave the old spot, where we have had so many good and bad times, and where God has blessed us; besides, we always thought more of your comfort than of our own. We came to this country that our children might be better off than ourselves. Your mother has always said, when we have talked about it, that as we both belong to a race that had lands and lived in their stone houses, and as they turned her out of doors for marrying a poor man, and we now have more land than any of them, if she has a house, it shall be a brick one."

"I might as well out with it at once," said Elizabeth. "I should like to let my uncle that spit upon me, and trampled me under foot, and my dainty cousins who used to come down to the brook where I was bleaching linen, tossing their heads, and jeering, and pointing me out to the midshipmen and the young officers of the army that waited on them as their cousin who made a fool of herself, and married below her degree, with a *mechanic*, — though all they could bring against him was that he had neither their pride, their laziness, nor their vices, — I say I should like to let them know that the poor mechanic owns more land than ever they did, lives in a brick house, and is the bonniest Highland laddie that ever a lass was wedded to"; — and, sitting down in his lap, she put her arms around his neck, and gave him a hearty kiss. "Then," continued she, "I'll write a letter to Ireland to my old gossip, Sandie Wilson, who's carried many a love-token between your father and me, and ask him to let them know it; and he will take no small pleasure in doing the errand."

"That's right, mother," said Alexander; "I glory in your spunk."

"Well, boys," said Hugh, "you must not think that your mother and I are going to spend all that we have earned so hardly to live in a brick house. I would rather live in the old camp. If we do it, we must do it within ourselves, as we have done everything else; then there'll be no 'after-clap.'"

"I don't see how we can do much of it ourselves," said William; "we are not masons."

"We can make the bricks, and hew all the timber, make the shingles, saw all the boards at our own mills, burn the bricks with our own wood, pay Jonathan Bryant for the mason-work in a great measure off the farm, and indeed do every part of it, except making and burning the bricks, at odd jobs after haying and harvest; and if we are ten years building it, it will be ours, and paid for when it is done. When I was a lad, I worked a spell with my Uncle Robert, who was a brickmaker. I can make the mill, mould the bricks, temper the clay, and set up the kiln. I may have to get some one to show me about building the arches, but that will not be much. I call that doing it pretty much within ourselves."

They were four years in building the house; but they built it as Hugh and his children did everything they set their hands to, and they did it well. The old timbers, with the axe-clips of Hugh and William, are sound to this day, and the walls as firm as ever. A brick in the wall marked by the fingers of Elizabeth records the date of its erection; and the spring from which they drank, and from which William drew water the night before the slaughter of the Bryants, while the Indians ambushed the path, one hundred and twenty-one years ago, still slakes the traveller's thirst.

Hugh, after having gained the victory in life's struggles, and lived to see his adopted land a free republic and his sons partakers in the conflict, died at the ripe age of seventy-seven, having seen the church of which he was a ruling elder, and with which he began to worship in a log meeting-house with the rifle between his knees, increasing and firmly established.

Thomas, the youngest son, inherited the homestead; and with him Elizabeth lived, still retaining her energy of character and unbounded hospitality. During the Revolutionary war, Hugh and Thomas being from home, three men came to the door, and wanted to stay through the night. Her son's wife was frightened, and refused to receive them. Elizabeth, now an aged woman, heard the conversation, and came to the door. "Where are you from, friends?"

"We are soldiers from Washington's army, going home. The Continental money is good for nothing, and we are begging our way."

"Come into the house, and may God bless you! My sons are soldiers. No men who have fought under Washington will harm a lone woman like me."

She took them to her own room, gave them a warm meal, made them up a good bed on the floor, and slept herself in the same room, lying down with her clothes on, as her daughter-in-law, Jenny, was afraid to have them in her part of the house. In the morning she got them breakfast, and filled their haversacks with provisions.

After Jenny came into the family, she wished to have things a little more in conformity with modern usage. They had a slave by the name of Philipps, old and almost blind. They kept the cream-pot in winter in the oven, to keep it from freezing. Philipps used to get up in the night, take the

cream, and make cream-porridge. Jenny declared she would n't put up with such doings. Philipps persevered. She appealed to Elizabeth, who refused to interfere, saying it was misery enough to be a poor old negro, and blind to boot. "Let him have his cream, there is plenty of it." Elizabeth was not made up to order, she was one of nature's nobility; she cherished other feelings in respect to the old slave than those of the younger woman. He was an old, faithful servant, had carried on his shoulders the bricks and mortar to build the mansion, and she felt that he deserved consideration at her hands in his decrepitude. But Jenny determined to put a stop to it. She took the cream-pot out of the oven, and set in its place the blue-dye pot, with its unsavory contents. The blind negro went to the oven the next night, poured out a quart of blue dye into the kettle, and made his porridge. The next morning everything in the kitchen was spattered with blue dye that he had sputtered out; and when Thomas came into the room, Philipps greeted him with, "Massa Thomas, what for you bring that wretch here? Send her back where she came from."

Elizabeth lived to the great age of ninety-six years, leaving at her death two hundred and thirty-four living descendants. As we have often in the preceding pages spoken of the use of liquor, it is but just to say that, though Hugh, as was the custom of the day, gave liquor to his company, neither himself nor his children were in the habit of dram-drinking. Their usual drink, other than water, was milk or buttermilk. But by their use they prepared the way for the abuse of it by their descendants, and unwittingly sowed the seeds of a bitter harvest among those who lacked their iron resolution and self-command.

Elijah Kellogg.



IN TIME'S SWING.

FATHER TIME, your footsteps go
 Lightly as the falling snow.
 In your swing I'm sitting, see!
 Push me softly; one, two, three,
 Twelve times only. Like a sheet
 Spreads the snow beneath my feet.
 Singing merrily, let me swing
 Out of winter into spring.

Swing me out, and swing me in!
 Trees are bare, but birds begin

Twittering to the peeping leaves
 On the bough beneath the eaves.
 Wait, — one lilac-bud I saw.
 Icy hillsides feel the thaw.
 April chased off March to-day;
 Now I catch a glimpse of May.

O the smell of sprouting grass!
 In a blur the violets pass.
 Whispering from the wild-wood come
 Mayflowers' breath, and insects' hum.
 Roses carpeting the ground;
 Thrushes, orioles, warbling sound: —
 Swing me low, and swing me high,
 To the warm clouds of July.

Slower now, for at my side
 White pond-lilies open wide.
 Underneath the pine's tall spire
 Cardinal-blossoms burn like fire.
 They are gone; the golden-rod
 Flashes from the dark green sod.
 Crickets in the grass I hear;
 Asters light the fading year.

Slower still! October weaves
 Rainbows of the forest-leaves.
 Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
 Glimmer out of sleety dew.
 Meadow-green I sadly miss:
 Winds through withered sedges hiss.
 O, 't is snowing; swing me fast,
 While December shivers past!

Frosty-bearded Father Time,
 Stop your footfall on the rime!
 Hard your push, your hand is rough;
 You have swung me long enough.
 "Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,
 Some of your best stories tell,
 While you swing me — gently, do! —
 From the Old Year to the New.

Lucy Larcom.



ABOUT SOME PICTURE-BOOKS.

JUST a year ago this magazine contained a little article called "Pictures and Poets," which was written, as many readers may remember, because the publishers had lent the editors some engravings which they were to use in new books, as it was thought that the children might like to know something about the volumes which were prepared for older people.

Finding that the great company of young folks were pleased with these borrowed pictures, and glad to hear about books, even though too old for them, the editors have again said to their publishers, "Lend some pictures, which we may add to our own, and so give more pleasure to the dear children, of whom we think so much and so lovingly." And of course the publishers consented; and they sent to the editorial office of "Our Young Folks" copies of all their new books, and said, "Take what you like, and welcome!" So, little friends, in this article, and on the extra leaf near by, are the chosen pictures, and here are a few words about the volumes which contain them.

At the top of this page is a sweet little landscape, as soft as summer sun and air can make it, and delicately drawn by the pencil of Cary. This picture is taken from a book called "A Lover's Diary." Miss Alice Cary, of whom most of our readers must have heard, and who wrote some years ago that nice juvenile, "Clovernook Children," is the author of this book. The "Diary" is made up of many poems describing a lover's affection for his sweetheart, growing from her early childhood until she becomes a woman, and at last his wife. Much of the story is beyond the understanding of little people, but here are two selected little poems which are good enough for any place. The first belongs to the picture, and runs as follows: —

"MONA, TEN YEARS OLD.

"My darling, dove-eyed Mona,
What a merry tune she sings!
And her feet, they fly along the grass
Like little milk-white wings!

"In her life and in the season
'T is the golden edge o' th' May,
And her heart is like a flower that lies
In the sunshine all the day.

"The cows that feed in the meadow,
They know her song like a call,
And lift their heads from the clover,
And follow her, one and all,

"Along the daisied hillsides,
And through the valleys green,
As loyal to the little maid
As subjects to their queen.

"Seeing her, you would say the year
Had stol'en the tender streaks
From all the wildings of the woods,
And put them in her cheeks.

"Mona, my dove-eyed Mona,
She is fair and she is gay;
And I would that for her beauty's sake
It might be always May."

The second is one of little Mistress Mona's own songs; and, if she were wont to sing so quaintly, it is no wonder that the kine in the meadows should "know her song like a call." Thus it runs:—

"'Little daisy, go to bed!'
I hear the winds say as they pass,
'Draw your white face under the grass,—
Make of the leaves about you spread,
Brown and yellow, a covered.'
Little daisy, go to bed!

"Without either sigh or tear,
Little daisy, say good by
To your sweetheart up in the sky,—
He will come again next year,
And your sisters will appear
All attired in dainty white,—
Kiss him now, and say good night.

"Early in the month of May,
When the willow trims her head
Round and round with tassels gay,
You shall have a wedding-day,
And the clover's angry-red
All shall turn to see you wed;
So in patience go to bed.

"Then in every leafy bush
There shall be a rustling sweet,
And, your pleasure to complete,
When you with your lover meet,
With a sympathetic blush
Each young rose your joy will greet;
So to bed away, away!
And be ready for the May."

But Miss Cary did not forget the children while she was writing for grown folks; and she has made ready a book for children, which she calls "Snow-Berries," and which contains about fifty stories and poems, with pictures as pretty as the one on the next page. There is not room for the story here, but a little space is made for two extracts from other parts of the book. The first is from the Prelude, and gives a key to the character of the matter.

"My little men and women
Who sit with your eyes downcast,
Turning the leaves of the Snow-Berries
Over and over so fast,—

"I know, as I hear them flutter
Like the leaves on a summer bough,
You are looking out for the story about
The fairies,—are n't you, now?

"And so it is wise to tell you
That you need not turn so fast,

For there is n't a single fairy tale
In the book from first to last.

"My Muse is plain and homespun,—
Quite given to work-day ways,—
And she never spent an hour in the tent
Of a fairy in all her days.

"She is strongest on her native soil;
And you will see she sings
Little in praise of elfs and fays,
And less of queens and kings.



“ The finest ladies, so she says,
And the gentlemen most grand,
Are made by Nature gentlefolk,
And are royal at first hand.

“ She says of the women who sew and spin,
And keep the house with care,
That they are the queens and princesses
Whose trains we ought to bear, —

“ And says of the men who hammer and forge,
And clear and plough the land,

That they are worthy gentlemen
Who make our country grand.

“ A ribbon, she says, in the button-hole,
May go for what it goes ;
But he is the greatest man who is great
Without such tinsel shows.

“ Our country's flag can never drag,
She says, nor its stars go down ;
For how should it fall, when one and all
Are rightful heirs to the crown ? ”

The second has a real *snap* to it, and will go straight to the hearts of all the youngsters. But remember, it only asks that boys should be *boys*, — not hectors, or turbulent, troublesome fellows. A great distinction there, young gentlemen !

“ PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

“ Young men must work, and old men rest, —
They have earned their quiet joys ;
And everywhere, from east to west,
The boys must still be boys.

“ They do not want your larger sight,
Nor want your wisdom grim ;
The boy has right to the boy's delight,
And play is the work for him.

"The idle day is the evil day,
And work in its time is right;
But he that wrestles best in the play
Will wrestle best in the fight.

"Then do not, as their hour runs by,
Their harmless pleasure clip;

For he that sails his kite to the sky
May some time sail a ship.

"And soon enough the years will steal
Their mood of frolic joys;
So keep your shoulder to the wheel,
And let the boys be boys."

Grace Greenwood, whose name is a household word wherever there are children, has also made a book this year. It is called "Stories and Sights of France and Italy," and belongs to what is known as the "Merrie England" series, each volume of which contains bits of history, and anecdotes of travel in some European country, told in a peculiarly entertaining way. Like the other volumes of the set, the "France and Italy" has pretty pictures in it, of which one is here given. You can guess the story, — how two or three merry travellers made up a figure of their various wrappings, and how the railway conductor, after asking in vain for a ticket, shook what he supposed to be a sleeping passenger all to pieces, to his own amusement as well as that of those who had planned the joke.



There are two other new books, made for the children, of which you only need to be told. One is Mrs. Stowe's "Queer Little People," containing the stories and pictures of animals that have been printed in this magazine, and now reproduced for the youngsters who have not seen them all here. The other is "Grimm's Goblins," of which you had a sample last year in "Florinda and Florindel," containing a number of those amusing German legends, with half a dozen pretty prints in colors.

Last year there was given a picture from Mr. Whittier's "Maud Muller,"

together with some little personal memoranda about him. This year a new edition of his "Snow-Bound" supplies three pictures, which will be found on the extra leaf. This poem, of which you must all have heard, because it has become absolutely famous, and has been circulated to the extent of thousands upon thousands of copies, was originally intended as a winter contribution for "Our Young Folks," and was to describe what it was to be "snowed up" in a good old-fashioned winter storm. But the idea expanded as the poet thought upon it, and the lines grew under his hand until they stood forth a little army of twelve hundred,—too many to be marshalled and managed in such pages as these. So a little book was made, and everybody read it, and enjoyed it, and had hearty pleasure in living old times over again. Then people said, "Give us pictures with our favorite poem." So Mr. Fenn, the artist, went down to the old homestead where Mr. Whittier lives, and made sketches, and chatted over incidents, and at last made a bookful of beautiful pictures, as you can see for yourselves. The little couplets under the pictures explain them partly. First is a glimpse of summer by the quiet river, of which in winter-time they dreamed; then you see the boys just as they have succeeded in digging through the mighty drifts to the barn, where the cattle and horses have been waiting for food and tending; and lastly, there is the village doctor hurrying along over the roads as soon as they are broken out, to see if any have fallen ill during the long time of tempest and blocked-up ways, and now need his cheery care and—his mighty doses. "Snow-Bound" is not a children's book, but it is better for them than many that they have, and one which they will like better and better as they grow up to it and with it.

On the other side of this extra leaf is a bright picture of a grand old castle, with a troop winding down from its archway. This was drawn by Mr. Colman, who delights in such romantic scenes, to accompany the "Bugle Song," which occurs in Tennyson's poem, "The Princess," and the picture is contained with others in a new edition of the complete works of the poet-laureate of England. All of you, even the youngest, should know something of Tennyson; for he has verses for all times and all ages, from a musical little cradle-song to his legends of chivalry and the strains of solemn yet tender grief in the "In Memoriam," which he wrote in memory of a dear friend who died. But perhaps there is no purer or simpler specimen of his writing, in a style which will suit all the young, than this same "Bugle Song," which every one may learn and repeat until the faint echoes seem sounding in thousands of wondering little ears.

"The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle! answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 dying.

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
 Blow, bugle! answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 dying.

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

PRUDY AND THE PEDLER.



ONE summer's day Dotty Dimple and Katie Clifford stood in the kitchen doorway at their grandmother Parlin's, eating watermelon. Katie's bib was buttoned about her neck, and a little tuft of yellow hair floated upward from the crown of her head, like an Indian's war-plume.

"See, Dotty!" said she, holding out the pink-and-white slice, as full of brown seeds as Jacky Horner's pie was of plums, — "see! my piece *was* big, but it keeps getting little!"

"O, how cunning!" said Dotty, patronizingly. "Whose precious little girl are you, dear?"

"My mamma's, and my papa's, — two of 'em."

"Anybody else's girl, Katie?"

"*Who-body* else's is I?" asked the little one, going on with her dessert.

"Why, mine, you know," said Dotty Dimple, sprinkling the child's cheeks with melon-juice as she gave her an ecstatic little hug.

"Then," replied Katie, coolly, "if I 'm is your precious goorl, then you give me a hunnerd dollars, and I 'll buy me stick o' canny!"

"Hush!" said Dotty; "there's a man coming up the walk. It looks like a beggar-man or a thief; let's go hide!"

"A feef, that 's fwat is it," screamed Katie, running into the pantry for dear life. "Fwhat he name?"

"An awful creature!" cried Dotty, out of breath. "O Aunt 'Ria! with a basket, scowling and smiling! He keeps shaking his head. Where 's Prudy?"

At this moment Sister Prudy arrived from the barn with a shaker full of eggs. "It 's only a good nice Irishman," said she, soothingly; "he 's a pedler, for I saw the vases and images sticking up in his basket. Hark! if he is n't ringing the bell!"

"You may go to the door," said Mrs. Clifford, "and tell the man we do not care to buy any of his goods to-day."

Prudy ran, followed by Dotty and "li'le Katie," who, now the first alarm was over, were as full of awe and delight as if they expected to behold a blazing comet.

The man was rather odd-looking, it is true, his face dented all over with the ravages of small-pox; but he smiled upon the children with intense sweetness, and would not go away one inch. "'T was no mahther if the ladies did n't wush to buy. When folks says that," remarked he, "I makes as if I did n't hear it. So, my dear little childers, if you 'd like to look at these pooty air-ticles in my basket, 't would plaze me to show 'em."

Whereupon, with sundry compliments to their bright eyes, he set his basket upon the piazza steps, and proceeded to take out the ornaments, one by one, and hold them up to be admired. "Here 's a fine-lady vase!" said he. "See how it kyurls over at the top like a pair of poutin' lips. Ah! I know of a little gyurl had the promish of the same for an old rag of a dress, but her ma was feared 't would make a proud gyurl of her to have such a fine-lady vase, and she tuck back her promish. I felt bahd for the little gyurl,—she was hoppin' and scratchin' and jumpin',—she was a jewel of a child,—so I gave her a swate little match-save, and come away."

"What a very good man!" thought wise Prudy. "Strange grandma don't like pedlers! If my mamma were only here, she 'd maybe buy two or three ornaments to pay him for being so kind."

"Did I ever, ever see!" soliloquized Miss Dimple. "I wish Uncle 'Gustus would come and give me some money, and I 'd buy him a present. They 're handsome enough for the king."

"Just for old clo'es, little miss," said the stranger, watching Dotty's kindling eyes. "Have n't you a ragged silk dress, a scarruf, a velvet bunnit, a handful of blue ribbin, or a gold finger-ring? Anything, now, that you 'd wush to throw away, miss,—any old dud of a rag,—and I 'll give you a fine-lady air-ticle; just you thry me and see."

"Rags!" exclaimed Dotty with a sudden dancing of hands and feet,—"*rags*, did you say?"

"The man camed, did n't he?" chimed in Katie, in equal surprise. "We give he rags, he give we bottells. Oh! oh!"

"If my mamma were only here!" said Prudy, gazing wistfully at the tempt-

ing wares ; “but she ’ll be so sorry ! And I don’t suppose you can wait till next week ? And we did n’t bring our old dresses, only those we wear ‘ up in the pines ’ ; and we don’t have silk dresses ever, nor velvet bonnets and rings, sir, — not any at all.”

“We did n’t had any,” observed li’le Katie. “Oh ! oh ! where you get the holes in you face ? When did you bit you on you cheek ?”

“Hush !” whispered Dotty, blushing. “I ’ll go ask Aunt ’Ria,” added she, aloud ; “there ’s a rag-bag in the back-room, as true as you live.”

“A handsome skee-urt, ye may say,” called the pedler after her, — “a skee-urt or a satin flounce, or a velvet bunnit, or a broken finger-ring. Anything she wushes to throw in the fire !”

“If you peezum, I want some mug,” said Miss Katie, thrusting her mischievous hands into the basket.

“O don’t,” said Prudy, gently pushing her away. “I ’m afraid something will get broken.”

“No, sumpin won’t,” answered Katie, drawing out a cologne-bottle with gilt bands, and holding it wrong side upward to her nose.

“Don’t you be afeared,” said the good-natured pedler ; “she ’s too swate a babby to break the vally of a brahsh pin. Look here, miss, — did your bright eyes iver see the likes of this ?” So saying, he set out upon the door-mat a decanter and six little wine-glasses upon a salver, all as beautiful as red bubbles, and nearly as delicate.

“O, how sweet !” cried Prudy, “as if they were made of fog or pink clouds ! Don’t you breathe now, Katie Clifford !”

But Katie went on breathing ; and not only that, — being fond of acting contrary to order, — she made a sudden plunge forward, and seized the decanter with both hands.

“Give it to me this minute !” cried Prudy, highly excited. “What made me tell you not to ? I might have known better !”

Katie trudged into the parlor and crept under the sofa, pressing the frail ornament close to her heart. Before Prudy could induce her to come out, Dotty returned from the kitchen, reporting that Aunt ’Ria had no old dresses to spare, neither had grandma, and they were in no need of anything out of Mr. Pedler’s basket.

Evidently, Mr. Pedler was not very well pleased with this message, for his shaggy eyebrows met in a black frown. And just then Katie hugged the rosy decanter into fifty pieces ! Prudy’s heart throbbed like a drum. She had only voice enough to cry faintly, “O Katie ! Katie !”

“What a crayther ye are !” exclaimed the pedler, in fierce wrath. “Such a pack of childers did niver I see ! If I whupped you soundly, ’t would be your desarvin’ !”

“Dear ! dear !” begged Prudy, “she ’s only a baby, sir ; she did n’t mean to.”

“Don’t tell me a whust aboot it. You just stood there afore my face and let her meddle. So, miss, you ’ve desaved me and spiled the set, and it ’s the whole you must pay for. The price is eight dollars, — as chape as a song !”

“Eight dollars!” groaned Prudy, ashy-pale, and too frightened to shed a tear.

Dotty was also in a flutter, and lost no time in running out to her grandmother with the dreadful news.

Mrs. Parlin and Aunt 'Ria came in directly with looks of dismay. The disagreeable man declared that the set was spoiled, and there was no denying it. That it had ever been worth eight dollars was another matter; but it was not possible for two gentle-voiced women to argue with such an angry and unprincipled man, and unfortunately there was no gentleman within call.

Mrs. Clifford brought down stairs a new calico dress; but the pedler would only allow her two dollars for it.

“O Aunt 'Ria!” said Prudy, wringing her hands, “you must open my money-box, and take out all I 've been saving for Christmas. Pour it out, but don't let me see it.”

“Why, darling, it was my little Katie who broke the decanter,” said Mrs. Clifford; “why should *you* pay for it, Prudy?”

“O Aunt 'Ria, Katie squeezed it to pieces, I know; but my conscience tells me 't was I that was to blame. If I had n't told her *not to*, she would n't have done it!”

Mrs. Clifford kissed Prudy's forehead.

“I am the oldest,” continued the child; “I 've known for a great many years that grandma did n't buy of pedlers, and I ought n't to have let him set down his basket. My conscience pricks; so it 's right for you to break open my —”

The last words were lost in a sob. “Darling child!” said Aunt 'Ria, “'t will be a long while before I rob you of your precious bits of silver; so set your dear little heart at rest.”

The Irishman heard these remarks, but went on with his abusive brogue, as if trying to keep his anger warm. Little Katie was the only one of the party who seemed to enjoy the affair. “You gate big man,” said she with a fearless glance at the pedler, “you did n't ask peeze! Why don't you ask *peezum*?”

The man softened a little at this, and put on a thin veil of good manners, actually ending with “if you plaze, ma'am.”

Mrs. Clifford, finding it useless to reason with him, was about to yield, and give the money he wickedly demanded, when, I am happy to say, Colonel Allen entered the hall. He saw at once how matters stood, and confronted the pedler with an unflinching eye. “What do you mean, sir,” said he, “by taking advantage of ladies in this way, and frightening a little girl half out of her senses?”

Here Prudy clung to her uncle's coat-sleeve, and drowned the starch out of the linen with her tears.

“Do you take the dress this lady has offered you, sir; it 's worth more than your flimsy decanter. Take it, and march out of the house with it this minute.”

The pedler muttered something about his “hard airnings,” but the

impudence was gone out of him ; he quailed, and tried to hide himself under his hat.

“Take your wine-glasses with you,” added Colonel Allen, as the man was meekly retreating without them, “we’ve no use for them here. And one thing more, — if you know what is for your best interests you’ll treat people with civility while you stay in this town.”

“O Uncle ‘Gustus,” said Prudy, taking a vanishing view of the Irishman shambling with “faint-footed fear” out of the yard, “I feel as if an elephant had rolled off my heart! It’s the last thing that ever I’ll buy of a pedler!”

“That’s right, chickie. Now let’s go out in the garden and moralize.”

“*Moral lies!* What can *they* be?” laughed the light-hearted girl. “Good by, Mr. Pedler!”

“*Bad* by! echoed Dotty.

Sophie May.



OVER THE WALL.

I KNOW a spot where the wild vines creep,
 And the coral moss-cups grow,
 And where, at the foot of the rocky steep,
 The sweet blue violets blow.
 There all day long, in the summer-time,
 You may hear the river’s dreamy rhyme ;
 There all day long does the honey-bee
 Murmur and hum in the hollow tree.

And there the feathery hemlock makes
 A shadow cool and sweet,
 While from its emerald wing it shakes
 Rare incense at your feet.
 There do the silvery lichens cling,
 There does the tremulous harebell swing ;
 And many a scarlet berry shines
 Deep in the green of the tangled vines.

Over the wall at dawn of day,
 Over the wall at noon,
 Over the wall when the shadows say
 That night is coming soon,

A little maiden with laughing eyes
 Climbs in her eager haste, and hies
 Down to the spot where the wild vines creep,
 And violets bloom by the rocky steep.

All wild things love her. The murmuring bee
 Scarce stirs when she draws near,
 And sings the bird in the hemlock-tree
 Its sweetest for her ear.
 The harebells nod as she passes by,
 The violet lifts its calm blue eye,
 The ferns bend lowly her steps to greet,
 And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.

Up in her pathway seems to spring
 All that is sweet or rare, —
 Chrysalis quaint, or the moth's bright wing,
 Or flower-buds strangely fair.
 She watches the tiniest bird's-nest hid
 The thickly clustering leaves amid ;
 And the small brown tree-toad on her arm
 Quietly hops, and fears no harm.

Ah, child of the laughing eyes, and heart
 Attuned to Nature's voice !
 Thou' hast found a bliss that will ne'er depart
 While earth can say, " Rejoice !"
 The years must come, and the years must go ;
 But the flowers will bloom, and the breezes blow,
 And bird and butterfly, moth and bee,
 Bring on their swift wings joy to thee !

Julia C. R. Dorr.





PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Allegretto.

1. On the rug be - fore the grate, In the rud - dy light,

p

Tired of play, the chil - dren wait, Ere they say, "Good night!"

Ro - sy grows each dim - pled face, As the flame leaps higher,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are "Ro - sy grows each dim - pled face, As the flame leaps higher,". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The piano part includes chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

While their bus - y fan - cies trace Pic - tures in the fire, —

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "While their bus - y fan - cies trace Pic - tures in the fire, —". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a hairpin crescendo leading to it.

While their bus - y fan - cies trace Pic - tures in the fire.

The third system repeats the lyrics "While their bus - y fan - cies trace Pic - tures in the fire." The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and features a more active, rhythmic accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *rall. p* (rallentando piano) and ends with a double bar line.

2.

Blossoms in whose glowing cup
Shines the nectar dew,
Golden bees that drink it up,
Birds of wondrous hue, —
Fairy troops, that faintly show
Through a rosy haze, —
So the pictures come and go,
In a shifting maze!

3.

Slowly fade the changing dyes
To a duller light;
Dreamy grow the children's eyes,
As they say, "Good night."
Sweet good night! the angels keep
Dreams for such as you,
And the pictured halls of sleep
Shine with beauty new!

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS, & Funny Things

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 14.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

Deep in the earth,
With none to save,
How many find
In me a grave!

In search of me
How many roam,
Away from friends!
Away from home!

CROSS WORDS.

I stand not alone,
For close by my side
All trustingly leans
A young, lovely bride.

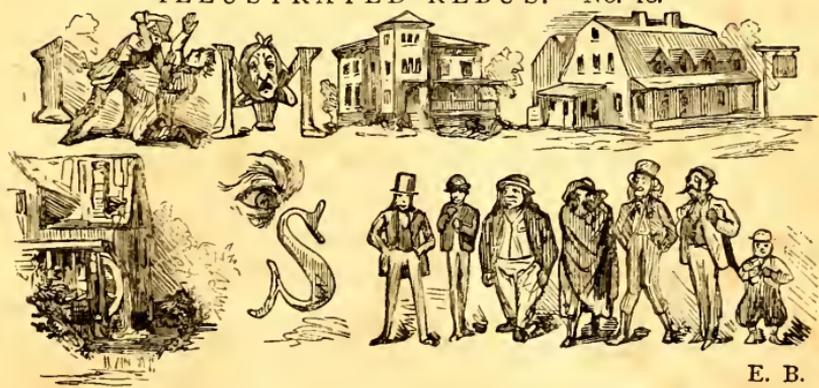
Within my soft folds,
So spotless and white,
The weary repose
Through the long, silent night.

The name of a king
In the Holy Book,
You will find me declared,
If you patiently look.

Though warned of my coming,
The warning was vain,
Bringing ruin and terror,
Relentless I came.

M.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 18.



E. B.

CHARADE.

No. 18.

I STOOD and gazed in doubt and fear ;
No friendly, helping hand was near ;
Beneath me rolled the foaming wave,
My *first* was there outspread to save.

With careful steps I sought the shore,
Well pleased to see my *last* once more ;
Its friendly aid I oft had proved,
It held me up where'er I roved ;
Yet now, no sooner did we meet,
Than it was trodden 'neath my feet.

My *whole* I never yet have seen ;
Its fields are white, its rivers green ;
It is a cool, secluded spot,
I could go there, but rather not.

J. L. G.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 19.



WILLY WISP.

ENIGMAS.

No. 14.

- I am composed of 34 letters.
My 9, 20, 4, is a river of North America.
My 22, 9, 3, 21, 30, 8, is a mountain in Maine.
My 2, 20, 24, 10, 25, 5, 9, is a city of North Carolina.
My 12, 23, 11, 27, 29, 18, is a river of North America.
My 7, 17, 19, 28, is a part of the Boston State-House.
My 14, 25, 15, 33, 16, 3, is an Austrian city.
My 26, 20, 34, 1, 13, 6, 29, is a city in Hindostan.
My 3, 31, 5, 32, 20, is a bay on the coast of Africa.
My whole is a quotation from Shakespeare's King Henry VI.

LILLIE.

No. 15.

- I am composed of 29 letters.
My 18, 8, 13, 26, is found in the eye.
My 28, 16, 17, is a boy's nickname.
My 11, 4, 14, 3, 4, is a part of the body.
My 5, 24, 21, is a weight.
My 15, 19, 28, 22, are found in convents.
My 23, 2, 21, is a metal.
My 10, 6, 11, is what a drunkard is called.
My 29, 1, 27, 25, is what every boy ought to do in order to become a man.
My 16, 7, 8, 28, 2, 21, 29, 22, 18, 13, 20, is the name of a steamship that was lately lost at sea.
My 11, 13, 12, is a very combustible article.
If everybody has done my 9, 2, 29, 4, 18, they feel happy.
My whole is a very true proverb.

W. A. MAY.

ANSWERS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 12. VerulaM,
IoniA,
RepublicaN,
GreathearT,
IoU,
LatonA. | 13. JoG,
AlibI,
CerebraL,
KnolL. |
|---|---|

CHARADES.

16. Mend-i-cant.

17. A-bel.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

16. Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
[(Death) (love) (sash) (eye N in G) M (ark),
A (signal) b low.]
17. Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 't is their nature too.
BELLE WHITNEY.
[(L) E (tea) (dogs) D (light) (toe) (bee) (ark) &
(bee) (eye) T E, 4 (tea) I S (tea) (he) (eye) R
(gnat) (ewer) 2. (Bell) W H (eye) (tea) (knee).]



WITH this number, dear Young Folks, ends our third volume. We have no need to ask you if you have been satisfied with our efforts to please you, for the thousands of letters which you have written us during the year have been full of encouragement and praise. And, without meaning to flatter ourselves, we feel it simply right to say that you have had good reason to be pleased with this Magazine of your own, — for to no other audience of children in the world do such people speak as have come to talk to you during these three years. We have given you the best reading that the best authors could be persuaded or paid to furnish, and we have accompanied their writing with more than two hundred pictures, which we believe to be better and handsomer than any other juvenile periodical, on either side of the Atlantic, has contained; the fact that our articles and our pictures are constantly published by foreign periodicals as original with them proves this, we think.

But it is not so much of the past as of the future that we wish to speak to you now, and we want you all to consider very closely what we have done and shall do to make your fourth volume a really wonderful volume, and also to consider if you cannot do something for us in return. Our Publishers have always been very liberal to us, and allowed us to spend just as much money for you as we chose, — indeed, only those of you who can do long sums could fully understand how much we have paid away, even if we set down the figures here; we have given authors and artists the highest prices to work, not for us, but for you, that you might have only the best; and the magazines which the grown-up people read have not been prepared for them at a cost nearly so great in proportion as this little monthly of yours. But we have not yet done our utmost, as we shall briefly hint to you, and as the volume for 1868 will amply show.

In the first place, Charles Dickens has written a story *for you alone*. Although he has written so beautifully about children and in their service, he has very seldom written for them, — the principal exception being his “Child’s History of England,” — and although he has been for many years writing stories which all the world has read and remembered, he has never but once given anything to be printed in America, unless it was printed in England too. But this story of yours and ours is not even to be printed in England, — we have bought it all for you. Then, John Gilbert, who is called the greatest designer in all England, has made the pictures for Mr. Dickens’s story. He determined, some time ago, that he would draw on wood no more, and would only paint pictures; but when he was told that Mr. Dickens had written a story for “OUR YOUNG FOLKS,” he said that he would take as much interest in American boys and girls as Mr. Dickens, and that he would draw for each chapter the very prettiest picture he possibly could.

We should like to tell you more about the new volume, but we have not room here, and, besides, the Publishers give you all the particulars in their Prospectus. What we will say is this. We receive almost all the juvenile magazines of any consequence that are published in the world, which we examine carefully; and we honestly believe that, if all the best features of all of them were to be combined in one magazine, it certainly would not surpass what this Magazine has been, and it certainly could not equal what this will be in the new year, for the best writers and draughtsmen of England as well as of America are enlisted in your behalf, and engaged to assist us.

And now what are you to do about all this? We will tell you, and we shall be both surprised and disappointed if you do not act upon our hint. “OUR YOUNG FOLKS” goes now into half a hundred thousand families, — but that is not enough. It is not enough for the children, for there are yet countless thousands who never see our pages, who perhaps never even heard of us, and who would enjoy such reading and such pictures as we are always giving. It is not enough for the Publishers, whose money we spend so freely, that, if there were only a few thousand copies of the Magazine published, *every single number would cost more than half a dollar*, instead of being sent for *twelve and*

a half cents, as is the case with club subscriptions. It is only because so many copies are sold, that the price can possibly be kept so low. But the Publishers ought to have a great many more subscribers to be really rewarded for their outlay, especially in this coming year, for which they have already expended many thousands of dollars, and in which they will have to spend many thousands more.

So now for your share. If each one of you, girl as well as boy, will feel that you really have an interest in this Magazine, that it is made for you and depends upon you for encouragement and support, and that you owe something to it in return for what it does for you, — if you will so feel, and then act as you feel, there will be no more to ask. You will then consider that you ought to help an acquaintance to grow up between us and your friends whom we do not now visit, and you will try to send our Publishers a new subscriber to make a return for the new contributors they have got for you. And if you each send but *one* new name, it will be a great deal, for that will carry the subscription list up almost to a hundred thousand! Think of it, and *try* it!

But we must not weary you with this long talk of plans and promises and business, while you are waiting for our Christmas wishes. Our thoughts and our wishes are always with you, whether we are reading your letters, — so welcome as those letters ever are! — or preparing the pages of some new number of your Magazine; whether jotting down answers to your questions, or studying out your puzzles and problems. We are constantly thinking how we can best serve you, how present to you only such things as shall teach you what is true, and lead you to love what is good; we are constantly wishing that you may grow up sincere, steadfast, gentle, and virtuous, and that your days may be long in a land of happiness and good-will. We cannot now think more tenderly of you, or wish more earnestly for you, than we always do: we can only hope and trust that in this anniversary of the season when the Christ-child came from heaven to bless and save us all, He may come more closely into your young, pure, loving hearts, and henceforward abide therein, blessing you sweetly, and making you a blessing to all around you.

Your affectionate friends,

THE EDITORS.

Anna P. Frances Power Cobbe can hardly be called a popular English writer.

Haymaker If we can.

C. S. H. No.

Aunt Sue. Very good, thank you.

H. P. T. You sent no answer, and we have not time for guessing.

Radie C. P. Thank you for letting us see your cousin's verses, although they do not come quite up to the standard of print.

Alice F. G. Read any of the poems, or an extract from some of the stories; your school reading has more to do with the manner of your speech than with the selection of pretty pieces.

One of a Club. For the skilful skater no skate is so good as the flat-bottomed, *rocker* skate. The beginner will undoubtedly have to learn upon grooved irons, but he must discard them as soon as he can, if he means to be a first-rate skater and depend upon himself, — *himself* having a cool, brave head, and trustworthy legs and feet. Skates that fasten with clasps, springs, or screws are the best, if they hold tight to the sole and heel of the boot; straps are bad, because they pinch the foot and check free circulation of the blood. If straps are used, as in most cases they must be, be careful where and how they press.

Bird's-nest. Excellent, not *excelant*, if you please. — You need not draw the pictures. — We don't know why you had no answer; perhaps you sent no stamp.

Pelican Society. You have only altered one of our rebuses.

G. C. & W. Please to state your questions again. Your note is not clear, because you have put so many *ifs* into it.

Here is a catechism from H. S. & Co.

- (1.) Do you approve of female suffrage?
- (2.) Do you think a woman will ever occupy the presidential chair?
- (3.) Who discovered the use of gas?
- (4.) Who invented skates, and when?
- (5.) What is the difference between melancholy and gloom?
- (6.) How old is Empress Eugenie?

(1.) We do not think this subject has been sufficiently considered for a positive answer. (2.) It is possible, but it does not seem probable, — at least for very many years. (3.) Murdoch, of Redruth, in Cornwall, in 1792, who also built the first gas-works, in 1798. Experiments proved that coal could emit an inflammable gas as early as 1726, but no use was made of the discovery. (4.) It is not known. The oldest traditions of cold countries refer to their use, and they must have come down from the earliest time. (5.) Gloom is darker and deeper than melancholy, and partakes more of the nature of despondency or despair. (6.) She was born May 5, 1826.

Evan. } You sent no stamp, so you get no answer by mail.
Lora. }

Thomas. We would rather not make the request you suggest.

Winnie lays two matters before us for consideration. In the first place, she says she wishes to be an actress, — and of course she wishes to be a very fine one, — but she does not desire to gratify her ambition to accomplish something notable, if she must in any way step over the boundary lines of what is right and proper. At her wishes we do not wonder, and her determination we approve; but, as she is very young, we advise her to let all her desires for action and fame rest for at least three years; she will be young enough then to begin preparations for a public life if her sense of duty and propriety should then agree with her fancies.

Her second statement she shall make for herself, and thus it is:—

"I was reciting my history at school, when I came to a word I could not pronounce. My teacher pronounced it for me, and pretty soon I came to the word again, but I could not pronounce it. I told my teacher so, but she said, 'Yes, you can.' 'No, I cannot,' said I; 'if I could, I should have pronounced it.' My teacher is a very elegant, haughty woman; but when I said this she snapped her eyes and told me to sit down. She would not let me recite with the class, and at recess she asked me if I was not ashamed of my conduct. 'I do not think I have done anything,' said I. She made me take my seat, and she has not said anything to me since. I do not think I am to blame, and so I sha' n't tell her so."

Now *Winnie* says that she could not pronounce the word, — she does not say that she *tried* to pronounce it. She seems to have given it up as too hard for her, and taken refuge behind her inability, when she might at least have made an effort, even if she had broken down in the attempt to get the better of the big word. She also tells us *what* she said to her teacher, but she does not tell us *how* she said it. Her manuer may have been objectionable, though she probably would not think so. She should have gone to her teacher at the first opportunity and said that she did not mean to be obstinate or unwilling to do her best, but that she felt afraid of a word which she had not practised, showing at the same time a desire to make her teacher as little trouble as possible. Then we think the lady would have met her half-way and helped her over the difficulty. Better still, if she had gone *before* the recitation, and asked the pronunciation of the word which she must have known all the time was too difficult for her.

But all children must remember that no form of disrespect is easier or more dangerous than saying unobjectionable words in an objectionable way. An insult is no less an insult, a wrong is no less a wrong, because it is civilly expressed. See to it that your feelings, your speech, your manner, are all dutiful, docile, and gentle.

Edie D. sent a "real nice" letter to us, full of little chat about herself and her doings, which is just a little bit too confidential to print. We must take a bit of exception, however, to her final sen-

tence, in which she tells us that she ends her writing because the French teacher has come, and asks us to "picture her bending with knitted brow over that horrid grammar, and feeling all the while as if it would do her good to fling the book across the room." We don't sympathize with any such feeling as that, and we believe that, if *Edie* would get on better terms with her grammar, she would not find it half so hard. French is not a difficult language, and an acquaintance with it well repays all the trouble it costs.

Sarah and Mary, who live in Pennsylvania, ask us some puzzling questions about "the best boarding school in New England." We do not know, dear little girls, the name of that school, nor where it is located, but we can tell you of several which we believe to be very good.

That one which you have heard of "where the scholars do the work of the house by turns, besides learning their lessons," is Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Mass. We have not heard of another in New England conducted upon the same plan.

You wish to go "where you can learn how to be teachers when you are grown up." At most of the Young Ladies' Seminaries, particular attention is given to those who are preparing themselves to teach.

Among the oldest in Massachusetts are the schools at Ipswich, at Bradford, at Norton, and at Andover. And among the new ones, the most popular, perhaps, is that of Dr. Dio Lewis, at Spy Pond, Arlington, Mass., where much time is given to physical education, and much practice to gymnastics.

Further information can doubtless be obtained by addressing a letter to the "Principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary," at any of these towns. There are others as good, probably; we only mention the first that occur to us.

A good collection of select poetry for the young was prepared by the late Mrs. Kirkland. It is called "The School-Girl's Garland." There are many volumes of selections which would be valuable to you, but complete editions of the standard poets are the best. Usually, your own preference will be the best guide as to which of the poets you shall read. But this subject suggests too much: we must drop it until we can spare more room.

Alert gives the following as the result of his experiments in soap-bubble making:—

"Take a small piece of common bar-soap, over which pour a small quantity of hot water; beat to a foam, and then add to each cup of suds a small lump of saleratus. A little indigo will do no harm."

Sailor. Latin and Greek are not necessary to a good education, that is, an education sufficient for all practical purposes. The literary man needs some knowledge of Latin, at least, and of course they are essential to a complete culture.—Our publishers will send you cloth covers by mail at 50 cents each; one cover contains a volume.

F. C. H.'s rhymes tell their own story :—

“What do you s'pose, Mr. Ed., is the reason
Of all the rebuses sent hence to you, —
Three is the number I've given this season, —
No one of them all can you seem to make do?
But that is n't all; if you only would mention
Just barely the fact that they came safe to
hand,
And say that you doubt not my well-meant in-
tention,
Or e'en that you'd like me to stop where I
stand,
It would do me some good, as I'm young yet,
and little,
To see in your next 'Round the Evening
Lamp,'
That *F. C. H.* sent you a small mental whittle,
And though you don't use it, my ardor 't wont
damp.”

H. S. They are old, dear.

N. B. Yes.

C. J. A. It is sufficient to say “twins”; the word means two, and only two, children of equal age.

Maria B. You wish to pronounce correctly, (1.) Goethe; (2.) Kossuth; (3.) Beatrice; (4.) Agassiz. (1.) Gu-the, — the *u* much as in “hurt,” and the *e* short, as in “wet”; (2.) Ko-soot; (3.) Bay-ah-tree-chë; (4.) Ag'assiz, — the *z* being silent.

Ungog (who sends a clever little sketch of two heads under one hat) wishes to know what our standard for rebus-making is. We can best answer him by saying that generally Willy Wisp's rebuses are the best we have. We do not greatly care whether the symbols represent the *sound* of the words or their *spelling*; but we do wish that each rebus should follow out one plan or the other. Of course we print some in which symbols are used in both ways, — not because we think them perfect, but because they are the best we receive.

“Dear Young Folks :—

“We want your opinion on a matter which has been exciting a great deal of attention here lately. We mean correspondence between boys and girls. Suppose, for instance, a youth sixteen or seventeen years old to be away at school. Suppose that he obtains the address of a young lady about the same age, and writes to her without her permission. She

knows him to be a good and honorable boy, and knows that he would not write anything in the least objectionable. She knows that, if she showed the letter to her mother, she would tell her father and brothers, and the receiver of the letter would get soundly laughed at for her pains. (1.) Is she right or wrong in opening a correspondence with the young gentleman simply for the sake of a little fun?

“Suppose a young lady and gentleman wish to open a correspondence: (2.) who should propose it; and (3.) what should be the words used?”

“BLANKDASH.”

(1.) She is quite wrong. Should she trust her mother less than “a youth”? Should she do *anything* upon which she fears comment? If she — as a good daughter should — makes a real confidante of her mother, and, having her mother's approval of her act, asks that the confidence may not be extended to others, does she believe that her mother would refuse to grant her wish? Such a correspondence may be all very well in itself, but it may lead to ill consequences; it is bad, at the beginning, for a young girl to have secrets from her mother. (2.) It would be most proper for the lad to ask the privilege of a correspondence; but (3.) a set form of asking is no more needed than in asking a friend to sing, to pass a book, or to answer a question.

Willie G. Conversation is almost an art when it is carried to its highest point, but much less brilliancy and skill will suffice under ordinary circumstances. You certainly need not be at a loss for topics of talk, if you have a little confidence in yourself, and try to think of matters in which you and your friends should have a common interest. There are books, pictures, music, the amusements of the season or the place, flowers, passing events at home and abroad, and many more, in which a young lady would be interested; if you once break the ice, you will find that talking is not so hard, for one subject runs into another when two or three persons are speaking of what they all understand and enjoy.

E. L. & R. find fault with articles in the magazine which they have not read, but have only “skipped with indifference,” and then ask us to say that they are justified in their fault-finding. Their own statement is enough to declare their unfairness.

MANY answers are ready for the writers of letters to us, but we cannot possibly print them in this number. They will go into the next volume.

Last month's proverb, translated, reads: “Faint heart (*hart*) ne'er (*near*) won (*one*) fair lady.” Now see what you can make out of this little one by Charlie W.







