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# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

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

VOL. I.



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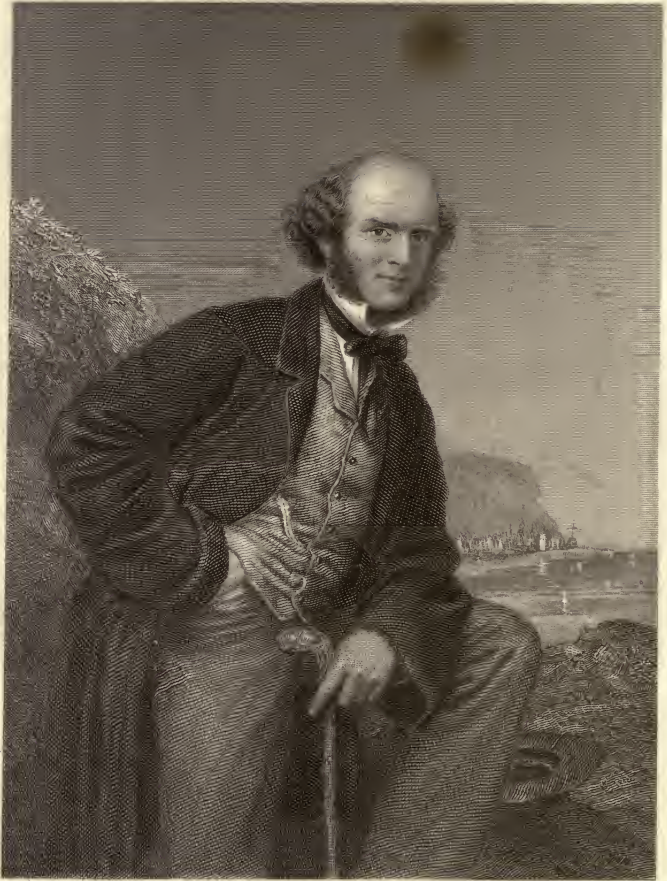
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THE AUTHOR OF

"Tom Brown at Oxford," and "School Days at Rugby"

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

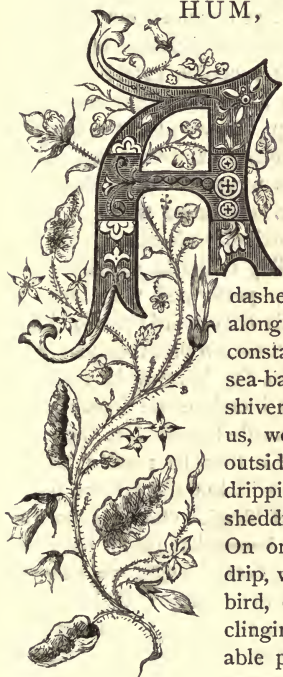
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1865.

No. I.

## HUM, THE SON OF BUZ.



T Rye Beach, during our summer's vacation, there came, as there always will to seaside visitors, two or three cold, chilly, rainy days, — days when the skies that long had not rained a drop seemed suddenly to bethink themselves of their remissness, and to pour down water, not by drops; but by pailfuls. The chilly wind blew and whistled, the water

dashed along the ground, and careered in foamy rills along the roadside, and the bushes bent beneath the constant flood. It was plain that there was to be no sea-bathing on such a day, no walks, no rides; and so, shivering and drawing our blanket-shawls close about us, we sat down to the window to watch the storm outside. The rose-bushes under the window hung dripping under their load of moisture, each spray shedding a constant shower on the spray below it. On one of these lower sprays, under the perpetual drip, what should we see but a poor little humming-bird, drawn up into the tiniest shivering ball, and clinging with a desperate grasp to his uncomfortable perch. A humming-bird we knew him to be at once, though his feathers were so matted and glued

down by the rain that he looked not much bigger than a honey-bee, and as different as possible from the smart, pert, airy little character that we had so often seen flirting with the flowers. He was evidently a humming-bird in adversity, and whether he ever would hum again looked to us exceedingly doubtful. Immediately, however, we sent out to have him



taken in. When the friendly hand seized him, he gave a little, faint, watery squeak, evidently thinking that his last hour was come, and that grim Death was about to carry him off to the land of dead birds. What a time we had reviving him, — holding the little wet thing in the warm hollow of our hands, and feeling him shiver and palpitate! His eyes were fast closed; his tiny claws, which looked slender as cobwebs, were knotted close to his body, and it was long before one could feel the least motion in them. Finally, to our great joy, we felt a brisk little kick, and then a flutter of wings, and then a determined peck of the beak, which showed that there was some bird left in him yet, and that he meant at any rate to find out where he was.

Unclosing our hands a small space, out popped the little head with a pair of round brilliant eyes. Then we bethought ourselves of feeding him, and forthwith prepared him a stiff glass of sugar and water, a drop of which we held to his bill. After turning his head attentively, like a bird who knew what he was about and did n't mean to be chaffed, he briskly put out a long, flexible tongue, slightly forked at the end, and licked off the comfortable beverage with great relish. Immediately he was pronounced out of danger by the small humane society which had undertaken the charge of his restoration, and we began to cast about for getting him a settled establishment in our apartment. I gave up my work-box to him for a sleeping-room, and it was medically ordered that he should take a nap. So we filled the box with cotton, and he was formally put to bed with a folded cambric handkerchief round his neck, to keep him from beating his wings. Out of his white wrappings he looked forth green and grave as any judge with his bright round eyes. Like a bird of discretion, he seemed to understand what was being done to him, and resigned himself sensibly to go to sleep.

The box was covered with a sheet of paper perforated with holes for purposes of ventilation; for even humming-birds have a little pair of lungs, and need their own little portion of air to fill them, so that they may make bright scarlet little drops of blood to keep life's fire burning in their tiny bodies. Our bird's lungs manufactured brilliant blood, as we found out by experience; for in his first nap he contrived to nestle himself into the cotton of which his bed was made, and to get more of it than he needed into his long bill. We pulled it out as carefully as we could, but there came out of his bill two round, bright, scarlet, little drops of blood. Our chief medical authority looked grave, pronounced a probable hemorrhage from the lungs, and gave him over at once. We, less scientific, declared that we had only cut his little tongue by drawing out the filaments of cotton, and that he would do well enough in time, — as it afterward appeared he did, — for from that day there was no more bleeding. In the course of the second day he began to take short flights about the room, though he seemed to prefer to return to us, — perching on our fingers or heads or shoulders, and sometimes choosing to sit in this way for half an hour at a time. "These great giants," he seemed to say to himself, "are not bad people after all; they have a comfortable way with them; how nicely they dried and warmed me! Truly a bird might do worse than to live with them."

So he made up his mind to form a fourth in the little company of three that usually sat and read, worked and sketched, in that apartment, and we christened him "Hum, the son of Buz." He became an individuality, a character, whose little doings formed a part of every letter, and some extracts from these will show what some of his little ways were.

"Hum has learned to sit upon my finger, and eat his sugar and water out of a teaspoon with most Christian-like decorum. He has but one weakness, —he will occasionally jump into the spoon and sit in his sugar and water, and then appear to wonder where it goes to. His plumage is in rather a drabbed state, owing to these performances. I have sketched him as he sat to-day on a bit of *Spiræa* which I brought in for him. When absorbed in reflection, he sits with his bill straight up in the air, as I have drawn him. Mr. A—— reads Macaulay to us, and you should see the wise air with which, perched on Jenny's thumb, he cocked his head now one side and then the other, apparently listening with most critical attention. His confidence in us seems unbounded; he lets us stroke his head, smooth his feathers, without a flutter; and is never better pleased than sitting, as he has been doing all this while, on my hand, turning up his bill, and watching my face with great edification.

"I have just been having a sort of maternal struggle to make him go to bed in his box; but he evidently considers himself sufficiently convalescent to make a stand for his rights as a bird, and so scratched indignantly out of his wrappings, and set himself up to roost on the edge of his box, with an air worthy of a turkey, at the very least. Having brought in a lamp, he has opened his eyes round and wide, and sits cocking his little head at me reflectively."

When the weather cleared away, and the sun came out bright, Hum became entirely well, and seemed resolved to take the measure of his new life with us. Our windows were closed in the lower part of the sash by frames with mosquito gauze, so that the sun and air found free admission, and yet our little rover could not pass out. On the first sunny day he took an exact survey of our apartment from ceiling to floor, humming about, examining every point with his bill, —all the crevices, mouldings, each little indentation in the bed-posts, each window-pane, each chair and stand; and, as it was a very simply furnished seaside apartment, his scrutiny was soon finished. We wondered, at first, what this was all about; but, on watching him more closely, we found that he was actively engaged in getting his living, by darting out his long tongue hither and thither, and drawing in all the tiny flies and insects which in summer-time are to be found in an apartment. In short, we found that, though the nectar of flowers was his dessert, yet he had his roast beef and mutton-chop to look after, and that his bright, brilliant blood was not made out of a simple vegetarian diet. Very shrewd and keen he was, too, in measuring the size of insects before he attempted to swallow them. The smallest class were whisked off with lightning speed; but about larger ones he would sometimes wheel and hum for some minutes, darting hither and thither, and surveying them warily; and if satisfied that they

could be carried; he would come down with a quick, central dart which would finish the unfortunate at a snap. The larger flies seemed to irritate him, — especially when they intimated to him that his plumage was sugary, by settling on his wings and tail; when he would lay about him spitefully, wielding his bill like a sword. A grasshopper that strayed in, and was sunning himself on the window-seat, gave him great discomposure. Hum evidently considered him an intruder, and seemed to long to make a dive at him; but, with characteristic prudence, confined himself to threatening movements, which did not exactly hit. He saw evidently that he could not swallow him whole, and what might ensue from trying him piecemeal he wisely forbore to essay.

Hum had his own favorite places and perches. From the first day he chose for his nightly roost a towel-line which had been drawn across the corner over the wash-stand, where he every night established himself with one claw in the edge of the towel and the other clasping the line, and, ruffling up his feathers till he looked like a little chestnut-bur, he would resign himself to the soundest sleep. He did not tuck his head under his wing, but seemed to sink it down between his shoulders, with his bill almost straight up in the air. One evening one of us, going to use the towel, jarred the line, and soon after found that Hum had been thrown from his perch, and was hanging head downward fast asleep, still clinging to the line. Another evening, being discomposed by somebody coming to the towel-line after he had settled himself, he fluttered off; but so sleepy that he had not discretion to poise himself again, and was found clinging, like a little bunch of green floss silk, to the mosquito netting of the window.

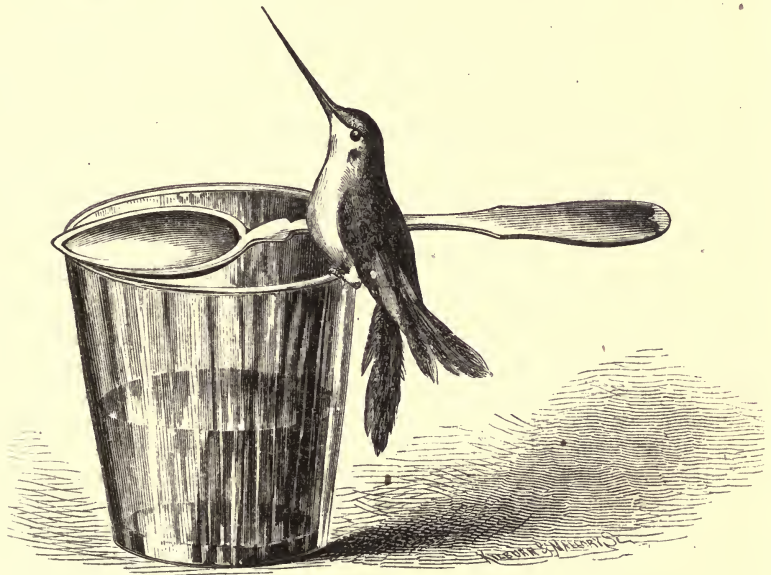
A day after this we brought in a large green bough, and put it up over the looking-glass. Hum noticed it before it had been there five minutes, flew to it, and began a regular survey, perching now here, now there, till he seemed to find a twig that exactly suited him; and after that he roosted there every night. Who does not see in this change all the signs of reflection and reason that are shown by us in thinking over our circumstances, and trying to better them? It seemed to say in so many words: "That towel-line is an unsafe place for a bird; I get frightened, and wake from bad dreams to find myself head downward; so I will find a better roost on this twig."

When our little Jenny one day put on a clean white muslin gown embellished with red sprigs, Hum flew towards her, and with his bill made instant examination of these new appearances; and one day, being very affectionately disposed, perched himself on her shoulder, and sat some time. On another occasion, while Mr. A—— was reading, Hum established himself on the top of his head just over the middle of his forehead, in the precise place where our young belles have lately worn stuffed humming-birds, making him look as if dressed out for a party. Hum's most favorite perch was the back of the great rocking-chair, which, being covered by a tidy, gave some hold into which he could catch his little claws. There he would sit, balancing himself cleverly if its occupant chose to swing to and fro, and seeming to be listening to the conversation or reading.



Hum had his different moods, like human beings. On cold, cloudy, gray days, he appeared to be somewhat depressed in spirits, hummed less about the room, and sat humped up with his feathers ruffled, looking as much like a bird in a great-coat as possible. But on hot, sunny days, every feather sleeked itself down, and his little body looked natty and trim, his head alert, his eyes bright, and it was impossible to come near him, for his agility. Then let mosquitos and little flies look about them! Hum snapped them up without mercy, and seemed to be all over the ceiling in a moment, and resisted all our efforts at any personal familiarity with a saucy alacrity.

Hum had his established institutions in our room, the chief of which was a tumbler with a little sugar and water mixed in it, and a spoon laid across, out of which he helped himself whenever he felt in the mood,—sitting on the edge of the tumbler, and dipping his long bill, and lapping with his little forked tongue like a kitten. When he found his spoon accidentally dry, he



would stoop over and dip his bill in the water in the tumbler,—which caused the prophecy on the part of some of his guardians, that he would fall in some day and be drowned. For which reason it was agreed to keep only an inch in depth of the fluid at the bottom of the tumbler. A wise precaution this proved; for the next morning I was awaked, not by the usual hum over my head, but by a sharp little flutter, and found Mr. Hum beating his wings in the tumbler,—having actually tumbled in during his energetic efforts to get his morning coffee before I was awake.

Hum seemed perfectly happy and satisfied in his quarters,—but one day,

when the door was left open, made a dart out, and so into the open sunshine. Then, to be sure, we thought we had lost him. We took the mosquito netting out of all the windows, and, setting his tumbler of sugar and water in a conspicuous place, went about our usual occupations. We saw him joyous and brisk among the honeysuckles outside the window, and it was gravely predicted that he would return no more. But at dinner-time in came Hum, familiar as possible, and sat down to his spoon as if nothing had happened; instantly we closed our windows, and had him secure once more.

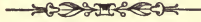
At another time I was going to ride to the Atlantic House, about a mile from my boarding-place. I left all secure, as I supposed, at home. While gathering moss on the walls there, I was surprised by a little green humming-bird flying familiarly right towards my face, and humming above my head. I called out, "Here is Hum's very brother." But, on returning home, I saw that the door of the room was open, and Hum was gone. Now certainly we gave him up for lost. I sat down to painting, and in a few minutes in flew Hum, and settled on the edge of my tumbler in a social, confidential way, which seemed to say, "O, you've got back then." After taking his usual drink of sugar and water, he began to fly about the ceiling as usual, and we gladly shut him in.

When our five weeks at the seaside were up, and it was time to go home, we had great questionings what was to be done with Hum. To get him home with us was our desire,—but who ever heard of a humming-bird travelling by railroad? Great were the consultations; a little basket of Indian work was filled up with cambric handkerchiefs, and a bottle of sugar and water provided, and we started with him for a day's journey. When we arrived at night, the first care was to see what had become of Hum, who had not been looked at since we fed him with sugar and water in Boston. We found him alive and well, but so dead asleep that we could not wake him to roost; so we put him to bed on a toilet cushion, and arranged his tumbler for morning. The next day found him alive and humming, exploring the room and pictures, perching now here and now there; but, as the weather was chilly, he sat for the most part of the time in a humped-up state on the tip of a pair of stag's horns. We moved him to a more sunny apartment; but, alas! the equinoctial storm came on, and there was no sun to be had for days. Hum was blue; the pleasant seaside days were over; his room was lonely, the pleasant three that had enlivened the apartment at Rye no longer came in and out; evidently he was lonesome, and gave way to depression. One chilly morning he managed again to fall into his tumbler, and wet himself through; and, notwithstanding warm bathings and tender nursings, the poor little fellow seemed to get diphtheria, or something quite as bad for humming-birds.

We carried him to a neighboring sunny parlor, where ivy embowers all the walls, and the sun lies all day. There he revived a little, danced up and down, perched on a green spray that was wreathed across the breast of a Psyche, and looked then like a little fitting soul returning to its rest.

Towards evening he drooped; and, having been nursed and warmed and cared for, he was put to sleep on a green twig laid on the piano. In that sleep the little head drooped — nodded — fell; and little Hum went where other bright dreams go, — to the Land of the Hereafter.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## THE VOLUNTEER'S THANKSGIVING.

THE last days of November, and everything so green!

A finer bit of country my eyes have never seen.  
 'T will be a thing to tell of, ten years or twenty hence,  
 How I came down to Georgia at Uncle Sam's expense.

Four years ago this winter, up at the district school,  
 I wrote all day, and ciphered, perched on a white-pine stool;  
 And studied in my atlas the boundaries of the States,  
 And learnt the wars with England, the history and the dates.

Then little I expected to travel in such haste  
 Along the lines my fingers and fancy often traced,  
 To bear a soldier's knapsack, and face the cannon's mouth,  
 And help to save for Freedom the lovely, perjured South.

That red, old-fashioned school-house! what winds came sweeping through  
 Its doors from bald Monadnock, and from the mountains blue  
 That slope off south and eastward beyond the Merrimack!  
 O pleasant Northern river, your music calls me back

To where the pines are humming the slow notes of their psalm  
 Around a shady farm-house, half hid within their calm,  
 Reflecting in the river a picture not so bright  
 As these verandahed mansions, — but yet my heart's delight.

They're sitting at the table this clear Thanksgiving noon;  
 I smell the crispy turkey, the pies will come in soon, —  
 The golden squares of pumpkin, the flaky rounds of mince,  
 Behind the barberry syrups, the cranberry and the quince.

Be sure my mouth does water, — but then I am content  
 To stay and do the errand on which I have been sent.  
 A soldier must n't grumble at salt beef and hard-tack:  
 We'll have a grand Thanksgiving if ever we get back!



I'm very sure they'll miss me at dinner-time to-day,  
 For I was good at stowing their provender away.  
 When mother clears the table, and wipes the platters bright,  
 She'll say, "I hope my baby don't lose his appetite!"

But oh! the after-dinner! I miss that most of all,—  
 The shooting at the targets, the jolly game of ball,  
 And then the long wood-ramble! We climbed, and slid, and ran,—  
 We and the neighbor-children,—and one was Mary Ann,

Who (as I did n't mention) sat next to me at school:  
 Sometimes I had to show her the way to work the rule  
 Of Ratio and Proportion, and do upon her slate  
 Those long, hard sums that puzzle a merry maiden's pate.

I wonder if they're going across the hills to-day;  
 And up the cliffs I wonder what boy will lead the way;  
 And if they'll gather fern-leaves and checkerberries red,  
 And who will put a garland of ground-pine on her head.

O dear! the air grows sultry: I'd wish myself at home  
 Were it a whit less noble, the cause for which I've come.  
 Four years ago a school-boy; as foolish now as then!  
 But greatly they don't differ, I fancy,—boys and men.

I'm just nineteen to-morrow, and I shall surely stay  
 For Freedom's final battle, be it until I'm gray,  
 Unless a Southern bullet should take me off my feet.—  
 There's nothing left to live for, if Rebeldom should beat;

For home and love and honor and freedom are at stake,  
 And life may well be given for our dear Union's sake;  
 So reads the Proclamation, and so the sermon ran;  
 Do ministers and people feel it as soldiers can?

When will it all be ended? 'Tis not in youth to hold  
 In quietness and patience, like people grave and old:  
 A year? three? four? or seven?—O then, when I return,  
 Put on a big log, mother, and let it blaze and burn,

And roast your fattest turkey, bake all the pies you can,  
 And, if she is n't married, invite in Mary Ann!  
 Hang flags from every window! we'll all be glad and gay,  
 For Peace will light the country on that Thanksgiving Day.

*Lucy Larcom.*



## THUMBLING :

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

*The Introduction.*

DEAR OLD FRIEND:—We were all sitting round the fire the other evening after dinner. The evening paper had been read and explained, and the Colonel was now nursing his wounded arm, and musingly smoking his old camp-pipe, browned to a rich mahogany in many marches among the sands of Folly Island, through the rose-gardens of Florida, and over the hills and valleys of battle-worn old Virginia; I myself, who have never yet taken kindly to pipes, — though I suppose I shall have to ere many days, — was dreaming over a fragrant Cabañas; Madame was hard at work over a pile of the week's stockings; and the children taking their last frolic about the parlor, preparatory to their unwilling Good-night and fearful departure to the hated regions above stairs; — when our neat-handed Bridget entered the room, staggering under the weight of the monthly parcel of French books, just arrived by express.

You, who live where you can see all the new books as soon as they appear,

can hardly imagine the eagerness with which we poor country people, far away from publishing-houses and foreign bookstores, welcome the sight of this monthly parcel. We passed over the green and yellow duodecimos, glancing at Féval, About, Berthel, Sand, and the rest, each looking for his particular favorite among the authors, when the children, whose busy fingers had helped to untie the knots and unwrap the packages, and who were rummaging with as much eagerness as we, suddenly discovered a sober octavo, that seemed to promise well ; for, after a hasty look at it, they carried it away to the library-table, and examined it, for a time, in profound silence. After a while, one little boy spoke out : —

“O, papa ! this must be a real old-fashioned fairy-book, for it is full of pictures of fairies, and knights, and giants, and dwarfs, and dragons ! Do read it to us, please !”

Now, my dear friend, you know that my youngsters have a most insatiate appetite for, and a most thorough appreciation of, real fairy stories, as they call them. But they are pitiless judges ; they can hardly tire of Blue Beard, and Beauty and the Beast, and the Arabian Nights ; but they turn up their little noses in contempt at the *moral* fairy stories, which some of their kind aunts have attempted to impose upon them. I myself have a secret dislike for those sham stories which deceive you into believing you are hearing about real fairies and giants, only to tell you, at the end, that the good fairy is no other than Cheerfulness, Industry, or some sister virtue, and that the giant is Luxury, Ill-Temper, or some kindred vice. Yet the children are severer critics than I. They will have nothing whatever to do with the good fairies who have no magical power, and who live in their own little bodies ; nor with the wicked giants who, they can see at once, have none of the attributes of the giants of old. They swallow the pill once, thinking it a sugar-plum ; but after finding it to be a pill, no amount of sugar coating will make it anything but medicine. And all boys and girls are alike in this, and will be so, let us hope, to the end of time. Even we old fellows recall those old-time stories with something of the same awe-struck admiration, and something of the same unquestioning belief, with which we listened to them, I don't know how many years ago. We sneer at the improbabilities and inconsistencies of modern fiction ; but who thinks of being startled at the charming incongruities, the bold but fascinating impossibilities, of Cinderella, and Aladdin, and Puss in Boots ? Don't we in our heart of hearts still believe that, a long time ago, before men grew too wicked for them, the gentle fairies really lived in their jewelled palaces under ground, and came out, now and then, to protect the youth and beauty they loved from giants, and dragons, and malicious genii, and all manner of evil things ? I declare I should be ashamed of myself if I did not ; and I am sure that none of us, who are good for anything, have altogether lost that old belief ; and when we look back at those days of young romance, and remember the thrill with which we read of Bluebeard's punishment, and Beauty's reward, we feel that it would be better for us if they had more of that old childlike faith. And so I encourage my youngsters to read and listen to, over and over



again, the same old stories that, when I was a boy, warmed my young imagination, and to eschew the dismal allegories with which well-meaning but short-sighted writers try to supply the places of Jack the Giant-killer and all his marvellous family. And so I was almost as pleased as the children, when I saw, from its quaint and grotesque pictures, that their treasure-trove was really a book of real old-fashioned fairy stories.

Of course, nothing would do but that the bed-time should be put off, and that I should read one, at least, of the stories to the young folks. As my selection won their unqualified admiration, and they are, as I have said, good critics, I send it to you for the benefit of your little people. Your studies in the Norse languages have perhaps made you familiar with the original of it ; but I think it will be new to most boys and girls.

Your old chum,

PHILIP.

### *The Story.*

#### I.

ONCE upon a time there was a peasant, who had three sons, Peter, Paul, and John. Peter was tall, stout, rosy and good-natured, but a stupid fellow ; Paul was thin, yellow, envious, and surly ; while Jack was full of mischief, pale as a girl, but so small that he could stow himself away in his father's jack-boots ; and so he was called Thumbling.

All the wealth the poor peasant had was his family ; and so poor was he, that it was a very feast-day in his cottage if only a penny happened to jingle there. Food was very high then, and wages low ; so, as soon as the three boys were big enough to work for themselves, the good father was obliged to urge them to leave the cottage where they were born, and to go out into the world to seek their fortune.

"In foreign lands," he said, "across the sea, bread could always be had, even if it took hard work to get it ; while at home, in spite of all their toil, they were never sure of a crust for the morrow."

Now it happened that, not a mile from the woodman's hut, there was a magnificent wooden palace, with twenty balconies and six beautiful windows. And directly opposite these windows there sprang up, one fine summer's night, without the least warning, an immense oak, whose leaves and branches were so thickly clustered together, that one could hardly see in the king's house. It was no easy task to cut down this enormous tree, for it was so tough that it turned the edge of every axe that was wielded against it ; and for every branch that was lopped off, or root that was plucked up, two instantly grew in its place. In vain did the king promise three bags of golden crowns to any one who would rid him of his troublesome neighbor ; it was of no use at all ; and he had at last to light his palace with candles, in broad daylight.

Nor was this the poor king's only trouble. Although the surrounding country was so rich in springs and brooks, that they frequently gushed out

of the solid rock itself, yet in the royal gardens they could n't get a drop of water. In summer time, the king and all his court had to wash their hands in beer, and their faces with mead, which was not convenient, if it was pleasant. So that at last the king promised broad lands, heaps of money, and the title of Lord Marquis, to anybody who would dig a well in his court-yard deep enough to give a supply of water all the year round. In spite, however, of these magnificent promises, no one could get the reward; for the palace was on a lofty hill, and after digging a foot under ground there was a solid granite rock, as hard as flint.

Now these two troubles disturbed the king so much, that he could n't get them out of his head. Although he was not a very great monarch, yet he was as obstinate as the Emperor of China himself. So one fine day he hit upon this wise plan. He caused an enormous placard to be prepared, with the royal arms magnificently displayed at the top; and in it he promised, to whoever would cut down the troublesome oak-tree, and dig him a satisfactory well, no less rewards than the hand of his only daughter, and the half of his kingdom. This placard was posted up on the palace-gate, and copies all over the kingdom. Now, as the princess was as beautiful as the morning, and the half of a kingdom by no means to be despised, the offer was enough to tempt any one; and there shortly came to the palace, from Sweden and Norway, from Denmark and Russia, from the continent and from the islands, a host of sturdy suitors, with axe on shoulder and pick in hand, ready to undertake the task. But all that they hacked and hewed, picked and hollowed, was labor lost. At every stroke the oak grew harder, and the granite no softer; so that the most persevering had at last to give up in despair.

## II.

ONE fine day, about this time, when everybody all over the land was talking of this wonderful affair, and everybody's head was full of it, our three brothers began to ask each other why, since their father wished them to do so, they should n't go out into the world to seek their fortune. They did n't hope for any great success, nor did they expect the hand of the princess, or the half of the kingdom. All they wished for was a good place and a kind master; and who could say they would n't find them both somewhere at the court? So they decided to try their luck; and after receiving the blessing of their good father, they started off, with stout hearts, on their way to the king's palace.

Whilst the two older brothers were slowly trudging along, Thumbling scampered up and down the road like a wild thing, running backwards and forwards like a sportive dog, spying here, there, and everywhere, and noticing everything that was to be noticed. Nothing was too small for his sharp little eyes, and he kept constantly stopping his brothers to ask the why and the wherefore of everything: why the bees dived into the fragrant flower-cups? why the swallows skimmed along the rivers? why the butterflies zigzagged capriciously along the fields? To all these questions Peter



only answered with a burst of stupid laughter ; while the surly Paul shrugged his shoulders, and crossly bade the little Thumbling hold his tongue, telling him he was an inquisitive little simpleton.

As they were going along, they came to a dense forest of pines, that covered the crest of a mountain, on the top of which they heard the sound of a woodman's axe, and the crackling of branches as they fell to the ground.

"That is a very strange thing," said Thumbling, "to be cutting trees on the top of a mountain like this."

"It would astonish me very much to find that you were not astonished at everything," answered Peter, in a sour tone ; "everything is wonderful to simpletons. I suppose you never heard of woodcutters."

"It's all the same to me what you say," said Thumbling ; "but I am going to see what is going on up there."

"Be off with you !" cried Paul ; "tire yourself all out, and that will be a good lesson to you, for wanting to know more than your big brothers."

Thumbling didn't trouble himself much with what his big brothers said, but started for the place whence the noise seemed to come, and, after much hard climbing and running, he arrived at the top of the mountain. And what do you suppose he found there ? You would never guess, and so I will tell you. A MAGIC AXE, that all by itself was hacking away at one of the tallest trees on the mountain.

"Good morning, Mistress Axe," cried Thumbling. "Does n't it tire you to be chopping all alone there at that old tree ?"

"Many long years I have been waiting for you, my son," replied the axe.

"Very well, ma'am, here I am !" said Thumbling ; and without being astonished at anything, he seized the axe, put it in the stout leather bag he carried over his shoulder, and gayly descended to overtake his brothers.

"What marvel did Master Moonstruck see up there ?" asked Paul, looking at Thumbling with a very scornful air.

"It *was* an axe that we heard," answered Thumbling, slyly.

"I could have told you so beforehand," said Peter ; "and here you are now, all tired out, for nothing. You had better stay with us another time."

A little farther along, they came to a place where the road was hollowed with extreme difficulty out of a mass of solid rock ; and here, in the distance, the brothers heard a sharp noise, like that of iron striking against stone.

"It is very wonderful that anybody should be hammering away at rocks away up there !" remarked Thumbling.

"Truly," said Paul, "you must have been fledged yesterday ! Did n't you ever hear a woodpecker pecking at the trunk of an old tree ?"

"He is right," added Peter, laughing ; "it must be a woodpecker. Stay with us, you foolish fellow."

"It's all the same to me," answered Thumbling ; "but I am very curious to see what is going on up there." So he began to climb the rocks on his hands and knees, while his two brothers trudged along, making as much fun of him as possible.

When he got up to the top of the rock, which was only after a deal of hard work, what do you suppose he found there? A MAGIC PICKAXE, that, all alone by itself, was digging at the hard stone as if it were soft clay; and digging so well, that at every blow it went down more than a foot in the rock.

"Good morning, Mistress Pickaxe," said Thumbling. "Does n't it tire you to be delving alone there, hollowing away at that old rock?"

"Many long years I have been waiting for you, my son," answered the pickaxe.

"Very well, ma'am! here I am," replied Thumbling; and, without being astonished at anything, he seized the pick, took it off its handle, put the two pieces in the stout leather bag he carried over his shoulder, and gayly descended to overtake his brothers.

"What miracle did his Worship see this time?" asked Paul, in a surly tone.

"It *was* a pickaxe that we heard," answered Thumbling, slyly; and he plodded along, without any more words.

A little farther along, they came to a brook. The water was clear and fresh, and, as the travellers were thirsty, they all stopped to drink out of the hollows of their hands.

"It is very wonderful," said Thumbling, "that there should be so much water in this little valley. I should like to see where this brook starts from."

But to this the only answer was from Paul, who said gruffly to his brother, "We shall soon see this inquisitive fellow climbing up to Heaven, and asking questions of the angels themselves."

"Very well!" says Thumbling; "it's all the same; and I am very curious to see where all this water comes from."

So saying, he began to follow up the streamlet, in spite of the jeers and scoldings of his brothers. And lo and behold! the farther he went, smaller and smaller grew the brook, and less and less the quantity of water. And when he came to the end, what do you think he found? A simple nut-shell, from the bottom of which a tiny stream of water burst out and sparkled in the sun.

"Good morning, Mistress Spring," cried Thumbling. "Does n't it tire you to be gushing away there all alone in your little corner?"

"Many long years I have been waiting for you, my son," replied the spring.

"Very well, ma'am! here I am," said Thumbling; and without being astonished at anything, he seized the nut-shell, plugged it up with moss, so that the water should n't run out, put it in the stout leather bag he carried over his shoulder, and gayly descended to overtake his brothers.

"Do you know now where the brook starts from?" shouted Peter, as soon as he saw him.

"Yes, brother Peter," replied Thumbling; "it came out of a little hole."

"This boy is too bright to live," grumbled Peter.

But Thumbling quietly said to himself, and rubbed his hands meanwhile, "I have seen what I wanted to see, and I know what I wanted to know; let those laugh who wish."

## III.

SHORTLY after this, the brothers arrived at the king's palace. The oak was stouter and thicker than ever ; there was no sign of a well in the court-yard ; and at the gate of the palace still hung the imposing placard that promised the hand of the princess, and the half of the kingdom, to whoever, noble, gentleman, or peasant, should accomplish the two things his Majesty so ardently desired. Only, as the king was weary of so many fruitless attempts, which had only resulted in making him more despairing than before, he had ordered a second and smaller placard to be pasted directly above the large one. On this placard was written, in red letters, the following terrible words :

*"Be it known, by these presents, that, in his inexhaustible goodness, his Majesty, the King, has deigned to order, that whosoever does not succeed in cutting down the oak, or in digging the well, shall have his ears promptly stricken off, in order to teach him the first lesson of wisdom,—TO KNOW HIMSELF."*

And, in order that everybody should profit by this wise and prudent counsel, the king had caused to be nailed around this placard thirty bleeding ears, belonging to the unfortunate fellows who had proved themselves ignorant of the first lesson of wisdom.

When Peter read this notice, he laughed to himself, twisted his mustaches, looked proudly at his brawny arms, whose swollen veins looked like so many pieces of blue whipcord, swung his axe twice around his head, and with one blow chopped off one of the biggest branches of the enchanted tree. To his horror and dismay, however, there immediately sprang forth two more branches, each bigger and thicker than the first ; and the king's guards thereupon immediately seized the unlucky woodcutter, and, without any more ado, sliced off both his ears.

"You are an awkward booby, and deserve your punishment," said Paul to his brother. Saying this, he took his axe, walked slowly around the tree, and, seeing a large root that projected from the soil, he chopped it off with a single blow. At the same instant, two enormous new roots broke from the ground ; and, wonderful to relate, each one immediately shot out a trunk, thickly covered with foliage.

"Seize this miserable fellow," shouted the furious king ; "and, since he did not profit by the example of his brother, shave off both *his* ears, close to his head !"

No sooner said than done. But now Thumbling, undismayed by this double misfortune, stepped bravely forward to try his fortune.

"Drive this little abortion away," cried the king ; "and if he resists, chop off his ears. He will have the lesson all the same, and will spare us the sight of his stupidity."

"Pardon, gracious Majesty !" interrupted Thumbling. "The king has passed his word, and I have the right to a trial. It will be time enough to cut off my ears when I fail."

"Away, then, to the trial," said the king, with a heavy sigh ; "but be careful that I don't have your nose cut off to boot."



Thumbling now drew his magic axe from the bottom of his stout leather bag. It was almost as big as he was, and he had no little difficulty and trouble in standing it up, with the handle leaning against the enchanted tree. At last, however, all was accomplished; and stepping back a few steps, he cried out, "Chop! chop!! chop!!!" And lo and behold! the axe began to chop, hew, hack, now right, now left, and up and down! Trunk, branches, roots, all were speedily cut to bits. In fact, it only took a quarter of an hour, and yet there was such a heap, a monstrous heap of wood, that the whole court had nothing else to burn for a whole year.

When the tree was entirely cut down and cleared away, Thumbling approached the king, (who, in the mean time, had sent for the princess, and caused her to sit down by his side, to see the wonderful thing,) and, making them both a low bow, said:—

"Is your Majesty entirely satisfied with his faithful subject?"

"Yes, so far so good," answered the king; "but I must have my well, or look out for your ears!"

All went then into the grand court-yard. The king placed himself on an elevated seat. The princess sat a little below, and looked with some anxiety at the little husband that Heaven seemed to have sent her. He was not the spouse she had dreamed of, certainly. Without troubling himself the least in the world, Thumbling now drew the magic pickaxe from his stout leather bag, calmly put it together, and then, laying it carefully on the ground in the proper place, he cried:—

"Pick! Pick!! Pick!!!"

And lo and behold! the pick began to burst the granite to splinters, and in less than a quarter of an hour had dug a well more than a hundred feet deep, in the solid rock.

"Does your Majesty think," asked Thumbling, bowing profoundly, "that the well is sufficiently deep?"

"Certainly," answered the king; "but where is the water to come from?"

"If your Majesty will grant me a moment longer," rejoined Thumbling, "your just impatience shall be satisfied." So saying, he drew from his stout leather bag the nut-shell, all covered as it was with moss, and placed it on a magnificent fountain vase, where, not having any water, they had put a bouquet of flowers.

"Gush! Gush!! Gush!!!" cried Thumbling.

And lo and behold! the water began to burst out among the flowers, singing with a gentle murmur, and falling down in a charming cascade, that was so cold that it made everybody present shiver; and so abundant, that in a quarter of an hour the well was filled, and a deep trench had to be dug to take away the surplus water; otherwise the whole palace would have been overflowed.

"Sire!" now said Thumbling, bending gracefully on one knee before the royal chair, "does your Majesty find that I have answered your conditions?"

"Yes! my *Lord Marquis Thumbling*," answered the king; "I am ready to give you the half of my kingdom, or to pay you the value of it, by means

of a tax my loyal subjects will only be too happy to pay. As to giving you the princess, however, and calling you my son-in-law, that is another question ; for that does n't depend upon me alone."

"And what must I do for that?" asked Thumbling proudly, ogling the princess at the same time.

"You shall know to-morrow," replied the king ; "and meanwhile you are my guest, and the most magnificent apartment in the palace shall be prepared for you."

After the departure of the king and princess, Thumbling ran to find his two brothers, who, with their ears cut off, looked like cropped curs. "Ah! my boys," said he, "do you think now I was wrong in being astonished at everything, as you said, and in trying to find out the why and wherefore of it?"

"You have had the luck," answered Paul coldly ; "Fortune is blind, and does n't always choose the most worthy upon whom to bestow her favors."

But Peter said, "You have done well, brother ; and with or without ears, I am delighted at your good fortune, and only wish our poor old father was here to see it also."

Thumbling took his two brothers along with him, and, as he was in high favor at court, that very day he secured them good situations.

#### IV.

MEANWHILE, the king was tossing uneasily on his magnificent bed, and broad awake. Such a son-in-law as Thumbling did n't please him overmuch, so he tried to see if he could n't think of some way of breaking his word, without seeming to do so. For people that call themselves honest, this is by no means an easy task. Put a thief between honor and interest, you won't find him hesitate ; but that is because he *is* a thief. In his perplexity, the king sent for Peter and Paul, since the two brothers were the only ones who could enlighten him on the birth, character, and disposition of our hero. Peter, who, as you remember, was good-natured, praised his brother warmly, which did n't please the king overmuch ; but Paul put the king more at his ease, by trying to prove to him that Thumbling was nothing but an adventurer, and that it would be ridiculous that so great a monarch should be under obligations to such a contemptible fellow.

"The scamp is so vain," continued the malicious Paul, "that he thinks he is stout enough to manage a giant ; and you can use this vanity of his to get rid of him. In the neighboring country there is an ugly Troll, who is the terror of the whole neighborhood. He devours all the cattle for ten leagues about, and commits unheard-of devastation everywhere. Now Thumbling has said a great many times that, if he wanted to, he would make this giant his slave."

"We shall see about this," said the king, who caught at the insinuation of the wicked brother, and thereupon sent the two brothers away, and slept tranquilly the rest of the night.

The next morning, when the whole court was called together, the king ordered Thumbling to be sent for; and presently he made his appearance, white as a lily, ruddy as a rose, and smiling as the morn.

"My good son-in-law," said the king, emphasizing these words, "a hero like yourself cannot marry a princess without giving her a present worthy of her exalted rank. Now there is in the neighboring woods a Troll, who, they say, is twenty feet high, and who eats a whole ox for his breakfast. This fine fellow, with his three-cornered hat, his golden epaulettes, his braided jacket, and his staff, fifteen feet long, would make a servant indeed worthy of a king. My daughter begs you to make her this trifling present, after which she will see about giving you her hand."

"That is not an easy task," answered Thumbling; "but, if it please your Majesty, I will try."

So saying, he went down to the kitchen, took his stout leather bag, put in it the magic axe, a loaf of bread, some cheese, and a knife, and then, throwing all over his shoulder, started off for the woods. Peter whimpered, but Paul chuckled, thinking that, his brother once gone, he should never see him back again.

Once fairly in the forest, Thumbling looked around to right and left; but the grass was so thick that he could n't see anything, so he began to sing at the top of his voice, —

"Master Troll, Master Troll !  
I defy you to appear !  
I must have you, body and soul,  
Master Troll, Master Troll !  
Show yourself, for I AM HERE !"

"AND I AM HERE!" cried the giant, with a terrible shout. "Wait a minute, and I will only make a mouthful of you!"

"Don't be in a hurry, my good fellow," replied Thumbling, in a little squeaking voice, "I have a whole hour to give you."

When the Troll came to the place where Thumbling was, he looked around on every side, very much astonished at not seeing anything. At last, lowering his eyes to the ground, he discovered what appeared to be a little child, sitting on a fallen tree, with a stout leather bag between his knees.

"Is it you, pigmy, who woke me up from my nap?" growled the Troll, rolling his great red eyes.

"I am the very one," replied Thumbling, "I have come to take you into my service."

"He! he!" laughed the giant, who was as stupid as he was big, "that is a good joke indeed. But I am going to pitch you into that raven's nest I see up there, to teach you not to make a noise in my forest."

"Your forest!" laughed Thumbling. "It is as much mine as it is yours, and if you say a word more, I will cut it down in a quarter of an hour."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the giant, "and I should like to see you begin, my brave fellow."

Thumbling carefully placed the axe on the ground, and said, "Chop! chop!! chop!!!"



And lo and behold! the axe begins to chop, hew, hack, now right, now left, and up and down, till the branches tumble on the Troll's head like hail in autumn.

"Enough, enough!" said the Troll, who began to be alarmed. "Don't destroy my forest. But who the mischief are you?"

"I am the famous sorcerer THUMBLING," answered our hero, in as gruff a voice as his little body was capable of; "and I have only to say a single word to chop your head off your shoulders. You don't know yet with whom you have to do."

The giant hesitated, very much disturbed at what he saw. Meanwhile, Thumbling, who began to be hungry, opened his stout leather bag, and took out his bread and cheese.

"What is that white stuff?" asked the Troll, who had never seen any cheese before.

"That is a stone," answered Thumbling. He began to eat as eagerly as possible.

"Do you eat stones?" asked the giant.

"O yes," replied Thumbling, "that is my ordinary food, and that is the reason I am not so big as you, who eat oxen; but it is also the reason why, little as I am, I am ten times as strong as you are. Now take me to your house."

The Troll was conquered; and, marching before Thumbling like a dog before a little child, he led him to his monstrous cabin.

"Now listen," said Thumbling to the giant, after they were fairly seated, "one of us has got to be the master, and the other the servant. Let us make this bargain: if I can't do whatever you do, I am to be your slave; if you are not able to do whatever I do, you are to be mine."

"Agreed," said the Troll; "I should admire to have such a little servant as you are. It is too much work for me to think, and you have wit enough for both; so begin with the trial. Here are my two buckets,—go and get the water to make the soup."

Thumbling looked at the buckets. They were two enormous hogsheads, ten feet high and six broad. It would have been much easier for him to drown himself in them than to move them.

"O, ho!" shouted the giant, as he saw his hesitation; "and so you are stuck at the first thing, my boy! Do what I do, you know, and get the water."

"What is the good of that?" replied Thumbling, calmly; "I will go and get the spring itself, and put that in the pot."

"No! no!" said the Troll; "that won't do. You have already half spoiled my forest, and I don't want you to take my spring away, lest to-morrow I shall go dry. You may attend to the fire, and I will go and get the water."

After having hung up the kettle, the giant put into it an ox cut into pieces, fifty cabbages, and a wagon-load of carrots. He then skimmed the broth with a frying-pan, tasting it every now and then, to see if it was done. When all was ready, he turned to Thumbling, and said:—

"Now to the table. We'll see if you can do what I can there. I feel like eating the whole ox, and you into the bargain. I think I will serve you for dessert."

"All right," said Thumbling; but before sitting down to the table, he slipped under his jacket his stout leather bag, which reached down to his feet.

The two champions now set to work. The Troll ate and ate, and Thumbling was n't idle; only he pitched everything, beef, cabbage, carrots, and all, into his bag, when the giant was n't looking.

"Ouf!" at last grunted the Troll; "I can't do much more; I have got to unbutton the lower button of my waistcoat."

"Eat away, starveling!" cried Thumbling, sticking the half of a cabbage into his bag.

"Ouf!" groaned the giant; "I have got to unbutton another button. But what sort of an ostrich's stomach have you got, my son? I should think you were used to eating stones!"

"Eat away, lazy-bones!" said Thumbling, sticking a huge junk of beef into his bag.

"Ouf!" sighed the giant, for the third time; "I have got to unbutton the third button. I am almost suffocated; and how is it with you, sorcerer?"

"Bah!" answered Thumbling; "it is the easiest thing in the world to relieve yourself; and so saying he took his knife, and slit his jacket and the bag under it the whole length of his stomach.

"It is your turn now," he said to the giant; "do as I do, you know, *if you can.*"

"Your humble servant," replied the Troll; "pray excuse me! I had rather be your servant than do that; *my* stomach don't digest steel!"

No sooner said than done; the giant kissed Thumbling's hand in token of submission, and taking his little master on one shoulder, and a huge bag of gold on the other, he started off for the king's palace.

## V.

THEY were having a great feast at the palace, and thinking no more of Thumbling than if the giant had eaten him up a week before; when, all of a sudden, they heard a terrible noise that shook the palace to its very foundations. It was the Troll, who, finding the great gateway too low for him to enter, had overturned it with a single kick of his foot. Everybody ran to the windows, the king among the rest, and there saw Thumbling quietly seated on the shoulder of his terrible servant.

Our adventurer sprang lightly to the balcony of the second story, where he saw his betrothed, and, bending gracefully on one knee, he said:—

"Princess, you asked me for a slave; I present you two."

This gallant speech was published the next morning in the Court Gazette; but at the moment it was said it was quite embarrassing to the poor king; and as he did n't know how to reply to it, he drew the princess one side, and thus addressed her:—





“My child, I have now no possible excuse for refusing your hand to this daring young man; sacrifice yourself, my darling, to your country; remember that princesses do not marry to please themselves.”

“Pardon me, father,” answered the princess, courtesying; “princess or not, every woman likes to marry according to her taste. Let me defend my rights as I think best.”

“Thumbling,” added she, aloud, “you are brave and lucky; but that is not enough alone to please women.”

“I know that,” answered Thumbling; “it is necessary besides to do their pleasure, and submit to their caprices.”

“You are a witty fellow,” said the princess; “and since you understand me so well, I am going to propose another trial to you. You need not be alarmed, for this time you will only have me for an antagonist. Let us try and see who will be the sharpest and quickest, and my hand shall be the prize of the battle.”

Thumbling assented, with a low bow, and followed the court into the great hall of audience, where the trial was to take place. There, to the affright of all, the Troll was found, sprawling on the floor; for, as the hall was only fifteen feet high, the poor fellow could not get up. On a sign of his young

master, he crawled humbly to him, happy and proud to obey. It was Force itself, in the service of Wit.

"Now," said the princess, "let us begin with some nonsense. It is an old story that women are not afraid to lie; and we will see which of us will stand the biggest story without objection. The first one who says, '*That is too much,*' will be beaten."

"I am always at the service of your Royal Highness," answered Thumbling; "whether to lie in sport, or to tell the truth in sober earnest."

"I am sure," began the princess, "that you have n't got a farm half as beautiful as ours; and it is so large, that, when two shepherds are blowing their horns at each end of it, neither can hear the other."

"That is nothing at all," said Thumbling; "my father's farm is so large, that, if a heifer two months old goes in at the gate on one side of it, when she goes out at the other she takes a calf of her own with her."

"That don't surprise me," continued the princess; "but you have n't got a bull half as big as ours; a man can sit on each of his horns, and the two can't touch each other with a twenty-foot pole."

"That is nothing at all," replied Thumbling; "my father's bull is so large, that a servant sitting on one of his horns can't see the servant sitting on the other."

"That don't surprise me," said the princess; "but you have n't got half so much milk at your farm as we have; for we fill, every day, twenty hogsheads, a hundred feet high; and every week, we make a pile of cheese as high as the big pyramid of Egypt."

"That is nothing at all," said Thumbling. "In my father's dairy they make such big cheeses, that once, when my father's mare fell into the press, we only found her after travelling seven days, and she was so much injured that her back was broken. So to mend that I made her a backbone of a pine-tree, that answered splendidly; till one fine morning the tree took it into its head to grow, and it grew and grew until it was so high that I climbed up to Heaven on it. There I looked down, and saw a lady in a white gown spinning sea-foam to make gossamer with. I went to take hold of it, and snap! the thread broke, and I fell into a rat-hole. There I saw your father and my mother spinning; and as your father was clumsy, lo and behold, my mother gave him such a box on the ear, that it made his old wig shake——"

"*That is too much!*" interrupted the princess. "My father never suffered such an insult in all his life."

"She said it! she said it!" shouted the giant. "Now, master, the princess is ours!"

## VI.

BUT the princess said, blushing: "Not quite yet. I have three riddles to give you, Thumbling; guess them, and I will obey my father, and become your wife without any more objections. Tell me, first, what that is which is always falling, and is never broken?"

“Oh!” answered Thumbling, “my mother told me that a long time ago; it is a waterfall.”

“That is so,” interrupted the giant; “but who would have thought of that.”

“Tell me, next,” continued the princess, with a slight trembling in her voice, “what is that that every day goes the same journey, and yet never returns on its steps?”

“Oh!” answered Thumbling, “my mother told me that a long time ago; it is the sun.”

“You are right,” said the princess, pale with emotion. “And now for my last question, which you will never guess. What is that that you think, and that I don’t think? What is that we both think, and what is that we neither of us think?”

Thumbling bent his head, and seemed embarrassed; and the Troll whispered to him: “Master, don’t be disturbed. If you can’t guess it, just make a sign to me, and I will carry off the princess, and make an end of the matter at once.”

“Be silent, slave!” answered Thumbling. “Force alone can do nothing, my poor friend, and no one ought to know it better than you. Let me have my own way.”

“Madame,” said he then to the princess, in the midst of a profound silence, “I hardly dare guess; and yet in this riddle I plainly perceive my own happiness. I dared to think that your questions would have no difficulty for me, while you thought the contrary; you have the goodness to believe that I am not unworthy to please you, while I have hardly the boldness to think so; finally,” added he, smilingly, “what we both think is, that there are bigger fools in the world than you and I; and what we neither of us think is, that the king, your august father, and this poor giant have as much —”

“Silence!” interrupted the princess; “here is my hand.”

“What were you thinking about me?” asked the king; “I should be delighted to know.”

“My dear father,” said the princess, embracing him, “we think that you are the wisest of kings, and the best of fathers.”

“It is well!” replied the king, loftily; “and now I must do something for my subjects. Thumbling, from this moment you are a Duke!”

“Long live Duke Thumbling! long live my master!” shouted the giant, with a terrific roar, that sounded like a clap of thunder breaking over the palace. But, luckily, there was no harm done, save badly frightening everybody, and breaking all the windows.

## VII.

It would be unnecessary to give a full account of the wedding of the princess and Duke Thumbling. All weddings are alike; the difference is in what follows after them. Nevertheless, it would be improper in a truthful historian not to say that the presence of the Troll added a great deal to the



magnificent display. For instance, when the happy couple were returning from the church, the giant, in the excess of his joy, found nothing better to do than to take the royal carriage on the top of his head, and to carry the wedded pair back to the palace. This is an incident worth noting, because it does n't happen every day.

At night there was a splendid feast at the palace, with suppers, orations, poems, fireworks, illuminations, and everything. Nothing was wanting, and the joy was universal. Everybody in the palace laughed, sung, ate, or drank, save one man, who, seated sullenly alone in a dark corner, amused himself in a very different way from everybody else. It was the surly Paul, who rejoiced that his ears had been cut off, because he had become deaf, and consequently could n't hear the praises all were showering on his brother. On the other hand, he was unhappy, because he could n't help seeing the happiness of the bride and bridegroom. So he rushed out into the forest, where the bears speedily made an end of him; and I wish a like punishment to all envious people like him.

Thumbling was such a little fellow that it was hard work for his subjects to respect him; but he was so wise, so affable, and so kind, that he very soon conquered the love of his wife, and the affection of all his people.

After the death of his father-in-law, he succeeded to the throne, which he occupied fifty-two years, without anybody ever having thought of a revolution; a fact that would be incredible, if it were not attested by the official records of his reign. He was so wise, says history, that he always divined what could best serve or please the humblest of his subjects, while he was so good, that the pleasures of others constituted his greatest happiness. He only lived for others.

But why praise his goodness? Is not that the virtue of all men of intelligence and wit? Whatever others may say, *I* don't believe there are such things as good brutes here on earth; I speak now of featherless brutes that go on two legs. When a man is brutal, he cannot be kind and good; when a man is good, he cannot be brutal;—believe my long experience, which has learned it. If all blockheads are not vicious,—and I think they are,—all wicked men are necessarily foolish. And that is the moral of this story, if you can't find a better one. If you will find me a better, I will go and tell it to the Pope of Rome himself.

*From the Finnish.*



## THE RED-COATS.

THERE was commotion in Leafland. All the cities of the Great Republic were smitten with sudden dismay. Oakwich, Mapleton, Ashby, Elmthorpe, Beechworth, Sumachford, Nutham, trembled from centre to circumference. There were hurried consultations, desperate resolutions rejected as soon as adopted, eager inventories taken of domestic property, and a fearful looking-for of coming calamity. For, on the fine September morning when the sun poured out golden showers, and Leafland sat fair and smiling in robes of green, and so the whole universe was golden-green, there came a messenger flying from the North country, — a wandering Wood-thrush, deserted, draggled, and forlorn, faltering on weary wing through the lovely lanes of Leafland. The men begged him to tarry; the women promised him the daintiest tidbit in the sweetest bower on the sunniest bough; and the little Leaf-people clapped their tiny hands, and danced on the tips of their tiny toes for glee. For so admirably managed in Leafland are the Department of the Interior and the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, that you might think the Leaflanders had solved the great problem of universal brotherhood. The stranger that is within their gates is all one with him who is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. No sooner does a foreigner enter their borders, than he is presented with the freedom of all their cities. They provide for his wants, protect him from danger, and cherish his home as tenderly as if he were one of themselves. Robin the Red-breast and shy little Veery, Pewee the plaintive and cheerful Chewink, Long-sparrow, Bluebird, and sweet Chickadee, all glide freely in and out of their green and golden halls, flit through their winding streets, and take part in all their delights. Nor have the Leaflanders any trouble to understand bird-language. They have not, like the old Ger-men, eaten the hearts of birds, but by a more excellent way have they entered into all their secrets. Through long summer days and the silence of dewy nights, they lean so lovingly over them, they stir so softly around the still bird-cradles, they coo so tenderly to the sweet egg-nestlings and the helpless baby-birds, that one heart-language springs up between them, and shines familiarly through all foreign phrase. Nor is it the birds alone who take out naturalization-papers in Leafland. All manner of nations and peoples partake of its hospitalities and remember it for blessing. You have only to be pure-hearted, and you may become at once a Leaflander.

So it came to pass that the Leaflanders were sore grieved at heart to see the weary Wood-thrush deaf to all their entreaties, and bent alone on pursuing his solitary way. But as he wheeled slowly above their heads, as he seemed just about to vanish into the blue distance, they heard his faint voice — whether in terror or weakness they could not tell — only the words fell distinctly on their ears, —

*“I see! I see! I see! The Red-coats are coming!”*

Faint and far and clarion-clear, it trembled through Leafland, low but omi-



nous. Mapleton heard it and wondered; Elmthorpe and Ashby and Nutham repeated it, looking into one another's eyes for a meaning. Proud old Oakwich tried to assume a grave aspect, but was inwardly at her wits' end. "The Red-coats are coming." All the ancient men and women, great-great-great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers, whose childhood lay wellnigh lost in the infinite past of April days, said it over to each other with thin, quavering voices; but all their experience gave them no key to the mysterious message. Then the post-riders were brought into requisition. The whole corporation of Gale, Breeze, Zephyr, & Co., Express Company, all their clerks, agents, and errand-boys, were sent to and fro through the Commonwealth, to see if any one anywhere had a little light to bestow upon the subject. Alas! the light came all too soon, and brought infinite sighing and sobbing. A thought suddenly broke loose in Oakwich, and up spake an old Oakwichian. "Oh! and oh! and woe is me for my miserable land now, now about to be bereft of her children! All her strength destroyed, all her loveliness laid desolate!"

Straightway throughout Leafland rose the voice of wailing, "Woe! woe! woe! for the miserable land!" but none of them knew what they were crying for; only the Oakwichian began it, and nothing better occurred to them to do than to join in; which soon made the sunny day overcast, and all the people walking in Netherworld where it approaches Leafland wrapped their old cloaks about them, and said spitefully, "What a disagreeable, raw east-wind it is, to be sure!"

But by and by, when their throats were quite dry and sore with wailing, one of the Mapletonians, a very sensible young woman, quite famous indeed for her wisdom, bethought herself to inquire what it was all about. Then there was a very pretty outburst of indignation. For a moment they forgot their grief, and, what was still worse, their good manners, and turned upon the unfortunate young woman.

"And so you set yourself above your betters, and fiddle while Leafland is burning!" cried one.

"And pray, Miss Wiseacre," asked another, "how came *you* to know so much more than any one else? Who told *you* that nothing was the matter?"

"Oh! if women would only mind the house, and not meddle with what does not belong to them!" exclaimed a third.

All very unjust as you see, for surely the destruction of Leafland concerned the women as much as the men, and poor "Miss Wiseacre" had not so much as made an assertion,—only asked a question. However, the Leaflanders must be excused, because they were quite beside themselves with terror, and, moreover, a question is sometimes more exasperating than fire and sword.

But the old Oakwichian was more reasonable, and, ever glad, even in the article of death, to disseminate useful knowledge, interposed. "I will tell you what the matter is," he said. "Well I remember in the far-away past, in the sunny summer-days that will return, alas! no more,"—here a burst

of sorrow prevented speech, but he presently recovered himself,—“how a little maid used to walk in Netherworld, and rest under the shadow of our greatness, toying with the light. She was a favorite with every one hereabouts. Gold was her hair like a spun sunbeam, blue her eyes like our own June sky, and her voice might sing the lowest lullaby of the Red Mavis, or his song to his love in her nest. Sometimes the little maiden looked up wistfully to us, her eyes all a-gleam with her glowing fancies. Then we pelted her with sunshine, and caressed her with shade, and then she was happiest of all. But sometimes she brought with her hateful things, tasks and tools, useless, awkward, bungling, sharp weapons, that hurt her tender fingers, long cords that she pulled aimlessly back and forth, huge books with harsh names, that blurred her dear eyes and gloomed her bright face. First we tried to shame and then to woo her away from them, but some invisible old dragon stood over her, and forced her on; and so we learned at length to watch and wait till the hated task was over. Thereby we learned many strange and wonderful things; but this alone is to the purpose, that I surely recall how for many days she kept reading about the Red-coats, and I peeped down over her shoulder, as we swayed in the dance one afternoon, and saw pictures of these same Red-coats, a great destroying army, fierce and fell, who burn villages, and talk piously, and slay men, women, and children. Them has friend Wood-thrush verily seen, and against them he strove to warn us. But, ah! what avails it? What can we do, or whither shall we flee! Can a nation take wing like a Wood-thrush? Can Leafland flit about like a Swallow? And who should warrant us that the Red-coats should not pursue us to remotest fastnesses? Nay, they may be even now upon us. Woe! woe is me! We were Leaflanders; Oakwich was, and the great glory of the Elmothorpians! But now we be all dead men!”

At this, the Leaflanders only paused long enough to upbraid the young woman. “See now whether anything is the matter!” and immediately fell to upon their despair.

“A nation in ruins!” cried the statesman. “Leafland falls from its lofty summit, and I live to see the day.”

“I behold the gods departing from Leafland,” spake the scholar. “This is the end of the fates of Leafland.”

“Now I do not care for your gods and your fates and your what-all,” sobbed a nervous little lady. “I never could see that they were of any use in housekeeping; but who shall watch over the tender birdlings when we are gone?”

“And never any more dances! Forever, never, never, forever!” You may know it was a belle said that.

“Dances are but the vanity of this world,” moaned a sedate matron; “but woe for my dear pet Aphides, with their six hundred thousand children, who will be dead before they are born!”

“Bother your six hundred thousand children!” growled a crusty philosopher. “If they *are* dead, it is the only good thing ever I heard about them. It might be worth while to have one’s country crashing about one’s ears

occasionally, for the sake of being well rid of such trash. Here are all our laboratories broken up, and the sun's occupation gone, and you making a to-do about a parcel of babies !”

“O the sweet sunshine !” wept a poet, but most musically, — “the warm, delicious sunshine, that our hungry souls can feed upon no more, nor ever fill our drinking-cups with nectared dew !”

And so in Mapleton and Sumachford and through all Leafland was nothing heard but the voice of lamentation, and nothing seen but floods of tears, and nothing thought of but how to avert or escape the threatened calamity ; and, in their terror and trouble, the Leaflanders almost lost their fine tempers, and were often on the brink of quarrelling ; and the people walking in Netherworld met each other under blue cotton umbrellas, and exclaimed, “What a spell of weather !” and altogether it was very uncomfortable, both in Leafland and Netherworld.

Just at this time a gay young Chipmonk appeared upon the scene, — a careless, dashing, saucy fellow, very popular among the young Leaflanders of the rapid sort. He came skipping and frisking into Nutham, as his manner was, both pockets full of corn which he had *confiscated*, he remarked significantly, from a field down yonder. He nodded jauntily right and left, and then disposed himself comfortably in a corner, and began cracking his dainties in a very free-and-easy manner, not noticing the woe-begone aspect of his friends. All at once, however, he awoke to a realizing sense of things, and showed his sympathy after his own fashion, by giving a sudden flirt with his tail, and calling out, irreverently, “What’s the row ?”

Amid tears and sighs, the sad story was related to him, in all its length and breadth and thickness ; but, instead of the answering tear and sigh which his auditors expected, he only thrust his paws into his pockets, and whisked his tail over his back in frantic convulsions of laughter ; muttering, as breath came to him in the pauses, “O, what a gony ! For that matter, O, what a pack of gonies !”

Now the Leaflanders were quite too well-bred ever to have used or heard so barbarous a word as “gony.” Nevertheless, reason and instinct both taught them, as it will teach all people of refined sensibilities, that to be called a gony is to be called something very disagreeable ; and if anything can heighten the unpleasant sensation, it is to be called “a pack of gonies.” Consequently the Leaflanders began to look at each other blankly, and even to suspect that possibly they had been making fools of themselves. But Chipmonk did not leave them long in suspense. “Your terrible Red-coats are your own selves,” he cried. “I have heard of people being frightened by their own shadow ; but never, in all my born days, did I hear of any one being frightened by his own shine.”

“Now will you explain yourself ?” cried one of the young ladies, her curiosity getting the better of her chagrin. All the old men and the young men were longing to know, but were too proud to ask ; but the question being asked for them, they were glad enough to crowd in, and hear the answer.



"It is only this, and nothing more," answered Chipmonk, ejecting a pine-seed from his mouth. "You are all going to have a new suit of clothes, more splendid than you ever saw in your lives, — yellow and brown and spotted, and all manner of magnificent colors, but chiefly red; and then you will be Red-coats, won't you? Wood-thrush came from north, where the tailoring began; and he saw it, and told you. It is a sign for him to be up and flying. He thought it would be his excuse for declining your invitation, instead of which you all went thrusting your heads into a bramble-bush. O my!"

"But say, Chipmonk, do you know this? Are you sure of it? It seems too good news to be true."

"Well, all I can say is, I have lived here, man and boy, nigh on to forty months; and I know it always *has* happened about this time. I am young for a Chipmonk; but I was in full career long before the oldest crone among you was born; and if there is anything hereabouts that I don't know, you may take your affidavit it is n't worth knowing." And he sat back, and betook himself once more to his "confiscated" corn with the most indifferent superiority.

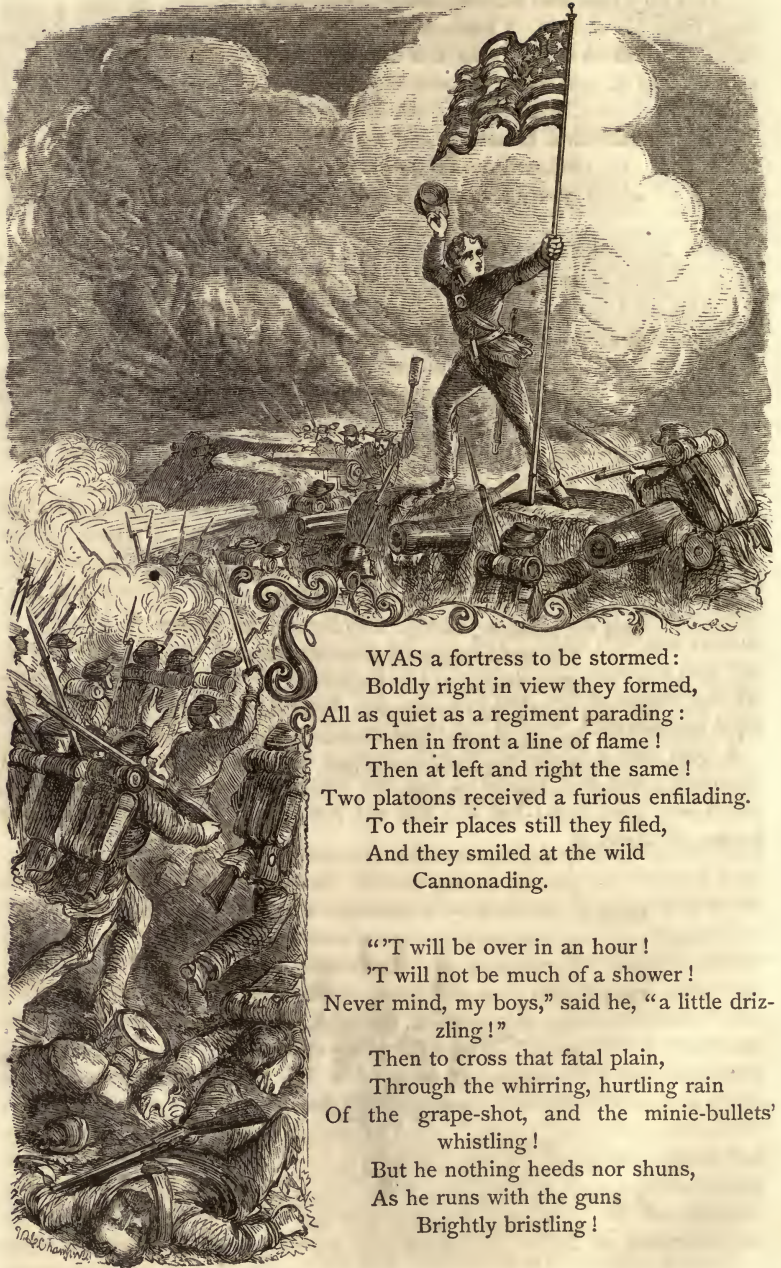
Oh! but there was gladness then in Leafland, you may be sure. All their sadness was turned to rejoicing; and even then the work of transformation — called, in squirrelicular, "tailoring" — began. Old and young, men and maids, felt a glory in their blood. All the essence of the summer-long sunshine seemed to pour itself into their hearts. From one end of Leafland to another was only singing and dancing and delight. Mapleton crowned herself with a golden crown, and Oakwich wreathed her brows with the sunset. All the beauty of the past was dull and sombre to this new splendor, this royal magnificence, born of the ineffable light.

A poet and a publisher walked through the Essex woods one October afternoon; and they remarked that the foliage was very brilliant this year, which was quite true; but if I had not been born, you never would have known all about it.

*Gail Hamilton.*







WAS a fortress to be stormed:  
 Boldly right in view they formed,  
 All as quiet as a regiment parading:  
 Then in front a line of flame!  
 Then at left and right the same!  
 Two platoons received a furious enfilading.  
 To their places still they filed,  
 And they smiled at the wild  
 Cannonading.

"T will be over in an hour!  
 'T will not be much of a shower!  
 Never mind, my boys," said he, "a little driz-  
 zling!"  
 Then to cross that fatal plain,  
 Through the whirring, hurtling rain  
 Of the grape-shot, and the minie-bullets'  
 whistling!  
 But he nothing heeds nor shuns,  
 As he runs with the guns  
 Brightly bristling!

Leaving trails of dead and dying  
 In their track, yet forward flying  
 Like a breaker where the gale of conflict rolled them,  
 With a foam of flashing light  
 Borne before them on their bright  
 Burnished barrels, — O, 't was fearful to behold them !  
 While from ramparts roaring loud  
 Swept a cloud like a shroud  
 To enfold them !

O, his color was the first !  
 Through the burying cloud he burst,  
 With the standard to the battle forward slanted !  
 Through the belching, blinding breath  
 Of the flaming jaws of Death,  
 Till his banner on the bastion he had planted !  
 By the screaming shot that fell,  
 And the yell of the shell,  
 Nothing daunted.

Right against the bulwark dashing,  
 Over tangled branches crashing,  
 'Mid the plunging volleys thundering ever louder !  
 There he clammers, there he stands,  
 With the ensign in his hands, —  
 O, was ever hero handsomer or prouder ?  
 Streaked with battle-sweat and slime,  
 And sublime in the grime  
 Of the powder !

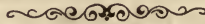
'T was six minutes, at the least,  
 Ere the closing combat ceased, —  
 Near as we the mighty moments then could measure, —  
 And we held our souls with awe,  
 Till his haughty flag we saw  
 On the lifting vapors drifting o'er the embrasure !  
 Saw it glimmer in our tears,  
 While our ears heard the cheers  
 Rend the azure !

Through the abatis they broke,  
 Through the surging cannon-smoke,  
 And they drove the foe before like frightened cattle !  
 O, but never wound was his,  
 For in other wars than this,

Where the volleys of Life's conflict roar and rattle,  
 He must still, as he was wont,  
 In the front bear the brunt  
 Of the battle.

He shall guide the van of Truth !  
 And in manhood, as in youth,  
 Be her fearless, be her peerless Color-Bearer !  
 With his high and bright example,  
 Like a banner brave and ample,  
 Ever leading through receding clouds of Error,  
 To the empire of the Strong,  
 And to Wrong he shall long  
 Be a terror !

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



## THE LITTLE PRISONER.

### PART I.

#### ON THE BATTLE-GROUND.

WE—grandma, “our young folks,” and I—live up here among the hills, in a quaint, old-fashioned farm-house,—older than any of the “old folks” now living; and every day, when the sun goes down, we gather around the great wood fire in the sitting-room, and talk and tell stories by the hour together. I tell the most of the stories; for, though I am only a plain farmer, going about in a slouched hat, a rusty coat, and a pair of pantaloons so old and threadbare that you would not wear them if you were in the ash business, I have mingled with men, seen a great many places, and been almost all over the world.

My own children like my stories, because they think they are true, and because they are all about the men I have met, and the places I have seen, and so give them some glimpses of what is going on in the busy life outside of our quiet country home; but I do not expect other young folks to like them as well as my own do,—for their own father will not tell them. However, I am going to write out a few of the many I know, in the hope that they may give some trifling pleasure and instruction to boys and girls I have never seen, and who gather of evenings around firesides far away from the one where all my stories are first told.

As I sit down to write by this bright, blazing fire, the clouds are scudding across the moon, and the wind is moaning around the old house, shaking the doors, and rattling the windows, and snapping the branches of the great



trees as if a whole regiment of young giants were cracking their whips in the court-yard. On just such a night a wounded boy lay out on the Wilderness battle-ground!

You have heard of that great battle; how two hundred thousand men met in a dense forest, and for two long days and nights, over wooded hills, and through tangled valleys, and deep, rocky ravines, surged against each other like angry waves in a storm. And you have heard, too—what is very pitiful to hear—how, when that bloody storm was over, and the sun came out, dim and cold, on the cheerless May morning which followed, thirty thousand men—every one the father, brother, or friend of some young folks at home—lay dead and dying on that awful field. Amid such a host of dead and dying men, you might overlook one little boy, who, all that starless Friday night, lay there wounded in the Wilderness. I do not want you to overlook him, and therefore I am going to tell you his story.

He was a bright-eyed, fair-haired boy of twelve, the only son of his mother, who was a widow. He used to read at home of how little boys had gone to the war, how they had been in the great battles, and how great generals had praised them; and he longed to go to the war too, and to do something to make himself as famous as the little boy who fought on the Rappahannock. For a long time his mother was deaf to his entreaties,—and he would not go without her consent; but at last, when a friend of his father raised a company of hundred-days men in his native town, she let him join as a drummer-boy in the regiment.

The first battle he was in was the terrible one in the Wilderness. His regiment shared in the first day's fight, but he escaped unharmed; and all that night, though tired and hungry, he went about in the woods carrying water to the wounded. The next morning he snatched a few hours' sleep, and that and a good breakfast refreshed him greatly. At ten o'clock his regiment moved, and it kept moving and fighting all that day, until the sun went down; but, though a hundred of his comrades had fallen around him, he remained unhurt.

The shadows were deepening into darkness, and the night was hanging its lanterns up in the sky, when the weary men threw themselves on the ground to rest. Overcome with fatigue, he too lay down, and, giving one thought to his mother at home, and another to his Father in heaven, fell fast asleep. Suddenly the sharp rattle of musketry and the deafening roar of cannon sounded along the lines, and five thousand rebels rushed out upon them. Surprised and panic-stricken, our men broke and fled; and, roused by the terrible uproar, James—that was his name—sprang to his feet, but only in time to catch in his arms the captain, who was falling. He was shot through and through by a minie ball.

James laid him gently on the ground, took his head tenderly in his lap, and listened to the last words he had to send to his wife and children. Meanwhile, yelling like demons, the Rebels came on, and passed them. Then he could have escaped to the woods, but he would not leave his father's friend when he was dying.



Soon our men rallied, and in turn drove the enemy. Slowly and sullenly the Rebels fell back to the hill where James and his friend were lying. There they made a stand, and for half an hour fought desperately, but were at last overborne and forced back again. As they were on the eve of retreating, a tall, ragged ruffian came up to James, and demanded the watch and money of the captain.

"You will not rob a dying man?" said the little boy, looking up to him imploringly.

"Wall, I woan't!" was the Rebel's brutal reply, as he aimed his bayonet straight at the captain's heart.

By a quick, dexterous movement, James parried the blow; but, turning suddenly on the poor boy, the ruffian, with another thrust of his bayonet, ran him directly through the body. His head sunk back to the ground, and he fainted.

How long he lay there unconscious he does not know, but when he came to himself the moon had gone down, and the stars had disappeared, and thick, black clouds were filling all the sky. It did not rain, but the cold wind moaned among the trees, and chilled him through and through. He tried to rise, but a sharp pain came in his side, and for the first time he thought of his wound. Passing his hand to it, he found it was clotted with blood. The cold air had stopped the bleeding, and thus saved his life. Though the bayonet had gone clear through him, his hurt was not mortal, for no vital part was injured.

He thought of the captain, and spoke his name; but no answer came. Then he reached out his hand to find him. He was there, but his face was cold;—colder than the cold night that was about them. He was dead.

The wounded lay all around, and all this while their cries and groans, as they called piteously for water, or moaned aloud in their agony, came to his ear, and went to his very soul. He had heard their cries the night before, as he crept about among them in the thick woods; but then they had not sounded so sad, so pitiful, as now, and that night was not so cold, so dark, so cheerless as this was. Soon he knew the full extent of their agony. An intolerable thirst came upon him. Hot, melted lead seemed to run along his veins, and a burning heat, as of a fire of hot coals kindling in his side, almost consumed him. He cried out for help, but no help came,—for water, but still he thirsted. Then he prayed,—prayed to the Good Father, who he knew was looking pitifully down on him through the thick darkness, to come and help him.

And He came. He always comes to those who ask for Him. Soon the clouds grew darker, the wind rose higher, and the rain—the cooling, soothing, grateful rain—poured down in torrents. It wet him through and through, but it eased his pain, cooled the fever in his blood, and he slept! In all that cold and pelting storm he slept!

It was broad day when he awoke. The sun was shining dimly through the thick masses of gray clouds which floated in the sky, but the wind had gone down, and the rain was over. The moans of the wounded still came

to him, but they were not so frequent, nor so terrible, as they were the night before. Many had found relief from the rain, and many had ceased moaning forever.

He could not rise, but, after long and painful effort, he succeeded in turning over on his side. Then he had a view of the scene around him. He lay near the summit of a gentle hill, at whose base a little brook was flowing. At the north it was crowned with a dense growth of oaks and pines and cedar thickets, but at the south and west it sloped away into waving meadows and pleasant cornfields, already green with the opening beauty of spring. Beyond the meadows were other hills, and knolls, and rocky heights, all covered with an almost impenetrable forest, and there the hardest fighting of those terrible days was done. A narrow road, bordered by a worm-fence (Western boys know what a worm-fence is), wound around the foot of the hill, and led to a large mansion standing half hidden in a grove of oaks and elms, not half a mile away. Before this mansion were pleasant lawns and gardens, and in its rear a score or more of little negro houses, whose whitewashed walls were gleaming in the sun. This was the plantation—so James afterwards learned—of Major Lucy, one of those wicked men whose bad ambition has brought this dreadful war on our country.

The scene was very beautiful, and, looking at it, James forgot for a moment the darker picture, drawn in blood, on the grass around him. But there it was. Blackened muskets, broken saddles, overturned caissons, wounded horses snorting in agony, and fair-haired boys and gray-haired men mangled and bleeding,—some piled in heaps, and some stretched out singly to die,—lay all over that green hillside! Here and there a crippled soldier was creeping about among the wounded, and, close by, a stalwart man, the blood dripping from his dangling sleeve, was wrapping a blue-eyed, pale-faced boy in his blanket. “Do n’t cry, Freddy,” he said; “ye sha’n’t be cold! Yer mother’ll soon be yere!” But the boy gave no answer, for—he was dead!

“He don’t hear you,” said James. “He is n’t cold now!”

“I ’se afeard he ar’,—he said he war. Oh! ef his mother know’d he war yere! ’t would break her heart,—break her heart!” moaned the man, still wrapping the blanket about the boy.

James closed his eyes to shut out the painful scene, and the thought of his own mother came to him. Would it not break *her* heart to know he was wounded? to hear, perhaps, that he was dead? He must not die; for her sake, he must not die! ONE only could help him, and so he prayed. Again he prayed that the Good Father would come to him, and again the Good Father came!

“What is *ye* a doin’ yere, honey,—a little one loike ye?” asked a kind voice at his side.

He looked up. It was an old black woman, dressed in a faded woollen gown, a red and yellow turban, and a pair of flesh-colored stockings which Nature herself had given her. She was very short, almost as broad as she was long, and had a face as large round as the moon,—and it looked very

much like the moon when it shines through a black cloud ; for, though darker than midnight, it was all over light, — that kind of light which shines through the faces of good people.

“ I am wounded ; I want water,” said the little boy, feebly.

“ Ye shill hab it, honey,” said the woman, giving him some from a bucket she had set on the ground.

“ Guv some ter *my* lad,” cried the man who sat by the dead boy ; “ he’s been a cryin’ fur it all night — all night ! Did n’t ye yere him ? ”

“ No, I did n’t, massa. I hain’t been yere more’n a hour, and a tousand’s a heap fur one ole ooman ter ’tend on,” she replied, filling a gourd from the bucket, and going with it to the dead boy.

She stooped down and held the water to his lips, but in a moment started back, and cried out in a frightened way, — “ He’m dead ! *He* can’t drink no more ! ”

“ He hain’t dead ! ” yelled the man, fiercely ; “ he sha’n’t die ! Guv *me* the water, ole ’ooman.”

With a trembling hand, he tried to give it to his son. He held it to the boy’s lips for a moment, then, dropping the gourd, and sinking to the ground, he cried out, — “ It ’ll kill his mother, — kill his mother ! Oh ! oh ! ”

“ He ’m better off, massa,” said the woman, in a voice full of pity ; “ he ’m whar he kin drink foreber ob de bery water ob life.”

“ Gwo away, ole ’ooman, — gwo away, — doan’t speak ter me ! ” moaned the man, throwing his arms around the body of his boy, and burying his face in the blanket he had wrapped about him.

Brushing her tears away with her apron, the woman turned to James, and said, — “ Whar is ye hurted, honey ? Leff aunty see.”

The little boy opened his jacket, and showed her his side. She could not see the wound, for the blood had glued his shirt, and even his waistcoat, to his body ; but she said, kindly, — “ Don’t fret, honey. ’Tain’t nuffin ter hurt, — it ’ll soon be well. Ole Katy ’ll borry a blanket or so frum some o’ dese as is done dead, and git ye warm ; and den, when she’s gub’n a little more water ter de firsty ones, she ’ll take a keer ob you, — she will, honey ; so neber you f’ar.”

She went away, but soon came again with the blankets, and, wrapping two about him, and putting another under his head, said, — “ Dar, honey, now you ’ll be warm ; and neber you keer ef ole Katy hab borry’d de blankets. Dey ’ll neber want ’em darselvs ; and she knows it ’ll do dar bery souls good, eben whar dey is, ter know *you’s* got ’em. So neber keer, and gwo ter sleep, — dat’s a good chile. Aunty ’ll be yere agin in a jiffin.”

James thanked the good woman, and, closing his eyes again, soon fell asleep. The sun was right over his head, when old Katy awoke him, and said, — “ Now, honey, Aunty’s ready now. She ’ll tote you off ter de plantation, and hab you all well in less nur no time, she will ; fur massa’s ’way, and dar haint no ’un dar now ter say she sha’n’t.”

“ You can’t carry me ; I ’m too heavy, Aunty,” said James, making a faint effort to smile.

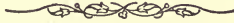


“Carry you! Why, honey chile, ole Katy could tote a big man, forty times so heaby as you is, ef dey was only a hurted so bad as you.”

Taking him up, then, as if he had been a bag of feathers, she laid his head over her shoulder, and, cuddling him close to her bosom, carried him off to the large mansion he had seen in the distance.

What befell him there I shall tell “our young folks” in the next number of this, their own Magazine.

*Edmund Kirke.*



## THOMAS HUGHES.

THE portrait given with the present number of “Our Young Folks” is that of one of England’s cleverest writers and best men, — Thomas Hughes. Mr. Hughes is well known throughout all America as the author of those most spirited and truthful books, “School Days at Rugby,” and “Tom Brown at Oxford,” — books which all young people, girls as well as boys, ought to read, and which their elders cannot fail to find delightful and profitable. Another volume, “The Scouring of the White Horse,” has also been republished in this country, but as its interest is quite local, — the scene being laid in the county of Kent, England, and the principal incidents relating to a festival which took place there, — it has not been so extensively circulated.

Mr. Hughes is the second son of John Hughes, Esq., of Donington Priory, near Newbury, Berks Co., England. He was born October 20, 1823, and received his early education at Rugby under the instruction of the noble Dr. Arnold, who is depicted so beautifully in “School Days at Rugby.” In 1841 he entered Oriel College, Oxford, and received his degree of B. A. in 1845. He immediately registered himself as a student at Lincoln’s Inn, and was called to the bar in January, 1848.

Mr. Hughes still pursues the profession of a barrister, in which he stands prominent, and devotes much of his time to the writing and doing of good things. He has been a strong helper in plans for the education and assistance of workmen in his own country, and has always advocated the principles of liberty and justice everywhere. He is one of the truest friends that the United States has in England, and his voice and his pen have never failed to support her cause against that of Rebellom.





## PHYSICAL HEALTH.

TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

THE great war will end. Then what magnificent expansion! But what immense responsibilities! Soon they must rest upon you, — your manhood and womanhood. God and the nations will watch you.

A great and good nation is made up of great and good men and women. A strong building cannot be made of weak timbers.

A complete man is composed of a healthy body, a cultured brain, and a true heart. Wanting either he fails. Is his heart false? His strong head and body become instruments of evil. Is his head weak? His strong body and true heart are cheated. Is the body sick? His noble head and heart are like a great engine in a rickety boat.

*Our Young Folks are strong and good.*

I HAVE studied the life of the young among the better peoples of Europe. It is not flattery to say, that you, my young fellow-countrymen, have the best heads and hearts in the world. The great size of your brains is noticed by every intelligent stranger. The ceaseless activity of those brains is one of the most striking features of American life. American growth, as seen in railways, telegraphs, and agriculture, is tame and slow when compared with the achievements of our schools. And where else among the young are there such organizations for the spread of the Gospel, for temperance, for the relief of the sick and wounded?

*But our Young Folks are weak.*

YOUR weakness is in your bodies. Here lies your danger. I see nothing which distresses me so much as the physique of the children in our public schools. Great heads, beautiful faces, brilliant eyes; but with that attenuated neck, thin, flat chest, and languid gait. Look at these two boys, John and Thomas. John is a native Yankee. I found him, without long searching, in one of our public schools. Thomas is an imaginary boy, composed by the artist.

*Causes of John's Deformity.*

HE has lain several hours every night in the position seen in Fig. 3. Much of that ugly pushing forward of the head among girls is produced by thick pillows.

Young people should sleep on hair pillows two inches thick. Ambitious girls and boys throw the pillow aside. This is the other extreme, and wrong. It is unhealthy to lie constantly on the back. You must frequently change to the side. But when you turn upon the side, if you have no pillow, you must either twist the shoulders into a mischievous attitude, or let the head fall down to the level of the shoulder, as seen in Fig. 4. This disturbs the circulation in the neck.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



*False Positions while sitting.*

ANOTHER cause of the bad shape of John's spine we find in his bad positions while sitting. Fig. 5 represents the position in which he should sit. You observe his feet rest on the floor. His hips are against the back of the chair. His spine is erect. In this position he may sit two hours without fatigue, provided the chair be a good one. About chairs I shall presently say something.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 6 shows a position in which I often see John. Do you observe how, *with his legs crossed*, he must push forward on the seat? The small of the back is no longer supported. The strain will soon produce weakness and pain.

Fig. 7 represents a still worse position. The strain upon the small of the back must not only produce weakness there, but must soon incline the spine to bend backward, while its natural shape at that point is a beautiful curve forward.

Writers on manners say the positions seen in Figs. 6 and 7 are vulgar. In this case, as in most others, propriety and physiology are in harmony.

### *Positions in School.*

FIG. 8 shows a bad posture. Sitting thus three hours a day must soon produce round shoulders. Various devices have been proposed to help the

Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



pupil out of this difficulty. Our booksellers furnish a simple rack, which is shown in Fig. 9. It holds one or two books. In Fig. 10 two books are seen resting upon it. Fig. 11 shows the position of the pupil while using the book-rack. An eminent professor in a New-England college said to the assembled students, the other day, "This book-holder will add years to a literary man's life."

### *Chairs.*

I PROMISED a word about chairs. Our manufacturers do not consider health in designing the shape of chairs. The seats are too high, and too nearly horizontal. Boys and girls occupy seats seventeen inches high. A girl twelve years old should have a chair with the seat not more than twelve inches high. For a man even, it should not be more than fifteen or sixteen inches. (These dimensions apply to the front of the seat.) The back part should be at least two inches lower. With this inclination, the



Fig. 9.

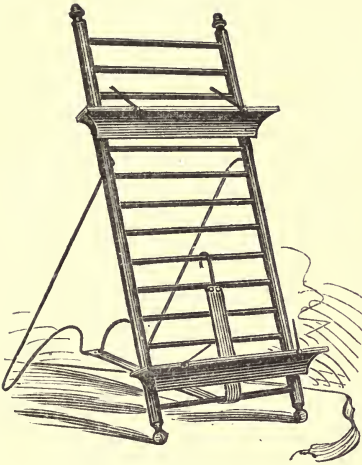
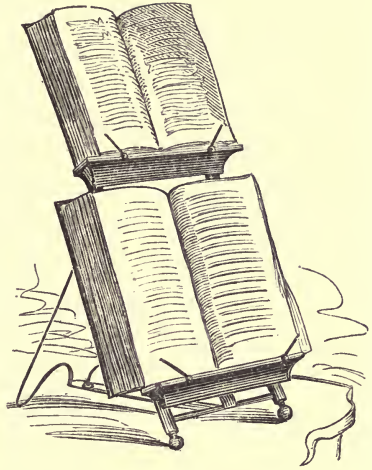


Fig. 10.



sitter will slide backward, against the back of the chair, instead of sliding forward, as he generally does. This sliding forward produces a strain upon the small of the back, and is, in fact, the cause of most of the fatigue in sitting. The width of the chair-seat from front to back should be the same as the height in front.

The chair-back should project farthest forward at that point which corresponds to the small of the back. Instead of this, there is generally at that point a hollow. This error is the cause of much pain and weakness in the lower part of the spine.

Fig. 12 shows an unphysiological chair. It is a fashionable parlor-chair. Fig. 13 is a physiological chair. Two hours in this will fatigue less than half an hour in that.

Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

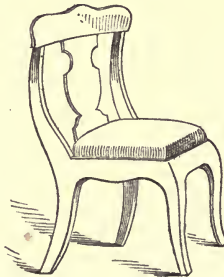
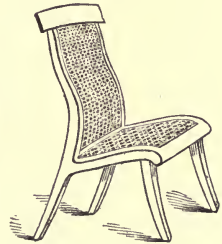


Fig. 13.





*Walking.*

AMERICANS are bad walkers. It is rare to find an exception, even in our army. Among Europeans, and the aborigines of our own continent, a noble mien is not uncommon. I understand the causes of this ugly defect, among our people, but my present purpose is simply to call attention to it, and to point out the remedy.

In English and French books on the military drill and physical training, whole chapters discuss the subject of walking. We are told that this or that part of the foot must touch the ground first,—that the angles must be so and so, &c., &c. I will not say this advice is not right, but I will say that very few have been helped by it.

Look at a good walker. Shoulders, head, and hips drawn well back, and the chest thrown forward. What a firm, vigorous tread! Such a walk may easily be secured by carrying a weight upon the head. An iron crown has been devised for this purpose. It consists of three crowns, one within the other, each weighing about nine pounds. One or all three may be worn at a time.

The water-carriers of Southern Europe, although belonging to the lowest class, have a noble bearing. Certain negroes in the South, who "tote" burdens upon the head as a business, can be readily pointed out in a crowd. The effort required to keep the burden directly over the spine so develops the muscles of the back and neck, that in the absence of the burden the head is carried in a noble, erect attitude.

By carrying one of these crowns upon the head half an hour two or three times a day, while walking in the garden or through the halls of the house, one may soon become a fine walker. One tenth of the time occupied in learning a few tunes on the piano, given to this exercise, would insure any girl a noble carriage. The crown is not necessary. Any weight which does not press upon the very crown of the head, but *about* it, will answer the purpose equally well.

Fig. 14 exhibits John as the photographer took him the first time he wore the crown. You observe how his form is changed.

*False Positions while walking, in Schools.*

FIG. 15 shows the worst of them. This is no exaggeration of what I have seen in our New-England schools. It is not common among scholars to join the hands thus, and carry the body erect. Fig. 16 shows a still worse position. If you stand erect, with your arms hanging by the sides, and then deliberately fold the arms, as in this figure, you will find the points of the shoulders are drawn forward two inches, and the chest much contracted. Experiments prove that the amount of air which the lungs can inhale is reduced fifteen to eighteen per cent when the arms are thus folded.

Fig. 17 secures a good position of the spine, and opens the chest. Fig. 18 is not very seemly, but, practised five minutes two or three times a day, would do much to develop the muscles of the spine, and particularly those

of the back of the neck, whose weakness permits the head to droop. This subject I commend to teachers and school-committees.

Fig. 14.

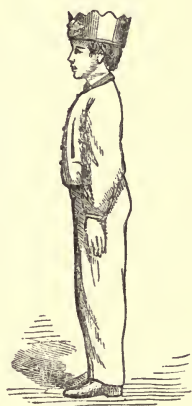


Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



### *The Muff.*

It draws the shoulders forward, and produces an ugly gait. Let a boy wear a shawl, and hold it together in front with his hands, and he will have the same disagreeable waddle. If he wears it even for one winter, he will learn to stoop. Muffs, shawls, and those cloaks which do not allow the arms

to swing freely, should all be thrown overboard. Over-coats should be worn by both sexes.

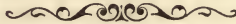
The arms are almost as necessary in walking as the legs. The first time you are walking with your arms at liberty, stop moving them and hold them by your sides. You will be surprised to find how soon your companion will leave you behind, although you may hurry, twist, wriggle, and try very hard to keep up. One reason for the slow walk among girls is to be found in this practice of carrying the arms motionless. Three miles an hour with the arms still, is as hard work as four miles with the arms free.

I have seen the queens of the stage walk. I have seen a few girls and women of queenly bearing walk in the street and drawing-room. They moved their arms in a free and graceful manner. Could this habit become universal among girls, their chests would enlarge and their bearing be greatly improved. See that girl walking with both hands in her muff. How she wriggles and twists her shoulders and hips! This is because her arms are pinioned. Give *them* free swing, and her gait would soon become more graceful.

You have seen pictures of our muscles. Those of the upper part of the body, you remember, spread out from the shoulder, in all directions, like a fan. Now if you hold the shoulder still, the muscles of the chest will shrink, the shoulders stoop, and the whole chest become thin and ugly.

But some girls will say, "Swinging the arms must be very *slight* exercise." True, it is very slight, if you swing the arms but once or ten times, but if you swing them ten thousand times in a day, you will obtain more exercise of the muscles of the chest than by all other ordinary movements combined. Indeed, if I were asked what exercise I thought most effective for developing the chests of American girls, I should reply at once, *swinging the arms while walking*.

Dio Lewis.



## ANDY'S ADVENTURES ;

OR, THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

ANDY'S folks had gone to town, and left him at home to take care of the house, watch the garden, and amuse himself.

Andy had a new bow and arrow, and he thought it would be great sport to have nothing to do all the afternoon but to shoot at the robins and woodpeckers.

So, as soon as the wagon was out of sight, and the gate shut, he ran into the orchard, and began the fun. He kept near enough to the house to see if anybody came to the door, and near enough to the garden to see if the

pigs got into it ; and whenever he saw a bird, he sent an arrow after it. But the robins soon found out what he wanted, and flew away when they saw him coming. Their beautiful red breasts would have been capital marks, if they had only waited for him to get a good shot. The wrens were not afraid, but they were so small he could not hit them. And the swallows kept flying about so, twittering and darting here and there, that he knew he would have to practise a long time before he could take them on the wing. The yellow-birds and blue-birds were so shy, that he could hardly see one in sight of the house. So there was no game left but the woodpeckers.

But woodpeckers are cunning fellows. They run up the trees, and stick in their bills, and hop about, and fly from one tree to another so fast, that it takes a pretty smart boy to hit one. They were tame enough, and would sometimes let Andy come quite near ; they would stop pecking a moment, and hold up their red heads to take a good look at him ; then they would begin to drum again in the merriest way, making little holes in the old peach-trees, which began to look like wooden soldiers that had gone through the wars and been shot in hundreds of places. But the instant Andy drew the bowstring and took aim, they knew well enough what it meant ; and it was provoking to see them dodge around on the bark and get out of sight just in time to let the arrow whiz by them. Then they would go to pecking and drumming again so near, that he wished a dozen times that he had some kind of an arrow that would shoot around a tree and hit on the other side.

At length Andy grew tired of this fun ; and he had lost his arrow so many times in the grass, and had to hunt for it, that he got vexed, and thought it would be much better sport to go and shoot a chicken.

Now he did not mean to kill a chicken, and he did not really think he would be able to hit one. But often we do things more easily when we are not trying very hard, than when we are too anxious. So it happened with Andy. He tried his luck on the speckled top-knot, which everybody considered the handsomest chick that had been hatched that summer. He drew his bow, let go the string, and the speckled top-knot keeled over. He ran up to it, very proud, at first, of his good shot, but frightened enough when he found that the chicken only just kicked a little, and then lay quite still.

Andy turned it over, and tried to stand it upon its legs, and thought what he should tell his parents.

“I’ll say a hawk flew down and killed it ! But I shot at the hawk, and he let it drop, just as he was flying away with it.”

This was the story he made up, as he took poor top-knot and laid it down by the well-curb.

He was still wishing to shoot something that was alive, and, seeing the cat creeping along on the fence watching for a mouse, he concluded to try his luck with her. So he drew up, aimed, and fired. Puss was so intent on watching the mouse that she paid no attention at all to the arrow, which struck the rail a little behind her, and glanced off towards the house. Andy heard a sound like shivered glass, and, running up, saw to his dismay that he had broken a window.



Now he had been told never to shoot his arrow towards the house ; and how to conceal the accident and avoid punishment he could n't at first imagine. The glass lay scattered on the pantry shelf, and the hole in the pane was large enough to put his hand through.

"I'll say Joe Beals came and wanted my bow, and because I would n't let him have it, he threw a stone at me, and broke the window."

And having made up this story, he searched for such a stone as Joe would be apt to throw, and, having found one, placed it on the pantry floor, to appear as if it had fallen there after passing through the glass.

These accidents made him dislike his bow, and he hung it up in the woodshed. Then he made a lasso of a string, and caught the cat by throwing the noose over her head. But Puss did not like the sport as well as he did, and gave him such a scratch that he was glad to let her run off with the lasso. Then he thought he would plague the old sow by getting one of her little pink-white pigs ; but the instant he had caught it up in his arms, it began to squeal ; and the mother, hearing it, ran after him with such a frightful noise, throwing up her great, savage tusks at him, that he dropped it, and ran for his life. She stopped to smell of Piggy, and see if it was hurt ; and so he got away, though he was terribly frightened.

Then Andy thought of his toy ship ; and having stopped the holes in the sink, and pumped it full of water, he called it his ocean, and launched the "Sea-bird." With a pair of bellows he made wind, and with a dipper he made waves ; and by placing a kettle bottom upwards in the middle of the sink he made an island ; and the good ship pitched, and tossed, and rolled in a very exciting manner. At length he resolved to have a shipwreck. This he managed, not by putting the ship on a rock, but by putting a rock on the ship. He used for the purpose the stone Joe Beals did not throw through the pantry window, and the "Sea-bird" went down, with all her crew on board. He then opened the holes in the sink, and the tide, going out, left the vessel on her beam-ends, stranded.

It would have been well for Andy if he had been contented with such innocent pastimes, without doing mischief to the cat, or chickens, or pigs, or trying to shoot the pretty birds that fly about the orchards, singing so sweetly, and eating the worms that destroy the trees.

But nothing satisfied him ; and to have some better fun than any yet, he determined to stand in the door and scream, "Fire !" He could not imagine greater sport than to see the neighbors come running to put out the fire, and then laugh at them for being duped. He did not consider that they would have to leave their work, and run a long distance, till they were quite out of breath ; or that his laughter would be a very mean and foolish return for the good-will they would show in hastening to save his father's house ; or that, in case the house should really take fire some day, and he should call for help, people might think it another silly trick, and stay away.

He stood in the door, filled his lungs with a long breath, opened his mouth as wide as he could, and screamed, — "Fire ! fire ! fire !"

Three times. He thought it so funny, that he had to stop and laugh.

Then he took another breath, and screamed again, louder than before,—  
“Fire! fire! fire! fire! fire!”

Five times; and he heard the echoes away off among the hills; and, looking across the lot, he saw old Mother Quirk hobbling on her crutch.

Old Mother Quirk was just about the queerest woman in the world. She had a nose as crooked as a horn, and almost as long. It crooked down to meet her chin, and her chin crooked up to meet her nose. And some people said she could hold the end of a thread between them, when she wished to twist a cord with both hands,—although I doubt it. Her face was so full of wrinkles, that the smallest spot you could think of had at least twenty in it. Her eyes were as black as charcoal, and as bright as diamonds. She was very old; and her back was bent like a bow; and her hair was perfectly white, and as long and fine as the finest kind of flax; and she was so lame that she could never walk without her crutch.

She was a good woman though, people said, and knew almost everything. She could tell when it would rain to-morrow, and when it would be fair. She would shut her eyes, and tell you all about your friends at a distance; describe them as plainly as if she saw them, and inform you if anything pleasant or unpleasant had happened to them. She knew more about curing the sick than the doctors did; and once when Andy had hurt his foot by jumping upon a sharp stub, and it was so sore for a week that he could not step, and it had been poulticed and plastered till it was as white and soft as cheese-curd, Mother Quirk had cured it in three days, by putting on to it a bit of dried beef's gall, which drew out a sliver that the doctors had never thought of. She was always ready to help people who were in trouble; and now, when Andy screamed fire, she was the first to come hobbling on her crutch.

“What is burning, Andy?” she cried, as she came through the gate. “Where is the fire?”

“In the bottom of the well!” replied Andy, laughing till his side ached. “O, ho, ho! why don't you bring some water in a thimble, and put the well out? O, ho, ho! Mother Quirk!”

There was fire in the old woman's eyes just then, if not in the well. It flashed out of them like two little streams of lightning out of two little jet-black clouds. She lifted her crutch, and I am not sure but she would have struck Andy with it, if she had not been too lame to catch him.

“Put the well out, ho, ho, ho!” laughed Andy, hopping away.

“I would put you in, if I could get hold of you!” said Mother Quirk, shaking her crutch at him. “You would n't be dancing around so on that foot of yours, if I had n't cured it for you, and this is the thanks I get for it!”

That made Andy feel rather ashamed; for he began to see how ungrateful it was in him to play the old woman such a trick.

“It is n't the first time you've made me run for nothing, with my poor old crutch,” she went on, as he stopped laughing. “The other day you told me your mother was sick abed, and wanted to see me; and I left everything and hobbled over here; and did n't I find her ironing clothes in the kitchen, as well a woman as she ever was in her life, you little rogue!”

Andy laughed again at the recollection. "You was smoking your pipe," said he, "with your old black cat in your lap, and 't was fun to see you jump up and catch your crutch!"

"Fun to you! but do you think of my poor old bones? I'm almost a hundred years old," said Mother Quirk; "and shall I tell you what I've learnt all this time? I've learnt that the meanest thing in the world is to treat ill those who treat you kindly; and that the worst thing is lying."

Andy was sobered again, and the old woman continued:—

"What if everybody and everything should lie? What if we could never know when to believe what our friends and neighbors tell us? What if my crutch should lie, and, when I lean on it, break and let me fall?"

"I think it would be fun!" said Andy.

"And what if the ground you stand on should not be the ground it appears to be, but a great pit, and should let you fall into it when you think you are walking on the grass? Suppose that everything was a lie, that nothing was what it pretends to be, that the whole world should trick and cheat us?" cried the old woman, raising her voice.

"I should like to see the spot!" said Andy, giggling again.

"Should you?" almost shrieked the old woman, with a terrible look.

"Yes!" and Andy grinned at a safe distance.

"Then try it!" exclaimed Mother Quirk.

And holding her crutch under her shoulder, she brought her hands together with a loud slap. Although Andy was at least three yards off, it seemed to him exactly as if she had boxed his ear. He was almost knocked down, and his head hummed like a bee-hive; but he could not, to save his life, tell which ear had been boxed, nor which he ought to rub. For a minute, he kept whirling around, as dizzy as a top. Then a voice cried, "Catch that rabbit!"

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

*(To be continued.)*

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## WINNING HIS WAY.

### CHAPTER I.

#### FIRST YEARS.

MANY years ago, before railroads were thought of, a company of Connecticut farmers, who had heard marvellous stories of the richness of the land in the West, sold their farms, packed up their goods, bade adieu to their friends, and with their families started for Ohio.

After weeks of travel over dusty roads, they came to a beautiful valley, watered by a winding brook. The hills around were fair and sunny. There



were groves of oaks, and maples, and lindens. The air was fragrant with honeysuckle and jasmine. There was plenty of game. The swift-footed deer browsed the tender grass upon the hills. Squirrels chattered in the trees and the ringdoves cooed in the depths of the forest. The place was so fertile and fair, so pleasant and peaceful, that the emigrants made it their home, and called it New Hope.

They built a mill upon the brook. They laid out a wide, level street, and a public square, erected a school-house, and then a church. One of their number opened a store. Other settlers came, and then, as the years passed by, the village rang with the shouts of children pouring from the school-house for a frolic upon the square. Glorious times they had beneath the oaks and maples.

One of the jolliest of the boys was Paul Parker, only son of Widow Parker, who lived in a little old house on the outskirts of the village, shaded by a great maple. Her husband died when Paul was in his cradle. Paul's grandfather was still living. The people called him "Old Pensioner Parker," for he fought at Bunker Hill, and received a pension from government. He was hale and hearty, though more than eighty years of age.

The Pensioner was the main support of the family; but by keeping a cow, a pig, turkeys and chickens, by selling milk and eggs, which Paul carried to their customers, they brought the years round without running in debt. Paul's pantaloons had a patch on each knee, but he laughed just as loud and whistled just as cheerily for all that.

In summer he went barefoot. He did not have to turn out at every mud-puddle, and he could splash into the mill-pond and give the frogs a crack over the head without stopping to take off stockings and shoes. Paul did not often have a dinner of roast beef, but he had an abundance of bean porridge, brown bread, and milk.

"Bean porridge is wholesome food, Paul," said his grandfather. "When I was a boy we used to say, —

'Bean porridge hot,  
Bean porridge cold, —  
Bean porridge best  
Nine days old.'

The wood-choppers in winter used to freeze it into cakes and carry it into the woods. Many a time I have made a good dinner on a chunk of frozen porridge."

The Pensioner remembered what took place in his early years, but he lost his reckoning many times a day upon what was going on in the town. He loved to tell stories, and Paul was a willing listener. Pleasant winter-evenings they had in the old kitchen, the hickory logs blazing on the hearth, the tea-kettle singing through its nose, the clock ticking soberly, the old Pensioner smoking his pipe in the arm-chair, Paul's mother knitting, — Bruno by Paul's side, wagging his tail and watching Muff in the opposite corner rolling her great round yellow eyes. Bruno was always ready to give Muff battle whenever Paul tipped him the wink to pitch in.



The Pensioner's stories were of his boyhood,—how he joined the army, and fought the battles of the Revolution. Thus his story ran.

“I was only a little bigger than you are, Paul,” he said, “when the red-coats began the war at Lexington. I lived in old Connecticut then; that was a long time before we came out here. The meeting-house bell rung, and the people blew their dinner-horns, and ran up to the meeting-house and found the militia forming. The men had their guns and powder-horns. The women were at work melting their pewter porringers into bullets. I was n't old enough to train, but I could fire a gun and bring down a squirrel from the top of a tree. I wanted to go and help drive the red-coats into the ocean. I asked mother if I might. I was afraid that she did n't want me to go. ‘Why, Paul,’ says she, ‘you have n't any clothes.’ ‘Mother,’ says I, ‘I can shoot a red-coat just as well as any of the men can.’ Says she, ‘Do you want to go, Paul?’ ‘Yes, mother!’ ‘You shall go; I'll fix you out.’ As I had n't any coat she took a meal-bag, cut a hole for my head in the bottom, and made holes for my arms, cut off a pair of her own stocking-legs, and sewed them on for sleeves, and I was rigged. I took the old gun which father carried at Ticonderoga, and the powder-horn, and started. There is the gun and the horn, Paul, hanging up.

“The red-coats had got back to Boston, but we cooped them up. Our company was in Colonel Knowlton's regiment. I carried the flag, which said, *Qui transtulit sustinet*. I don't know anything about Latin, but those who do say it means that God who hath transported us will sustain us, and that is true, Paul. He sustained us at Bunker Hill, and we should have held it if our powder had not given out. Our regiment was by a rail-fence on the northeast side of the hill. Stark, with his New Hampshire boys, was by the river. Prescott was in the redoubt on the top of the hill. Old Put kept walking up and down the lines. This is the way it was, Paul.”

The Pensioner laid aside his pipe, bent forward, and traced upon the hearth the positions of the troops.

“There is the redoubt; here is the rail-fence; there is where the red-coats formed their lines. They came up in front of us here. We did n't fire a gun till they got close to us. I'll show you how the fire ran down the line.”

He took down the horn, pulled out the stopper, held his finger over the tip, and made a trail of powder.

“There, Paul, that is by the fence. As the red-coats came up, some of us began to be uneasy and wanted to fire, but Old Put kept saying, ‘Don't fire yet! Wait till you can see the white of their eyes! Aim at their belts!’”

While Pensioner was saying this, he took the tongs and picked a live coal from the fire.

“They came up beautifully, Paul,—the tall grenadiers and light-infantry in their scarlet coats, and the sun shining on their gun-barrels and bayonets. They wer'n't more than ten rods off when a soldier on top of the hill could n't stand it any longer. Pop! went his gun, and the fire ran down the hill quicker than scat! just like this!”

He touched the coal to the powder. There was a flash, a puff of smoke rising to the ceiling, and filling the room.

"Hooray!" shouted Paul, springing to his feet. Muff went with a jump upon the bureau in the corner of the room, her tail as big as Paul's arm, and her back up. Bruno was after her in a twinkling, bouncing about, barking, and looking round to Paul to see if it was all right.



"There, grandpa; you have made a great smut on the hearth," said Mrs. Parker, who kept her house neat and tidy, though it was a crazy old affair.

"Well, mother, I thought it would please Paul."

"S-s-s-si'c!" Paul made a hiss which Bruno understood, and went at Muff more fiercely. It was glorious to see Muff spit fire, and hear her growl low and deep like distant thunder. Paul would not have Muff hurt for anything, but he loved to see Bruno show his teeth at her, and see how gritty she was when she was waked up.

"Be still, Paul, and let Muff alone," said Paul's mother.

"Come, Bruno, she ain't worth minding," said Paul.



"They have got good courage, both of 'em," said the pensioner; "and courage is one half of the battle, and truth and honor is the other half. Paul, I want you to remember that. It will be worth more than a fortune to you. I don't mean that cats and dogs know much about truth and honor, and I have seen some men who did n't know much more about those qualities of character than Muff and Bruno; but what I have said, Paul, is true for all that. The men who win success in life are those who love truth, and who follow what is noble and good. No matter how brave a man may be, if he has n't these qualities he won't succeed. He may get rich, but that won't amount to much. Success, Paul, is to have an unblemished character, — to be true to ourselves, to our country, and to God."

He went on with his story, telling how the British troops ran before the fire of the Yankees, — how they re-formed and came on a second time, and were repulsed again, — how General Clinton went over from Boston with reinforcements, — how Charlestown was set on fire, — how the flames leaped from house to house, and curled round the spire of the church, — how the red-coats advanced a third time beneath the great black clouds of smoke, — how the ammunition of the Yankees gave out, and they were obliged to retreat, — how General Putnam tried to rally them, — how they escaped across Charlestown Neck, where the cannon-balls from the British floating batteries raked the ranks! He made it all so plain, that Paul wished he had been there.

The story completed, Paul climbed the creaking stairway to his narrow chamber, repeated his evening prayer, and scrambled into bed.

"He is a jolly boy," said the pensioner to Paul's mother, as Paul left the room.

"I don't know what will become of him," she replied, "he is so wild and thoughtless. He leaves the door open, throws his cap into the corner, sets Bruno and Muff to growling, stops to play on his way home from school, sings, whistles, shouts, hurrahs, and tears round like all possessed."

If she could have looked into Paul's desk at school, she would have found whirligigs, tops, pin-boxes, nails, and no end of strings and dancing dandy-jims.

"Paul is a rogue," said the Pensioner. "You remember how he got on top of the house awhile ago and frightened us out of our wits by shouting 'Fire! fire!' down the chimney; how we ran out to see about it; how I asked him 'Where?' and says he, 'Down there in the fireplace, grandpa.' He is a chip of the old block. I used to do just so. But there is one good thing about him, he don't do mean tricks. He don't bend up pins and put them in the boys' seats, or tuck chestnut-burs into the girls' hoods. I never knew him to tell a lie. He will come out all right."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Parker.

Paul could look through the crevices between the shingles, and the cracks in the walls, and behold the stars gleaming from the unfathomable spaces. He wondered how far they were away. He listened to the wind chanting a solemn dirge, filling his soul with longings for he knew not what. He

thought over his grandfather's stories, and the words he had spoken about courage, truth, and honor, till a shingle clattering in the wind took up the refrain, and seemed to say, Truth and honor, — truth and honor, — truth and honor, — so steadily and pleasantly, that while he listened the stars faded from his sight, and he sailed away into dream-land.

Paul was twelve years old, stout, hearty, and healthy, — full of life, and brimming over with fun. Once he set the village in a roar. The people permitted their pigs to run at large. The great maple in front of the Pensioner's house was cool and shady, — a delightful place for the pigs through the hot summer days.

Mr. Chrome, the carriage-painter, lived across the road. He painted a great many wagons for the farmers, — the wheels yellow, the bodies blue, green, or red, with scrolls and flowers on the sides. Paul watched him by the hour, and sometimes made up his mind to be a carriage-painter when he became a man.

"Mr. Chrome," said Paul, "don't you think that those pigs would look better if they were painted?"

"Perhaps so."

"I should like to see how they would look painted as you paint your wagons."

Mr. Chrome laughed at the ludicrous fancy. He loved fun, and was ready to help carry out the freak.

"Well, just try your hand on improving nature."

Paul went to work. Knowing that pigs like to have their backs scratched, he had no difficulty in keeping them quiet. To one he gave green legs, blue ears, red rings round its eyes, and a red tail. Another had one red leg, one blue, one yellow, one green, with red and blue stripes and yellow stars on its body. "I will make him a star-spangled pig," Paul shouted to Mr. Chrome. Another had a green head, yellow ears, and a red body. Bruno watched the proceedings, wagging his tail, looking now at Paul and then at the pigs, ready to help on the fun.

"Si'c! — si'c! — si'c!" said Paul. Bruno was upon them with a bound. Away they capered, with Bruno at their heels. As soon as they came into the sunshine the spirits of turpentine in the paint was like fire to their flesh. Faster they ran up the street squealing, with Bruno barking behind. Mr. Chrome laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. All the dogs, great and small, joined Bruno in chase of the strange game. People came out from the stores, windows were thrown up, and all hands — men, women, and children — ran to see what was the matter, laughing and shouting, while the pigs and dogs ran round the square.

"Paul Parker did that, I'll bet," said Mr. Leatherby, the shoemaker, peeping out from his shop. "It is just like him."

An old white horse, belonging to Mr. Smith, also sought the shade of the maple before the Pensioner's house. Bruno barked at him by the hour, but the old horse would not move for anything short of a club or stone.

"I'll see if I can't get rid of him," said Paul to himself.



He went into the barn, found a piece of rope, tied up a little bundle of hay, got a stick five or six feet long, and some old harness-straps. In the evening, when it was so dark that people could not see what he was up to, he caught the old horse, laid the stick between his ears and strapped it to his neck, and tied the hay to the end of the stick; then it hung a few inches beyond old Whitey's nose. The old horse took a step ahead to nibble the hay,—another,—another,—another! "Don't you wish you may get it?" said Paul. Tramp,—tramp,—tramp. Old Whitey went down the road. Paul heard him go across the bridge by the mill, and up the hill the other side of the brook.

"Go it, old fellow!" he shouted, then listened again. It was a calm night, and he could just hear old Whitey's feet,—tramp,—tramp,—tramp.

The next morning the good people of Fairview, ten miles from New Hope, laughed to see an old white horse, with a bundle of hay a few inches beyond his nose, passing through the place.

"Have you seen my horse?" Mr. Smith asked Paul in the morning.

"Yes, sir, I saw him going down towards the bridge last evening," Paul replied, chuckling to himself.

Mr. Smith went down to the mill and inquired. The miller heard a horse go over the bridge. The farmer on the other side heard a horse go up the hill. Mr. Smith looked at the tracks. They were old Whitey's, for he had a broken shoe on his left hind foot. He followed on. "I never knew him to go away before," he said to himself, as he walked hour after hour, seeing the tracks all the way to Fairview.

"Have you seen a white horse about here?" he asked of one of the villagers.

"Yes, sir; there was one here this morning trying to overtake a bundle of hay," the man replied, laughing. "There he is now!" he added.

Mr. Smith looked up and saw old Whitey, who had turned about, and was reaching forward to get a nibble of the hay. Mr. Smith felt like being angry, but the old horse was walking so soberly and earnestly that he could n't help laughing.

"That is some of Paul's doings, I know. I'll give him a blessing when I get back."

It was noon before Mr. Smith reached New Hope. Paul and Bruno were sitting beneath the maple.

"Where did you find old Whitey?" Paul asked.

"You was the one who did it, you little rascal?"

"Did what?"

"You know what. You have made me walk clear to Fairview. I have a mind to horsewhip you."

Paul laughed to think that the old horse had tramped so far, though he was sorry that Mr. Smith had been obliged to walk that distance.

"I did n't mean any harm, Mr. Smith, but old Whitey has made our doorway his stamping-place all summer, and I thought I would see if I could get rid of him."

"Well, sir, if you do it again I'll trounce you," said Mr. Smith as he rode away, his anger coming up.

"Would n't it be better for you to put him in a pasture, Mr. Smith? Then he would n't trouble us," said Paul, who knew that Mr. Smith had no right to let old Whitey run at large. Paul was not easily frightened when he had right on his side. The people in the stores and at the tavern had a hearty laugh when they heard how old Whitey went to Fairview.

Mr. Cipher taught the village school. He was tall, slim, thin-faced, with black eyes deeply set in his head, and a long, hooked nose like an eagle's bill. He wore a loose swallow-tailed coat with bright brass buttons, and pants which were several inches too short. The Committee employed him, not because he was a superior teacher, but they could get him for twelve dollars a month, while Mr. Rudiment, who had been through college, and who was known to be an excellent instructor, asked sixteen.

There was a crowd of roistering boys and rosy-cheeked girls, who made the old school-house hum like a beehive. Very pleasant to the passers-by was the music of their voices. At recess and at noon they had leap-frog and tag. Paul was in a class with Philip Funk, Hans Middlekauf, and Michael Murphy. There were other boys and girls of all nationalities. Paul's ancestors were from Connecticut, Philip's father was a Virginian. Hans was born in Germany, and Michael in Ireland. Philip's father kept a grocery, and sold sugar, molasses, tobacco, and whiskey. He was rich, and Philip wore good clothes and calf-skin boots. Paul could get his lessons very quick whenever he set about them in earnest, but he spent half his time in inventing fly-traps, making whirligigs, or drawing pictures on his slate. He could draw admirably, for he had a quick eye and natural ability. Philip could get his lessons also if he chose to apply himself, but it was a great deal easier to get some one to work out the problems in arithmetic than to do them himself.

"Here, Paul, just do this question for me; that is a good fellow."

It was at recess.

"No; Cipher has forbid it. Each one has got to do his own," said Paul.

"If you will do it, I will give you a handful of raisins," said Philip, who usually had his pockets full of raisins, candy, or nuts.

"It would n't be right."

"Come, just do that one; Cipher never will know it."

"No!" Paul said it resolutely.

"You are a mean, sneaking fellow," said Philip with a sneer, turning up his nose.

Philip was a year older than Paul. He had sandy hair, white eyelashes, and a freckled face. He carried a watch, and always had money in his pocket. Paul, on the other hand, hardly ever had a cent which he could call his own. His clothes were worn till they were almost past mending.

"Rag-tag has got a hole in his trousers," said Philip to the other boys.

Paul's face flushed. He wanted to knock Philip's teeth down his throat. He knew that his mother had hard work to clothe him, and felt the insult.

He went into the school-house, choked his anger down, and tried to forget all about it by drawing a picture of the master. It was an excellent likeness, — his spindle legs, great feet, short pants, loose coat, sunken eyes, hooked nose, thin face, and long bony fingers.

Philip sat behind Paul. Instead of studying his lesson, he was planning how to get Paul into trouble. He saw the picture. Now was his time. He giggled aloud. Mr. Cipher looked up in astonishment.

“What are you laughing at, Master Funk?”

“At what Paul is doing.”

Paul hustled his slate into his desk.

“Let me see what you have here,” said Cipher, walking up to Paul, who spat in his fingers, and ran his hand into the desk, to rub out the drawing; but he felt that it would be better to meet his punishment boldly than to have the school think that he was a sneak. He laid the slate before the master without a line effaced.

“Giving your attention to drawing, are you, Master Paul?” His eyes flashed. He knit his brows. The blood rushed to his cheeks. There was a popping up of heads all over the school-room to get a sight of the picture.

The boys laughed aloud, and there was a tittering among the girls, which made Cipher very angry. “Silence!” he roared, and stamped upon the floor so savagely that the windows rattled. “Come out here, Sir. I’ll give you a drawing-lesson of another sort.” He seized Paul by the collar, and threw him into the space in front of his own desk. “Hold out your hand.”

Paul felt that he was about to receive a tremendous thrashing; but he determined that he would not flinch. He held out his right hand, and spat! came the blow from a heavy ferule. His hand felt as if he had been struck by a piece of hot iron.

“The other, sir.”

Whack! it fell, a blow which made the flesh purple. There was an Oh! upon his tongue; but he set his teeth together, and bit his lips till they bled, and so smothered it. Another blow, — another, — another, — which were hard to bear; but his teeth were set like a vice. There was a twitching of the muscles round his lips; he was pale. When the blows fell, he held his breath, but he did not snivel.

“I’ll see if I can’t bring you to your feeling, you good-for-nothing scape-grace,” said the master, mad with passion, and surprised that Paul made no outcry. He gave another round, bringing the ferule down with great force. Blood began to ooze from the pores. The last blow spattered the drops around the room. Cipher came to his senses. He stopped.

“Are you sorry, sir?”

“I don’t know whether I am or not. I did n’t mean any harm. I suppose I ought not to have drawn it in school; but I did n’t do it to make fun. I drew you just as you are,” said Paul, — his voice trembling a little in spite of his efforts to control it.

The master could not deny that it was a perfect likeness. He was surprised at Paul’s cleverness at drawing, and for the first time in his life saw



that he cut a ridiculous figure wearing that long, loose, swallow-tailed coat, with great, flaming brass buttons, and resolved upon the spot that his next coat should be a frock, and that he would get a longer pair of pants.

"You may take your seat, sir!" he said, puzzled to know whether to punish Paul still more, and compel him to say that he was sorry, or whether to accept the explanations, and apologize for whipping him so severely.

Paul sat down. His hands ached terribly; but what troubled him most was the thought that he had been whipped before the whole school. All the girls had witnessed his humiliation. There was one among them, — Azalia Adams, — who stood at the head of Paul's class, the best reader and speller in school. She had ruby lips, and cheeks like roses; the golden sunlight falling upon her chestnut hair crowned her with glory; deep, thoughtful, and earnest was the liquid light of her hazel eyes; she was as lovely and beautiful as the flower whose name she bore. Paul had drawn her picture many times, — sometimes bending over her task, sometimes as she sat, unmindful of the hum of voices around her, looking far away into a dim and distant dream-land. He never wearied of tracing the features of one so fair and good as she. Her laugh was as musical as a mountain-brook; and in the church on Sunday, when he heard her voice sweetly, softly, and melodiously mingling with the choir, he thought of the angels, — of her as in heaven and he on earth.

"Run home, sonny, and tell your marm that you got a licking," said Philip when school was out.

Paul's face became livid. He would have doubled his fist and given Philip a blow in the face, but his palms were like puff-balls. There was an ugly feeling inside, but just then a pair of bright hazel eyes, almost swimming with tears, looked into his own. "Don't mind it, Paul," said Azalia.

The pain was not half so hard to bear after that. He wanted to say, "I thank you," but did not know how. Till then his lips had hardly quivered, and he had not shed a tear; now his eyes became moist; one great drop rolled down his cheeks, but he wiped it off with his coat-sleeve, and turned away, for fear that Azalia would think that he was a baby.

On his way home the thought uppermost in his mind was, "What will mother say?" Why tell her? Would it not be better to keep the matter to himself? But then he remembered that she had said, "Paul, I shall expect you to tell me truthfully all that happens to you at school." He loved his mother. She was one of the best mothers that ever lived, working for him day and night. How could he abuse such confidence as she had given him? He would not violate it. He would not be a sneak.

His mother and the Pensioner were sitting before the fire as he entered the house. She welcomed him with a smile, — a beautiful smile it was, for she was a noble woman, and Paul was her darling, her pride, the light, joy, and comfort of her life.

"Well, Paul, how do you get on at school?" his grandfather asked.

"I got a whipping to-day." It was spoken boldly and manfully.

"What! My son got a whipping!" his mother exclaimed.



"Yes, mother."

"I am astonished. Come here, and tell me all about it."

Paul stood by her side and told the story, — how Phillip Funk tried to bribe him, how he called him names, — how, having got his lessons, he made a picture of the master. "Here it is, mother." He took his slate from his little green bag. The picture had not been effaced. His mother looked at it and laughed, notwithstanding her efforts to keep sober, for it was such a perfect likeness. She had an exquisite sense of the ludicrous, and Paul was like her. She was surprised to find that he could draw so well.

"We will talk about the matter after supper," she said. She had told Paul many times, that, if he was justly punished at school, he must expect a second punishment at home; but she wanted to think awhile before deciding what to do. She was pleased to know that her boy could not be bribed to do what his conscience told him he ought not to do, and that he was manly and truthful. She would rather follow him to the church-yard and lay him in his grave beneath the bending elms, than to have him untruthful or wicked.

The evening passed away. Paul sat before the fire, looking steadily into the coals. He was sober and thoughtful, wondering what his mother would say at last. The clock struck nine. It was his bedtime. He went and stood by her side once more. "You are not angry with me, mother, are you?"

"No, my son. I do not think that you deserved so severe a punishment. I am rejoiced to know that you are truthful, and that you despise a mean act. Be always as you have been to-night, and I never shall be angry with you."

He threw his arms around her neck, and gave way to tears, such as Cipher could not extort by his pounding. She gave him a good-night kiss, — so sweet that it seemed to lie upon his lips all through the night.

"God bless you, Paul," said the Pensioner.

Paul climbed the creaking stairs, and knelt with an overflowing heart to say his evening prayer. He spoke the words earnestly when he asked God to take care of his mother and grandfather. He was very happy. He looked out through the crevices in the walls, and saw the stars and the moon flooding the landscape with silver light. There was sweet music in the air, — the merry melody of the water murmuring by the mill, the cheerful chirping of the crickets, and the lullaby of the winds, near at hand and far away, putting him in mind of the choirs on earth and the choirs in heaven. "Don't mind it, Paul!" were the words they sung, so sweetly and tenderly that for many days they rang in his ears.

*Carleton.*



## NEW-YEAR CAROL.



DING, Dong, Bell !  
 Little children, down the turnpike goes the year,  
 Down through every dell,  
 All the bells of all the country in its ear :  
 Ding, Dong, Bell !

Ding, Dong, Bell !  
 Through the meadows and the woods, o'er the plain,  
 Past where children dwell,  
 All the children, some in joy and some in pain :  
 Ding, Dong, Bell !

Ding, Dong, Bell !  
 Is it from a belfry, or the beating heart  
 Of the year, this swell,  
 Solemn like the steps of friends who have to part ?  
 Ding, Dong, Bell !

Ding, Dong, Bell !  
 Little children's homes in heaven and on earth,  
 All have hearts to tell  
 How good actions overflow the year with mirth :  
 Ding, Dong, Bell !

Ding, Dong, Bell!  
 And it needeth not a steeple's voice to say,  
 What a dreary knell  
 Hearts are ringing as their goodness flies away:  
 Ding, Dong, Bell!

Ding, Dong, Bell!  
 Down the turnpike for you comes another year;  
 Children, treat it well:  
 Naught but goodness brings to homes right jolly cheer:  
 Ding, Dong, Bell!

*John Weiss.*



## FARMING FOR BOYS.

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE, AND WHAT OTHERS MAY DO IN THE CULTIVATION OF FARM AND GARDEN, — HOW TO BEGIN, HOW TO PROCEED, AND WHAT TO AIM AT.

### No. I.

THERE is an old farm-house in the State of New Jersey, not a hundred miles from the city of Trenton, having the great railroad which runs between New York and Philadelphia so near to it that one can hear the whistle of the locomotive as it hurries onward every hour in the day, and see the trains of cars as they whirl by with their loads of living freight. The laborers in the fields along the road, though they see these things so frequently, invariably pause in their work and watch the advancing train until it passes them, and follow it with their eyes until it is nearly lost in the distance. The boy leans upon his hoe, the mower rests upon his scythe, the ploughman halts his horses in the furrow, — all stop to gaze upon a spectacle that has long ceased to be either a wonder or a novelty. Why it is so may be difficult to answer, except that the snorting combination of wheels, and cranks, and fire, and smoke, thundering by the quiet fields, breaks in upon the monotonous labor of the hand who works alone, with no one to converse with, — for the fact is equally curious, that gangs of laborers make no pause on the appearance of a locomotive. They have companionship enough already.

This old wooden farm-house was a very shabby affair. To look at it, one would be sure that the owner had a particular aversion to both paint and whitewash. The weather-boarding was fairly honeycombed by age and exposure to the sun and rain, and in some places the end of a board had dropped off, and hung down a foot or two, for want of a nail which everybody



about the place appeared to be too lazy or neglectful to supply in time. One or two of the window-shutters had lost a hinge, and they also hung askew, — nobody had thought it worth while to drive back the staple when it first became loose.

Then there were several broken lights of glass in the kitchen windows. As the men about the house neglected to have them mended, or to do it themselves by using the small bit of putty that would have kept the cracked ones from going to pieces, the women had been compelled to keep out the wind and rain by stuffing in the first thing that came to hand. There was a bit of red flannel in one, an old straw bonnet in another, while in a third, from which all the glass was gone, a tolerably good fur hat, certainly worth the cost of half a dozen lights, had been crammed in to fill up the vacancy. The whole appearance of the windows was deplorable. Some of them had lost the little wooden buttons which kept up the sash when hoisted, and which anybody could have replaced by whittling out new ones with his knife ; but as no one did it, and as the women must sometimes have the sashes raised, they propped them up with pretty big sticks from the wood-pile. It was not a nice sight, that of a rough stick as thick as one's arm to hold up the sash, especially when, of a sultry day, three or four of them were always within view.

Then the wooden step at the kitchen door, instead of being nailed fast to the house, was not only loose, but it rested on the ground so unevenly as to tilt over whenever any one stepped carelessly on its edge. As the house contained a large family, all of whom generally lived in the kitchen, there was a great deal of running in and out over this loose step. When it first broke away from the building, it gave quite a number of severe tumbles to the women and children. Everybody complained of it, but nobody mended it, though a single stout nail would have held it fast. One dark night a pig broke loose, and, snuffing and smelling around the premises in search of forage, came upon the loose step, and, imagining that he scented a supper in its neighborhood, used his snout so vigorously as to push it clear away from the door. One of the girls, hearing the noise, stepped out into the yard to see what was going on ; but the step being gone, and she not observing it, down she went on her face, striking her nose on the edge of a bucket which some one had left exactly in the wrong place, and breaking the bone so badly that she will carry a very homely face as long as she lives. It was a very painful hurt to the poor girl, and the family all grieved over her misfortune ; but not one of the men undertook to mend the step. Finally, the mother managed to drive down two sticks in front of it, which held it up to the house, though not half so firmly as would have been done by a couple of good stout nails.

Things were very much in the same condition all over the premises. The fence round the garden, and in fact all about the house, was dropping to pieces simply for want of a nail here and there. The barn-yard enclosure was strong enough to keep the cattle in, but it was a curious exhibition of hasty patchwork, that would hurt the eye of any mechanic to look at. As to the gates, every one of them rested at one end on the ground. It was hard work even for a man to open and shut them, as they had to be lifted clear up before they



could be moved an inch. For a half-grown boy to open them was really a very serious undertaking, especially in muddy weather. The posts had sagged, or the upper staples had drawn out, but nobody attended to putting them to rights, though it would not have been an hour's job to make them all swing as freely as every good farm-gate ought to. The barn-yard was a hard place for the boys on this farm.

No touch of whitewash had been spread over either house, or fence, or out-building, for many years, though lime is known to everybody as being one of the surest preservers of wood-work, as well as the very cheapest, while it so beautifully sets off a farm-house to see its surroundings covered once a year with a fresh coat of white. The hen-house was of course equally neglected, though whitewash is so well known to be an indispensable purifier of such places, materially helping to keep away those kinds of vermin that prevent poultry from thriving. In fact, the absence of lime was so general, that the hens could hardly pick up enough to make egg-shells. Had they laid eggs without shells, the circumstance would have mortified the hens as much as it would have surprised the family. As it was, their only dependence was on the pile of lime rubbish which was left every spring after whitewashing the kitchen. The women who presided there did manage to fix up things once a year. They thought lime was good to drive away ants and roaches, and so they and the hens were the only parties on the premises who used it.

There were many other things about this farm-house that were quite as much neglected, — more than it is worth while at present to mention, unless it be the wood-pile. Though there were two men on the farm, and several well-grown boys, yet the women could rarely prevail on any of them to split a single stick of wood. The wood for the house caused great trouble, — it was difficult to get it at all. Then when it did come, it was crooked and knotty, much of it such as a woman could not split. Yet whenever a stick or two was wanted, the females of the family must run out into the shed to chop and split it. They never could get an armful ahead, such was the strange neglect of one of the most indispensable comforts of housekeeping. If the female head of the family had only thought of letting the male portion go a few times without their dinners, it is more than likely they would have brought them to terms, and taught them that it was quite as much their duty to split the wood as it was hers to cook their dinners. But she was a good, easy creature, like most of the others. They had all been brought up in the same neglectful way, just rubbing along from day to day, never getting ahead, but everything getting ahead of them.

This farmer's name was Philip Spangler, and he was unlucky enough to have a hundred acres in his farm. The word *unlucky* is really a very proper one; because it was unlucky for such a man as Philip that he should have so much more land than he knew how to manage, and it was equally unlucky for the land that it should have so poor a manager. The man was perfectly sober, and in his own way was a very industrious one. He worked hard himself, and made every one about him do the same. He was what is known as a "slaving farmer," — up by daylight, having all hands up and out

of doors quite as early as himself, and he and they stuck to it as long as they could see to work. With him and them it was all work and no play. He had no recreations; he took no newspaper, had no reading in the house except the children's school-books, the Bible, and an almanac, — which he bought once a year, not because he wanted it, but because his wife would have it.

What was very singular in Mr. Spangler's mode of managing things, when a wet day came on, too rainy for out-of-door work, he seemed to have no indoor employments provided, either for himself or hands to do, having apparently no sort of forethought. On such occasions he let everything slide, — that is, take care of itself, — and went, in spite of the rain, to a tavern near by on the railroad, where he sat all day among a crowd of neighboring idlers who collected there at such times; for although it might be wet enough to stop all work in the fields, it was never too wet to keep them away from the tavern. There these fellows sat, drinking juleps, smoking pipes, or cigars that smelt even worse, and retailing among each other the news of their several neighborhoods.

What Spangler thus picked up at the tavern was about all the news he ever heard. As to talking of farming, of their crops, or what was the best thing to raise, or how best to carry on this or that branch of their business, — such matters were rarely spoken of. They came there to shake off the farm. Politics was a standing topic, — who was likely to be nominated on their ticket, — whether he would be elected, — and whether it was true that so-and-so was going to be sold out by the sheriff. It was much to Spangler's credit, that, if at this rainy-day rendezvous he learned nothing useful, he contracted no other bad habit than that of lounging away a day when he should have been at home attending to his business. It was much after the same fashion that he spent his long winter's evenings, — dozing in the chimney-corner, — for the tavern was too far away, or he would have spent them there.

Now it somehow happens that there are quite as many rainy days in the country as in the city. But those who live in the latter never think of quitting work because it snows deep or rains hard. The merchant never closes his counting-house or store, nor does the mechanic cease to labor from such a cause; they have still something on hand, whether it rain or shine. Even the newsboys run about the streets as actively, and a hundred other kinds of workers keep on without interruption.

If the laboring men of a large city were to quit work because of a hard rain, there would be a loss of many thousand dollars for every such day that happened. So also with a farmer. There is plenty of rainy-day work on a farm, if the owner only knew it, or thought of it beforehand, and set his men or boys to do it, — in the barn, or cellar, or wood-shed. If he had a bench and tools, a sort of workshop, a rainy day would be a capital time for him to teach his boys how to drive a nail, or saw a board, or push a plane, to make a new box or mend an old one, to put a new handle in an axe or hoe, or to do twenty such little things as are always wanted on a farm. Be-

sides saving the time and money lost by frequent running to the blacksmith or wheelwright, to have such trifles attended to, things would be kept always ready when next wanted, and his boys would become good mechanics. There is so much of this kind of light repairing to be done on a farm, that, having a set of tools, and knowing how to use them, are almost as indispensable as having ploughs and harrows, and the boys cannot be too early instructed in their use. Many boys are natural mechanics, and even without instruction could accomplish great things if they only had a bench and tools. The making of the commonest bird-box will give an ambitious boy a very useful lesson.

It seemed that Mr. Spangler was learning nothing while he lived. His main idea appeared to be, that farming was an affair of muscle only, — that it was hands, not heads, that farmers ought to have; and that whoever worked hardest and longest, wasted no time in reading, spent no money for fine cattle or better breeds of pigs, or for new seeds, new tools or machines, and stuck to the good old way, was the best farmer. He never devoted a day now and then to visiting the agricultural exhibitions which were held in all the counties round him, where he would be sure to see samples of the very best things that good farmers were producing, — fine cattle, fine pigs, fine poultry, and a hundred other products which sensible men are glad to exhibit at such fairs, knowing that it is the smart men who go to such places to learn what is going on, as well as to make purchases, and that it is the agricultural drones who stay at home. The fact was, he had been badly educated, and he could not shake off the habits of his early life. He had been taught that hard work was the chief end of man.

Of course such a farmer had a poor time of it, as well as the hands he employed. He happened to be pretty well out of debt, there being only a small mortgage on his farm; but he was so poor a manager that his hard work went for little, in reality just enough to enable his family to live, with sometimes very close shaving to pay interest. As to getting rich, it was out of the question. He had a son whose name was Joe, a smart, ambitious boy of sixteen years old; another son, Bill, two years younger; and an orphan named Tony King, exactly a year younger than Joe; together with a hired man for helper about the farm.

Mr. Spangler had found Tony in the adjoining county. On the death of his parents, they being miserably poor, and having no relations to take care of him, he had had a hard time among strangers. They kept him until old enough to be bound out to a trade. Mr. Spangler thinking he needed another hand, and being at the same time in such low repute as a farmer and manager that those who knew him were not willing to let their sons live with him as apprentices, he was obliged to go quite out of the neighborhood, where he was not so well known, in order to secure one. In one of his trips he brought up at the house where Tony was staying, and, liking his looks, — for he was even a brighter boy than Joe Spangler, — he had him bound to him as an apprentice to the art and mystery of farming.

In engaging himself to teach this art and mystery to Tony, he undertook



to impart a great deal more knowledge than he himself possessed, — a thing, by the way, which is very common with a good many other people. Altogether it was a hard bargain for poor Tony; but when parents are so idle and thriftless as to expose their children to such a fate as his, they leave them a legacy of nothing better than the very hardest kind of bargains.

In addition to this help, about a year after Tony took up his quarters with Mr. Spangler, there came along an old man of seventy, a sort of distant relation of the Spanglers, who thenceforward made the farm his home. Mr. Spangler and his wife called him "Benny," but all the younger members of the family, out of respect for his age, called him "Uncle," so that in a very short time he went by no other name than that of "Uncle Benny," and this not only on the farm, but all over the neighborhood.

Uncle Benny turned out to be the pleasantest old man the boys and girls had ever been acquainted with. It was no wonder they liked him, for he was very fond of children, and like generally begets like. He was a very different sort of character from any about the farm. He had been well educated, and being in his younger days of a roving, sight-hunting disposition, he had travelled all over the world, had seen a multitude of strange men and strange things, and had such a way of telling what he had thus picked up as never to fail of interesting those who heard him. Sometimes of a long winter evening, when he was giving accounts of foreign countries, or how people lived in our great cities, or how they carried on farming in other parts of our country, he talked so pleasantly that no one thought of being sleepy. On such evenings, before he came to live on the farm, Mr. Spangler would often fall asleep on his chair in the chimney-corner, and once or twice actually tipped over quite into the ashes; but now, when Uncle Benny got fairly under way, there was no more going to sleep. Mr. Spangler pricked up his ears, and listened better than if any one had been reading from a book.

Then Uncle Benny had a way of always putting in some good advice to both men and boys, and even to the girls. He had read and travelled so much, that he had something appropriate for every event that turned up. Indeed, every one was surprised at his knowing so much. Besides this, he was very lively and cheerful, and as fond of fun as could be, and seemed able to make any one laugh whenever he chose to indulge in a joke.

In addition to all this, he was uncommonly handy with tools. Though an old man, and not strong enough to do a full day's work at mowing or hay-making, because of stiff joints, yet he could potter about the house and barns, with a hatchet, and saw, and a nail-box, and mend up a hundred broken places that had been neglected for years before he came to live there. If he saw anything out of order, a gate with no latch, a picket loose in the garden fence, or any other trifling defect about the premises, he went to work and made all right again. He even mended the broken lights in the kitchen windows, and got rid of all the old hats and bonnets that had been stuffed into them. He put on new buttons to keep up the sashes, and so banished the big sticks from the wood-pile that had been used to prop them up. He said they were too ugly even to look at.



It was Uncle Benny who nailed up the loose door-step which the pig had rooted away from its place, causing Lucy Spangler to fall on the edge of a bucket and break her nose. Lucy came out to thank him for doing the thing so nicely; for ever since the accident to her nose, she had been very skittish about putting her foot on the step.

"Ah, Lucy," said Uncle Benny, "I wish I could mend your nose as easily."

"Indeed I wish so too," replied Lucy.

Inside of the house were numerous things that wanted looking after in the same way. There was not a bolt or a latch that would work as it ought to. All the closet locks were out of order, while one half the doors refused to shut. In fact there were twenty little provocations of this kind that were perpetual annoyances to the women. Uncle Benny went to work and removed them all; there was no odd job that he was not able to go through with. Indeed, it was the luckiest day in the history of that farm when he came to live upon it, for it did seem that, if the farm were ever to be got to rights, he was the very man to do it. Now, it was very curious, but no one told Uncle Benny to do these things. But as soon as he had anchored himself at Mr. Spangler's he saw how much the old concern was out of gear, and, providing himself with tools, he undertook, as one of his greatest pleasures, to repair these long-standing damages, not because he expected to be paid for it, but from his own natural anxiety to have things look as they ought.

The boys watched the old man's operations with great interest, for both Joe and Tony were ambitious of knowing how to handle tools. One day he took hold of the coffee-mill, which some clumsy fellow had only half nailed up in the kitchen, so that, whenever the coffee was ground, whoever turned the crank was sure to bruise his knuckles against the wall. Mrs. Spangler and her daughters of course did all the grinding, and complained bitterly of the way the mill was fixed. Besides, it had become shockingly dull, so that it only cracked the grains, and thus gave them a miserably weak decoction for breakfast. Now, Uncle Benny had been used to strong coffee, and could not stand what Mrs. Spangler gave him. So he unshipped the mill, took it to pieces, with a small file sharpened up the grinders, which by long use had become dull, oiled its joints, and screwed it up in a new place, where it was impossible for the knuckles to be bruised. It then worked so beautifully, that, instead of every one hating to put his hand on the crank, the difficulty was to keep the children away from it,—they would grind on it an hour at a time. Such a renovation of damaged goods had never before been seen on Spangler's premises.

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*

*(To be continued.)*

## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE BROTHERS AT HOME.

TWENTY years ago, not twenty miles from the Land's End, there lived a Cornish gentleman named Trevannion. Just twenty years ago he died, leaving to lament him a brace of noble boys, whose mother all three had mourned, with like profound sorrow, but a short while before.

"Squire" Trevannion, as he was called, died in his own house, where his ancestors for hundreds of years before him had dispensed hospitality. None of them, however, had entertained so profusely as he; or rather improvidently, it might be said, since in less than three months after his death the old family mansion, with the broad acres appertaining to it, passed into the hands of an alien, leaving his two sons, Ralph and Richard, landless, houseless, and almost powerless. One thousand pounds apiece was all that remained to them out of the wreck of the patrimonial estates. It was whispered that even this much was not in reality theirs, but had been given to them by the *very respectable* solicitor who had managed their father's affairs, and had furthermore *managed* to succeed him in the ownership of a property worth a rental of three thousand a year.

Any one knowing the conditions under which the young Trevannions received their two thousand pounds must have believed it to be a gift, since it was handed over to them by the family solicitor with the private understanding that they were to use it in pushing their fortunes elsewhere, — anywhere except in Cornwall!

The land-pirate who had plucked them — for in reality had they been plucked — did not wish them to stay at home, divested, as they were, of their valuable plumage. He had appropriated their fine feathers, and cared not for the naked bodies of the birds.

There were those in Cornwall who suspected foul play in the lawyer's dealings with the young Trevannions, — among others, the victims themselves. But what could they do? They were utterly ignorant of their late father's affairs, — indeed, with any affairs that did not partake of the nature of "sports." A solicitor "most respectable," — a phrase that has become almost synonymous with rascality, — a regular church-goer, — accounts kept with scrupulous exactness, — a man of honest face, distinguished for probity of speech and integrity of heart, — what could the Trevannions do? What more than the Smiths and the Browns and the Joneses, who, notwithstanding their presumed greater skill in the ways of a wicked lawyer world, are duped every day in a similar manner. It is an old and oft-repeated story, — a tale too often told, and too often true, — that of the family lawyer and his confiding client, standing in the relationship of robber and robbed.

The two children of Squire Trevannion could do nothing to save or recover their paternal estate. Caught in the net of legal chicanery, they were forced to yield, as other squire's children have had to do, and make the best of a bad matter, — forced to depart from a home that had been held by Trevannions perhaps since the Phœnicians strayed thitherward in search of their shining tin.

It sore grieved them to separate from the scenes of their youth; but the secret understanding with the solicitor required that sacrifice. By staying at home a still greater might be called for, — subsistence in penury, and, worse than all, in a humiliating position; for, notwithstanding the open house long kept by their father, his friends had disappeared with his guests. Impelled by these thoughts, the brothers resolved to go forth into the wide world, and seek fortune wherever it seemed most likely they should find it.

They were at this period something more than mere children. Ralph had reached within twelve months of being twenty. Richard was his junior by a couple of years. Their book-education had been good; the practice of manly sports had imparted to both of them a physical strength that fitted them for toil, either of the mind or body. They were equal to a tough struggle, either in the intellectual or material world; and to this they determined to resign themselves.

For a time they debated between themselves where they should go, and what do. The army and navy came under their consideration. With such patronage as their father's former friends could command, and might still exert in favor of their fallen fortunes, a commission in either army or navy was not above their ambition. But neither felt much inclined towards a naval or military life; the truth being, that a thought had taken shape in their minds leading them to a different determination.

Their deliberations ended by each of them proclaiming a resolve, — almost sealing it with a vow, — that they would enter into some more profitable, though perhaps less pretentious, employment than that of either soldiering or sailing; that they would toil — with their hands, if need be — until they should accumulate a sufficient sum to return and recover the ancestral estate from the grasp of the avaricious usurper. They did not know how it was to be done; but, young, strong, and hopeful, they believed it might be done, — with time, patience, and industry to aid them in the execution.

"Where shall we go?" inquired Richard, the younger of the two. "To America, where every poor man appears to prosper? With a thousand each to begin the world with, we might do well there. What say you, Ralph?"

"America is a country where men seem to thrive best who have *nothing* to begin the world with. You mean North America, — the United States, — I suppose?"

"I do."

"I don't much like the United States as a home, — not because it is a republic, for I believe that is the only just form of government, whatever our aristocratic friends may say. I object to it simply because I wish to go



south,—to some part of the tropical world, where one may equally be in the way of acquiring a fortune.”

“Is there such a place?”

“There is.”

“Where, brother?”

“Peru. Anywhere along the Sierra of the Andes from Chili to the Isthmus of Panama. As Cornish men we should adopt the specialty of our province, and become miners. The Andes mountains will give us that opportunity, where, instead of gray tin, we may delve for yellow gold. What say you to South America?”

“I like the thought of South America,—nothing would please me better than going there. But I must confess, brother, I have no inclination for the occupation you speak of. I had rather be a merchant than a miner.”

“Don’t let that *penchant* prevent you from selecting Peru as the scene of mercantile transactions. There are many Englishmen who have made fortunes in the Peruvian trade. You may hope to follow their example. We may choose different occupations and still be near each other. One thousand pounds each may give both of us a start,—you as a merchant of goods, I as a digger for gold. Peru is the place for either business. Decide, Dick! Shall we sail for the scenes rendered celebrated by Pizarro?”

“If you will it—I’m agreed.”

“Thither then let us go.”

In a month from that time the two Trevannions might have been seen upon a ship, steering westward from the Land’s End, and six months later both disembarked upon the beach of Callao,—*en route* first for Lima, thence up the mountains, to the sterile snow-crested mountains, that tower above the treasures of Cerro Pasco,—vainly guarded within the bosom of adamantine rocks.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BROTHERS ABROAD.

THIS book is not intended as a history of the brothers Ralph and Richard Trevannion. If it were so, a gap of some fifteen years—after the date of their arrival at Cerro Pasco—would have to be filled up. I decline to speak of this interval of their lives, simply because the details might not have any remarkable interest for those before whom they would be laid.

Suffice it to say, that Richard, the younger, soon became wearied of a miner’s life; and, parting with his brother, he crossed the Cordilleras, and descended into the great Amazonian forest,—the “*montaña*,” as it is called by the Spanish inhabitants of the Andes. Thence, in company with a party of Portuguese traders, he kept on down the river Amazon, trading along its banks, and upon some of its tributary streams; and finally established himself as a merchant at its mouth, in the thriving “city” of Gran Pará.

Richard was not unsocial in his habits; and soon became the husband of a fair-haired wife,—the daughter of a countryman who, like himself, had



established commercial relations at Pará. In a few years after, several sweet children called him "father,"—only two of whom survived to prattle in his ears this endearing appellation, alas! no longer to be pronounced in the presence of their mother.

Fifteen years after leaving the Land's End, Richard Trevannion, still under thirty-five years of age, was a widower, with two children,—respected wherever known, prosperous in pecuniary affairs,—rich enough to return home, and spend the remainder of his days in that state so much desired by the Sybarite Roman poet,—*"otium cum dignitate."*

Did he remember the vow mutually made between him and his brother, that, having enough money, they would one day go back to Cornwall, and recover the ancestral estate? He did remember it. He longed to accomplish this design. He only awaited his brother's answer to a communication he had made to him on this very subject.

He had no doubt that Ralph's desire would be in unison with his own,—that his brother would soon join him, and then both would return to their native land,—perhaps to dwell again under the same roof that had sheltered them as children.

The history of the elder brother during this period of fifteen years, if less eventful, was not less distinguished by success. By steadily following the pursuit which had first attracted him to Peru, he succeeded in becoming a man of considerable means,—independent, if not wealthy.

Like his brother, he got married at an early period,—in fact, within the first year after establishing himself in Cerro Pasco. Unlike the latter, however, he chose for his wife one of the women of the country,—a beautiful Peruvian lady. She too, but a short while before, had gone to a better world, leaving motherless two pretty children, of twelve and fourteen years of age,—the elder of the two being a daughter.

Such was the family of Ralph Trevannion, and such the condition of life in which his brother's epistle reached him,—that epistle containing the proposal that they should wind up their respective businesses, dispose of both, and carry their gains to the land that had given them birth.

The proposition was at once accepted, as Richard knew it would be. It was far from the first time that the thing had been discussed, epistolary fashion, between them; for letters were exchanged as often as opportunity permitted,—sometimes twice or thrice in the year.

In these letters, during the last few years of their sojourn in South America, the promise made on leaving home was mutually mentioned, and as often renewed on either side. Richard knew that his brother was as eager as himself to keep that well-remembered vow.

So long as the mother of Ralph's children was alive, he had not urged his brother to its fulfilment; but now that she had been dead for more than a year, he had written to say that the time had come for their return to their country and their home.

His proposal was, that Ralph, having settled his affairs in Peru,—which, of course, included the selling out of his share in the mines,—should join

him, Richard, at Pará, thence to take ship for England. That instead of going round by Cape Horn, or across the isthmus, by Panama, Ralph should make the descent of the great Amazon River, which traverse would carry him latitudinally across the continent from west to east.

Richard had two reasons for recommending this route. First, because he wished his brother to see the great river of Orellana, as he himself had done; and secondly, because he was still more desirous that his *own son* should see it.

How this last wish was to be gratified by his brother making the descent of the Amazon, may require explanation; but it will suffice to say that the son of Richard Trevannion was at that time residing with his uncle at the mines of Cerro Pasco.

The boy had gone to Peru the year before, in one of his father's ships,—first, to see the Great Ocean, then the Great Andes,—afterwards to become acquainted with the country of the Incas, and last, though not of least importance, to make the acquaintance of his own uncle and his two interesting cousins, the elder of whom was exactly his own age. He had gone to the Pacific side by *sea*. It was his father's wish he should return to the Atlantic side by land,—or, to speak more accurately, by *river*.

The merchant's wish was to be gratified. The miner had no desire to refuse compliance with his proposal. On the contrary, it chimed in with his own inclinations. Ralph Trevannion possessed a spirit adventurous as his brother's, which fourteen years of mining industry, carried on in the cold mountains of Cerro Pasco, had neither deadened nor chilled. The thought of once more returning to the scenes of his youth quite rejuvenated him; and on the day of receiving his brother's challenge to go, he not only accepted it, but commenced proceedings towards carrying the design into execution.

A month afterwards and he might have been seen descending the eastern slope of the Cordilleras on mule-back, and accompanied by his family and followers; afterwards aboard a *balsa*,—one of those curious crafts used in the descent of the Huallaga; and later still on the *montaria*, upon the bosom of the great river itself.

With the details of his mountain travels, interesting as they may be, we have naught to do. No more with his descent of the Huallaga, nor his long voyage on the Amazon itself, in that up-river portion of the stream where it is called the "Marañon." Only where it becomes the stupendous "Solimoës" do we join Ralph Trevannion on his journey, and remain with him as long as he is "AFLOAT IN THE FOREST," or *making a voyage among the tree-tops*.



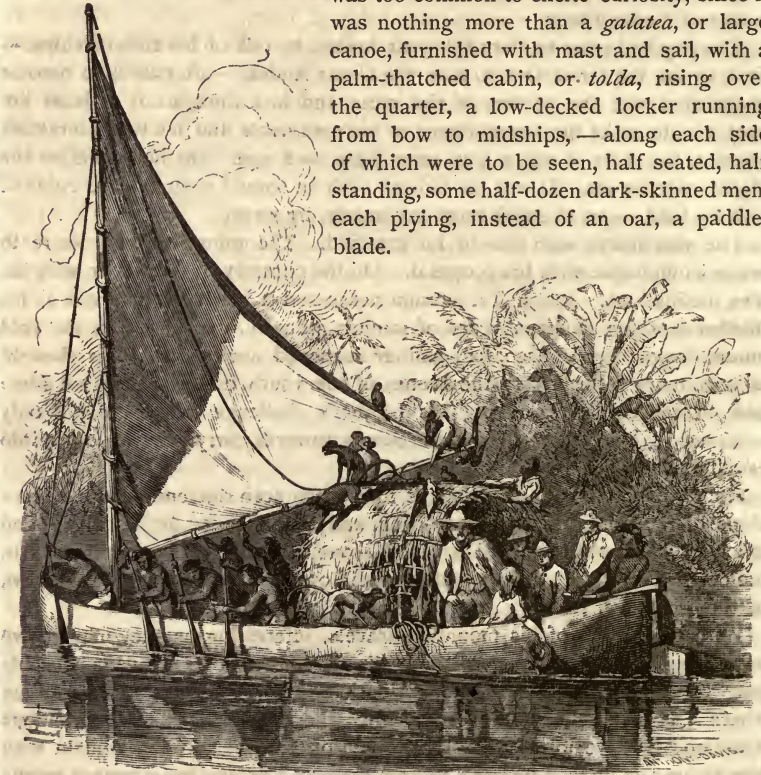
## CHAPTER III.

## THE GALATEA.

ON an evening in the early part of December, a craft of singular construction might have been seen descending the Solimoës, and apparently making for the little Portuguese port of Coary, that lies on the southern side of the river.

When we say of singular construction, we mean singular to one unaccustomed to the navigation of Amazonian waters. There the craft in question

was too common to excite curiosity, since it was nothing more than a *galatea*, or large canoe, furnished with mast and sail, with a palm-thatched cabin, or *tolda*, rising over the quarter, a low-decked locker running from bow to midships,—along each side of which were to be seen, half seated, half standing, some half-dozen dark-skinned men, each plying, instead of an oar, a paddle-blade.



Perhaps the most singular sight on board this embarkation was the group of animated beings who composed its crew and passengers. The former, as already stated, were dark-skinned men, scantily clad,—in fact, almost naked, since a single pair of white cotton drawers constituted the complete costume of each.

For passengers there were three men, and a like number of individuals of younger age. Two of the men were white, apparently Europeans; the other



was as black as soot could have made him,— unquestionably an African negro. Of the young people two were boys, not much differing in size, and apparently not much in age, while the third was a half-grown girl, of dark complexion, raven-colored hair, and beautiful features.

One of the white men appeared to be, and was, the proprietor of the montaria, and the employer of its swarthy crew. He was Ralph Trevannion.

The young girl was his daughter, and bore her Peruvian mother's name, Rosa, more often pronounced by its diminutive of endearment, Rosita. The younger of the two boys—also of dark complexion—was his son Ralph, while the older, of true Saxon physiognomy and hue, was the son of his brother, also bearing his father's Christian name, Richard.

The second white man was unmistakably of European race,— so much so that any one possessing the slightest knowledge of the hibernian type, would at once have pronounced him a "Son of the Sod." A pure pug nose, a shock of curled hair of the clearest carrot color, an eternal twinkle in the eye, a volume of fun lying open at each angle of the mouth,— were all characteristics by which "Tipperary Tom"—for such was his *sobriquet*— might be remembered.

About the negro there was nothing special, more than that he was a pure negro, with enormously thick lips, flattened nose, long protruding heels, teeth white as hippopotamus ivory, and almost always set in a good-humored grin. The darkey had been a sailor, or rather ship-steward, before landing in Peru. Thither had he strayed, and settled at Cerro Pasco after several years spent aboard ship. He was a native of Mozambique, on the eastern coast of Africa, to which circumstance was he indebted for the only name ever given him,— Mozey.

Both he and the Irishman were the servants of the miner, or rather his retainers, who served him in various ways, and had done so almost ever since his establishing himself among the rocks of Cerro Pasco.

The other creatures of the animated kingdom that found lodgment upon the craft, were of various shapes, sizes, and species. There were quadrupeds, quadrumana, and birds,—beasts of the field, monkeys of the forest, and birds of the air,— clustering upon the cabin top, squatted in the hold, perched upon the gangway, the tolda, the yard, and the mast,— forming an epitomized menagerie, such as may be seen on every kind of craft that navigates the mighty Amazon.

It is not our design to give any description of the galatea's crew. There were nine of them,— all Indians,— four on each side acting as rowers, or more properly "paddlers," the ninth being the pilot or steersman, standing abaft the tolda.

Our reason for not describing them is that they were a changing crew, only attached to the craft for a particular stage of the long river voyage, and had succeeded several other similar sets since the embarkation of our voyagers on the waters of the Upper Amazon. They had joined the galatea at the port of Ega, and would take leave of her at Coary, where a fresh crew of civilized Indians—"tapuyos"— would be required.

And they *were* required, but not obtained. On the galatea putting into the port of Coary, it was found that nearly every man in the place was off upon a hunting excursion,—turtle and cowfish being the game that had called them out. Not a canoe-man could be had for love or money.

The owner of the galatea endeavored to tempt the Ega crew to continue another stage. It was contrary to their habit, and they refused to go. Persuasion and threats were tried in vain. Coaxing and scolding proved equally unavailable; all except one remained firm in their refusal, the exception being an old Indian who did not belong to the Ega tribe, and who could not resist the large bribe offered by Trevannion.

The voyagers must either suspend their journey till the Coary turtle-hunters should return, or proceed without paddlers. The hunters were not expected for a month. To stay a month at Coary was out of the question. The galatea must go on manned by her own people, and the old Indian, who was to act as pilot. Such was the determination of Ralph Trevannion. But for that resolve,—rash as it was, and ending unfortunately for him who made it,—we should have no story to tell.

## CHAPTER IV.

### DRIFTING WITH THE CURRENT.

THE craft that carried the ex-miner, his family and following, once more floated on the broad bosom of the Solimoës. Not so swift as before, since, instead of eight paddlers, it was now impelled by only half the number,—these, too, with less than half the experience of the crew who had preceded them.

The owner himself acted as steersman, while the paddles were plied by “Tipperary Tom,” Mozey, the old Indian,—who, being of the Mundurucú tribe, passed by the name of “Monday,”—and Richard Trevannion.

The last, though by far the youngest, was perhaps the best paddler in the party. Brought up in his native place of Gran Pará, he had been accustomed to spend half his time either in or upon the water; and an oar or paddle was to him no novelty.

Young Ralph, on the contrary, a true mountaineer, knew nothing of either, and therefore counted for nothing among the crew of the galatea. To him and the little Rosa was assigned the keeping of the pets, with such other light duties as they were capable of performing.

For the first day the voyage was uninterrupted by any incident,—at least any that might be called unpleasant. Their slow progress, it is true, was a cause of dissatisfaction; but so long as they were going at all, and going in the right direction, this might be borne with equanimity. Three miles an hour was about their average rate of speed; for half of which they were indebted to the current of the river, and for the other half to the impulsion of their paddles.

Considering that they had still a thousand miles to go before reaching

Gran Pará, the prospect of a protracted voyage was very plainly outlined before them.

Could they have calculated on making three miles an hour for every hour of the twenty-four, things would not have been bad. This rate of speed would have carried them to their destination in a dozen days, — a mere bagatelle. But they knew enough of river-navigation to disregard such data. They knew the current of the Solimoës to be extremely slow; they had heard of the strange phenomenon, that, run which way the river might, north, south, east, or west, — and it *does* keep bending and curving in all these directions, — the wind is almost always met with blowing *up stream!*

For this reason they could put no dependence in their sail, and would have to trust altogether to the paddles. These could not be always in the water. Human strength could not stand a perpetual spell, even at paddles; and less so in the hands of a crew of men so little used to them.

Nor could they continue the voyage at night. By doing so, they would be in danger of losing their course, their craft, and themselves!

You may smile at the idea. You will ask — a little scornfully, perhaps — how a canoe, or any other craft, drifting down a deep river to its destination, could possibly go astray. Does not the current point out the path, — the broad water-way not to be mistaken?

So it might appear to one seated in a skiff, and floating down the tranquil Thames, with its well-defined banks. But far different is the aspect of the stupendous Solimoës to the voyager gliding through its *gapo*.

I have made use of a word of strange sound, and still stranger signification. Perhaps it is new to your eye, as your ear. You will become better acquainted with it before the end of our voyage; for into the "Gapo" it is my intention to take you, where ill-luck carried the galatea and her crew.

On leaving Coary, it was not the design of her owner to attempt taking his craft, so indifferently manned, all the way to Para. He knew there were several civilized settlements between, — as Barra at the mouth of the Rio Negro, Obidos below it, Santarem, and others. At one or other of these places he expected to obtain a supply of *tapuyos*, to replace the crew who had so provokingly forsaken him.

The voyage to the nearest of them, however, would take several days, at the rate of speed the galatea was now making; and the thought of being delayed on their route became each hour more irksome. The ex-miner, who had not seen his beloved brother during half a score of years, was impatient once more to embrace him. He had been, already, several months travelling towards him by land and water; and just as he was beginning to believe that the most difficult half of the journey had been accomplished, he found himself delayed by an obstruction vexatious as unexpected.

The first night after his departure from Coary, he consented that the galatea should lie to, — moored to some bushes that grew upon the banks of the river.



On the second night, however, he acted with less prudence. His impatience to make way prompted him to the resolution to keep on. The night was clear, — a full moon shining conspicuously above, which is not always the case in the skies of the Solimoës.

There was to be no sail set, no use made of the paddles. The crew were fatigued, and wanted rest and repose. The current alone was to favor their progress; and as it appeared to be running nearly two miles an hour, it should advance them between twenty and thirty miles before the morning.

The Mundurucú made an attempt to dissuade his "patron" from the course he designed pursuing; but his advice was disregarded, — perhaps because ill-understood, — and the galatea glided on.

Who could mistake that broad expanse of water — upon which the moon shone so clearly — for aught else than the true channel of the Solimoës? Not Tipperary Tom, who, in the second watch of the night, — the owner himself having kept the first, — acted as steersman of the galatea.

The others had gone to sleep. Trevannion and the three young people under the tolda; Mozey and the Mundurucú along the staging known as the "hold." The birds and monkeys were at rest on their respective perches, and in their respective cages, — all was silent in the galatea, and around, — all save the rippling of the water, as it parted to the cleaving of her keel.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE GALATEA AGROUND.

LITTLE experienced as he was in the art of navigation, the steersman was not inattentive to his duty. Previously to his taking the rudder, he had been admonished about the importance of keeping the craft in the channel of the stream, and to this had he been giving his attention.

It so chanced, however, that he had arrived at a place where there were two channels, — as if an island was interposed in the middle of the river, causing it to branch at an acute angle. Which of these was the right one? Which should be taken? These were the questions that occurred to Tipperary Tom.

At first he thought of awakening his master, and consulting him, but on once more glancing at the two channels, he became half convinced that the broader one must be the proper route to be followed.

"Bay Japers!" muttered he to himself. "Shure I can't be mistaken. The biggest av the two ought to be the mane sthrame. Anyway, I won't wake the masther. I'll lave it to the ship to choose for hersilf." Saying this he relaxed his hold upon the steering oar, and permitted the galatea to drift with the current.

Sure enough, the little craft inclined towards the branch that appeared the broader one; and in ten minutes' time had made such way that the other opening was no longer visible from her decks. The steersman, confident of being on the right course, gave himself no further uneasiness; but, once

more renewing his hold upon the steering oar, guided the galatea in the middle of the channel.

Notwithstanding all absence of suspicion as to having gone astray, he could not help noticing that the banks on each side appeared to be singularly irregular, as if here and there indented by deep bays, or reaches of water. Some of these opened out vistas of shining surface, apparently illimitable, while the dark patches that separated them looked more like clumps of trees half submerged under water, than stretches of solid earth.

As the galatea continued her course, this puzzling phenomenon ceased to be a conjecture; Tipperary Tom saw that he was no longer steering down a river between two boundary banks, but on a broad expanse of water, stretching as far as eye could reach, with no other boundary than that afforded by a *flooded forest*.

There was nothing in all this to excite alarm,—at least in the mind of Tipperary Tom. The Mundurucú, had he been awake, might have shown some uneasiness at the situation. But the Indian was asleep,—perhaps dreaming of some Múra enemy,—whose head he would have been happy to embalm.

Tom simply supposed himself to be in some part of the Solimoës, flooded beyond its banks, as he had seen it in more places than one. With this confidence, he stuck faithfully to his steering oar, and allowed the galatea to glide on. It was only when the reach of water—upon which the craft was drifting—began to narrow, or rather after it had narrowed to a surprising degree, that the steersman began to suspect himself of having taken the wrong course.

His suspicions became stronger, at length terminating in a conviction that such was the truth, when the galatea arrived at a part where less than a cable's length lay between her beam-ends and the bushes that stood out of the water on both sides of her. Too surely had he strayed from the “*mane sthrame*.” The craft that carried him could no longer be in the channel of the mighty Solimoës!

The steersman was alarmed, and this very alarm hindered him from following the only prudent course he could have taken under the circumstances. He should have aroused his fellow-voyagers, and proclaimed the error into which he had fallen. He did not do so. A sense of shame at having neglected his duty, or rather at having performed it in an indifferent manner,—a species of regret not uncommon among his countrymen,—hindered him from disclosing the truth, and taking steps to avert any evil consequences that might spring from it.

He knew nothing of the great river on which they were voyaging. There *might* be such a strait as that through which the galatea was gliding. The channel might widen below; and, after all, he might have steered in the proper direction. With such conjectures, strengthened by such hopes, he permitted the vessel to float on.

The channel *did* widen again; and the galatea once more rode upon open water. The steersman was restored to confidence and contentment. Only

for a short while did this state of mind continue. Again the clear water became contracted, this time to a very strip, while on either side extended reaches and estuaries, bordered by half-submerged bushes. — some of them opening apparently to the sky horizon, wider and freer from obstruction than that upon which the galatea was holding her course.

The steersman no longer thought of continuing his course, which he was now convinced must be the wrong one. Bearing with all his strength upon the steering oar, he endeavored to direct the galatea back into the channel through which he had come; but partly from the drifting of the current, and partly owing to the deceptive light of the moon, he could no longer recognize the latter, and, dropping the rudder in despair, he permitted the vessel to drift whichever way the current might carry her!

Before Tipperary Tom could summon courage to make known to his companions the dilemma into which he had conducted them, the galatea had drifted among the tree-tops of the flooded forest, where she was instantly "brought to anchor."

The crashing of broken boughs roused her crew from their slumbers. The ex-miner, followed by his children, rushed forth from the tolda. He was not only alarmed, but perplexed, by the unaccountable occurrence. Mozey was equally in a muddle. The only one who appeared to comprehend the situation was the old Indian, who showed sufficient uneasiness as to its consequences by the terrified manner in which he called out: "The Gapo! The Gapo!"

*Mayne Reid.*

*(To be continued.)*





# Round the Evening Lamp

A Treasury of  
 CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

## CHARADES.

### NO. 1.

AN old man lay on a bed of death,  
 Slowly drawing each labored breath ;  
 His pulse was felt by a friendly hand,  
 While the doctor issued a stern command  
 To swallow my *first* without delay,  
 If he wished to live till another day.  
 At this the patient looked my *second*,  
 And slowly spoke: "When Death has  
 beckoned,

In vain the doctor's healing art ;  
 I now am called, and I depart ;  
 I'm glad I've lasted till my *third*."  
 The listeners scarcely caught the word  
 With which escaped the unfettered soul,  
 And finished then his long -- my *whole*.

H. C.

### NO. 2.

When I'm my *first*, I lie in bed ;  
 My *second* wins me gold ;  
 My *third* I keep safe in my head ;  
 My *fourth* you may behold  
 In all its pride, when victory  
 Shall bid my *whole* light up the sky.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

### NO. 1.

In a gale of wind, the top part of a  
 flagstaff in my neighbor's garden was  
 broken off, and struck the ground in my

garden at a distance of 15 feet from the  
 bottom of the pole, and in its fall broke  
 two vases, worth \$63.25 apiece. My  
 neighbor, in paying for these vases, made  
 four payments. The second payment was  
 twice as much as the first ; the third  
 amounted to three times as much as the  
 first ; and the last amounted to five times  
 as much as the first.

Supposing the broken piece of flagstaff  
 to measure 39 feet, what was the length  
 of the whole pole, and what did my neigh-  
 bor pay at each payment ?

### NO. 2.

100 — 1 — 5 — 1 — 50.

This is what all young people ought to  
 be.

## ENIGMA. NO. 1.

I am composed of 13 letters.  
 My 8, 10, is an abrupt dismissal.  
 My 11, 5, 7, 8, is not short.  
 My 9, 1, 3, 12, goes well with a knife.  
 My 13, 12, 6, 7, 12, is an unpleasant ani-  
 mal.  
 My 13, 1, 3, 3, 4, is what you will be if  
 you can't discover me.  
 My 4, 1, 11, 12, is part of an egg.  
 My 9, 3, 5, 8, 13, a Frenchman would eat.  
 My 9, 2, 7, you like now.  
 My whole I hope you will always like.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 1.



H. M. T.

VON RAIL.

THERE was an old Dutchman, Von Rail,  
 Who had an ambition to sail,  
 So he put out to sea,  
 In a fit of high glee,  
 That hilarious old person, Von Rail.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

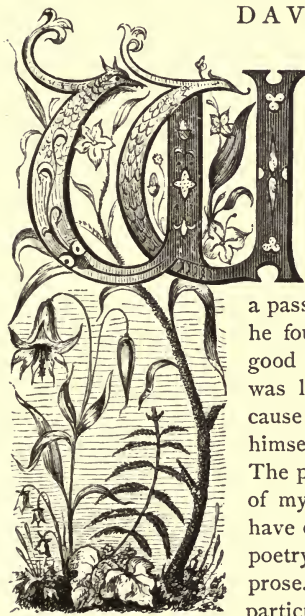
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

No. II.

DAVID MATSON.



WHO of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered, and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate,—a good man, rich and honored, and with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone. The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's, but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that in its main particulars it is a true tale.

One bright summer morning, more than threescore years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the Point with his wherry, and take the husband and father to the Port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to

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sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully ; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis. "There's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed, autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself?

Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Mogadore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon the merchant-vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market-place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest.

When a boy he had learned the trade of a ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimack ; and now he was set at work in the dock-yards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure for a whole week. So time went on, — days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out ; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to pro-

cure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbiad";—and drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife."

"Your wife!" cried the other. "She is mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

"God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessing, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival. "Pelatiah," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh cud of tobacco, "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

When Pelatiah Curtis reached home he told Anna the story of her husband and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin, and buried with her.

The little old bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson,—the lost man.



### THE SANDPIPER.

**A** CROSS the lonely beach we flit,  
 One little sandpiper and I,  
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
 The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.  
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
 As up and down the beach we flit,  
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
 Scud, black and swift, across the sky:  
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
 Stand out the white light-houses high.  
 Almost as far as eye can reach  
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
 As fast we flit along the beach,  
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;  
 He starts not at my fitful song,  
 Nor flash of fluttering drapery.  
 He has no thought of any wrong,  
 He scans me with a fearless eye;  
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,  
 The little sandpiper and I.



Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

C. T.



### THE PORTRAIT.

THEY were a family that had long outlived their grandeur, — the Fotheringtons. And though the last generation had been kept alive with traditions of it, the present one knew those traditions only as vague dreams that might or might not be true, and which, either way, had nothing at all to do with their absolute want of bread and butter, other than as having fostered past pride they had hindered honest labor. Of all those great colonial possessions, nothing remained to them but the rambling old house and its well-worn hereditaments; and though various parts even of the old mansion itself had been sold and moved away, still much more room remained than was needed by the mother and her five children, — the mother, whose woful condition had brought her to an utter contempt of the ancestral Fotheringtons, the children, who yet preserved a certain happiness in the midst of their poverty in remembering that at their great-grandfather's wedding a hundred guests were entertained for a week in the house after princely fashion. Not that the Fotheringtons of to-day did not present a decent appearance; — gowns were turned, and ribbons were pressed, and laces were darned till there was nothing left of them; nobody knew exactly how poor they were, which perhaps made it all the harder. The eldest daughters had been quite comfortably educated before everything was gone; the elder son had pushed his own way through college with but small debt, and was now studying his profession at home, finding much reason for unhappiness, and vexed out of patience by little Sarah's troublesome tongue and fingers, and young Tommy's musical fancy, which occasioned him opportunity of exercising his lungs and his shrill little voice all day long and sometimes half the night. It was hard work for poor Frederick Fotherington to try and bury himself in the dismal profundities of his law-books, and the quirks and catches of their citations, when little Sarah had been planted at one end of the great, lumbering cradle in which the first Fotherington might have been rocked, — planted there to be entertained by Tommy, who, inserting himself at the other end,

with a hand on either side, loudly rocked the great ark quite across the room from one end to the other, piping meanwhile, like a boatswain's whistle, an interminable ballad of the Fair Rosamond that his sister Margaret had taught him, without ever dreaming of the evil use to which it would be put, and piping the more noisily the more he guessed at Frederick's annoyance. Of the two remaining children, Margaret taught school all day, being a visiting governess in two families; Helen stayed at home and did the house-work and the sewing, for the mother had been an invalid ever since her husband's death and the birth of little Sarah, something over two years ago.

This family had yet a trifle remaining of their mother's small dowry, invested, as it had been by their father, in certain bridge-stock, which paid dividends of exactly one per cent. This gave the two children molasses on their bread; the elders ate their bread without it. They had a cow, that fed in the paddock, — a cow lineally descended from a famous Puritan cow of the Fotherington breed, — and from her milk once a fortnight Helen contrived to scrape together butter enough for her mother's morning slice of toast. They completed the inventory of their wealth by mention of an old horse, which every day Frederick harnessed into an antique chaise, in order that he might take his mother for an airing.

Meantime, Helen, left with the two children alone in the house, would scrub, and scour, and cook, and sew, and sing songs, and tell stories, — stories of the good cheer of other days that once this barren house afforded, half of which she believed, and many of which she made up. Thus gradually left so much to herself and her fancies, while the others either detested their origin or laughed at it, Miss Helen had persuaded herself into a conviction that it was all a very fine thing, and was sure that they had by no means come to the end of such a tether, and that some day or other something was to turn up on it. There were the customary legends of every rich family for her to choose from; she might take that of the day when, after General Fotherington's funeral, the guests, returning from the grave, found the old gentleman there before them, storming up and down in a great pother opposite the portrait of his wife, long dead and gone, trying to shake the panel on which it was painted from its setting in the carved wood of the wall, so that half the world believed that the worthy, having failed to find his departed spouse in the spirit-land, had indignantly returned to loosen her ghost from the painting in which some cunning artist had imprisoned it, and the other half declared that certain deeds and records had been concealed between the panel and the chimney-bricks, which the General wished to dislodge; but, as no one knew of any deed or record missing, the matter had slipped by. Or, if Miss Helen's conjecture wearied on that, she might take the rumor concerning a Revolutionary Fotherington, who, being a noted Tory, had seen fit both to eat his cake and have it, and had accordingly buried a great pot of golden Spanish pieces in the garden, and marked the spot with the young slip of a St. Michael's pear-tree. There stood the old St. Michael's at this day, a dead trunk, having long since ceased to bear either fruit or blossom or leaf; and many a time had Helen persuaded Margaret and Frederick to

take hoe and shovel and go with her to dig round the roots of the old St. Michael's. Once, after the first digging, the ancient tree surprised them by bursting into a cloud of blossoms, and bearing a crop of golden, juicy pears; but that was the last sign of life it ever gave, and all the gold they ever found. There, too, had been the wide, dark-eaved garrets full of moth-devoured relics of splendor; who knew what might be lying hidden in those vast hair-covered chests? They were there no longer now; for once, in an access of angry irreverence, Margaret had had them all dragged down, and had sold their contents to the rag-man, and had made by her speculation cloaks for themselves and a shawl for Frederick, — in the days when gentlemen condescended to lend to their stiff costume the graceful dignity of a dropping fold or two. But what treasures of parchment might not have been quilted into any one of those old brocaded petticoats? and who knew the unrevealed wealth of that trunk of yellowed papers, that had brought only the sum of ten dollars in the rag-man's scales? More than once Helen had started at the rap at the door, half expecting an announcement that such and such a document had been found among that heap of trumpery, thought to have been worthless as yellow autumn leaves, which would install them as the possessors of such and such domain, — raps which usually brought nothing but a shoe-bill, or a demand for the price of the previous winter's coal. All these idle day-dreams Helen wisely kept to herself and Tommy; for there was not another member of the family whom they would not have aggravated out of endurance.

It was one day drawing on towards twilight in the latter part of November, — an afternoon of the mild, sweet weather that always comes at that season, and always seems an accident. Frederick had driven his mother out for her airing, and whether they had been beguiled by the soft air into going too far, or had met with some accident or delay, they had not yet returned. Margaret would have worried, had she herself yet come in from her classes; as for Helen, who would have looked with a sanguine eye at her own shroud, she was sure no harm could happen while Frederick had the reins. So she busied herself in giving things as cheerful an aspect as possible when everybody should have reached home.

But, in the first place, there were no coals. Helen had caught a pain in her side picking up the very last with her fingers. Nevertheless, she had put a bright face upon it, and, after threatening to set fire to the house and run away by the light of it, had decided that it would be better still to set fire to it and remain and be warmed by it, while Margaret declared they would never know what luck was again till they had made soap from the ashes. All that, however, had put nothing into the coal-bin.

Yesterday, Helen had received five dollars for transferring a piece of embroidery for a wealthy acquaintance. She had hesitated about accepting it; it would be the first Fotherington that ever took wages, — Margaret's pay was salary; but conscience put down pride, and she gave thanks, and shut her purse, — and perhaps it broke the spell. In such a household one would have thought there would of course be no question what to do with it.



On the contrary, it was a grave question. Should Tommy have a hat and Sarah a hood? should the mother have a shawl? should it buy a quarter of a ton of coal? And there was the lyceum! Now, in the town where they lived, not to attend the lyceum was not to be in society; last winter they had managed to effect one season-ticket, and the girls had gone alternately, in a neighbor's company; this winter Frederick was at home, and two tickets were desirable.

"Let us buy three tickets to the lyceum now," said Margaret.

"Same money would buy three turkeys," answered Helen, "and we're close on Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"Yes, Nelly," cried Tommy, who was thoroughly tired of bread and molasses, "buy the turkeys."

"Be quiet, child," said the mother; "you can't go to the lyceum, you know; so don't be selfish."

"Well, which would be best," meditated Margaret, who had a way of spending other people's money as well as her own, — "turkeys or tickets?"

"The turkeys will feast the whole family, the tickets only us three," said Helen.

"And then our bonnets are so shabby," said Margaret.

"Buy the turkeys, mother," pleaded Tommy, piteously.

"Hush now, Tommy! You've no voice in the debate," declared Margaret. "You're not a member of the Lyceum Society."

"But I'm a member of the Turkey Society," urged Tommy, as a finishing argument.

The result of the conference was, that, as Frederick's shoes were fast approaching the character of sandals with leathern thongs, they were surreptitiously subtracted from his bedside at night, and their place filled by a pair of stout boots, which would carry him well into the winter. That was yesterday. Meanwhile, to-day, no coals; no kindlings, if there had been; last year's bill due, and dunned for; winter upon their heels; the night growing chilly. Helen wrapped a cloak round little Sarah, and gave her her precious black rosary to play with, and bade Tommy take excellent care of her, and for reward he need recite only half his usual spelling-lesson when she came back. Then she ran up the hill behind the house, — she had reached that pass that she did not care whether the neighbors saw or not, — and fell to gathering sticks. Once the spot had been a wood-lot, now long since dispeopled of its dryads; a young sapling, or two had sprung up in place of the old growth, and boughs and twigs were blown there in the storms. Helen came down with her arms full, and trailing a couple of great branches behind her. These, at the back door, she broke up, reserving larger pieces for the parlor blaze, and the small bits for a good kitchen fire; and, that done, decided to catch a couple of her choice chickens, and decapitate them, although she shut her eyes and cut her own thumb in the course of the procedure; these chickens, which were her special property, had been reserved by her for some occasion, and when would there be a better than Frederick and her mother returning from so late and unconscionable a jaunt,

and doubtless shivering with the cold? This accomplished, and the savory stew simmering over the stove, Helen washed her hands, that had nearly lost their patrician shape and whiteness, took off her apron, and withdrew to the parlor. There she found that Master Tommy had, some time since, left little Sarah to her own devices, and she had forthwith broken the string, and scattered the beads of the rosary in every direction upon the floor, while he stood breathing upon a distant window-pane, and drawing pictures with his finger-tip on the groundwork thus effected, humming the while one of his favorite tunes to himself.

"Now, Tommy," said Helen, "I'll hear your lesson."

"No, you won't," sang Tommy to his tune.

"Why not?"

"'Cause I can't say it."

"Then we'll learn it together. F-a-t-h, what does that spell?"

"Don't know," said Tommy, his finger in his mouth.

"See now if you can't remember," urged Helen, giving him each letter phonetically.

"Don't want to know," said Tommy.

Here, little Sarah, who had heard the lesson many times, informed him what the desired syllable ought to be, and inferred the rest herself. Whereupon Helen proceeded to the next word. But there Tommy proved obdurate, not only did n't know, and did n't want to know, but refused to hear, and presented such a fearful example to his younger sister, that his elder one had no resource but to transfer the cloak from Sarah to Tommy, and to shut him up in the dark closet. That done, she laid the sticks together in the grate, that was never made for sticks, and blew up a nice blaze, that warmed and lighted all the damp and dark old room; and, taking little Sarah in her arms, rocked and sung her away to sleep.

It was a dismal room, and had been long deserted, — possibly owing to its former dreariness, and possibly to the report of its haunted space and shadow; for over the chimney-piece was the panel with the pale, proud face of old General Fotherington's dead wife painted on it, which every midnight he was once believed to return and visit. But when other parts of the house had fallen into hopeless disrepair, Helen had taken Tommy's little hatchet, and had felled the lofty lilac-hedge that obscured all the southern windows of the room, had cleaned the old paint, made good use of a bucket of white-wash, reset the broken glass herself, and then moved chattels and personals into the vacancy, and given it a more homelike appearance than it had worn for half a century. If the truth were known, Helen's chief fancy for the room, shaky and insecure as both floor and ceiling seemed, was that dim panel-portrait blistering there above the fire or peeling off with mouldy flakes in past days, — for she had still many a longing for the old family-pictures that once her shiftless father, when put to his trumps, had sold to adorn the halls of some upstart with forefathers.

"Tommy," said she softly, when little Sarah slept, "can you tell me what w-a-t-e-r spells?"

"No," said the stolid Tommy.

"Is it dark in there, Tommy?" asked she, half relenting, and yet half wishing to excite his fears enough to conquer his obduracy.

"I don't know," answered Tommy, quite willing to converse, "I've got my eyes shut."

"Very well," said Helen, and went on with her low lullaby, which Tommy stoutly, but ineffectually, attempted to join. The wind was beginning to rise and clatter at the casements, and sing its own tune round the gable-corner; the dark had quite fallen, and the room was gloomy and vivid by turns with the fitful flashes of the firelight."

"Nelly," said Tommy, wheedlingly, and shaking the lock of the closet, "I wish you'd give me some. I'm real sirsty."

"Some what?" asked Helen, very willing to compromise.

"Some w-a-t-e-r. I'm so sirsty."

"Pronounce it, Tommy, and you shall come out and have some."

"I don't know how to," was the atrocious answer.

"And some chicken-broth as well as some water, if you'll only tell me what those five letters spell."

But there was nothing but silence in reply from Tommy, and Helen resumed her song.

"It's real damp in here," said Tommy pretty soon, beginning to cough furiously. "I'm getting a stiff neck."

"You have one already," said Helen; and, laying little Sarah down, she went to put on her apron, to attend to her stew, to bring in the cloth and the tray of dishes, and to spread the supper-table in the warm room,—set out near the fire, the worn white linen, the sparse silver, the rare and gay old china, of which they used every day what would have decked out a modern drawing-room, all clean and glittering as if viands were various and plentiful as color and sparkle. That all done, again Cinderella sat down before the fire.

"Elen!" said Tommy then in a muffled tone, having given the door another premonitory shake, and as if his darkness induced metaphysics, "how many yesterdays have there been and how many to-morrows are there going to be?"

"I'll tell you, Tommy, when you tell me what those letters spell." And again in response there was silence on the part of the closet, broken by occasional kicks that shook the door, and even caused the old panel to stir in its worm-eaten setting of oaken wainscot. As Helen looked up after the silence that followed Tommy's demonstration, while the panel yet slightly stirred, it seemed to her that a shiver ran over the lady painted there; she remembered the ghost-stories, it made a shiver run over her herself. She rose and went to look out of the window and see if there were no sign of the chaise,—it was hardly time for Margaret yet. Then she returned, and her fascinated eyes caught again the eyes of the old Colonial Governor's lady, that lady who was her mother many generations removed. It was a pale face painted there, as if the painter had seen it only by moonlight,—dark eyes in which the lustre lay with an effect of restless, searching radiance, and the delicate aqu-



line nose and thin and haughty lip spoke of a woman capable of acting a secret in her day, and keeping it long after, Helen thought. Whenever she caught the eye of that portrait, — and so curiously well was it painted, that she never looked at it without catching the eye, — the lady shadowed there seemed to return a glance of defiance, and her lip wore a curve of triumph. She kept one hand clasped over her crimson vest embroidered with its golden tangles and purples; perhaps in the other her secret hung hidden out of sight. Now, in the dancing firelight, the ruby that lay on the dame's forehead seemed to flicker like a live jewel in Helen's eyes; as the flame rose, her breast heaved too, a color rested on the pale cheek; as it fell, Helen fancied that she sighed; with all the quick lightning and darkening of the crackling fire the glance of the eyes shifted to and fro, the shadows round the mouth wavered; now they lowered, and now they smiled, and now the parted lips seemed just about to speak.



Helen started to her feet in a tremble: no wonder Tommy hated to stay in the closet; she sprung to let him out. And just then the old horse stopped at the gate, with the sound of Frederick's voice. Helen forgot Tommy, flung open the door to Frederick, and ran out to the gate as he appeared coming in with his mother in his arms, and laid her on the sofa. Helen only stayed to lead the old horse into the barn, and directly afterward was blowing up the blaze in the parlor, and calling the delinquents to account.

They had driven into Orton Wood, Frederick said, and there the chaise broke down ; and it being in an open space, he had kindled a great fire to keep his mother warm, while he tied the springs up as he might, which it took a weary while to do, and he had brought home a chaiseful of fagots that nobody owned, and was cherishing visions of future predatory excursions in the same direction. Immediately as he said it, wheeling his mother's sofa up to the hearth and rubbing his hands before it, a little occurrence took place that rendered his invaluable chaiseful of fagots of a moment ago the mere chips of this one, for it had changed the earth under all their feet. Margaret was just coming in at the door ; Master Tommy, hearing the incoming and voices and confusion, and desiring to make a part of it, called out from his den, " 'Elen ! let me out, let me out, I say. W-a-wa, t-e-r, water. You know the Docker said I needed plenty of fresh air. 'Elen ! let me out,—the Docker said I was a peccolar child and needed peccolar treatment ! " And before any one could reach him, the belligerent boy gave the old door such an astonishing series of kicks and thrusts, that the lock broke from its mouldering frame ; the worn floor shook and creaked ; a bit of the plastering dropped from above ; the door and Tommy fell out together ; and the old portrait of the pale proud lady started, and trembled, and pitched downward, caught and split from end to end upon the handle of the great steel poker. And suddenly, with a wild exclamation of inextinguishable certainty and exultation, Helen held up her apron to catch what came rattling and ringing and racing and jingling, as they tumbled down together into it, and danced a measure over the floor with the naughty nuns of the broken rosary-beads that they surprised in their mad escape from the bondage of a hundred years. The pale and languid mother started up, resting eagerly on her elbow ; Margaret fell upon the floor, catching up the guineas and doubloons as if she were crazy, and kissing them in a transport ; Tommy began to discover what his pockets were made for, straightway. Meanwhile Frederick sprung upon a chair and went to pulling out the thready remnants of the decaying bags in which the gold had been enclosed ; Helen still held her apron up, thanking fortune it was so large ; and little Sarah, waking, began to creep down and toddle along to hold her apron too, crowing and capering at the strange scene, the glitter, and the joy. At last there were no more,—there was only the memorandum on a bit of parchment, telling the story of the sealing of the bags by the old Tory ancestor in troublous times, and their destined concealment behind his wife's portrait.

" Here are more thousands of dollars than you have fingers and toes, little Cinderella ! " cried Frederick. " You can afford to wear glass slippers for the rest of your life ! It is all your godmother's doings, and she was a fine old English gentlewoman, who acted wisely and for the benefit of posterity. Never say I disbelieved in my ancestors ! "

" O yes, " said Helen, " all-very fine now. For my part, I was sure of it long ago ! "

" I sha'n't dare to close an eye to-night for fear of burglars ! " cried Margaret. " That I sha'n't ! "

"Now mother, mother dear," exclaimed Helen, coming and taking her mother's thin hand and plunging it deep down among the sliding coins that were tearing down her strong apron with their weight, "'tis almost as much as I can carry! Tommy may go to school now, and you can have the Doctor and get well, and what can't we, what sha'n't we have! Margaret need n't teach any more, — we can have the house made over, we can keep a girl, — and gold at 240! — O, I think I shall lose my wits!" And down it would all have gone upon the floor but for Frederick.

"Don't, Nelly," said he, "we shall want them, — the guineas I mean, of course not the wits. What use have they been to us all these years, except to make gowns out of cobwebs and dinners out of dew? Now let us count our wealth, and then —"

"No," said Nelly, "my stew will be good for nothing if we wait, and mother is famished. We're comfortable, we know; if we're rich, we can find it out after supper. I wish I had n't killed my cropple-crowns. Now Tommy, Tommy Fotherington, you never need spell water again as long as you live, for it was that blessed word that put Tommy in the closet, that kicked the door, that shook the house, that loosened the panel, that poured out the guineas, that made the starving Fotheringtons a richer and happier family than ever sat round the old Tory Governor's table!"

*Harriet E. Prescott.*



## FARMING FOR BOYS.

### No. II.

*(Continued from page 66.)*

TONY King was particularly struck with the improvement in the coffee-mill, for his knuckles had received a full share of the general skinning; and when the job was done, turning to the old man, he said, "O, Uncle Benny, won't you teach me to do such things before you do all the odd jobs about the farm?"

"Never fear that all the odd jobs about any farm, and especially such a one as this, are going to be done in a hurry," he replied, laying his hand gently on Tony's head. "If the owner of a farm, I don't care how small it may be, would only take time to go over his premises, to examine his fences, his gates, his barn-yard, his stables, his pig-pen, his fields, his ditches, his wagons, his harness, his tools, indeed, whatever he owns, he would find more odd jobs to be done than he has any idea of. Why, my boy, all farming is made up of odd jobs. When Mr. Spangler gets through with planting potatoes, don't he say, 'Well, that job's done.' Did n't I hear you say yes-



terday, when you had hauled out the last load of manure from the barn-yard, — it was pretty wet and muddy at the bottom, you remember, — ‘There ’s a dirty job done !’ And so it is, Tony, with everything about a farm, — it is all jobbing ; and as long as one continues to farm, so long will there be jobs to do. The great point is to finish each one up exactly at the time when it ought to be done.”

“But that was not what I meant, Uncle Benny,” said Tony. “I meant such jobs as you do with your tools.”

“Well,” replied the old man, “it is pretty much the same thing there. A farmer going out to hunt up such jobs as you speak of will find directly, that, if he has no tool-chest on hand, his first business will be to get one. Do you see the split in that board? Whoever drove that nail should have had a gimlet to bore a hole ; but having none, he has spoiled the looks of his whole job. So it is with everything when a farmer undertakes any work without proper tools. Spoiling it is quite as bad as letting it alone.

“You see, Tony,” he continued, “that a good job can’t be done with bad tools, — that split shows it. No doubt the man who made it excused himself by saying that he was never intended for a mechanic. But that was a poor excuse for being without a gimlet. Every man or boy has some mechanical ability, and exercising that ability, with first-rate tools, will generally make him a good workman. Now as to what odd jobs a farmer will find to do. He steps out into the garden, and finds a post of his grape-arbor rotted off, and the whole trellis out of shape. It should be propped up immediately. If he have hot-beds, ten to one there are two or three panes out, and if they are not put in at once, the next hard frost will destroy all his plants. There is a fruit-tree covered with caterpillars’ nests, another with cocoons, containing what will some day be butterflies, then eggs, then worms. The barn-yard gate has a broken hinge, the barn-door has lost its latch, the wheelbarrow wants a nail or two to keep the tire from dropping off, and there is the best hoe with a broken handle. So it goes, let him look where he may.

“Now come out into the yard,” continued the old man, “and let us see what jobs there are yet to do.”

He led the way to the wood-shed. There was an axe with only half a handle ; Tony knew it well, for he had chopped many a stick with the crippled tool. Uncle Benny pointed to it with the screw-driver that he still carried in his hand, but said nothing, as he observed that Tony seemed confounded at being so immediately brought face to face with what he knew should have been done six months before. Turning round, but not moving a step, he again pointed with his screw-driver to the wooden gutter which once caught the rain-water from the shed-roof and discharged it into a hogs-head near by. The brackets from one end of the gutter had rotted off, and it hung down on the pig-pen fence, discharging into the pen instead of into the hogshead. The latter had lost its lower hoops ; they were rusting on the ground, fairly grown over with grass. The old man pointed at each in turn ; and, looking into Tony’s face, found that he had crammed his hands into his pockets, and was beginning to smile, but said nothing. Just turning

about, he again pointed to where a board had fallen from the farther end of the shed, leaving an opening into the pig-pen beyond. While both were looking at the open place, three well-grown pigs, hearing somebody in the shed, rose upon their hinder feet, and thrust their muddy faces into view, thinking that something good was coming. The old man continued silent, looked at the pigs, and then at Tony. Tony was evidently confused, and worked his hands about in his pockets, but never looked into the old man's face. It was almost too much for him.

"Come," said Uncle Benny, "let us try another place," and as they were moving off, Tony stumbled over a new iron-bound maul, which lay on the ground, the handle having been broken short off in its socket.

"How the jobs turn up!" observed Uncle Benny. "How many have we here?"

"I should say about five," replied Tony.

"Yes," added the old man, "and all within sight of each other."

As they approached the hog-pen, they encountered a strong smell, and there was a prodigious running and tumbling among the animals. They looked over the shabby fence that formed the pen.

"Any jobs here, Tony?" inquired Uncle Benny.

Tony made no answer, but looked round to see if the old man kept his screw-driver, half hoping that, if he found anything to point at, he would have nothing to point with. But raising the tool, he poised it in the direction of the feeding-trough. Tony could not avert his eyes, but, directing them toward the spot at which the old man pointed, he discovered a hole in the bottom of the trough, through which nearly half of every feeding must have leaked out into the ground underneath. He had never noticed it until now.

"There 's another job for you, Tony," he said. "There 's not only neglect, but waste. The more hogs a man keeps in this way, the more money he will lose. Look at the condition of this pen,—all mud, not a dry spot for the pigs to fly to. Even the sheds under which they are to sleep are three inches deep in slush. Don't you see that broken gutter from the wood-shed delivers the rain right into their sleeping-place, and you know what rains we have had lately? Ah, Tony," continued the old man, "pigs can't thrive that are kept in this condition. They want a dry place; they must have it, or they will get sick, and a sick pig is about the poorest stock a farmer can have. Water or mud is well enough for them to wallow in occasionally, but not mud all the time."

"But I thought pigs did best when they had plenty of dirt about them, they like it so," replied Tony.

"You are mistaken, Tony," rejoined Uncle Benny. "A pig is by nature a cleanly animal; it is only the way in which some people keep him that makes him a filthy one. Give him the means to keep himself clean, and he will be clean always,—a dry shed with dry litter to sleep in, and a pen where he can keep out of the mud when he wants to, and he will never be dirty, while what he eats will stick to his ribs. These pigs can't grow in this condition. Then

look at the waste of manure ! Why, there are those thirty odd loads of corn-stalks, and a great pile of sweet-potato vines, that Mr. Spangler has in the field, all which he says he is going to burn out of his way, as soon as they get dry enough. They should be brought here and put in this mud and water, to absorb the liquid manure that is now soaking into the ground, or evaporating before the sun. This liquor is the best part of the manure, its heart and life ; for nothing can be called food for plants until it is brought into a liquid condition. I never saw greater waste than this. Then there is that deep bed of muck, not three hundred yards off, — not a load of it ready to come here. Besides, if the corn-stalks and potato-vines were tumbled in, they would make the whole pen dry, keep the hogs clean, and enable them to grow. But I suppose Mr. Spangler thinks it too much trouble to do these little things.

“ Now, Tony,” he continued, “ you can’t do anything profitable or useful in this world without some trouble ; and as you are to be a farmer, the sooner you learn this lesson, the more easily you will get along. But who is to do that job of putting a stopper over this hole in the trough, you or I ? ”

“ I ’ll do it to-morrow, Uncle Benny,” replied Tony.

“ To-morrow ? To-morrow won’t do for me. A job that needs doing as badly as this, should be done at once ; it’s one thing less to think of, don’t you know that ? Besides, did n’t you want to do some jobs ? ” rejoined Uncle Benny.

Tony had never been accustomed to this way of hurrying up things ; but he felt himself fairly cornered. He did n’t care much about the dirt in the trough ; it was the unusual promptness of the demand that staggered him.

“ Run to the house and ask Mrs. Spangler to give you an old tin cup or kettle, — anything to make a patch big enough to cover this hole,” said Uncle Benny ; “ and bring that hammer and a dozen lath-nails you ’ll find in my tool-chest.”

Tony did as he was directed, and brought back a quart mug with a small hole in the bottom, which a single drop of solder would have made tight as ever.

“ I guess the swill is worth more to the hogs than even a new mug would be, Tony,” said Uncle Benny, holding up the mug to the sun, to see how small a defect had condemned it. Then, knocking out the bottom, and straightening it with his hammer on the post, he told Tony to step over the fence into the trough. It was not a very nice place to get into, but over he went, and, the nails and hammer being handed to him, he covered the hole with the tin, put in the nails round the edge, hammered the edge flat, and in ten minutes all was done.

“ There, Tony, is a six months’ leak stopped in ten minutes. Nothing like the present time, — will you remember that ? Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. Now run back with the hammer and these two nails, and put this remnant of the tin cup in my chest ; you ’ll want it for something one of these days. Always save the pieces, Tony.”

Tony was really surprised, not only how easily, but how quickly, the repair



had been made. Moreover, he felt gratified at being the mechanic ; it was the first time he had been allowed to handle any of Uncle Benny's nice assortment of tools, and he liked the old man better than ever. But who is there that does not himself feel inwardly gratified at conferring a new pleasure on a child ? Such little contributions to juvenile happiness are neither barren of fruit nor unproductive of grateful returns. They cost nothing, yet they have rich rewards in the memory of the young. They make beautiful and lasting impressions. The gentle heart that makes a child happy will never be forgotten. No matter how small the gift may be, a kind word, a little toy, even a flower, will sometimes touch a chord within the heart, whose soft vibrations will continue so long as memory lasts.

This survey of Mr. Spangler's premises was continued by Uncle Benny and Tony until the latter began to change his opinion about the former doing up the odd jobs so thoroughly that none would be left for him. He saw there was enough for both of them. The old man pointed out a great many that he had never even noticed ; but when his attention was called to them, he saw the necessity of having them done. Indeed, he had a notion that everything about the place wanted fixing up. Besides, Uncle Benny took pains to explain the reasons why such and such things were required, answering the boy's numerous questions, and imparting to him a knowledge of farm wants and farm processes, of which no one had ever spoken to him.

The fact was, Uncle Benny was one of the few men we meet with, especially on a farm, who think the boys ought to have a chance. His opinion was, that farmers seldom educate their children properly for the duties they know they will some day be called on to perform, — that is, they don't reason with them, and explain to the boy's understanding the merit or necessity of an operation. His idea was, that too many boys on a farm were merely allowed to grow up. They were fed, clothed, sent to school, then put to work, but not properly taught how and why the work should be done. Hence, when they came to set up for themselves, they had a multitude of things to learn which they ought to have learned from a father.

He used to say, that boys do only what they see the men do, — that all they learned was by imitation. They had no opportunity allowed them while at home of testing their own resources and energies by some little independent farming operation of their own. When at school, the teacher drills them thoroughly ; when at home, they receive no such close training. The teacher gives the boy a sum to do, and lets him work it out of his own resources. But a farmer rarely gives a boy the use of a half-acre of land, on which he may raise corn or cabbages or roots for himself, though knowing that the boy could plant and cultivate it if he were allowed a chance, and that such a privilege would be likely to develop his energies, and show of what stuff he was made. The notion was too common that a boy was all work, and had no ambition, — whatever work was in him must be got out of him, just as if he had been a horse or an ox. It was known that at some time he must take care of himself, yet he was not properly taught how to do so. The stimulant of letting him have a small piece of ground for his own profit was too rarely

held out to him. No one knew what such a privilege might do for an energetic boy. If he failed the first year, he would be likely to know the cause of failure, and avoid it in the future. If he succeeded, he would feel an honest pride, — the very kind of pride which every father should encourage in his child. And that success would stimulate him to try again and do still better. Both failure and success would be very likely to set him to reading about what others had done in the same line, — how they had prospered, — and thus a fund of knowledge would be acquired for him to draw upon whenever he set up for himself.

As before mentioned, Mr. Spangler made a strange departure from his rule of plenty of work for everybody, by quitting home on a wet day and going to the tavern rendezvous, to hear what the neighbors had to say, leaving no work marked out for his "hands" to do in his absence. These wet days were therefore holidays for the boys. All three were pretty good readers; and so they usually borrowed a book from Uncle Benny, and went, on such occasions, into the barn, and lay down on the hay to read. Uncle Benny recommended to them that one should read aloud to the others, so as to improve his voice, and enable each to set the other right, if a mistake were made. When the weather became too cold for these readings in the barn, they went into the kitchen, there being no other room in the house in which a fire was kept up.

One November morning there came on a heavy rain that lasted all day, with an east wind so cold as to make the barn a very uncomfortable reading-room, so the boys adjourned to the kitchen, and huddled around the stove. But as the rain drove all the rest of the family into the house, there was so great an assembly in what was, at the best of times, a very small room, that Mrs. Spangler became quite irritable at having so many in her way. She was that day trying out lard, and wanted the stove all to herself. In her ill-humor at being so crowded up, she managed to let the lard burn; and at this she became so vexed that she told Tony, with Joe and Bill, to go out, — she could n't have them in her way any longer.

They accordingly went back to the barn, and lay down in the hay, covering themselves with a couple of horse-blankets. These were not very nice things for one to have so close to his nose, as they smelt prodigiously strong of the horses; but farmers' boys are used to such perfumes, and they kept the little fellows so warm that they were quite glad to escape the crowd and discomfort of the kitchen. These became at last so great, that even Uncle Benny, seeing that he was not wanted there just then, got up and went over to the barn also. There he found Tony reading aloud from a newspaper that had been left at the house by a pedler a few days before. Tony was reading about the election, and how much one set of our people were rejoicing over the result.

As Uncle Benny came into the barn, Tony called out, "Uncle Benny, the President's elected, — did you know it?"

"O yes, I knew it, — but what President do you mean?" responded Uncle Benny.

"Why, President Lincoln. He was a poor boy like me, you know."

"But can you tell me, boys," asked Uncle Benny, "who will be President in the year 1900?"

"Dear me, Uncle Benny," replied Tony, "how should we know?"

"Well, I can tell," responded the old man.

The boys were a good deal surprised at hearing these words, and at once sat up in the hay.

"Who is he?" demanded Tony.

"Well," replied Uncle Benny, "he is a boy of about your age, say fifteen or sixteen years old."

"Does he live about here?" inquired Bill, the youngest of the party.

"Well, I can't say as to that," answered the old man, "but he lives somewhere on a farm. He is a steady, thoughtful boy, fond of reading, and has no bad habits; he never swears, or tells a lie, or disobeys his parents."

"Do you think he is as poor as we are, Uncle Benny?" said Joe.

"Most likely he is," responded the old man. "His parents must be in moderate circumstances. But poverty is no disgrace, Joe. On the contrary, there is much in poverty to be thankful for, as there is nothing that so certainly proves what stuff a boy is made of, as being born poor, and from that point working his way up to a position in society, as well as to wealth."

"But do poor boys ever work their way up?" inquired Tony.

"Ay, many times indeed," said Uncle Benny. "But a lazy, idle boy can do no such thing,—he only makes a lazy man. Boys that grow up in idleness become vagabonds. It is from these that all our thieves and paupers come. Men who are successful have always been industrious. Many of the great men in all countries were born poorer than either of you, for they had neither money nor friends. President Lincoln, when he was of your age, was hardly able to read, and had no such chance for schooling as you have had. President Van Buren was so poor, when a boy, that he was obliged to study his books by the light of pine knots which he gathered in the woods. President Lincoln for a long time split rails at twenty-five cents a hundred. But see how they got up in the world."

"But I thought the Presidents were all lawyers," said Tony.

"Well, suppose they were," replied Uncle Benny; "they were boys first. I tell you that every poor boy in this country has a great prospect before him, if he will only improve it as these men improved theirs. Everything depends on himself, on his own industry, sobriety, and honesty. They can't all be Presidents, but if they should all happen to try for being one, they will be very likely to reach a high mark. Most of the rich men of our country began without a dollar. You have as fair a chance of becoming rich or distinguished as many of them have had. You must always aim high."

"But how are we to make a beginning?" demanded Joe.

"I'll tell you," replied Uncle Benny. But at that moment a loud blast from the tin horn summoned them to dinner. They all thought it the sweetest music they had heard that day, and hurried off to the house.

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*

*(To be continued.)*



## SNOW-FANCIES.

O SNOW! flying hither  
 And hurrying thither,  
 Here, there, through the air, — you never care whither, —  
 Do you see me here sitting,  
 A-knitting, a-knitting,  
 And wishing myself with you breezily flitting,  
 Like any wild elf?

Mother sits there a-rocking,  
 And watches my stocking;  
 Well, I know I am slow, and she thinks it is shocking:  
 While Lizzie and Sally,  
 They twit me, and rally, —  
 My thoughts, half asleep, chase your flakes to the valley,  
 A drowsy white heap.

Dear Sally and Lizzie,  
 My sisters so busy,  
 In and out, all about, you make my head dizzy;  
 You hasten, you flutter,  
 You spin, you churn butter,  
 You sew the long seams; while I cannot utter  
 One word of my dreams.

Lo! light as a feather,  
 The merry flakes gather  
 In rifts and in drifts, glad enough of cold weather;  
 Gay throngs interlacing,  
 On the slant roofs embracing,  
 They slip and they fall! down, down they are racing,  
 I after them all!

One large flake advances;  
 'T is a white steed that prances;  
 At the bits as he flits, how he foams, like my fancies!  
 Up softly I sidle  
 From where I sit idle, —  
 I snatch, as it flies, at the gossamer bridle, —  
 I'm mounted, I rise!

Away we are bounding,  
 No hoof-note resounding,  
 Still as light is our flight through the armies surrounding;

No murmur, no rustling,  
 Though millions are jostling ;  
 A host is in camp, but you heard neither bustling  
 Nor bugle, nor tramp.

Yet the truce-flag is lifted ;  
 Unfurled it lies drifted  
 Over hill, over rill, where its snow could be sifted ;  
 And now I 'm returning  
 To parley concerning  
 The beautiful cause that awakened my yearning, —  
 The trouble that was.

Ho ! ho ! a swift fairy, —  
 A pearl-shallop airy !  
 I am caught, quick as thought ! fleece-muffled and hairy,  
 Her grim boatman tightens  
 His grasp, till it frightens  
 Me, half, as we sail to the east where it brightens,  
 On waves of the gale.

White, dimpled, and winning,  
 The fairy sits spinning,  
 From her hair, floating fair, coils of cable beginning,  
 Her shallop to tether  
 In stress of bleak weather,  
 While the boatman and I, wrapped in ermine together,  
 Drift on through the sky.

Stay ! the boat is upsetting !  
 My fairy, forgetting  
 Her coil and her toil, to escape from a wetting  
 Has now the one notion :  
 Below boils the ocean !  
 I scream, — I am heard, — up, in arrowy motion,  
 I 'm borne by a bird, —

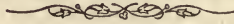
A gray eagle ! — over  
 The seas flies the rover ;  
 And I ride as his guide, a new world to discover.  
 He bears me on, steady,  
 Through whirlwind and eddy ;  
 I cling to his neck, and he ever is ready  
 To pause at my beck.

White doves through the ether  
 Come flocking together.  
 How they crowd to me, proud if I smooth one soft feather !

O what is the matter ?  
 They startle, — they scatter !  
 On the wet window-pane hear my eagle's claws clatter ! —  
 The snow's turned to rain !

Tears, why will you glitter ?  
 My sisters they titter,  
 And there from her chair mother calls, "What a knitter !"  
 My ball pussy twitches, —  
 I've dropped twenty stitches, —  
 My needles all rust, — they will earn me no riches ;  
 Alas if they must !

*Lucy Larcom.*



## THE BABY OF THE REGIMENT.



WE were in our winter camp on Port Royal Island, South Carolina. It was a lovely November morning, soft and spring-like ; the mocking-birds were singing, and the cotton-fields still white with fleecy pods. Morning drill was over, the men were cleaning their guns and singing very happily ; the officers were in their tents, reading still more happily their letters just arrived from home. Suddenly I heard a knock at my tent-door, and the latch clicked. It was the only latch in camp, and I was very proud of it, and the officers always clicked it as loudly as possible, in order to gratify my feelings. The door opened, and the Quartermaster thrust in the

most beaming face I ever saw.

"Colonel," said he, "there are great news for the regiment. My wife and baby are coming by the next steamer !"

"Baby !" said I, in amazement. "Q. M., you are beside yourself." (We always called the Quartermaster Q. M. for shortness.) "There was a pass sent to your wife, but nothing was ever said about a baby. Baby indeed !"

"But the baby was included in the pass," replied the triumphant father-of-a-family. "You don't suppose my wife would come down here without her baby. Besides, the pass itself permits her to bring necessary baggage, and is not a baby six months old necessary baggage ?"



“But, my dear fellow,” said I, rather anxiously, “how can you make the dear little darling comfortable in a tent, amidst these rigors of a South Carolina winter, when it is uncomfortably hot for drill at noon, and ice forms by your bedside at night?”

“Trust me for that,” said the delighted papa, and went off whistling. I could hear him telling the same news to three others, at least, before he got to his own tent.

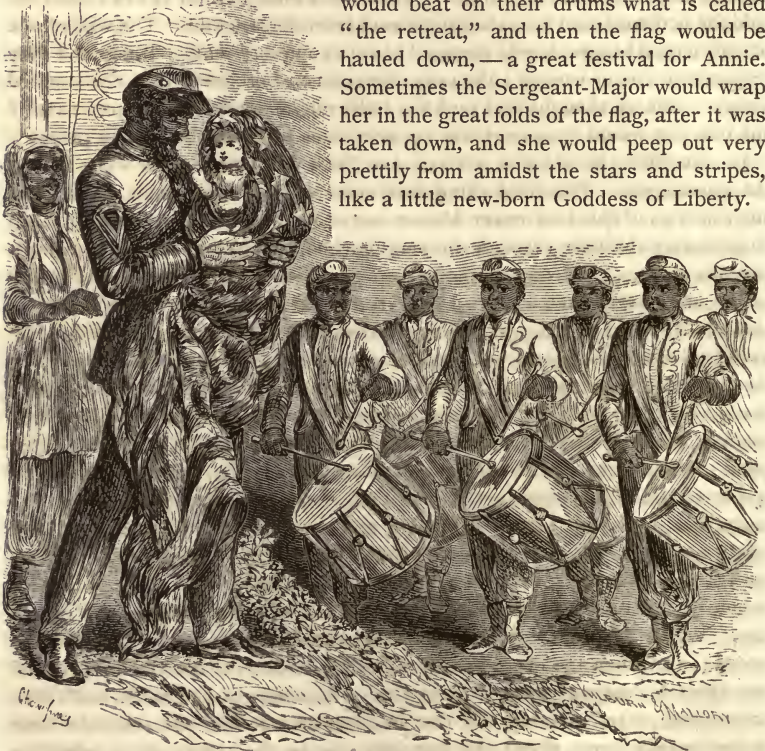
That day the preparations began, and soon his abode was a wonder of comfort. There were posts and rafters, and a raised floor, and a great chimney, and a door with hinges, — every luxury except a latch, and that he could not have, for mine was the last that could be purchased. One of the regimental carpenters was employed to make a cradle, and another to make a bedstead high enough for the cradle to go under. Then there must be a bit of red carpet beside the bedstead, and thus the progress of splendor went on. The wife of one of the colored sergeants was engaged to act as nursery-maid. She was a very respectable young woman; the only objection to her being that she smoked a pipe. But we thought that perhaps Baby might not dislike tobacco; and if she did, she would have excellent opportunities to break the pipe in pieces.

In due time the steamer arrived, and Baby and her mother were among the passengers. The little thing was soon settled in her new cradle, and slept in it as if she had never known any other. The sergeant's wife soon had her on exhibition through the neighborhood, and from that time forward she was quite a little queen among us. She had sweet blue eyes and pretty brown hair, with round, dimpled cheeks, and that perfect dignity which is so beautiful in a baby. She hardly ever cried, and was not at all timid. She would go to anybody, and yet did not encourage any romping from any but the most intimate friends. She always wore a warm long-sleeved scarlet cloak with a hood, and in this costume was carried, or “toted,” as the colored soldiers said, all about the camp. At “guard-mounting” in the morning, when the men who are to go on guard-duty for the day are drawn up to be inspected, Baby was always there, to help inspect them. She did not say much, but she eyed them very closely, and seemed fully to appreciate their bright buttons. Then the Officer-of-the-Day, who appears at guard-mounting with his sword and sash, and comes afterwards to the Colonel's tent for orders, would come and speak to Baby on his way, and receive her orders first. When the time came for drill, she was usually present to watch the troops; and when the drum beat for dinner, she liked to see the long row of men in each company march up to the cook-house, in single file, each with tin cup and plate. During the day, in pleasant weather, she might be seen in her nurse's arms, about the company streets, the centre of an admiring circle, her scarlet costume looking very pretty amidst the shining black cheeks and neat blue uniforms of the soldiers. At “dress-parade,” just before sunset, she was always an attendant. As I stood before the regiment, I could see the little spot of red out of the corner of my eye, at one end of the long line of men; and I looked with so much interest for her small person, that, instead of saying at the proper time, “Attention, Bat-

talion! Shoulder arms!"—it is a wonder that I did not say, "Shoulder babies!"

Our little lady was very impartial, and distributed her kind looks to everybody. She had not the slightest prejudice against color, and did not care in the least whether her particular friends were black or white. Her especial favorites, I think, were the little drummer-boys, who were not my favorites by any means, for they were a roguish set of little scamps, and gave more trouble than all the grown men in the regiment. I think Annie liked them because they were small, and made a noise, and had red caps like her hood, and red facings on their jackets, and also because they occasionally stood on their heads for her amusement. After dress-parade the whole drum-corps would march to the great flag-staff, and wait till just sunset-time, when they

would beat on their drums what is called "the retreat," and then the flag would be hauled down,—a great festival for Annie. Sometimes the Sergeant-Major would wrap her in the great folds of the flag, after it was taken down, and she would peep out very prettily from amidst the stars and stripes, like a little new-born Goddess of Liberty.



About once a month, some inspecting officer was sent to the camp by the general in command, to see to the condition of everything in the regiment, from bayonets to buttons. It was usually a long and tiresome process, and, when everything else was done, I used to tell the officer that I had one thing more for him to inspect, which was peculiar to our regiment. Then I would send for Baby to be exhibited, and I never saw an inspecting officer, old or

young, who did not look pleased at the sudden appearance of the little, fresh, smiling creature,—a flower in the midst of war. And Annie in her turn would look at them, with the true baby dignity in her face,—that deep, earnest look which babies often have, and which people think so wonderful when Raphael paints it, although they might often see just the same expression in the faces of their own darlings at home.

Meanwhile Annie seemed to like the camp style of housekeeping very much. Her father's tent was double, and he used the front apartment for his office, and the inner room for parlor and bedroom; while the nurse had a separate tent and wash-room behind all. I remember that, the first time I went there in the evening, it was to borrow some writing-paper; and while Baby's mother was hunting for it in the front tent, I heard a great cooing and murmuring in the inner room. I asked if Annie was still awake, and her mother told me to go in and see. Pushing aside the canvas door, I entered. No sign of anybody was to be seen; but a variety of soft little happy noises seemed to come from some unseen corner. Mrs. C. came quietly in, pulled away the counterpane of her own bed, and drew out the rough cradle where lay the little damsel, perfectly happy, and wider awake than anything but a baby possibly can be. She looked as if the seclusion of a dozen family bedsteads would not be enough to discourage her spirits, and I saw that camp life was likely to suit her very well.

A tent can be kept very warm, for it is merely a house with a thinner wall than usual; and I do not think that Baby felt the cold much more than if she had been at home that winter. The great trouble is, that a tent-chimney, not being built very high, is apt to smoke when the wind is in a certain direction; and when that happens, it is hardly possible to stay inside. So we used to build the chimneys of some tents on the east side, and those of others on the west, and thus some of the tents were always comfortable. I have seen Baby's mother running in a hard rain, with little Red-Riding-Hood in her arms, to take refuge with the Adjutant's wife, when every other abode was full of smoke; and I must admit that there were one or two windy days that season, when nobody could really keep warm, and Annie had to remain ignominiously in her cradle, with as many clothes on as possible, for almost the whole time.

The Quartermaster's tent was very attractive to us in the evening. I remember that once, on passing near it after nightfall, I heard our Major's fine voice singing Methodist hymns within, and Mrs. C.'s sweet tones chiming in. So I peeped through the outer door. The fire was burning very pleasantly in the inner tent, and the scrap of new red carpet made the floor look quite magnificent. The Major sat on a box, our surgeon on a stool; "Q. M." and his wife, and the Adjutant's wife, and one of the captains, were all sitting on the bed, singing as well as they knew how; and the baby was under the bed. Baby had retired for the night, was overshadowed, suppressed, sat upon; the singing went on, and the little thing had wandered away into her own land of dreams, nearer to heaven, perhaps, than any pitch their voices could attain. I went in, and joined the party. Presently the



music stopped, and another officer was sent for, to sing some particular song. At this pause the invisible innocent waked a little, and began to cluck and coo.

"It's the kitten," exclaimed somebody.

"It's my baby!" exclaimed Mrs. C. triumphantly, in that tone of unflinching personal pride which belongs to young mothers.

The people all got up from the bed for a moment, while Annie was pulled from beneath, wide awake and placid as usual; and she sat in one lap or another during the rest of the concert, sometimes winking at the candle, but usually listening to the songs, with a calm and critical expression, as if she could make as much noise as any of them, whenever she saw fit to try. Not a sound did she make, however, except one little soft sneeze, which led to an immediate flood-tide of red shawl, covering every part of her but the forehead. After a little while, I hinted that the concert had better be ended, because I knew from observation that the small damsel had carefully watched a regimental inspection and a brigade drill on that day, and that an interval of repose was certainly necessary.

Annie did not long remain the only baby in camp. One day, on going out to the stables to look at a horse, I heard a sound of baby-talk, addressed by some man to a child near by, and, looking round the corner of a tent, I saw that one of the hostlers had something black and round, lying on the sloping side of a tent, with which he was playing very eagerly. It proved to be his little baby, a plump little shiny thing, younger than Annie; and I never saw a merrier picture than the happy father frolicking with his child, while the mother stood quietly by. This was Baby Number Two, and she stayed in camp several weeks, the two little innocents meeting each other every day, in the placid indifference that belonged to their years; both were happy little healthy things, and it never seemed to cross their minds that there was any difference in their complexions. As I said before, Annie was not troubled by any prejudice in regard to color, nor do I suppose that the other little maiden was.

Annie enjoyed the tent-life very much; but when we were sent out on picket soon after, she enjoyed it still more. When a regiment is on picket, the main camp is usually much smaller, because most of the companies are scattered about at outposts, and but few are left at head-quarters. Our head-quarters were at a deserted plantation house, with one large parlor, a dining-room, and a few bedrooms. Baby's father and mother had a room up stairs, with a stove whose pipe went straight out at the window. This was quite comfortable, though half the windows were broken, and there was no glass and no glazier to mend them. The windows of the large parlor were in much the same condition, though we had an immense fire-place, where we had a bright fire whenever it was cold, and always in the evening. The walls of this room were very dirty, and it took our ladies several days to cover all the unsightly places with wreaths and hangings of evergreen. In this performance Baby took an active, or rather a passive part. Her duties consisted in sitting in a great nest of evergreen, pulling and fingering the fragrant leaves, and occasionally giving a little cry of glee when she had accomplished some piece of decided mischief.

There was less entertainment to be found in the camp itself at this time ; but the household at head-quarters was larger than Baby had been accustomed to. We had a great deal of company, moreover, and she had quite a gay life of it. She usually made her appearance in the large parlor soon after breakfast ; and to dance her for a few moments in our arms was one of the first daily duties of each one. Then the morning reports began to arrive from the different outposts,—a mounted officer or courier coming in from each place, dismounting at the door, and clattering in with jingling arms and spurs, each a new excitement for Annie. She usually got some attention from any officer who came, receiving with her wonted dignity any daring kiss or pinch of the cheek. When the messengers had ceased to be interesting, there were always the horses to look at, held or tethered under the trees beside the sunny piazza. After the various couriers had been received, other messengers would be despatched to the town, seven miles away, and Baby had all the excitement of their mounting and departure. Her father was often one of the riders, and would sometimes seize Annie for a good-by kiss, place her on the saddle before him, gallop her round the house once or twice, and then give her back to her nurse's arms again. She was perfectly fearless, and such boisterous attentions never frightened her, nor did they ever interfere with her sweet, infantine self-possession.

After the riding-parties had gone, there was the piazza still for entertainment, with a sentinel pacing up and down before it ; but Annie did not enjoy the sentinel, though his breastplate and buttons shone like gold, so much as the hammock which always hung swinging between the pillars. It was a pretty hammock, with great open meshes ; and she delighted to lie in it, and have the netting closed above her, so that she could only be seen through the apertures. I can see her now, the fresh little rosy thing, in her blue and scarlet wrappings, with one round and dimpled arm thrust forth through the netting, and the other grasping an armful of blushing roses and fragrant magnolias. She looked like those pretty little French bas-reliefs of Cupids imprisoned in baskets, and peeping through. That hammock was a very useful appendage ; it was a couch for us, a cradle for Baby, a nest for the kittens ; and we had, moreover, a little hen, which tried to roost there every night.

When the mornings were colder, and the stove up stairs smoked the wrong way, Baby was brought down in a very incomplete state of toilet, and finished her dressing by the great fire. We found her bare shoulders very becoming, and she was very much interested in her own little pink toes. After a very slow dressing, she had a still slower breakfast out of a tin cup of warm milk, of which she generally spilt a good deal, as she had much to do in watching everybody who came into the room, and seeing that there was no mischief done. Then she would be placed on the floor, on our only piece of carpet, and the kittens would be brought in for her to play with.

We had, at different times, a variety of pets, of whom Annie did not take much notice. Sometimes we had young partridges, caught by the little boys in trap-cages. The children called them "Bob and Chloe," because the first

notes of the male and female sound like those names. One day I brought home an opossum, with her blind bare little young clinging to the droll little pouch where their mothers keep them. Sometimes we had pretty little green lizards, their color darkening or deepening, like that of chameleons, in light or shade. But the only pets that took Baby's fancy were the kittens. They perfectly delighted her, from the first moment she saw them; they were the only things younger than herself that she had ever beheld, and the only things softer than themselves that her small hands had grasped. It was astonishing to see how much the kittens would endure from her. They could scarcely be touched by any one else without mewing; but when Annie seized one by the head and the other by the tail, and rubbed them violently together, they did not make a sound. I suppose that a baby's grasp is really soft, even if it seems ferocious, and so it gives less pain than one would think. At any rate, the little animals had the best of it very soon; for they entirely outstripped Annie in learning to walk, and they could soon scramble away beyond her reach, while she sat in a sort of dumb despair, unable to comprehend why anything so much smaller than herself should be so much nimbler. Meanwhile, the kittens would sit up and look at her with the most provoking indifference, just out of arm's length, until some of us would take pity on the young lady, and toss her furry playthings back to her again. "Little baby," she learned to call them; and these were the very first words she spoke.

Baby had evidently a natural turn for war, further cultivated by an intimate knowledge of drills and parades. The nearer she came to actual conflict, the better she seemed to like it, peaceful as her own little ways might be. Twice, at least, while she was with us on picket, we had alarms from the Rebel troops, who would bring down cannon to the opposite side of the Ferry, about two miles beyond us, and throw shot and shell over upon our side. Then the officer at the Ferry would think that there was to be an attack made, and couriers would be sent, riding to and fro, and the men would all be called to arms in a hurry, and the ladies at head-quarters would all put on their best bonnets and come down stairs, and the ambulance (or, as some of the men called it, "the omelet") would be made ready to carry them to a place of safety before the expected fight. On such occasions, Baby was in all her glory. She shouted with delight at being suddenly uncribbed and thrust into her little scarlet cloak, and brought down stairs, at an utterly unusual and improper hour, to a piazza with lights and people and horses and general excitement. She crowed and gurgled and made gestures with her little fists, and screamed out what seemed to be her advice on the military situation, as freely as if she had been a newspaper editor. Except that it was rather difficult to understand her precise directions, I do not know but the whole Rebel force might have been captured through her plans. And at any rate, I should much rather obey her orders than those of some generals whom I have known; for she at least meant no harm, and would lead one into no mischief.

However, at last the danger, such as it was, would be all over, and the ladies would be induced to go peacefully to bed again; and Annie would retreat with them to her ignoble cradle, very much disappointed, and looking



vainly back at the more martial scene below. The next morning, she would seem to have forgotten all about it, and would spill her bread-and-milk by the fire as if nothing had happened.

I suppose we hardly knew, at the time, how large a part of the sunshine of our daily lives was contributed by dear little Annie. Yet, when I now look back on that pleasant Southern home, she seems as essential a part of it as the mocking-birds or the magnolias, and I cannot convince myself that in returning to it I should not find her there. But Annie came back, with the spring, to her Northern birthplace, and then passed away from this earth before her little feet had fairly learned to tread its paths; and when I meet her next, it must be in some world where there is triumph without armies, and where innocence is trained in scenes of peace. I know, however, that her little life, short as it seemed, was a blessing to us all, giving a perpetual image of serenity and sweetness, recalling the lovely atmosphere of far-off homes, and holding us by unsuspected ties to whatsoever things were pure.

*T. W. Higginson.*



## THE RED-WINGED GOOSE.

ONCE upon a time, when the rocks that make the earth were not so gray, and the beard of the sea-waves not so hoary, — when the stars winked at each other and said nothing, and the man in the moon thought of getting married, — once upon a time, I say, there lived on the edge of a pine-forest in Bohemia a poor peasant named Otto Koenig.

His hut was made of pine-branches, plastered with mud and thatched with rye-straw; a hole in the top let the smoke out, and a hole in the side let in father, mother, pigs, chickens, and children, beside a tame jackdaw, that slept on an old stool by the fireplace, and ate with Otto's nine children out of a wooden bowl.

Little enough the nine had to share with Meister Hans, as they called the jackdaw, for they lived on black beans and black rye-bread. Sometimes a bit of smoked bacon was found in the beans on great feast-days, and sometimes in summer wild berries helped the dry bread to savor and sweetness; but oftener the poor pig's-flesh and the red strawberries were put into a rush basket, covered with great cool leaves, on top of the eggs that lay so smooth and white below, and Otto carried them to Prague, when he went there at full moon to sell the turpentine he gathered in the pine-forest. With the money he got there he bought serge to clothe the nine children, rancid oil to burn in the clay lamp that sometimes they lighted in the long winter evenings, or some coarse pottery for larger vessels than he could hew out of

dead branches with his dull hatchet. But it took all the coin that ever rattled in his sheep-skin pouch to buy any clothes or enough food for the nine black-eyed children who ran about in rags, and always wanted more bread and beans than poor Marthon, their brown, hard-working mother, had to give them.

At last, one winter there came a dreadful famine in Bohemia. There was no rye for the fowls, or the bread; it was blasted in the ear during a wet summer; and that same summer had given so little sunshine to the fields that no berries ripened; the turnips rotted in the ground, so the pig had nothing to eat; and between cold and starvation, quite tired of his wet sty and empty trough, master pig gave a loud squeak one November day, struggled out of his moist lodgings into a pool of water hard by, and died. For all that he was eaten up, because the nine children wanted food, whatever it might be, and the jackdaw scolded loudly for bread, but got less and less daily.

To be sure, the turpentine ran faster and clearer than ever from the trees, but then it was worth less to the old Jew who bought it, and the striped red serge and rancid oil were dearer than ever; so the children ate their supper by the light of the pine-cones they gathered in the forest, and went to bed to keep warm, where Mihal, the youngest boy, told them long stories of the old days in Bohemia, when there were fierce witches with steeple-crowned hats and flame-colored cloaks, who were burned to death in the market-place of Prague, and their ashes scattered on the waters of the Elbe, to find no rest on earth or in the water, — and legends of gnomes and elves that worked with little swarthy hands in the mountain mines, and hid their treasures away from human miners, unless spell and incantation brought them to light, and then the gnomes would scream and sob in the deep caverns till the miners fled away for fear.

These stories Mihal had learned from his old grandmother, who died the year before the famine. She used to sit in the open air knitting, or spinning with a distaff, and the scarlet yarn that trailed across the gray jacket and green petticoat glowed in the sun like a thread of crawling fire, and seemed to keep time to her droning voice, as she poured story after story into the wide-open ears of the child nestled on her feet.

But all these pretty tales of Mihal did not keep his eight brothers and sisters warm. Zitza, the least of all, cried herself to sleep often, and woke with hunger, wailing, in the sad and quaint accents of her land, for bread and berries. These were sorrowful sounds for poor Otto Koenig; he knew well the eager pain for food that forced that cry from the child's lips, — for his black crust was as small as it could be to keep him alive, and his cup of sour beer was only a quarter filled. Often, as he shouldered the rude axe with which he gashed the trees, and wandered out into the forest, the spicy smell of the pine-boughs seemed to make him sick and giddy, he was so faint with hunger; and instead of the hymns the wind used to sing in the long green tufts of leaves, there was a rush of unearthly whispering laughter, and mocking voices said in the poor man's ear, "Bread and beer! bread and beer!" chorused with another rustle of laughter; whereat the unlucky man, half

crazed, would bless himself devoutly, and, taking to his heels, run like a scared cony till the woods were far behind him.

In the hut things went worse still ; in vain did Matthias, the oldest of the nine children, take his twin sister into the fields to search the brambles for stray hips, or locks of wool the sheep had not left there willingly ; men and women even worse off had been there before them, and they came home at night, tired out and footsore, only to hear Zitza's fretful cry for food, and the constant chatter of Meister Hans, croaking for his own share in what they had not.

One night, when Minal had told more wonderful stories than ever, and fairly talked the other eight to sleep, he was still awake himself. Nothing stirred on the side of the hut where the children lay sleeping on some straw covered with sheep-skins, but Meister Hans, who, perched for the night on the arm of the grandmother's empty chair, rustled his blue-black wings now and then. But as Mihal lay thinking and hungry, his looks turned restlessly toward the uneasy bird ; and presently he saw the creature's eyes begin to shine through the darkness brighter and brighter, till they made the room so light that one could plainly see the eight sleeping children, the straw-bed from which Father Koenig's snores were loudly heard, Mother Marthon's petticoat and red jacket hung against the wall, and the old black chair with the fiery-eyed jackdaw perched on one arm. Mihal lifted himself on his elbow and rubbed his eyes. Yes, it was really so ! Meister Hans nodded gravely to him, and, hopping down to the floor, turned his eyes toward the boy, nodded again, croaked circumspectly, and walked with odd, precise steps toward the door, which was screened from the cold by a rough mat hung inside, and again turning, repeated the nod and the croak, as if he were inviting Mihal to follow him. The child gathered his rags more closely about him, and stepped across the threshold, at which Meister Hans gave a very satisfied croak and hopped along. The moon shone brightly on bare brown fields silvered with white frost, and in the still, cold air the distant forest stood like a black cloud just dropped upon earth.

In a strange, dreamy way Mihal followed the movements of the bird, stumbling over hard furrows, bruising his feet against stones, falling into ditches, but still straight after his odd guide, who peered at him now and then with one fiery eye, and wagged his head. On and on they went, away from the pine forest, but into places where Mihal had never been before, wide as were his usual rambles ; on and on, over stone walls, ditches, stubble-fields, and wide meadows, till they found themselves at the foot of a high, round hill. Out of one side of this great mound ran a pure bubbling spring, and over its waters hung an old oak-tree, leafless now, but still strewing the ground beneath with dry acorns. Right at the root of this tree was an upright gray stone, apparently part of a rock deeply sunk in the hillside ; dark lichens clung to its face, and dead leaves lay piled at its foot. Beside this stone Meister Hans paused, and, looking hard at the boy, deliberately picked up an acorn, and, hopping to the side of the little gravelly basin, dropped his mouthful into the fountain, and returned to the flat stone, where Mihal stood wondering much what was to follow.



Presently the jackdaw approached the stone and knocked upon it three times. No sound replied, but the rock opened in the middle, and there stood a little old woman, as withered as a spring apple and as bright as a butterfly, dressed in a scarlet bodice covered with spangles, and a black petticoat worked in square characters with all the colors of the rainbow. She made a reverence to the bird and Mihal, and in a shrill, eager voice invited them



to come in. The boy hesitated, but the little old woman snatched his hand and pulled him in. A draught of warm air and a delicious smell of food invited him still more charmingly, he was so cold and hungry, and he passed through the cleft stone to find himself in a high round cavern, of shining, sparkling crystals, that glittered like jewels whenever the light of the old woman's iron lamp shone across them. She opened a low door in the side of this cavern, and beckoned her companions to follow. In the middle of a still larger vault stood a great arm-chair, fashioned from beryl and jasper, with knobs of amethyst and topaz, in which sat a dwarf no taller than little Zitza. He was dressed in robes of velvet, green and soft as forest moss, and a ring of rough gold lay on his grizzled hair; his little eyes were keen and fiery, his hands withered and brown, but covered with glittering jewels.

About the cave a hundred little creatures, smaller still than he, were busied in a hundred ways. Some ran to and fro with long ladles, wherewith they stirred and tasted kettles of smoking broth; others shredded crisp salads,

and sliced fresh vegetables for the pottage ; some, with ready hands, spread a table with flowered damask, golden plate, and crystal goblets ; three tugged and strained at turning a huge spit before a fire at the end of the cavern, while a dozen more watched the simmering of pots and pipkins, seething on the coals ; and full a score moulded curious confections, adorned vast pastries, heaped fruits upon baskets of carved ice, or brewed steaming potions in great silver pitchers, whose breath of tropic fragrance curled upward in light clouds to the sparkling roof above ; while the red flashes of the blaze on the hearth lighted up their swarthy little figures and merry faces, and cast grotesque, mocking shadows against the sides of the cave.

As Meister Hans hopped gravely past all this toward the chair of the Dwarf-king, making profound reverences all the way, the little monarch stretched out his sceptre, which was a tall bulrush of gold, and touched the jackdaw on the head, whereat, to Mihal's great wonder, his old friend turned suddenly into just such another little old woman as the one who had brought them in.

After another low reverence to the king, she turned to Mihal and made him aware, by a long speech, that she had been turned into a jackdaw for twenty years, because she had once presumed to say that gold was not so yellow as buttercups, or so bright as sunshine,—a statement altogether against the belief and laws of the dwarf ; but now her punishment was over, and, knowing that she would never go back to the earth again, because she had lived there long enough to know better, and had learned that gold was the best of all things, she had resolved to bring little Mihal with her, (for she loved him almost as much as gold, and quite as well as silver, he was such a good boy), and persuade her master to grant him one wish before he left the cavern.

The king readily consented to do this, but ordered that the boy and his friendly guide should take their places at the table and be served with supper first, for well he knew that a hungry child's first wish must be for food.

The king had scarce given this order before a quick pair of hands stripped a tender sucking-pig from the spit, another filled a golden bowl with smoking stew from the caldron, another poured wine and ale into the clear goblets, and a fourth heaped porcelain dishes from every simmering pot and pipkin on the hearth ; rolls of bread whiter than hoar-frost, and piles of purple and golden fruit followed, while the half-starved boy warmed his fingers at the blaze, and then ate and drank his fill of such viands as he had never before tasted, even in dreams. But when he could do no more good trencher-service, and the little old woman reminded him of the wish he was to ask the Dwarf-king to grant, he sat a long time pondering this important matter.

Now, among the legends that his old grandmother had recounted was one that had made especial impression on his fancy,—an old Bohemian tradition of a red-winged goose, followed by six goslings, which traversed the forests and valleys in the dead of winter, uncaught and unhurt, for hundreds of years, though whoever was so skilful or so lucky as to catch the goose would after that succeed in all his undertakings. Mihal bethought himself, as



he sat there, that perhaps the Dwarf-king was master of this wonderful bird, and could give him the prize at once, without delay or toil; so he slid from his seat at the table, and, approaching the king, made known his request.

The dwarf fixed his keen eyes sharply on the child, and shook his grizzled head from side to side before he spoke, in his rough but kindly voice, and said: "I cannot do that for thee, little one! All the treasures in my mountain, or the heart of the dumb earth, could not buy for thee the red-winged goose. She must be caught; but there is only one way to this end, and that way hitherto hath no mortal known. He who would capture the goose must first have caught the goslings, and that not by two or three, or as he may choose to trap them, but always the nearest one first, which is ever the last, seeing that they follow her in line, unbroken and unwavering. Thou must take them one by one, and in their order, child, however sorely tempted to break the sequence. Keep thine eye and thy labor for the nearest one, and at last the red-winged goose itself will reward thy patience."

Mihal heard and treasured up the Dwarf-king's orders, spoke his simple thanks, bowing low, and, after a gay farewell to the little old woman who had been his jackdaw, went his way into the upper air; and just as the sun arose, touching the pine-tree tops with fire, he came to his father's hut, where the eight children were rubbing their eyes and Zitza crying for her breakfast. No one knew that Mihal had been farther than the door-sill, nor did he tell the clamorous brood of children what he had seen, lest they should mock it as a dream, or attempt the pursuit themselves.

So he went patiently about his work, helped them look for Meister Hans, whom all mourned for many a day, — excepting Mihal, who well knew how much better off the jackdaw was than in any of the pitiful conditions they fancied, and the parents, who were too thankful to gain even the bird's small share of bread for their wasted and fretful children.

But after nightfall Mihal crept softly from his straw in the corner, tied a sheep-skin across his shoulders, and, with his uneaten supper, a crust of black bread, in the bosom of his ragged shirt, stole softly out of the door to seek his fortune. About two miles from the hut there was a clear space in the pine forest, where there stood a great stone cross, at the foot of which a tiny spring slept in the grass, and overflowed softly on the crisp turf at all seasons. At this place Mihal resolved to wait for the flight of the red-winged goose, and he knew the forest paths so well that a short half-hour brought him to the open glade. He knelt and bathed his face in the spring, drank deeply of its pure and tranquil waters, and then leaned back against the foot of the cross to eat his crust and wait till moon-rise. Overhead the dark blue sky seemed to be higher than ever, and the bright stars sparkled so kindly, and looked so much like watchful eyes to guard and bless him, that Mihal felt no fear, but gazed upward into the quiet depths of air so long that he fell fast asleep and dreamed about the Dwarf-king's hill-palace.

*Rose Terry.*

*(To be continued.)*



## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE MONKEY-POTS.

“THE Gapo?” exclaimed the master of the craft. “What is it, Munday?”

“The Gapo?” repeated Tipperary Tom, fancying by the troubled expression on the face of the Indian that he had conducted his companions toward some terrible disaster. “Phwat is it, Manday?”

“Da Gapoo?” simultaneously interrogated the negro, the whites of his eyeballs shining in the moonlight. “What be dat?”

The Mundurucú made reply only by a wave of his hand, and a glance around him, as if to say, “Yes, the Gapo; you see we’re in it.”

The three interrogators were as much in the dark as ever. Whether the Gapo was fish, flesh, or fowl, air, fire, or water, they could not even guess. There was but one upon the galatea besides the Indian himself who knew the signification of the word which had created such a sensation among the crew, and this was young Richard Trevannion.

“It’s nothing, uncle,” said he, hastening to allay the alarm around him; “old Munday means that we’ve strayed from the true channel of the Solimões, and got into the flooded forest,—that’s all.”

“The flooded forest?”

“Yes. What you see around us, looking like low bushes, are the tops of tall trees. We’re now aground on the branches of a *sapucaya*,—a species of the Brazil-nut, and among the tallest of Amazonian trees. I’m right,—see! there are the nuts themselves!” As the young Paraense spoke, he pointed to some pericarps, large as cocoa-nuts, that were seen depending from the branches among which the galatea had caught. Grasping one of them in his hand, he wrenched it from the branch; but as he did so, the husk dropped off, and the prism-shaped nuts fell like a shower of huge hailstones on the roof of the *toldo*. “Monkey-pots they’re called,” continued he, referring to the empty pericarp still in his hand. “That’s the name by which the Indians know them; because the monkeys are very fond of these nuts.”

“But the Gapo?” interrupted the ex-miner, observing that the expressive look of uneasiness still clouded the brow of the Mundurucú.

“It’s the Indian name for the great inundation,” replied Richard, in the same tranquil tone. “Or rather I should say, the name for it in the *lingo-geral*.”

“And what is there to fear? Munday has frightened us all, and seems frightened himself. What is the cause?”

“That I can’t tell you, uncle. I know there are queer stories about the Gapo,—tales of strange monsters that inhabit it,—huge serpents, enormous

apes, and all that sort of thing. I never believed them, though the *tapuyos* do; and from old Munday's actions I suppose he puts full faith in them."

"The young patron is mistaken," interposed the Indian, speaking a patois of the *lingoa-geral*. "The Mundurucú does not believe in monsters. He believes in big serpents and monkeys, — he has seen them."

"But shure yez are not afeerd o' them, Manday?" asked the Irishman.

The Indian only replied by turning on Tipperary Tom a most scornful look.

"What is the use of this alarm?" inquired Trevannion. "The galatea does not appear to have sustained any injury. We can easily get her out of her present predicament, by lopping off the branches that are holding her."

"Patron," said the Indian, still speaking in a serious tone, "it may not be so easy as you think. We may get clear of the tree-top in ten minutes. In as many hours — perhaps days — we may not get clear of the Gapo. That is why the Mundurucú shows signs of apprehension."

"Ho! You think we may have a difficulty in finding our way back to the channel of the river?"

"Think it, patron! I am too sure of it. If not, we shall be in the best of good luck."

"It's of no use trying to-night, at all events," pursued Trevannion, as he glanced uncertainly around him. "The moon is sinking over the tree-tops. Before we could well get adrift, she'll be gone out of sight. We might only drift deeper into the maze. Is that your opinion, Munday?"

"It is, patron. We can do no good by leaving the place to-night. Wiser for us to wait for the light of the sun."

"Let all go to rest, then," commanded the patron, "and be ready for work in the morning. We need keep no look-out, I should think. The galatea is as safe here as if moored in a dry dock. She is *aground*, I take it, upon the limb of a tree! Ha! ha! ha!"

The thought of such a situation for a sailing craft — moored amid the tops of a tall tree — was of so ludicrous a nature as to elicit a peal of laughter from the patron, which was echoed by the rest of the crew, the Mundurucú alone excepted. His countenance still preserved its expression of uneasiness; and long after the others had sunk into unconscious sleep, he sat upon the stem of the galatea, gazing out into the gloom, with glances that betokened serious apprehension.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GAPO.

THE young Paraense had given a correct, although not sufficiently explicit, account of the sort of place in which the galatea had gone "*aground*."

That singular phenomenon known as the *Gapo* (or *Ygapo*), and which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the great Amazonian region, demands a more detailed description. It is worthy of this, as a mere study of physical geography, — perhaps as pleasant a science as any; and further-

more, it is here absolutely necessary to the understanding of our tale. Without some comprehension of the circumstances that surrounded them, the hardships and sufferings endured, the adventures accomplished, and the perils passed by the crew of the strayed galatea, would appear as so many fabulous inventions, set forth to stimulate and gratify a taste for the merely marvellous. Young reader, this is not the aim of your author, nor does he desire it to be the end. On the contrary, he claims to draw Nature with a verisimilitude that will challenge the criticism of the naturalist; though he acknowledges a predilection for Nature in her wildest aspects,—for scenes least exposed to the eye of civilization, and yet most exposed to its doubting incredulity.

There are few country people who have not witnessed the spectacle of a piece of woodland inundated by the overflow of a neighboring stream. This flood is temporary; the waters soon subside into their ordinary channel, and the trees once more appear growing out of *terra firma*, with the green mead spreading on all sides around them. But a flooded forest is a very different affair; somewhat similar in character indeed, but far grander. Not a mere spinney of trees along the bank of a small stream; but a region extending beyond the reach of vision,—a vast tract of primeval woods,—the tall trees submerged to their very tops, not for days, nor weeks, but for months,—ay, some of them forever! Picture to your mind an inundation of this kind, and you will have some idea of the Gapo.

Extending for seventeen hundred miles along the banks of the Solimoës, now wider on the northern, now stretching farther back from the southern side, this semi-submerged forest is found, its interior almost as unknown as the crater-like caverns of the moon, or the icy oceans that storm or slumber round the Poles,—unknown to civilized man, but not altogether to the savage. The aboriginal of Amazonia, crouching in his canoe, has pierced this water-land of wonders. He could tell you much about it that is real, and much that is marvellous,—the latter too often pronounced fanciful by lettered *savans*. He could tell you of strange trees that grow there, bearing strange fruits, not to be found elsewhere,—of wonderful quadrupeds, and *quadrumana*, that exist only in the Gapo,—of birds brilliantly beautiful, and reptiles hideously ugly; among the last the dreaded dragon serpent, “*Sucuriyu*.” He could tell you, moreover, of creatures of his own kind,—if they deserve the name of man,—who dwell continuously in the flooded forest, making their home on scaffolds among the tree-tops, passing from place to place in floating rafts or canoes, finding their subsistence on fish, on the flesh of the *manatee*, on birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects, on the stalks of huge water-plants and the fruits of undescribed trees, on monkeys, and sometimes upon *man*! Such Indians as have penetrated the vast water-land have brought strange tales out of it. We may give credence to them or refuse it; but they, at least, are firm believers in most of the accounts which they have collected.

It is not to be supposed that the Gapo is impenetrable. On the contrary, there are several well-known water-ways leading through it,—well known, I



mean, to the Indians dwelling upon its borders, to the *tapuyos*, whose business it is to supply crews for the galateas of the Portuguese traders, and to many of these traders themselves. These water-ways are often indicated by "blazings" on the trees, or broken branches, just as the roads are laid out by pioneer settlers in a North American forest; and but for these marks, they could not be followed. Sometimes, however, large spaces occur in which no trees are to be seen, where, indeed, none grow. There are extensive lakes, always under water, even at the lowest ebb of the inundation. They are of all sizes and every possible configuration, from the complete circle through all the degrees of the ellipse, and not unfrequently in the form of a belt, like the channel of a river running for scores of miles between what might readily be mistaken for banks covered with a continuous thicket of low bushes, which are nothing more than the "spray" of evergreen trees, whose roots lie forty feet under water!

More frequently these openings are of irregular shape, and of such extent as to merit the title of "inland seas." When such are to be crossed, the sun has to be consulted by the canoe or galatea gliding near their centre; and when he is not visible,—by no means a rare phenomenon in the Gapo,—then is there great danger of the craft straying from her course.

When within sight of the so-called "shore," a clump of peculiar form, or a tree topping over its fellows, is used as a landmark, and often guides the navigator of the Gapo to the *igarita* of which he is in search.

It is not all tranquillity on this tree-studded ocean. It has its fogs, its gales, and its storms,—of frequent occurrence. The canoe is oft shattered against the stems of gigantic trees; and the galatea goes down, leaving her crew to perish miserably in the midst of a gloomy wilderness of wood and water. Many strange tales are told of such mishaps; but up to the present hour none have received the permanent record of print and paper.

Be it *our* task to supply this deficiency.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ECHENTE.

It would not be true to say that the crew of the galatea were up with the sun. There was no sun to shine upon the gloomy scene that revealed itself next morning. Instead, there was a fog almost thick enough to be grasped with the hand. They were astir, however, by the earliest appearance of day; for the captain of the galatea was too anxious about his "stranded" craft to lie late abed.

They had no difficulty in getting the vessel afloat. A strong pull at the branches of the *sapucaya*, and then an adroit use of the paddles, carried the craft clear.

But what was the profit of this? Once out in the open water, they were as badly off as ever. Not one of them had the slightest idea of the direction they would take, even supposing they could find a clear course in any direc-

tion! A consultation was the result, in which all hands took part, though it was evident that, after the patron, most deference was paid to the Mundurucú. The young Paraense stood next in the scale of respect; while Tipperary Tom, beyond the account which he was called upon to give of his steersmanship, was not permitted to mingle his Hibernian brogue in the discussion.

Where was the river? That was the first problem to be solved, and of this there appeared to be no possible solution. There was no sun to guide them; no visible sky. Even had there been both, it would scarce have mended the matter. The steersman could not tell whether, on straying from the channel, he had drifted to the south or the north, the east or the west; and, indeed, an intellect less obtuse than that of Tipperary Tom might have been puzzled upon the point. It has been already mentioned, that the Solimoës is so tortuous as to turn to every point of the compass in its slow course. The mere fact that the moon was shining at the time could be of little use to Tipperary Tom, whose astronomy had never extended beyond the knowledge that there was a moon.

Where lay the river? The interrogatory was repeated a score of times, without receiving a satisfactory answer; though every one on board—the little Rosita excepted—ventured some sort of reply, most, however, offering their opinion with a doubting diffidence. The Mundurucú, although repeatedly appealed to, had taken small part in the discussion, remaining silent, his eyes moodily wandering over the water, seeking through the fog for some clew to their escape from the spot.

No one plied the paddles; they had impelled her out of sight of the sapucaya, now shrouded in the thick fog; but, as it was useless paddling any farther, all hands had desisted, and were now resting upon their oars. At this moment it was perceived that the galatea was in motion. The Mundurucú was the first to notice it; for his attention had for some time been directed to such discovery. For this reason had he cast his searching glances, now down into the turbid waters, and now out through the murky atmosphere. A thicket was discernible through the fog, but every moment becoming less distinct. Of course it was only a collection of tree-tops; but whatever it was, it soon became evident that the galatea was very slowly receding from it. On discovering this, the Mundurucú displayed signs of fresh animation. He had been for some minutes lying upon his face, craning out over the gangway, and his long withered arms submerged in the water. The others occupied themselves in guessing what he was about; but their guesses had been to no purpose. Equally purposeless had appeared the actions of the Indian; for, after keeping his arm under water for a period of several minutes, he drew it in with a dissatisfied air, and once more arose to his feet. It was just then that he perceived the tree-tops, upon which he kept his eyes sharply fixed, until assured that the galatea was going away from them.

“*Hoola!*” he exclaimed, attempting to imitate the cry he had more than once heard issuing from the lips of Tipperary Tom. “*Hoola!* the river is out there!” As he spoke, he pointed towards the tree-tops.

It was the first confident answer to the all-important question.

"How can you tell that, Munday?" inquired the captain of the craft.

"How tell, patron? How tell day from night, the moon from the sun, fire from water? The Solimoës is there." The Indian spoke with his arm still extended in the direction of the trees.

"We are willing to believe you," rejoined Trevannion, "and will trust to your guidance; but pray explain yourself."

"It's all guess-work," interpolated Tipperary Tom. "Ould Munday knows no more av fwat he's talkin' about than Judy Fitzscummons's mother. I'll warrant ye we come in from the tother side."

"Silence, Tom!" commanded his master. "Let us hear what Munday has to say. *You* have no right to contradict him."

"Och, awance! An Indyen's opinion preffered before that ov a freeborn Irishman! I wondher what nixt." And as Tipperary completed his chapter of reproaches, he slank crouchingly under the shadow of the *toldo*.

"So you think the river is there?" said Trevannion, once more addressing himself to the Mundurucú.

"The Mundurucú is sure of it, patron. Sure as that the sky is above us."

"Remember, old man! It won't do for us to make any mistake. No doubt we've already strayed a considerable distance from the channel of the Solimoës. To go again from it will be to endanger our lives."

"The Mundurucú knows that," was the laconic reply.

"Well, then, we must be satisfied of the fact, before we can venture to make a move. What proof can you give us that the river lies in that direction?"

"Patron! You know the month? It is the month of March."

"Certainly it is. What of that?"

"The *echente*."

"The *echente*? What is that?"

"The flood getting bigger. The water on the rise,—the Gapo still growing,—that is the *echente*."

"But how should that enable you to determine the direction of the river?"

"It has done so," replied the Indian. "Not before three months—in June—will come the *vasante*."

"The *vasante*?"

"The *vasante*, patron: the fall. Then the Gapo will begin to grow less; and the current will be *towards* the river, as now it is *from* it."

"Your story appears reasonable enough. I suppose we may trust to it. If so," added Trevannion, "we had better direct our course towards yonder tree-tops, and lose no time in getting beyond them. All of you to your paddles, and pull cheerily. Let us make up for the time we have lost through the negligence of Tipperary Tom. Pull, my lads, pull!"

At this cheering command the four paddlers rushed to their places; and the galatea, impelled by their vigorous strokes, once more glided gayly over the bosom of the waters.



## CHAPTER IX.

## AN IMPASSABLE BARRIER.

IN a few moments the boat's bow was brought within half a cable's length of the boughs of the submerged trees. Her crew could see that to proceed farther, on a direct course, was simply impossible. With equal reason might they have attempted to hoist her into the air, and leap over the obstruction that had presented itself before them.

Not only were the branches of the adjoining trees interlocked, but from one to the other straggled a luxurious growth of creepers, forming a network so strong and compact that a steamer of a hundred horse-power would have been safely brought to a stand among its meshes. Of course no attempt was made to penetrate this impenetrable *chevaux de frise*; and after a while had been spent in reconnoitring it, Trevannion, guided by the counsel of the Mundurucú, ordered the galatea to go about, and proceed along the selvage of the submerged forest. An hour was spent in paddling. No opening. Another hour similarly employed, and with similar results!

The river might be in the direction pointed out by the Indian. No doubt it was; but how were they to reach it? Not a break appeared in all that long traverse wide enough to admit the passage of a canoe. Even an arrow could scarce have penetrated among the trees, that extended their parasite-laden branches beyond the border of the forest! By tacit consent of the patron, the paddlers rested upon their oars; then plied them once more; and once more came to a pause.

No opening among the tree-tops; no chance to reach the channel of the Solimoës. The gloomy day became gloomier, for night was descending over the Gapo. The crew of the galatea, wearied with many hours of exertion, ceased paddling. The patron did not oppose them; for his spirit, as well as theirs, had become subdued by hope long deferred. As upon the previous night, the craft was moored among the tree-tops, where her rigging, caught among the creepers, seemed enough to keep her from drifting away. But very different from that of the preceding night was the slumber enjoyed by her crew. Amidst the boughs of the *sapucaya*, there had been nothing to disturb their tranquillity, save the occasional shower of nuts, caused by the cracking of the dry shells, and the monkey-pots discharging their contents. Then was the galatea "grounded" upon a solitary tree, which carried only its own fruit. To-night she was moored in the middle of a forest,—at all events upon its edge,—a forest, not of the earth, nor the air, nor the water, but of all three,—a forest whose inhabitants might be expected to partake of a character altogether strange and abnormal. And of such character were they; for scarce had the galatea become settled among the tree-tops, when the ears of her crew were assailed by a chorus of sounds, that with safety might have challenged the choir of Pandemonium. Two alone remained undismayed,—Richard Trevannion and the Mundurucú.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Paraense, "what are you all frightened at? Don't you know what it is, uncle?"

"I know what it resembles, boy, — the Devil and his legions let loose from below. What is it, Dick?"

"Only the howlers. Don't be alarmed, little Rosita!"

The little Peruvian, gaining courage from his words, looked admiringly on the youth who had called her "little Rosita." Any one could have told that, from that time forward, Richard Trevannion might have the power to control the destinies of his cousin.

"The howlers! What are they?" inquired the old miner.

"Monkeys, uncle; nothing more. From the noise they make, one might suppose they were as big as buffaloes. Nothing of the kind. The largest I ever saw was hardly as stout as a deerhound, though he could make as much noise as a whole kennel. They have a sort of a drum in the throat, that acts as a sound-board. That's what enables them to get up such a row. I've often heard their concert more than two miles across country, especially in prospect of an approaching storm. I don't know if they follow this fashion in the Gapo; but if they do, from the way they're going it now, we may look out for a trifling tornado."

Notwithstanding the apparent unconcern with which young Trevannion declared himself, there was something in his manner that arrested the attention of his uncle. While pronouncing his hypothetical forecast of a storm, he had turned his glance towards the sky, and kept it fixed there, as if making something more than a transient observation. The fog had evaporated, and the moon was now coursing across the heavens, not against a field of cloudy blue, but in the midst of black, cumulous clouds, that every now and then shrouded her effulgence. A dweller in the tropics of the Western hemisphere would have pronounced this sign the certain forerunner of a storm; and so predicted the young Paraense. "We'll have the sky upon us within an hour," said he, addressing himself more especially to his uncle. "We'd better tie the galatea to the trees. If this be a *hurricane*, and she goes adrift, there's no knowing where we may bring up. The likeliest place will be in the bottom of the Gapo."

"The young patron speaks truth," interposed Munday, his eyes all the while reading the signs of the heavens. "The Mundurucú knows by yonder yellow sky."

As he spoke, the Indian pointed to a patch of brimstone-colored clouds, conspicuous over the tops of the trees. There was no reason why Ralph Trevannion should not give credit to the two weather-prophets, who could have no personal motive in thus warning him. He yielded, therefore, to their solicitation; and in ten minutes more the galatea was secured among the tree-tops, as fast as cords could make her.

*Mayne Reid.*



## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth,  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

*Henry W. Longfellow.*



## ANDY'S ADVENTURES ;

OR, THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

IN an instant Andy stopped turning, and saw sitting on the grass right before him the most beautiful white rabbit, with the softest fur and the longest ears that ever were.

"O Bunny !" cried Andy, delighted ; and he stepped forward to smooth the lovely creature with his hand.

He had scarcely touched it, when it gave a little hop, and sat down again, just out of his reach.

"Bunny, Bunny ! poor Bun !" cried Andy, coaxingly, creeping after it, as eager to catch it as ever a cat was to put her paw on a mouse. "I won't hurt you ! Poor, poor Bunny !"

But the rabbit watched him with its mild, timid eyes, and gave two leaps, as light as a feather, and as noiseless, and sat down again by the garden fence. Andy crept up, still coaxing, and promising not to hurt it ; and when he had got quite near, he spread out both hands, gave a spring like a cat, and caught a whole handful of grass right where the pretty creature had sat that very instant ; but it was gone, and, looking over the fence, he saw it hopping away across the garden, from cabbage to cabbage, from hill to hill of the potatoes, in the airiest and most graceful manner, but not half as fast as a boy could run. So Andy resolved to chase it ; and getting over the fence, he hurried across the garden, and came up to it just as it was perched for a moment like a bird on the top of a slender weed, which did not bend in the least beneath its weight. Andy grasped eagerly with both hands, and caught the weed between them ; but away went the rabbit over the next fence, and across a large sunny pasture, making wonderful leaps, so long and light and high that sometimes it seemed to sail in the air on wings.

Andy ran after it, wild with excitement. Now it slipped through his fingers just as he pounced upon it, and tumbled headlong into a bunch of thistles. Now it floated in the air quite above his head, while he reached up and jumped, and ran on tiptoe after it, until he hit his foot against a stone, which he was looking too high to see, and nearly broke his shin in falling. Then it skipped along close upon the ground, stopping when he stopped, and seeming to invite him to come and catch it, but darting away again the moment he thought he had it fairly in his hands.

At last it squatted down against a stump, in a large, hilly field full of stumps and stones and ploughed ground, where Andy had never been before.

Almost crying, he was so vexed and tired and far from home, he came up to the stump. Bunny did not stir, but only winked a little, and pricked up its pretty ears.

"Now I'll have you !" And Andy sprang upon it, catching it with both hands. "I've got you ! I've got you ! I've got you !" he cried, in high glee.

"Now, my pretty, naughty—ho!" said Andy, with the greatest amazement.

For lo! on opening his hands, he found that the thing he had given such a chase, and caught at last, was nothing but a little ball of thistle-down, which had been blown before him by the wind!

There he held it, and rubbed his eyes as he looked at it, and wondered; then he began to remember what Mother Quirk had said to him; and he would have given a good deal just then to have been back again at the well, as he was before the angry old woman boxed his ear. He was afraid she had bewitched him.

He looked at the thistle-down again and again, and turned it over, and picked it to pieces a little, then brushed it off from his hand, when, O wonderful! it immediately changed to a dove, and flew into the sky! But he found that he had pulled out some of its feathers, and still held one beautiful long white quill in his fingers.

Now he was sorry he had not kept it. And he would have got up and run after it again; but just then, happening to look where he had thrown the feathers down by the stump, he saw one of the strangest sights in the world.

A little bit of a fellow, not so large as the end of his thumb, opened a little bit of a door in the side of the stump, walked out, and looked around as if he had heard a noise about his house, and wished to see what had happened.

"Tom Thumb!" exclaimed Andy, in the greatest surprise and delight.

He had lately read the history of that famous little dwarf; and he had often thought he would give all his playthings just to make his acquaintance.

"Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! how do you do?" he said.

But as Tom walked about, and paid no attention to him, he thought perhaps he had not addressed him respectfully enough. So he said,— "I beg your pardon, Mr. Thumb! I hope you are pretty well, Mr. Thumb."

At that the little gentleman took off his hat, and made the politest little bow imaginable.

"My name is Andy. I have read about you. Come, let's be friends."

Mr. Thumb made some reply, but in such a very small voice that Andy could not understand a word.

"Speak again, Mr. Thumb, if you please."

And Andy put his head down to hear. But Tom appeared to be afraid; and, opening the little door again, he stepped back into the stump.

"Hello! come out again!" cried Andy. "Won't you? Then I'll find you!"

And with the dove's quill he forced the door of Tom Thumb's house, and penetrated the entry. At that he heard a confused murmuring and muttering and shouting; and, pulling away the feather, he saw rush out after it a dozen little fellows, all as angry as they could be.

"Excuse me, gentlemen!" said Andy, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment. "I did n't mean any harm. Did I hurt anybody?"

They did not answer, but kept running to and fro, and talking among themselves, and darting in and out of the door, as if to see what damage had been done.

Andy watched them with the greatest interest. They were all dressed in the gayest style, and very much alike. They had on black velvet caps, striped with gold, and with long plumes that waved over their heads. They wore the handsomest little tunics, of stuff as much finer than silk as silk is finer than the bark of a tree. They had on beautiful bright yellow scarfs, and their tunics were bordered with fringes of the richest orange-color, and their trousers were all of dark velvet and cloth of gold. They dangled the neatest little swords at their sides, in golden scabbards ; and three or four of them clapped their hands furiously on the hilts ; and one, seeing the feather which Andy pushed at them, drew out the finest little black steel blade, not near so large as a needle, threw himself into a noble fencing attitude, and made an impetuous lunge, thrusting and brandishing his weapon in the bravest manner.

Andy laughed gleefully, but stopped laughing, to wonder, when he saw another of the little warriors shake out the folds of a marvellous little cloak that covered his back, and, spreading it on the air, sail aloft with all his flashing colors, sword and plumes. He came straight to Andy's ear, and said something in a voice of thunder, and even made a cut or two at the boy's hair ; then darted away out of sight.

By this time the little doorway in the stump was crowded with these strange little people. Some hurried to and fro, muttering and shaking their cloaks, some sailed aloft, and others passed in and out of the door, — all very much excited. Andy also noted several new-comers, who seemed quite surprised, on arriving, to find the little community in such confusion. The most of them brought some kind of plunder, — tiny bags of gold, armfuls of a minute kind of yellow-ripe grain, silks and satins of the fine quality mentioned, — which they hastened to hide away in their dwelling.

But what astonished Andy most of anything was the appearance of a wonderful little lady, who walked out among the warriors like a queen. She was extremely small-waisted, although otherwise very portly. She wore hoops of the most extraordinary extension, which made her appear three or four times as large as the largest of her subjects. She walked with a haughty air, fanning herself with a little gossamer fan, while her servants went backwards before her, spreading down the cunningest little carpets for her to tread upon. She was magnificently attired ; her dress, of the costliest materials, the most gorgeous pattern, and the widest dimensions, was covered all over with the most splendid little fringes and flounces which it is possible to conceive. Her countenance, although very beautiful, was angry, and full of scorn, and she appeared scolding violently, as she strode to and fro on the royal carpets.

Andy was almost beside himself with delight and amazement, as he watched these proceedings. At length he said, — “These are not Tom Thumb's people, but a nation of fairies ! O what a lucky boy I am !”

For it is not every boy, you know, that has the good fortune to discover these rare little people. They are in fact so seldom seen, that it is now generally believed that no such beings exist except in story-books. Andy had



read about them with a great deal of interest; and although he had never been quite convinced that what was said of them was really true, he could now no longer have a doubt on the subject. He had not only discovered the home of the fairies, but he had seen the fairy queen.

And as Andy was a selfish boy, who wished to possess every strange or pretty thing he saw, he felt an ardent desire to seize and carry away the beautiful and scornful little being, who walked up and down on the carpets, scolding, and fanning herself with the gossamer fan.

"I will put her under a tumbler," he said, "and keep her there until I can have a glass cage made for her. And I will make all the little fairy people come and be my servants, as they will have to if I carry off their queen. And I will show her to everybody who comes. And everybody will wonder so! O what a lucky boy I am!"

So saying, he formed his plan for capturing Her Majesty. Being anxious to take her alive, and carry her off without doing her any personal harm, he resolved to put her into his hat and tie his handkerchief over it. Having got everything in readiness, he stooped down very carefully, and extended his hand. Nobody seemed to be frightened; and the next moment the fairy queen was fast between his thumb and finger.

"Ha, ha!" cried Andy; "the first time trying! Hurrah!" And he lifted her up to put her into his hat.

But instantly the tiny creature began to struggle with all her might, and rustle her silks, and—queen as she was—scratch and bite in the sharpest manner. And at the same time the bravest little warriors flew to the rescue; shrewdly darting at Andy's face, as if they knew where to strike; and suddenly, while he was laughing at their rage, he got a thrust in his forehead, and another in his neck, and a third under his sleeve, where a courageous little soldier had rushed in and resolutely driven in his rapier up to the hilt! Andy, who had no idea such little weapons could hurt so, was terrified, and began to scream with pain. And now, strange to see! the fairies were no longer fairies, but a nest of bumblebees; it was the queen-bee he held in his fingers; and two of them had left their stings sticking in his wounds!

Andy dropped the queen-bee, left his hat and handkerchief by the stump, and began to run, screaming and brushing away the bees, that still followed him, buzzing in his hair, and stinging him where they could. He did not stop until he had run half across the fallow, and the last of the angry swarm that pursued him had ceased buzzing about his ears.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he sobbed, with grief, and disappointment, and the pain of the stings. "I did n't know they were bumblebees! And I've lost my hat! And I don't know where I am! Oh! oh! oh!" And he sat down on a stone and cried.

"Whoa! hush, haw!" said a loud voice.

And looking up through his tears, he saw an old farmer coming, with a long whip in his hand, driving a yoke of oxen. Andy stopped weeping to ask where he was, and the way home.

"About a peck and a half a day," replied the farmer.

Andy did not know what to make of this answer. So he said again,—  
“Can you tell me where my father and mother live?”

“One in one stall, and the other in the other. Hush, haw!” cried the farmer.

“I’ve got lost, and I wish you’d help me,” said Andy.

“Star and Stripe,” replied the farmer.

“How far is it to my father’s?” the poor boy then asked.

“Well, about ninety dollars, with the yoke,” said the farmer. “Whoa, back!”

At this Andy felt so vexed, and weary, and bewildered, that he could not help sobbing aloud.

“What!” said the farmer, angrily; “making fun of me?” And he drew up his whip to strike.

“O, I was n’t making fun!” said Andy, frightened.

“You stopped me, and asked how much corn I feed my oxen; and I told you. Then where I feed them; and I told you that. Then their names; and I said, Star and Stripe. Then what I would sell them for; and I gave a civil answer. And now you’re laughing at me!” said the farmer, raising his whip again.

Then Andy perceived that, whenever he said anything, he seemed to say something else, and that his weeping appeared to be laughter, and that, if he stayed there a moment longer, he would surely get a whipping. So he started to run, with the owner of the oxen shouting at his heels.

“There! take that for being saucy to an old man!” cried the farmer, fetching him a couple of sharp cuts across the back. Then he returned to his oxen, and drove them away; while Andy got off from the fallow as soon as he could, weeping as if his heart would break.

Seeing not far off a beautiful field of clover, the boy thought he would go and lie down in it, and rest.

He had never seen such clover in his life. It was all in bloom with blue and red and white flowers, which seemed to glow and sparkle like stars among the green leaves. How it waved and rippled and flashed in the sunshine, when the wind blew! Andy almost forgot his grief; and surely he had quite forgotten that nothing was now any longer what it appeared, when he waded knee-deep through the delicious clover, and laid himself down in it. No sooner had he done so than he saw that what he had mistaken for a field was a large pond, and he had plunged into it all over like a duck.

Strangling and gasping for breath, and drenched from head to foot, Andy scrambled out of the water as fast as he could. His hair was wet; and little streams ran into his eyes and down his cheeks. His ears rang with the water that had got into them. He was so frightened that he hardly knew what had happened. And in this condition he sat down on the shore to let his clothes drip, and to empty the water out of his shoes.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

*(To be continued.)*

## OUR COUNTRY NEIGHBORS.

WE have just built our house in rather an out-of-the-way place, — on the bank of a river, and under the shade of a little patch of woods which is a veritable remain of quite an ancient forest. The checkerberry and partridge-plum, with their glossy green leaves and scarlet berries, still carpet the ground under its deep shadows; and prince's-pine and other kindred evergreens declare its native wildness, — for these are children of the wild woods, that never come after plough and harrow has once broken a soil.

When we tried to look out the spot for our house, we had to get a surveyor to go before us and cut a path through the dense underbrush that was laced together in a general network of boughs and leaves, and grew so high as to overtop our heads. Where the house stands, four or five great old oaks and chestnuts had to be cut away to let it in; and now it stands on the bank of the river, the edges of which are still overhung with old forest-trees, chestnuts and oaks, which look at themselves in the glassy stream.

A little knoll near the house was chosen for a garden-spot; a dense, dark mass of trees above, of bushes in mid-air, and of all sorts of ferns and wild-flowers and creeping vines on the ground. All these had to be cleared out, and a dozen great trees cut down and dragged off to a neighboring saw-mill, there to be transformed into boards to finish off our house. Then, fetching a great machine, such as might be used to pull a giant's teeth, with ropes, pulleys, oxen and men, and might and main, we pulled out the stumps, with their great prongs and their network of roots and fibres; and then, alas! we had to begin with all the pretty wild, lovely bushes, and the checkerberries and ferns and wild blackberries and huckleberry-bushes, and dig them up remorselessly, that we might plant our corn and squashes. And so we got a house and a garden right out of the heart of our piece of wild wood, about a mile from the city of H—.

Well, then, people said it was a lonely place, and far from neighbors, — by which they meant that it was a good way for them to come to see us. But we soon found that whoever goes into the woods to live finds neighbors of a new kind, and some to whom it is rather hard to become accustomed.

For instance, on a fine day early in April, as we were crossing over to superintend the building of our house, we were startled by a striped snake, with his little bright eyes, raising himself to look at us, and putting out his red, forked tongue. Now there is no more harm in these little garden-snakes than there is in a robin or a squirrel; they are poor little, peaceable, timid creatures, which could not do any harm if they would; but the prejudices of society are so strong against them, that one does not like to cultivate too much intimacy with them. So we tried to turn out of our path into a tangle of bushes; and there, instead of one, we found four snakes. We turned on the other side, and there were two more. In short, everywhere we looked, the dry leaves were rustling and coiling with them; and we were in despair.



In vain we said that they were harmless as kittens, and tried to persuade ourselves that their little bright eyes were pretty, and that their serpentine movements were in the exact line of beauty; for the life of us, we could not help remembering their family name and connections; we thought of those disagreeable gentlemen, the anacondas, the rattlesnakes, and the copperheads, and all of that bad line, immediate family friends of the old serpent to whom we are indebted for all the mischief that is done in this world. So we were quite apprehensive when we saw how our new neighborhood was infested by them, until a neighbor calmed our fears by telling us that snakes always crawled out of their holes to sun themselves in the spring, and that in a day or two they would all be gone.

So it proved. It was evident they were all out merely to do their spring shopping, or something that serves with them the same purpose that spring shopping does with us; and where they went afterwards we do not know. People speak of snakes' holes, and we have seen them disappearing into such subterranean chambers; but we never opened one to see what sort of underground housekeeping went on there. After the first few days of spring, a snake was a rare visitor, though now and then one appeared.

One was discovered taking his noontide repast one day in a manner which excited much prejudice. He was, in fact, regaling himself by sucking down into his maw a small frog, which he had begun to swallow at the toes, and had drawn about half down. The frog, it must be confessed, seemed to view this arrangement with great indifference, making no struggle, and sitting solemnly, with his great, unwinking eyes, to be sucked in at the leisure of his captor. There was immense sympathy, however, excited for him in the family circle; and it was voted that a snake which indulged in such very disagreeable modes of eating his dinner was not to be tolerated in our vicinity. So I have reason to believe that that was his last meal.

Another of our wild woodland neighbors made us some trouble. It was no other than a veritable woodchuck, whose hole we had often wondered at when we were scrambling through the underbrush after spring flowers. The hole was about the size of a peck-measure, and had two openings about six feet apart. The occupant was a gentleman we never had had the pleasure of seeing; but we soon learned his existence from his ravages in our garden. He had a taste, it appears, for the very kind of things we wanted to eat ourselves, and helped himself without asking. We had a row of fine, crisp heads of lettuce, which were the pride of our gardening, and out of which he would from day to day select for his table just the plants we had marked for ours. He also nibbled our young beans; and so at last we were reluctantly obliged to let John Gardiner set a trap for him. Poor old simple-minded hermit, he was too artless for this world! He was caught at the very first snap, and found dead in the trap, — the agitation and distress having broken his poor woodland heart, and killed him. We were grieved to the very soul when the poor fat old fellow was dragged out, with his useless paws standing up stiff and imploring. He was industrious in his way, and would have made a capital soldier under McClellan. A regiment like him

would have made nothing of trench-digging, could they have been properly drilled. As it was, he was given to Denis, our pig, which, without a single scruple of delicacy, ate him up as thoroughly as he ate up the lettuce.

This business of eating, it appears, must go on all through creation. We eat ducks, turkeys, and chickens, though we don't swallow them whole, feathers and all. Our four-footed friends, less civilized, take things with more directness and simplicity, and chew each other up without ceremony, or swallow each other alive. Of these unceremonious habits we had other instances.

Our house had a central court on the southern side, into which looked the library, dining-room, and front hall, as well as several of the upper chambers. It was designed to be closed in with glass, to serve as a conservatory in winter; and meanwhile we had filled it with splendid plummy ferns, taken up out of the neighboring wood. In the centre was a fountain surrounded by stones, shells, mosses, and various water-plants. We had bought three little goldfish to swim in our basin; and the spray of it, as it rose in the air and rippled back into the water, was the pleasantest possible sound of a hot day. We used to lie on the sofa in the hall, and look into the court, and fancy we saw some scene of fairy-land, and water-sprites coming up from the fountain. Suddenly a new-comer presented himself, — no other than an immense bullfrog, that had hopped up from the neighboring river, apparently with a view to making a permanent settlement in and about our fountain.





He was to be seen, often for hours, sitting reflectively on the edge of it, beneath the broad shadow of the calla-leaves. When sometimes missed thence, he would be found under the ample shield of a great bignonia, whose striped leaves grew hard by.

The family were prejudiced against him. What did he want there? It was surely some sinister motive impelled him. He was probably watching for an opportunity to gobble up the goldfish. We took his part, however, and strenuously defended his moral character, and patronized him in all ways. We gave him the name of Unke, and maintained that he was a well-conducted, philosophical old water-sprite, who showed his good taste in wanting to take up his abode in our conservatory. We even defended his personal appearance, praised the invisible-green coat which he wore on his back, and his gray vest, and solemn gold spectacles; and though he always felt remarkably slimy when we touched him, yet, as he would sit still, and allow us to stroke his head and pat his back, we concluded his social feelings might be warm, notwithstanding a cold exterior. Who knew, after all, but he might be a beautiful young prince, enchanted there till the princess should come to drop the golden ball into the fountain, and so give him a chance to marry her, and turn into a man again? Such things, we are credibly informed, are matters of frequent occurrence in Germany. Why not here?

By and by there came to our fountain another visitor, — a frisky, green young frog of the identical kind spoken of by the poet:

“There was a frog lived in a well,  
Rig dum pully metakimo.”

This thoughtless, dapper individual, with his bright green coat, his faultless white vest, and sea-green tights, became rather the popular favorite. He seemed just rakish and gallant enough to fulfil the conditions of the song:

“The frog he would a courting ride,  
With sword and pistol by his side.”

This lively young fellow, whom we shall call Cri-Cri, like other frisky and gay young people, carried the day quite over the head of the solemn old philosopher under the calla-leaves. At night, when all was still, he would trill a joyous little note in his throat, while old Unke would answer only with a cracked guttural more singular than agreeable; and to all outward appearance the two were as good friends as their different natures would allow.

One day, however, the conservatory became a scene of a tragedy of the deepest dye. We were summoned below by shrieks and howls of horror. “Do pray come down and see what this vile, nasty, horrid old frog has been doing!” Down we came; and there sat our virtuous old philosopher, with his poor little brother’s hind legs still sticking out of the corner of his mouth, as if he were smoking them for a cigar, all helplessly palpitating as they were. In fact, our solemn old friend had done what many a solemn hypocrite before has done, — swallowed his poor brother, neck and crop, — and sat there with the most brazen indifference, looking as if he had done the most proper and virtuous thing in the world.



Immediately he was marched out of the conservatory at the point of the walking-stick, and made to hop down into the river, into whose waters he splashed ; and we saw him no more. We regret to say that the popular indignation was so precipitate in its results ; otherwise the special artist who sketched Hum, the son of Buz, intended to have made a sketch of the old villain, as he sat with his luckless victim's hind legs projecting from his solemn mouth. With all his moral faults, he was a good sitter, and would probably have sat immovable any length of time that could be desired.

Of other woodland neighbors there were some which we saw occasionally. The shores of the river were lined here and there with the holes of the muskrats ; and, in rowing by their settlements, we were sometimes strongly reminded of them by the overpowering odor of the perfume from which they get their name. There were also owls, whose nests were high up in some of the oid chestnut-trees. Often in the lonely hours of the night we could hear them gibbering with a sort of wild, hollow laugh among the distant trees. But one tenant of the woods made us some trouble in the autumn. It was a little flying-squirrel, who took to making excursions into our house in the night season, coming down chimney into the chambers, rustling about among the clothes, cracking nuts or nibbling at any morsels of anything that suited his fancy. For a long time the inmates of the rooms were wakened in the night by mysterious noises, thumps, and rappings, and so lighted candles, and searched in vain to find whence they came ; for the moment any movement was made, the rogue whipped up chimney, and left us a prey to the most mysterious alarms. What could it be ?

But one night our fine gentleman bounced in at the window of another room, which had no fireplace ; and the fair occupant, rising in the night, shut the window, without suspecting that she had cut off the retreat of any of her woodland neighbors. The next morning she was startled by what she thought a gray rat running past her bed. She rose to pursue him, when he ran up the wall, and clung against the plastering, showing himself very plainly a gray flying-squirrel, with large, soft eyes, and wings which consisted of a membrane uniting the fore paws to the hind ones, like those of a bat. He was chased into the conservatory, and, a window being opened, out he flew upon the ground, and made away for his native woods, and thus put an end to many fears as to the nature of our nocturnal rappings.

So you see how many neighbors we found by living in the woods, and, after all, no worse ones than are found in the great world.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER II.

## HARD TIMES.

HOW lonesome the days when dear friends leave us to return no more, whom we never shall see again on earth, who will send us no message or letter of love from the far distant land whither they have gone! It tries our hearts and brings tears to our eyes to lay them in the ground. But shall we never, never see them again? Yes, when we have taken the same journey, when we have closed our eyes on earth and opened them in heaven.

It was a sad day to Paul when he followed the body of his dear old grandfather to the grave; but when he stood by his coffin, and looked for the last time upon his grandfather's face, and saw how peaceful it was and how pleasant the smile which rested upon it, as if he was beholding beautiful scenes, — when Paul remembered how good he was, he could not feel it in his soul to say, "Come back, Grandpa"; he would be content as it was. But the days were long and dreary, and so were the nights. Many were the hours which Paul passed lying awake in his bed, looking through the crevices of the poor old house, and watching the stars and the clouds as they went sailing by. So he was sailing on, and the question would come up, Whither? He listened to the water falling over the dam by the mill, and to the chirping of the crickets, and the sighing of the wind, and the church-bell tolling the hours; they were sweet, yet mournful and solemn sounds. Tears stood in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, as he thought that he and his mother were on earth, and his father and grandfather were praising God in the heavenly choirs. But he resolved to be good, to take care of his mother, and be her comfort and joy.

Hard times came on. How to live was the great question; for now that his grandfather was gone, they could have the pension no longer. The neighbors were very kind. Sometimes Mr. Middlekauf, Hans's father, who had a great farm, left a bag of meal for them when he came into the village. There was little work for Paul to do in the village; but he kept their own garden in good trim, — the onion-bed clear of weeds, and the potatoes well hilled. Very pleasant it was to work there, where the honey-bees hummed over the beds of sage, and among his mother's flowers, and where bumblebees dusted their yellow jackets in the hollyhocks. Swallows also built their nests under the eaves of the house, and made the days pleasant with their merry twittering.

The old pensioner had been a land surveyor. The compass which he used was a poor thing; but he had run many lines with it through the grand old forest. One day, as Paul was weeding the onions, it occurred to him that he might become a surveyor; so he went into the house, took the compass

from its case, and sat down to study it. He found his grandfather's surveying-book, and began to study that. Some parts were hard and dry; but having resolved to master it, he was not the boy to give up a good resolution. It was not long before he found out how to run a line, how to set off angles, and how to ascertain the distance across a river or pond without measuring it. He went into the woods, and stripped great rolls of birch bark from the trees, carried them home, spread them out on the table, and plotted his lines with his dividers and ruler. He could not afford paper. He took great pleasure in making a sketch of the ground around the house, the garden, the orchard, the field, the road, and the river.

The people of New Hope had long been discussing the project of building a new road to Fair View, which would cross the pond above the mill. But there was no surveyor in the region to tell them how long the bridge must be which they would have to build.

"We will send up a kite, and thus get a string across the pond," said one of the citizens.

"I can ascertain the distance easier than that," said Paul.

Mr. Pimpleberry, the carpenter, who was to build the bridge, laughed, and looked with contempt upon him, Paul thought, because he was barefoot and had a patch on each knee.

"Have you ever measured it, Paul?" Judge Adams asked.

"No, sir; but I will do so just to let Mr. Pimpleberry see that I can do it."

He ran into the house, brought out the compass, went down to the edge of the pond, drove a small stake in the ground, set his compass over it, and sighted a small oak-tree upon the other side of the pond. It happened that the tree was exactly south from the stake; then he turned the sights of his compass so that they pointed exactly east and west. Then he took Mr. Pimpleberry's ten-foot pole, and measured out fifty feet toward the west, and drove another stake. Then he set his compass there, and took another sight at the small oak-tree across the pond. It was not south now, but several degrees east of south. Then he turned his compass so that the sights would point just the same number of degrees to the east of north.

"Now, Mr. Pimpleberry," said Paul, "I want you to stand out there, and hold your ten-foot pole just where I tell you, putting yourself in range with the stake I drove first and the tree across the pond."

Mr. Pimpleberry did as he was desired.

"Drive a stake where your pole stands," said Paul.

Mr. Pimpleberry thrust a splinter into the ground.

"Now measure the distance from the splinter to my first stake, and that will be the distance across the pond," said Paul.

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Pimpleberry.

"Paul is right," said Judge Adams. "I understand the principle. He has done it correctly."

The Judge was proud of him. Mr. Pimpleberry and Mr. Funk, and several other citizens, were astonished; for they had no idea that Paul



could do anything of the kind. Notwithstanding Paul had given the true distance, he received no thanks from any one; yet he did n't care for that; for he had shown Mr. Pimpleberry that he could do it, and that was glory enough.

Paul loved fun as well as ever. Rare times he had at school. One windy day, a little boy, when he entered the school-room, left the door open. "Go back and shut the door," shouted Mr. Cipher, who was very irritable that morning. Another boy entered, and left it open. Mr. Cipher was angry, and spoke to the whole school: "Any one who comes in to-day and does not shut the door, will get a flogging. Now remember!" Being very awkward in his manners, inefficient in government, and shallow-brained and vain, he commanded very little respect from the scholars.

"Boys, there is a chance for us to have a jolly time with Cipher," said Paul at recess.

"What is it?" Hans Middlekauf asked, ready for fun of any sort. The boys gathered round, for they knew that Paul was a capital hand in inventing games.

"You remember what Cipher said about leaving the door open."

"Well, what of it?" Hans Middlekauf asked.

"Let every one of us show him that we can obey him. When he raps for us to go in, I want you all to form in line. I'll lead off, go in and shut the door; you follow next, Hans, and be sure and shut the door; you come next, Philip; then Michael, and so on,—every one shutting the door. If you don't, remember that Cipher has promised to flog you."

The boys saw through the joke, and laughed heartily. "Jingo, that is a good one, Paul. Cipher will be as mad as a March hare. I'll make the old door rattle," said Hans.

Rap—rap—rap—rap! went the master's ruler upon the window.

"Fall into line, boys," said Paul. They obeyed orders as if he were a general. "Now remember, every one of you, to shut the door just as soon as you are in. Do it quick, and take your seats. Don't laugh, but be as sober as deacons." There was giggling in the ranks. "Silence!" said Paul. The boys smoothed their faces. Paul opened the door, stepped in, and shut it in an instant,—slam! Hans opened it,—slam! it went, with a jar which made the windows rattle. Philip followed,—slam! Michael next,—bang! it went, jarring the house.

"Let the door be open," said Cipher; but Michael was in his seat; and—bang! again,—slam!—bang!—slam!—bang! it went.

"Let it be open, I say!" he roared, but the boys outside did not hear him, and it kept going,—slam!—slam!—slam!—bang!—bang!—bang!—till the fiftieth boy was in.

"You started that, sir," Cipher said, addressing Paul, for he had discovered that Paul Parker loved fun, and was a leading spirit among the boys.

"I obeyed your orders, sir," Paul replied, ready to burst into a roar at the success of his experiment.

"Did you not tell the boys to slam the door as hard as they could?"

"No, sir. I told them to remember what you had said, and that, if they did n't shut the door, they would get a flogging."

"That is just what he said, Master," said Hans Middlekauf, brimming over with fun. Cipher could not dispute it. He saw that they had literally obeyed his orders, and that he had been outwitted. He did not know what to do; and, being weak and inefficient, did nothing.

Paul loved hunting and fishing; on Saturday afternoons he made the woods ring with the crack of his grandfather's gun, bringing squirrels from the tallest trees, and taking quails upon the wing. He was quick to see, and swift to take aim. He was cool of nerve, and so steady of aim that he rarely missed. It was summer, and he wore no shoes. He walked so lightly that he scarcely rustled a leaf. The partridges did not see him till he was close upon them, and then, before they could rise from their cover, flash!—bang!—and they went into his bag.

One day as he was on his return from the woods, with the gun upon his shoulder, and the powder-horn at his side, he saw a gathering of people in the street. Men, women, and children were out,—the women without bonnets. He wondered what was going on. Some women were wringing their hands; and all were greatly excited.

"O dear, is n't it dreadful!" "What will become of us?" "The Lord have mercy upon us!"—were the expressions which he heard. Then they wrung their hands again, and moaned.

"What is up?" he asked of Hans Middlekauf.

"Have n't you heard?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, there is a big black bull-dog, the biggest that ever was, that has run mad. He has bitten ever so many other dogs, and horses, sheep, and cattle. He is as big as a bear and froths at the mouth. He is the savagest critter that ever was," said Hans in a breath.

"Why don't somebody kill him?"

"They are afeared of him," said Hans.

"I should think they might kill him," Paul replied.

"I reckon you would run as fast as anybody else, if he should show himself round here," said Hans.

"There he is! Run! run! run for your lives!" was the sudden cry.

Paul looked up the street, and saw a very large bull-dog coming upon the trot. Never was there such a scampering. People ran into the nearest houses, pell-mell. One man jumped into his wagon, lashed his horse into a run, and went down the street, losing his hat in his flight, while Hans Middlekauf went up a tree.

"Run, Paul! Run! he'll bite you," cried Mr. Leatherby from the window of his shoe shop. People looked out from the windows and repeated the cry, a half-dozen at once; but Paul took no notice of them. Those who were nearest him heard the click of his gun-lock. The dog came nearer, growling, and snarling, his mouth wide open, showing his teeth, his eyes glaring, and white froth dripping from his lips. Paul stood alone in the



street. There was a sudden silence. It was a scene for a painter, — a bare-foot boy in patched clothes, with an old hat on his head, standing calmly before the brute whose bite was death in its most terrible form. One thought had taken possession of Paul's mind, that he ought to kill the dog.



Nearer, nearer, came the dog ; he was not a rod off. Paul had read that no animal can withstand the steady gaze of the human eye. He

looked the dog steadily in the face. He held his breath. Not a nerve trembled. The dog stopped, looked at Paul a moment, broke into a louder growl, opened his jaws wider, his eyes glaring more wildly, and stepped slowly forward. Now or never, Paul thought, was his time. The breech of the gun touched his shoulder ; his eye ran along the barrel, — bang ! the dog rolled over with a yelp and a howl, but was up again, growling and trying to get at Paul, who in an instant seized his gun by the barrel, and brought the breech down upon the dog's skull, giving him blow after blow.

"Kill him ! kill him !" shouted the people from the windows.

"Give it to him ! Mash his head !" cried Hans from the tree.

The dog soon became a mangled and bloody mass of flesh and bones. The people came out from their houses.

"That was well done for a boy," said Mr. Funk.

"Or for a man either," said Mr. Chrome, who came up and patted Paul on his back.



“I should have thrown my lapstone at him, if I could have got my window open,” said Mr. Leatherby. Mr. Noggin, the cooper, who had taken refuge in Leatherby’s shop, afterwards said that Leatherby was frightened half to death, and kept saying, “Just as like as not he will make a spring and dart right through the window.”

“Nobly, bravely done, Paul,” said Judge Adams. “Let me shake hands with you, my boy.” He and Mrs. Adams and Azalia had seen it all from their parlor window.

“O Paul, I was afraid he would bite and kill you, or that your gun would miss fire. I trembled all over just like a leaf,” said Azalia, still pale and trembling. “O, I am so glad you have killed him !” She looked up into his face earnestly, and there was such a light in her eyes, that Paul was glad he had killed the dog, for her sake.

“Were n’t you afraid, Paul ?” she asked.

“No. If I had been afraid, I should have missed him, perhaps ; I made up my mind to kill him, and what was the use of being afraid.”

Many were the praises bestowed upon Paul. “How noble ! how heroic !” the people said. Hans told the story to all the boys in the village. “Paul was just as cool as — cool as — a cucumber,” he said, that being the best comparison he could think of. The people came and looked at the dog, to see how large he was, and how savage, and went away saying, “I am glad he is dead, but I don’t see how Paul had the courage to face him.”

Paul went home and told his mother what had happened. She turned pale while listening to the story, and held her breath, and clasped her hands ; but when he had finished, and when she thought that, if Paul had not killed the dog, many might have been bitten, she was glad, and said, “You did right, my son. It is our duty to face danger if we can do good.” A tear glistened in her eye as she kissed him. “God bless you, Paul,” she said, and smiled through her tears. He remembered it for many a day.

All the dogs which had been bitten were killed to prevent them from running mad. A hard time of it the dogs of New Hope had, for some which had not been bitten did not escape the dog-killers, who went through the town knocking them over with clubs.

Although Paul was so cool and courageous in the moment of danger, he trembled and felt weak afterwards when he thought of the risk he had run. That night when he said his evening prayer, he thanked God for having protected him. He dreamed it all over again in the night. He saw the dog coming at him with his mouth wide open, the froth dropping from his lips, and his eyes glaring heavily. He heard his growl, — only it was not a growl, but a branch of the old maple which rubbed against the house when the wind blew. That was what set him a dreaming. In his dream he had no gun, so he picked up the first thing he could lay his hands on, and let drive at the dog. Smash ! there was a great racket, and a jingling of glass. Paul was awake in an instant, and found that he had jumped out of bed, and was standing in the middle of the floor, and that he had knocked over the

spinning-wheel, and a lot of old trumpery, and had thrown one of his grandfather's old boots through the window.

"What in the world are you up to, Paul?" his mother asked, calling from the room below, in alarm.

"Killing the dog a second time, mother," Paul replied, laughing and jumping into bed again.

*Carleton.*



## TRAPPED IN A TREE.

### A BACKWOODS ADVENTURE.

AMONG the many queer characters I have encountered, in the shadow of the forest or the sunshine of the prairie, I can remember none queerer than Zebulon Stump, or old Zeb, as he was familiarly known. "Kaintuck by birth and raisin'," as he described himself, he was a hunter of the Daniel Boone sort. The chase was his sole calling; and he would have indignantly scouted the suggestion that he ever followed it for mere amusement. Though not of ungenial disposition, he held all amateur hunters in lordly contempt; and his conversation with such was always of a condescending character, although he was not, after all, averse to their company. Being myself privileged with his acquaintance, many of my hunting excursions were made in company with Old Zeb. He was in truth my guide and instructor, as well as companion, and initiated me into many mysteries of American woodcraft.

One of the most inexplicable of these mysteries was Old Zeb's own existence; and I had known him for a considerable time before I could unravel it. He stood six feet high in his boots of alligator-skin, into the ample tops of which were crowded the legs of his coarse "copperas" trousers; while his other garments were a deer-skin shirt, and a blanket coat that had once been green, but, like the leaves of the autumnal forest, had become sere and yellow. A slouched felt hat shaded his cheeks from the sun upon the rare occasions when Old Zeb strayed beyond the shadow of the "timber." Where and how he lived were the two points that most required explanation. In the tract of virgin forest where I usually met him, there was neither house nor hut. So said the people of Grand Gulf, the small town upon the Mississippi where I was staying. Yet Old Zeb had told me that in this forest was his "hum." It was only after our acquaintance had ripened into strong fellowship, that I had the pleasure of spending an hour under his humble roof. It consisted of the hollow trunk of a gigantic sycamore-tree, still standing and growing! Here Old Zeb found shelter for himself, his squaw, — as he termed Mrs. Stump, — his household gods, and

the tough old nag that carried him in his wanderings. His establishment was no longer a puzzle, — though there was still the mystery of how he maintained it. A skilled hunter might easily procure food for himself and family; but even the hunter disdains a diet exclusively game. There were the coffee, the “pone” of corn-bread, the corn itself necessary for the “critter,” the gown that wrapped the somewhat angular outlines of Mrs. Stump, and many other things that could not be procured by a rifle. Even the rifle itself required food not to be found in the forest.

Presuming on our intimacy, I asked, “How do you manage to live? You don’t appear to make anything, nor do I see any signs of cultivation. How then do you support yourselves?”

“Them duds thar,” answered my host, pointing to a corner of his tree-cabin. I looked and saw the skins of several animals, — among which I recognized those of the “painter,” “possum,” and “coon,” along with a haunch or two of recently killed venison. “I sell ’em, boy; the skins to the storekeepers, and the deer-meat to anybody as ’ll buy it.”

Old Zeb’s shooting appeared marvellous to me. He could “bark” a squirrel in the top of the tallest tree, or kill it by a bullet through its eye. He used to boast, in a quiet way, that he never spoilt a skin, though it was only that of a “contemptible squir’l.”

What most interested me was his tales of adventure, of which he was often the hero; one possessed especial interest, partly from its own essential oddness, and partly from its hinging on a phenomenon which I had more than once witnessed. I allude to the “caving in,” or breaking down, of the banks of the Mississippi River, caused by the undermining of the current, when large strips of land, often whole acres, thickly studded with gigantic trees, slip into the water, to be “swished” away with a violence eclipsing the fury of fabled Charybdis. It was at the time of these land-slides that old Zeb had met with this adventure, which, by the way, came very near killing him.

I shall try to set it forth in his own piquant *patois*, as nearly as I can transcribe it from the tablets of my memory. I was indebted for the tale to a chance circumstance, for old Zeb seldom volunteered a story, unless something suggested it. We had killed a fine buck, that had run several hundred times his length with the bullet in his body, and fallen within a few feet of the bank of the great river. While stopping to dress him, old Zeb looked around keenly, exclaiming, “If this ain’t the place whar I war *trapped in a tree!* Thar’s the very saplin’ itself!”

I looked at the “saplin’.” It was a swamp cypress of some thirty feet in girth, by at least a hundred and fifty in height.

“Trapped in a tree!” I echoed with emphatic interest, perceiving that he was upon the edge of some odd adventure; and, desirous of tempting him to the relation, I continued: “Trapped in a tree! How could that be with an old forester like you?”

“It dud be, howsomedever,” was the quaint reply of my companion; “an’ not so very long agone, neyther. Ef ye ’ll sit down a bit, I ’ll tell ye all, as I



*kin* tell it; for I hain't forgotten neery sarcumstance; an' I 'll lay odds, young feller, thet ef ever you be as badly skeeart, you 'll carry the recollection o' that skeer ter yer coffin.

"Ye see, kumrade, I war out arter deer jest as we are the day; only it had got to be nigh sundown, i'deed, an' I hed n't emptied my rifle the hul day. Fact is, I hed n't sot eye on a thing wuth a charge o' powder an' lead. I war afut; an' it are a good six mile from this to my shanty. I did n't like goin' home empty-handed, specially as I knowed we war empty-housed; an' the ole 'ooman wanted somethin' to git us a pound or two o' coffee an' sugar with. So I thort I shed stay all night i' the wuds, trustin' to gettin' a shot at a stray buck or a turkey in the early mornin'. I war jest in this spot; but it looked quite different then. The hul place about hyar war kivered w' the tallest o' cane, an' so thick, a coon ked sca'ce worm his way through it; but sence then the under-scrub 's all been burnt out. So I tuk up my quarters for the night under that 'ere big cyprus. The ground war dampish; for thar hed been a spell o' rain. So I tuk out my bowie, an' cut me enough o' the green cane to make a sort o' a shake-down. It war comf'table enough; an' in the twinklin' o' a buck's tail, I war soun' asleep. I slep' like a possum, till daybreak, an' then I war awoke by the worst noises as ever roused a feller out o' his slumber. I heerd a skreekin' an' screamin' an' screevin', as ef all the saws in Massissippi wor bein' sharped 'ithin twenty yards o' my ear. It all kim from overhead, — from out the top o' the cyprus; an' it war the callin' o' the baldy eagles; it wa' n't the fust time I had listened to them hyar. 'That's a neest,' sez I to myself; 'an' young 'uns, too. That's why the birds is makin' sech a rumpis.' Not that I cared much about a eagle's nest, nor the birds neyther. But jest then I remembered my ole 'ooman had told me that there war a rich Englishman at the tavern in Grand Gulf who offered no eend o' money for a brace o' young baldy eagles.

"So in coorse I clomb the tree. 'T war n't so easy as you may s'pose. Thar war forty feet o' the stem 'ithout a branch, an' so smooth thet a catamount ked n't 'a' scaled it. I thort at fust that the cyprus wa' n't climable no how; but jest then I seed a big fox grape-vine, that, arter sprawlin' up another tree clost by, left it an' sloped off to the one whar the baldies had thar nest. This war the very thing I wanted, — a sort o' Jaykup's ladder; an', 'ithout wastin' a minit, I shinned up the grape-vine. The shaky thing wobbled about, till I war well-nigh pitched back to the groun'; an' thar war a time when I thort seriously o' slippin' down agin.

"But then kim the thort o' the ole 'ooman, an' the empty larder, along wi' the Englishman an' his full purse; an' bein' freshly narved by these recollections, I swarmed up the vine like a squir'l. Once upon the cyprus, thar war n't no differculty in reachin' the neest. Thar war plenty o' footing among the top branches whar the birds had made thar eyeray. But it war n't so easy to get into the neest. Thar ked n't 'a' been less than a wagon-load o' sticks in it, to say nothin' o' Spanish moss, an' all sorts o' bones o' fish and four-footed animals. It tuk me nigh a hour to make a hole, so that I ked git my head above

the edge, an' see what the neest contained. As I expected, thur war young 'uns in it, — two o' them about half feathered.

“All this time the old birds were abroad lookin' up a breakfast, I suppose, for thar chicks. ‘How disappointed they 'll be!’ sez I to myself, ‘when they come back an' find that the young 'uns have fled the neest, without feathers!’

“I war too sure o' my game, an' too curious about the young baldies, watching them, as they cowered clos't thegither, hiss'n an' threatenin' me, to take notice o' anythin' besides. But I war roused by feelin' the hat suddintly snatched from my head, an' at the same time gettin' a scratch acrost the cheek, that sent the blood spurtin' out all over my face. It was from the talon o' the she-eagle, while the ole cock war makin' a confusion o' noises as if he hed jest come all a-strut from the towers o' Babylon. I had grupped one o' the young baldies, but I war only too glad to lot it go an' duck my head under the nest, till the critters were tired threatenin' me, an' guv up the attack. By this time I guv up all thought o' takin' the young eagles. Arter my scratch, I war contented to leave 'em alone, an' no Englishman's gold ked hev bought that brace o' birds. I only waited a bit to re-kiver myself, an' then I commenced makin' back-tracks down the tree.

“I hed got 'bout half-way to the place whar the fox-grapes tuck holt o' the cyprus, when I was stopped by a sound far more terrefic than the screech o' the eagles. It was the creakin' an' crashin' o' timber along wi' that unairthly rumblin' ye may hear when the banks o' the Massissippi be a cavin' in, as they war then. I ked see the trees that stood atween me an' the river trimblin' and tossin' about, an' then goin' with a loud swish, an' a plunge, into the fast flowin' current o' the stream. The cyprus itself shook, as if the wind war busy among its branches. I felt a suddint jerk upon it, an' then it righted agin', an' stood steady as a rock. The eagles above screamed wuss than iver, while Zeb Stump below war tremblin' like an aspick.

“I know'd well enough what it all meant, but knowin' did n't give me any great satesfaction, since I believed that in another minit the cyprus mout cave in too! I did n't stay the ten thousandth fraction o' a minit. I hurried to get back to the groun'; an' soon reached the place whar the grape-vine joined on to the cyprus. Thur war n't no grape-vine to be seen. It war clear gone! The tother tree to which its roots had been clingin' had gone into the river, takin' the fox-grape along wi' it. It war that gev the pluck I felt when descendin' fro' the neest. I looked below. The river had changed its channel. In stead o' runnin' twenty yards from the spot, it war surgin' along clost to the cyprus, which in another minit mout topple over, whirl along, and be swallowed in the frothin' water.

“I ked do nuthin' but stay whar I war, — nothin' but wait an' watch, — listenin' to the screamin' o' the eagles, — skeart like myself, — the hoarse roarin' o' the angry water, an' the crashin' o' the trees, as one arter another fell victims to the flood.”

I was fascinated by this narration. Old Zeb's thoughts, notwithstanding the *patois* in which they were expressed, had risen to the sublime; and al-

though he paused for some minutes, I made no attempt to interrupt his reflections, but in silence awaited the continuance of his tale.

"Wal, what do ye suppose I did nixt?" asked Zeb.

"Really, I cannot imagine," I replied, considerably astonished by Old Zeb's abrupt and unexpected question.

"Wal, ye don't suppose I kim down from the tree?"

"I don't see how you could."

"Neyther did I, for I ked n't. I mout as well 'a' tried to git down the purpendiklar face o' the Chickasaw bluffs, or the wall o' Jackson Court-House. So I guv it up, an' stayed whar I war, cross-legs on a branch o' the tree. It war n't the most comf'table kind o' seat; but I hed somethin' else than cushions to think of. I did n't know the minit I mout be shot out into the Mississippi; an' as I niver war much o' a swimmer, — to say nothin' o' bein' smashed by the branches in fallin', — I war n't over satesfied wi' my sitiwa-tion.

"So I passed the hull o' that day; tho' thar war n't an easy bone in my body, I hed got to be a bit easier in my mind; for on lookin' down at the river, it seemed that the cave-in hed come to a eend. But my comfort did n't last long. It war follered by the reflection that, whether the tree war to stand or fall, I war equally a lost man. I knew that I war beyond the reach o' human help. Nothin' but chance ked fetch a livin' critter within reach o' my voice. I seed the river plain enough, an' boats passin' up an' down; but I know'd they war 'custom'd to steer along the opposite shore, to 'void the dangerous eddy as sets torst this side. The river's more 'n a mile wide here, and the people on a passin' boat wud n't hear me; an' ef they did, they 'd take it for some one a mockin' 'em. A man hailin' a boat from the top o' a cyprus-tree! It 'ud be of no use. For all that I tried it. Steamers, keels, and flats, — I hailed them all till I war hoarse; some o' 'em heard me, for I war answered by shouts o' scornful laughter. My own shouts o' despair mout a' been mistuk for the cries o' a fool or a madman.

"Wul, I kim to the conclusion that I war *trapped in that tree*, an' no mistake. I seed no more chance o' gittin' clur than wud a bar wi' a two-ton log across the small o' his back.

"It war jest arter I hed gin up all hope o' bein' suckered by anybody else, thet I 'gan to think o' doin' suthin' for myself. I needed to do suthin'. Full thirty hours hed passed since I 'd eyther ate or drank; for I 'd been huntin' all the day afore 'ithout doin' eyther. I ked 'a' swallowed the muddiest water as ever war found in a puddle, an' neyther frogs nor tadpoles would 'a' deterred me. As to eatin', when I thort o' that, I ked n't help turnin' my eyes up'ard; an', spite o' the spurt I 'd hed wi' thar parents, I ked 'a' tolt them young baldies that thar lives war in danger.

"Possible, I mout 'a' feeled hungrier an' thurstier then I did, if it had n't been for the fear I war in 'bout the cyprus topplin' over into the river. Thet hed kep' me in sich a state o' skear, as to hinder me from thinking of most anythin' else.

"As the time passed, hows'ever, an' the tree still kep' its purpendic'lar, I



began to b'lieve that the bank war n't agoin' to move any more. I ked see the water down below through the branches o' the cyprus, an' tho' it war clost by, thar 'peared to be a clamjamfery o' big roots stickin' out from the bank, as war like to keep the dirt firm agin the underminin' o' the current, — leastwise for a good while.

“Soon as I bekum satersfied o' the firmness o' the cyprus, I tuk to thinkin' again how I war to git down. Thinkin' war n't o' no use. Thar war no way but to jump it; an' I mout as well ha' thort o' jumpin' from the top o' a 'Piscopy church steeple 'thout breakin' my ole thigh-bones, tough as they be.

“By this time it hed got to be night; an' as thar wa' n't no use o' me makin' things wuss then they war, I groped about the cyprus to see ef thar war any limb softer than the others, whar I ked lay myself for a snooze. I foun' a place in one o' the forks, large enough to 'a' lodged a bar; an' thar I squatted. I slep' putty well, considerin'; but the scratch the eagle hed gin me hed got to be sorish, an' war wuss torst the mornin'. At peep o' day I war wide awake, an' feelin' hungry enuf to eat anything.

“While I war thinkin' o' climbin' up to the neest an' wringin' one o' the eagles' necks, I chanced to look out over the river. All at oncet I see one o' them big water-hawks — osprey, they call 'em — plunge down, an' rise up agin wi' a catfish in his claws. He had n't got twenty feet above the surface when one o' the old baldies went shootin' torst him like a streak o' lightnin'. Afore ye kud 'a' counted six, I seed the she-baldy comin' for the tree wi' the catfish in *her* claws.

“‘Good,’ sez I to myself; ‘ef I must make my breakfast on raw stuff, I 'd rayther it shed be fish than squab eagle.’

“I started for the neest. This time I tuk the purcaution to unsheathe my bowie an' carry it in my hand ready for a fight; an' it war n't no idle purcaution, as it proved; for sca'ce hed I got my head above the edge o' the neest when both the old birds attackted me jest as afore. The fight war now more even atween us, an' the cunnin' critters appeared to know it; for they kep' well out o' reach o' the bowie, though floppin' an' clawin' at me whenever they seed a chance. I guv the ole hen a prod that cooled her courage consid'able; an' as for the cock, he war n't a sarcumstance to her; for, as yer know, the pluckiest o' eagles is allers the hen bird.

“The fish war lyin' in the bottom o' the neest, whar they had dropped it. It hed n't been touched, 'ceptin' by the claws thet hed carried it, an' the young uns war too much skeart durin' the skurmidge to think o' beginnin' breakfast. I spiked it on the blade o' my bowie, an', drawin' it torst me, I slid back down the tree to the fork whar I hed passed the night. Thar I ate it.”

“You don't mean to say you ate it raw?”

“Jest as it come from the river! I mout 'a' gin it a sort o' a cookin', ef I 'd liked; for I hed my punk pouch on me, an' I ked 'a' got frin' from the dead bark o' the cyprus. But I war too hungry to wait, an' I ate it raw. The fish war a couple o' pound weight; an' I left nothin' o' it but the bones, fins, an' tail.

"As ye may guess, I wa' n't hungry any longer; but jest then come upon me a spell o' the driest thirst I ever 'sperienced in all my life. The fish meat made it wuss; for, arter I hed swallered it, I feeled as ef I war afire. The sun war shinin' full upon the river, an' the glitterin' water made things wuss; for it made me hanker arter it all the more. Oncet or twice I got out o' the fork, thinkin' I ked creep along a limb an' drop into the river. I shed 'a' done so, hed it been near enough, tho' I knowed I ked niver 'a' swum ashore. But the water war too fur off.

"'T war no use chawin' the leaves o' the cyprus. They war full o' rosin, an' 'ud only make the chokin' wuss. Thar war some green leaves on the fox-grape-vine, an' I chawed all o' them that I ked 'git my paws on. Thet dud some good; but my suffering war still unbarable.

"How war I to git at the water o' that river, that flowed so tauntin'ly jest out o' reach? I 'most jumped off o' the tree when at last I bethort me o' a way to manage it.

"I had a piece o' cord I allers carries about me. 'T war long enough to reach the river bank an' let down into the water. I ked empty my powder-horn an' let it down. It would fill, an' I ked then draw it up agin. Hooray!

"I cried that hooray only oncet. On lookin' for the horn, I diskivered that I hed left it whar I hed tuk it off afore goin' to sleep, under the cyprus.

"I war n't a-goin' to be beat in that way. Ef I hed no vessel thet wud draw water, I hed my ole doe-skin shirt. I ked let that down, soak it, an' pull it up agin. No sooner said than done. The shirt war peeled off, gathered up into a clew, tied to the eend o' the string, an' chucked out'ard. It struck a branch o' the cyprus an' fell short. I tried over an' over agin. It still fell short several feet from the bank o' the river. Yet the cord war long enough. It war the thick branches o' the cyprus that gin me no chance to make a clur cast, and havin' tried till I war tired, I gev that up too.

"I shed 'a' felt dreadful at failin' arter bein' so sure o' success; but jest then I bethunk me o' another plan for reachin' that preecious flood.

"I've tolt ye 'bout my cuttin' a lot o' cane to make me a shake-down for sleepin' on. Thur it still war right under me,—armfuls o' it. The sight o' its long tubes suggested a new idee, which I war n't long in puttin' to practice. Takin' the shirt out o' its loop, I made the cord fast to the heft o' my bowie. I then shot the knife down among the cane, sendin' it wi' all my might, an' takin' care to keep the p'int o' the blade down'ards. It war n't long till I had spiked up as much o' thet 'ere cane as wud 'a' strectched twenty yards into the river.

"Thar war no eend o' whittlin' an' punchin' out the p'ints, an' then splicin' the tubes one to the other. But I knowed it war a case o' life or death, an' knowin' that, I worked on steady as an ole gin-hoss.

"I war rewarded for my patience. I got my blow-gun completed, an' shovin' it carefully out, takin' the purcaution to give it a double rest upon the branches, I hed the satersfaction ter see its p'int dippin' down into the river. I tell ye, thar war n't no mint-juleps ever sucked through a straw as tasted like the flood that cum gurdlin' up through that cane. I thort I ked niver

take the thing from my lips ; an' I feel putty sartin that while I war drinkin', the Massissippi must 'a' fell clur a couple o' feet. Ye may larf at the idee, young feller, an' I 'm gled to see ye in setch good sperits ; but ye are n't so elevated as I war when I tuk my mouth from the cane. I feeled all over a new man, — jest as ef I hed been raised from the dead, or dragged out o' a consoomin' fire.

" I lived in the fork o' that ere cyprus for six long days, — occasionally payin' a visit to the eagles' neest, an' robbin' the young baldies o' the food thar parents hed pervided for 'em. Thar diet war various, an' on a konsequeunce so war mine. I hed vittles consistin' o' fish, flesh, an' fowl, — sometimes a rabbit, sometimes a squir'l, with feathered game to foller, sech as partridge, teals, an' widgeons. I did n't cook 'em, for I war afraid o' settin' fire to the withered leaves o' the tree an' burnin' up the neest, which wud 'a' been like killin' the goose as laid the eggs o' gold.

" I mout a managed that sort o' existence for a longer spell, tho' I acknowledge it war tiresome enuf. But it war n't that as made me anxious to see it up, but suthin' very different. I seed that the young baldies war every day gettin' bigger. Thar feathers war comin' out all over, an' I ked tell that it wud n't be long till they wud take wing.

" When that time kum, about whar shed I be ? still in the tree or worse ; but whar was my purvision to kum from ? who wud supply me wi' fish, an' flesh, an' fowl, as the eagles hed done ? Clurly neery one. It war this thort as made me uneasy.

" I must do suthin' to git down out o' that tree, or die among its branches, an' I spent all my spare time in thinkin' what mout be did. I used to read in Webster's Spellin' Book that needssesity are the mother o' invention. I reckon Ole Web war n't far astray when he prented them ere words. Anyways it proved true in the case o' Zeb Stump, when he war trapped in that cyprus.

" I hed noticed that the two ole eagles becum tamer, as they got used to me. They seed that I did no harm to their chicks, 'ceptin' so far as to abstrack from 'em a portion o' thar daily allowance. But I allers tuk care to leave them sufficient for themselves ; an' as thar parents appeared to hev no difficulty in purvidin' them wi' plenty, — unlike many parents in yur country, friend, as I 've heerd, — my pilferin' did n't seem much to distress 'em. They grew at last so that they 'd sit on the one side o' the neest, while I war peepin' over the other ! I seed that I ked easily snare them ; an' I made up my mind to do this very thing ; for a partickler purpuss which promised to extercate me out o' the ugly scrape I hed so foolishly got into.

" I hed noticed that the eagles war both big birds, an' strong i' the wing. Everybody ort to know thet much. It therefore occurred to me that I mout make them wings do me a sarvice, — otherways that they shed carry me out o' the tree. In coorse I did n't intend they shed take me up i' the air. There war n't much danger o' that. I only thort they mout sarve to break my fall, like one o' them flyin' things, — paryshoots I believe they calls 'em. Arter I 'd got my plan tol'ably well traced out, I sot about trappin' the ole



eagles. In less'n an hour's time I hed both on 'em in my keepin' wi' thar beaks spliced to keep 'em from bitin' me, an' thar claws cut clur off wi' my bowie. I then strengthened my cord by doublin' it half a dozen times, until it war stout enough to carry my weight. One eend o' it I looped around the



legs o' the eagles, gatherin' all four into a bunch, while the other eend I made fast around myself just under the arm-pits. I hed done all this upon the lowest limb o' the cyprus, whar I hed fetched down the eagles. When all war ready, I drew my bowie from its sheath, an' with its sharp point pricked both the baldies at the same time, so as to set 'em a floppin'. As soon as I seed thar four wings in full play, I slid off the branch, directin' myself torst the groun' underneath. I ain't very clur as to what followed; I only recollex bein' dragged through the branches o' the cyprus, an' the minit arter plumpin'

*cochuck* into the waters o' the Massissippi.

"I shed most sartinly a been drownded ef that ere cord had broken, or the eagles had got loose. As it war, the birds kep' beatin' the water wi' thar big wings; an' in that way hindered me from goin' under. I've heerd o' a

woman, they called Veenis, bein' drawed through the sea by a couple o' swans; but I don't b'lieve they ked a drawed her at 'a' quicker pace than I war carried over the Massissippi. In less 'n five minits from the time I had dropped out o' the tree, I war in the middle o' the river, an' still scufflin' on. The baldies were boun' for the Arkansaw shore, an' knowin' that my life depended on thar reachin' it, I offered no opposition to thar efforts, but lay still and let 'em go it.

"As good luck wud hev it, they hed strength enough left to complete the crossin'; an' thar war another bit o' good luck in the Arkansaw bank bein' on a level wi' the surface o' the water; so that in five minits more I found myself among the bushes, the baldies still flutterin' about me, as if determined to carry me on over the great peraries. I feeled that it war time to stop the steam; so, clutchin' holt o' a branch, I brought up to an anchor. I tuk good care not to let the birds go, — tho' sartin I owed them that much for the sarvice they hed done me. But jest then I bethunk me o' the Englishman at Grand Gulf, — ah! it war you, ye say?"

"Certainly! And those are the eagles I purchased from Mrs. Stump?"

"Them same birds! Yer shed 'a' hed the young 'uns, but thar war n't no chance ever agin to climb that cyprus, an' what bekim o' the poor critters arterward I haint the most distant idee. I reckon they eended thar days in the neest, which ye can still see up thar, an' ef they dud, I reckon the buzzarts wud n't be long afore makin' a meal o' 'em."

With my eyes directed to the top of that tall cypress-tree, and fixed upon a dark mass of dead sticks resembling a stack of faggots, I listened to the concluding words of this queer chapter of backwoods adventure.

*Mayne Reid.*



# Round the Evening Lamp

A Treasury  
of  
CHARADES,  
PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY Things.



## CHARADES.

NO. 2.

My *first* is, in sound, the odd creature that goes  
Into Hottentots' traps when he follows his  
nose :

But in sense 't is an adjective, short, spick  
and span,  
Well hated by Hunkers and kept under  
ban.

My *second* it qualifies, also my *third*,  
Though a *high fen* between can't be  
crossed nor be stirred.

Now my *next*, like a swindler when  
cleaned out of tin,  
Has always its tick, and takes most peo-  
ple in.

Amphibious its habit, as frequently found  
Beneath the blue sea as on top of the  
ground :

Yet, oddest caprice out of destiny's cup,  
Just when in full feather 't is always  
"sewed up."

What is forced and affected most all  
people spurn,

Yet they like this because 't is a made-up  
concern.

Best friend when our sunshine to gloom is  
converted,

Yet the moment we rise in the world we  
desert it.

Best friend, yet precisely its stead you can  
find,

To which, strange to say, you are never  
inclined.

And the warmer you get when a lying  
you take it,  
The more you wink at it, the less you for-  
sake it.

Wet blankets you throw over swells, but  
not so

O'er my *second*, however puffed up it may  
grow.

My *third* is so shallow you'll guess it  
before

I've told you how many smart folks pass  
it o'er ;

Even Cæsar went o'er it and by it and  
through it,

And lived long enough, the baldpate, to  
rue it.

Tho' shallow it is, yet the bravest and best  
By keeping it give of their wisdom a test.

And the hotter it gets in dispute, yet the  
most

Courageous is he who wont let it be crossed.  
On the whole, though 't is often a subject  
of strife,

More people it joins than it parts in this life.

My *whole* is a place I forbear now to  
flatter ;

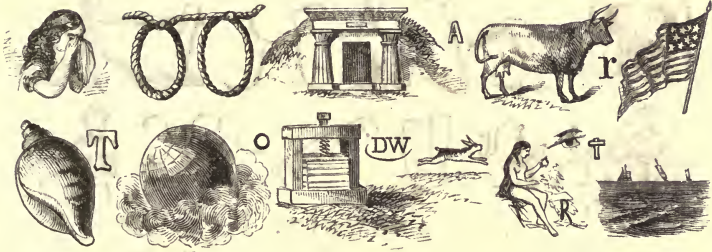
It thrives upon those whose dearest and best  
Severely it tries, yet makes light of the  
matter,

And thinks the more wicked their end,  
the more blest.

J. W.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 2.



CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHY should soldiers never meddle with nut-crackers?
2. What is that which no man wants, but which, if a man has it, he would most unwillingly part with?
3. Why are flatterers sometimes mistaken for truth-tellers?
4. Why does a scolding woman keep people at a distance?
5. Why is an easy office like a good dinner eaten by an invalid?

ENIGMA.

NO. 2.

I AM composed of 17 letters.  
 My 17, 12, 8, 3, is a philosopher.  
 My 2, 15, 7, 13, 16, 4, is what boys are when school is done.  
 My 1, 2, 14, 12, 1, 16, 3, is a place of amusement.  
 My 11, 12, 8, 3, 16, is a German huntsman.  
 My 7, 3, 13, 16, 10, 14, 17, are a persecuted race.  
 My 13, 12, 8, is a mouthful.  
 My 11, 10, 15, 16, 17, belongs to you.  
 My 13, 14, 7, 6, 17, is a family.  
 My 2, 3, 12, 9, 4, is not light.  
 My 17, 15, 13, 12, 16, is sweet.  
 My 13, 16, 12, 9, 3, is solemn.  
 My 9, 12, 8, 15, 14, is quite uncertain.  
 My whole is a very interesting book by one of the writers for "Our Young Folks."

TRANSPOSITION. No. 1.

I thought I should like to *ivred*; so I went to the *abelts* to *sahenrs* my *oehsr*, but I found the *ubcelk* of the *hebeirgnc* was broken; to make the best of it, I put an old *piesk* in place of the *contug*, brought out the old *acsihe*, and off I went. Now tell me how I got on.

PUZZLES.

NO. 1.

My first is in Urn but not in Vase,  
 My second is in Cabinet but not in Case,  
 My third is in "Goose" but not in Fool,  
 My fourth is in Chair but not in Stool,  
 My fifth is in Vanity but not in Conceit,  
 My sixth is in Parsnip but not in Beet.  
 My whole is the name of a boys' book.

CARL.

NO. 2.

Behead an animal, and leave a gift.

C. M. E.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

NO. 3.

So arrange the nine digits, using each but once, that their sum shall be exactly one hundred.

NO. 4.

100055, — a long-tailed animal.

C. M. E.

NO. 5.

One hundred and one by fifty divide;  
 And then, if a cipher be rightly applied,  
 And your computation agreeth with mine,  
 The answer will be one taken from nine.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1865.

No. III.

## THE CITY GIRL.



CICELY, called Garnet at the foot of the stairs.

“Yes, I ’m coming,” responded Cicely from the depths of her pretty little chamber.

“It ’s time to go.”

“Yes, I ’m coming,” repeated the gentle voice.

Garnet supported himself on his elbow and right foot, attempted to scale the stairs on his heels and head, and made other interesting experiments ; but finding that Cicely did not come, he climbed up outside of the balusters, over the gallery railing, and bounced into her room. She was standing before the glass, surveying her little self with great complacency.

“Now, how long will you be prinking there, and me waiting down stairs ?” cried Garnet. “I never did see anything like the time it takes girls to dress.”

“O, I ’m quite ready this minute,” answered Cicely, hastily catching up her bonnet.

“But mehercule !” shouted Garnet, who was devoting himself to the study of Latin with great vigor. “What do you call this ?” — and he clutched Cicely’s

hair with no very gentle grasp.

“O, don’t touch it ! you will have it all down !” cried she hurriedly ; “that is a waterfall.”

“A waterfall ! *A waterfall !* Let it fall quick then. It makes you look for-all the world like our skew-tailed chickens. I never saw such an animal.”



“O Garnet, now I thought it looked so pretty!” said Cicely; and her bright face was so clouded that even Garnet was rather sorry he had spoken so decidedly.

But then certainly it was a case that called for decision. Poor Cicely had spent at least half an hour before the glass, and tired her little arms till they ached; and the result was a *knob* of hair hanging on one side of her head, and bobbing hither and thither with every motion. Garnet’s comparison was not entirely out of place. “But what could make you think of tricking up such a fright?” he asked.

“Why, Garnet, there ’s a new girl going to be there from Boston. She ’s going to live with Miss Attredge. And Olive said —” Cicely hesitated.

“Well, what did Olive say?”

“Why, Olive said — she said that — Olive said the girl would have everything so nice because she came from Boston, and Olive said they wore silk dresses and waterfalls in Boston, and Olive is going to wear her blue merino and a waterfall, and I made mine, — Olive told me how, — and now you say it is not pretty.”

“Olive ’s a born simpleton,” said Sir Oracle Garnet. “You take that bobbing bag off your head. I don’t believe they wear them in Boston, and if they do, you sha’n’t. I suppose you ’d tie yourself up in a meal-bag if they did in Boston.”

“But, Garnet, what shall I do?”

“Do! curl your hair just as you always do, and brush it in a civilized manner.”

“Oh! then I shall not look fine at all. Olive said we should show Mary Ravis that we were not just country-girls. We know what the fashions are. Mary Ravis will think we are just country-girls.”

“And I should like to know what you are?”

“Well, I know, but —” Cicely hesitated, and faltered, and rather reluctantly began to pull down the comical little contrivance which she dignified with the name of waterfall, and to brush out the long ringlets as she was commanded. And to be sure, she did look like a different girl; still there was many a misgiving in her heart as to the figure she should make in the eyes of the little city lady.

Garnet had no share at all in her misgivings. He had a very favorable opinion of his sister, and especially of himself. “Hold up your head, Cicely,” was his admonition, “as you never could with that ten-pound weight hanging on to it, and don’t call the king your uncle!” — though what that had to do with holding up her head, Cicely could never quite make out.

By the time they reached Miss Attredge’s house, where the party was to be, most of the children had assembled. They all went to the same school, and were well acquainted with each other, — all except the little city girl, who sat in a corner, and seemed quite as much in awe of them as they were of her. But Cicely took note that she had no silk dress, nor even a waterfall. On the contrary, her hair was short, and her dress a very pretty plaid, but not at all beyond the standard of the dresses in Applethorpe. She was, too, very quiet, — a pale, silent girl, — that was all Cicely saw.

“What do you think of her?” whispered Olive to Cicely.

“We must n't whisper about her,” replied Cicely, who had hardly had more than a glimpse of her. But they pulled Cicely into the dining-room, and would tell her that she was “real proud. She just sits there, and won't do anything.”

“Yes,” said Olive, “and not so much to be proud of either. Nothing but a plaid dress, and not a speck of trimming, nor a net, nor a bow, nor anything,”—and Olive thought very pleasantly of her own French blue merino with its elaborate embroidery.

“Oh! I don't think it's proud,” said Erne Mayland. “We are all strangers to her, and she does n't feel at home.”

“Nonsense,” cried Olive, “we have been here half an hour, and asked her to play, and Miss Attredge wanted her to play, and she won't do a thing.”

“But I don't think it is nice at all to be here talking about her,” said Cicely.

“No, nor I neither,” declared Erne. “Come, let's go into the parlor.”

“I shall not go into the parlor to court Miss City-fied any more,” answered Olive. “It's too bad she should come here to spoil all our good time.”

But Erne and Cicely went into the parlor. Miss Attredge was just gathering them into a circle to play “*Hunt the Slipper*.” Cicely was about to take her place with the rest, when she noticed that the little stranger still sat apart, looking rather lonely and homesick. So she approached, her and asked, rather timidly, “Won't you play?”

“I don't know how,” answered Mary.

“But I will tell you all about it.”

“I would rather not.”

“Then I won't play, either,” said Cicely, cheerfully. “I'll show you Miss Attredge's photographs. No, I won't; I'll show you her snakes and birds. Miss Attredge always lets me touch them”;—and Cicely took from the lowest shelf of the bookcase a book so heavy she could hardly lift it; but the kindness in her heart put strength in her arms, and she tugged it along to a chair.

It was not in the nature of any girl ever so shy to resist the temptation of looking at pictures so beautiful and so dreadful as those that Cicely pointed out. The birds were wondrously brilliant, and the snakes coiled themselves in folds so fearful that Mary quite forgot her forlorn little self, and the two children were soon kneeling before the chair and pressing their eager heads close together in breathless excitement. When the others had grown tired of “*Hunt the Slipper*,” they too gathered around the chair, and the two heads were quite overtopped by a crowd of heads, and the two voices lost in a dozen voices chattering and exclaiming and explaining. The girls pretended to be very much afraid of the snakes, and shook and shivered. The boys pretended to have a great regard for snakes, and stroked their necks with brown, battered hands.

“Oh!” cried Olive, who had joined them; “but this is a paper snake, Mr. Nathan. If it was crawling on the grass, you would be careful how you touched it.”

"Pooh!" cried Nathan, "I'd just as soon touch it as touch your kitten. They're twice as handsome."

"Indeed they are," said Garnet. "Sweet little pets! dear little darlings!" and he made believe caress the snakes, but made rather awkward work of it, as boys generally do when they undertake to mimic girls. "Why, the other day, last summer, we caught a snake and tied him round the bedpost, and kept him there all night."

"Now, Garnet Moreford, you don't expect us to believe that!"

"Yes, he did, the dreadful creature!" cried Cicely. "Barney went into his room in the morning, and there 't was; and she screamed and 'most fainted, and Garnet laughed, and it was dreadful."

"Pooh! that's nothing," said Nathan. "I caught a little snake once, and wove him into my button-holes, and wore him all the forenoon. It's girls for being afraid of harmless pretty little things."

"Girls are no more afraid than boys," replied Olive, stoutly, always ready to stand up for her sex. "I found a nest of field-mice last summer, and took them up and brought them into the house in my apron. But a snake is n't harmless. Snakes poison you."

"Ho!" cried Nathan, "calling it courage not to be afraid of a mouse! Why, there was a mouse in the closet last Sunday, and he ran and hid under a crust of bread, and stuck his tail right up straight in the air, just like a handle, and I took hold of it as dainty, and carried him out-doors."

"And let him go?" asked Mary Ravis, eagerly, her fears of strangers quite vanished in the excitement of the horrible stories they were telling.

"Yes, I let him go. But Tabby had a word to say on that subject, and he did n't go very far."

"Well, I know what you *are* afraid of, Nat," said Olive, decidedly, — "a setting hen. For I was at your house when your mother wanted you to take one off the nest, and you did not dare. You said she pecked you so furiously you could n't!"

"O, pshaw!" laughed Nathan, good-humoredly, and giving himself a whirl, as if to shake off this disagreeable home-thrust, "what are you talking about? Mary Ravis will think we are a set of savages, telling her all sorts of scaring things. You never saw a snake, now did you, Miss Mary? She thinks butter grows on trees in brown burrs, and we get honey by milking bees in a ten-quart pail."

Mary would have been very much frightened, half an hour before, at being thus addressed before them all; but she had lost her first shyness, and Nathan's banter was so good-natured that she did not feel at all embarrassed, but laughed as heartily as the rest, while a little fresh color stole into her pale cheeks and a good deal of sunshine lighted up her brown eyes.

"No," said Garnet, kindly, "I warrant you this sly little puss knows a great deal more than any of us. Why, what do you think? She carries the Falls of Niagara in her pocket, or something."

"O, what a story!" laughed Mary.

"Why, Cicely, did n't you tell me so this morning?" asked Garnet, gravely.



"Why, no," answered Cicely, opening her astonished eyes, and pursing her rosy lips into the most decided denial. "I never said such a thing."

"Now Cissy, Cissy, young woman, what trouble have you led me into? Did n't you say the young lady from the city was going to bring a waterfall here, and did n't you want me to go and get the mill-dam to fasten on the back of your neck by way of offset?"

And then, being forced in self-defence, Cicely told the story of her waterfall, and they all laughed very merrily, somewhat to Olive's discomfiture. And then came other plays, games of forfeits, in which Mary readily joined. All manner of odd sentences they pronounced upon each other. Nathan in particular found no mercy at the hands of his girl-judges. He was condemned to wriggle across the room like a snake, to jump up in a chair like a squirrel, to bark like a dog, all of which he did so readily and so well, that he made them great entertainment.

"O, I never did see such a nice party in all my life!" whispered Mary confidentially to Cicely. "You all do such funny things!"

"O Mary!" said Cicely modestly, "you can do a great many beautiful things that we can't, I do suppose?"

"No, I don't do many things at all," said Mary. "I can dance, that is all; but I can't tell stories, and I can't play plays, and I can't think of forfeits, and I never did any funny things."

"Can you dance? Oh! I do like to see dancing."

"Do you? and I like to dance. Mr. Piccini says I dance very nicely, and O, I can dance the Shawl Dance, and the Highland Fling; would you like to see me?" she asked simply.

"O, of all things! and so would all the girls."

"Well," said Mary, "if Miss Attredge will play, I will. But do you think they would care to see me?"

"I know they would! O Garnet! Olive! O all of you! Mary Ravis will dance the Highland Fling and everything Miss Attredge will you play boys all come and sit down!" Cicely was too eager to be particular about her punctuation; but they understood her well enough, much better, indeed, than they understood the Highland Fling, which most of them had never heard of. But they were delighted with the sound of it.

So Mary went up stairs and put on her costume, — a marvellous little black velvet bodice adorned with gold lace, a bright plaid frock, delicately embroidered slippers, a cap and feather for her little shorn head, and a long scarlet scarf in her hands. The company gathered at the lower end of the parlor, and Mary, smiling and happy at the upper end, began the dance. Never were such doings seen in Applethorpe as went on between Mary and her scarf. In and out, back and forth, she wove it and flung it, and wreathed herself in it. She skipped up and down the room like a zephyr, she whirled about on the tips of her dainty slippers, she charged down upon the admiring crowd, and withdrew again, swift and graceful as a bird, for at least twenty minutes I should think, and then she made the sauciest little courtesy, and danced out of the room. Never were admirers more enthusiastic, and when she

reappeared in her usual dress once more, they quite overwhelmed her with their delight.



"And to think," said Olive frankly, "that I thought you were proud because you would n't play; and here you have done the beautifullest thing for us I ever saw."

"O, proud!" laughed Mary, "it's all I can do. It would be a pity if I could n't do something."

"But then we were so cross, I wonder you did it at all."

"You are not cross, I am sure," cried Mary eagerly.

"Yes I am cross," persisted Olive; "I am always cross if people don't do just as I want to have them right away. Cicely Moreford is the good one, and Erne Mayland, and all those midgets. For my part, I don't see how people can be so horribly good and patient all the time," — and Olive put on such an air of despairing humility that they could not help laughing at her.

So it happened that the "good time" which the little city girl was going to spoil, turned out to be not only not spoiled, but made a great deal better by her presence, — and all because one or two little girls went to work the right way, instead of standing scornfully aside and letting everything go the wrong way. But the impression that seemed to linger longest on Cicely's mind was, "And she was just like us. Why, she did n't even have a waterfall!"

*Gail Hamilton.*

## ANDY'S ADVENTURES ;

OR, THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

*(Concluded from the February No.)*

HAVING thought it all over, Andy resolved to make a new start, and not be deceived by anything again. Finding his coat very wet, he concluded to wring it out, and hang it somewhere to dry. He saw a log and a large wood-pile near by ; and he was going boldly to spread his coat on them in a good sunny place, when he happened to think that these also might be cheats, and that it would be wise to test them before going too near.

He took up a pebble, and threw it. He hit the end of the log, which immediately changed into a head with a hat on it ; and the log jumped up, and strode fiercely towards him, on two as good legs as ever he saw.

"What are you stoning me for ?" cried the log, with a terrible look.

"O Mr. Log ! I did n't mean to ! I did n't know it would hurt you !" said Andy, clasping his hands.

"I'll teach you to throw stones and call names !" growled the log, — no, not the log, but the teamster, whom Andy had mistaken for a log as he lay on the roadside by his wagon. And he gave two or three extra stripes to the boy's trousers with his long whiplash. "I did n't mean to ! I did n't know it would hurt you !" he said, mockingly, as he went back to his team ; while Andy rubbed his legs, and shrieked.

Now, when wagon and driver were gone, and the lad saw that there was neither log nor wood-pile anywhere by the road, he became more and more alarmed about himself. Everything was a lie, then ; and, the best he could do, he could not help being deceived and injured. Bitterly he regretted using old Mother Quirk so ill ; and he said to himself that he would never tell another lie in his life, if he could now only get safely home, and find things what they appeared to be.

Being very tired, he looked about for a stick to walk with. He thought, too, something of the kind would be useful to feel with, and test the truth of things. Soon he saw a very pretty stick lying in the sun. It was not quite straight ; but it had as handsome little wavy curves as if it had been carved. It was beautifully tapered ; and as he came quite near it, he saw that it was painted with the most wonderful colors, — glossy black, bright green spots, and silver rings. It appeared to be a cane, which probably some very rich man had lost. Its carved handle was of gold, set round with precious stones, in the midst of which were two very bright, glittering diamonds.

"Such a cane is worth picking up !" said Andy, highly pleased. "I hope the owner won't come to claim it." And he stooped down to take hold of the stick. But he had scarcely touched it, when it began to move and squirm, and coil up under his hand. He sprang back just in time to save his parents



the grief of a funeral ; for what he had mistaken for a cane was a living serpent of the most venomous kind ; and it raised its angry crest, darted out its forked tongue, and struck at him with its hooked fangs, making his blood curdle and his flesh creep, as he ran screaming away.

Andy reached a wall—or what seemed a wall—and scrambled upon it, putting one leg over it, and looking back ; when the stones began to sway and swell under him ; and the whole wall rose up with such a tremendous lurch, that he was nearly thrown head foremost to the ground. And he now perceived that, instead of climbing a wall, he had mounted a horse that lay dozing in the field. Before he could get off, the horse began to walk away. In vain Andy cried “Whoa !” and gently pulled his mane. The horse seemed to understand “Whoa !” to mean “Go along !” and he began to trot. Pulling his mane had the effect of pricking him with a goad ; and he commenced to prance. Then Andy gently patted him ; but he might as well have struck him with a whip. The animal began to gallop ! And when Andy, to avoid being flung off, clung to him with his feet, it was as if there had been sharp spurs in his heels, and the animal began to run !

Across the fields ; faster and faster and faster ; wildly snorting ; measuring the ground with fearfully long leaps, and making it thunder under his hoofs ; clearing fences and ditches, and heaps of brush and logs, as if he had wings ; away—away—away !—through thickets, through brier-lots, through gardens, and orchards, and farm-yards ; with Andy hugging his neck in terror extreme, thrusting into his ribs the heels that seemed to have spurs on them ; the wild steed scudded and plunged.

Andy clung as long as he could. The terrible bounces almost hurled him off ; the wind almost blew him off ; the thickets, and briers, and boughs of trees almost scratched him off. Everywhere along his track people came out to stare, and to stop the horse. Men hallooed and shook their hats ; boys screamed and shook their bats ; women “shooed” and shook their aprons ; all contributing to frighten him the more.

And now Andy felt his breath partly jolted out of him, and partly sucked out by the wind. And for a moment he scarcely knew anything, except that he was losing his hold, slipping, sliding,—a hairy surface passing rudely from under him,—and the ground suddenly flying up, with a stunning flap and slap, into his face.

In a little while a young lad, considerably resembling Andy, might have been seen sitting on the grass of a field, rubbing his shoulder, with a jarred and joyless expression of countenance, which seemed hesitating between fright and tears,—between numbness and deadness of despair, and a returning sense of pain and grief. He saw a gay-looking horse frisking and kicking up along by the fence ; felt in vain for his hat, but found a shock of wild hair instead ; saw his torn trousers, wet not with water only, but also with blood from his scratched legs ; arose slowly and sufferingly to his feet ; looked imploringly about him ; and began to snivel.

Not knowing what do do, he sat down again, and wept miserably, until he heard a sound of wheels, and a voice say, “Get up, Jerry !”

"That's our wagon — and father and mother!" exclaimed Andy, in great joy, springing up as quickly as his sore limbs would permit him. "Father! father!" and he ran towards the road.

The vehicle rattled on. His father either did not hear or did not heed him. He could not make his mother look up, scream as loud as he would. Jerry trotted soberly on, as before. Only Brin the dog pricked up his ears, gave a surly bark, leaped the fence, and approached him shyly, bristling and growling.

"Brin! Brin! here, Brin!" said Andy, alarmed at the dog's extraordinary behavior.

"Gr-r-r-r!" said Brin, with a snarl and a snap.

"O father! father!" shrieked Andy.

"Whoa!" said Mr. Mountford, stopping Jerry, and turning to look.

"Come here, Brin!" And he whistled.

Brin, having paused to take a sagacious snuff of Andy, without appearing to recognize him, ran back to the road, the boy following him.

"What's the trouble?" said Mrs. Mountford. "What a strange-looking dog that is!" — fixing her eyes on Andy. "It looks to me like a mad dog, and I'm afraid Brin will get bit. Come here, Brin!"

Brin ran obediently under the wagon; and Andy, flinging up his arms, rushed towards his parents.

"O, it's me! it's me! Father! mother! it's me!"

"Get out, you whelp!" exclaimed Mr. Mountford, striking at him with his whip.

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Andy, hit in the face by his own father's lash!

"Ki-hi, then!" And Mr. Mountford drove on.

Andy still followed, running as fast as he could, wildly weeping and calling.

"What a hateful dog that is!" said Mrs. Mountford. "Give me the whip!" And as soon as Andy got near enough, she beat him mercilessly over the bare head.

Then Andy, exhausted, out of breath, his heart broken, fell down despairingly, with his face in the dust, while the vehicle passed over the hill out of sight. There he lay, sobbing in his misery, and moistening with a little trickling stream of tears the sand by the bridge of his nose, when an old woman came hobbling that way on a crutch.

"What's this?" said she. Her back was curved like a bow; but she bent it still more, stooping over to look at Andy.

The boy raised his head, brushed the adhering dirt from his nose, lifted his eyes, and recognized good old Mother Quirk. But he could not speak.

"I declare!" said she, "one would think it was Andy Mountford, if anybody ever saw Andy Mountford in such a plight as this!"

That encouraged the wretched boy to open his mouth, spit out the dirt that obstructed his speech, and in grievous accents pour forth the story of his woes.

"But how do I know this is true?" said Mother Quirk, putting up a pinch of snuff under her hooked nose.

"It is true, every word ; as true as I am Andy !" wept the boy.

"But how do I know you are Andy ? Folks and things lie so, in this world !" said Mother Quirk. "But never mind ; I suppose it is fine sport ; and if it is really you, Andy, I suppose I may as well leave you to enjoy it !"

She adjusted her crutch, and was hobbling away, when Andy, on his knees, called after her, making the most solemn promises of truthfulness in the future, if she would help him home.

"How do I know what to believe ?" said the old woman, piercing him with her black, sparkling eyes. "You may be a reptile. I've known more than one that pretended to be human, and honest, and grateful, turn out a reptile at last. Everything is so deceitful, we never know what to depend upon."

She was passing on again ; but Andy ran after her, and caught her gown, still pleading and weeping.

"Bless my heart ! Is it really Andy ?" said she, leaning on her crutch. "I've a good mind to trust you, and try you once !"

"Do, do ! good Mother Quirk !"

"Well, come along ; my house is close by ; and there comes my black cat to meet me !"

Andy was overjoyed, and clung to her as if he was afraid she too would turn out a delusion, — a lie, — and work him some new mischief.

They passed a field, in which the old woman picked up a hat, which she placed on his head, and a handkerchief, which she told him to put into his pocket. "If you are Andy, they belong to you," she said, with a shrewd look out of her coal-black eyes.

They reached her cottage, where she washed him, combed his hair, took a few stitches in his clothes, and stroked his hurts with hands dipped in some exquisitely soothing ointment. Then they set out to return to his father's house.

She accompanied him as far as the well, where she gave him a sudden box on the ear, which set him whirling. The next he knew, he was getting up from the grass, like one awaking from a dream. He thought he had a glimpse of a crutch and a dark green gown vanishing behind the wood-shed, but could not be certain. He looked in vain upon his person for any evidence of rents and bruises, bee-stings or drenching. He was as good as new, to all appearance ; and one who did not know the subtle power of old Mother Quirk would have said that he had merely fallen asleep on the door-yard turf, and had a dream.

"Andy !" cried a voice.

That was a reality, if anything was. His folks had returned, and it was his father calling him. "Andy ! come and open the gate !"

He hastened to swing the old gate around on its hinges, while Brin ran up eagerly to caress him and leap upon his legs, and Jerry walked slowly through, drawing the family one-horse wagon.

"Have you been a good boy, Andy ?" asked his mother, dismounting at the horse-block.



"Yes, ma'am. I mean," he added, fearing that was an untruth, — "I don't know, — I guess not very!"

"What! you have n't been doing any mischief, have you?" cried his father.

Andy remembered the stories he had made up about the hawk killing the chicken, and the Beals boy throwing a stone through the pantry window. But he also remembered his terrible adventure in a world of lies, — mishaps and horrors which were somehow dreadfully real to him, whether he had actually experienced them, or dreamed them, or been insane and imagined them. So he falteringly said, "I — I — killed the top-knot with my bow-and-arrow!"

There indeed lay the top-knot, stark dead by the curb. His parents looked at it regretfully; and his father said, "I am sorry! sorry! that nice chicken! But you did n't mean to, did you?"

"I did n't think I should hit it!" said Andy, hanging his head with contrition.

"Well, if it was an accident, let it pass," said his mother. "It is n't so bad as if you had told a lie about it. I'd rather have every chicken killed, than have my son tell a lie!" And she caressed him fondly.

"You have n't done anything else, I hope?" said Mr. Mountford.

"I — I — shot at the cat, and sent my arrow through the window!" Andy confessed.

"Have n't I told you not to shoot your arrow towards the house?" cried his father, sternly. But, at a glance from Mrs. Mountford, he added, reluctantly, "But as you have been so truthful as to own up to it, I'll forgive you this time. Nothing pleases me so much as to have my son tell the truth; for the worst thing is lying."

That was what Mother Quirk had said, and it reminded Andy of the false alarm which had brought her to the house. That was the hardest thing for him to confess! And it was the hardest thing for his parents to forgive.

"Poor old Mrs. Quirk, with her lame leg!" his mother reproachfully said. "How could you, Andy?"

"I did n't think, — I did n't know how bad it was!" he replied.

"What did she say to you? What did the poor woman do?"

"She scolded me, and boxed my ears, and made me crazy, I guess, — for such awful things have happened to me! I never can tell what I have been through — or dreamed I went through — till she brought me back! But I've made up my mind I never will tell another lie, or act a lie again, if you will forgive me this once!"

"I forgive you! we forgive you! my dear, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Mountford, folding him in her arms, while Mr. Mountford smiled upon him, well pleased, and stroked his hair.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER III.

## MERRY TIMES.

WHEN the long northeast storms set in, and the misty clouds hung over the valley, and went hurrying away to the west, brushing the tops of the trees; when the rain, hour after hour, and day after day, fell aslant upon the roof of the little old house; when the wind swept around the eaves, and dashed in wild gusts against the windows, and moaned and wailed in the forests, — then it was that Paul sometimes felt his spirits droop, for the circumstances of life were all against him. He was poor. His dear, kind mother was sick. She had worked day and night to keep that terrible wolf from the door, which is always prowling around the houses of poor people. But the wolf had come, and was looking in at the windows. There was a debt due Mr. Funk for rice, sugar, biscuit, tea, and other things which Doctor Arnica said his mother must have. There was the doctor's bill. The flour-barrel was getting low, and the meal-bag was almost empty. Paul saw the wolf every night as he lay in his bed, and he wished he could kill it.

When his mother was taken sick, he left school and became her nurse. It was hard for him to lay down his books, for he loved them, but it was pleasant to wait upon her. The neighbors were kind. Azalia Adams often came tripping in with something nice, — a tumbler of jelly, or a plate of toast, which her mother had prepared; and she had such cheerful words, and spoke so pleasantly, and moved round the room so softly, putting everything in order, that the room was lighter, even on the darkest days, for her presence.

When, after weeks of confinement to her bed, Paul's mother was strong enough to sit in her easy-chair, Paul went out to fight the wolf. He worked for Mr. Middlekauf, in his cornfield. He helped Mr. Chrome paint wagons. He surveyed land, and ran lines for the farmers, earning a little here and a little there. As fast as he obtained a dollar, it went to pay the debts. As the seasons passed away, — spring, summer, and autumn, — Paul could see that the wolf grew smaller day by day. He denied himself everything, except plain food. He was tall, stout, hearty, and rugged. The winds gave him health; his hands were hard, but his heart was tender. When through his day's work, though his bones ached and his eyes were drowsy, he seldom went to sleep without first studying awhile, and closing with a chapter from the Bible, for he remembered what his grandfather often said, — that a chapter from the Bible was a good thing to sleep on.

The cool and bracing breezes of November, the nourishing food which Paul obtained, brought the color once more to his mother's cheeks; and when at length she was able to be about the house, they had a jubilee, — a glad day of thanksgiving, — for, in addition to this blessing of health, Paul had killed the wolf, and the debts were all paid.

As the winter came on, the subject of employing Mr. Rhythm to teach a singing-school was discussed. Mr. Quaver, a tall, slim man, with a long, red nose, had led the choir for many years. He had a loud voice, and twisted his words so badly, that his singing was like the blare of a trumpet. On Sundays, after Rev. Mr. Surplice read the hymn, the people were accustomed to hear a loud Hawk! from Mr. Quaver, as he tossed his tobacco-quad into a spittoon, and an Ahem! from Miss Gamut. She was the leading first treble, a small lady with a sharp, shrill voice. Then Mr. Fiddleman sounded the key on the bass-viol, do-mi-sol-do, helping the trebles and tenors climb the stairs of the scale; then he hopped down again, and rounded off with a thundering swell at the bottom, to let them know he was safely down, and ready to go ahead. Mr. Quaver led, and the choir followed like sheep, all in their own way and fashion.

The people had listened to this style of music till they were tired of it. They wanted a change, and decided to engage Mr. Rhythm, a nice young man, to teach a singing-school for the young folks. "We have a hundred boys and girls here in the village, who ought to learn to sing, so that they can sit in the singing-seats, and praise God," said Judge Adams.

But Mr. Quaver opposed the project. "The young folks want a frolic, sir," he said; "yes, sir, a frolic, a high time. Rhythm will be teaching them new-fangled notions. You know, Judge, that I hate flummiddles; I go for the good old things, sir. The old tunes which have stood the wear and tear of time, and the good old style of singing, sir."

Mr. Quaver did not say all he thought, for he could see that, if the singing-school was kept, he would be in danger of losing his position as chorister. But, notwithstanding his opposition, Mr. Rhythm was engaged to teach the school. Paul determined to attend. He loved music.

"You have n't any coat fit to wear," said his mother. "I have altered over your grandfather's pants and vest for you, but I cannot alter his coat. You will have to stay at home, I guess."

"I can't do that, mother, for Mr. Rhythm is one of the best teachers that ever was, and I don't want to miss the chance. I'll wear grandpa's coat just as it is."

"The school will laugh at you."

"Well, let them laugh, I sha'n't stay at home for that. I guess I can stand it," said Paul, resolutely.

The evening fixed upon for the school to commence arrived. All the young folks in the town were there. Those who lived out of the village—the farmers' sons and daughters—came in red, yellow, and green wagons. The girls wore close-fitting hoods with pink linings, which they called "kiss-me-if-ye-dares." Their cheeks were all aglow with the excitement of the occasion. When they saw Mr. Rhythm, how pleasant and smiling he was,—when they heard his voice, so sweet and melodious,—when they saw how sprily he walked, as if he meant to accomplish what he had undertaken,—they said to one another, "How different he is from Mr. Quaver!"

Paul was late on the first evening, for when he put on his grandfather's



coat, his mother looked at it a long while to see if there was not some way by which she could make it look better. Once she took the shears and was going to cut off the tail, but Paul stopped her. "I don't want it curtailed, mother."

"It makes you look like a little old man, Paul; I would n't go."

"If I had better clothes, I should wear them, mother; but as I have n't, I shall wear these. I hope to earn money enough some time to get a better coat; but grandpa wore this, and I am not ashamed to wear what he wore," he replied, more resolute than ever. Perhaps, if he could have seen how he looked, he would not have been quite so determined, for the sleeves hung like bags on his arms, and the tail almost touched the floor.

Mr. Rhythm had just rapped the scholars to their seats when Paul entered. There was a tittering, a giggle, then a roar of laughter. Mr. Rhythm looked round to see what was the matter, and smiled. For a moment Paul's courage failed him. It was not so easy to be laughed at as he had imagined. He was all but ready to turn about and leave the room. "No I won't, I'll face it out," he said to himself, walked deliberately to a seat, and looked bravely round, as if asking, "What are you laughing at?"

There was something in his manner which instantly won Mr. Rhythm's respect, and which made him ashamed of himself for having laughed. "Silence! No more laughing," he said; but, notwithstanding the command, there was a constant tittering among the girls. Mr. Rhythm began by saying, "We will sing Old Hundred. I want you all to sing, whether you can sing right or not." He snapped his tuning-fork, and began. The school followed, each one singing,—putting in sharps, flats, naturals, notes, bars, and rests, just as they pleased. "Very well. Good volume of sound. Only I don't think Old Hundred ever was sung so before, or ever will be again," said the master, smiling.

Michael Murphy was confident that he sang gloriously, though he never varied his tone up or down. He was ciphering in fractions at school, and what most puzzled him were the figures in the bars. He wondered if  $\frac{3}{4}$  was a vulgar fraction, and if so, he thought it would be better to express it as a mixed number,  $1\frac{3}{4}$ .

During the evening, Mr. Rhythm, noticing that Michael sang without any variation of tone, said, "Now, Master Murphy, please sing *la* with me";—and Michael sang bravely, not frightened in the least.

"Very well. Now please sing it a little higher."

"*La*," sang Michael on the same pitch, but louder.

"Not louder, but higher."

"*LA!*" responded Michael, still louder, but with the pitch unchanged.

There was tittering among the girls.

"Not so, but thus,"—and Mr. Rhythm gave an example, first low, then high. "Now once more."

"*LA!*" bellowed Michael on the same pitch.

Daphne Dare giggled aloud, and the laughter, like a train of powder, ran through the girls' seats over to the boys' side of the house, where it

exploded in a loud haw ! haw ! Michael laughed with the others, but he did not know what for.

Recess came. "Halloo, Grandpa ! How are you, Old Pensioner ? Your coat puckers under the arms, and there is a wrinkle in the back," said Philip Funk to Paul. His sister Fanny pointed her finger at him ; and Paul heard her whisper to one of the girls, "Did you ever see such a monkey ?"

It nettled him, and so, losing his temper, he said to Philip, "Mind your business."

"Just hear Granddaddy Parker, the old gentleman in the bob-tailed coat," said Philip.

"You are a puppy," said Paul. But he was vexed with himself for having said it. If he had held his tongue, and kept his temper, and braved the sneers of Philip in silence, he might have won a victory ; for he remembered a Sunday-school lesson upon the text, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." As it was, he had suffered a defeat, and went home that night disgusted with himself.

Pleasant were those singing-school evenings. Under Mr. Rhythm's instructions the young people made rapid progress. Then what fine times they had at recess, eating nuts, apples, and confectionery, picking out the love-rhymes from the sugar-cockles !

"I cannot tell the love  
I feel for you, my dove,"

was Philip's gift to Azalia. Paul had no money to purchase sweet things at the store ; his presents were nuts which he had gathered in the autumn. In the kindness of his heart he gave a double-handful to Philip's sister, Fanny ; but she turned up her nose, and let them drop upon the floor.

Society in New Hope was mixed. Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and Mr. Funk were rich men. Colonel Dare was said to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. No one knew what Mr. Funk was worth ; but he had a store, and a distillery, which kept smoking day and night and Sunday, without cessation, grinding up corn, and distilling it into whiskey. There was always a great black smoke rising from the distillery-chimney. The fires were always roaring, and the great vats steaming. Colonel Dare made his money by buying and selling land, wool, corn, and cattle. Judge Adams was an able lawyer, known far and near as honest, upright, and learned. He had had a great practice ; but though the Judge and Colonel were so wealthy, and lived in fine houses, they did not feel that they were better than their neighbors, so that there was no aristocracy in the place, but the rich and the poor were alike respected and esteemed.

The New Year was at hand, and Daphne Dare was to give a party. She was Colonel Dare's only child,—a laughing, blue-eyed, sensible girl, who attended the village school, and was in the same class with Paul.

"Whom shall I invite to my party, father ?" she asked.

"Just whom you please, my dear," said the Colonel.

"I don't know what to do about inviting Paul Parker. Fanny Funk says

she don't want to associate with a fellow who is so poor that he wears his grandfather's old clothes," said Daphne.

"Poverty is not a crime, my daughter. I was poor once, — poor as Paul is. Money is not virtue, my dear. It is a good thing to have; but persons are not necessarily bad because they are poor, neither are they good because they are rich," said the Colonel.

"Should you invite him, father, if you were in my place?"

"I do not wish to say, my child, for I want you to decide the matter yourself."

"Azalia says that she would invite him; but Fanny says that if I invite him, she shall not come."

"Aha!" The Colonel opened his eyes wide. "Well, my dear, you are not to be influenced wholly by what Azalia says, and you are to pay no attention to what Fanny threatens. You make the party. You have a perfect right to invite whom you please; and if Fanny don't choose to come, she has the privilege of staying away. I think, however, that she will not be likely to stay at home even if you give Paul an invitation. Be guided by your own sense of right, my darling. That is the best guide."

"I wish you'd give Paul a coat, father. You can afford to, can't you?"

"Yes; but he can't afford to receive it." Daphne looked at her father in amazement. "He can't afford to receive such a gift from me, because it is better for him to fight the battle of life without any help from me or anybody else at present. A good man offered to help me when I was a poor boy; but I thanked him, and said, 'No, sir.' I had made up my mind to cut my own way, and I guess Paul has made up his mind to do the same thing," said the Colonel.

"I shall invite him. I'll let Fanny know that I have a mind of my own," said Daphne, with determination in her voice.

Her father kissed her, but kept his thoughts to himself. He appeared to be pleased, and Daphne thought that he approved her decision.

The day before New Year Paul received a neatly folded note, addressed to Mr. Paul Parker. How funny it looked! It was the first time in his life that he had seen "Mr." prefixed to his name. He opened it, and read that Miss Daphne Dare would receive her friends on New Year's eve at seven o'clock. A great many thoughts passed through his mind. How could he go and wear his grandfather's coat? At school he was on an equal footing with all; but to be one of a party in a richly furnished parlor, where Philip, Fanny, and Azalia, and other boys and girls whose fathers had money, could turn their backs on him and snub him, was very different. It was very kind in Daphne to invite him, and ought he not to accept her invitation? Would she not think it a slight if he did not go? What excuse could he offer if he stayed away? None, except that he had no nice clothes. But she knew that, yet she had invited him. She was a true-hearted girl, and would not have asked him if she had not wanted him. Thus he turned the matter over, and decided to go.

But when the time came, Paul was in no haste to be there. Two or three



times his heart failed him, while on his way; but looking across the square, and seeing Colonel Dare's house all aglare,—lights in the parlors and chambers, he pushed on resolutely, determined to be manly, notwithstanding his poverty. He reached the house, rang the bell, and was welcomed by Daphne in the hall.

"Good evening, Paul. You are very late. I was afraid you were not coming. All the others are here," she said, her face beaming with happiness, joy, and excitement. She was elegantly dressed, for she was her father's pet, and he bought everything for her which he thought would make her happy.

"Better late than never, is n't it?" said Paul, not knowing what else to say.

Although the party had been assembled nearly an hour, there had been no games. The girls were huddled in groups on one side of the room, and the boys on the other, all shy, timid, and waiting for somebody to break the ice. Azalia was playing the piano, while Philip stood by her side. He was dressed in a new suit of broadcloth, and wore an eye-glass. Fanny was pres-



ent, though she had threatened not to attend if Paul was invited. She had altered her mind. She thought it would be better to attend and make the place too hot for Paul; she would get up such a laugh upon him that he would be glad to take his hat and sneak away, and never show himself in respectable society again. Philip was in the secret, and so were a dozen others who looked up to Philip and Fanny. Daphne entered the parlor,

followed by Paul. There was a sudden tittering, snickering, and laughing. Paul stopped and bowed, then stood erect.

"I declare, if there is n't old Granddaddy," said Philip, squinting through his eye-glass.

"O my! how funny!" said a girl from Fairview.

"Ridiculous! It is a shame!" said Fanny, turning up her nose.

"Who is he?" the Fairview girl asked.

"A poor fellow who lives on charity, — so poor that he wears his grandfather's old clothes. We don't associate with him," was Fanny's reply.

Paul heard it. His cheek flushed, but he stood there, determined to brave it out. Azalia heard and saw it all. She stopped playing in the middle of a measure, ran from her seat with her cheeks all aflame, and walked towards Paul, extending her hand and welcoming him. "I am glad you have come, Paul. We want you to wake us up. We have been half asleep."

The laughter ceased instantly, for Azalia was a queen among them. Beautiful in form and feature, her chestnut hair falling in luxuriant curls upon her shoulders, her dark hazel eyes flashing indignantly, her cheeks like blush-roses, every feature of her countenance lighted up by the excitement of the moment, her bearing subdued the conspiracy at once, hushing the derisive laughter, and compelling respect, not only for herself, but for Paul. It required an effort on his part to keep back the tears from his eyes, so grateful was he for her kindness.

"Yes, Paul, we want you to be our general, and tell us what to do," said Daphne.

"Very well, let us have Copenhagen to begin with," he said.

The ice was broken. Daphne brought in her mother's clothes-line, the chairs were taken from the room, and in five minutes the parlor was humming like a beehive.

"I don't see what you can find to like in that disagreeable creature," said Philip to Azalia.

"He is a good scholar, and kind to his mother, and you know how courageous he was when he killed that terrible dog," was her reply.

"I think he is an impudent puppy. What right has he to thrust himself into good company, wearing his grandfather's old clothes?" Philip responded, dangling his eye-glass and running his soft hand through his hair.

"Paul is poor; but I never have heard anything against his character," said Azalia.

"Poor folks ought to be kept out of good society," said Philip.

"What do you say to that picture?" said Azalia, directing his attention towards a magnificent picture of Franklin crowned with laurel by the ladies of the court of France, which hung on the wall. "Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy, and dipped candles for a living; but he became a great man."

"Dipped candles! Why, I never heard of that before," said Philip, looking at the engraving through his eye-glass.

"I don't think it is any disgrace to Paul to be poor. I am glad that Daphne invited him," said Azalia, so resolutely that Philip remained silent.

He was shallow-brained and ignorant, and thought it not best to hazard an exposure of his ignorance by pursuing the conversation.

After Copenhagen they had Fox and Geese, and Blind-man's-buff. They guessed riddles and conundrums, had magic writing, questions and answers, and made the parlor, the sitting-room, the spacious halls, and the wide stairway ring with their merry laughter. How pleasant the hours! Time flew on swiftest wings. They had a nice supper, — sandwiches, tongue, ham, cakes, custards, floating-islands, apples, and nuts. After supper they had stories, serious and laughable, about ghosts and witches, till the clock in the dining-room held up both of its hands and pointed to the figure twelve, as if in amazement at their late staying. "Twelve o'clock! Why, how short the evening has been!" said they, when they found how late it was. They had forgotten all about Paul's coat, for he had been the life of the party, suggesting something new when the games lagged. He was so gentlemanly, and laughed so heartily and pleasantly, and was so wide awake, and managed everything so well, that, notwithstanding the conspiracy to put him down, he had won the good-will of all the party.

During the evening Colonel Dare and Mrs. Dare entered the room. The Colonel shook hands with Paul, and said, "I am very happy to see you here to-night, Paul." It was spoken so heartily and pleasantly that Paul knew the Colonel meant it.

The young gentlemen were to wait upon the young ladies home. Their hearts went pit-a-pat. They thought over whom to ask and what to say. They walked nervously about the hall, pulling on their gloves, while the girls were putting on their cloaks and hoods up stairs. They also were in a fever of expectation and excitement, whispering mysteriously, their hearts going like trip-hammers.

Daphne stood by the door to bid her guests good night. "I am very glad that you came to-night, Paul," she said, pressing his hand in gratitude, "I don't know what we should have done without you."

"I have passed a very pleasant evening," he replied.

Azalia came tripping down the stairs. "Shall I see you home, Azalia?" Paul asked.

"Miss Adams, shall I have the delightful pleasure of being permitted to escort you to your residence?" said Philip, with his most gallant air, at the same time pushing by Paul with a contemptuous look.

"Thank you both for your courtesies," said Azalia, "but I think I shall accept Paul's offer"; — and putting her slender arm through his sturdy one, she passed out of the doorway, leaving Philip to console himself at his deserved discomfiture as best he could.

Paul was a proud and happy youth as he went out into the street with Azalia under his charge, among the lively groups busy with their comments upon the enjoyments of the party and their good-nights as they separated on their homeward ways. The night was frosty and cold, but it was clear and pleasant. The full moon was high in the heavens, the air was still, and there were no sounds to break the peaceful silence of the winter night, except the

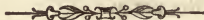


water dashing over the dam by the mill, the footsteps of the departing guests upon the frozen ground, and the echoing of their voices. Now that he was with Azalia alone, he wanted to tell her how grateful he was for all she had done for him ; but he could only say, " I thank you, Azalia, for your kindness to me to-night."

" O, don't mention it, Paul ; I am glad if I have helped you. Good night."

How light-hearted he was ! He went home, and climbed the creaking stairway, to his chamber. The moon looked in upon him, and smiled. He could not sleep, so happy was he. How sweet those parting words ! The water babbled them to the rocks, and beyond the river in the grand old forest, where the breezes were blowing, there was a pleasant murmuring of voices, as if the elms and oaks were having a party, and all were saying, " We are glad if we have helped you."

*Carleton.*



## THE RED-WINGED GOOSE.

FROM his dream Mihal was waked by a loud hiss, and, starting to his feet, he saw that the moon shone like day on a goose with brilliant crimson wings, followed by six snow-white goslings, just disappearing in the forest. He did not wait to rub his eyes, but darted away on the track of the birds as fast as he could go, still keeping the nearest one in sight. Nothing could tire his patience or wear out his courage ; the crooked roots of the old beech-trees seemed to crawl and twist purposely before his eager little feet, and more than once the low brambles of the forest scratched his face sharply as he fell forward among them. But Mihal had a stout heart ; he scrambled up as he best might, and pursued the goslings with fresh ardor over hill and valley, far beyond the pine forest, and skirting its borders, till at length he found himself at dawn near the same hill where he had entered the dwarfs' cave, and as he followed the goslings up the hill-side, slippery with dry grass, he fell at length by the bubbling fountain. Tears of fatigue and discouragement came into his eyes ; but as he raised his head slowly from the ground, lo ! there on the edge of the spring sat the goose and her brood, wellnigh as tired as he. Mihal stretched his hand forward slowly and softly, till he grasped the snowy down of the gosling that sat nearest him, and twisted a finger about its neck ; the goose and goslings sailed away, flapping their wings heavily, and Mihal tied his treasure tightly and safely with a little leathern thong, wondering where he should bestow it, when he heard a voice at his ear, and, turning, saw the grizzled head of the Dwarf-king, set, as it might be, under a round stone in the hill-side, with his little glittering eyes fixed on the child's prize. In fact the king was looking out of his chamber

window, only that happened to be under a stone, and as Mihal saw the outside alone, nor could guess at the inside, he was naturally a little startled, though he laughed and held up the gosling in triumph. The dwarf nodded at Mihal, and asked him in to breakfast, for he was mightily in good-humor that morning because his miners had found a carbuncle as big as a goose-egg the day before, and brought news of a streak of pure gold right across the nearest mountain; moreover, he offered to keep the goslings for him, give him a good meal whenever he came to bring one, and told him always to wait for them by the forest cross, as they flew by there every night after moon-rise. So the boy dropped an acorn into the fountain, and the little old woman came to the door and let him in. He saw his bird safely caged, ate an excellent breakfast, and then trudged home to find his brothers and sisters still asleep; so he stole in to his own corner and slept too, till noon, for his mother wisely thought he had better sleep than eat.

The next night, after much the same adventures, he caught another gosling on the bough of a fir-tree far beyond the pine-forest, and carried it for many a mile before he reached the Dwarf-king's hill; and then, after his warm breakfast, the day was so far gone he did not care to go home, but made a nest of dry leaves under a great tree, and took a long nap in the sunshine. Nor did he leave the forest till night, for with an oaten cake and a bit of smoked boar's flesh that remained from his breakfast, and the sweet water of the spring, he supped like a lord. But by sunset he hastened home to find his mother watching without the hut, her hand shading her eyes from the level rays, and her mother-heart sore lest some evil had befallen her little lad. Mihal feigned to eat his crust with the others, but put it slyly into Zitza's hand, told the others stories till they slept, and then made his way through the woods and the midnight, as well as he might, to his place of waiting. Very dark and rustling was the old forest that night, full of sighs and whispers and moaning winds; the boy's heart shivered, and his flesh crept, for he was cold and weary, and as he sat down beside the stone cross the shadows closed and pressed upon him till he could scarce breathe, and a chill sweat stood all over him. How in this black darkness was he to see the birds he came to pursue?

Suddenly a whirl of wings freshened the heavy air, the glittering white of the goslings' plumage shone even in that deep gloom, and from the red wings of the goose herself a tender, rosy light spread and glowed like a wandering sunset-cloud. Mihal remembered no more cold, or darkness, or fear, but started to his feet and pursued his chase as manfully as ever. This time they took a new track, deep into the heart of the forest, and sorely was Mihal's patience tried to follow them. Sometimes, just as the last one seemed to be within reach, his eager hands would close over a feather fallen from its wings, or a lock of wool caught from some lost sheep, instead of the bird he grasped at, and in the uncertain light that struggled through the thick boughs it was not always easy to see even the nearest gosling; but as day began to dawn, this strange hunt and child hunter came out of the forest into a gray and dismal marsh, through which ran slowly a muddy

stream, winding through tussocks of coarse grass. On its brink the birds lighted to drink, and Mihal stole carefully up behind them, sure at last of success. They stood quite still, eagerly drinking, all unaware of the enemy behind them, while he, careless of the dwarf's directions, and anxious for the prey, determined this time to catch two instead of one, and stretching out his left hand toward the nearest, grasped with his right at another; but, poor child! so sure of the nearest was he, that, in trying first to seize the other, he fell full length in the soft black mud of the marsh, and the goslings, taking wing, were out of sight before Mihal, his face plastered with mire, could pick himself up from the side of the stream and see whither they went.

When he found they were really gone, he sat down on a stone and began to cry bitterly. Cold and hungry, tired out, disappointed, conscious withal that his fault lay beneath his failing, he was near to despair, and knew not how to look for comfort, when in the midst of his distress he heard a short, sharp laugh close at his side, and, looking up, perceived the Dwarf-king right before him, holding a square mirror, over which peered his keen, twinkling eyes and grizzled head circled with the ring of gold.

"Look here, child!" said he, tapping the frame of the mirror. Mihal looked, and beheld therein his own piteous figure perched upon a rugged stone, his old baize jacket more torn and soiled than ever, his coarse hat of oaten straw bruised and askew over one ear, his face daubed with mud, through which the tears made little paths till he was well striped in black and white. A funny sight he was to see, and while he kept looking at this quaint vision he forgot to cry, began to smile, and at last laughed outright; for surely it was a sight to make any stone saint in Prague Cathedral shake his hard sides with rocky laughter.

"There," quoth the Dwarf-king, "a laugh is as good as a loaf; the toad-marsh needs no salting of tears; take heart, little lad, take heart! Wash thy face and gather grace, — 'There is always life for a living one!'"

Mihal rid his features of their stripes, tucked away the tangled curls of his hair, and turned again to the mirror with a smile that showed his small white teeth, glittered in his sloe-black eyes, and printed many a dimple deep in his rosy cheeks and chin; the thousand tiny bells on the mirror frame tinkled for joy, and the dwarf pulled out of his snake-skin pouch some savory meat and cakes, with which the child refreshed himself heartily and well. But Mihal was not spared a good rating after all the food had vanished.

"Thou art a pretty one," said the dwarf, "to keep counsel and follow fortune; but he that breaks his arms must needs hold by his teeth, and he that hath two must also have seven, though it be seven years seeking. Four nights must pass before yonder spell-ridden bird may again see the pine-tree and the Fountain of Silence, and the bird that is frightened is swift of flight thereafter. Still, I counsel thee to go forward."

Mihal hung his head, and made a reverence to the dwarf, while with his eyes he looked his gratitude, and also his fresh resolve. The little king showed him a short way homeward, and suddenly disappeared just as a slant



ray from the new-risen sun touched the spot where he stood ; for these hill people love not sunshine, — it does not jingle or feel heavy, and it mocks them with its yellow brightness. Mihal made his way home, and for four nights tossed wearily upon the straw under his sheepskin blanket. In vain the waning moon shone through the crevices of the hut, in vain the mild night-airs from the pine-trees breathed their mystic fragrance abroad. He would not now despise the dwarf's wisdom, he would wait if he might not watch or pursue. At last the fifth night came, and long before the late moon-rise Mihal leaned against the forest cross. High overhead, the stars marched through the purple heaven in glittering state and splendor, and meteors spun their threads of fiery light from planet to planet, as bent on some celestial errand ; but soon clouds gathered above the lonely earth, storm-rack fled through the vaults of air, gusts of wind bent the forest, that sighed and groaned before the gale ; afar off the howl of a wolf added another discord to the tempest-chorus, and the wild yell of the witch-owl, or the scream of a benighted eagle driven by the powers of air from his eyrie, smote Mihal's heart with terror, and filled his soul with dread. A sob of fright burst from his lips, but a voice of good cheer beside him said, "Patience !" and as the word fell on his ear he heard the rush of the goose's wings, a dull red light gleamed in the north and spread along the clouds, and once more his chase began.

Long, long, and dreary it was this time ; sometimes he thought the birds would never light, to rest or drink ; on and on they flew, while on and on he followed, though his head whirled, and his heart beat as if it would break. At last the line of the goose's flight led past a thick cedar whose boughs swept the ground, and the last gosling, swerving a little from the line, flew headlong into the thickest branches, and before it could flutter itself free was safe clutched in Mihal's two hands. Speedily he made his way to the Dwarf-king with his treasure, had his sore and bleeding feet anointed and bound up carefully, was well warmed and fed, and freely praised by the little master for his good-will and courage.

It would take long, and too long, to tell how slowly Mihal caught the other three ; what mountain ridges rose up in his path and daunted his bravery for a time ; what trackless forests, what desert heaths, what solitary lakes on whose margin the heron stalked and the gull screamed, what mighty rolling rivers, were traversed and passed in his nightly chases ; but he that keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut comes at last to bed and table, though it be never so long first ; and when Mihal grasped the sixth gosling on the shore of a dark inland sea, sombre with the shadow of overhanging cliffs, the red-winged goose herself, loath to leave the last of her brood, lighted upon his shoulder, and he carried her home in triumph.

Once there, he built for her a large and light cage of little pine-boughs, and strewed its floor with sweet leaves of fir and birch, where the beautiful bird contented herself, and ere long laid therein snowy eggs like any other goose. These Mihal carefully stored, and when he had a goodly number sent them to the land-steward of a great lord who had a castle in that coun-

try. Now this mightily pleased the land-steward, who above all things liked fried goose-eggs for his supper, — so much that he sent for Mihal to come and live with him, and also bestowed food upon the eight children, and five roods of good land upon Otto Koenig.

Mihal lived with him till he became as his son, and, after years enough had passed to make the boy a man, the land-steward made him under-bailiff on the great lord his master's estate, and built him there a nice wooden house with two windows and a door that would shut. Here Mihal lived for some time with only the red-winged goose and Zitza for company, but Zitza needs must marry and go away, so Mihal asked the land-steward's pretty daughter to marry him. Hanne had much ado to say "No," as modest maidens should, even if they say "Yes" after, as she did; so the banns were read, and they were wedded, like all good people, with priest and mass-book.

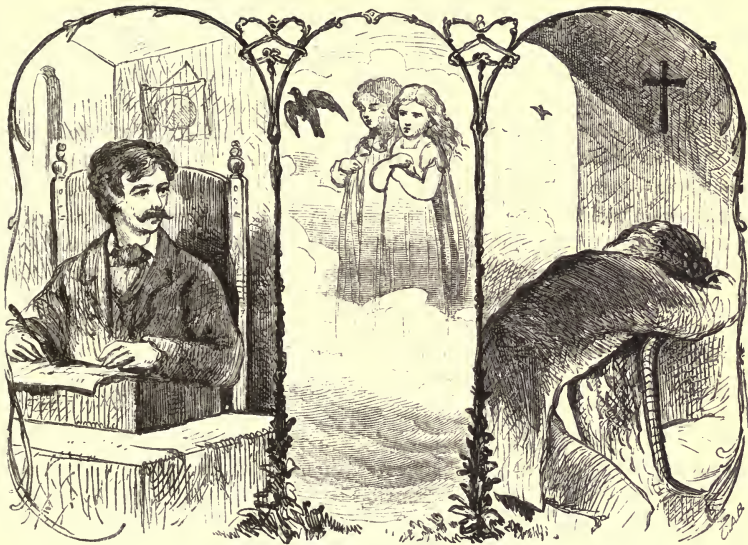
The Dwarf-king was seen no more; long ago had he eaten a goose-pie of marvellous flavor, made from the six goslings, that Mihal dressed and the jackdaw woman compounded into the pastry with spices abundant, and crispy crust; and maybe it was in return for this that on Mihal's wedding-day a red apron curiously wrought with gold and silk threads fell down the chimney right into Hanne's lap. Mihal at least believed it was the Dwarf-king's present, for the like of it had never been seen in all Bohemia, and whenever the little wife put it on, all house-matters went smoothly and right.

And there never was but one thing that troubled Hanne about her man, in all their long life; but alas! if ever she made a pudding before she cleaned the pot, if ever she poured in the cream before she scalded the churn, if ever she went to mass before the children were washed and fed, or rated a beggar from the door and bought the Virgin in the castle chapel a costly offering, Mihal would shake his head and say, "Hanne! Hanne! thou shouldst catch the nearest one first!" Nor could either tears or kisses persuade him to tell her what this strange speech meant. So everybody must allow she was an ill-used woman, as all women are — when they think so!

And this is all, about THE RED-WINGED GOOSE.

*Rose Terry.*





### MY HEAVENLY BIRD.

OUT of the deeps of heaven  
 A bird has flown to my door,  
 As twice in the ripening summers  
 Its mates have flown before !

Why it has flown to my dwelling,  
 Nor it nor I may know ;  
 And only the silent angels  
 Can tell when it shall go !

That it will not straightway vanish,  
 But fold its wings with me,  
 And sing in the greenest branches  
 Till the axe is laid to the tree,

Is the prayer of my love and terror,  
 For my soul is sore distress,  
 Lest I wake some dreadful morning,  
 And find but its empty nest !

*R. H. Stoddard.*



## OUR DOGS.

## I.

WE who live in Cunopolis are a dog-loving family. We have a warm side towards everything that goes upon four paws, and the consequence has been that, taking things first and last, we have been always kept in confusion and under the paw, so to speak, of some honest four-footed tyrant, who would go beyond his privilege and overrun the whole house. Years ago this begun, when our household consisted of a papa, a mamma, and three or four noisy boys and girls, and a kind Miss Anna who acted as a second mamma to the whole. There was also one more of our number, the youngest, dear little bright-eyed Charley, who was king over us all, and rode in a wicker wagon for a chariot, and had a nice little nurse devoted to him; and it was through him that our first dog came.

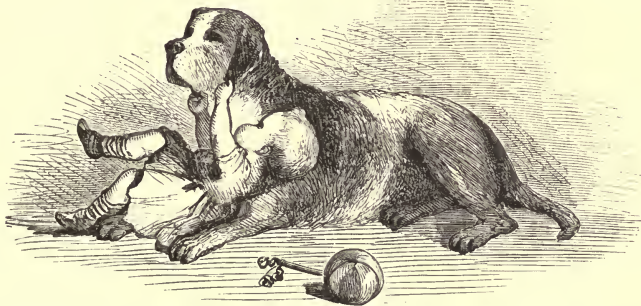
One day Charley's nurse took him quite a way to a neighbor's house, to spend the afternoon; and, he being well amused, they stayed till after night-fall. The kind old lady of the mansion was concerned that the little prince in his little coach, with his little maid, had to travel so far in the twilight shadows, and so she called a big dog named Carlo, and gave the establishment into his charge.

Carlo was a great, tawny-yellow mastiff, as big as a calf, with great, clear, honest eyes, and stiff, wiry hair; and the good lady called him to the side of the little wagon, and said, "Now, Carlo, you must take good care of Charley, and you must n't let anything hurt him."

Carlo wagged his tail in promise of protection, and away he trotted, home with the wicker wagon; and when he arrived, he was received with so much applause by four little folks, who dearly loved the very sight of a dog, he was so stroked and petted and caressed, that he concluded that he liked the place better than the home he came from, where were only very grave elderly people. He tarried all night, and slept at the foot of the boys' bed, who could hardly go to sleep for the things they found to say to him, and who were awake ever so early in the morning, stroking his rough, tawny back, and hugging him.

At his own home Carlo had a kennel all to himself, where he was expected to live quite alone, and do duty by watching and guarding the place. Nobody petted him, or stroked his rough hide, or said "Poor dog!" to him, and so it appears he had a feeling that he was not appreciated, and liked our warm-hearted little folks, who told him stories, gave him half of their own supper, and took him to bed with them sociably. Carlo was a dog that had a mind of his own, though he could n't say much about it, and in his dog fashion proclaimed his likes and dislikes quite as strongly as if he could speak. When the time came for taking him home, he growled and showed his teeth dangerously at the man who was sent for him, and it was necessary to drag

him back by force, and tie him into his kennel. However, he soon settled that matter by gnawing the rope in two and padding down again and appearing among his little friends, quite to their delight. Two or three times was he taken back and tied or chained ; but he howled so dismally, and snapped at people in such a misanthropic manner, that finally the kind old lady thought it better to have no dog at all than a dog soured by blighted affection. So she loosed his rope, and said, "There, Carlo, go and stay where you like" ; and so Carlo came to us, and a joy and delight was he to all in the house. He loved one and all ; but he declared himself as more than all the slave and property of our little Prince Charley. He would lie on the floor as still as a door-mat, and let him pull his hair, and roll over him, and examine his eyes



with his little fat fingers ; and Carlo submitted to all these personal freedoms with as good an understanding as papa himself. When Charley slept, Carlo stretched himself along under the crib ; rising now and then, and standing with his broad breast on a level with the slats of the crib, he would look down upon him with an air of grave protection. He also took a great fancy to papa, and would sometimes pat with tiptoe care into his study, and sit quietly down by him when he was busy over his Greek or Latin books, waiting for a word or two of praise or encouragement. If none came, he would lay his rough horny paw on his knee, and look in his face with such an honest, imploring expression, that the Professor was forced to break off to say, "Why, Carlo, you poor, good, honest fellow, — did he want to be talked to ? — so he did. Well, he shall be talked to ; — he's a nice good dog" ; — and during all these praises Carlo's transports and the thumps of his rough tail are not to be described.

He had great, honest yellowish-brown eyes, — not remarkable for their beauty, but which used to look as if he longed to speak, and he seemed to have a yearning for praise and love and caresses that even all our attentions could scarcely satisfy. His master would say to him sometimes, "Carlo, you poor, good, homely dog, — how loving you are !"

Carlo was a full-blooded mastiff, — and his beauty, if he had any, consisted in his having all the good points of his race. He was a dog of blood,

come of real old mastiff lineage; his stiff, wiry hair, his big, rough paws, and great brawny chest, were all made for strength rather than beauty; but for all that he was a dog of tender sentiments. Yet, if any one intruded on his rights and dignities, Carlo showed that he had hot blood in him; his lips would go back, and show a glistening row of ivories, that one would not like to encounter, and if any trespassed on his privileges, he would give a deep warning growl,—as much as to say, “I am your slave for love,—but you must treat me well, or I shall be dangerous.” A blow he would not bear from any one: the fire would flash from his great yellow eyes, and he would snap like a rifle;—yet he would let his own Prince Charley pound on his ribs with both baby fists, and pull his tail till he yelped, without even a show of resistance.

At last came a time when the merry voice of little Charley was heard no more, and his little feet no more pattered through the halls; he lay pale and silent in his little crib, with his dear life ebbing away, and no one knew how to stop its going. Poor old Carlo lay under the crib when they would let him, sometimes rising up to look in with an earnest, sorrowful face; and sometimes he would stretch himself out in the entry before the door of little Charley’s room, watching with his great open eyes lest the thief should come in the night to steal away our treasure.

But one morning when the children woke, one little soul had gone in the night,—gone upward to the angels; and then the cold, pale, little form that used to be the life of the house was laid away tenderly in the yard of a neighboring church.

Poor old Carlo would pit-pat silently about the house in those days of grief, looking first into one face and then another, but no one could tell him where his gay little master had gone. The other children had hid the baby-wagon away in the lumber-room lest their mamma should see it; and so passed a week or two, and Carlo saw no trace of Charley about the house. But then a lady in the neighborhood, who had a sick baby, sent to borrow the wicker wagon, and it was taken from its hiding-place to go to her. Carlo came to the door just as it was being drawn out of the gate into the street. Immediately he sprang, cleared the fence with a great bound, and ran after it. He overtook it, and poked his head between the curtains,—there was no one there. Immediately he turned away, and padded dejectedly home. What words could have spoken plainer of love and memory than this one action?

Carlo lived with us a year after this, when a time came for the whole family hive to be taken up and moved away from the flowery banks of the Ohio, to the piny shores of Maine. All our household goods were being uprooted, disordered, packed, and sold; and the question daily arose, “What shall we do with Carlo?” There was hard begging on the part of the boys that he might go with them, and one even volunteered to travel all the way in baggage cars to keep Carlo company. But papa said no, and so it was decided to send Carlo up the river to the home of a very genial lady who had visited in our family, and who appreciated his parts, and offered him a home in hers.



The matter was anxiously talked over one day in the family circle while Carlo lay under the table, and it was agreed that papa and Willie should take him to the steamboat landing the next morning. But the next morning, Mr. Carlo was nowhere to be found. In vain was he called, from garret to cellar; nor was it till papa and Willie had gone to the city that he came out of his hiding-place. For two or three days it was impossible to catch him, but after a while his suspicions were laid, and we learned not to speak out our plans in his presence, and so the transfer at last was prosperously effected.

We heard from him once in his new home, as being a highly appreciated member of society, and adorning his new situation with all sorts of dog virtues, while we wended our ways to the coast of Maine. But our hearts were sore for want of him; the family circle seemed incomplete, until a new favorite appeared to take his place, of which I shall tell you next month.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## LITTLE SARAH'S SKATES.

LITTLE Sarah always begged Nurse Day to loop up one of her window-curtains when she went to bed, that she might go to sleep watching the stars twinkle, and in the morning see the great sun rise, and after he had risen, see if his goldy locks were all on end, as her own often were, when she had forgotten to put on her cambric cap the previous night. So one morning she awoke, not quite as early as usual, and found her room full of light, which seemed to dance about some bright object on a chair by her bedside, but which she was at first too sleepy to investigate; for a moment she lay quite still, thinking that perhaps it was some fairy's wand which caused such a glitter, and that presently a real live fairy, with beautiful gold wings, would perch on



her thumb and offer to grant her three wishes, like other obliging fairies she had read about. And the very first wish that came into her head was for a pair of skates; and having got fairly awake at last, behold! what was this same bright something by her bedside, but a handsome new pair of skates,—indeed, so bright that she could see her own face in them!

“O my! *how* nice! A *real* pair of skates!” and she was out of bed in the twinkling of an eye, and vainly trying to strap them upon her tiny bare feet; but finding herself unskilful, she pattered across the room, opened the door, and called, “Nurse Day, please come and dress little Sarah, she’s broad awake,—come quick!”

“Here I am, honey!” said Nurse, as she came bustling in. “And what’s the hurry? Hungry?”

“Hungry!” repeated Sarah, indignantly; “I’ve got something better to hurry me. Has papa gone to his office?”

“Yes indeed.”

“Then I am glad, for I can go right out on the Park and learn to skate before he comes home. See, Nurse, my beautiful skates! And won’t he be surprised when he comes home round by the Park, and sees me skating just like Mrs. Mason?”

“I should think so,” said Nurse Day; “but you’re not going to wear your cap out, honey?”

“O yes,” she answered, “I shall wear my skating-cap, that you crocheted for me!”

“But not your nightcap, miss?” for Sarah in her haste had forgotten to take off her cap and have her curls smoothed.

“No, of course not!” said she, laughing at herself; and Nurse laughed with her, and they got so good-natured about it that Sarah forgot to say “Oh!” when the comb met a snarl among her ringlets.

“Now,” said Nurse, “since your papa has been so kind, and bought you such grand skates, I hope you will think of nothing so much as how you can best please *him*!”

“O, that’s what I’ve been thinking about since ever I woke up, and so I want to learn to skate, right away; are n’t you most done?”

“Almost. But, Sarah, I don’t think you had better go to-day; some other time your papa will take you, and with him there will be no danger of your falling and breaking any limbs!”

“Pooh! I don’t want any one to show *me* how to skate; I can slide right off myself; who can’t? It is n’t anything to do after you’ve got your skates!”

“That’s all you know about it, miss! It takes a great while to learn, and you would be sure to fall, and ——”

“How foolish!” interrupted Sarah, “I know I can slide without any trouble”;—and, looking thoughtfully at her little bare arms, asked, “Nurse Day, do people’s arms break just like doll’s?”

“How is that?”

“Why, you know; did n’t my Lady Bountiful’s right arm come off so that it would n’t ever stay fixed again? Would mine break so?”

"No," answered the nurse; "you break the bone, and the doctor comes and gives it a pull that is ever so painful, and binds two pieces of wood upon it, and bandages it with linen, and it aches badly, and you carry it in a sling, and can't feed yourself, nor hold a book, nor sew your patchwork, till ever so long!"

"I don't think I should mind that a great deal," said Sarah, with the air of a young martyr. "I think I could bear it, if I had pleased papa, and learnt to skate: but then I *must n't* break my arm!"

"Now get my things, please," said she, after the dressing was finished.

"I am afraid to let you go," said the nurse; "you must wait till I see your papa."

"And I want to surprise him!" and withal, Sarah begged so hard, and coaxed so prettily, that at last Nurse Day promised to take her out, if she would come home as soon as she found herself mistaken about her ability to skate. But Sarah was quite certain of spending the morning on the ice; — have n't some of us been equally as certain of an uncertainty?

"Come, now, and eat your breakfast first," called the nurse.

"I'm sure I can't eat a thing," said Sarah; but Nurse insisted, though it was only a mouthful. Perhaps you and I have felt something as Sarah did, when we have been going to some favorite place of amusement, where we expected a great deal of pleasure; — don't you remember a pic-nic, to which you went last summer, and how hungry you were before luncheon-time, just because you could n't or would n't eat your breakfast before starting?

They were soon ready, and Sarah tripped gayly along, with the magical skates hanging upon her arm, and the chill air bringing roses out upon her plump cheeks, and the beautiful sunlight entangling itself among her curls and sparkling in her blue eyes.

The Park was nearly covered with skaters, who floated so easily and happily along, that Sarah clapped her hands in high glee, and was in haste to share the fun; and, sitting down for Nurse to strap on her skates, she noticed another little girl, who seemed much interested in the sport without joining in it.

"Why don't you skate, too?" asked Sarah; "you are n't afraid of falling, are you?"

"No; I can skate pretty well, but I have n't any skates. Daisy Hastings lent me hers last winter, while she had the whooping-cough, but now she wants them herself," answered the little girl, whose name was Bessie.

"O, that's too bad! But why don't you ask your father to buy you a pair of your own?"

"I have n't got any father," she returned.

"To ask papa" was Sarah's "Open Sesame!"

Without doubt, Nurse Day was very foolish to let Sarah have her own way in such a matter as this; but maybe she was so fond of her, and thought her such a wonderful little sprite that she *could* skate, or do almost anything without practice; or, Nurse Day may have believed it best that she should suffer something from her own self-will, and learn whose judgment



was the wisest. When the skates were snugly on, she led Sarah out upon the glassy ice, tottering, but still believing in herself and her skates, when once free of restraint.

"Now, Nurse, dear, go and sit down, and see me go like the others!" implored Sarah, balancing herself with much effort.

"No, honey dear, I must keep hold of you till you are steady on your feet."

"You promised to let me skate, and that's not keeping your word, you know: *do* go away, I have n't got any room to push along in. Just this once; if I fall down, I will go right home."

Very unwillingly Nurse left her swaying from side to side, — one moment firm on the ice, the next almost down; at last, calling, "Look, Nurse Day!" she pushed one foot forward, sure of dazzling success, which achieved, with triumph radiant on her face, she slid forth the other, quite as they did at the dancing-school, and ah! — she was down upon the cold, unkindly ice!

Nurse Day and little Bessie both rushed to her help, though Nurse, herself unused to the ice, fell, and got a great bruise, which she scarcely knew, in her anxiety for Sarah; for when they reached her, she saw to her dismay that she made no movement.

"What is the matter?" asked Bessie, white as a sheet herself. "Is she dead?"

"Dead! no indeed!" answered Nurse Day, a little sharply; "she has merely fainted. O, she has broken an arm!"

Then the other skaters gathered about, and some one ran for a carriage, and some one for the doctor, and so they carried her home. She was quite crestfallen when she recovered from her fainting, and could hardly keep back the tears that made her eyes look as glassy as the Park. And then her arm ached so!

"O dear! papa will be so disappointed!" sighed Sarah, looking regretfully through her tears at her pretty skates.

"Your papa will feel much worse about your broken arm, I think," said little Bessie, who had gone home with her. "But by and by, when it gets mended, you can learn quite as well."

"O, but I *wanted* to learn before papa came home!" said Sarah, crying now with the pain.

"And perhaps you will"; — for Bessie thought, from her better experience in skating, that he must have gone to Europe, or some place a good way off.

When the doctor came, he splinted and bound the arm up, and Sarah had to carry it so for six weeks, in a sling. Sometimes it ached badly; and she could n't dress her dolls all that time, nor sew; and she had to turn the leaves of her story-books with her left hand, and feed herself so too; and Nurse Day had to cut up her meat, and butter her bread, and wait upon her by inches; and altogether it was so tedious that she was almost in despair, before it was pronounced safe to use the arm freely.

Little Bessie came often to see her, and brought what slender consolation was in her power, such as the incidents of the skating-park, the ups and

downs of life on the ice. One afternoon she had got dreadfully weary of turning the leaves of her book with so much difficulty, and as Nurse was sewing on her new frock, and could n't stop to read to her, she grew very dull and low-spirited. "O dear!" said she, "I wish I had never been born!"

This made Nurse Day laugh heartily, to think that any one should make such a circumstance of a little weariness, when many others had to endure a thousand times as much, and a great deal more pain and distress than Sarah could conceive of; but it only made Sarah vexed to be laughed at.

"I don't see why you laugh," said she. "Would n't you rather not have been born, if you could do nothing but count the snow-flakes or the ticking of the clock?"

"Well," said Nurse, "I don't know how you would get along if you were Miss Francis across the way there: she's been bedridden these ten years."

"Bedridden! What's that?"

"She can't get off her bed, but lies there night and day, and she is lifted upon another when they make it up."

"Can't she walk at all, nor be bolstered up in an arm-chair, nor ride out?"

"No indeed, she never sets foot on the floor."

"And can't the doctors cure her? What made her so?"

"She fell off her horse, and injured her spine. And the next day she would have been married; her wedding-gown was all made, she had just tried it on before going out for an airing; but she never put it on again; and the beautiful wedding-cakes were all baked, and the guests invited. No one ever hears *her* wishing she had never been born, though."

"Ten years," said Sarah, thoughtfully; "that's a good while. I can't see how she amuses herself: does n't she cry sometimes?"

"Not she; but she writes verses and books; that is, she dictates them, and some one — her amanuensis — writes them down."

"Well, but you see I can't write books."

"You can do something else; one can always find *some* employment for one's thoughts, if the usual ones are taken away from them. I've read of a man who was kept in prison in France, with nothing under the sun to do but walk in a little paved court, where he could see only a little square of the blue sky."

"And what did *he* do?" asked Sarah, for Nurse Day stopped to find the needle she had dropped on the carpet.

"Why, he found a little root growing between two broken tiles, and made it his pleasure and occupation daily to watch and cherish it, till it grew and blossomed; and he loved it so tenderly, and thought about it so constantly, that it almost killed him when the wind nearly uprooted it, one stormy night."

"That was too bad! And what happened then?"

"He built a little arbor over it with sticks and straws, so that no future tempest might harm it. Then there was another prisoner, whom I heard your papa talking of one day; when he was confined, he had nothing but his misfortunes to think about, — and that is not often, either, an agree-

able or profitable subject of thought, — and he was allowed no books nor writing-materials, nor the visits of friends ; and, thus brought to his wit's end, he looked about him, and made friends with a spider that spun a web in the cell ; and he grew so fond of it, that when he was set free he would have liked to take it away with him, but that *that* would have been treating his funny friend much as he himself had been served."

"I should have thought it would have bitten him."

"I suspect that even such little creatures know when one means them kindly. But there was one man who carried his violin to prison with him ; and when he played, a rat crept out of its hole, and sat down on its haunches, a good ways from him, to listen ; and every day it came a little nearer, till by and by it would sit close beside him, and eat part of his food ; and so with his rat and violin he lived quite contentedly."

"And was n't he afraid of the rat ?"

"No, indeed ; the rat was afraid of *him* at first, but the tune the violin sang won upon it. Now John Bunyan, he who wrote your little 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was another of these wise men, who could find something worth thinking about in a 'Slough of Despond.' He was once imprisoned, with only his own thoughts to come and go upon ; and he said to himself, 'I want a trifle of amusement ; here are bare walls and grated windows, a heap of straw and a wooden stool, — how can I best extract pleasure from these ?' So what does he do but take one leg out of his wooden stool, and with his jack-knife fashion it into a flute, and so transformed monotony into harmony. By and by he hears the tread of the turnkey, who is coming to see if the music he hears issues from John Bunyan's cell ; but he slips the flute back into its old place in the stool, and thus puzzles the gaoler, and keeps it without let or hindrance."

"How nice !" said Sarah. "But then, Nurse, what would you advise *me* to do ?"

"John Bunyan did n't have any advice ; he thought it out for himself."

"Well, then, in the first place, I think — I think that, when Bessie comes again, I will lend her my skates. She has n't any, you know. I did n't remember that before. In the next place, I have made up my mind not to try skating alone again ; and in the last place, as I can't make a flute, nor play a violin, I will sing a song" ; — and singing so, little Sarah sang herself into sleep and dreams.

Mary N. Prescott.





## HOW MARGERY WONDERED.

ONE bright morning, late in March, little Margery put on her hood and her Highland plaid shawl, and went trudging across the beach. It was the first time she had been trusted out alone, for Margery was a little girl; nothing about her was large, except her round gray eyes, which had yet scarcely opened upon half a dozen springs and summers.

There was a pale mist on the far-off sea and sky, and up around the sun were white clouds edged with the hues of pinks and violets. The sunshine and the mild air made Margery's very heart feel warm, and she let the soft wind blow aside her Highland shawl, as she looked across the waters at the sun, and wondered!

For, somehow, the sun had never looked before as it did to-day;—it seemed like a great golden flower bursting out of its pearl-lined calyx,—a flower without a stem! Or was there a strong stem away behind it in the sky, that reached down below the sea, to a root, nobody could guess where?

Margery did not stop to puzzle herself about the answer to her question, for now the tide was coming in, and the waves, little at first, but growing larger every moment, were crowding up, along the sand and pebbles, laughing, winking, and whispering, as they tumbled over each other, like thousands of children hurrying home from somewhere, each with its own precious little secret to tell. Where did the wave come from? Who was down there under the blue wall of the horizon, with the hoarse, hollow voice, urging and pushing them across the beach to her feet? And what secret was it they were lisping to each other with their pleasant voices? O what was there beneath the sea, and beyond the sea, so deep, so broad, and so dim, too, away off where the white ships, that looked smaller than sea-birds, were gliding out and in?

But while Margery stood still for a moment on a dry rock, and wondered, there came a low, rippling warble to her ear from a cedar-tree on the cliff above her. It had been a long winter, and Margery had forgotten that there were birds, and that birds could sing. So she wondered again what the music was. And when she saw the bird perched on a yellow-brown bough, she wondered yet more. It was only a bluebird, but then it was the first bluebird Margery had ever seen. He fluttered among the prickly twigs, and looked as if he had grown out of them, as well as the cedar-berries, which were dusty-blue, the color of his coat. But how did the music get into his throat? And after it was in his throat, how could it untangle itself, and wind itself off so evenly? And where had the bluebird flown from, across the snow-banks, down to the shore of the blue sea? The waves sang a welcome to him, and he sang a welcome to the waves; they seemed to know each other well; and the ripple and the warble sounded so much alike, they must both have learned their music of the same teacher. And Margery kept on wondering as she stepped between the song of the bluebird and the echo of

the sea, and climbed a sloping bank, just turning faintly green in the spring sunshine.

The grass was surely beginning to grow! There were fresh, juicy blades, running up among the withered blades of last year, as if in hopes of bringing them back to life; and closer down, she saw the sharp points of new spears peeping from their sheaths. And scattered here and there were small dark green leaves, hiding buds which were shut up so tight that no eyes but those which had watched them many times could tell what flowers were to be let out of their safe prisons by and by. So no one could blame Margery for not knowing that they were only common blossoms, dandelions, and cinquefoil; nor for stooping over the tiny buds, and wondering.

What made the grass come up so green out of the black earth? And how did the buds know when it was time to take off their little green hoods, and see what there was in the world around them? And how came they to be buds at all? Did they bloom in another world before they sprung up in this, — and did they know, themselves, what kind of flowers they should blossom into? Had flowers souls, like little girls, that would live in another world when they had died here?

Margery thought she should like to sit down on the bank and wait beside the buds until they opened; perhaps they would tell her their secret if the very first thing they saw was her eyes watching them. One bud was beginning to unfold; it was streaked with yellow in little stripes that she could imagine became wider every minute. But she would not touch it, for it seemed almost as much alive as herself. So she only wondered, and wondered!

But the dash of the waves grew louder, and the bluebird had not stopped singing yet, and the sweet sounds drew Margery's feet down to the beach again, where she played with the shining pebbles, and sifted the sand through her plump fingers, stopping now and then to wonder a little about everything, until she heard her mother's voice calling her, from the cottage on the cliff.

Then Margery trudged home across the shells and pebbles with a pleasant smile dimpling her cheeks, for she felt very much at home in this large, wonderful world, and was happy to be alive, although she neither could have told, nor cared to know, the reason why. But when her mother unpinned the little girl's Highland shawl, and took off her hood, she said, "O mother, do let me live on the door-step! I don't like houses to stay in. What makes everything so pretty and so glad? Don't you like to wonder?"

Margery's mother was a good woman, but there was all the housework to do, and if she had thoughts, she did not often let them wander from that; and just then she was baking some gingerbread, which was in danger of getting burnt in the oven. So she pinned the shawl around the child's neck again, and left her on the door-step, saying to herself, as she returned to her work, "Queer child! I wonder what kind of a woman she will be!"

But Margery sat on the door-step, and wondered, as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange, and grand, and beautiful! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing

through the wide world, from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.

And when the round, gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made ends in wonder; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.

*Lucy Larcom.*



## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

### I.

**M**OST of the readers of this Magazine have no doubt from time to time witnessed the performance of some "Professor," "Thaumaturgist" or "Prestidigitateur," and, whilst they have wondered at the tricks exhibited, have felt a curiosity to know how they were done. Not so much that they might do them, as to gratify that "eternal hankering" after knowledge which is so characteristic of the Yankee mind, and which has led to so many valuable inventions and discoveries.

This curiosity I now propose to satisfy, and will endeavor, in this and succeeding articles, to explain in a clear and simple manner, not only all the tricks that are commonly shown in public, but also to initiate the readers into the mysteries of Legerdemain, — an art of which, although we hear a great deal, yet we see very little, as the majority of "stage tricks" owe their effect almost entirely to some cunningly contrived apparatus, and not to any skill on the part of the performer. In fact many of those styling themselves "Prestidigitateurs" assume the name merely because it is high-sounding, being totally incapable of performing the simplest sleight, and, when once away from the boxes and traps with which their stage is laden, are no more magicians than one of their audience.

I will begin by explaining a few sleight-of-hand tricks, which will, I hope, be the source of much amusement to "Our Young Folks," and, after they have become familiar with these, will describe the more complicated ones, most of which are purely ingenious specimens of mechanism, and last of all, — and these to my mind are the most beautiful, — those effected by the aid of Electricity; so that I hope not merely to teach a little Magic, but also introduce considerable Natural Philosophy.

I will now ring up the curtain, make my bow, and proceed to show how

#### *To Palm a Coin.*

THIS is a necessary beginning for any one who wishes to become an expert sleight-of-hand performer, as about one half the art of "Prestidigita-



tion" is dependent on it. To explain it clearly is rather difficult, for although it is readily understood when *shown*, yet it is a hard matter to *describe* it. This however is about it. Balance a half-dollar on the tips of the second and third fingers, or, what is better, on the second finger only, steadying it by touching it lightly with the thumb. Now close the hand quickly, and you will find that the coin lies in the palm. Throw forward the thumb, so that the coin is held between the ball of the thumb and that part of the palm



which lies beneath and between the second and third fingers, as shown in figure, and the thing is done. Practise this well before attempting it "before folk," for if you are once caught *palming*, it spoils the effect of all the tricks that depend on it. After becoming a profi-



cient with the right hand, try it with the left.

The following, besides being an excellent little trick, affords first-rate practice.

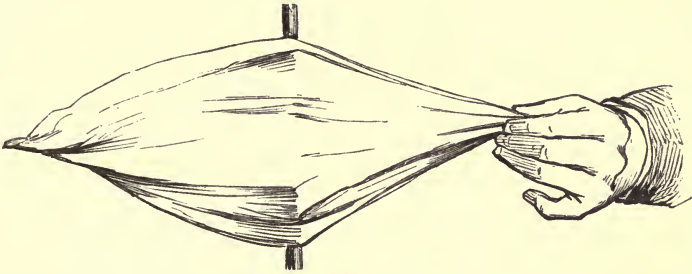
*To pass a Coin invisibly from one Hand to another.*

BEGIN by informing your audience that you are now about to attempt a very difficult feat, and that it is to borrow two silver half-dollars. (A half-dollar, or an old-fashioned cent, is the best to palm, on account of the size.) Having got the coins, lay them on a table. Then tuck up your sleeves and call attention to the fact that you have nothing concealed there. Pick up one half-dollar with the thumb and second finger of your *right hand*. Now *pretend* to place the coin in your *left* hand, which you immediately close, but in fact *palms* it with the *right*. If neatly done, the right hand will *apparently* be empty, and the audience will suppose that the coin is in the left. Now take the other coin in the right hand, put that hand behind your back, keeping the left before you, command the coin to "Pass," and at the same moment clink the two coins together (which are both in the same hand), and your audience will imagine that the coin actually passed from the left to the right hand. I have performed this hundreds of times, and never failed to elicit tokens of surprise.

Should you be requested to repeat it, and *are very expert at it*, you may do so; but remember, as the first Rule of Magic, NEVER REPEAT A TRICK IMMEDIATELY, *as the second performance is more closely watched, and you are liable to be detected*. Of course, it will not do to refuse point-blank, but excuse yourself as best you can, and propose to show something equally mysterious; as, for instance,

*The Russian Ring Trick.*

A RING is borrowed from one of the company, placed inside a handkerchief, and given to some one to hold. A small stick is now held by each end, by two others of the audience, in such a way that the centre of it is covered entirely by the ends of the handkerchief. The performer then takes



one end of the handkerchief and pulls it suddenly, when, lo! the ring is gone from it, and is found whirling round the centre of the stick.

This is the manner of performing it. In one corner of the handkerchief you have a pocket, in which is placed a ring, after which the pocket is sewed up, so that the ring is held there; or you can fold one corner down, which will answer as long as you conceal and hold the ring in it. Borrow a plain gold ring, and pretend to place it in the centre of the handkerchief; but, instead of doing that, you *palm* the ring, and then, requesting one of the audience to hold the handkerchief, you give them the ring which is sewed in the corner. You then give a stick for examination, and, when it is returned, take it in your left hand and slip the ring, which is concealed in the right hand, and which is held by the second finger of that hand, as shown in the cut, over it. The ring now being on, be careful not to remove your hand, which should be about the centre of the stick. Request two of the audience to come forward and take hold of each end of the stick, which you place so that the centre is entirely covered by the handkerchief. You may now remove your hand and take hold of one end of the handkerchief, requesting the person who holds the ring to let go of it when you say, "Three." Then count, "One, — Two, — Three, — Pass!" Pull the handkerchief, and there is the ring whirling round the stick as if it had just that moment dropped on it, the whirling motion being caused by pulling the handkerchief over it.

The attention of the audience being altogether taken up with the ring and stick, you put the handkerchief in your pocket, where you should have another which you can give them should they desire to examine it.

This is a very simple trick, requires but little practice to perform it, and is very effective, and, like the other that I have described, may be exhibited anywhere, and requires no confederates.

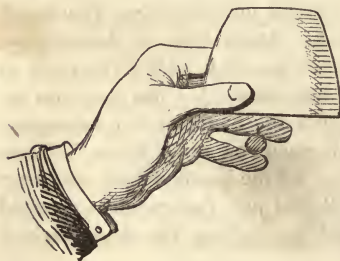
Another, rather more wonderful, but equally simple when known, is

*The Travelling Cone and Ball.*

THE articles used in this trick are a common coffee-cup, a small cork ball, a paper horn, such as at Christmas time is filled with candies for my little friends, and a block of wood about two and a half inches in length and one inch in diameter, in shape resembling a miniature sugar-loaf.

The cup is placed mouth downward on the floor or on a table, the company first being satisfied that it contains nothing. The ball is then laid at a distance from it, and covered with the paper horn. The block of wood or "cone," as it is called, is placed in the hand, and when the word of command is given, lo! a marvellous change has taken place, for the hand is empty, the cone is under the horn, and the ball under the cup. To conclude the trick, each article is made to resume its former position.

To perform this, you must get a turner to make you a solid block of wood, sugar-loaf shaped, as described. Then have a *second block* made, just a *shade larger than the first*. This second one you have completely hollowed out, so that it is in fact nothing but a shell, and, if properly made, should admit of the solid block being placed inside of it.\* Be particular about this being nicely made, as much of the success of the trick depends on it; and if too great a discrepancy exists between the size of the solid block and the shell, you risk discovery. Next cut *two* cork-balls as near of a size as possible, and blacken them in the flame of a lamp. Before meeting the audience, place the solid block inside the shell, and set it on a table. Your apparatus is now complete, and you are ready to perform your trick. Begin by handing the paper-horn for examination, and when you receive it back, remark, "There is really no preparation about this, it is a simple paper-horn, and *merely used to cover this block*,"—and, suiting the action to the word, you do cover the block, and immediately raise the horn again, pressing the sides slightly at the same time, and bringing off the shell inside the horn. Lay the horn down on the table with the point towards the audience, so that they cannot see the shell. You may now hand the solid block for examination, and also the coffee-cup, and *one* ball. After all are examined, give the ball to one of the audience to hold. Take the second ball from your pocket secretly, (or, what is better, from a shelf which you should



have on the back of your table, as you will find it very convenient,) and hold it between the ends of the third and little fingers of the right hand. Pick up the cup with your left hand, calling the attention of the audience to the fact that it is still empty, pass it to the right hand, grasping it at the edge with the forefinger and thumb of that hand; bend the third and little fingers slightly towards the palm, and this movement will bring

\* The writer is prepared to furnish apparatus for this or any other trick. His address may be obtained of the Publishers.



the ball, which is concealed in those fingers, directly under the mouth of the cup, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Set the cup mouth down, and just before it touches the floor or table that it is to rest on, let go the ball, and withdraw the fingers that held it.

The ball is now under the cup, and if you have practised this well and done it quickly no one will suspect it. Take the ball which the audience have, place it on the table and cover it with the horn, still being careful that no one sees the shell which is inside. The *trick* itself is now done, but much remains to be shown for the sake of *effect*. Tell the company, "I propose to remove the ball which is under the horn and place it under the cup, which I do in this way," run your forefinger along the horn, and then hold the finger up to view, asking them if they see the ball on the end of the finger. "Of course not, it is yet invisible; but I will throw it into the cup, so,"—making at the same time a movement in that direction. Now take the solid block, pretend to put it in your left hand, but *palm* it with the right; place the left hand under the table as though you were pushing the block up through it. The block, which is concealed in your right hand, you had better put in your pocket, whilst the audience are watching your left. Show the company that the block is in neither hand, and lift the horn, *without pressing the sides*; the shell will remain on the table, covering the ball, and the audience will imagine it is the solid block. Request some one to raise the cup, and to their surprise they will find under it the ball.

To finish the trick, you cover the shell again with the horn, take the block from your pocket, keeping it concealed in your hand, as though *palming* it. The hand being apparently empty, place it under the table and pretend to pull the block through, at the same time letting it fall from your hand on the floor. Cover the ball with the cup, and as you do so, make an awkward movement, as if taking the ball away, but do not touch it. This will probably cause a whispering amongst your audience, who will imagine that they have detected the trick. "O, I beg pardon, but you suppose I took that ball away; that would be clumsy enough"; raise the cup, and show that the ball is still there; pick it up, and say, "This is the way to get rid of any little object like this,"—pretending, at the same time, to put the ball in your left hand, whilst you palm it. Then count, "One, — Two, — Three, — Pass!"—move the hand towards the horn, and show that the ball has left it. Raise the horn, pressing the sides this time, and there appears the ball.

These few simple tricks contain most of the principles of Legerdemain, and when once mastered are easily enlarged on.

In conclusion, I would urge upon my readers the necessity of being provided with an abundance of "small talk," or "gags," as stage-folk call it, in order to take off the attention of the audience as much as possible from yourself in general and your fingers in particular. I would also advise them to be perfectly self-possessed, to have entire confidence in themselves, for they must remember that these tricks are great mysteries to outsiders, no matter how transparent they may be to those who have taken "Lessons in Magic."

## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER X.

## A TROPICAL TORNADO.

NOTWITHSTANDING the apparently complete security thus obtained for the craft, the Mundurucú did not seem to be easy in his mind. He had climbed up the mast to the yard, and, having there poised himself, sat gazing over the tops of the trees upon the patch of brimstone sky which was visible in that direction. The others all talked of going to sleep, except the young Paraense, who counselled them to keep awake. He, too, like the Mundurucú, was troubled with forebodings. He understood the weather-signs of the Solimoës, and saw that a storm was portending. Though the sun had not been visible during the whole day, it was now about the hour of his setting; and as if the storm had been waiting for this as a signal, it now boldly broke forth. A few quick puffs, with short intervals between them, were its precursors. These were soon followed by gusts, stronger, as well as noisier, in their advent; and then the wind kept up a continuous roaring among the tops of the trees; while above the thunder rolled incessantly, filling the firmament with its terrible voice. Deep darkness and the vivid glare of the lightning-flashes followed each other in quick succession. At one moment all was obscure around the crew of the galatea,—the sky, the trees, the water, even the vessel herself; in the next, everything was made manifest, to the distance of miles, under a brilliance garish and unearthly. To add to the unnatural appearance of things, there were other sounds than those of the thunder or the storm,—the cries of living creatures, strange and unknown. Birds they might be, or beasts, or reptiles, or all these, commingling their screams, and other accents of affright, with the sharp whistling of the wind, the hoarse rumbling of the thunder, and the continuous crashing of the branches.

The crew of the galatea were on the alert, with awe depicted on every face. Their fear was lest the craft should be blown away from her moorings, and carried out into the open water, which was now agitated by the fury of the storm. Almost under the first lashing of the wind, huge waves had sprung up, with white crests, that under the electric light gleamed fiercely along the yellow swell of the turbid water. Their anxiety was of short continuance; for almost on the instant of its rising, it became reality. Unfortunately, the tree to which the craft had been tied was one whose wood was of a soft and succulent nature,—a species of *melastoma*. Its branches were too brittle to bear the strain thus unexpectedly put upon them; and almost at the first onset of the tornado they began to give way, snapping off one after the other in quick succession. So rapid was the process of detachment, that, before

fresh moorings could be made, the last cord had come away; and the galatea, like a greyhound loosed from the leash, shot out from among the tree-tops, and went off in wild career over the waves of the Gapo. Before any control could be gained over her by her terrified crew, she had made several cables' length into the open water, and was still sweeping onward over its seething surface. To turn her head towards the trees was clearly out of the question. The attempt would have been idle. Both wind and waves carried her in the opposite direction, to say nothing of the current, against which she had been already contending. The crew no longer thought of returning to the tree-tops, out of which they had been so unceremoniously swept. Their only chance of safety appeared to be to keep the craft as well balanced as circumstances would permit, and run before the wind. Even this for a time seemed but a doubtful chance. The wind blew, not in regular, uniform direction, but in short, fitful gusts, as if coming from every point of the compass; and the waves rolled around them as high as houses. In the midst of a chopping, surging sea, the galatea tumbled and pitched, now head, now stern foremost, at times going onward in mad career, and with headlong speed. The parrots and macaws upon the yard had as much as their strong claws could do to keep their perch; and the monkeys, covering under the shelter of the *toldo*, clung close to its timbers. Both birds and beasts mingled their terrified cries with the creaking of the galatea's timbers and the shouts of her crew. The Gapo threatened to engulf them. Every moment might be their last! And with this dread belief, scarce for a moment out of their minds, did our adventurers pass the remainder of that remarkable night, the galatea galloping onward, they could not tell whither. All they knew or could remember of that nocturnal voyage was, that the vessel kept upon her course, piloted only by the winds and waves,—at times tossing within deep troughs of turbulent water, at times poised upon the summits of ridge-like swells, but ever going onward at high speed, seemingly ten knots an hour!

For a long while they saw around them only open water, as of some great lake or inland sea. At a later hour, the lightning revealed the tops of submerged trees, such as those they had left behind; but standing out of the water in clumps or coppices, that appeared like so many islands. Amidst these they were carried, sometimes so close to the trees as to give them hopes of being able to grasp their boughs. Once or twice the rigging of the galatea brushed among the branches; and they used every effort to stay their runaway craft, and bring her to an anchorage. But in vain. The storm was stronger than the united strength of the crew. The twigs clutched with eager hands parted in twain, and the storm-driven vessel swept on amid the surging waters.

Daylight arrived at length, breaking through a red aurora, soon followed by a brilliant sunrise. This somewhat cheered our despairing adventurers. But the tempest was still raging with undiminished fury, the wind as loud and the waves as high as at any period throughout the night. Once more they were in the middle of a waste of waters, neither trees nor land in sight. Another great lake or inland sea? It could not be that over which they had



been already carried? No. The wind was now blowing more steadily; and could it not have shifted? Even if it had, they had not returned through the archipelago of tree-top islands. They were in another opening of the Gapo. Munday was of this opinion, and that was proof sufficient to satisfy his companions. As we have said, the returning day did little to restore the confidence of the galatea's crew. The tornado still continued. Despite the sunlit sky, the storm showed no signs of abating; and the crazy craft gave tongue in every timber of her frail frame. The sounds were ominous to the ears of those who listened to them. It was too evident, that, unless there should soon come a lull, the galatea would go to the bottom. She had not been constructed to stand a strain like that to which she had been thus unexpectedly exposed, and an anchorage either to *terra firma* or the tree-tops would soon become necessary to her salvation. Her crew, convinced of this, were one and all upon the look-out, scanning the horizon as closely as the crested billows would admit. The Mundurucú had mounted to the top of the mast,



where, with one of the monkeys that had perched itself on his shoulders, he clung with the tenacity of despair. All at once he was heard to cry out, the monkey mocking him in mimic tone.

“What is it, Munday? What do you see?” were the inquiries that reached him from below.

“Land,” was the laconic reply.

“Land!” went up the echo from half a score of joyous voices.

“Maybe not land, — I mean the *terra firma*,” pursued the observer, in a less confident tone. “It may be only the top of a thick forest like what we tried to penetrate yesterday. Whatever it is, patron, it seems along the whole edge of the sky. We are drifting towards it, straight as the wind can carry us.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed Trevannion, “anything is better than this. If we can get once more among the tree-tops, we shall at least be saved from drowning. Thank God, children. We shall be preserved!”

The Indian descended from the mast, close followed by the monkey, whose serio-comic countenance seemed to say that he too was satisfied by the observation just made. Still careering madly onward before the tempest, the boat soon brought the tree-tops within view, and, after a brief debate, the conclusion was reached that it was only a submerged forest. But even this was better than buffeting about on the open billows, — every moment in danger of being swamped; and with a universal feeling of joy our adventurers perceived that their craft was drifting toward that dark line. They were powerless to control her course. Her rudder had been unshipped during the night, and they could trust only to the tempest still raging to carry them to the confines of the forest. In full hope that this would be the result, they took no measures either to promote or frustrate the steering of the storm.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GALATEA TREED.

TOSSED by the tempest, the galatea preserved her course towards the tree-tops, thus keeping up the spirits and confidence of her crew. Despite some divergences caused by an occasional contrary gust of wind, she kept an onward course, in due time arriving within such distance of the forest, that it was no longer doubtful about her drifting among the trees. In this there was a prospect of temporary safety at the least, and our adventurers had begun to congratulate themselves on the proximity of the event. Just then, a gigantic tree — it must have been gigantic to stand so high over its fellows, though it could scarce be fifty feet above the surface of the water — presented itself to their eyes. It stood solitary and alone, about a quarter of a mile from the edge of the forest, and as much nearer to the craft, still struggling through the wind-lashed water. Like that in the top of which they had first gone aground, it was a sapucaya — as testified by the huge pericarps conspicuously suspended from its branches. High as may have been the inundation, its stem rose still higher, by at least ten feet; but half-way between the water's surface and the branches, the colossal trunk forked in twain, — each of the twin scions appearing a trunk of itself. Through the fork was

the water washing at each heave of the agitated Gapo, — the waves with foaming crests mounting far up towards the top of the tree, as if aspiring to pluck the ripe fruit depending from its branches.

Towards this tree the galatea was now going as straight as if she had been steered by the finger of Destiny itself. There was no other power to control her, — at least none that was human. The wind, or destiny, — one of the two, — must determine her fate. The waves perhaps had something to do with it; since the next that followed lifted the galatea upon its curling crest, and lodged her in the sapucaya in such a fashion that her keel, just amidships, rested within the forking of the twin stems.

“Thank God!” exclaimed her owner, “we are safe now. Moored between two stanchions like these, neither the winds of heaven nor the waves of the great ocean itself could prevail against us. Make fast there! Make fast to the limbs of the tree! Tie her on both sides. These are no twigs to be snapped asunder. Hurrah! we are anchored at last!”

The gigantic stems of the sapucaya, rising on both sides above the beam ends of the galatea, looked like the supporters of a graving-dock. It is true the craft still floated upon the bosom of a troubled water; but what of that? Once made fast to the tree, she could not be carried farther; therefore was she secure against wind and wave. The tornado might continue, but no longer to be a terror to the crew. These, partly relieved from their fears, hastened to obey the master's commands. Ropes were grasped, and, with hands still trembling, were looped around the stems of the sapucaya. All at once action was suspended by a loud crash, which was followed by a cry that issued simultaneously from the lips of all the crew; who, before its echoes could die away among the branches of the sapucaya, had become separated into two distinct groups!

The crash had been caused by the parting of the galatea's keel, which, resting in the fork of the tree, had broken amidships, on the subsidence of the wave that had heaved her into this peculiar position. For a few seconds the two sections of the partly dissevered craft hung balanced between the air and the water, the fore-deck with its stores balancing the quarter with its *toldo*. But long before the beam was kicked, the occupants of both had forsaken them, and were to be seen — some of them clinging to the branches of the sapucaya, some struggling beneath against the storm and the current of the Gapo. By noble devotion on the part of those who could swim, the whole crew were placed beyond the reach of the waves upon the branches of the sapucaya, where, from their elevated position, they beheld the craft that had so long safely carried them parting in two and sinking out of sight.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DANGEROUS DUCKING.

BEFORE the dismembered vessel quite disappeared under the storm-lashed waves, every individual of her crew had found a foothold upon the branches



of the sapucaya. The tree, while causing the wreck of their vessel, had saved them from going with her to the bottom of the Gapo. For some time, however, they were far from feeling secure. They were in different parts of the tree, scattered all over it, just as they had been able to lay hold of the limbs and lift themselves above the reach of the swelling waves. Scarce two of them were in the same attitude. One stood erect upon a branch with arms around an upright stem; another sat astride; a third lay along a limb, with one leg dangling downwards. The young Paraense had taken post upon a stout *liana*, that threaded through the branches of the trees, and, with one arm around this and the other encircling the waist of his cousin, Rosita, he kept both the girl and himself in a position of perfect security. Young Ralph found footing on a large limb, while his father stood upon a still larger one immediately below. The pets, both birds and beasts, had distributed themselves in their affright, and were seen perched on all parts of the tree.

For a time there was no attempt made by any one to change his position. The tornado still continued, and it was just as much as any of them could do to keep the place already gained. There was one who did not even succeed in keeping his place, and this was Tipperary Tom. The Irishman had selected one of the lowest limbs, that stretched horizontally outward, only a few feet above the surface of the water. He had not exactly made choice of his perch, but had been flung upon it by the swelling wave, and, clutching instinctively, had held fast. The weight of his body, however, had bent the branch downward, and, after making several fruitless efforts to ascend to the stem, he had discovered that the feat was too much for him. There was no choice but to hold on to the bent branch or drop back into the boiling Gapo, that threatened from below to engulf him; terrified by the latter alternative, Tom exerted all his strength, and held on with mouth agape and eyes astare. Soon the tension would have proved too much for him, and he must have dropped down into the water. But he was not permitted to reach this point of exhaustion. A wave similar to that which had landed him on the limb lifted him off again, launching him out into the open water.

A cry of consternation came from the tree. All knew that Tipperary Tom was no swimmer; and with this knowledge they expected to see him sink like a stone. He did go down, and was for some moments lost to view; but his carrot-colored head once more made its appearance above the surface, and, guided by his loud cries, his situation was easily discovered. He could only sink a second time to rise no more. Sad were the anticipations of his companions, — all except one, who had made up his mind that Tipperary Tom was not yet to die. This was the Mundurucú, who at the moment was seen precipitating himself from the tree, and then swimming out in the direction of the drowning man. In less than a score of seconds he was in the clutch of the Indian, who, grasping him with one hand, with the other struck out for the tree.

By good fortune the swell that had swept Tipperary from his perch, or one wonderfully like it, came balancing back towards the sapucaya, bearing both

Indian and Irishman upon its crest, landing them in the great fork where the galatea had gone to pieces, and then retiring without them! It seemed a piece of sheer good fortune, though no doubt it was a destiny more than half directed by the arm of the Indian, whose broad palm appeared to propel them through the water with the power of a paddle.

To whatever indebted, chance or the prowess of the Mundurucú, certain it is that Tipperary Tom was rescued from a watery grave in the Gapo; and on seeing him along with his preserver safe in the fork of the tree, a general shout of congratulation, in which even the animals took part, pealed up through the branches, loud enough to be heard above the swishing of the leaves, the whistling of the wind, and the surging of the angry waters, that seemed to hiss spitefully at being disappointed of their prey.

Tom's senses had become somewhat confused by the ducking. Not so much, however, as to hinder him from perceiving that in the fork, where the wave had deposited him and his preserver, he was still within reach of the swelling waters; seeing this, he was not slow to follow the example of the Mundurucú, who, "swarming" up the stem of the tree, placed himself in a safe and more elevated position.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A CONSULTATION IN THE TREE-TOP.

It would scarce be possible to conceive a situation more forlorn than that of the castaway crew of the galatea. Seated, standing, or astride upon the limbs of the sapucaya, their position was painful, and far from secure. The tempest continued, and it was with difficulty they could keep their places, every gust threatening to blow them out of the tree-top. Each clung to some convenient bough; and thus only were they enabled to maintain their balance. The branches, swept by the furious storm, creaked and crackled around them, — bending as if about to break under their feet, or in the hands that apprehensively grasped them. Sometimes a huge pericarp, big as a cannon-ball, filled with heavy fruits, was detached from the pendulous peduncles, and went *swizzing* diagonally through the air before the wind, threatening a cracked crown to any who should be struck by it. One of the castaways met with this bit of ill-luck, — Mozey the Mozambique. It was well, however, that he was thus distinguished, since no other skull but his could have withstood the shock. As it was, the ball rebounded from the close woolly fleece that covered the negro's crown, as from a cushion, causing him no further trouble than a considerable fright. Mozey's looks and exclamations were ludicrous enough, had his companions been inclined for laughter. But they were not; their situation was too serious, and all remained silent, fully occupied in clinging to the tree, and moodily contemplating the scene of cheerless desolation that surrounded them.

Till now, no one had speculated on anything beyond immediate safety. To escape drowning had been sufficient for their thoughts, and engrossed them

for more than an hour after the galatea had gone down. Then a change began to creep over their spirits, — brought about by one observable in the spirit of the storm. It was, you remember, one of those tropical tempests, that spring up with unexpected celerity, and fall with equal abruptness. Now the tempest began to show signs of having spent itself. The tornado — a species of *cyclone*, usually of limited extent — had passed on, carrying destruction to some other part of the great Amazonian plain. The wind lulled into short, powerless puffs, and the comparatively shallow waters of the Gapo soon ceased to swell. By this time noon had come, and the sun looked down from a zenith of cloudless blue, upon an expanse of water no more disturbed, and on branches no longer agitated by the stormy wind.

This transformation, sudden and benign, exerted an influence on the minds of our adventurers perched upon the sapucaya. No longer in immediate danger, their thoughts naturally turned to the future; and they began to speculate upon a plan for extricating themselves from their unfortunate dilemma.

On all sides save one, as far as the eye could scan, nothing could be seen but open water, — the horizon not even broken by the branch of a tree. On the excepted side trees were visible, not in clumps, or standing solitary, but in a continuous grove, with here and there some taller ones rising many feet above their fellows. There could be no doubt that it was a forest. It would have gratified them to have believed it a thicket, for then would they have been within sight and reach of land. But they could not think so consistently with their experience. It resembled too exactly that to which they had tied the galatea on the eve of the tempest, and they conjectured that what they saw was but the “spray” of a forest submerged. For all that, the design of reaching it as soon as the waters were calm was first in their minds.

This was not so easy as might be supposed. Although the border of the verdant peninsula was scarce a quarter of a mile distant, there were but two in the party who could swim across to it. Had there existed the materials for making a raft, their anxiety need not have lasted long. But nothing of the kind was within reach. The branches of the sapucaya, even if they could be broken off, were too heavy, in their green growing state, to do more than to buoy up their own ponderous weight. So a sapucaya raft was not to be thought of, although it was possible that, among the tree-tops which they were planning to reach, dead timber might be found sufficient to construct one. But this could be determined only after a reconnoissance of the submerged forest by Richard Trevannion and the Mundurucú, who alone could make it.

To this the patron hardly consented, — indeed, he was not asked. There seemed to be a tacit understanding that it was the only course that could be adopted; and without further ado, the young Paraense, throwing off such of his garments as might impede him, sprang from the tree, and struck boldly out for the flooded forest. The Mundurucú, not being delayed by the neces-



sity of stripping, had already taken to the water, and was fast cleaving his way across the open expanse that separated the solitary sapucaya from its more social companions.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A FRACAS HEARD FROM AFAR.

THE castaways watched the explorers until they disappeared within the shadowy selvage. Then, having nothing else to do, they proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, by selecting for their seats the softest branches of the sapucaya. To be sure there was not much choice between the limbs, but the great fork, across which the galatea had broken, appeared to offer a position rather better than any other. As the swell was no longer to be dreaded, Trevannion descended into the fork, taking little Rosa along with him, while the others sat on higher limbs, holding by the branches or stout lianas growing above them. At best their situation was irksome, but physical inconvenience was hardly felt in their mental sufferings. Their reflections could not be other than painful as they contemplated the future. Their shelter in the sapucaya could be only temporary, and yet it might continue to the end of their lives. They had no assurance that they might be able to get out of it at all; and even if they should succeed in reaching the other trees, it might be only to find them forty feet deep in water. The prospect was deplorable and their forebodings gloomy.

For nearly an hour they exchanged no word. The only sound heard was an occasional scream from one of the pet birds, or the jabbering of the monkeys, of which there had been five or six, of different kinds, on the galatea. Two only had found refuge on the tree, — a beautiful little *Ouistiti*, and a larger one, of the genus *Ateles*, the black Coaita. The others, chained or otherwise confined, had gone down with the galatea. So, too, with the feathered favorites, of many rare and beautiful kinds, collected during the long voyage on the Upper Amazon, some of which had been bought at large prices from their Indian owners, to carry across the Atlantic. The caged had perished with the wreck, others by the tornado, and, like the *quadrumana*, only two of the birds had found an asylum on the tree. One was a splendid hyacinthine macaw, the *Araruna* of the Indians (*Macrocercus hyacinthinus*); the other a small paroquet, the very tiniest of its tribe, which had long divided with the little ouistiti the affections of Rosa.

About an hour had elapsed since the departure of the swimming scouts, with no signs of their return. The party cast anxious glances towards the place where they had last been seen, listening for any sounds from the thicket that concealed them. Once or twice they fancied they heard their voices, and then they were all sure they heard shouts, but mingling with some mysterious sounds in a loud, confused chorus. The coaita heard, and chattered in reply; so, too, did the ouistiti and paroquet; but the macaw seemed most disturbed, and once or twice, spreading its hyacinthine wings, rose into

the air, and appeared determined to part from its *ci-devant* protectors. The call of Ralph, whose especial pet it was, allured it back to its perch, where, however, it only stayed in a state of screaming uncertainty. There was something strange in this behavior, though in the anxiety of the hour but little heed was paid to it; and as the voices soon after ceased, the araruna became tranquillized, and sat quietly on the roost it had selected.

Once more, however, the shouting and strange cries came pealing across the water, and again the araruna gave evidence of excitement. This time the noise was of shorter duration, and soon terminated in complete tranquillity. Nearly two hours had now expired, and the countenances of all began to wear an expression of the most sombre character. Certainly they had heard the voices of Richard and the Mundurucú mingling with those unearthly sounds. There was time enough for them to have gone far into the unknown forest, and return. What could detain them? Their voices had been heard only in shouts and sharp exclamations, that proclaimed them to be in some critical, perhaps perilous situation. And now they were silent! Had they succumbed to some sad fate? Were they dead?

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE JARARÁCA.

THERE are bodily sensations stronger than many mental emotions. Such are hunger and thirst. The castaways in the tree-top began to experience both in an extreme degree. By good fortune, the means of satisfying them were within reach. With a "monkey-cup" emptied of its triangular kernels they could draw up water at will, and with its contents conquer the cravings of hunger. At his father's request, and stimulated by his own sensations, Ralph began climbing higher, to procure some of the huge fruit-capsules suspended—as is the case with most South American forest-trees—from the extremities of the branches. The boy was a bold and skilful climber among the crags and cliffs of his native Cordilleras. Still a tree did not come amiss to him, and in a twinkling he had ascended to the top branches of the sapucaya, the macaw making the ascent with him, perched upon his crown. All at once the bird began to scream, as if startled by some terrible apparition; and without losing an instant, it forsook its familiar place, and commenced fluttering around the top of the tree, still continuing its cries. What could be the cause? The boy looked above and about him, but could discover nothing. The screams of the araruna were instantly answered by the little paroquet in a tiny treble, but equally in accents of terror, while both the coaita and ouistiti, chattering in alarm, came bounding up the tree. The paroquet had already joined the macaw, and, as if in imitation of its great congener, flew fluttering among the top branches, in a state of the wildest excitement! Guided by the birds, that kept circling around one particular spot, the boy at length discovered the cause of the alarm; and the sight was one calculated to stir terror.

It was a serpent coiled around a liana that stretched diagonally between two branches. It was of a yellowish-brown color, near to that of the liana itself; and but for its smooth, shining skin, and the elegant convolutions of its body, might have been mistaken for one parasite entwining another. Its head, however, was in motion, its long neck stretched out, apparently in readiness to seize upon one of the birds as soon as it should come within striking distance.

Ralph was not so much alarmed. A snake was no uncommon sight, and the one in question was not so monstrous as to appear very formidable. The first thought was to call off the birds, or in some way get them out of reach of the snake; for the imprudent creatures, instead of retreating from such a dangerous enemy, seemed determined to fling themselves upon its fangs, which Ralph could see erect and glistening, as at intervals it extended its jaws. The little paroquet was especially imprudent, recklessly approaching within a few inches of the serpent, and even alighting on the liana around which it had warped itself. Ralph was ascending still higher, to take the bird in his hand, and carry it clear of the danger, when his climbing was suddenly arrested by a shout from Mozey, the Mozambique, that proclaimed both caution and terror. "Fo' you life doant, Mass'r Raff!" cried the negro, following up his exclamation of warning. "Fo' you life doant go near um! You no know what am dat ar snake? It am de *Jararaca*!"

"*Jararaca*!" mechanically rejoined Ralph.

"Ya—ya—de moas pisenous sarpin in all de valley ob de Amazon. I 'se hear de Injine say so a score ob times. Come down, Mass'r! come down!"

Attracted by the screaming of the birds, and the chattering of the monkeys, the others listened attentively below. But upon the negro's quick cry of warning, and the dialogue that ensued, Trevannion ascended higher, followed by Tipperary Tom,—Rosa remained alone below, in the fork where her father had left her. Trevannion, on coming in sight of the snake, at once recognized it as all that Mozey had alleged,—the most poisonous of the Amazon valley,—a species of *Craspedocephalus*. He knew it from having seen one before, which the Mundurucú had killed near Coary, and had described in similar terms,—adding that its bite was almost instantly fatal, that it will attack man or beast without any provocation, that it can spring upon its enemy from a distance, and, finally, that it was more feared than any other creature in the country, not excepting the jaguar and jacare!

The appearance of the reptile itself was sufficient to confirm this account. Its flat triangular head, connected with the body by a long thin neck, its glittering eyes and red forking tongue, projected at intervals more than an inch beyond its snout, gave the creature a monstrous and hideous aspect. It looked as if specially designed to cause death and destruction. It was not of great size,—scarcely six feet long, and not thicker than a girl's wrist; but it needed not bulk to make it dangerous. No one knew exactly what to do. All were without arms, or weapons of any kind. These had long since gone to the bottom of the Gapo; and for some minutes no movement was made except by young Ralph, who, on being warned of his danger, had hastened



to descend the tree. The birds were left to themselves, and still continued screaming and fluttering above. Up to this time the snake had remained motionless, except his oscillating head and neck. Its body now began to move, and the glittering folds slowly to relax their hold upon the liana.

“Great God! he is coming down the tree!” The words had hardly left Trevannion’s lips before the snake was seen crawling along the liana, and the next moment transferring its body to a branch which grew slantingly from the main trunk. This was soon reached; and then, by means of another liana lying parallel to it, the reptile continued its descent. All those who stood by the trunk hastily forsook the perilous place, and retreated outward along the branches. The jararaca seemed to take no note either of their presence or flight, but continued down the limb towards the fork of the main stem, where stood little Rosa. “O heavens!” cried Trevannion, in a voice of anguish, “My child is lost!”

The girl had risen to her feet, being already fearful of the danger threatening her friends above; but on looking up, she beheld the hideous reptile coming straight towards her. Her situation was most perilous. The liana by which the snake was descending rose right up from the fork of the sapucaya. The child was even clasping it in her hand, to keep herself erect. The reptile could not pass without touching her. In fact, it must pass over her person to get down from the tree. There was no likelihood of its gliding on without striking her. Its well-known character—as the most malicious of venomous serpents—forbade the supposition. The snake was scarce ten feet above her head, still gliding onward and downward! It was at this crisis that her father had given voice to that despairing exclamation. He was about to scramble down to the trunk, with the design of launching himself upon the serpent, and grappling it with his naked hands, reckless of consequences, when a sign from Mozey, accompanied by some words quickly spoken, caused him to hesitate.

“No use, Mass’r!” cried the negro, “no use,—you be too late. Jump, lilly Rosy!” he continued, calling to the child in a loud, commanding voice. “It’s you only chance. Jump into de water, an ole Mozey he come down sabe you. Jump!” To stimulate the child by his example, the negro, with his last word, sprang out from his branch and plunged into the water. In an instant he was upon the surface again, continuing his cries of encouragement. Rosa Trevannion was a girl of spirit; and, in this fearful alternative, hesitated not a moment to obey. Short as was the time, however, it would have proved too long had the snake continued its descent without interruption. Fortunately it did not. When its hideous head was close to the child’s hand, where the latter grasped the liana, it suddenly stopped,—not to prepare itself for the fatal dart, but because the negro’s heavy fall had splashed much water against the tree, sprinkling child and jararaca too. It was the momentary surprise of this unexpected shower-bath that had checked the serpent, while Rosa dropped down into the Gapo, and was caught by her sable preserver.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## HOLD ON!

MOZEY'S noble conduct elicited a cry of admiration. It was the more noble as the negro was a poor swimmer, and therefore risked his own life. But this produced another effect, and in the shout there was no tone of triumph. The child was perhaps only rescued from the reptile to be swallowed with her preserver by a monster far more voracious, the engulfing *Gapo*. Nor was it yet certain that she had been saved from the serpent. The *jararaca* is a snake eminently amphibious, alike at home on land or at sea. It might follow, and attack them in the water. Then, too, it would have a double advantage; for while it could swim like a fish, Mozey could just keep himself afloat, weighted as he was with his powerless burden. In view of this, Trevannion's heart was filled with most painful anxiety, and for some time neither he nor any beside him could think what course to pursue. It was some slight relief to them to perceive that the snake did not continue the pursuit into the water; for on reaching the fork of the tree it had thrown itself into a coil, as if determined to remain there.

At first there appeared no great advantage in this. In its position, the monster could prevent the swimmers from returning to the tree; and as it craned its long neck outward, and looked maliciously at the two forms struggling below, one could have fancied that it had set itself to carry out this exact design. For a short time only Trevannion was speechless, and then thought, speech, and action came together. "Swim round to the other side!" he shouted to the negro. "Get under the great branch. Ho, Tom! You and Ralph climb aloft to the one above. Tear off the liana you see there, and let it down to me. Quick, quick!"

As he delivered these instructions, he moved out along the limb with as much rapidity as was consistent with safety, while Tipperary and Ralph climbed up to carry out his commands. The branch taken by Trevannion himself was that to which he had directed the negro to swim, and was the same by which Tipperary Tom had made his first ascent into the tree, and from which he had been washed off again. It extended horizontally outward, at its extremity dipping slightly towards the water. Though in the swell caused by the tornado it had been at intervals submerged, it was now too far above the surface to have been grasped by any one from below. The weight of Trevannion's body, as he crept outward upon it, brought it nearer to the water, but not near enough for a swimmer to lay hold. He saw that, by going too far out, the branch would not bear his own weight, and might snap short off, thus leaving the swimmers in a worse position than ever. It was for this reason he had ordered the untwining of the creeper that was clinging above. His orders were obeyed with the utmost alacrity by Tom and Ralph, as if their own lives depended on the speed. Almost before he was ready to receive it, the long liana was wrenched from its tendril fastenings, and came straggling down over the branch on which he sat, like the stay of a ship loosened from her mast-head.

Meanwhile Mozey, — making as much noise as a young whale, blowing like a porpoise, spurting and spitting like an angry cat, — still carrying the child safe on his shoulders, had arrived under the limb, and, with strokes somewhat irregularly given and quickly repeated, was doing his very best to keep himself and her above water. It was evident to all, that the over-weighted swimmer was wellnigh exhausted; and had not the end of the long liana plumped down in the nick of time, the Mozambique must indubitably have gone to the bottom, taking his charge with him. Just in time, however, the tree-cable came within his clutch, and, seizing it with all his remaining strength, Rosa relieved him of her weight by laying hold herself, and the two were drawn up into the tree amidst cries of “Hold on! hold on!” ending in general congratulation.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE PAROQUET.

ALAS! there was one circumstance that hindered their triumph from being complete. The jararaca was still in the tree. So long as this terrible tenant shared their abode, there could be neither confidence nor comfort. There it lay coiled upon its scaly self, snugly ensconced in the fork below, with skin glittering brightly, and eyes gleaming fiercely in the golden sunlight that now fell slantingly against the tree. How long would the monster remain in this tranquil attitude, was the question that presented itself to the minds of all, as soon as the first transport of their joy had subsided. It was evident it had no intention of taking to the water, though it could have done so without fear. No doubt the sapucaya was its habitual haunt; and it was not likely to forsake it just to accommodate some half-score of strange creatures who had chosen to intrude. Surely some time or other it would reascend the tree, and then —?

But all speculations on this point were soon interrupted. The little parouet, which had shown such excitement on first discovering the snake, had been quiet while all were engaged in the salvage of Mozey and the child. Now that a certain quietness had been restored, the bird was seen returning



to the jararaca for the supposed purpose of renewing its impotent attack. For some minutes it kept fluttering over the serpent, now alighting upon a branch, anon springing off again, and descending to one lower and nearer to the jararaca, until it had almost reached its head. Strange to say, there appeared no hostility in the bird's movements; its actions betrayed rather the semblance of fear, confirmed by the tremulous quivering of its frame whenever it came to rest upon a perch. The spectators' suspicion was further strengthened by the little creature's continued cries. It was not the angry chattering by which these birds usually convey their hostility, but a sort of plaintive screaming that betokened terror. At each flight it approached closer to the serpent's forked tongue, and then retreated, as if vacillating and irresolute.

The reptile meanwhile exhibited itself in a hideous attitude; yet a deep interest enchained the spectators. Its head had broadened, or flattened out to twice the natural dimensions; the eyes seemed to shoot forth twin jets of fire, while the extensile tongue, projected from a double row of white, angular teeth, appeared to shine with phosphorescent flame. The bird was being *charmed*, and was already under the serpent's fascination.

How could the pretty pet be saved? Young Ralph, noticing the despair upon his sister's face, was half inclined to rush down the tree, and give battle to the jararaca; and Tipperary Tom—whose general hostility to snakes and reptiles had a national and hereditary origin—purposed doing something to avert the paroquet's fast-approaching fate. Trevannion, however, was too prudent to permit any interference, while the negro appeared only anxious that the magic spectacle should reach its termination. It was not cruelty on his part. Mozey had his motives, which were soon after revealed, proving that the brain of the African is at times capable of conception equal, if not superior, to his boasted Caucasian brother. There was no interruption. The end was not far off. By slow degrees, the bird appeared to grow exhausted, until its wings could no longer sustain it. Then, as if paralyzed by a final despair, it pitched itself right into the mouth of the reptile, whose jaws had been suddenly extended to receive it! There was a slight flutter of the wings, a tremulous motion of the body, and the self-immolated creature appeared to be dead. The serpent, half uncoiling itself, turned its head towards the tree, and, once more opening its jaws, permitted the now lifeless paroquet to escape from their clasp, and drop quietly into the crotch formed by the forking of the stem.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE LLIANA UNLOOSED.

THE spectators of this little tragedy of animal life had hitherto prudently refrained from taking part in it. Curiosity now exerted an equal effect in preventing their interference; and without speech or motion they sat on their respective perches to observe the *finale* of the drama, which evidently

had not ended with the death of the paroquet. That was but the beginning of the end, for the prey was yet to be devoured. Though provided with a double row of teeth, it is well known that animals of the reptile kind do not masticate their food. These teeth, set trenchantly, as is commonly the case, are intended only to capture the living prey, which enters the stomach afterwards by a process termed deglutition. At the spectacle of just such a process, with all its preliminary preparations, were the group in the sapucaya now to be present, — the principal performer being apparently unconscious of, or at all events unconcerned at, their presence.

Having deposited the dead bird in the fork of the tree, the serpent changed its coiled attitude into one that would give it a chance of filling its belly with less inconvenience. There was not room for it to extend itself fully; and, in default of this, the tail was allowed to drop down along the stem of the tree, at least two thirds of the body remaining in a horizontal position. Having arranged itself apparently to its satisfaction, it now directed its attention to the paroquet. Once more taking the dead bird between its teeth, it turned it over and over until the head lay opposite to its own, the body aligned in a longitudinal direction. The jaws of the snake were now widely extended, while the tongue, loaded with saliva, was protruded and retracted with great rapidity. The serpent continued this licking process until the short feathers covering the head of the bird, as also its neck and shoulders, seemed to be saturated with a substance resembling soap or starch. When a sufficient coating had been laid on to satisfy the instincts of the serpent, the creature once more opened its jaws, and, making a sudden gulp, took in the head of the paroquet, with the neck and shoulders. For a time no further action was perceptible. Yet a movement was going on: and it was to assure himself of this that the Mozambique was so attentive.

We have said that he had a motive for permitting the pet to be sacrificed, which was now on the eve of being revealed to his companions. They all saw that there was something upon his mind, and eagerly anticipated the revelation. Just as the jararaca had succeeded in bolting the anterior portion of the paroquet, — that is, the head, neck, and shoulders, — Mozey rose from his seat, stole towards the stem of the tree, and let himself down toward the fork, without saying a word. His purpose, however, was manifest the moment after, for he stretched out his right hand, clutched the jararaca around the small of the neck, and flung the serpent — no longer capable of defending itself — far out into the waters of the Gapo! The monster, with its feathered morsel still in its mouth, sank instantly, to be seen no more: so thought Mozey and his associates in the sapucaya.

But, as the event proved, they had hastened to an erroneous conclusion. Scarce had their triumphant cheer echoed across the silent bosom of the Gapo, when the paroquet was observed floating upon the water; and the snake, having ejected the half-swallowed pill, was once more upon the surface, swimming with sinuous but brisk undulations of its body in rapid return to the tree. The situation seemed more alarming than ever. The fiend himself could hardly have shown a more implacable determination.

To all appearance the jararaca was now returning to take revenge for the insult and disappointment to which it had been subjected. Mozey, losing confidence in his own cunning, retreated up the tree. He perceived, now that it was too late, the imprudence of which he had been guilty. He should have permitted the snake to proceed a step further in the process of deglutition, until the disgorging of the paroquet, against the grain of its feathers, should have become impossible. He had been too hasty, and must now answer the consequences. Sure enough, the serpent returned to the sapucaya and commenced reascending, availing itself of the liana, by which all of its enemies had effected their ascent. In a few seconds it had mounted into the fork, and, still adhering to the parasite, was continuing its upward way.

"O heavens!" ejaculated Trevannion, "one of us must become the prey of this pitiless monster! What can be done to destroy it?"

"Dar's a chance yet, Mass'r," cried Mozey, who had suddenly conceived a splendid thought. "Dar's a chance yet. All ob you lay hold on de creepin' vine, an' pull um out from de tree. We chuck de varmint back into de water. Now den, — all togedder! Pull like good uns!"

As the negro spoke, he seized the liana, by which the serpent was making its spiral ascent, and put out all his strength to detach it from the trunk of the sapucaya. The others instantly understood his design, and, grasping the parasite, with a simultaneous effort tried to tear it off. A quick jerk broke the liana loose; and the jararaca, shaken from its hold, was sent whirling and writhing through the air, till it fell with a plunging noise upon the water below. Once more a triumphant cheer went up through the sapucaya branches, once more to be stifled ere it had received the answer of its own echoes; for the jararaca was again seen upon the surface, as before, determinedly approaching the tree.

It was a sight for despair. There was something supernatural in the behavior of the snake. It was a monster not to be conquered by human strength, nor circumvented by human cunning. Was there any use in continuing the attempt to subdue it? Mozey, a fatalist, felt half disposed to submit to a destiny that could not be averted; and even Tipperary Tom began to despair of the power of his prayers to St. Patrick. The ex-miner, however, as well acquainted with the subterraneous regions as with upper earth, had no superstition to hinder him from action; and, instead of desponding, he at once adopted the proper course. Catching hold of the creeper, that had already been loosened from the trunk, and calling upon the others to assist him, he tore the creeper entirely from the tree, flinging its severed stem far out upon the water. In a moment after, the snake came up, intending to climb into the sapucaya, as no doubt it had often done before. We wonder what were its feelings on finding that the ladder had been removed, and that an ascent of the smooth trunk of the sapucaya was no longer possible, even to a tree snake! After swimming round and round, and trying a variety of places, the discomfited jararaca turned away in apparent disgust; and, launching out on the bosom of the Gapo, swam off in the direction of the thicket, — on the identical track that had been taken by Richard and the Mundurucú.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## SERPENT FASCINATION.

IT was some time before Trevannion and his companions in misfortune could recover from the excitement and awe of their adventure. They began to believe that the strange tales told them of the Gapo and its denizens had more than a substratum of truth; for the protracted and implacable hostility shown by the snake, and its mysterious power over the bird, seemed surely supernatural. Trevannion reflected on the singular behavior of the jararaca. That a reptile of such contemptible dimensions should exhibit so much cunning and courage as to return to the attack after being repeatedly foiled, and by an enemy so far its superior in strength and numbers, together with its hideous aspect, could not fail to impress him with a feeling akin to horror, in which all those around him shared. The very monkeys and birds must have felt it; for when in the presence of snakes, they had never before exhibited such trepidation and excitement. Long after the serpent had been pitched for the second time into the water, the coaita kept up its terrified gibbering, the macaw screamed, and the tiny ouistiti, returning to Rosa's protection, — no longer to be shared with its late rival, — sat trembling in her lap, as if the dreaded reptile were still within dangerous proximity.

This feeling was but temporary, however. Trevannion was a man of strong intellect, trained and cultivated by experience and education; and after a rational review of the circumstances, he became convinced that there was nothing very extraordinary, certainly nothing supernatural, in what transpired. The jararaca — as he had heard, and as everybody living on the Amazon knew — was one of the most venomous of serpents, if not the most venomous of all. Even the birds and beasts were acquainted with this common fact, and dreaded the reptile accordingly, not from mere *instinct*, but from actual knowledge possessed and communicated in some mysterious way to one another. This would account for the wild terror just exhibited, which in the case of the paroquet had come to a fatal end. There was a mystery about this for which Trevannion could not account. The power which the serpent appeared to have obtained over the bird, controlling its movements without any apparent action of its own, was beyond comprehension. Whether or not it be entitled to the name given it, — *fascination*, — certainly it is a fact, — one that has been repeatedly observed, and to which not only birds, but quadrupeds, have been the victims; and not only by ordinary observers, but by men skilled in the knowledge of nature, who have been equally at a loss to account for it by natural causes. But this link in the chain of incidents, though mysterious, was not new nor peculiar to this situation. It had been known to occur in all countries and climes, and so soon ceased to excite any weird influence on the mind of Trevannion.

For the other circumstances that had occurred there was an explanation still more natural. The jararaca, peculiarly an inhabitant of the Gapo lands,

had simply been sunning itself upon the sapucaya. It may have been prowling about in the water when overtaken by the tornado ; and, not wishing to be carried away from its haunt, had sought a temporary shelter in the tree, to which an unlucky chance had guided the galatea. Its descent was due to the behavior of the birds ; which, after having for a time tantalized it, — provoking its spite, and in all likelihood its hungry appetite, — had temporarily suspended their attack, returning down the tree with Ralph and the negro. It was in pursuit of them, therefore, it had forsaken its original perch. The commotion caused by its descent, but more especially the ducking it had received, and the presence of the two human forms in the water below, had induced it to halt in the forking of the tree, where shortly after its natural prey again presented itself, — ending in an episode that was to it an ordinary occurrence. The choking it had received in the hands of the negro, and its unexpected immersion, had caused the involuntary rejection of the half-swallowed morsel. In the opaque water it had lost sight of the bird, and was returning to the sapucaya either in search of its food, or to reoccupy its resting-place.

It is well known that the jararaca has no fear of man, but will attack him whenever he intrudes upon its domain. The Indians assert that it will even go out of its way for this purpose, unlike the rattlesnake and other venomous reptiles, which rarely exert their dangerous power except in self-defence. So this jararaca reascended the sapucaya undismayed by the human enemies it saw there, one or more of whom might have become its victims but for the timely removal of the liana ladder.

On this review of facts and fancies, the equanimity of our adventurers was nearly restored. At all events they were relieved from the horrible thoughts of the supernatural, that for a time held ascendancy over them. Their hunger and thirst again manifested themselves, though little Rosa and her preserver no longer suffered from the last. In their short excursion both had been repeatedly under water, and had swallowed enough to last them for that day at least. Yet they were in want of food, and Ralph once more climbed the tree to obtain it. He soon possessed himself of half a dozen of the huge nut capsules, which were tossed into the hands of those below, and, water being drawn up in one of the emptied shells, a meal was made, which if not hearty, was satisfactory. The group could do no more than await the return of their absent companions ; and with eyes fixed intently and anxiously upon the dark water, and beneath the close growing trees, they watched for the first ripple that might betoken their coming.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE WATER ARCADE.

WE must leave for a time the castaways in the tree-top, and follow the fortunes of the two swimmers on their exploring expedition.

On reaching the edge of the submerged forest, their first thought was to

clutch the nearest branch, and rest themselves by clinging to it. They were no longer in doubt as to the character of the scene that surrounded them, for their experience enabled them to comprehend it.

"The Gapo!" muttered Munday, as they glided in under the shadows. "No dry land here, young master," he added, clutching hold of a liana. "We may as well look out for a roost, and rest ourselves. It's full ten fathoms deep. The Mundurucú can tell that by the sort of trees rising over it."

"I did n't expect anything else," rejoined young Trevannion, imitating his companion by taking hold of a branch and climbing up. "My only hope is that we may find some float timber to ferry the others across. Not that there's much in it if we do. How we're to find our way out of this mess is more than either you or I can tell."

"The Mundurucú never despairs, — not even in the middle of the Gapo," was the Indian's proud reply.

"You have hope then? You think we shall find timber enough for a raft to carry us clear of the inundation."

"No!" answered the Indian. "We have got too far from the channel of the big river. We shall see no floating trees here, — nothing to make a raft that would carry us."

"Why then did we come here, if not for the purpose of finding dead timber for that object?"

"Dead timber? No! If that was our errand, we might go back as we've come, — empty-handed. We shall float all the people over here without that. Follow me, young master. We must go further into the Gapo. Let old Munday show you how to construct a raft without trees, only making use of their fruit."

"Lead on!" cried the Paraense. "I'm ready to assist you; though I have n't the slightest conception of what you mean to do."

"You shall see presently, young master," rejoined Munday, once more spreading himself to swim. "Come on! follow me! If I'm not mistaken, we'll soon find the materials for a raft, — or something that will answer as well for the present. Come along, there! Come!" — and he launched himself into the water.

Trevannion followed his example, and, once more consigning himself to the flood, he swam on in the Indian's wake. Through aisles dimmed with a twilight like that of approaching night, along arcades covered with foliage so luxuriant as to be scarce penetrable by the rays of a tropic sun, the two swimmers, the Indian ever in advance, held their way.

To Richard Trevannion the Mundurucú was comparatively a stranger, known only as a *tapuyo* employed by his uncle in the management of the galatea. He knew the tribe by rumors even more than sinister. They were reputed in Para to be the most bloodthirsty of savages, who took delight not only in the destruction of their enemies, but in keeping up a ghastly souvenir of hostility by preserving their heads. In the company of a Mundurucú, especially in such a place, — swimming under the sombre shadows of a submerged forest, — it can scarce be wondered at that the youth felt



suspicion, if not actual fear. But Richard Trevannion was a boy of bold heart, and bravely awaited the *denouement* of the dismal journey.

Their swim terminated at length, and the Indian, pointing to a tree, cried out: "Yonder — yonder is the very thing of which I was in search. Hoo-hoo! Covered with sapos too, — another thing we stand in need of, — cord and pitch both growing together. The Great Spirit is kind to us, young master."

"What is it?" demanded Richard. "I see a great tree, loaded with climbers as you say. But what of that? It is green, and growing. The wood is full of sap, and would scarce float itself; you can't construct a raft out of that. The sapos might serve well enough for ropes; but the timber won't do, even if we had an axe to cut it down."

"The Mundurucú needs no axe, nor yet timber to construct his raft. All he wants here is the sap of that tree, and some of the sapos clinging to its branches. The timber, we shall find on the sapucaya, after we go back. Look at the tree, young master! Do you not know it?"

The Paraense, thus appealed to, turned his eyes toward the tree, and scanned it more carefully. Festooned by many kinds of climbing plants, it was not so easy to distinguish its foliage from that of the parasites it upheld; enough of the leaves, however, appeared conspicuous to enable him to recognize the tree as one of the best known and most valuable to the inhabitants, not only of his native Para, but of all the Amazonian region. "Certainly," he replied, "I see what sort of tree it is. It's the *Seringa*, — the tree from which they obtain caoutchouc. But what do you want with that? You can't make a raft out of India-rubber, can you?"

"You shall see, young master; you shall see!"

During this conversation the Mundurucú had mounted among the branches of the *seringa*, calling upon his companion to come after him, who hastily responded to the call.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SYRINGE-TREE.

THE tree into whose top the swimmers had ascended was, as Richard had rightly stated, that from which the caoutchouc, or India-rubber, is obtained. It was the *Siphonia elastica*, of the order *Euphorbiaceæ*, of the Amazonian valley. Not that the *Siphonia* is the only tree which produces the world-renowned substance, which has of late years effected almost a revolution in many arts, manufactures, and domestic economies of civilized life. There are numerous other trees, both in the Old and New World, most of them belonging to the famed family of the figs, which in some degree afford the caoutchouc of commerce. Of all, however, that yielded by the *Siphonia elastica* is the best, and commands the highest price among dealers. The young Paraense called it *Seringa*, and this is the name he had been accustomed to hear given to it. *Seringa* is simply the Portuguese for syringe, and the name has attached itself to the tree, because the use which the aborigines were first observed to make

of the elastic tubes of the caoutchouc was that of squirts or syringes, the idea being suggested by their noticing the natural tubes formed by the sap around twigs, when flowing spontaneously from the tree. For syringes it is employed extensively to this day by Brazilians of all classes, who construct them by moulding the sap, while in its fluid state, into pear-shaped bottles, and inserting a piece of cane in the long neck.

The caoutchouc is collected in the simplest way, which affords a regular business to many Amazonians, chiefly native Indians, who dispose of it to the Portuguese or Brazilian traders. The time is in August, when the subsidence of the annual inundation permits approach to the trees; for the *seringa* is one of those species that prefer the low flooded lands, though it is not altogether peculiar to the Gapo. It grows throughout the whole region of the Amazon, wherever the soil is alluvial and marshy. The India-rubber harvest, if we may use the term, continues throughout the dry months, during which time very large quantities of the sap are collected, and carried over to the export market of Para. A number of trees growing within a prescribed circle are allotted to each individual, whose business it is — man, woman, or boy — to attend to the assigned set of trees; and this is the routine of their day's duty.

In the evening the trees are tapped; that is, a gash or incision is made in the bark, — each evening in a fresh place, — and under each is carefully placed a little clay cup, or else the shell of an *Ampullasia*, to catch the milky sap that oozes from the wound. After sunrise in the morning, the "milk-ers" again revisit the scene of operations, and empty all the cups into a large vessel, which is carried to one common receptacle. By this time the sap, which is still of a white color, is of the consistency of cream, and ready for moulding. The collectors have already provided themselves with moulds of many kinds, according to the shape they wish the caoutchouc to assume, such as shoes, round balls, bottles with long necks, and the like. These are dipped into the liquid, a thin stratum of which adheres to them, to be made thicker by repeated immersions, until the proper dimensions are obtained. After the last coat has been laid on, lines and ornamental tracings are made upon the surface, while still in a soft state; and a rich brown color is obtained by passing the articles repeatedly through a thick black smoke, given out by a fire of palm-wood, — several species of these trees being specially employed for this purpose. As the moulds are usually solid substances, and the shoes, balls, and bottles are cast *on*, and not *in* them, it may be wondered how the latter can be taken off, or the former got out. King George would have been as badly puzzled about this, as he was in regard to the apples in the pudding. The idea of the Amazonian aboriginal, though far more ingenious, is equally easy of explanation. His bottle-moulds are no better than balls of dried mud, or clay; and so too, the lasts upon which he fashions the India-rubber shoes. Half an hour's immersion in water is sufficient to restore them to their original condition of soft mud; when a little scraping and washing completes the manufacture, and leaves the commodity in readiness for the merchant and the market.

The seringa is not a tree of very distinguished appearance, and but for its valuable sap might be passed in a forest of Amazonia, where so many magnificent trees meet the eye, without eliciting a remark. Both in the color of its bark and the outline of its leaves it bears a considerable resemblance to the European ash,—only that it grows to a far greater size, and with a stem that is branchless, often to the height of thirty or forty feet above the ground. The trunk of that on which the Mundurucú and his companion had climbed was under water to that depth, else they could not so easily have ascended. It was growing in its favorite situation,—the Gapo,—its top festooned, as we have said, with scores of parasitical plants, of many different species, forming a complete labyrinth of limbs, leaves, fruits, and flowers.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A BATTLE WITH BIRDS.

SCARCE had the Paraense succeeded in establishing himself on the tree, when an exclamation from his companion, higher up among the branches, caused him to look aloft. “Hoo-hoo!” was the cry that came from the lips of the Mundurucú, in a tone of gratification.

“What is it, Munday?”

“Something good to eat, master!”

“I’m glad to hear it. I feel hungry enough in all conscience; and these sapucaya nuts don’t quite satisfy me. I’d like a little fish or flesh-meat along with them.”

“It’s neither,” rejoined the Indian. “Something as good, though. It’s fowl! I’ve found an arara’s nest.”

“O, a macaw! But where is the bird? You have n’t caught it yet?”

“Have n’t I?” responded the Mundurucú, plunging his arm elbow-deep into a cavity in the tree-trunk; and dragging forth a half-fledged bird, nearly as big as a chicken. “Ah, a nest! young ones! Fat as butter too!”

“All right. We must take them back with us. Our friends in the sapucaya are hungry as we, and will be right glad to see such an addition to the larder.”

But Richard’s reply was unheard; for, from the moment that the Mundurucú had pulled the young macaw out of its nest, the creature set up such a screaming and flopping of its half-fledged wings, as to fill all the woods around. The discordant ululation was taken up and repeated by a companion within the cavity; and then, to the astonishment of the twain, half a score of similar screaming voices were heard issuing from different places higher up in the tree, where it was evident there were several other cavities, each containing a nest full of young araras.

“A regular breeding-place, a macaw-cot,” cried Richard, laughing as he spoke. “We’ll get squabs enough to keep us all for a week!”

The words had scarce passed his lips, when a loud clangor reverberated upon the air. It was a confused mixture of noises,—a screaming and chattering,—that bore some resemblance to the human voice; as if half a score



of Punches were quarrelling with as many Judys at the same time. The sounds, when first heard, were at some distance; but before twenty could have been counted, they were uttered close to the ears of the Mundurucú, who was highest up, while the sun became partially obscured by the outspread wings of a score of great birds, hovering in hurried flight around the top of the seringa. There was no mystery about the matter. The newcomers were the parents of the young macaws—the owners of the nests—returning from a search for provender for their pets, whose piercing cries had summoned them in all haste to their home. As yet, neither the Indian nor his young companion conceived any cause for alarm. Foolish, indeed, to be frightened by a flock of birds! They were not allowed to indulge long in this comfortable equanimity; for, almost on the moment of their arrival above the tree, the united parentage of araras plunged down among the branches, and, with wing; beak, and talons, began an instant and simultaneous attack upon the intruders. The Indian was the first to receive their onset. Made in such a united and irresistible manner, it had the effect of causing him to let go the chick, which fell with a plunge into the water below. In its descent, it was accompanied by half a dozen of the other birds,—its own parents, perhaps, and their more immediate friends,—and these, for the first time espying a second enemy farther down, directed their attack upon him. The force of the assailants was thus divided; the larger number continued their onslaught upon the Indian, though the young Paraense at the same time found his hands quite full enough in defending himself, considering that he carried nothing in the shape of a weapon, and that his body, like that of his comrade, was altogether unprotected by vestments. To be sure the Mundurucú was armed with a sharp knife, which he had brought along with him in his girdle; but this was of very little use against his winged enemies; and although he succeeded in striking down one or two of them, it was done rather by a blow of the fist than by the blade.

In a dozen seconds both had received almost as many scratches from the beaks and talons of the birds, which still continued the combat with a fury that showed no signs of relaxation or abatement. The Paraense did not stay either to take counsel or imitate the example of his more sage companion, but, hastily bending down upon the limb whereon he had been maintaining the unequal contest, he plunged head foremost into the water. Of course a "header" from such a height, carried him under the surface; and his assailants, for the moment missing him, flew back into the tree-top, and joined in the assault on Munday. The latter, who had by this become rather sick of the contest, thinking of no better plan, followed his comrade's example. Hastily he flung himself into the flood, and, first diving below the surface, came up beside the Paraense, and the two swam away side by side in silence, each leaving behind him a tiny string of red; for the blood was flowing freely from the scratches received in their strange encounter.

*Mayne Reid.*

# Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY  
of  
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



## CHARADE.

NO. 4

THE sun shone down on fields of waving grain

That glistened in the slumberous summer air ;

A dream of quiet brooded o'er the plain,  
And veiled the landscape with a magic rare.  
Past quiet meadows, and by clumps of trees,

The sleepy river glided to the sea,  
Its tranquil flood, unruffled by a breeze,  
Seemingly still, it moved so lazily.

A scene of peace and quietness and rest,  
No sign of man its placid beauty cursed,  
Save where, upon yon hillock's woody crest,

Reposed the gay pavilions of my *first*.

An hour more, the still and calm repose  
Had gone from meadow, plain, and sleepy stream,

And on that charmed landscape shrilly rose  
The ring of steel, the clash of angry blows,  
The shout of Hate, and Frenzy's maddening scream.

Fiercely the din and rush of battle surged,  
And lance met lance, and visor rang again,  
And valiant knights their foaming cour-  
sers urged

'Mong fearful heaps of wounded and of slain,

Where stilly waved, but now, the rust-  
ling grain.

The day is done ! one army's valiant head,  
Enfeebled by my *second*, yields at last :  
He falls upon a mound, all gory red  
With his own blood, that gushes thick and fast.

Yet ere he sinks the failing hero calls  
With one faint cry his followers to his side : —

In vain ! the weakened voice unheeded falls,  
Lost in the angry swell of battle's tide.  
The day is lost : alas ! the potent arm  
No foeman yet e'er conquered or with-  
stood,

Tremulous now, is powerless to harm,  
The palsy of my *second* in its blood.

Night falls on meadow, plain, and tran-  
quil stream ;

The din of strife is hushed and still, —  
and fled

The clash of arms, the lance's deadly  
gleam :

The moonlight shimmers on a heap of dead.  
From the far distance rings a joyous burst  
Of bugle-peal, and shout, and booming  
gun,

With which my jubilant and conquering  
*first*

Tells the glad story of the battle won.

The hero, by whose fall an army falls,  
With bitter sorrow preying on his soul,

Banished from home, must live in prison  
walls,

And drag away my *second* as my *whole*.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 4



ENIGMAS.

NO. 3.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
 My 3, 15, 4, 10, the poor need this winter.  
 My 4, 9, 7, 11, 14, 16, most of you will be next summer.  
 My 1, 2, 6, 11, was the first rebel.  
 My 3, 12, 5, 1, 14, the Copperheads want.  
 My 8, 12, 13, 1, 10, the Rebels will soon beg for.  
 My whole is the name of one of the contributors to "Our Young Folks."  
 A. O. W.

NO. 4.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
 My 5, 14, 13, 19, 18, 14, is very hard.  
 My 16, 2, 15, 9, 3, 18, 19, was best known in the Inquisition.  
 My 4, 11, 12, 5, is a French coin.  
 My 16, 12, 15, 8, 11, 13, 19, 18, is often baked for good children.  
 My 8, 17, 9, is something that squirrels appreciate.  
 My 4, 8, 6, 18, 19, we should avoid.  
 My 1, 15, 6, 7, 11, you can trace an Indian by.  
 My 10, 14, 8, 16, is a time when much fish is sold.  
 My 15, 19, 13, 14, 18, 14, is what every loyal citizen does for the Union.  
 My 5, 8, 7, 13, 14, 10, is what cowards do.  
 My 4, 6, 7, 8, 1, is an excellent person.  
 My 14, 6, 4, 9, is in the neighborhood of sunrise.  
 My whole is the name of a hero, contemporary with Napoleon Bonaparte.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

NO. 6.

Take just one half of forty-one,  
 And when you think 't is rightly done

Add twenty-one, and, sure as fate,  
 The sum will be just twenty-eight.

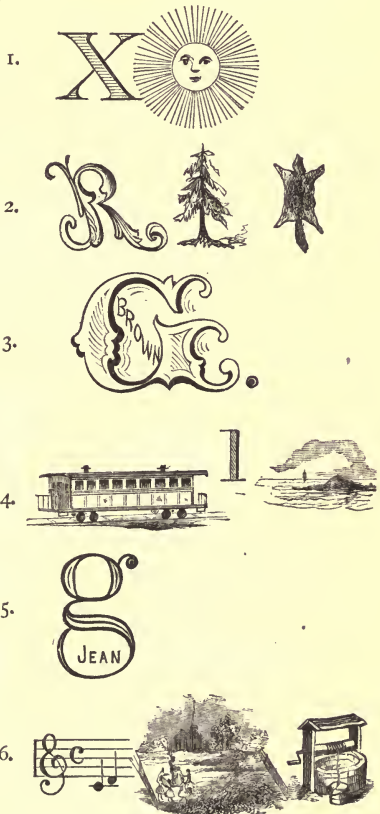
NO. 7.

To six perpendicular lines add five, and get nine for a result.

J. T. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 5.

(NAMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS.)





A N S W E R S .

CHARADE.

3. New Bedford.

ENIGMA.

2. The Young Voyageurs.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because they make shells burst on the kernel (colonel).
2. A bald head.
3. Because their words are candid (candied).
4. Because she's always a-railing.
5. Because it is a sinecure (sign o' cure).

TRANSPOSITION.

1. [Words.] Drive — stable — harness — horse — buckle — breeching — spike — tongue — chaise.

PUZZLES.

1. Ungava.
2. Baboon — a boon.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

3.  $1 + 98 + \frac{3}{6} + \frac{27}{54} = 100.$
4. COW.

1ST SOLUTION.

5. Be sure C and I by an L to divide ;  
And then, if you please, place an O at I's side ;  
The riddle's solution at once you'll divine : —  
'T is CLIO, — one Muse to be taken from Nine.

2D SOLUTION.

(Very ingenious, although not the answer intended.)  
50)101(2

To remainder  $\frac{100}{1}$  — add a cipher, and you have 10; IX is 9; take away I, and you have X, equal to 10. D. S. L.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

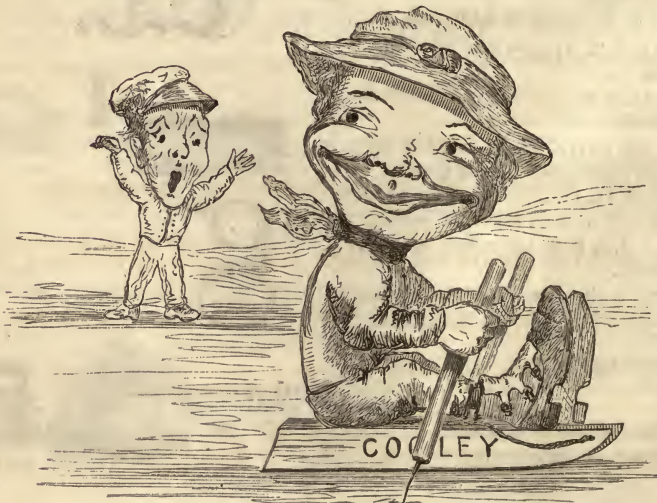
2. We propose to make our flag shelter the oppressed wherever it waves.  
[(Weep) (rope O's) (tomb) a (cow)r (flag) (shell) t (earth) o(press)d w(hare) (eve)r (eye)t (waves).]
3. Great talkers are barking dogs whose teeth are harmless.  
[(Great) (tall curs) R (bar) (king) (dogs) w(hose) (teeth) R H(armless).]

THE NAUGHTY BOY.

THERE was a bad youngster named Ned,  
Who ran off with another boy's sled.  
He cried, "This is nice, —  
To slip over the ice!"

This impudent youngster, young Ned.

B. H. T.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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VOL. I.

APRIL, 1865.

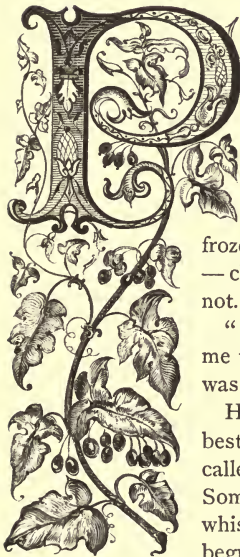
No. IV.

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## WINNING HIS WAY.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MUSIC AND PAINTING.



PHILIP went home alone from the party, out of sorts with himself, angry with Azalia, and boiling over with wrath toward Paul. He set his teeth together, and clenched his fist. He would like to blacken Paul's eyes and flatten his nose. The words of Azalia — "I know nothing against Paul's character" — rang in his ears and vexed him. He thought upon them till his steps, falling upon the frozen ground, seemed to say, "Character! — character! — character!" as if Paul had something which he had not.

"So because he has character, and I have n't, you give me the mitten, do you, Miss Azalia?" he said, as if he was addressing Azalia.

He knew that Paul had a good name. He was the best singer in the singing-school, and Mr. Rhythm often called upon him to sing in a duet with Azalia or Daphne. Sometimes he sang a solo so well, that the spectators whispered to one another, that, if Paul went on as he had begun, he would be ahead of Mr. Rhythm.

Philip had left the singing-school. It was dull music to him to sit through the evening, and say "Down, left, right, up," and be drilled, hour after hour.

It was vastly more agreeable to lounge in the bar-room of the tavern, with a half-dozen good fellows, smoking cigars, playing cards, taking a drink of whiskey, and, when it was time for the singing-school to break up, go home with the girls, then return to the tavern and carouse till midnight or later. To be cut out by Paul in his attentions to Azalia was intolerable.

"Character! — character! — character!" said his boots all the while as he walked. He stopped short, and ground his heels into the frozen earth. He was in front of Miss Dobb's house.

Miss Dobb was a middle-aged lady, who wore spectacles, had a sharp nose, a peaked chin, a pinched-up mouth, thin cheeks, and long, bony fingers. She kept the village school when Paul and Philip were small boys, and Paul used to think that she wanted to pick him to pieces, her fingers were so long and bony. She knew pretty much all that was going on in the village, for she visited somewhere every afternoon to find out what had happened. Captain Binnacle called her the Daily Advertiser.

"You are the cause of my being jilted, you tattling old maid; you have told that I was a good-for-nothing scapegrace, and I'll pay you for it," said Philip, shaking his fist at the house; and walked on again, meditating how to do it, his boots at each successive step saying, "Character! character!"

He went home and tossed all night in his bed, not getting a wink of sleep, planning how to pay Miss Dobb, and upset Paul.

The next night Philip went to bed earlier than was usual, saying, with a yawn, as he took the light to go up stairs, "How sleepy I am!" But, instead of going to sleep, he never was more wide awake. He lay till all in the house were asleep, till he heard the clock strike twelve, then arose, went down stairs softly, carrying his boots, and, opening the door, put them on outside. He looked round to see if there was any one astir; but the village was still, — there was not a light to be seen. He went to Mr. Chrome's shop, stopped, and looked round once more; but, seeing no one, raised a window and entered. The moon streamed through the windows, and fell upon the floor, making the shop so light that he had no difficulty in finding Mr. Chrome's paint buckets and brushes. Then, with a bucket in his hand, he climbed out, closed the window, and went to Miss Dobb's. He approached softly, listening and looking round to see if any one was about; but there were no footsteps except his own. He painted great letters on the side of the house, chuckling as he thought of what would happen in the morning.

"There, Miss Vinegar, you old liar, I won't charge anything for that sign," he said, when he had finished. He left the bucket on the step, and went home, chuckling all the way.

In the morning Miss Dobb saw a crowd of people in front of her house, looking towards it and laughing. Mr. Leatherby had come out from his shop; Mr. Noggin, the cooper, was there, smoking his pipe; also, Mrs. Shelbarke, who lived across the street. Philip was there. "That is a 'cute trick, I vow," said he. Everybody was on a broad grin.

"What in the world is going on, I should like to know!" said Miss Dobb, greatly wondering. "There must be something funny. Why, they are looking at my house, as true as I am alive!"



Miss Dobb was not a woman to be kept in the dark about anything a great while. She stepped to the front door, opened it, and, with her pleasant smile and softest tone of voice, said : “ Good morning, neighbors ; you seem to be very much pleased at something. May I ask what you see to laugh at ? ”

“ Te-he-he-he ! ” snickered a little boy, who pointed to the side of the house, and the by-standers followed his lead, with a loud chorus of guffaws.

Miss Dobb looked upon the wall, and saw, in red letters, as if she had gone into business, opened a store, and put out a sign, — “ MISS DOBB, LIES, SCANDAL, GOSSIP, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.”



She threw up her hands in horror. Her eyes flashed ; she gasped for breath. There was a paint-bucket and brush on the door-step ; on one side of the bucket she saw the word Chrome.

“ The villain ! I ’ll make him smart for this,” she said, running in, snatching her bonnet, and out again, making all haste towards Squire Copias’s office, to have Mr. Chrome arrested.

The Squire heard her story. There was a merry twinkling of his eye, but he kept his countenance till she was through.

“ I do not think that Mr. Chrome did it ; he is not such a fool as to leave his bucket and brush there as evidence against him ; you had better let it rest awhile,” said he.

Mr. Chrome laughed when he saw the sign. "I did n't do it, I was abed and asleep, as my wife will testify. Somebody stole my bucket and brush; but it is a good joke on Dobb, I'll be blamed if it is n't," said he.

Who did it? That was the question.

"I will give fifty dollars to know," said Miss Dobb, her lips quivering with anger.

Philip heard her and said, "Is n't there a fellow who sometimes helps Mr. Chrome paint wagons?"

"Yes, I did n't think of him. It is just like him. There he comes now, I'll make him confess it." Miss Dobb's eyes flashed, her lips trembled, she was so angry. She remembered that one of the pigs which Paul painted, when he was a boy, was hers; she also remembered how he sent Mr. Smith's old white horse on a tramp after a bundle of hay.

Paul was on his way to Mr. Chrome's shop, to begin work for the day. He wondered at the crowd. He saw the sign, and laughed with the rest.

"You did that, sir," said Miss Dobb, coming up to him, reaching out her long hand and clutching at him with her bony fingers, as if she would like to tear him to pieces. "You did it, you villain. Now you need n't deny it; you painted my pig once, and now you have done this. You are a mean, good-for-nothing scoundrel," she said, working herself into a terrible passion.

"I did not do it," said Paul, nettled at the charge, and growing red in the face.

"You are a liar; you show your guilt in your countenance," said Miss Dobb.

Paul's face was on fire. Never till then had he been called a liar. He was about to tell her loudly, that she was a meddler, tattler, and hypocrite, but he remembered that he had read somewhere, that "he who loses his temper loses his cause," and did not speak the words. He looked her steadily in the face, and said calmly, "I did not do it," and went on to his work.

Weeks went by. The singing-school was drawing to a close. Paul had made rapid progress. His voice was round, rich, full, and clear. He no longer appeared at school wearing his grandfather's coat, for he had worked for Mr. Chrome, painting wagons, till he had earned enough to purchase a new suit of clothes. Besides, it was discovered that he could survey land, and several of the farmers employed him to run the lines between their farms. Mr. Rhythm took especial pains to help him on in singing, and before winter was through he could master the crookedest anthem in the book. Daphne Dare was the best alto, Hans Middlekauf the best bass, and Azalia the best treble. Sometimes Mr. Rhythm had the four sing a quartette, or Azalia and Paul sang a duet. At times, the school sang, while he listened. "I want you to learn to depend upon yourselves," said he. Then it was that Paul's voice was heard above all others, so clear and distinct, and each note so exact in time that they felt he was their leader.

One evening Mr. Rhythm called Paul into the floor, and gave him the ratan with which he beat time, saying, "I want you to be leader in this tune;

I resign the command to you, and you are to do just as if I were not here." The blood rushed to Paul's face, his knees trembled; but he felt that it was better to try and fail, than be a coward. He sounded the key, but his voice was husky and trembling. Fanny Funk, who had turned up her nose at Mr Rhythm's proposition, giggled aloud, and there was laughing around the room. It nerved him in an instant. He opened his lips to shout, Silence! then he thought they would not respect his authority, and would only laugh louder, which would make him appear ridiculous. He stood quietly and said, not in a husky voice, but calmly, pleasantly, and deliberately, "When the ladies have finished their laughter we will commence." The laughter ceased. He waited till the room was so still that they could hear the clock tick. "Now we will try it," said he. They did not sing it right, and he made them go over it again and again, drilling them till they sang it so well that Mr. Rhythm and the spectators clapped their hands.

"You will have a competent leader after I leave you," said Mr. Rhythm. Paul had gained this success by practice hour after hour, day after day, week after week, at home, till he was master of what he had undertaken.

The question came up in parish meeting, whether the school should join the choir? Mr. Quaver and the old members opposed it, but they were voted down. Nothing was said about having a new chorister, for no one wished to hurt Mr. Quaver's feelings by appointing Paul in his place; but the school did not relish the idea of being led by Mr. Quaver, while, on the other hand, the old singers did not mean to be overshadowed by the young upstarts.

It was an eventful Sunday in New Hope when the singing-school joined the choir. The church was crowded. Fathers and mothers who seldom attended meeting were present to see their children in the singers' seats. The girls were dressed in white, for it was a grand occasion. Mr. Quaver and the old choir were early in their places. Mr. Quaver's red nose was redder than ever, and he had a stern look. He took no notice of the new singers, who stood in the background, not daring to take their seats, and not knowing what to do till Paul arrived.

"Where shall we sit, sir?" Paul asked, respectfully.

"Anywhere back there," said Mr. Quaver.

"We would like to have you assign us seats," said Paul.

"I have nothing to do about it; you may sit anywhere, and sing when you are a mind to, or hold your tongues," said Mr. Quaver, sharply.

"Very well; we will do so," said Paul, a little touched, telling the school to occupy the back seats. He was their acknowledged leader. He took his place behind Mr. Quaver, with Hans, Azalia, and Daphne near him. Mr. Quaver did not look round, neither did Miss Gamut, nor any of the old choir. They felt that the new-comers were intruders, who had no right there.

The bell ceased its tolling, and Rev. Mr. Surplice ascended the pulpit-stairs. He was a venerable man. He had preached many years, and his long, white hair, falling upon his shoulders, seemed to crown him with a



saintly glory. The people, old and young, honored, respected, and loved him, for he had grave counsel for the old, kind words for the young, and pleasant stories for the little ones. Everybody said that he was ripening for heaven. He rejoiced when he looked up into the gallery and saw such a goodly array of youth, beauty, and loveliness. Then, bowing his head in prayer, and looking onward to the eternal years, he seemed to see them members of a heavenly choir, clothed in white, and singing, "Alleluia! salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God!"

After prayer, he read a hymn:—

"Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound."

There was a smile of satisfaction on Mr. Quaver's countenance while selecting the tune, as if he had already won a victory. There was a clearing of throats; then Mr. Fiddleman gave the key on the bass-viol. As Mr. Quaver had told Paul that the school might sing when they pleased, or hold their tongues, he determined to act independently of Mr. Quaver.

"After one measure," whispered Paul. He knew they would watch his hand, and commence in exact time. The old choir was accustomed to sing without regard to time.

Mr. Quaver commenced louder than usual,—twisting, turning, drawing, and flattening the first word as if it was spelled n-e-a-w. Miss Gamut and Mr. Cleff and the others dropped in one by one. Not a sound as yet from the school. All stood eagerly watching Paul. He cast a quick glance right and left. His hand moved,—down—left—right—up. They burst into the tune as if it was one voice instead of fifty. It was like the broadside of a fifty-gun frigate. The old choir was confounded. Miss Gamut stopped short. Captain Binnacle, who once was skipper of a schooner on the Lakes, and who owned a pew in front of the pulpit, said afterwards, that she was thrown on her beam-ends as if struck by a nor'wester and all her main-sail blown into ribbons in a jiffy. Mr. Quaver, though confused for a moment, recovered; Miss Gamut also righted herself. Though confounded, they were not yet defeated. Mr. Quaver stamped upon the floor, which brought Mr. Cleff to his senses. He looked as if he would say, "Put down the upstarts!" Mr. Fiddleman played with all his might; Miss Gamut screamed at the top of her voice, while Mr. Cleff puffed out his fat cheeks and became red in the face.

The people looked and listened in amazement. Mr. Surplice stood reverently in his place. Those who sat nearest the pulpit said that there was a smile on his countenance.

It was a strange fugue, but each held on to the end of the verse, the young folks getting out ahead of Mr. Quaver and his flock, and having a breathing spell before commencing the second stanza. So they went through the hymn. Then Mr. Surplice read from the Bible: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! As the dew of

Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion ; for there the Lord commanded his blessing forevermore."

Turning to the choir, he said, "My dear friends, I perceive that there is a want of unity in your services, as singers of the sanctuary ; therefore, that the peace and harmony of the place may not be broken, I propose that, when the next psalm is given, the old members of the choir sing the first stanza, and the new members the second, and so through the hymn. By thus doing there will be no disagreement."

Each one—old and young—resolved to do his best, for comparisons would be made. It would be the struggle for victory.

"I will give them a tune which will break them down," Mr. Quaver whispered to Miss Gamut, as he selected one with a tenor and treble duet, which he and Miss Gamut had sung together a great many times. Louder and stronger sang Mr. Quaver. Miss Gamut cleared her throat, with the determination to sing as she never sang before, and to show the people what a great difference there was between her voice and Azalia Adams's. But the excitement of the moment set her heart in a flutter when she came to the duet, which ran up out of the scale. She aimed at high G, but instead of striking it in a round full tone, as she intended and expected, she only made a faint squeak on F, which sounded so funny that the people down stairs smiled in spite of their efforts to keep sober. Her breath was gone. She sank upon her seat, covered her face with her hands, mortified and ashamed. Poor Miss Gamut ! But there was a sweet girl behind her who pitied her very much, and who felt like crying, so quick was her sympathy for all in trouble and sorrow.

Paul pitied her ; but Mr. Quaver was provoked. Never was his nose so red and fiery. Determined not to be broken down, he carried the verse through, ending with a roar, as if to say, "I am not defeated."

The young folks now had their turn. There was a measure of time, the exact movement, the clear chord, swelling into full chorus, then becoming fainter, till it seemed like the murmuring of voices far away. How charming the duet ! Where Mr. Quaver blared like a trumpet, Paul sang in clear, melodious notes ; and where Miss Gamut broke down, Azalia glided so smoothly and sweetly that every heart was thrilled. Then, when all joined in the closing strain, the music rolled in majesty along the roof, encircled the pulpit, went down the winding stairs, swept along the aisles, entered the pews, and delighted the congregation. Miss Gamut still continued to sit with her hands over her face. Mr. Quaver nudged her to try another verse, but she shook her head. Paul waited for Mr. Quaver, who was very red in the face, and who felt that it was of no use to try again without Miss Gamut. He waved his hand to Paul as a signal to go on. The victory was won. Through the sermon Mr. Quaver thought the matter over. He felt very uncomfortable, but at noon he shook hands with Paul, and said, "I resign my place to you. I have been chorister for thirty years, and have had my day." He made the best of his defeat, and in the afternoon, with all the old singers, sat down stairs.

Judge Adams bowed to Paul very cordially at the close of the service. Colonel Dare shook hands with him, and Rev. Mr. Surplice, with a pleasant smile, said, "May the Lord be with you." It was spoken so kindly and heartily, and was so like a benediction, that the tears came to Paul's eyes; for he felt that he was unworthy of such kindness.

There was one person in the congregation who looked savagely at him, — Miss Dobb. "It is a shame," she said, when the people came out of church, speaking loud enough to be heard by all, "that such a young upstart and hypocrite should be allowed to worm himself into Mr. Quaver's seat." She hated Paul, and determined to put him down if possible.

Paul went home from church pleased that the school had done so well, and grateful for all the kind words he heard; but as he retired for the night, and thought over what had taken place, — when he realized that he was the leader of the choir, and that singing was a part of divine worship, — when he considered that he had fifty young folks to direct, — and that it would require a steady hand to keep them straight, he felt very sober. As these thoughts, one by one, came crowding upon him, he felt that he could not bear so great a responsibility. Then he reflected that life is made up of responsibilities, and that it was his duty to meet them manfully. If he cringed before, or shrank from them, and gave them the go-by, he would be a coward, and he never would accomplish anything. He would be nobody. No one would respect him, and he would not even have any respect for himself. "I won't back out!" he said, resolving to do the best he could.

Very pleasant were the days. Spring had come with its sunshine and flowers. The birds were in their old haunts, — the larks in the meadows, the partridges in the woods, the quails in the fields. Paul was as happy as they, singing from morning till night the tunes he had learned; and when his day's work was over, he was never too wearied to call upon Daphne with Azalia, and sing till the last glimmer of daylight faded from the west, — Azalia playing the piano, and their voices mingling in perfect harmony. How pleasant the still hours with Azalia beneath the old elms, which spread out their arms above them, as if to pronounce a benediction, — the moonlight smiling around them, — the dews perfuming the air with the sweet odors of roses and apple-blooms, — the cricket chirping his love-song to his mate, — the river forever flowing, and sweetly chanting its endless melody!

Sometimes they lingered by the way, and laughed to hear the grand chorus of bull-frogs croaking among the rushes of the river, and the echoes of their own voices dying away in the distant forest. And then, standing in the gravelled walk before the door of Azalia's home, where the flowers bloomed around them, they looked up to the stars, shining so far away, and talked of choirs of angels, and of those who had gone from earth to heaven, and were singing the song of the Redeemed. How bright the days! how blissful the nights!

*Carleton.*





## O U R D O G S .

## II.

A NEIGHBOR, blessed with an extensive litter of Newfoundland pups, commenced one chapter in our family history by giving us a puppy, brisk, funny, and lively enough, who was received in our house with acclamations of joy, and christened "Rover." An auspicious name we all thought, for his four or five human playfellows were all rovers, — rovers in the woods, rovers by the banks of a neighboring patch of water, where they dashed and splashed, made rafts, inaugurated boats, and lived among the cat-tails and sweet flags as familiarly as so many muskrats. Rovers also they were, every few days, down to the shores of the great sea, where they caught fish, rowed boats, dug clams, — both girls and boys, — and one sex quite as handily as the other. Rover came into such a lively circle quite as one of them, and from the very first seemed to regard himself as part and parcel of all that was going on, in doors or out. But his exuberant spirits at times brought him into sad scrapes. His vivacity was such as to amount to decided insanity, — and mamma and Miss Anna and papa had many grave looks over his capers. Once he actually tore off the leg of a new pair of trousers that Johnny had just donned, and came racing home with it in his mouth, with its bare-legged little owner behind, screaming threats and maledictions on the robber. What a commotion! The new trousers had just been painfully finished, in those days when sewing was sewing, and not a mere jig on a sewing-machine; but Rover, so far from being abashed or ashamed, displayed an impish glee in his performance, bounding and leaping hither and thither with his trophy in his mouth, now growling, and mangling it, and shaking it at us in elfish triumph as we chased him hither and thither, — over the wood-pile, into the wood-house, through the barn, out of the stable door, — vowing all sorts of dreadful punishments when we caught him. But we might well say that, for the little wretch would never be caught; after one of his tricks, he always managed to keep himself out of arm's length till the thing was a little blown over, when in he would come, airy as ever, and wagging his little pudgy puppy tail with an air of the most perfect assurance in the world.

There is no saying what youthful errors were pardoned to him. Once he ate a hole in the bed-quilt as his night's employment, when one of the boys had surreptitiously got him into bed with them; he nibbled and variously maltreated sundry sheets; and once actually tore up and chewed off a corner of the bedroom carpet, to stay his stomach during the night season. What he did it for, no mortal knows; certainly it could not be because he was hungry, for there were five little pair of hands incessantly feeding him from morning till night. Beside which, he had a boundless appetite for shoes, which he mumbled, and shook, and tore, and ruined, greatly to the vexation

of their rightful owners, — rushing in and carrying them from the bedsides in the night watches, racing off with them to any out-of-the-way corner that hit his fancy, and leaving them when he was tired of the fun. So there is no telling of the disgrace into which he brought his little masters and mistresses, and the tears and threats and scoldings which were all wasted on him, as he would stand quite at his ease, lolling out his red, saucy tongue, and never deigning to tell what he had done with his spoils.

Notwithstanding all these sins, Rover grew up to doghood, the pride and pet of the family, — and in truth a very handsome dog he was.



It is quite evident from his looks that his Newfoundland blood had been mingled with that of some other races ; for he never attained the full size of that race, and his points in some respects resembled those of a good setter. He was grizzled black and white, and spotted on the sides in little inky drops about the size of a three-cent piece ; his hair was long and silky, his ears beautifully fringed, and his tail long and feathery. His eyes were bright, soft, and full of expression, and a jollier, livelier, more loving creature never wore dog-skin. To be sure, his hunting blood sometimes brought us and him into scrapes. A neighbor now and then would call with a bill for ducks, chickens, or young turkeys, which Rover had killed. The last time this occurred it was decided that something must be done ; so Rover was shut up a whole day in a cold lumber-room, with the murdered duck tied round his neck. Poor fellow ! how dejected and ashamed he looked, and how grateful he was when his little friends would steal in to sit with him, and “poor” him in his disgrace ! The punishment so improved his principles that he let poultry alone from that time, except now and then, when he would snap up a young chick or turkey, in pure absence of mind, before he really knew what he was about. We had great dread lest he should take to killing sheep, of which there were many flocks in the neighborhood. A dog which once kills sheep is a doomed beast, — as much as a man who has committed murder ; and if our Rover, through the hunting blood that

was in him, should once mistake a sheep for a deer, and kill him, we should be obliged to give him up to justice, — all his good looks and good qualities could not save him.

What anxieties his training under this head cost us! When we were driving out along the clean sandy roads, among the piny groves of Maine, it was half our enjoyment to see Rover, with ears and tail wild and flying with excitement and enjoyment, bounding and barking, now on this side the carriage, now on that, — now darting through the woods straight as an arrow, in his leaps after birds or squirrels, and anon returning to trot obediently by the carriage, and, wagging his tail, to ask applause for his performances. But anon a flock of sheep appeared in a distant field, and away would go Rover in full bow-wow, plunging in among them, scattering them hither and thither in dire confusion. Then Johnny and Bill and all hands would spring from the carriage in full chase of the rogue; and all of us shouted vainly in the rear; and finally the rascal would be dragged back, panting and crestfallen, to be admonished, scolded, and cuffed with salutary discipline, heartily administered by his best friends for the sake of saving his life. “Rover, you naughty dog! Don’t you know you must n’t chase the sheep? You’ll be killed, some of these days.” Admonitions of this kind, well shaken and thumped in, at last seemed to reform him thoroughly. He grew so conscientious, that, when a flock of sheep appeared on the side of the road, he would immediately go to the other side of the carriage, and turn away his head, rolling up his eyes meanwhile to us for praise at his extraordinary good conduct. “Good dog, Rove! nice dog! good fellow! he does n’t touch the sheep, — no, he does n’t.” Such were the rewards of virtue which sweetened his self-denial; hearing which, he would plume up his feathery tail, and loll out his tongue, with an air of virtuous assurance quite edifying to behold.

Another of Rover’s dangers was a habit he had of running races and cutting capers with the railroad engines as they passed near our dwelling.

We lived in plain sight of the track, and three or four times a day the old, puffing, smoky iron horse thundered by, dragging his trains of cars, and making the very ground shake under him. Rover never could resist the temptation to run and bark, and race with so lively an antagonist; and, to say the truth, John and Willy were somewhat of his mind, — so that, though they were directed to catch and hinder him, they entered so warmly into his own feelings that they never succeeded in breaking up the habit. Every day when the distant whistle was heard, away would go Rover, out of the door or through the window, — no matter which, — race down to meet the cars, couch down on the track in front of them, barking with all his might, as if it were only a fellow-dog, and when they came so near that escape seemed utterly impossible, he would lie flat down between the rails and suffer the whole train to pass over him, and then jump up and bark, full of glee, in the rear. Sometimes he varied this performance more dangerously by jumping out full tilt between two middle cars when the train had passed half-way over him. Everybody predicted, of course, that he would



be killed or maimed, and the loss of a paw, or of his fine, saucy tail, was the least of the dreadful things which were prophesied about him. But Rover lived and thrived in his imprudent courses notwithstanding.

The engineers and firemen, who began by throwing sticks of wood and bits of coal at him, at last were quite subdued by his successful impudence, and came to consider him as a regular institution of the railroad, and, if any family excursion took him off for a day, they would inquire with interest, "Where's our dog?—what's become of Rover?" As to the female part of our family, we had so often anticipated piteous scenes when poor Rover would be brought home with broken paws or without his pretty tail, that we quite used up our sensibilities, and concluded that some kind angel, such as is appointed to watch over little children's pets, must take special care of our Rover.

Rover had very tender domestic affections. His attachment to his little playfellows was most intense; and one time, when all of them were taken off together on a week's excursion, and Rover left alone at home, his low spirits were really pitiful. He refused entirely to eat for the first day, and finally could only be coaxed to take nourishment, with many strokings and caresses, by being fed out of Miss Anna's own hand. What perfectly boisterous joy he showed when the children came back!—careering round and round, picking up chips and bits of sticks, and coming and offering them to one and another, in the fulness of his doggish heart, to show how much he wanted to give them something.

This mode of signifying his love by bringing something in his mouth was one of his most characteristic tricks. At one time he followed the carriage from Brunswick to Bath, and in the streets of the city somehow lost his way, so that he was gone all night. Many a little heart went to bed anxious and sorrowful for the loss of its shaggy playfellow that night, and Rover doubtless was remembered in many little prayers; what, therefore, was the joy of being awakened by a joyful barking under the window the next morning, when his little friends rushed in their night-gowns to behold Rover back again, fresh and frisky, bearing in his mouth a branch of a tree about six feet long, as his offering of joy.

When the family removed to Zion Hill, Rover went with them, the trusty and established family friend. Age had somewhat matured his early friskiness. Perhaps the grave neighborhood of a theological seminary and the responsibility of being a Professor's dog might have something to do with it, but Rover gained an established character as a dog of respectable habits, and used to march to the post-office at the heels of his master twice a day, as regularly as any theological student.

Little Charley the second,—the youngest of the brood, who took the place of our lost little Prince Charley—was yet padding about in short robes, and seemed to regard Rover in the light of a discreet older brother, and Rover's manners to him were of most protecting gentleness. Charley seemed to consider Rover in all things as such a model, that he overlooked the difference between a dog and a boy, and wearied himself with fruitless attempts to

scratch his ear with his foot as Rover did, and one day was brought in dripping from a neighboring swamp, where he had been lying down in the water, because Rover did.

Once in a while a wild oat or two from Rover's old sack would seem to entangle him. Sometimes, when we were driving out, he would, in his races after the carriage, make a flying leap into a farmer's yard, and, if he lighted in a flock of chickens or turkeys, gobble one off-hand, and be off again and a mile ahead before the mother hen had recovered from her astonishment. Sometimes, too, he would have a race with the steam-engine just for old acquaintance' sake. But these were comparatively transient follies; in general, no members of the grave institutions around him behaved with more dignity and decorum than Rover. He tried to listen to his master's theological lectures, and to attend chapel on Sundays; but the prejudices of society were against him, and so he meekly submitted to be shut out, and wait outside the door on these occasions.

He formed a part of every domestic scene. At family prayers, stretched out beside his master, he looked up reflectively with his great soft eyes, and seemed to join in the serious feeling of the hour. When all were gay, when singing, or frolicking, or games were going on, Rover barked and frisked in higher glee than any. At night it was his joy to stretch his furry length by our bedside, where he slept with one ear on cock for any noise which it might be his business to watch and attend to. It was a comfort to hear the tinkle of his collar when he moved in the night, or to be wakened by his cold nose pushed against one's hand if one slept late in the morning. And then he was always so glad when we woke; and when any member of the family circle was gone for a few days, Rover's warm delight and welcome were not the least of the pleasures of return.

And what became of him? Alas! the fashion came up of poisoning dogs, and this poor, good, fond, faithful creature was enticed into swallowing poisoned meat. One day he came in suddenly, ill and frightened, and ran to the friends who always had protected him,—but in vain. In a few moments he was in convulsions, and all the tears and sobs of his playfellows could not help him; he closed his bright, loving eyes, and died in their arms.

If those who throw poison to dogs could only see the real grief it brings into a family to lose the friend and playfellow who has grown up with the children, and shared their plays, and been for years in every family scene,—if they could know how sorrowful it is to see the poor dumb friend suffer agonies which they cannot relieve,—if they could see all this, we have faith to believe they never would do so more.

Our poor Rover was buried with decent care near the house, and a mound of petunias over him kept his memory ever bright; but it will be long before his friends will get another as true.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## FARMING FOR BOYS.

## III.

AS might be expected, the party thus invited to dinner had anything but a hospitable time of it. In a general way, the boys received pretty fair treatment from Mrs. Spangler; but on that particular occasion they saw that they were called in merely to be fed, and, the feeding over, that it would be most agreeable to her if they would thereupon clear out. Things had gone wrong with her on that unfortunate day, and they must bear the brunt of it. The good man of the house was absent at the neighboring tavern, it being one of his rainy days; hence the wife had all the remaining household at her mercy, and, being mostly an uncomplaining set, she could serve them with impunity just as the humor of the moment made it most convenient. The dinner was therefore nothing to speak of, and was quite unworthy of the great noise which the tin horn had made in calling them to it. There was a bit of boiled salt pork, almost too fat to eat, with potatoes and turnips, while the dessert consisted of pumpkin-sauce, which the dinner party might spread upon bread, if they thought proper.

Uncle Benny devoured his share of this rainy-day repast in silence, but inwardly concluded that it was next of kin to the meanest dinner he had ever eaten, for he was too well-bred to take open exception to it. As boys, especially farmers' boys, are not epicures, and are generally born with appetites so hearty that nothing comes amiss, Joe and Tony managed to find enough, and were by no means critical, — quality was not so important a matter as quantity. It is true there was a sort of subdued mutiny against the unseasoned pumpkin-sauce, which was a new article on Farmer Spangler's table, that showed itself in a general hesitancy even to taste it, and in a good long smell or two before a mouthful was ventured on; which being observed by Mrs. Spangler, she did unbend sufficiently to say that she had intended to give them pumpkin-pies, but an accident to her lard had interrupted her plans, so she gave them the best she had, and promised the pies for next day.

As Uncle Benny and the boys all knew that they had been called in merely to eat, and not to lounge about the stove, and were therefore expected to depart as soon as they had dined, when the scanty meal was over, they stepped out on the way to their wonted rendezvous, the barn. The rain had ceased, and there were signs of a clearing up. But the wide space between house and barn was wet and muddy, while in several places there were great puddles of water, around which they had to pick their way. These low places had always been an annoyance to Uncle Benny, as every rain converted them into ponds, which stood sometimes for weeks before drying up. They were so directly in the path to almost everything, that one had to navigate a long way round to avoid them; yet, though an admitted nuisance, no one undertook to fill them up.



When the party got fairly in among these puddles, the old man stopped, and told the boys he would teach them something worth knowing. Bidding Joe bring him a spade and hoe, he led the boys to a small puddle which lay lower on the sloping ground than any other, and in a few minutes opened a trench or gutter leading from it toward an adjoining lowland. The water immediately flowed away from the puddle through the gutter, until it fell to the level of the latter. He then deepened the gutter, and more water was discharged, and repeated the operation until the puddle was quite empty.

He then directed Joe to open a gutter between the puddle thus emptied and a larger one close by, then to connect a third with the second, until, by means of hoe and spade, he had the whole series of puddles communicating with each other, those on the higher ground of course discharging their contents into that first emptied, as it lay lower than the others. When the work was completed there was a lively rush of water down, through the gutter first cut, into the meadow.

"Now, boys," said Uncle Benny, "this is what is called drainage, — surface drainage, — the making of water move off from a spot where it is a nuisance, thus converting a wet place into a dry one. You see how useful it is on this little piece of ground, because in a few days the bottom of these ponds will become so dry that you can walk over them, instead of having to go round them; and if Mr. Spangler would only have them filled up, and make the whole surface level, the water would run off of itself, and all these gutters could be filled up, leaving the yard dry and firm. These gutters are called open or surface drains, because they are open at the top; but when you make a channel deep enough to put in a wooden trunk, or brush, or stones, or a line of tiles, for the water to flow through, and then cover up the whole so that one can walk or drive over it, it is called an under-drain, because it is under the surface of the ground."

"But does draining do any good?" inquired Joe.

"Why," replied Uncle Benny, "it is impossible to farm profitably without drainage of some kind; and the more thoroughly the land is drained of its superfluous water, the surer and better will be the crops. I suppose that not one of you likes to have wet feet. Well, it is the same thing with the roots and grains and grasses that farmers cultivate, — they don't like wet feet. You know the corn didn't grow at all in that low place in our corn-field this season; that was because the water stood there from one rain to another, — the corn had too much of it. You also saw how few and small were the potatoes in that part of the patch that runs close down to the swamp. Water is indispensable to the growth of plants, but none will bear an excessive supply, except those that grow in swamps and low places only. Many of these even can be killed by keeping the swamp flooded for a few weeks; though they can bear a great deal, yet it is possible to give even them too much. Our farms, even on the uplands, abound in low places, which catch and hold too much of the heavy rains for the health of the plants we cultivate. The surplus must be got rid of, and there is no other way to do that than by ditching and draining. Under-draining is always

best. Let a plant have as much water as it needs, and it will grow to profit ; but give it too much, and it will grow up weak and spindling. You saw that in our cornfield. There are some plants, as I said before, that grow only in wet places ; but you must know that such are seldom useful to us as food either for man or beast. Nobody goes harvesting after spatterdocks or cat-tail. This farm is full of low, wet places, which could be drained for a very little money, and the profits from one or two crops from the reclaimed land would pay back the whole expenses. Indeed, there is hardly one farm in a thousand that would not be greatly benefited by being thoroughly under-drained. But as these puddles are nearly empty, come over to the barn-yard, — they will be dry enough to-morrow.”

Uncle Benny led the way into a great enclosure that was quite full of manure. It lay on a piece of sloping ground adjoining the public road, in full view of every person who might happen to drive by. It was not an agreeable sight to look at, even on a bright summer day ; and just now, when a heavy rain had fallen, it was particularly unpleasant. In addition to the rain, it had received a copious supply of water from the roofs of all the barns and sheds that surrounded it. Not one of them was furnished with a gutter to catch and carry off the water to some place outside the barn-yard, but all that fell upon them ran off into the manure. Of course the whole mass was saturated with water. Indeed, it was not much better than a great pond, a sort of floating bog, yet not great enough to retain the volume of water thus conducted into it from the overhanging roofs. There was not a dry spot for the cows to stand upon, and the place had been in this disagreeable condition so long, that both boys and men went into it as seldom as possible. If the cows and pigs had had the same liberty of choice, it is probable they too would have given it as wide a berth.

The old man took them to a spot just outside the fence, where a deep gutter leading from the barn-yard into the public road was pouring forth into the latter a large stream of black liquor. As he pointed down the road, the boys could not see the termination of this black fluid, it reached so far from where they stood. It had been thus flowing, night and day, as long as the water collected in the barn-yard. The boys had never noticed any but the disagreeable part of the thing, as no one had taken pains to point out to them its economic or wasteful features.

“ Now, boys,” said Uncle Benny, “ there are two kinds of drainage. The first kind, which I have just explained to you, will go far toward making a farmer rich ; but this kind, which drains a barn-yard into the public road, will send him to the poor-house. Here is manure wasted as fast as it is made, — thrown away to get rid of it, — and no land is worth farming without plenty of manure.”

“ But the manure stays in the barn-yard,” replied Tony. “ It is only the water that runs off.”

“ Did you ever suck an orange after somebody had squeezed out all the juice ?” asked Uncle Benny. “ If you did, you must have discovered that he had extracted all that there was in it of any value, — you had a dry pull,

Tony. It is exactly so with this barn-yard. Liken it to an orange, though I must admit there is a wide difference in the flavor of the two. Here Mr. Spangler is extracting the juice, throwing it away, and keeping the dry shell and insides for himself. Farmers make manure for the purpose of feeding their plants, — that is, to make them grow. Now, plants don't feed on those piles of straw and cornstalks, that you say remain in the yard, but on the liquor that you see running away from them. That liquor is manure, — it is the very life of the manure heap, — the only shape that the heap can take to make a plant grow. It must ferment and decay, and turn to powder, before it can give out its full strength, and will not do so even then, unless water comes down upon it to extract just such juices as you now see running to waste. The rain carries those juices all through the ground where the plant is growing, and its thousands of little rootlets suck up, not the powdered manure, but the liquor saturated with its juices, just as you would suck an orange. They are not able to drink up solid lumps of manure, but only the fluid extracts. Boys, such waste as this will be death to any farm," and your father must make an entire change in this barn-yard. Don't you see how it slopes toward the road, no doubt on purpose to let this liquid manure run off? He must remove it to a piece of level ground, and make the centre of it lower than the sides, so as to save every drop. If he could line the bottom with clay, to prevent loss by soaking into the ground, so much the better. If he can't change it, then he should raise a bank here where we stand, and keep the liquor in. Then every roof must have a gutter to catch the rain, and a conductor to carry it clear of the yard. The manure would be worth twice as much if he would pile it up under some kind of cover. Then, too, the yard has been scraped into deep holes, which keep it constantly so wet and miry that no one likes to go into it, and these must be filled up."

"But would n't that be a great deal of work?" inquired Tony.

"Now, Tony," replied the old man, "don't expect to get along in this world without work. If you work to advantage, as you would in doing such a job as this, the more you do the better. You have set up to be a farmer, and you should try to be a good one, as I consider a poor farmer no better than a walking scarecrow. No man can be a good one without having things just as I tell you all these about this barn-yard ought to be. Whatever you do, do well. I know it requires more work, but it is the kind of work that pays a profit, and profit is what most men are aiming at. If this were my farm, I would make things look very different, no matter how much work it cost me. I can always judge of a man's crops by his barn-yard."

"Then I'm afraid this is a poor place to learn farming," said Joe. "Father don't know near as much about doing things right as you do, and he never talks to us, and shows us about the farm like you."

"He may know as much as I do, Joe," replied Uncle Benny, "but if he does, he don't put it into practice; — that is the difference between us."

"I begin to think it's a poor place for me, too," added Tony. "I have no friends to teach me, or to help me."



“To help you?” exclaimed the old man, with an emphasis that was quite unusual to him; “you must help *yourself*. You have the same set of faculties as those that have made great men out of boys as humbly born as you, and you will rise or sink in proportion to the energy you exert. We can all succeed if we choose, — there is no fence against fortune.”

“What does that mean?” demanded Tony.

“It means that fortune is as an open common, with no hedge, or fence, or obstruction to get over in our efforts to reach it, except such as may be set up by our own idleness, or laziness, or want of courage in striving to overcome the disadvantages of our particular position.”



While this conversation was going on, the boys had noticed some traveller winding his slow and muddy way up the road toward where they were standing. As he came nearer, they discovered him to be a small boy, not so large as either Joe or Tony; and just as Uncle Benny had finished his elucidation of the fence against fortune, the traveller reached the spot where the group were conversing, and with instinctive good sense stepped up out of the mud upon the pile of rails which had served as standing-ground for the others. He was a short, thick-set fellow, warmly clad, of quick movement, keen, intelligent look, and a piercing black eye, having in it all the business fire of a juvenile Shylock. Bidding good afternoon to the group, and scraping from his thick boots as much of the mud as he could, he proceeded to business

without further loss of time. Lifting the cover from a basket on his arm, he displayed its flashing contents before the eyes of Joe and Tony, asking them if they did n't want a knife, a comb, a tooth-brush, a burning-glass, a cake of pomatum, or something else of an almost endless list of articles, which he ran over with a volubility exceeding anything they had ever experienced.

The little fellow was a pedler. He plied his vocation with a glibness and pertinacity that confounded the two modest farmer's boys he was addressing. Long intercourse with the great public had given him a perfect self-possession, from which the boys fairly shrunk back with girlish timidity. There was nothing impudent or obtrusive in his manner, but a quiet, persevering self-reliance that could not fail to command attention from any audience, and which, to the rustics he was addressing, was particularly imposing. To Uncle Benny the scene was quite a study. He looked and listened in silence. He was struck with the cool, independent manner of the young pedler, his excessive volubility, and the tact with which he held up to Joe and Tony the particular articles most likely to attract their attention. He seemed to know intuitively what each boy coveted the most. Tony's great longing had been for a pocket-knife, and Joe's for a jack-knife. The boy very soon discovered this, and, having both in his basket, crowded the articles on his customers with an urgency that nothing but the low condition of their funds could resist. After declining a dozen times to purchase, Tony was forced to exclaim, "But we have no money. I never had a shilling in my life."

The pedler-boy seemed struck with conviction of the truth of Tony's declaration, and that he was only wasting time in endeavoring to sell where there was no money to pay with. He accordingly replaced the articles in his basket, shut down the lid, and with unaltered civility was bidding the company good bye, when Uncle Benny broke silence for the first time.

"What is your name, my lad?" he inquired.

"John Hancock, sir," was the reply.

"I have heard that name before," rejoined Uncle Benny. "You were not at the signing of the Declaration of Independence?"

"No, sir," replied the courageous little fellow, "I wish I had been,—but my name was there."

This was succeeded by quite a colloquy between them, ending with Uncle Benny's purchasing, at a dollar apiece, the coveted knives, and presenting them to the delighted boys. Then, again addressing the pedler, he inquired, "Why do you follow this business of peddling?"

"Because I make money by it," he quickly replied.

"But have you no friends to help you, and give you employment at home?" continued the old man.

"Got no friends, sir," he responded. "Father and mother both dead, and I had to help myself; so I turned newsboy in the city, and then made money enough to set up in peddling, and now I am making more."

Uncle Benny was convinced that he was talking with a future millionaire. But while admiring the boy's bravery, his heart overflowed with pity for his loneliness and destitution, and with a yearning anxiety for his welfare. Lay-

ing his hand on his shoulder, he said: "God bless you and preserve you, my boy! Be industrious as you have been, be sober, honest, and truthful. Fear God above all things, keep his commandments, and, though you have no earthly parent, he will be to you a heavenly one."

The friendless little fellow looked up into the old man's benevolent face with an expression of surprise and sadness, — surprise at the winning kindness of his manner, as if he had seldom met with it from others, and sadness, as if the soft voices of parental love had been recalled to his yet living memory. Then, thanking him with great warmth, he bid the company good bye, and, with his basket under his arm, continued his tiresome journey over the muddy highway to the next farm-house.

"There!" said the old man, addressing Tony, "did you hear what he said? 'Father and mother both dead, and I had to help myself!' Why, it is yourself over again. Take a lesson from the story of that boy, Tony!"

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*



## THE LITTLE PRISONER.

### PART II.

#### WOUNDED.

THE house to which the aged negress bore the wounded boy was a square, antiquated mansion, originally something in the fashion of the old farm-houses of New England. The hand of improvement, however, had been busy with it, until it had assumed the appearance of a country clown, who, above his own coarse brogans and homespun trousers, is wearing the stove-pipe hat, fancy waistcoat, and "long-tail blue" of some city gentleman. For a house, it had the oddest-looking face you ever saw. Its nose was a porch as ugly and prominent as the beak of President Tyler; and its eyes were wide, sleepy windows, which seemed to leer at you in a half-comic, half-wicked way. One of its ears was a round protuberance, something like the pole "sugar-loaves" the Indians live in; the other, a square box resembling the sentry-houses in which watchmen hive of stormy nights. Just above its nose, a narrow strip of weather-boarding answered for a forehead; and right over this, a huge pigeon-coop rose up in the air like the top-knot worn in pictures by that "old public functionary," Mr. Buchanan. The rim of its hat was a huge beam, apparently the keel of some ship gone to roost, and its crown was a cupola, half carried away by a cannon-shot, and looking for all the world like a dilapidated beaver, which had been pelted by the storms of a dozen hard winters. The whole of its roof, in fact, looked like the hull of a vessel stove in amidships, and turned bottom upwards; and, with its truncated gables, reminded one of those down-east craft, which an old sea-



captain used to tell me, when I was a boy, were built by the mile, and sawed off at the ends so as to suit any market.

But, notwithstanding these odd features, the old house had a most cosy and comfortable air about it. Before its door great trees were growing, and Virginia creepers and honeysuckles were clambering over its brown walls and wide windows, filling the yard with fragrance, and hiding with their blooming beauty at least one half of its grotesque ugliness.

Pausing to rest awhile on its door-step, old Katy entered its broad hall, and bore James into the "sugar-loaf" projection of which I have spoken. It was a little alcove built off from the library, and furnished with a few chairs, a wash-stand, and a low bed covered with a patch-work counterpane. On this bed the old woman laid the wounded boy; and then, sinking into a chair, and wiping the perspiration from her face, she said to him, "You 's little, honey, but you 's heaby, — right heaby fur sich a ole 'ooman ter tote as I is."

"I know I am, Aunty," said the little boy, to whom the long walk had brought great pain, and who now began to feel deathly sick and faint. "You might as well have let me die there."

"Die, honey!" cried the old negress, springing to her feet as nimbly as if she had been a young girl; "you hain't a gwine ter die, — ole Katy woan't leff you do dat, nohow."

James looked at her with a weary, but grateful look, while, undoing his jacket and waistcoat, she wet his shirt with a dampened cloth, and tried to remove it from his wound. The long walk — old Katy's gait was a swaying movement, nearly as rough as a horse's trot — had set the wound to bleeding again, so the shirt came away without any trouble, and then she saw the deep, wide gash in the little boy's side. The bayonet had entered his body at the outer edge of the ribs, just above the hip, and, going clear through, had come out at his back, making a ghastly wound. It seemed all but impossible to keep the precious life from oozing away through such a frightful rent; but, covering it hastily with the cloth, the old woman said to James in a cheerful way: "Taint nuffin', honey, — nuffin' ter hurt. Ole Katy 's seed a heap ob wuss ones nur dat; and dey 's gwine 'bout, as well as eber dey was. You 'll be ober it right soon. But you muss keep quiet, honey, and not grebe nor worry after you mudder, nur nuffin'; fur ef you does, de feber mought git in dar, and ef dat ar fire onct got tur burnin' right smart, dar 's no tellin' but it might burn you right up, spite ob all de water in de worle."

The pain of his wound did not prevent the little fellow from smiling at the idea of his being put out like a house on fire; but he made no reply, and the old negress, gently drawing off his pantaloons and shoes, said again, in a cheerful tone: "Now, honey, you muss keep bery quiet, while Aunty gwoes fur de ice. We 'se plenty ob dat 'bout de house. She 'll bind it on ter de hurt, till it 'm so cold you 'll tink you 'm layin' out on de frosty ground right in the middle ob winter."

She went away, but soon returned with the ice. Binding it about his

wound, she brushed the long hair from the little boy's face ; and then, bending down, kissed his forehead.

"You won't mind a pore ole brack 'ooman doin' dat, honey. She can't holp it ; case you looks jest like her own little Robby, dat 's loss and gone, — loss and gone. Only he 'm a little more tanned nur you am,— a little more tanned,— dat 's all."

"And you had a little boy !" said James, opening his eyes, and looking up pleasantly at the old woman ; " I hope he is n't dead."

"No, he haint dead, honey, — not dead ; but he 'm loss and gone now, — loss and gone from ole Katy—foreber. Oh ! oh !" and the poor woman swayed her body back and forth on her chair, and moaned piteously.

"I 'm sorry, — very sorry, Aunty," said James, raising his hand to brush away his tears. "One so good as you ought not to have any trouble."

"But I haint good, honey ; and you mussn't be sorry, — you mussn't be nuffin', only quiet, and gwo ter sleep. Ole Katy woan't talk no more." In a moment, however, she added : "Hab you a mudder, honey ?"

"Yes, Aunty, and I 'm all she has in the world."

"And hab she eber teached you ter pray ?"

"Yes. I pray every morning and night. You came to me because I prayed."

"I done dat, honey ! De good Lord send me case you' ax him, you may be shore. And, maybe, ef we ax him now, he 'll make you well. I knows young massa say taint no use ter pray, — dat de Lord neber change, and do all his business arter fix' laws ; but I reckon one o' dem laws am dat we muss pray. I s'pose it clars away de tick clouds dat am 'tween us and de angels, so dey kin see whar we am, and what we wants, and come close down and holp us. And, honey, we 'll pray now, and maybe de good Lord will send de angels, and make you well."

Kneeling on the floor by the side of the bed, she then prayed to Him who is her Father and our Father, — her God and our God. It was a low, simple, humble prayer, but it reached the ear of Heaven, and brought the angels down.

It was eight days before James could sit up, and day and night, during all of that time, Old Katy watched by him. Every few hours she changed the bandage, and bound fresh ice upon his wound ; and that was all she did, — but it saved his life. The only danger was from inflammation, — the ice and a low diet kept that down, and his young and vigorous constitution did the rest. At the end of a fortnight, leaning on the arm of the old negress, he walked out into the garden and sat down in a little arbor, in full view of the recent battle-ground. It was a clear, mild morning in May, but a dark cloud overhung the little hill, as though the smoke of the great conflict had not yet cleared away, but, with all its tale of blood and horror, was still going up to heaven. And what a tale it was ! Brothers butchered by brothers, fathers slaughtered by sons, and all to further the bad ambition of a few wicked men, — so few that one might count them on the fingers of his two hands !

"And what became of the wounded after the battle, Aunty ?" asked the little boy, as the sight of the grassy field, trodden down by many feet, and

still reddened, here and there, with the blood of the slain, brought the awful scene all freshly to his mind. "You have n't told me that." (She had forbidden him to talk, for she knew that his recovery depended almost entirely on his being kept free from excitement.)

"The dead ones war buried, and the wounded war toted off by de gray-backs, honey, de evenin' and mornin' arter I brung you away from dar. De Secesh had de field, ye sees, at lass; and dey tuck all de Nordern folks as was leff, pris'ners."

"And what became of the poor soldier who wanted water for his son? Do you know, Aunty?"

"When I was a gwine on de hill, arter you go asleep in de house, I seed dat pore man a wrappin' up de little boy, and totin' him off ter de woods. I ax him whar he wus gwine, and he look at me wid a strange, wild look, and say nuffin', only, 'Home — home.' He look so bery wild, and so fierce loike, dat I reckon he wus crazed, — clean gone. De lass I seed o' him, he wus gwine stret ter you kentry, — right up Norf, — wid de little chile in him arms."

"Poor man!" cried the boy. "How many have fared worse than I have!"

"A heap, honey. I knows a heap o' big folks wuss off nur ole Katy."

"And *you* say that, Aunty, — you, who are a slave, and have lost your —" He checked himself, for he saw a look of pain passing across the face of the old negress. It was gone in a moment, and then, in a low, chanting tone, — broken and wild at times, but touching and sad, as the strange music of the far-off land she came from, — she told him something of what her life had been.

Her little Robby, — her last one, — she said, had been taken away to the hot fields, where the serpents sting, and the fevers breed, and the black man goes to die. All were gone, — all her children, — stolen, sold away, before they knew the Lord, or the good from the evil. Sold! because her master owed gambling debts, and her mistress loved the diamond things that adorn the hair and deck the fingers! But one she begged, — the mother of the boy, — and she grew up pure as the snow before it leaves the cloud. Pure as the snow, but "young massa" came, and the snow fell — down — down to the ground — soiled like the snow we tread on. She tired him then; and he sold her to be a trader's thing. But the boy was left, — "young massa's" child, — the boy he promised her forever. She brought him up, taught him to read, and set the whole world by him. Then the troubles came, — the dark hour before the morning. She felt them in the air, and knew why all the storm was brewing. It broke her heart, but she sent him away to the Union lines, to grow up there a freeman. The Northern general drove him back, and then — "young massa" sold him to work and starve and faint and die among the swamps of Georgia. And now — they all were gone! All were lost, — but the Lord was left. He had heard her cry, — was coming now, with vengeance in his great right hand, to lift the lowly from the earth, and bring the mighty down.

Her last words were spoken with an energy that startled James. In his



cold Northern home he had learned little of the warm Southern race, in whose veins a fire is slumbering that, if justice be not done them, will yet again set this nation ablaze.

The plantation, and old Katy too, belonged to Major Lucy, a great man in that part of Virginia, who, at its outbreak, had joined the wicked Rebellion which is bringing so much misery on our country. He was away with Lee's army when Grant crossed the Rapidan, but he no sooner heard of that event than he repaired to his home, and removed his slaves and more valuable property to the far South. Old Katy he left behind, partly because she refused to go, and partly because he thought she might somewhat protect his house from the Northern soldiers, who, he supposed, would soon be in that region. For this reason the old negress was alone in the great mansion, and to this fact James owed his preservation; for, though her white owners might have given him hospitable care, they would not have afforded him the devoted attention which she had, and that it was which saved his life.

While he was so very sick she had slept in his little room, but now that he was out of all danger, and rapidly recovering, she made her bed in the large library leading from it, leaving, however, the door ajar at night, so she could at once hear the lightest sound. Every evening she took the great Bible from a shelf in this library, and read to him, generally from the Psalms, or Isaiah, — that poem grander than the Iliad, or any which poet yet has written. One night, about a fortnight after they were first together in the garden, she read the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of that book, and then said to him: "Moab, honey, am dis Southern land, dat am 'laid waste, and brought ter silence,' case it hab 'oppressed His people and turned away from His testimonies.' But de Lord say yere dat widin' three yars it shill be brought low, and its glory be contemned; and de remnant shill be bery small and feeble; but den dey shill take counsel, execute judgment, and let de outcasts dwell widin' dem."

"I hope it won't be three years, Aunty," said James. "That 's an awful long while to wait."

"It 'pears long ter you, honey, but ole Katy hab waited a'most all har life, — eber sence she come ober in de slave-ship; and now all she ask ob de Lord am ter leff her see dat day. And she know he will! 'case he hab took har eberyting else, — eberyting, — eben har little Robby."

"No! He hain't, Granny! Robby's yere, jest so good as new."

Engaged as they had been in conversation, the old woman and the little boy had not observed a comely lad, a trifle taller than James, in a torn hat and tattered trousers, who a moment before had entered the room. As he spoke, old Katy sprang to her feet, let the Bible fall to the floor, and, with a wild cry, threw her arms about him.

*Edmund Kirke.*



## A HALF-HOLIDAY.

N EARLY the whole school were sitting on the grass on the shady side of the rock, waiting for the school-house door to be unlocked, when Martha Ballston came running up from Rene's with her sun-bonnet in her hand, her hair all flying, and only just breath enough left to cry out, "O, I can tell you what, — teacher's beau's come!"

"Teacher's beau's come!" mimicked Martial Mayland. "Did you come rushing in here like a steam fire-engine just to tell that?"

"Now," thrust in Nathan, "I expected at least that Richmond was taken, and peace come, and Jeff Davis drinking hemlock like anything!"

"But *does* she have a beau?" inquired Cicely, to whom a beau seemed a far more solemn and august thing than to the boys.

"Yes, she's coming down the hill with a spick-span clean dress, and a bran-new cape, and her best bonnet on, and the most elegantest parasol ever you saw, with fringe all round it, and a bow on top!"

"O, I know," said Olive; "Aunt Jane's going to have company this afternoon, and teacher's going."

"No," replied Martha. "She's going to the panorama, 'n' he's going to carry her — in Mr. Court's chaise."

"Perhaps it's her brother," suggested Cicely, who could not quite familiarize herself with the momentous fact of a "beau."

"No," persisted Martha, "it's her beau; for Trip was in there, and says she seen him give her a whole handful of peppermints, did n't he, Trip?"

"Yes, he did," said little Trip decidedly, which seemed to settle the question; for the little people of Applethorpe could not conceive that one could ever voluntarily surrender anything so valuable as peppermints to one less important than a "girl." "Girl" is the feminine for "beau" in Applethorpe.

Now I dare say that Miss Stanley enjoyed her "beau's" visit, and her drive with him, and her panorama, very much, but I wonder if she ever knew that, after all, her little pupils had the best of it. For school was dismissed at two o'clock, and what then? "Why, of course," said Olive, who was always coming to the surface, "we must go and do something. We don't want to act just as if it was recess, or school was out, like always."

"There's blackberries down in the pasture," spoke up Gerty; "we might go a blackberrying."

"Yes," said Nathan, "I know, sixteen vines and three blackberries to fill a dozen dinner-pails."

"O," cried Martha, with a sudden leap, "I *do* know. On the knoll over towards the factory they are as thick as spatters. The ground's black."

"But you can't get across the meadow," said Garnet.

"Yes you can. You can go through Grandsir's cow-yard, and through ten-acres, and go up the lane, and then get over the bars, and then you're right on the knoll, and no meadow to get over."

“I’d like to see us all going through Grandsir Beck’s cow-yard!” cried Nathan.

Now you must know — I am sorry to be obliged to say it, but it is true — that Grandsir Beck was a very cross and disagreeable old man. I suppose the trouble was, that he had been a cross and disagreeable young man, and as he grew older he grew worse. To excuse him, we will suppose he had had a great many troubles of which the children knew nothing; and some few troubles he had, such as naughty boys under his apple and cherry trees, which I am afraid some of the children did know something about. Still, that was no reason why he should flourish his cane and growl so gruffly at quiet, innocent little girls, who not only never thought of entering his orchard, but were almost afraid even to go by his house. At least, if I ever live to be an old man, and am as cross and disagreeable as Grandsir Beck, I give you full leave to dislike me as heartily as the Applethorpe children did him, and I will not blame you for it at all.

But Martha assured them that Grandsir Beck had gone to market that day, and did n’t get home till four o’clock, no, never! So, after some deliberation, and some hesitation on the part of the little girls, and with much tremor in their hearts, the whole troop started. The boys let down the cow-yard bars on one side, and the girls flew through with visions of the dreadful cane whirling in air, and the dreadful voice shouting threats behind them, though both were a dozen miles away at the market town. But they could not wait to take down the bars that led into “ten-acres”; they scrambled through, they crept under, they climbed over, and did not for one moment feel safe till they had passed “ten-acres,” and were in the lane, beyond sight of Grandsir Beck’s house. Then they took time to pant and laugh, and every one declare that he ran because the others did, but was n’t scared himself the least bit. O no!

Martha had hardly belied the blackberries. Olive declared they were even *thicker* than spatters, — though how thick spatters are I never could exactly find out, — and “O how fat they are!” cried Cicely, “and seem to wink up at you under the leaves.”

“Why, I don’t see one,” cried Trip, “picking her way daintily and disconsolately among the vines.”

“Course you don’t,” answered Olive; “she just tiptoes round, expecting the blackberries to say, ‘Hullo!’ Why don’t you dig down under the leaves and find ’em?”

“Come up here under the wall, Trip,” called Nathan; “they’re always better where it’s dark.”

Trip clambered up, for Nathan and she were fine friends. In fact, Trip was generally fine friends with everybody, and never had any suspicion that people might not like her.

“What you stopping for, Trip?” called Nathan, as she halted midway.

“Why, I’ve teared a piece of skin most off my new shoe, — but I don’t care, I can stick it on. O Nathan! you’ve got your pail covered,” and she crouched down by his side admiringly and confidently.



“And you,—how many have you?” She tilted her pail so that he could see one red, one green, and one withered on one side,—a sorry show.

“You’ve been eating! Let’s see your tongue!” But the little red tongue was innocent of stain.

“Never mind,” said he comfortingly; “you come here. There, hold back the vines so,—keep your foot on them. I’ll find another place, and don’t you say a word,—when my pail’s full, I’ll turn to and fill yours. You keep still.”

And so they plucked and chatted, the sunshine burning into their young blood, and the blackberries reddening them even more than the sun; busy tongues, busy fingers, aprons sadly torn and stained,—but what matter, since the tin-pails were every moment weighing down more heavily. Even little Trip, by vigorous electioneering, pitiful complaints of poverty, and broad hints concerning generosity, had coaxed handfuls enough out of other pails to half fill her own, and “She’s done beautifully,” declared Olive; “she has n’t tumbled down and spilt ’em all more’n forty times!”

“O now, I have n’t tumbled forty —” began Trip in indignant protest; but, “Eh! Eh! U-g-h! you young rogues! I’ll set the dogs on ye! U-g-h! I’ll cane ye! U-g-h! Eh! I’ll have your hides off, and make whip-stocks of ’em! Eh!”



O fright and terror! It was Grandsir Beck, there, coming over the hill, not a dozen rods off, shaking his cane and roaring dire threats with that dreadful, gruff voice. Then you may be sure there was a scampering.

Blackberries were forgotten, and the whole meadow seemed full of Grandsir Becks. Olive, who for want of a pail, had been filling her sun-bonnet, skipped it along by one string as if there had been nothing in it. Cicely, besides filling her pail, had gathered up her apron for further deposits, and kept brave hold of one corner, but in her fright did not notice that the other was loose, and that all the berries had rolled out. Trip's older sister, Gerty, seized her by the hand, and of course dragged her to the ground the first minute. Trip, unable to use her feet and fancying herself already in the grip of Grandsir Beck, gave herself up to despair, stood stock-still, and expressed her feelings in one long, steady scream, without any ups or downs in it. The boys heard her, and rushed back. "Get along with you, Gerty, quick!" and Nathan and Martial took Trip by the hand and ran. The poor child, recovering courage, went through all the motions of running; but, in their strong clutch, her little toes hardly touched the ground. Over the knoll, through the wet meadow, across the brook, helter-skelter, they poured, reached the walls singly and in groups, clambered over pell-mell, and fled along the highway. Aleck was the last out, an overgrown, ill-taught boy, capable of doing well or ill, according to the company he was in. He came rolling leisurely along, out of breath, holding his sides, dragging his feet behind him, calling on the others to stop, and threw himself on the ground when he came up with them, laughing immoderately. His mirth reassured them. "O, it's too good! too good!" he gasped.

"What is it? What is it? O, where is he?" cried a dozen voices.

"Going to Chiney, last I see of him."

"Has he stopped? Is he coming?" moaned little Trip.

"Give a fellow time to breathe, can't you! Stopped! I guess he is pretty thoroughly. Look-a-here. Don't you know the ditch down there where the flags are? Well, I run that way and he after me, and I gave a flying leap, and over went I, and, don't you think, he after me, and dumped right down into the ditch! Oh! oh!"

"But Aleck!" cried Cicely, "did n't it hurt him?"

"No, soft as a feather-bed. But you see he can't get out!"

"Why, you have n't left him there? He is n't there now!"

"No, he was sinkin' fast. Got to Chiney by this time. You see he called to me to help him out, and I went back, and I asked him if he would n't hit me if I'd help him out, and he promised no, and I tugged him, and yanked him, and got him half out, and I went to give him his cane, and, I tell you, he glared at me so, I let him drop and run. He'd a hit me over the head, sir, the next minute, promise or no promise." And Aleck's own eyes flashed with the remembrance.

"Boys," said Nathan, after a pause, "we must go and get him out."

"I would n't stir a step!" cried Olive. "He's an old curmudgeon! I would n't stir a step! I'd let him stick in the mud! It's all he's good for!"

"O no!" said Gerty, "he'll die there and then we shall all be hung!" whereat Trip began to cry vociferously, and at crying Trip had few superiors.

“And if you get him out, he’ll kill us,” argued Olive. “We might just as well be hung as knocked over the head and beat our brains out!” Olive’s opinions were often expressed with more vigor than elegance or even coherence.

“Perhaps if we’re real good, and tell him we did n’t mean any harm, he won’t hurt us,” said Cicely, quaking from head to foot. “Let’s all go. Perhaps we ought n’t to call him so, because he’s an old man. I’m sure we ought to be civil. Let’s all go together.”

“No,” said Martial; “you all stay here, and Nat and Garnet and I will go.”

“Good by, then,” cried Aleck laughing; “give us a lock of your hair to send home to your mother.”

When they came in sight again, sure enough, there was poor Grandsir Beck still struggling in the ditch, and calling to a neighbor, who was passing over a field at some distance, to come and help him. “Mr. Manasseh Hendor! Mr. Manasseh Hendor!” But Mr. Manasseh Hendor was as deaf as Grandsir Beck was lame, and he never turned aside for a moment. The boys were soon at the ditch. “We’ve come to help you out, sir,” said Nathan respectfully.

“You have, have you? Been long enough about it.”

“We did n’t know you had fallen till Aleck told us.”

“No matter what you know or what you don’t know. Here, take hold here. Hold on now! steady there!” and with much lifting and pulling, Grandsir Beck stood on dry land again. Garnet picked up his cane and offered it to him at arm’s length, but he made no attempt to strike. “Now tell me what business you had here, you scamps, in my meadow.”

“We came blackberrying, sir; we thought we might go anywhere blackberrying.”

“Blackberrying! Blackberrying, well, I should think I’d been a black-bury-ing too,” and he looked down upon his clean market-clothes, half covered with the black ditch-mud. Whether it was that his unwonted wit gave him an unwonted gleam of good humor, or whether the respectful manner of the boys pleased him, I do not know, but he only said, “Well, go along with you, and don’t let me catch you on my grounds again!” which was a wonderful piece of clemency on the part of Grandsir Beck.

So the three boys went back to their companions, who were rather surprised to see them alive, and indeed they were rather surprised at it themselves; and then they sat down under the locusts and had a royal feast off the few blackberries that had not hopped out of the pails in their headlong flight. Just then Miss Stanley, smiling and happy, drove by with a gentleman at her side, smiling and happy too; and she smiled and nodded at the little group, and pointed them out to the gentleman, but he saw nothing only a parcel of sun-burnt country children, with torn frocks, flying hair, smeared faces, not all together worth a tenth part as much as the one trim little woman by his side.

*Gail Hamilton.*





MOTHER said, — In foreign tower,  
 Gravely struck by every hour,  
 Hangs the biggest of the bells, seldom swung ;  
 But before the hour has sped,  
 Sweet and cheery overhead  
 Are the quarters on a silvery gamut rung.

Free and careless is the peal ;  
 Naught they ponder, naught they feel,  
 As they launch their light sopranos on the air :  
 Little silent gaps of time  
 Ever bridging with their rhyme,  
 To and from the deeper note below of care.

Father's voice is grave with years,  
 Tempered, too, with smiles and tears ;  
 Open weather mixed and toned the metal well :  
 All the fortunes of the day,  
 Even habit, sober way,  
 Thus his voice divides the household where we dwell.

Far above his solemn heart,  
Beating slowly and apart,  
From our lighter hearts caresses ever go ;  
Thus to mark his grave employ  
With the quarters of our joy,  
Chording also with the note so far below.

For each silver, slender voice,  
Pitched so well beyond our choice,  
From a lighter, warmer, clearer region rings ;  
Through the father's roof it sifts,  
And lets in the upper gifts,—  
Golden sun and holy stars to him it brings.

We are chiming in and out  
All the years that come to flout  
With their sullen changing weather his deep heart ;  
Gayly ring his quarters clear,  
Fill with silver tunes his year,—  
Such in every house the happy children's part.

*John Weiss.*



## THREE DAYS AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

## FIRST DAY.

THOSE of our "Young Folks" who read around the Christmas fires what I wrote about the little prisoner boy, may wonder why I have left him, for two long months, wounded in the Wilderness. It has been greatly against my inclination, for I love him quite as much as old Katy does; but the fact is, I have been in prison myself, and have been unable to do as I would by the poor little boy who was so long in the Libby. However, I have thought you might forgive me for this neglect, and for keeping you all this while in suspense about him, if I should now tell you the rest of his story, and all about the famous prison which I got into.

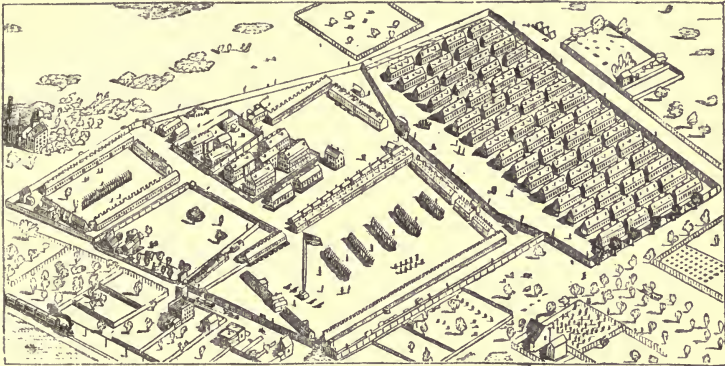
Most people consider it a great disgrace to get into prison, and think, too, that all prisons are very bad places; but that is not so. Some of the best men that ever lived have passed years in dungeons; and the prison I have been in is one of the most comfortable places in the world,—a great deal more comfortable than the houses that one half of its inmates have been accustomed to living in. So, one cold morning, not a great while ago, with my eyes wide open, and knowing very well what I was about, I walked into it.

All of you have heard of this famous prison, for it is talked about all over the world. It is located on the shore of Lake Michigan, about three miles from the city of Chicago, and is very large,—a good deal larger than a small farm,—with more inhabitants in it than any two of the biggest villages in the country. It is enclosed by a close board fence, and covered with just such a roof as Boston Common. The fence is so high that you can't see the whole of the prison at once, unless you go up in a balloon, or climb to the top of the tall observatory which some enterprising Yankee has erected on the street opposite the front gateway. But it would cost more than you paid for this number of the "Young Folks" to enter that observatory, and you might break your necks if you should go up in a balloon; so there has been engraved for you a bird's-eye view of the whole camp, and, if you choose, you may see it all for nothing, while seated in your own cosy homes, with your heads on your shoulders, and your heels on the fire-fender.

If you look at the lower left-hand corner of this picture you will see an engine and a train of cars, and below them a vacant spot resembling water. That water is a few bucketfuls of the great lake on whose shore Chicago stands. Rising up from it in a gentle slope are fenced fields and pleasant gardens, dotted here and there with trees and houses, and beyond them—a mere white line in the picture—is the public road which runs in front of the Camp. Midway along this road, and right where the row of trees begins, is the principal gateway of the prison. It looks like the entrance to some old castle, being broader and higher than a barn-door, and having half a dozen soldiers, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, pacing to and fro before it.



If you are not afraid of these soldiers, — and you need not be, for you are loyal boys, and they all wear Uncle Samuel's livery, — we will speak to one of them.



“There is positively no admittance, sir,” he says, turning to walk away.

I know that very well, so I take a little note from my pocket, and ask him to be good enough to send it to the Commandant. He eyes the note for a moment, and then looks at us, very much as if we owed him a quarter's rent. You see he needs to be vigilant, for we might have a contraband mail, or a dozen infernal machines in our pockets; but, touching his cap, he disappears through the gateway. However, he soon returns, and, again touching his cap, says: “Gentlemen,” — (he means you and me, and as we have come so far together, you must go with me all through the prison,) — “the Colonel will be happy to see you.”

We follow him through the gate-house, where a score of soldiers are lounging about, and into a broad, open yard, paved with loose sand; and then enter a two-story wooden building, flanked by long rows of low-roofed cabins, and overshadowed by a tall flag-staff. In the first room that we enter, half a dozen officers are writing at as many desks; and in the next, a tall, fine-looking man in a colonel's uniform is pacing the floor, and rapidly dictating to a secretary who sits in the corner. He stops when he perceives us, and extends his hand in so friendly and cordial a way that we take a liking to him at once. But when he asks us to sit down, and begins to talk, we take a stronger liking to him than before, and wonder if this quiet, unassuming gentleman, with this pleasant smile, and open, frank, kindly face, can be the famous Colonel Sweet, whose wonderful sagacity ferreted out the deepest-laid conspiracy that ever was planned, and whose sleepless vigilance saved Chicago and one half of the West from being wrapped in flames. Before I came away he gave me his photograph; and, as I know you would like to have his picture “to keep,” I here give it to you.



Not wanting to encroach too long on his valuable time, we briefly explain our business, and, seating himself at his table, he writes, in a straight up and down hand—for his fingers are stiffened by a wound in his arm—the following pass: “Permit ——— to enter and leave the camp, and to inspect the prison, and converse with the prisoners, at his pleasure.”

With this pass in our hand we are about to leave the room, when the Colonel taps a bell, and an officer enters, whom he introduces to us, and directs him to escort us about the camp. Thus doubly provided, we emerge from head-quarters, and enter a large enclosure where more than a thousand men are under review. The old flag is flying from a tall staff at one end of this enclosure, and at the other end, and on both of its sides, are long rows of soldiers' barracks.

However, we have seen reviews and barracks before, so we will not linger here, but follow our escort, Lieutenant Briggs, into the adjoining yard.

Here are the hospitals, those two-story wooden buildings, nicely battened and whitewashed, which you see in the picture. In each story of these buildings is a long, high-studded apartment, with plastered walls, clean floors, and broad, cheerful windows, through which floods of pure air and sunshine pour in upon the dejected, homesick prisoners. These rooms are the homes of the sick men, and here they linger all through the long days, and the still longer nights, tied down to narrow cots by stronger cords than any that ever were woven by man. About five hundred are always here, and four or five of them are borne out daily to the little burial-ground just outside the walls.\* This may appear sad; but if you reflect that there are constantly from eight to nine thousand prisoners in the camp, four or five will seem a very small number to die every day among so many idle, home-

\* On November 19th, 1864, there were 8308 prisoners in Camp Douglas, 513 invalids in the hospital, and 4 deaths among the whole. On November 20th, there were 8295 prisoners, 508 in hospital, and 5 deaths. On November 21st, 8290 prisoners, 516 in hospital, and 4 deaths. Compare this mortality with that of our own men in the Confederate prisons! When only six thousand were at Belle Isle, *eighty-five* died every day; and when nine thousand—about the average number confined at Camp Douglas—were at Salisbury, Mr. Richardson reports that *one hundred and thirty* were daily thrown into a rude cart, and dumped, like decayed offal, into a huge hole outside the camp. The mortality at Andersonville and the other Rebel prisons has been as great as this, and even greater; but I have not the reports at hand, and cannot, therefore, give the statistics accurately. If our men were not deliberately starved and murdered, would such excessive mortality exist in the Rebel prisons?

All of the prisoners at Camp Douglas are well fed, well clothed, and well cared for in every way. Some Northern traitors say they are not, but *they are*. I was among them for three days, mixed freely with them, and lived on their rations, and I know whereof I affirm. No better food than theirs was ever tasted, and with the best intentions, I could not, for the life of me, eat more than three fourths of the quantity that is served out to the meanest prisoner. As I have said, there were on the 19th of November last 513 prisoners in the hospital. On that day there were issued to them (I copy from the official requisition, which is before me) 395 pounds of beef, 60 pounds of pork, 525 pounds of bread, 25 pounds of beans, 25 rations of rice, 14 pounds of coffee, 35 pounds of sugar, 250 rations of vinegar, 250 rations of soap, and 250 rations of salt. This was the daily allowance while I was there. In addition, there had been issued to this hospital, within the previous fifteen days, 250 pounds of butter, 66 pounds of soda crackers, 30 bushels of potatoes, 10 bushels of onions, 20 bushels of turnips, 10 bushels of dried apples, 3 dozen of squashes, 2 dozen of chickens, 250 dozen of eggs and 25 dozen of cabbages. Let any well man divide this quantity of provender by 500, and then see how long it will take him to eat it. If he succeeds in disposing of it in one day, let me advise him to keep the fact from his landlady, or the price of his board may rise.

sick, broken-spirited men. More people die of idleness, low spirits, and homesickness than of all the diseases and all the doctors in the world; so, my Young Folks, keep busy, keep cheerful, and never give way to homesickness if you can help it, and then you possibly may outlive Old Parr himself; and he, some folks say, would never have died at all, if he had not, in his old age, foolishly taken to tobacco and bad whiskey.

After passing an hour in the hospitals, we go into the bakery, a detached building in the same enclosure. Here a dozen prisoners, bred to the "profession," are baking bread, and preparing other food for the invalids. The baking is done in immense ovens, and the dough is kneaded in troughs which are two feet wide, three feet deep, and forty feet long! From this building, where food is prepared to support life, we go into another, where nostrums are mixed that destroy it. Here are drugs enough to kill every man in the camp. They are dispensed by a Confederate surgeon, who was an apothecary at home. He complains that his business is alarmingly dull, and, from the way it is falling off, fears that the world is growing wiser, — so wise that, when the war is over, his occupation may be gone. It seems a sad prospect to him, but we console ourselves with the thought that what may be his loss will be other people's gain.

From the drug store we pass to the rear of the open yard which you see in the picture, and pause before the little low building on the right. This is the quarters of Captain Wells Sponable, the inspector of the prison; and over against it is a gateway, which opens into the large enclosure where the prisoners are confined. Lieutenant Briggs raps at the door of this little building, and in a moment a tall, compactly-built man, with broad, open features, and hair enough on his face to stuff a moderate-sized mattress, makes his appearance. He glances at the pass which I present to him, and then says, in a rapid way, jerking out his words as if his jaws were moved by a crank, — "I'm glad to see you. Come in. I'll go with you myself."

We go into his quarters, and after half an hour's pleasant conversation, — in which we find out that the Captain, though blunt and outspoken, is one of the most agreeable, whole-souled men in the world, — we follow him and the Lieutenant into the prison-yard. Here is the Captain's picture, and I want you to take a good look at it, for I am sure you will like him when I have told you more about him.

The prison-yard is an enclosure of about twenty acres, surrounded by a board fence fourteen feet high, and guarded by thirty sentinels, who are posted on a raised platform just outside the fence, and pace the rounds at all hours of the day and night. Their beats are only a hundred and twenty feet apart, and on dark nights the camp is illuminated by immense reflecting-lamps, placed on the walls and at the ends of the streets, so that it is next to impossible for anything to occur within it, at any time, without the





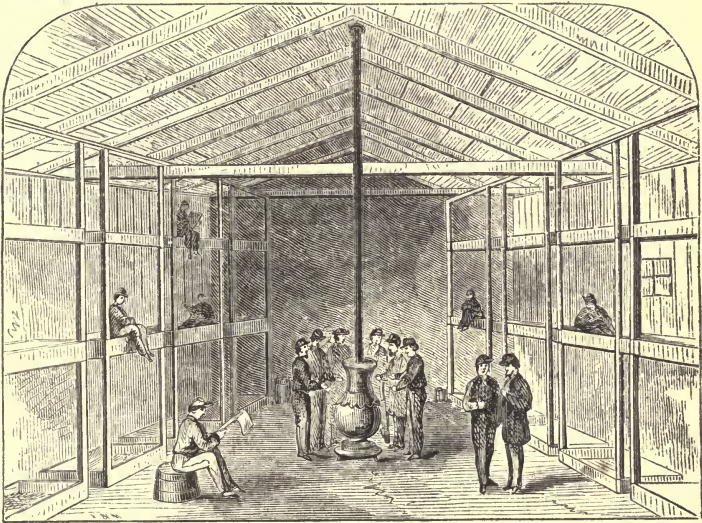
knowledge of the guards. Inside the enclosure, and thirty feet from the fence, is a low railing entirely surrounding the camp. This is the dead line. Whoso goes beyond this railing, at any hour of the day or night, is liable to be shot down without warning. In making our rounds the Captain occasionally stepped over it, but I never followed him without instinctively looking up to see if the sentry's musket was not pointed at me. Half a dozen poor fellows have been shot while crossing this rail on a desperate run for the fence and freedom.

A part of the prison yard, as you will see in the picture, is an open space ; — and there the men gather in squads, play at games, or hold “political meetings” ; but the larger portion is divided into streets, and occupied by barracks. The streets are fifty feet wide, and extend nearly the whole length and breadth of the enclosure. They are rounded up in the middle, and have deep gutters at the sides, so that in wet weather the rain flows off, and leaves them almost as dry as a house floor. The barracks are one-story wooden buildings, ninety feet long and twenty-four feet wide, and stand on posts four feet from the ground. They are elevated in this manner to prevent the prisoners tunnelling their way out of camp, as some of Morgan's men did while Colonel DeLand had charge of the prison. Here is a view of one of the streets, taken from a drawing made by a young prisoner, — Samuel B.



Palmer, of Knoxville, Tennessee, — who, though scarcely yet a man, has been confined at Camp Douglas eighteen long months. All of the engravings which follow in this article are from drawings made by young Palmer ; and when you look at the skill displayed in them, I know you will think with me, that a *loyal* young man, who has such talent, ought not to be forced to rust his life out in a prison.

Each barrack is divided into two rooms ;—one a square apartment, where the prisoners do their cooking ; the other a long hall, with three tiers of bunks on either side, where they do their sleeping. The larger rooms are furnished with benches and a stove, have several windows on each side, and ventilators on the roof, and are as comfortable places to stay in as one could expect in a prison. But the following engraving will give you a better idea of them than any description I could make.



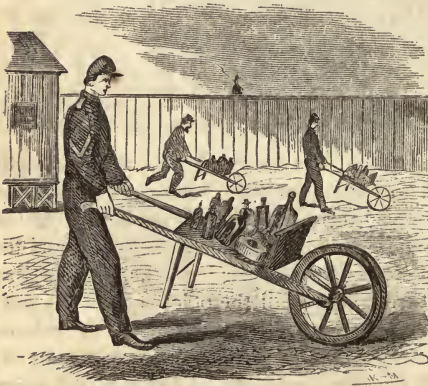
The most perfect discipline prevails in the camp. Each day is distinctly "ordered," and no one is allowed to depart from the rules. At sunrise the drum beats the reveille, and every man turns out from his bunk. In half an hour breakfast is ready, and in another hour the roll is called. Then the eight thousand or more prisoners step out from their barracks, and, forming in two lines in the middle of the street, wait until the officer of the day calls their names. Those who have the misfortune to be at the foot of the column may have to wait half an hour before they hear the welcome sound ; and in cold or rainy weather this delay is not over-agreeable. With a *feeling* sense of its discomforts, our artist has represented such a scene in the sketch on the following page.

After roll-call the "details" go about their work, and the other men do as they like until twelve o'clock, when they are all summoned to dinner. The "details" are prisoners who have applied to take the oath of allegiance, and who are consequently trusted rather more than the others. They are employed in various ways, both inside and outside of the prison, but not outside of the camp. They are paid regularly for this work, and it affords them a small fund, with which they buy tobacco and other little luxuries that they have been accustomed to. Those who are not so fortunate as to





have work supply themselves with these "indispensables" by selling offal, old bones, surplus food, and broken bottles to an old fellow who makes the rounds of the camp every few days with a waggon or a wheelbarrow. Here he is with his "Ammunition train."



After dinner the "details" go again to work, and the loungers to play, though almost all of them find some work, if it is nothing more than whittling. They seem to have the true Anglo-Saxon horror of nothing to do, and therein show their

relationship to us ; for, say what we may, the great mass of Southerners are merely transplanted Yankees, differing from the original Jonathan only as they are warped by slavery or crushed by slave-holders. That number of Englishmen, hived within the limits of twenty acres, would take to grumbling, Germans to smoking, Irishmen to brawling, Frenchmen to swearing ; but these eight thousand Southerners have taken to whittling, and that proves them Yankees, — and no amount of false education or political management can make them anything else. One has whittled a fiddle from a pine shingle ; another, a clarinet from an ox-bone ; a third, a meerschaum from a corn-cob ; a fourth, a water-wheel — which, he says, will propel ma-



chinery without a waterfall — from half a dozen sticks of hickory ; a fifth, with no previous practice, makes gold rings from brass, and jet from gutta percha ; and, to crown all, a sixth has actually whittled a whistle — and a whistle that “blows” — out of a pig’s tail !

But they show the trading as well as the inventive genius of Yankees. One has swapped coats until he has got clear through his elbows ; another, pantaloons, until they scarcely come below his knees ; another, hats, until he has only part of a rim, and the “smallest showing” of a crown, — and yet every time, as he says, he has had the best of the trade ; and another regularly buys out the old apple-woman, and *peddles* her stock about the camp at the rate of a dollar “a grab,” payable in greenbacks.

With such unmistakable manifestations of national character, no one can doubt that these people are Yankees, and Yankees too who, with free schools and free institutions, would be the “smartest” and “cutest” people in the world.

At sunset the drums beat the “retreat,” and all the prisoners gather to their quarters, from which they do not again emerge until the reveille is sounded in the morning. Then the candles are lighted, and each barrack presents a scene worthy of a painter. Look into any of them after nightfall, and you will see at least seventy motley-clad, rollicking, but good-natured “natives,” engaged in all imaginable kinds of employment. Some are writing, some reading newspapers or musty romances, some playing at euchre, seven-up, or rouge-et-noir ; but more are squatted on the floor, or leaning against the bunks, listening to the company “oracle,” who, nursing his coat-tails before the stove, is relating “moving accidents by flood and field,” fighting his battles over again, or knocking “the rotten Union into everlasting smash.” One of the most notable of these “oracles” is “your feller-citizen, Jim Hurdle, sir.”

Jim is a “character,” and a “genius” of the first order. His coat is decidedly seedy, his hat much the worse for wear, and his trousers so out at the joints that he might be suspected of having spent his whole life on his knees ; but he is a “born gentleman,” above work, and too proud “to be beholden to a kentry he has fit agin.” He knows a little of everything under the sun, and has a tongue that can outrun any steam-engine in the universe. The stories he tells never were beaten. They are “powerful” stories, — so powerful that, if you don’t keep firm hold of your chairs, they may take you right off your feet. Once, he says, he shot eighteen hundred squirrels in a day, with a single-barrelled shot-gun. At another time he met a panther in the woods, and held him at bay for nearly six hours by merely looking at him. Again, when he



was crossing a brook on horseback, the bridge was 'carried away by a freshet, and floated two miles down the stream, where it lodged in the top of a tree. As nothing could be done, he dismounted, and quietly went to sleep on the bridge until the morning. In the morning the "run" had subsided, but the horse and the bridge were still perched in the top of the tree. "I tried to coax the critter to git down," as the tale runs; "but he would n't budge; so I piked for home, for I know'd oats 'ud bring him. And shore 'nuff they did. The hoss had n't more 'n smelled of the peck-measure I tuck to him, 'fore down he come, quicker 'n lightnin' ever shot from a thunder-cloud."

"But how did the horse get down?"

"How! Why, hind eend afore, like any other hoss; and, stranger, that ar hoss was 'bout the laziest critter ye ever know'd on. He was so lazy that I had to hire another hoss to help him dror his last breath."

Jim's stories lack the very important element of truth, and in that respect are not unlike some other stories you may have read; but they do illustrate two prominent characteristics of all Southern people, — a propensity to brag, and a disposition to magnify everything.

Mr. Hurdle is guarded in expressing his political opinions, but one of his comrades assured me that he had lost all faith in the Confederacy. "The Confederacy, sir!" he is reported to have said, "ar busted, — gone all to smash. It ar rottener nur any egg that ever was sot on, and deader nur any door-nail that ever was driv."

"But it bites a little yit, Jim," said a comrade.

"Bites!" echoed Jim. "Of course it do. So will a turkle arter his head ar cut off. I know'd one o' them critters onst that a old darky decaperated. The next day he was 'musin' hisself pokin' sticks at him, and the turkle was biting at 'em like time. Then I says to the darky, 'Pomp, I thought he war dead.' — 'Well, he am massa,' says Pomp, 'but the critter don't know 'nuff to be sensible ob it.' So, ye see, the Confederacy ar dead, but Jeff Davis and them sort o' fellers don't know enough to be sensible of it."

But "Nine o'clock, and lights out!" sounds along the sentry-lines, and every candle is extinguished in a twinkling. The faintest glimmer after that hour will draw a leaden messenger that may snuff out some poor fellow's light forever. Not a year ago a rebel sergeant, musing by the stove in the barrack we are in, heard that cry repeated. He looked up, and seeing nothing but darkness, went on musing again. The stove gave out a faint glow which shone through the window, and the sentinel, mistaking it for the light of a candle, fired, crushing the poor fellow's arm at the elbow. A few nights later another stove gave out a faint glow, and another sentry sent a leaden messenger through the window, mortally wounding — the stove-pipe. Both sentinels were punished, but that did not save the sergeant's arm, or mend the stove-pipe.

*Edmund Kirke.*

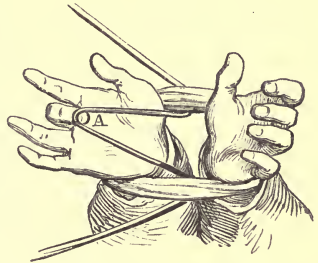
## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

## II.

THERE is a gentleman exhibiting on Broadway, New York, who styles himself "The Somatic Conjuror," (for meaning of which see Webster,) and who professes to do by mere human means all that the Spiritualists do, and much more. As many of my readers, however, may not have the opportunity of attending his performances, I will explain to them a very neat trick in rope-tying, which the aforesaid Somatic Conjuror does, and, as "Our Young Folks" circulates all over the world, I have no doubt it will soon be the means of converting all creation into

*Davenport Brothers.*

Take a stout rope about twenty feet long and hand it to your audience for inspection. Whilst they are examining it, let a committee of gentlemen, that being the approved style of doing the thing, bind your wrists together with a handkerchief. This being done, have one end of the rope passed over the handkerchief, and let the cords then be held up by one of the company. Now request the person holding the ends to pull one way, whilst you pull the other, to show that the handkerchief is tightly tied. There is now, apparently, no way of getting the rope off, except the ends are released, or the handkerchief untied.



You soon explode this idea, however, for after making one or two rapid movements of your hands and arms, you throw the rope off and exhibit your wrists still tied.

Wonderful as this all seems, it is very simple, and requires but little practice. The accompanying illustration explains it clearly. The part of the rope marked "A," is rolled between the wrists, until it works up through the handkerchief and forms a loop, through which you pass one hand, and then by giving the rope a smart jerk it will easily come off.

To return, however, to legitimate Magic, for the foregoing can hardly be classed under that head. The young magician may sometimes have occasion to make an article, especially a lemon, orange, or handkerchief, vanish from his hands. This of course can at any time be done by palming it, but as it is not well to perform a trick in the same manner on every occasion, lest your audience may notice a too frequent repetition of certain movements, and so detect you, I will describe other modes. We will suppose that, on the stage, a performer wants a lemon, for instance, to go out of his hands. This is the way he manages it. The lemon is laid on a table, the



hands placed around it as if to take it up, but in fact to hide it whilst *it goes through a trap in the table*. The hands are now closed as though holding the lemon, and then, when the time comes, are opened and shown to be empty, special attention being called to your sleeves, so that your audience may see that there is nothing there. This method answers very well for a theatre, but as amateurs would not, as a general thing, care to saw a hole in their centre-table, or go to the expense of having one made for this special purpose, they will find the following to answer as well. Take a table that has a drawer in it, which you must remove. This will leave a shelf in the place where the drawer was. Turn the back of the table to the audience, and have a dark cloth laid over it. Get behind your table, lay the back of your left hand on it, toss the lemon in the air with your right, and as it falls catch it, throw it quickly on to the shelf of the table, and cover your left with your right hand. If it has been done quickly, and "if it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well it were done quickly," the audience will suppose the lemon to be in your hands, from which of course you can make it vanish when you please. Another way, also, is to toss the lemon in the air two or three times, and at last pretend to toss it up, but retain your hold of it, at the same time looking up towards the ceiling. Your audience, who have become accustomed to see it go up, will not notice that you held it back, but will gaze at the ceiling, imagining that you have made it stick there. This hardly seems credible, but try it once, and you will find that it is so. Of course this is not a trick to be done by itself, but is useful in connection with some other.

The next trick which I will explain was a favorite one with Macallister, now some years dead, who called it

#### *The Yarn Telegraph.*

A coin is borrowed from one of the audience, with a request that the person who lends it will place some mark on it, so as to identify it. This is placed in a handkerchief, and then given to some one to hold. A ball of yarn is now produced and placed in a goblet, which another of the audience is requested to hold and cover with one hand, so that the yarn may be pulled through the fingers (see cut). One end of the ball is then handed to the person who holds the coin, the ball itself still remaining in the goblet. The performer now informs the audience that his telegraph is in working order, and that he proposes to send the coin, which is in the handkerchief, along the line into the very centre of the ball, and tells the person who holds the handkerchief, to let go the hold of it the moment he says "Three." He takes hold of one end of the handkerchief, counts "One, — two, — three!" — jerks the handkerchief, and the coin is gone. He then proceeds to wind off the yarn, and when he reaches the inside end, the coin falls into the goblet, although he stands at some distance from it. Without approaching



nearer, he begs the person who lent the money to take it out and say whether it was the one borrowed and which was marked, which in all cases it proves to be. A rather amusing incident occurred to me once when about to perform this trick. A little fellow, about six years old, was holding the coin, and, by way of diversion merely, I asked him whether he would not be surprised if I should pass the coin from the handkerchief into his pocket? "Yes, sir," he answered. "Probably you think I cannot?" "I am sure you can't." "What makes you so sure, my little man?" "'Cause I ain't got no pocket." I was foiled; all my legerdemain availed me nothing now. I was beaten by a little tow-headed urchin, without the knowledge of the first principles of magic, and forced to join with my audience in the laugh against myself.

But to explain the trick. My pupils are by this time probably magicians enough to know that a second coin is sewed in the corner of the handkerchief, just as in the "Russian Ring Trick," and that it is this one that the person holds. The preparation of the ball is then all that needs explanation. Take a piece of wood about two and a half inches long, one and a quarter inches wide, and an eighth of an inch thick, round off one end of it, and scrape it well with a bit of broken glass until it is perfectly smooth. On this stick you wind your ball, being careful to wind it in such a way that the rounded end of the stick is in the centre of the ball, whilst the other end projects. When it is all wound, you are ready to begin the trick. After placing the coin which is sewed in, in the centre of the handkerchief, you go for your ball, which should be at some little distance from the audience. Pull the stick out, and there will be left a hole large enough to slip in any coin not larger than a half-dollar, and reaching to the centre of the ball, drop the coin in, and push the yarn over the hole with your fingers, which you can easily do. All that remains to be done now is to make some little fuss, and talk *at* your audience for a while, that they may not know that your part of the trick is done. A neat way of ending any trick in which a coin is used is as follows. When you are done with the coin, approach the owner of it, holding the coin between your fore-finger and thumb, at the same time offering it as if to return it, but at the very moment the person's hand is extended to take it, you suddenly *palms* it, and affect great surprise at its disappearance. Turn to the person sitting next the one you borrowed the coin from, and pretend to take the money from out their nose or ear, which you do by simply dropping it from your palm, where it is concealed, into your fingers, and then return it to its owner. This will have created a laugh and be a point in your favor.

I will conclude this lesson by introducing to my readers a "combination" trick; that is, one in which two or more tricks are so "consolidated" as to form one grand whole. For want of a better, I will name it

*A Canary risking the Hazard of the Die.*

A bird-cage, holding a canary, a solid block of wood about four inches square, painted to resemble a die, and a gentleman's hat (a full-grown silk



hat), are handed to the audience for examination. The hat is placed on a table, and covered with a plate. The die is covered with a velvet case made exactly of its shape and lined with pasteboard, and over the cage and bird is thrown a cloth, which is then given to some one to hold. A short discourse on the power of mind over matter is then indulged in, and on a re-examination of the articles, a complete "change of base" is found to have taken place; for on shaking the cloth under which the cage was placed, we discover that, not only the bird, but the cage too has flown; the hat, which was empty, contains the die, and in the place it lately filled is the canary.

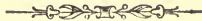
The apparatus for this trick, as in fact for all those that I have as yet explained, is very simple, and may be made by any one with common ingenuity; it consists, first, of a solid block of wood four inches square, painted white and dotted with black so as to resemble a die; secondly, a tin case, also square, just large enough to slip over the solid die, and painted in exact imitation of it; and, thirdly, a pasteboard case a trifle larger than the tin one, and covered with velvet and prettily ornamented. This completes the die apparatus. The next article required is a small wicker cage, *with a square top and a ring in it*, such as birds are imported in, and two birds, as near alike as possible; stuffed or even sugar ones will answer. Then take a cloth about two feet square and in the centre of it fasten a piece of light wood, exactly of the size of the top of the cage, and have a ring attached to the middle of the wood; in fact, the idea is, to make it *feel*, to a person who does not see it, as much like the top of the cage as possible. Having fastened on the wood, a second cloth, the same size as the first, must be laid over it, and the two be bound together at the edges. Now cover the tin die with the velvet case (these two, by the way, must both be blackened in the inside), and you are ready to perform the trick, which you begin in this way. Hand the genuine die to the audience, and let them satisfy themselves that it is solid. When you receive it back, call their attention to the velvet case, which you tell them is "merely a cover for the die," at the same time putting it, with the tin case which is inside, over the die, and immediately taking it off again, taking care, however, to leave the tin case on. Now let them see that there is no preparation about the cover, and whilst they are examining it borrow a hat. Pick up the die and tin case together, and pretend to see whether it will fit in the hat, leaving the solid block inside and bringing out only the



case, which the audience will suppose is the genuine die. You having no further business with the hat, it can be placed on a table and covered with a plate, "to prevent anything getting in," you say, but in fact *to prevent any one looking in*. Now take secretly from your pocket, if it be a dummy, or from your table, if a live one, a bird, and slip it in the tin case, which you can easily do before putting it down on the table, just after you take it out of the hat. Set the case on the table (with the bird under it), and show them your cage and second bird. Now comes the part which will require all your skill. Get behind your table still holding the cage so that all may see it, for the object is to give them the impression that they have never once lost sight of it, pick up the double cloth which contains the board, with one hand, holding on to the cage with the other. Throw the cloth over the cage in such a way that it touches the table but for a moment, but during that moment and whilst it completely hides your hand, you set the cage on a shelf, fastened to the back of the table. Bring the hand which has disposed of the cage in sight again as soon as possible, and take hold with it of the ring that is in the centre of the board, and the cloth will fall down, draping itself in such a way, that any one not in the secret will believe the cage is under it. You may now bring it forward, and even give it to one of the audience to hold, although it is better that some friend in the secret should have it, as the difference in weight may betray your trick. All that remains now to do is to cover the tin case with the velvet one, talk a little, and announce your trick a success. Raise the velvet and tin case together and there is the bird. Shake the cloth, and bird and cage are gone. Request some one to take the plate off the hat, which you turn upside down, and out drops the die.

This was one of Mr. Herrman's most effective tricks, and, if skilfully performed, will add greatly to the reputation of our young Magicians, of whom I must now take leave.

P. H. C.



## THE BROOK THAT RAN INTO THE SEA.

“O LITTLE brook,” the children said,  
 “The sea has waves enough ;  
 Why hurry down your mossy bed  
 To meet his welcome rough ?

“The Hudson or the Oregon  
 May help his tides to swell :  
 But when your few bright drops are gone,  
 What has he gained, pray tell ?”

“I run for pleasure,” said the brook,  
Still running, running fast ;

“I love to see you bend and look,  
As I go bubbling past.

“I love to feel the wild weeds dip ;  
I love your fingers light,  
That dimpling from my eddies drip,  
Filled with my pebbles bright.

“My little life I dearly love,  
Its shadow and its shine ;  
And all sweet voices that above  
Make melody with mine.

“But most I love the mighty voice  
Which calls me, draws me so,  
That every ripple lisps, ‘Rejoice !’  
As with a laugh I go.

“My drop of freshness to the sea  
In music trickles on ;  
Nor grander could my welcome be  
Were I an Amazon.

“And if his moaning wave can feel  
My sweetness near the shore,  
E’en to his heart the thrill may steal : —  
What could I wish for, more ?

“The largest soul to take love in  
Knows how to give love best ;  
So peacefully my tinkling din  
Dies on the great sea’s breast.

“One heart encircles all that live,  
And blesses great and small ;  
And meet it is that each should give  
His little to the All.”

*Lucy Larcom.*



## NELLY'S HOSPITAL.

NELLY sat beside her mother picking lint ; but while her fingers flew, her eyes often looked wistfully out into the meadow, golden with buttercups, and bright with sunshine. Presently she said, rather bashfully, but very earnestly, "Mamma, I want to tell you a little plan I've made, if you'll please not laugh."

"I think I can safely promise that, my dear," said her mother, putting down her work that she might listen quite respectfully.

Nelly looked pleased, and went on confidently. "Since brother Will came home with his lame foot, and I've helped you tend him, I've heard a great deal about hospitals, and liked it very much. To-day I said I wanted to go and be a nurse, like Aunt Mercy ; but Will laughed, and told me I'd better begin by nursing sick birds and butterflies and pussies before I tried to take care of men. I did not like to be made fun of, but I've been thinking that it would be very pleasant to have a little hospital all my own, and be a nurse in it, because, if I took pains, so many pretty creatures might be made well, perhaps. Could I, mamma?"

Her mother wanted to smile at the idea, but did not, for Nelly looked up with her heart and eyes so full of tender compassion, both for the unknown men for whom her little hands had done their best, and for the smaller sufferers nearer home, that she stroked the shining head, and answered readily: "Yes, Nelly, it will be a proper charity for such a young Samaritan, and you may learn much if you are in earnest. You must study how to feed and nurse your little patients, else your pity will do no good, and your hospital become a prison. I will help you, and Tony shall be your surgeon."

"O mamma, how good you always are to me ! Indeed, I am in truly earnest ; I will learn, I will be kind, and may I go now and begin ?"

"You may, but tell me first where will you have your hospital ?"

"In my room, mamma ; it is so snug and sunny, and I never should forget it there," said Nelly.

"You must not forget it anywhere. I think that plan will not do. How would you like to find caterpillars walking in your bed, to hear sick pussies mewing in the night, to have beetles clinging to your clothes, or see mice, bugs, and birds tumbling down stairs whenever the door was open ?" said her mother.

Nelly laughed at that thought a minute, then clapped her hands, and cried : "Let us have the old summer-house ! My doves only use the upper part, and it would be so like Frank in the story-book. Please say yes again, mamma."

Her mother did say yes, and, snatching up her hat, Nelly ran to find Tony, the gardener's son, a pleasant lad of twelve, who was Nelly's favorite playmate. Tony pronounced the plan a "jolly" one, and, leaving his work, followed his young mistress to the summer-house, for she could not wait one minute.



"What must we do first?" she asked, as they stood looking in at the dim, dusty room, full of garden tools, bags of seeds, old flower-pots, and watering-cans.

"Clear out the rubbish, miss," answered Tony.

"Here it goes, then," and Nelly began bundling everything out in such haste that she broke two flower-pots, scattered all the squash-seeds, and brought a pile of rakes and hoes clattering down about her ears.

"Just wait a bit, and let me take the lead, miss. You hand me things, I'll pile 'em in the barrow and wheel 'em off to the barn; then it will save time, and be finished up tidy."

Nelly did as he advised, and very soon nothing but dust remained.

"What next?" she asked, not knowing in the least.

"I'll sweep up while you see if Polly can come and scrub the room out. It ought to be done before you stay here, let alone the patients."

"So it had," said Nelly, looking very wise all of a sudden. "Will says the wards — that means the rooms, Tony — are scrubbed every day or two, and kept very clean, and well venti — something — I can't say it; but it means having a plenty of air come in. I can clean windows while Polly mops, and then we shall soon be done."

Away she ran, feeling very busy and important. Polly came, and very soon the room looked like another place. The four latticed windows were set wide open, so the sunshine came dancing through the vines that grew outside, and curious roses peeped in to see what frolic was afoot. The walls shone white again, for not a spider dared to stay; the wide seat which encircled the room was dustless now, — the floor as nice as willing hands could make it; and the south wind blew away all musty odors with its fragrant breath.

"How fine it looks!" cried Nelly, dancing on the doorstep, lest a foot-print should mar the still damp floor.

"I'd almost like to fall sick for the sake of staying here," said Tony, admiringly. "Now, what sort of beds are you going to have, miss?"

"I suppose it won't do to put butterflies and toads and worms into beds like the real soldiers where Will was?" answered Nelly, looking anxious.

Tony could hardly help shouting at the idea; but, rather than trouble his little mistress, he said very soberly: "I'm afraid they would n't lay easy, not being used to it. Tucking up a butterfly would about kill him; the worms would be apt to get lost among the bed-clothes; and the toads would tumble out the first thing."

"I shall have to ask mamma about it. What will you do while I'm gone?" said Nelly, unwilling that a moment should be lost.

"I'll make frames for nettings to the window, else the doves will come in and eat up the sick people."

"I think they will know that it is a hospital, and be too kind to hurt or frighten their neighbors," began Nelly; but as she spoke, a plump white dove walked in, looked about with its red-ringed eyes, and quietly pecked up a tiny bug that had just ventured out from the crack where it had taken refuge when the deluge came.

"Yes, we must have the nettings. I'll ask mamma for some lace," said Nelly, when she saw that; and, taking her pet dove on her shoulder, told it about her hospital as she went toward the house; for, loving all little creatures as she did, it grieved her to have any harm befall even the least or plainest of them. She had a sweet child-fancy that her playmates understood her language as she did theirs, and that birds, flowers, animals, and insects felt for her the same affection which she felt for them. Love always makes friends, and nothing seemed to fear the gentle child; but welcomed her like a little sun who shone alike on all, and never suffered an eclipse.

She was gone some time, and when she came back her mind was full of new plans, one hand full of rushes, the other of books, while over her head floated the lace, and a bright green ribbon hung across her arm.

"Mamma says that the best beds will be little baskets, boxes, cages, and any sort of thing that suits the patient; for each will need different care and food and medicine. I have not baskets enough, so, as I cannot have pretty white beds, I am going to braid pretty green nests for my patients, and, while I do it, mamma thought you'd read to me the pages she has marked, so that we may begin right."

"Yes, miss; I like that. But what is the ribbon for?" asked Tony.

"O, that's for you. Will says that, if you are to be an army surgeon, you must have a green band on your arm; so I got this to tie on when we play hospital."

Tony let her decorate the sleeve of his gray jacket, and when the nettings were done, the welcome books were opened and enjoyed. It was a happy time, sitting in the sunshine, with leaves pleasantly astir all about them, doves cooing overhead, and flowers sweetly gossiping together through the summer afternoon. Nelly wove her smooth, green rushes, Tony pored over his pages, and both found something better than fairy legends in the family histories of insects, birds, and beasts. All manner of wonders appeared, and were explained to them, till Nelly felt as if a new world had been given her, so full of beauty, interest, and pleasure that she never could be tired of studying it. Many of these things were not strange to Tony, because, born among plants, he had grown up with them as if they were brothers and sisters, and the sturdy, brown-faced boy had learned many lessons which no poet or philosopher could have taught him, unless he had become as childlike as himself, and studied from the same great book.

When the baskets were done, the marked pages all read, and the sun began to draw his rosy curtains round him before smiling "Good night," Nelly ranged the green beds round the room, Tony put in the screens, and the hospital was ready. The little nurse was so excited that she could hardly eat her supper, and directly afterwards ran up to tell Will how well she had succeeded with the first part of her enterprise. Now brother Will was a brave young officer, who had fought stoutly and done his duty like a man. But when lying weak and wounded at home, the cheerful courage which had led him safely through many dangers seemed to have deserted him, and he was often gloomy, sad, or fretful, because he longed to be at his post again, and

time passed very slowly. This troubled his mother, and made Nelly wonder why he found lying in a pleasant room so much harder than fighting battles or making weary marches. Anything that interested and amused him was very welcome, and when Nelly, climbing on the arm of his sofa, told her plans, mishaps, and successes, he laughed out more heartily than he had done for many a day, and his thin face began to twinkle with fun as it used to do so long ago. That pleased Nelly, and she chatted like any affectionate little magpie, till Will was really interested; for when one is ill, small things amuse.

“Do you expect your patients to come to you, Nelly?” he asked.

“No, I shall go and look for them. I often see poor things suffering in the garden, and the wood, and always feel as if they ought to be taken care of, as people are.”

“You won’t like to carry insane bugs, lame toads, and convulsive kittens in your hands, and they would not stay on a stretcher if you had one. You should have an ambulance and be a branch of the Sanitary Commission,” said Will.

Nelly had often heard the words, but did not quite understand what they meant. So Will told her of that great and never-failing charity, to which thousands owe their lives; and the child listened with lips apart, eyes often full, and so much love and admiration in her heart that she could find no words in which to tell it. When her brother paused, she said earnestly: “Yes, I will be a Sanitary. This little cart of mine shall be my amb’lance, and I’ll never let my water-barrels go empty, never drive too fast, or be rough with my poor passengers, like some of the men you tell about. Does this look like an ambulance, Will?”

“Not a bit, but it shall, if you and mamma like to help me. I want four long bits of cane, a square of white cloth, some pieces of thin wood, and the gum-pot,” said Will, sitting up to examine the little cart, feeling like a boy again as he took out his knife and began to whittle.

Up stairs and down stairs ran Nelly till all necessary materials were collected, and almost breathlessly she watched her brother arch the canes over the cart, cover them with the cloth, and fit in an upper shelf of small compartments, each lined with cotton-wool to serve as beds for wounded insects, lest they should hurt one another or jostle out. The lower part was left free for any larger creatures which Nelly might find. Among her toys she had a tiny cask which only needed a peg to be water-tight; this was filled and fitted in before, because, as the small sufferers needed no seats, there was no place for it behind, and, as Nelly was both horse and driver, it was more convenient in front. On each side of it stood a box of stores. In one were minute rollers, as bandages are called, a few bottles not yet filled, and a wee doll’s jar of cold-cream, because Nelly could not feel that her outfit was complete without a medicine-chest. The other box was full of crumbs, bits of sugar, bird-seed, and grains of wheat and corn, lest any famished stranger should die for want of food before she got it home. Then mamma painted “U. S. San. Com.” in bright



letters on the cover, and Nelly received her charitable plaything with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"Nine o'clock already. Bless me, what a short evening this has been," exclaimed Will, as Nelly came to give him her good-night kiss.

"And such a happy one," she answered. "Thank you very, very much, dear Will. I only wish my little amb'lance was big enough for you to go in, — I 'd so like to give you the first ride."

"Nothing I should like better, if it were possible, though I 've a prejudice against ambulances in general. But as I cannot ride, I 'll try and hop out to your hospital to-morrow, and see how you get on," — which was a great deal for Captain Will to say, because he had been too listless to leave his sofa for several days.

That promise sent Nelly happily away to bed, only stopping to pop her head out of the window to see if it was likely to be a fair day to-morrow, and to tell Tony about the new plan as he passed below.

"Where shall you go to look for your first load of sick folks, miss ?" he asked.

"All round the garden first, then through the grove, and home across the brook. Do you think I can find any patients so ?" said Nelly.

"I know you will. Good night, miss," and Tony walked away with a merry look on his face, that Nelly would not have understood if she had seen it.

Up rose the sun bright and early, and up rose Nurse Nelly almost as early and as bright. Breakfast was taken in a great hurry, and before the dew was off the grass this branch of the S. C. was all astir. Papa, mamma, big brother and baby sister, men and maids, all looked out to see the funny little ambulance depart, and nowhere in all the summer fields was there a happier child than Nelly, as she went smiling down the garden path, where tall flowers kissed her as she passed and every blithe bird seemed singing a "Good speed !"

"How I wonder what I shall find first," she thought, looking sharply on all sides as she went. Crickets chirped, grasshoppers leaped, ants worked busily at their subterranean houses, spiders spun shining webs from twig to twig, bees were coming for their bags of gold, and butterflies had just begun their holiday. A large white one alighted on the top of the ambulance, walked over the inscription as if spelling it letter by letter, then floated away from flower to flower, like one carrying the good news far and wide.

"Now every one will know about the hospital and be glad to see me coming," thought Nelly. And indeed it seemed so, for just then a blackbird, sitting on the garden wall, burst out with a song full of musical joy, Nelly's kitten came running after to stare at the wagon and rub her soft side against it, a bright-eyed toad looked out from his cool bower among the lily-leaves, and at that minute Nelly found her first patient. In one of the dewy cobwebs hanging from a shrub near by sat a fat black and yellow spider, watching a fly whose delicate wings were just caught in the net. The poor fly buzzed pitifully, and struggled so hard that the whole web shook ; but the

more he struggled, the more he entangled himself, and the fierce spider was preparing to descend that it might weave a shroud about its prey, when a little finger broke the threads and lifted the fly safely into the palm of a hand, where he lay faintly humming his thanks.

Nelly had heard much about contrabands, knew who they were, and was very much interested in them; so, when she freed the poor black fly, she played he was her contraband, and felt glad that her first patient was one that needed help so much. Carefully brushing away as much of the web as she could, she left small Pompey, as she named him, to free his own legs, lest her clumsy fingers should hurt him; then she laid him in one of the soft beds with a grain or two of sugar if he needed refreshment, and bade him rest and recover from his fright, remembering that he was at liberty to fly away whenever he liked, because she had no wish to make a slave of him.

Feeling very happy over this new friend, Nelly went on singing softly as she walked, and presently she found a pretty caterpillar dressed in brown fur, although the day was warm. He lay so still she thought him dead, till he rolled himself into a ball as she touched him.

"I think you are either faint from the heat of this thick coat of yours, or that you are going to make a cocoon of yourself, Mr. Fuzz," said Nelly. "Now I want to see you turn into a butterfly, so I shall take you, and if you get lively again I will let you go. I shall play that you have given out on a march, as the soldiers sometimes do, and been left behind for the Sanitary people to see to."

In went sulky Mr. Fuzz, and on trundled the ambulance till a golden green rose-beetle was discovered, lying on his back kicking as if in a fit.

"Dear me, what shall I do for him?" thought Nelly. "He acts as baby did when she was so ill, and mamma put her in a warm bath. I have'n't got my little tub here, or any hot water, and I'm afraid the beetle would not like it if I had. Perhaps he has pain in his stomach; I'll turn him over, and pat his back, as nurse does baby's when she cries for pain like that."

She set the beetle on his legs, and did her best to comfort him; but he was evidently in great distress, for he could not walk, and instead of lifting his emerald overcoat, and spreading the wings that lay underneath, he turned over again, and kicked more violently than before. Not knowing what to do, Nelly put him into one of her soft nests for Tony to cure if possible. She found no more patients in the garden except a dead bee, which she wrapped in a leaf, and took home to bury. When she came to the grove, it was so green and cool she longed to sit and listen to the whisper of the pines, and watch the larch-tassels wave in the wind. But, recollecting her charitable errand, she went rustling along the pleasant path till she came to another patient, over which she stood considering several minutes before she could decide whether it was best to take it to her hospital, because it was a little gray snake, with a bruised tail. She knew it would not hurt her, yet she was afraid of it; she thought it pretty, yet could not like it; she pitied its pain, yet shrunk from helping it, for it had a fiery eye, and a keep quivering tongue, that looked as if longing to bite.

"He is a rebel, I wonder if I ought to be good to him," thought Nelly, watching the reptile writhe with pain. "Will said there were sick rebels in his hospital, and one was very kind to him. It says, too, in my little book, 'Love your enemies.' I think snakes are mine, but I guess I'll try and love him because God made him. Some boy will kill him if I leave him here, and then perhaps his mother will be very sad about it. Come, poor worm, I wish to help you, so be patient, and don't frighten me."

Then Nelly laid her little handkerchief on the ground, and with a stick gently lifted the wounded snake upon it, and, folding it together, laid it in the ambulance. She was thoughtful after that, and so busy puzzling her young head about the duty of loving those who hate us, and being kind to those who are disagreeable or unkind, that she went through the rest of the wood quite forgetful of her work. A soft "Queek, queek!" made her look up and listen. The sound came from the long meadow-grass, and, bending it carefully back, she found a half-fledged bird, with one wing trailing on the ground, and its eyes dim with pain or hunger.



"You darling thing, did you fall out of your nest and hurt your wing?" cried Nelly, looking up into the single tree that stood near by. No nest was to be seen, no parent birds hovered overhead, and little Robin could only tell its troubles in that mournful "Queek, queek, queek!"

Nelly ran to get both her chests, and, sitting down beside the bird, tried to feed it. To her great joy it ate crumb after crumb as if it were half starved, and soon fluttered nearer with a confiding fearlessness that made her very proud. Soon baby Robin seemed quite comfortable, his eye brightened, he "queeked" no more, and but for the drooping wing would have been himself again. With one of her bandages Nelly bound both wings closely to his sides for fear he should hurt himself by trying to fly; and though



he seemed amazed at her proceedings, he behaved very well, only staring at her, and ruffling up his few feathers in a funny way that made her laugh. Then she had to discover some way of accommodating her two larger patients so that neither should hurt nor alarm the other. A bright thought came to her after much pondering. Carefully lifting the handkerchief, she pinned the two ends to the roof of the cart, and there swung little Forked-tongue, while Rob lay easily below.

By this time Nelly began to wonder how it happened that she found so many more injured things than ever before. But it never entered her innocent head that Tony had searched the wood and meadow before she was up, and laid most of these creatures ready to her hands, that she might not be disappointed. She had not yet lost her faith in fairies, so she fancied they too belonged to her small sisterhood, and presently it did really seem impossible to doubt that the good folk had been at work.

Coming to the bridge that crossed the brook, she stopped a moment to watch the water ripple over the bright pebbles, the ferns bend down to drink, and the funny tadpoles frolic in quieter nooks, where the sun shone, and the dragon-flies swung among the rushes. When Nelly turned to go on, her blue eyes opened wide, and the handle of the ambulance dropped with a noise that caused a stout frog to skip into the water heels over head. Directly in the middle of the bridge was a pretty green tent, made of two tall burdock leaves. The stems were stuck into cracks between the boards, the tips were pinned together with a thorn, and one great buttercup nodded in the doorway like a sleepy sentinel. Nelly stared and smiled, listened, and looked about on every side. Nothing was seen but the quiet meadow and the shady grove, nothing was heard but the babble of the brook and the cheery music of the bobolinks.

"Yes," said Nelly softly to herself, "that is a fairy tent, and in it I may find a baby elf sick with whooping-cough or scarlet-fever. How splendid it would be! only I could never nurse such a dainty thing."

Stooping eagerly, she peeped over the buttercup's drowsy head, and saw what seemed a tiny cock of hay. She had no time to feel disappointed, for the haycock began to stir, and, looking nearer, she beheld two silvery gray mites, who wagged wee tails, and stretched themselves as if they had just waked up. Nelly knew that they were young field-mice, and rejoiced over them, feeling rather relieved that no fairy had appeared, though she still believed them to have had a hand in the matter.

"I shall call the mice my Babes in the Wood, because they are lost and covered up with leaves," said Nelly, as she laid them in her snug bed, where they nestled close together, and fell fast asleep again.

Being very anxious to get home, that she might tell her adventures, and show how great was the need of a sanitary commission in that region, Nelly marched proudly up the avenue, and, having displayed her load, hurried to the hospital, where another applicant was waiting for her. On the step of the door lay a large turtle, with one claw gone, and on his back was pasted a bit of paper, with his name, — "Commodore Waddle, U. S. N." Nelly knew

this was a joke of Will's, but welcomed the ancient mariner, and called Tony to help her get him in.

All that morning they were very busy settling the new-comers, for both people and books had to be consulted before they could decide what diet and treatment was best for each. The winged contraband had taken Nelly at her word, and flown away on the journey home. Little Rob was put in a large cage, where he could use his legs, yet not injure his lame wing. Forked-tongue lay under a wire cover, on sprigs of fennel, for the gardener said that snakes were fond of it. The Babes in the Wood were put to bed in one of the rush baskets, under a cotton-wool coverlet. Greenback, the beetle, found ease for his unknown aches in the warm heart of a rose, where he sunned himself all day. The Commodore was made happy in a tub of water, grass, and stones, and Mr. Fuzz was put in a well-ventilated glass box to decide whether he would be a cocoon or not.

Tony had not been idle while his mistress was away, and he showed her the hospital garden he had made close by, in which were cabbage, nettle, and mignonette plants for the butterflies, flowering herbs for the bees, chickweed and hemp for the birds, catnip for the pussies, and plenty of room left for whatever other patients might need. In the afternoon, while Nelly did her task at lint-picking, talking busily to Will as she worked, and interesting him in her affairs, Tony cleared a pretty spot in the grove for the burying-ground, and made ready some small bits of slate on which to write the names of those who died. He did not have it ready an hour too soon, for at sunset two little graves were needed, and Nurse Nelly shed tender tears for her first losses as she laid the motherless mice in one smooth hollow, and the gray-coated rebel in the other. She had learned to care for him already, and when she found him dead, was very glad she had been kind to him, hoping that he knew it, and died happier in her hospital than all alone in the shadowy wood.

The rest of Nelly's patients prospered, and of the many added afterward few died, because of Tony's skilful treatment and her own faithful care. Every morning when the day proved fair the little ambulance went out upon its charitable errand; every afternoon Nelly worked for the human sufferers whom she loved; and every evening brother Will read aloud to her from useful books, showed her wonders with his microscope, or prescribed remedies for the patients, whom he soon knew by name and took much interest in. It was Nelly's holiday; but, though she studied no lessons, she learned much, and unconsciously made her pretty play both an example and a rebuke for others.

At first it seemed a childish pastime, and people laughed. But there was something in the familiar words "Sanitary," "hospital," and "ambulance" that made them pleasant sounds to many ears. As reports of Nelly's work went through the neighborhood, other children came to see and copy her design. Rough lads looked ashamed when in her wards they found harmless creatures hurt by them, and going out they said among themselves, "We won't stone birds, chase butterflies, and drown the girls' little cats any more,

though we won't tell them so." And most of the lads kept their word so well that people said there never had been so many birds before as all that summer haunted wood and field. Tender-hearted playmates brought their pets to be cured; even busy fathers had a friendly word for the small charity, which reminded them so sweetly of the great one which should never be forgotten; lonely mothers sometimes looked out with wet eyes as the little ambulance went by, recalling thoughts of absent sons who might be journeying painfully to some far-off hospital, where brave women waited to tend them with hands as willing, hearts as tender, as those the gentle child gave to her self-appointed task.

At home the charm worked also. No more idle days for Nelly, or fretful ones for Will, because the little sister would not neglect the helpless creatures so dependent upon her, and the big brother was ashamed to complain after watching the patience of these lesser sufferers, and merrily said he would try to bear his own wound as quietly and bravely as the "Commodore" bore his. Nelly never knew how much good she had done Captain Will till he went away again in the early autumn. Then he thanked her for it, and though she cried for joy and sorrow she never forgot it, because he left something behind him which always pleasantly reminded her of the double success her little hospital had won.

When Will was gone and she had prayed softly in her heart that God would keep him safe and bring him home again, she dried her tears and went away to find comfort in the place where he had spent so many happy hours with her. She had not been there before that day, and when she reached the door she stood quite still and wanted very much to cry again, for something beautiful had happened. She had often asked Will for a motto for her hospital, and he had promised to find her one. She thought he had forgotten it; but even in the hurry of that busy day he had found time to do more than keep his word, while Nelly sat indoors, lovingly brightening the tarnished buttons on the blue coat that had seen so many battles.

Above the roof, where the doves cooed in the sun, now rustled a white flag with the golden "S. C." shining on it as the west wind tossed it to and fro. Below, on the smooth panel of the door, a skilful pencil had drawn two arching ferns, in whose soft shadow, poised upon a mushroom, stood a little figure of Nurse Nelly, and underneath it another of Dr. Tony bottling medicine, with spectacles upon his nose. Both hands of the miniature Nelly were outstretched, as if beckoning to a train of insects, birds, and beasts, which was so long that it not only circled round the lower rim of this fine sketch, but dwindled in the distance to mere dots and lines. Such merry conceits as one found there! A mouse bringing the tail it had lost in some cruel trap, a dor-bug with a shade over its eyes, an invalid butterfly carried in a tiny litter by long-legged spiders, a fat frog with gouty feet hopping upon crutches, Jenny Wren sobbing in a nice handkerchief, as she brought dear dead Cock Robin to be restored to life. Rabbits, lambs, cats, calves, and turtles, all came trooping up to be healed by the benevolent little maid who welcomed them so heartily.





Nelly laughed at these comical mites till the tears ran down her cheeks, and thought she never could be tired of looking at them. But presently she saw four lines clearly printed underneath her picture, and her childish face grew sweetly serious as she read the words of a great poet, which Will had made both compliment and motto : —

“He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things, both great and small ;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.”

*Louisa M. Alcott.*

## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A CONTEST WITH CUDGELS.

OUR discomfited adventurers did not swim far from the seringa, for the birds did not follow them. Satisfied with seeing the burglars fairly beyond the boundaries of their domicile, the tenants of the tree returned to their nests, as if to ascertain what amount of damage had been done. In a short time the commotion had almost subsided, though there was heard an occasional scream, — the wail of the bereaved parents ; for the helpless squab, after struggling awhile on the surface of the water, had gone suddenly out of sight. There was no danger, therefore, of further molestation from their late assailants, so long as they should be left in quiet possession of the seringa, and therefore there was no further necessity for the two swimmers to retreat. A new intention had shaped itself in Munday's mind by this time, and he expressed his determination to return, to the surprise of the youth, who asked his purpose.

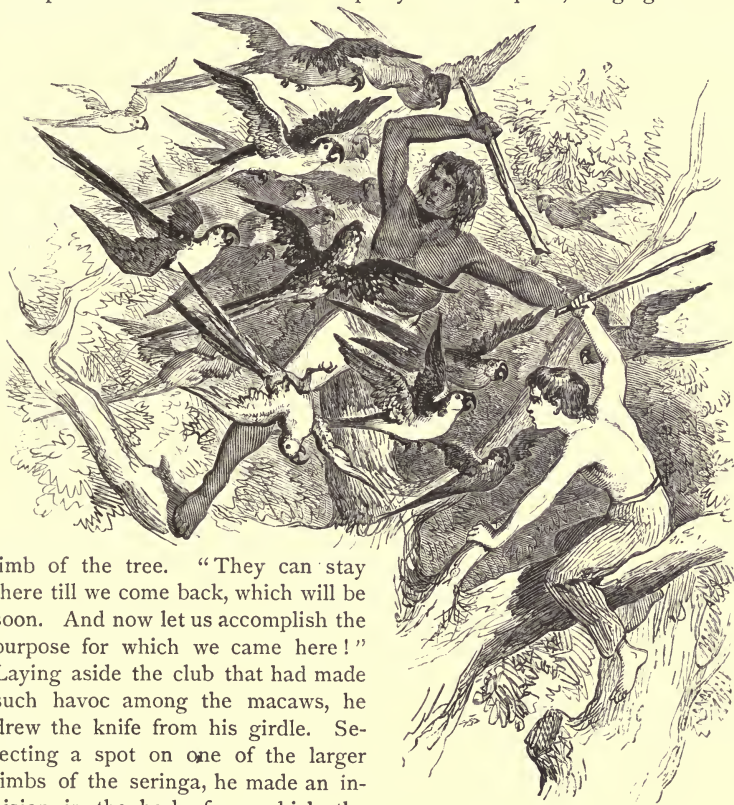
"Partly the purpose for which we first climbed it, and partly," added he, with an angry roll of his almond-shaped eyes, "to obtain revenge. A Mundurucú is not to be bled in this fashion, even by birds, without drawing blood in return. I don't go out from this *igarapé* till I've killed every arara, old as well as young, in that accursed tree, or chased the last of them out of it. Follow, and I 'll show you how."

The Indian turned his face towards the thicket of tree-tops forming one side of the water-arcade, and with a stroke or two brought himself within reach of some hanging parasites, and climbed up, bidding Richard follow. Once more they were shut in among the tops of what appeared to be a gigantic mimosa. "It will do," muttered the Mundurucú, drawing his knife and cutting a stout branch, which he soon converted into a cudgel of about two feet in length. This he handed to his companion, and then, selecting a second branch of still stouter proportions, fashioned a similar club for himself.

"Now," said he, after having pruned the sticks to his satisfaction, "we're both armed, and ready to give battle to the araras, with a better chance of coming off victorious. Let us lose no time. We have other work to occupy us, and your friends will be impatient for our return." Saying this, he let himself down into the water, and turned towards the seringa. His *protégé* made no protest, but followed instantly after. Tightly clutching their cudgels, both reascended the seringa, and renewed the battle with the birds. The numbers were even more unequal than before ; but this time the advantage was on the side of the intruders.

Striking with their clubs of heavy-acacia-wood, the birds fell at every blow,

until not one arara fluttered among the foliage. Most of these had fallen wounded upon the water; a few only, seeing certain destruction before them, took flight into the far recesses of the flooded forest. The Mundurucú, true to his promise, did not leave a living bird upon the tree. One after another, he hauled the half-fledged chicks from their nests; one after another, twisted their necks; and then, tying their legs together with a sipo, he separated the bunch into two equally-balanced parts, hanging it over a



limb of the tree. "They can stay there till we come back, which will be soon. And now let us accomplish the purpose for which we came here!" Laying aside the club that had made such havoc among the macaws, he drew the knife from his girdle. Selecting a spot on one of the larger limbs of the seringa, he made an incision in the bark, from which the milky juice immediately flowed.

He had made provision against any loss of the precious fluid in the shape of a pair of huge monkey-pots, taken from a sapucaya while on the way, and which had been all the while lying in their place of deposit in a network of parasites. One of these he gave Richard, to hold under the tap while he made a second incision upon a longer limb of the seringa. Both nutshells were quickly filled with the glutinous juice, which soon began to thicken and coagulate like rich cream. The lids were restored to their places, and tied on with sipo, and then a large quantity of this natural cord-



age was collected and made up into a portable shape. This accomplished, the Mundurucú signified his intention of returning to the castaways; and, after apportioning part of the spoil to his companion, set out on the way they had come. The young Paraense swam close in his wake, and in ten minutes they had retraversed the igarápe, and saw before them the bright sun gilding the Gapo at its embouchure, that appeared like the mouth of some subterraneous cavern.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## CHASED BY A JACARÉ.

A FEW more strokes would have carried the swimmers clear of the water arcade. Richard was already congratulating himself on the prospect of escaping from the gloomy shadow, when all at once his companion started, raised his head high above the surface, and gazed backward along the dark arcade. As he did so, an exclamation escaped him, which could only be one of alarm.

“A monster!” cried the Mundurucú.

“A monster! What sort? where?”

“Yonder, — just by the edge of the igarápe, — close in to the trees, — his body half hid under the hanging branches.”

“I see something like the trunk of a dead tree, afloat upon the water. A monster you say, Munday? What do you make it out to be?”

“The body of a big reptile, — big enough to swallow us both. It’s the *Jacaré-uassú*. I heard its plunge. Did not you?”

“I heard nothing like a plunge, except that made by ourselves in swimming.”

“No matter. There was such a noise but a moment ago. See! the monster is again in motion. He is after us!”

The dark body Richard had taken for the drifting trunk of a tree was now in motion, and evidently making direct for himself and his companion. The waves, undulating horizontally behind it, proclaimed the strokes of its strong, vertically flattened tail, by which it was propelled through the water.

“The *jacaré-uassú*!” once more exclaimed the Mundurucú, signifying that the reptile was the great alligator of the Amazon.

It was one of the largest size, its body showing full seven yards above the water, while its projecting jaws, occasionally opened in menace or for breath, appeared of sufficient extent to swallow either of the swimmers.

It was idle for them to think of escaping through the water. At ease as they both were in this element, they would have proved but clumsy competitors with a cayman, especially one of such strength and natatory skill as belong to the huge reptile in pursuit of them. Such a swimming-match was not to be thought of, and neither entertained the idea of it.

“We must take to the trees!” cried the Indian, convinced that the alligator was after them. “The Great Spirit is good to make them grow so near. It’s the only chance we have for saving our lives. To the trees, young master, — to the trees!”

As he spoke, the Mundurucú faced towards the forest; and, with quick, energetic strokes, they glided under the hanging branches. Most nimbly they climbed the nearest, and, once lodged upon a limb, were safe; and on one of the lowest they "squatted," to await the approach of the jacaré. In about three seconds the huge saurian came up, pausing as it approached the spot where the two intended victims had ascended out of its reach. It seemed more than surprised, — in fact, supremely astonished; and for some moments lay tranquil, as if paralyzed by its disappointment. This quietude, however, was of short duration; for soon after, as if conscious of having been tricked, it commenced quartering the water in short diagonal lines, which every instant was lashed into foam by a stroke of its powerful tail.

"Let us be grateful to the Great Spirit!" said the Indian, looking down from his perch upon the tree. "We may well thank Him for affording us a safe refuge here. It's the jacaré-uassú, as I said. The monster is hungry, because it's the time of flood, and he can't get food so easily. The fish upon which he feeds are scattered through the gapo, and he can only catch them by a rare chance. Besides, he has tasted our blood. Did you not see him sup at it as he came up the igarápe? He's mad now, and won't be satisfied till he obtains a victim, — a man if he can, for I can tell by his looks he's a man-eater."

"A man-eater! What mean you by that?"

"Only that this jacaré has eaten men, or women as likely."

"But how can you tell that?"

"Thus, young master. His bigness tells me of his great age. He has lived long, and in his time visited many places. But what makes me suspect him to be a man-eater is the eagerness with which he pursued us, and the disappointment he shows at not getting hold of us. Look at him now!"

Certainly there was something peculiar both in the appearance and movements of the jacaré. Young Trevannion had never seen such a monster before, though alligators were plenteous around Para, and were no rare sight to him. This one, however, was larger than any he had ever seen, more gaunt or skeleton-like in frame, with a more disgusting leer in its deep sunken eyes, and altogether more unearthly in its aspect. The sight of the hideous saurian went far to convince him that there was some truth in the stories of which he had hitherto been sceptical. After all, the Gapo might contain creatures fairly entitled to the appellation of "monsters."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A SAURIAN DIGRESSION.

IT would be difficult to conceive a more hideous monster than this upon which Richard Trevannion and his comrade gazed. In fact, there is no form in nature — scarce even in the imagination — more unpleasing to the eye than that of the lizard, the serpent's shape not excepted. The sight of the latter may produce a sensation disagreeable and akin to fear; but the curv-

ing and graceful configuration, either at rest or in motion, and the smooth, shining skin, often brilliantly colored in beautiful patterns, tend to prevent it from approaching the bounds of horror. With the saurian shape it is different. In it we behold the type of the horrible, without anything to relieve the unpleasant impression. The positive, though distant, resemblance to the human form itself, instead of making the creature more seemly, only intensifies the feeling of dread with which we behold it. The most beautiful coloring of the skin, and the gentlest habits, are alike inefficacious to remove that feeling. You may look upon the tree-lizard, clothed in a livery of the most vivid green; the *Anolida*, in the bright blue of turquoise, in lemon and orange; you may gaze on the chameleon when it assumes its most brilliant hues, — but not without an instinctive sense of repugnance. True, there are those who deny this, who profess not to feel it, and who can fondle such pets in their hands, or permit them to play around their necks and over their bosoms. This, however, is due to habit, and long, familiar acquaintance.

Since this is so with the smaller species of the lizard tribe, even with those of gay hues and harmless habits, what must it be with those huge saurians that constitute the family of the *Crocodilida*, all of which, in form, color, habits, and character, approach the very extreme of hideousness. Of these gigantic reptiles there is a far greater variety of species than is generally believed, — greater than is known even to naturalists. Until lately, some three or four distinct kinds, inhabiting Asia, Africa, and America, were all that were supposed to exist. Recent exploration reveals a very different condition, and has added many new members to the family of the *Crocodilida*.

It would be safe to hazard a conjecture, that, when the world of nature becomes better known, the number of species of these ugly amphibia, under the various names of gavials, crocodiles, caymans, and alligators, all brothers or first-cousins, will amount to two score. It is the very close resemblance in appearance and general habits that has hitherto hindered these different kinds from being distinguished. Their species are many; and, if you follow the naturalists of the anatomic school, so too are the genera; for it pleases these sapient theorists to found a genus on almost any species, — thus confounding and rendering more difficult the study it is their design to simplify. In the case of the *Crocodilida* such subdivision is absolutely absurd; and a single genus — certainly two at the most — would suffice for all purposes, practical or theoretical. The habits of the whole family — gavials and alligators, crocodiles, caymans, and jacarés — are so much alike, that it seems a cruelty to separate them. It is true the different species attain to very different sizes; some, as the *curia*, are scarce two feet in length, while the big brothers of the family, among the gavials, crocodiles, and alligators, are often ten times as long.

It is impossible to say how many species of *Crocodilida* inhabit the waters of the South American continent. There are three in the Amazon alone; but it is quite probable that in some of its more remote tributaries there exist other distinct species, since the three above mentioned do not all dwell in the same portion of this mighty stream. The Amazonian Indians speak



of many more species, and believe in their existence. No doubt the Indians are right.

In the other systems of South American waters, as those of the La Plata, the Orinoco, and the Magdalena, species exist that are not known to the Amazon. Even in the isolated water deposits of Lake Valencia, Humboldt discovered the bava, a curious little crocodile not noted elsewhere. The three Amazonian reptiles, though having a strong resemblance in general aspect, are quite distinct as regards the species. In the curious and useful dialect of that region, understood alike by Indians and Portuguese, they are all called "Jacarés," though they are specifically distinguished as the *Jacaré-uassú*, the *Jacaré-tinga*, and the *Jacaré-curúa*. Of the first kind was that which had pursued the two swimmers, and it was one of the largest of its species, full twenty-five feet from the point of its bony snout to the tip of its serrated tail. No wonder they got out of its way!

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### TREED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

FOR a time the two refugees were without fear or care. They knew they were out of reach, and, so long as they kept to their perch, were in no danger. Had it been a jaguar instead of a jacaré, it would have been another thing; but the amphibious animal could not crawl up the trunk of a tree, nor yet ascend by the hanging limbs or llianas. Their only feeling was that of chagrin at being stopped on their way back to their companions in the sapucaya, knowing that their return would be impatiently expected. They could by shouting have made themselves heard, but not with sufficient distinctness to be understood. The matted tree-tops intervening would have prevented this. They thought it better to be silent, lest their shouts might cause alarm. Richard hoped that the alligator would soon glide back to the haunt whence it had sallied, and leave them at liberty to continue their journey, but the Mundurucú was not so sanguine.

There was something in the behavior of the jacaré he did not like, especially when he saw it quartering the water as if in search of the creatures that had disappeared so mysteriously.

"Surely it won't lie in wait for us?" was the first question put by his companion. "You don't think it will?"

"I do, young master, I do. That is just what troubles the Mundurucú. He may keep us here for hours, — perhaps till the sun goes down."

"That would be anything but pleasant, — perhaps more so to those who are waiting for us than to ourselves. What can we do?"

"Nothing at present. We must have patience, master."

"For my part, I shall try," replied the Paraense; "but it's very provoking to be besieged in this fashion, — separated by only a few hundred yards from one's friends, and yet unable to rejoin or communicate with them."

"Ah! I wish the *Curupira* had him. I fear the brute is going to prove

troublesome. The Mundurucú can read evil in his eye. Look! he has come to a stand. He sees us! No knowing now when he will grow tired of our company."

"But has it sense enough for that?"

"Sense! Ah! cunning, master may call it, when he talks of the jacaré. Surely, young master, you know that, — you who are a Paraense born and bred? You must know that these reptiles will lie in wait for a whole week by a bathing-place, watching for a victim, — some helpless child, or even a grown man, who has been drinking too much *cashaca*. Ah, yes! many's the man the jacaré has closed his deadly jaws upon."

"Well, I hope this one won't have that opportunity with us. We must n't give it."

"Not if we can help it," rejoined the Indian. "But we must be quiet, young master, if we expect to get out of this fix in any reasonable time. The jacaré has sharp ears, small though they look. He can hear every word we are saying; ay, and if one were to judge by the leer in his ugly eye, he understands us."

"At all events, it appears to be listening."

So the conversation sank to silence, broken only by an occasional whisper, and no gesture even made communication, for they saw the leering look of the reptile fixed steadily upon them. Almost two hours passed in this tantalizing and irksome fashion.

The sun had now crossed the meridian line, and was declining westward. The jacaré had not stirred from the spot. It lay like a log upon the water, its lurid eyes alone proclaiming its animation. For more than an hour it had made no visible movement, and their situation was becoming insupportable.

"But what can we do?" asked Richard, despairingly.

"We must try to travel through the tree-tops, and get to the other side. If we can steal out of his sight and hearing, all will be well. The Mundurucú is angry with himself; he did n't think of this before. He was fool enough to hope the jacaré would get tired first. He might have known better, since the beast has tasted blood. That or hunger makes him such a stanch sentinel. Come, young master!" added the Indian, rising from his seat, and laying hold of a branch. "We must make a journey through the tree-tops. Not a word, — not a broken bough if you can help it. Keep close after me; watch what I do, and do you exactly the same."

"All right, Munday," muttered the Paraense. "Lead on, old boy! I'll do my best to follow you."

*Mayne Reid.*



# Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY  
of  
CHARADES,  
PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

## ENIGMAS.

NO. 5.

Twenty-six numbers place all in a row,  
Twenty-six letters set rightly below,  
Therein you will have a certain key  
To solve the riddles I'll read to thee.

1. My 15, 21, 18, 13, 15, 20, 8, 5, 18,  
Will make known by surest test  
The person who loves us dearest and  
best.
2. My 26, 5, 2, 5, 4, 5, 5,  
Was a fisherman long of world-wide  
fame,  
Whose wife all young folks seek vainly  
to name.
3. My 22, 15, 23, 5, 12, 19,  
Can each stand alone without aid,  
Yet without them not a word can be  
said.
4. My 19, 20, 25, 24,  
Is a river, which when traitors do cross
5. By the aid of my 10, 1, 3, 11, 11, 5, 20,  
3, 8,  
To the world it's small loss.
6. My 1, 12, 9, 14, 3, 15, 12, 14,  
Will unfold a name in high station ;  
A link in the chain which makes us a  
nation.
7. My 7, 18, 1, 20, 9, 20, 21, 4, 5,  
When you disclose 'em,  
Will divulge the debt the nation owes  
him.

8. My 8, 5, 18, 15, 5, 19,  
Is what they are who cry
9. They are for my 21, 14, 9, 15, 14,  
Though the last man should die.
10. My 21, 14, 9, 20, 9, 14, 7,  
Is the patriot's explanation  
Of what our army is doing for the  
nation.
11. My 14, 5, 7, 18, 15, 19, 12, 1, 22, 5,  
18, 25,  
Is an institution the South did prize ;  
Now dead and buried forever it lies.
12. And my 19, 5, 3, 5, 19, 19, 9, 15, 14,  
Rears its hideous, gory head  
O'er fields of dying and the dead.  
My whole are gems of value rare  
Set in a casket with jealous care.
13. My 1, 12, 16, 8, 1, 2, 5, 20,  
Will disclose this casket  
To any young folks who will ask it.

ETTA.

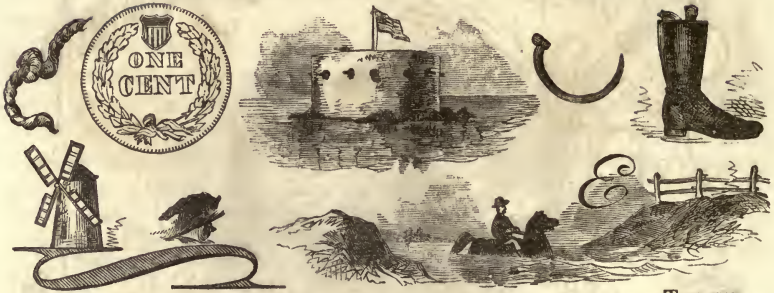
No. 6.

- I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 6, 14, 16, is part of the body.  
My 15, 10, 17, 2, is part of a horse.  
My 18, 10, 13, 4, is a fruit.  
My 5, 8, 3, 12, is not to remain long in  
one place.  
My 9, 7, 11, is a division of a farm.  
My 1, 8, is a negative.  
My whole is a good old proverb.

MONTICELLO.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 6.



TILLIUS.

CHARADES.

No. 5.

THE PATRIOT'S CREED.

PATIENTLY pacing to and fro,  
In the bitter rain, or the blinding snow,  
In the glaring noon, or the midnight deep,  
The vigilant soldier my *first* must keep.

Woe to us all if he leave his post,  
Or close his eyes to the Rebel host!  
He must bid the stealthy footstep "Stand!"  
And swiftly and stern my *second* demand.

Thus, on the perilous edge of fight,  
He guards with his life the cause of Right;

And oft, as he paces to and fro,  
"God and my Country!" he whispers low.

This, as it echoes through his soul  
Like a sacred charm, is my Patriot *whole!*  
GRIFFIN.

No. 6.

In ancient Rome, the seat of pride,  
A high official sank and died;  
The order for his burial came.  
*Pronounce that order*, — and behold  
One who can secret things unfold:—  
Reader, can you the answer name?

J. H. C.

PUZZLES.

No. 3.

By selecting letters from each of these words, form a new word, which will define the original:—

- Acknowledge, Assever,
- Demise (the verb),
- Detestable, Recline,
- Produce (the noun),
- Valetudinarian.

W. WISP.

No. 4.

Taken as I am, I'm a dignified dame;  
Behead me, — an ancient old gent.

Behead me again, — an obstruction I name.

My head off again, — I'm what I consent  
To say of myself, though no other may  
Of me such a thing with propriety say.

My head off once more, and, strange  
though it be,  
A multitude yet remaineth of me!  
A strange monster I.  
All these wonders still  
Prove true, take these heads  
From which end you will!

L. S.

No. 5.

Make an animal larger by beheading it.  
L.

No. 6.

Longum-rotundum in muro sedit;  
Longum-rotundum praeceps se dedit;  
Non est possibile cunctum hunc mundum  
Recte reponere Longum-rotundum.

A. W.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 7.



JAN.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

NO. 8.

A box of tin contains 225 sheets ; a box of 10 × 14 costs \$18, and a box of 10 × 20 \$24 ; which is the cheaper to buy ? And what is the difference between the price of a box of 10 × 14 at \$18, and of a box 10 × 14 at the rate of \$24 for a box of 10 × 20.

FRED. P. H.

NO. 9.

A man building a barn wished to place in it a window three feet high and three feet wide ; but finding there was not room enough, he had it made half the size intended, without altering the height or width. How was it done ?

No. 10.

Reckoning cows at \$10 a-piece, sheep at \$3, and geese at 50 cents, how can you buy 100 of these animals and have the lot cost just \$100 ?

E. W. B. C.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

2. A party of ladies and gentlemen started from New York one day in a yacht. Their destination was *Cilorfano*.
3. A gentleman asked leave to pay attention to a lady. She replied, *Stripes*.

4. The *partial men* of *Golden Land* should consult *Ser Waly* and *Mr. Toon Sears* before interfering with *Allen Cobin*, for *D struts on ice* and *I run* always. *We bill the feat* of the audacious *N. O. March*, who attempts to *bore the Sun clam*.

H.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 8.



CONUNDRUMS.

6. Why is a young lady bestowing alms like a doubt ?
7. What military order commands the preparation of a book on Physiognomy ?
8. What is the difference between a chemist and a quack ?
9. When should bread be baked ?
10. If you were asking for a five-dollar bill, what species of Cryptogamic plants would you name ?

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 9.



W. A. R.

## ANSWERS.

## CHARADE.

4. Host-age.

## ENIGMAS.

3. Captain Mayne Reid.  
4. Toussaint l'Ouverture.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

6.  $\text{XLI} = \text{VII}$ . Insert  $\text{XXI} = \text{XXVIII}$ .  
7. F. I I I I I E.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

4. Evil to him that evil thinks.  
[(Devil *minus* D) (toe) (him) (tea hat) (Eve) (50 = L) th(inks).]
5. 1. Tenhyson [10 nigh sun].  
2. Ruskin [R (yew) (skin)].  
3. Browning.  
4. Carlyle [(Car) l (isle)].  
5. Jean Ingelow [(Jean in g) *low*].  
6. Dora [Do re] Greenwell.

## BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

THERE was an old Baron so gracious,  
Who wrote his own travels veracious.  
Should you ask, "Are they true?"  
He would run by quite through,—  
That equivocal Baron, mendacious.

F.





# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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VOL. I.

MAY, 1865.

No. V.

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## THE NEW LIFE.



T is May, almost the end of May indeed, and the May-flowers have finished their blooming for this year. It is growing too warm for those delicate violets and hepaticas who dare to brave even March winds, and can bear snow better than summer heats.

Down at the edge of the pond the tall water-grasses and rushes are tossing their heads a little in the wind, and swinging a little, lightly and lazily, with the motion of the water; but the water is almost clear and still this morning, scarcely rippled, and in its beautiful, broad mirror reflecting the chestnut-trees on the bank, and the little points of land that run out from the shore, and give foothold to the old pines standing guard day and night, summer and winter, to watch up the pond and down.

Do you think now that you know how the pond looks in the sunshine of this May morning?

If we come close to the edge where the rushes are growing, and look down through the clear water, we shall see some uncouth and clumsy black bugs crawling upon the bottom of the pond. They have six legs, and are covered with a coat of armor laid plate over plate; it looks hard and horny, and the insect himself has a dull, heavy way with him, and might be called very stupid, were it not for his eagerness in catching and eating every little fly and mosquito that comes within his reach; his eyes grow fierce and almost bright, and he seizes with open mouth, and devours all day long, if he can find anything suited to his taste.

I am afraid you will think he is not very interesting, and will not care to make his acquaintance; but let me tell you, something very wonderful is about to happen to him, and if you stay and watch patiently, you will see what I saw once, and have never forgotten.

Here he is crawling in mud under the water this May morning, — out over the pond shoot the flat water-boatmen, and the water-spiders dance and skip as if the pond were a floor of glass, while here and there skims a blue dragon-fly, with his fine, firm wings, that look like the thinnest gauze, but are really wondrously strong for all their delicate appearance.

The dull, black bug sees all these bright, agile insects, and, for the first time in his life, he feels discontented with his own low place in the mud. A longing creeps through him that is quite different from the customary longing for mosquitos and flies. "I will creep up the stem of this rush," he thinks, "and perhaps, when I reach the surface of the water, I can dart like the little flat boatmen, or, better than all, shoot through the air like the blue-winged dragon-fly." But as he crawls toilsomely up the slippery stem, the feeling that he has no wings like the dragon-fly make him discouraged and almost despairing; at last, however, with much labor, he has reached the surface, has crept out of the water, and, clinging to the green stem, feels the spring air and sunshine all about him. Now let him take passage with the boatmen, or ask some of the little spiders to dance. Why does n't he begin to enjoy himself?

Alas! see his sad disappointment; after all this toil, after passing some splendid chances of good breakfasts on the way up, and spending all his strength on this one exploit, he finds the fresh air suffocating him, and a most strange and terrible feeling coming over him, as his coat of mail, which until now was always kept wet, shrinks, and seems even cracking off, while the warm air dries it.

"O," thinks the poor bug, "I must die! It was folly in me to crawl up here. The mud and the water were good enough for my brothers, and good enough for me too, had I only known it; and now I am too weak, and feel too strangely to attempt going down again the way I came up."

See how uneasy he grows, feeling about in doubt and dismay; for a darkness is coming over his eyes, — it is the black helmet, a part of his coat of mail, — it has broken off at the top, and is falling down over his face. A minute more and it drops below his chin, and what is his astonishment to find that, as his old face breaks away, a new one comes in its place, larger, much more beautiful, and having two of the most admirable eyes, — two I say, because they look like two, but each of them is made up of hundreds of little eyes; they stand out globe-like on each side of his head, and look about over a world unknown and wonderful to the dull, black bug who lived in the mud; the sky seems bluer, the sunshine brighter, and the nodding grass and flowers more gay and graceful. Now he lifts this new head to see more of the great world; and behold! as he moves, he is drawing himself out of the old suit of armor, and from two neat little cases at its sides come two pairs of wings folded up like fans and put away here to be ready for use

when the right time should come; still half folded they are, and must be carefully spread open and smoothed for use. And while he trembles with surprise, see how with every movement he is escaping from the old armor, and drawing from their sheaths fine legs, longer and far more beautifully made and colored than the old, and a slender body, that was packed away like a spy-glass, and is now drawn slowly out, one part after another, until at last the dark coat of mail dangles empty from the rushes, and above it sits a dragon-fly, with great, wondering eyes, long, slender body, and two pairs of delicate gauzy wings, fine and firm as the very ones he had been watching but an hour ago.

The poor black bug, who thought he was dying, was only passing out of his old life to be born into a higher one; and see how much brighter and more beautiful it is!

And now shall I tell you how (months ago) the mother dragon-fly dropped into the water her tiny eggs, which lay there in the mud, and by and by hatched out the dark, crawling bugs, so unlike the mother that she does not know them for her children, and, flying over the pond, looks down through the water where they crawl among the rushes, and has not a single word to say to them, until, in due time, they find their way up to the air, and pass into the new winged life.

If you will go to some pond, when spring is ending or summer beginning, and find among the water-grasses such an insect as I have told you of, you may see all this for yourselves, and you will say with me, dear children, that nothing you have ever known is more wonderful.

*Author of "The Seven Little Sisters."*



## THREE DAYS AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

### SECOND DAY.

THIS next day is Sunday. It is general inspection day at the prison, and, by invitation of the Captain, we go early to witness the interesting turn-out. It is a real turn-out, for every prisoner in the camp on this day turns out from his quarters, and, with all his household goods about him, waits in the street opposite his barrack until every bed, and blanket, and jackknife, and jewsharp, and fiddle, and trinket, and "wonderful invention" in the prison, is examined and passed upon by the Inspector. Of the latter articles, as I have said, there is an infinite variety, but of necessary clothing there is nothing to spare. A mattress, a blanket or two, a hat, a coat, a pair of trousers and brogans, and an extra shirt, are the sum total of each one's furniture and wearing-apparel. Every man's person must be cleanly, and his clothing as tidy as circumstances will permit; and woe to the foolish "native" who has neglected to bathe, or forgotten to exterminate his little brood



of domestic animals. A high-pressure scrubbing, or a march about camp in a packing-box, branded "Vermin," is his inevitable doom. This three hours' review is an irksome ordeal to the prisoners, but blessed be the man who invented it; for it keeps the doctors idle, and gives an easy life to the grave-diggers.

It may be you have somewhere read that "the proper study of mankind is man." If you believe this, you will be glad to go with me down the lines, and study these people; and if you do this, and keep your eyes open, you will learn something of the *real* Southern man; and you might waste years among the "Chivalry" and not do that. The "Chivalry" are not Southern *men*, they are only Southern *gentlemen*, and counterfeit gentlemen at that. But now we will go down the column.

The first man we meet is not a man. He is only a boy, — a slender, pale-faced boy, with thin, white hands, and wan, sad, emaciated features, on which "Exchanged" is written as legibly as anything that ever was printed. But he will not wait the slow movements of the Exchange Commissioners. The grim old official who has him in charge is altogether too wise to wrangle about the terms of cartels, where the lives of men are in question.

He receives our advances in a shy, reserved way, and it takes many kind words to draw from him more than a monosyllable. But kind words are a power. They cost less, and buy more, than anything else in the world. I never knew one of them to be wasted; and not one is wasted now, for very soon they reach the boy's heart, and with moistened eye and quivering lip he tells us his story. It is a simple story, — only a little drama of humble life, with no fine ladies in rouge and satins and furbelows, and no fine gentlemen with waving plumes and gilded swords, and shining patent-leathers, dawdling about the stage, or making silly faces at the foot-lights. Its characters are only common people, who *do* something, — *produce* something, — and so leave the world a little better for their living in it. But it is only a short story, just a little drama, and I will let it pass before you.

Now the curtain rises, and the play begins.

We see a little log cottage among the mountains, with a few cattle browsing in the woods, and a few acres of waving corn and cotton. Grapevines and honeysuckles are clambering over its doorway, and roses and wild-flowers are growing before its windows, and — that is all. But it is a pleasant little cottage, all attractive without, and all cheerful within. The candles are not lighted, but a great wood-fire is blazing on the hearth, sending a rich, warm glow through all the little room; and the family have gathered round it for the evening. The older brother is mending harness before the fire; the little sister is knitting beside him; the younger brother and another one — nearer and dearer to him than brother or sister — are seated on the low settle in the chimney-corner; and the aged mother is reading aloud from a large book which lies open on the centre-table. We can't see the title of this book, but its well-worn leaves show that it must be the family Bible. She closes it after a while, and, the older brother laying aside his work, they all kneel down on the floor together. Then the mother prays,

— not a fashionable prayer, with big, swelling words, and stilted, high-flown sentences, such as you sometimes hear on a Sunday, — but a low, simple, earnest petition to Him who is her Father and her Friend, who knows her every want, and loves her as one of His dear children.

It is scarcely over when the door opens, and five ruffianly-looking men enter the room. Four of them wear the gray livery of the Rebels; the other is clad in a motley uniform, part gray, part reddish-brown, and the other part the tawny flesh-color which peeps through the holes in his trousers. He looks for all the world like the tall fellow yonder, — farther down the lines, — the one in ragged “butternuts” and tattered shirt, with that mop of bushy black hair, and that hang-dog, out-at-the-elbow look. They both are conscript officers, and the one in the play has come to arrest the two young men, who have refused to obey the conscription.

The older brother rises to his feet, and, with a look of honest scorn and defiance, says: “I will not go with you. No power on earth shall make me fight against my country.” No more is spoken, but two of the soldiers seize the younger brother, and two others advance upon the older one, while the officer — standing by at a safe distance — gets the handcuffs ready. In less time than it takes to tell it, the two other men have measured their length on the floor; but the officer springs backward, and draws his revolver. He is about to fire, when the older brother catches the weapon, and attempts to wrest it from his hand. They grapple for an instant, and the pistol goes off in the struggle. A low scream follows, — but the officer falls to the floor, and the older brother bounds away into the darkness.

In a moment every one is on his feet again; but not a step is taken, not a movement made. Even these hardened men stand spell-bound and horror-stricken by the scene that is before them. There, upon the floor, the blood streaming from a ghastly wound in her neck, lies the fair young girl who was the sunshine of that humble home. The younger brother is holding her head in his lap, and moaning as if his heart were breaking, and the aged mother is kneeling by her side, trying to stanch the streaming blood; but the crimson river is running fast, and with it a sweet young life is flowing, — flowing on to the great sea, where the sun shines and the sweet south-wind blows forever.

The soldiers look on in silence; but the officer speaks at last. “Come,” he says; “it’s all over with the gal. The boy must go with me.”

“He shall not go,” says the mother. “Leave us alone to-night. You can murder him in the morning!”

The look and tone of that woman would move a mountain. They move even these men, for they turn away, and then the scene changes.

Now we see a great wood, — one of those immense pine forests which cover nearly all of Upper Georgia. The baying of hounds is heard in the distance, and upon the scene totters a weak, famished man, with bleeding feet, and matted hair, and torn, bedraggled clothing. He sinks down at the foot of a tree, and draws a revolver. He knows the hounds are close at hand; and, starving, hunted down as he is, he clings to life with all the

energy of the young blood that is in him. But soon he staggers to his feet, and puts up his weapon. He says nothing, but the look in his eye tells of some desperate resolve he has taken. He tries to climb the tree, but the branches are high up in the air; his strength fails, and he falls backward. Again he tries, and this time is successful. A moment more and he would have been too late, for the hounds have tracked him far, and now, with wild howls, are right upon him. Down among those furious beasts he would be torn limb from limb in an instant, — and O horror! the branch bends, — his arm trembles, — he is losing his hold, — he is falling! No! he catches by a stouter limb, and once more is in safety. Meanwhile, the hounds are howling hungrily below, and the shouts of men are heard, far away at the westward. He listens, and, drawing himself nearer the trunk of the tree, takes out the revolver. Five charges are left, and every cap is perfect. His life is lost; but for how many lives can he sell it?

The shouts grow louder, and, guided by the cry of the dogs, the men come rushing through the forest. One nears the tree — hears a shot — staggers back — and falls headlong. Another comes on, and another, and still another, and they all give up man-hunting forever! The rest pause, and hide behind trees, warned by the fate of their comrades. Four lives for one! Shall he have another, or shall his last bullet be wasted? At last a man springs into sight, and gains a nearer cover. The pistol cracks, — a rifle-shot cuts the air, and — It is a dizzy height, — our heads swim, and we turn away, while the scene changes.

Once more we see the little log cottage among the mountains. It is night, and midwinter. The snow lies deep in the woods, and the wind sighs mournfully around the little cabin, and has a melancholy shiver in its voice, as it tries to whistle "Old Hundred" through the key-hole. The same wood-fire is burning low on the hearth, and the same aged mother and little sister are seated before it. The same, and not the same, — for the roses are gone from the young girl's cheeks, and the mother is wasted to a shadow! The cattle are stolen from the fields, and the last kernel of corn has been eaten. What will keep them from starving? The mother opens the Book, and reads how Elijah was fed by the ravens. Will not the same Lord feed them? She will trust Him!

And again the scene changes. It is the same play, but only one of the players is living. He is the pale-faced boy in the prison. Kindly and gently we say to him: "You look sick; should you not be in the hospital?"

"I think not, — I like the sun," he answers. "When the colder weather comes, I may have to go there."

He *will* go, and — then the curtain will fall, and the little play be over!

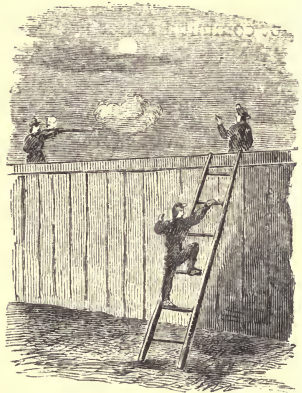
Is it not a thrilling drama? With slight variations of scenery, it has been acted in ten thousand Southern homes, with Satan for manager and Jefferson Davis for leading actor and "heavy villain."

As we go down the lines, we pass the conscript officer I have alluded to. We do not speak with him, for a look at the outside of "the house he lives in" represses all desire to become acquainted with the inside. Virtue and



nobleness can no more dwell in such a body as his, than the Christian virtues can flourish in a hyena. The thing is an impossibility, and the man is not to blame for it. His very name is suggestive of what he may come to. Alter one letter of it, and it would be J. B. Hemp, — which, you all know, is the abbreviation for Jerked By Hemp ; and that is the usual end of such people.

As we pass this man, the Captain — who is making the rounds with us, while the Lieutenant goes on with the inspection — tells us something about him. He is despised by every one in the camp ; and though the Captain makes it a principle to show no ill-will or partiality to any of the prisoners, he has to feel the general dislike to him. He is probably about as mean as a man ever gets to be. A short time ago he planned an escape by the “Air Line” ; and, with the help of another prisoner, made a ladder, and hid it away under the floor of his barrack. The Captain found it out, and charged him with it. He denied it stoutly, but the Captain told him to bring out the ladder. With great reluctance, he finally produced it ; and, placing it against the side of the barrack, the Captain said : “My man, this is a good ladder, — a very good ladder ; and it ought to be used. Now, suppose you let it stand where it is, and walk up and down upon it for



a week. The exercise will do you good, and the ladder, you know, was made expressly for you.” The prisoner was immensely pleased at the idea of so light a punishment (attempts to escape, our young folks know, are punished severely in all prisons,) and began the walk, laughing heartily at the “fool of a Yankee,” who thought that sort of exercise any hardship to a man accustomed to using his legs.

Crowds gathered round to see him, and for a time everything went right merrily ; but after going up and down the ladder, from sunrise to sunset, for four days, — stopping only for his customary meals, — he went to the Captain, saying : “I can’t stand this no more, no how. Guv me aranything else, — the rail, the pork-barril, the dungeon, bread and water, — aranything but this ! Why, my back, and knees, and hams, and calves, and every jint and bone in me, is so sore I can’t never walk agin.”

The Captain pitied the fellow, and deducted one day, leaving only two to be travelled. But he pleaded for another. “Tuck off another, Captin’,” he said, “and I’ll tell ye who holped me make the ladder.” Here his natural meanness cropped out ; even the good-natured Captain was angered ; but he only said to him : “I don’t want to know. It is your business to get out, if you can. I don’t blame you for trying, for I’d do the same thing myself. But it’s my duty to keep you in, and to punish you for attempting to get out. I shall do my duty. Finish the six days ; and then, if you make another ladder, I’ll give you twelve.” The Captain knew what prisoner he referred

to, and, sending for him, charged him with helping to make the ladder. "Then the mean critter has telled on me, Captin'?" "No, he has not," he replied; "I would n't let him. When you were a boy in your part of the country, and other boys told tales about you, what did you do with them?" "Whaled 'em like time, Captin'," answered the man; "and if ye 'll only shet yer eyes to 't, I 'll whale him." "I can't allow such things in the prison," said the Captain; "and besides, the fellow will be lame for a fortnight, and would n't be a match for you in that condition. Let him get limber, and then, if you don't whale him, I 'll make you walk the ladder for a month."

The result was, the conscript officer received a sound thrashing; and did not commit another act worthy of punishment for a week. However, on the day after the Captain related this anecdote, I saw him going the rounds of the camp with a large board strapped to his shoulders, on which was painted "Thief." He had stolen from a comrade, and that was his punishment.

The Captain is relating to us various instances in which prisoners have taken the "Air Line" out to freedom, when a young "native," with a jovial, good-natured face, and a droll, waggish eye, says to us: "Speakin' of the 'Air Line' over the fence, stranger, reminds me of Jake Miles takin' it one night to Chicago. Ye see, Jake was fotched up in a sandy kentry, and never afore seed a pavin'-stone. Well, he travilled that route one dark night, and made his bed in a ten-acre lot, with the sky for a kiverlet. It rained 'fore mornin', and Jake woke up, wet through, and monstrous hungry. Things warn't jist encouragin', but Jake thought anythign better 'n the prison,—and the fact ar, stranger, though we 'se treated well, and the Captain's a monstrous nice man, I myself had 'bout as lief be outside of it as inside. The poet had this place in his eye, when he said, 'Distance lends enchantment to the view.' Howsomever, Jake did n't give up. He put out, determined to see what this Yankee kentry ar' made of, and soon fotched up 'longside of a baker's cart in Chicago. The driver was away, and Jake was hungry; so he attempted to enforce the cornfiscation act; but 'fore he got a single loaf, a dog sprung out upon him. Jake run, and the dog arter him; and 'fore long the dog notched him by the trousers, and over they rolled in the mud together. They-rolled so fast you could n't tell which from t' other; but Jake felt the pavin'-stones under him, and tried to grab one to subjugate the critter. But the stone would n't come up,—it was fastened down! Finally, Jake got away; and, wet and hungry, and with only one leg to his trousers, tuck a stret line back to camp, declarin' he 'd rather be shot up yere, than go free in a kentry whar they let loose the dogs, and tie up the pavin'-stones!"

"That story will do to tell, my friend," we remark; "but you don't expect us to believe it?"

"B'lieve it!" he answers; "why, stranger, thar 's heaps o' men yere as never seed a pavin'-stone."

That is true, but they are not the ignorant, degraded people they are generally represented to be. The most of them are "poor whites," but so are many people at the North, and in every other country. They have no free schools, and it is that fact which makes the difference between them

and our Northern farmers. But even with that disadvantage, at least one half of them can read and write, and many of them are as intelligent as any men you ever spoke with. They are all privates, but there are scores of lawyers, and doctors, and teachers, and clergymen among them. Farther down the lines is Dr. Bronson, who was Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Medical College of Louisiana; and here is a picture of a gentleman who was Clerk of the Texas Senate. Though a prisoner, (he has since been released,) he has done more for the country than at least six Major-Generals you know of. For three days and nights he went through incredible dangers, that he might blot out his record of treason. And he did it nobly. God bless him for it! Some day I may tell you the story, but now I must go on with you through the prison.



This old man, near upon seventy, with thin, gray hair, only one eye, a ridged, weather-beaten face, and a short jacket and trousers, is "Uncle Ben." He was one of Morgan's men, and was captured while on the raid into Ohio. "You are an old man to be in the war," we say to him. "What led you into it?" — "Love of the thing," he answers. "I allers had to be stirrin'. I'm young enough to ride a nag yet." Talking further with him, we learn that he is a nurse in the hospital, and considers himself well treated. "I never fared better in my life," he says, "but I'd jist as lief be a ridin' agin."

Most of the men of Morgan's command — and there are twenty-two hundred in the prison — are wild, reckless fellows, who went into the war from the love of adventure, or the hope of plunder. They would rather fight than eat, and give the keepers more trouble than all the others in the camp. They are constantly devising ways of escape; and one dark night, about a year ago, nearly a hundred of them took the Underground Line, and got safely into Dixie. Here is a representation of the route.

As we go on a little farther, a tall fellow, with seedy clothes and a repulsive countenance, calls to the Captain, "I say, Captin', I say." The Captain stops, and answers, "Well?" "I 'se willing to take the oath," says the man. The Captain's face flushes slightly. He is not angry, — only indignant; but the man withers as he answers: "Willing! Such a man as *you* talk of being *willing*! You've shed the best blood in the world, and you are *willing*! Go down on your marrow-bones, — come back like the prodigal son, — and then the country will take you, — not before." "I'll do anything that 's wanted," says the man. "Very well; go to the officer, and put down





your name," answers the Captain; — adding to us, as we pass on, "That fellow is a great scamp, as thorough a Rebel as any one in the camp."\*

"This is my last Sunday here, Captain," says a well-clad, intelligent-looking man, as we go on down the lines. "I'm glad to hear it," replies the Captain; "I thought you'd come over to our side." In answer to some questions which we put to him, the man explains that he is about enlisting in the Navy. He says he has been "on the fence" for some time, anxious to serve the country, but unwilling to fight against his home and his kindred. At last he has compromised the matter by enlisting for an iron-clad; in which, if *his* shots should happen to hit his friends, he may be tolerably certain that *theirs* will not hit him! With a full appreciation of his bravery, the Camp Douglas artist has drawn him here, with his back to home and country, and his face to the bounty and the iron-clad.



But from among this army of original characters — and almost all uncultivated men are more or less original — I can particularize no more. Nearly all are stout, healthy, and fine-looking, although there are many mere boys among

them. Their clothing is generally badly worn, and scarcely any two are dressed alike. The prevailing material is the reddish-brown homespun so common at the South; but many have on Uncle Sam's coats and trousers, their own having given out, and these being supplied by the government.

Among the scores that I conversed with, not one complained of harsh treatment, and many admitted that they fared much better than at home. The irksomeness of confinement is all that they object to. Some of them "talked fight," but much the larger number would like peace at any price. The re-election of Mr. Lincoln they regard as the death-blow of the Confederacy. Within ten days after the result of the November election was known among them, nearly eight hundred applied to take the oath of allegiance.

After inspection is over, the prisoners go to dinner; and then such as choose attend divine service, which is performed in the barracks by their own chaplains. These are interesting gatherings, but they are so much like our own religious meetings, that I shall not attempt to describe them. But other things about the prisoners, and about the camp, that may interest you, I shall try to tell in the next number of "Our Young Folks."

*Edmund Kirke.*

\* But a great many of them are not Rebels. At least one quarter of the whole number confined at Camp Douglas are truly loyal men, who were forced into the Rebel ranks, or have seen the error of their ways, and desire to return to their allegiance. Captain Sponable assured me that he could, in one day, enlist a regiment of a thousand cavalrymen among them, who would be willing to fight for the country with a rope round their necks, — the penalty if taken by the Confederates. And yet our government allows the application of nearly two thousand of these men to remain unacted on for six, and twelve, and even eighteen months, while drafts and high bounties are in fashion. The worst despotism in Europe allows its subjects the privilege of fighting for it. Will not the freest country on the globe do the same?



## THE WONDERFUL SACK.

THE apple-boughs half hid the house  
Where lived the lonely widow ;  
Behind it stood the chestnut wood,  
Before it spread the meadow.

She had no money in her till,  
She was too poor to borrow ;  
With her lame leg she could not beg ;  
And no one cheered her sorrow.

She had no wood to cook her food,  
And but one chair to sit in ;  
Last spring she lost a cow, that cost  
A whole year's steady knitting.

She had worn her fingers to the bone,  
Her back was growing double ;  
One day the pig tore up her wig, —  
But that 's not half her trouble.

Her best black gown was faded brown,  
Her shoes were all in tatters,  
With not a pair for Sunday wear :  
Said she, " It little matters !

"Nobody asks me now to ride,  
 My garments are not fitting;  
 And with my crutch I care not much  
 To hobble off to meeting.

"I still preserve my Testament,  
 And though the *Acts* are missing,  
 And *Luke* is torn, and *Hebrews* worn,  
 On Sunday 't is a blessing.

"And other days I open it  
 Before me on the table,  
 And there I sit, and read, and knit,  
 As long as I am able."

One evening she had closed the book,  
 But still she sat there knitting;  
 "Meow-meow!" complained the old black cat;  
 "Mew-mew!" the spotted kitten.

And on the hearth, with sober mirth,  
 "Chirp, chirp!" replied the cricket.  
 'T was dark,—but hark! "Bow-ow!" the bark  
 Of Ranger at the wicket!

Is Ranger barking at the moon?  
 Or what can be the matter?  
 What trouble now? "Bow-ow! bow-ow!"—  
 She hears the old gate clatter.

"It is the wind that bangs the gate,  
 And I must knit my stocking!"  
 But hush!—what 's that? Rat-tat! rat-tat!  
 Alas! there 's some one knocking!

"Dear me! dear me! who can it be?  
 Where, where is my crutch-handle?"  
 She rubs a match with hasty scratch,  
 She cannot light the candle!

Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! the worthless match!  
 The cat growls in the corner.  
 Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! Up flies the latch,—  
 "Good evening, Mrs. Warner!"



The kitten spits and lifts her back,  
Her eyes glare on the stranger ;  
The old cat's tail ruffs big and black,  
Loud barks the old dog Ranger !

Blue burns at last the tardy match,  
And dim the candle glimmers ;  
Along the floor beside the door  
The cold white moonlight shimmers.

“ Sit down ! ” — the widow gives her chair.  
“ Get out ! ” she says to Ranger.  
“ Alas ! I do not know your name.”  
“ No matter ! ” quoth the stranger.

His limbs are strong, his beard is long,  
His hair is dark and wavy ;  
Upon his back he bears a sack ;  
His staff is stout and heavy.

“ My way is lost, and with the frost  
I feel my fingers tingle.”  
Then from his back he slips the sack, —  
Ho ! did you hear it jingle ?

“ Nay, keep your chair ! while you sit there,  
I 'll take the other corner.”  
“ I 'm sorry, sir, I have no fire ! ”  
“ No matter, Mrs. Warner ! ”

He shakes his sack, — the magic sack !  
Amazed the widow gazes !  
Ho, ho ! the chimney 's full of wood !  
Ha, ha ! the wood it blazes !

Ho, ho ! ha, ha ! the merry fire !  
It sputters and it crackles !  
Snap, snap ! flash, flash ! old oak and ash  
Send out a million sparkles.

The stranger sits upon his sack  
Beside the chimney-corner,  
And rubs his hands before the brands,  
And smiles on Mrs. Warner.

She feels her heart beat fast with fear,  
 But what can be the danger?  
 "Can I do aught for you, kind sir?"  
 "I'm hungry!" quoth the stranger.

"Alas!" she said, "I have no food  
 For boiling or for baking!"  
 "I've food," quoth he, "for you and me!"  
 And gave his sack a shaking.

Out rattled knives, and forks, and spoons!  
 Twelve eggs, potatoes plenty!  
 One large soup dish, two plates of fish,  
 And bread enough for twenty!

And Rachel, calming her surprise,  
 As well as she was able,  
 Saw, following these, two roasted geese,  
 A tea-urn, and a table!

Strange, was it not? each dish was hot,  
 Not even a plate was broken;  
 The cloth was laid, and all arrayed,  
 Before a word was spoken!

"Sit up! sit up! and we will sup,  
 Dear madam, while we're able!"  
 Said she, "The room is poor and small  
 For such a famous table!"

Again the stranger shakes the sack,  
 The walls begin to rumble!  
 Another shake! the rafters quake!  
 You'd think the roof would tumble!

Shake, shake! the room grows high and large,  
 The walls are painted over!  
 Shake, shake! out fall four chairs, in all,  
 A bureau, and a sofa!

The stranger stops to wipe the sweat  
 That down his face is streaming.  
 "Sit up! sit up! and we will sup,"  
 Quoth he, "while all is steaming!"

The widow hobbled on her crutch,  
 He kindly sprang to aid her.  
 "All this," said she, "is too much for me!"  
 Quoth he, "We 'll have a waiter!"

Shake, shake, once more! and from the sack  
 Out popped a little fellow,  
 With elbows bare, bright eyes, sleek hair,  
 And trousers striped with yellow.



His legs were short, his body plump,  
 His cheek was like a cherry;  
 He turned three times; he gave a jump;  
 His laugh rang loud and merry!

He placed his hand upon his heart,  
 And scraped and bowed so handy!  
 "Your humble servant, sir," he said,  
 Like any little dandy.

The widow laughed a long, loud laugh,  
 And up she started, screaming;  
 When ho! and lo! the room was dark!—  
 She 'd been asleep and dreaming!



The stranger and his magic sack,  
 The dishes and the fishes,  
 The geese and things, had taken wings,  
 Like riches, or like witches!

All, all was gone! She sat alone;  
 Her hands had dropped their knitting.  
 "Meow-meow!" the cat upon the mat;  
 "Mew-mew! mew-mew!" the kitten.

The hearth is bleak,—and hark! the creak,—  
 "Chirp, chirp!" the lonesome cricket.  
 "Bow-ow!" says Ranger to the moon;  
 The wind is at the wicket.

And still she sits, and as she knits  
 She ponders o'er the vision:  
 "I saw it written on the sack,—  
 'A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.'

"I know God sent the dream, and meant  
 To teach this useful lesson,  
 That out of peace and pure content  
 Springs every earthly blessing!"

Said she, "I'll make the sack my own!  
 I'll shake away all sorrow!"  
 She shook the sack for me to-day;  
 She'll shake for you to-morrow.

She shakes out hope; and joy, and peace,  
 And happiness come after;  
 She shakes out smiles for all the world;  
 She shakes out love and laughter.

For poor and rich,—no matter which,—  
 For young folks or for old folks,  
 For strong and weak, for proud and meek,  
 For warm folks and for cold folks;

For children coming home from school,  
 And sometimes for the teacher;  
 For white and black, she shakes the sack,—  
 In short, for every creature.

And everybody who has grief,  
 The sufferer and the mourner,  
 From far and near, come now to hear  
 Kind words from Mrs. Warner.

They go to her with heavy hearts,  
 They come away with light ones ;  
 They go to her with cloudy brows,  
 They come away with bright ones.

All love her well, and I could tell  
 Of many a cheering present  
 Of fruits and things their friendship brings,  
 To make her fireside pleasant.

She always keeps a cheery fire ;  
 The house is painted over ;  
 She has food in store, and chairs for four,  
 A bureau, and a sofa.

She says these seem just like her dream,  
 And tells again the vision :  
 "I saw it written on the sack,—  
 'A Cheerful Disposition!'"

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



## THE RAILROAD.

IT was a wild story that came to Trip's ears, and no wonder she was frightened out of what few little wits she had. For as she came around the rock a whole troop of her schoolmates sprang up to meet her, and one cried one thing, and one another, but the burden of their song seemed to be, "The railroad! the railroad! O, have you heard?"

"Yes," said little Trip, unconcernedly; "I know there is a railroad going to run in Applethorpe."

"O, but that's nothing! It's going to run right through your house!" exclaimed Olive.

"Right through your front door!" added Martha.

"Now I don't believe that," replied Trip. "A railroad can't get through a door."

"Why, of course," said Olive, "they'll take the door out; they'll pull the house down. A railroad is too big,—it's as big as a meeting-house." Olive had very hazy notions about railroads, never having seen one.

"I don't believe there's going to be any railroad," meditated Trip, after a pause, choosing what seemed the quickest and surest way of saving the front door.

"O, yes there is! I heard my father,—why, my father knows all about it. It's coming now."

"And, Trip, if I was you," said Olive, in a low, impressive voice, "I wouldn't stay at school to-day. I would go straight home and put my boxes and things together so's to save them. I expect they'll tear the house down right away. I should n't wonder if they had it all teared down by the time you get home."

Now was Trip's heart in a flutter all day, though she resolutely refused to go home. She even persisted in her professed doubt as to whether there was going to be any railroad at all; but in the depths of her quaking heart she saw already the dear old house torn quite away, and herself and all the family forced to rove homeless over the world. So it is no wonder she was a little absent-minded that day, and missed two words in spelling, for which she cried vigorously all noon-time, with a little under-wail for the lost house.

But as she came down the lane at night, behold! there was the house as whole as ever,—that was one comfort. No wandering about in the darkness to-night, at least. And there, too, was Jack turning summersets under the Balm-of-Gilead tree, and Lillo frisking about frantically, as if no ruin impended. So Trip plucked up heart a little, and asked Jack what it was all about, and "Is the railroad going to tear our house all down, Jack Straws?"

Jack Straws, thus appealed to, left standing on his head, and tried his feet by way of variety, thrusting both fists under her chin, one after the other, as an appropriate way of saying, "No, Trip-up. I wish 't was."

"Well, there," sighed Trip, greatly relieved; "I knew 't was n't. But



Olive and all the girls said the railroad was coming, and I must pack up my clothes."

"But 't is coming, so pack away."

"Why, what? — when? — where are we going?"

"Well, how should you like the barn, say? The hay is soft, and we should be handy to milk; and then there are the horned oxen to do the dairy-work."

But seeing Trip's dismayed face, he repented himself. "No, Trip, the line *was* laid out, and it ran right through our front door. That's a fact now. I saw the stake driven down right before the front door. But father went to see them, and told them, besides moving the house, it would cut the farm in two halves, sir, and make trouble; and what do you think they've done, sir?" Here Jack interposed a summerset by way of taking breath.

"Stopped the railroad, I guess," said Trip, breathlessly.

"No, sir. Whisked it off one side, and are going slam-bang through the peach-trees. We've saved the house, but we've lost the garden. All the currant-bushes are making farewell visits, and the hop-toads are breaking up housekeeping."

"Jack," said Trip, solemnly, "do you care?"

"Care? No! I'm gladder 'n ever I was before since I was born, and don't remember anything."

"So am I. I should n't like to live in the barn, but I should like to have the railroad run through the garden."

But the older people were not at all glad. The dear old trees had to come down, and their dear old roots to come up. The dear old pinks that had bloomed for unremembered years left their last sweetness in the soil. All the robins' nests were rifled, and the robins did not know what to make of it. Kitty Clover came out to refresh herself with a roll in the catnip, and there was no catnip there. Prince Hum came down to dip his dainty beak into the humming-bird balm, and saw only a gang of rough men digging away with all their might and main. As for Trip, she sat on a stone, and watched and wondered. When they told her the road must be levelled, she thought a man would come with a great scythe, and slice off the hills like a loaf of brown-bread, and lay the slices in the hollows, — which was not strange, seeing it was only a little while since she had learned that, when people bought land, they did not take it up and carry it home. But after a while the railroad was completed. The hill had been dug out, the sleepers placed, the rails fastened, the road fenced, and the first train was to run through. Jack put on his Sunday jacket, and went with his father to the brown old house that served for a station. Gerty had made a good fight to accompany them, but it was not thought best. "Cars is no place for girls," had lordly Jack declaimed, sleeking down his elf locks before his looking-glass, and rioting in his pride of sex.

"I should like to know, did n't Aunt Jenny say 't was just as nice as a parlor, and did n't Aunt Jenny go in the cars?" asked Gerty, decisively.

"Now I'm ready," said Jack, rather abruptly, but very wisely, changing the subject.

“And I think there won’t be many will look nicer,” said little Trip, admiringly, drawing her tiny fingers over the velvet jacket.

“Now you mind,” said Jack, who would miss the keenness of his triumph if his sisters should not witness it; “you go and sit on the rock out there, and see me when I go by.”

“Yes,” said Gerty, forgetting her momentary dissatisfaction, “we will.”

“And don’t you go straying away, because they’ll come so fast, if you’re not there, you can’t get back before they’ll be all gone, and then you won’t see me. I shall whiz by just like a flash.”

“O,” said Trip, “I shall look just as tight!” And so she did; for though from their rock by the well they could see miles of railroad in each direction, she scarcely dared turn her head for fear in that moment the wonderful train should flash by, and she not see it. But after a half-hour’s waiting, a black speck appeared at the end of the long line; it grew bigger and bigger; all the family came out to see it; volumes of smoke rose and rolled backwards from it; there was a rattle and a roar and a din. Gerty and Trip instinctively shrunk back, but it had already passed them; and there, on the platform of the last car, stood Jack, holding on by the door, bowing and smiling, and proud as Lucifer.



O, what a grand and glorious thing it was to be a boy, and ride in that wonderful train! and what a comparatively tame and humiliating thing it was to be a girl, and just sit on a rock and see him go by!

So the railroad was finished, and the grown-up people found it was not so bad after all; for the cars passed through a “cut” so deep that the engine smoke-stack hardly reached the top, and you only knew they were there by the sound. “And if the well does not cave in,” said Trip’s father, “we shall

be as good as new." And the well never did cave in, though it stood on the very edge of the cut. The garden trotted over to the other side of the house, and did not mind it at all. The currants and the raspberries and the blackberries held their own, and some fine new peach-trees more than made good the loss of the old. "Besides," said Jack, who had been continually prowling along the railroad ever since the first surveyors appeared, and who doubtless knew more about it than any of the directors, "what do you think? There are blackberries no end along the track. It's my opinion the engine sows 'em." "And there are strange flowers that I never saw here anywhere before," added Gerty. There was also a continual running to see the swiftly-passing trains. A dozen times a day the sweet farm-silence was broken in upon by its roar and rush, and so many times wildly sped all the little feet over the velvet turf to the well, to gaze at the ever-charming sight. Lillo caught the fever, and carried it to extremes. "Cars!" rung through the house at the approach of every train, and at the cry out leaped Lillo, past the well and down the bank, barking furiously, and tearing along beside the train till it emerged from the cut, when he would return, wagging his tail, and looking up into the children's faces as proud and happy as if he had done some great thing. What he evidently meant was, "You make great talk about your swift cars, but you see *I* am not afraid of them. *I* can keep up with them, yes, and chase them away." Indeed, he was so on the alert that at any time Jack had only to say, "*Cars*, Lillo!" and away Lillo would rush pell-mell to the opening by the well, and execute several fine barks and great leaps before he would discover that he had been imposed upon.

The poultry about the farm did not take things so bravely as Lillo. The little yellow, downy goslings, which are the loveliest, sweetest things you ever saw, only they *will* grow up into geese in such a hurry; and the white little chickens, almost as soft and pretty; and the poor little slender-legged turkeys, that are not pretty at all, and have much ado to keep their feeble breath in their feeble bodies,—waddled and scampered and tottered over the grass, and never took a thought of the railroad; but after they became respectable fowls, and went on their travels in the neighboring pastures, dangers began to thicken. "It's car-time. Run, Jack, run, Gerty, and see where the chickens are!" More than once all precautions were in vain. The heavy train thundered on into the very midst of the flocks. The chickens, surprised, took to their wings and escaped; but the dainty turkeys tip-toed along, wild with fright, yet loath to leave their dignity and run, and—let me not sadden your young hearts with tidings of catastrophe, but simply say that for a week thereafter Jack and Gerty and Trip had Thanksgiving dinners. One morning Jack rushed up to the open window, crying, "Mother Goose is on the track, and the down-train is coming!" Mother Goose was an old gray goose that had been kept in the family a long time in consideration of past services. Great-great-great-very-great-grandchildren had been hatched and *hatched*, and still Mother Goose waddled her serene way over the farm, and bathed herself in the brook, and grandmothered the successive



broods without fear or favor. They all rushed out to the railroad side. Yes, her hour was surely come at last. There she sat between the rails, calmly surveying these new-fangled notions, and wondering, I suppose, what would turn up next by way of improvement, and on came the terrible engine, dragging its terrible train, ignorant of Mother Goose and her meditations. Nonsense! What can a smart young engine, however energetic, do against a sensible old goose, with all her wits about her? Mother Goose was not going to be put down by that upstart, not she! She just sat still, bobbed her head a little as each car came up, and bade them all defiance. When the train had passed over her, she remained quiet a moment to show that she was not nervous, then arose, shook herself, looked over her shoulder as who should say, "Seems to me I heard something," quietly stepped upon the rail, flopped down on the outside, and waddled off with a placid but profound contempt for all such flummery. You may be sure she had a royal dinner that day, and I make no doubt added a very sarcastic chapter to her *Memoirs of my Life and Times* before she went to bed at night.

But so many curious and remarkable things happened at the farm-house in consequence of that railroad, that I have not now room to tell them. If you care to know them, however, I will tell you more another time.

*Gail Hamilton.*



## OUR DOGS.

### III.

AFTER the sad fate of Rover, there came a long interval in which we had no dog. Our hearts were too sore to want another. His collar, tied with black crape, hung under a pretty engraving of Landseer's, called "My Dog," which we used to fancy to be an exact resemblance of our pet.

The children were some of them grown up and gone to school, or scattered about the world. If ever the question of another dog was agitated, papa cut it short with, "I won't have another; I won't be made to feel again as I did about Rover." But somehow Mr. Charley the younger got his eye on a promising litter of puppies, and at last he begged papa into consenting that he might have one of them.

It was a little black mongrel, of no particular race or breed, — a mere common cur, without any pretensions to family, but the best-natured, jolliest little low-bred pup that ever boy had for a playmate. To be sure, he had the usual puppy sins; — he would run away with papa's slippers, and boots, and stockings; he would be under everybody's feet, at the most inconvenient moment; he chewed up a hearth-broom or two, and pulled one of Charley's caps to pieces in the night, with an industry worthy of a better cause; — still, because he was dear to Charley, papa and mamma winked very hard at his transgressions.

The name of this little black individual was Stromion,—a name taken from a German fairy tale, which the Professor was very fond of reading in the domestic circle ; and Stromion, by dint of much patience, much feeding, and very indulgent treatment, grew up into a very fat, common-looking black cur dog, not very prepossessing in appearance and manners, but possessed of the very best heart in the world, and most inconceivably affectionate and good-natured. Sometimes some of the older members of the family would trouble Charley's enjoyment in his playfellow by suggesting that he was no blood dog, and that he belonged to no particular dog family that could be named. Papa comforted him by the assurance that Stromion did belong to a very old and respectable breed,—that he was a *mongrel*; and Charley after that valued him excessively under this head ; and if any one tauntingly remarked that Stromion was only a cur, he would flame up in his defence,—“He is n't a cur, he 's a mongrel,” introducing him to strangers with the addition to all his other virtues, that he was a “pure mongrel,—papa says so.”

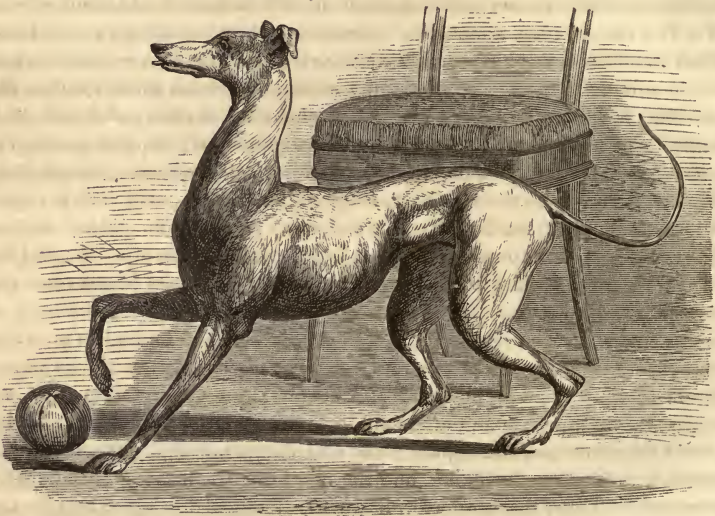
The edict against dogs in the family having once been broken down, Master Will proceeded to gratify his own impulses, and soon led home to the family circle an enormous old black Newfoundland, of pure breed, which had been presented him by a man who was leaving the place. Prince was in the decline of his days, but a fine, majestic old fellow. He had a sagacity and capacity of personal affection which were uncommon. Many dogs will change from master to master without the least discomposure. A good bone will compensate for any loss of the heart, and make a new friend seem quite as good as an old one. But Prince had his affections quite as distinctly as a human being, and we learned this to our sorrow when he had to be weaned from his old master under our roof. His howls and lamentations were so dismal and protracted, that the house could not contain him ; we were obliged to put him into an outhouse to compose his mind, and we still have a vivid image of him sitting, the picture of despair, over an untasted mutton shank, with his nose in the air, and the most dismal howls proceeding from his mouth. Time, the comforter, however, assuaged his grief, and he came at last to transfer all his stores of affection to Will, and to consider himself once more as a dog with a master.

Prince used to inhabit his young master's apartment, from the window of which he would howl dismally when Will left him to go to the academy near by, and yelp triumphant welcomes when he saw him returning. He was really and passionately fond of music, and, though strictly forbidden the parlor, would push and elbow his way there with dogged determination when there was playing or singing. Any one who should have seen Prince's air when he had a point to carry, would understand why quiet obstinacy is called doggedness.

The female members of the family, seeing that two dogs had gained admission to the circle, had cast their eyes admiringly on a charming little Italian greyhound, that was living in doleful captivity at a dog-fancier's in Boston, and resolved to set him free and have him for their own. Accordingly they returned one day in triumph, with him in their arms,—a fair,

delicate creature, white as snow, except one mouse-colored ear. He was received with enthusiasm, and christened Giglio; the honors of his first bath and toilette were performed by Mademoiselles the young ladies on their knees, as if he had been in reality young Prince Giglio from fairy-land.

Of all beautiful shapes in dog form, never was there one more perfect than this. His hair shone like spun glass, and his skin was as fine and pink as that of a baby; his paws and ears were translucent like fine china, and he had great, soft, tremulous dark eyes; his every movement seemed more graceful than the last. Whether running or leaping, or sitting in graceful attitudes on the parlor table among the ladies' embroidery-frames, with a great rose-colored bow under his throat, he was alike a thing of beauty, and his beauty alone won all hearts to him.



When the papa first learned that a third dog had been introduced into the household, his patience gave way. The thing was getting desperate; we were being overrun with dogs; our house was no more a house, but a kennel; it ought to be called Cunopolis,—a city of dogs; he could not and would not have it so; but papa, like most other indulgent old gentlemen, was soon reconciled to the children's pets. In fact, Giglio was found cowering under the bed-clothes at the Professor's feet not two mornings after his arrival, and the good gentleman descended with him in his arms to breakfast, talking to him in the most devoted manner:—"Poor little Giglio, was he cold last night? and did he want to get into papa's bed? he should be brought down stairs, that he should";—all which, addressed to a young rascal whose sinews were all like steel, and who could have jumped from the top stair to the bottom like a feather, was sufficiently amusing.

Giglio's singular beauty and grace were his only merits; he had no love



nor power of loving ; he liked to be petted and kept warm, but it mattered nothing to him who did it. He was as ready to run off with a stranger as with his very best friend, — would follow any whistle or any caller, — was, in fact, such a gay rover, that we came very near losing him many times ; and more than once he was brought back from the Boston cars, on board which he had followed a stranger. He also had, we grieve to say, very careless habits ; and after being washed white as snow, and adorned with choice rose-colored ribbons, would be brought back soiled and ill-smelling from a neighbor's livery-stable, where he had been indulging in low society. For all that, he was very lordly and aristocratic in his airs with poor Stromion, who was a dog with a good, loving heart, if he was black and homely. Stromion admired Giglio with the most evident devotion ; he would always get up to give him the warm corner, and would sit humbly in the distance and gaze on him with most longing admiration, — for all of which my fine gentleman rewarded him only with an occasional snarl or a nip, as he went by him. Sometimes Giglio would condescend to have a romp with Stromion for the sake of passing the time, and then Stromion would be perfectly delighted, and frisk and roll his clumsy body over the carpet with his graceful antagonist, all whose motions were a study for an artist. When Giglio was tired of play, he would give Stromion a nip that would send him yelping from the field ; and then he would tick, tick gracefully away to some embroidered ottoman forbidden to all but himself, where he would sit graceful and classical as some Etruscan vase, and look down superior on the humble companion who looked up to him with respectful admiration.

Giglio knew his own good points, and was possessed with the very spirit of a coquette. He would sometimes obstinately refuse the caresses and offered lap of his mistresses, and seek to ingratiate himself with some stolid theological visitor, for no other earthly purpose that we could see than that he was determined to make himself the object of attention. We have seen him persist in jumping time and again on the hard, bony knees of some man who hated dogs, and did not mean to notice him, until he won attention and caresses, when immediately he would spring down and tick away perfectly contented. He assumed lofty, fine-gentleman airs with Prince also, for which sometimes he got his reward, — for Prince, the old, remembered that he was a dog of blood, and would not take any nonsense from him.

Like many old dogs, Prince had a very powerful doggy smell, which was a great personal objection to him, and Giglio was always in a civil way making reflections upon this weak point. Prince was fond of indulging himself with an afternoon nap on the door-mat, and sometimes, when he rose from his repose, Giglio would spring gracefully from the table where he had been overlooking him, and, picking his way daintily to the mat, would snuff at it, with his long, thin nose, with an air of extreme disgust. It was evidently a dog insult, done according to the politest modes of refined society, and said as plain as words could say, — “My dear sir, excuse me, but can you tell what makes this peculiar smell where you have been lying ?” At any rate, Prince understood the sarcasm, for a deep angry growl and a sharp nip would now and then teach my fine gentleman to mind his own business.

Giglio's lot at last was to travel in foreign lands, for his young mistresses, being sent to school in Paris, took him with them to finish his education and acquire foreign graces. He was smuggled on board the *Fulton*, and placed in an upper berth, well wrapped in a blanket; and the last we saw of him was his long, thin Italian nose, and dark, tremulous eyes looking wistfully at us from the folds of the flannel in which he shivered. Sensitiveness to cold was one of his great peculiarities. In winter he wore little blankets, which his fond mistresses made with anxious care, and on which his initials were embroidered with their own hands. In the winter weather on Zion Hill he was often severely put to it to gratify his love of roving in the cold snows; he would hold up first one leg, and then the other, and contrive to get along on three, so as to save himself as much as possible; and more than once he caught severe colds, requiring careful nursing and medical treatment to bring him round again.

The *Fulton* sailed early in March. It was chilly, stormy weather, so that the passengers all suffered somewhat with cold, and Master Giglio was glad to lie rolled in his blanket, looking like a sea-sick gentleman. The Captain very generously allowed him a free passage, and in pleasant weather he used to promenade the deck, where his beauty won for him caresses and attentions innumerable. The stewards and cooks always had choice morsels for him, and fed him to such a degree as would have spoiled any other dog's figure; but his could not be spoiled. All the ladies vied with each other in seeking his good graces, and after dinner he pattered from one to another, to be fed with sweet things and confectionery, and hear his own praises, like a gay buck of fashion as he was.

Landed in Paris, he met a warm reception at the Pension of Madame B—; but ambition filled his breast. He was in the great, gay city of Paris, the place where a handsome dog has but to appear to make his fortune, and so Giglio resolved to seek out for himself a more brilliant destiny.

One day, when he was being led to take the air in the court, he slipped his leash, sped through the gate, and away down the street like the wind. It was idle to attempt to follow him; he was gone like a bird in the air, and left the hearts of his young mistresses quite desolate.

Some months after, as they were one evening eating ices in the Champs Elysées, a splendid carriage drove up, from which descended a liveried servant, with a dog in his arms. It was Giglio, the faithless Giglio, with his one mouse-colored ear, that marked him from all other dogs! He had evidently accomplished his destiny, and become the darling of rank and fashion, rode in an elegant carriage, and had a servant in livery devoted to him. Of course he did not pretend to notice his former friends. The footman, who had come out apparently to give him an airing, led him up and down close by where they were sitting, and bestowed on him the most devoted attentions. Of course there was no use in trying to reclaim him, and so they took their last look of the fair inconstant, and left him to his brilliant destiny. And thus ends the history of PRINCE GIGLIO.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



### YOUNG LOVE.

I RAISED my eyes and chanced to see  
 Bold Cupid speed a kiss to me.

He looked so lovable, so true,—  
 What could a little maiden do?

I blew one back,—“Why not?” I said,  
 “He cannot harm so small a maid.”

For I am only twelve, you see,  
 And no fair mark for such as he.

Alas! his bow he quickly bent,  
 And straight a barbèd arrow sent.

It pierced me to my very heart:  
 Ah me, the torture of that dart!



Since then the rose has left my cheek,  
 And I so tremble when I speak!

Unnoticed now the violets blow,  
 Unwatched the lilies come and go;

I trace no more the rippling brook,  
 I read not in my favorite book;

My linnet pipes to me in vain, —  
 I care not for his tuneful strain;

I care not for the silvery bells,  
 All swinging in the shadowy dells; —

But muse and pine, for Love has flown,  
 And I am left to wait alone.

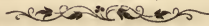
I sigh, I wait, I watch, I weep,  
 And still for him a vigil keep;

While he, on archer's sport intent,  
 Forgets on whom his bow was bent.

Maidens! a lesson take from me, —  
 Trust not the young rogue's witchery!

For worst of all deceitful things  
 Is he, — the boy with bow and wings.

*Charles A. Barry.*



## HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE.

MY friend Jacques went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor, but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread." The woman climbed upon the counter (this happened in a country town), took from the shelf of four-pound loaves the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

My friend Jacques then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round, open countenance of the great loaf, of which he was taking the greatest care.

“Have you any money?” said the baker’s wife.

The little boy’s eyes grew sad.

“No, ma’am,” said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; “but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow.”

“Run along,” said the good woman; “carry your bread home, child.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” said the poor little fellow

My friend Jacques came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he had supposed to be half-way home, standing stock-still behind him.

“What are you doing there?” said the baker’s wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. “Don’t you like the bread?”

“O yes, ma’am!” said the child.

“Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding.”

The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.

The baker’s wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. “What *are* you thinking about?” said she.

“Ma’am,” said the little boy, “what is it that sings?”

“There is no singing,” said she.

“Yes!” cried the little fellow. “Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!”

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers’ houses.

“It is a little bird,” said the dear little fellow, “or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do.”

“No, indeed, little goosey!” said the baker’s wife; “those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire.”

“Crickets!” said the child; “are they really crickets?”

“Yes, to be sure,” said she, good-humoredly. The child’s face lighted up.

“Ma’am,” said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, “I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket.”

“A cricket!” said the baker’s wife, smiling; “what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so.”

“O ma’am, give me one, only one, if you please!” said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. “They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, would n’t cry any more.”

“Why does your poor mamma cry?” said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

“On account of her bills, sir,” said the little fellow. “Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all.”

My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I

really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile, the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow," said they, both together. Then she took down her account-book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."

Meanwhile my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket boy, with her bill receipted, and a note, in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother for the first time in many weeks with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes?

*From the French of P. J. Stahl.*





## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE NIGHT-HAWKS.

MR. SHELL was proprietor of the New Hope Oyster Saloon. He got up nice game suppers, and treated his customers to ale, whiskey, and brandy. Philip loved good living, and often ate an oyster-stew and a broiled quail, and washed it down with a glass of ale, late at night in Mr. Shell's rooms, in company with three or four other boys. After supper they had cigars and a game of cards, till midnight, when Mr. Shell put out his lights and closed his doors, often interrupting them in the middle of a game. That was not agreeable, and so the young gentlemen hired a room over the saloon, fitted it up with tables and chairs, and organized a club, calling themselves "Night-Hawks." Philip was the chief hawk. They met nearly every evening. No one could get into their room without giving a signal to those within, and they had a secret sign by which they knew each other in the dark.

At first they enjoyed themselves, playing cards, smoking cigars, drinking ale, sipping hot whiskey-punch, and telling stories; but in a short time the stories were not worth laughing at, the games of cards were the same thing over and over, and they wanted something more exciting.

It was the fall of the year. There was rich fruit in the orchards and gardens of New Hope, russet and crimson-cheeked apples, golden-hued pears, luscious grapes purpling in the October sun, and juicy melons. The beehives were heavy with honey, and the bees were still at work, gathering new sweets from the late blooming flowers. Many baskets of ripe apples and choicest pears, many a bunch of grapes, with melons, found their way up the narrow stairs to the room of the Night-Hawks. There was a pleasing excitement in gathering the apples and pears under the windows of the unsuspecting people fast asleep, or in plucking the grapes from garden trellises at midnight. But people began to keep watch.

"We must throw them off our track. I'll make them think that Paul does it," said Philip to himself one day. He had not forgotten the night of Daphne's party, — how Paul had won a victory and he had suffered defeat. Paul was suspected; he was the leader of the choir, and was getting on in the world. "I'll fix him," said he.

The next morning, when Mr. Leatherby kindled the fire in his shoe-shop, he found that the stove would not draw. The smoke, instead of going up the funnel, poured into the room, and the fire, instead of roaring and blazing, smouldered a few moments and finally died out. He kindled it again, opened the windows to let in the air, but it would not burn. He got down on his knees and blew till he was out of breath, got his eyes filled with smoke, which made the tears roll down his cheeks. The shop was a mere box of a

building, with a low roof; so he climbed up and looked into the chimney and found it stuffed with newspapers. Pulling them out, he saw a crumpled piece of writing-paper. He smoothed it out. "Ah! what is this?" said he; and, putting on his spectacles, he read, "North 69°, East 140 rods to a stake; South 87°, West 50 rods to an oak-tree."

"That is Paul Parker's figuring, I reckon. I always knew that Paul loved fun, but I did n't think he would do this!" said Mr. Leatherby to himself, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Good morning, Mr. Leatherby," said Philip, coming up at that moment. "What is the matter with your chimney?"

"Some of you boys have been playing a trick upon me."

"Who, I should like to know, is there in New Hope mean enough to do that?" Philip asked.

"Who's figuring do you call that?" Mr. Leatherby asked, presenting the paper.

"Paul Parker's, as sure as I am alive! You ought to expose him, Mr. Leatherby.

"I don't like to say anything against him. I always liked him; but I did n't think he would cut up such a shine as this," Mr. Leatherby replied.

"Appearances are deceptive. It won't do for me to say anything against Paul, for people might say I was envious; but if I were you, Mr. Leatherby, I'd put him over the road," said Philip, walking on.

Mr. Leatherby thought the matter over all day, as he sat in his dingy shop, which was only a few rods from Mr. Chrome's, where Paul was painting wagons, singing snatches of songs, and psalms and hymns. Mr. Leatherby loved to hear him. It made the days seem shorter. It rested him when he was tired, cheered him when he was discouraged. It was like sunshine in his soul, for it made him happy. Thinking it over, and hearing Paul's voice so round, clear, full, and sweet, he could n't make up his mind to tell anybody of the little joke. "After all, he did n't mean anything in particular, only to have a little fun with me. Boys will be boys,"—and so Mr. Leatherby, kind old man that he was, determined to keep it all to himself.

When Paul passed by the shop on his way home at night, he said, "Good evening, Mr. Leatherby," so pleasantly and kindly, that Mr. Leatherby half made up his mind that it was n't Paul who did it, after all, but some of the other boys,—Bob Swift, perhaps, a sly, cunning, crafty fellow, who was one of Philip's cronies. "It would be just like Bob, but not at all like Paul, and so I won't say anything to anybody," said the mild old man to himself.

Miss Dobb's shaggy little poodle came out, barking furiously at Paul as he passed down the street. Paul gave him a kick which sent him howling towards the house, saying, "Get out, you ugly puppy." Miss Dobb heard him. She came to the door and clasped the poodle to her bosom, saying, "Poor dear Trippee! Did the bad fellow hurt the dear little Trippee?" Then she looked savagely at Paul, and as she put out her hand to close the door, she seemed to clutch at Paul with her long, bony fingers, as if to get hold of him and give him a shaking.

Trip was n't hurt much, for he was out again in a few minutes, snapping and snarling at all passers-by. Just at dark he was missing. Miss Dobb went to the door and called, "Trip! Trip! Trip!" but he did not come at her call. She looked up and down the street, but could not see him. The evening passed away. She went to the door many times and called; she went to Mr. Shelbarke's and to Mr. Noggin's, but no one had seen Trip. She went to bed wondering what had become of him, and fearing that somebody had killed or stolen him.

But in the night she heard him whining at the door. She opened it joyfully. "Where have you been, you dear little good-for-nothing darling Trip?" she said, kissing him, finding, as she did so, that all his hair had been sheared off, except a tuft on the end of his tail. She was so angry that she could not refrain from shedding tears. The puppy shivered, trembled, and whined in the cold, and Miss Dobb was obliged to sew him up in flannel. He looked so funny in his coat, with the tuft of hair waving on the end of his tail, that Miss Dobb laughed notwithstanding her anger. In the morning she went out to tell her neighbors what had happened, and met Philip.

"Good morning. I hope you are well, Miss Dobb," he said, politely.

"Yes, I am well, only I am so vexed that I don't know what to do."

"Indeed! What has happened?"

"Why, somebody has sheared all of Trip's hair off, except a tuft on the end of his tail, which looks like a swab. It is an outrageous insult. Trip had a beautiful tail. I would pull every hair out of the villain's head, if I knew who did it."

"Who was it that kicked your dog last night, and called him an ugly puppy?" Philip asked.

Miss Dobb remembered who, and her eyes flashed. Philip walked on, and came across Bob Swift, who had been standing round the corner of Mr. Noggin's shop, listening to all that was said. They laughed at something, then stopped and looked at Mr. Noggin's bees, which were buzzing and humming merrily in the bright October sun.

That night Mr. Noggin heard a noise in his yard. Springing out of bed and going to the window, he saw that a thief was taking the boxes of honey from his patent hives. He opened the door and shouted, "Thief! Thief!" The robber ran. In the morning Mr. Noggin found that the thief had dropped his hat in his haste. He picked it up. "Aha! 'Pears to me I have seen this hat before. Paul Parker's, as sure as I am alive!" he said. It was the hat which Paul wore in Mr. Chrome's paint-shop. Everybody knew it, because it was daubed and spattered with paint.

Mr. Noggin went to his work. He was a well-meaning man, but shallow-brained. He knew how to make good barrels, tubs, and buckets, but had no mind of his own. He put on his leather apron, and commenced driving the hoops upon a barrel, pounding with his adze, singing, and making the barrel ring with

"Cooper ding, cooper ding, cooper ding, ding, ding!  
Cooper ding, cooper ding, cooper ding, ding, ding!"



Cooper ding, job, job,  
Cooper ding, bob, bob,  
Heigh ho, — ding, ding, ding !”

Mr. Noggin was rattling on in that fashion when Miss Dobb, followed by Trip, entered the shop.

“Well, I declare! That is the first time I ever saw a pup with a shirt on,” said Mr. Noggin, stopping and looking at the poodle sewed up in flannel.

“That is Paul Parker’s doings, — I mean the shearing,” said Miss Dobb, her eyes flashing indignantly.

“Paul’s work! O ho! Then he shears pups besides robbing beehives, does he?” said Mr. Noggin. He told Miss Dobb what had happened.

“It is your duty, Mr. Noggin, to have him arrested at once. You are under imperative obligations to the community as a law and order abiding citizen to put the sheriff upon his track. He is a hypocrite. He ought to be pitched out of the singing-seats head first.” So Miss Dobb wound Mr. Noggin round her finger, and induced him to enter a complaint against Paul.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PAUL’S FRIENDS.

FOR five months Paul had been leader of the choir, and so faithfully were his duties performed, so excellent his drill, and so good his taste and mature his judgment, so completely were the choir under his control, that the ministers from the surrounding parishes, when they exchanged with Rev. Mr. Surplice, said, “What glorious singing they have at New Hope!” It was so good, that people who never had been in the habit of attending church hired pews, — not that they cared to hear Mr. Surplice preach and pray, but it was worth while to hear Azalia Adams and Daphne Dare sing a quartette with Paul and Hans Middlekauf, and the whole choir joining in perfect time and in sweetest harmony.

Paul believed that a thing worth doing at all was worth doing well. His heart was in his work. It was a pleasure to sing. He loved music because it made him happy, and he felt also that he and Azalia and Daphne and all the choir were a power for good in the community to make men better. Farmer Harrow, who used to work at haying on Sunday, said it was worth a bushel of turnips any time to hear such sweet singing. So his hired man and horses had rest one day in seven.

In the calm moonlight nights Paul often lay wide awake, hour after hour, listening with rapture to the sweet music which came to him from the distant woods, from the waterfall, from the old maple in front of the house, when the red leaves, tinged with gorgeous hues, were breaking one by one from the twigs, and floating to the ground, from the crickets chirping the last lone songs of the dying year, and from the robins and sparrows still hovering around their summer haunts. It was sweet to think of the pleasant hours he had passed with Azalia and Daphne, and with all the choir; and then it

was very pleasant to look into the future, and imagine what bliss there might be in store for him ; — a better home for his mother in her declining years, — a better life for himself. He would be a good citizen, respected and beloved. He would be kind to all. He wished that all the world might be good and happy. When he became a man, he would try and make people good. If everybody was as good as Azalia, what a glorious world it would be ! She was always good, always cheerful. She had a smile for everybody. Her life was as warm and sunny and golden as the October days, and as calm and peaceful as the moonlight streaming across his chamber. Sweet it was to think of her, — sweeter to see her ; sweetest of all to stand by her side and unite his voice to hers, and feel in his soul the charm of her presence. In his dreams he sometimes heard her and sat by her side.

Sometimes, while thus lying awake, watching the stars as they went sailing down the western sky, his thoughts went beyond the present into the unseen future, whither his father and grandfather had gone. They sang when on earth, and he thought of them as singing in heaven. Sometimes he gazed so long and steadily toward the heavenly land, that his eyes became dim with tears, so sweet and yet so sad the sounds he seemed to hear, — so near and yet so far away that land.

So the days went by, and the calm and peaceful nights, bringing him to October, — the glorious harvest month.

And now suddenly people looked shyly at him. There were mysterious whisperings and averted faces. He met Squire Capias one morning on the street. "Good morning," said Paul ; but the lawyer walked on without reply. He passed Miss Dobb's house. She sat by the front window, and glared at him savagely ; and yet she seemed to smile, but her countenance was so thin, wrinkled, and sharp, and her eyes so fierce, her smile so fiendish, that it put him in mind of a picture he once saw in a horrible story-book, which told of a witch that carried off little children and ate them for breakfast. Paul thought that Miss Dobb would like to pick his bones. But he went on to his work, rejoicing that there were not many Miss Dobbs in the world.

While hard at it with his paint-brush, Mr. Ketchum entered. He was a tall, stout man, with black, bushy whiskers, and so strong that he could take a barrel of cider on his knees and drink out of the bung-hole. He was a sheriff. The rowdies who fell into his hands said it was no use to try to resist Mr. Ketchum, for he once seized a stubborn fellow by the heels, and swung him round as he would a cat by the tail, till the fellow lost his breath and was frightened half out of his wits.

"I have called in to ask you to walk up to Judge Adams's office on a matter of business," said Mr. Ketchum.

"With pleasure, sir," said Paul, who, now that he had become a surveyor of land, had been called upon repeatedly to give his testimony in court.

They entered Judge Adams's office, which was crowded with people. Mr. Noggin, Miss Dobb, Philip, and Bob Swift were there. A buzz ran round the room. They all looked upon Paul.

"You have been arrested, Paul, and are charged with stealing honey

from Mr. Noggin's beehives. Are you guilty or not guilty?" said Judge Adams.

"Arrested! — arrested for stealing!" — Paul exclaimed, stupefied and astounded at the words of the judge. It was like a lightning-stroke. His knees became weak. He felt sick at heart. Great drops of cold and clammy sweat stood upon his forehead. Arrested! What would his mother say? Her son accused of stealing! What would everybody say? What would Azalia think? What would Rev. Mr. Surplice say? What would his class of boys in the Sunday-school say, not about him, but about truth and honor and religion, when they heard that their teacher was arrested for stealing?

His throat became dry, his tongue was parched. His voice suddenly grew husky. His brain reeled. His heart one moment stood still, then leaped in angry throbs, as if ready to burst. He trembled as if attacked by sudden ague, then a hot flash went over him, burning up his brain, scorching his heart, and withering his life.

"What say you, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am innocent," said Paul, gasping for breath, and sinking into his seat, taking no notice of what was going on around him. He was busy with the future. He saw all his hopes of life dead in an instant, — killed by one flash. He knew that he was innocent, but he was accused of crime, arrested, and a prisoner. The world would have it that he was guilty. His good name was gone forever. His hopes were blighted, his aspirations destroyed, his dreams of future joy — all had passed away. His mother would die of a broken heart. Henceforth those with whom he had associated would shun him. For him there was no more peace, joy, or comfort, — nothing but impenetrable darkness and agony in the future. So overwhelmed was he, that he took no notice of Mr. Noggin's testimony, or of what was done, till he heard Judge Adams say: "There are some circumstances against the accused, but the testimony is not sufficient to warrant my binding him over for trial. He is discharged."

Paul went out into the fresh air, like one just waking from sleep, numbed and stupefied. The words of the judge rang in his ears, — "Circumstances against the accused." The accused! The prisoner! He had been a prisoner. All the world would know of it, but would not know that he was innocent. How could he bear it? It was a crushing agony. Then there came to him the words of the psalm sung on Sunday, —

"My times are in thy hand,  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear."

So he was comforted in the thought that it was for his good; but he could not see how. He resolved to bear it manfully, conscious of his innocence, and trusting in God that he would vindicate his honor.

He went home and told his mother all that had happened. He was surprised to find that it did not shock her, as he supposed it would.

"I know you are innocent, Paul," she said, kissing him. "I am not sur-



prised at what has happened. You are the victim of a conspiracy. I have been expecting that something would happen to you, for you have been highly prospered, and prosperity brings enemies. It will all come out right in the end." Thus his mother soothed him, and tried to lift the great weight from his heart.

He was innocent, but half of the community thought him guilty. "He did it, — he did it," — said Miss Dobb to all her neighbors. What should he do? How could he establish his innocence? How remove all suspicion? Ought he to resign his position as leader of the choir? or should he retain it? But the committee of the society settled that. "After what has happened, you will see the propriety of giving up your position as leader of the choir," said they. "Also your class in the Sunday-school," said the Superintendent.

O, how crushing it was! He was an outcast, — a vile, miserable wretch, — a hypocrite, — a mean, good-for-nothing fellow, — a scoundrel, — a thief, — a robber, — in the estimation of those who had respected him. They did not speak to him on the street. Colonel Dare, who usually had a pleasant word, did not notice him. He met Daphne Dare, but she crossed the street to avoid him. How terrible the days! How horrible the nights! He tossed and tumbled, and turned upon his bed. There was a fire in his bones. His flesh was hot. His brain was like a smouldering furnace. If he dropped off to sleep, it was but for a moment, and he awoke with a start, to feel the heat burning up his soul with its slow, consuming flame.

At evening twilight he wandered by the river-side to cool his fever, dipping his hand into the stream and bathing his brow. He stood upon the bridge and looked over the railing into the surging waters. A horrible thought came over him. Why not jump in and let the swollen current bear him away? What use was it to live, with his good name gone, and all the future a blank? He banished the thought. No, he would live on and trust in God.

He heard a step upon the bridge, and, looking up, beheld Azalia. She had been out gathering the faded leaves of autumn, and late-blossoming flowers, in the woods beyond the river. "Will she speak to me?" was the question which rose in his mind. His heart stood still in that moment of suspense. She came towards him, held out her hand, and said, "Good evening, Paul." "Then you do not turn away from me?"

"No, Paul, I don't believe that you are a thief."

Tears came to his eyes as he took her proffered hand, — tears which welled up from his heart and which saved it from bursting. "O Azalia, if you had turned from me, I should have died! I have suffered terrible agony, but I can live now. I am innocent."

"I believe you, Paul; and I shall still be as I have been, your friend," she said, as she passed on across the bridge.

His heart was so full of gratitude that he could not utter his thanks. He could only say in his heart, "God bless her." It was as if he had met an angel in the way, and had been blessed. He stood there while the twilight deepened, and felt his heart grow strong again. He went home. His mother saw by the deep-settled determination on his face, by his calmness, and by

his sad smile, that he was not utterly broken down and overwhelmed by the trouble which, like a wave of the sea, had rolled upon him.



“There is one who does not pass me by ; Azalia is still a friend,” he said.

“There are several whom you may count upon as being still your friends,” she replied.

“Who are they, mother ?”

“God and the angels, my son.”

So she comforted him, telling him that the best way to put down a lie was to live it down, and that the time would surely come when his honor and integrity would be vindicated.

When they kneeled together to offer their evening prayer, and when his mother asked that the affliction might work out for him an eternal weight of glory, he resolved that he would, with God’s help, live down the lie, and wait patiently, bearing the ignominy and shame and the cold looks of those who had been his friends, till his character for truth and honesty was re-established. He was calm and peaceful now. Once more he heard sweet music as he lay upon his bed. Through the night the winds, the waterfall, the crickets, seemed to be saying with Azalia, “We are still your friends, — still your friends — your friends — your friends !”

## THE LITTLE PRISONER.

## PART III.

## A PRISONER.

A LITTLE boy, reading once by his grandmother's knee, came upon a page half filled with stars. Turning away from the book, he asked his grandmother what the stars meant.

"Almost anything you please, child," she answered. "The author means you shall read that part of the story just as you like."

"But that is n't the way to tell a story!" exclaimed the little boy; "it ought to be all written out."

"It *is* all written out — *in the stars*," said the good old lady; and, though questioned again and again, she only smiled and answered, "It is all written out — in the stars. You will know it all by and by."

A year afterwards the aged lady went to heaven; and the little boy was told that the whole of her long and beautiful life was written in the stars, — in a great record-book kept by the angels. Then he understood how it was that a story could be written in the stars; and how the story of all of our lives, whether written here or not, is recorded there, to be read by and by to the assembled universe. So a portion of my story, about the disinterested kindness of old Katy, and the bravery and self-sacrificing devotion of her little grandson, is written in the stars, — among the countless deeds of heroic goodness which their long oppressed race has done for us, their oppressors; and if I tell you no more about it here, it will all be told you there by the angels.

\* \* \* \* \*

James had fully recovered from his wound, and was about setting out for the Union lines, when, just at sunset of a pleasant day in June, nearly a month after the events narrated in the last chapter, the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard in the court-yard of the old mansion; and, going hastily to the windows, the little boy and his companions saw a score or more of cavalymen, in great slouched hats and blue uniforms, dismounting near the doorway.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, as he caught sight of the glorious color which drapes the sky in beauty, and lends the hue of heaven to even the wretched product of the shoddy-mills, — "they are our own men, — Ohio boys! Hurrah!"

"No, honey," said old Katy, dejectedly, after a long pause, and a long look at the strange soldiery, "dey 'm Mosby's men! Run, Robby, — ter de corn-crib! Run! Dey 'm arter *you*! Hide away in de loft till dey 'm gone! Granny 'll fotch you suffin' ter eat. Ef she ca'n't, — lib on de corn! Run!"

"Blood," it is said, "is thicker than water"; — and, in her anxiety for the last of her kin, the good old woman may have forgotten the danger to the friendless Union lad at her side; and who can blame her if she did? What



had she received from any of his race, that in such a moment should make her think of him ?

Robby darted away, but not a second too soon ; for as he disappeared from the room, the library door swung open, and a dozen tall, bearded men, in rusty regimentals and mud-incrusted cavalry-boots, with great spurs jangling at their heels, and heavy sword-blades clanking on the floor at their every step, entered the room.

“Quarters and supper ; quick, old woman !” shouted the leader, throwing himself into a chair, and tossing his hat upon the centre-table. “We ’re almost starved.”

“We ’se nuffin’, — nuffin’ fur sich gemmen as you is,” said old Katy, with something of an emphasis on the last words.

“You lie, you black Venus. Get us supper at once, or we ’ll make a meal of *you* !” cried the cavalryman, striking his sword a heavy blow on the floor.

With no manifestation of alarm, the old woman quietly said there was nothing in the house except a little corn and a little jerked beef ; but if his delicate palate could relish such viands, he was welcome to them.

With a loud oath the trooper cried out, “Hurry it up ; any fare will do for starving men.”

James meanwhile had slunk away into his little room, where he hoped to remain unobserved ; but when the meal was about over, he heard the rough voice of the leader calling out : “Where is the little fellow in blue, old woman ? Bring him out. I want to see him.”

Old Katy gave no answer ; but, knowing concealment to be impossible, James stepped boldly forward, and said, “I am here, sir.”

“You ’re not Major Lucy’s son, — who are you ?” asked the trooper.

“I am an Ohio boy, sir,” replied James, coolly but respectfully.

“An Ohio boy !” shouted the officer, bringing his hand down heavily upon the table. “A young Yankee whelp !”

“I am a Yankee, sir, — not a whelp. In Ohio we think none are dogs but traitors,” said the little boy, the angry blood mounting to his face, and his voice ringing out clear and strong as the notes of a bugle.

Amazed by the boldness of the lad, the trooper dropped his fork, and said, in a milder tone : “You ’re an impudent young devil. But — do you know what we do with Yankee boys out here ?”

“Yes, sir. Some you shoot from behind fences, — some you hang after they surrender ; but you never whip us in a fair fight, unless you are two to our one.”

Springing to his feet, the trooper grasped the boy by the arm, and pulled him upon his knee, roaring out with a great oath as he did so : “You ’re the bravest little fellow I ever knew. You ’re worth any two men in my regiment. I swear you shall enlist with me.”

“’List wid you, Cap’n !” cried old Katy, who had listened with breathless interest to the conversation. “And you has a mudder, Cap’n, and you wus a little boy onst jess like him ! ’List wid you !”

“And why not, Aunty ?” said the Captain. “If I had a regiment of such boys, in a week I ’d drive Grant into the Potomac.”

“But you ca’n’t mean to tuck him, Cap’n! He hab a mudder, Cap’n,— a pore, lone mudder, dat doant know but he ’m dead, and he ’m jess gwine



ter har, Cap’n,—jess a gwine ter har. I ’se been a nussin’ him all o’ dis time fur dat,—eber sence de big battle, when he was hurted so bad; you ca’n’t mean ter tuck him wid you, Cap’n,—you ca’n’t mean dat!”

“I do mean that, so you shut up, old woman, and bring in some blankets for the men. The boy and I will sleep in this bed.”

Remonstrance and entreaty were alike unavailing, and with a heavy heart old Katy did as she was bidden. The next morning, before the sun was up, the squad, with James mounted on the back of the Captain’s horse, rode away to the head-quarters of the guerilla Mosby.

*Edmund Kirke.*





## FARMING FOR BOYS.

## IV.

BY this time the party found themselves so well chilled as to make an indoor lodgment of some kind desirable. The kitchen being prohibited ground, for that day at least, Uncle Benny pioneered the way to the barn, where the boys were glad enough to wrap themselves in horse-blankets, and, burying their legs deep in the hay, they were presently more comfortable than when sitting in everybody's way around Mrs. Spangler's smudgy stove. Uncle Benny, covering himself with a huge buffalo-robe, sat down upon a low meal-chest, and, leaning back against the front of the manger, crossed his legs as comfortably as if sitting by the fire-place. Very soon the hired man came in. He had been left for the day unprovided with work, simply because it rained; that being sufficient to take his employer off to the village, to sit until the weather cleared up, listening to the unprofitable conversation of a country tavern. But his wages went on just as if he had been at work.



It was therefore a strange company of idlers thus assembled in the barn, not one having anything to do. The hired man might have easily found



enough to employ him in the barn, or shed, or at the wood-pile, while it rained, and when it ceased for the afternoon, he could have busied himself out of doors, had he been disposed to seek for tasks that his employer had neglected to provide. But he was one of that sort of helpers who do nothing not distinctly set before them, — a sort, by the way, that no good farmer will ever employ. This man, seeing a gate open which he knew ought to be shut, would never think of closing it unless some one told him to do so. Unless he stumbled over a hoe or any other tool which some one had left in the path, he would be the last to stop and pick it up, and carry it where he knew it belonged. He required, in fact, as much looking after as any of the boys. Uncle Benny used to say of this man, that he was the most unprofitable kind of hand to have on a farm.

One of the old man's principles was, never to have a hand about him who required telling more than once to do anything. Another was, that, as he provided a place for everything, so when an axe, a hoe, a spade, or any other tool had been used, it must be put immediately back in its place, that when next wanted it might be found, and that any hand who refused to obey this law was not worth employing. These excellent ideas he took great pains to impress on the minds of the boys, teaching them the value of order, method, and regularity. He did once or twice undertake to lay down the law to Mr. Spangler also; but the latter showed so much indifference, even going so far as to say that he always found it too much trouble to put things in their places, unless it was a horse, that he gave him up as incorrigible.

The boys were often surprised, as well as amused, at the nice precision with which Uncle Benny lived up to his favorite law of a place for everything, and everything in its place. He would often send them up into his chamber to get something out of his tool-chest. Though it was full of tools and other matters, yet he seemed to have a perfect chart of the whole contents imprinted on his memory. He could tell them the exact spot that every tool occupied, which draw held the screws, which the four-penny or six-penny nails, which held the carpet-tacks, and so on to the very bottom. He often said that he could go to it in the dark and lay his hand on anything he wanted. The boys always found things exactly where he said they were. Their experience with this tool-chest was so novel, that it made a great impression on them, and they insensibly fell into the old man's orderly habits about keeping things in their proper places.

If Uncle Benny had felt that he had any authority over the hired man, he would have soon put him to work; for he had a habit of never letting anybody stand idling about him when there was anything to do. The man's example, moreover, was hurtful to the boys. Between him and Mr. Spangler the boys would have been in a fair way to grow up complete slovens; for boys, in a general way, are literal imitators of the good or evil that may be set before them.

Uncle Benny had a hard contest to counteract the effect of these daily patterns of bad management. But his manner was so kind and sociable, he cultivated their boyish affections so assiduously, he entered so fully into all

their thoughts, and sympathies, and aspirations, and he was so ready to answer their numerous questions, as well as to lend them his tools whenever they asked him, that in the end they looked up to him as by all odds the best man on the place. The last good turn, of buying for them the very kind of knife that they had so long coveted, fixed him immovably in their affections. It was a small matter for him, but a very great one for them.

It is thus that the education of a child begins. The school-room, and the teacher who may be there enthroned, are very far from being the only means. It goes on without reference to the alphabet, and even in advance of it. It begins, as some one has beautifully said, "with a mother's look, — with a father's smile of approbation, or sign of reproof, — with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance, — with handfuls of flowers in green and daisied meadow, — with birdsnests admired, but not touched, — with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets, — with humming bees, — with pleasant walks and shady lands, — and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to incite to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all virtue, to God himself."

The very tones of Uncle Benny's voice, his lessons of instruction upon every-day topics, his little kindly gifts, his confidences, his commendations, and sometimes his reproofs, were all important agencies in the education of these neglected boys. He lent them books and papers to read, taught them lessons of morality, and was constantly directing them to look upward, to aspire, not only as men, but as immortal beings. The school-room would have been highly advantageous to them; but, seeing that they were allowed only a winter's attendance there, they had an able mentor in the good old man whose lot had been cast among them.

These four had not been long in their comfortable quarters in the barn, when Tony broke silence by saying: "Uncle Benny, you said that you would tell us how a poor boy should make a beginning. Will you tell us now?"

"Ah, Tony," replied the old man, "there are fifty ways in which to make a beginning. But the first steps in any beginning that will go on prosperously and end happily are these. Fear God, honor your parents, be strictly honest, never violate your word, nor do any act which, if it afterwards become known, will cause you to feel ashamed. You saw that pedler-boy. He must have made a beginning with but little more than a shilling, perhaps not so much. But he must have had pluck as well as the shilling, for the shilling would have done but little for him without the pluck to set it going. No matter how small, it was a beginning; and if a boy never begins, he will never come to anything useful. He turned his shilling into dollars, his dollars into merchandise, such as you saw in his basket, and then his merchandise into more dollars still. That boy will be sure to prosper. I have no doubt that he has money saved up somewhere. A beginning shows that a boy is in earnest to do something, that he has a head, and is not, like a fiddler, all elbows. If it set him thinking, it will keep him thinking, and this thought will improve his chances by detecting errors and showing him how to avoid them. Half the poor outcasts of this world are made so because they had n't

the pedler-boy's courage, — the courage to begin. Had they made a start, they might have prospered as well. You are both desirous of doing something to make money."

"Yes, indeed!" shouted the boys with one voice.

"Well," replied Uncle Benny, "a farm is a poor place for even a smart boy to make money on, unless the farmer has heart and soul enough to give him a chance. That don't happen as often as it should, for farmers think too much of what only themselves want, and too little of what their boys do. This farm is about as poor a one, I fear, for the boys to make money on it, as any one I ever saw, unless Mr. Spangler thinks, as I do, that they ought to have a chance."

"Won't you ask father, some day, to let us try?" inquired Joe.

"But I don't want to stay here," added Tony. "I want to go to the city, to New York or Philadelphia, and make money there."

Uncle Benny was surprised at hearing this avowal from Tony King. It was the first intimation he had ever received that Tony wanted to quit farm life for city life. Though he was aware that the poor fellow had no living friends, — at least none that he knew to be living, — as the last of them; his father's brother, had gone to the West some ten years before, and had not been heard of since, yet he had not suspected Tony of having even thought of quitting the farm.

He could not help mentally agreeing with him, that for an ambitious boy the prospect was not encouraging. He was surrounded by one of those combinations of unfriendly circumstances that almost invariably drive boys from the country to seek their fortunes in the city. No attractions were set before him to make the farm a pleasant home. It seemed as if Mr. Spangler had wholly forgotten that he had himself once been a boy, for he evinced no sympathy with the young minds around him. His own sons had no recreations of his suggesting or providing. Their holidays occurred only when it rained. No one had thoughtfully supplied them with fishing-lines, though there was capital sport within a walk of two miles. What little they could do at fishing was always done in a hurry, sometimes in the rain, sometimes on a Sunday. Those were the only times when they could be spared from work. If they set snares for rabbits or muskrats, they were the rude contrivances which their schoolmates had taught them to make. They had no pets, for they had never been taught a loving disposition, — no pigeons, no chickens, no beehive, not even a dog. The home affections had been so sadly neglected, that even in the hearts of the Spangler boys there was an unsatisfied blank. In Tony's there was a still greater one, for he was an orphan.

There was also quite a noticeable difference between the treatment extended to the boys and that which the girls received. The three boys slept in a great garret room, a rough, unfinished apartment, hung round with cobwebs, and open enough to permit the wasps to enter and build long rows of nests. There was nothing to educate the eye to neatness or order, — no curtains to the windows, no carpet on the floor, no chairs on which to sit while dressing or undressing, no looking-glass or washstand, — nothing, in



short, to give a cheerful aspect to the place in summer, or to make it comfortable in winter. Any room seemed good enough for the boys.

Yet there was a better chamber on the floor below, carpeted and furnished. But though strangers never came to that house for entertainment, still it was too good a room for the boys. Thus their personal comfort was neglected. They saw nothing around them to make home attractive, nothing to invest it with charms exceeding those of all other places. Hence a disposition sprang up to look abroad for comfort, for counting the chances of doing and living better in a new location. There was a growing anxiety for the time to arrive when they should be free to quit an occupation which they upon whom rested the highest obligation to make it agreeable had made distasteful.

On the other hand, the girls in this household occupied one of its best chambers, carpeted and furnished, with a dressing-bureau, chairs, and tables, with curtains to the windows, and a variety of other accessories. It is true that there is a natural aptitude in women for making even bare walls attractive, — for collecting around them conveniences and elegances of their own devising, and with very meagre materials investing their especial chamber with an air of snugness, cleanliness, and comfort beyond the capacity of the other sex. Such tendencies are inherent in women. But the materials for achieving these results must to some extent be placed within their reach. Here the girls were provided with the essentials, — a rag carpet, it is true, and quite decrepit chairs and tables, — but their native taste contributed the rest. But from the boys even these essentials were withheld; and being deficient in the housekeeping instinct, they lived on in their comfortless garret, conscious of its deficiencies, but without the tact necessary to supply them. If others observed this, it did not matter; it was only the boys' room, and was good enough.

Moreover, of a stormy day, when out-of-door work was impossible, the kitchen was always large enough to contain the girls without their being in anybody's way; but there was never room for the boys. They had wet clothes, muddy shoes, and were complained of as sitting down in the most inconvenient places round the fire. But it was because no others had been provided for them. They soon learned they were not welcome there, — the room wherein, of all others, a farmer's boy conceives he has the right of entrance and domicile, was made so unpleasant that they generally kept away from it. They were treated too much as inferiors, as of no account except being good for so much work. It is such neglect, such treatment as this, that drives hundreds of well-meaning and deserving boys from the farm to the city. No doubt there are many who live through it all, and remain at home. No doubt there are farmers' sons who develop superior talents for some particular branch of science or art, for the successful practice of which a great city is the only remunerative field. It may be proper for such to leave the farm, as every man should go where he feels he is most wanted, and the world may be benefited by such enlargement of their field for usefulness. They are evidently born for some other pursuit than that of farming.

It was this general neglect that was working on Tony's active mind so

strongly as to lead him to think of adventuring on a city life. Though he knew nothing of the risks of that, yet he understood the discomforts of this. Boy-like, he was willing to encounter the former, though unknown, in order to escape from the latter, which he knew too well. The exhortations of Uncle Benny had so generally ended in a condemnation of Mr. Spangler's mode of farming, without effecting any marked improvement in the management, that Tony began to despair of an amendment in which he could participate. All boys who happen to be born on farms are not calculated to make good farmers. Some are so constitutionally organized that their tastes and talents run in another direction. Taking that, they succeed; but adhering to the farm, they would fail. Others dislike farming because of its hard work, — no one whose duty it is taking pains to diversify that work by interweaving amusement or recreation, or the stimulant of juvenile profit. Others can see in farming no prospect of becoming rich.

But Tony did not belong to either of these classes. He had been born in the country, had no aversion to hard work, and would prefer remaining on a farm; but he was getting tired of Mr. Spangler. It was singular, however, that, while thinking of making a change, it had never occurred to him to go away and engage with a really good farmer, where he would be sure to learn the business thoroughly. Instead of entertaining this sensible idea, he had thought only of a plunge into the city. But Tony was young in the experiences of this world, and had much to learn.

The dissatisfaction thus manifested by Tony to the farm life around him was a new difficulty for Uncle Benny to smooth away. Heretofore he had had only Spangler's lapses and mismanagement to contend with, but here was trouble in a new quarter. Yet his concern for the welfare of these boys was so great, and he was so well satisfied that they could do pretty well at farm life if there was any way of making them contented, that he resolved to do his utmost toward counteracting these unexpected symptoms of restlessness. He was quite pleased that the youngest boy, Bill Spangler, came into the barn just in time to hear Tony's remark about quitting the farm, as he too would have the benefit of his reply.

As the old man was a great reader, he generally carried a newspaper of some kind in his pocket, from which he was in the habit of reading aloud to the boys any article that struck him as being likely to amuse or instruct them. Sometimes, when they had been debating or discussing a topic with him, he would produce a paper containing an article on the very subject they had been talking about, and on his reading it aloud, they found in it a remarkable confirmation of what he had already told them. As it was in a newspaper, the boys considered that it must be true, and as it always supported him in his views, they wondered more and more how the old man came to know so much, as well as always to be right. These readings became so popular with the boys, that, whenever a chance offered, they uniformly inquired if there was not something more in the paper that was worth hearing.

The fact was that Uncle Benny, discovering how tractable these boys were,

and how much they needed the right kind of instruction, had subscribed for two or three papers which he knew contained such reading as would be useful to them. After examining them himself, he would select some subject discussed or explained in them, which he thought would be important for the boys to understand, and then, putting the paper into his pocket, would give them, on the first suitable occasion, a verbal account of the matter, or start a discussion about it. After it had been pretty thoroughly debated and turned over, he would produce the paper and read the article aloud. Of course it confirmed all that he had been saying, and as it was in print — for they saw it there — it clinched the argument beyond dispute, and must be so.

But this little stroke of ingenuity was not adopted by Uncle Benny for the purpose of impressing his audience with an exalted idea of his superior knowledge or wisdom, but merely as an attractive mode of interesting their minds in subjects with which it was important that they should become well acquainted. It was surprising how much his method of proceeding interested them. There has been a great deal said of the usefulness of farmers' clubs, and of the addresses delivered before them. No one will doubt their having done good service to the farming community, or that the more of them we have, the better it will be for us; but, considering the size of Uncle Benny's audiences, and the general lack of knowledge pervading them, it may be doubted whether his lectures, delivered sometimes in the barn, sometimes on the rider of a worm fence, sometimes even when hoeing up weeds, were not quite as productive of good as many others having not only larger audiences, but greater pretensions.

His system had another advantage. The boys always wanted to see the newspaper for themselves, to have it in their own hands. This was exactly one of the results the old man was desirous of bringing about, as they were sure to read over the articles he had himself read aloud, besides studying the remaining contents. As he had great faith in the value of agricultural papers among farmers' boys, as well as among farmers too, he kept the boys supplied with all the reading of this kind they desired.

Now it happened, oddly enough, when Tony King said he wanted to give up farming and go to the city, that Uncle Benny had that very week been reading an article in a newspaper which spoke about farmers' boys rushing into the city. The old man, being equally opposed to their making such a change, laid it down to Tony very plainly indeed. He told him the idea was absurd; that he did n't know what was best for him; that his great want was to learn to be contented where he was, and to wait until he was at least five years older and wiser before he thought any more of changing. Then, by way of settling the matter, he drew the paper from his pocket and read as follows:—

“The very worst thing a country boy can do is to leave the farm and come to the city, in hopes of doing better. Yet they come here every week by dozens, giving up good places where they are well taken care of, and pitch in among a crowd of strangers who take no notice of them, or give short answers when they are applied to for a situation, or even a small job. They



take it for granted that there is always plenty to do here, and that it is an easy thing to get a situation in a store or counting-house, where there is little to do and good pay for doing it. They see that the clerks and shop-boys who sometimes come among them in the country are all well-dressed and smart-looking fellows, with plenty of money in their pockets, which they spend as freely as if there was no end to it, — gunning, boating, hiring carriages to drive the girls about, &c. They think that these smart clerks must have a capital life of it in the city. They also now and then hear of a poor country boy who went into a city store and made a fortune, in a very short time. Thus they get to envying the life of the town boys, and are uneasy and restless until they make the trial of finding out how difficult and dangerous such a life is. They see only the bright side of the picture.

“But all these boys are greatly mistaken. It may look very genteel and easy to stand behind a counter and do nothing but measure out goods, but it is close and confining labor nevertheless. If it is cleaner work than scraping up a barn-yard or currying down a horse, it is not half so wholesome. Besides, it is not an easy matter to get a situation in a store. Our city is full of boys born among us, whose parents find great difficulty in obtaining places for them. Many of these boys go into stores and offices without getting a dollar of pay. The privilege of being taught how to do business is considered compensation enough, — they actually work for nothing and find themselves. Our store-boys have no time for play. They have no green fields to look at or ramble over, nothing but dust, and mud, and hot bricks, with quite as much real hard work as the country boys, only it is of a different kind. What boy of the right spirit would desire to come here and merely run of shop errands all day, learning nothing but how to go about town, when he could stay in the country, sure to learn how to get a living? Besides, a boy here is surrounded by temptations to ruin, and the poorer he is, the more certain are they to lead him astray. Where one such does well, there are two who turn out thieves or vagabonds. We say to you, boys, stay on the farm where you are. If you are determined to come, don't come without you have some friend here who will receive you into his house, provide you with employment, and take care of you. But anyhow, wait until you are older, say twenty-one at least. Then, if you don't think better of it, you will be somewhat able to fight your way, for here it is nothing but fighting.”

As the old man read this very deliberately, the boys listened with the utmost attention. “There!” said he, when he had finished, “that man knows what he says. He lives in the city, and understands about it. You see that he advises you exactly as I do.”

This unexpected confirmation had a powerful effect on the minds of all the boys. It applied so directly to Tony's case, as to make him think differently of the chances of a city life. As usual, he wanted to see the article for himself, and, beginning to read it aloud to the other boys, the old man left the barn, thinking that a little free conversation on the subject among themselves would do no harm.

*Author of “Ten Acres Enough.”*

## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## AN AQUA-ARBOREAL JOURNEY.

IT may appear strange, incredible, absurd, that such a journey, for however short a distance, should have been attempted by human beings. No doubt to many it *will* appear so, and will be set down as ludicrously improbable. Twenty minutes passed in the shadowy gloom of a South American forest would strip the idea of travelling among the tree-tops of much of its improbability. In many places such a feat is quite possible, and comparatively easy, — perhaps not so “easy as rolling off a log,” but almost as much so as climbing to the top of one. In the great *montaña* of the Amazon there are stretches of forest, miles in extent, where the trees are so matted and interlaced as to form one continuous “arbor,” each united to its immediate neighbors by natural stays and cables, to which the meshes formed by the rigging of a ship are as an open network in comparison. In the midst of this magnificent luxuriance of vegetable life, there are birds, beasts, and insects that never set foot upon the ground ; — birds in a vast variety of genera and species ; beasts — I mean quadrupeds — of many different kinds ; insects of countless orders ; quadrumana that never touched *terra firma* with any of their four hands ; and, I had almost added, *man*. He, too, if not exclusively confining himself to the tops of these forest-trees, may make them habitually his home, as shall be seen in the sequel.

It was no great feat, then, for the Mundurucú and his acolyte to make a short excursion across the “spray” of the forest, since this is the very timber that is so tied together. There was even less of danger than in a tract of woods growing upon the highlands or “Campos.” A fall into the Gapo could only entail a ducking, with a brief interruption of the journey.

It does not follow that their progress must be either swift or direct. That would depend upon the character of the trees and their parasites, — whether the former grew close together, and whether the latter were numerous and luxuriant, or of scanty growth. To all appearance, Nature in that spot had been beneficent, and poured forth her vegetable treasures profusely.

The Indian, glancing through the branches, believed there would be no more difficulty in getting to the other side of the belt of timber that separated them from the open water, than in traversing a thicket of similar extent. With this confidence he set forth, followed by his less experienced companion. Both began and continued their monkey-like march in the most profound silence.

They knew that it was possible and easy for the alligator to bear them company ; for although they were forced to pass through an almost imper-

vious thicket, down on the water it was altogether different. There was nothing to impede the progress of the saurian, huge as it was, except the trunks of the trees.

To tell the truth, it was a toilsome trip, and both the travellers were weary of it long before coming within sight of the open water on the opposite side. Often were they compelled to carry their own weight on the strength of their arms, by hoisting themselves from tree to tree. Many a *détour* had they to make, sometimes on account of the impenetrable network of creepers, and sometimes because of open water, that, in pools, interrupted their route.

The distance to be traversed was not over two hundred yards. At starting they knew not how far, but it proved about this measure. If they had made their calculation according to time, they might have estimated it at half a score of miles. They were a good hour and a half on the journey; but the delay, with all its kindred regrets, was forgotten, when they saw the open water before them, and soon after found themselves on the selva of the submerged forest.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A TIMELY WARNING.

ON arriving among the outside trees, our explorers, homeward bound, saw something to cheer them, — something besides the bright sun and the shining waters of the Gapo. It was the sapucaya, still bearing its stupendous fruit, the friends they had left behind them. The Paraense appeared to be counting them, as if to make sure that all were still safe upon the tree. Perhaps he was only intent on the discovery of one, or, having discovered, was feeding his eyes upon her form, slender and graceful in the distance. He would have shouted to apprise them of the safety of himself and companion, had not a sign from the latter, accompanied by a few muttered words, counselled him to hold his peace.

“Why not, Munday?”

“Not a word, young master. We are not yet out of the woods; the jacaré may hear us.”

“We left it far behind in the igarápe.”

“Ah, true! Who knows where he may be now? Not the Mundurucú. The monster may have followed us. Who knows? He may be at this moment within twenty yards, waiting for us to come back into the water.”

As he spoke, the Indian looked anxiously behind him. He could discover no cause of alarm. All was still under the shadow of the trees. Not even a ripple could be seen upon the sombre surface of the water.

“I think we’ve given it the slip,” remarked Richard.

“It looks so,” responded the Indian. “The Mundurucú hears no sound, sees no sign. The jacaré should still be in the igarápe.”

“Why should we delay any longer? Several hours have elapsed since we left the sapucaya. My uncle and everybody else will be out of all patience.



They will be distracted with sheer anxiety. They look as if they were. Though we have a good view of them, I don't suppose they see us. If they did, they would be hailing us, that's certain. Let us take to the water, and rejoin them."

The Mundurucú, after looking once more to the rear, and listening for a few moments, replied, "I think we may venture."

This was the cue for young Trevannion, and, lowering himself from the limb on which he was supported, the two almost at the same instant committed themselves to the flood. Scarce had they touched the water when their ears were assailed by a shout that came pealing across the Gapo. It neither startled nor surprised them, for they could not fail to comprehend its meaning. It was a cheer sent forth from the sapucaya, announcing their reappearance to the eyes of their anxious companions. Stimulated by the joyous tones, the two swimmers struck boldly out into the open water.

Richard no longer thought of looking behind him. In a hasty glance directed towards the sapucaya, as he rose after his first plunge upon the water, he had seen something to lure him on, at the same time absorbing all his reflections. He had seen a young girl, standing erect within the fork of the tree, throw up her arms as if actuated by some sudden transport of joy. What could have caused it but the sight of him?"

The mind of the Mundurucú was far differently employed. His thoughts were retrospective, not prospective. So, too, were his glances. Instead of looking forward to inquire what was going on among the branches of the sapucaya, he carried his beardless chin upon his shoulder, keeping his eyes and ears keenly intent to any sight or sound that might appear suspicious behind him. His caution, as was soon proved, was neither unnatural nor superfluous, nor yet the counsel given to his companion to swim as if some swift and terrible pursuer were after him; for although the Indian spoke from mere conjecture, his words were but too true.

The swimmers had traversed about half the space of open water that lay between the sapucaya and the submerged forest. The Indian had purposely permitted himself to fall into the wake of his companion, in order that his backward view might be unobstructed. So far, no alligator showed itself behind them, no enemy of any kind; and in proportion as his confidence increased, he relaxed his vigilance. It seemed certain the jacaré had given up the chase. It could not have marked their movements among the tree-tops, and in all likelihood the monster was still keeping guard near the opening of the igarápe. Too happy to arrive at this conclusion, the Indian ceased to think of a pursuit, and, after making an effort, overtook the young Paranse, the two continuing to swim abreast. As there no longer appeared any reason for extraordinary speed, the swimmers simultaneously suspended the violent exertions they had been hitherto making, and with relaxed stroke kept on towards the sapucaya.

It was fortunate for both that other eyes than their own were turned upon that stretch of open water. Had it not been so, the silent swimmer, far swifter than they, coming rapidly up in their rear, might have overtaken

them long before reaching the tree. The shout sent forth from the sapucaya, in which every voice bore a part, warned them of some dread danger threatening near. But for late experience, they might not have known on which side to look for it; but, guided by this, they instinctively looked back. The jacaré, close behind, was coming on as fast as his powerful tail, rapidly oscillating from side to side, could propel him. It was fortunate for the two swimmers they had heard that warning cry in time. A score of seconds made all the difference in their favor, all the difference between life and death. It was their destiny to live, and not die then in the jaws of the jacaré. Before the ugly reptile, making all the speed in its power, could come up with either of them, both, assisted by willing hands, had climbed beyond its reach, and could look upon it without fear from among the branches of the sapucaya.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### IMPROVISED SWIMMING-BELTS.

THE huge saurian swam on to the tree, — to the very spot where Richard and the Mundurucú had climbed up, at the forking of the stem. On perceiving that its prey had for a second time got clear, its fury seemed to break all bounds. It lashed the water with its tail, closed its jaws with a loud clattering, and gave utterance to a series of sounds, that could only be compared to a cross between the bellowing of a bull and the grunting of a hog.

Out in the open light of the sun, and swimming conspicuously upon the surface of the water, a good view of the reptile could now be obtained; but this did not improve the opinion of it already formed by Richard. It looked, if possible, uglier than when seen in shadow; for in the light the fixed leer of its lurid eye, and the ghastly blood-colored inside of the jaws, at intervals opened, and showing a triple row of terrible teeth, were more conspicuous and disgusting. Its immense bulk made it still more formidable to look upon. Its body was full eight yards in length, and of proportionate thickness, — measuring around the middle not less than a fathom and a half; while the lozenge-like protuberances along its spine rose in pointed pyramids to the height of several inches.

No wonder that little Rosa uttered a shriek of terror on first beholding it; no wonder that brave young Ralph trembled at the sight. Even Trevannion himself, with the negro and Tipperary Tom, regarded the reptile with fear. It was some time before they felt sure that it could not crawl up to them. It seemed for a time as if it meant to do so, rubbing its bony snout against the bark, and endeavoring to clasp the trunk with its short, human-like arms. After several efforts to ascend, it apparently became satisfied that this feat was not to be performed, and reluctantly gave up the attempt; then, retreating a short distance, began swimming in irregular circles around the tree, all the while keeping its eye fixed upon the branches.

After a time, the castaways only bent their gaze upon the monster at intervals, when some new manœuvre attracted their notice. There was no

immediate danger to be dreaded from it; and although its proximity was anything but pleasant, there were other thoughts equally disagreeable, and more important, to occupy their time and attention. They could not remain all their lives in the sapucaya; and although they knew not what fortune awaited them in the forest beyond, they were all anxious to get there.

Whether it was altogether a flooded forest, or whether there might not be some dry land in it, no one could tell. In the Mundurucú's opinion it was the former; and in the face of this belief, there was not much hope of their finding a foot of dry land. In any case, the forest must be reached, and all were anxious to quit their quarters on the sapucaya, under the belief that they would find others more comfortable. At all events, a change could not well be for the worse.

Munday had promised them the means of transport, but how this was to be provided none of them as yet knew. The time, however, had arrived for him to declare his intentions, and this he proceeded to do; not in words, but by deeds that soon made manifest his design.

It will be remembered that, after killing the macaws, he had tapped the seringa, and "drawn" two cups full of the sap, — that he had bottled it up in the pots, carefully closing the lids against leakage. It will also be remembered, that he had provided himself with a quantity of creepers, which he had folded into a portable bundle. These were of a peculiar sort, — the true sijos of the South American forest, which serve for all purposes of cordage, ropes ready made by the hand of Nature. On parting from the seringa, he had brought these articles along with him, his companion carrying a share of the load. Though chased by the jacaré, and close run too, neither had abandoned his bundle, — tied by sijos around the neck, — and both the bottled caoutchouc and the cordage were now in the sapucaya. What they were intended for no one could guess, until it pleased the Indian to reveal his secret; and this he at length did, by collecting a large number of nuts from the sapucaya, — Ralph and Richard acting as his aids, — emptying them of their three-cornered kernels, restoring the lids, and then making them "water-proof" by a coating of the caoutchouc.

Soon all became acquainted with his plans, when they saw him bind the hollow shells into bunches, three or four in each, held together by sijos, and then with a stronger piece of the same parasite attach the bunches two and two together, leaving about three feet of the twisted sijos between.

"Swimming-belts!" cried Ralph, now for the first time comprehending the scheme. Ralph was right. That was just what the Mundurucú had manufactured, — a set of *swimming-belts*.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### ALLIGATOR LORE.

FOR an hour the castaways remained in the tree, chafing with impatience and chagrin that their awful enemy still kept his savage watch for them in



the Gapo below, gliding lazily to and fro, but ever watching them with eager, evil eye. But there was no help for it; and by way of possessing their souls in more patience, and making time pass quicker, they fell to conversing on a subject appropriate to the occasion, for it was the jacaré itself, or rather alligators in general. Most of the questions were put by Trevannion, while the answers were given by the Mundurucú, whose memory, age, and experience made him a comprehensive cyclopædia of alligator lore.

The Indian, according to his own account, was acquainted with five or six different kinds of jacaré. They were not all found in one place, though he knew parts of the country where two or three kinds might be found dwelling in the same waters; as, for instance, the jacaré-uassú (great alligator), the same as was then besieging them, and which is sometimes called the black jacaré, might often be seen in the same pool with the jacaré-tinga, or little alligator. Little jacaré was not an appropriate name for this last species. It was four feet long when full grown, and he knew of others, as the jacaré-curúa, that never grew above two. These kinds frequented small creeks, and were less known than the others, as it was only in certain places they were found. The jacarés were most abundant in the dry season. He did not suppose they were really more numerous, only that they were then collected together in the permanent lakes and pools. Besides, the rivers were then lower, and, as there was less surface for them to spread over, they were more likely to be seen. As soon as the *echente* commenced, they forsook the channels of the rivers, as also the standing lakes, and wandered all over the Gapo. As there was then a thousand times the quantity of water, of course the creatures were more scattered, and less likely to be encountered. In the *vasante* he had seen half-dried lakes swarming with jacarés, as many as there would be tadpoles in a frog-pond. At such times he had seen them crowded together, and had heard their scales rattling, as they jostled one another, at the distance of half a mile or more. In the countries on the lower part of the Solimoës, where many of the inland lakes become dry during the *vasante*, many jacarés at that season buried themselves in the mud, and went to sleep. They remained asleep, encased in dry, solid earth, till the flood once more softened the mud around them, when they came out again as ugly as ever. He did not think that they followed this fashion everywhere; only where the lakes in which they chanced to be became dry, and they found their retreat to the river cut off. They made their nests on dry land, covering the eggs over with a great conical pile of rotten leaves and mud.

The eggs of the jacaré-uassú were as large as cocoa-nuts, and of an oval shape. They had a thick, rough shell, which made a loud noise when rubbed against any hard substance. If the female were near the nest, and you wished to find her, you had only to rub two of the eggs together, and she would come waddling towards you the moment she heard the noise. They fed mostly on fish, but that was because fish was plentiest, and most readily obtained. They would eat flesh or fowl, — anything that chanced in their way. Fling them a bone, and they would swallow it at a gulp, seizing it in

their great jaws before it could reach the water, just as a dog would do. If a morsel got into their mouth that would n't readily go down, they would pitch it out, and catch it while in the air, so as to get it between their jaws in a more convenient manner.



Sometimes they had terrific combats with the jaguars ; but these animals were wary about attacking the larger ones, and only preyed upon the young of these, or the jacaré-tingas. They themselves made war on every creature they could catch, and above all on the young turtles, thousands of which were every year devoured by them. They even devoured their own children, — that is, the old males did, whenever the *mai* (mother) was not in the way to protect them. They had an especial preference for dogs, — that is, as food, — and if they should hear a dog barking in the forest, they would go a long way over land to get hold of him. They lie in wait for fish, sometimes hiding themselves in the weeds and grass till the latter come near. They seized them, if convenient, between their jaws, or killed them with a stroke of the tail, making a great commotion in the water. The fish got confused with fright, and did n't know which way to swim out of the reptile's reach. Along with their other food they ate stones, for he had often found stones in their stomach. The Indian said it was done that the weight might enable them to go under the water more easily.

The *Capilearas* were large animals that furnished many a meal to the jacarés ; although the quadrupeds could swim very fast, they were no match for the alligator, who can make head with rapidity against the strongest current. If they could only turn short, they would be far more dangerous than they are ; but their neck was stiff, and it took them a long while to get round, which was to their enemies' advantage. Sometimes they made journeys upon land. Generally they travelled very slowly, but they could go much faster when attacked, or pursuing their prey. Their tail was to be especially dreaded. With a blow of that they could knock the breath out of a man's body, or break his leg bone. They liked to bask in the sun, lying along the

sand-banks by the edge of the river, several of them together, with their tails laid one on the other. They would remain motionless for hours, as if asleep, but all the while with their mouths wide open. Some said that they did this to entrap the flies and insects that alighted upon their tongue and teeth, but he (the Mundurucú) did n't believe it, because no quantity of flies would fill the stomach of the great jacaré. While lying thus, or even at rest upon the water, birds often perched upon their backs and heads, — cranes, ibises, and other kinds. They even walked about over their bodies without seeming to disturb them. In that way the jacarés could not get at them, if they wished it ever so much.

There were some jacarés more to be dreaded than others. These were the man-eaters, such as had once tasted human flesh. There were many of them, — too many, — since not a year passed without several people falling victims to the voracity of these reptiles. People were used to seeing them every day, and grew careless. The jacarés lay in wait in the bathing-places close to villages and houses, and stole upon the bathers that had ventured into deep water. Women, going to fetch water, and children, were especially subject to their attack. He had known men, who had gone into the water in a state of intoxication, killed and devoured by the jacaré, with scores of people looking helplessly on from the bank, not twenty yards away. When an event of this kind happened, the people armed themselves *en masse*, got into their *montarias* (canoes), gave chase, and usually killed the reptile. At other times it was left unmolested for months, and allowed to lie in wait for a victim.

The brute was *muy ladim* (very cunning). That was evident enough to his listeners. They had only to look down into the water, and watch the movements of the monster there. Notwithstanding its ferocity, it was at bottom a great coward, but it knew well when it was master of the situation. The one under the sapucaya believed itself to be in that position. It might be mistaken. If it did not very soon take its departure, he, the Mundurucú, should make trial of its courage, and then would be seen who was master. Big as it was, it would not be so difficult to subdue for one who knew how. The jacaré was not easily killed, for it would not die outright till it was cut to pieces. But it could be rendered harmless. Neither bullet nor arrow would penetrate its body, but there were places where its life could be reached, — the throat, the eyes, and the hollow places just behind the eyes, in front of the shoulders. If stabbed in any of these tender places, it must go under. He knew a plan better than that; and if the brute did not soon raise the siege, he would put it in practice. He was getting to be an old man. Twenty summers ago he would not have put up with such insolence from an alligator. He was not decrepit yet. If the jacaré consulted its own safety, it would do well to look out.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

## A RIDE UPON A REPTILE.

AFTER thus concluding his long lecture upon alligators, the Indian grew restless, and fidgeted from side to side. It was plain to all, that the presence of the jacaré was provoking him to fast culminating excitement. As another hour passed, and the monster showed no signs of retiring, his excitement grew to anger so intense, as to be no longer withheld from seeking relief in action. So the Mundurucú hastily uprose, flinging aside the swimming-belts hitherto held in his hands. Everything was put by except his knife, and this, drawn from his *tanga*, was now held tightly in his grasp.

"What mean you, Munday?" inquired Trevannion, observing with some anxiety the actions of the Indian. "Surely you are not going to attack the monster? With such a poor weapon you would have no chance, even supposing you could get within striking distance before being swallowed up. Don't think of such a thing!"

"Not with this weapon, patron," replied the Indian, holding up the knife; "though even with it the Mundurucú would not fear to fight the jacaré, and kill him, too. Then the brute would go to the bottom of the Gapo, taking me along. I don't want a ducking like that, to say nothing of the chances of being drowned. I must settle the account on the surface."

"My brave fellow, don't be imprudent! It is too great a risk. Let us stay here till morning. Night will bring a change, and the reptile will go off."

"Patron! the Mundurucú thinks differently. That jacaré is a man-eater, strayed from some of the villages, perhaps Coary, that we have lately left. It has tasted man's blood, — even ours, that of your son, your own. It sees men in the tree. It will not retire till it has gratified its ravenous desires. We may stay in this tree till we starve, and from feebleness drop, one by one, from the branches."

"Let us try it for one night?"

"No, patron," responded the Indian, his eyes kindling with a revengeful fire, "not for one hour. The Mundurucú was willing to obey you in what related to the duty for which you hired him. He is no longer a *tapuyo*. The galatea is lost, the contract is at an end, and now he is free to do what he may please with his life. Patron!" continued the old man, with an energy that resembled returning youth, "my tribe would spurn me from the *malocca* if I bore it any longer. Either I or the jacaré must die!"

Silenced by the singularity of the Indian's sentiment and speech, Trevannion forbore further opposition. No one knew exactly what his purpose was, though his attitude and actions led all to believe that he meant to attack the jacaré. With his knife? No. He had negatived this question himself. How then? There appeared to be no other weapon within reach. But there was, and his companions soon saw there was, as they sat silently watching his movements. The knife was only used as the means of procuring that weapon, which soon made its appearance in the form of a *macana*, or club,

cut from one of the lianas, — a *bauhinia* of heaviest wood, shaped something after the fashion of a “life-preserver,” with a heavy knob of the creeper forming its head, and a shank about two feet long, tapering towards the handle. Armed with this weapon, and restoring the knife to his *tanga*, the Indian came down and glided out along the horizontal limb already known to our story. To attract the reptile thither was not difficult. His presence would have been a sufficient lure, but some broken twigs cast upon the water served to hasten its approach to the spot. In confidence the jacaré came on, believing that by some imprudence, or misadventure, at least one of those it had marked for its victims was about to drop into its hungry maw. One did drop, — not into its maw, or its jaws, but upon its back, close up to the swell of its shoulders. Looking down from the tree, his companions saw the Mundurucú astride upon the alligator, with one hand, the left, apparently inserted into the hollow socket of the reptile’s eye, the other raised aloft, grasping the *macana*, that threatened to descend upon the skull of the jacaré. It *did*



descend, — crack! — crash! — crackle! After that there was not much to record. The Mundurucú was compelled to slide off his seat. The huge saurian, with its fractured skull, yielded to a simple physical law, turned over, showing its belly of yellowish white, — an aspect not a whit more lovely than that presented in its dark dorsal posterior. If not dead, there could be no doubt that the jacaré was no longer dangerous; and as its conqueror returned to the tree, he was received with a storm of “*Vivas*,” to which Tipperary Tom added his enthusiastic Irish “hoor-raa!”

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## TAKING TO THE WATER.

THE Mundurucú merited congratulation, and his companions could not restrain their admiration and wonder. They knew that the alligator was only assailable by ordinary weapons — as gun, spear, or harpoon — in three places ; in the throat, unprotected, except by a thin, soft integument ; in the hollow in front of the shoulders, and immediately behind the bony socket of the eyes ; and in the eyes themselves, — the latter being the most vulnerable of all. Why had the Indian, armed with a knife, not chosen one of these three places to inflict a mortal cut or stab ?

“Patron,” said the Indian, as soon as he had recovered his breath, “you wonder why the Mundurucú took all that trouble for a *macana*, while he might have killed the jacaré without it. True, the knife was weapon enough. *Pa terra!* Yes. But it would not cause instant death. The rascal could dive with both eyes scooped out of their sockets, and live for hours afterwards. Ay, it could have carried me twenty miles through the Gapo, half the distance under water. Where would old Munday have been then ? Drowned and dead, long before the jacaré itself. Ah, patron, a good knock on the hollow of its head is the best way to settle scores with a jacaré.”

And as if all scores had been now settled with this fellow, the huge saurian, to all appearance dead, passed unheeded out of sight, the current of the Gapo drifting it slowly away. They did not wait for its total disappearance, and while its hideous body, turned belly upward, with its human-like hands stiffly thrust above the surface, was yet in sight, they resumed their preparations for vacating a tenement of which all were heartily tired, with that hopeful expectancy which springs from a knowledge that the future cannot be worse than the present. Richard had reported many curious trees, some bearing fruits that appeared to be eatable, strung with lianas, here and there forming a network that made it easy to find comfort among their branches. If there had been nothing else to cheer them, the prospect of escaping from their irksome attitudes was of itself sufficient ; and influenced by this, they eagerly prepared for departure.

As almost everything had been already arranged for ferrying the party, very little remained to be done. From the hermetically closed monkey-cups the Mundurucú had manufactured five swimming-belts, — this number being all that was necessary, for he and the young Paraense could swim ten times the distance without any adventitious aid. The others had their share of empty shells meted out according to their weight and need of help. Rosa's transport required particular attention. The others could make way themselves, but Rosa was to be carried across under the safe conduct of the Indian.

So when every contingency had been provided for, one after another slipped down from the fork, and quietly departed from a tree that, however uncomfortable as a residence, had yet provided them with a refuge in the hour of danger.



# Round the Evening Lamp

A Treasury of  
 CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

## CHARADES.

No. 7.

My *first* is an animal, which, at its birth,  
 Is the symbol of innocence, mildness, and  
 mirth.

Awhile, and behold of his graces he 's  
 shorn,  
 And with them another he aids to adorn,  
 Sends beauty and comfort and wealth to  
 a home,

Near which he is rarely permitted to come.  
 And should you approach him, by kind-  
 ness misled,

Will repel you by simply shaking his head.  
 My *second*'s the product of various trees,  
 And though from them severed oft "raises  
 a breeze."

The terror of children when allied with  
 hate ;

Their greatest delight when connected with  
 bait.

My *whole* in the grasp of a dexterous hand,  
 Produces effects both gloomy and grand.

It is straight as a needle, like iron as  
 strong ;  
 It helps guard the *right*, yet works for the  
 wrong ;  
 An agent of death, an agent of pleasure,  
 Guess my name, then my use you can  
 easily measure.

N. A. M. E.

No. 8.

My *first* is a name for a travelling machine,  
 From the rustic oft heard, though in print  
 seldom seen.

My *second*'s a manoeuvre derived from the  
 Scot,

Which our Sherman's success shows we  
 have n't forgot.

My *whole* is the puzzle you're trying to  
 guess ;

'T is indeed a charade, nothing more and  
 no less.

K.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

NO. 11.

5005e1000e

5005E1000E.

A popular tale.

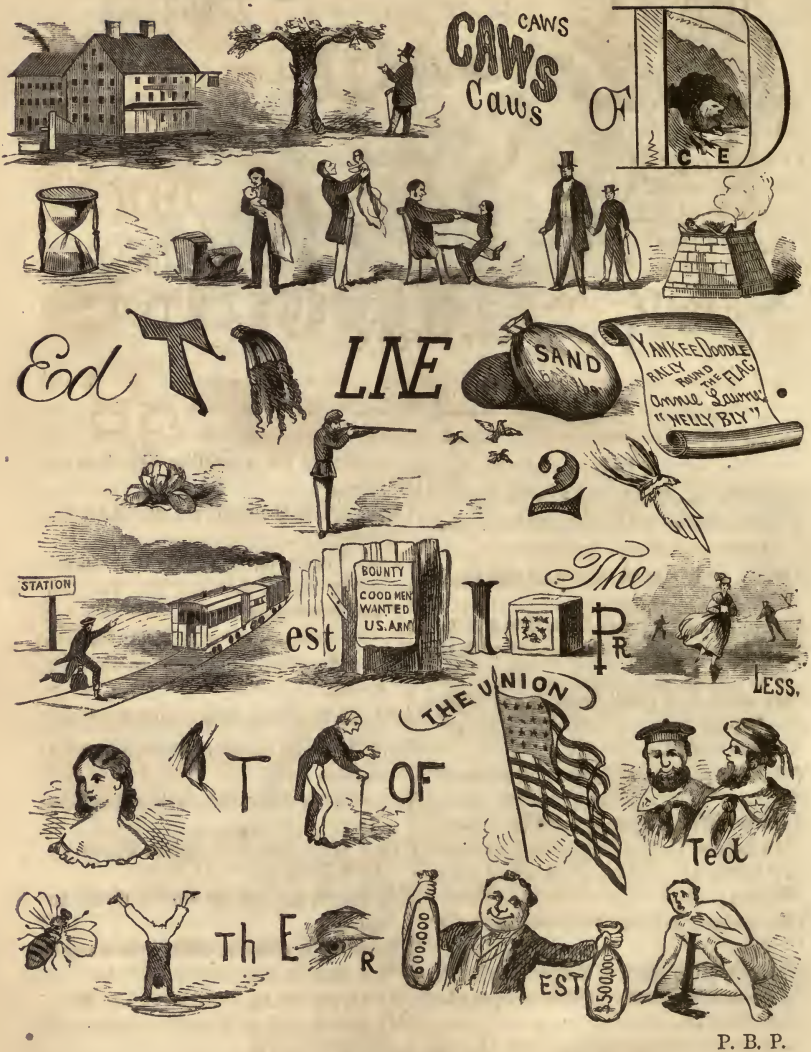
BERTA.

No. 12.

If the width of a barn is 32 feet, and  
 the height is 8 feet 3 inches more at the  
 ridge than at the eaves, what is the length  
 of the rafters ?

CHARLIE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.— No. 10.



P. B. P.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

5. Make a word of four syllables by repeating and transposing these letters : *Imps.*
6. Mary was asked her favorite plant ; she replied, *Emu-grain.*

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 11.



## ENIGMAS.

## No. 7.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 14, 9, 7, 2, is a small, purblind animal.

My 8, 12, 4, 3, is not now.

My 1, 6, 5, 15, is a name for dress.

My 1, 13, 10, is very sticky.

My 11, 9, 14, is a boy's nick-name.

My whole is a general who never fought a battle.

F. E. W.

## No. 8.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 4, 9, 1, 11, is of all earthly places the sweetest.

My 6, 2, 5, of all forest-roamers the fleetest.

My 10, 2, 8, 3, is blacker than the blackest slave

Our Union army tries to save.

My 4, 8, 7, though not, like him, from Ham descended,

Has much of Ham in his nature blended.

My 10, 4, 11, 1, is to Ham still more nearly related

(You'll find that fact in the Bible stated).

My 1, 9, 2, is heard as the milkmaid fills her pail,

Though not from the "cow with the iron tail."

My 4, 5, 1, is what girls should be able to do, Before they are half so old as you.

My 7, 5, 11, 10, 5, is what you all must surely be,

If you have not by this time unriddled me.

My whole is a poet of fame more eternal Than any whose rhymings appear in this journal;

Whose verses are sung by the whole English nation,

And form the substratum of all education.

EDDIE.

## No. 9.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 10, 11, 4, 5, is the end of some persons.

My 9, 10, 11, 4, 6, 14, is what men-of-war do.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a favorite bird.

My 10, 13, 12, 14, is a common flower.

My 3, 2, 3, 3, 4, 5, is used in factories for winding thread.

My 6, 7, 3, 14, 10, is grave.

My 9, 10, 11, 6, 14, is a small culinary vessel.

My 14, 10, 10, 7, 1, is a mistake.

My 6, 14, 8, 12, 14, 6, we have five of.

My whole is a famous old book for boys.

W. U.



## ANSWERS.

## ENIGMAS.

5. The Alphabet.
6. Never too late to mend.

## CHARADES.

5. Watch-word.
6. Interpretor (Inter prætor).

## PUZZLES.

3. Own, Aver.  
Die.  
Bad, Lie.  
Crop.  
Invalid.
4. Madam,— Adam,— dam,— am,— M.
5. Fox,— ox.
6. Ovum.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

8. The  $10 \times 20$ . Difference \$ 1.20.
9. The corners werè cut off thus :—



10. 1 sheep, 5 cows, 94 geese.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

2. On a frolic.
3. Persist.

4. (Words.) Parliament, — Old England, — lawyers, — astronomers, — Abe Lincoln, — destruction, — ruin, — will be, — fate, — monarch, — bother Uncle Sam.

## CONUNDRUMS.

6. It's a miss-giving.
7. Right (write) about face.
8. One is an analyzer (Ann Eliza) and the other is a charlatan (Charlotte Ann).
9. When it is needed (kneaded).
10. Confervæ (Confer V).

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

6. Not one cent for tribute, millions for defence.  
[(Knot) (one cent) (fort) (rib) (boot) (mill eye on S) (ford) E (fence).]
7. Look not on the wine when it is red in the cup.  
[Loo (knot on the wine) W(hen) (*it* is read in the cup)].
8. Honesty is the best policy.  
[On ST is the best *Pol* I see.]
9. Cannoneers delight in shooting their balls into the enemy's lines.  
[(Cannon) (ears) d(light in shoe) (t in G) t(hair) (balls in 2) t (hen) M (eyes) (lines).]

## DON QUIXOTE.

Here's Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha.  
No gentleman, thinks he, is stauncher ;  
He fights with windmills,  
Valiant lambkins he kills, —  
This redoubtable Knight of La Mancha.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

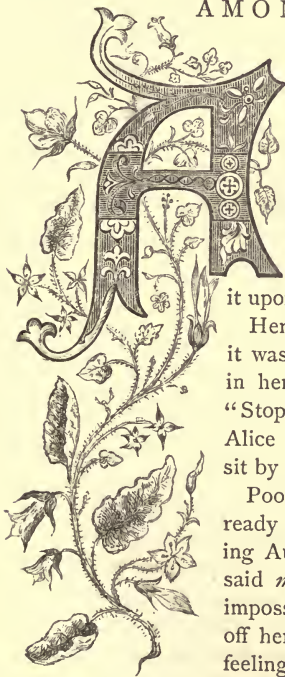
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1865.

No. VI.

## AMONG THE LIONS.



AUNTIE, I am as afraid of a girl as I am of a lion!"

"What is that you say, Ethel?"

"I am as afraid of a girl as I am of a lion, Auntie," and the young speaker's voice lost nothing of its intensity as she repeated her remark, while she straightened the gull's wing standing upright in her jaunty hat, and placed it upon her head.

Her aunt glanced quickly at the clock, and seeing it was but half past eight, said, with a hidden smile in her voice, which Ethel was too busy to detect, "Stop a moment, darling, and, instead of calling for Alice this morning, take off your hat and come and sit by me a little while, until it is time for school."

Poor Ethel was disappointed. She was quite ready and longed to be off, but there was no resisting Auntie's way of asking. To be sure she never said *must*, but somehow her way was so kind, it was impossible not to do what she asked. So she took off her hat and sat down. Beside, she had a little feeling of fear lest she had said something kind Aunt Katy would think very naughty, therefore she was a

little bit relieved at the first words. "I could n't let you go into the lion's den again, darling, without your armor on. It would make me very sad to

see you gobbled up by the beasts." And Ethel could not help smiling at her aunt's words, in spite of her disappointment.

"Now let us have a talk about these lions, and find out if they really are so dreadful, and then we will see what kind of armor we ought to have. I know some people, quite tall and old, Ethel, who are just as much afraid of lions as you are. They never have had any armor, and they are very uncomfortable persons both to themselves and everybody else."

"O dear me, Auntie, how dreadful! I thought it was only because I was a little girl and you made me wear my merino dress to dancing-school and—"

"No indeed, darling. Older people are afraid, too, and when they don't get over their fear it grows worse and worse, until by and by the beasts really begin to gobble them up!"

By this time Ethel's eyes were growing large. She had only said, she was as *afraid* of a girl as she was of a lion,—she did not say that a girl *was* a lion! But here was Aunt Katy taking her up, just as if she had said that girls were wild beasts, so she was somewhat relieved when her aunt continued, after a pause: "I want to tell you a secret, Ethel. *Fears* are the real lions of the world. Some people put on a braggadocio manner, as much as to say, 'Do you think I care for you?' because they have n't found out this secret; and some behave as if they were mice, and the rest of the world were cats all ready to pounce upon them, and some strive to move about the world as quietly as possible, lest they should attract the attention or feel the claws of a lion on their shoulder. Now Fear tears and gobbles up men and women and children, who go about in this way, and their only hope is in the armor that Daniel wore in the lion's den."

"Auntie," said Ethel, who was getting to look very serious, "did you ever see anybody who was beginning to be gobbled up?"

"Yes, dear, I'm sorry to say I have. And I thought the other day, when I saw Cora Pendleton look at your mittens and laugh at your India-rubber boots, and observed it made my darling unhappy,—'There, the lion has put his paw upon Ethel now!'"

"O yes, Auntie, I remember; Cora always wears kid gloves to church, and it *did* make me uncomfortable to have her laugh at my mittens."

"I have seen grown-up women, Ethel, spend a long, beautiful day, altering the shape of a bonnet, which was not of the latest fashion, rather than pass their time in the open air, getting health or pleasure, or doing good to some one, and I have found that the lions had eaten more than a fair share of those poor women. And when the war broke out, and taxes on French dresses became heavy, and some of us thought it would be better for the nation if ladies would wear American dresses, a lady said to me, 'Are n't you afraid you may be taken for a maid, if you wear such common things?' Then I knew that the lions had frightened this woman, and that she had lost her head, or she never could have fancied that a fine dress would make a lady."

"Dear me, Auntie, I wish you would tell me how to get my armor."



“I will, darling, after I have told you that there are two kinds of armor. We must beware of the false kind, Ethel! It is called, ‘Don’t Care.’ Miss Point wears that, and although she is social and pleasant and knows a great deal, people don’t love her and don’t listen to her much, because she is careless and dirty. To be sure the lions don’t touch her, although they did stick out their sharp claws once; but she was too tough. They like tidbits. But we should put on Daniel’s kind,—the very same he wore into the den. He must have been very pleasant to look at, with his sweet, holy face; and we should all make ourselves as pleasant to look at as we know how. This can only be done as Daniel did it, by desiring to give the best we have to God. And what we need, in order to keep the lions of Fear away, is to have such a love for God’s children that we shall forget ourselves in doing kindnesses. Then we shall find, whether the cloak is old or new, if it be clean and as pretty as we can make it without using His share of our precious hours, that the beasts will keep their claws to themselves.

“But, Ethel,” said Aunt Katy, suddenly glancing up at the clock, “how Time does scamper this morning. It is ten minutes of nine already. I think you’ll get to school in season, if you run fast, though.”

So Ethel put up her face to kiss her aunt, and the kind old lady watched her little niece along the street as far as she could see the jaunty hat with its gray gull’s wing.

*A. F.*



## THE ROBIN.

IN the tall elm-tree sat the robin bright,  
 Through the rainy April day,  
 And he carolled clear, with a pure delight,  
 In the face of the sky so gray.

It was clothed from stem to waving crown,  
 The slender, tall elm-tree,  
 With fringed blossoms of red and brown,  
 A delicate drapery.

And the silvery rain through the blossoms dropped,  
 And fell on the robin’s coat,  
 And his brave red breast, but he never stopped  
 Piping his cheerful note.

For O the fields were green and glad,  
 And the blissful life that stirred  
 In the earth’s wide breast, was full and warm  
 In the heart of the little bird.

The rain-cloud lifted, the sunset light  
Streamed wide over valley and hill ;  
As the plains of heaven, the land grew bright,  
And the warm south-wind was still.

Then loud and sweet called the happy bird,  
And rapturously he sang,  
Till wood and meadow and river-side  
With jubilant echoes rang.

But the sun dropped down in the quiet west,  
And he hushed his song at last.  
All nature softly sank to rest,  
And the twilight gathered fast.

A murmur there was of the waterfall,  
A faint breeze in the sedge,  
That rose and swept through the birches tall,  
And up from the river's edge

Came the sound of the frogs, now loud, now low ;  
It was neither song, nor cry,  
But a musical tide in its ebb and flow  
That sang, and rippled by.

C. T.



## THREE DAYS AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

## THIRD DAY.

PRISON life is a flat, weary sort of life. Few events occur to break its monotony, and after a time the stoutest frames and the bravest hearts sink under it. If the prisoner were a mere animal, content with eating, drinking, and sleeping, or a twenty-acre lot, — his highest ambition to be bounded by a board fence, — this would not be. But he is a man; he chafes under confinement, and, for want of better employment, his mind feeds upon itself, and gnaws the very flesh off his bones. The tiresome round of such a life none but a prisoner can know; but on this, our last day in prison, I have caught a glimpse of its dull days and profitless nights, by looking over the journal of a young man who has been confined at Camp Douglas for more than a year. There is little in it to make you laugh; but if you have nothing better to do, suppose you sit with me on the doorstep of this barrack, and trace its noiseless current, as it flows, broken here and there by a bubble of hope or a ripple of fun, on to the dark and silent sea beyond.

The church bells are sounding twelve on a dark October night, when the train in which our prisoner has journeyed all the day halts abreast of the camp on the shore of the lake, and he hears the gruff summons of the guard: "Turn out! Turn out!" All day long the rain has poured through the roof of the rickety old car, wetting him through and through; and, cold, stiff, and hungry as he is, that seems a cheerful sound, though it welcomes him to a prison. Tumbling out in the mud, and scaling a wall breast-high, he gropes his way up the steep bank, and over a couple of fences, and is at the gateway of the camp. Then the ponderous door rolls back, and for almost the first time he realizes how blessed a thing is freedom. But an extract here and there from his journal will give you a better idea of Camp Douglas life than any words of mine.

"Snow," he writes, late in October, "came softly feathering the ground this morning. 'Away down in Dixie' the golden sunshine of the Indian summer is gilding the hills, and its soft hazy blue is veiling the landscape; but up here in this chilly Northern clime we are shivering in the icy grasp of old Winter; and, worse than all, it is my turn to cook!"

"Two months to-day," again he writes, "have I been a prisoner, and a weary long time it seems. The newspapers say exchanges are suspended. If that be true, we are 'in for the war.' A gloomy prospect indeed." —





“Christmas has come,—Christmas in prison! How much more we feel our confinement on occasions like this. Reminiscences of many another Christmas come to our minds, and set us to thinking of home and the loved ones there. The consequence is a fit of low spirits. Nearly all of us have tried to prepare some ‘good things’ from our limited stores in honor of the day. A small ‘greenback’ has supplied our bunk with a few oysters, and I suspect we are as gay over our modest stew, eaten from a tin pan with an iron spoon, as many an ‘outsider’ is over his splendid feast of champagne and ‘chicken fixins.’” — “But Christmas has gone, and yet no hope of exchange! How long, O Lord! How long!”

“No prisoner at Camp Douglas will forget New-Year’s Day, 1864, if he should live a thousand years. To say it was cold does not express it at all. It was frightfully, awfully cold. When I awoke this morning, the roof and rafters were covered with frost, and in many places icicles, two or three inches long, hung down from the beams. They were our breath which had congealed during the night. The frost inside was heavier than any I ever saw outside on a winter day in ‘Dixie.’ A few of our men went down to Head-quarters, and, on returning, one had his ears, and another his ears and nose, frost-bitten. Some of the guards froze at their posts, and one sentinel fell down near our barrack, frozen — not to death, but very near to it. A few of us, seeing him fall, took him into our quarters, thus saving his life. People who have always lived here say they never experienced such weather. The mercury in the thermometer fell to forty degrees below zero.”



“The weather has moderated, and to-day we have been reminded that the earth once was green. A load of hay has invaded the camp, to fill our bunks, and stir our blood with a little frolic. A rich scene occurred in

dividing it among the barracks. Before the wagon reached the head of the Square, out poured the 'Rebels', and, with the war-cry of 'Hay! Hay!' they charged upon it, and completely checked its progress. In a moment the driver was 'nowhere.' One fellow secured an armful, and started for his barrack, but before he reached the outside of the crowd, it was reduced to a wisp of straw. Then three or four, more enterprising than the rest, climbed to the top of the load, and soon it was covered with men. By this time the driver, armed with whip and pitchfork, fought his way back, and, mounting the cart, began to clear it. One he pushed off, another required a poke from the pitchfork, but all secured an armful of the hay before they gave up the ground. The driver then tossed the remainder off, and, as each wisp fell, a score of hands were raised to catch it. The boys 'went in' for fun, more than hay, and scarcely one was lucky enough to fill his bunk."

Farther on, the prisoner writes: "Last night several men in 'White Oak Square' attempted to escape by scaling the fence. Some succeeded, but one was shot. To-day I hear that he will die. . . . He is dead."

The poor fellows who attempted to escape, and did not succeed, were punished in various ways, and some of the ways were of the most ludicrous



character. There is a grim sort of humor in the keeper, which seems to take delight in inventing odd and comical modes of punishment for the refractory prisoners. They do no harm, and are a far more effectual means of restraint than the old-fashioned confinement in a dungeon, with its accompanying diet of bread and water. One of these modes is "riding on a rail," which, ever since Saxe wrote about it, most people have thought a pleasant way to travel. Many a light-hearted "native" has laughed at it; but a half-hour's ride has made him long for "a chance afoot," or even a lift on a broomstick. Another mode is mounting the pork-barrel. In this the prisoner is perched upon a barrel, and left to stand, a longer or shorter time, in the centre of the prison-yard, where he is naturally "the observed of all observers." If he has any shame about him, he soon concludes that "the post of honor is a private station." Still another mode is drawing a





ball and chain about the camp. The culprit lights his pipe, assumes a nonchalant air, and tries to make you think he is having an easy time of it ; but look at him when half a day on his travels, and his face will tell you he never again will make a dray-horse of himself.

But to return to the prisoner's journal. Winter goes, and spring comes, sunny and genial, reminding him of the pleasant May time at home ; but with it comes no hope of release. Time drags more heavily than before, and every

page bears some such sentences as these : " I am wearied out with this hopeless imprisonment." " Prison life is beginning to tell upon me. Fits of low spirits come oftener than they did." " It seems as if the entanglement in regard to exchange would *never* end." " For a little while last night I was in heaven. In my dreams I was exchanged, and at home. But I awoke, and the familiar roof, and straw-stuffed bunk, told me I was still in 'durance vile.' O Dixie ! how I long for a glimpse of your sunny hills."

Farther on he writes : " Two years ago to-day, I was mustered into the service of the Confederate States. I wondered then what would be the condition of things when our twelve months was out. All thought the war would end before our time expired. It is saddening to look back on the changes that have occurred since then. A Federal army holds my native town, and our company, its officers, and myself are all occupants of a Northern prison. When will all this end ?"



At last summer comes, with its scorching days and sultry nights. Snowy winter and the rainy spring were hard to bear, but the summer is even harder, and it is made less endurable, he writes, " by a scarcity of water. The hydrants have either stopped running altogether, or run only in small dribblets. Forming in line, with our buckets in our hands, we watch them, often for half a day, before we get the needful supply."

But, hark ! as we read, the bells are ringing and the cannons firing.

Let us close the book, and listen to the words they say. Clear and loud they ring out : " Richmond has fallen. The Rebellion is over !" Henceforth, over all this broad land, there shall be none but FREEMEN ! I can write no more ; and let us say good by to Camp Douglas, for its glory has departed ; its work is done.

*Edmund Kirke.*



## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

## III.

THE story of Achilles, one of the heroes of the Iliad, is, I presume, familiar to most of my readers; but, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with it, I will briefly repeat such portion of it as has a bearing on my subject.

This gentleman was the son of the sea-goddess Thetis, probably by her first husband: this I infer from the fact, that, although often called Peliades and Æcides, I have never heard him mentioned, either by Lempriere or other recognized authority, as Master Thetis. Mrs. Thetis, who must have been the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, foresaw that her son would meet with an early death; and, like a good, anxious mother, wishing to prevent this, dipped him in the river Styx, the waters of which had the property of rendering the human body invulnerable. Unfortunately, however, she held him by the heel, and that not touching the magic waters, he was killed by an arrow which struck him there. For further particulars respecting him, I must refer my readers to a history of his time, written by a Mr. Homer, who flourished and was famous some years ago, and is highly spoken of even at the present time, although I must confess he is far beyond the narrow limits of my comprehension; and whenever I have attempted reading his works, they have proved all Greek to me.

It is with the invulnerability of Achilles, however, that we have to do; and I propose to show how, in modern times, we effect by the aid of a single stick what in former years it took a riverful to do. This trick, if it were only known to the War Department, would prove invaluable to our army, and I hope that Secretary Stanton will at once call on Congress to make an appropriation for the purpose of furnishing every Union soldier in the land with this number of "Our Young Folks." This is the trick; and now that the summer is fairly on us, I would advise our young magicians to practise it out of doors, as it will there show to better advantage than in a drawing-room.

A pistol is handed to the audience for examination, and, they being satisfied that there is no preparation about it, is then loaded with powder and wad, in the usual way, and finally six marked bullets are placed in it and rammed home. The performer now stands at a little distance, with a plate in his hands; the pistol is aimed at him, fired, and, behold! there are the bullets on the plate, which are given to the company for identification.


Although quite startling in its effects, this trick is very simple, and requires little practice. This is the whole secret. After the powder and wad are in, permission is requested to put in a second wad, and, whilst doing this, the performer slips into the barrel of the pistol, unperceived by the audience of course, a metal tube, which receives the bullets. When the ramrod is used, the end of it naturally slides into the tube, and both are withdrawn, together with the bullets. All that now remains to be done is to stand at a

sufficient distance to avoid being struck by the wad. The moment the pistol is fired, the bullets, which are concealed in your hand, are dropped on the plate, and the audience are convinced—I was about saying, that they had just left the pistol; but it will be nearer the truth to say, that they have been effectually tricked.

A very pretty little trick, and one sure to please, because of its apparent fairness, is

*The Tantalizing Tin Tube.*

A simple tin tube, about eleven inches long and three and a quarter in circumference, fitted with a cover at each end, three coffee-cups, a box of rice, and an orange, are the materials used in this trick. The covers are removed from the ends of the tube, and the audience are requested to notice that it contains no division,—in fact is very simple,—and that they can see right through it, which is probably more than they can say of the trick as a whole. The box which contains the rice is merely an old cigar-box, with the cover torn off, and needs no inspection. As the cups are all alike, to examine one is to see all, and accordingly one is handed out for examination. The orange, of course, is without preparation, as you will convince them by eating it, after it has played its part in the trick. Before proceeding with the trick, however, you propose to show a piece of legerdemain, which they cannot fail to acknowledge as wonderful. You place the orange on a table, and cover it with one of the cups, and then set another cup at a distance from it. You now claim to be able to cause the orange which is under cup number one to come under cup number two, and this without raising the first cup or touching the orange. Tell the audience to watch sharply, count, “One, — Two, — Three,” — pick up cup number two and place it *on* cup number one, and the orange will then undoubtedly be *under* it. Your audience now being in good humor, and their attention diverted, proceed with your trick proper, which consists in filling the tin tube with rice from the box, and causing the rice to be found under one of the cups, whilst the orange, which was in your hands, has vanished, and is found in the tube.

The audience will generally suppose the whole thing to be a purely sleight-of-hand performance, and this idea you must favor by begging them to consider what immense practice is necessary to be able skilfully to manipulate each particular grain of rice. The secret of the thing, however, really lies in the tube, or rather in one of the covers. There are, in fact, three covers, — one which serves as a bottom, and two as tops. One of the top covers, which I will call *A*, is in reality nothing but a tin rim, of about an inch in width, with a partition in the centre of it, its bottom in the middle of it, if I may so speak, and with a pin, the sixteenth of an inch long, extending horizontally from about the centre of the outside. The second cover, which, to distinguish it, I will call *B*, is made large enough to slip over *A*, and has a slit in it shaped like this,  — a T with one of its arms lopped off. The object of this slit is to receive the wire which is on the side of *A*. Now put on *B*, fitting the wire of *A* carefully to the slit. Push *B* down, and, when it will

go no farther, turn it, so that the wire of *A* rests on the arm of the  $\Gamma$ . If you now put *the two covers* on the end of the tube, and attempt to take *B* off, *A* will come with it, as the wire in the arm of the  $\Gamma$  holds them together. If, however, you turn *B*, so that the wire is only in the perpendicular part of the slit, it will come off alone, leaving *A* still on the tube. I hope this explanation is sufficiently clear, as this should be thoroughly understood, much of the apparatus used in Magic being made on the same principle.

Supposing the tube to be in perfect working order, we will now proceed with the trick. First fill the top part of *A* with rice, then cover it with *B*, and finally put both on the tube. Next, nearly fill one of the cups with rice, and place over it a round piece of pasteboard (that known as bonnet-board is best), which must be cut a trifle larger than the inside of the cup, so as to fit in rather tightly. Everything is now ready to exhibit the experiment.

Place your three cups on a table, with their mouths down, and on another table set your box of rice. Bring out your tube, remove *A* and *B* from it together, and also the bottom piece, all of which lay on the table with the box of rice. Hand the tube to the audience to examine, and when they have satisfied themselves that it is not prepared in any way, take it back, and *put on the bottom piece only*. Stand the tube on the table containing the box of rice, behind the box, and *at the same time take off the bottom-piece*, which the audience will not perceive, as the box is between it and them. Leave the tube and pass to the other table, which holds the cups; and, in order to divert their attention from the tube, tell them you will show them a little sleight which is quite wonderful in its way. Then go through the manœuvres described at first, of bringing the orange *under* the cup. When that is done, inform them you will now proceed to fill your tube with rice. Pick up the tube, leaving the bottom still behind the box. Place the tube in the box, in such a way that only the upper part is visible. Take up some rice in a scoop which you must have in the box, and pour it in at the top of the tube. Of course it will run out of the other end into the box again, but you must repeat this once or twice, until enough rice has been put in to have filled the tube, had it been *fillable*. Now announce that there is enough in *for the purpose*, which is strictly true, and your audience, being at a distance, and not being able to peep in, will suppose it to be full. Put on *A* and *B* together. (I should have explained above, that, when the bottom of the tube is laid behind the box, a *second orange*, of the size and color of the one you first show, is laid on it.) Place the tube again behind the box, and set it down over the orange, which will guide the bottom to its place. Leave the tube, and request some one to lend you a hat for a moment. This you put on a table, rim down, and lay a handkerchief over the crown. Now take the cup which holds the rice, and set it on top of the hat. As nothing will fall from it, — the pasteboard holding the rice in, — it will be supposed that it is empty. This idea will be favored also by the fact that the other two cups, which were used in “the great orange feat,” and which you allowed to be freely handled, were unquestionably empty, — no one suspecting that they were merely used for a “blind,” and had not the remotest connection with the trick. Now bring for-



ward the tube ; and, to convince them that it is still full, take off *B* alone, and they will see the rice, which is in the upper part of *A*. Put *B* on again, and place the tube on the floor, where all may see and watch it.

Raise the cup that is on the hat, to show that it is still empty, and when you put it down again, do so *with some force*, which will dislodge the pasteboard. Leave it as it is, and take the orange, which you *palm*, and order to go into the tube, (or you may get rid of the orange in the manner described in last month's article,) and finally command the rice to pass from the tube to the cup. Take off *A* and *B* together, and let the orange, which is in the tube, roll out, whilst you show that the rice is all gone. Lift up the cup, and the rice will fall down and cover the pasteboard. The trick is now finished ; return the hat to its owner, bow your acknowledgments, and bear the applause which is bestowed on you with becoming modesty.

One more trick, to fill my complement, and I am done.

Borrow a number of two-cent-pieces, and count out five of them to one of the company. To another give ten, and request the person who takes these last to count them carefully. Having done this, take the five which were given to the first person, and, closing your hand on them, order them to pass into the hands of the particular person who holds the ten. Then request him or her to again count the money, and if, instead of ten, fifteen pieces are found, you will have successfully performed your trick.

Twenty pieces of money are used in the trick, which is accomplished in this way. Throw fifteen pieces on a plate, and hand it to the first person, with the request that five shall be taken away. Then give the remaining ten to another person, and desire that he will count them out on the plate, so that all will hear the number by the chink of the metal on the china. This being done, tell the one who has the plate to hold both his hands, ready to receive the money. For this purpose, take away the plate with your left hand, and pour the coins into your right hand, *where you must hold five more, in the same way that a coin is held in palming*. Place the fifteen in the hands of person number two, and request him to close his hands tightly on the money. This will prevent his discovering the addition you have made. Take the five which the first holds, and pretend to put them in your other hand ; but, instead of doing so, palm them. Command the money to pass, and then desire the person who holds the ten (fifteen) again to count out the pieces on the plate.

This simple little trick always pleases, and the more pieces are used, the less liable it is to be discovered. A good way of finishing it is to ask the person who last counted the money if he is sure he has not made away with some of your property, and, on his answering "No," to take hold of his coat-sleeve at the wrist, and, shaking it gently, let the remaining five pieces, which are still concealed in your hand, drop on the plate. The audience will suppose they really fell from the sleeve, and, whilst they are wondering how you got them there, you can bow and retire.



### THE WILD GOOSE.

WHEN gruff winter goes, and from under his snows  
 Peeps the infantine clover,  
 And little lambs shrink on the bleak hills of March,  
 And April comes smiling beneath the blue arch ;  
 Then the forester sees from his door the wild geese  
 Flying over.

Some to Winnipeg's shore ; those to cold Labrador ;  
 Upon dark Memphremagog,  
 Swift flying, loud crying, these soon shall alight,  
 And station their sentries to guard them by night,  
 Or marshal their ranks to the thick-wooded banks  
 Of Umbagog.

Now high in the sky, scarcely seen as they fly,  
 Like the head of an arrow  
 Shot free from its shaft ; then a dark-wingèd chain ;  
 Or at eventide, wearily over the plain,  
 Flying low, flying slow, sagging, lagging they go,  
 Like a harrow.

Soon all have departed, save one regal-hearted  
    Sad prisoner only ;  
No more shall he breast the blue ether, or rest  
In the reeds with his mate, keeping guard by her nest,  
Never glide by her side down the green-fringed tide  
    Fair and lonely.

With clipped pinions, fast in a farm-yard, at last  
    They have caged the sky-ranger !  
'Mid the bustle and clucking and cackle of flocks,  
The gossip of geese, and the crowing of cocks ;  
But apart from the rest, with his proud-curving breast,  
    Walks the stranger.

He refuses, with scorn braving hunger, the corn  
    From the hands of the givers,  
Like a prince in captivity pacing his path ;  
Little pleasure he hath in his low, stagnant bath ;  
In that green, standing pool does he think of his cool  
    Northern rivers ?

Far away, far away, to some lone lake or bay  
    His lost comrades are thronging ;  
In fancy he follows : he hears their glad halloos  
Round beautiful beaches, in bright plashy shallows :  
And now his dark eye he turns up at the sky  
    With wild longing.

He hears them all day, singing, winging their way,  
    Over mountains and torrents,  
To Canadian hills and their clear water-courses,  
To the Ottawa's springs, to the Saguenay's sources ;  
And now they are going far down the broad-flowing  
    Saint Lawrence.

Over grass-land and grove, searching inlet and cove,  
    Speeds in dreams the wild gander !  
He listens, he hastens, he screams on their track ;  
They hear him, they cheer him, they welcome him back,  
They shout his proud name, and with loud clamors claim  
    Their Commander !



Past Huron and Saginaw, far over Mackinaw,  
To lovely Itaska,  
Their leader he goes ; every river he knows ;  
They flock where the silver Saskatchewan flows,  
Or sit lightly afloat upon high and remote  
Athabasca.

With his consort he leads forth their young ones, and feeds  
By the pleasant morasses ;  
He shows them the tender young crab, and the bug,  
The small tented snail, and the slow mantled slug,  
And laughs as they eat the soft seeds and the sweet  
Water-grasses.

But danger is coming ! Lo, strutting and drumming  
The turkey-cock charges !  
The bright fancy breaks, in the farm-yard he wakes ;  
Never more he alights on the blue linkèd lakes  
Of the North, or upsprings upon winnowing wings  
From their marges !

Here all the long summer abides the new-comer  
In chains ignominious,  
Abandoned, companionless, far from his mate ;  
But his heart is still great though dishonored his state,  
And his eyes still are dreaming of glad waters gleaming  
And sinuous.

Then the rude Equinox drives before it the flocks  
Of his comrades returning ;  
They sail on the gale high above the Ohio's  
Broad ribbon, descending on prairies and bayous ;  
And again his dark eye is turned up at the sky  
With wild yearning.

As sunward they go, far below, far below,  
Coils the pale Susquehanna !  
He sees them, far off in the twilight, encamp as  
An army of souls upon dim, ruddy pampas ;  
Or at sunrise arrayed upon green everglade  
And savanna.

So year after year, as their legions appear,  
 His lost state he remembers ;  
 Wondering and wistful he watches their flight,  
 Or starts at their cries in the desolate night,  
 Dropped down to his hearkening ear through the darkening  
 Novembers.

*F. T. Trowbridge.*



A BUSINESS LETTER.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—Never mind the stories and the puzzles. You have had enough of those things for the present. Now listen to a little grave talk. It will not be very interesting, but if you will listen and learn, it will last you as long as you live, and may save you from a good deal of disappointment and trouble.

Sometimes, when you have found out the answers to all the charades and enigmas, you try your own hand at making one. You succeed so well that you conclude to send it off at once for "Our Young Folks." Or you have written a story which you think is well worth being printed. Or you like

some story so heartily, or disapprove of it so strongly, that you feel impelled to write to its author about it. This is all very well. We are glad to get your stories and letters. But let me tell you how to do it.

First write your story, or charade, or whatever you wish to have printed, in a large, legible hand, with as few interlineations as possible, and write on only one side of the paper. I would advise also that you keep a copy, so that, if your story is not accepted, it need not be returned to you. But if you wish it returned, enclose with it an envelope large enough to hold it, stamped, and addressed to yourself. Then send your parcel — where?

I will tell you where you will probably send it, — to Mr. Franklin Smith of Mattapoiset.

But what in the world has Mr. Franklin Smith to do with “Our Young Folks”? I search the whole Magazine, covers and all, and I find not the faintest trace of him anywhere. Oh! but *you* know! J. T. Trowbridge’s name is there, and J. T. Trowbridge, somebody told you, is not a real name, but means Mr. Franklin Smith of Mattapoiset! So, on the strength of your “reliable information,” your manuscripts go whirling away, — not to the “Young Folks” for which you design them, but in a quite opposite direction, down to the shores of the many-sounding sea. Let us follow and see what befalls them.

Examining the voting-list of Mattapoiset, we find that in Mattapoiset there is no Franklin Smith. There are, however, many Smiths.

Frank Smith,	Charles Frank Smith,	Franklin E. Smith,
Francis Smith,	Franklin H. Smith,	Edward F. Smith.

Your letter, enclosing an enigma, is taken from the post-office by Mr. Frank Smith, who is an excellent man, but not given to literature, and who never heard of an enigma. He opens the letter with considerable curiosity, for he does not see one very often, and, having adjusted his glasses, reads in an audible whisper, and very deliberately, — “‘I—am—a—word—of—26 letters.’ Who’s he? ‘My 1, 6, 7, 10, 3 is the name of a general.’ Good land of Goshen! What’s the fellow bothering about? Why don’t he out with it right off? ‘My 2, 7, 4, 5, 11 never hurt any one.’ Well, now, this beats the Dutch! Here, Jane Mari!” he calls to his wife, who is washing dishes in the back pantry, “here’s the queerest chap ever you see in all your born days. I can’t make hide nor hair of him.” Jane Mari shakes the soap-suds from her hands and inspects the mysterious letter; but no children have ever made her familiar with puzzles. And so the letter goes into the great Bible on the front-room table, to await the coming of some young niece or nephew, or learned person, where it is speedily forgotten, and there it lies to this day.

Now, how long do you suppose it will be before you will hear from your enigma?

Another letter, expressive of the pleasure you have taken in J. T. Trowbridge’s charming stories, and the help and strength they have given you, goes straightway to Mr. Francis Smith. It is written in a pretty feminine hand, and Mr. Francis, who is a gay young clerk, naturally enough supposes



it may be from the accomplished and interesting Hattie Howlie, whom he attended to singing-school in the winter, and who is out of town on a visit. So Francis, seeing it at the post-office, calls for it and opens it eagerly on his way to the shop. He reads your words of sympathy and gratitude, and wonders what it is all about. He looks at the signature, and mutters, "Never heard of that person before. Me or somebody's in the wrong pew." And, quite wrathful from his disappointment, crowds your pleasant letter into his waistcoat-pocket, reads it aloud, perhaps, with somewhat boisterous laughter to his fellow-clerks, and then takes it to light the fire.

You, meanwhile, are wondering why J. T. Trowbridge could n't just send you one line in return for that nice letter you wrote him!

Letter number three contains your beautiful story that you wrote with so much care. Mr. Charles Frank Smith takes it out along with his "Country Gentleman," wondering who can have so much to say to him. He opens it, and begins,—" 'Mr. Trowbridge: Dear Sir.' Why, here's something out of kilter, sure," he says to himself, and looks again at the envelope. Yes, there it is, "Mr. Franklin Smith" outside, and Mr. Trowbridge inside. Somebody's written a letter and put it into the wrong paper, he thinks. He does n't know the person nor the handwriting. Perhaps it's some of Cousin Frank's people. So he goes with the letter and manuscript to Mr. Franklin H. Smith's, who knows nothing about it. Then to Franklin E. Smith's, whose boys take the "Young Folks," and he solves the riddle at once, promising to carry the manuscript to Boston the next time he goes,—which he does, but forgets to save the accompanying letter, so that nobody knows whose story it is, and it goes down into a nameless grave.

Now, my dear children, if you think this is a pleasant and satisfactory way of doing business, why, just keep on. It will give you practice in penmanship; it will help the government; and, on the whole, it will probably rather amuse the Smiths.

But some people have a prejudice in favor of having their letters read only by those to whom they are written. And if you happen to share in this prejudice, the best thing you can do is to *send* your letters to the people to whom they are written. If you wish the Editors of "Our Young Folks" to read it, send it to the Editors of "Our Young Folks." If you wish it to go to the London Quarterly, send it to the London Quarterly. If you design it for J. T. Trowbridge, not as an editor, but as an author, send it to J. T. Trowbridge. But you don't know what their address is? The address of a magazine is always the address of its publishers. Always. *Always*. Do you not see on the first page of the cover of "Our Young Folks" the names of the Editors, and directly below that, in large letters, "Boston: Ticknor and Fields"? Now, why do you suppose they are there? Is it because Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Fields are so delighted with their names that they spread them out wherever they can find a bit of blank paper? Not in the least. It is for the express purpose, among other things, to tell you where you may address your letters,—to tell you where you will find the Editors. So far as your communications are concerned, you may always imagine the

three Editors of "Our Young Folks" sitting in solemn conclave in the publishing-house, day and night, week after week, month after month, year after year, entirely unconscious of whatever snow-storm of letters may be falling outside their official precincts.

If you know a Mr. J. T. Trowbridge of Mattapoiset, and you wish to invite him to dinner, send a note of invitation to him in Mattapoiset. You need not send that to his editorial office unless you choose, because, as an editor, he never goes out to dinner, — he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps. All the twenty-four hours of the day, for the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, he does nothing but edit "Our Young Folks," and feeds and flourishes solely on editorial communications.

The same rule that applies to editors applies to authors. A publishing-house is the head-quarters of all its authors. If a book has been published called "The Four Spies," and if on its title-page you see "By J. T. Trowbridge," and if you like or dislike it so much that you wish to say so to its author; and if you know a Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, or know of him in Mattapoiset, or any other town, you may send your letter to him. His name on the title-page of the book warrants you in doing so. If "The Four Spies" is published without any name on the title-page, you must send your letter "To the Author of 'The Four Spies,'" care of the publishers, whose address you can always find on the title-page of the book. Never mind if common report says that J. T. Trowbridge wrote the book; never mind even if the excellent authority of a newspaper paragraph expressly affirms that he wrote it. The fact that he did not put his name on the title-page is an indication that he does not wish you to know that he wrote it, even if he did write it. Respect that wish of his, and act as if you were in entire ignorance of any rumor that violates it. If J. T. Trowbridge is the name on the title-page of the book, and you never knew or heard of any such person as J. T. Trowbridge, but have heard that it was the *nom de plume* of Franklin Smith of Mattapoiset aforesaid, let it make no difference in the direction of your letter. Send it to the care of the publishers, as unscrupulously as if there were no such rumor afloat. For, entirely apart from the fact that there is no Franklin Smith, and therefore the rumor must be false, — assuming, indeed, that the report is true, — what do you imagine to be the reason that Franklin Smith wrote under another name? Was it because he was dissatisfied with his own, and wished it changed? Not at all; for then he would have gone to his State Legislature and had it permanently and entirely changed. Was it because his own was not long enough, and so he added a little? No; for then he would have put on the title-page "By F. S. J. T. Trowbridge." It must be supposed to be simply and solely because he wishes to remain personally unknown; because he wishes his existence as man, citizen, son, brother, lover, husband, father, to be entirely distinct from the author. To that name say and do everything which the publication of the book gives you a right to do and say, but behind that name suffer Mr. Franklin Smith to repose in an obscurity as profound as the night. J. T. Trowbridge is public property. Franklin Smith belongs to himself. As he

would never think of going, without a lawful errand, unbidden and unknown, into your house, go you never thus into his. As he never would pry into your secrets, pry you never into his. As he would never wantonly publish your name in a newspaper, do not you ever publish his. When you send him a letter assuming him to be the author of "The Four Spies," you break in upon his privacy. If he should grant your request, and answer your letter, he would by the act confess himself the author, which is the very fact he wishes to conceal. He is forced in self-defence to remain silent; and so not only do your kind words go unacknowledged, but your very kindness he resents as an impertinence. The vexation he feels at your attempt to wrest his secret from him overpowers his gratitude for the use to which you design to put the secret. His sense of outrage is stronger than his sense of sympathy.

Now, then, to recapitulate :

When you have anything to say to the Editors of "Our Young Folks," send your letter to them, care of the publishers, according to the statute for such case made and provided. If you desire a reply, enclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

When you desire to communicate with an author whose name or address you do not or ought not to know, send your letter, stamped, ready for mailing, in an envelope, to the publishers of his book. If you desire a reply, enclose in the inner envelope an envelope stamped and directed to yourself.

All which is respectfully submitted, and all which, if you carefully read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,

I am your very obedient, humble servant,

*Gail Hamilton.*







### BIRDIE'S DAY WITH THE ROSE-FAIRIES.

ONE morning in June, little Birdie sat on the grass outside of his mother's door. It was very early; great Mr. Sun had not long been out of bed, and the birds and flowers were not yet quite awake. But little Birdie was so busy all day long, trotting about the garden, and looking at all the wonders it held, that he was always ready for *his* nest long before the birds and flowers had thought of *theirs*; and so it came to pass, that, when Mr. Sun raised up his great head, and smiled his "Good morning" to the earth, our little friend was the first to see him, and to smile back at him, all the while rubbing his eyes open with his dimpled fists, until, between smiling and rubbing, he was wide awake.

And what did Birdie do then? Why, the little rogue rolled into his mamma's bed, and kissed her shut eyelids, and her cheeks and mouth, until she began to dream it was raining kisses, and had to wake up to see what it all meant. She loved her little boy, and when he begged her, "Please to dress little Birdie, and let him go out to play," she did as he asked; and it was not long before he went down stairs in his cool linen dress, with his face shining from its fresh bath, and ran out on the gravel-walk to play.

He stood still a minute, to look around him, and consider what would be the best thing to amuse himself with; but soon he clapped his hands, and, with a cry of joy, ran up to the rose-bushes that grew around the house, for they were covered with beautiful buds, deep red, and pure white, and pink, set thick among the green leaves, all shining with dew. It was no wonder

that Birdie stood there with his blue eyes dancing with delight, and his hands clasped tightly together; for rose-buds are *so* beautiful! He looked at them for a long time without speaking; but at last he began to think they must be asleep, because the leaves were folded one over another, as eyelids are folded over sleeping eyes; and Birdie was so glad to be awake that pleasant morning, that he wanted the roses to share his joy. So he took hold of a long spray, covered with buds, that was bending over him, and, giving it a little shake, said, "Pretty flowers, open your eyes, — it is time to get up"; but only the dew rolled off in a shower, and the buds seemed still asleep. Then Birdie remembered how he had wakened his mamma with kisses, and, drawing up his red lips until they looked like a rose-bud too, he chose a lovely pink bud, that seemed half inclined to open its eyes, and kissed it very gently two or three times.

And what do you think happened then? Something very wonderful, as you shall hear. As Birdie let go of the branch, it flew back to its place, the rose-bud that had been kissed opened wide its leaves, and there, in the midst of it, stood the prettiest little fairy you ever saw! It was no longer than your little finger; but it was dressed in a beautiful pink dress, with a wreath of tiny, tiny pink roses on its head; and there it stood, bowing and nodding and smiling at Birdie, as much as to say, "Thank you, sweet child, for your gentle kisses!"

Birdie could scarcely believe his eyes; but guess his surprise, when, on looking at the rest of the rose-buds, he saw that each one was opening, and that in each stood a fairy, some dressed in deep red, and some in pure white, with wreaths on their hair to match. Was not this a wonderful sight for a little boy to see? Birdie thought it was, and he drew back, half frightened, until he stumbled on the edge of the grass-plot, and sat plump down in the soft, thick grass. There he sat, with his hands in his lap, and his blue eyes opened *very* wide, watching the dainty rose-fairies, as they danced up and down on the bending sprays of the bushes, looking so light and airy that it seemed every moment as if they would float away.

Birdie never once thought of breakfast, until he heard his mamma calling him, and saw her coming down the path to look for him; and then he held up his finger, and said, very low, "Hush, mamma! don't come here, you will frighten them away." But his mamma did not hear him; and as she came on he ran to her, with his eyes full of tears, and sobbed out, "O, they are all gone, all gone! They are afraid of big people. O dear!" And two or three great tears slipped out of his eyes, and went rolling over his round cheeks; but his mamma felt sorry for his trouble, and kissed his tears away, as she carried him in her kind arms to the house.

When Birdie had eaten a nice bowlful of bread and milk, he felt happier; and then his mamma said, "What was it my pet saw in the roses to please him so much?" Birdie told about the fairies as well as he could, and how they all flew away when they saw her coming. "And I'm afraid they will never come back," said he with a sigh, the tears very nearly running over again. But his mamma told him she knew fairies were afraid of "big peo-

ple," but she was almost sure they would not go away from her garden, where there were so many roses to sleep in at night, and such a dear little boy to play with them. "Perhaps, Birdie," said she, "your fairies have changed themselves into the shape of moths and butterflies, so that they can fly about from flower to flower, without being seen by grown persons or rude boys. Run out in the garden, and see if you can't find them." Birdie was pleased with this thought, and kissed his dear mamma good by, as she tied on his broad straw hat, and then ran joyfully into the garden to look for his fairy friends.

And do you think he found them? I think so, for I know when he came to the rose-bushes he found them full of moths, pure white and pink, and, besides that, beautiful butterflies, with bright-spotted wings; and they all seemed happy, and fluttered about, and danced in and out among the roses, very much as the fairies had done; so Birdie was sure his mamma was right, and I think she was too.

The little boy spent a happy day, watching the pretty little things as they rested on the flowers, or running after them as they floated in the air; but he did not try to catch them, for he would not have hurt them for the world. They seemed to know that he was gentle and loving, for they came close to him sometimes, and one little moth even lit on his cheek for a second, thinking it must be a rose, it was so red; indeed, they stayed in the garden all day, playing with Birdie, and leading him such a merry chase, that at last he was tired out, and fell fast asleep on the grass, and his mamma carried him to his little bed. And so ended Birdie's day with the Rose-Fairies.

*M. T. Canby.*



## OUR DOGS.

### IV.

**A**FTER Prince Giglio deserted us and proved so faithless, we were for a while determined not to have another pet. They were all good for nothing, — all alike ungrateful; we forswore the whole race of dogs. But the next winter we went to live in the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy, and there, in spite of all our protestations, our hearts were again ensnared.

You must know that in the neighborhood of Florence is a celebrated villa, owned by a Russian nobleman, Prince Demidoff, and that among other fine things that are to be found there are a very nice breed of King Charles spaniels, which are called Demidoffs, after the place. One of these, a pretty little creature, was presented to us by a kind lady, and our resolution against having any more pets all melted away in view of the soft, beseeching eyes, the fine silky ears, the glossy, wavy hair, and bright chestnut paws of the new favorite. She was exactly such a pretty creature as one sees painted in



some of the splendid old Italian pictures, and which Mr. Ruskin describes as belonging to the race of "fringy paws." The little creature was warmly received among us; an ottoman was set apart for her to lie on; and a bright bow of green, red, and white ribbon, the Italian colors, was prepared for her neck; and she was christened Florence, after her native city.



Florence was a perfect little fine lady, and a perfect Italian, — sensitive, intelligent, nervous, passionate, and constant in her attachments, but with a hundred little whims and fancies that required petting and tending hourly. She was perfectly miserable if she was not allowed to attend us in our daily drives, yet in the carriage she was so excitable and restless, so interested to take part in everything she saw and heard in the street, that it was all we could do to hold her in and make her behave herself decently. She was nothing but a little bundle of nerves, apparently all the while in a tremble of excitement about one thing or another; she was so disconsolate if left at home, that she went everywhere with us. She visited the picture-galleries, the museums, and all the approved sights of Florence, and improved her mind as much as many other young ladies who do the same.

Then we removed from Florence to Rome, and poor Flo was direfully seasick on board the steamboat, in company with all her young mistresses, but recovered herself at Civita Vecchia, and entered Rome in high feather. There she settled herself complacently in our new lodgings, which were far more spacious and elegant than those we had left in Florence, and began to claim her little rights in all the sight-seeing of the Eternal City.

She went with us to palaces and to ruins, scrambling up and down, hither

and thither, with the utmost show of interest. She went up all the stairs to the top of the Capitol, except the very highest and last, where she put on airs, whimpered, and professed such little frights, that her mistress was forced to carry her; but once on top, she barked from right to left, — now at the snowy top of old Soracte, now at the great, wide, desolate plains of the Campagna, and now at the old ruins of the Roman Forum down under our feet. Upon all she had her own opinion, and was not backward to express herself. At other times she used to ride with us to a beautiful country villa outside of the walls of Rome, called the Pamfili Doria. How beautiful and lovely this place was I can scarcely tell my little friends. There were long alleys and walks of the most beautiful trees; there were winding paths leading to all manner of beautiful grottos, and charming fountains, and the wide lawns used to be covered with the most lovely flowers. There were anemones that looked like little tulips, growing about an inch and a half high, and of all colors, — blue, purple, lilac, pink, crimson, and white, — and there were great beds of fragrant blue and white violets. As to the charming grace and beauty of the fountains that were to be found here and there all through the grounds, I could not describe them to you. They were made of marble, carved in all sorts of fanciful devices, and grown over with green mosses and maidenhair, something like this.



What spirits little Miss Flo had, when once set down in these enchanting fields! While all her mistresses were gathering lapfuls of many-colored anemones, violets, and all sorts of beautiful things, Flo would snuff the air, and run and race hither and thither, with her silky ears flying and her whole little body quivering with excitement. Now she would race round the grand



basin of a fountain, and bark with all her might at the great white swans that were swelling and ruffling their silver-white plumage, and took her noisy attentions with all possible composure. Then she would run off down some long side-alley after a knot of French soldiers, whose gay red legs and blue coats seemed to please her mightily; and many a fine chase she gave her mistresses, who were obliged to run up and down, here, there, and everywhere, to find her when they wanted to go home again.

One time my lady's friskiness brought her into quite a serious trouble, as you shall hear. We were all going to St. Peter's Church, and just as we came to the bridge of St. Angelo, that crosses the Tiber, we met quite a concourse of carriages. Up jumped my lady Florence, all alive and busy, — she always reckoned everything that was going on a part of her business, — and gave such a spring that over she went, sheer out of the carriage, into the mixed medley of carriages, horses, and people below. We were all frightened enough, but not half so frightened as she was, as she ran blindly down a street, followed by a perfect train of ragged little black-eyed, black-haired boys, all shouting and screaming after her. As soon as he could, our courier got down and ran after her, but he might as well have chased a streak of summer lightning. She was down the street, round the corner, and lost to view, with all the ragamuffin tribe, men, boys, and women, after her; and so we thought we had lost her, and came home to our lodgings very desolate in heart, when lo! our old porter told us that a little dog that looked like ours had come begging and whining at our street-door, but before he could open it the poor little wanderer had been chased away again and gone down the street. After a while some very polite French soldiers picked her up in the Piazza di Spagna, — a great public square near our dwelling, to get into which we were obliged to go down some one or two hundred steps. We could fancy our poor Flo, frightened and panting, flying like a meteor down these steps, till she was brought up by the arms of a soldier below.

Glad enough were we when the polite soldier brought her back to our doors; — and one must say one good thing for French soldiers all the world over, that they are the pleasantest-tempered and politest people possible, so very tender-hearted towards all sorts of little defenceless pets, so that our poor runaway could not have fallen into better hands.

After this, we were careful to hold her more firmly when she had her little nervous starts and struggles in riding about Rome.

One day we had been riding outside of the walls of the city, and just as we were returning home we saw coming towards us quite a number of splendid carriages with prancing black horses. It was the Pope and several of his cardinals coming out for an afternoon airing. The carriages stopped, and the Pope and cardinals all got out to take a little exercise on foot, and immediately all carriages that were in the way drew to one side, and those of the people in them who were Roman Catholics got out and knelt down to wait for the Pope's blessing as he went by. As for us, we were contented to wait sitting in the carriage.



On came the Pope, looking like a fat, mild, kind-hearted old gentleman, smiling and blessing the people as he went on, and the cardinals scuffing along in the dust behind him. He walked very near to our carriage, and Miss Florence, notwithstanding all our attempts to keep her decent, would give a smart little bow-wow right in his face just as he was passing. He smiled benignly, and put out his hand in sign of blessing toward our carriage, and Florence doubtless got what she had been asking for.

From Rome we travelled to Naples, and Miss Flo went with us through our various adventures there, — up Mount Vesuvius, where she half choked herself with sulphurous smoke. There is a place near Naples called the Solfatara, which is thought to be the crater of an extinct volcano, where there is a cave that hisses, and roars, and puffs out scalding steam like a perpetual locomotive, and all the ground around shakes and quivers as if it were only a crust over some terrible abyss. The pools of water are all white with sulphur; the ground is made of sulphur and arsenic and all such sort of uncanny matters; and we were in a fine fright lest Miss Florence, being in one of her wildest and most indiscreet moods, should tumble into some burning hole, or strangle herself with sulphur; and in fact she rolled over and over in a sulphur puddle, and then, scampering off, rolled in ashes by way of cleaning herself. We could not, however, leave her at home during any of our excursions, and so had to make the best of these imprudences.

When at last the time came for us to leave Italy, we were warned that Florence would not be allowed to travel in the railroad cars in the French territories. All dogs, of all sizes and kinds, whose owners wish to have travel with them, are shut up in a sort of closet by themselves, called the dog-car; and we thought our nervous, excitable little pet would be frightened into fits, to be separated from all her friends, and made to travel with all sorts of strange dogs. So we determined to smuggle her along in a basket. At Turin we bought a little black basket, just big enough to contain her, and into it we made her go, — very sorely against her will, as we could not explain to her the reason why. Very guilty indeed we felt, with this travelling conveyance hung on one arm, sitting in the waiting-room, and dreading every minute lest somebody should see the great bright eyes peeping through the holes of the basket, or hear the subdued little whines and howls which every now and then came from its depths.

Florence had been a petted lady, used to having her own way, and a great deal of it; and this being put up in a little black basket, where she could neither make her remarks on the scenery, nor join in the conversation of her young mistresses, seemed to her a piece of caprice without rhyme or reason. So every once in a while she would express her mind on the subject by a sudden dismal little whine; and what was specially trying, she would take the occasion to do this when the cars stopped and all was quiet, so that everybody could hear her. Where's that dog? — somebody's got a dog in here, — was the inquiry very plain to be seen in the suspicious looks which the guard cast upon us as he put his head into our compartment, and gazed about inquiringly. Finally, to our great terror, a railway director, a tall, gen-

tlemanly man, took his seat in our very compartment, where Miss Florence's basket garnished the pocket above our heads, and she was in one of her most querulous moods. At every stopping-place she gave her little sniffs and howls, and rattled her basket so as to draw all eyes. We all tried to look innocent and unconscious, but the polite railroad director very easily perceived what was the matter. He looked from one anxious, half-laughing face to the others, with a kindly twinkle in his eye, but said nothing. All the guards and *employés* bowed down to him, and came cap in hand at every stopping-place to take his orders. What a relief it was to hear him say, in a low voice, to them: "These young ladies have a little dog which they are carrying. Take no notice of it, and do not disturb them!" Of course, after that, though Florence barked and howled and rattled her basket, and sometimes showed her great eyes, like two coal-black diamonds, through its lattice-work, nobody saw and nobody heard, and we came unmolested with her to Paris.

After a while she grew accustomed to her little travelling carriage, and resigned herself quietly to go to sleep in it; and so we got her from Paris to Kent, where we stopped a few days to visit some friends in a lovely country place called Swaylands.

Here we had presented to us another pet, that was ever after the chosen companion and fast friend of Florence. He was a little Skye terrier, of the color of a Maltese cat, covered all over with fine, long silky hair, which hung down so evenly, that it was difficult at the first glance to say which was his head and which his tail. But at the head end there gleamed out a pair of great, soft, speaking eyes, that formed the only beauty of the creature; and very beautiful they were, in their soft, beseeching loveliness.





Poor Rag had the tenderest heart that ever was hid in a bundle of hair ; he was fidelity and devotion itself, and used to lie at our feet in the railroad carriages as still as a gray sheep-skin, only too happy to be there on any terms. It would be too long to tell our travelling adventures in England ; suffice it to say, that at last we went on board the *Africa* to come home, with our two pets, which had to be handed over to the butcher, and slept on quarters of mutton and sides of beef, till they smelt of tallow and grew fat in a most vulgar way.

At last both of them were safely installed in the brown stone cottage in Andover, and Rag was presented to a young lady to whom he had been sent as a gift from England, and to whom he attached himself with the most faithful devotion.

Both dogs insisted on having their part of the daily walks and drives of their young mistresses ; and, when they observed them putting on their hats, would run, and bark, and leap, and make as much noise as a family of children clamoring for a ride.

After a few months, Florence had three or four little puppies. Very puny little things they were ; and a fierce, nervous little mother she made. Her eyes looked blue as burnished steel, and if anybody only set foot in the room where her basket was, her hair would bristle, and she would bark so fiercely as to be quite alarming. For all that, her little ones proved quite a failure, for they were all stone-blind. In vain we waited and hoped and watched for nine days, and long after ; the eyes were glazed and dim, and one by one they died. The last two seemed to promise to survive, and were familiarly known in the family circle by the names of Milton and Beethoven.

But the fatigues of nursing exhausted the delicate constitution of poor Florence, and she lay all one day in spasms. It became evident that a tranquil passage must be secured for Milton and Beethoven to the land of shades, or their little mother would go there herself ; and accordingly they vanished from this life.

As to poor Flo, the young medical student in the family took her into a water-cure course of treatment, wrapping her in a wet napkin first, and then in his scarlet flannel dressing-gown, and keeping a cloth wet with iced water round her head. She looked out of her wrappings, patient and pitiful, like a very small old African female, in a very serious state of mind. To the glory of the water-cure, however, this course in one day so cured her, that she was frisking about the next, happy as if nothing had happened.

She had, however, a slight attack of the spasms, which caused her to run frantically and cry to have the hall-door opened ; and when it was opened, she scampered up in all haste into the chamber of her medical friend, and, not finding him there, jumped upon his bed, and began with her teeth and paws to get around her the scarlet dressing-gown in which she had found relief before. So she was again packed in wet napkins, and after that never had another attack.

After this, Florence was begged from us by a lady who fell in love with her beautiful eyes, and she went to reside in a most lovely cottage in H—,



where she received the devoted attentions of a whole family. The family physician, however, fell violently in love with her, and, by dint of caring for her in certain little ailments, awakened such a sentiment in return, that at last she was given to him, and used to ride about in state with him in his carriage, visiting his patients, and giving her opinion on their symptoms.

At last her health grew delicate, and her appetite failed. In vain chicken, and chops, and all the delicacies that could tempt the most fastidious, were offered to her, cooked expressly for her table; the end of all things fair must come, and poor Florence breathed her last, and was put into a little rose-wood casket, lined with white, and studded with silver nails, and so buried under a fine group of chestnuts in the grounds of her former friends. A marble tablet was to be affixed to one of these, commemorating her charms; but, like other spoiled beauties, her memory soon faded, and the tablet has been forgotten.

The mistress of Rag, who is devoted to his memory, insists that not enough space has been given in this memoir to his virtues. But the virtues of honest Rag were of that kind which can be told in a few sentences,—a warm, loving heart, a boundless desire to be loved, and a devotion that made him regard with superstitious veneration all the movements of his mistress. The only shrewd trick he possessed was a habit of drawing on her sympathy by feigning a lame leg whenever she scolded or corrected him. In his English days he had had an injury from the kick of a horse, which, however, had long since been healed; but he remembered the petting he got for this infirmity, and so recalled it whenever he found that his mistress's stock of affection was running low. A blow or a harsh word would cause him to limp in an alarming manner; but a few caresses would set matters all straight again.

Rag had been a frantic ratter, and often roused the whole family by his savage yells after rats that he heard gambolling quite out of his reach behind the partitions in the china closet. He would crouch his head on his fore paws, and lie watching at rat-holes, in hopes of intercepting some transient loafer; and one day he actually broke the back and bones of a gray old thief whom he caught marauding in the china closet.

Proud and happy was he of this feat; but, poor fellow! he had to repose on the laurels thus gained, for his teeth were old and poor, and more than one old rebel slipped away from him, leaving him screaming with disappointed ambition.

At last poor Rag became aged and toothless, and a shake which he one day received from a big dog, which took him for a bundle of wick-yarn, hastened the breaking up of his constitution. He was attacked with acute rheumatism, and, notwithstanding the most assiduous cares of his mistress, died at last in her arms.

Funeral honors were decreed him; white chrysanthemums and myrtle leaves decked his bier. And so Rag was gathered to the dogs which had gone before him.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER VII.

## IN A TRAP.

A KIND word, a look, a smile, a warm grasp of the hand by a friend in time of trouble,—how they remain in memory! Sometimes they are like ropes thrown to drowning men. The meeting between Paul and Azalia upon the bridge was a turning point in his life. He felt, when he saw her approaching, that, if she passed him by, looking upon him as a vile outcast from society, he might as well give up a contest where everything was against him. He loved truth and honor for their own sake. He remembered the words of his grandfather, that truth and honor are better than anything else in the world. Many a night he had heard the winds repeating those words as they whistled through the cracks and crevices of his chamber, rattling the shingles upon the roof, saying over and over and over again, Truth and honor, truth and honor. He had tried to be true, honest, and manly, not only to make himself better, but to help everybody else who had a hard time in life; but if Rev. Mr. Surplice, Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and all the good folks, looked upon him as a thief, what was the use of trying to rise? There was one who was still his friend. Her sweet, sad smile followed him. He saw it all the time, by day and by night, while awake and while asleep. He felt the warm, soft touch of her hand, and heard her words. He remembered that God was always on the side of truth, and so he resolved to go right on as if nothing had happened, and live down the accusation.

But he could n't go on. "After what has happened, it is expedient that you should leave the choir till your innocence is established," said Deacon Hardhack, who was chairman of the singing committee,—a good, well-meaning man, who was very zealous for maintaining what he considered to be the faith once delivered to the saints. He carried on an iron foundery, and people sometimes called him a cast-iron man. He believed that it was the duty of everybody to do exactly right; if they did wrong, or if they were suspected of doing wrong, they must take the consequences. Miss Dobb told him that Paul ought to be pitched out of the choir. "I think so too, Miss Dobb," said the Deacon, and it was done.

It required a great bracing of Paul's nerves, on Sunday morning, to go to church, and take a seat in the pew down stairs, with every eye upon him; but he did it manfully.

The bell ceased its tolling. It was time for services to commence, but there was no choir. The singers' seats were empty. Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and all, were down stairs. Mr. Surplice waited awhile, then read the hymn; but there was a dead silence,—no turning of leaves, no blending of sweet voices, no soul-thrilling strains, such as had reformed Farmer Harrow, and given rest to his horses one day in seven. People looked at the singers'

seats, then at Paul, then at each other. The silence became awkward. Deacon Hardhack was much exercised in mind. He had been very zealous in committee meeting for having Paul sent down stairs, but he had not looked forward to see what effect it would have upon the choir. Mr. Cannel, who owned a coal mine, sat in front of Paul. He was not on good terms with Deacon Hardhack, for they had had a falling out on business matters, and so whatever the Deacon attempted to do in society affairs was opposed by Mr. Cannel. They were both members of the singing committee, and had a stormy time on Saturday evening. Mr. Cannel did what he could to keep Paul in the choir, but the Deacon had carried the day.

"I'll triumph yet," was the thought which flashed through Mr. Cannel's mind, when he saw how matters stood. He turned and nodded to Paul to strike up a tune, but Paul took no notice of him. Mr. Cannel half rose from his seat, and whispered hoarsely, "Strike up a tune, Paul." All the congregation saw him. Paul made no movement, but sat perfectly still, not even looking towards Mr. Cannel. Deacon Hardhack saw what Mr. Cannel was up to, and resolved to head him off. He rose from his seat, and said aloud, "Brother Quaver, will you pitch a tune?"

Again, as in other days, Mr. Quaver rubbed his great red nose, as trumpeters in a band wipe their instruments before giving a blast. Then, after a loud Ahem! which made the church ring, he began to sing. It was so strange a sound, so queer, so unlike the sweet music which had charmed the congregation through the summer, that there was smiling all over the church. His voice trembled and rattled, and sounded so funny that a little boy laughed aloud, which disconcerted him, and he came near breaking down. Miss Gamut sat in one corner of the church, many pews from Mr. Quaver. She attempted to join, but was so far away that she felt, as she afterwards remarked, like a cat in a strange garret. Paul did not sing. He thought that, if it was an offence for him to sing in the choir, it would be equally offensive to sing in the congregation. Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and all the members of the choir, who were sitting in the pews with their parents, were silent. They had talked the matter over before church.

"Paul is innocent; he has only been accused. It is n't right to condemn him, or turn from him, till we know he is not worthy of our confidence. I met him on the bridge last night, and he looked as if he had n't a friend in the world. I shall stand by him," said Azalia.

"Deacon Hardhack and Miss Dobb mean to break down the choir. It is a conspiracy," said Hans, who felt that Paul's case was his own.

Daphne began to look at the matter in a new light, and felt ashamed of herself for having passed by Paul without noticing him.

After service there was a great deal of pretty loud talking.

"If that is the kind of singing you are going to have, I'll stay at home," said Farmer Harrow.

"It would be a desecration of the sanctuary, and we should be the aiders and abettors of sin and iniquity, if we allowed a fellow who has been accused of stealing to lead the singing," said Deacon Hardhack to Mr. Cannel.



"Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," was Mr. Cannel's reply, and he felt that he had given the Deacon a good hit.

"Paul has n't had his deserts by a long chalk," said Miss Dobb.

"He has been treated shamefully," said Azalia, indignantly.

All took sides, some for Paul, and some against him. Old things, which had no connection with the matter, were raked up. Mr. Cannel twitted Deacon Hardhack of cheating him, while on the other hand the Deacon accused Mr. Cannel of giving false weight in selling coal. The peace and harmony of the church and society were disturbed.

Mr. Quaver felt very sore over that laugh which the little boy had started. He knew his voice was cracked, and his singing days were over. "I am not going to make a fool of myself, to be laughed at," he said, and made up his mind that he would n't sing another note to please the Deacon or anybody else.

In the afternoon Mr. Quaver's seat was empty. Mr. Surplice read a hymn and waited for some one to begin. Mr. Cannel once more nodded to Paul, but Paul took no notice of it, and so there was no singing. A very dull service it was. After the benediction, Mr. Cannel, Colonel Dare, and Judge Adams said to Paul, "We hope you will lead the singing next Sunday."

"Gentlemen, I have been requested by the chairman of the committee to leave the choir. When *he* invites me to return I will take the matter into consideration; till then I shall take no part in the singing,"—he replied, calmly and decidedly.

Through the week Paul went on with his business, working and studying, bringing all his will and energy into action; for he resolved that he would not let what had taken place break him down.

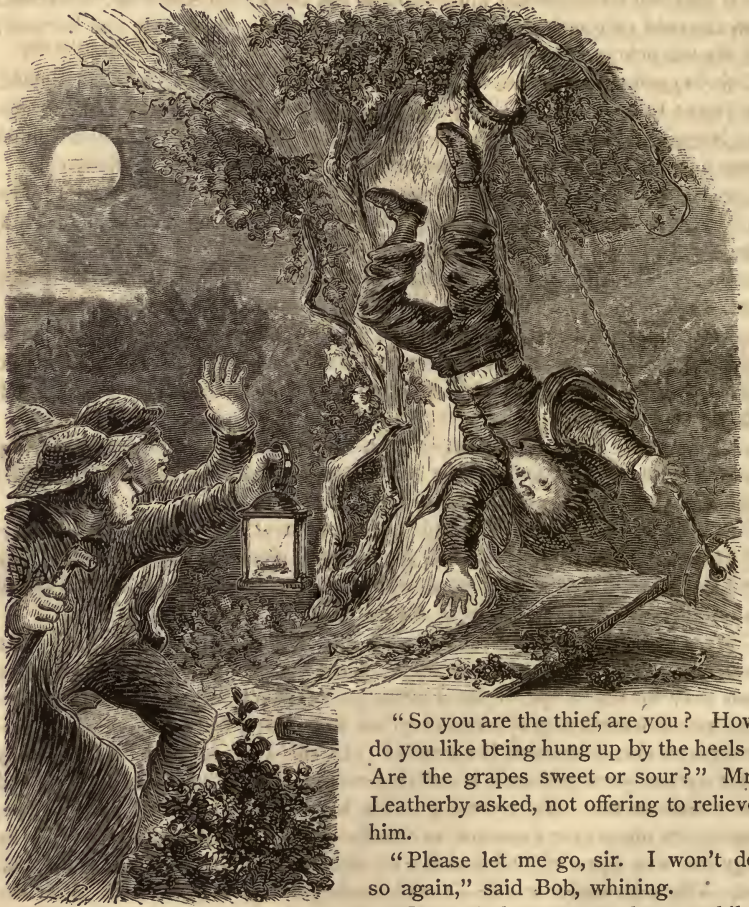
Mr. Noggin believed him guilty. "He will steal your grapes, Mr. Leatherby, if you don't look out," he said to the shoemaker, who had a luxuriant vine in his garden, which was so full of ripe clusters that people's mouths watered when they saw them purpling in the October sun.

Mr. Leatherby concluded to keep his eyes open,—also to set a trap. He waited till evening, that no one might see what he was about. His garden was a warm, sunny spot, upon a hillside. A large butternut-tree, with wide-spreading branches, gave support to the vine. Mr. Leatherby filled a hogshead with stones, headed it up, rolled it to the spot, and tilted it so nicely that a slight jar would send it rolling down the hill. Then fastening one end of a rope to the bung, he threw the other end over a branch of the tree, brought it down to the ground, and made a noose. Then, taking a board, he put one end upon the hogshead and rested the other end on the ground, where he had placed the noose. He expected that whoever came after the grapes would walk up the board to reach the great clusters which hung overhead, that the hogshead would begin to roll, the board would drop, the noose draw, and the thief would find himself dangling by the heels. It was admirably contrived. About midnight Mr. Leatherby heard the board drop. "I've got him!" he shouted, springing out of bed, alarming Mrs. Leatherby, who thought he was crazy. He had not told her of the trap.

"Got whom? Got what?" she exclaimed, wondering what he meant.

"Paul Parker, who has come to steal the grapes," he said, as he put on his clothes.

He went out, and found that it was not Paul, but Bob Swift, who was dangling, head downwards. The noose had caught him by one leg. A very laughable appearance he made, as he kicked and swung his arms, and swayed to and fro, vainly struggling to get away.



"So you are the thief, are you? How do you like being hung up by the heels? Are the grapes sweet or sour?" Mr. Leatherby asked, not offering to relieve him.

"Please let me go, sir. I won't do so again," said Bob, whining.

"It won't hurt you to hang awhile, I reckon," Mr. Leatherby replied, going into the house and telling Mrs. Leatherby what had happened, then calling up Mr. Shelbarke, who lived near by, and also Mr. Noggin.

"I reckon that this is n't your first trick, Bob," said Mr. Leatherby, when he returned with his neighbors. He liked Paul, and had been loath to believe that he was guilty of stealing. "It is you who have been playing tricks all along. Come now, own up," he added.



"It ain't me, it is Philip, — he told me to come," said Bob, who was thoroughly cowed by the appearance of Mr. Noggin and the others, and who feared that he would be harshly dealt with.

"O ho! Philip Funk is at the bottom, is he?" Mr. Leatherby exclaimed, remembering how Philip suggested that it was Paul who had stuffed his chimney with old paper.

"If you will let me down, I will tell you all," said Bob, groaning with pain from the cord cutting into his ankle.

"We will hear your confession before we let you down," said Mr. Leatherby.

Bob begged, and whined, but to no purpose, till he told them all about the Night-Hawks, — that Philip set them on, and that Paul did not take Mr. Noggin's honey, nor smoke out Mr. Leatherby. It was Philip who sheared Miss Dobb's puppy, who took Mr. Shelbarke's watermelons, and robbed Deacon Hardhack's hen-roost. When Bob had told all, they let him go. He went off limping, but very glad that he was free.

In the morning Mr. Leatherby and Mr. Noggin reported what had happened; but Philip put on a bold face, and said that Bob was a liar, and that there was n't a word of truth in what he had said. The fact that he was caught stealing Mr. Leatherby's grapes showed that he was a fellow not to be believed; for if he was mean enough to steal, he would not hesitate to lie.

Deacon Hardhack called upon Paul. "I have been requested by the committee to call and see you. They wish you to take charge of the singing again," he said, with some confusion of manner; and added, "Perhaps we were hasty in the matter when we asked you to sit down stairs, but we are willing to let bygones be bygones."

"Am I to understand that there is no suspicion against me?" Paul asked.

"Yes — sir — I suppose so," said the Deacon, slowly and hesitatingly.

"Then you may say to the committee that I will do what I can to make the singing acceptable as a part of the service," Paul replied.

There was a hearty shaking of hands with Paul, by all the choir, at the rehearsal on Saturday night. They were glad to meet him once more, and when they looked upon his frank, open countenance, those who for a moment had distrusted him felt that they had done him a great wrong. And on Sunday morning how sweet the music! It thrilled the hearts of the people, and they too were ashamed when they reflected that they had condemned Paul without cause. They were glad he was in his place once more. Mr. Surplice in his prayer gave thanks that the peace and harmony of the congregation was restored, and that the wicked one had not been permitted to rule. When he said that, Mr. Cannel wondered if he had reference to Deacon Hardhack. Everybody rejoiced that the matter was settled, — even Miss Dobb, who did not care to have all the old things brought up.

When the service was over, when Paul sat once more by his mother's side in their humble home, before the old fireplace, when he listened to her words, reminding him of all God's goodness, — how He had carried him through the trial, — Paul could not keep back his tears, and he resolved that he would always put his trust in God.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## KEEPING SCHOOL.

THE teacher of the New Hope school, engaged for the winter, proved to be a poor stick. He allowed the scholars to throw spit-balls, snap apple-seeds, eat molasses candy, pull each other's hair, and have fine frolics. Paul wished very much to attend school, to study Latin, and fit himself for College; but when he saw how forceless a fellow Mr. Supple was, he concluded that it would be lost time to attend such a school. He knew that knowledge is power, and he longed to obtain a thorough education. Sometimes, when he thought how much Judge Adams knew, and when he read books written by learned men, he felt that he knew next to nothing. But when he felt like giving up the contest with adverse circumstances, a walk in the fresh, cool, bracing air, or a night's sleep, revived his flagging spirit. The thought often came, "What would Daphne or Azalia say if they knew how chicken-hearted I am?" So his pride gave him strength. Though he did not attend school, he made rapid progress studying at home.

Matters came to a crisis in the school, for one day the big boys—Bob Swift among others—carried Mr. Supple out of the school-house, dug a hole in a snow-drift, and stuck him into it with his head down and his heels up. Then they took possession of the school-house and played tag over the benches for the rest of the day. Mr. Supple did not attempt to enter the school-house again, but picked up his hat, went to his boarding-house, packed his trunk, and left town.

After a week's vacation, Mr. Cannel, who was the school-agent, obtained another teacher,—a thin, pale-faced, quick-tempered young man,—Mr. Thrasher. "I'll bring them to their trumps," he said, when engaged.

"I intend to have order in this school. I shall lick the first boy who throws a spit-ball, or who does anything contrary to the rules of the school," said Mr. Thrasher, flourishing a raw hide, on the first morning. He read a long list of rules, numbered from one up to eighteen. Before he finished his rules, a little boy laughed, and caught a whipping. Before noon half a dozen were hauled up. There was a council of war at noon among the big boys, who, having had their own way, were determined to keep it. They agreed to give Mr. Thrasher a pitched battle. They had it in the afternoon; a half-dozen pounced upon the master at once, and after a short struggle put him out doors. They gave a grand hurrah, and pelted him with snow-balls, and drove him up the street.

There was great commotion in the town. Those who loved law and order were alarmed for the welfare of their children.

"We must have a master who can rule them, or they will grow up to be lawless citizens," said Judge Adams.

Mr. Cannel could find no one who was willing to teach the school.

"I don't see why anybody who is competent to teach should be afraid to undertake the task," said Paul to Mr. Chrome, one day, as they talked the matter over.

Mr. Chrome met Mr. Cannel that evening on the street. "If there is anybody who is competent to keep the school, it is Paul Parker," said Mr. Chrome, who had exalted ideas of Paul's ability to overcome difficulties.

"I believe you," Mr. Cannel replied, and started at once to see Paul.

"I will think of it, and let you know in the morning whether I will teach or not," was Paul's reply, after hearing what Mr. Cannel had to say.

He talked the matter over with his mother.

"It is a great undertaking, Paul, I cannot advise you," she said.

When he offered his evening prayer, he asked that God would direct him. He thought upon the subject during the night. Could he carry it through? The scholars all knew him, — had been to school with him, — were his old friends and playmates. Bob Swift was a ringleader; and outside, not in the school, was Philip, who would make all the trouble he could. There was Miss Dobb, who would like to have picked him to pieces. There were others who would rejoice to see him fail. But would it not be glorious to succeed, — to triumph over Miss Dobb? But that was an unworthy motive, and he put the thought out of his mind. He resolved to undertake the task, and try to do good, — to guide and mould the minds of the scholars, — those who were to be men and women, who were to act an important part in life, and who were to live not only here, but in another world, — who, he hoped, would be companions of the angels. Would it not be worth while to aid in overcoming evil, in establishing law and order, — to inculcate a love of virtue, truth, and honor?

It would require nerve, energy, patience, and wisdom. "I'll try it," he said to himself, after looking at all sides.

When it was known that Paul was going to try his hand at school-keeping the big boys chuckled. "We'll sweeten him," said Bob, rubbing his hands, and anticipating the glorious fun they would have.

Conscious that he had a task before him which would try him severely, Paul yet went bravely to his work, locking the door as he entered the school-room, and putting the key in his pocket. The big boys looked at each other, somewhat amazed, each anxious to see what the others thought of it. He walked deliberately to his desk. "It is always best to begin an undertaking rightly," said Paul, standing erect and looking calmly round the room. "There is no better way than to ask our Heavenly Father to direct us, and so we will all repeat the Lord's Prayer," he said, and waited till the room was so still that the scholars could almost hear the beating of their hearts. The stillness filled them with awe. After prayer he addressed them, — not alluding to anything which had taken place, but simply saying that he had been employed to teach them, and should do what he could to make the school-room a pleasant place to all. He expected that they would obey whatever rules were necessary for the good of the school, but did not threaten them with punishment.

It was so unlike what they had expected that the big boys did not know what to make of it, or how to take it. Bob could not decide whether it was best to begin a war, or wait till something happened, and then have a grand battle. So the forenoon passed without any disturbance.

Philip saw Bob at noon. "You are a coward, Bob, or you would have pitched Paul heels over head out of the door. I would if I were there, and so would you if you had as much gumption as an old setting hen. I thought you were going to 'sweeten him,'" he said, with a sneer.

"So I am," said Bob, nettled at the taunt, and resolving to drive Paul out in the afternoon.

When Paul entered the school-room after dinner, he saw at a glance that there was mischief ahead. The whole school was on tiptoe. He locked the door, and again put the key in his pocket. Bob was standing in the middle of the floor with his hat on.

"Take off your hat, Master Swift, and go to your seat," said Paul.

"I sha'n't do it," said Bob, — who the next instant went spinning round the room, tumbling over a chair, falling upon the floor, finding himself picked up and thrown against a desk, then having his heels tripped up, and then set to whirling so fast that the room seemed all windows. He was cuffed backward and forward, to the right and the left, pitched headlong, and jerked back again so suddenly, that he lost his breath. He was like a little child in the hands of a giant. He was utterly powerless. One of the other boys sprang to help him, but was met by a blow between his eyes which knocked him to the floor. A second started, but when he saw what had happened he sat down. Bob's brain was in a whirl. His ears were tingling. He saw stars, and it seemed as if all his hair had been torn out by the roots. He heard Paul say, once more, calmly, as at first, "Take your seat, Master Swift." He hesitated a moment, but when, through the blinking stars, he saw how cool and decided Paul was, standing there as if nothing had happened, — when he saw the boy who had started to aid him sprawling on the floor, and the others who had promised to help put Paul out of doors sitting in their seats, — he knew that it was of no use to resist. He took his seat and sat all the afternoon wondering at Paul's strength. Paul was surprised to find himself so powerful and athletic; but then he remembered that he had right on his side, which always helps a man.

The victory was won. The school felt that he was their master. He had a pleasant smile. When they were tired of study he said, "I see that you are getting dull and need stirring up." Then he told them a story which set them all laughing, and so made them forget that they were tired and sleepy.

At night he had a talk with Bob all alone, telling him that he ought to be a good boy for his poor old mother's sake. That touched Bob in a tender place, for he loved his mother, and was a good-hearted fellow, but had allowed Philip to twist him round his little finger.

"For her sake, Bob, I want you to be good; I will help you all I can," said Paul. It was spoken so kindly and frankly that Bob knew Paul meant it. "Cut loose from those who advise you to do wrong, and tell them that you are going to do right," said Paul, as they parted for the night.

"I will," said Bob, who, as he thought it all over that night, and recalled the kind words, felt that Paul would be his best friend if he did right.

"I must get Azalia and Daphne to help me make a man of Bob," said Paul to himself, — "they can do what I can't."



He called upon Azalia. There was a bright fire on the hearth in the sitting-room, but the smile on her face, he thought, was more pleasant to see.

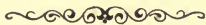
"I am glad you have conquered," she said.

"I don't know that I have done so, yet; when I can feel that they all love me, then I may begin to feel that it is a victory. I have had a talk with Bob. He is a good fellow, but under bad influences. I want you to help me. If we can make him respect himself, we shall make a man of him."

"I will do what I can," said Azalia.

When Paul went away she sat down by the window and watched him till he was out of sight. "How thoughtful he is for the welfare of others!" was the thought which passed through her mind. Then she gazed upon the red and purple clouds with gold and silver linings, and upon the clear sunset sky beyond, till the twilight faded away, and the stars came out in the heavens. Paul's words were ringing in her ears, — "I want you to help me." Yes, she would help him, for he was trying to make the world better.

*Carleton.*



## FARMING FOR BOYS.

### V.

NO law of our physical nature is more imperative than that we must exert ourselves, — we must have something to do. If it everywhere applies to men, it acts even more energetically upon boys. Activity, mental as well as bodily, is a necessity of boyhood. Nothing is more irksome for a lad than to be required to sit still for an hour, because that implies the doing of nothing. Yet give him hook and line, add a worm or a grasshopper, and anchor him within reach of a ditch with probably only a single fish in it, and he will wait hours in excited expectation of a nibble. It passes for fishing, and is therefore enough of action, for the time, to satisfy the desire for activity which gives life and animation to boyhood. This longing after action, innocent in its direction, is to be encouraged, not repressed. The rollicking fellow who runs, and leaps, and halloos, is as worthy of having his taste for amusement cultivated, as the quieter student whose life is in his books, or the more calculating youth whose mind begins thus early to run on the profits of trade. The general trait develops itself, differently in each, and in all it should be promoted and encouraged. If checked by violence, or deadened by neglect or want of opportunity for indulgence, discontent succeeds. An urgent necessity of the boyish nature thus remaining ungratified, relief is sought in distant scenes or objects which promise to afford it.

These boys on Spangler's farm were therefore all anxious to be doing something for themselves. It was not mere work they were coveting, as of that they had sufficient, but some little venture that they would prize as being

exclusively their own. Uncle Benny comprehended the case so fully, that he took the first opportunity to lay the matter before Mr. Spangler, and to urge upon him the necessity of giving the boys a chance. He said it would be a very small thing to let Tony keep a pig, while Joe could have a flock of pigeons, and Bill might have a brood of chickens. Spangler could n't see the necessity for it, did n't know what the boys wanted with all these, said that every one of them would eat corn, and inquired where that was to come from; besides, where were they to get pigs, and pigeons, and chickens to begin with? The idea of cheering them on by a little aid did not enter his mind. He had never yet put himself out of the way to gratify his boys.

As to the corn which the new pets were to eat, the old man said, if he would permit them, they could raise it for themselves. They could easily plant and cultivate a couple of acres at odd times, — before breakfast or after quitting farm work; and if they used any of his while theirs was growing, they would replace it when their crop came in. Uncle Benny pledged himself that he would see to all this, that he would make the boys keep accounts of what they used, and indeed of all their other expenses, and that Mr. Spangler should lose nothing by it. As to the land they were to have, he told Spangler that he could spare it well enough; that he had now at least three times as much as he knew how to farm properly; that he had good boys about him who deserved to have grace shown them; and wound up by warning him that there was great danger of all three becoming discontented, and disposed to leave him as soon as they could, unless their wishes were in some way gratified.

It was a very great struggle for Spangler to yield to proposals of a kind so new to him. But even his wife had less influence over him than Uncle Benny. If any other person had made a similar proposition, he would have silenced him by a flat refusal. Even as it was, it went very hard with him to consent to any part of it. He clung to the two acres the boys wanted, as if it was all the land he had; as, like many other men with large farms, he had never imagined that he had too much. But he objected strenuously to the boys being permitted to keep pigeons, as he said they would attack his wheat-fields, and eat more grain than their heads were worth. Besides, they would fly away for miles round, and the neighbors would complain of the damage they would be sure to do, the blame of which would all rest on him.

But the old man reminded him that, as to his wheat crop, he starved it so effectually that no flock of pigeons could make it much poorer. Besides, he said, it was a great mistake to suppose that pigeons on a farm, even when kept in large numbers, were in the habit of injuring the grain crops. He knew that farmers generally considered them as thieves and depredators, and so shot them when they came upon their grounds; but they condemned them ignorantly, and shot them unwisely, just as they did king-birds because they were believed to eat up their bees, or crows for pulling up their corn. The king-birds that are frequently seen darting at the bees about a hive, eat up the drones only, as anybody could ascertain who would kill one and open his crop. So, where the crows pulled up one hill of corn, they devoured a hun-

dred grubs. In short, he made use of the occasion to give Spangler a lesson on the history and habits of our common pigeons, that enlarged his knowledge of the subject very considerably. He told him that in England pigeons were protected by law from being killed, by a penalty of ten dollars in our money, and that in foreign countries they had been raised for centuries as a source of profit. They are all fond of the seeds of weeds and of many wild plants, they are most industrious workers in devouring them. It is in search of such seeds that they are seen alighting in the fields at all seasons of the year, as well when no winter grain is ripening, as when it is. They thus do the farmer a great service in keeping his fields clean, by preventing an increase of weeds.

No matter at what time of year a pigeon's crop may be opened, it will be found to contain at least eight times as much of the seeds of weeds as of wheat, or rye, or corn, or other grains. It is also very remarkable, that the grains thus taken from the fields are defective ones. They take only the worthless seeds. For these reasons these birds should be regarded as the best weeders that a farmer can employ; for while he merely chops up a weed, often when it is so well grown that it ripens its seeds on the ground where he may have left it, the pigeons come along and make clean work by eating them. The farmer removes merely the weeds, but the pigeons remove the cause of them.

Any one who has kept these birds on his premises must have noticed how fond they are of pecking among the rubbish which is thrown out from a barn-floor after threshing wheat or other grain. They will search there, for many days together, hunting out the shrivelled grains, the poppy-seeds and cockle, and other pests of the farm, thus getting many a good meal from seeds that barn-yard fowls never condescend to pick up. When the latter get into a garden, they scratch and tear up everything, as though they were scratching for a wager; but a pigeon is better bred by nature,—he never scratches; hence he disturbs no seeds the gardener may have planted. When he gets into the garden, it is either to get a nibble at the pea-vines or the beans, as he is extravagantly fond of both, or to search for weeds.

This fondness of the pigeon tribe for seeds of plants injurious to the farm is much better known in Europe than with us. At one time, in certain districts of France, where large numbers of pigeons had been kept, they were nearly all killed off. These districts had been famous for the fine, clean, and excellent quality of the wheat raised within them. But very soon after the number of pigeons had been reduced, the land became overgrown with weeds that choked the crops. The straw, in consequence, grew thin and weak, while the grain was so deficient in plumpness and weight as to render it unfit for seed. Every farmer remarked the difference when the districts had plenty of pigeons and when they had only a few. The people therefore returned to pigeon-keeping. Every landlord, in renting his farm, required his tenants to build a pigeon-house or dove-cot, in order to insure crops. Many of these were very expensive structures. It has been further observed in other districts in France, that where pigeons are most abundant, there the



wheat-fields are most productive, and that they never touch seed which has been rolled in lime.

The defence of this beautiful domestic bird which Uncle Benny thus made in reply to Mr. Spangler's objections, quite disarmed him; for he had great respect for the old man's superior knowledge; and as it appeared the pigeons would not only do no harm, but would really be likely to do much good, he consented to all that was required,—the boys should have pigs, fowls, and pigeons, and two acres of ground on which to raise their food.

This extraordinary concession was made just before Christmas. It took the boys so by surprise, and they were so excited by the prospect before them, that, after going to bed, they talked it over during half the night. They had not been much used to receiving Christmas presents, but if they had, and had now been overlooked, they would not have missed them. Tony's gratification was so lively that it gave a different turn to his thoughts. He forgot all about wanting to try his luck in the city, and a new ambition sprung up to remain on the farm. A motive had been created, a stimulant had been set before him; there was a prospect of his doing something he had long desired,—make a beginning.

Farmers do not understand the value to themselves, or the importance to their boys, of little concessions like these. They are the surest agencies for developing the self-reliance of a boy. When working for himself, labor becomes pastime,—it is sweetened by the hope of reward. Lessons set before the mind under such circumstances, become indelibly impressed upon it, for personal experience is the best teacher of all. The farm, instead of being an object of aversion, becomes one of preference. The boy's treasure being there, there also will his heart be found. Yet this simple process for imbuing him with a fondness for rural life, and of weaning him from his undefined longings after the trials, the hazards, and the disappointments inseparable from venturing on a life in the city, is so generally neglected as to become the fruitful cause of numberless desertions of the country homestead.

As Christmas is everywhere a holiday, so it was on the Spangler farm. The boys, exuberant and gleeful, were in ecstasies when Uncle Benny told them he intended they should go with him to Trenton, see the sights, and look after pigs and pigeons. That city was but a few miles away. They put the horses to the wagon and drove off over a frozen highway which much travel had beaten perfectly smooth. Of course their whole conversation was about what they were to see in Trenton, of their prospective pets, what they would do, and how much money they would make another year. Uncle Benny underwent a crossfire of questions, and listened to hopes and fears, most incessant and diversified. But what else could such hopeful boys be expected to indulge in? It was the first real jubilee of their lives, and the ride was memorable for them all.

As they neared the city, they heard the beating of drums and the firing of distant musketry. Coming still nearer, the firing continued, and then Uncle Benny informed them that that day was the anniversary of the great battle of Trenton, when Washington surprised and captured the Hessians, and that

the military companies of New Jersey and Pennsylvania were then holding their annual celebration of that memorable event, by repeating, in the streets and suburbs of Trenton, the same movements, the same attacks, retreats, and surrender, as in the battle itself. The boys begged him to whip up and get in so that they might witness the whole affair, as they had been so shut up at home as never to have seen such a company of soldiers together.

When they arrived, the boys saw a body of troops marching down State Street. These represented a party of the Hessians who had been suddenly routed out of their quarters by the Continentals. As they came down, they occasionally faced about and discharged their muskets at an imaginary body of the Continentals coming in from the country. Then another division of Americans came down, by a different street, upon a second party of the Hessians, exactly as it had been when the real battle was fought. These also fired, as did the Hessians, and for some minutes the cracking of guns rattled briskly through the city. Then came bayonet charges and countercharges, followed by the retreat and complete surrounding of the Hessians. Presently the boys saw them lay down their arms and surrender to the Americans on the very spot where the enemy had surrendered in 1776. It was an unexpected treat for the boys to witness this exciting exhibition, and for a time they thought nothing of the errand on which they came to Trenton.

As might be supposed, the streets were thronged with citizens, while the doors and windows of the adjoining houses were occupied by spectators of the scene. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the crowd threw up their hats and shouted as they perceived the victory to be complete. When the Hessians surrendered, they were treated with quite as much attention as rebel prisoners of the present day have undeservedly experienced. Instead of having their arms taken from them, their pockets searched, and being marched off to prison, the Continentals escorted them to the neighboring taverns, where they got the best kind of a dinner. The boys were surprised, when the battle was over, to find that nobody had been hurt, and thought the sham fight a very grand incident.

Beside the citizens, there was a large crowd of people from the country, who had come in to be spectators of the celebration. Though it had been regularly kept up, yet they did not seem to tire of it, and flocked in just as regularly as the anniversary came around. Getting out of this dense crowd, Uncle Benny took his party down Greene Street to the narrow old stone bridge that crosses the Assanpink Creek. As the boys were greatly interested in all they saw, and as the old man had recently been reading to them this part of the history of the Revolution, no doubt in his own mind intending to take them to see these very things, he pointed out the bridge as being the same old one where the British had several times attempted to cross and get at Washington on the heights upon the other side of the creek, and that here it was they had each time been driven back with terrible slaughter. Here too it was that the young girls, dressed in white, had scattered flowers in the road in front of the great hero, and sung their beautiful welcome, when he was passing over the bridge after the war had closed.





From this spot they wandered over the outskirts of the city, looking into the pig-pens that abound there, in search of an eligible porker with which to make a beginning. They went about leisurely, and of course saw a great variety, some in nice clean pens, and some in pens so foul that it was evident the dirty pigs were not doing nearly so well as the clean ones. All this was carefully pointed out to the boys, and they did not fail to remark the difference. At last they came to a man who had a number of what he called the Chester County Whites, — fine round fellows with short legs, short ears, short faces, and long bodies.

This was the kind Uncle Benny had been seeking for. The boys themselves acknowledged that they looked nicer and fatter than any others they had seen. As all were now deeply interested in pork, the boys bristled up and entered into these matters with zeal; and their opinion being asked by the old man which pig, of all they had seen, they would prefer, they agreed upon the Chester Counties. So a young sow was purchased; which would drop a litter of the pure breed in about two months. For this purchase Uncle Benny advanced the sum of fifteen dollars out of his own pocket, the money to be refunded to him by sale of the pigs that were to come, the seller agreeing to deliver the sow at Mr. Spangler's farm the following week, so as to allow time for putting up a suitable pen.

This purchase made, they set out to inspect the hen-roosts and pigeon-houses. It was concluded not to buy any chickens just then, as Mrs. Spangler had quite a number already on the farm, and Uncle Benny thought there would be danger of disputes arising with her about eggs and other matters, and he did not choose to run the risk of ruffling her feathers. But



he advanced four dollars to pay for six pairs of pigeons, which he was to receive back from the increase of the flock. He thought it better to lend the money to the boys than to make them a present of it, as it would rest on their minds as a sort of weight or obligation, teaching them the necessity of care and economy to clear it off. The pigeon-dealer put the birds into a roomy box with a covering of slats, and the party started for home.

The boys were at work early next-morning, under Uncle Benny's direction, fitting up a pigeon-house. There was a large loft over the wagon-shed, where they resolved it should be. It had a good, tight floor, to which they could ascend through a trap by means of a step-ladder. The front was open, but this they soon made all right by nailing up laths sufficiently close to keep the pigeons in, but so far apart that they could put out their heads and survey the premises, so as to become perfectly familiar with them before being allowed their liberty. Part of this lattice-work projected two or three feet beyond the front, thus affording to the birds a view, from two sides and the front, of all that was going on out of doors. They then provided nests by making rough boxes about fifteen inches square and four inches deep, which they pushed back under one of the eaves, giving the pigeons a chance at the seclusion which they invariably covet when ready to lay and hatch out their young. These fixtures were made of odd stuff they found lying about. But the great help toward doing even this was found in the old man's tool-chest. They could have done very little without him and his tools.

When these hasty but sufficient preparations had been made, he required them to put into the loft a low earthen pan, of large size, filled with water, for the pigeons to bathe in, as well as to drink from; for pigeons are thirsty beings, and delight in water. No creatures enjoy drinking more heartily. They plunge the head in nearly up to the eyes, and take a full draught at once, not slowly and deliberately, like chickens. He also fitted up for them a feeding-trough about two inches deep, which he covered with a wire network, so as to keep the pigeons from getting into it, but with the meshes large enough for them to put in their bills and take out the food. This would keep the latter free from dirt, as well as prevent waste. Then over one corner of the loft he caused to be spread at least a bushel of fine gravel, broken lime, and pounded bricks, to assist digestion and furnish material for the formation of egg-shells. Beside this there was a supply of common salt, an article which is indispensable to the health of pigeons.

The making of all these preparations was of course a great affair for the boys, but it was surprising how heartily they carried them through. The simple fact was, their sympathies had been enlisted in a cause exclusively their own. They therefore kept to their work as energetically as if sure to get rich by it. Indeed, while thus engaged, there were a great many conjectures indulged in as to when the pigeons would begin to lay, how many eggs would be hatched in the course of a year, and whether they should take the squabs to Trenton market and sell them, or whether it would not be better to let them grow up, and thus increase the flock to a large size, before they began to sell any. There was a general impatience among them to hurry up the laying, and have it begin immediately. If that important operation could

have been performed by the boys themselves, there is no doubt but they would have cheerfully undertaken it. It is probable that, if it had been in their line to do the hatching, they would have undertaken that branch of the business also.

Everything being thus made ready to receive the pigeons, they were let loose in their new quarters, there to become reconciled to the strange scenes around them. The food that had been taken from the corn-crib was carefully measured, and entered down in an account-book that Uncle Benny had provided, so that all should know what was the cost of keeping pigeons, and that the boys should be taught account-keeping, as well as the importance of having a written record of their doings. Besides these advantages, it was necessary for the satisfaction of Mr. Spangler. He had thought pretty well of their keeping a pig, but he had a very poor opinion of the pigeons, notwithstanding the luminous disquisition of Uncle Benny as to their being an advantage on a farm. He said from the first that they would eat their heads off, and that he knew he should have to foot the bill. It was therefore highly desirable to know exactly the cost of feeding them, if it were only to satisfy him. As the responsibility of the whole enterprise rested on Uncle Benny, he was determined to see that no part of it was neglected.

The pigeons very soon became reconciled to their new lodgings, as pigeons always will be when they have roomy quarters, with plenty to eat and drink. The greater the number, the sooner they accept a new place as their home; and, as a general rule, the larger the flock the better it thrives, as pigeons are eminently social in their natures. A solitary pair, put into a new house, will be very likely to leave it and unite with a large flock established elsewhere. To do this they will travel many miles. But as in this case the boys had procured a dozen, there was sufficient companionship to make any home agreeable that was as well attended as this was. They were constantly seen in the projecting lattice-work in front of their quarters, enjoying the sun, stretching their wings, and looking all over the premises, as if wanting to make acquaintance with them.

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*



## THE TURNING OF THE LEAF.

“NOW that the war is over,” said William, “I should like to know, for my part, what has been gained by all the fighting.”

“Why,” replied Susie, his sister, who liked to say witty things even on the most serious subjects, “Cousin Primly has got a commission, and Mr. Shoddy has got rich, and Tom Noddy has got a wooden leg, which they say he can skate and dance with, and the Rebels have got whipped! But, really,” said she, “I should like to understand a great deal better than I do what the fighting was for, what brought it about, and all that; and I wish Uncle Rodman would tell us.”

Thus appealed to, Uncle Rodman laid his newspaper on the table, placed his old silver-bowed spectacles upon it, crossed his legs, put his fingers together, looked contemplative, as if putting his thoughts together at the same time, and finally addressed the young folks of the household in this manner.

"I am very glad to hear you express a wish to know more about the conflict that is now closing. It has been the great event of this century, and you ought to have a clear general idea of its origin and results. You were quite young when it began, for that was four years ago; and it was not to be expected that you should then understand what so many grown people failed to appreciate. But you are older now, and the terrible meaning of the war is clearer to us all than it was then.

"In a word, children, slavery was the cause of the war; and God permitted the war in order that slavery might be destroyed."

"That's it, in a nutshell!" cried Susie.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," quoted William, from some book he had been studying.

"That is true," said Uncle Rodman; "and it would really seem that slavery had been made insane in order that it might rush to its own destruction. The rebellion was a stupendous piece of folly, as well as stupendous wickedness.

"Mr. Lincoln, and the people who elected him, had no wish to interfere with the 'peculiar institution,' as it was called, in the States where it existed four years ago. Unjust and unwise as it was to keep human beings in bondage, they did not feel that the law gave them any right to take the slaves away from their masters by force. Many of us would have been glad to convince the South that it would have been better for both slaves and masters — far better for the Slave States themselves, and for the whole country — that all men, women, and children should be free. But that was a truth which the South would not tolerate, and those who attempted to teach it there — even those who were suspected of believing it — met with the worst treatment; for even hanging was considered too good for an Abolitionist. Indeed, slaveholders and slave-hunters became so violent, unreasonable, and wicked in their opposition to all who thought slavery wrong, in their hatred of free institutions, and in their attempts to carry slavery into new States, and to catch their slaves wherever they could be found in the old Free States, that a few believed, with John Brown, that it was right to resist force with force, and go with arms to rescue the negroes from the hands of their masters.

"But the most the Northern people expected to do, when they made Abraham Lincoln President, was to keep slavery out of the new States that were coming into the Union. That the Southern leaders knew. But they could not submit to any such decrease of their power. Accustomed to ruling their slaves, — accustomed, too, for many years, to ruling the nation, — they had grown arrogant, conceited, overbearing; they would not abide by the decision of the ballot-box, which had made Mr. Lincoln President; so they determined to destroy the government they could not control. They seceded, — declared their States independent of the old Union, and formed a new 'Confederacy,' with slavery as its 'corner-stone.'



“Even then we had no thought of making war upon them. The North would never have made war upon the South. We did not believe in war; but thought that all our troubles should be settled peaceably by the ballot-box, and according to the Constitution. But the rebel leaders, proud, ambitious, confident that they could override Northern freemen as they had so long overridden their black slaves, recklessly, and most foolishly indeed, made war against us. They seized forts, arsenals, and navy-yards, which belonged solely to the United States. Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, did not belong to South Carolina, but was the property of the United States government; this the rebels opened fire upon, on the 12th of April, 1861, and compelled its surrender. Major Anderson hauled down the stars and stripes, and marched out with his little garrison. The whole South was jubilant. They thought they had done a wonderful thing. They were going to have Washington then, and call the roll of their slaves in a very little while on Bunker Hill. Of course, the North could not resist them! Of course, we were too cowardly to fight Southern gentlemen! For they had come to believe that the slave-owning classes were the only chivalrous and courageous people on this continent.

“I said, ‘the whole South.’ But, besides the leading rebels, and the ignorant masses, deceived and misled by them, there was a large class of loyal Unionists in the South, who loved the old government, and opposed secession. How many of these noble men and women suffered and died, or became fugitives from their homes, rather than join the rebel cause! If only for their sakes, it was our duty to preserve the dear old Union they loved, and not permit them to be made citizens of a new confederacy against their will. To this class belonged Andrew Johnson, our new President, — a Southern man, who stood up manfully for the nation in his own State of Tennessee; who knows all the perfidy, cruelty, and craft of the traitors, and will, I trust, know equally well how to deal with them.

“Well, the Rebels took up arms and attacked us; and there was nothing left for us to do, if we would preserve our rights, our self-respect, and the respect of the world, but to fight in self-defence. Everything was at stake, — our existence as a nation, freedom, and the brightest blessings of civilization; for the slave power that would have subjugated us belongs to the dark ages. Children, there are two principles at work in the world: one is that of liberty and love to all men; the other is that of force, and the tyranny of the strong over the weak. We have been struggling here in America to develop the first principle; and if now we had tamely surrendered to the slave-power, which represents the other principle, how terrible, how disgraceful it would have been!”

“For my part,” cried William, “I am glad we did n’t do anything so mean as to submit to the old traitors! Why, Susie, only think of it! the Rebels hated free schools, — they wanted every man that works for a living kept ignorant, just like their slaves! They called us mud-sills, greasy mechanics, and all that, and said one Southern gentleman could whip five of us.”

“I am so glad we did n’t give up to them!” said Susie. “I feel just as I

do when I have been reading a long, sad story, where there are bad men and women, and they have everything their own way at first, and you think nothing can stop them, and you are so angry with them, and so sorry for the good people they treat so ; but by and by something happens, and it's so nice to have them finally caught in their own trap and punished ! It makes me feel glad clear through ! ”

“ Well, it has turned out so with the Rebels. They have been caught in their own trap, most miserably. And slavery, for which they made the war, has been ground to dust between the two millstones. They have tried every means, and failed. They tried treason, they tried war, and at last they tried assassination, which is as much worse than open war as that is worse than peaceful measures in a bad cause. They failed in everything. Freedom has triumphed. The great evil of slavery has been swept away, and we have shown that a republican government, based upon the equal rights of all, is the best, the noblest, the strongest government in the world.”

“ O, it seems to me that killing President Lincoln was the worst thing I ever heard or read of in any history ! ” exclaimed Susie.

“ My dear, you are right,” said Uncle Rodman. “ Even the assassination of a bad ruler is bad enough ; but he was perhaps the most humane and forbearing ruler, as well as one of the kindest-hearted men, that ever lived.”

“ What fools the Rebels were ! ” said William ; “ for everybody says he was their best friend.”

“ I believe that, children ; for it was not in his nature to hate anybody, or to be actuated by feelings of vengeance. But the rebellion has stood on its two legs of folly and crime from the first. It was a great folly and a great crime to make war upon the government, to begin with. It was a great folly and a great crime to attempt to cut off the head of the nation by murder, to end with. And what horrors of folly and crime have walked between !

“ But the slave-power, that brought on the war, and shed the blood of our brothers, and starved them in loathsome prisons, and inspired the last unparalleled atrocity, — that power has been destroyed by its own mad ambition. Now we turn over a new leaf of history. Now we shall have peace founded on justice. So much we have gained ; and is it not worth the cost ? When I look at the future of America, I am dazzled by the glorious prospect. No more war ; no more human bondage ; liberty and love for all, a reality then ; a great and powerful nation — the greatest and most powerful the world has ever known — setting aside forever the old barbarous rule of force, and living up to the golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by !

“ A new page in human history indeed, that will be, children ; and let us now begin and live worthy of that future. You, especially, who are young, belong to the new era of justice and human brotherhood ; and O let the fact inspire you now and henceforth with high aspirations, noble motives, and all generous thoughts and hopes ! ”

So saying, Uncle Rodman put on his spectacles, and took up his newspaper again, while the children sat seriously pondering what he had said.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## A HALF-CHOKED SWIMMER.

MUNDAY led off, towing little Rosa after him by a sipo, one end fastened to his girdle, and the other around her waist. Trevannion followed close behind, Ralph a little farther off, with Richard keeping abreast of his cousin and helping him along. Mozey swam next ; Tipperary Tom, who was last to leave the tree, brought up the rear. The ouistiti had found a berth on the shoulders of young Ralph, who, buoyed up by a good supply of air-ves-sels, swam with his back above water. As for the macaw and coaita, the desperate circumstances in which our adventurers were placed rendered it not only inconvenient, but out of the question, to trouble themselves with such pets ; and it had been agreed that they must be abandoned. Both, therefore, were left upon the tree. With the macaw it was a matter of choice whether it should stay there. By simply spreading out its great hyacinthine wings it could keep pace with its *ci-devant* protectors ; and they had hardly left the tree, when the bird, giving a loud scream, sprang from its perch, hovered a moment in the air, and then, flying down, alighted on Mozey's wool-covered cranium, making him hide his astonished head quickly under water. The arara, affrighted at having wetted its feet, instantly essayed to soar up again ; but its curving talons, that had clutched too eagerly in the descent, had become fixed, and all its attempts to detach them were in vain. The more it struggled, the tighter became the tangle ; while its screams, united with the cries of the negro, pealed over the water, awaking far echoes in the forest. It was some time before Mozey succeeded in untwisting the snarl that the arara had spun around its legs, and not until he had sacrificed several of his curls was the bird free to trust once more to its wings.

We have said, that by some mystic influence the big monkey had become attached to Tipperary Tom, and the attachment was mutual. Tom had not taken his departure from the tree without casting more than one look of regret back among the branches, and under any other circumstances he would not have left the coaita behind him. It was only in obedience to the inexorable law of self-preservation that he had consented to the sacrifice. The monkey had shown equal reluctance at parting, in looks, cries, and gestures. It had followed its friend down to the fork, and after he had slipped into the water it appeared as if it would follow him, regardless of both instinct and experience, for it could not swim. These, however, proved strong enough to restrain its imprudence, and after its protector had gone it stood trembling and chattering in accents that proclaimed the agony of that unexpected separation. Any one listening attentively to its cries might have



detected in the piteous tones the slightest commingling of reproach. How could it be otherwise to be thus deserted? Left to perish, in fact; for although the coaita was perfectly at home upon the sapucaya, and could live there as long as the nuts lasted, there was not the slightest chance of its getting away from the tree. It must stay there till the *vasante*, till the flood fell, and that would not be for months. Long before that it must undoubtedly perish, either by drowning or starvation.

Whether or not these unpleasant forebodings passed through the monkey's wits, and whether they nerved it, may never be known. Certainly something seemed to stimulate the creature to determination; for instead of standing any longer shivering in the fork of the tree, it turned suddenly, and, darting up the trunk, ran out upon one of the horizontal branches. To go directly from the sapucaya to the forest, it was necessary to pass under this limb; and Tipperary Tom, following in the wake of the others, had taken this track. He was already far out from the stem of the tree, almost clear of the overhanging branches, and half oblivious of the painful parting, when a heavy body, pouncing upon his shoulders, caused both him and his empty shells to sink some feet under the water; for just like old Munday on the alligator had the monkey come down upon Tipperary Tom. The affrighted Irishman, on rising to the surface, sputtered forth a series of cries, at the same time endeavoring to rid himself of the unexpected rider on his back. It was just at this crisis, too, that the macaw had managed to make good its footing in the fleece of the negro. Mozey, however, was the first to get clear of his incubus; and then all eyes were directed towards Tipperary Tom and the clinging coaita, while peals of laughter resounded from every lip.

Mozey had enfranchised himself by sacrificing a few tufts of his woolly hair, but the task was not so easy for Tom. In fact, it proved altogether impracticable; for the coaita had curled its prehensile tail around his neck in a knot that would have made a hangman envious. The more he tugged at it, the more it tightened; and had the Irishman been left to himself, it would have no doubt ended in his being strangled outright, a fate he began to dread. At this crisis he heard the Mundurucú shout to him across the water to leave the coaita alone, as then it would relax its hold. Fortunately for himself, Tom had the prudence to obey this well-timed counsel; and although still half suffocated by the too cordial embrace of his pet, he permitted it to have its own way, until, having approached the forest, the monkey relaxed its hold, and sprang up among the branches.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### A SUPPER ON BROILED SQUAB.

GUIDED by the Mundurucú, the swimmers entered the water arcade before described, and proceeded on to the tree that had furnished the caoutchouc for their swimming-belts. The siphonia, so late the scene of strife and querulous complainings, was now silent as the tomb; not a living arara was

in sight or within hearing. The few old birds that had survived the club's conflict had forsaken the spot, betaking themselves to some distant part of the forest, perhaps out of the Gapo altogether, to mourn over nests laid desolate, over chicks seized and instantly destroyed by ruthless hands. Only the young were there, suspended in a bunch from the branches. The Mundurucú mounted first, taking his charge along with him; and then all the others climbed up into the tree, where the macaw and the monkey — one upon wing, the other by a passage through the tree-tops in speed almost equalling the flight of a bird — had already arrived.

Farther progress for that night was no part of their purpose. It would have been as idle as imprudent. The sun was already level with their gaze, and to have forsaken their perch at that hour would have been like leaving a good inn for the doubtful chances of the road. The seringa, with its thickly trellised limbs, offered snug quarters. Upon its network of parasites it was possible to repose; there were hammocks woven by the hand of Nature, and, rude as they might be, they were a pleasant improvement on their couches of the preceding night.

The tree contained other proofs of its hospitality. The fat fledglings suspended upon it promised a supper not to be despised; for none of the party was a stranger to macaw flesh, and, as these were young and tender, eyes sparkled and mouths watered on beholding them. No one expected that they were to be eaten raw, though there was more than one in the party whose appetite had become sharp enough for this. The Mundurucú would have shown but slight squeamishness at swallowing one of the squabs as it was, while to Mozey it would have signified less. Even Tipperary Tom declared his readiness to set about supping without further preparation.

The semi-cannibal appetites of his companions were controlled by Trevanion, who commenced talking of a fire. How was it to be made? How could the chicks be cooked? His questions did not remain long unanswered. The Indian, eager to meet the wishes of his employer, promised that they should be gratified.

"Wait a bit, patron," said he. "In ten minutes' time you shall have what you want, a fire; in twenty, roast arara."

"But how?" asked the patron. "We have no flint nor steel, any of us; and if we had, where find the tinder?"

"Yonder!" rejoined the Mundurucú. "You see yonder tree on the other side of the igarápe?"

"That standing out by itself, with smooth, shining bark, and hoary, hand-like leaves? Yes, I see it. What of it?"

"It is the *embaüba*, patron; the tree that feeds the lazy sloth, the *Ai*."

"O, then it is that known as the *Cecropia peltata*. True, its crown of peltate leaves declare the species. But we were talking of fire, Munday. Can you obtain it from the cecropia?"

"In ten minutes, patron, the Mundurucú will draw sparks from that tree, and make a fire too, if he can only obtain from it a dry branch, one without sap, decayed, dead. You shall see."

So saying, he swam out towards the cecropia. On reaching this, he scaled it like a squirrel, and was soon among its silvery fronds, that spread palm-like over the water. Soon the snapping of a breaking branch was heard, and shortly after the Indian came gliding down the tree, and, holding the piece of cecropia above his head, swam with one hand towards the caoutchouc, which he once more ascended. On rejoining his companions, they saw that the stick he had secured was a bit of dry, dead wood, light, and of porous texture, just such as might be easily ignited. Not caring to make any secret of his design, he confirmed his companions in their conjecture by informing them that the embaüba was the wood always employed by his people, as well as the other tribes in Amazonia, when they wished to make a fire; and saying this, he proceeded without further delay to make them acquainted with the proper way. Strange to say, it proved to be the friction process, often described as practised in remote corners of the world, and by savage tribes who could never have held the slightest communication with one another. Who taught them this curious mode of creating fire? Who inducted the Indian of the Amazon, and the aboriginal of Borneo, into the identical ideas of the *sumpitan* and *gradalána*, — both blow-guns alike? Who first instructed mankind in the use of the bow? Was it instinct? Was it wisdom from on high?

While Trevannion was reflecting on this strange theme, the Mundurucú had shaped a long spindle from a slender branch which he had cut from some hard wood growing near; and, whirling it between the palms of his hands, in less than ten minutes, as he had promised, sparks appeared in the hollowed stick of the cecropia. Dry leaves, twigs, and bark had been already collected, and with these a flame was produced, ending in a fire, that soon burned brightly in one of the forks of the seringa. Over this the young macaws, supported on spits, were soon done brown; and a supper of roast arara, with parched sapucaya nuts, proved anything but a despicable meal to the party who partook of it.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### ONCE MORE IN THE WATER.

OUR adventurers passed a tolerable night among the sipos of the seringa. They might have slept more soundly but for apprehensions about the future, that intruded even into their dreams. Morning brought no relief, for then reality itself appeared ruder than the visions of fancy in their slumbers. They had cold macaw for breakfast, — remains of the preceding night's roast, which had been kept up as long as the fire was alight, and carefully preserved, to serve for a future occasion. It was just sunrise, and as soon as the meal was over, they consulted seriously how to extricate themselves from their unpleasant and perilous position, — how to work a deliverance from the jaws of the Gapo. Whereabouts in this strange region were they? How far had they entered it? They could not even frame a guess of the distance traversed



by the galatea before she had come to grief in the fork of the sapucaya. It might be twenty miles, it might be fifty; who could tell? They only knew that the ill-fated vessel had been drifting away from the Solimoës, and deep into the solitudes of the Gapo. They knew they must be many miles from the banks of the Solimoës, and, from his hydrographic knowledge, already tested, the old tapuyo could tell its direction. But it was no longer a question of getting back to the channel of the great river. On the contrary, the object now was to reach solid land. It would be worse than idle to seek the Solimoës without the means of navigating it; for, even should the stream be reached, it would be one chance in a thousand to get within hail of a passing vessel. Almost as well might such be looked for in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. They were now bent on discovering the shortest route to the mainland that bordered this inundated region. This should be found in the direction opposite to that in which the river lay. It might not, but the probabilities were in favor of that hypothesis. They had but little difficulty in determining the way to take. The index already pointed out by the Indian was still to be depended upon.

The *echeute* was still going on. The current was from the river, if not with absolute directness, yet with enough to point out the bearing of the Solimoës. The land might be many miles distant, — farther than the river itself, — but there was no alternative but to reach it or die. But how reach it? That was the question. They could hardly hope to swim the whole distance, for it must be great. A raft? This too was talked of. But how was a raft to be constructed? Among the tops of those water-loving trees there could scarce be found a stick light enough to have floated itself, let alone the carrying of a ponderous cargo. Out of such heavy timber there would be but little chance of their constructing a raft, and the idea was abandoned almost as soon as broached. But Munday's proposal met the approbation of all. The water-arcade chanced to continue in the direction they should take. Why not once more make use of the swimming-belts, that had already done such good service, and effect a further exploration of the flooded forest? The proposition was too reasonable to be rejected. It was unanimously accepted; and, without more ado, our adventurers descended from the siphonia, and began to traverse the strait. The macaw and monkey kept their company as before, but no longer needed to make themselves a burden to their protectors, since both could travel through the tree-tops as the swimmers passed below.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE IGARÁPE.

THEY needed no pilot to point out their course. There could be no danger of straying from it. The strait they were following was of that kind known as an igarápe, which, in the language of the Amazonian Indian, means literally "the path of the canoe," — *igarité* being the name of the craft most

used in the navigation of the Gapo. The strait itself might have been likened to a canal, running through a thicket, which formed on both sides a colossal hedge, laced together by an impenetrable network of parasitical plants. Unlike a canal, however, it was not of uniform breadth, here and there widening into little openings that resembled lakes, and again narrowing until the tree-tops stretching from each side touched one another, forming underneath a cool, shadowy arcade.

Up this singular water-way our adventurers advanced, under the guidance of the bordering line of verdure. Their progress was necessarily slow, as the two who could swim well were compelled to assist the others; but all were aided by a circumstance that chanced to be in their favor, — the current of the Gapo, which was going in the same direction with themselves. Herein they were greatly favored, for the flow of the flood corresponded very nearly with the course of the *igarápe*; and, as they advanced, they might have fancied themselves drifting down the channel of some gently flowing stream. The current, however, was just perceptible; and though it carried them along, it could not be counted on for any great speed. With it and their own exertions they were enabled to make about a mile an hour; and although this rate might seem intolerably slow, they were not discontented, since they believed themselves to be going in the right direction. Had they been cast-aways in mid-ocean, the case would have been different. Such tardy traveling would have been hopeless; but it was otherwise in the forest sea that surrounded them. On one side or the other they could not be more than fifty miles from real dry land, and perhaps much less. By going right, they might reasonably hope to reach it, though detained upon the way. It was of the utmost importance, however, that the direction should be known and followed. A route transverse to it might take them a thousand miles, either way, through a flooded forest, — westward almost to the foot of the Andes, — eastward to the mouth of the Amazon! The experienced *tapuyo*, knowing all this, was extremely cautious in choosing the course they were now pursuing. He did not exactly keep in the line indicated by the flow of the flood. Although the *echente* was still going on, he knew that its current could not be at right angles to that of the river, but rather obliqued to it; and in swimming onward he made allowance for this oblique, the *igarápe* fortunately trending at a similar inclination.

Several hours were spent in slowly wending along their watery way, the swimmers occasionally taking a rest, stretched along the surface of the water, supported by hanging lianas or the drooping branches of the trees. At noon, however, a longer halt was proposed by the guide, to which his followers gladly gave consent. All were influenced by a double desire, — to refresh themselves not only by a good rest, but by making a meal on the cold roast macaws, several of which were strapped upon the shoulders of the *tapuyo*. A tree with broad, spreading branches offered a convenient place, and, climbing into it, they took their seats to await the distribution of the dinner, which was committed to the care of the ex-steward, Mozey.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## ABOUT HUMMING-BIRDS.

PREVIOUS to ascending their dining-tree, the swimmers had been more than six hours in the water, and, as nearly as they could guess, had made about that number of miles. They congratulated themselves on having met with no hostile inhabitants of the Gapo, for the jaraça and jacaré, with the perils encountered while in the presence of these two dangerous reptiles, were fresh enough in their remembrance to inspire them with continual fear. All along the way, the Indian had been constantly upon the alert. Nothing had occurred to cause them alarm, though many strange sounds had been heard, and strange creatures had been seen. Most of these, however, were of a character to cheer rather than affright them. The sounds were mostly musical, — the voices of birds, — while the creatures seen were the birds themselves, many of beautiful forms and bright plumage, perched upon the tree-tops, or winging their way overhead. Conspicuous among them were the tiny winged creatures called humming-birds, with which the Gapo abounded. During their swim they had seen several distinct species of these lovely little sprites, flashing like meteors over the surface of the water, or darting about through the tree-tops like sparks of glistening light. They appeared to be the gnomes and elves of the place.

While eating dinner, our adventurers were favored with an excellent opportunity of observing the habits of these graceful and almost microscopic creatures. A tree stood near, whose top was surmounted by a parasite, — a species of bignonia, — in full blossom, that with its array of sweet-scented flowers completely covered the tree, almost concealing the green foliage underneath. Over this flowery spot hundreds of humming-birds were hovering, now darting from point to point, anon poised upon swiftly whirring wings in front of an open flower, their tiny beak inserted into the corolla, therefrom to extract the savory honey. There were several species of them, though none of them of large size, and all looking more like insects than birds. But for the swiftness of their motions, they might have passed for a swarm of wild bees (*meliponæ*) disporting themselves among the flowers. Ralph and Rosa were delighted with the spectacle, though it was not new to them, for the warmer valleys of the Andes, through which they had passed in approaching the head-waters of the Amazon, were the favorite *habitat* of the humming-birds, and there a greater number of species exist than in Amazonia itself. What was new to them, however, and to the rest of the party as well, was some information imparted by the tapuyo while they sat conversing after dinner. He said that there were two kinds of these birds, which, although alike in size, beauty, bright plumage, and many other respects, were altogether distinct in their habits and ways of life. By two kinds he did not mean two species, for there were many, but two sets of species, or groups, as the Indian would have called them, had he been a student of ornithology. One set, he said, — and the several species then before their eyes belonged to it,



—lived upon the juice of the flowers, and this was their only food. These frequented such open *campos* as those on the southern side of the Solimoës, and along the rivers running into it from that direction. They were also common in plantations, and other places where clearings had been made, or where the forest was thin and scattering, because there only could they find a sufficiency of flowers. It was only at times that they made excursions into the great water-forest, when some of the sipo plants were in blossom, just as the one before them was at that time. The species they saw did not belong to the Gapo. They had only strayed there upon a roving excursion, and would soon return to the mainland,—the treeless regions. The kinds that frequented the great forest never went out of it, and cared nothing about flowers. If seen hovering around a tree in blossom, it was only because they were in pursuit of insects, which had been attracted thither in search of the sweet juices. Upon these the forest humming-birds regularly preyed, making their exclusive diet upon flies, which they caught as much among the foliage as the flowers, darting upon the insects whenever they perched upon the leaves, and snapping them up either from the upper or under side. They built their nests upon the tips of the palm-leaves, choosing the side that was inward towards the tree, from which they suspended them. They were purse-shaped, and composed of fibres closely woven together with a thick lining of a fine, soft silk-cotton, taken from the fruit of a tree called *samaüma*. They did not come much into the sun, like the other kinds, but kept more in the shade, and might be often met whirring about in the aisles of the forest. Sometimes they would poise themselves in the air, right in front of a person passing through among the tree trunks, and, after remaining till the intruder's face would be within a few feet of them, would fly on in advance of him, and again come to a pause in the same way, repeating the manœuvre several times in succession. All these things, averred the observant Indian, made the humming-birds that kept constantly to the forest very different from those that only visited it upon occasions, and therefore, in his opinion, they were of two distinct kinds. And his opinion was the correct one, founded on observations already made by the ornithologist, and which have resulted in the classification of the humming-birds into two great groups, the *Trochilina* and *Phæthornina*.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### A CUL-DE-SAC.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pleasant theme that formed the subject of their after-dinner discourse, it was not long continued. Both those who took part in it and those who listened were too anxious about their situation to enjoy even the most interesting conversation. As soon, therefore, as they felt sufficiently recruited by the rest, they resumed their aquatic journey. For several hours they continued to advance at the same slow rate, without encountering any incident worthy of record. The igarapé still trended in a

straight line, with only here and there a slight turning to one side or the other, preserving, however, the same general direction, which was northward. This they had discovered on the night before, not by observing the polar star, which is at no time visible at the equator, nor until you have travelled several degrees to the north of it. Even when this well-known star should be seen from the low latitudes of the torrid zone, it is usually obscured by the hazy film extending along the horizon. Sirius and other northern constellations had guided them. As the sun had been shining throughout the whole of that day, as well as the preceding one, you may suppose there could be no difficulty in discovering the quarter, within a point or two of the compass, at any hour of the day. This might be true to any one travelling in a high latitude, northern or southern, or at certain seasons of the year, anywhere outside the tropics. Even within the tropics it might be done by skilful observation, if the observer knew the exact time of the year. Trevanion knew the time. He knew, moreover, that it was close upon the vernal equinox, when the sun was crossing the equatorial line, near to which they were wandering. For this reason, in the meridian hours the great orb was right over their heads, and no one — not even a skilled astronomer — could have told north from south, or east from west.

Supposing that the *igarapé* should not be trending in the same direction, but imperceptibly departing from it? In that case, during the mid-hours of the day they could have had no guidance from the sky, and must have suspended their journey till the sun should begin to sink towards the west, and once more make known the points of the compass. Fortunately they needed not to make this delay. As already observed, the flow of the flood was the pilot to which they looked for keeping them in their course; and, as this still ran with a slight obliquity in the same direction as the *igarapé*, the latter could not have departed from the right line upon which they had been advancing. The current had been compared with the points of the compass that morning before setting out. It was a little to the east of north. Northward, then, was the course of the swimmers.

They had drawn further inference from the direction in which the flood was setting. It proved that they had strayed from the *Solimoës* by its left or northern bank, and must now be somewhere among the mouths of the great river *Japura*. It was no consolation to discover this, but the contrary. The old *tapuyo* only looked graver on arriving at the conviction that such was the case. He knew that in that direction, in the vast delta formed by the unnumbered branches of the *Japura*, the *Gapo* was of great width, extending far back from the banks of this remarkable river, and dry land in that direction might be at the greatest distance. There was no alternative but to keep on, and, by deviating from the course as little as possible, they might in due time reach the limits of the flood. Actuated by this impulse and its attendant hopes, they continued their toilsome journey along "the path of the canoe."

We have said that for several hours they encountered no incident worthy of note. It was not destined, however, for that day's sun to set before one should arise, whose record is not a matter of choice, but necessity, since it

exerted such an influence on the proceedings of the travellers as to cause a complete change in their mode of progression. What they encountered was not exactly an incident, but an obstruction. In other words, their swim was suddenly brought to an end by the ending of the *igarapé* !



They had arrived at the termination of this curious canal, which all at once came to a *cul-de-sac*, the trees closing in on both sides, and presenting an impenetrable front, that forbade farther progress. The way was equally obstructed in every other direction ; for on neither side of the *igarapé*, throughout its whole length, had any opening been observed. At first they fancied that the water might open again beyond the obstruction, but Munday, after penetrating a short distance among the tree trunks, returned to declare his conviction that the *igarapé* was at an end. Nor did it terminate by any gradual convergence of the two lines of trees. On the contrary, they came together in an abrupt circular sweep, — one of colossal size, that rose high above its fellows and spread far out, standing in the centre, like some Titanic guardian of the forest, and seeming to say to the *igarapé*, “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther !”

It was of no use remaining longer in the water for that day. Even had the obstruction not arisen, it was time to have suspended their exertions. The sun was sinking towards the tree-tops, and by the time they could get themselves snugly stowed away, and something ready for supper, it would be night. Leaving other cares for the morrow, and the morrow to take care of itself, they at once proceeded to select their sleeping-place for the night. The colossal tree that had come so unpleasantly across their track seemed to offer the very quarters they were in search of ; and, without more ado, they accepted the hospitality of its wide-spreading branches.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## THE BRAZIL NUTS.

THE tree upon which they had made their roost was one of a species of which they had observed many during the day. It was the true Brazil-nut (*Bertholletia excelsa*), own cousin to the sapucaya; for both are of the same family, — the *Lecythis*, — of which there are many distinct members. Like the sapucaya, it is a denizen of the low lands and flooded forests, growing to a stupendous height. It produces large, showy flowers, which are succeeded by huge capsule-like pericarps, each enclosing a score or more of Brazil-nuts. But though the flowers are followed by the fruits, these do not all come together; and, like the orange and other tropical trees, bud, blossom, and fruit may all be observed upon the same branch, in various stages of development.

It need not be said that the nuts of the *Bertholletia* form one of the commercial staples of Amazonia. They are too well known to need further description; for there are few dwelling-houses in either Europe or America where they have not been submitted to the squeeze of the nut-crackers. In the forest, where they are no man's property, they are collected by whoever chooses to take the trouble, but chiefly by the Indians and half-breeds who dwell on the borders of the Gapo. The time to gather the Brazil-nuts is the *vasante*, or dry season, though there are certain tribes of savages that go nutting in their canoes during the season of the *echente*. But the real nut harvest is after the floods have subsided, and the trees once more stand upon dry land. Then the whole *malocca* of Indians, or the inhabitants of a village, proceed in a body to the places where the fruits are to be found, scattered around the stems of the tall trees that have produced them.

In gathering their crop the gleaners require to observe certain precautions, those who go under the trees covering their heads with a thick wooden cap, resembling a helmet, lest the dropping of the heavy capsules — big as a cannon-ball, and almost as heavy — might crack a skull! For this reason the monkeys of the Amazon forest, though crazy for sapucaya and Brazil-nuts, always give the *Bertholletia* a wide berth, never going under, but around it, in a circle whose circumference lies outside the tips of the branches. Strange to say, these creatures have no fear of the sapucaya, although its pericarps are as large and heavy as those of the Brazil-nuts. But the former do not fall to the ground, or when they do, it is only after the lid has sprung open, and the huge cup has scattered its contents, leaving it a light and empty shell. It is for this reason, as much as anything else, that the nuts of the sapucaya are scarce in the market, and command a higher price. Having escaped spontaneously from their shell, they are at the mercy of all comers, birds, quadrupeds, and monkeys; whereas the Brazil-nuts, protected by their thick woody pericarps, are not so easily accessible. Even the monkeys cannot get at them, until some animal with teeth better adapted for chiselling performs for them the service of laying open the box, and

giving them a chance at the treasures contained within. This is done by several species of rodents, among which the *cutia* and *paca* are conspicuous; and one of the most comical spectacles to be seen in a South American forest is that of a group of monkeys, watching from a distance the proceedings of a *paca* thus employed, and then springing forward to take forcible possession of the pericarp after it has been sufficiently opened.

It was a bit of good fortune that our adventurers found lodgings upon the *Bertholletia*. Though more hospitality may usually be met with in an inn, it provided them with at least a portion of their supper, — the bread-stuff. They had still left a brace of the macaw squabs that had not been roasted; but Munday, as before, soon produced sufficient fire to give them a scorching, and keen appetites supplied salt, pepper, and sauce.

## CHAPTER XL.

### A TRAVELLING PARTY OF GUARIBAS.

SUPPER over, our adventurers only awaited the sunset to signal them to their repose. They had already selected their beds, or what was to serve for such, — the spaces of horizontal network formed by the intertwining of luxuriant lianas. At the best, it was no better than sleeping upon a naked hurdle; but they had been already somewhat inured to an uneasy couch on the galatea, and they were every day becoming less sensitive to necessities and hardships. They were all tired with the severe exertions they had made; for although their journey had been but about six miles, it was enough to equal sixty made upon land. They felt as if they could go to sleep astride of a limb, or suspended from a branch.

It was not decreed by fate that they should find rest before being made the witnesses of a spectacle so curious, that, had they been ever so much inclined for sleep, would have kept them awake against their will.

A noise heard afar off in the forest attracted their attention. There was nothing in it to alarm them, though had they not heard it before, or something similar to it, their fears might have been excited to the utmost pitch of terror. What they heard was the lugubrious chant of a band of howling monkeys. Of all the voices of Nature that awake the echoes of the Amazonian forest, there is perhaps none so awe-inspiring as this. It is a combination of sounds, that embrace the various tones of shrieking, screaming, chattering, growling, and howling, mingled with an occasional crash, and a rattle, such as might proceed from the throat of a dying maniac. And yet all this is often the product of a single *mycetes*, or howling monkey, whose hollow hyoidal bone enables him to send forth every species of sound, from the rolling of a bass drum to the sharp squeak of a penny-whistle.

“*Guaribas!*” quietly remarked the Mundurucú, as the distant noise was first heard.

“Howling monkeys you mean?” interrogatively rejoined Trevannion.

“Yes, patron, and the loudest howlers of the whole tribe. You’ll hear them presently. They are coming this way.”

"They're not far off now, I should say, if one may judge by the loudness of their cries."

"All of a mile yet, patron. It proves that the forest stretches more than a mile in that direction, else the guaribas could not be there. If there be open water between us and them, they won't come this way. If not, we'll have them here in ten minutes' time. I wish we could only travel among the tree-tops as they can. We should n't stay long in the Gapo."

"Just as the Mundurucú expected," continued the tapuyo, after a pause. "The guaribas are coming towards us. I can hear the swishing of the leaves as they pass among them. We'll soon see them."

The howling of the guaribas had for some time ceased, but the rustling of leaves, with the occasional snapping of a twig, to which the Indian had directed the attention of his companions, told that the troop was travelling through the tree-tops, otherwise observing a profound silence.

Soon they appeared in sight, suddenly presenting themselves upon a tall tree that stood by the side of the igarápe, about a cable's length from that occupied by our adventurers. For some minutes the branches of the tree were seen oscillating up and down, as each black guariba sprang into it; and this continued until not less than a hundred had found lodgement upon the limbs. As the leader of the band, who was evidently chief of the tribe, caught sight of the igarápe, he was seen to pause in an abrupt and ambiguous manner, at the same moment giving utterance to a cry, easily intelligible as a

word of command. It had the effect of causing those immediately behind him to come to a halt, as also the others, as they sprang successively into the tree. There could be no question as to what had caused the halt. It was the igarápe crossing the track which the guaribas were going. With them the only question was, how they were to get over it?

At the point where the howlers had clustered together, the strait was narrower than elsewhere within sight. Between the branches, extending horizontally from the opposite sides of the igarápe, there was a clear space of about



twenty feet; and to the spectators it appeared improbable that any animal



without wings could leap from tree to tree. The monkeys, however, did not seem to be of this opinion, but were plainly contemplating the leap ; and it was evident that some of them were only restrained from taking it by an authoritative command from their chief, which held them in check. For several minutes there was a profound silence among them, undisturbed until the stragglers had all arrived in the tree, and squatted on the branches.

It was now observed that among these last were several mothers, each carrying a child upon her back, or embraced between her bare arms ; the youngster with face upturned, clinging, not with teeth and toe-nail, but with hands and tail, to the neck of its maternal parent. To these the attention of the whole tribe appeared to be directed ; and it was evident that they were the sole cause of the difficulty, — the *impedimenta* that had interrupted the onward march of the troop.

There had been confusion, accompanied by some chattering, after first coming up ; but a sign from the leader had put an end to all noise, and then succeeded the silence already mentioned. During its continuance the guariba chief slowly ascended the tree, until he had attained a position elevated above all his followers. Then squatting down, with his hams firmly planted upon a branch, his long tail carefully coiled around another, he commenced his harangue with as much ceremony as if he had been chairman of a Guild-Hall dinner. Perhaps there was quite as much sense and eloquence in his speech ; at all events, there was more noise : for during the ten minutes taken up by it — it had the advantage of brevity — no other sound could have been heard over the Gapo within the circuit of a mile.

His address being ended, the chief, by a series of detached speeches, seemed to invite a reply from his followers, coaxing their assent, or daring them to contradiction. There appeared to be no dissent, not one voice. The chattering that responded to the speech was delivered in a tone that spoke unanimous compliance with the proposal — whatever it was — which their chief had offered to their consideration.

Then ensued another interval of silence, much shorter than before, and again interrupted by the leader of the troop. This time, however, his words were few and to the purpose. They were pronounced in a tone of command, that called for prompt obedience, which was yielded instantaneously and without protest.

One of the strongest of the guaribas ran out upon the limb overhanging the igarápe, and, stopping at its extremity, braced himself for the leap. In another instant it was made, and the monkey was seen rushing up into the tree on the other side of the igarápe. A comrade followed, placing his four hands in the same spot, his body in a similar attitude, and making the leap so exactly like the guariba that had preceded him, that it seemed the same monkey repeating the performance. Then went another, and another, so close following, that the creatures appeared more like the links of some colossal but quick-moving chain, pulled by supernatural power across the igarápe, than a series of individual and animated beings.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THERE is no reader of this magazine too small or too young to have heard and to understand that Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States of America, has been removed from this life by an act as awful and wicked as any that history records, and that his loss has given the whole country cause for mourning deep and long, — mourning in which all right-minded persons have joined with as honest a feeling as if by his departure from earthly life they had been deprived of a personal friend. And the Editors cannot let this solemn occasion pass without a few words of comment, which shall both express their sense of the shame and suffering inflicted upon our land by that appallingly bad young man, John Wilkes Booth, the murderer, and shall also hint to the youth whom they address, through all this broad continent, the true lesson to be derived from the career of him who has passed from this world in the very moment of his highest honor and his greatest influence.

Many a boy — and many a girl, too, doubtless — has wondered or asked how Mr. Lincoln came to be so great, and why he was so esteemed. This is the question to which these brief paragraphs will suggest the solution. A little magazine like this is not able to give a biography of the man, nor is it the place for a review of his traits of character or a eulogy upon his virtues, — such themes are reserved for the pages of historians and the writings of wise men; we can only draw one simple inference, and urge one plain reflection.

The inference of this grave event is this, — *that Abraham Lincoln was great because he was good.* From his boyhood he tried to be faithful to the duty of every hour as it came; he tried to discover what was really right, and to hold fast to it; he was eager to learn what was the truth of any matter, and what in justice should be done concerning it; in any doubtful question he became the advocate of that cause which his conscience and his principles told him ought to prevail; he was humble in spirit, willing to profit by the advice of other men, ready to acknowledge and to atone for a fault if he had committed one; above all, he was pious enough and brave enough to own his dependence upon the good and mighty God, who sitteth in the heavens ruling wisely, — whom men are too apt to forget when they become powerful and prosperous, — and in all his dealings, even with wicked and rebellious people, he endeavored to be lenient, as the Lord himself is lenient toward all the earth, remembering ever the gracious sentiment Shakespeare has expressed in these beautiful lines, wherein he is speaking of mercy: —

“It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God’s,  
When mercy seasons justice.”

Therefore others respected, admired, and trusted him, good men sympathized with him, and bad men feared lest his clear, searching gaze should find out

their evil, although cunningly concealed ; and therefore, now that he is gone from us, a nation with great grief has followed his body to the tomb, believes with loving confidence that his true spirit has been welcomed above with the glorious words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and will perpetuate his memory with grateful enthusiasm to remotest years.

The reflection, young readers and friends, is *not* that you are to imitate this pure and noble exemplar because reward and honor flowed in upon him, but *that you are to seek to do right because it is right in the eyes of your Heavenly Father*, whose kindness gives you all that you have, whose watchful providence is about you ever, and to whom you are responsible for all that you think and say and do. There is no real merit in an action which is inspired by the certainty or the hope of a recompense ; in such an action there is only self-love, because the doer of it expects that, although he may make some sacrifice at the time, he will yet receive a return greater than that, and so have a profit after all. No boy should think that the lives of great men who have risen from lowliness teach him to follow in their footsteps for the sake of winning their eminence, — to be patient, hard-working, studious, self-denying, and honest, in order to become a general, a cabinet-officer, an admiral, a rich merchant, or a President ; such lives teach him to cultivate these qualities because they are necessary to complete manhood, and to the development of his human soul. Abraham Lincoln never permitted himself to dwell upon high and shining station as the future result of his steady, persevering labors, whether as farmer, lawyer, Congressman, or as head of the government of our vast United States. He earnestly gave his efforts to improving all the goodness and strength of his nature, in order to be as perfect a man as he could ; he upheld with all his might what he became convinced he ought, as a patriotic, Christian man, to uphold, without regard to the worldly consequences that might affect him on account of such support ; and he always put aside all personal considerations and selfish desires, and, in prayerful reliance upon the Almighty and All-wise Ruler, sought the real good of those whom he had been appointed to govern, — meeting his death, at last, in a great public assembly whither he had gone, not for his own pleasure, but because his presence had been promised, and his generous heart feared lest disappointment should follow his absence. Henceforward his name and his deeds will be recounted with those of Washington, and his consistent uprightness will be a teacher and a model.

So let us leave him now, remembering that he is at peace where no turmoil or trial of men in labor and passion can reach and afflict him, and never forgetting that the grand and holy moral of his pure and simple life — which we reverently believe his silent lips would relate to you all, dear young Americans, if they could once more speak — is this : *Do good, and love to do it, not for pleasure or reward, but because it is right before the eternal God ; avoid all evil, and love to avoid it, not for fear or on account of punishment, but because it is sinful before the Lord, and fit only for the Devil and his angels.*



# Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY  
of  
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



## CHARADES.

No. 9.

OBEDIENT to a mute command,  
My *first* flies, far and fleet,  
Frantic across the listening land,  
Unhelped by wings or feet,  
And often bears from Love's fond hand  
My *second*, dear and sweet ; —

My *second*, which in every place  
Fond hearts will clasp and prize ;  
But yet my *second* loses grace,  
When, as I own with sighs,  
It sometimes clouds the kindest face  
And fires the fairest eyes.

My *whole*, with brightest bloom replete,  
Yields to a doom unjust,  
A grievous fate condemned to meet,  
Wherever it is thrust,  
Swept roughly under servile feet  
And trampled in the dust.

FLORENCE PERCY.

No. 10.

My *first* in snowy folds may lie,  
Or glow with shades of every dye,  
Assist our toilet, deck our board,  
And gleam from Eastern garb and sword.

My *second* yields its balmy breath  
Most sweetly when 't is doomed to death ;  
And names a maiden pure and fair,  
With tender eyes and clustering hair.

A curious casket is my *third*,  
Locked in a short and simple word,  
Whose richest treasures shun the light,  
Or coyly open to our sight.

My *whole* is just the loveliest thing  
In summer's crown, bequeathed by spring ;  
Cupid proclaims his message by it,  
When bashful lips would fain deny it.

S.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- Our great leader, — *Largeness, try us angels*, — after putting his veto on the *Cry on de face*, has accomplished more for the good of our country than any man who has been accustomed to say of himself, "*I bias not toil.*"
- My cook, preparing for dinner, asked

what she should do with the chops ; said I, "*Melt rib oh!*" She said then, "How about the beef?" "*Troll, I sweat,*" replied I. "What pudding?" asked she ; "*A pi o' cat,*" said I. "A nice dessert?" she inquired ; "*A cheep,*" said I, "with *no greas.*"

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 12.



ENIGMAS.

No. 10.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
 My 8, 7, 16, is a wild animal.  
 My 2, 9, 11, 17, is very annoying in dry weather.  
 My 1, 6, 20, is a melody.  
 My 2, 10, 7, is a loud sound.  
 My 12, 16, 4, 18, is an exclamation that commands quiet.  
 My 3, 19, 5, 15, is a very small quantity.  
 My 14, 16, 13, 5, is a song in two parts.  
 My whole is a distinguished author.

KATIE F. B.

NO. 11.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
 My 9, 16, 5, 5, 4, 11, is a girl's name.  
 My 2, 6, 10, 8, is where we put bread.  
 My 15, 7, 17, is the front of an army.  
 My 6, 7, 1, 11, 8, 12, 4, 17, 16, is a kind of tender epistle.  
 My 13, 7, 1, 12, is a military command.  
 My 17, 14, 12, is a negative.  
 My 9, 1, 3, 16, is a color.  
 My whole is one of the greatest musical composers.

D. L., JR.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

No. 13.

A man with five weights can weigh any number of pounds from one to one hundred and twenty-one. What are they?

S. F. T.

No. 14.

I know a man whose name is 9 more than his title, and if from his name and title you subtract twice the difference between the Christian and Mohammedan

eras, you will have the present year of our Lord. Can you work out his name?

A. O. W.

No. 15.

I sent 20 cents for 20 pencils. The prices being 4 cents each, 2 for a cent, and 4 for a cent, how many of each kind will the shopman send me?

E. D. J.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 13.



C. F. B.

## ANSWERS.

## CHARADES.

7. Ram-rod. 8. Shay-raid (Charade).

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

11. Love me *little*, love me *long*. (By Charles Reade.)  
12. 18 feet.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

5. Mississippi. 6. Geranium.

## ENIGMAS.

7. General Tom Thumb.  
8. Mother Goose. 9. Robinson Crusoe.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

10. In the cause of Independence our forefathers sacrificed their lives and fortunes. Let us aim to hand down to latest posterity the priceless heritage of the Union, cemented by their rich-

est blood. [(Inn) T (he) caws of (in D pen den CE) (hour) (four fathers) (sacrifice) ed T (hair) live (sand) (four tunes). (Lettuce) (aim) 2 (hand down) (too late) est (poster) I (tea) the pr(ice) less (her) (eye) t (age) of the Union (seamen) ted (bee) y (thei) r (rich) est (blood).]

11. Stern tide of human time, that knowest not rest,

But sweeping from the cradle to the tomb  
Successive generations to their doom.

[St (urn) (tie) de of u m (ant) (eye) me t (hat) know (west) (knot) (rest), (butt) (sweep in G) from the (cradle) (tooth)E (tomb) success (hive) gene (rat) (eye) on Stot] (hair) doom.]

## FUDGE.

THERE was an old party named Fudge,  
Who played till they hoped he would budge;  
When they cried, "Will you stop?"  
He said, "Not till I drop!" —  
That persistent old party named Fudge. F.





# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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No. VII.

## FREDDY'S NEW-YEAR'S DINNER.

A STORY FOR SMALL YOUNG FOLKS.



FREDDY LINCOLN was the son of a widow, and, because he was born on the First of January, she called him her New Year's Present. A charming present he was, the bright, loving little fellow! His mother was not very well. She was not strong enough to earn much money. But Freddy grew stout on boiled potatoes, and good sweet bread and milk. His clothes were patched; but he liked them, because mother mended them so nicely. He had no money to buy playthings; but he did not need any. He could amuse himself all day with chips and shavings, and his little frisky kitten, and a tin cow that he picked up in the street. The cow had her feet broken off, but his mother bored four holes in a piece of wood, and put the cow's legs into the holes, and then she stood as well as any cow in the barn-yard; but she could not give any milk, you know, because she was made of tin. Kitty was a live thing, that would n't break, and Freddy liked her much better than anything made of tin or wood. She was a white kitten,—all white, except a little black spot on her nose. That black spot made her look as if she had been smelling of crocky kettles. When boys peeped in through the open fence, they called her Smutty Nose. Freddy

did not like to have them laugh at his kitten. One day he took a basin of water and a piece of sponge, and tried to wash the black spot off. The kitten cried, "Miou!" and kicked her hind legs very hard against his wrists. But he held her tight, and scrubbed poor kitty's nose till he almost rubbed the skin off. Perhaps he would have rubbed the skin quite off, if his mother had not called him. But as soon as he heard her sweet voice calling, "Freddy dear!" he ran to see what was wanted. His mother said to him, "Here is Bobby Spring come to see you. He is going to have a Christmas party, and he wants you to come." "O mother, do let me go!" exclaimed Freddy; and when mother said he might go, he jumped up and down, and shook his elbows, and laughed out loud, he was so glad. When kitty saw him jumping about, she began to jump too. She ran round and round, after her own tail; but she did n't catch it; for the tail ran round as fast as she did. "What a little fool!" said Bobby Spring. "She don't know that her tail is tied on." Freddy clapped his hands, and laughed to see how fast the kitten ran round. "So it *is* tied on," said he; "and kitty don't know it. She thinks she can catch it, but she can't *never* catch it. Mother, when *is* Christmas? Is it to-night? May I wear my blue jacket?"

When he was told that the next night would be Christmas Eve, he thought it was a long time to wait. All the next day he kept asking, every hour, how long it would be before sunset. The sun went down at last, and Freddy went to the Christmas party. There he saw wonderful things. There was an ever-green tree on the table, lighted up with little candles; and dogs, and dolls, and birds, and all sorts of pretty things, were on the branches. Every little girl and boy had something from the tree. Freddy had a small flag with stars and stripes on it, and on the top was a bright gilded eagle and a yellow tassel. And he had a paper full of sugared almonds, and a book full of pretty pictures. He jumped round with a little black-eyed girl, and called it dancing. Mrs. Spring played on the piano, and they had a merry time.

When Freddy's mother came for him, he could not believe it was nine o'clock, though he never sat up so late before. His mother told him it was time his little peepers were shut. But his peepers were open for two hours afterward; and when he fell asleep, he went to the Christmas party again. He dreamed that he saw his white kitten up in the Christmas tree, stretching her paw down to catch the dolls, that were dancing on the branches to the tune of Yankee Doodle. He remembered it when he woke up, and talked to his mother about it. When she told him the kitten did not go to the party, he said, "Yes, she *was* there, mother, for I did see her." Then he turned to puss, who was sleeping on the hearth-rug, and said, "Kitty, you know you was there. I did see you trying to catch the dolls." The kitten winked her eyes sleepily, and did n't seem to remember anything about the Christmas tree. But Freddy always thought that puss was at the party, though she could n't talk about it. He talked it over to *her* ever so many times.

A week after the party it was New Year's Day. Freddy came down stairs barefoot, his little toes all red with the cold. He jumped and skipped about, for he was never still. And he hugged and kissed his mother, and said, "I

woke up first! I did wish you a happy New Year first! Did n't I, dear mother?" Then, looking at his cup of milk and crust of bread, he began to think of the nice things at the Christmas party. And he said, "Mother, I don't think that is a very good breakfast for New Year's Day. It's my birthday, too. All the boys have things New Year's Day. Bobby Spring said he was going to have lots of things. His father, and his mother, and his grandfather, and his grandmother are all going to give him something."

Freddy's mother kissed him, and said, "My little boy has no father, and no grandfather, and no grandmother; and mother is not well, and can't earn much money to buy things. But she has made her dear little son a nice cap, just such a one as he wanted. See! it is like a soldier's cap. There are two bright buttons and a tassel. Is n't that a pretty New Year's present?"

Freddy seized it with both hands, pushed it down on his head, and began to march about the room. His mother smiled to see how tall he felt. "I wish I had a feather in it," said he.

"Well, here is the cockerel's feather you picked up; I will put that in," said his mother.

Freddy was delighted to have it, and as soon as it was fastened in, he began to march about again.

"But is n't my little son going to give mother a New Year's present?" said she.

He stopped marching at once, and said, sorrowfully, "I don't know what to give you, dear mother. I have n't got anything. I am sorry I did eat up all my sugared almonds."

His mother kissed him, and said, "*You* are my New Year's present, sonny. Give mother a kiss. She will like that better than sugared almonds."

When they had kissed each other many times, his mother said, "Now my little boy must be dressed, and eat his breakfast."

Freddy jumped down and looked out of the window. "It did snow while I was asleep," said he. "Let me have on my copper-toed shoes, and go out in the snow."

"But you must eat your breakfast first," said his mother.

Freddy nibbled away at the crust; then he laid it down, and, looking up coaxingly in his mother's face, he said, "You know once, when I did look into the baker's window, he *comed* out and did give me a gingerbread rabbit, with two black currants for eyes. *Praps*, if I wish the baker a happy New Year, he will give me another gingerbread rabbit. May I go and wish the baker a happy New Year? Do let me go, dear mother."

She smiled, and said, "You may go and wish Mr. Wheaton a happy New Year, my son; but you must n't ask him for a gingerbread rabbit. If he gives you a cake, make a bow, and say, I thank you, sir; and if he does not give you a cake, make a bow and say, Good morning, sir, and come right away, like a little man."

"But, mother, if the baker don't give me a cake," said Freddy, "I should like to stop outside one little minute, just to look into the window and see the gingerbread rabbits. I won't ask him for a rabbit. I will only look at 'em."



"Well, you may look at them, darling," said his mother. "But drink your cup of milk before you go."

He took the tin cup with both his little plump hands, and held back his head, and poured every drop into his mouth, and then set the cup down, smacking his lips. "Now, mother," said he, "please put on my coat, and my new cap, with the brass buttons and the cockerel's feather; and I'll take my little flag, and then I shall look like a soldier." When his coat and cap were on, he gave his mother a smacking kiss, and said, "If the baker gives me a gingerbread rabbit, I will give you half of it." And away he went, saying, "March!. March!"

His mother looked after him with a smile, but the tears were in her eyes; for Freddy was her darling boy, and she felt sad because she had no New Year's cake to give him. It was a beautiful winter morning. There was snow on the ground, and a sprinkling of snow on the trees, and bright sparkles of frost in the air. Freddy went marching along, making the snow fly with his little copper-toed shoes. His eyes were blue as the sky, his cheeks were rosy with cold, and the curls of his soft yellow hair blew about in the wind. He felt very tall, with a flag on his shoulder and a feather in his cap. He saw a man coming toward him dressed in a blue coat, with bright brass things on his cap. But he did n't mind that. He kept marching along. When the man came up to him, he stopped and said, "What are you doing, my fine little fellow?"



"Playing soldier, sir," said Freddy, looking up into the man's face with his clear blue eyes.

The man caught him up in his strong arms, and hugged him and kissed him. "Bless your heart, I wish you were my little boy," said the man. "Your eyes are just like my little Lucy's. Whose boy are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Lincoln's boy. Whose boy are you?" said Freddy, with a roguish smile. His mother had taught him to say so, for fun; and he said it to the stranger man because he thought he would think it funny.

The man did think it was funny. He laughed, and chucked Freddy under the chin, saying, "You little

rogue! I'm one of *Mister Lincoln's* boys." He said that because he was a soldier in President Lincoln's army.

"Please let me get down," said Freddy. "I'm going to the baker's, to wish him happy New Year; and *praps* he will give me a gingerbread rabbit. He did give me a gingerbread rabbit oncé."

"You had better come with me," said the soldier. "I will give you a cake. You will see ever so many soldiers, and they will play Yankee Doodle for you on the drum and the fife."

"I would like to see the soldiers, and hear the drum and the fife," said Freddy. "Is it a great ways? Will you bring me back? I don't want to go a great ways from my mother."

"I will bring you safely back, my boy," said he. "So come with me and see the soldiers." He kissed him again, and set him down on the ground very tenderly.

Freddy liked this new friend very much. Sometimes he looked up in his face and smiled; and the soldier smiled to see him marching along by his side, with his little copper-toed shoes, and the flag on his shoulder, and the feather in his cap. Freddy felt very safe and very grand, marching along with a real live soldier. He thought it was a great deal better than playing with tin soldiers at the Christmas party. When his friend asked him if he had ever been to see the soldiers, he said he had played with a whole company of tin soldiers. Then he told him all about the Christmas party, how he danced with a little girl, and how Santa Claus put a little flag, and a picture-book, and some sugared almonds, in the tree for him.

"I should like to see you dance with my little Lucy," said the soldier. "She has great blue eyes and curly yellow hair, just like you. She is a pretty little puss, and I love her dearly."

"Is she a kitten?" asked Freddy.

"No indeed. She is my little girl," said the soldier. "What made you think she was a kitten?"

"Because you did call her a pretty little puss; and that is what mother calls my kitten," said Freddy. Then he began to tell about his kitten; how she was all white, except a smutty spot on her nose, that he could n't wash off.

The big soldier was as much pleased with his prattle as if he himself had been a little boy. It sounded very pleasantly in his ears, for his own dear little Lucy at home was just such a chatterbox. They had not walked very far before they came to a large building, and in front of it there were a great many men wearing blue coats and soldiers' caps. Some were singing, some talking, and some cleaning their guns. Freddy had never seen so many men together before. He began to wish his mother was with him. He nestled close up to his new friend, and took hold of his coat.

"You need n't be afraid," said the man. "These are all Mr. Lincoln's boys, and they'll all be glad to see you. Come with me. I'll take good care of you."

"Hilloa, Sergeant!" shouted one of the soldiers, "who is this?"

"He is a little boy I found in the street," said the Sergeant. "I brought him here to see the soldiers. He wants to hear you play Yankee Doodle on the drum and the fife."

"That we will!" said the drummer. "Come here, my little fellow."

"Wish you happy New Year! Wish you happy New Year!" said the soldiers.

"It's my birthday, too," said Freddy, who began to feel that he was among friends.

They gave him apples and peanuts, and told him about the little girls and boys they had left at home. Then they began to play Yankee Doodle, with a big drum and a little drum, and a big fife and a little fife; and some of the soldiers sang Yankee Doodle, and snapped their fingers to the music; and one of the men danced, and another made up droll faces. All this made Freddy so merry, he did n't know what to do with himself. He jumped up and down, and rolled over in the snow, and laughed, and laughed. Then he got up and marched about with his little flag, and tried to sing Yankee Doodle. He forgot all about the baker, and the gingerbread rabbit, and his little white kitten, and everything. The soldiers thought he was a charming little fellow, and he thought they were charming great fellows; and they had all manner of fun together.

Presently there was the rolling sound of a big drum, and somebody called out that dinner was ready. Then little Freddy stopped jumping about, and said, "I must go right home to my mother."

But his friend the Sergeant said, "You could n't find the way home, my boy. Come and eat dinner with us, and as soon as I have done dinner, I will carry you home."

"I don't want to be carried," said Freddy. "I am a great, large boy, and I can walk home alone."

"What a big tail our kitten's got!" said one of the soldiers.

"Where is the kitty?" asked Freddy.

When the soldiers saw him looking all round for a kitten, they laughed; but Freddy did n't know what they were laughing at.

An officer came up and told the soldiers to form into a line. So they marched, two and two, to the dinner-tables; and Freddy took hold of the friendly Sergeant's hand, and marched along, with the cockerel's feather in his cap, and the little flag on his shoulder. The drums and the fifes sounded so merrily, that he wanted to jump and skip; but the Sergeant told him he must march like a little soldier, because he had the flag to carry. So he marched along very steadily, and his little copper-toed shoes made marks on the snow exactly alongside of the sergeant's big shoes. Freddy felt as if he was a man.

The ladies of the town had sent the soldiers a great many good things for a New Year's dinner. They all seemed to think that Freddy was king of the feast. They mounted him on a tall box, so that he was as high as any of them. They put on his plate a slice of roasted turkey, and squash, and potato, and gravy. He was in a hurry to have his friend the Sergeant cut up



the turkey for him ; for he had never had roasted turkey but twice before in his life. It tasted wonderfully good ; but when he had eaten two or three mouthfuls, he stopped, and, looking up in the Sergeant's face, he said, " If you please, sir, I should like to put this nice dinner in a paper, and carry it home to my mother. My mother is n't very well, and she don't get much money to buy good things."

" That's right ! Always be good to your mother, my brave boy," said the Sergeant. " But you may eat the turkey on your plate. I will give you another slice to carry home to your mother."

Then Freddy ate his turkey with a good appetite. And when he had eaten it, they gave him a slice of plum-pudding with sweet sauce. He looked at the big raisins, and laughed, and began to sing,

" Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Eating Christmas pie ;  
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,  
And cried, What a *great* boy am I !"

He wanted to pull out a plum ; but the pudding looked so good, he said, " If you please, I would like to put this in a paper and carry it home to my mother."

" Eat your pudding, my boy," said one of the soldiers. " I will go out presently and buy a basket, and we will fill it full of nice things for your mother."

So he ate his pudding, and all the sweet sauce on his plate. Then he took a little tin cup of water with both hands, and drank it all, and said he had had dinner enough.

The soldier went out and bought a basket, as large as he thought such a little boy could lift, and they filled it full of nice things. Then Freddy was in a great hurry to go home to show his mother what a New Year's present the soldiers had sent her. His friend the Sergeant put a bow of ribbon in his cap, red, white, and blue, with a bright gilt eagle in the middle. The long ends of the ribbon hung down about his ears, and mixed with his yellow curls ; and it all looked as pretty as a picture. Freddy was in a great hurry to go and show it to his mother ; but the soldiers all wanted to kiss him. It took a long while to go round among them all ; and his friend the Sergeant said, " Make haste. The boy ought to go home. His mother will think he is lost."

Freddy hurried through his kissing, and heaved a big sigh when he said, " Good by, Mr. Lincoln's boys. I wish I could come again to-morrow."

" We are going to march away to-morrow," said the men ; " and we don't know whether we shall ever see little Freddy again. Good by. Remember Mr. Lincoln's boys."

Some of them felt tears coming in their eyes, for they were thinking of their own dear little children at home.

" Good by," said Freddy. " Thank you for my nice dinner, and for the nice things you have sent my mother."

" Good by, Good by, Good by," they all said ; and Freddy did not see them more.

He felt sorry they were going away ; but when the Sergeant began to whistle Yankee Doodle, he became merry again ; and as they walked along, he shook his little head to the music, till the cockerel's feather in his cap, and the red and white and blue ribbons, and the yellow curls, all seemed to be dancing a jig. There never was a little boy so happy as Freddy was that day.

When they came in sight of his mother's house, the Sergeant said, "Now *you* can carry the basket the rest of the way. Good by, dear little fellow." He took him up in his arms, and looked in his face, and kissed his mouth, and both his cheeks, and both his eyes. When he sat him down on the ground, tears fell on his yellow curls, for the kind soldier was thinking of his own little blue-eyed Lucy at home.

Freddy did not see the tears, and he did not know what his friend was thinking of when he kissed him so many times. He was in a great hurry to show his mother the present he had brought her, and he tugged the basket along as fast as he could. His mother opened the door and said, "Why Freddy ! Where *have* you been all this while ?"

He was all out of breath, but as soon as he could speak, he said, "O mother, I did have such a darling New Year's Day ! I did see such a many, many soldiers ! And they did give me roast turkey, and they did give me plum-pudding ; and they did send a New Year's present to you."

"But, Freddy," said his mother, "you have been naughty. Poor mother has been much troubled about you. She thought her little boy was lost."

"*Was* I naughty ?" said Freddy, sorrowfully. "I did n't know I was naughty."

"Why only think how long you have been gone !" said his mother. "You went away at breakfast-time, and now it is after dinner."

"So I did !" said Freddy. He was very much surprised. He did not know where the day had gone to, it had gone so quick. When his mother told him she had been frightened about him, he felt sorry, and began to make up a lip to cry.

But his mother patted him on the head and said, "Don't cry. You did n't *mean* to be a naughty boy. You did n't *mean* to stay away from poor mother so long ; did you ? How was it ? Tell me all about it."

But Freddy was busy unpacking the basket. "O mother," said he, "see what lots of things the soldiers did send you ! Here is a great piece of mince-pie, and a great piece of apple-pie, and a great piece of plum-pudding, and a great piece of turkey, and four red apples ; and see this great, big, *large* orange !"

His mother smiled, and said, "But where is the gingerbread rabbit you went out to get this morning ?"

Freddy laid down the big orange, and seemed very much surprised again. "Why, mother," said he, "I did forget all about the gingerbread rabbit ! How funny ! But I did have a darling New Year's Day."

"You have not told me where you have been," said his mother. "Come, sit in my lap, and tell me all about it."

Then he began to tell how he met a soldier, who took him up in his arms

and kissed him, and told him he looked like his little blue-eyed Lucy at home. And how he asked him to go and see the soldiers; and how they played Yankee Doodle on a great drum and a little drum, and a big fife, and a little fife. How his tongue did run! It seemed as if he could never go to sleep that night. And when at last his peepers were shut, his mother saw him smiling in his sleep. He was dreaming about the soldier that made such funny faces. He was awake bright and early in the morning, and the first words he said were, "Hark, mother! Don't you hear the drums and fifes? I guess the soldiers are marching away. O mother, let me get up and be dressed, and march a little way with 'em."

She put her arm round him and said, "My little boy don't want to go away and leave his poor mother all alone, does he?"

"No, dear mother, I don't." He nestled close up to her, and began to tell her over again all the wonderful things he had seen and heard. Freddy was a chatterbox.

When the winter passed away, something else happened. A lady in the country invited his mother to come and stay at her house; for she thought the fresh air and the smell of the new hay would be good for her. Freddy was delighted to go. He was always delighted with everything. The lady had a neighbor, whose little blue-eyed daughter was named Lucy; and they lived alone, because Lucy's father had gone to be a soldier.

One day, when Lucy was picking up chips, Freddy helped her to fill her little basket; and when it was full, he took hold of one side of the handle, and she took hold of the other, and they carried it into the house to her mother. The lady asked him whose little boy he was; and when he told her he was Mrs. Lincoln's boy, she smiled, and asked him if he did n't go to see Mr. Lincoln's boys on New Year's Day. Freddy began to tell about the charming time he had with the soldiers. The lady took him up in her lap and kissed him, and told him her husband was the soldier who met him in the street. "And is that his little Lucy?" asked Freddy. "Yes, that is his little Lucy," said the lady. Then Freddy felt as if he was very well acquainted with the little girl. They played together every day. He told her, over and over again, what great times he had on Christmas Eve and New Year's Day; and he told her all about his white kitten with a smutty nose; and she told him all about her chickens and her lambs. They made houses of cobs, and rode seesaw on the boards. He called her Sissy, and she called him Bubby. They had very pleasant times together.

When summer was gone, he did not want to go back to the city. He said, "I shall have nobody to play with me, mother. I wish Lucy would go with me. I wish she *was* my Sissy." "I wish so, too," said his mother. "But Lucy must not leave her mother all alone, you know. And we must go home now, and see what has become of puss." "O yes," said Freddy, "I want to see puss again."

He found that she had grown to be a great puss; and he told his mother he did not like her half so well as he did little Lucy.





### THE MODEL YOUNG LADY.

EVERY one calls her remarkably good ;  
 All of her virtues are well understood ;  
 Spotless her laces, and smooth is her hair ;  
 She is Propriety's self, sitting there  
 With her bland smile and her satisfied air.

"Cheerful?" What of it? She smiles when you smile ;  
 Lets you the wearisome moments beguile ;  
 Takes your red roses and weaves into crowns ;  
 Lists while the voice of your flattery sounds.  
 "Cheerful?" Go, prove her with shadows and frowns.

"Lovèd and loving?" She has a new ring,  
 Jewelled and costly, an exquisite thing ;  
 Far too imposing a token to hide,  
 Pledge of her conquest, she wears it with pride ;  
 Pleased to be chosen as Luxury's bride.

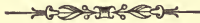
“Free from quick passion?” Her heart-beats are slow;  
 How should the half-empty chalice o'erflow?  
 Few are the feelings she has to restrain;  
 What does she know of the torturing pain  
 Of the racked heart and the agonized brain?

“Pattern for others?” What tempts her to stray?  
 Where could she find a more sunshiny way?  
 Changing her path were to darken her hours;  
 Sinning means thistles, and saintliness flowers;  
 Duty leads onward through vineyards and bowers.

Not that I judge her; O, bitter and stern  
 Lessons, in future, her spirit may learn!  
 Nectar, by keeping, may change into gall;  
 Angels turn demons when tempted to fall;  
 Goodness untried is no goodness at all.

Not the frankincense and gold from the mine,  
 Not the sweet fragrance of Galilee's wine,  
 Not the rich ointment the penitent poured,  
 Not the hosanna's triumphant accord,—  
 Thorn-wreath and cross proved the love of the Lord.

*Marian Douglas.*



## THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH.

OUR old homestead — (the house was very old for a new country, having been built about the time that the Prince of Orange drove out James the Second) — nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these, a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook in its turn, after doing duty at two or three saw and grist mills, the clack of which we could hear in still days across the intervening woodlands, found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea.

I have not much reason for speaking well of these meadows, or rather bogs, for they were wet most of the year; but in the early days they were highly prized by the settlers, as they furnished natural mowing before the uplands could be cleared of wood and stones and laid down to grass. There is a tradition that the hay-harvesters of two adjoining towns quarrelled about a boundary question, and fought a hard battle one summer morning in that

old time, not altogether bloodless, but by no means as fatal as the fight between the rival Highland clans, described by Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth." I used to wonder at their folly, when I was stumbling over the rough hassocks, and sinking knee-deep in the black mire, raking the sharp sickle-edged grass which we used to feed out to the young cattle in midwinter when the bitter cold gave them appetite for even such fodder. I had an almost Irish hatred of snakes, and these meadows were full of them, — striped, green, dingy water-snakes, and now and then an ugly spotted adder by no means pleasant to touch with bare feet. There were great, black snakes, too, in the ledges of the neighboring knolls; and on one occasion in early spring I found myself in the midst of a score at least of them, — holding their wicked meeting one Sabbath morning on the margin of a deep spring in the meadows. One glimpse at their fierce, shining heads in the sunshine, as they roused themselves at my approach, was sufficient to send me at full speed towards the nearest upland. The snakes, equally scared, fled in the same direction; and, looking back, I saw the dark monsters following close at my heels, terrible as the Black Horse rebel regiment at Bull Run. I had, happily, sense enough left to step aside and let the ugly troop glide into the bushes.

Nevertheless, the meadows had their redeeming points. In spring mornings the blackbirds and bobolinks made them musical with songs; and in the evenings great bullfrogs croaked and clamored; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the moonlight like troops of ghosts, with the fireflies throwing up ever and anon signals of their coming. But the brook was far more attractive, for it had sheltered bathing-places, clear and white-sanded, and weedy stretches, where the shy pickerel loved to linger, and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins. I had followed it all the way from its birthplace among the pleasant New Hampshire hills, through the sunshine of broad, open meadows, and under the shadow of thick woods. It was, for the most part, a sober, quiet little river, but at intervals it broke into a low, rippling laugh over rocks and trunks of fallen trees. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and, if a drunken teamster could be credited, a ghost was once seen bobbing for eels under Country Bridge. It ground our corn and rye for us, at its two grist-mills; and we drove our sheep to it for their spring-washing, an anniversary which was looked forward to with intense delight, for it was always rare fun for the youngsters. Macaulay has sung,

"That year young lads in Umbro \*  
Shall plunge the struggling sheep,"

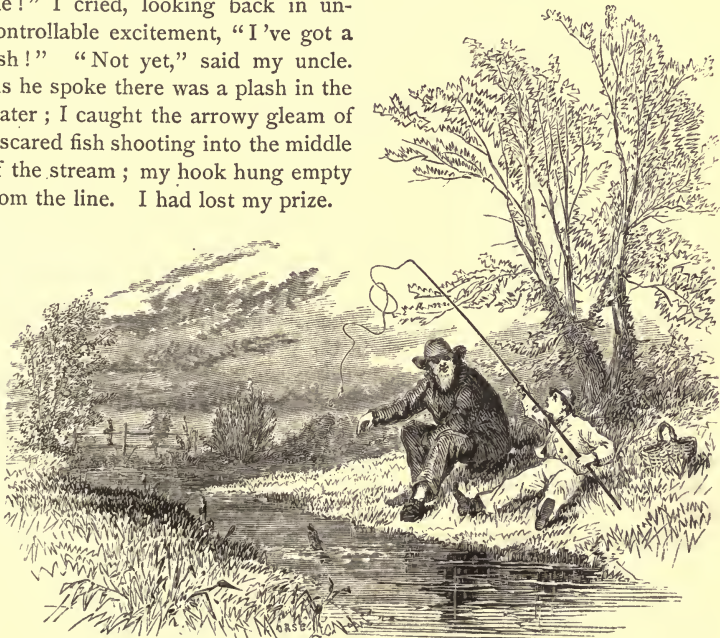
and his picture of the Roman sheep-washing recalled, when we read it, similar scenes in the Country Brook. On its banks we could always find the earliest and the latest wild-flowers, from the pale blue, three-lobed hepatica, and \*small, delicate wood-anemone, to the yellow bloom of the witch-hazel burning in the leafless October woods.

Yet, after all, I think the chief attraction of the Brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us (there has always been one of that unfortunate class in every generation



of our family) was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the corn-field or the haying-lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brook-side. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerately placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I, "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," he said, "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.



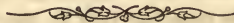
We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people ; but, we may depend upon it, the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason, experience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and if possible avoid a scene ; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it ; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did n't catch ! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brook-side, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application : "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

*John G. Whittier.*



## HOW OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS KILLED.

A TRUE STORY.



HE summer of 1746 was a trying time to the inhabitants of New England everywhere, and notably so to the people of the little town of North Yarmouth in the Province of Maine, now the flourishing and populous village of Yarmouth in the great State of Maine. The Indians, at first friendly, as you know, to the early settlers, maddened by a long series of wrongs, real and fancied, and instigated by the promptings of their French Jesuit priests, had at last combined in a general effort to drive away the hated pale-faces from their hunting and fishing-grounds. There had been other Indian wars before, and cruel and bloody wars they were ; but this war of 1746 seems to have been waged with a savage ferocity and a deadly determination which make the others appear quite insignificant in comparison.

I have no time now to tell you the causes of this hostility of the Indians to the settlers. When you are a little older, you will read all about the matter in your histories, and will find, I am afraid, that our Puritan ancestors, however good and pious in other things, were anything but good in their treatment of the unsuspecting savages, of whose territory they took such unceremonious possession; and that, if there ever was just cause for bitter and bloody retaliation, the Indians of that time had it.

However this may be, at the time of which I am telling you the whole Province of Maine was in a state of complete alarm, and no little danger. A large force of Indians hovered along the whole frontier, and around all the outlying settlements, and every now and then made rapid incursions to the interior. They came generally in scattered bands, usually consisting of five or ten, rarely of more than fifty; killed the straying cattle; robbed, murdered and scalped all who were found outside of the rude fortifications of the time; and sometimes, when they felt themselves strong enough,—which was not often,—made an attack upon towns and garrisons. So that the good people of North Yarmouth, in the sunny month of August, 1746, instead of being out in their boats fishing on the pleasant waters of Casco Bay, as they were wont to do, (for they were a seafaring people then, as they have always continued to be,) or cultivating their fields on the banks of the little Royall's River, were obliged to live shut up in block-houses,—only to go abroad in well-armed bodies, and then only for the shortest possible distance, for fear of being surprised by some skulking band of savages.

You may well imagine it was not a very cheerful thing to be shut up in these block-houses, as at this time, not only in North Yarmouth, but all over the Province of Maine, almost everybody was obliged to be. Life at the best then was not a very cheerful business; our ancestors were never very cheery people, and while doing all honor to the high qualities which they undoubtedly had, and which have made our glorious old New England the mother of all that is most noble in the great commonwealth, yet there is no harm in regretting that they were not more cheerful in their habits and in their ways, and, without thinking any less of their Christian virtues and pious exercises, did not pay a little more attention to amusing themselves and their children. The gloom of those old Puritan times still overhangs too many a fireside in our Northern hills, and has given to us, the unworthy descendants of the Puritans, a sullenness of demeanor, an unwillingness to be pleased, or to appear pleased, which, if only a crust upon our kindly disposition, is yet a very disagreeable one, and one which I heartily wish we were well rid of.

But one can hardly blame our great-grandfathers for not being cheerful in the block-houses to which the dangers of 1746 consigned them. These were rude structures at the best. Many of them were no larger than a good-sized room, but securely built of stout logs. These were refuges for single families, and were not intended to withstand a strong attack. Others were of a more formidable character, consisting of a strong enclosure of palisades fifty or a hundred feet square, with the block-house proper, a solid log fort



two stories high in the centre. These latter, properly garrisoned, could bid defiance to any party of Indians likely to attack them. In them, says the old chronicler, many families were often clustered together; and he mentions, as an extraordinary instance of harmony, that in one of them eleven families lived together for no less than seven years. The meagre records of the time give us very little information about the mode of life of our beleaguered forefathers, but we know enough to be able to say, as I told you, that it could not have been very cheerful. We may suppose that the elders found a grim satisfaction in their long prayers at morning and night, their long graces before and after meals, their ponderous volumes of sound but musty theology, and in the interminable and sometimes heated discussions on predestination, free will, and kindred doctrines, with which they occupied their leisure moments. But how must it have been with the young people? It was no pleasant thing to peep out of the narrow slits in the walls, and see the deserted fields, and the crops growing into wild luxuriance, the cottages burnt or plundered by their savage enemies, with perhaps a curl of smoke in the distance showing where the Indians were still pursuing their work of destruction. It was not a pleasant thing to see the men go out to their work in the scanty fields close around the fort, — when it was considered comparatively safe to do so, — feeling that almost any one of them might be picked off by a lurking savage from some safe place of concealment near by. So it was no wonder that the children longed for the time when the wicked Indians should be driven away or killed, (I am afraid the latter was the general wish,) and they could go out again, to play in the woods and fields, or to go down on the beach and make wells and forts for the coming tide to destroy, or to go on the cliffs, or out in boats, to catch the delicate fish for which those waters are still famous.

Tradition says that our great-grandfather, though a good and pious man, and a devout member of the Rev. Mr. ——'s church, yet was withal of a cheerful, active, energetic disposition, and chafed, perhaps, more than most of his more sluggish neighbors at the life of gloomy and anxious confinement he was compelled to lead. Perhaps, if he had not been such a man, I should n't have had this story to tell you about him. At any rate, whether prompted by this natural uneasiness, or some other cause, he startled his wife and three little children, as they sat at their frugal breakfast of hasty-pudding and milk with the rest of the garrison, one fine warm morning in this month of August, 1746, by telling them that he was going that day to one of the neighboring forts, some miles away. He was going, he said, to see if any intelligence had been received of the progress of the war in other parts, and whether any Indians had been seen in the neighborhood by the scouts. For two months there had been no alarm at Wier's Garrison, and it was hoped that the savages had given up the hope of making a successful attack in this quarter, and had retired to the frontier, leaving the colonists free to go out once more in safety into their fields, and to give some attention to their neglected crops.

Our great-grandmother, however unwilling she might be to have her

husband go on an expedition which she knew must be perilous, made no objection to his proposal. She knew her husband to be brave and cautious, a master in the art of wood-craft, and thoroughly acquainted with all the savage ways; besides, our ancestor, though kind to his family, is known to have had much of the stern bearing of the men of the time, and in those days the word of the father of the family was a law from which there was no appeal. So she said no word, when our great-grandfather lifted up his voice, and said quietly: "Friends, I am going to the Point to-day, to see if there be any tidings from across the seas, or along the shore,—or if any of our cunning spies have seen the tracks of the savages in these parts. I believe that the way is safe, and that the journey will be without peril; and so, with the blessing of God, I shall return by nightfall. Are there any messages for the brethren and friends?"

For a few moments a dead silence prevailed, only broken by a whispered consultation among some of the men. Although it was by no means uncommon for the different posts to have communications with each other, yet such communications were usually made by bands of three or four, to whom the expedition was comparatively safe. The savages were unlikely to attack even so small a number of resolute men, unless they were in strong force, which, as I have told you, did not often happen. With a single man, however, the case would be different. The road lay through thick woods, from which it would be the easiest thing in the world for two or three Indians to ambush a solitary traveller, who, of course, could not make a very effectual resistance to an unseen enemy.

The garrison, however, made no attempt to dissuade our ancestor, and after a while good Mr. Wier, who, in virtue of his age and experience, had come to be considered the Captain of the post, thus spoke: "Well, Brother Greely, if you have determined to go, so be it, and may the blessing and protection of the Lord go with you. But take good heed of your movements, and see that your musket be in good order. Our savage enemies are wily and sharp-sighted, and may even now, though I deem that it is not so, be at our very doors. So go not hastily, nor be over-bold, and I believe you will have a prosperous journey, and a safe return."

Our great-grandfather expressed his firm intention to watch vigilantly for his own safety; adding, that he had very little apprehension of danger, since he had no idea that there were any Indians in the neighborhood, so long a time having elapsed without any alarm from them. Several other members of the garrison then gave him advice and instruction about the journey;—good Father Wier said a lengthy grace, in which he did not fail to remember the outgoing traveller, and the party left the breakfast-table.

Our great-grandfather went to the hooks where his gun was kept, took down the trusty piece that had been handed down to him from former wars, examined it, and loaded it with extreme care, slung his powder-horn and bullet-pouch by his side, and then turned for a parting good-by to his family and friends. This was brief, for the New-Englanders of that time were much the same undemonstrative race they are now. He kissed his children,

charging them to be good boys and girls during his absence ; exchanged a few affectionate words of mutual advice and caution with his wife ; grasped the hands of his friends who stood by, and received their messages ; and then, somewhat more sedate than usual, shouldered his musket, and strode manfully out of the fort. Just as he reached the gate, his oldest boy, little Jonathan, an urchin of five or six years, called after him : " O father, you must take old Turk with you. He wants to get away dreadfully, and he can smell out the red-skins long before you could see them."

His father assented, and presently Turk, a fine stout English mastiff, appeared, highly overjoyed at being freed from his chain, and, with every manifestation of pleasure, followed his master. The garrison separated to their usual duties inside and outside the walls, while our great-grandmother and her oldest boy, with such others of the women and children as had nothing to call them elsewhere, climbed to the top of the palisades near the gate, prepared to follow the traveller as far as the eye could see him.

" Wier's Garrison " was, as I have told you, a strong block-house, built of large oaken logs, securely fastened together, and pierced with narrow loopholes for musketry. This, in its turn, was enclosed by a wall of equally strong palisades, ten feet high, pierced by similar loopholes. Within this enclosure was a place of considerable extent, which was used by the inmates as a playground and place of exercise when the danger of attack was so imminent that it was considered unsafe to venture outside. The outer enclosure was of sufficient strength to withstand any ordinary attack ; but if it proved impossible to hold that, then a retreat to the block-house was easy, and that was wellnigh impregnable. The fort, for it quite deserved the name, was situated on a little eminence, about a stone's throw from the shore, and combined such natural advantages with its artificial strength, that, with a sufficient garrison, its inmates had no occasion to fear any attack likely to be made against it. In these days of immense armies, you will be surprised to hear that a sufficient garrison for this little fort consisted of twenty men, and at the time of which I am telling you, its whole effective strength was only ten men and boys capable of doing anything for the common defence. The post was therefore in considerable danger, for, besides not being as strongly garrisoned as was necessary, the vigilance of its defenders, never subject to very strict discipline, had, by reason of such long immunity from attack, become so lessened, that a sudden and unexpected assault upon it, even by a small force, might very likely have proved successful. You will get some idea of the fancied security of the people, when I tell you that nearly all the men went outside the fort, as our great-grandfather started away, to attend their duties in the little patches of cultivated soil close to the walls, the sad remnants of the broad and fertile fields they used to till before the war. The women and children gathered together about the gate, or, like our great-grandmother and her little boy, climbed to the top of the palisades, to watch the traveller, who, followed by his faithful Turk, trudged manfully across the little plateau of gardens and fields, towards the forest, not far away.



The fort was situated, I told you, on an elevated ridge not far from the shore. For some distance around it the ground had been cleared, and comprised the fields and gardens of the little settlement, — close to the fort in a tolerable state of cultivation, but beyond its friendly shelter quite neglected and run wild. There were no woods near enough to afford cover to an attacking enemy, except in one quarter. A musket-shot or two away, just off the rude road that led to the other settlements, there was a deep wooded gully, an accident of the landscape, which in happier days had been the favorite playground of the little folk of the settlement. This ravine might be used as a shelter for a hostile force, and as our great-grandfather approached it he proceeded with more deliberation, — shifted his gun from his shoulder to the hollow of his arm, — evidently keeping a sharp lookout in all directions. Turk, still delighted at his release, skipped joyously around him, furiously chasing the little birds away from the path and plunging every now and then into the tall grass or shrubbery, as if from the very wantonness of freedom. Suddenly, the little group who still stood by the gate, waving their good-byes, saw him dart into the gully, from which a moment after he emerged, showing every possible sign of alarm and discomfiture.

“I guess, mother,” said little Jonathan, “that Turk has seen a wild-cat in the gully; see how sheepishly he tries to slink behind father.”

The sentence was hardly finished, when a little puff of white smoke rose up from the edge of the ravine, followed instantly by the quick report of a rifle, and a wild and indescribable yell, which the terror-stricken spectators knew too well to be the dreaded war-whoop of the Indians, and our great-grandfather, though evidently desperately wounded, for he could be seen to press one hand quickly to his side, and to stagger painfully, turned rapidly upon his steps, and shouted, in a tone that, in spite of the extreme distance, was distinctly heard at the garrison, “Neighbors! be on your guard! the Indians! the Indians!” Then, his strength failing all at once, he fell heavily forward on his face, quite motionless, his faithful Turk standing defiantly over him. At the same moment the war-whoop again rang forth from the gully, and a troop of savages, hideously bedaubed with paint, sprang into sight, and rushed towards the fort.

But our brave great-grandfather’s warning cry had come in time. The people who were outside the palisades hurried within the enclosure, closed the heavy oaken gate, and barred it with its stout log-fastenings, and then alarmed the rest of the garrison with the cry, “To arms! friends, to arms! the savages are upon us!” It did not take many minutes to seize their guns, and place themselves in readiness to open fire as soon as the Indians came within range.

At first the savages seemed inclined to make a desperate rush on the fort, in the hope of reaching it before its surprised occupants could be prepared for defence; but seeing that was impossible, they hesitated for a moment, and then turned to where our great-grandfather lay motionless, with his dog still at his side. One of them sprang to the body, quickly passed his gleaming scalping-knife around his head, brutally tore off the scalp, and held it up

in full view of the broken-hearted wife, with a yell of ferocious triumph. Poor Turk made a brave but ineffectual attempt at defence, for one of the Indians speedily knocked him lifeless with a blow from the but of his gun.

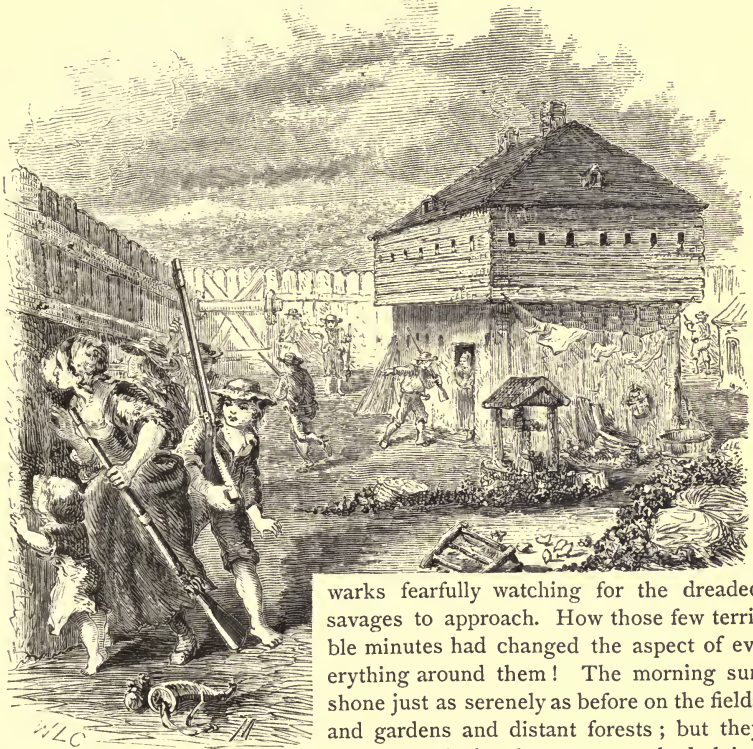
For a time the savages seemed satisfied with their horrid work; but at length, still at a safe distance from the fort, they sat themselves down in a circle, as if to have a powwow, a consultation about what should be done next. They made no attempt to conceal themselves, and the defenders of the fort could distinctly see them from their loopholes, and could even count their number. There were thirty of them,—all stout, athletic warriors, each grimly decorated with his war-paint. After a short deliberation, a plan of operations seemed to have been devised, for they divided into small groups, and separated in different directions, evidently to make a combined attack on the fort from several quarters.

You can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate settlers. With an effective force, as I have told you, of only ten men and boys, they had to contend with a body of desperate and ferocious savages at least three times their number, with the possibility of a still larger force close at hand. These resolute men, however, did not falter. After a hurried consultation, they determined to defend themselves to the very last. They knew they had no mercy to expect from their enemies if they surrendered, and they hoped that the report of musketry might bring help to them from some of the neighboring forts. Besides, if the force they saw was all they had to contend with, the chance of making a successful resistance was a good one; and even if that was but the advance guard of a larger body, there was still some hope for them. So they sent the women and children into the inner block-house, whither they intended to retreat themselves if they found it impossible to hold the outer work, and then, after listening to a few words of solemn prayer from good Mr. Wier, they silently grasped each other's hands, and betook themselves to their appointed posts. I have said the women and children were sent into the blockhouse; but our great-grandmother remained outside. She absolutely refused to leave the loopholes in the palisades, from which she could see the body of her beloved husband, lying on the ground as it fell. "Give me a gun, good Mr. Wier," she said to the captain, "and you shall see that I shall do my duty against these savages, as becometh the wife of Philip Greely. Mine eye shall not dim, nor my hand falter, till God's justice hath been done on my husband's slayer."

As the stern necessities of the time had compelled women to know the management of guns, as well as of the distaff and the spinning-wheel, the men, though unwillingly, consented that she should remain. They charged her, however, to be sure to retreat to the block-house whenever the preconcerted signal should be given. Her little boy stayed with her, and it is to his vivid recollections of these occurrences that we owe all we know of them, except their mere mention in history.

For a few moments a silence as of death reigned over the scene; and yet the air was full of all the pleasant sounds of a summer's morning,—the song of birds, the chirp of grasshoppers, the soft whisper of the wind in the

distant trees, and the splash and ripple of waves upon the neighboring shore. The stricken mother and child stood by the little loophole in their log bul-



warks fearfully watching for the dreaded savages to approach. How those few terrible minutes had changed the aspect of everything around them! The morning sun shone just as serenely as before on the fields and gardens and distant forests; but they had eyes only for that prostrate body lying

there just without their reach, and they powerless to help, and for those dusky groups that glared menacingly upon them from the distance. There may have been a gleam of hope that her husband was not dead, which gave strength to our great-grandmother's heart; but the story tells us, that, whether excess of grief, utter despair, or that slight hope was the cause, her eyes were dry, and her hand steady. The little boy was too young to feel anything but a momentary pang of sorrow at his father's death, and even that was no doubt speedily lost in the excitement of the approaching struggle.

This silence and inaction lasted for what seemed an age to the inmates of the fort, but what was in reality only a very few short minutes. At last the scattered groups of Indians were seen to begin to creep towards the fort. It was evidently their plan to approach as closely as possible without exposure, protecting themselves from the fire of the garrison by the inequalities of the ground, and by the stumps that everywhere dotted the fields, and



then to make a desperate assault from several quarters at once, hoping to find somewhere a spot where the defence would be weak. So they crept along, almost imperceptibly, but steadily. Meanwhile the defenders of the fort were on their guard. They knew the nature of their enemies, and, aided by what they could plainly see, they could easily divine the plan of operations. At first they fired occasional shots; but as soon as they ascertained that the savages were out of range, they stopped firing, and waited with grim determination for their nearer approach. As the Indians advanced, they moved with greater and greater caution; creeping like snakes at full length upon the ground, so that only a sharp eye could detect their movements, and a still sharper one get a chance to fire at them. At last one savage incautiously exposed his arm from behind a tree, while reconnoitring, and at the same instant a crack of a rifle rung out from the fort, and the Indian dropped to the ground.

At this, as by a signal, the various scattered bands sprung from their places of concealment, fired one scattering volley, and, brandishing their weapons in the air, and yelling out the war-whoop, dashed upon the fort. For a moment or two they were allowed to advance unmolested, but were presently greeted with such a discharge of musketry as laid two or three of their number wounded on the ground, and caused the whole party to waver and halt. This momentary delay undoubtedly saved the fort, for it gave its defenders time to reload their pieces, and to receive the savages in their second attempt with another well-directed volley, that proved too much for them; for, hastily gathering up their wounded, they turned and fled. They were followed by a cheer of defiance as they disappeared in the ravine.

The skirmish had been sharp, but short. Thanks to the stout oaken walls of the fort, none of its defenders were injured. Several of the Indians, however, had been seen to fall wounded, and it was supposed some were killed, though this was never known with certainty. On the first burst of their exultation, some of the younger spirits of the garrison wished to sally out, and pursue the flying redskins, but they were overruled by the older and more experienced heads, who thought the retreat of the savages might have only been for the purpose of enticing them out of their defences, and, even if this was not so, that they were not strong enough to cope with the savages while in the shelter of the ravine. So they remained steadily at their posts for a long time, not considering it safe to venture out, but keeping a vigilant watch for any further movements of their enemies.

At last a ringing cheer (a very different sound from the unearthly war-whoop of the savages) rang out from the distance; and, looking over the stretch of open country in the direction of the neighboring town of Falmouth, the weary garrison saw, galloping along the road, a band of about fifty horsemen. They were not uniformed, but each man carried a musket, and some of them a stout broadsword also. What was better than all, they were white; and before many minutes they had come near enough to be recognized as friends and neighbors. A few minutes more, and they reined their panting horses at the gate of the fort, which was thrown wide open to receive them.

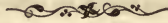
A few hurried words of mutual explanation followed, and the timely arrival of the reinforcement was accounted for. It seems that a friendly Indian had that very day given information to the people of Falmouth that a band of Indians of considerable strength had planned to surprise Wier's Garrison, and massacre all its inmates, unless, with questionable mercy, they carried some away into captivity, to be reserved for a more lingering and horrible fate. They had determined to conceal themselves during the night in the gully near the fort, — which was, as you have learned, admirably fitted for their designs, — and then, during the following day, to creep in upon the fort unawares. They counted, of course, upon the fancied security of the people, and expected to find them quietly working in their fields, or, at any rate, quite off their guard. You would naturally think that an attack made in the darkness and silence of night would have been much more likely to be successful; but the Indians knew better. They knew that at night the whole garrison, except perhaps a sentinel or two, would be safely barricaded in the inner block-house; and repeated attempts upon such fortifications had satisfied them that they were impregnable to all assaults, except when made in overwhelming numbers. So they wisely chose the other plan, which would, no doubt, have proved successful, if it had not been for our poor great-grandfather and his dog. He unquestionably saved the garrison, but at the cost of his own life. The good people of Falmouth, on learning the peril of their neighbors, instantly collected a force of well-armed volunteers, and started for the rescue, increasing their numbers by recruits all the way. They arrived too late, however, as you have heard, to take part in the fight, but not too late for pursuit; and, hardly waiting to hear what had transpired, or to give their jaded horses a mouthful of water, they started off on the trail. But all to no purpose. The Indians, either because they had lost heart at the unexpected and successful resistance of the garrison, or because they had only intended to effect a surprise, in which, of course, they were defeated, gave up the attempt after their repulse. The pursuers found nothing but the relics of their camp of the previous night, and such indications as led them to believe that a considerable number must have been severely wounded. It was not considered safe to carry the pursuit very far; and, after a short and unsuccessful exploration of the neighboring woods, the party returned to the fort.

Meantime his wife, with the assistance of her friends, had recovered the body of our great-grandfather. He was found to have been hit in a vital part, and must have died almost instantly. It was considered wonderful, that, with such a wound, he could have given utterance to the alarm; and it must have been only by an extraordinary effort of will that he did so. The body was placed reverently on a rude bier, and carried to the fort, where, in due time, his friends paid it the last sad offices of respectful duty.

This story is true. The little boy, who, as I told you, was a witness of his father's murder, was afterwards my grandfather's father, and, although young at the time, yet retained a vivid recollection of the event, and often recounted it to his children. I have told you the story, as nearly as possible,

as I heard it, — exactly, in all the essential particulars. The youth of our dear New England was full of such incidents, many of which, having no historical importance, do not appear on the pages of the histories, or, if mentioned there, are passed by with only a line or two of reference. Thousands of such stories of privation and suffering, and midnight attacks, and dark and bloody murder, — the records of the stern experiences which have educated us to what we are, — live only in local or family tradition, and, without some kindly perpetuation of them, will soon pass away, and be forgotten. This story is mentioned in history, but so briefly and carelessly, that, without my help, you would never have known anything about it. Let me hope that you will now remember it, so that by and by you can tell your children “how our great-grandfather was killed.”

*P. H. B.*



### A COMPLAINT.

MY name is Grasshopper: high as I can  
 Here I hop, there I hop, — little old man!  
 Look at my countenance, aged and thin;  
 Look at my crooked legs, all doubled in;  
 Is not my face long and sober and wan?  
 Do I not look like a little old man?  
 Yet all the summer I play in the grass,  
 Jump up and stick to whoever may pass.  
 Where I then hide myself they cannot guess,  
 Never know where I am till they undress;  
 Finger and thumb, then, they snap me away,  
 Though they might know how much rather I'd stay.  
 Nobody cares what becomes of poor me;  
 Flung out of window I'm certain to be,  
 E'en though the hen might be there with her brood!  
 A Grasshopper's feelings, — they're not understood!

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*





## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

## IV.

I REMEMBER once seeing an ingenious little contrivance, through which, by the aid of mirrors fixed opposite each other at certain angles, the apparent impossibility of reading through a brick was successfully accomplished. In the little trick I am about to describe, a similar but more wonderful effect is produced, without aid from apparatus of any kind; and so mysterious does it appear, that I have often heard it attributed to Mesmerism and Clairvoyance. It is, however, simply a trick, with considerable humbug about it, but no *isms*, and far surpasses, in my estimation, the celebrated "ballot test" of the Spiritualists. I have never given it a name, although once or twice I advertised it as "Second Sight"; but as it is apt, when called by that name, to be confounded with another and better trick, my readers must be content with the description and explanation of it, and choose a name for it to suit themselves.

A small round box, about an inch and a half in diameter, and half an inch deep, is handed to the audience, with the request that, when they have satisfied themselves that it is without preparation, they will place some article or articles in it, such as coins, peculiar rings, &c., &c. This being done, the box is covered with a handkerchief, and given to one of the audience to hold. The performer then stands at a distance, and proceeds to describe minutely, the contents, although hidden from his view.

To perform this trick, it is necessary to have a *second box* as near the size and shape of the first as possible. This is sewed in the corner of a handkerchief in the same manner as the ring described in the "Russian Ring Trick." When the first box has been filled, the performer takes it, and, whilst pretending to place it in the handkerchief, *palm*s it, and gives the second one to be held. He now walks away to take his position at a distance, and whilst his back is turned to the audience he takes the opportunity of opening the box and examining its contents. Having fully examined and replaced the articles, he proceeds with his description, which being finished, he approaches the person who has the handkerchief, and, taking hold of it, requests that he will let go the box, at the same time shaking the handkerchief, and letting the first box, which is still concealed in the palm of the hand, fall to the ground. The audience will naturally suppose that the box never left the handkerchief, and when they see the borrowed articles taken from it and returned to the owners, they will be still further mystified.

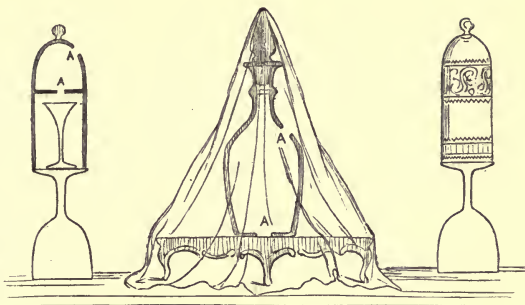
Next in order, comes "a trade trick," said to have been invented by a wine-dealer for the purpose of cheating his customers. Let that be as it may, the trick is at least a good one, whatever the liquors may be, and is performed somewhat in this way. Two wine-glasses, one filled with wine, and the other with water, and a decanter, are the articles used. The wine and water are

poured into the decanter, which is then placed on a small stand, made for the purpose, and covered with a handkerchief. The empty glasses are placed one on each side of the decanter and covered with tin cones made to fit over them. After a few moments the handkerchief and cones are removed, and the decanter is found empty, whilst in one glass is the wine and in the other the water.

To perform this really clever trick, considerable apparatus is needed. The first thing necessary is a tin stand, *made hollow throughout, legs and all*, on which to place the decanter. In the top of this stand is cut a hole about the size of a silver quarter-dollar, and in order that it may not be observed, there is a false top, which is made exactly like the real one, with the exception that it is perfect. The whole is then tastily japanned. Next drill a hole in the bottom of the decanter and another in the upper part of it near the neck. This can be easily done with a good tempered rat-tail file, the glass being kept moistened with spirits of turpentine, or benzine. Then get a tinman to make two fancifully shaped tin cones, and in the upper part of each have a partition, which must be well soldered round the edges, so as to be water-tight. In the centre of the partition have a small hole made, and in the top of the cone, another hole. Now if the space between the top of the cone and partition is filled with water or wine, (to do this a funnel with a long, tapering neck, so as to fit in the hole in the partition, will have to be used,) and the hole in the top of the cone is stopped up, the liquor will not run out of the hole in the partition; but if the upper hole is left open, the air rushing in will force the liquor out of the lower hole. The inside of the cones must be painted black, and the outside japanned to match the decanter stand.

When about to perform the trick, and before coming before the audience, fill the tops of the cones, one with water and the other with wine, and stop up the upper holes either with a peg or a piece of wax. Next stop up both holes in the decanter. Everything is now in readiness to exhibit the trick. Bring forward the decanter stand, and show it, without allowing any one to handle it, and as you return to place it on the table take off the false cover, which you conceal under your coat. Then proceed to pour the water and wine into the decanter from the glasses. Now cork up the decanter so that it is perfectly *air-tight*. You may then open the hole in the bottom, without danger of the contents running out. Place the decanter on the stand and cover it with the handkerchief. Next take two goblets and set them mouth down, one on each side of the decanter. On the bottom of each goblet, set one of the wine-glasses and cover them with the cones. Remove the handkerchief from the decanter and show the audience that the liquor is still there; re-cover it, and at the same time open the upper hole of the decanter, and the liquor will immediately begin to run out at the bottom. Then open the upper holes of the cones, and the wine in one and the water in the other will in a few minutes fill the glasses. The accompanying illustration will give a very good idea of the apparatus. The dotted lines show the position of the bottle, wine-glasses, and partition in the cones. The letters A, A, mark where the holes are to be drilled. A standing joke amongst Magicians is to fill one cone with a solution of epsom salts, instead of water, and, when the trick is

finished, to hand the glass containing it to some gentleman in the audience. At the wry face which is sure to follow, you venture to hint something about "adulteration of liquors," &c., and then present the glass of wine, with assurances that you can vouch for its purity.

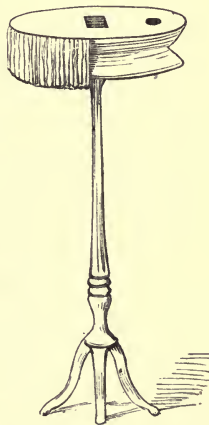


One of my young readers has written to me to know how the trick of "rolling one rabbit into another" is performed, and as it never fails to elicit tokens of surprise I will describe it. Two rabbits are produced "alive and kicking," and the performer immediately proceeds to make one swallow the other, by thrusting one *through a trap in the table* whilst rolling them together. That is the whole mystery and a very stupid trick it is. There is however one somewhat like it in fact, but very different in effect, which I can recommend.

A cloth or handkerchief, which has been thoroughly examined and found free from holes or traps, is laid on a table, and on it is placed a rabbit. A hat is then placed over the animal to prevent it from escaping, whilst the performer gets a sheet of paper. The paper being obtained, the rabbit is taken from under the hat, which is again placed mouth down on the table and wrapped in the paper. The performer then counts, "One! Two! Three!" and, crushing the bundle which he holds, at the same time shows that the paper is empty. One of the audience is then requested to lift the hat, and, behold! there is the rabbit, sitting on the cloth.

For the proper performance of this trick, a trap table is required; and as it is also necessary for many other occasions, I will describe one that appears to be perfectly fair, and yet is as great a deception as any trick exhibited on it.

Have two circular boards made, about twenty inches in diameter, one of one-inch and the other of half-inch plank. Next get a piece of muslin, about a yard and three quarters in length and a foot in width, and tack one edge of it round the edge of one of the boards. It will not go completely round, but will leave part of the edge uncovered. Next make a crease in the centre and lengthways of the muslin, and lastly tack the other edge to the second board. This will form a kind of box, with an opening at the side, or rather will resemble the body of a bellows. Now have a hole cut in the centre of the half-inch board, about nine inches long and five and a half





wide, and another near the edge, of a circular form and about four and a half inches in diameter. Then have pieces of board cut to fit these holes exactly, and let them be fixed in their places by means of spring hinges. The spring of the circular trap must work so lightly, that the weight of a feather merely will cause the trap to open; the square trap, however, needs to be a trifle stiffer.

Next, have a circular hole cut in the centre of the inch-board to receive the pole of the stand; which is passed through it and fastened to the upper board. Lastly, glue a piece of green baize or green carpet, over the top board, cutting it where the traps open, and tack some heavy fringe, which must be over a foot in depth, around the edge of the upper board. Your table is now complete.

Before performing any trick on this table, you request the audience to notice that there is no drawer in it, or other place to conceal anything, and, lifting the fringe, you at the same time raise the lower board even with the upper one, and the two will appear as one; a glance will suffice to satisfy the most incredulous, and you may then lower the fringe and bottom board.

So much for the table; now for

#### *The Rabbit Trick.*

You must first get two rabbits, as nearly alike in size and color as possible. One of these you place in a bag, which you hang at the back of a table, (not *the* table,) which you put in the centre of the stage or room where you perform your tricks, before your curtain is raised. At the right of this table, and some little distance from it, place your trap table. Everything now being prepared, ring up your curtain, and proceed with your trick, as follows.

Borrow a large dark silk handkerchief, and spread it on the central table, in such a way that it comes to the back edge of the table. On this handkerchief, and *close to the back edge of the table*, place a rabbit, which you immediately cover with a hat. Then get a large sheet of stiff white paper, which you lay on your trap table.

Next approach the central table at the back, and with your right hand take hold of the rabbit which is in the bag. Then with your left hand raise the hat just the least bit, and at the side nearest to you, and bring your right hand, which grasps the rabbit, even with the top of the table. Lower the hat immediately, and, holding the rabbit at arm's length, walk with it towards the trap table. The audience, unless they are far more keen than the generality of people, will imagine that you took the rabbit from under the hat, which is just what you want them to think, although of course the first animal, utterly unconscious of the amazement it is about to excite, is still sitting, or rather squatting, complacently on the handkerchief under the hat.

When you reach the trap table, lay the second rabbit on the edge of the paper, holding it down with your right hand. Take hold of the other edge of the paper with your left hand, and, bringing it towards you, fold it over your right hand, and at that moment push the rabbit which is in that hand

through the large trap of the table. Still keeping your hand in the paper, twist one end of it together, and then, gathering it all up and withdrawing your hand, twist the other end. The paper, being stiff, will bulge out in the centre, and look to the audience as if it held the rabbit. Lift up the bundle, or rather the paper, carefully, with one hand resting under the centre, as if supporting the rabbit which is supposed to be inside, and walk with it to the other side of the room. Then, pointing one end of the paper at the hat on the table, count, "One! Two! Three! Pass!" bring your hands together, smashing the paper, which you then throw towards the audience, and, going to the hat, raise it by the upper part of the crown, and show the rabbit, on the handkerchief, which the company will think has just that moment reached its resting-place.

To finish the trick, you brush the hat, and are about returning it to its owner, when you discover that it is full, and proceed

*To Produce a Feather Bed from a Hat.*

Yes, — actually to pull and shake out enough feathers to make a respectably large bed. My readers, I suppose, are by this time too familiar with Magic to believe there is anything supernatural about this, and will naturally inquire, "How is it done?" Well, this is the way.

Hanging from the back of the table is a small bag, *packed tight with fine down*. Enough of the down to make a great show when picked out and spread about with the fingers, can be packed in a bag small enough to go inside a hat. Having your bag all ready, the next thing is to get it into the hat without being seen. This is effected thus.

Take the bag in your left hand, keeping it down behind the table, and the hat in your right hand. Bring your left hand and the bag even with the edge of the table, and immediately place the hat over both, and begin brushing it with your right hand. This movement is such a natural one, that it will not be suspected. After the brushing is completed, withdraw the left hand and take hold of the rim of the hat with it. Take the hat *towards* the owner, as if you were about returning it to him, when you suddenly stop, affect surprise, and, putting the fingers of your right hand in the hat, loose the drawing string of the bag and begin to pull out the feathers; work your fingers down into them, and bring up a handful and spread them out, and they will seem to be thrown up, as if coming from a spring. This you continue until the supply is exhausted, by which time you will have seemingly such a quantity as to astonish not only the audience, but yourself, the first time you perform the trick. The bag which held the feathers you can take out of the hat at any time, by rolling it up and concealing it in your hand. Brush all the feathers from both inside and outside of the hat, return it to the owner with thanks, and bow your acknowledgments of the applause which you are sure to obtain.



## FARMING FOR BOYS. •

## VI.

THIS important part of the general future being thus successfully under way, the next thing was to fit up a pig-pen, for the new queen in the boys' affections would very soon be brought home. As there was a scarcity of materials on the farm for constructing a fashionable modern pen, with brick walls, shingle roof, plank floor, and costly iron feeding-trough, Uncle Benny directed them to use a large old molasses-hogshead, that happened to be lying idle. One of the boys got into it and removed all the projecting nails from the inside, then, placing it on its side, and blocking it so that it could not roll over, they put into it an abundant supply of straw for a bed. They then built a fence of old posts, broken rails, pieces of board, sticks from the wood-pile, and any other waste stuff they could find. In fact, there was nothing else to be had. It was a tottering, decrepit sort of affair, although strong enough to keep the pig in, but it enclosed sufficient room to give her a fine range, while the great hogshead would be sure to afford a retreat always dry and warm,—in fact, just such a shelter as a pig must have, if one expects him to keep himself clean and in thriving condition.

Though Uncle Benny had himself superintended the erection of a structure which was destined to be the theatre for very important events, yet, when finished, he gazed upon it with a sort of architectural dismay. He had a nice



eye for the beautiful ; but here was a collection of all the crippled boards and half-rotten posts and rails that such a farm as Spangler's generally contains in wasteful abundance. "It must be whitewashed," he exclaimed. "I am ashamed of it. Your pig will be ashamed of it too, and the neighbors will laugh at it. The hogshhead will do, but the fence must be whitewashed."

Mr. Spangler, coming up at that moment, and hearing the old man's remark, joined in by saying, "Yes! It beats me all hollow! There's no worm-fence on the farm like it."

The uneducated eye of the boys being unable to appreciate the squalid features of the structure, they were surprised at these disparaging estimates of the results of their labor, but, on promising that they would supply the whitewash as soon as the weather became warmer, the subject was dropped.

In due time the expected and long-desired pig was brought to her future home, and she went cheerfully into it, giving no critical attention to the fence, but making directly for the feeding-trough, which had been crammed, with boyish generosity, as evidence of a hearty welcome. She was a sleek, demure, and very motherly-looking pig, and her white skin was so much cleaner than any of the dirty razor-backed animals in Spangler's pen that everybody remarked it. Mrs. Spangler herself, with all the girls, could not resist the temptation of coming over to see what they had heard described at every meal since Christmas. Even they observed the difference ; but one of them, whose name was Nancy, rather spitefully remarked that it would n't last ; she'd soon be as dirty-looking as the others. This so nettled Joe, that he said the pig should be called after her ; and the boys falling in with the idea, they formally adopted the name. Even Uncle Benny always used it when speaking of her.

The advent of this animal created even more interest among the boys than that of the pigeons. The latter were away up in the loft, out of reach, and not proper subjects for handling or talking to, besides being shy and unsociable, except among themselves. But Nancy was down upon the ground, always accessible, ever desirous of seeing company, and with so quick an ear that the lightest approaching footfall would bring her out of her warm hogshhead to see what was coming. Whether it was company she wanted, or a bucket of swill, was of little apparent consequence. She turned out regularly when any one came near, and drew up to him with amusing familiarity.

The fact was that Bill Spangler had become as attentive to her as if she had been his sweetheart, and he seemed to live, and move, and have his being in hanging around the pen, or in getting over the fence to give her a grateful scratching with the currycomb. After a very brief practice under this rough shampooing, Nancy took to lying down on her side the moment Bill put his foot over the fence, and waited, with an impatient grunt, for Bill to begin. It was amusing to see how highly she relished these rough but acceptable attentions, shutting her eyes, as if oblivious of all outward things, even of the feeding-trough, dropping her ears in perfect repose, stretching out her legs, and abandoning herself entirely to the soothing influence.

Every one was satisfied that Nancy's skin became cleaner and whiter under this treatment, even to the putting on of a silky brightness. Uncle Benny was so sure that she was improving under it, that he gave Bill great credit for having undertaken the labor of two or three curryings daily.

Bill also kept the pen in order. Having been provided with a clean, dry bed, she kept that clean herself; for it is the instinct of a well-bred pig to keep his nest in good order, if a nice dry one be given him, with adjoining space for other purposes. In this useful duty Bill was not dismayed by the occurrence of a drizzling, muddy day. On the contrary, as the boys on such occasions generally had the most time to spare, so Bill spent his holidays in Nancy's pen, scraping and piling up the supernumerary contents, and putting in fresh litter. Of course his boots got so muddy, that, when going in to meals, the girls regarded him as an object of suspicion; and when he happened to stand too close to a hot stove, especially when his clothes were damp, the exhalations became so pungent as very justly to expose him to the most damaging imputations. But he was proof against all the slurs thrown out at such times. If his boots had been in the pig-pen, his heart had been there also.

Uncle Benny required all that Nancy consumed to be charged against her in a separate account, so that the boys should know whether she really did eat her head off, as her namesake in the house had spitefully predicted she would. There was no getting for her even a mouthful of kitchen-slop; Miss Nancy had been so stung by having her name undervalued, that she was careful to throw all to her father's great long-legged hogs. But as a sort of equivalent for this manifestation of hostility, the boys picked up numerous odds and ends about the place for Nancy's benefit, such as they had never before thought of saving. When they saw a stray cabbage-leaf or turnip lying about, or a nubbin of corn, they put it into their pockets until they had a chance of giving it to her. Though it was still cold weather, with no green things about, yet they were often surprised at the variety of trifles they could find when thus on the lookout for them. Between these three caterers, Nancy had quite a luxurious time of it, even though spitefully cut off from the run of the kitchen.

Uncle Benny watched the behavior of the boys toward their new pets, and as the winter wore away became more and more gratified at the beneficial influence which the care of them was exercising on their habits. He considered it a great gain for a very small outlay. Nor did he fail to remind Mr. Spangler of the important fact, going into particulars which compelled him to admit that these little concessions had done the boys much good. It was a hard thing for him to give up the convictions of a lifetime, but he did nevertheless,—though sometimes winding up with a request that the old man would wait till the year's end, and see how the experiment would result.

As Bill was devoted to Nancy, he was up in advance of the other boys, and off to her pen to give her her breakfast. One morning early in March, on reaching it in the performance of this pleasing duty, he was confounded by seeing ten young pigs in the hogshead. There was too much grunting and

squealing around Nancy to permit her to hear Bill's step as he came up to the pen, nor did she happen to see him. So he stood for a moment, surprised beyond anything within his memory, gazing at the joyful sight, then turned back to the house, routed the other boys out of their beds, and ran shouting up to the girls with the glorious news that Nancy had ten pigs! No news-boy ever cried out the tidings of a gréat victory over the Rebels with such voluble glee, as when Bill ran stamping down stairs with the news. He thundered even at Uncle Benny's door, then opened it, and told him also what had taken place.

Of course it created a great sensation, and very soon the whole family was gathered around Nancy's pen. There was no denying the thing; Nancy had brought the boys ten pigs,—nine plump little fellows and a runt. Even Mr. Spangler came out before he got breakfast to see if it could be so, and if the pigs looked any better than a litter which had fallen to his lot the week before.

As to the boys, they were pleased beyond measure. Nancy came grunting and sniffing toward the spectators, as if the matter were a great relief to her also, and behaving as though a good warm breakfast, with plenty of it, would not come amiss. Altogether it was a noisy and lively scene, and appeared to give general satisfaction. But its real interest lay in the single fact that Nancy belonged to the boys. Had she been one of Spangler's drove, no one would have felt much concern about the matter but herself. It also went far toward establishing another point,—that when the boys of a farmer's family are permitted to interest themselves in any little independent operation of their own, the family itself is pretty certain to become interested also.

That very day the boys were to quit school for the winter; so they hurried off to the school-house to spread the news among their fellow-pupils. There was great interest as well as great envy among them, for only one or two of the whole number had been allowed by their parents any privilege of the kind. The good luck of the Spanglers created so much anxiety to imitate them that there sprang up a demand for pigs that seemed likely to exhaust the entire litter. It can hardly be doubted that, if Nancy herself had been trotted out into the school-room with her squeaking brood, the boys would have laid violent hands on all of them, and there would have been so general a scramble for pigs as to send her home bereft even of the little runt. Bill was quite carried away by his enthusiasm, so far forgetting himself as to say that Nancy had eleven, instead of only ten. This, however, was an accidental slip, and occurred when the teacher called him up to know what was the meaning of the *buzzing* and excitement and inattention to their lessons which was shown by the scholars, as he discovered they had something in their heads that morning more interesting than reading or ciphering.

When the litter was three weeks old, Uncle Benny told Bill he must take out the runt pig and bring it up by hand, or it would surely die, and that would be a loss of at least three dollars. The other pigs, which were fat and strong, fought it away from Nancy so that it got scarcely anything. He said



that even the runt pig of a litter ought to have a chance, as well as the boys. He liked to see fair play all round. Bill accordingly took it away and kept it by itself. He fed it on the kitchen swill, which, having been cooked, was just what it needed, and nursed it up so faithfully, that in the end it turned out as fine as any in the litter, while he learned the useful fact that a poor dwindling pig could be saved and made a profitable animal by the exercise of a little care.

Before the middle of March the pigeons had laid and hatched. When it was ascertained that most of the nests contained young ones, Uncle Benny directed the boys to let the birds out by removing one of the slats, and adjusting it like a pendulum, so that it could be readily swung back again into its place, and the opening closed. They began by opening this swinging door-way an hour or two before sunset, as at that time of day the pigeons would be certain to fly only a short distance from home, even if without young ones. They accordingly went out, took a short flight, as if merely to practise their wings, and all returned in good time. After a while the door was opened at noon, and, the pigeons being found to be thoroughly domesticated, the front lattice was removed altogether, so that they could go and come when they pleased. The fact of their having young ones to feed made their stay a permanent one. This relieved the boys from much care, and, the birds having the range of the whole farm, they obtained in the fields so large a portion of their food as to make a perceptible diminution of expenses.

After May had come, the boys set about planting the two acres of corn which they were to have for themselves. Spangler did not exactly like this part of the arrangement, but there was no getting out of it now, as by this time the pigs and pigeons had consumed so much corn and meal that he had good reason to expect a loss unless he gave the boys a chance to replace them. Uncle Benny selected a field close to the barn-yard, that had been sadly neglected. But there was no manure for it, as Spangler had emptied the barn-yard for his own crops. But he generously gave them the privilege of taking from it such scrapings as they could find. They accordingly went a manure-hunting with a will. Taking hoe, and rake, and shovel, they cleaned out at least twenty holes and corners where considerable deposits had been carelessly left for several years,—all, therefore, nicely rotted. They poked their hoes under the barn and drew forth surprising quantities. They took up the loose planks under where the cows and horses had been standing, and turned out extensive deposits of the very best quality. Spangler was amazed at the extent of these collections, and now began to fear that he was likely to lose manure as well as corn. It seemed impossible for him to entertain any other idea than that whatever he gave to his boys, or allowed them to make for themselves, was so much loss to himself.

The supply being scanty, they were unable to give the land a good broadcast dressing, yet they had enough to afford an extra quantity to each hill. This they applied faithfully and well, Uncle Benny constantly enjoining it on them to feed high,—that the corn required feeding as much as the pigs.

He sometimes even thought that they could have done nearly as well by putting all the manure on one acre instead of two, as in that case they would have had only half as much ground to attend to, with a strong likelihood of harvesting quite as much corn. But this was the beginning only, and it was not to be expected that things would go on as bravely at the first attempt as they would afterwards. In reality, the boys had wanted more than two acres, thus adopting, as if by instinct, the common error of undertaking too much. Like many others, they supposed a man's crops were in proportion to the quantity of ground he cultivated, not in proportion to the thoroughness with which he enriched it. But Uncle Benny knew otherwise, and that two acres would be quite as much as they could manage. As it turned out, there were more than they had the means of manuring properly.

"I don't see why you want this ground made so rich, Uncle Benny," said Joe Spangler, when they had finished planting. "Father never puts as much on his corn as we have put on this, and yet you say it ought to have more. It is very tedious having to handle so much."

The old man drew a newspaper from his pocket, and read to his audience the following paragraph:—

"Thirty years ago the farmers of the Genesee and Mohawk valleys assisted each other, in the winter, to cart their manures on the ice, so that when the rivers broke up they should get rid of them, and not be compelled to move their stables; now, in those very valleys, barn-yard manure is worth two dollars or more per cord, and is so much needed, that, without its use, a crop of wheat cannot be raised which would compensate the grower. The average crop of those valleys has sunk within thirty years from thirty bushels to the acre to less than fifteen, while the whole average of the State of New York is less than eleven; that of Pennsylvania has sunk to eleven and a quarter, and that of Ohio from thirty-five bushels to eleven and a half. Massachusetts can no longer raise grain enough to support her manufacturing population, without import from elsewhere; and with all these facts prominently before them, many farmers in these rich valleys have actually cut gutters from their barn-yards across the public road, to let the liquid manure run away. This may be considered cleanliness, but it certainly is not economy."

"There," said the old man, "you see what the majority of the New York farmers did thirty years ago, and what has been the result. No manure, no crop."

"But," replied Tony, "when you were telling us about the election, I thought you said the majority were always right."

"Ah," rejoined the old man, "that 's a great mistake. Majorities are sometimes actually blind to the truth. When Noah told the people there was a terrible flood coming, there was a great majority who would n't believe a word of it. It was the minority that were in luck that time. So will you be in your future practice, if you turn over a new leaf on the manure question."

"Blame the thing!" cried Bill, with sudden impatience, kicking away from him the dead body of a huge cat, "it 's been in my way all day!"

"Now, Bill," said Uncle Benny, "bring the cat here again ; I'll put it out of your way. That cat is manure, and must not be wasted."

They were then standing at the end of a corn-row, on the outside of the field. Bill went after the cat, and, lifting up the animal with his hoe, brought it up to the old man.

"Now," said he, "plant that cat."

As directed, Bill took up the grains of corn from the last hill; dug a hole some ten inches deep, in which he placed the animal, then covered it with earth, on which the grains were replaced and again covered, as before. There was a good deal of laughing and shouting among the boys while this was going on ; but when the thing was done, Joe looked up to the old man, and inquired, "What's the use of that, Uncle Benny?"

"Why," said he, "you put a small shovelful of manure in each hill, but that cat is equal to four shovelfuls. Besides, Joe, it is a clear saving. If the cat had been allowed to dry up on top of the ground, its richness would have gone to waste ; and you must learn never to waste anything, for it is by the saving of small things, no matter what they may be, that men grow rich. Now watch this corn-hill, and see how the roots will draw up strength and vigor from that decaying carcass. It will be the best hill on the whole field. I wish we had a cat for every one of them."

"But does anybody else plant cats?" inquired Bill.

The old man again produced a newspaper, and read to them an interesting statement by Mr. Edgar A. Clifton, of Staten Island, showing how richly some such experiments made by him had resulted.

When selecting his particular piece of ground for a cornfield, Uncle Benny had had an eye to the adjoining barn-yard. As already mentioned, Mr. Spangler had caused its fluid contents to be discharged into the public road, nor was there any likelihood of his going to the slight trouble necessary to prevent such wholesale waste. Uncle Benny quietly undertook it for him, by opening a new outlet directly into the cornfield. As Spangler had tried his hand at wasting, the old man would try his at saving. The ground was so situated as to make this the work of only an hour or two. It was done so effectually, that not a drop ran to waste as formerly. On the contrary, whenever a heavy summer thunder-shower fell, there could be seen a torrent of dark liquor rushing through the barn-yard, and pouring away into the cornfield, diffusing itself over at least half an acre. There were no means of causing it to irrigate a greater surface. The rain diluted the concentrated liquor down to the exact strength for the corn roots to drink in and stimulate the plants.

This ingenious bit of engineering gave rise to no remark from Spangler beyond his saying that he was glad to see the barnyard so much drier than formerly. The old man had in fact drained it effectually. There could be no denying that it produced remarkable results. Into whatever part of the cornfield this wash of the barnyard was carried by the spring rains, it bore with it so stimulating a vigor that there the corn came popping up out of the ground in advance of all other places. In addition to coming up ear-



lier, the corn was evidently stronger and healthier, presenting a deeper tinge of green throughout the season. It refused to turn yellow under a succession of cold days and colder nights, though all the other plants became pale and spindling. Many of the hills showed double the number of ears that the others produced.

The boys could not fail to notice these things from the start. The weeds came in to share in this general feast of fat things. As this had been a neglected spot, so there the weeds had been allowed, for many years, to grow and ripen their seeds. These seeds, now fed by ten times their usual supply of nourishment, sprang up rapidly and thickly in proportion. Every dormant germ seemed to put on vitality under the quickening influence. Varieties now vegetated which had not been seen on that place for many years. These numerous pests had evidently started with a determination to dispute with the corn for undisturbed possession of the ground. Had they encountered no opposition, they would have quickly smothered the whole crop.

But as they multiplied, so did the labors of the boys increase in subduing them. Uncle Benny was compelled to spend much of his time in keeping this crop clean. He had set out to raise corn, not weeds. Moreover, he had a stake in it as well as the boys. But while working with his hoe around the corn-hills, he was never tired of admiring the surprising difference between the half-acre upon which the barn-yard had been emptied, and that of the remainder of the field. The latter was good, but the former was magnificent. It maintained its superiority throughout the season, the roots striking into the earth so widely and deeply as to hold up the stalks in a heavy August storm which prostrated half of the others.

It afforded, moreover, too striking an illustration of the theory and practice of applying manure, to be overlooked. The boys, frequently working in the cornfield, came to understand clearly how it was that a plant grew almost wholly by virtue of the liquids that were supplied to its roots, not by merely undecomposed manure. They knew well that rain-water was a good thing, but here they saw that, when the barn-yard extracts were mingled with the rain, the mixture was the true food for plants. So clearly were they made to comprehend this formula, that they regretted a hundred times their inability to bring a larger portion of the cornfield within convenient distance of the barn-yard.

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*



## O U R D O G S .

## V.

WELL, after the departure of Madam Florence there was a long cessation of the dog mania in our family. We concluded that we would have no more pets ; for they made too much anxiety, and care, and trouble, and broke all our hearts by death or desertion.

At last, however, some neighbors of ours took unto themselves, to enliven their dwelling, a little, saucy Scotch terrier, whose bright eyes and wicked tricks so wrought upon the hearts of one of our juvenile branches, that there was no rest in the camp without this addition to it. Nothing was so pretty, so bright, so knowing and cunning, as a " Scotch terrier," and a Scotch terrier we must have, — so said Miss Jenny, our youngest.

And so a bargain was struck by one of Jenny's friends with some of the knowing ones in Boston, and home she came, the happy possessor of a genuine article, — as wide awake, impertinent, frisky, and wicked a little elf as ever was covered with a shock of rough tan-colored hair.

His mistress no sooner gazed on him, than she was inspired to give him a name suited to his peculiar character ; — so he frisked into the front door announced as Wix, and soon made himself perfectly at home in the family circle, which he took, after his own fashion, by storm. He entered the house like a small whirlwind, dashed, the first thing, into the Professor's study, seized a slipper which was dangling rather uncertainly on one of his studious feet, and, wresting it off, raced triumphantly with it around the hall, barking distractedly every minute that he was not shaking and worrying his prize.

Great was the sensation. Grandma tottered with trembling steps to the door, and asked, with hesitating tones, what sort of a creature that might be ; and being saluted with the jubilant proclamation, " Why, Grandma, it's my dog, — a real genuine, Scotch terrier ; he'll never grow any larger, and he's a perfect beauty ! don't you think so ? " — Grandma could only tremblingly reply, " O, there is not any danger of his going mad, is there ? Is he generally so playful ? "

Playful was certainly a mild term for the tempest of excitement in which master Wix flew round and round in giddy circles, springing over ottomans, diving under sofas, barking from beneath chairs, and resisting every effort to recapture the slipper with bristling hair and blazing eyes, as if the whole of his dog-life consisted in keeping his prize ; till at length he caught a glimpse of pussy's tail, — at which, dropping the slipper, he precipitated himself after the flying meteor, tumbling, rolling, and scratching down the kitchen stairs, and standing on his hind-legs barking distractedly at poor Tom, who had taken refuge in the sink, and sat with his tail magnified to the size of a small bolster.

This cat, the most reputable and steady individual of his species, the dar-



ling of the most respectable of cooks, had received the name of Thomas Henry, by which somewhat lengthy appellation he was generally designated in the family circle, as a mark of the respect which his serious and contemplative manner commonly excited. Thomas had but one trick of popularity. With much painstaking and care the cook had taught him the act of performing a somerset over our hands when held at a decent height from the floor; and for this one elegant accomplishment, added to great success in his calling of rat-catching, he was held in great consideration in the family, and had merited his decorous way about house, slept in the sun, and otherwise conducted himself with the innocent and tranquil freedom which became a family cat of correct habits and a good conscience.

The irruption of Wix into our establishment was like the bursting of a bomb at the feet of some respectable citizen going tranquilly to market. Thomas was a cat of courage, and rats of the largest size shrunk appalled at the very sight of his whiskers; but now he sat in the sink quite cowed, consulting with great, anxious yellow eyes the throng of faces that followed Wix down the stairs, and watching anxiously the efforts Miss Jenny was making to subdue and quiet him.

"Wix, you naughty little rascal, you must n't bark at Thomas Henry; be still!" Whereat Wix, understanding himself to be blamed, brought forth his trump card of accomplishments, which he always offered by way of pacification whenever he was scolded. He reared himself up on his hind-legs, hung his head languishingly on one side, lolled out his tongue, and made a series of supplicatory gestures with his fore-paws,—a trick which never failed to bring down the house in a storm of applause, and carry him out of any scrape with flying colors.



Poor Thomas Henry, from his desolate sink, saw his terrible rival carried off in Miss Jenny's arms amid the applauses of the whole circle, and had abundance of time to reflect on the unsubstantial nature of popularity. After that he grew dejected and misanthropic, — a real Cardinal Wolsey in furs, — for Wix was possessed with a perfect cat-hunting mania, and, whenever he was not employed in other mischief, was always ready for a bout with Thomas Henry.

It is true, he sometimes came back from these encounters with a scratched and bloody nose, for Thomas Henry was a cat of no mean claw, and would turn to bay at times; but generally he felt the exertion too much for his advanced years and quiet habits, and so for safety he passed much of his time in the sink, over the battlements of which he would leisurely survey the efforts of the enemy to get at him. The cook hinted strongly of the danger of rheumatism to her favorite from these damp quarters, but Wix at present was the reigning favorite, and it was vain to dispute his sway.

Next to Thomas Henry, Wix directed his principal efforts to teasing Grandmamma. Something or other about her black dress and quiet movements seemed to suggest to him suspicions. He viewed her as something to be narrowly watched; he would lie down under some chair or table, and watch her motions with his head on his forepaws as if he were watching at a rat-hole. She evidently was not a rat, he seemed to say to himself, but who knows what she may be; and he would wink at her with his great bright eyes, and, if she began to get up, would spring from his ambush and bark at her feet with frantic energy, — by which means he nearly threw her over two or three times.

His young mistress kept a rod, and put him through a severe course of discipline for these offences; after which he grew more careful, — but still the unaccountable fascination seemed to continue; still he would lie in ambush, and, though forbidden to bark, would dart stealthily forward when he saw her preparing to rise, and be under her dress smelling in a suspicious manner at her heels. He would spring from his place at the fire, and rush to the staircase when he heard her leisurely step descending the stairs, and once or twice nearly upset her by being under her heels, bringing on himself a chastisement which he in vain sought to avert by the most vigorous deprecatory pawing.

Grandmamma's favorite evening employment was to sit sleeping in her chair, gradually bobbing her head lower and lower, — all which movements Wix would watch, giving a short snap, or a suppressed growl, at every bow. What he would have done, if, as John Bunyan says, he had been allowed to have his "doggish way" with her, it is impossible to say. Once he succeeded in seizing the slipper from her foot as she sat napping, and a glorious race he had with it, — out at the front door, up the path to the Theological Seminary, and round and round the halls consecrated to better things, with all the glee of an imp. At another time he made a dart into her apartment, and seized a turkey-wing which the good old lady had used for a duster, and made such a regular forenoon's work of worrying, shaking, and teasing it, that every feather in it was utterly demolished.

In fact, there was about Wix something so elfish and impish, that there began to be shrewd suspicions that he must be somehow or other a descendant of the celebrated poodle of Faust, and that one need not be surprised some day to have him suddenly looming up into some uncanny shape, or entering into conversation, and uttering all sorts of improprieties unbecoming a theological professor's family.

He had a persistence in wicked ways that resisted the most energetic nurture and admonition of his young mistress. His combativeness was such, that a peaceable walk down the fashionable street of Zion Hill in his company became impossible; all was race and scurry, cackle and flutter, wherever he appeared, — hens and poultry flying, frightened cats mounting trees with magnified tails, dogs yelping and snarling, and children and cows running in every direction. No modest young lady could possibly walk out in company with such a son of confusion. Beside this, Wix had his own private inexplicable personal piques against different visitors in the family, and in the most unexpected moment would give a snap or a nip to the most unoffending person. His friends in the family circle dropped off. His ways were pronounced too bad, his conduct perfectly indefensible; his young mistress came cinging to him, and declared that her vigorous system of education would at last reform his eccentricities, and turn him out a tip-top dog. But when he would slyly leave home, and, after rolling and steeping himself in the ill-smelling deposits of the stable or drain, come home home and spring with impudent ease into her lap, or put himself to sleep on her little white bed, the magic cords of affection gave out, and disgust began to succeed. It began to be remarked that this was a stable-dog, educated for the coach-boy and stable, and to be doubted whether it was worth while to endeavor to raise him to a lady's boudoir; and so at last, when the family removed to Zion Hill, he was taken back and disposed of at a somewhat reduced price.

Since then, as we are informed, he has risen to fame and honor. His name has even appeared in sporting gazettes as the most celebrated "ratter" in little Boston, and his mistress was solemnly assured by his present possessor that for "cat work" he was unequalled, and that he would not take fifty dollars for him. From all which it appears that a dog which is only a torment and a nuisance in one sphere may be an eminent character in another.

The catalogue of our dogs ends with Wix. Whether we shall ever have another or not we cannot tell, but in the next month I will tell my young readers a few true stories of other domestic pets which may amuse them.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## THE LITTLE PRISONER.

## PART IV.

## WITH MOSBY.

THE road taken by the rangers was at first a mere bridle-path, which picked its tangled way over rocks and stumps at the back of the mansion, but soon emerged into a broad thoroughfare, winding along over high hills and level plains, dotted here and there with blossoming orchards, pleasant mansions, and little clusters of negro-houses, and covered everywhere with waving fields of wheat and corn, all clad in the beautiful garments of summer. Beyond this open country were dense forests and rocky heights, and far away to the westward the landscape faded into long mountain ranges, on which the clouds, not yet aroused from their morning nap, were sleeping peacefully in the sun.

Pausing on the summit of one of the nearest hills, the Captain halted his troop, and, drawing out a field-glass, took a long survey of the horizon. Turning then to one of his men, he said, "Are you sure we 're on the right road."

"Shore, Cap'n. Clap yer eye ter the glass agin, and look over yon patch o' timber. Look sharp, and ye 'll see the Cunnel's tent, all dressed out in pine sprigs and laurel leaves, like a meetin'-house at Christmas; and I reckon it mought pass fur a meetin'-house toll'able easy, fur a serious-minded man could yere more Scriptur thar than anywhar else in creation."

"It *is* a saintly place," rejoined the Captain, laughing. "How far away may it be?"

"Twenty-five miles as the crow flies, — thirty, by the road we 've got to travel."

"Well, your eyes are good! Perhaps you can see the Colonel himself."

"P'raps I mought, — ef I had yer glass," answered the man drily.

The Captain gave him the instrument, and, imitating his gesture, the man swept it along the horizon.

"Do you see him?" asked the officer after a while.

"See him!" echoed the other; "ye mought as well s'pect ter see a honest man in a Bushwhacker's boots, as the Cunnel in sech a fixin' as this ar. My eyes did n't cost half so much as the blasted thing, but I would n't swop 'em for forty of it."

It was noon of the following day when the Rebel cavalcade and the little prisoner emerged from the forest they had seen stretched along the edge of the sky, and entered a wide clearing midway up the side of Flint Hill, — one of the more bold of the long range of mountains which traverses the whole of Middle Virginia. Though a clearing, and in full cultivation as a planta-



tion, the opening was dotted here and there with groves of great forest-trees ; and in one of these groves was the camp of the Rebel highwayman. The camp — if that can be called a camp which is without a single tent — was a collection of curiously-shaped houses, made of cypress branches and laurel twigs, and looking as green and rustic as the mansion in which Adam and Eve dwelt before they went out to work for a living. Among them were robbers' caves, and philosophers' grottos ; Lapland huts, and Patagonian hovels ; Gothic cottages, and Indian wigwams ; Chinese pagodas, and — even the two-story tenements, brown as a brick (built of deciduous boughs already sere and faded) and square as a packing-box, which ornament the streets of some Northern towns. Such a grotesque group of human habitations never was seen. They seemed unfit homes for freebooters, and showed that among the lawless horde was at least one whose mind was "above his business." The man who could create forms so picturesque and beautiful as those rudely fashioned in that rough carpentry might be very far gone from original righteousness, but he could not be wholly given over to evil.

Entering one of the numerous paths which wound about this rustic hamlet, the cavalcade halted abreast of the largest structure, and the Captain accosted a dismounted horseman who was standing in its doorway. Without heeding his respectful and rather cordial salutation, the horseman looked the trooper coldly in the eye, and curtly said, "Well, have you bagged the game?"

"No. I caught him, but he got away. My men say he's in league with the devil, — it's certain he's hard to hold," replied the Captain.

"I'll have him," growled the other, through his barred teeth, "if it costs me my life ; but I see I must send a better man than you after him."

"Go yourself then. You're the best man I know — in your own opinion," blurted out the trooper with intense rage.

"Come, come, none of that, Captain. You and I mustn't quarrel," said the other, holding out his hand, which the trooper took, while a frank, pleasant smile overspread his face.

This, then, was the famous guerilla, Mosby. James did not know to whom the conversation of the two referred, and he did not care, except as it revealed somewhat of the character of the man in whose hands he was a prisoner. The revelation was not very assuring to James. Beneath the careless, reckless exterior of the guerilla leader, there evidently was a fierce, cruel, desperate spirit, which only needed to be aroused to do acts of great wickedness. He was of slender, but athletic frame, about the medium height, with light brown hair, a well-formed head, regular features, large gray eyes, and a dark, sun-browned complexion. He wore the gray uniform of a Confederate officer, with high top boots, and a large slouched hat, and as he stood there, one hand grasping the bridle-rein of his horse, — a powerful iron-gray with flowing mane and tail, — he looked the legitimate offspring of slavery, just such a character as only slavery could produce. Crafty and self-asserting, with stormy, unbridled passions, and a cruel, inflexible dispo-

sition, he seemed a man who would not hesitate to oppress the weak and the defenceless, but would deliberate long before measuring swords with his equals or superiors; and yet he had manly, generous impulses, which showed that under better influences he might have been a better man.

James had leisure to revolve all this, and more than this, in his mind, before the conversation between the two troopers came to an end. Turning then to the Captain, Mosby said, "Well, Dick, who have you here? A young nigger-stealer?"

"No, not a nigger-stealer, Colonel. He's an Ohio boy, but, I swear, he has n't a drop of Yankee blood in him. I've offered to make him 'chief of staff' if he'd join us, but he won't, — he'll die first." Mosby laughed, and the Captain added, in a lower tone, "You may laugh, but try him. He's more pluck than the whole regiment."

"Well, my little man," said the leader, fixing on the boy his cold, glittering gray eye. "You have come out here to pull hemp, have you?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied James, in a respectful, but totally unconcerned tone.

"Well, I'll teach you," and here he inserted a great oath. "Do you know who I am?" asked the guerilla, with assumed fierceness.

"I suppose I do. You are Colonel Mosby," answered the boy.

"I am, and," — here was another big oath, — "I'm a going to hang you."

"I don't think you will, sir," said James, with the same impassible coolness.

"And why not?"

"Because you're not altogether a devil yet, — you won't be, till you get to the end of *your* rope."

Mosby was now really enraged. His face grew livid, and, almost frothing at the mouth, he poured out a volley of oaths that would pollute the worst ink in Christendom. What had begun as pastime was ending in sober earnest, and it might have fared hardly with James, had not the Captain shouted out, laughing heartily, "The boy is right. That's what we'll all come to. But let him alone, Colonel. I tell you he's more pluck than any *man* you ever saw."

That was true, for the Captain had never seen the kind of courage which James possessed. It was not physical, it was moral courage. The little boy had fully learned two things, — learned them so well that they were real to him, — as real as the air he breathed, or the sky he looked at. These two things were, that God is Infinite Right, and cannot do wrong; and that he governs all things, — watches the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the very hairs of our heads. His mother was poor and a widow. She worked hard for her daily bread, and often had gone supperless to bed to save the means to keep him at school. She could give him no money, so she gave him that great truth, and in giving him that gave him more than the rich man gave his son, when he gave him a million. On her bended knees she gave it to him, and so he took it, — took it into his heart until it became a part of his

being, — rested on it until his head seemed to be pillowed on the bosom of the Almighty, — thought upon it, until he, a young boy, with that in his heart, could singly meet a hostile universe. It was that which gave him the courage which Mosby saw, and it gave him more than courage. It gave him peace and hope and strength, and a noble ambition to be worthy of the Great Father who had adopted him.

And what this truth gave to James, it will give to every little boy and girl who reads this. No matter how poor you may be ; no matter if you go in rags ; if you lie down at night hungry, and rise up in the morning not knowing whence will come your daily food, — if this truth is in your heart, you are rich, — so rich that you can buy out all the farms, all the banks, and all the poor rich men in the world, and then have enough left to build another small universe for people who are more ragged in body and in soul than you are.

But I need not prolong this sketch. I might tell you more of Mosby and his men, but it would be useless. I began my story to show how a little boy trusted in God, and how He “delivered him out of all his troubles.” I shall do that if I now relate how, at the end of a fortnight, the regiment of guerillas, with James and other prisoners bound to Richmond, set out for Gordonsville, and how the rear-guard, under the Captain, was soon attacked by a larger force of Union cavalry. They were beaten off, but the Captain was mortally wounded. Before he breathed his last, Mosby came up, and promised the dying man to send James back to his mother. He kept his word. And so ends my story, and so God dealt with a little boy who trusted in and prayed to Him.

*Edmund Kirke.*



## WINNING HIS WAY.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG.

THERE came a gloomy day to the people of New Hope, — that gloomiest of the year, of all the years, — that on which they received the astounding intelligence that Fort Sumter had been attacked by the people of South Carolina, and that Major Anderson commanding it, with his little company, had been compelled to surrender. News so startling brought all the people into the streets. They assembled around the telegraph office, where Mr. Magnet read the despatch ; how the attack had been made at daybreak on Friday, the 12th of April, all the batteries which General Beauregard had erected opening fire upon the half-starved garrison ; how shot and shell were rained upon the fort, from Moultrie, from the guns on Morris Island, and from the floating battery which the Rebels had built ; how



Major Anderson coolly ate his breakfast ; how Captain Doubleday fired the first gun in reply ; how the cannonade went on all day, the great guns roaring and jumping ; how the fight commenced again next morning ; how the barracks were set on fire by the shells from the Rebel guns ; how manfully the garrison fought against the flames, rolling kegs of powder into the sea ; how the soldiers were scorched by the heat and suffocated by the smoke ; how the flag-staff was shot away ; how the flag was nailed to the broken mast ; how the brave little band held out till their powder was almost exhausted, till there was nothing to eat but raw salt pork ; how at last, after thirty-six hours' fighting, Major Anderson surrendered the fort, saluting his flag as he hauled it down, carrying it away with him, being permitted to sail with his company to New York ; and how the President had called for seventy-five thousand men to suppress the rebellion. The people held their breath while Mr. Magnet was reading, and when he had finished looked at one another in mournful silence. The flag of their country was trailed in the dust, and dishonored in the sight of the nations. They could not have felt worse if they had lost a very dear friend by death.

"The country is gone, gone, gone," said Judge Adams, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"I reckon not, Judge," said Colonel Dare, "the people will have something to say about this insult to the flag. They will wipe out the disgrace by sweeping those scoundrels into the sea." The Colonel usually looked on the bright side of things. He recalled the trainings of other days, when his regiment paraded on the green and had a sham-fight. He wished that he were once more in command ; he would march to Charleston, burn the city, and sow it with salt.

"The question is whether a sovereign State has not a right to secede if she chooses," said Mr. Funk, — for he and Philip were the only persons in New Hope who were not sorrowful over the intelligence. Mr. Funk was a native of Virginia, and had much to say about the superiority of Southern gentlemen over all other men, — how noble and chivalric they were.

"I am glad that the President has called for seventy-five thousand men to crush the vipers," said the Colonel.

"He can't do it. It won't be constitutional. You can't coerce a sovereign State," said Mr. Funk.

"We will do it. Let me tell you, Mr. Funk, that this is a government of the people, — the whole people, — and that the old flag which has been stricken from the walls of Sumter shall go up there, if it takes a million of men to put it there !"

"You can't do it. One Southerner can whip five Yankees any day," said Philip.

Colonel Dare took no notice of what Philip said. He was too much depressed by the news to enter into an argument with Mr. Funk upon the right of a State to secede from the Union.

One by one the people went to their homes, meditating upon what they had heard, and wondering what next would happen. They could not work ; they could only think of the terrible event.

What a gloomy day it was to Paul Parker! He went home, sat down before the fire, and looked into the glowing coals. The gun which his grandfather carried at Bunker Hill, and which in his hands had brought down many a squirrel from the highest trees, was hanging in its usual place. He felt like shouldering it and marching for Charleston. He recalled the stories which his grandfather had told him there upon the hearth, of Bunker Hill and Saratoga. Many times he had wished that he had lived in those glorious days, to be a patriot, and assist in securing the independence of America. But now the work which his grandfather and the Revolutionary sires had accomplished seemed to be all lost. It made him sick at heart to think of it. Would the people resent the insult which South Carolina had given to the flag? What would the President do? What if he did nothing? What would become of the country? What would become of liberty, justice, truth, and right? O, how hard it was to see them all stricken down,—to think that the world was turning backward! He looked into the coals till he could see great armies meeting in battle,—houses in flames, and the country drenched in blood. He sat motionless, forgetful of everything but the terrible intelligence and the gloomy future. What part should he take in the contest? What could he do? The President had called for men to help raise the flag once more upon the walls of Sumter; could he leave his home, his mother, his friends? These were trying questions; but he felt that he could go wherever duty called him.

Colonel Dare, as he reflected upon what had happened, saw that the people needed stirring up to sustain the President; that the Rebellion must be put down, or there would be an end of all government. He resolved to get up a public meeting. "We will have it this evening, and you must be chairman," he said to Judge Adams.

He called upon Rev. Mr. Surplice. "I want you to open the meeting by prayer," he said, "for these are sober days. We need God's help. If we ask Him, He will help us. And you must make a speech. Come down on the Rebels," he added, with sudden indignation; "curse them, as David cursed the enemies of God. You, who are watchman on the walls of Zion, must lead off, and the people will follow. Their hearts are burning within them; the kindlings are laid; strike the match now, and there will be such a flame of patriotism as the world never saw."

"We shall want singing," he said to Paul. "You must get that up."

He engaged Mr. Tooter to be there with his fife, and Mr. Noggin with his drum. These two were old companions on training days. They had drank many glasses of cider together, and had played "Yankee Doodle," and "The Campbells are coming," and "Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning," on many occasions.

"We shall expect some resolutions and a speech from you," he said to Squire Capias.

Thus he laid out the work, and entered upon it with so much zeal, that all hands caught the spirit of his enthusiasm. Judge Adams, who had been very much depressed, became more cheerful, and thought over what

he should say upon the occasion. Rev. Mr. Surplice looked through the Psalms and Isaiah and the New Testament to find the Scripture most appropriate to read. Squire Capias sat down by his round table in his dingy office, ran his fingers through his long black hair, and thought over his speech. Paul and Azalia, with Hans, went to Colonel Dare's, and, with Daphne, rehearsed the "Star-Spangled Banner," and "America," while Mr. Noggin put a new cord into his drum which had been lying for months in his garret, and was covered with dust.

Evening came. The sexton rang the bell of the church,—not soberly and steadily, but he tugged with all his might at the rope, throwing the bell over and over,—ringing as if the whole town was in a blaze. The farmers out on the hills heard it, and came driving furiously into the village to see what was the matter.

Mr. Tooter and Mr. Noggin, with Mr. Chrome, who had a new flag, walked out upon the parade-ground. The musicians struck up Yankee Doodle. How it stirred the hearts of everybody,—the sharp, shrill notes of the fife,—the roll, the rattle, and the rat-a-tat-tat of the drum, and the clanging of the bell, and the sight of that flag, its crimson folds and fadeless stars waving in the evening breeze! Never had it looked so beautiful. The little boys swung their caps and cheered, the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the men hurraed in an outburst of wild enthusiasm. Then they formed in procession with Colonel Dare for marshal,—the music and the flag in advance, Rev. Mr. Surplice, Judge Adams, and Squire Capias next, and then all the citizens, marching round the public square to the church, where the sexton was sweating at the bell-rope, filling the house, the pews, the aisles, the entry, and hanging like a swarm of bees around the windows.

Judge Adams forgot all his despondency, while Mr. Surplice, who was getting a little prosy as a preacher, was as full of fire as in his younger days. Mr. Capias was so eloquent that the people stamped till the house fairly shook with applause. He ended with resolutions, pledging the support of the people of New Hope to the government,—their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor towards suppressing the Rebellion. But more thrilling than all the eloquence of the evening was the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, by Azalia, Daphne, Paul, and Hans. They stood on the platform in front of the pulpit, Azalia and Daphne with flags in their hands. How sweet their voices! How inspiring the moment when they sang:

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Men threw up their hats, women waved their handkerchiefs, and all cheered and shouted, while many shed tears, as they looked upon the banner of their country, which had been so insulted and despised. There, in the place where they met on the Sabbath to worship God, they resolved that, let it cost what it might of money, of sacrifice, or of life, the old flag should once more wave in triumph upon the walls of Fort Sumter,—that the Rebellion should be subdued and the traitors punished.



That was an ever memorable night to Paul. Alone in his chamber, lying on his bed, whence he could look out, as in childhood, upon the stars, he thought upon what had happened at Fort Sumter, and of the meeting in the church at New Hope, and how he had pledged himself with the rest to stand by the flag of his country. The water by the mill was repeating the soul-stirring song, which Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and himself had sung. The maples, elms, and all the forest-trees, like a multitudinous chorus of a great and mighty people, were saying, "It shall wave — shall wave — over the home of the brave!"

But men were wanted. The President had called for them. Ought he not to be one of the seventy-five thousand? Would not his grandfather, if alive, point to the old gun, and say, "Go, Paul, your country calls you?" Were not all who have died for liberty, justice, truth, and right calling upon him to do his duty? Were not the oppressed everywhere looking to him? What answer could he give to the millions yet to be, if in his old age they were to question him as to what part he bore in the great struggle? Thus the voices of the ages propounded solemn questions — voices of earth and heaven — of his duty to his country and to God. But how could he leave his home, his mother, his friends, his school, the choir, Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and give up the dear associations of the place? What if he should fall in battle? Could he meet death face to face? But then he remembered that the path of duty, though it may lead through dangers, though it may lead to the death of the body, is the way by which peace comes to the soul. It was the most solemn moment of his life, for God was questioning him. He heard not only the voices of the past, and of the winds, the water, and of his country, calling him to do his duty as a patriot, but there was a still, small voice talking of sins committed and duties neglected; of a lie which he had told in childhood, and which had burned through all the years like a red-hot iron, leaving a crisped and blackened scar upon his soul. How could he be at peace? How ease the pain? Tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks. He turned and tossed in agony, wishing that the scar could be cut away, and that he could be made fit to dwell with the angels. But in his agony he heard another voice saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

They were no longer tears of sorrow which wet his pillow, but of joy, for he saw that Jesus, having carried the cross up to Calvary, was able and willing also to bear his burden. What a friend, — to take away all his sin, and leave no scar, no pain, no sorrow! He would serve such a friend with his whole soul. He would do his duty, whatever it might be. For such a friend, he could go through all dangers and win his way to victory. For him he would live, and for him he would die, if need be, to save his country.

"Go, my son, — your country calls you, and God will take care of you," said his mother in the morning, when he told her that he thought it his duty to enlist.

"I have decided to be a volunteer, and shall spend a half-hour with the school and then dismiss it, and this will be my last day as a teacher," said

Paul to the school committee, as he went for the last time to the school-house. It was hard to part with those who were dear to him. He had been so kind and gentle, and yet so firm and just, that all the scholars loved him.

"You may lay aside your books, I have not time to hear your lessons," — he said, and then talked of what had happened, — said that the flag had been insulted, that justice, law, religious liberty, truth, and right had been overthrown, and that, unless the Rebellion was put down, they would have no country, no home, — that God and his country called him, and he must go. The issues at stake were not only worth living for, but they were worth dying for, if they could be secured in no other way. It was a duty to fight for them. How hard it was to say "Good by!" They would meet again, but perhaps not in this world. His voice trembled; there was weeping around the room. When he dismissed them, they had no heart to play; they could only think how good and kind he was, and how great their loss; and in imagination, looking into the gloomy future, beheld him in the thickest of the fight upon the battle-field.

The whole country was aflame with patriotism. The drum-beat was heard not only in New Hope, but in every city and village of the land. There was a flag on almost every house. Men left their labors to become soldiers. Farmers left their ploughs in the unfinished furrows; the fire of the blacksmith's forge went out; carpenters laid down their planes; lawyers left their cases in the courts, — all to become citizen soldiers and aid in saving the country, — assembling in squads, companies, and regiments at the county-seats.

He called upon Rev. Mr. Surplice. "The Lord be with you, to guide, protect, and bless you," said the good man as he bade Paul farewell. It was a blessing and a benediction which followed Paul all the day, which comforted and strengthened him, when he reflected that he might be bidding a last farewell to his friends.

He was surprised to find that everybody was his friend; that all bade him God speed, — all, except Mr. Funk and Philip. It was evening when he called upon Azalia. He had shaken hands with Daphne and Hans, and others of his associates. The train would bear him away in the morning. Azalia came tripping down the path, holding out both hands to meet him at the gate. She greeted him with a sad smile. "You are not going away to the war, are you?" she asked with faltering voice.

"Yes, Azalia, and I have come to bid you good by!"

"Do you think it your duty to go and leave your mother? It will be hard for her to give you up; she will miss you very much, and we shall all miss you."

"I know that the old house will be lonesome, — that the days will be long and the nights dreary to my mother, — that she will listen to every approaching footstep and think perhaps it is mine. I know, Azalia, that possibly I may never return; I feel that perhaps this is the last time I may ever take you by the hand; but I feel that God and my country both are calling me, and that I must go."

“But what if you are killed on the battle-field! O Paul, it is dreadful to think of!”

“I would rather die there while doing what I feel to be my duty, than remain here shirking responsibility. Last night I heard the voices of the past calling me, and I seemed to see the myriads who are to come after us beckoning me. I know it is my duty to go. You would not have me falter, would you, Azalia?”

She could not reply. Her voice choked with emotion; she had not expected such a question. Tears came into her eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

“I could not go without coming to see you, to thank you for all your kindness to me; you have been always a faithful and true friend. God bless you for all you have done for me! I know your goodness of heart, and I hope that, when I am gone, you will sometimes go in and comfort my mother, and shorten the hours for her; for your smile is always like the sunshine, and it will cheer her.”

“I will do what I can to make her forget that you are gone.”

“And you will not wholly forget me.”

“I shall never forget you,” she replied; then, looking steadily upon him, with a strong effort to keep down her emotion, said, “Paul, I have heard that there are many dangers in camp; that soldiers sometimes forget home and old friends, and become callous and hardened to good influences; that they lose sight of heaven and things holy and pure amid the new duties and strange excitements. But for the sake of those who respect and honor and love you, you will not give way to vice, will you? I know you will not, for my sake.”

“For your sake, Azalia, if for no other reason, I will resist evil, and I will try to serve God and my country faithfully in all things, so that if I come back, or if I fall in battle, you will not be ashamed of having once been my friend.”

She touched her sweet lips to his forehead, saying, “I have nothing else to give you for such a promise. Remember that it came from your old friend, Azalia.”

His heart was full. He had braved himself to say farewell to all his friends without shedding a tear, but his courage was faltering. How could he go, perhaps never to return! He wanted to say more. He wanted to sit down at her feet and worship such goodness; but he could only dash away the tears, look for a moment into her eyes, drink in the sad smile upon her face, leave a kiss upon her cheek, press her a moment to his heart, and say, “God bless you, Azalia!”

He turned hastily away, and passed through the gate. He cast one glance behind, and beheld her standing in the gravelled walk, her chestnut hair falling upon her shoulders, and the setting sun throwing around her its golden light. She waved him an adieu, and he passed on, thinking of her as his good angel. When far away, pacing his lonely beat at dead of night, he would think of her and behold her as in that parting hour.



## CHAPTER X.

## A SOLDIER.

HE was a soldier in camp, wearing a blue uniform, sleeping in a tent, wrapped in a blanket, with a knapsack for a pillow. He had voluntarily given up the freedom of home, and was ready to yield obedience to military rule. He could not pass the guard without a permit. When the drum beat, he must spring to his feet. He was obliged to wear a knapsack, a cartridge-box, a canteen, and a bayonet scabbard, and carry a gun, not always as he would like to carry it, but as ordered by the officer in command. He was obliged to march hour after hour, and if he came to a brook or a muddy place, instead of turning aside and passing over on stepping-stones or upon a fallen tree, he must go through without breaking the ranks. His companions were not altogether such as he liked to associate with. Some were very profane, and used indecent language. There was one great, overgrown Dutchman, Gottlieb von Dunk, who smoked nearly all the time when awake, and who snored terribly when asleep. But he was a good-hearted fellow for all that, and had a great many pleasant stories to tell.

It was inspiring to hear the drum and fife, the blast of the bugle, and the playing of the band. It was glorious to look upon the star-spangled banner, waving in the breeze; but the excitement soon wore away. There were rainy days, comfortless and cheerless. Sometimes the rations were not fit to be eaten, and there was grumbling in the camp. There were days of homesickness, when the soldiers longed to break away from the restraints of camp life, and be free once more.

The regiment in which Paul enlisted was ordered to Cairo, in Illinois, where it joined several others. When the men were enlisted, they expected to march at once upon the Rebels, but week after week passed by, spring became summer, and summer lengthened into autumn, and there was no movement of the troops. The ardor of their patriotism died out. It was a monotonous life, waking early in the morning to answer roll-call, to eat breakfast of salt pork and hard-tack, drilling by squads, by companies, by battalion, marching and countermarching, going through the same manoeuvres every day, shouldering, ordering, and presenting arms, making believe load and fire, standing on guard, putting out their lights at nine o'clock at night,—doing all this; week after week, with the Rebels at Columbus, only twenty miles down the river. It was very irksome. Sometimes Paul's heart went back to New Hope, as the dear old times came crowding upon him; but he had learned to be patient. He knew that it was necessary for soldiers to become disciplined. He had enlisted for the war, he gave his whole attention to doing his duty, and received his reward by being made a sergeant. His gun was always clean, his equipments in good order, and he was always in his place. So prompt was he, that his commander nicknamed him Sergeant Ready. He was as ready to play a game of football, or to run a race, as he was to appear in the ranks at drill. When off duty, in-

stead of idling away his time, he was studying the tactics, learning not only his duty as a sergeant, but what it would be if he were a lieutenant or a captain.

The camp of his regiment was near the town, on the bank of the Mississippi, where he saw the great steamboats pass down the Mississippi from St. Louis, and down the Ohio from Louisville and Cincinnati, with thousands of troops on board, with the flags and banners streaming, the bands playing, and the soldiers cheering. It was pleasant to stand upon the levee, and behold the stirring scenes, — the gunboats commanded by the brave and good Admiral Foote, the great eleven-inch guns peeping from the portholes, — but Paul longed for active life. He rejoiced when he heard that his regiment was ordered to leave the Ohio River and go down toward Columbus on a reconnoitring expedition. The soldiers were so happy that they threw up their caps and gave a loud hurrah.

With their haversacks full of hard-tack and cold boiled beef, carrying their tin cups and plates, their cartridge-boxes full of cartridges, they embarked on one of the great steamboats, and floated down the river. They were exhilarated with the thought that they were to have new and untried experiences, — that perhaps there would be a battle. They paced the deck of the steamboat nervously, and looked carefully into the woods along the river-bank to see if there were any Rebel scouts lurking behind the trees.

Six miles below Cairo is a place called Old Fort Jefferson, where many years ago the white settlers built a fort, and where they had a battle with the Indians. The Essex gunboat, Captain Porter, was lying there, swinging at her anchors in the stream. The man pacing the deck, in a short blue jacket, and with a spy-glass in his hand, kept a sharp lookout down the river, for there were two Rebel gunboats below in the bend.

The regiment landed on the Kentucky side, where a narrow creek comes down from the hills through a wild ravine. Suddenly there was a cry of "There they come! the Rebel gunboats." Paul looked down the river, and saw two dark-colored boats.

"Heave anchor! Put on steam. Light up the magazines. Pipe all hands to quarters! Lively!" were the orders on board the Essex.

The boatswain blew his whistle, the drummer beat the long roll, and the sailors, who had been dozing about the decks, were instantly astir, weighing the anchors, running out the great guns, bringing up shot and shell from the hold, and clearing the deck for action. The great wheels turned, and the Essex swung out into the stream, and prepared to meet her antagonists. What an exciting moment! Paul felt the blood rush through his veins as he never felt it before. One of the approaching gunboats was suddenly enveloped in white smoke. He heard a screaming in the air, coming nearer and nearer, and growing louder and louder and more terrifying. He felt a cold chill creep over him. He held his breath. He was in doubt whether it would be better to get behind a tree, or lie down, or take to his heels. He could see nothing in the air, but he knew that a great iron bolt was coming. Perhaps it might hit him. He thought of home, his

mother, Azalia, and all the old friends. He lived years in a second. "I won't run," he said to himself, as the iron bolt came on. Crash! it went through a great oak-tree, shivering it to splinters, and flying on into the woods, cutting off branches, and falling to the ground at last with a heavy *thug!* ploughing a deep furrow and burying itself out of sight. There was a roar of thunder rolling along the river-banks, echoing from woodland to woodland. Then the heavy eleven-inch gun of the Essex jumped up from the deck, took a leap backwards, almost jerking the great iron ring-bolts from the sides of the ship, coming down with a jar which made her quiver from stem to stern, sending a shell, smoking and hissing, down stream, towards the Rebel gunboat, and striking it amidships, throwing the planks into the water. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted the crew of the Essex. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" answered the soldiers on shore, dancing about and cheering in wild enthusiasm. Another shot came screeching towards them as loud as the first; but it was not half so terrifying. Paul thought it was not worth while to be frightened till he was hurt, and so he stood his ground, and watched the firing till the Rebel gunboats turned towards Columbus and disappeared behind the distant headland, followed by Captain Porter, who kept his great guns booming till he was almost within range of the Rebel batteries at Columbus. He was a brave man, short and stout, with a heavy beard. His father commanded the United States ship Essex in 1812, and had a long, hard fight with two British ships in the harbor of Valparaiso, fighting against great odds, till his decks were slippery with blood, till nearly all of his guns were dismounted, when he was obliged to surrender.

"The son is a chip of the old block," said Admiral Foote the next day to Captain Porter, commending his watchfulness and promptness to meet the enemy. Paul saw how necessary it was in military operations to be always on the watch, and he felt that it was also necessary to be calm and self-possessed when on the battle-field.

The regiment took up its line of march, for a reconnoissance towards Columbus, along a winding path through the woods, passing log farm-houses, crossing creeks on log bridges. Paul noticed all the windings of the road, the hills, houses, and other objects, keeping count of his steps from one place to another, jotting it down on a slip of paper when the regiment came to a halt. They could not kindle a fire, for they were in the enemy's country, and each man ate his supper of hard-tack and cold beef, and washed it down with water from the creek.

Paul was sitting on a log eating his supper, and looking about for a place to spread his blanket for the night, when the Colonel of the regiment came to him and said: "Sergeant Parker, it is very important that a reconnoissance be made to-night towards the enemy's lines. I hear that you are a good, faithful, and trustworthy soldier. Are you willing to undertake it?"

"I have no desire to shirk any responsibility. If you wish me to go, I am ready," said Paul.

"Very well, gain all the information you can, and report at daybreak," said the Colonel.



He went out alone in the darkness, past the pickets. And now that he was alone, and moving towards the enemy, he felt that he was engaged in a hazardous undertaking. He walked softly, crouching down, listening to every sound; — on through deep and gloomy ravines, through the dense forests, past farm-houses, where dogs were howling, — noticing all the objects, and picturing them in memory.

“Halt! Who comes there?” shouted a voice. He heard the click of a gun-lock. It was a very dark night; stooping close to the ground, he could see a dark object by the roadside, immediately before him. He held his breath. What should he do? “Keep cool,” said a monitor within. His heart had leaped into his throat, but it went back to its proper place. “Who comes there?” said the sentinel again.

Instead of answering, he moved backward so softly and noiselessly that he could not hear his own footsteps.

“What is the row?” he heard a Rebel officer ask of the sentinel.

“There is a Yankee prowling about, I reckon,” said the sentinel in a whisper, and added, “There he is.”

“Shoot him!” said the officer.

There was a flash which blinded Paul. He heard the Minie bullet sing above him. He could see the dark forms of the two men. He had a revolver in his hand, and could have shot them, but he was there to gain information, and not to bring on a fight.

“It is nothing but a stump, after all,” said the officer.

The report of the gun re-echoed far and near. The night was still, and he could hear other pickets talking out in the field on his right hand and on his left. How fortunate! He knew where they were, and now could avoid them. But ought he not to turn back? He resolved not to be frightened from his object. After lying still awhile, he went back along the road, then turned aside, walked softly from tree to tree, careful not to crackle a twig beneath his feet, crept on his hands and knees through the thick underbrush, and gained the road in the rear of the picket. Being inside of the enemy’s lines, he knew that he could move more freely, for if any of the sentinels heard him they would think it one of their own number. He walked on, but suddenly found himself standing face to face with a dozen soldiers.

“Well, Jim, are there any Yankees down there?” one asked.

“The sentinel thought he saw a Yankee, but I reckon he fired at a stump,” said Paul, passing boldly by them to their rear.

He now saw that he was in a Rebel camp. There were smouldering fires, tents, a cannon, baggage-wagons, and horses which were munching their grain. What should he do? He felt that he was in a critical situation. If taken, he would be hung as a spy. He stood still and reflected a moment, to calm his nerves. He had blundered in, perhaps he might get out. He would try; but as he was there, ought he not to improve the opportunity to find out all about the camp, how large it was, how many men there were? He counted the baggage-wagons and the tents. He almost stumbled over a

man who was wrapped in his blanket. It was an officer sound asleep, with his sword by his side. He was sleeping so deeply that Paul ventured to take the sword, for he thought, unless he carried something back as evidence, his report would not be believed. And then he crept back past the grand guard, and past the sentinels, sometimes crawling an inch at a time, then stepping as noiselessly as a cat in search of her prey, till he was past them all. He was surprised to find how cool and self-possessed he was, how clear his brain, and how wide awake were all his faculties. He was as light-hearted as a bird in spring-time, for even in the darkness, while he was dimly discerning what was around him, he saw Azalia, as he last beheld her in the gravelled walk before her home, waving him on! At daybreak he reached the lines once more. The Colonel heard his story, and was in doubt about its truth; but when he saw how beautiful a map Paul drew, and that the sword was marked C. S. A., for the Confederate States of America, — when he saw how modest and straightforward Paul was in all that he did, — he said, “Sergeant Parker, I shall inform General Grant that you have done your duty faithfully.” That paid him; and the words rang in his ears for many a day.

*Carleton.*

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## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

### CHAPTER XLI.

#### THE MONKEY MOTHER.

OUR adventurers sat in silent wonder watching the movements of the monkeys. It was certainly a spectacle of the most interesting character to see these creatures making the passage of the igarápe. Perhaps the most singular thing was the similarity of their leaps, — all planting their feet upon the same spot of the branch from which the leader sprang, springing exactly in the same way, and alighting on the opposite side in apparently the same spot and attitude, proving that each and all must have been actuated by the same thought or instinct at the precise moment of passing from one tree to the other. Another singular point was, that during its continuance the intervals between each two were almost as regular as the ticking of a clock. As soon as one launched itself out from the branch, another sprang into its place, and was ready to follow so quickly that the air was never for a moment without a monkey; and any one looking straight down the opening between the trees, without glancing to either side, might almost have fancied that it was a single guariba suspended in mid-air!

All the males of the tribe had succeeded in making the leap in safety; and all the females, too, — those carrying their “pickaninnies” along with the

rest,—except one. This was a mother with a very young child on her back,—in fact a mere infant,—perhaps not nine days old. Notwithstanding its extreme youth, it appeared to comprehend the situation, as well as those of more mature age, clinging with its infantile fingers to the shaggy hide of its mother, while its tiny tail was twisted around the root of hers, in a loop that appeared tight as a sailor's knot.

But the mother, enfeebled by some sickness,—for monkeys are subject to sickness as well as men,—appeared doubtful of her ability to accomplish the leap; and, after all the others had crossed, she stood upon the branch evidently only half determined about following them. At this crisis occurred a curious incident,—the first of a series. One of those that had crossed, a man-monkey, was seen to separate from the crowd, that had by this time ascended to the top of the tree. Returning along the limb to which they had just leaped, he placed himself opposite to the hesitating female and began to chatter, intending to encourage her, as his gestures showed. The mother of the infant made reply; but although the sounds were unintelligible to the human spectators, they might be translated as saying, "It's not a bit of use, my trying; I shall only get a ducking for my pains, and the infant too. It may be drowned."

Her reply was delivered in a tone of appeal; and, as if affected by it, the male monkey—evidently the father of the child—made no more remonstrance, but bounded back across the open water. It was but the work of six seconds for him to transfer the juvenile to his own shoulders; and in as many more both he and it were on the right side of the *igarapé*. Relieved of her charge and encouraged by the cries of those already across, the mother sprang out from the branch. The effort was too great for her strength. With her forefinger she caught the twigs on the opposite side and succeeded in clutching them; but before she could lap the branch with her tail,—a more trustworthy means of prehension,—she had sunk below its level, and, the twigs giving way, she plunged into the water.

A universal scream came from the top of the tree, and a score or more of *guaribas* leaped down upon the limb from which the unfortunate had fallen. There was a scene of confusion,—just as there would have been had the catastrophe happened among human beings,—as when a boat upsets, or some one breaks through the ice, and spectators stand speechless, or hurry to and fro, no one knowing exactly what to do,—what order to give, or whom to obey.

Very like was the scene of surprise, terror, and lamentation among the monkeys,—except that it did not last quite so long. In this respect animal instinct, as it is called, has the advantage of bewildered reason; and, while a crowd upon the sea-beach or the river-bank would have spent ten minutes before taking action to rescue the drowning individual, scarcely so many seconds were allowed to elapse before the *guaribas* had picked up and safely deposited her trembling person on the fork of a tree.

The mode in which this had been accomplished was something to astonish the spectators, and yet it was performed in a very efficient manner. As soon



as the screaming would permit, the voice of the guariba chieftain was heard, in a chattering so loud and serious in tone as to indicate command; and some half-score of the number, in obedience, glided out on the limb of the tree under which the female was in imminent danger of being drowned. A bucket could not have descended into a well, or a pulley-tackle come down from warehouse or mill, more promptly and speedily than did that string of monkeys, hooked neck and tail to one another, like the links of a long chain, — the lowest upon the swinging series being the husband of the half-drowned mother, who had hastily deposited his baby in one of the forkings of the tree. Neither could the water-bucket have been filled, nor the wheat-sack hooked on, with half the speed and agility with which she was picked up and restored.

Once more shouldering her "chickabiddy," she took her place in the troop, which, without further delay, moved on amid the tree-tops, keeping in a direct line of march, as if bent upon a journey that was to terminate at some spot already known to them. For a long time their track could be traced by their continuous howling, which then was heard only at intervals, and at length receded to such a distance as to become inaudible.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE MUNDURUCÚ DISCOURSES OF MONKEYS.

THE sun was just setting as the guaribas disappeared; and from this circumstance it was conjectured that they were on their return to some favorite resting-place. Trevannion supposed that they might be on their way to dry land; and, if so, the route they had taken might serve himself and party for a direction. He mentioned this to the Mundurucú, who shook his head, not doubtfully, but as a simple negative.

"You think it would be of no use our taking the direction in which they have gone?" said the miner interrogatively.

"No, patron; not a bit of good in that. They are as like to be going from *terra firma* as towards it. It's all the same to them whether they sleep over land, or water, so long as they have the trees to cling to. They are now trooping to some roost they have a fancy for, — perhaps some very big tree, — which they use at all times for their night-rendezvous, and where others of the same tribe will be likely to meet them. These have been off to some favorite feeding-ground, where the fruit may be more plenty than in the neighborhood of their regular dwelling-place; or they may have been upon some ramble for amusement."

"What! do monkeys make such excursions?" inquired young Ralph.

"O yes," replied the Mundurucú. "I've often met them trooping about among the trees, where nuts and fruits were in plenty; and have watched them, for hours at a time, without seeing them pluck a single one; — only chattering and screeching and laughing and playing tricks upon each other, as if they had nothing else to do. Neither have they when certain sorts of fruit are ripe, especially soft fruits, such as berries and the pulpy

nuts of several kinds of palms, as the *pupunha* and *assai*. It is a little different at other seasons, when they have to live on the Brazil-nuts and sapucayas; then they have something to do to get at the kernels inside the thick shells, and at this they employ a good deal of their time."

"Do they sleep perched on the trees, or have they nests among the branches in which they can lie down at their ease?"

"They have nests, but not for that. The females only use them when about to bring forth their young. As to sleeping at their ease, they can do that on the very slenderest of branches. It's no hardship to them, as it is to us. Not a bit."

"But do they not sometimes fall off in their sleep?"

"How could they do that, young master, when they have their tails to hold on by? Before going to sleep they take a turn or two of their long tail round a branch, not always the one their body is on, but more commonly a branch a little above it. For that matter they don't need any branch to rest upon. They can go to sleep, and often do, hanging by the tail,—for that is the position in which they are most at ease; just as you would be reclining in a hammock. I've seen them scores of times asleep that way. To prove that they feel most at home when hanging by the tail, they take to it whenever any alarm comes suddenly upon them; and they want to be in readiness for retreat, in case of its proving to be an enemy."

"What singular creatures!" said Ralph, half in soliloquy.

"You speak truth, young master. They have many an odd way, that would lead one to believe that they had as much sense as some kinds of men. You have seen how they picked up the old one that fell into the water; but I've seen them do a still stranger thing than that. It is but the commonest of their contrivances, put in practice every time they want to pluck a nut, or some fruit that grows near the end of a branch too slender to carry their weight. If there's a stronger limb above, they go out upon it; and then, clinging together as you saw them do, they let themselves down till the last in the string can lay hold of the fruit. Sometimes there is no branch right over the spot; but that don't hinder them from getting what they have coveted, if they can find a stout limb anyways near. Then they make their string all the same; and, by setting it in motion, they swing back and forward, until the lowest of the party is tossed out within reach of the fruit. I've seen them try this, and find that their string was just a few inches too short, when another monkey would glide down upon the others, and add his length to complete it. Then I've seen them make a bridge, young master."

"Make a bridge! Are you in earnest? How could they?"

"Well, just in the same way as they get within reach of the nuts."

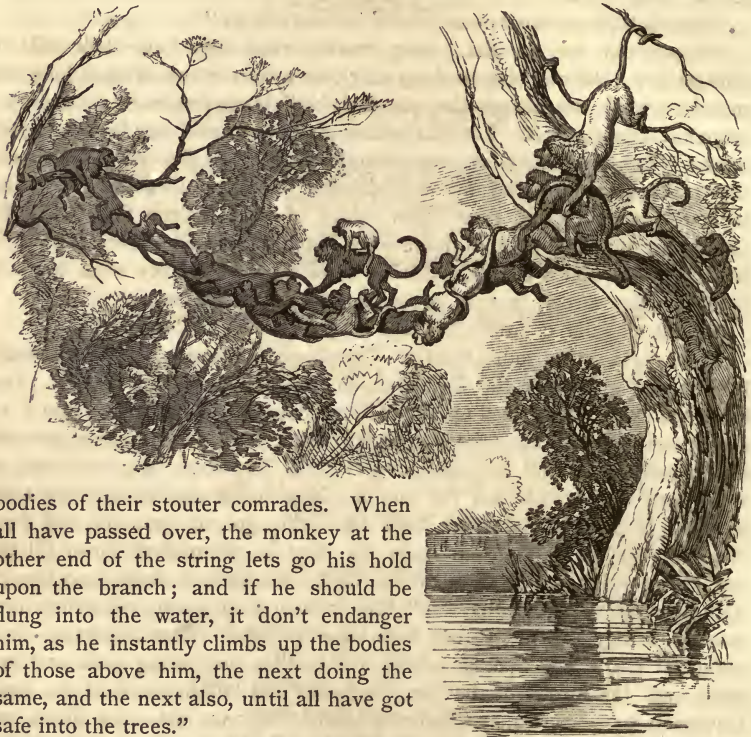
"But for what purpose?"

"To get across some bit of water, as a fast-running stream, where they would be drowned if they fell in."

"But how do they accomplish it? To make a bridge requires a skilled engineer among men; are there such among monkeys?"

"Well, young master, I won't call it such skill; but it's very like it.

When on their grand journeyings they come to a stream, or even an igarápe like this, and find they can't leap from the trees on one side to those growing on the other, it is then necessary for them to make the bridge. They go up or down the bank till they find two tall trees opposite each other. They climb to a high branch on the one, and then, linking together, as you've seen them, they set their string in motion, and swing backward and forward, till one at the end can clutch a branch of the tree, on the opposite side. This done the bridge is made, and all the troop, the old ones that are too stiff to take a great leap, and the young ones that are too weak, run across upon the



bodies of their stouter comrades. When all have passed over, the monkey at the other end of the string lets go his hold upon the branch; and if he should be flung into the water, it don't endanger him, as he instantly climbs up the bodies of those above him, the next doing the same, and the next also, until all have got safe into the trees."

"Be japers," exclaimed Tipperary Tom, it's wonderful how the craythers can do it! But, Mистер Munday, have yez iver seen them fall from a tree-top?"

"No, never. But I've known one to leap from the top of a tree full a hundred feet in height."

"Shure it was kilt dead then?"

"If it was it acted very oddly for a dead animal, as it had scarce touched the ground when it sprang back up another tree of equal height, and scampered to the top branches nearly as quick as it came down."

"Ah!" sighed Trevannion, "if we had only the activity of these creatures,



how soon we might escape from this unfortunate dilemma. Who knows what is before us? Let us pray before going to rest for the night. Let us hope that He, in whose hands we are, may listen to our supplications, and sooner or later relieve us from our misery." And so saying, the ex-miner repeated a well-remembered prayer, in the response to which not only the young people, but the Indian, the African, and the Irishman fervently joined.

*Mayne Reid.*



### THE NIGHT-MOTH.

WHEN the sun goes down, and the air is filled  
 With the sound of rushing wings,  
 When the swallows fly, and the fire-flies flit,  
 The Night-Moth comes and sings: —

“O sweet is the flower, at the evening hour,  
 When the wandering bee goes home ;  
 And dear to me are the sweets the bee  
 Has left for my lips alone.  
 I startle the child, in the garden wild,  
 When my rustling wings are heard ;  
 But he laughs with glee my form to see,  
 And calls me his humming-bird.

“The birds of day their roundelay  
 May give to the sun and air,  
 But the pale twilight and the fire-flies bright  
 To the Night-Moth are more fair.  
 O sweet is the flower, at the evening hour,  
 When the wandering bee goes home ;  
 And dear to me are the sweets the bee  
 Has left for my lips alone.”

*Tacie Townsend.*



# Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY  
of  
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

## CHARADE.

### NO. II.

As faded my *first* into darkness away,  
And no more were heard the rude sounds  
of the fray,  
A young soldier lay on a blood-covered  
plain,  
Surrounded by heaps of the wounded and  
slain.

No one who loved him wept over him  
there,  
No one beside him was kneeling in prayer ;  
Those hands, white and nerveless, none  
crossed on his breast,  
Nor kissed the fair brow that a mother  
had blessed.

Next morn, when my *second* crept o'er that  
sad scene,  
It showed where the ruthless destroyer  
had been ;  
Many were sleeping no more to awake,—  
Theirs was the slumber that nothing can  
break.

Still and unconscious the young soldier  
lay ;  
With my *whole* his pure spirit has faded  
away.  
Sorrow and suffering forever were o'er,—  
Life and its troubles could move him no  
more.

J. E. N.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 14



W. E. H.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 15.



ENIGMA.

No. 12.

- I am composed of 31 letters.  
 My 6, 9, 2, is one of the elements.  
 My 12, 16, 15, is a metal.  
 My 1, 20, 11, 4, 19, is a fruit.  
 My 25, 29, 10, is part of a fish.  
 My 27, 3, 5, 18, is a defence in war.  
 My 8, 13, 30, 31, when gone cannot be recalled.  
 My 24, 6, 7, 21, is a point of the compass.  
 My 22, 14, 26, 25, is part of a horse.  
 My 17, 23, 28, 31, is a location.  
 My whole is a good old proverb.

AN.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 16.



CONUNDRUMS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 11. Why has a lobster no claws ?   | 14. Why is a bad picture like weak tea ?                                      |
| 12. Why are several couples going to church like a child's penny trumpet ? | 15. Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man ?                       |
| 13. What vice is that which the worst people shun most ?                   | 16. What would be necessary to take all the snuff in the world at one pinch ? |

TRANSPOSITIONS.

9. By transposing the letters in *Misrepresentation*, make four words which shall recall an event in the life of one of the twelve Apostles.  
 R. W. S., JR.
10. They were talking of authors one day in Pittsburg. Sam said, he preferred

*Hag, I am not ill, but Mary admired Near colt ; John praised I mend year, while Rob, it was there, was Tom's favorite ; Jane said, You call Mr. C., but I said, none was better than Big red wort.*

H. H.



## ANSWERS.

## CHARADES.

9. Car-pet.  
10. Damask rose-bud.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

7. General Ulysses S. Grant, — Confederacy, — Abolitionist.  
8. Boil them, — Roast it well, — Tapioca,  
— Peaches, — oranges.

## ENIGMAS.

10. A distinguished author.  
11. Louis Van Beethoven.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

13. 1, 3, 9, 27, 81.  
14. D. MIX, M. D. His name (1509) is nine more than his title (1500), and if

from his whole name (3009) you subtract twice the difference between the Christian and Mohammedan eras ( $622 \times 2 = 1244$ ) less one hundred, you have A. D. 1865.

15. 3 at 4 cents each, 15 at 2 for a cent, and 2 at 4 for a cent.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

12. One swallow does not make a summer. [(One swallow) (does) (knot) (May)KE (a sum) (myrrh).]  
13. The career of the great departed should inspire our souls to emulate them. [The (car) (ear) of t(he) (great D part-ed) (should in spire) (hour) (souls) 2 E (mule) 8 them.]

## MARQUIS PELL.

THERE was a brave Marquis, named Pell,  
Who always gazed long down the well;  
When the birds asked him why?  
He gave a deep sigh, —  
That love-stricken, poor Marquis Pell. F.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

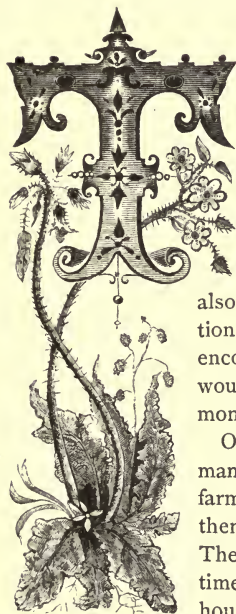
VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1865.

No. VIII.

## FARMING FOR BOYS.

### VII.



HE disposition to go ahead which the boys displayed, as well as their aptitude for learning, were strong encouragements with Uncle Benny to continue his fatherly care over them, — to teach them that it was impossible to earn genuine manhood except by steadily and industriously serving out their boyhood. He found his own interest in all their little concerns insensibly increasing, and noticed also that even Spangler himself took constant observation of their doings, though he seldom gave a word of encouragement, but rather doubted whether their labors would ever pay a profit. He estimated results by their money product, not by their moral and educational value.

On the afternoon of a fine early-summer day the old man obtained permission to take them with him to a farm some two miles off, for the purpose of showing them how a really good farmer managed his business. The boys had often heard of this place, and had many times walked by it, but had never ventured up to the house or over the grounds. It belonged to a Mr. Allen, and consisted of sixty acres. The history of this man was so remarkable, that Uncle Benny, thinking it afforded an example that ought to be impressed on the minds of the boys, took occasion, as they walked leisurely along, to relate it to them.

Mr. Allen was one of a large family of children, his father being a laboring man, so poor that he was glad to have them placed out whenever a situation could be found for them. No great pains were taken to see that the places were good ones, where a tolerable share of schooling would be allowed, or where they would be likely to receive a thorough agricultural education. The father was too poorly off in the world to be very nice in choosing places; besides, his children had had so indifferent a training at home, that whoever took them was quite certain that, if they were ever to do any good, they must be taught how to do it.

This one, Robert, was accordingly placed with a very penurious man, who allowed him very little time, even in winter, for schooling. His very name had a suspicious sound, — it was John Screwme. The poor boy was excessively fond of study, and had luckily learned to read well before he left home. He accordingly read everything he found about the house, and even carried a book of some kind in his bosom whenever he went ploughing. This he read and re-read when he paused to rest his horses, seeking to carry in his memory, while following in the furrow, the information he had obtained. It was so when not at work, — the same passionate desire to obtain knowledge occupying his time and thoughts. But his master's house was a very poor school in which to learn, with very few books or papers about. He therefore borrowed from the neighboring boys all that they were able to lend him.

But this supply was insufficient for his wants, as he had become a rapid reader. He had the great good sense to understand that it was important for him to qualify himself, while young, for the business he was to pursue in after life, — that of farming. Hence he sought for books on agriculture and natural history, but few of these could be obtained.

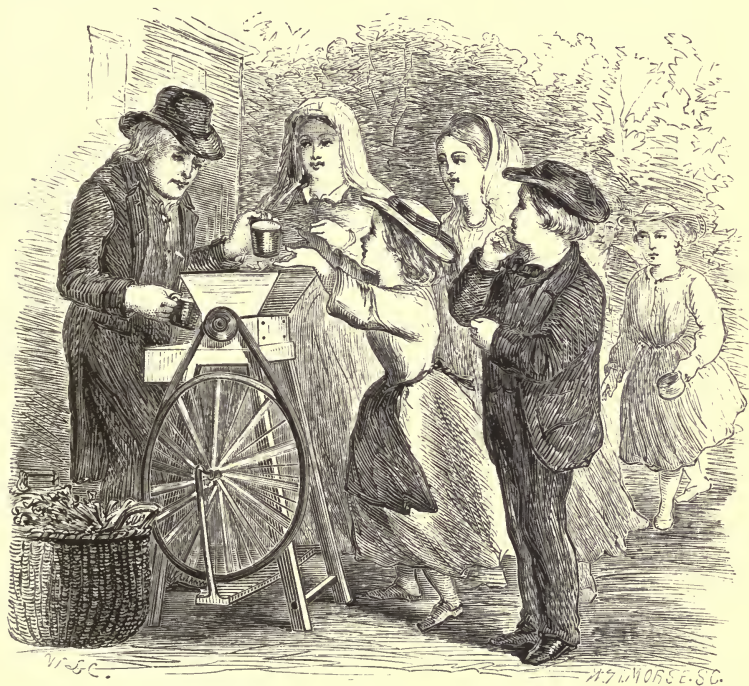
His master was a widower, with an only child, a daughter, whose temperament was directly the opposite of her father's. She was as fond of cultivating flowers as Robert was of reading books. Her father had indulged her by subscribing for an agricultural paper, which came once a month, and which cost only half a dollar a year. It was the cheapest of all, and therefore he took it. This Robert devoured as soon as it came, but it was far from being sufficient for him. The girl also wanted more; but as neither of them had any money with which to subscribe for other papers, Robert undertook the setting of traps for muskrats, rabbits, and moles, and succeeded in catching great numbers of them. The girl took off the skins and dried them, and Robert walked with his spoils to Trenton, and sold them to the storekeepers. He thus raised money enough to pay for an agricultural paper which came every week. From the reading of this he derived so much information, that he never afterwards permitted the subscription to run out.

Among other useful things, it taught him how to manage bees. So he bought a colony, and, being extremely observant and careful, he gradually multiplied them until the product amounted to twenty or thirty dollars every year. His master made no objection to his doing this, as the bees consumed only such food as would have been wasted had they not gathered it from the fields and flowers. In this bee culture the daughter, Alice, assisted



him very materially, giving him prompt notice of a swarm coming out, and sometimes even assisting him in getting them safely into a new hive. Several times, from the profits of his honey, he was able to present her a handsome book at Christmas, and, on more than one occasion, a new bonnet. His bees thus made it a very easy matter to pay for his weekly paper, as well as to keep himself supplied with numerous new works on his favorite studies.

As might be expected, such a boy was always observant of whatever was going on around him, — of everything from which he could get a new practical hint. Having on one occasion gone to Trenton to dispose of his honey in the market, after he had pocketed his little roll of notes, he strolled leisurely through the long building, from end to end, to see what others had brought there to sell, as well as to learn what prices they were getting. But he saw nothing that attracted his attention particularly, until, on coming out at the lower end, he noticed an old man with a very rude machine resembling that



of a perambulating scissors-grinder, having his foot on the treadle, with which he was driving some kind of a mill. He stood quite a long while looking at the machine, endeavoring to ascertain what the old man was doing. While thus standing, several women and children came up in succession, with little cups in their hands, into which the old man measured a gill or two of a white, pulpy preparation, for which each buyer paid him a few cents.

It struck him that the old man must be grinding this pulp ; so, coming close up to the machine, he at once perceived a strong odor of horseradish. It was this the old fellow was grinding ; and Robert saw that he had customers for it as fast as it could be produced. He had seen in the machine-shops about Trenton many great machines, but this was truly a *grater*.

Now he understood all about raising horseradish, and knew that it could be grown more readily even than potatoes ; but never having seen it anywhere except on his employer's table, he had no idea that a large quantity could be sold, and hence was greatly surprised at finding how quickly it went off in the market. He immediately inquired of the old man how much he gave for the roots, of which he had a bushel or two in baskets near him. He replied, two dollars a hundred for the smaller ones, and three or four for the largest ; adding, that he would buy as many as he could bring him.

The boy was so elated at this unexpected discovery of something that was exactly in his own line, that he asked no more questions. But that evening he looked over all the old numbers of the agricultural papers in the house, to see if they contained any information about the cultivation of horseradish, what was the best soil, whether there was a superior variety, or any other instructions to guide him in undertaking what he shrewdly thought he could make a profitable operation. He found a dozen articles on the subject, which contained the experience of practical growers, with minute directions how to plant and cultivate, as well as how to harvest, a large crop, and where to find a market for it. He had seen these articles before ; but as his mind was not interested in the subject at the time, he gave them only a passing notice. But now that his attention had been directed to it, he discovered in them an almost priceless value. They were exactly what he wanted, and he read them over and over. He made up his mind that, if he had inquired of every farmer in the township how to cultivate so simple a thing as horseradish on a large scale, not one could have told him half as much as did these old numbers of the agricultural papers he had been preserving.

Here Uncle Benny took occasion to remind the boys that it was impossible for a man to be a really good, progressive farmer, without not only having a full supply of the best agricultural papers, but diligently studying their contents, as well as preserving the numbers for future reference. He said they were full of sound advice and instruction, and kept their readers informed of all the new seeds, plants, machines, and breeds of animals, as they were either discovered or introduced. It was only by having his eyes and ears open to these things, that a farmer could get along successfully, and keep up with the best.

He went on to tell them that Robert, discovering that a deep, rich soil was the best for horseradish, immediately made up his mind that the very place for him to plant it would be by the side of a long ditch in the meadow, which had been cleaned out that very fall. As the ditch-bank could not be used for any crop, — at least his employer was not the man to put it to any useful purpose, — Robert easily obtained his permission to plant it with horseradish. He would have refused anything that he could use himself. As may

be supposed, Robert thought of this matter the whole winter, and was impatient for spring to come round, that he might make a beginning. At Christmas he went to Trenton and engaged from the old man in the market as many of the lower ends of the horseradish roots as he would need. On measuring the ditch-bank, by pacing it off, he found he could get in three rows containing altogether two thousand roots, and so contracted for that number at five dollars per thousand. The old man had been in the habit of throwing away these "tails," as there was no steady demand for them, and was glad enough to find a customer.

When April came, Robert put the ditch-bank in order with his own hands, doing most of the work by moonlight, and then actually planting the roots by moonlight also, as his employer would not spare him even a half-day for himself. The roots were about five inches long, and were planted in rows. Holes about eight inches deep were made in the ground with a sharp stick, into which the roots were dropped, thus leaving them a few inches below the surface. It was a long and tedious job for a boy like him to undertake and go through with, but he was full of ambition to do something for himself, and this was about the only chance he saw. Then during the whole growing season he kept the ground clear of weeds, and frequently stirred it up on the surface, all which greatly promoted the growth of the plants. They threw up such luxuriant tops, that by midsummer they shaded most of the ground and smothered a large portion of the weeds. All this attention to his horseradish bed was bestowed at odd times.

But he was well rewarded for his labor, as at the close of the season he had a fine crop of roots. They were so large, and there were so many of them, that he was obliged to hire a man to dig them up and wheel them to the house. His employer had paid no more attention to the crop during the summer than he had to Robert's bees; but when he came to see the splendid result of his labor, he was astonished at his success, and told Alice to help him wash and trim them up for market. This she was willing enough to do, as Robert's tastes and hers were so similar that they had long been close friends, ever ready to oblige each other. By devoting one or two evenings to the task, the roots were made ready for the Trenton market. There Robert was allowed to take them, and there, sure enough, he found the old man at work in the market-house with his machine, still grinding out horseradish for a large circle of customers. He sold his crop for sixty dollars, and was so delighted with his success that he treated himself to a new coat.

He also bought for Alice, in return for the help she had given him, a neat little dressing-box, containing trifles which he thought would please her, for there was not a particle of meanness in Robert's disposition. While he was ambitious, and industrious, and saving, he was far from being stingy. Besides, he had already learned that pleasure was reciprocal, and that no one feels it who does not at the same time communicate it; for to be really pleased, one must be pleasing to others. As he saw that Alice was gratified by his thus thinking of her, he was abundantly gratified himself.

This purchase of a new coat was a clear saving to Mr. Screwme. He was



pleased in turn, thinking how much he had saved, and readily gave Robert permission to use the ditch-bank as long as he desired, as his horseradish farm. Thus the industrious fellow was encouraged to look ahead, and a bit of waste land was in a fair way of being turned into a productive one, by the shrewdness and energy of a mere boy. Taking all the land on the farm, there was not an acre that produced more clear profit than this, though the rest had had twice as much labor in proportion bestowed upon it.

Still, the owner did not take the hint thus given to him, and try what could be done on a larger scale. The reason was, that raising horseradish was not regular farming, — it was something out of the usual line, — well enough for a boy to amuse himself with, but not the kind of farming he had been brought up to. Another reason was, the neighbors would ridicule him. In truth he was not a wise man, for wisdom is not the mere seeing of things that are actually before us, but consists in discerning and comprehending those which are likely to come to pass. He would have thought it all right for him to plant an acre of cabbages, because it was done by others; but an acre of what he considered a new farm product, such as horseradish, was too great a novelty, though he saw that the crop paid well. Nor was he sufficiently wise to see that the time was coming when a plant so easily cultivated would be grown upon fields as large as any of his.

Thus Robert was left in undisturbed possession. He started the second year under better auspices, as, in trimming his roots for market, he had cut off and saved the lower ends for another planting. This would save him ten dollars, besides affording him not only better "sets" than he had begun with, but twice as many. He thought that he would double his crop by planting both sides of the ditch. On asking permission of his employer, he readily gave it, adding that, if he chose, he might plant the bottom of the ditch also.

The boy's ambition seemed to have won some little sympathy from his master; for, when planting-time came the next spring, he actually assisted Robert by ploughing up the ground and putting it in order for him. Then, as Robert made the holes in the ground, he called on Alice to drop the roots into them, as she was quite willing to do. With this help he got on finely with his double crop. But he was obliged to hire a man occasionally during the summer to keep the ground in order, as he knew it was never worth while to set a plant in the ground and then neglect it. But he had the money with which to pay for such labor. Still, it cost very little, as to his ditch-banks was devoted all the spare time he had. His bees gave him no such trouble, as they took care of themselves. The better preparation of the ground caused a quicker and larger growth of the plants, and of course there was a better yield than that of the first season. He sold the second crop for more than a hundred dollars, and could have disposed of three times the quantity. That season his honey sold for over twenty dollars.

Most of this money he saved, spending very little except for books and papers, all which he studied so assiduously, that, by the time he came of age, he was one of the best-informed young men in the neighborhood, with a respectable library about him. He was a fine, handsome-looking fellow, of

pleasant manners, steady habits, and, besides all this, had more than four hundred dollars, all made from the profits of his bees and horseradish.

"You see, boys," said Uncle Benny, "how much can be accomplished, from the very smallest beginnings, by a boy who has ambition, good sense and industry. But all these acquisitions, especially the mental ones, come from application. It is the price that every man must pay for them, and they cannot be had without it. To expect good results of any kind without application, would be as absurd as for you to hope for a crop of corn without having planted a hill."

The old man went on with his story. He told them that, when Robert came of age, he was able to manage the farm far better than his employer had ever done. He continued to do the principal work until he was twenty-three years old, at which time his employer died, and a year after that he and Alice were married.

"Now," continued the old man, "the farm we are going to see is the same one on which Robert Allen began life as a poor boy. All this happened years before you were born, so that you will see great changes from the condition of the farm as it was in the time of Robert's boyhood."

The boys listened to this history with profound attention. It ran so nearly parallel to the current of their own thoughts that they could not fail to be struck with it. They had seen Mr. Allen very often, and two of his sons had been their companions at school; but they had never before had the least inkling that so wealthy a farmer had sprung from so small a beginning. The farm, therefore, as they approached it, acquired a new interest in their eyes, and they surveyed with increased attention whatever belonged to it.

A few steps farther brought them to the gate, which opened into a lawn of moderate size, in which were pear and apple trees many years old, now gorgeous in a profusion of bloom. These living monuments of the thoughtfulness of a former generation had been carefully trimmed of all the dead wood, and their trunks had been whitewashed. Indeed, the fences, the out-houses, and every spot or thing to which whitewash was appropriate, shone out gayly and cheerfully in a coat of brilliant white. A dozen large stones, that lay about in the edge of a luxuriant border near the house, had been brushed in the same way, presenting a beautiful contrast with the rich green of the early springing grass. Even the projecting stump of an old apple-tree, that had once stood in the lawn, held up its slowly decaying head in all the glory of a similar covering.

The stone dwelling-house, evidently very old, but very comfortable, had shared in the same beautifying application. Its ancient doors, and sashes, and shutters, had been replaced by new ones of modern finish. For the old roof there had been substituted a new one, with projecting eaves and ornamental brackets. An ample piazza at the front, built in cottage style, was clustered over with honeysuckles, from whose opening flowers a thousand bees were gathering honey. Some architect, skilled in the beautiful art of transforming an old farm-house into an elegant modern cottage, had evidently touched this venerable homestead with his renovating hand, engrafting on

its uncouth outlines not only symmetry, but even elegance. The whole aspect of the premises struck the visitors with admiration of their trimness and cleanliness, while a more practised eye would at once set down the owner as belonging to the higher order of farmers.

As they turned a corner of the house on their way to the rear, they were met by Mr. Allen and his two sons, the schoolmates of the Spanglers. Greetings being cordially exchanged, the visitors were politely invited into the house ; but Uncle Benny replied that he had brought his boys with him to see what there was out of doors, and that he would like them to learn for themselves how a good farmer managed his business.

"Ah," replied Mr. Allen, "it requires a man superior in one way or another, to be a really good farmer."

"But," rejoined Uncle Benny, "men are estimated by their success in life, and by common consent, success is held to be evidence of superiority. You are known as the luckiest man in the township."

"But I don't believe in luck, Uncle Benny," replied Mr. Allen. "It was not luck that made me what I am, but God's blessing on my labors, from the time I was a poor boy up to the present hour."

They walked forward to the barn-yard. The fences round it, and all the adjacent buildings, had been newly whitewashed. There were gutters which carried away from every roof the rains that fell upon it, and led them into a low spot a long distance off, to which the pigs had access as a wallow. The barn-yard was shaped like an earthen pie-dish, lowest at the centre, so that no liquid manure could run away. The bottom had been scooped out and furnished with a coat of clay nearly six inches thick, so that no liquor could soak away into the ground. There was but a single outlet for the fluid, and that led into a capacious cistern, connected with a pump, by which the contents were raised into buckets and used on the garden close at hand. This had been in operation only a year or two ; but Mr. Allen described the result on his garden products as almost incredible, and he should use the pump and cistern more frequently than ever. "This liquor," he said, "is what a plant lives and grows fat on, just as a pig grows on what you give to him. If I were able to manure my whole farm with these juices of the barn-yard, I would saturate the manure-heap until the water came away colorless, and spread it over the ground."

As the Spangler boys heard this, they looked up to Uncle Benny in a very knowing way, evidently recognizing the words of this excellent farmer as conveying the identical lesson the old man had taught them at their own squalid barn-yard.

There were a dozen head of cattle in the yard, fine, portly cows, of quiet mien and buttery promise. They had all been born within its enclosure, and had never been allowed to go beyond its limits. During the growing season all their food was cut fresh from the fields, and brought to them regularly three times a day. This arrangement cost additional care and money, but it saved some hundreds of dollars' worth of fences, while it trebled the products of the barn-yard. It saved acres of clover from being trampled



down and wasted, thus enabling the land to feed double the number of cows. The abundant yield of butter found a quick market at Trenton.

From this spot they were taken to the pig-pen, and there they saw the Suffolk and Chester County breeds, all in clean quarters, with warm shelters covered from the rain, the outer part of the enclosure strewed with an ample supply of corn-stalks and other litter, which they were rapidly grinding up into the most valuable kind of fertilizer. Bill Spangler, having a particular home-feeling for the pig-pen, examined the animals in this enclosure with the greatest care. The others were equally interested. Though they noticed how complete the pen was, and how superior were all its arrangements to their own, yet, after a long and close survey, Bill could not help exclaiming to the Allen boys, "There 's no sow here equal to our Nancy!"

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*



## DICK AND I.

WHEN Dick was ten and I was eight,  
 Life's morning sweet and early,  
 When he wore aprons checked with blue  
 And yet my hair was curly,  
 We used to read, the livelong day,  
 Strange tales and old romances;  
 Dick liked the Indian stories best,  
 But I had softer fancies.

I ciung to fairy tales, alas!  
 And books with yellow covers;  
 I thought myself a heroine,  
 And went in search of lovers.  
 I made me wreaths of blooming flowers  
 And spent my mornings crying;  
 A bird with head beneath my wing,  
 I fancied I was flying.

We read of war. It seemed to me  
 A thing how strange and distant!  
 I thought that Dick might learn to fight,  
 But I was non-resistant.  
 In my young heart, in those calm days  
 Of bright, unclouded weather,  
 Imps, soldiers, ogres, ghosts, and war  
 Were all linked in together.

We had one play called Bunker Hill, —  
 Dick always wished to play it;  
 I liked dolls better, though, of course,  
 I was ashamed to say it.  
 Dick had a company of boys,  
 The name of one was Moses;  
 I made him once a soldier's cap,  
 And trimmed it round with roses.

I followed, in the ranks, myself,  
 Their only banner bearing;  
 Dick fastened to my father's cane  
 The apron I was wearing.

How perfectly one day comes back  
 When, roused by one another,  
 Poor Dick and Moses came to blows,  
 And I ran home to mother!  
 Dear, gentle heart! Her ready hand  
 The cause of peace defended;  
 She bribed both foes with gingerbread,  
 And so the battle ended.

O happy days, too briefly bright!  
 O memories quaint, but pleasant!  
 I cannot bear to link, to-day,  
 The glad past with the present!  
 My childhood's visions seem to mock  
 My lone heart sad and smitten;  
 In dearer life-blood than my own  
 The page of war is written!

I know not where in death he sleeps; —  
 Far distant from each other,  
 I watched and wept, he fought and fell,  
 My brave and generous brother!  
 'T is all we know. O, no! not all, —  
 He died as heroes perish;  
 He left a memory for our hearts  
 To fondly, proudly cherish.

O, even in my darkest hour,  
 One thought my sorrow-hushes: —  
 Thank God! thank God! we speak of him  
 With tears, and not with blushes.

*Marian Douglas.*

## THE STORY OF A DOLLY.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I CAME from the country of the Dollys.

A fine place that! It is over the seas and far away, — and there the large Dollys, and the small Dollys, and the little wee bits of Dollys live together.

Only a few, however, were as large as we who came over in the big ship, though many knew more. Indeed, I think I may say they knew a great deal more. Some of our relations could open and shut their eyes, and a friend of ours had a cousin who was acquainted with some very fashionable Dollys that had learned to walk. And grand enough they felt! But we were told that these fashionable Dollys suffered dreadfully, though they never mentioned it, from a horrible spasm called “winding up.” This they tried to keep private. But the birds told of it. In the country of the Dollys, bird-talk is understood, and also flower-talk.

There was one family of Dollys who disturbed the whole neighborhood. I mean the crying Dollys. A great many knew how to cry. We wanted to learn, but were told that little boys and girls cried enough, and there was no need of our learning. And since I came over in the big ship, I have seen some of these boys and girls myself. They cry every day, though where the tears come from I can't tell, unless there are little bottles of water upset behind their eyes. But who fills up the bottles?

It is a sad thing, though, never to be able to cry at all! Never to have a tear of your own to shed! You can't tell — nobody can tell — how I have longed, and longed, and longed for a few tears. I will mention one time in particular.

There was a family of us who lived in a splendid baby-house, with a lock on the door, and a key to fit the lock exactly. We had rose-colored bed-curtains, and fringe around the bed-spreads, and looking-glasses with gilt frames, and little smelling-bottles, and fans, and parasols, and gilt-edged dishes, and no end of dresses, made of silk, and satin, and alpaca, and feathers in our hats, and rings, and bracelets, and a cooking-stove with little frying-pans to it. And all around the walls were hung our photographs. And almost every Dolly had a little husband. But I was too big to have a husband. There were none made large enough. And so the little girl played that I was the grandmother, and that my husband had died of the shaking palsy.

One day she got angry with me, because I could crook my elbow but one way, and threw me down flat upon the floor, and I struck on the back of my head, which is a dangerous place. Then she put all the other Dollys in the baby-carriage, and took them off riding under the trees, where the grass was soft, and the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang, and the yellow butter-



flies were flying. And the three white kittens were allowed to go also. But I was left all alone, lying there, with my head bumped, in a dangerous place



too, thinking how the dandelions would shine in the green grass, and how the white kittens would run up the trees and peep down through the leaves. And then, O how I longed for tears to cry with! If it were only two, one for each eye! But Dollys can never weep. No matter how much they are banged about, their foreheads scraped, the ends knocked off of their noses, the cords of their necks twisted, and their feet broken off at the ankle-bone, they can never shed a tear! There they are, with their eyes set wide open, dry as dried peas, and never a tear! What a pity!

Perhaps you would like to know about my coming over in the big ship.

My friends were sorry to part with me. Those who could shut their eyes closed them tight, that they might not have the sorrow of seeing me go. The crying Dollys made a great noise, but I don't think they felt any worse than the rest. A beautiful walking Dolly came down to the ship, to take leave of her best friend; but when she saw the box in which we were to be nailed up, she walked away very fast, and never turned her head.

The ship sailed and sailed, and the little fishes got out of the way; but the whales did n't care, they came and bumped their noses right against the vessel. At least, that is what I heard one of the sailors tell a little boy.

And, after many days, there came a great storm. Thunder, and lightning, and hail! The waves rose to the tops of the masts, and almost tipped over the ship. The winds blew and blew, and at last blew her against a tremen-

dous rock, where she was dashed in pieces. My box was carried ashore on the top of a foaming wave, and thrown upon a sand-bank.

The next morning, the skies were blue, the birds sang, and the winds were at rest. There was a crack in the box, which came just across my eyes, so that I could see out. At first, this made me very happy. But presently the sun arose, the great, red, fiery sun, and shone straight into my eyes. O, how they did burn! And you know I could not shut them up, nor even moisten them with a tear.

At last I said, "Let me try what virtue there is in wishing." So I kept wishing that the sun would move away and shine somewhere else. And, if you will believe it, my wish came to pass! He did move away and shine somewhere else,—that great fiery sun! So you see there is no harm in wishing.

One morning, there came a little boy and girl running down, and the girl had her mother's best tin porringer to paddle with in the water. "See me, Bessie!" said the little boy, "I am going a wading in the Atlantic Ocean."

"Atlantic Ocean. Where?" said Bessie.

"Right here, — this great water," said the boy.

"Poh," said Bessie. "Guess I know better than that: guess I know the Atlantic Ocean! It's all white, with a scalloped edge, and a great yellow Brazil, and a pink Pattygony going down in a peak. Hark! What is that drumming?"

It was a drum, and the boy ran to find it. Bessie began to cry, because she would not wait. But just then there came along a red-cheeked lady, in a cinnamon-colored dress. She sat down by Bessie and began to sing her a song.

Come sit by the shore, where the breezes are blowing; Come sit by the shore, where the  
waters are flowing, And I'll sing you a song, if you'll lis - ten to me Of  
poor lit - tle Ja - mie, Ja - mie, Of dear lit - tle Ja - mie, who sailed on the sea.

The cruel winds blew him far off from the shore,  
In his little canoe, without rudder or oar;  
But a fine yellow fife in his pocket had he,  
And he played on his fife, his fife,  
He played on his fife, as he sailed o'er the sea.

So sweetly he played, so loud and so clear,  
That the fishes were charmed, and came swimming to hear.  
And the birds flew about him, the wild-birds so free,  
And they sang while he played, he played,  
They sang while he played, as he sailed o'er the sea.

I was sorry not to hear the whole of it, but two sparrows came hopping along just then, and settled themselves down very near me, and made so much noise with their chirping, that nothing else could be heard. It was not the first time, and I knew very well what they came for. They came to eat up two jumping bugs, who had lately come to live underneath my box, with all their family.

About the same time there came a pair of robins, looking about for a place to build their nest. These were genteel robins, and spelt their names with two "b's." They were not content with the comfortable old apple-tree, but sang to each other of snowball-trees, and running roses, and sweet-smelling syringas.

The two sparrows began chirping to each other about them, very softly, with their little bills close together. "Do but see those robins," said one, "what a fuss they make about a nesting-place! Who would think they had lived in a barn all winter?"

"Foolish birds!" said the other. "To think of building so near a house, — close by a window too, and a boy living there! But some birds don't care for comfort or safety, if they can only live in style. It may be, though," she added, very soberly, "that they think it will be for the advantage of their young ones to live handy to where the table-cloth is shaken."

"Not a bit of it," said the first sparrow. "All pride, all pride. I wish —"

But I never knew what the wish was, or whether it came to pass; for at that moment one of the jumping bugs jumped out in plain sight, and the sparrow stopped to snap him up. And when his wife jumped out to see what had become of him, the other sparrow snapped her up too, as quick as Johnny would a sugar-plum. And all the little jumping bugs were left to mourn.

So the sparrows flew away, and the robins began building their nest in the sweet syringa-bush. But what became of them, or whether they saved their eggs or had them stolen by the boy, I can't say. If something had not happened to me, I could tell all about it, for I heard matters talked over every day by the sparrows and the bluebirds. But something happened to me, which prevented my knowing how it all came out in the end.

I will relate now what happened to myself, and will then speak about the Rose Geranium, who at first was sad, but afterwards glad.

One day I heard some steps on the sand, and then came two bright eyes, peeping through my crack. They belonged to a little girl named Dora. "O father," said she, "do come here!"

Then her father came, and, with a big stick, knocked my box all in pieces. When Dora saw the whole of me, she hardly knew what to say. She turned me over and over, stroked my hair, felt of my shoes, and then hugged me tight.

Dora was a happy little girl. After she had been cross, she was always sorry, right away. But this was not very often. It was in her baby-house that we had all the fine things I told you of.



When she was old enough to have her gowns drag on the sidewalk, I was given to her sister Dovey. Dovey was sweet, and pleasant, and gentle as a violet. She wore blue ribbons in her hair. Her flower-garden was a sight to behold. There grew in it pinks, and sweet-peas, and seven other kinds of flowers.

One day she set me down beside a young currant-bush, while she looked for Bunny. Bunny was apt to eat the plants.

It was such a quiet place, with only a gentle wind stirring, that I could not help hearing the talk going on over my head. The Rose Geranium was whispering to the Currant-Bush. This is what she said, and I think I have the exact words.

“O Mrs. Currant-Bush, I am very sad, and I will tell you why. All last year I never had a blossom. In the winter, I was sent to a place where plants are taught to open their flowers, and become beautiful. There I had great advantages. I was in genteel society. Plants of such beauty and grace one rarely meets. Many came, in bright array, from lands beyond the seas, bringing with them sweetest odors, and telling wondrous tales of radiant, bright-winged birds and insects gay, all glittering in green and gold. ‘Now,’ said I to myself, ‘I shall certainly do something quite wonderful. When I produce a blossom, it shall be like the white camellia, for that is the most beautiful of all.’ But, with all my trying, what do you think came of it? Only a few small, pale flowers! Think how ashamed I felt, among all that brilliant company! And now I am placed here, in the common garden. And here, too, every one does better than I. Look at those pinks. How crimson are their petals! How spicy their breath! Even the verbenas, who can only crawl along the ground, deck themselves in splendid colors. The marigolds wear golden crowns, and so do the double buttercups.

“The roses are not only lovely, but they have the power of blushing. This I know to be a fact, for I have watched while the bees and butterflies were whispering to them. The bees and butterflies come not often to me, nor the humming-birds either. I wish they would; I long to know what they are saying to the roses. Such news as they must bring, from travelling so far! Such sweet things they must tell of wild-wood flowers, and clover-fields, and climbing honeysuckles! Alas! Alas! I shall never know of all these beautiful things.”

“Well, but don’t sigh, and don’t cry,” said Mrs. Currant-Bush. “I, too, have had my troubles. Last year, I was quite ashamed of my little green blossoms. One could hardly tell them from leaves. But what do you think? I kept turning them to the sun, and in a little while they changed into bright scarlet berries. It was just as if little grains of rubies were hung all over me! I assure you every one was pleased with me.” And then she asked the Snowball-tree if she did not remember about it.

“Yes,” said the Snowball, “and about myself too. I thought I was going to have some flowers, and there came only greenish balls. But I waited patiently, and turned them to the sun, and they became so beautifully white! It was just as if a shower of pearls had been dropped upon me.”

"But no shower of pearls will ever be dropped upon me," sighed the Rose Geranium, "and no ruby chains will be hung upon me!"

"Perhaps not," said the Snowball, "but you are better off than a poor Dahlia I once knew. Poor thing! She was planted too late, and never bloomed. On the day of her death, she told me all her grief. It was a gloomy day in autumn. The cold rains were beating against her. All the flowers were dead. 'Ah me!' she said. 'Here I have been all the summer trying hard, and have done nothing. And now the frost has come. The rough winds will strike me dead. And I have not even spelt my name! Nobody knows whether I am a white, a purple, or a crimson Dahlia. I do not know myself. I can only die, and, by burying myself in the earth, make it richer and better for those that come after me.'"

Just as the Snowball had finished telling about the Dahlia who never spelt her name, Dovey came back, and with her was a beautiful young girl, dressed in pink silk, with a shining necklace, all ready for the grand fancy ball.

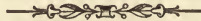
"O those Geranium leaves!" exclaimed the beautiful young girl. "I must have some for my hair, and some for my bouquet. I know of no other plant whose leaves are so beautifully fragrant. I would take good care of this plant all winter, even if it never had a blossom. Roses fade, carnations wither, but the leaves of the Rose Geranium we may have always."

At this the Currant-Bush and the Snowball nodded to each other, and to the Clothes-pole, who had stood near and overheard the whole talk. And as for the Rose Geranium, she actually trembled with delight.

I wish I could tell you the wonderful story of the Pond Lily who spun gold, but that will do for another time.

Did you ever see my mistress, my kind little Dovey? She passes your window every day. It is that gentle-eyed child, who carries in her hand a bunch of flowers. Her voice is sweet, and soft, and low. There is a smile upon her face, which comes from a loving heart,—a loving, tender heart, which will never permit her to speak an unkind word. If you have not already discovered this gentle child, I pray that you may soon, for to look upon her is a pleasure.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*



## MASTER HORSEY'S EXCURSION.

**I**N the State of New Jersey,—a province, my dear little friends, of the Camden and Amboy Railroad,—not twenty miles from the city of New York, is found a range of hills, attractive alike to the student of history, the sportsman, and the lover of nature. To the one it is familiar, as a barrier behind which the army of the Revolution found a secure and timely retreat; while the other associates with its sheltered valleys the whirring of the woodcock, or cherishes its wooded tops as the home of the fringed gentian.

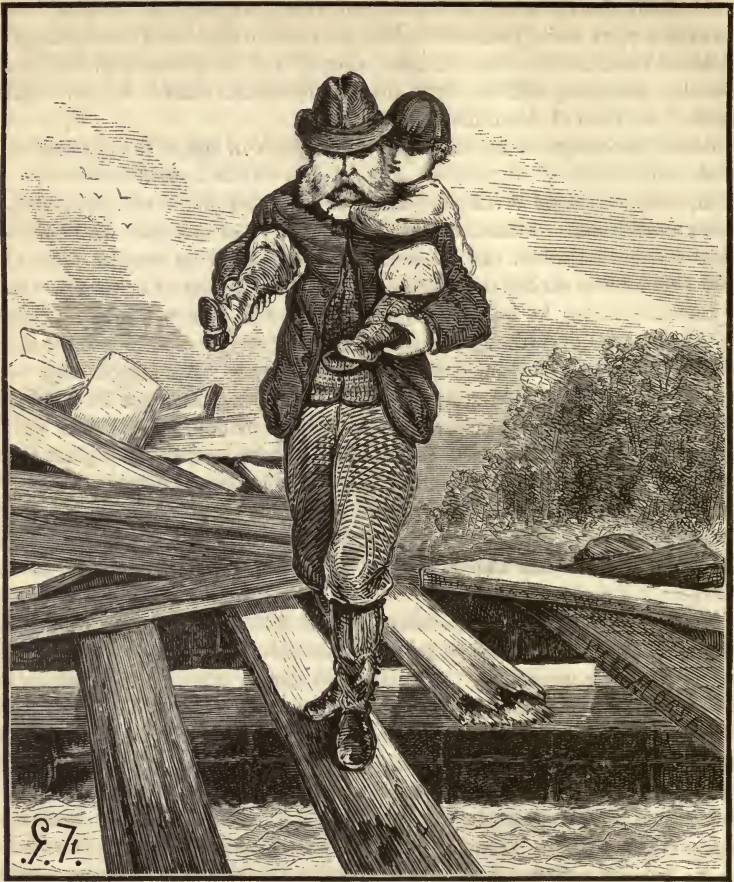
At about the centre of this range of hills is situated the town of South Owlives, a place more particularly distinguished for the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants, its extensive circulating library, its aristocracy, and its *little boys*. Belonging exclusively to the last-mentioned class is Master Charles Horsey, the hero of this little sketch.

Charley is a bright little fellow, about five years of age, with light hair, blue eyes, and the rosiest of cheeks. For animals he has a great affection, — so great, indeed, that he never goes to his meals or his bed — of both which he is extremely fond — without sharing either the one or the other with his cherished wooden favorites. In the season of vegetables he may be seen wandering about the garden in search of some deformed carrot or turnip, which, by careful pruning, he fashions into the likeness of a chosen beast. Horses he adores above everything else, and he may be brought from fits of the deepest dejection, or even rage, — for Master Charley is not a perfect boy, — by simply pretending that he is an unruly colt; although it must be confessed that, in the pantomime incident to the transformation, the stinging switch often plays an important part. If horses and colts hold the first place in his affections, he is not insensible to the charms of cows, calves, cats, dogs, rats, mice, and even snails. To pigs he has a great aversion, for which he is indebted to his beautiful mamma, who, in teaching him lessons of cleanliness, bases her illustrations of untidiness upon the habits of this beast.

One bright morning in October, all was bustle at Owlive Grange; for Master Charley and myself — his elder brother — were about starting on an excursion to the mountain. The uncooked dinner was being prepared, the baskets for chestnuts were being looked up, and a thousand and one preparations making for the happy occasion. At last, everything in readiness for the start, Toby, the house-dog, and Jip, the terrier, were called away. With many injunctions, Master Charley was confided to my care, and as he bounded here and there, in his excess of joy, he was indeed a picture of ruddy, robust health. The terrier seemed to share his little master's excitement; but sober Toby, disdaining such petty exhibitions of pleasure, walked sedately and with dignity by my side.

To reach the mountain road it was necessary to cross a small stream; but imagine our surprise, on arriving at the bridge, to find the flooring removed, and nothing remaining upon which to reach the opposite bank but some narrow rotten timbers. There was but one course to pursue; so I directed Master Charley to mount upon my shoulders. No sooner said than done; up he scrambled, and, placing his arms about my neck, we started on our perilous journey. As we advanced, the beam cracked ominously; so, taking a firmer hold of my little companion, I moved on with redoubled caution. Reaching the centre of the bridge, I felt the decayed timbers crumbling beneath my feet, and I expected an instant upset into the water. I sprang upon the beam running parallel to the one on which I had been walking, and had barely recovered my balance when a loud splash revealed how narrow had been our escape.





No sooner had we reached the firm ground, than the sharp yelp of Master Jip drew our attention in a new direction. Toby, without knowing why, gave tongue, and, following the lead of the little terrier, was soon buried in a mud-hole on the edge of the stream. Master Charley was all excitement, and insisted upon waiting to see the result of the hunt. Yielding willingly to his wishes, I drew a rail from a neighboring fence, and lifted off the turf, that the dogs might have a better chance to follow the course of the hole. Jip, almost beside himself with excitement, instantly disappeared from sight, while poor old Toby, too large to follow, scratched furiously on the surface. Guided by the muffled bark of the active terrier, we followed diligently with the rail. In a few moments we struck something soft, when, with a suppressed growl, out jumped Master Jip, with a muskrat in his mouth almost as large as himself. One or two shakes, and the rat lay dead! The terrier, encouraged by his

great success, gave a whisk of his tail and renewed the hunt. And now, to our astonishment, there came straggling from the ground four young muskrats, about two thirds grown. Charley, myself, and Toby closed with a rush about the innocents, and the poor things, blinded with dirt and half dead with fear, were quickly captured. My little companion, overcome with joy at such an accession to his menagerie, begged that their lives might be spared.

I was only too happy to add to his pleasure, so, placing them carefully in the empty chestnut-baskets, I carried the trembling captives to a neighboring farm-house, to be kept till our return. Having temporarily disposed of our booty, we returned to the stream to watch the progress of Master Jip. We had barely reached the spot, when the terrier reappeared, slowly backing from the yawning trench. By and by the tips of his ears peeped above ground; and then, as he emerged completely to view, we perceived that he held in his mouth a muskrat of most extraordinary age and size. Imagine, my dear little friends, a rat larger than any you ever beheld, gray with age, and rippled all over with wrinkles! The terrier, supposing his adversary to be dead, slackened the firm grip in which he had previously held him, and turned to us for the praise to which he fancied he was entitled. The rat, which was not dead, opened first one of his twinkling eyes and then the other, and, observing the occupation of Master Jip, gave himself a shake, and with one bound sprang into the stream and dived deep under the rushing water. The terrier followed in pursuit, — but too late. The rat, more wary than to trust himself again within reach of those terrible jaws, sank deep into the mud, and sought new companions to which to relate the startling adventures of the day.

While lingering near the stream to give the dogs an opportunity for rest, Master Charley plied me with questions concerning the habits of the muskrat. I answered by counterfeiting their cry, which is a sharp squeak, easily imitated, and used by hunters to draw the usually wary rats within shooting distance. I also told him, that, as a boy, I owned trained minks, that, swimming and diving readily, were taught to enter the burrow of the muskrats. On these occasions terrible combats would ensue between the pursuer and pursued, in which, however, the latter were almost invariably victorious.

We continued our conversation as we advanced toward the mountain road, but when we struck the ascent I could not but remark, that Master Charley was less eager in his questioning, and that the up-hill work was producing its effect. The journey now became wearisome, and fatigued my little companion; but by partly dragging him along, or chasing the half-grown rabbits into the stone walls that lined the road, or beguiling the time with imitations of his favorite bear "Bruno," we reached at last the top of the mountain.

Now came the consideration of the business of the day. Seating ourselves on a convenient log, we discussed where, after a ramble through the beautiful woods that crown the top of the Owlive mountain, we should build our fire and cook the dinner. Various charming spots were suggested, but I

decided that the crystal spring should be the chosen spot. By this time Master Charley having sufficiently rested, we whistled for the dogs, preparatory to a start; the latter, however, were barking so furiously in a copse to the right, as to be entirely deaf to our efforts to attract their attention. Hardly had we reached the spot whence proceeded such a hubbub, than out jumped a little brown rabbit, his white tail glistening in the sun, while in close pursuit followed Jip and Toby, yelping with stunning vigor. Seizing Charley by the hand, we hastened to secure a convenient position from which to view the progress of the chase. Now rabbits, when closely pursued, always move in a circle; acting on this well-known habit, we stationed ourselves behind a clump of bushes. A sight of the rabbit running directly towards us rewarded our precaution. On he came, well followed by the dogs, until he reached a point directly opposite our place of concealment, when, with a quick swerve to the right, he flung himself into the bushes where we were seated. Astonished at finding strangers in such close proximity, he stopped a moment, as if dumb with astonishment; but the cry of the dogs admonished him that he had not a moment to spare. With a dart he was out of the copse and speeding on his circle, his pursuers gaining perceptibly upon him. For the second time he approached our covert, but, wiser than on the first occasion, he passed us at full speed, Jip close upon his heels, while stupid Toby, panting and exhausted, was far in the rear. Again the rabbit made the circle, but, as he approached us for the third time, he gave evident signs of failing strength. Plucky little Jip gained upon him. The rabbit doubled, and the terrier fell head over heels, but quickly recovered himself and made amends for the accident. In vain did poor little Bunny use all his ingenuity to throw off the dog; wiry Jip had seen too much of the chase to be thus easily baffled or discouraged. For the fourth and last time, the rabbit neared our hiding-place; but, driven to desperation, he leaped into the copse, and directly into Master Charley's lap; and just in time,—for as I seized the terrified animal by the ears, and drew him towards me, Jip's sharp little jaws snapped at his tail. I gave the terrier a pat on the head to reward him for his pluck and perseverance, and replaced the rabbit in Charley's lap.

The latter was quite overcome with excitement, and, with tears in his eyes, asked if he could n't save the rabbit. As for our little prize, his astonishment had not as yet been mastered by his sense of fear, but the beating of his little heart, and his quickly moving nostrils, testified to the severity of the race. The question now arose as to the disposition to be made of little Bunny. Charley was all eagerness to carry him home, to add to his already extensive collection,—but how to do it? We could not put him in our baskets,—they had been left at the farm-house,—and he would certainly jump out of our pockets! In view of the difficulties of the case, no other alternative presented itself but to release him. Warning Charley to hold fast to the terrier,—as for stupid Toby he was already asleep, and dreaming to the top of his bent,—I placed the rabbit on the ground; he loitered a moment, as if unconscious that he had regained his freedom, but, quickly recov-



ering himself, he gave a whisk of his little white tail, and with a bound disappeared, much to the regret of Jip and his master.

Twelve o'clock was now near at hand, and serious thoughts of dinner were uppermost in Charley's mind, as was apparent from his toyings with and repeated observations concerning the tin pail. He no longer manifested the same interest in passing objects; the bark of the gray squirrel and the chirrup of the chipmunk possessed but feeble fascinations, and aroused but a mild enthusiasm. Striking off into the woods, we hurried towards the crystal spring. Soon, the clump of trees that marked our destination appeared in sight; a few more steps, and a sigh of relief and contentment from Master Charley announced our arrival at the dining-place.

Our first care was to collect some nice flat stones, as a basis for our fireplace; this accomplished, the next thought was of wood. Charley, all eagerness and enthusiasm at the prospect of a speedy termination to his fast, hunted with extraordinary vigor for the necessary fuel. Leaves and wood in ample abundance were thrown into the fireplace, and, all being in readiness, Master Charley claimed the honor of applying the match. With great precipitation he made several attempts and as many failures, but at last the leaping blaze, crackling among the twigs, crowned with success his persevering efforts.

Now that the fire was well started, an inspection was made of the contents of the tin pail. The lid was carefully removed, exposing to view a napkin squarely and neatly folded; this was expeditiously unpinned, disclosing slice upon slice of fresh bread and butter. A quiver of anticipation agitated Master Charley's frame, while Jip and Toby licked their chops in happy expectation. But what have we here? a small iron pot filled with beef and potatoes, properly seasoned with pepper and salt! A little water from the spring, poured upon this prospective stew, made all ready for the boiling. Cakes and buns, — the latter bearing upon their swelling backs the word "Charley" printed in letters of sugar, — and portly eggs in snow-white bowls, completed the bill of fare. The iron pot, with its savory contents, was placed upon the fire, and soon it commenced to fizzle and boil, while from the steaming mess arose pleasant odors, affecting alike Charley, Jip, and Toby. In due time the iron pot was lifted from the fire, the bowls prepared to receive each its proper share, the eggs cracked, the salt and pepper placed within reach, and, last of all, the napkin pinned about Charley's neck. The latter seated himself upon the hospitable log, and commenced a feast that to his infantile mind had never been equalled. Jip and Toby were not forgotten, for when their master's appetite was satisfied, the relics of the feast were bestowed upon them. But everything must have an end, as well for dogs as little boys. The dogs, in gluttonous emulation, quickly finished their share, leaving no vestiges of the banquet save the smouldering fire and empty egg-shells. The iron pot, bowls, and spoons were replaced in the now no longer mysterious tin pail; perhaps a too familiar acquaintance with the contents of the latter had given us a contempt for that which before was unknown and inspired our respect; at all events, the cover was rudely banged

into place, the handle seized with disrespect, and, slinging unnoticed backward and forward, it was thrust negligently upon Master Charley's arm. The call was whistled to the dogs, which, lingering lazily over the relics of the feast, answered but sluggishly the summons, while Master Charley betrayed the heartiness of the repast in his slow and measured step, and indifferent responses to experimental questions. A grassy road through the woods opportunely relieved him of the fatigue of choosing the route. As we advanced, the foliage became more dense, and the underbrush on each side more impenetrable, while the autumn leaves tempted us, with their gay and varied color, to frequent and lengthy halts. During one of the latter, the dogs, impatient of the delay, wandered off in advance, and evidently to some purpose; for a fierce uproar at no great distance announced the presence of some unusual game.

Charley, no longer the eager sportsman of the morning, expressed a disinclination to follow the track of Jip and Toby. Anxious to discover the cause of the confusion, I directed my little companion to remain quiet, and await my return, and, hastening on, found that Jip and Toby were holding at bay a large boar, evidently the property of some neighboring farmer; the animal seemingly looked upon my arrival in the light of a reinforcement, for, quickly turning tail, he broke cover and fled with great precipitation, the dogs following in rapid pursuit. As the animals disappeared, I turned, and retraced my steps in search of my little companion. Imagine my surprise, on reaching the clump of bushes near which I had directed him to remain, to see no signs of the wayward boy. I called vigorously several times, but, receiving no answer, I became seriously alarmed, and commenced a determined but unsuccessful search. At this juncture a crackling of the leaves announced the return of the dogs, and in a few moments the nimble Jip, followed by the more sedate and careful Toby, burst through the underbrush. Toby had always been accused of being of the St. Bernard breed, a fact which determined me to use the present emergency as a test of the legitimacy of his pedigree. Calling him to me, I directed his attention to the spot where I had last seen little Charley, but with no more satisfactory result than is implied in a stupid look and lazy wag of the tail. I persevered, however, in my efforts, and, urging the obstinate creature to attempt a scent, he seemed at last to comprehend what was expected of him, as with a deep bark he moved off in a direction contrary to that which I had taken in my first search. Although Toby pushed on with more vivacity and certainty, I did not relax my vigilance, but urged him to his work with words of encouragement. We had now reached the thickest of the woods, and, while looking about me seeking some opening through which to pass, I discovered hanging upon a bush a very small moist glove; the dog at the same moment increased his pace to a sharp run. The tangled underbrush prevented my following as rapidly as I could wish, and fearful that, if Toby found the boy, he would stay by him and not return to me, I gave a loud "halloo," which to my great delight was answered, but in a voice so melancholy and faint, that I knew it must belong to my lost excursionist. Pushing through the bushes I emerged at an open spot, in which I was not surprised to see the melancholy and

disconsolate Charley, both fists at his eyes, and Toby looking up at him with a most satisfied expression. Jip in the mean time had followed quietly at my heels, having taken no part in what he considered a very foolish piece of business. Charley quickly recovered his spirits, through an evaporation of tears, and showed a little of the enthusiasm of the morning when he once more found himself on the mountain road.

The lengthening shadows of the afternoon warned us to hurry towards our home, and it was quite late when we reached the crest of the mountain. As we looked down into the beautiful valley, a long line of smoke arose from behind old Owlive Grange.

"There go the cars!" exclaimed Master Charley.

"Yes, my dear child," I sadly replied, "that is the smoke from a train on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. One of these fine days, when you grow to be a man and follow the business of the great city, you may perhaps be a passenger by that road. Then will your present joyousness depart, then will your youth be wrecked in the rush of crashing trains. Night after night, your mother and sister will wait anxiously your return, while you, eager for the expectant supper, will be dragging slowly up some convenient grade, drawn by a panting and exhausted locomotive, the make perhaps of some early dabbler in steam, and bearing as if in derision the name of 'The Comet.'"

As we moved on in the fading twilight, tears gathered in Master Charley's eyes; but whether a tribute to my melancholy picture, or an offering on the altar of prospective suppers postponed and spoiled, time alone can reveal. Night overtook us as we descended into the valley; Toby with dripping tongue, and Jip subdued and careless, passed unheedingly the skipping, white-tailed rabbits. Not a sound disturbed the air, save the echo of our lazy footsteps or the quiet panting of the dogs. Stopping but a moment to reclaim our captures of the morning, our feet soon pressed the well-worn gravel-walks of our dear old home, and as the fire in the cosey room flickered with fitful blaze, lighting the path before us, it revealed the figure of the watchful mother waiting the return of her long absent son.

*Gaston Fay.*





## LITTLE HUGH AND THE FAIRIES.

## A MIDSUMMER EVE STORY.

IT happened a long time ago, — so long ago that the very old man who told the story could not remember how many years before he was born it occurred. It was a long way off too; — away across the Atlantic Ocean, down in a wild and desolate part of England, called Cornwall, where Jack the Giant-killer slew the giant of St. Michael's Mount; where the brave King Arthur kept his Round Table, at which the bravest knights in the world sat at meals, and where he was slain by his treacherous nephew Mordred; where Tom Thumb lived; and where the beautiful land of Lionesse, with all its cities and palaces and churches, was swallowed up by the sea, so that fishermen say they can hear the church-bells ringing down in the water when the winds are blowing and the waves are tossing. Everywhere there are high hills and wide barren moors covered with great rocks, scattered around, some people say, by the giants who lived there before they were killed by the valiant Jack, thousands of years ago. Long after the giants were dead came the Druids, with their white robes and long beards, and wreaths of oak-leaves on their heads. They piled the rocks one on the other to make altars, on which they built great fires, and burned the people that they killed as sacrifices to their savage and terrible heathen gods. The rocks and the altars can be seen now, but the Druids have all been dead long ago, almost as long as the giants have been.

Then came the Fairies, the bright and beautiful little creatures that climbed up the dark and gloomy rocks, and hid the blood-stains of the Druids' sacrifices with carpets of delicate green moss. They held nightly revels in the moonlight, dancing in a circle, sitting to rest on the mushrooms that grew up for their accommodation, and sipping fairy wine from the scented heath-blossoms, till the morning breeze rang the chimes on the blue cuckoo-bells, and the Fairies scampered off to their tiny homes in hollow trees and mossy caverns in the rocks. Then, too, came the Piskies,\* comical little fellows, who were always frolicking about, planning mischievous tricks on the lazy and untidy, or helping the industrious and neat. They swept the floors and tidied the rooms of careful housemaids before they awoke, and pinched the noses and pricked the toes of idle and slovenly girls and boys whilst they slept, running off, laughing all the way, if any one awoke and tried to catch them. Sometimes the Piskies would mount men's horses and gallop about all night, until the poor animals were ready to drop with fatigue, when the mischievous little fellows would tangle their manes and tails into knots, and then leave them at the stable-doors to astonish John the ostler when he came to comb them down in the morning. But their greatest delight was to lead people astray, especially if the traveller had been stopping too long at the

\* In Devonshire the Piskies are called Pixies, each name being proper in its own locality only.

alehouse instead of going straight home like a sober and sensible man. If it was dark they would bob along before him with a light, like a lame man trudging along with a lantern, until he was led into a thicket, or into a pond, when the roguish Pisky would put out his light and run away, laughing heartily at the success of his trick. If it was moonlight the Pisky would keep out of sight behind a rock or bank, and call the man by name, and so lead him up and down until he was tired.

Underneath the barren hills, and heath-covered moors, and huge rocks, were veins of copper and tin, and at these the Mining Elves were always at work, their hammering underground being plainly heard by any one who had the right kind of ears and who lay on the earth to listen. Then there were curious little Goblins, and frightful Hobgoblins, and dreadful Nightmares, and a number of other strange creatures, that lived down in Cornwall before the rough miners with pick and gad drove the Mining Elves out of the metal veins, and the huge swaying arm of the mine engine waved the Piskies away, and the scream of the locomotive stopped the moonlight dance and sent the terrified Fairies down, down into their deepest caverns, — so far down into the earth that they will never come up again. It was before that terrible thing happened to the Fairies that little Hugh Carew had his Midsummer Eve adventure.

Little Hugh Carew lived with his grandmother at the foot of Carn Bre, a lofty hill with very steep sides, on which great masses of rock were scattered about, so that it was very difficult to get to the top. Little Hugh, as he played around his grandmother's cottage, frequently looked up the steep hill, and longed to climb among the gray rocks, sit down on the scented heath, gather the beautiful wild-flowers that the older boys told him grew so plentifully around the rocks, and stand on the top of the hill and see the wonders that were visible. For from its lofty top could be seen the far-off sea on the north, and the sea on the south, the strange hill of St. Agnes's Beacon, and the far distant peak of St. Michael's Mount, crowned with towers and battlemented walls. But there were many strange stories about the hill of Carn Bre. It was there that the great Demon fought with the Holy Men who sailed over from Ireland on millstones to drive him away. They tore up huge rocks to throw at each other, and there the rocks lie now, just as they fell. The Demon was driven off the hill, but the stories say he is always wandering around, seeking to get possession of it again. A wicked giant, too, so big that he could step from the top of Carn Bre to the top of St. Agnes's Beacon, miles away, was many thousands of years ago buried alive beneath the hill, all but one hand, which still sticks out, turned into stone, near the top of the hill. His fingers are longer than the tallest man, so that he must have been a giant of mighty size. Sometimes the earth would shake, and dismal groans filled the air, as the giant strove in vain to throw off his heavy load. So it is no wonder that any little boy who believed these strange stories should be afraid to mount the dreadful hill.

But little Hugh's grandmother sometimes talked about other strange people, who frequently visited the hill, and she told him how on Midsummer

Eve night the Fairies, and Piskies, and Elves, and all the curious and beautiful little creatures, swarmed out of the holes in the rocks, and from the woods, and had a grand frolic on Carn Bre; and how other strange sights could be seen there,—the old Druids coming once more and performing their mysterious rites, and the ruined castle on the hill-top sending out strange visions. She said, too, that these sights could be seen by any one who climbed Carn Bre hill on Midsummer Eve, and who did not speak or cry out, whatever might be seen or heard.

Little Hugh had heard these tales so often, that at length he became very anxious to visit Carn Bre on Midsummer Eve, and see the wonders for himself. So when the night came he lay in his little cot, and thought the matter over; and the more he thought about it, the more anxious he became to go. He thought to himself, "The pretty little Fairies will not hurt me, and, who knows? they may give me a piece of fairy gold, or grant me three wishes, or turn my ragged clothes into velvet and diamonds. And as for the Piskies, I know they are fond of fun and mischief, but they are good-hearted after all, and will not hurt a little boy." The end of his thinking was his getting up and dressing himself for the journey.

He put on his clothes quietly, for he did not want to awake his grandmother. The charm against witches and evil spirits which he wore around his neck was brought out where he could show it if anything should happen to need it, and then he stole softly out of the cottage in his bare feet, putting on his shoes after he got outside.

The moon had not risen when little Hugh set out on his journey, but the sky was dotted all over with stars, and some of them were very bright, and winked encouragingly as he looked up at them. It was a very pleasant night, and it was such a new thing for the little traveller to be out of doors so late that he enjoyed it greatly, and went along without a thought of fear. He never knew before how wonderfully silent it is at night. His own footsteps sounded very plain whenever he stepped off the turf on to the bare ground, and the soft breeze, as it strayed among the rocks and through the bushes, seemed to be whispering very distinctly in his ears. When he reached the foot of the hill he looked back, not certain whether to make the attempt or not; but the starlight was so deceptive that he could not distinguish the way he came, and he was afraid he could not find his way home if he tried; so he grasped the charm with one hand, whilst with the other he took hold of the rocks and bushes to help himself up hill.

He had gone but a short distance, when, on going around a huge rock that lay in his path, he heard a sort of little cry beneath his foot, and started back in affright. The tiniest and most comical little fellow that can be imagined stood right before him. He was but a few inches high, dressed all in green, with a neat little red cap on his head, and funny long peak-toed boots on his feet. The little fellow was very angry, and scolded Hugh fiercely for being so careless with his feet; but Hugh, although truly sorry, could only bow and express his sorrow by his looks, for if he had spoken all his chance of seeing the wonders of Midsummer Eve would have vanished. The Pisky,



for it was one of those little creatures, saw that Hugh knew the consequences of speaking to him, and would keep a still tongue, so he nodded to the boy and offered to show him the way. On they went, among the rocks, over the heath, and through the low bushes, going so fast that Hugh was almost out of breath trying to keep up with him. At last, after climbing the hill and stumbling about among the rocks for a long time, Hugh fell into a pit full of brambles, that scratched him so badly that he was ready to cry with pain and vexation. As he scrambled out he heard a loud laughing, and saw his treacherous guide standing on a rock, with several little fellows like him, laughing heartily at his misfortunes. In a moment they all disappeared, but he heard their loud laughter ringing in the air, and echoed from rock to rock until it died away in the distance.

Hugh was very tired with his long walk and sat down to rest. As he did so, he heard a knocking noise in the ground beneath him, and lay down with his ear close to the ground to listen. There it was, plain enough, the regular knock, knock, knock of the miner's pick, with now and then a rumble as of the fall of the loosened rock. Presently the noise stopped, and he heard a voice under the earth say, "Stop work, for the Bael-fire will be lit on the hill soon, and we must obey the Midsummer Eve summons."

Then another voice replied, "We must leave a guard to watch our work, or the thievish mortals will find our treasures of tin and copper, and carry them off."

Hugh jumped to his feet, for he thought it was time to be going, or he should lose the sights on the hill. But whilst he had been resting it had been growing darker, for a black dragon of a cloud had rushed up the sky and swallowed the stars, one by one, until none were left. The wind no longer whispered softly, but moaned and wailed as if in pain. Strange creatures rustled by, all going up the hill. Jack-a-Lanterns went dancing along with their lamps of pale blue fire, and dark shadows whizzed past him through the air. Hugh began to be afraid; but there was no chance to turn back, so he followed the light and noises, and began to climb the hill.

From miles and miles away across the wide deserts of moors, and over the barren hills, came the roaring of the giant Tregeagle, who was toiling at his endless task of emptying the water of Dosmery Pool with a limpet shell, and tying up the beach sand into bundles. He had hoped for a holiday on Midsummer Eve, but the mighty spirit that governed him gave him no rest. Hugh shuddered to hear his cries, and turned to look in the direction of the sound, when he saw a fearful sight. The terrible Black Huntsman and his demon dogs were flying through the air, the dogs barking furiously, the black horse breathing fire from its nostrils, and the eyes of the Huntsman flashing lightnings. They were in full chase after sinful souls that might be abroad, and travelled with the speed of the whirlwind. They came flying down towards Hugh, but he grasped the charm that hung around his neck, and held it up towards the fiendish pack, which suddenly whirled around with terrible howls and rushed up the hill.

Hugh was now very much frightened, and his knees knocked together; but

just then the moon lifted its great round, good-humored face above the distant hills, and smiled so pleasantly upon the little traveller that he gathered courage, and once more set out upon his journey.

Then came a flash of light from the hill-top, and suddenly the whole mount was lit up with the ruddy glare of the Bael-fire, which for thousands of years had burned on every Midsummer Eve on Carn Bre. Then on St. Agnes's Beacon, and on the far off St. Michael's Mount, flashed up the answering fires. The old castle on Carn Bre, that was built ages and ages ago, and had long fallen into ruin, was lit up by the red fire, and strange shapes passed in and out of its walls and among the huge rocks on which the castle was built.

Then the moon climbed up the sky, and the black dragon cloud was driven away out of sight, and the merry little stars played at hide and seek among the fleecy clouds, that were scattered over the sky like beautiful white sheep on a broad field. The lights and shadows went dancing about over the hill, and among them went Hugh, still climbing to the top. Piskies ran along the path before him; Fairies peeped up shyly from banks of flowers; Goblins grinned at him from behind rocks; Hobgoblins with horrible grimaces endeavored to frighten him from the path; Elves pulled his hair and hung on to his jacket to keep him back; and strong Brownies piled up big stones to stop his progress; but he kept straight on towards the old castle and the big fire until he was close to the top itself. The great strong hand, as he passed it, clutched at him, and the whole hill trembled with the struggle of the buried giant to free himself; but he was fixed down too tightly, and Hugh passed on in safety.

The top of Carn Bre hill is a long ridge, at one end of which is the old ruined castle, and at the other end a smooth spot, with a short green turf, on which was a fairy ring plainly marked by the fairy feet that for thousands of years had danced there every Midsummer Eve. The great Bael-fire was about half-way between the castle and the fairy ring, and between the fire and the fairy ring was a big rock, behind which Hugh crept that he might see without being seen. He had recovered from his fright, for he knew the charm around his neck secured him from harm, and all would go well unless he spoke, which he determined not to do.

It was a strange scene that little Hugh saw; one that few people have looked on, and which no one now living has seen, for since the steam giant has come upon earth to work mighty machines, drag long trains of carriages full of people and goods up and down the world, and push vessels about on the water without caring for wind or tide, the inhabitants of fairy-land have all disappeared, and taken fairy-land along with them, so that Our Young Folks can only get a peep at it now and then through a story or a picture. But when little Hugh took his Midsummer Eve walk, it was ever so long ago, and the steam giant had not awakened from the long sleep into which he had fallen after the world was made, so that the Fairies and other strange creatures could have their mysterious meetings on Midsummer Evè, as they had done for ages and ages.

And now they came trooping up the hill, and gathering in a crowd on the top ; — delicate little Fairy ladies, in short skirts and thin gauzy veils ; handsome Fairy men, no taller than your hand, dressed in splendid clothes, made of rose-leaves, and violets, and cuckoo-bells ; lively little Piskies, in their grass-green suit and bright red caps ; funny Goblins, with big mouths and odd little twinkling eyes ; ugly Hobgoblins, going about making frightful faces at each other and every one that they passed ; Jack-a-Lanterns, dancing around with their lights, and offering to show every one the wonders of the hill ; and big, clumsy, good-natured Brownies, always ready to do hard work for pleasant people, or to torment those who were ill-tempered and cross. They were like a great crowd of people who had turned out to a big festival, or to see a grand procession, and were waiting for the show to begin. There was much confusion, and scouts kept running to the edge of the hill to look down, and coming back to report that the expected visitors had not arrived. King Oberon, the Fairy monarch, and Queen Mab, his wife, who governed Dreamland in her own right, still delayed, and there was much anxiety, because the festival could not go on without their presence, and the Fairies and their brethren were afraid that, unless their Majesties arrived soon, the Spirits of Darkness would get possession of the hill and break up the Fairies' festival.

By and by, after they had waited a long time, and were getting very uneasy, the heavy stroke of a bell could be heard ringing wonderfully loud through the air. It was impossible to tell where the sound came from, for there were no bells for miles and miles from the hill, and yet it sounded as if an immense bell was struck close by. Hugh knew it must be the first stroke of midnight. At its sound, the Fairies, and Piskies, and all the rest, ran in a great fright for shelter into the holes, and behind the rocks. At that moment a great black cloud dropped over the sky like a thick curtain, and the big round moon, and the twinkling stars, and the white fleecy clouds, were all shut out of sight together. The great Bael-fire leaped up all the brighter, and made the top of the hill, and the old ruined castle, and the big rock behind which Hugh was hiding, as red as the fire itself ; but all around the darkness closed in like a great black wall. The air was full of strange sounds, moanings, and wailings, and pitiful shrieks. Hugh was terribly frightened. He clutched the charm around his neck, and would have cried out, but that he was afraid something terrible would happen if he made a noise.

The bell struck a second time. The great flames leaped higher, and lit up the old castle with a very bright light, and out of the arched doorway came a procession of Druids, in long white robes, with garlands of oak-leaves around their heads, and their white beards reaching to their waists. They carried little branches of the sacred mistletoe in their hands, and they passed around the fire several times, singing a low and sad hymn. When the third stroke of the bell sounded, they disappeared in the darkness, and from the other side came up a crowd of savage-looking people, with a few skins wrapped around them, and the naked parts of their bodies stained blue.





They passed silently through the fire, driving their oxen and horses before them through the flames, as the people used to do in that country, many ages ago, to preserve them from the evil spirits. At each stroke of the bell different figures came out from the old castle, and went around or through the fire before disappearing in the darkness. At last the eleventh blow was struck, and then was the most fearful time of all. The fire died down and burned ghastly blue. The air was full of shrieks and cries, and from out the thick darkness the terrible Black Huntsman and his demon hounds rushed furiously in and galloped around the fire, lightnings flashing from their eyes. From far-off Dosmery Pool came with wonderful clearness the fearful cries of the giant Tregagle, who was unable to accomplish his work in time to prevent another year of punishment. The mighty giant who lay under Carn Bre hill writhed and struggled to free himself, but failed to shake off the mountain that crushed his breast.

The twelfth stroke sounded. In an instant all was changed. The terrible noises ceased, the mount became still, the black cloud vanished, and the moon and stars shone brightly out. The Black Huntsman and his demon dogs flew down the hill at a tremendous pace. The Fairies, and Piskies,

and Goblins, and Brownies all came out of their hiding-places and shouted with joy, for, riding down the path of a moonbeam, in a fairy chariot drawn by milk-white moths, came King Oberon and Queen Mab, to preside over the fairy festival. The Bael-fire was out by this time, and the strong Brownies gathered up the embers and threw them over the hill. Then they made brooms of the heath, and swept the ashes away, so that Queen Mab and the ladies of her train should not soil their white slippers. The Jack-a-Lanterns put out their lights, for now the moon was shining as bright as day, and they went dancing around as masters of the ceremonies, preparing everything for the grand ball.

At last all was ready, King Oberon and Queen Mab led off the dance, and all the other Fairies and Piskies danced in a circle around them, to the music of five hundred grasshoppers, specially engaged for the occasion. Whilst the dance was going on the Brownies were getting the tables ready for the banquet, and the Goblins and Hobgoblins were cooking the supper. As soon as it was prepared, a Jack-a-Lantern announced the fact, and all the gay party sat down around the mushroom tables, and commenced eating and drinking from the daintiest little dishes and cups that ever were seen. Little Hugh was so interested and delighted at what was going on that he forgot to keep himself hid, and he was seen by the King, who sent a Pisky to find out who the daring intruder was. Now the Pisky that was sent on this errand was the same one who had guided Hugh into the bramble-pit, and he at once told King Oberon the story, who laughed so heartily that the little tears stood in his eyes. The king told Hugh to come forward, which he did, stepping very carefully for fear he should tread on some of the little folks. Queen Mab, taking a golden goblet from the table, filled it with fairy wine and handed it to Hugh, telling him to drink it. He obeyed, and such delicious drink he had never tasted in his life. It seemed to go all through his body, making him feel quite happy. King Oberon filled another goblet, and asked Hugh if he would drink with him. Hugh, who thought he could never have enough of such delicious drink, took the goblet in his hand, and said, "I will, your Majesty."

#### HE HAD SPOKEN !

In an instant he staggered back as if some one had struck him in the face, and then all was darkness. Mocking laughter rang in his ears as he became insensible and sank to the earth, still grasping the golden goblet.

When the sun rose in the morning, Hugh's grandmother rose too, and called Hugh to get up. He did not answer, and on looking into his bed she found he was not there. "What has taken little Sleepy-head out of bed so early this morning, I wonder," said she. "I generally have to call him half a dozen times before he will get up, and now he is up before me !"

She went to the door to see what sort of weather it was, and there was Hugh, fast asleep on the step ! She awoke him, when he stared around in great surprise, and asked where the Fairies had gone. His grandmother laughed at him when he told all the story of his night's adventures, and

told him he had been dreaming, and had walked in his sleep. At this Hugh was indignant, saying he knew it was all true, and to prove it he still had the gold goblet that King Oberon had handed him. He held it out for his grandmother to see, — when, after all, it was only a golden-cup flower, filled with dew !

Now, what do you think, — did little Hugh dream his wonderful adventures or not ?

*J. H. A. Bone.*



## TRANSACTIONS.

JACK and Gerty and Trip and Lillo were so unceasing in their devotion to the railroad, that presently the engineers, firemen, and others employed on the trains began to notice them. A strong little boy, two fresh-faced little girls, and a big black and white dog always bouncing through the gate by the old well to greet the on-coming train, could scarcely fail to attract attention, and they began to think something ought to be done about it. It was too bad for that magnificent fellow, the dog, to run his lithe legs off in rivalry of steam, and no notice be taken of him. So one day the children were startled to see the engineer turn in his place and make them a low bow. Gerty and Trip blushed up to their hair with delight and surprise.

“He bowed to me,” shrieked Trip, jumping up and down.

“And to me, too,” Gerty put in her claim.

“No more ’n to me,” said Jack, haughtily.

“Nor me either !” barked Lillo, with an extra kink in his tail.

But the next day the engineer and fireman both faced the group, and made extremely polite bows, with one hand on their hearts, and their hats in the other. And not one of the children saw the least speck of coal-dust and cinders on either of their faces, so delighted were they with the attention.

And what do you think ? — two or three days afterwards, as the train came thundering around the curve and dashing into its groove past the old well, “Why, he ’s a-waving something in his hand !” cried Trip ; and to be sure the engineer was waving his hand and telling them as plainly as a man can speak with his arm, that he was going to throw the something out to them. The train dashed by, and it fluttered and fluttered and floated to the ground half-way up the bank. The children rushed down, regardless of the gravel, and found a Boston Daily something, which they carried into the house in high glee, and read more thoroughly than they had ever read newspaper before. After that, every four o’clock afternoon train brought them a daily paper from their kind, though unknown friends, and it was who should first see and seize it where it fell. Once, in their heedless eagerness, they scrambled down the bank before the train passed, and were in imminent danger of jostling each other under the wheels. Evidently the engineer saw it, — for after that he



always waited till the last car was by them before he threw the paper. Once on opening it they found written in pencil, "Going to New York to be gone seven or eight days, H. Waterman."

"And so his name 's Waterman," said Jack.

"And don't you see how good he is?" cried Gerty. "So 's we need not think he 's forgotten us, when we don't get any paper, and is n't going to give us one any more."

"O yes," said Trip, who was always coming in to give a decision. "I knew he was good, he has such a good face."

"Now I tell you what," said Jack, "we ought to do something for that man."

"Why!" stammered little Trip, and stopped.

"Why!" ejaculated Jack, "what is there strange in that?"

"Why, somehow it does n't seem as if he was a man!"

"Well, now, and what did you think he was?"

"Why, seems as if he was only — a — engineer!"

But man or engineer, Trip was delighted with the thought of doing something for him. All that she had was freely proffered, all that she could she was forward to do; but Jack could not see that any number of "rag-babies," as he ignominiously dubbed her dolls, would be of any use to an engineer, — nor could even Gerty propose to herself anything more desirable than some impossible gold pencil, — an article which she was just then smitten with a great fever to possess.

But next morning Jack took on airs, and so they knew he had thought of something.

"What is it?" asked Gerty.

"What 's what?" asked Lord Jack back again.

"What you going to do with that long pole?"

"What should you say if I was going a-fishing for to catch a whale? Where 's my jack-knife? Trip, you had it."

"Yes, it 's on the —"

"Hush, Trip," cried Gerty, "no 't is n't. I 've had it since, and I won't tell you if you don't tell me about that pole."

"Well," said Jack showing a disposition to come to terms, for he knew Gerty was stubborn. "You give me the jack-knife and I will tell you what I am going to do with the pole."

So the jack-knife came down from the cupboard shelf, — "And now what are you going to do with the pole?"

"Well," said Jack maliciously, "as near as I can find out, I am going to make a split in one end of it." And that was all Gerty could get out of him, — which she seemed to find very unsatisfactory.

The truth was, Jack, like all wise people, never liked to talk about his projects till he was tolerably sure of their success. So long as he kept his plans to himself, nobody would know whether he failed or not. His successes he always announced with great flourish of trumpets. His failures lay all around the premises, in the shape of boxes, wheels, cogs, and numberless nameless contrivances, but he said never a word.

By and by, when the time came, Jack crept around under the window, and beckoned Gerty and Trip to come out,—which they were not backward to do. “Want to see the new post-office going into operation? Come on, then.” He strutted through the well-gate, and took up the long pole that lay in the grass on the railroad bank. “Now, you see,” he began to explain to his eager listeners, “here’s a contrivance, sir, that I am going to take out a patent for. See this cleft? Well, here’s this letter, I stick in here—”

“Where’s the letter going?” asked Gerty.

“It’s to the engineer. I’ll read it to you,”—and he took it out of the envelope very carefully with his brown, battered little paws, and read:—

“DEAR MR. WATERMAN:—We are very much obliged to you for throwing us out a paper every day. We would like to give you something. We are going to give you some apples. If you will catch this letter to-day, we will give you some apples to-morrow in a basket, if you can catch them. I will hold them up high. I thank you very much for the paper. So does Gerty and Trip. Gerty and Trip are the girls. I am the boy. Gerty is the biggest. I am bigger than Gerty. The dog’s name is Lillo. I wrote the letter. Yours affectionately,  
JACK.”

“Now, don’t you think that letter ’ll do the business, Mr. Gerty?”

“O, I think it’s a beautiful letter,” interposed Trip, to whom the very name of letter had something of sublimity.

“Now you see,” continued Jack, “I stick this letter into the split here—so—and then I stand down on the bank—here,”—and he picked his way down the steep gravel-bank,—“and I hold the pole out, and the engineer comes along, and he sees something, and just runs his arm out and grabs the pole, and there you are!”

“But how’s the engineer going to see you?”

“With his eyes, same’s he always does.”

“But I don’t believe he’ll know what you want with your pole; I’m sure I should n’t.”

“Now there!” cried Jack, scrambling up to the surface, “there’s the difference! A man’s got brains, you see, and a girl has n’t. If I’ve sense enough to make this up, don’t you suppose a man’s got sense enough to see it when it’s stuck in his face?”

“Well, you see,” replied Gerty incredulously.

“Well, *you* see!” retorted Jack, a little nettled by Gerty’s want of enthusiasm. He had called his sisters out to admire, not to criticise.

But Trip made up for Gerty’s incredulity by her own unbounded faith. *She* had no doubts. “Why I could do it myself, just as *easy*! I should know in a minute ’t was a letter.”

Presently the black speck appeared far off. It came nearer; it stopped at the station; it started again, “Kchh!—kchh!—kchh!” and Jack took his stand on the slope, his feet firmly planted in the gravel. The engine came roaring around the curve. The engineer waved his paper. Jack

waved his letter. He was understood at once. The engineer was a stout, heavy man, but the fireman was smaller and more supple. He held on with one hand, and swung out on the side towards the children. Jack turned so as to have the letter heading the same way as the engine, measured the distance accurately, and the fireman whizzed by, taking pole, letter, and all, as easily as you would pick up a pin. It was all done in a minute. Jack climbed up the bank, his face flushed with excitement and triumph. Words were too weak to express his exultation. He nodded at Gerty as if he had been Jupiter on Olympus. Gerty had nothing to say for herself this time. Jack's victory was overwhelming. Her defeat was a rout, and she laid down her arms at once, and swelled Jack's triumphal train into the house to report matters to their elders, whom Jack had hitherto thought not proper to take into his confidence.

"Now," said Jack, Hero, Knight, and Lord-Lieutenant, in virtue of his unparalleled feat, "I suppose you know the next thing in the order of the day is to get the apples ready for to-morrow."

"Yes," said papa, "and as you have only twenty-four hours to do it in, you ought to begin at once."

But Jack was in too high spirits to be "taken down" by any adult satire, and he immediately began to rummage the house for a basket. Gerty and Trip were sent scouting in every direction. "Girls can't do much," said Jack, compassionately, "but you can run up stairs and down. That's something." And when vast treasures of worsteds, and pieces, and all manner of feminine trumpery, had been ruthlessly emptied on floors, beds, and tables, Jack selected a basket that suited him, — a strong white basket with a bail, and down cellar they went, chattering among the apple-bins, picking out the reddest and soundest and juiciest of the early apples. But spin out the time as long as they could, it did not take long. "And O, it seems as if it never *would* be to-morrow at four o'clock!" sighed Trip.

But to-morrow came, and four o'clock came, and the Boston train came, and this time the fireman had climbed out along the — something — I don't know what they call it, but I dare say all you boys do, — I never found anything yet that you did not know, except your lessons, — that long railing that runs along the side of the engine; and there he was perched on some frightful little point or other right in front of the engine, from which if he had fallen, — well, it would not have been very pleasant. So then he squatted and clung, till he had run his arm through the bail of the basket which Jack held out on another pole, and then he crept back like a fly, and not an apple was spilled.

This exploit was repeated several times, the returning train tossing out the empty basket, till finally it began to be famous. For once, as the train approached, there was an unusual stir. The platforms of the cars were crowded with men. The windows were thrown up and filled with faces. Everybody was agog to see the sight. Whether it was that the unusual excitement made Jack's hand tremble, or whether the strain was too great upon the fireman, I do not know; but, for the first time, the basket was knocked, instead





of taken ; out went every provoking little imp of an apple dancing under the wheels, rolling into the gutter, dashing up the bank, sputtering about wildly everywhere save where it was intended to go, and there was great fury and disappointment.

I suppose it was thought to be too dangerous a sport, for after that there was no further wayside traffic in apples.

Kind-hearted engineer and fireman, I wonder where you are. Out on the wild Western lands, where the mercury plumps down to thirty below zero, and is not ashamed to stay there, — where the frost piles, inch thick, on the windows spite of the hottest fires, — your pleasant faces and your friendly acts are still talked over in winter evenings with scarcely less of interest, and nothing less of gratitude, than when they brightened the sunshine of Eastern summers long ago.

*Gail Hamilton.*



## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER XI.

## SCOUTING.

“SERGEANT PARKER is hereby ordered to report immediately at General Grant’s Head-quarters,” was the order which Paul received the next morning. He wondered what General Grant could want of him. He entered the General’s tent, and saw a short, thick-set, middle-aged man with sandy whiskers, sitting at a table, reading letters and smoking a cigar. He was dressed in a plain blue blouse, and as he had no straps on his shoulders, Paul thought he was the General’s orderly.

“Is General Grant about?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” said the man, looking up pleasantly.

“I should like to see him,” said Paul.

“I am General Grant.”

Paul was astonished to find a general so affable and pleasant, for he had seen some lieutenants and captains strut like turkey-cocks, because they wore straps on their shoulders. Paul saluted the General, and said, “I am ordered to report to you, sir.”

“O, yes; you are Sergeant Parker, who made a reconnoissance last night; sit down, Sergeant, till I finish my letters.” It was spoken so pleasantly and kindly, that Paul said to himself, “He is a gentleman.”

When the General had finished his letters he lighted another cigar, and questioned Paul about his adventures; how far it was to the Rebel camp, and how the camp was situated.

“I will give you a sketch of the place,” said Paul; and, sitting up to the table, he drew a map, putting down the creeks, the roads, the woods, the distances from point to point, the place where he came upon the pickets, the position of the tents, and all the objects he saw. The General sat in silence, smoking, and looking at Paul with a keen eye. It was drawn neatly and quickly, and with an accuracy which surprised the General. Paul had kept count of his steps from one object to another. By looking up to the stars he had kept the points of the compass, and knew whether he travelled south, or southeast, or southwest, and so he was able to draw an excellent map.

“Where did you study topographical engineering?” the General asked.

“By the kitchen fire,” Paul replied.

“A pretty good college to graduate from, especially if a fellow has good grit,” said the General, smiling. “Are you willing to undertake a hazardous enterprise?” he asked.

“I am willing to undertake anything for my country,” Paul replied.

The General then told him that he wished to obtain information about Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. He showed him the positions on a map, and said it was an under-

taking of great importance, and which might cost him his life. "I will give you a trustworthy companion," said he.

"I would rather attempt it alone, if you please. Two is one too many; it doubles our risk. If discovered by the Rebels, I could n't help my comrade, neither could he help me. If we keep together, we shall have the same information. I think I shall succeed better alone," said Paul.

"You are right," said the General, who told him that he might prepare for the trip, and that he would be sent up the Tennessee River on a gunboat, and put on shore a few miles from Fort Henry, and that he must return in ten days. "I hear a good report of you, and have confidence in you. I desire accurate information; for if it is not accurate, it may lead to very disastrous results," said the General.

Two nights later, Paul stood alone on the bank of the Tennessee. The gunboat which had brought him was gone back. He could hear the plashing of her wheels growing fainter each moment. He was in the enemy's country, on an undertaking which might cost him his life. If discovered, he would be hung. For an instant his heart failed him, and he felt that he must turn back; then he remembered that he had enlisted in the service of his country, to do his duty, whatever it might be. His duty was before him. His general had directed him to do it. He was upon the ground. Would not God take care of him? Was not the path of duty, although it might lead to death, the only path of safety? There are times when duty is worth more than life. "Whatever is right before the Eternal God, that I will do," said Paul to himself. His fear was gone. He resolved to be bold, yet cautious, and to keep his thoughts perfectly collected under all circumstances. He had succeeded in one reconnoissance, which made him hopeful; but he reflected that success often makes men careless, so he resolved to be always on his guard. He had changed his uniform for a pair of old butter-nut-colored pantaloons, a ragged coat, and a slouched hat which had a hole in the crown. He hardly recognized himself he was so altered in appearance. He wondered if Azalia or Daphne would recognize him. He had no weapon or equipments. There was nothing about him which indicated that he was a soldier of the Union army ready to lay down his life for the old flag.

He walked cautiously along the winding path, noticing all the objects; looking up to the north star at every turn of the road, keeping tally of his steps that he might know the distance travelled. He walked stealthily, expecting every moment to hear the challenge of the Rebel pickets. He was startled by the cry, "Who! Who! Who!" He came to a sudden halt, and then laughed to think that he had been challenged by an owl.

In the morning he came upon a party of men cutting wood, and found that they were Rebel soldiers outside of the picket line. Paul took an axe and went to work, and so became one of them. When they went into camp he accompanied them, carrying the axe on his shoulder, thus passing the picket as a wood-chopper. He found three or four thousand soldiers at Fort Henry, hard at work, throwing up breastworks, digging ditches, hewing tim-



ber, mounting guns. He worked with them, but kept his eyes and ears open, noticing the position of the fort on the bank of the river, and how many guns there were. He found out what troops were there, where they came from, and who commanded them. He learned that a wagon-train was going to Fort Donelson after ammunition. He joined it and passed the picket as one of the train guards. As the wagons were empty, he had a chance to ride and thus saved a weary walk of twelve miles.

The little town of Dover, which is near Fort Donelson, he found alive with troops; regiments were arriving from Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, and Tennessee. General Pillow was there in command. He was an officer in the army of the United States and fought in Mexico. General Floyd was there with a brigade of Virginians. He was Secretary of War when Buchanan was President, and did what he could to destroy the Union. He was a thief as well as a Rebel. He was a large, coarse man. Paul despised him, and could hardly restrain himself from knocking the villain down when he saw him ride by wearing the uniform of a traitor. There was not much discipline in the Rebel army, and Paul found little difficulty in going through all the camps, ascertaining what regiments were there. It nettled him to hear the boasts of the soldiers that one Southerner could whip five Yankees, but he said nothing for fear of betraying himself. He found no difficulty in obtaining something to eat at a sutler's tent. He was very tired and sleepy when the second night came, but he found a place to sleep at a house in the village.

"What regiment do you belong to?" asked a girl with a red face and grimy hands.

"I am a scout," said Paul.

"Be you a scout? Wal, I hope you will run across Old Abe Linkum. If you do, jest take his *skelp* for me." (She meant his scalp.)

"Wal, if I *catch* him, I reckon I 'll *skelp* him," said Paul, flourishing his knife, as if he was ready for such bloody work.

"The Yanks are a set of vagabonds; they are the meanest critters on earth," said the woman. "They 'll hang you if they *catch* you."

"I reckon I won't let 'em *catch* me," said Paul.

"Where be you going next?"

"Down to Cairo, I reckon; though I go wherever the General sends me."

"May be you would do a little chore for me,—get me some pins, needles, and thread?"

"It is mighty skittish business, but I 'll see what I can do," said Paul.

Having obtained his information, his next business was to get away. He waited till the lights were out in the camps at night, then, walking down to the river, found a small boat, jumped in and pushed out into the stream. He could see the sentinels on the parapet of the fort as he floated past, the great guns frowned upon him from the embrasures, but the sentinels did not discover him. Paul congratulated himself that he was beyond the picket line when he heard a hail from both shores at the same time. "Boat ahoy!"

He made no reply. "Boat ahoy! come ashore or I'll fire," said both sentinels. He saw that he could not escape by rowing. They would fire if he attempted to go ahead or turn back. If he went ashore, he would be taken to the guard-house, questioned, probably put into prison, perhaps hung as a spy. He resolved that he would not go ashore. There was no time for deliberation. It was mid-winter; the air was keen, and there was floating ice in the river. If he remained in the boat he might be shot, so he lowered himself noiselessly into the water. How cold it was! He felt the chill strike through him, setting his teeth to chattering, and his limbs quivering. There was another hail, and then a flash on both shores. The balls went through the boat. He heard the stroke of oars, and saw a boat pushing out from the shore. He darted ahead swimming noiselessly down stream, gradually nearing the shore, for he found that his strength was failing. He heard the men in the boat say, "We are fooled, it is only an empty dug-out."

How hard it was to climb the bank! He could not stand, he was so chilled. Once he rose to his feet, but tumbled like a log to the ground. He wanted to go to sleep, but he knew it would be his last sleep if he yielded. He drained the water from his boots, rubbed his legs, thrashed his hands, and then went reeling and blundering in the darkness over fallen trees. What a wearisome, cheerless night it was! How he longed for a fire, — a cup of warm coffee, — a comfortable bed! He thought of his own bed in the little old house at New Hope, and wished that he might lie there once more, and snuggle down beneath the warm comforters. His clothes were frozen, and notwithstanding he beat his hands till the blood dripped from his fingers, he could get up no warmth. "Halt! Who comes there?" was the sharp challenge which startled him from his dreaming. He was close upon a picket. He turned in an instant, and began to run. He heard footsteps following. The thought that he was pursued roused all his energies. The footsteps came nearer. Putting forth all his strength, holding his breath, Paul went on, stumbling, rising again, leaping, hearing the footsteps of his pursuers coming nearer; suddenly he came to a deep, narrow creek. He did not hesitate an instant, but plunged in, swam to the other bank, gaining the solid ground, and dropping behind a tree just as his pursuer reached the creek; who stopped and listened, but Paul remained perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe, till he heard the fellow go back muttering to himself and cursing the creek. The running had warmed Paul, but he was exhausted and drenched once more. Daybreak came, and he did not dare to travel; so, finding some stacks of corn in a field, he tore one of them open, made a bed inside, drew the bundles over him, shivered awhile, and then dropped asleep.

He awoke suddenly to find his house tumbling to pieces, — torn down by Rebel soldiers.

"Hello! What's here? Who be ye? What are ye up to?" said a sergeant, startled to find a man under the bundles. "Deserter, eh? or a spy, I reckon," said the fellow, holding a pistol to Paul's head.



“Better put up your shooting-irons,” said Paul coolly.

“Give an account of yourself, how ye came here, *whar* ye have been, and *whar* ye gwine.”

Paul noticed that he said *whar* for where, and replied, “I am a scout, and have been down by the river *whar* the Yankee gunboats is.”

“I don’t believe it; you look like a scarecrow, but I reckon you are a Yankee spy,” said the

sergeant. He searched Paul, but found nothing. He was commanding a cavalry foraging-party, and was a brutal, ignorant fellow, and had been drinking whiskey, and wanted to show that he had power. “Boys, bring a halter; I reckon I’ll make this fellow confess that he is a Yankee.”

A soldier brought a rope; one end was thrown over the limb of a tree, and the other made into a slip-noose, and put round Paul’s neck. Paul did not flinch. To confess that he was a spy was sure death. He was calm. For a moment his thoughts went back to his home. He thought of his mother, and Azalia, but there was no time for such thoughts. He did not



feel that his work was done. "Wal, Sergeant, what be you gwine to do?" he asked.

"Hang you as a spy," said the Sergeant.

"What sort of a report will you make to the General? What do you think he will do to you when he finds that you have hung one of his scouts?" Paul asked.

"See here, Sergeant, I reckon you are a leetle too fast in this matter," said one of the soldiers.

Paul saw that the time had come for a bold course on his part. He had already ascertained what regiment of cavalry they belonged to. He had seen their colonel at Dover. "What do you suppose Colonel Forrest will say, when he hears of this proceeding of yours?" he asked.

The Sergeant started at the mention of the name of his commander, and he began to see the proceeding in a new light. Paul threw the noose from his neck, and said, in a tone of authority, "I will report you, sir. I will have you arrested. I'll teach you to do your duty better than this. I am an officer. I know General Pillow, General Floyd, General Buckner, and Colonel Forrest. I am out on important business. You found me asleep, and instead of taking me to your superior officer, as you ought to have done, you proceed to hang me. You are drunk, sir, and I'll have you punished."

The Sergeant was very much frightened. He saw how noble a countenance Paul had, and felt his tone of authority. "I did n't mean any harm, sir, I wanted to do my duty," said the sergeant, taking off his hat, and holding down his head.

"Because you are a sergeant, you wanted to show your authority," said Paul. "Now go about your business, all of you, and when I get to General Pillow's head-quarters I will see to your case."

The soldiers who had gathered round started off at once to their work, while Paul walked towards Fort Donelson. He had gone but a few steps, when the sergeant followed him, and, taking off his hat, said, "Please, Colonel, don't be too hard on me, I won't do so again."

"It will be my duty to report you; but if you will promise to be more *keerful* in the future I will tell the General when I make my report not to be too hard," said Paul.

"I'll be more *keerful* next time, and won't get drunk again, Colonel, never."

"Very well," said Paul, walking on till he reached a piece of woods; then, turning from the path, he made his way towards the river again, wondering at his escape. He had a long walk through the woods, but when he reached the gunboats lying in the stream, how his heart leaped for joy!

He kept all he had seen so well in memory, that when he reached Cairo he was able to draw an accurate plan of the forts and country around them.

General Grant listened to his story with great interest, and when Paul had finished said, "You have performed your work acceptably; you understand topography; I wish to keep you at my head-quarters, and therefore appoint you a Lieutenant of Engineers."

It was so unexpected a promotion, and such an expression of confidence, that Paul was very much confused, and could only say, while blushing very red, "I thank you, sir."

## CHAPTER XII.

### MISSED FROM HOME.

How lonesome it was in New Hope through all these days! Everybody missed Paul. He was missed by the school-children, for the teacher who succeeded him was cross and hard, while Paul was always kind and pleasant. He was missed by the congregation on Sunday, for although Hans did his best as leader of the choir, he could not fill Paul's place. He was missed by his mother, who, through the long, wearisome days and lonely nights, thought only of him, her pride, her joy, her hope. How good Azalia was to visit the Post-office every morning to get the letters which Paul wrote to his mother, often finding one for herself! How pleasant to read what he wrote of life in camp! How thrilling the narrative of his adventures, his visit to the forts, his narrow escapes! As she read it, her heart stood still while the letter was wet with tears. What if the rebels had hung him! It was terrible to think of. What could she do to comfort him? How help him, — how relieve his sufferings and hardships? She would knit him a pair of gloves and stockings. But his comrades needed them as well as he. Why not ask Daphne to help? Why not ask all the girls to do something? So she thought the matter over through the long winter night, planning a soldiers' sewing and knitting society.

Pleasant gatherings they had in the vestry of the church on Wednesday afternoons working for the soldiers. Azalia's cheeks were flushed with rare beauty when she read Paul's letters to them with trembling voice. There were many moist eyes, for all felt that, if he and his comrades were undergoing such hardships and dangers for them, that they might have a home and a united country, they ought to do all they could in return; and so, while knitting stockings for the soldiers, their hearts were knit in deeper love and devotion to their country.

But they had something besides Paul's adventures to talk about; for one Monday morning when Mr. Bond, the town treasurer, opened his office, he found that it had been entered by robbers, who had stolen all the money, — several thousand dollars. It was soon discovered that Philip Funk was missing. The sheriffs and constables set themselves to hunt him up. They got upon his track, followed him to the Ohio River, and across into Kentucky; but he was too swift for them, and succeeded in getting into the Rebel lines with the stolen money. Notwithstanding he was a robber, his sister Fanny held her head as high as ever. She did not attend the soldiers' aid society. She hoped that the South would succeed in establishing its independence, and was glad that Philip had gone to help the Southern soldiers. "I hope he will come across Paul," said Fanny to Daphne Dare one day.

“So do I, and I hope that Paul will shoot him,” said Daphne, with flashing eyes. She had the spirit of her father, and added, “He is a traitor and a robber, and I hope somebody will shoot him.”

Fanny spit at the flag which hung over the street every time she passed it, to show her hatred of it. Daphne was very indignant, and proposed to her associates that they should compel Fanny to wave the stars and stripes; but Azalia said it would be a severer punishment to take no notice of her. “We might make her wave the flag, but that would not make her love it, and such forced loyalty would be of no value.”

So, acting upon Azalia’s advice, all of the girls passed her by, taking no notice of her on the street, at the Post-office, or in church, not recognizing her by word or look. Fanny bore it awhile with a brazen face, but soon found it very hard to have no one to speak to. The great want of the human heart in time of trouble is sympathy. Our wills may bear us up awhile, but sooner or later we must unburden our feelings, or feel the burning of a slow consuming fire, destroying all our peace and happiness. The days were cheerless to Fanny. If she walked out upon the street, she saw only the averted faces of her former friends. They would not speak to her, and if she addressed them they turned away without answering, — avoiding her as if she was infected with the plague. When the cold northeast storms came, when the clouds hung low upon the hills, when the wind howled in the woods, when the rain pattered upon the withered leaves, how lonesome the hours! She was haughty and self-willed, friendless and alone; but instead of becoming loyal and behaving like a good, sensible girl, she nursed her pride, and comforted herself by thinking that her great-grandfather Funk was a fine Old Virginian gentleman. If a still, small voice whispered that it was mean and wicked in Philip to take money which did not belong to him, she quieted her conscience by the reflection that it was right for the Rebels to do all the damage they could to their enemies in securing their independence. When the storm was loudest, she rejoiced in the hope that some of the Yankee ships would be wrecked, or that the Mississippi River would overflow its bank and drown the Yankee regiments in their camps.

Not so did Azalia listen to the storm. When the great drops rattled upon the roof and dashed against the windows, she thought of Paul and his comrades as rushing into battle amid volleys of musketry; the lightning flashes were the artillery in action, the peals of thunder were like the booming of the cannonade; the mournful sighing of the wind was the wailing of the wounded. She thought of him as marching wearily and alone through the dismal forest to perform deeds of daring; she thought of him as keeping watch through the stormy nights, cold, wet, hungry, and weary; not for glory, or fame, or hope of reward, but because it was his duty, — because God and his country called him. And these were not sad hours to her.

*Carleton.*





## DOGS AND CATS.

AND now, with all and each of the young friends who have read these little histories of our dogs, we want to have a few moments of quiet chat about dogs and household pets in general.

In these stories you must have noticed that each dog had as much his own character as if he had been a human being. Carlo was not like Rover, nor Rover like Giglio, nor Giglio like Florence, nor Florence like Rag, nor Rag like Wix, — any more than Charley is like Fred, or Fred like Henry, or Henry like Eliza, or Eliza like Julia. Every animal has his own character, as marked and distinct as a human being. Many people who have not studied much into the habits of animals don't know this. To them a dog is a dog, a cat a cat, a horse a horse, and no more, — that is the end of it.

But domestic animals that associate with human beings develop a very different character from what they would possess in a wild state. Dogs, for example, in those countries where there is a prejudice against receiving them into man's association, herd together, and become wild and fierce like wolves. This is the case in many Oriental countries, where there are superstitious ideas about dogs; as, for instance, that they are unclean and impure. But in other countries, the dog, for the most part, forsakes all other dogs to become the associate of man. A dog without a master is a forlorn creature; no society of other dogs seems to console him; he wanders about disconsolate, till he finds some human being to whom to attach himself, and then he is a made dog, — he pads about with an air of dignity, like a dog that is settled in life.

There are among dogs certain races or large divisions, and those belonging purely to any of those races are called blood-dogs. As examples of what we mean by these races, we will mention the spaniel, the mastiff, the bulldog, the hound, and the terrier; and each of these divisions contains many species, and each has a strongly marked character. The spaniel tribes are gentle, docile, easily attached to man; from them many hunting dogs are trained. The bulldog is irritable, a terrible fighter, and fiercely faithful to his master. A mastiff is strong, large, not so fierce as the bulldog, but watchful and courageous, with a peculiar sense of responsibility in guarding anything which is placed under his charge. The hounds are slender, lean, wiry, with a long, pointed muzzle, and a peculiar sensibility in the sense of smell, and their instincts lead them to hunting and tracking. As a general thing, they are cowardly and indisposed to combat; there are, however, remarkable exceptions, as you will see if you read the account of the good black hound which Sir Walter Scott tells about in "The Talisman," — a story which I advise you to read at your next leisure. The terriers are, for the most part, small dogs, smart, bright, and active, very intelligent, and capable of being taught many tricks. Of these there are several varieties, —

as the English black and tan, which is the neatest and prettiest pet a family of children can have, as his hair is so short and close that he can harbor no fleas, and he is always good-tempered, lively, and affectionate. The Skye terrier, with his mouse-colored mop of hair, and his great bright eyes, is very loving and very sagacious; but alas! unless you can afford a great deal of time for soap, water, and fine-tooth-comb exercises, he will bring more company than you will like. The Scotch terriers are rough, scraggy, affectionate, but so nervous, frisky, and mischievous that they are only to be recommended as out-door pets in barn and stable. They are capital rat-catchers, very amicable with horses, and will sit up by the driver or a coach-boy with an air of great sagacity.

There is something very curious about the habits and instincts of certain dogs which have been trained by man for his own purposes. In the mountains of Scotland, there are a tribe of dogs called Shepherd-dogs, which for generations and ages have helped the shepherds to take care of their sheep, and which look for all the world like long-nosed, high-cheek-boned, careful old Scotchmen. You will see them in the morning, trotting out their flock of sheep, walking about with a grave, care-taking air, and at evening all bustle and importance, hurrying and scurrying hither and thither, getting their charge all together for the night. An old Scotchman tells us that his dog Hector, by long sharing his toils and cares, got to looking so much like him, that once, when he felt too sleepy to go to meeting, he sent Hector to take his seat in the pew, and the minister never knew the difference, but complimented him the next day for his good attention to the sermon.

There is a kind of dog employed by the monks of St. Bernard, in the Alps, to go out and seek in the snow for travellers who may have lost their way; and this habit becomes such a strong instinct in them, that I once knew a puppy of this species which was brought by a shipmaster to Maine, and grew up in a steady New England town, which used to alarm his kind friends by rushing off into the pine forest in snow-storms, and running anxiously up and down burrowing in the snow as if in quest of something.

I have seen one of a remarkable breed of dogs that are brought from the island of Manilla. They resemble mastiffs in their form, but are immensely large and strong. They are trained to detect thieves, and kept by merchants on board of vessels where the natives are very sly and much given to stealing. They are called *holders*, and their way is, when a strange man, whose purposes they do not understand, comes on board the ship, to take a very gentle but decisive hold of him by the heel, and keep him fast until somebody comes to look after him. The dog I knew of this species stood about as high as an ordinary dining-table, and I have seen him stroke off the dinner-cloth with one wag of his tail in his pleasure when I patted his head. He was very intelligent and affectionate.

There is another dog, which may often be seen in Paris, called the Spitz dog. He is a white, smooth-haired, small creature, with a great muff of stiff hair round his neck, and generally comes into Paris riding horseback on the cart-horses which draw the carts of the washerwomen. He races nimbly up

and down on the back of the great heavy horses, barking from right to left with great animation, and is said to be a most faithful little creature in guarding the property of his owner. What is peculiar about these little dogs is the entireness of their devotion to their master. They have not a look, not a wag of the tail, for any one else; it is vain for a stranger to try and make friends with them, — they have eyes and ears for one alone.

All dogs which do not belong to some of the great varieties, on the one side of their parentage or the other, are classed together as curs, and very much undervalued and decried; and yet among these mongrel curs we have seen individuals quite as sagacious, intelligent, and affectionate as the best blood-dogs.

And now I want to say some things to those young people who desire to adopt as domestic pets either a dog or a cat. Don't do it without making up your mind to be really and thoroughly kind to them, and feeding them as carefully as you feed yourself, and giving them appropriate shelter from the inclemency of the weather.

Some people seem to have a general idea that throwing a scrap, or bone, or bit of refuse meat, at odd intervals, to a dog, is taking abundant care of him. "What's the matter with him? he can't be hungry, — I gave him that great bone yesterday." Ah, Master Hopeful, how would you like to be fed on the same principle? When you show your hungry face at the dinner-table, suppose papa should say, "What's that boy here for? He was fed this morning." You would think this hard measure; yet a dog's or cat's stomach digests as rapidly as yours. In like manner, dogs are often shut out of the house in cold winter weather, without the least protection being furnished them. A lady and I looked out once, in a freezing icy day, and saw a great Newfoundland covering in a corner of a fence to keep from the driving wind; and I said, "Do tell me if you have no kennel for that poor creature." "No," said the lady. "I did n't know that dogs needed shelter. Now I think of it, I remember last spring he seemed quite poorly, and his hair seemed to come out; do you suppose it was being exposed so much in the winter?" This lady had taken into her family a living creature, without ever having reflected on what that creature needed, or that it was her duty to provide for its wants.

Dogs can bear more cold than human beings, but they do not like cold any better than we do; and when a dog has his choice, he will very gladly stretch himself on a rug before the fire for his afternoon nap, and show that he enjoys the blaze and warmth as much as anybody.

As to cats, many people seem to think that a miserable, half-starved beast, never fed, and always hunted and beaten, and with no rights that anybody is bound to respect, is a necessary appendage to a family. They have the idea that all a cat is good for is to catch rats, and that if well fed they will not do this, — and so they starve them. This is a mistake in fact. Cats are hunting animals, and have the natural instinct to pursue and catch prey, and a cat that is a good mouser will do this whether well or ill fed. To live only upon rats is said to injure the health of the cat, and bring on convulsions.



The most beautiful and best trained cat I ever knew was named Juno, and was brought up by a lady who was so wise in all that related to the care and management of animals, that she might be quoted as authority on all points of their nurture and breeding ; and Juno, carefully trained by such a mistress, was a standing example of the virtues which may be formed in a cat by careful education.

Never was Juno known to be out of place, to take her nap elsewhere than on her own appointed cushion, to be absent at meal-times, or, when the most tempting dainties were in her power, to anticipate the proper time by jumping on the table to help herself.

In all her personal habits Juno was of a neatness unparalleled in cat history. The parlor of her mistress was always of a waxen and spotless cleanliness, and Juno would have died sooner than violate its sanctity by any impropriety. She was a skilful mouser, and her sleek, glossy sides were a sufficient refutation of the absurd notion that a cat must be starved into a display of her accomplishments. Every rat, mouse, or ground mole that she caught was brought in and laid at the feet of her mistress for approbation. But on one point her mind was dark. She could never be made to comprehend the great difference between fur and feathers, nor see why her mistress should gravely reprove her when she brought in a bird, and warmly commend when she captured a mouse.

After a while a little dog named Pero, with whom Juno had struck up a friendship, got into the habit of coming to her mistress's apartment at the hours when her modest meals were served, on which occasions Pero thought it would be a good idea to invite himself to make a third. He had a nice little trick of making himself amiable, by sitting up on his haunches, and making little begging gestures with his two fore-paws, — which so much pleased his hostess that sometimes he was fed before Juno. Juno observed this in silence for some time ; but at last a bright idea struck her, and, gravely rearing up on her haunches, she imitated Pero's gestures with her fore-paws. Of course this carried the day, and secured her position.

Cats are often said to have no heart, — to be attached to places, but incapable of warm personal affection. It was reserved for Juno by her sad end to refute this slander on her race. Her mistress was obliged to leave her quiet home, and go to live in a neighboring city ; so she gave Juno to the good lady who inhabited the other part of the house.

But no attentions or care on the part of her new mistress could banish from Juno's mind the friend she had lost. The neat little parlor where she had spent so many pleasant hours was dismantled and locked up, but Juno would go, day after day, and sit on the ledge of the window-seat, looking in and mewling dolefully. She refused food ; and, when too weak to mount on the sill and look in, stretched herself on the ground beneath the window, where she died for love of her mistress, as truly as any lover in an old ballad.

You see by this story the moral that I wish to convey. It is, that watchfulness, kindness, and care will develop a nature in animals such as we

little dream of. Love will beget love, regular care and attention will give regular habits, and thus domestic pets may be made agreeable and interesting.

Any one who does not feel an inclination or capacity to take the amount of care and pains necessary for the well-being of an animal ought conscientiously to abstain from having one in charge. A carefully tended pet, whether dog or cat, is a pleasant addition to a family of young people; but a neglected, ill-brought-up, ill-kept one is only an annoyance.

We should remember, too, in all our dealings with animals, that they are a sacred trust to us from our Heavenly Father. They are dumb, and cannot speak for themselves; they cannot explain their wants or justify their conduct; and therefore we should be tender towards them.

Our Lord says not even a little sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father, and we may believe that his eye takes heed of the disposition which we show towards those defenceless beings whom he thinks worthy of his protection.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*





## HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

### I.

MR. RENSFORD, the old clergyman, — familiarly known as *Father Brighthopes*, on account of his wonderfully cheerful disposition, — had been passing the winter with his friends at Cherry Vale. It was more than fifteen years since he had had his memorable “vacation”; and his life was all vacation now. He was upwards of eighty years of age; but although the old tenement, as he used to say of his body, was getting somewhat weather-worn and dilapidated, the spirit that dwelt within seemed younger and brighter than ever.

“Do you know,” said Squire Reverdy to him one day, “that you have saved me several tons of coal this winter, just by your presence in the house? Sunshine, sir! sunshine! that is better than furnace heat; and the sunshine of the soul, such as you bring us, is the best of all.”

The hospitable Squire used this pleasant metaphor in reply to the old clergyman, who had declared that he could not conscientiously remain longer in a house where he was refused the privilege of paying for his board.

“As for money, sir, how absurd to talk of that, when you are continually giving us what is so much more precious than money! Why, there is n’t a



family in the Vale that would n't be delighted to receive you as a permanent inmate, with no other recompense than your silent influence, even though you should never speak a word. It seems as though things could n't go wrong where you are, though they should try to. Before you came, this house was every day a scene of more or less jarring and friction. The children were quarrelsome, the servants rebellious, and the parents (one of them, at least, I am sorry to say) too easily fretted by the faults of the rest. Sometimes it seemed impossible to get the simplest and most necessary tasks properly performed. Work was continually getting aground, and laboring to get off again, like the vessel we watched in the river yesterday. But the tide came in with you. The good ship 'Work,' with the heaviest cargoes, went off swimmingly, buoyant as a cork. And faults and discontents, and a hundred things that seemed low and disagreeable in our daily life, were covered, like the oozy banks of the river when the tide is high. Everything has been bright and flowing ever since."

"Ah, but you must n't give me too much credit for that!" replied Father Brighthopes, with sincere pleasure, but with genuine humility. "It is love — love in your own hearts — that makes life to you beautiful and sweet."

"That is very true; and what I mean to say is, that you have awakened that love in us by your very presence, — just as they say one vibrating string will set another beside it singing the same tune. So much you have done for us. But if that is not sufficient, then I have something else to propose."

"If it is anything I can do for the happiness or welfare of your family or friends," said the old clergyman, his countenance beaming with benevolence, "you can do me no greater favor than by calling upon me."

"It is this," said the Squire. "Miss Thorley, the schoolmistress, has invited some of her young friends to take tea with her at her brother's house this afternoon. They will stop a little while in the evening; and she would like to have you come in and say a few words to them before they go."

"To be sure!" cried Father Brighthopes, eagerly accepting the proposal; for he was always inspired with fresh life and spirit whenever he saw an opportunity of doing good. "Heaven bless the children! It seems such a very little while since I was one like them, that even now I often forget myself, and think I am a child again."

So it was agreed; and shortly after tea, that evening, the old clergyman, taking his staff and Squire Reverdy's arm, sallied forth to call upon Miss Thorley, and have a talk with her young folks.

It was a clear mild night in early spring. The snow had disappeared from the fields, and the ice from the river, which glittered in the moon. The world, after tumultuously tossing in the storms of winter, seemed near its peaceful rest at last, like Noah's ark on the subsiding waters; and the south wind moved softly over it, like the dove returning with the fragrant olive-branch.

"The winter is over; and now for spring, — delicious spring!" said Father Brighthopes, taking long breaths of the sweet evening air, and looking

about delightedly on the beauty of the night. "And so, thanks to the kind Providence that rules over us, this winter of our nation, the terrible war, is near its end. Soon peace will come like the spring, and the ice of hatred will melt, and the blasts of conflict will give place to gentle breathings of love and good-will. Those orchard-trees, that stand so bare and silent in the moonlight, are all ready to put forth their summer verdure. So those blessings which the war has stripped bare, and seemed almost to destroy, are ready to blossom again; and the long summer of prosperity smiles before us."

The sound of laughter came to his ears as he was speaking; and, looking down the street, he saw the windows of Mr. Thorley's house cheerfully lighted, and the forms of merry children at play darting to and fro within.

"What a charming sight!" said Father Brighthopes, pausing, and leaning on Mr. Reverdy's arm. "Happy, happy children! How little they think or know of the rude realities of life! And it is well that it is so. I would that all the children in the world were as happy as these are to-night! The Thorleys must be very good people to bring them together, and let them have such a nice, noisy time! O, the laughter of those girls! Is n't it music?"

Mr. Reverdy wished to proceed; but the old clergyman remained a long time listening and thoughtful. "Ah, but the children who have no such good times!" he said, softly, at length. "Do you think that fortunate children ever appreciate their privileges?"

"They are wiser than their parents, if they do," replied Mr. Reverdy. "Since I learned how carelessly I have received all the blessings of my life, seldom stopping to consider seriously how richly blessed I was, — since you taught me that lesson, Father Brighthopes, — I have done finding fault with the young folks for their thoughtlessness. But come; let's go in."

"Don't haste, don't haste," the old clergyman replied. "My coming will check the merriment, — although I should much rather join in it and help it on. Yet I feel that I have many things to say to those dear young hearts which may perhaps have a lasting influence upon their future happiness. Ha! what is that?" The laughter had suddenly ceased, and in its stead a loud wail of anger and pain resounded from the house. "There is somebody hurt! It is time we were on the spot!"

He hastened forward, and Mr. Reverdy introduced him into the hall of his friends' house. There they found themselves in the midst of a throng of children. One, a lad of thirteen, was holding himself half doubled up against the wall, with one hand on his stomach and the other on his organ of mirthfulness, which had received a contusion at the moment of its highest activity. He was bellowing vigorously. Another boy seemed also to have received an injury; for he was feeling his upper lip with an expression of pain and perplexity, and at the same time groping for something on the hall-floor. There were doors at right and left, leading into the lighted rooms where the play had been going on; and from these a crowd of eager boys and girls were pressing forward to see who was hurt.

"It is Grant Eastman and Burt Thorley!" said Emma Reverdy, running to her father. "They were both going from one room to the other as fast

as they could ; they met coming around the door, and struck their heads together. That 's Burton making the most fuss ; but I guess Grant is hurt as bad as he," she said to Father Brighthopes.

Emma was a shrewd little observer of human nature. She knew both boys too well to be deceived either by Burton's noise or Grant's silence. Burton, whenever he was hurt at all, and often when he was not, would begin to roar as if bones were broken ; and he would limp and snivel and complain sometimes an hour after a braver boy would have forgotten all about the accident. This he did because he loved to be pitied. Emma used to be frightened by his terrible outcries ; but one day she saw him slip from a fence, and bruise his shin, when he supposed no one witnessed the mishap, — on which occasion he pulled up his trousers-leg, and looked at the injured part, as if to satisfy himself that there was apparent cause for complaint, then walked off well enough until he reached home, when he became all at once so lame that it was dreadful to see him, and began to utter howls of pretended anguish. Since then she was not so ready to believe he was nearly killed, when he had had a scratch or a fall, as some other people were. Even his parents had not yet learned how to understand his violent demonstrations ; or, if they had, their habit of rushing to him at such times, and of endeavoring to console him with attentions and sympathies, had become too firmly settled to be reformed. They were hastening to him now.

"My poor boy ! you have almost killed you, have n't you ?" said the mother.

"Who has been hurting Burton ?" demanded the father.

"He ! he ! Grant Eastman !" sobbed Burton. "He ran against me just as hard as he could !"

"He did n't mean to !" cried Emma Reverdy. "I saw them ; and Burt ran against Grant just as much as Grant ran against him ; and he is n't hurt any more than Grant is !" she added, vehemently, inspired by an ardent love of the truth.

At that Burt roared again louder than ever, averring that his head was broken, — or his stomach, — or both, — and that he could not bear to be touched.

Meanwhile Father Brighthopes, smiling at little Emma's sagacity, had advanced to make Grant's acquaintance.

"So this is Grant, is it ? Worthy of the name ! He takes reverses like a brave general ! What are you looking for, my lad ?"

"My tooth," said Grant, still groping on the hall-floor.

"He has got tushes ! he ran into me with his tushes !" said the weeping Burton.

"O, do look at that bruise !" said Mrs. Thorley, who had found a slightly discolored spot on the corner of her poor boy's forehead. "There, there ! don't cry, my son ! it will feel better soon."

"If he had n't come at me with his darned old tushes !" said Burton, as if that were sufficient cause for refusing to be comforted.

"You did n't mean to, *did* you, Grant ?" said Emma, helping him search the floor.



“Mean to! Did n’t I have to take it as hard as he did? He knocked out a tooth for me quicker than lightning! I came near swallowing it; I did n’t know what it was, and so I spit it out.”

“Here it is, my boy!” said Father Brighthopes, seeing something white by Burton’s foot. He picked it up. “Not a very formidable tusk, either, but as fine a front tooth as any boy’s. If it was one of mine, now, it would n’t much matter; but young teeth like yours, my son, are too valuable to be scattered around loosely in this fashion. Here! open your mouth!” And he quickly and skilfully replaced the tooth in the cavity where it belonged. “There! press it in its place, and don’t laugh or cough or sneeze till to-morrow, and I think you will save it.”

“O, see how his lip is swollen!” exclaimed Emma.

“Yes, his lip appears to have come between his teeth and the other boy’s head, very generously!” said Father Brighthopes. — “Thank you!” to Miss Thorley, who came with a basin of water and a sponge.

With her assistance, he had soon removed all traces of the accident from Grant’s face and fingers, except from the wounded lip, which kept swelling and swelling. Grant, with one hand at his mouth, holding the tooth in and checking the blood, smiled gayly.

“He would laugh if he had lost his head, and had it stuck on again!” said the sympathizing Emma.

“He is of the stuff our heroes in the war are made of!” and the old clergyman laid his hand upon Grant’s shoulder with a look of fatherly pride and affection. “But it won’t be safe for him to play any more to-night. So let us come into the room here, and sit down, and have a little quiet talk. All who do not wish to stay with us may continue their play in the other room.”

He thought it best that no one whose heart was elsewhere should be constrained to listen to him; and he was gratified, on looking around, to see the children follow him eagerly into the room, and take their places, all appearing interested to hear what he had to say. There was one exception, however: Burt Thorley, pretending to be disabled, but in reality offended because the general attention had been diverted from him to Grant, had retired from the scene.

Father Brighthopes occupied an arm-chair which Miss Thorley had hastened to place for him; Emma Reverdy stood at his side, holding his hand in both hers, — for the two were very dear friends; while Grant Eastman sat at his right hand, trying to smile with his puffed lip. On the opposite side of the room appeared Miss Thorley’s gentle face, surrounded by the beaming faces of her pupils.

“I like that!” said the old clergyman, seeing the girls lean towards her, and try to draw her arm about them, or at least to touch her garments. “I need not ask if your pupils are attached to you. They show that they are, by every look and gesture. No doubt the boys would act just as the girls do; but boys, for some reason, are ashamed to manifest much affection. It is a great pity, for love is so beautiful! It is beautiful, especially, when it knits together the hearts of teacher and pupils.”

"I think we are pretty good friends," said Miss Thorley, with the light of a tender smile in her glistening eyes. "I know that all my boys and girls are very dear to me."

"That is evident; for otherwise they would not be so fond of you. As far as I can judge, teachers are very different now-a-days from what they were when I was a boy. I remember very well those grim fellows, the masters, and those sharp-tempered ladies, to whom I went to school in the little old red school-house on the forks of the road. That was seventy years ago, my children; but I recall the teachers of those days, and their ingenious methods of punishment, as well as if I had lived under their iron rule but yesterday. Many things that happened then I remember more distinctly than a thousand things of vastly greater importance that have occurred since. Besides, those teachers had striking ways of impressing themselves upon the youthful memory. There was one who put his trust in birch rods, which he used to season in the fire with a thoroughness and deliberation appalling to the unhappy wrong-doers upon whose jackets their toughness was afterwards to be put to the proof. There was another who used to sit in his chair and hurl his ruler at the boys' heads, even at the heads of the little girls, sometimes, I am sorry to say. Front teeth were often in jeopardy in those days, I assure you!" and Father Brighthopes glanced pleasantly at Grant by his side.

"I would n't have stood it, if I had been in your place," spoke a spunky little fellow in the corner, shaking his head significantly.

"Hush, Cary!" said Miss Thorley; while all the other children laughed.

"O, let them say what they please," said Father Brighthopes. "I have come, not to talk *to* them, but *with* them. I shall want to hear all they have to say. So, my little friend, you think you would n't have stood such treatment? What would you have done?"

"I'd have licked 'em after I got grown up to be a man, any way!"

"So I presume I used sometimes to think, at your age," said the old clergyman, indulgently. "But I have n't whipped any of my old masters yet; and it is rather too late now to perform that duty. Ah, my boy! I suppose that not one of them is now alive upon the earth! They have all gone to render a final account for their actions here; and, for my part, I sincerely trust that the rulers they flung and the rods they toughened in the fire have not been remembered against them. I thank Heaven that I forgave them long ago. My children," added the old clergyman, very softly, "we must all, soon or late, go likewise and render up our account; the best among us will not, I fear, be free from the stains of unwise or unjust actions; and we must learn to forgive, as we would be forgiven."

Then, seeing Burton come stealthily to the door, attracted by the laughter, but looking sulky and ashamed of being seen, he began talking on a subject which he thought would be interesting to all, and especially edifying to that young gentleman.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## TWO SLUMBERERS DUCKED.

IT was somewhere among the mid-hours of the night, and all appeared to be as sound asleep as if reclining upon couches of eider-down. Not a voice was heard among the branches of the Brazil-nut, — not a sound of any kind, if we except the snore that proceeded from the spread nostrils of the negro, and that of a somewhat sharper tone from the nasal organ of the Irishman. Sometimes they snored together, and for several successive trumpeting this simultaneity would be kept up. Gradually, however, one would get a little ahead, and then the two snorers would be heard separately, as if the two sleepers were responding to each other in a kind of dialogue carried on by their noses. All at once this nasal duet was interrupted by a rustling among the boughs upon which rested Tipperary Tom. The rustling was succeeded by a cry, quickly followed by a plunge.

The cry and the plunge woke everybody upon the tree ; and while several inquired the cause of the disturbance, a second shout, and a second plunge, instead of affording a clew to the cause of alarm, only rendered the matter more mysterious. There was a second volley of interrogatories, but among the inquiring voices two were missing, — those of Mozey and the Irishman. Both, however, could now be heard below ; not very articulate, but as if their owners were choking. At the same time there was a plashing and a plunging under the tree, as if the two were engaged in a struggle for life.

“What is it? Is it you, Tom? Is it you, Mozey?” were the questions that came thick and fast from those still upon the tree.

“Och! ach! — I ’m chokin’! — I ’m — ach — drown — ach — drownin’! — Help! help!” cried a voice, distinguishable as the Irishman’s, while Mozey’s was exerted in a similar declaration.

All knew that Tom could not swim a stroke. With the Mozambique it was different. He might sustain himself above water long enough to render his rescue certain. With Tom no time was to be lost, if he was to be saved from a watery grave ; and, almost with his cry for help, Richard Trevannion and the Mundurucú plunged in after him.

For a time, Trevannion himself and his two children could hear, underneath them, only a confused medley of sounds, — the splashing of water mingled with human voices, some speaking, or rather shouting, in accents of terror, others in encouragement. The night was dark ; but had it been ever so clear, even had the full moon been shining above, her beams could not have penetrated through the spreading branches of the Brazil-nut, melted and lined as they were with thorns and leafy lianas.

It would seem an easy task for two such swimmers as the Indian and Paraense to rescue Tipperary Tom from his peril. But it was not quite so



easy. They had got hold of him, one on each side, as soon as the darkness allowed them to discern him. But this was not till they had groped for some time ; and then he was found in such a state of exhaustion that it required all the strength of both to keep his chin above the surface.

Mozey was fast becoming as helpless as Tom, being more than half paralyzed by the fright he had got from being precipitated into the water while still sound asleep. Such a singular awaking was sufficient to have confused a cranium of higher intellectual development than that of the Mozambique.

After having discovered their half-drowned companions, neither Richard nor the Mundurucú knew exactly what to do with them. Their first thought was to drag them towards the trunk of the tree, under which they had been immersed. This they succeeded in doing ; but once alongside the stem, they found themselves in no better position for getting out of the water. There was not a branch within reach by which to raise themselves, and the bark was as smooth as glass, and slippery with slime.

When first ascending into the great tree, they had made use of some hanging parasite, which now in the darkness they were unable to find. Even the two swimmers began to despond. If not their own lives, those of their comrades might be lost in that gloomy aisle, whose pavement was the subtle, deceitful flood. At this crisis an idea occurred to the young Paraense that promised to rescue them from their perilous position, and he called out, "The swimming-belts ! fling down the swimming-belts !" His uncle and cousin, by this time having a clearer comprehension of what had occurred, at once obeyed the command. Richard and the Indian were not slow to avail themselves of this timely assistance ; and in a trice the two half-drowned men were buoyed up beyond further danger.

On getting back into the *Bertholettia*, there was a general explanation. Tipperary Tom was the cause of the awkward incident. Having gone to sleep without taking proper precautions, his limbs, relaxed by slumber, had lost their prehensile power, and, sliding through the lianas, he had fallen plump into the water below, a distance of more than a dozen feet. His cries, and the consequent plunge, had startled the negro so abruptly that he too had lost his equilibrium, and had soused down the instant after.

The Mundurucú was by no means satisfied with the occurrence. It had not only interrupted his repose, but given him a wet shirt in which to continue it. He was determined; however, that a similar incident should not, for that night, occur,—at least not with the same individuals,—and before returning to his roost he bound both of them to theirs with *sipos* strong enough to resist any start that might be caused by the most terrible of dreams.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### OPEN WATER.

THE next day was spent in explorations. These did not extend more than four hundred yards from their sleeping-place ; but, short as was the distance,

it cost more trouble to traverse it than if it had been twenty miles on land, across an open country.

It was a thicket through which the explorers had to pass, but such a thicket as one acquainted only with the ordinary woods of Northern countries can have no conception of. It was a matted tangle of trees and parasitical plants, many of the latter — such as the climbing jacitara palms, the huge cane-briers, and bromelias — thickly set with sharp spines, that rendered it dangerous to come in contact with them. Even had there been firm footing, it would have been no easy task to make way through such a network; but, considering that it was necessary to traverse the wood by passing from tree to tree, all the time keeping in their tops, it will not be wondered at that a few hundred yards of such progress was accounted a day's journey.

You must not suppose that all the party of our adventurers went even thus far. In fact, all of them remained in the Brazil-nut, except the two who had acted as explorers on the former occasion, — Richard and the Mundurucú. It would have been worse than idle for any other to have accompanied them.

It was near sunset when they returned with their report, which to Trevannion and his party seemed anything but encouraging. The explorers had penetrated through the forest, finding it flooded in every direction. Not an inch of dry land had they discovered; and the Indian knew, from certain signs well understood by him, that none was near. The rapid drift of the current, which he had observed several times during the day, was one of these indications. It could not, he declared, be running in that way, if dry land were in the vicinity. So far, therefore, as reaching the shore was concerned, they might make up their minds for a long journey; and how this was to be performed was the question of the hour.

One point the explorers had definitely determined. The igarápe terminated at their sleeping-place. There was no sign of it beyond. Instead, however, they had come upon an opening of a very different character. A vast expanse of water, without any trees, had been found, its nearest edge being the limit of their day's excursion. This open water did not extend quite to the horizon. Around it, on all sides, trees could be seen, or rather the tops of trees; for it was evident that the thicket-like bordering was but the "lop and top" of a submerged forest. On returning to the "roost," Munday urged their going towards the open water.

"For what purpose?" inquired the patron, who failed to perceive any good reason for it. "We can't cross it, there being no sort of craft to carry us. We cannot make a raft out of these green branches, full of sap as they are. What's the use of our going that way? You say there's open water almost as far as you can see, — so much the worse, I should think."

"No, patron," replied the Indian, still addressing Trevannion as respectfully as when acting as his hired *tapuyo*. "So much the better, if you give me leave to differ with you. Our only hope is to find open water."

"Why, we have been all along coming from it. Is n't there plenty of it behind us?"

“True, patron ; but it’s not running in the right direction. If we launched upon it, the current would be against us. Remember, master, ’t is the *echentê*. We could n’t go that way. If we could, it would only bring us back to the river-channel, where, without some sort of a vessel, we should soon go to the bottom. Now the open Gapo we’ve seen to-day is landward, though the land may be a good way off. Still, by crossing it, we shall be getting nearer to firm ground, and that’s something.”

“By crossing it? But how?”

“We must swim across it.”

“Why, you’ve just said that it stretches almost to the edge of the horizon. It must be ten miles or more. Do you mean to say we can swim so far?”

“What’s to hinder us, master? You have the monkey-pots ; they will keep you above water. If not enough for all, we can get more. Plenty of the sapucaya-trees here.”

“But what would be the object of our crossing this expanse of water? You say there is no dry land on the other side : in that case, we’ll be no better off than here.”

“There is land on the other side, though I think not near. But we must keep on towards it, else we shall never escape from the Gapo. If we stay here, we must starve, or suffer greatly. We might search the forest for months, and not find another nesting-place of the araras, or good food of any kind. Take my advice, patron. Soon as comes the light of to-morrow, let us cross to the open water. Then you can see for yourself what is best for us to do.”

As the perilous circumstances in which they were placed had altogether changed the relationship between Trevannion and his *tapuyo*, the latter being now the real “patron,” of course the ex-miner willingly gave way to him in everything ; and on the morning of the next day the party of adventurers forsook the Brazil-nut, and proceeded towards the open Gapo.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE JACANAS.

It will be asked how they proceeded. To swim to the open water would have been next to impossible, even with the assistance of the floats. Not only would the thick tree-trunks and drooping lianas have hindered them from making way in any direction ; but there would have been nothing to guide them through the shadowy water, and they must soon lose themselves in a labyrinth of gloom. No sign of the sky could have availed them in the deep darkness below ; and there were no landmarks to which to trust. The answer is, that they made their way along much as did the monkeys which had passed them the day before, only that their pace was a hundred times slower, and their exertions a thousand times more laborious. In fact, they travelled among the tree-tops, and followed the same track which their explorers had already taken, and which Munday, on his return, had taken the precaution to “blaze” by breaking a number of twigs and branches.



Their progress was of the slowest kind, — slower than the crawl of a cripple ; but by dint of perseverance, and the performance of many feats in climbing and clinging and balancing, and general gymnastics, they succeeded at length in reaching the edge of the forest, and gaining a view of the wide watery expanse. It was a relief to their eyes, so long strained to no purpose amidst the shadowy foliage that had enveloped them.

“ Now, Munday,” asked Trevannion, as soon as he had recovered breath, after such laborious exertion, “ we are here on the edge of the open water. You talk of our being able to swim across it. Tell us how.”

“ Just as we swam the *igarapé*.”

“ Impossible, as you’ve admitted it can’t be less than ten miles to the other side. The tree-tops yonder are scarce discernible.”

“ We came nearly as far along the canoe-path.”

“ True ; but then we had a chance to rest every few minutes, and that gave us strength to go on. It will be different if we attempt to cross this great sea, where there is no resting-place of any kind. We should be a whole day on the water, perhaps more.”

— “ Perhaps so, patron. But remember, if we do not try to get out of the *Gapo*, we may be three, four, five, or six months among these tree-tops. We may get no food but a few nuts and fruits, — scarcely enough to keep us alive. We may lose strength, and be no longer able to stay among the branches ; we may grow faint and fall, one by one, into the water, to go down to the bottom of the *Gapo* or drop into the jaws of the *jacares*.”

The alternative thus brought in terrible detail vividly before them produced a strong impression ; and Trevannion offered no objection to any plan which the *Mundurucú* should propose. He only requested a fuller account of the feasibility of that now suggested, — in other words, an explanation as to how they were to swim a stretch of ten miles without stopping to rest.

Munday made no mystery of the matter. He had no other plan than that already tried with success, — the swimming-belts ; only that two additional sets would now be needed, — one for himself, the other for the young *Paraense*. On the short passage from the *sapucaya* to the forest, and along the canoe-path, these bold swimmers had disdained the use of that apparatus ; but in a pull of ten miles, even they must have recourse to such aid.

No farther progress was to be made on that day, as the fatigue of their arboreal journey required a long rest ; and shortly after their arrival upon the edge of the forest, they set about arranging for the night, having chosen the best tree that could be found. Unfortunately, their larder was lower than it had ever been, since the going down of the *galatea*. Of the squab macaws there were no longer any left ; and some *sapucaya*-nuts gathered by the way, and brought along by Munday, formed the substance of their scanty supper.

As soon as it was eaten, the *Mundurucú*, assisted by Richard, busied himself in manufacturing the required swimming-belts ; and long before the sun disappeared behind the forest spray, everything was ready for their embarkation, which was to take place at the earliest moment of its reappearance.

As usual, there was conversation, — partly to kill time, and partly to keep off the shadows that surrounded, and ever threatened to reduce them to despair. Trevannion took pains to keep it up, and make it as cheerful as the circumstances would permit, his object being less to satisfy himself than to provide gratification for his children. At times he even attempted to jest; but generally the conversation turned upon topics suggested by the scene, when the Indian, otherwise taciturn, was expected to do the talking. The open water became the subject on this particular occasion.

“It appears like a lake,” remarked the ex-miner. “I can see a line of trees or tree-tops all around it, with no signs of a break or channel.”

“It is one,” rejoined the *tapuyo*. “A real *lagoa*. Water in it at all seasons, — both *echenté* and *vasanté*, — only ’t is fallen now from the flood. There are no *campos* in this part of the country; and if it was n’t a lagoa, there would be trees standing out of it. But I see a surer sign, — the *piosocas*.”

The speaker pointed to two dark objects at some distance off, that had not hitherto been observed by any of the party. On more careful scrutiny, they proved to be birds, — large, but of slender shape, and bearing some resemblance to a brace of cranes or curlews. They were of dark color, rufous on the wings, with a green iridescence that glistened brightly under the beams of the setting sun.

They were near enough to enable the spectators to distinguish several peculiarities in their structure; among others a singular leathery appendage at the base of the beak,



stout, spinous processes or “spurs” on the wing shoulders, very long, slender legs, and *tarsi* of immense length, radiating outward from their shank, like four pointed stars, spread horizontally on the surface of the water.

What struck the spectators, not only with surprise, but appeared unac-

countable, was the fact that these birds seen upon the water were not seated as if swimming or afloat; but standing erect upon their long tarsi and toes, which apparently spread upon the surface, as if upon ice!

Stranger still, while they were being watched, both were seen to forsake their statue-like attitude, and move first toward each other, and then apart again, running to and fro as if upon a solid footing! What could it all mean? Munday was asked for the explanation. Were they walking upon the water?

No. There was a water plant under their feet — a big lily, with a leaf several feet in diameter, that floated on the surface — sufficient to carry the weight of the biggest bird. That was what was supporting the piosocas.

On scanning the surface more carefully, they could distinguish the big lily, and its leaf, with a turned-up edge resembling the rim of a chinese gong, or a huge frying-pan. They became acquainted for the first time with that gigantic lily, which has been entitled “the Royal Victoria,” and the discoverer of which was knighted for his flattery.

“’T is the *furno de piosoca*,” said Mundy, continuing his explanation. “It is called so, because, as you see, it’s like the oven on which we bake our Cassava; and because it is the favorite roost of the piosoca.”

By “piosoca,” the Indian meant the singular *jacana* of the family *Palamedidae*, of which there are species both in Africa and America.

The birds had fortunately made their appearance at a crisis when the spectators required something to abstract their thoughts from the cares that encompassed them, and so much were they engrossed by the curious spectacle, that they did not perceive the *tapuyo*, as he let himself gently down into the water, and swam off under the drooping branches of the trees, pausing at a point opposite to where the piosocas were at play.

From this point they could not have perceived him, as he had dived under water, and did not come up again until the slender shanks of a jacana, enveloped in the lily’s soft leaf, were clutched by his sinewy fingers, and the bird with a shrill scream was seen fluttering on the water, while its terrified mate soared shrieking into the air.

The party in the tree-tops were at first amazed. They saw a dark, round object close to the struggling jacana, that resembled the head of a human being, whose body was under water! It was not till it had come nearer, the bird still keeping it close company, that they identified the head, with its copper-colored face, now turned towards them, as belonging to their guide and companion, — Munday. A fire was soon blazing in the branches, and instead of going to sleep upon a supper of raw sapucayas, our adventurers sought repose after a hearty meal made upon roast jacana!

Mayne Reid.





# Round the Evening Lamp

A Treasury of  
 CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

## CHARADES.

NO. 12.

AMID the balmy air of May  
 Came floating on the breeze  
 My drowsy *first*, from orchards gay  
 With blossom-laden trees.  
 But hark! the peaceful note is drowned;  
 Wild War's deep thunders roll,  
 While loud and long my *second's* sound  
 Awakes the patriot's soul.

Again sweet Peace returns to Earth.  
 From every heavenward tower  
 The bells call men with solemn mirth  
 To celebrate the hour;

But from the truths the preacher taught  
 His hearers turned away,  
 And said, my *whole* described his thought  
 And style of speech that day.

CLERICUS.

NO. 13.

My *first* is something that children do,  
 And which is both healthful and pleasing  
 too.

My *second* is used on all ships of state,  
 And ships that now are all out of date.  
 My *whole* is a plaything of noted rank,  
 Which is used on a green or mossy bank.

CORA LEE.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 17.



E. D. A. U.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 18.



## ENIGMAS.

## No. 13.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 12, 22, 13, 23, 7, 4, 20, is a city in Michigan.

My 14, 1, 16, 21, 22, 23, 15, 24, is a cape of North America.

My 6, 19, 18, 22, is a river in Africa.

My 9, 23, 22, 22, 6, 2, 15, 6, 12, is a division of North America.

My 8, 1, 23, is a river of North Carolina.

My 6, 22, 11, 5, 10, 6, is a river of North America.

My 3, 7, 6, 12, 10, 6, is a city in England.

My whole is a true saying.

F. A. L.

## NO. 14.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 7, 8, 5, 6, is what all people should be.

My 2, 8, 9, 7, is a weapon.

My 5, 12, 2, is a boy's nickname.

My 2, 1, 3, 4, 9, is to hesitate.

My 10, 8, 6, is a young horned animal.

My whole is an author whose writings I much admire.

C. R. G.

## PUZZLES.

## No. 7.

When whole, I am a liar ;  
 Behead me, and I spring from fire ;  
 Another letter take away,  
 And I'm what you do every day ;  
 Another move from its position,  
 And you will have a preposition ;  
 Again a letter take from me,  
 And a simple beverage you'll see.

H. H.

## No. 8.

Complete I am an ancient weapon ;  
 behead me and I am a fruit ; then curtail  
 me and I am a little vegetable ; restore  
 my tail, and behead me again, and I am  
 on your hand.

W. E. C.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 19.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

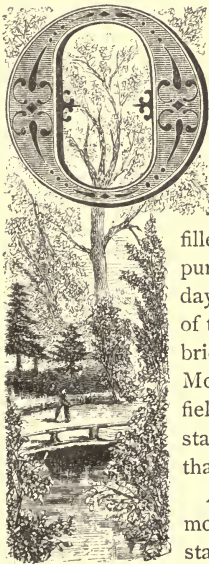
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

No. IX.

## THE LIGHTS ON THE BRIDGE.



OVER the bridge they passed slowly in the darkness, one after another, the clear lights, red, golden, or white as moonbeams, each drawing after it across the waters a shadowy glory, softer than itself, yet almost as bright.

“The stars are sailing over,” said a child at a window.

Then the mother explained that they were the cars, filled with weary people leaving the great city, laden with purchases, worn and foot-sore with the business of the day, but going home to rest beyond the dim, silent waters of the Charles; some to the shadows of the graceful Cambridge elms, some to the roads that wind about lovely Mount Auburn, and some to calm homesteads among the fields beyond; and that thus every light was indeed a star, glowing and twinkling with the thoughts of home that blossomed from within.

Afterward the mother spoke of another river, darker and more silent than the Charles, over which souls were constantly passing to the unknown country beyond. She told how, from this side of the stream, the dear, familiar lights were anxiously watched as they faded in the dimness of the Far-away; and how the beautiful souls left on that gloomy river, as they glided out of sight, a glow far lovelier than that of stars on a midnight sea. She said that, though we could not look so far, there were many fair mansions beyond,



hidden among the woods and hills, and beside the softly flowing rivers, awaiting the tired travellers who knew and felt that earth was no home for them, — mansions in which every one would find just the welcome he longed for, and just the rest he needed. And she bade the little one remember that those who kept the brightness of a loving and heaven-like life in their souls need no more dread to die, than the weary stranger in the city need dread returning to his quiet country fireside, since by the light of their own holy thoughts they would see the homeward way.

“And so,” whispered the child, “the beautiful souls are really stars sailing over to heaven.”

*Lucy Larcom.*



### A P O L O G I Z I N G .

THE Academy boys were not bad, as boys go. They were not profane nor mean, as a general thing. They did not lie nor steal. They were just such boys as you, young folks, are. But then, you know, all boys have more or less of the savage still clinging to them. This is not anything very bad, for do we not often speak of the “noble savage”? But Dr. Alcott’s boys were a little more wild-Indian-like than usual one afternoon, because they were out on a tramp and frolic to the Mayne Woods; and just as they trooped through the lane Farmer Pennell came along riding on his old white mare, — a sorry beast. Her whiteness was weather-worn and time-worn into a gray that was yet hardly venerable. Her ribs were uncommonly numerous and very prominent. Her — what do you call it, shoulder-blades? — stuck up like the pommel of a saddle. Then she had no tail to speak of, but if you *should* speak of it you would call it a “bob-tail.” As a graceful variation of the straight line in which she usually carried her neck, she would occasionally give her head a huge upward toss and shake, then drop it near to the ground, and then resume the placid straight line again. Also, she had the spring-halt. She would draw up one of her legs almost close to her body, and set it down cautiously every time she started; wherefore it took her a long time to start, and she was not swift even after she had started. So when she came down the lane bearing Farmer Pennell, with a gentle but jarring trot, no saddle or bridle, but a fragmentary wagon harness dangling and dragging from her sides, — why, it was a little comical, to be sure, and nobody could have been blamed for a quiet remark or two, or even a side laugh. But such expression did not at all satisfy the Academy boys. You would have thought it a sight the most ridiculous that was ever seen. They laughed and shouted and held their sides.

“It’s a Guv-ment steed!” roared little Dick Acres. “It’s General Grant’s favor-ite ’oss!”

“Vance-guard of Kilpatrick’s cavalry going on a *rad* to Byington.” That was Joe Fillo, who was too lazy to find out whether r-a-i-d spelt one thing or another.

"Going at 2-40, going, going, gone," cried Frank Halston. And so they amused themselves till horse and rider were out of sight and out of mind, and a squirrel or a woodchuck's hole aroused their interest anew. After a merry afternoon they went home to supper as hungry and noisy and uproarious as the little savages they were.

But next morning a message came to Mr. Joseph Fillo, Mr. Edward Cushlee, and Mr. Frank Halston, that Dr. Alcott wished to see them in his study. The three held a hurried consultation at the foot of the stairs, for it was no laughing matter to be summoned to an official interview. "What's the row?" queried Edward.

"Rows enough," answered Joe, "if a fellow comes to reckon 'em up, but which pertikler one do you suppose he's got scent of?"

"It's the circus, most likely," said Frank. "I believe I shall own up right off."

"And more fool you," cried Joe pettishly. "What do you want to souse head first into a stew for? P'r'aps 't is n't that. Lay low, can't you? Time enough to speak when you're spoken to." And without coming to any unanimous agreement, the trio proceeded somewhat tremulously into the august presence of Dr. Alcott.

"So, young gentlemen," he said when the salutations were over, for Dr. Alcott was always courteous to his boys, "I hear that you have been rather strenuous in your attentions to my friend Mr. Pennell." My friend Mr. Pennell! They stared in unaffected astonishment, and some little explanation was necessary to recall to their minds the incident of the afternoon before.

"O, is *that* all?" spoke Frank abruptly, quite thrown off his guard, "I thought —"

"What?" said the Doctor, pleasantly, as Frank hesitated.

"Well," replied Frank, confusedly, blushing and twirling his thumbs, "I did not know but —"

"Nor did I know either. But I think you will do well to tell me the whole story"; and, with those pleasant, yet determined and searching eyes fastened upon him, Frank did tell the whole story of an afternoon's escapade, a fortnight before, to a wandering circus; and honestly confessed they did not ask leave, because they thought it would not be granted. "But we ran for luck, sir," he said earnestly; "we shyed off a little, but we took the risk. We did n't mean to lie about it anyhow."

"I rather think I do not need to be assured of that," said the Doctor, with a warmth of confidence that made their young hearts glow, and that would have amply atoned for far severer scoldings and penances than their good-natured master ever administered. "But you must make an apology to Mr. Pennell," he said, emphatically, after having set before them the true character of their behavior.

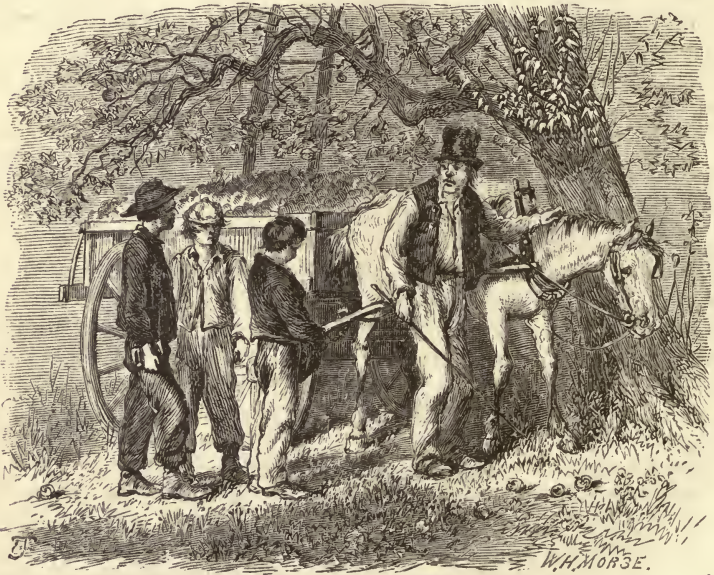
"Yes, sir," they answered, charmed to be let off so easily.

"Such an apology as shall satisfy him, and not be mere words to shield yourselves from punishment. Such an apology as shall restore a gentleman's self-respect when he has unwittingly been guilty of a gross breach of propriety."

"Yes, sir," they responded again, swallowing the implied rebuke, but sweetening it with the implied characterization.

"I select you three as the oldest boys of the group. But I wish you to bear also the apologies of the others. If you find after investigation that there are any who refuse heartily and sincerely to apologize, send them to me."

Possibly the other boys were very slightly influenced by this alternative, but certainly they all gave in their adhesion to the apology, and when school was over, the three boys started across the fields, the nearest way to Farmer Pennell's. They found him gathering cider-apples in his orchard.



"Good morning, Mr. Pennell," began Frank, and cleared his throat for action.

"Good art-noon," responded Mr. Pennell, with a sly twinkle in his roguish old eyes.

"O, afternoon I mean, of course," said Frank, blushing and laughing at this betrayal of his uneasiness; "but you know what we've come for, Mr. Pennell. We're a set of scamps, that's what we are; but we did n't mean anything only fun, and now won't you forgive us?"

"Master's been aroun', eh?"

"Well, yes," — hesitated Frank.

"But we think it's mighty mean our own selves," said Edward, quickly; "only it *was* funny," he added, dismayed to find himself ready to laugh again at the remembrance.

"O, wall, I'll forgive you quick enough," said the placid old man, "jes' liv as not. 'Taint no matter. Only 'taint a good way for young gentlemen



to be brought up, to fling out at an old fellow if he aint quite so handsome."

"That's so!" cried Joe, enthusiastically, for him. "It's worse 'n that. It's right up and down low,—handsome or no handsome. And if you catch me doing it again, you may roast me and spit me and eat me. That's all."

"That's enough," said Mr. Pennell, laughing. "What's the good of goin' into fits if you have got out o' kilter once in a way? An' 'taint me, arter all, that's the trouble. I don't mind laughin' at me. My feelins is tough, but I don't want nobody to be a pokin' fun at my hoss. Now that air hoss," said he, approaching and patting her ridged sides admiringly, as the patient creature stood waiting to draw the full cart to the barn,— "that air mare, she's a good creeter. She aint quite so spry as some, mebbe,— a little stiff in the jints, and not so handsome as she was when I first knowed her nigh thirty years ago. But she's a trusty creeter, and she's got a sight o' wear in her yet. She knows me like a book, and all the roads round in this country, sir, like you know your alphabet. I was comin' home in a snow-storm once so thick you could n't see your hand afore you, and I got sort o' bewildered like, and did n't know where I was no more 'n the dead, and she would n't go this way and would go that, till I finally give up and let her have her own head, and she never took a back track, but brought up at the stable-door. She aint a gay beast, but I don't want nobody naggin' at her. Come, jump on, an' go up and have some cider."

Nothing loath, the boys climbed up the sides of the rickety old cart, and found precarious footing and hand-ing somewhere on its jutting timbers, and I suppose they would rather have hung on by their elbows than have walked; and Farmer Pennell cracked his whip, which old Dobbin did not mind at all, for she knew it would not hit her, and if it did, her hide was like leather, and it would not hurt her; so, undisturbed, she drew the creaking cart and the merry boys up the irregular hill, jouncing and jolting to their hearts' content. Then the boys leaped out and rushed to the cider-press, helped clean the nuts and screw down the pomace, but did most execution of all in sucking the cider through straws from the foaming half-hogs-head into which it was running, nor did it trouble them the least in the world that it had not been strained. Then Farmer Pennell declared that such hard workers must not go home without their supper, and "mother" was appealed to, who immediately spread them such thick slices of bread with butter and honey as boys love, and wrapped up for them a whole plateful of doughnuts,— in a newspaper, to be sure, but who cares?— besides every pocket stuffed full of great rosy apples, at which the young savages gave a war-whoop of delight, and went home in great good humor with the Pennells, man and beast, and "Don't you, please, want us to make some more apologies to somebody, sir?" said Frank, meekly, after having given an account of themselves to Dr. Alcott. Whereat Dr. Alcott pinched his ear, the sauce-box!

*Gail Hamilton.*



## MARGERY GREY.

A LEGEND OF VERMONT.

**F**AIR the cabin-walls were gleaming in the sunbeam's golden glow  
 On that lovely April morning, near a hundred years ago ;  
 And upon the humble threshold stood the young wife, Margery Grey,  
 With her fearless blue eyes glancing down the lonely forest way.

In her arms her laughing baby with its father's dark hair played,  
 As he lingered there beside them leaning on his trusty spade ;  
 " I am going to the wheat-lot," with a smile said Robert Grey ;  
 " Will you be too lonely, Margery, if I leave you all the day ? "

Then she smiled a cheerful answer, ere she spoke a single word,  
 And the tone of her replying was as sweet as song of bird ;  
 " No," she said, " I 'll take the baby, and go stay with Annie Brown ;  
 You must meet us there, dear Robert, ere the sun has quite gone down. "

Thus they parted. Strong and sturdy all day long he labored on,  
Spading up the fertile acres from the stubborn forest won ;  
And when lengthening shadows warned him that the sun was in the west,  
Down the woodland aisles he hastened, whispering, " Now for home and  
rest ! "

But when he had reached the clearing of their friend, a mile away,  
Neither wife nor child was waiting there to welcome Robert Grey.  
" She is safe at home," said Annie, " for she went an hour ago."  
" It is strange I did not meet her," came the answer, quick and low.

Back he sped, but night was falling, and the path he scarce could see ;  
Here and there his feet were guided onward by some deep-gashed tree ;  
When at length he gained the cabin, black and desolate it stood,  
Cold the hearth, the windows rayless, in the stillest solitude.

With a murmured prayer, a shudder, and a sob of anguish wild,  
Back he darted through the forest, calling on his wife and child.  
Soon the scattered settlers gathered from the clearings far and near,  
And the solemn woods resounded with their voices rising clear.

Torches flared, and fires were kindled, and the horn's long peal rang out,  
While the startled echoes answered to the hardy woodman's shout ;  
But in vain their sad endeavor, night by night, and day by day ;  
For no sign nor token found they of the child or Margery Grey !

Woe ! woe for pretty Margery ! With her baby on her arm  
On her homeward way she started, fearing nothing that could harm ;  
With a lip and brow untroubled, and a heart in utter rest,  
Through the dim woods she went singing to the darling at her breast.

But in sudden terror pausing, gazed she round in blank dismay, —  
Where were all the white-scarred hemlocks pointing out the lonely way ?  
God of Mercies ! She had wandered from the pathway ! not a tree,  
Giving mute, but kindly warning, could her straining vision see !

Twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars came out on high ;  
All was silent in the forest save the owl's low, boding cry ;  
Round about her in the midnight stealthy shadows softly crept,  
And the babe upon her bosom closed its timid eyes and slept.

Hark ! a shout ! and in the distance she could see a torch's gleam ;  
But alas ! she could not reach it, and it vanished like a dream ;  
Then another shout, — another ! but she screamed and sobbed in vain,  
Rushing wildly toward the presence she could never, never gain.



Morning came, and with the sunbeams hope and courage rose once more ;  
 Surely ere another nightfall her long wanderings would be o'er ;  
 So she soothed the wailing baby, and when faint from want of food,  
 Ate the wintergreens and acorns that she found within the wood.

O the days so long and dreary ! O the nights more dreary still !  
 More than once she heard the sounding of the horn from hill to hill ;  
 More than once a smouldering fire in some sheltered nook she found,  
 And she knew her husband's footprints close beside it on the ground.

Dawned the fourth relentless morning, and the sun's unpitied eye  
 Looked upon the haggard mother, looked to see the baby die ;  
 All day long its plaintive moanings wrung the heart of Margery Grey,  
 All night long her bosom cradled it, a pallid thing of clay.

Three days more she bore it with her, on her rough and toilsome way,  
 Till across its marble beauty stole the plague-spot of decay ;  
 Then she knew that she must leave it in the wilderness to sleep,  
 Where the prowling wild beasts only watch above its grave should keep.

Dumb with grief she sat beside it. Ah ! how long she never knew !  
 Were the tales her mother taught her of the dear All-Father true,  
 When the skies were brass above her, and the earth was cold and dim,  
 And when all her tears and pleadings brought no answer down from Him ?

But at last stern Life, the tyrant, bade her take her burden up, —  
 To her lips so pale and shrunken pressed again the bitter cup ;  
 Up she rose, still tramping onward through the forest far and wide,  
 Till the May-flowers bloomed and perished, and the sweet June roses  
 died !

Till July and August brought her fruits and berries from their store ;  
 Till the golden-rod and aster said that summer was no more ;  
 Till the maples and the birches donned their robes of green and gold ;  
 Till the birds were hasting southward, and the days were growing cold.

Was she doomed to roam forever o'er the desolated earth, —  
 She, the last and only being in those wilds of human birth ?  
 Sometimes from her dreary pathway wolf or black bear turned away,  
 But not once did human presence bless the sight of Margery Grey.

One chill morning in October, when the woods were brown and bare,  
 Through the streets of ancient Charlestown, with a strange, bewildered air,  
 Walked a gaunt and pallid woman, whose dishevelled locks of brown  
 O'er her naked breast and shoulders in the wind were streaming down.

Wondering glances fell upon her ; women veiled their modest eyes,  
 Ere they slowly ventured near her, drawn by pitying surprise.  
 " 'T is some crazy one," they whispered. Back her tangled hair she tossed,  
 " O kind hearts, take pity on me, for I am not mad, but lost ! "

Then she told her piteous story, in a vague, disjointed way,  
 And with cold white lips she murmured, " Take me home to Robert Grey ! "  
 " But the river ? " said they, pondering. " We are on the eastern side ;  
 How crossed you its rapid waters ? Deep the channel is, and wide. "

But she said she had not crossed it. In her strange, erratic course,  
 She had wandered far to northward, till she reached its fountain source  
 In the dark Canadian forests, — and then, blindly roaming on,  
 Down the wild New Hampshire valleys her bewildered feet had gone.

O the joy-bells ! sweet their ringing on the frosty summer air !  
 O the boats across the waters ! how they leaped the tale to bear !  
 O the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October day,  
 When that weary wife was folded to the heart of Robert Grey !

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*



## THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING.

IT was the day of a great Sanitary Fair in the town of Norton, — the Fair for which every one had been preparing during the last six months. Mrs. Prince had given all her servants leave of absence for the day, and had promised her little daughter Kate that, if the weather proved favorable, she would lock up the house in the afternoon, and they would go to the Fair together. Now it was one of the bluest, blandest days that ever dawned ; there was not a cloud to be seen in all the heavens, and the wind was softer than a whisper ; you would never have supposed that it meant mischief, and neither did Kate, who had almost decided upon her purchases, and counted her money every five minutes during the morning. She had just learned to write a little, and, pluming herself somewhat upon the fact, had made out a tiny list of the articles in which she intended to invest ; but her spelling being somewhat phonetic, it ran something like this : —

Watch-case for father,	so much.
Cros-hayed matt for mother,	" "
For turning the Fat-lady,	" "
Grabag,	" "
For seeing the old woman who lives in hershu,	" "
Iscreem,	" "

You see there are not many superfluous letters in this list, but don't laugh at

her, because I can remember very distinctly the day when I thought the spelling of "shoe" quite a feat in scholarship.

As it grew near the time for going, Kate grew more and more impatient, so that she put on her nankeen coat and got out her new spring hat, — a hat magnificent in pink ribbons and blonde lace, — and sat down by the window to wait, in an agony of suspense; she looked upward where the sunbeams seemed to splinter themselves against the blue sky, and fall in a shower of gold-dust down through the clear atmosphere, and sift themselves in among the tall grasses; and as she looked, there came up in the east a cloud in the shape of a shell, and it grew and grew, and crept on so quietly, writhing itself into so many fantastic figures, that Kate, watching it now pile itself up like old ruined and battlemented castles, now fall into the forms of Giants and Genii, quite forgot that she had been dreading a cloud all day, and that this was one close at hand, till some drops of rain fell on the window-sill.

"O mother, mother!" she cried, "here's a cloud coming up!"

"Never mind, Kate," she answered, "perhaps it's the cloud with the silver lining."

"Perhaps so," said Kate, ruefully; "but it *does* rain, I feel it on my hand. I wish it had come up wrong side out." And as she spoke the thunder broke overhead, and the rain fell in rivers. Poor Kate's tears began to flow in concert, but, suddenly remembering that she was only adding to the flood, she dried them quickly, and tried to solace herself with counting her money, for the thousandth time or less, declaring over and over again that it was only a sun-shower, and vainly urging the rain to go away, "and come again another day"; but it seemed just as though the rain had got wind of the Fair, and came down in haste, "to see the folks there"; and the more Kate besought it to postpone its visits, the harder and faster and heavier it poured, as much as to say, "Don't expect me to turn back, after having come 'over the hills and far away,' for this very end; I can't do it."

Kate leaned against the window and sighed; it was so dismal sitting at home alone, when she had expected a holiday abroad; and what a tap, tap, tap, the rain kept up; how it seemed to laugh and clap its invisible hands; how it dripped off the points of the leaves in long gray ribands; how it cut up the street into numberless canals, and overflowed the ditches, and leaped down the water-spout in a great white curl, and freshened up the bricks, and vexed the sweet voice of the brook into loud complainings, and yet seemed never tired, but always ready for keener sport. The mud was ankle-deep, Kate knew, and every umbrella fringed with spray, and each passer looked as if he wished he were in some other person's shoes, his own were so soggy; but the rain evidently thought it all a good joke, and worth being repeated; and now and again it appeared to pause and take breath, merely to go to work again wilder than ever.

"O dear! O dear!" cried Kate, "will it never stop? There's all my nice time at the Fair thrown away, because of this spiteful rain!" And her eyes wandered towards her new hat, which her mother had allowed to remain on the piano, because to put it back into its bandbox would have seemed



like locking Hope up in Pandora's box again, and leaving all the ills at large.

"I mean to go to the door," said Kate, "and see if it is n't bright in the west."



While she stood in the doorway, with her little pink palms held out, and the rain duly filling them, a small, dark, childish figure advanced timidly, and asked, "Please will you give me something to eat?" She was such a draggled-looking creature, so patched and dripping, so thin and pale, that Kate almost fancied it was some gray rain-cloud, that had taken this guise in order to tease her further; and as she felt quite cross about her own disappointment, she was just going to dismiss her without a crust, when she called to mind, that, when somewhat younger, she ran away one day with Nettie Reed, and they lost their way, and it grew dark, and they wandered about half dead with fear, and it came on to shower, and she longed so for the crisp gingerbread the cook was baking as she came out, and how pleased she was to get home to a nice supper and blazing hearth; and remembering all this, she escorted the beggar-child in with the courtesy of a princess, seated her before the kitchen fire, which still trembled in a faint flame, and, her sympathies being now fairly enlisted, piled on the wood with her own dainty hands, and hunted up dry shoes and stockings, while Mrs. Prince filled her basket with generous morsels from the pantry, and set such a repast before her as caused her to wonder, like the old dame who fell asleep on the king's highway, "If this be I, as I do hope it be!"

“How came you out in such a rain?” asked Kate’s mother.

“We were so hungry. Mother goes out all day to work, and she locks us in, and I keep house till nine o’clock; but to-day, the bread was all spent, and we ached so, and they cried; and I told the others if they would mind the baby, and not fall out of the window, and not tumble down stairs, and not quarrel, I would go out and see what I could do. And I got out at the window, and — O goodness, I wish Jim and the rest were here!” she added, attacking the food.

“Poor child! And where is your father?” asked Kate’s mother.

Tears sprang into the eyes of the little housekeeper; she laid down her knife and fork, hesitated, and hid her head, at last, in a corner of her tattered shawl. “Oh! Oh!” she sobbed, behind her shield, “he went away once to the war, and he’s never come back, and mother, she says we’ll never see him again, — never, never on earth!” The little creature grew quiet in her grief directly, and added, wiping her eyes, “He wore such a beautiful blue coat when he went, and the buttons were so big and shining, and I liked them so, that he cut one off for me, though mother said, ‘No, no, it will spoil it’; but now she’s glad, for it’s all we have!” And she drew an army button from her bosom, that was attached to a string about her neck, and burnished it beneath her shawl before revealing it to Kate.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” cried Kate, thinking of her own father, and how bitter it would be if she had only an old brass button to remember him by.

The little housekeeper, having despatched her meal, made a movement to go. “The children are a-waiting for me,” she said.

Kate whispered to her mother: “There’s my blue gingham gown you said I had outgrown, can’t I give her that? And — and my old plaid shawl hanging in the garret, is n’t it some better than hers?”

Mrs. Prince nodded permission, and Kate ran up heroically into the great dark garret where she was usually a little chary of going; but you should have seen the amazed and sparkling eyes of the little housekeeper when she found the frock and shawl were her own, and heard her pretty embarrassed thanks.

“And, mother,” said Kate, twitching her by the skirt, and beckoning her into the next room, “can’t I give her the money I was going to spend at the Fair? And shall you mind not to have the crocheted mat I was going to buy you?”

So at length Kate conducted the child to the door, and behold, the sunset painted the west in gold and crimson, and soft pink clouds hovered overhead, and while she gazed into the shadowy east, a rainbow sprang forth and spanned the gloom; and all the green leaves glowed like clusters of emeralds, and shook off the rain-drops in shining showers.

“O,” cried the little housekeeper, “the rainbow! the rainbow! Jim is so glad of the rainbow, I must hurry, for maybe he has forgotten to look out, — for the hunger of him.” And she trudged away as fast as her small legs could carry her.

Kate went back into the parlor, and her mother opened an eastern window,

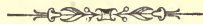
and just then a robin, that had been keeping himself dry under the leaves, and was as low-spirited as Kate during the rainy afternoon, hopped upon a slippery twig, plumed himself with a will, and chirruped such a delicious roundelay, that his feathered neighbors, taking the hint, began one and all to swell their little throats, till all the world was one chord of melody.

“What do you think about the cloud and its silver lining?” asked Kate’s mother. “Are n’t you glad that it rained, after all?”

Kate thought a moment; she thought of the Fate-Lady, and “the old woman who lives in her shoe,” the Gypsy Queen, the mysteries of the grab-bag, the odor of the decorations of *arbor vitæ*, the delightful murmur of voices and gushes of laughter and all the pleasant things she had heard or anticipated about the Fair; then she came back to the poor children locked in with their gnawing pain, to the little housekeeper in her damp rags, to the father, dead on some far away battle-field, and the old brass button so tenderly hoarded; and do you know, she actually *was* glad it had rained that afternoon! “O, yes, yes,” she answered, “I see the silver lining; if we had gone to the Fair, the house would have been locked up, and the little children would have gone hungry till nine o’clock, — what a very kind shower it was!”

And the robin that had first pitched the tune for all the world suddenly lighted on the window-sill, close beside Kate, opened his little mouth, and seemed to set her words to music. And the sky was full of floating glory, as if the clouds had indeed turned into gold and silver.

Mary N. Prescott.



## FARMING FOR BOYS.

### VIII.

FROM this point of observation they moved off to the garden, where they found everything in such nice order that it amazed and delighted Uncle Benny, who did not fail to point out to his pupils all the strong features of its management, comparing them with the miserably neglected condition of their own garden. Every fruit-tree had an old crook-necked squash hung upon it, far out of harm’s way, pierced with a hole for a bird’s nest. Mr. Allen evidently had a pride in this abundant supply of accommodation for the birds, for, addressing himself to the Spanglers, he called their especial attention to the subject. “Do you see, boys,” said he, “how the birds are building in all these squashes? They are my journeymen insect-eaters. Do you know that these birds destroy millions of worms and bugs and millers, which prey on the fruits and flowers of the farm and garden? I could not do without them, as, if I had no birds, I should have no fruit. I have tried it for myself, and it has been tried more extensively in European countries,



where they attend to small matters of this kind much more attentively than we do here. Why, Tony, you know what the wire-worm is. Well, in a single department in France that worm has been known to destroy three successive harvests, each worth nearly a million of dollars. In portions of Germany, other insects have destroyed immense forests of large trees. One of the kings of Prussia once ordered all the sparrows killed because they ate his cherries; but two years afterwards he found his cherries and other fruits devoured by caterpillars. It was the same thing in Hungary, when the sparrows were generally destroyed; the insects, having no enemies, multiplied so fast that they consumed so much of the crops that laws were made forbidding the destruction of the birds. We shall have the same ruin here if we allow our small birds to be killed as everybody is now killing them. If we are to do without birds, we must make up our minds to go without fruit. This is the reason why every tree in my garden has its bird's nest. My boys never shoot a bird, not even an owl, for an owl is one of the farmer's best friends, — better than a dozen cats about the barn. He is the sharpest mouse-trap that can be set, because he goes about after the mice, while the trap holds still until the mouse thinks proper to walk in. Even the common buzzard, that every fool shoots when he can, will eat up six thousand field mice annually, — and how much grain would that number consume, or how many apple-trees would they nibble to death? No, no, boys, never kill the birds. Don't even drive them away, but coax them about you in flocks. It costs more to do without them than to have them."

Most of this was news to the boys, as no one had taken pains to impress them with the value of birds to a farmer, except Uncle Benny, who had occasionally referred to the subject. But what they saw here was a practical lesson that had its effect, for when they went home, not having any squashes at hand, they hunted up a dozen deplorably old boots that had been kicking about Spangler's premises, and nailed them to the trees, thus bringing a new set of shabby things directly within everybody's view. However, it was the best they could do with the meagre means they possessed, and it showed a disposition to imitate good examples. It was found, however, that the birds were not well pleased with the smell of old leather. Though they repeatedly went in and out of the boots, evidently anxious for places in which to build their nests, yet only two or three took possession. Uncle Benny was not sorry, as the great ragged boots, hung where he could not fail to see them, were a constant eyesore to him; and as soon as it was evident the birds refused to build in them, he had them all taken down.

On coming out of the garden, Mr. Allen led them into the open yard in front of his carriage-house and corn-cribs. There was a great flock of pigeons picking up the remains of the noonday feeding which had been thrown to them. The Spanglers were delighted, and examined the pigeons attentively, but could not discover that they were any better than their own. The proprietorship of pigs and pigeons had already produced the good effect of making them observant and critical, thus teaching them to compare one thing with another.

"Now," said Mr. Allen to Uncle Benny, "these all belong to my boys. They began with only two pairs of birds, and you see to what they have grown."

"How many of them do you sell every year?" inquired Tony of the Allens, in a tone too low for the others to hear.

"Thirty dollars' worth of squabs," he answered, "and some seasons a good many pairs of old birds, — besides what we eat up ourselves."

"But who finds the corn?" inquired Tony, bearing in mind the bargain which Spangler had imposed upon them when consenting to his boys procuring pigeons.

"O," said he, "father finds it, but I'll show directly how we pay for it."

In addition to the pigeons there was a large collection of fine poultry, with a dozen broods of different ages, some just hatched out, the little fellows running round the coops in which the mothers were confined. There was also a flock of turkeys moving slowly about, with all the gravity peculiar to that bird. Uncle Benny made up his mind he had never seen a more inviting dinner-party than these would very soon make.

From the poultry-yard they wandered all over the farm. Everything was kept in the nicest order. No unsightly hedgerow of weeds and briars fringed fences, nor was a broken post or rail to be seen. The fencing had been made in the best manner in the first place, and would therefore last a lifetime. The winter grain stood up thick and rank, showing that the ground was in good heart. The corn had been planted, and in fact all the urgent spring work had been done, Mr. Allen having so managed it as to be ahead with whatever he had undertaken. Great piles of manure, with marl intermixed, were scattered about several fields, ready to be used on crops that would be put in at a later day. The springing grass on the mowing ground showed that it had been top-dressed with manure the preceding fall, and that the grass roots had been all winter drinking up the rich juices which the rain and melting snow had extracted and carried down directly into their ever open mouths. Everything about the farm showed marks of its being in the hands of a thorough man, who, in addition to understanding his business, had an eye to neatness, taste, and economy.

Uncle Benny was impressed with the completeness of all that he saw. He called the attention of his pupils to the remarkable difference between the practice of Mr. Allen and Mr. Spangler, stopping repeatedly to explain, and enter into minute particulars. The results were so manifestly superior to any they had witnessed at home, that they did not fail to appreciate them. The old man's effort was to make them understand why it was that results should differ so widely. He told them the soil of the two farms was exactly similar, one farm, naturally, being as good as the other. The difference was altogether in the mode of management. Mr. Allen manufactured all the manure he could, and bought quantities of fertilizers. He sold some hay, because he produced more than he could use, but his straw was all worked up on the farm. He was quite as likely to set fire to his dwelling-house as to burn a pile of corn-stalks. On the other hand, Mr. Spangler took no pains

to accumulate manure, neither did he purchase any; but even what he did collect was spoilt by the deluge of rains that carried off all its stimulating juices into the highway. As to selling hay, he had scarcely enough for his own use, while more than once he burnt up a whole crop of corn-stalks. Thus, while one farm was growing richer every year, the other was growing poorer.

Presently they came to a beautiful meadow of at least ten acres, through the centre of which ran a wide ditch, with a lively stream of water in the bottom. As they came up to the bank the Spanglers observed an earthen pipe



projecting from the opposite bank, and spouting forth a strong jet of water. Proceeding farther they noticed another, and then another still. In fact they saw them sticking out all along the course of the ditch, about thirty feet apart. Every one of them was discharging more or less water. As they had never seen such things before, Tony inquired what they were.

"These are underdrains," replied Uncle Benny. "You know I showed the other day what surface-drains were, — now you see what underdraining is. Those pipes are called tiles."

"But where does all the water come from that we see pouring out of them?" inquired Joe.

"Come from? Why, it comes from everywhere, — above, below, and around the drains," replied Uncle Benny. "When a rain falls, it soaks its way down through the earth, that is, all that the earth don't require, and finds its way into the underdrains, and then runs off as you see. Then the water which rises from the springs under this meadow finds its way also



into the drains, and is carried off like the surplus rain-water. If it were not for these drains the land would be so water-logged that nothing but wild grasses and aquatic plants would grow on it ; but now you see it is yielding the very finest kind of grass. If your father's meadow, now filled with ferns and skunk-root, were drained as this is, it would be quite as productive."

"Quite as good," added Mr. Allen. "This meadow was as foul and worthless as Mr. Spangler's when I began to underdrain. I never spent any money that paid me half as well as the money I have laid out in underdraining. It cost me about three hundred dollars to do this work, but the land is a thousand dollars the better for it, — in fact, it was good for nothing as it lay a few years ago. All the water you see pouring out of these drains was formerly retained in the ground. It is just so much more than the land required. Now it has exactly enough, and it is the difference between enough and too much that converts a meadow into bog, or a bog into a meadow.

"When I was a boy," he continued, "it was on the margin of this long ditch that I made the first attempt at farming for myself. It was a rough place then, Uncle Benny, and I had a hard row to hoe. My crop of horseradish from this ground was the beginning of my success in life. I made only a little money, it is true, but it was a great deal for a boy. I can see now that its value was not in the number of dollars I made, but in the stimulus it gave to my energies. It braced me up, it gave me confidence in my own powers, it taught me not only that I was able to do something for myself, but exactly how to do it. Still, it was very satisfactory to know that I was making money, young as I was. But I have never sought to make money merely for the love of it, but only that it might be used wisely and generously, — the only way in which it can be profitably expended.

"Now, my lads," he continued, addressing himself to the boys, "I have heard of a youth who once picked up a guinea lying in the road. Ever afterwards, so the story goes, as he walked along he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, in hopes of finding another, and in the course of a long life he did pick up at times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for gold, he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along. Boys, you were not made for a pursuit so degrading as this. Remember it when your turn comes."

"But," added Uncle Benny, "if you found the cultivation of horseradish so profitable, why did you abandon it?"

"Bless you, Uncle Benny," he replied, "I have never quitted it from the day I set the first root into the ground up to the present hour. On the contrary, I have enlarged my operations in that line perhaps a hundred fold. Come this way and see what we are doing."

He then led them to the upper end of the meadow, where the ground was higher and drier, though it had also been underdrained. Here were three

acres set with horseradish. The harrow had just been run over the field between the rows, and the green tops were peeping here and there above the surface. Uncle Benny had travelled all the world over, and, as he was sometimes disposed to think, had seen everything there was in it. But he admitted that here was a thing new even to him; he had never stumbled on a three-acre field of horseradish until now. It was as great a novelty to the boys, who knew nothing more of the cultivation of the plant than seeing a few roots growing on the edge of a dirty gutter at home, while they were utterly ignorant of its marketable capabilities. They could tell everything about corn, but not an item about horseradish. Uncle Benny knew there must be some kind of a demand for it, but how extensive that might be he had never had occasion to learn. Hence he and his pupils stood in silent surprise at this unexpected exhibition.

"But what is to become of the vast quantity of roots you are producing here?" inquired Uncle Benny. "Does the world want as much horseradish as this? Who is to buy it, and who is to eat it?"

"Not a bit of fear as to a market," replied Mr. Allen, smiling at the old man's surprise and incredulity. "New York never has enough, never had, and never will have. One dealer in that city takes my whole crop, and is annually calling for more. I am determined next year to double the quantity of ground already planted."

"You surprise me," said the old man. "Then the crop must pay. How many roots can you grow upon an acre?"

"Why, you see these rows are three feet apart, and the plants are set one foot asunder in the rows, thus giving me nearly fifteen thousand per acre. At that distance, on suitable soil, the average weight per root would be one pound. The rows are just wide enough apart to get safely through with a small cultivator, so as to keep down the weeds,—for when I set out to raise anything, I can't afford to raise weeds also. Weeds don't pay,—we don't believe in them."

"And what can the New-Yorkers afford to give you per root?" again inquired the old man.

"Don't know what they *can* afford, but they *do* afford to pay me an average of five cents," was the rejoinder.

"Why, that's far better than Spangler's cabbages, or anybody else's," added Uncle Benny.

"No doubt of it,—it's better than my own, and they are equal to any in the neighborhood," replied Mr. Allen. "The fact is, Uncle Benny, agriculture has made such astonishing progress within the last fifteen years, and our great cities have so increased their population, that what at one time was the most insignificant farm product has risen to the position of a staple, which everybody wants. I could name a dozen such. But take the single article of horseradish, one of the most insignificant things that ever grew in a farmer's garden, in some wet place where it could catch the drip of the kitchen pump. I see you are smiling at the idea, but hear me through. It is now cultivated in fields of from ten to twenty acres, and goes to the great

cities by hundreds of tons. There is a single dealer in New York who buys thirty tons annually. He has machinery, driven by steam, which grinds or rasps it up into pulp, after which it is mixed with vinegar and bottled up in various ways to preserve its strength and flavor. It is then sold in great quantities as part of the stores of every ship, not only as a condiment for the table, but as a certain preventive of the scurvy. In this prepared state it goes all over the country, and is thus consumed in every hotel and boarding-house. Even private families have become so luxurious and indolent in their habits as to refuse to grate their own horseradish, preferring to buy it ready grated. Thus there is a vast body of consumers, with only a limited number of growers. But it is used in other ways, in the arts, and for other purposes. Go into any market-house in a large city, and you will see men with machines grinding up horseradish for crowds of customers who come daily to be supplied with a few cents' worth. These apparently small operators do a very large business, for the pennies have a way of counting up into dollars that would surprise one who has never gone into a calculation.

"The facility of getting horseradish ready ground induces people to buy many times the quantity they would if compelled to grind for themselves. I have no idea that the business of growing it can be overdone. I have been raising it for twenty years, and have found that the more I produce, the more I can sell. Besides, there is no farm crop that gives less trouble or pays better."

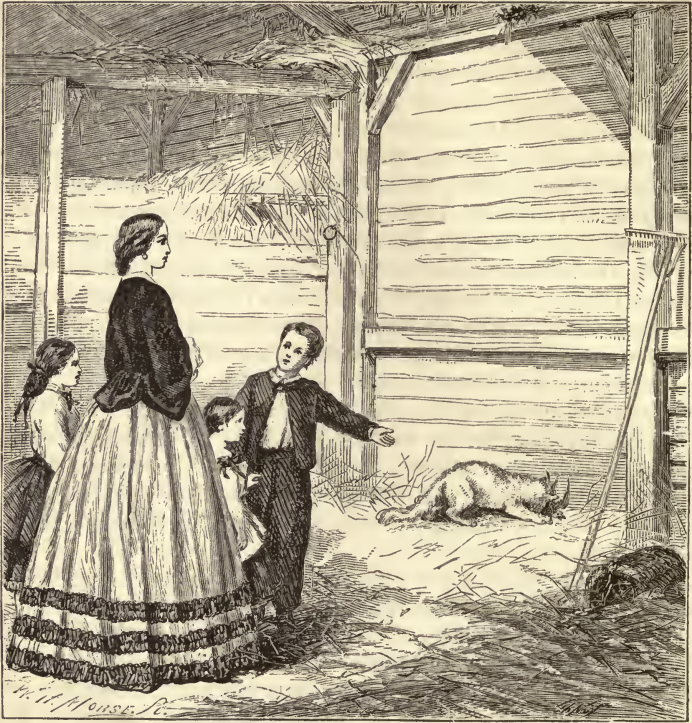
While this colloquy was going on, the boys had wandered some few paces away, and the Spanglers were examining the three acres with close attention, when one of the Allens exclaimed, "That 's our acre, — we take care of that, — that 's the way we pay father for our corn."

This piece of information was very satisfactory to the Spanglers. They had been wanting to know how the Allens contrived to feed their pigeons, whether out of their own crib or their father's.

Just then Mr. Allen and Uncle Benny came up, and the former said, "Now this outside acre of horseradish belongs to my boys and their sister. They take the whole care of it except harrowing the ground, but doing the hoeing, weeding, and harvesting, their sister helping them to wash it and get it ready for market. I think it right to give them a chance to do something for themselves. I remember when I was a poor boy, that a very mean one was afforded to me, though I wanted so much to make some kind of a beginning. All the money this acre produces belongs to them. They keep regular accounts of what is done upon it, charging themselves with the ploughing, cultivating, and also with what we estimate their pigeons will consume. All the money produced from these two sources, after deducting expenses, belongs to them, and I put the most of it out for them as an investment, where it increases a little every year, and will be a snug capital for them to begin life with. I think it is about the best investment, next to underdraining, that I have ever made."

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*





### THE SWALLOW.

**D**ID you ever see a swallow? No doubt you have. Those pretty dark birds with long tails, that dart about so quickly, and skim along the surface of the water, catching the little insects as they buzz about, and see themselves reflected in the calm pool, are swallows. No other bird flies about as fast as they, and you never see them in the winter. I will tell you why this is.

The swallows, like most little boys and girls, do not like the cold, neither do they like extreme heat. So when it gets too cold for them here in our Northern countries, they fly south to Italy and Spain and Africa. But those countries are sometimes very hot, and so, when winter is over with us, they fly back again and spend the summer here.

These birds make very curious nests; they do not use moss and sticks, as blackbirds and thrushes do, but they get bits of mud, and plaster it against the wall of a house, just under the eaves or projecting part of the roof. Some-

times you may see dozens of these nests in a row. Well, they make their nest the shape you see in the picture, leaving a little round hole near the top to go in and out.

Once on a time, a papa and mamma swallow that had flown all the way from Egypt, passing over the blue Mediterranean Sea and Italy and Germany, alighted in England near an old barn which stood just outside a pretty garden. And the swallows thought it would be a very pleasant place to stay in, for the garden was full of beautiful flowers, and among the flower-beds there were little children playing about, and the thrushes and the blackbirds sang in the trees, and the little birds hopped about quite close to the children ;— so the swallows thought they must be kind people who lived in the old-fashioned house in the garden, for the birds were not afraid of them. And they were quite right, for the father of the children was very fond of the birds, and was very angry with any one who hurt or frightened them. So the swallows determined to build their nest on the barn, and to stay there till winter.

The next morning, (for it was late in the evening when they arrived, and they were very tired,) they looked about for a place to build in ; but the eaves of the barn were not wide enough to protect their nest, and round the old-fashioned house ran a gutter to catch the water as it ran from the roof, — so that they could not find a convenient place. Besides this, a family of vulgar, chattering, quarrelling sparrows had taken up their abode in a rose-tree that climbed all over one end of the old house ; and the swallows, being accustomed to well-behaved people, did not think it possible to live near such a set.

They were almost afraid they should have to go still farther, but they chanced to spy a long slit in the wall of the barn which had been made to let in light. And Mrs. Swallow peeped in, and then she called Mr. Swallow, and soon they determined to build their new house just inside the barn ; and they said to one another what a snug, safe place they had found.

It did not take them long to build their house, — not more than two or three days, — for a road ran near the barn, and a stream at the bottom of the garden, and straw lay about before the barn-door, — so they had not far to go for the materials for their house.

Now there were three little children who lived in the old house with the latticed windows. The eldest was a boy, and the others were little girls ; the youngest was quite a young thing, and could not run about with her brother and sister as they played in the garden and ran races over the smooth lawn, but she sat on her nurse's lap and smiled and laughed at the bright sunshine, the brilliant nodding flowers, and the children who sprang hither and thither.

Now the boy was very fond of watching the birds and the butterflies and the insects, and also the gold and silver fish which swam about in the round pond before the house. He used to call the birds his birds, and fancy they knew him. One day he was in the garden with his mamma, and he said, "Look, mamma, there is *my* swallow going in at his hole. Stop a minute,

mamma, and you will see him come out again !” They waited, and presently the swallow came out.

“ He has a nest near by,” said the lady ; “ he must have built it inside the barn, for I see no nests about. We will go and see if we can find it,” — and she and the little boy went towards the barn.

Now I must tell you that a few days after the swallows had finished their house, if you could have looked in, you would have seen a pretty speckled egg in it, the next day another, and so on till there were five or six eggs in the little mud house. And then one of the swallows, the mamma swallow it was, sat on the eggs, and spread her soft, warm body and wings over them, and kept them warm many days, till at last the eggs broke one by one, and out came five little birds !

Poor little ugly things they were, and so helpless, with no feathers, and cramped, crooked legs and necks. But they soon began to improve, for the papa swallow was always flying about, getting them flies and insects to eat, and the mother sat and kept them warm with her wings. And as they grew, she too went out to hunt for food for them.

Now, the people who lived in the old house had a cat ; he was very large and handsome, with a smooth, sleek skin and pretty white feet. But pretty people are not always good, and that was the case with this cat ; for in spite of his beauty he was sly and cruel, and his delight was to watch the birds as they sat on their nest, and frighten the poor things, — for they knew very well that if he could get at them he would destroy them and their young ones. Indeed, he climbed the trees and killed many birds, and tossed their pretty nests down to the ground.

So when the two old birds went out, they charged the young ones to beware of the cat, and not to look out and chatter too much, lest pussy should find them out and take a fancy to dine on them.

But puss had found them out long ago ; he had watched the old swallows, and he knew when the little ones had broken through the shell ; but he could only watch ; he could not by any means reach the little birds while they remained in their snug nest, but he said to himself, “ When they get a little bigger, and begin to learn to fly, then I will have such a feast !” Was that not very cruel ? So he hid himself among the hay in the barn, and often watched the swallows, and listened to what they said to each other when they thought him far enough away.

When the lady and her children went into the barn, they soon found out where the swallows’ nest was, for, the old swallows being out, all the little ones were chattering and gabbling as fast as they could, and never saw how puss was gazing at them, and thinking that, if they were so disobedient and thoughtless, she was sure to get them some day.

Presently the old birds came in, each bringing something for their young to eat ; and after they had fed them, they were going out in search of more. But they caught sight of pussy’s bright eyes, and the lady and her children, and, uttering a shrill cry, they flew back to their house. As soon as the young swallows heard their parents’ cry, they drew back within the nest, for



they knew it was to warn them of danger. Puss knew it too, for he had often heard them make the same noise when they had seen him prowling about.

When the old birds thought the cat was gone away, they determined to venture out once more, first warning their children to keep quiet, and on no account to look out lest their enemy should return. The lady and her children stood quite quiet watching the nest.

"I should so like to look out," said one of the small swallows, "that is such a kind-looking creature out there, and those small creatures who are with her."

"They are much more pleasant to look at," said another, "than that great man who comes into this place to get the hay for that great white four-legged thing that lives in the farther side of our barn."

Now part of the barn which these foolish little birds thought was theirs had been made into a stable, and the great white thing they had seen through the door was a gray carriage-horse.

"How frightened I should be if that great thing were to come near us!" said a meek little swallow who seldom spoke.

"What a coward you are!" replied the largest and plumpest of the family. "Now just see what a brave fellow I am,"—and with that he struggled over the heads of his brothers and sisters, and reached the edge of the hole in the nest.

Now the truth is, with all his boasting, he could scarcely stand, and had never been from his home in his life, so he found great difficulty in standing on the narrow space; but he was determined to show off, and the more his brothers and sisters begged him to descend from his dangerous position, the more determined he was to stay there. By degrees he became more at ease, and, if he had been contented by merely standing still, perhaps no harm would have come of his foolhardiness. But he chanced to espy the cat, who had come forth from his hiding-place, and was watching with great interest the proceedings of the silly bird.

"Now I will frighten away the cat as my parents do," said the conceited bird, and he uttered a shrill cry, such as he had heard them make; but alas! the exertion he was obliged to use caused him to lose his balance, and down he fell, fluttering and terrified! Before the lady could cross the barn to pick him up, the sly cat, whom the lady had not seen, rushed upon him and carried him off!

The children were very sorry for the little swallow, and so were the papa and mamma swallow, when they came home and missed the handsomest of their young ones; and both the lady and the old swallows said, "See the consequence of conceit and disobedience."

*Charlotte Kingsley Chanter.*



## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

## V.

IN my last article I introduced the excellent trick known as "The Inexhaustible Hat," showing how a feather-bed might easily be taken from an ordinary silk hat. The trick is well named "Inexhaustible," as there is no end to the articles that the wonderful hat produces, — tin cups in innumerable quantities, bouquets for the ladies, toys for the babies, balls for the boys, and dolls for the girls. In fact, any and every thing comes from the hat, "in quantities to suit," as the shopman says in his card. The hat is also a capital bank, and money can be deposited in it, in a very simple and expeditious manner, as I will now proceed to show.

A hat is borrowed, (I am sorry to be the means of inducing "Our Young Folks" to acquire this bad habit, but even magicians cannot always produce a desired article, and borrowing is preferable to stealing,) and placed on a table, after the audience are satisfied that there is nothing in it.

The performer then requests his audience to lend him (borrowing again, you see) six silver half-dollars. As they are not plenty in these days of paper currency, he proceeds to take them, one from a gentleman's beard, another from a lady's sleeve, and so on until he gets the required number. As he gets each one, he throws it seemingly towards the hat, and when he has finished, he requests one of the audience to examine the hat, where the money is in all cases found.

To perform the trick, *seven* half-dollars are required, all of which are held concealed in the right hand, in the manner described for holding a coin, when *palming* it. The performer then requests his audience to lend him six half-dollars, but the next moment, under pretence of not troubling them, he approaches some gentleman who glories in a fine beard, and, excusing himself for the liberty he is about to take, pulls a bright half-dollar out from the midst of his whiskers, *by letting one of the pieces which lie concealed in his palm drop to the ends of his fingers*. He then goes to the hat, and, calling attention to his movements, informs the spectators that he will put the half-dollar which the hirsute gentleman has so kindly furnished in the hat. To do this he puts his whole hand and wrist inside the hat and at the same time carefully places six of the half-dollars on the bottom of it. After doing this, and when about leaving the hat, he remarks, "But you may think I did not actually place that half-dollar in, but only pretended to ; now see, here it is" ; — and taking one of the six out, he shows it plainly, and then says, "To satisfy you that I really put the money in, I will drop it in, so that all may see" ; and suiting the action to the word, he does drop it, taking care that, in doing so, it does not chink against the five already there. There are now six half-dollars in the hat, and your audience suppose there is but one. A seventh still remains concealed in your palm. This one suffices for the six

which you are supposed to take from the audience, and is managed in this way. After you have taken the half-dollar from a lady's sleeve, in the same manner as you took it from the gentleman's beard, you pretend to place it in your left hand, but retain it in the right by *palming* it. You then have it ready to produce from the next person, with whom you repeat the same motion, palming it each time, and pretending to make it pass from the hand to the hat. Of course there is no trouble about bringing the money into the hat, as it is already there.

The whole secret of the trick is, after all, in neatly *palming* the coin ; in fact, when one has learnt adroitly to *palm*, he can invent a number of tricks, or rather improvise them, to suit occasions, as two friends of mine did to whom I taught the sleight. They used to borrow two hats, and then, standing beside one another, place the hats in front of them, on two chairs. Of course the hats were empty, and yet, when one man put his hand in the hat before him, he brought out a lemon, which he immediately handed to his friend, who placed it in the second hat. Thus they continued for some time, one taking out lemons, and the other putting them away, until one or two dozen had been produced and laid away. To conclude the trick the producer at last announced that his hat was empty, and asked his friend how many he had ; both hats were carefully turned over, and lo ! they were both empty. Whence had the lemons come, and whither gone ? Every one in the company was amazed ; such a quantity could not be concealed in sleeves, and gentlemen were not apt to provide themselves with boxes of lemons, when going out to spend the evening. I alone understood it, but was none the less pleased ; and, as it is very easily learned, I will in a few words explain it.

Two lemons only are necessary ; these are held one by each performer, concealed in the hollow of the right hand. The first performer, whom we will call Mr. A., pulls up the right sleeve of his coat, with his left hand, so as to give the audience the impression that there is no attempt at concealing anything there ; and, placing his right hand in the hat, and immediately withdrawing it, holds up the lemon to view ; he then pretends to put it in his left hand, but *palms* it, and extends his left hand to the other performer, whom we will call Mr. B. Now comes the latter's turn to act. The moment A extends his left hand, B's right, which holds the second lemon, must meet it, and, as the hands touch, B must allow the lemon to slip to the ends of his finger and be seen ; if this is done skilfully, the audience will suppose that B at that moment took the lemon from A. Then B goes through the motions, as if putting the lemon in his left hand, whilst in reality he *palms* it, and, placing his left hand in his hat, taps gently against the bottom or side of it with one finger, to imitate the dropping of the lemon.

In this way they go on, each time going through the same motions, the eyes of the audience growing larger and larger as they see what appears to them another and still another lemon coming from the wonderful hat.

To bring a number of tin cups from a hat is, however, a totally different matter, as in this case we really do what in the other we only seem to do.



If but one cup were to be shown at a time, we might avail ourselves of the lemon-aid, but in this trick, cups are taken out one by one, and set *en masse* on a table in full view of the audience.

Now cups are not compressible, like feathers, and the number that could be squeezed into a hat is but small. True, they might be put one within another, provided one was smaller than the other; but here again is a difficulty, for our cups — and we beg the audience to notice that — are all of a size, so that it would be impossible to pack more than two or three together, and we bring out fifty or a hundred. How then is it done? I will tell you. Three or four of the cups, or more if possible, are of solid tin, and these are fitted one within the other. The rest are simply pieces of tin cut in a conical form, and bent so as to look like the others *when one side only is seen*. Of course, if the other side is turned to the spectators, they will see that the edges are not united, and at once discover the cheat. A great number of these can be put inside of one, as they will yield to the pressure; and after they are all packed, they are placed inside one of the solid cups, which in turn is stuck into the end of the second solid one, and so on, until three or four are together.

These will be quite long, and, if they have been put in tightly, may all be picked up and put into the hat at once, in the manner described for getting the bag of feathers in. When you have brought them all out of the hat, take two of the solid ones and inform your audience that you are going to show them another trick. Give them the cups and beg them to satisfy themselves, that they are perfectly solid. Of course they will suppose that, if these two are, all must be. Then tell them, that, notwithstanding these cups are so solid, you will pass one through the other. Pick one up in each hand, and holding one above the other, let the top one drop; the moment it enters the lower one, let go of that and catch the upper one with the hand that but the moment before held the lower. If you have done it quickly, it will appear as if you actually dropped the upper cup through the lower; and so perfect is the deception, that you may repeat it two or three times without risk of being detected.

The balls which are brought out of the hat are made of spiral springs covered with different colored leathers, and a great many can be packed in a very small compass. They are very common, and may be purchased at any toy store. It is well, however, to have three or four solid ones, and if the audience are allowed to examine those, they will suppose that all are solid.

Another of the many uses to which our wonderful hat may be turned is that of cooking; it far surpasses in economy the gas stoves of whose excellence we read so much, although in the performance of the trick considerable "gas" is needed. It is invaluable for camping-out, as you need only blow out the fire and clap your stove on your head, thereby saving the cost of transportation. It is also very easily managed, and with a little practice the most inexperienced housekeeper can by its aid prepare an excellent meal, fit to be served up to the most fastidious. For instance, we will sup-

pose a cake is needed; this is the way we would proceed to bake it. The hat is placed on a table, two or three eggs are broken and dropped in it, and lastly some flour and water are mixed in a cup and poured on the eggs. The whole is then beaten up with a spoon or clean stick, and when the ingredients are sufficiently mixed, a lighted candle is held under the hat for a few minutes, and our cake is done. It is then turned out on a plate, cut in slices and handed to the audience for them to determine the efficiency of the patent stove.

Of course my young readers are too knowing to believe more than half of what I have been telling, and will naturally inquire how it is done, how did the cake get in, and how did the flour and eggs get out?

Well, the cake, and along with it a tin cup to receive the eggs and flour, were put in the hat, much in the same way as the bag of feathers, — that is, they were lying behind the table, from which place we took them, and slipped them in the hat. Being in, of course we were careful that the flour and eggs fell into the tin cup, and the only difficulty then was how to get that out without being detected. That this is easy enough, the following explanation will show. The flour and water are first mixed in a small china jar, and from that poured into the hat. Now the tin cup which is inside the hat is made of such a size that it will just fit in the jar when coaxed a little. When all the flour and water is poured out of the jar, we pretend that there is still a drop or two remaining, and putting it inside the hat as if to shake out those last drops, we put the jar over the cup, push it fairly down and bring out jar and cup together.

P. H. C.

*Erratum.* In the description of "The Tantalizing Tin Tube," which appeared in the June number, the tube was described as being three and a quarter inches in *circumference*; this should have been *diameter*, as a tube of the first-named size would not of course admit an orange.



## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE MARCH.

ON Wednesday, the 12th of February, 1862, Paul found himself once more upon the road leading from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, not now alone, but guiding an army of fifteen thousand men, with forty pieces of artillery. He was on horseback, and sat so well in the saddle that the cavalrymen said he rode like an old trooper. He was in uniform, and wore straps on his shoulders, and was armed with a sword and a revolver. He rode in advance of all, looking sharply into the thickets and down the ravines, to see if there were any rebels in ambush.

The sharpshooters followed him. They wore gray jackets and skull-caps, and were armed with rifles and long hunting-knives. They were famous hunters, and could shoot a deer upon the run, or bring down a prairie-chicken upon the wing. They were tough, hearty, jolly, courageous, daring fellows. They were in good spirits, for the rebels had fled in dismay from Fort Henry when the gunboats sent their shells into the fort.

It was a hard march, for the roads were muddy, and they were obliged to wade through creeks although it was midwinter. Paul noticed one brave fellow among them, whose feet were so sore that his steps were marked with blood, which oozed from a hole in the side of his shoe, and yet the man kept his place in the ranks.

"Let me carry your gun," said Paul, and so, taking it across his saddle, helped the soldier. "You ought to be in the hospital," said Paul.

"I can't stay behind if there is to be any fighting," said the soldier, thanking Paul for his kindness; and then, in a low tone, the soldier said to his comrade, "There a'n't many officers like him who will help a fellow."

At sunset the army halted in the woods beside a brook. Tents had been left behind, and the soldiers had no shelter from the wintry air. They cut down great trees and kindled huge fires. The farmers in that part of the country had large herds of pigs, which roamed the woods and lived on nuts. The soldiers had lived on salt meats for many months, and, notwithstanding orders had been issued against committing depredations, they were determined to have a good supper. Crack! crack! crack! went their rifles. Some, instead of shooting, tried to catch the pigs. There were exciting chases, and laughable scenes,—a dozen men after one pig, trying to seize him by the ears, or by the hind legs, or by the tail.

They had a charming time, sitting around the roaring fires, inhaling the savory odors of the steaks and spareribs broiling and roasting over the glowing coals on forked sticks, and of the coffee bubbling in their tin cups. The foot-sore sharpshooter whom Paul had helped on the march cooked a choice and tender piece, and presented it to Paul on a chip, for they had no



plates. It was cooked so nicely that Paul thought he had never tasted a more delicious morsel.



In the morning they had an excellent breakfast, and then resumed the march, moving slowly and cautiously through the woods, but finding no enemy till they came in sight of Fort Donelson.

Paul had guided the army to the fort, but now he had other duties to perform. He was required to make a sketch of the ground around the fort, that General Grant might know where to form his lines, — on what hills to plant his cannon, — where to throw up breastworks for defence, should the rebels see fit to come out and attack him. Leaving his horse behind, Paul began his dangerous but important work on foot, that he might make an accurate map, — examining through his field-glass the breastworks of the rebels, counting their cannon, and beholding them hard at work. When night came he crept almost up to their lines. He was between the two armies, — a dangerous position, for the pickets on both sides were wide awake, and his own comrades might fire upon him before he could give the countersign. Although he stepped lightly, the sticks sometimes crackled beneath his feet.

“Halt! Who goes there?” shouted a rebel picket directly in front of him. It was so sudden, and he was so near, that Paul’s hair stood on end. He darted behind a tree. Click! flash! bang! and a bullet came with a heavy *thug* into the tree. Bang! went another gun, — another, — and another;

and the pickets all along the rebel lines, thinking that the Yankees were coming, blazed away at random. The Yankee pickets, thinking that the rebels were advancing, became uneasy and fired in return. Paul could hear the bullets spin through the air and strike into the trees. His first thought was to get back to his comrades as soon as possible; then he reflected that it would be dangerous to attempt it just then. The firing woke up all the sleepers in the two armies. The drums were beating the long roll, the bugles were sounding, and he could hear the rebel officers shouting to the men, "Fall in! fall in!" He laughed to think that the crackling of a stick had produced all this uproar. He wanted very much to join in the fun, and give the rebel picket who had fired at him a return shot, but his orders were not to fire even if fired upon, for General Grant was not ready for a battle, and so, while the rebels were reloading their guns, he glided noiselessly away. When he heard the bullets singing through the air, he thought that he certainly would be hit; but he calculated that, as he was less than six feet high and only eighteen inches across his shoulders, and as it was dark and the soldiers were firing at random, there was not one chance in a million of his being injured, and so through the night he went on with his reconnoissance along the lines, and completed the work assigned him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BATTLE.

IN the morning he found General Grant in a little old farm-house, where he had established his head-quarters. He appeared to be pleased with the map which Paul made of the ground, and said to Major Cavender, who commanded the regiment of Missouri Artillery, "Place your guns on that hill, and be ready to open upon the fort." He issued orders to Gen. McClelland to go round to the southwest side of the town; to General Wallace, to hold the centre of the line, west of the town; and to General Smith, to be ready to storm the fort on the northwest side.

It was a beautiful morning. The air was mild, and the birds sang in the trees though it was midwinter. The sharpshooters ate their breakfast before sunrise, and began the battle by exchanging shots with the rebel pickets. Though Paul had been up all night, there was no time for rest. He was sent with orders to the artillery officers,—to Captain Taylor, Captain Dresser, and Captain Schwartz, telling them where to place their guns. As he rode over the hills and through the ravines, he passed the sharpshooters. Their rifles were cracking merrily. Among them was the soldier whom Paul had helped on the march. The soldier saluted him. Paul saw that he was not only foot-sore, but also sick.

"You are not fit to go into battle; you ought to report to the surgeon," said Paul.

"I would n't miss of being in this scrimmage that we are going to have to-day for the best farm in Illinois," said the soldier.

Just then, the rebel cannon opened, and the shells came crashing through the front. Major Cavender had wheeled his guns into position, and was sighting them. One of the shells struck at his feet, and ploughed a deep furrow in the ground. Another struck a poor fellow in the breast, whirled him into the air, spattering his blood upon those who stood around, killing him instantly. As Paul beheld the quivering flesh, the sight filled him with horror, and made him sick at heart. Such might be his fate before the day was done. He thought of home, — of his mother, of Azalia, and of the dear friends far away. He thought also of God, and the hereafter; but he remembered that he was in the keeping of his Heavenly Father. He was there to do his duty, and if he was to meet with death, he would meet it resolutely; and so, regaining his composure, he rode calmly along the lines, acting as aid to General Grant, doing the duties assigned him.

The battle lasted through the day, but the fort was not taken. The gunboats which were to sail up the Cumberland River had not arrived, and the provisions which the troops brought from Fort Henry were nearly exhausted. The day which had been so bright and beautiful was succeeded by a dreary night. The wind blew from the northeast. A rain-storm set in, which changed to snow, and became one of the severest storms ever known in that section of the country. It was a terrible night for the wounded. They had no protection from the storm. Hundreds had fallen during the day. Some were lying where they fell, close up under the rebel breastworks, amid the tangled thickets, the blood oozing from their wounds and staining the drifting snow. It was heart-rending to hear their wailings, and cries of distress, and calls for help. When morning came, many a brave soldier was frozen to the ground. When Paul saw the terrible suffering, he felt that he was willing to make any sacrifice to put a stop to such horrors. But then he remembered that Justice, Truth, and Righteousness are more valuable than human life, and that it is better to fight for them than to yield to injustice and wickedness.

But now the hearts of the soldiers were cheered with the news that the gunboats were coming. Paul looked down the river and saw a cloud of black smoke hanging over the forest, rising from their tall chimneys. Steamboats loaded with provisions came with the fleet. The soldiers swung their caps, and made the air ring with their lusty cheers.

What a magnificent sight it was when the gunboats steamed up the river and opened fire upon the fort, covering themselves with clouds of smoke and flame, and all of the guns in the fort replying! The storm had died away, the air was still, and the roar of the cannonade was like thunder. All along the lines the sharpshooter rifles were ringing. The soldiers crowded behind trees and logs and hillocks, lying on their faces, picking off the rebel gunners when they attempted to load their cannon. But the day passed and the fort was not taken. Saturday morning came, and the rebels, finding themselves short of provisions, instead of waiting to be attacked, came out from the fort at daybreak, fifteen thousand strong, and made a sudden attack upon the Union army.



A great battle followed, which lasted nearly all day. Thousands were killed and wounded. Paul was obliged to ride all over the field, carrying orders to the different generals, while the bullets fell like hailstones around him. Cannon-balls flew past him, shells exploded over his head, men fell near him, but he was unharmed. He saw with grief his comrades overpowered and driven back, and he could hardly keep back the tears when he saw the rebels capture some of Captain Schwartz's guns. But when the infantry gave way and fled panic-stricken along the road towards Fort Henry, throwing away their muskets, his indignation was aroused.

"Stop! or I'll shoot you," he said, drawing his revolver.

"A'n't you ashamed of yourselves, you cowards?" shouted one brave soldier.

Paul looked round to see who it was, and discovered his friend the sharp-shooter, who thus aided him in rallying the fugitives. Blood was dripping from his fingers. A ball had passed through one arm, but he had tied his handkerchief over the wound, and was on his way back to the lines to take part once more in the battle. Paul thanked the noble fellow for helping him, and then, with the aid of other officers, they rallied the fugitives till reinforcements came.

Onward came the rebels, flushed with success, and thinking to win a glorious victory; but they were cut down with shells and canister, and by the volleys of musketry which were poured upon them. It was with great satisfaction that Paul saw the shells tear through the rebel ranks; not that he liked to see men killed, but because he wanted Right to triumph over Wrong. Again and again the rebels marched up the hill, but were as often swept back by the terrible fire which burst from Captain Wood's, Captain Willard's, Captain Taylor's, and Captain Dresser's batteries. The little brook which trickled through the ravine at the foot of the hill was red with the blood of the slain. It was a fearful sight. But the rebels at last gave up the attempt to drive the Union troops from the hill, and went back into the fort. Then in the afternoon there was a grand charge upon the rebel breastworks. With a wild hurrah they carried the old flag across the ravine, and up the hill beyond, over fallen trees and through thick underbrush. Men dropped from the ranks in scores, but on — on — on they went, driving the rebels, planting the stars and stripes on the works; and though the rebel regiments in the fort rained solid shot and shell and grape and canister and musket-balls upon them, yet they held the ground through the long, weary, dreary winter night. When the dawn came, the dawn of Sunday, they saw a white flag flung out from the parapet of the fort, and they knew that the enemy had surrendered. What a cheer they gave! They swung their hats, sang songs, and danced for joy. How beautifully the stars and stripes waved in the morning breeze! How proudly they marched into the fort and into the town, — the drums beating, the bugles sounding, and the bands playing!

But how horrible the sight upon the field when the contest was over, — the dead, some cold and ghastly, others still warm with departing life, lying with their faces toward heaven, smiling as if only asleep! The ground was

strewn with guns, knapsacks, and blood-stained garments; the snow had changed to crimson. Many wounded were lying where they fell, some whose lives were ebbing away calmly waiting the coming of death. As Paul walked over the field he came upon one lying with clasped hands and closed eyes, whose life-blood was running away from a ghastly wound in his breast. As Paul stopped to gaze a moment upon a countenance which seemed familiar, the soldier opened his eyes and smiled; then Paul saw that it was the brave sharpshooter whom he had helped on the march, who, though sick, would not go into the hospital, and who, though wounded, would not leave the field, and who had aided him in rallying the fugitives. He had fought gallantly through the battle, and received his death-wound in the last grand charge.

"I am glad you have come, for I know that one who was kind enough to help a poor fellow on the march will be willing to do one thing more," said the soldier, faintly.

"Certainly. What can I do for you?"

"Not much, only I would like to have you overhaul my knapsack for me." Paul unstrapped the knapsack from the soldier's back, and opened it.

"There is a picture in there which I want to look at once more before I die. You will find it in my Bible."

Paul handed him the Bible.

"My mother gave it to me the day I left home to join the army. It was her last gift. I promised to read it every day, and I would like to have you write to her and tell her that I have kept my promise. Tell her that I have tried to do my duty to my country and to my God. I would like to live, but am not afraid to die, and I am not sorry that I enlisted. Write to my sister. She is a sweet girl,— I can see her now,— a bright-eyed, light-hearted, joyous creature. O, how she will miss me! Tell her to plant a rose-bush in the garden and call it my rose, that little Eddie, when he grows up, may remember that his eldest brother died for his country. They live away up in Wisconsin."

He took a photograph from the Bible. It was the picture of a dark-haired, black-eyed, fair-featured girl. He gazed upon it till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He drew his brawny hand across his face and wiped them away, but the effort started the bright blood flowing in a fresher stream. "It is hard to part from her. She promised to be my wife when I came home from the war," he said, and touched it to his lips, then gazed again till his sight grew dim. He laid it with the Bible on his breast.

Paul wiped the cold sweat from the soldier's brow.

"God bless you," he whispered, and looked up and smiled. His eyes closed, and the slowly heaving heart stood still. He was gone into the land where the Faithful and True receive their just reward.

*Carleton.*

## A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO MY LITTLE PALE-FACED FRIENDS.

THREE years ago I visited my dear young friend, Susie. Although she lives in the country, in the midst of splendid grounds, I found her with a very pale face, and blue semicircles under the eyes. Her lips were as white as if she had just risen from a sick-bed ; and yet her mother told me she was as well as usual. Susie was seven years old, and a most wonderful child.

I said to her, "Well, my little chick, what makes you so pale?"

She replied, "O, I was always pale. Annie says it is pretty."

When we were all sitting around the dinner-table, I introduced the subject again, for it was very sad to find this beautiful and promising child so fragile. Before I left, I took little Susie's hand and walked into the garden. "And now," said I, "my little one, you must show me your favorite flower."

She took me to a beautiful moss-rose, and exclaimed, "O, that is the most beautiful flower in the world ; don't you think it lovely, sir?"

I said, "Now, Susie, I shall come here again in two weeks. I wish you would dress up that rose-bush in a suit of your own clothes, and allow the dress to remain till I return."

She laughed, and said, "Why, how queer ! why do you want me to do that?"

I replied, "Never mind, but run and get the clothes, and I will help you dress it up, and see if it looks like you."

So off she ran with loud shouts to ask mamma for a suit of her clothes. Of course, mamma had to come and ask if I was serious, and what were my reasons. I said, "I cannot give you my reasons to-day, but I assure you they are good ones, and when I come again I will explain it all to you."

So a specimen of each and every kind of garment that Susie was in the habit of wearing was brought forward, and Susie and I spent some time in rigging out the rose-bush. First came the little shirt, which made it look very funny ; then came the little waist and skirt, then the frock, then the apron, and finally, over all, a little Shaker sun-bonnet. When we had reached this point, Susie cried out, "Now, how can you put on stockings and shoes?" I said, "We will cut open the stockings and tie them around ; the shoes we cannot use." Of course we all laughed, and Susie thought I was the funniest man in the world. She could hardly wait for me to come again to tell her why I had done such a funny thing.

In two weeks, according to my promise, I was at my friend's house again. Susie had watched her little rose-bush, or rather the clothes which covered it, and longed for my coming. But when we took the bonnet, gown, skirt, shirt, and stockings away, lo and behold, the beautiful rose-bush had lost its rich green, the flower had lost its beautiful color, — had become, like its mistress, pale and sickly.

"Oh!" she cried, "what made you do so? why, you have spoiled my beautiful rose-bush."



I said, "Now, my dear little one, you must not blame me, for I did this that you might remember something of great importance to you. You and this rose-bush live out here in the broad, genial sunshine together. You are pale and sickly; the rose-bush has been healthy and beautiful. I put your clothes on this rose-bush to show you why you are so white and weak. If we had kept these clothes upon the bush for a month or two, it would have entirely lost its color and health."

"But would you have me go naked, sir?"

"No, not altogether, but I would have you healthy and happy. And now I am going to ask your papa to build out here in the garden a little yard, with a close fence, and when the sun shines you must come out into the yard with your nurse, and take off all your clothes and play in the sunshine for half an hour, or until your skin looks pretty red."

After a hearty laugh the good papa asked if I was serious about it. I told him, never more so, and that when I should come to them again, a month hence, if Susie had such a baptism in the sunshine four or five times a week, I could promise that the headache and sleeplessness from which she suffered so much would be lessened, and perhaps removed.

The carpenter was set at work, and in two days the enclosure surrounding a bed of flowers was completed. At eleven o'clock the next morning, a naked little girl, with a very white skin, might have been seen running about within the pen; papa, mamma, and the nurse clapping their hands and shouting. I had been careful to say that her head should be well protected for the first few days with a large damp towel, then with a little flat hat, and finally the head must be exposed like the body.

I looked forward with a great deal of interest to my next visit. Susie met me with, "O, I am as black as an Indian."

"Well, but how is your health?"

The good mother said, "She certainly has greatly improved; her appetite is better, and I never knew her to sleep so well before."

There were four children in the family, and all of them greatly needed sunbaths. As there were two boys and two girls, it came to pass soon that another pen was built, and four naked children received a daily baptism in the blessed sunshine. And these children all improved in health, as much as that rose-bush did after we removed its funny dress. The good Lord has so made children that they are as dependent upon the sun for their life and health as plants are. When you try to make a house-plant grow far removed from the window, where the direct rays of the sun cannot fall upon it, you know it is small, pale, and sickly; it will not long survive. If, in addition to keeping it from the window, you dress it with the clothes which a child wears, it will very soon sicken and die. If you keep within doors, and do not go into the sunshine, or if, when you do go out, you wear a Shaker bonnet and gloves, you must, like the house-plant, become pale and sickly.

Our young folks will ask me, "What is to be done? Are we to go naked?"

O no, not naked, but it would add greatly to your health and strength, and

your ability to work with both mind and body, if every part of your body could be exposed to the sunshine a little time every day. And if you are pale and feeble, the victim of throat, lung, nerve, or other affection, you must seek a new life in this exposure of your whole body to the sun-bath. But if you go a great deal in the open air, and expose your face and hands to the direct rays of the sun, you will probably do very well.

Just think of it, your whole body under the clothes always in the dark, like a potato-vine trying to grow in a dark cellar. When you take off your dress and look at your skin, are you not sometimes almost frightened to see how white and ghastly it seems? How elastic, tough, and cheerful our young folks would become, could this white, sickly skin be exposed every day to the sunshine! In no other way could they spend an hour which would contribute so much to their welfare. Carry that white, sickly potato-vine from the cellar out into the blessed sunshine, and immediately it begins to get color, health, and strength. Carry that pale little girl from the dark parlor, where she is nervous, irritable, and unhappy, into the sunshine, and immediately the blood starts anew; soon the skin takes on a beautiful tinge, the little one digests better, her tongue wears a better color, she sleeps better, her nerves are quiet, and many happy changes come.

Twenty years ago I saw a dear, sweet child, of two years, die of croup. More than thirty hours we stood around its bed, working, weeping, praying, hoping, despairing; but about one o'clock in the morning the last painful struggle for breath gave way to the peaceful sleep of death.

On the following Sunday we gathered at the sad home to attend the funeral. The little coffin was brought out under a shade-tree, and placed upon a chair, just under the window of the bedroom where the little one had always slept, and there the heart-broken mother and father, with many neighbors, and the kind-hearted minister, all wept together. And then we all walked to the graveyard, only a little distance away, and buried the little one in the cold ground.

On the very evening of that day, the brother of Charlie, who was about two years older, was taken with the same disease. I was called in to see him. O, how pitiful, how very touching, were the moanings and groanings of that mother! When the sun rose the next morning, the sufferer was better; as night came on he was much worse again, but on the following day was able to ride out.

Within a few days I sought an opportunity to speak with the parents about the management of their little son. It was painful to tell them that I thought they might have prevented the death of Charlie. But I said what I thought was true, and then advised a new policy in the case of the remaining child. I said to them, "Your son who has been taken from you was carefully screened from the sunshine. When he rode out in the baby-wagon, it was always under the cover. And he slept always in that bedroom, into which the direct rays of the sun never come; that great tree makes it impossible. A child cannot live where a plant will not grow; and if you

doubt what I am telling you, try a pot of flowers in Charlie's bedroom. You will find that in a single month the leaves will fall, and the plant will die. Charlie spent three quarters of his life in that bedroom."

The mother, at length, when convinced, cried out in very anguish of soul, "What shall we do? what shall we do?"

"Well," I said, "my dear friend, if you would save this child, and that is the only available sleeping-room for it, I advise that you have the trees which shade that part of the house cut down. Trees should never be allowed to shade human dwellings. They are very beautiful and noble objects, to my own fancy more beautiful and noble than any other productions of our planet, and I would have them multiplied, but would not have them near our houses."

The trees were cut down, the blessed sunshine came in to dry, sweeten, and purify the bedroom. Its atmosphere was so changed that no one could fail to observe it. The child was kept much in the open air, and when taking his midday nap he was occasionally laid naked upon a mattress, near a window, in the direct rays of the sun, his head protected, but the rest of the body exposed to the sunshine. The little fellow's health greatly improved. I believe he never had another attack of croup.

Our young folks should never sleep in bedrooms that have not the direct sunshine. They should never sleep in bedrooms the windows of which are shaded by a piazza or a tree; and if they would have the very best health, they must live as constantly as possible in the sunshine. And all who have delicate health must, with their clothes removed, take daily sun-baths during the summer season. Such a bath will give them very little trouble, and they have no idea how much it will add to their health and happiness. One good bath in the sunshine is worth more than many baths in water, valuable as these are. Some people admire pale girls. They make very good ghosts, but are not worth much as girls. God hung up that great sun in the heavens as the fountain of light, health, beauty, and glory for our earth. Our young folks, by living in houses with piazzas, shade-trees, close blinds, and curtains, and by using in their walks broad-brimmed hats, gloves, parasols, and veils, deprive themselves in great part of the many blessings which our Heavenly Father would confer on them through the great sun.

*Dio Lewis.*







## HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

### II.

“THE conduct of my friend here,” said Father Bright hopes, patting Grant’s shoulder, “furnishes a pretty good illustration of the subject I had in my mind to talk to you about. How many of you can guess what that subject is?”

“Preserving our teeth,” said one of the girls, encouraged by Miss Thorley to express her opinion. It was golden-haired Margaret Grover, who happened to have very pretty teeth, and was evidently aware of the fact, for she blushed exceedingly as she spoke and showed them.

Father Bright hopes smilingly shook his head. Then spunky little Cary Wilson spoke up confidently, and said he knew.

“Well, what is it, my lad?”

“Good grit, when a fellow is hurt!” And Cary looked as though he considered “good grit” the one important and admirable virtue in the world.

“What do *you* think, Emma?” asked the old clergyman, perceiving by Miss Reverdy’s intelligent expression that she had an opinion.

"I think it is pretty near what Cary says. You are going to show us how much better it is not to complain of what happens to us, but always to make the best of things."

"That is it, precisely. Emma, you see, had an advantage over the rest of you in guessing, for she has heard me talk a great many times.

"My dear children," continued Father Brighthopes, "I know it is very natural for persons of your age to suppose that they are living for the enjoyments of the present hour. It is right that you should enjoy yourselves, and I am always delighted when I see young people at their innocent sports. But happiness is like a garment, which should be so cut as to cover and comfort the whole of life, and not one part merely. You live for to-day, but not for to-day only. You are taught many things, are you not, which you cannot put to any immediate use, or perhaps see the use of at all?"

"That 's so!" said one of the boys, named Jason Jones. "For my part, I don't see no use in studying grammar," — illustrating his sentiment by an unconscious error of speech, which created no little amusement. "I mean," said he, "I don't see *any* use in it."

"Why do you correct yourself?" Father Brighthopes pleasantly asked.

"Because it a'n't right to say '*dont see no*,'" replied Jason, looking round frowningly on those who were laughing at him.

"Very good! Now don't you see, my lad, that, in saying you could not see the use of studying grammar, you have exemplified the use of it?"

"It's enough, I think, if we can talk so as to make ourselves understood," said Jason.

"Then why did you take the trouble to say *any* instead of *no*? for we all understood you in the first place."

"Because they was all laughing"; — and Jason began to look red and confused. "They *were*, I mean."

"And you do not like to be laughed at? Nobody does, I think. But if you don't like it now, do you suppose it will be any more pleasant to you when you are older? No, my son. People do not much mind the mistakes children make in speaking; but when you become a man, you will find such blunders sometimes very mortifying to your self-respect. It seems to me worth the while to form correct habits of speaking, if only to avoid making ourselves appear ridiculous. But a knowledge of the laws of language has a far higher use. You enter society; you become a man of business; you form opinions upon various subjects; you hear others express contrary opinions, and wish to answer them. Then what an advantage it is to be able to express yourself with clearness, confidence, and ease! A command of correct and forcible language, besides enabling us to convey our thoughts, is a great help to the mind itself in arranging those thoughts.

"I might say a great deal more on this subject, my son; but I see you are already convinced that grammar may be a very useful branch of education, however much you may dislike it. The same is no doubt true of all your studies. They are a discipline to the mind, if nothing more. Now this is what I was going to say, — that, in every hour of our existence, we live not

for that hour only, but for all the future. To-day we are laying foundations for years to come, perhaps for endless ages!

“And as you acquire knowledge to be used hereafter, so you are forming habits now, and developing traits of character, which will probably stay with you, or at least exert an influence upon you, through all time. My dear children, learn this truth,—that every act, every wish, and every thought of our lives contribute, like so many rain-drops or little streams, to make up the grand stream which we call our destiny. As the child is, so will be the man or woman that child grows to be. A selfish and cowardly boy is pretty sure to become a selfish and cowardly man. So the little girl whose temper is peevish, whose jealousy and discontent make her and all around her unhappy, is in danger of hardening into one of those cross, sour, embittered mothers or grandmothers or aunts, who are as a cloud over a household, and sometimes over a whole neighborhood. But the generous, upright, manly boy is already the promise of what he is to be. And when I see a bright, loving little girl, ready to forget her own troubles in her sympathy with others, and always happiest when she is doing something to please those around her, then I say to myself, ‘Here is a little sunbeam that will one day be the dear, kind, beautiful, helpful woman whom everybody loves.’

“This is so true, my dear children,” the clergyman went on, smiling upon his attentive little audience with earnest emotion, “that I wish you could all feel it as I feel and know it! Then you would see the importance of cultivating generous, cheerful, noble dispositions now; for your hearts are as wax now, and can be easily moulded, but by and by you will find that they cannot be so easily changed.

“One habit, in particular, which I wished to talk to you about to-night, is that of always making the best of things, as Emma has expressed it. As I walked over here with my good friend Mr. Reverdy, I thought of the war, and of our noble heroes who have sacrificed comfort, ease, happiness, and life even, for their country’s sake. I thought of them in their dreary camps, or in the night-bivouac, rolled up in their blankets on the cold ground. I thought of the toilsome march, the hard fare, the lonely picket-guard, the horrors of the battle-field, the scenes in the hospitals, and in the cruel Rebel prisons. And I remembered the heroism our gallant young men have shown in the face of danger and death, and the still greater heroism many of them have displayed through sufferings which we are appalled to think of. How it thrills us, how our hearts swell with pity and pride and affection, to hear of the cheerfulness and patience with which they have endured the wrongs, the wounds and privations, which have been their lot! What lessons have they taught us, my children!

“But the war ends; they have done their duty, and they receive their reward; not in things of this world, perhaps,—nevertheless their reward is sure. They have developed in themselves a grandeur and generosity of character which is better than gold and honors, even in this world; then how much more precious in the life which is the continuation of this! They have enjoyed such advantages for the cultivation of those large and heroic



traits as none of you, probably, will ever have. And yet, my children, listen.

“There is a warfare awaiting you all, in which you can imitate the cheerfulness of those brave brothers in the hospital and the field. Life itself has been aptly termed a conflict. Circumstances are never just what we would wish them to be, but the heart and the will have to struggle continually against obstacles. You may think that, if you were in the position of this or that fortunate person, your path would be all flowers. But it is never so. Those people who seem most prosperous have their trials and temptations, the same as the rest. You may think money will make everything smooth before you. Money can do but little. A high station in society can do but very little indeed. Beauty is a precious gift, but it shines outwardly upon those around you, — it does not shed its light inwardly upon your own hearts.

“Yet while money brings as many cares as it banishes, and honor and admiration bring with them no lasting satisfaction, there is a wealth, there is a beauty and grace, which can strew your path with flowers. Believe me, my dear young friends, nothing outside of yourselves can ever give you permanent happiness. Have you never been out on a beautiful morning in spring, when the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of orchard-blossoms, but your own heart was so heavy that all the brightness and gladness and sweetness of the world seemed a mockery?”

“I have,” said Emma Reverdy. “Then again I have been out in a rain, or a snow-storm, or a fog, when my heart was light, and I was as happy as I could be!”

All the children confessed that they had had similar experiences.

“I’ve been mad sometimes,” said Cary Wilson, “when it made no difference whether it rained or the sun shone; I hated everybody and everything!” And he shook his head, as if there was a sort of satisfaction even in that.

“You were not happy at such times, were you?”

“No — but —” And the belligerent Cary shook his head again, with a world-defying smile.

“Use the pride and spirit, which I see you possess,” said Father Bright-hopes, “in overcoming difficulties, and you will make an energetic and useful man. Passion is a great source of power, if kept under proper control. It is the fire of the spirit, which should always be regulated by wisdom and benevolence. When you *get mad*, you waste that power, — you burn and blacken your happiness.

“For happiness, as I hinted to you, my young friends, is something within yourselves. It is a condition of your own hearts, produced by contentment, love, and good-will. It is influenced in a great measure, I know, by outward things; and what I would have you do is to learn to make the most of favorable influences, and to be as little disturbed by others as possible. You have seen some persons, have you not, who are always fretting at trifles; always complaining of aches and pains; always blaming somebody else for

their misfortunes ; in short, always unhappy. Then there is Uncle Goodman, whom you all know, I trust, — for there is an Uncle Goodman in nearly every village. All his life he has practised the art of making the best of things. If he sprains his wrist, he exclaims, ‘How fortunate I did not break my arm!’ If he dulls or loses one of his tools, he says, ‘How lucky it was n’t a borrowed one!’ If a neighbor comes to him for assistance, you would say that Uncle Goodman was really the one who was receiving a favor, he is always so glad to find it in his power to render another a service. There is many an Aunt Goodman, too, who is full of plans and resources for promoting the welfare of both old folks and young folks. Such people are a blessing in any household or community; and, without knowing it, they make their cheerful dispositions a still greater blessing to themselves.

“Now we are not all alike, I know. Some persons are naturally cheerful, and others are naturally morose. But at your age, my children, you can, if you will, form habits which will become a second nature as you grow older. Misfortunes are misfortunes indeed to those who suffer their souls to be made gloomy and bitter by them. They are then like rain falling upon sour and wet land. But when sorrow happens to a grateful and loving spirit, it is like rain falling upon light and mellow soil, which the sunshine hastens to crown with fresh verdure.

“Now what will you do, my children? When little crosses and privations happen to you, — for they happen to all, and they are always *little* if the heart is great that receives them, — will you grumble, and pout, and be dark and sad over them? or will you look up cheerfully, remembering that the world is full of hope and sunshine yet, and that you will surely receive your share if you will take it? Why,” continued the old clergyman, with an enthusiasm which warmed every heart in the room, even Burt Thorley’s, as he stood half concealed behind the door, “the unhappiest man I ever knew was a gentleman of wealth, who seemed to have everything around him necessary for his comfort, but whose mind was so full of melancholy and dislike for his neighbors, and who was so weary of having nothing to do, no high and generous aims to occupy him, that I think he would have committed suicide if he had not despaired of the other world quite as much as he hated this. . . On the other hand, the most cheerful, and I may say the most truly happy person I ever knew, was a poor sick lady who had not been able to leave her bed for twelve years, but who had preserved through all her sufferings a delightful habit of making the best of things, which recompensed her for every misfortune.

“The difference between those two persons, my little friends, was this: one held the cup of his soul inverted, expecting no blessings worth receiving; while the other, held hers *up* continually, and was grateful for every drop that fell into it from heaven; so that one was always empty, and the other was always full to overflowing. Now I want each of you to tell me how you mean to hold your cups in future.”

“Up! up! up!” cried all the children in a chorus, their voices ringing with hope and courage, and their faces shining. Tears of gratitude and love filled

the old clergyman's eyes as he looked upon them ; and he reached out his hands to embrace them. They crowded around him ; the boys all received a cordial grasp of the hand and a kind word, and the girls gave him each a kiss ; and all were very happy.

Then Father Brighthopes arose to go. "I shall not bid you good by, my children," he said, "for I hope to see you all again soon: You are to come and see me, if you will, at Mr. Reverdy's house. Then we will have another little talk, if you like to hear me."

"O, we do ! we do, so much !"

"We shall agree admirably then, for I am never better pleased than when I can have attentive young listeners like you."

"Do you know, Father Brighthopes," said Emma Reverdy, as they walked home together, "that I liked all you said, except your description of Uncle Goodman ?"

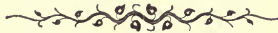
"Ah ! and why did n't you like that ?"

"Because you did n't begin to do him justice ! I could have told a great deal more about him !"

"Could you indeed ?" said the old clergyman, pleasantly. "Well, now, let's hear what you have to say ; and perhaps I will introduce it into my next conversation."

So all the way home Emma chatted merrily, describing the most beautiful and lovable and helpful Uncle Goodman in the world ; but I do not think the picture likely to be brought up at the next conversation, for it was from beginning to end a description of Father Brighthopes.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



## AUNT ESTHER'S RULES.

**I**N the last number I told my little friends about my good Aunt Esther, and her wonderful cat Juno, and her dog Pero. In thinking what to write for this month, my mind goes far back to the days when I was a little girl, and used to spend many happy hours in Aunt Esther's parlor talking with her. Her favorite subject was always the habits and character of different animals, and their various ways and instincts, and she used to tell us so many wonderful, yet perfectly authentic, stories about all these things, that the hours passed away very quickly.

Some of her rules for the treatment and care of animals have impressed themselves so distinctly on my mind, that I shall never forget them, and I am going to repeat some of them to you.

One was, never to frighten an animal for sport. I recollect I had a little white kitten, of which I was very fond, and one day I was amusing myself with making her walk up and down the key-board of the piano, and laughing



to see her fright at the strange noises which came up under her feet. Puss evidently thought the place was haunted, and tried to escape; it never occurred to me, however, that there was any cruelty in the operation, till Aunt Esther said to me, "My dear, you must never frighten an animal. I have suffered enough from fear to know that there is no suffering more dreadful; and a helpless animal, that cannot speak to tell its fright, and cannot understand an explanation of what alarms it, ought to move your pity."

I had never thought of this before, and then I remembered how, when I was a very, very little girl, a grown-up boy in school had amused himself with me and my little brother in much the same way as that in which I had amused myself with the kitten. He hunted us under one of the school-room tables by threatening to cut our ears off if we came out, and took out his penknife, and opened it, and shook it at us whenever we offered to move. Very likely he had not the least idea that we really could be made to suffer with fear at so absurd a threat,—any more than I had that my kitten could possibly be afraid of the piano; but our suffering was in fact as real as if the boy really had intended what he said, and was really able to execute it.

Another thing which Aunt Esther strongly impressed on my mind was, that, when there were domestic animals about a house which were not wanted in a family, it was far kinder to have them killed in some quick and certain way than to chase them out of the house, and leave them to wander homeless, to be starved; beaten, and abused. Aunt Esther was a great advocate for killing animals, and, tender-hearted as she was, she gave us many instructions in the kindest and quickest way of disposing of one whose life must be sacrificed.

Her instructions sometimes bore most remarkable fruits. I recollect one little girl, who had been trained under Aunt Esther's care, was once coming home from school across Boston Common, when she saw a party of noisy boys and dogs tormenting a poor kitten by the side of the frog pond. The little wretches would throw it into the water, and then laugh at its vain and frightened efforts to paddle out, while the dogs added to its fright by their ferocious barking. Belle was a bright-eyed, spirited little puss, and her whole soul was roused in indignation; she dashed in among the throng of boys and dogs, and rescued the poor half-drowned little animal. The boys, ashamed, slunk away, and little Belle held the poor, cold, shivering little creature, considering what to do for it. It was half dead already, and she was embarrassed by the reflection that at home there was no room for another pet, for both cat and kitten never were wanting in their family. "Poor kit," she said, "you must die, but I will see that you are not tormented";—and she knelt bravely down and held the little thing under water, with the tears running down her own cheeks, till all its earthly sorrows were over, and little kit was beyond the reach of dog or boy.

This was real brave humanity. Many people call themselves tender-hearted, because they are unwilling to have a litter of kittens killed, and so they go and throw them over fences into people's back yards, and comfort themselves with the reflection that they will do well enough. What becomes

of the poor little defenceless things? In nine cases out of ten they live a hunted, miserable life, crying from hunger, shivering with cold, harassed by cruel dogs, and tortured to make sport for brutal boys. How much kinder and more really humane to take upon ourselves the momentary suffering of causing the death of an animal, than to turn our back and leave it to drag out a life of torture and misery!

Aunt Esther used to protest much against another kind of torture which well-meaning persons inflict on animals, in giving them as playthings to very little children who do not know how to handle them. A mother sometimes will sit quietly sewing, while her baby boy is tormenting a helpless kitten, poking his fingers into its eyes, pulling its tail, stretching it out as on a rack, squeezing its feet, and, when the poor little tormented thing tries to run away, will send the nurse to catch dear little Johnny's kitten for him.

Aunt Esther always remonstrated, too, against all the practical jokes and teasing of animals, which many people practise under the name of sport, — like throwing a dog into the water for the sake of seeing him paddle out, dashing water upon the cat, or doing any of the many little tricks by which animals are made uncomfortable. "They have but one short little life to live, they are dumb and cannot complain, and they are wholly in our power," — these were the motives by which she appealed to our generosity.

Aunt Esther's boys were so well trained, that they would fight valiantly for the rescue of any ill-treated animals. Little Master Bill was a bright-eyed fellow, who was n't much taller than his father's knee, and wore a low-necked dress with white ruffles. But Bill had a brave heart in his little body, and so one day, as he was coming from school, he dashed in among a crowd of dogs which were pursuing a kitten, took it away from them, and held it as high





above his head as his little arm could reach. The dogs jumped upon his white neck with their rough paws, and scratched his face, but still he stood steady till a man came up and took the kitten and frightened away the dogs. Master Bill grew up to be a man, and at the battle of Gettysburg stood a three days' fight, and resisted the charge of the Louisiana Tigers as of old he withstood the charge of the dogs. A really brave-hearted fellow is generally tender and compassionate to the weak; only cowards torment that which is not strong enough to fight them; only cowards starve helpless prisoners or torture helpless animals.

I can't help hoping that, in these stories about different pets, I have made some friends among the boys, and that they will remember what I have said, and resolve always to defend the weak, and not permit any cruelty where it is in their power to prevent it. Boys, you are strong and brave little fellows; but you ought n't to be strong and brave for nothing; and if every boy about the street would set himself to defending helpless animals, we should see much less cruelty than we now do.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



## AMONG THE STUDIOS.

### No. I.

THERE is a self-satisfied and very musical old Spanish proverb to the effect that

“Quien no ha visto Sevilla  
No ha visto maravilla,” —

he who has not seen Seville has seen no marvel. The stranger who visits New York, and fails to spend an hour or so Among the Studios, runs the risk of having an adaptation of this proverb shot at him. To shield our young folks from any such calamity, we propose to take them with us, from time to time, in our visits to the various *ateliers* located in this city.

Now, as our little friends are scattered all over the United States, and as their bodily presence, however much we esteem them, would be rather inconvenient, (just fancy us marshalling sixty thousand noisy Young Folks into some quiet studio!) we invite them to accompany us only in spirit — on the pages of this magazine. Here we will give them the best results of our eyes, and place before them, each month, an illustration from the easel of some famous artist. It is n't everybody who can walk into a painter's studio and walk off with a picture “to keep.” This is to be the privilege of our readers. Thus, by degrees, they will accumulate a choice picture-gallery of their own, not to say a word about the pleasure they will derive from being personally acquainted with those good Magicians who wave their wands over the blank canvas, and summon up such shapes of joy and beauty as sometimes outlast



the fame of kings and kingdoms, — those cunning Prosperos, at a touch of whose pencil the dead bough blossoms, flowers spring up, brooks unwind their silver among the hills, moons rise and set, and seasons come and go. It is something, let us tell you, to know real Genii who can make sunshine, or lightning, or moonlight, whenever they please, — who can waft you from the Tropics to the North Pole in the twinkling of an eye, just as if you were possessed of that marvellous Wishing-Cap of Fortunio, which you have all read about in the old Arabian story.

They rule a mimic world, — these painters, — a sphere nearly as strange and beautiful as this in which we dwell. That such dreamy, aerial people should live in ordinary houses, like every-day sort of folks, seems rather queer, does n't it? But they do ; — as a proof of it, see this engraving.



On Tenth Street, between the Fifth and the Sixth Avenues, stands a large three-story building of red brick, with brown sandstone trimmings. The architecture is somewhat peculiar, but very non-committal. The deep-set windows, the four airy balconies, each in front of a dark, mysterious-looking door, and the aspect of eminent respectability about all the tasteful cornices and mouldings, would be apt to puzzle a stranger. Pedestrians sometimes pause on the sidewalk opposite, evidently wondering what the structure is used for, and then turn away, probably possessed with the idea that it is an Arsenal or a Half-Orphan Asylum.

If the passer would only glance at the crosspiece over the doorway, he would see thereon, in dusty gilt letters, the word — STUDIOS.

The best side of the Studio Building, in every sense, is the inside. Let us take advantage of this fact. At your right hand, on entering, is the Janitor's office, and behind an oaken desk, near the window, sits that faithful warden himself, — a courteous *cicerone* to the true lovers of Art, but a most terrible enemy to all itinerant venders of pen-holders and shoe-blackening. He would stop the Father of his Country if he came there to sell things. Opposite the Janitor's is a similar room, which has been occupied by a series of eccentric physicians, each in turn having given up the business in despair, in consequence of the imperturbable good health of the artists. At the end of the hall or vestibule, which separates these apartments, is a large double door, leading into a spacious Exhibition-room, lighted from the roof, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is reserved. On each side of this gallery extends a narrow corridor, opening upon which are the studios.

Each floor is similarly arranged. Here and there, by accident or design, is a room lacking the peculiar light required for painting. These rooms are generally used as sleeping apartments by architects or literary men. The late Major Theodore Winthrop, who fell early in the war, bravely battling for his country at Big Bethel, tenanted one of these chambers. The Janitor will point it out to you in the eastern wing of the building. There it was he wrote "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent," long before we thought of him as anything more than a finished, quiet gentleman. But to be a gentleman is the necessary beginning of a hero. Since then, Winthrop's glorious death, and the publication of his charming books, have placed him in stronger colors before the world.

The wood-work throughout the building is of plain pine, oiled instead of painted, and has a rich, mellow effect in connection with the neutral tint of the walls. The staircases, of which there are two, are very wide, with heavy mahogany banisters. The number of mountains and rivers and ships and castles carried down those broad stairs in the course of a year, would astonish the reader if he could see them all at once.

On the ground floor are the studios of Whittredge, Bradford, Dana, Beard, Thompson, the sculptor, Le Clear, Guy, and Bierstadt. The second floor is appropriated by Church, McEntee, Leutze, Hays, Hart, and Gignoux. Mr. Tuckerman, the author, has a pleasant study and library on this floor. On the third story are Gifford, Hubbard, Suydam, Weir, Shattuck, Thorndike, Haseltine, De Haas, Brown, Casilear, and Martin. Here they are all together, — historical, figure, portrait, landscape, marine, animal, fruit, and flower painters. It is not often that so many clever fellows are found living under one roof. A community composed exclusively of gifted men is unique, — a little colony of poets, for they *are* poets in their way, in the midst of all the turmoil and crime and harsh reality of the great city!

Many of the studios have bedchambers attached: so the artist can live here and "keep house" very cosily. Indeed, several of the younger unmarried immortals do; and it would amuse you much to see Master Painter boiling his coffee in a toy tea-kettle over the gas, or toasting his French roll at the grate, while the amiable cutlet on the gridiron is crying out to be eaten!

In summer, a dish of berries or fruit is always added to this simple bill of fare. Nothing could be more delicious than these make-believe breakfasts, and no banquet-hall quite so charming as the studio, with its mellow twilight, its pictures and screens, and antique furniture.

Would the reader like to take a bite with us, some pleasant morning? He shall, in a certain studio we know of, where the light streams in on a motley assemblage of statues, busts, and plaster casts of old Greek ideals, — where everything is covered with fine white marble dust, as if by a fall of snow, — where the walls are hung with odd legs and arms, making the place look as if it were the repository for lost limbs, strayed or stolen. Here we will breakfast, some time, right by the heavily carven mantel-piece, over which two pairs of boxing-gloves are shaking hands preparatory to having a few friendly rounds.

The characteristics of an artist — his travels — the particular bent of his mind — are often very prettily indicated by the *souvenirs* and knick-knacks ornamenting his studio. In Mr. Leutze's, for instance, you will find rusty old helmets, shields, breastplates, coats of chain mail, ronçies,\* arquebuses,† and all those cumbrous mediæval trappings which he introduces with such fine effect in his pictures. When you look on one of Mr. Leutze's works, you may be sure that the costumes and all the details are historically correct. Albert Dürer, in his painting of "Adam and Eve," shows us a comfortable Nuremberg house in the garden of Eden! Mr. Leutze would pine away with melancholy if he were to make such a mistake. But then good Master Albert Dürer died more than three hundred years ago, when they did such things.

In Mr. Bierstadt's room, also, you will see at a glance the direction of his studies and wanderings. It is a perfect museum of Indian curiosities, — deer-skin leggings, wampum-belts, war-clubs, pipe-bowls, and scalping-knives. The latter articles look so cruel and savage that you don't feel like prolonging your visit, for fear the artist might get out of patience with you! These traps Mr. Bierstadt brought with him in his trunks from the Rocky Mountains; but in his brain and his portfolios he brought more precious things; — those wild ravines, and snowy sierràs,‡ which he has bequeathed to us on canvas.

Mr. Church's love of the Tropics is as plainly discernible in his studio as in his landscapes. Everywhere about the room we have sunny hints of the equator. Even the pot-plants at the casement threaten to turn into graceful date-palms and cocoanut-trees under the influence.

As to Mr. Bradford's studio, we candidly confess to having caught a severe cold from merely looking at his Icelandic relics, — Esquimaux harpoons, snow shoes, seal-skin dresses, and walrus-teeth. In his recent journey due north, Mr. Bradford, it seems to us, pocketed the best part of the Labrador,

\* The ronçie or ranfeur, a weapon used by foot-soldiers in the Middle Ages, resembles a partisan, having a sharper-pointed blade, with projecting curved ears at the sides.

† A kind of crossbow.

‡ Jagged and saw-like ranges of mountains.



including several chilling but picturesque icebergs which are now on exhibition.

We have mentioned these studios incidentally. There are others in this building, and elsewhere in the city, equally noticeable as illustrating the particular bent of their occupants.

The Tenth Street Studio Building is a very busy and cheerful hive in winter. The artists are a hospitable race, and they have no end of visitors. Statesmen, generals, diplomates, divines, travellers, suspicious counts, merchants, authors and actors, — in short, all sorts of celebrities, real and silver-plated, visit the studios. In summer the place is as deserted as an unsuccessful oil-well. At the unfolding of the first leaf, the artists are off, like so many birds, for the green-wood ; — some on the coast of Maine, some up among the Catskills, others in the Far West among the red men ; all making sketches and studies. No spot escapes them. They follow Nature into her most secret and remote fastnesses — though they do not always succeed in capturing her !

As our chapter draws to a close, our friends are making preparations for their annual flight. Before the general migration takes place, we shall have time to take a nearer view of one or two of the studios, if such be the pleasure of Our Young Folks.

*T. B. Aldrich.*





### STARS AT BED-TIME.

LIFT up the curtain, Bridget, —  
 You need no longer stay ;  
 I want to see the stars shine  
 When you have gone away.

I 'd rather say my prayers, here,  
 When nobody is by,  
 And only angel eyes look  
 From out the blessed sky.

The stars, so sweetly shining  
 When earth and sky are dim, —  
 It seems as if God bade them  
 Invite our hearts to Him.

I think Mamma is near them,  
 For she to Heaven is gone. —  
 Kiss me good-night, dear Bridget,  
 And let me lie alone.

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*



## THE BOY OF CHANCELLORVILLE.

ON the second and third days of May, 1863, was fought the great and terrible battle of Chancellorville, and not until men beat their swords into ploughshares, and boys exchange their drums for Jews-harps and penny-whistles, will it be forgotten. But I do not propose to write about it, for I cannot. No one can describe a battle without seeing it; and I did not see the battle of Chancellorville. But I did see, more than a year after it was fought, a little boy who was in it, and who, nearly all the intervening time, was a prisoner in the hands of the Rebels.

He was only twelve years old, and you may think that what such a little fellow did, at such a time, could not be of much consequence to anybody. But it was. He saved one or two human lives, and lighted the passage of a score of souls through the dark valley; and so did more than any of our great generals on those bloody days. He saved lives, they destroyed them.

You know that, if you break a small wheel in a cotton-mill, the entire machinery will stop; and if the moon — one of the smallest lumps of matter in the universe — should fall from its orbit, the whole planetary system might go reeling and tumbling about like a drunken man. So you see the great importance of little things, — and little *folks* are of much greater importance than little *things*. If they were not, the little boy I am writing about would not have done so much at Chancellorville, and I should not now be telling you his story.

The battle was raging hotly on our left, when this little drummer-boy was ordered to the rear by his Captain. "Go," the Captain said; "you're in danger here; back there you may be of use to the wounded." The little fellow threw his musket over his shoulder, — his drum he left behind when the battle began, — and, amid the pelting bullets, made his way back to the hospital. Our forces were driving the enemy, and all the ground over which they had fought was strewn with the dead and the dying. Here and there, men with stretchers were going about among the wounded; but the stretchers were few, and the wounded were many; and as the poor maimed and bleeding men turned their pitiful eyes on the little boy, or in low, faint tones asked him for water, he could not help lingering among them, though the enemy's shells were bursting, and their bullets falling like hailstones all about him. Gray jackets were mingled with blue; but in a generous mind the cry of suffering dispels all distinction between friend and enemy; and Robert — that was his name — went alike to the wounded of both armies. Filling his canteen from a little stream which flowed through the battle-field, he held it to many a parched lip, and was rewarded with many a blessing from dying men, — blessings which will be to him a comfort and a consolation when he too shall draw near to death.

He had relieved a score or more, when he noticed, stretched on the ground at a little distance, his head resting against a tree, a fair-haired boy of not



more than seventeen. He was neatly dressed in gray, and had a noble countenance, with a broad, open forehead, and thick, curly hair, which clustered all about his temples. His face wore the hue of health, his eyes were bright and sparkling, and only the position of his hands, which were clasped tightly above his head, told that he was in pain and wounded.

"Can I help you?" asked Robert, as he approached him.

"Thank you. Yes," he answered, clutching the canteen, and taking a long draught of the water. "Thank you," he said again. "I saw you. I knew *you* would come to me."

"Why! have the rest passed you by?"

"Yes; for, you see, I'm a Rebel," he replied, smiling faintly. "But *you* don't care for that."

"No, I don't. But are you badly hurt?"

"Pretty badly, I fear. I'm bleeding fast,—I reckon it's all over with me";—and he pointed to a dark red stain on his jacket, just under his shoulder. His voice had a clear, ringing tone, and his face a calm, cheerful look; for to the brave death has no terrors. To the true man or boy it is only the passage upward to a higher, better, nobler life in the heavens.

Robert tore open the young man's clothes, and bound his handkerchief tightly about his wound; then, seeing an empty stretcher coming that way, he shouted to its bearers: "Quick! Take him to the hospital. He's bleeding to death!"

"I don't like the color o' his clothes," said one of the men, as the two moved on with the stretcher. "I guess he kin wait till we look arter our own wounded."

His face flushing with both shame and anger, Robert sprang to his feet, and, turning upon the men, said in an imperious tone, which sounded oddly enough from such a little fellow: "He can't wait. He will bleed to death, I tell you. Take him now; if you don't, I'll report you,—I'll have you drummed out of the army for being brutes and cowards."

The men set down the litter, and the one who had spoken, looking pleasantly at Robert for a moment, said: "Well, you *are* a bully boy. We don't keer for no reportin'; but for sich a little chap as you, we'll do anything,—I'm blamed if we won't."

"I thank you very much," said Robert, in an altered way, as he hastened to help the men lift the wounded youth upon the stretcher.

The hospital was an old mill at a cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile away. It was built of logs, without doors or window-panes, and was fast falling to decay; but its floor, and nearly every square inch of shaded ground around it, were covered with the wounded and the dying. Thither they bore the Rebel boy, and, picking their way among the many prostrate and bleeding men, spread a blanket under a tree, and laid him gently on it. Then Robert went for a surgeon.

One shortly came, and, after dressing the wound, he said in a kindly way: "It's a bad hurt, my lad, but keep up a good heart, and you'll soon be about. A little pluck does more for a wound than a good many bandages."

“Oh! Now you’ve stopped the bleeding, I sha’n’t die. I *won’t* die,—it would kill mother if I did.”

And so, you see, the Southern lad, even then, thought of his mother! and so do all brave boys, whether well or wounded. They think of her first, and of her last; for no other hand is so gentle, no other voice is so tender, no other heart so true and faithful as hers. No boy ever grew to be a great and good man, who did not love and reverence his mother. Even the Saviour of the world, when he hung upon the cross, thought of his, and said to John, “Behold thy mother!”

With so many needing help, Robert could do little more for the Southern youth. He saw him covered warmly with a blanket, and heard him say, “Whether I get well or not, I shall never forget *you*.” Then he left him, not to see him again till long afterwards.

The surgeon was a kind-hearted man, and told Robert he should not go again upon the battle-ground; so he went about among the wounded in the hospital, tending them, writing last words to their loved ones at home, or reading to them from the blessed Book which God has given to be the guide of the living and the comfort of the dying.

So the day wore away, until the red tide of battle surged again around the old mill at the cross-roads. The Rebels came on in overpowering force, and drove our men, as autumn leaves are driven before the whirlwind. Numbers went down at every volley; and right there, not a hundred yards away, a tall, stalwart man fell, mortally wounded. A Rebel bullet had entered his side, and as the fallen man pressed his hand upon it, a dog which was with him began to lap the wound, as if he thought he could thus stay the crimson stream on which his master’s soul was going to its Maker.

Robert saw the man fall, and the dog standing by amid the leaden storm which was pouring in torrents all around them. Admiring the bravery of the dog, he stepped out from behind the tree where he had stood out of range of the bullets, and went to the wounded man. Gently lifting his head, he said to him, “Can I do anything for you?”

“Yes!” gasped the man. “Tell them that I died—like a man—for my country.”

“Is that all? Nothing more?” asked Robert quickly, for he saw that the soldier was sinking rapidly.

The dying man turned his eyes to the little boy’s face, clasped his arm tightly about the neck of his dog, made one or two efforts to speak, and then, murmuring faintly, “Take care—of—Ponto!” passed upward to that world where there are no wars and no fightings.

The battle by this time had surged away to the northward, and a small party of cavalry-men had halted before the doorway of the hospital. Robert had closed the eyes of the fallen soldier, and was straightening his limbs upon the blood-dampened ground, when one of the horsemen called out to him: “What,—my little fellow! What are you doing out here, so far away from your mother?”

Robert looked up, and, amid the group of officers, saw a tall, broad-should-

dered, grave-looking man, with handsome, regular features, and hair and beard streaked with gray, but almost as white as cotton. He wore a high felt hat, an old gray coat, and blue trousers tucked into high-top boots; and rode a large, handsome horse, whose skin was as soft and glossy as a leopard's. He carried no arms, but the three dingy stars on his collar showed that he held high rank among the Rebels. All this Robert had time to observe, as he very deliberately answered: "I came out here, sir, to help fight the wicked men who are trying to destroy their country."

The officer's placid face flushed with anger; and, turning to an aid, he said, in a harsh, grating tone: "Take that boy to the rear. Send him to the Libby with the other prisoners."\*



Robert did not then know that this officer was the famous General Lee, — the man who neither smokes, drinks, nor chews tobacco; who has, in short, none of the smaller vices, but all of the larger ones; for he deliberately, basely, and under circumstances of unparalleled meanness, betrayed his country, and, long after all hope of success was lost, carried on a murderous war against his own race and kindred.

It was nearly sunset before Robert was sent off to the rear, and meanwhile a narrow trench was scooped in the ground, and the dead soldier was placed in it. Robert set a small stake at the head of the grave, and it stands there still; but no one knows who rests below, and no one will know till the

\* This incident is corroborated to the writer by a lady to whom it was related by Lieutenant-Colonel Botts, — nephew to Hon. John Minor Botts, — who was a member of Lee's staff, and present when it occurred.



morning of the resurrection; and yet it may be that even now, in some far-away Northern home, hearts are heavy, and eyes are red, with waiting and weeping for the father and the husband who never again will return to his loved among the living.

Early on the following day, with about three hundred poor fellows, one half of whom were wounded, Robert was marched off to Richmond. The soldier's dog, when he saw his master laid away in the ground, howled and took on piteously, but soon afterwards grew friendly with Robert, and the two made all the weary journey together.

It was in truth a weary journey, and I cannot find it in my heart to tell you about it, for I do not want to make you sad; and it would draw tears from hearts of stone to know all that the poor boy endured. It seemed more than human nature could bear, and yet it was only what thousands of our tired, footsore, wounded, and starving men have suffered on their long, dusty, and muddy march to the Richmond Bastile. Time and again the little boy would have fallen by the way, had not the poor dumb dog sustained him. They shared their meagre crust together; and often, when Robert's spirits drooped on the march, Ponto would gambol about him, and make him cheerful in spite of himself; and often, too, when he lay down to sleep on the damp ground, the dog would stretch his huge paws across his breast, and cover him, as well as he could, from the cold air, and the unhealthy night dew.

At sunset, on the fourteenth day of May, the column, wayworn and footsore, with haggard faces and uncombed hair, was set down from the cars of the Virginia Central Railroad, and marched into the city of Richmond. Down the long, grass-grown streets they were hurried with clouded faces and heavy hearts; but when at last the cold, brown walls of the Libby rose before them darkly outlined on the gray sky, they almost shouted for joy,—for joy that their toilsome journey was over, though it had ended in a prison. If they had known of the many weary months of cold and hunger and misery which some of them were to pass there, would they not rather have died than have entered the dark doorway of that living grave?

All of you have read descriptions, or seen pictures, of the gloomy outside of this famous prison, so I need not tell you how it looks. It is indeed gloomy, but the inside is repulsive and unsightly to the last degree. The room into which Robert and his companions were taken was a long, low apartment on the ground floor, with naked beams, broken windows, in whose battered frames the spider had woven his web, and bare, brown walls, from which hung scores of torn, dingy blankets, every one of them filled with a larger caravan of wild animals than any ever seen in a Northern town. The weary, travel-soiled company was soon ranged in four files along the floor of this room, and there they were made to wait two long hours for the Inspector. At last he came,—a coarse, brutal fellow, with breath perfumed with whiskey, and face bloated with drink and smeared with tobacco-juice.

"Yer a sorry set!" he said, as he went down the lines, taking from the men their money and other valuables. "A sorry set!" he added, as he

looked down on their ragged clothes, through which here and there the torn flesh was peeping. "A sorry set! Sorrier nur purtater-tops in September; but yer green though, — greener nur laurel-bushes, and ye bar [bear] better," again he said, as he stuffed a huge handful of United States notes into his pocket, and went on with his dirty work. At last he stopped before a coatless officer, with matted hair, only one boot, a tattered shirt, and no hat or neck-tie, but in their stead a stained bandage, from under which the blood still was trickling. "Who 'd ha' thought o' raisin' sich a crap from sich a hill o' beans!" he said, as he drew from the pocket of this officer a roll larger than usual, and in his greed paused to count the money.

"We reap what we sow," said the officer, with a look of intense loathing; "you are sowing theft, you 'll reap hell-fire — if I live to get out of this prison."

"Yer sowin' greenbacks, and ye 'll reap a dungeon, if ye don't keep a civil tongue in yer head," responded the fellow, with a brutal sneer, as he went on down the column.

Ponto had kept close at the heels of Robert, and, following him into the prison, had crouched down behind the line, and remained unobserved until the robbery was over. Then a dozen sentinels were ordered to take the prisoners to their quarters, and, when they began to move, the dog attracted the notice of the Inspector. "Whose dog is that?" he roared, as Ponto started up the stairway, a little in advance of his young master.

Robert was about to answer, but a kind-hearted sentinel, seeing from his looks that the dog was his, touched him on the shoulder, and whispered: "Not a word, Sonny! It mought git ye inter trouble."

"Stop him! Cotch that dog!" shouted the Inspector, as Ponto, hearing the inquiry, and seeming to know by instinct that it referred to him, darted forward and disappeared in the room above. The Inspector and two or three sentries pursued him, and, bounding after them two steps at a time, Robert soon saw what followed.

The room was of the same size, and furnished in much the same way, as the one below stairs; but scattered about it, in messes of fifteen or twenty, were more than two hundred prisoners. In and out among these prisoners, ran the dog and his pursuers. It was an exciting chase; but they might as well have tried to catch a sunbeam, or a bird without salting its tail, as to take Ponto in such a crowd of friends. In and out among them — crouching behind boxes, leaping over barrels, running beneath benches, right under the legs of his pursuers — went Ponto, as if he were a streak of lightning out on a frolic; while the prisoners stood by, laughing, and shouting, and getting in the way as much as possible, to keep the loyal dog from the clutches of his Rebel enemies. Half an hour the chase lasted. Then the patience of the Inspector gave out, and, puffing with heat and anger, he shouted, "One of you, shoot the — critter."

A sentinel levelled his musket, but a Union man threw up the barrel. "Don't fire here," he said, "you 'll kill some of us."

"Fire, — you, fire! Don't mind him," shouted the enraged Inspector.

"Do it, Dick Turner," said the man, planting himself squarely before him,

“and I’ll brain you on the spot,” and — Turner prudently omitted to order the shooting.

Taking advantage of this momentary lull, Ponto darted up into the officer’s room, and was soon snugly hid away in the third story. Baffled and exasperated, Turner turned to the man, and, growling out, “I’ll have my revenge for this, my fine fellow,” strode down the stairway.

Robert’s quarters were in the room where this scene occurred, and his new messmates received him very kindly. They gave him food, bathed his aching, swollen limbs, and soon made him a bed on the floor, with a blanket for a mattress, and Ponto for a coverlet. He was just falling into a doze, when he heard a voice at the landing ask, with an oath, “Where is that dog?” The lights were out, but by the lantern which the man carried, the boy saw that he was a short, slight, dapper individual, with a beardless face, a sneaking look, and a consequential air, which seemed to say: “Get out of my way, sir; I am Thomas P. Turner, by profession a Negro-whipper, but now keeper of Libby Prison, and I take off my hat to nobody.” With him was the other Turner,—his tool, and the fit instrument of his contemptible tyranny.

No one answered the question, and the two worthies groped their way about the room with the lantern. They caught sight of Robert’s mess just in time to see Ponto again take himself off up the stairway. The sagacious creature had heard the ungentlemanly allusion to himself, and, like a sensible dog, determined to keep out of such low company.

With the aid of his Union friends, that night and for a week afterwards, Ponto baffled his pursuers; but at last he was taken, and, much against his will, was set free,—for, you know, it is only men that ever deserve to be shut up in prison. What became of him Robert does not know; but if he is living, he is a decent dog; if dead, he has gone where the good dogs go,—that is certain.

“So, he is your dog?” said Turner, halting before Robert, who had risen to his feet.

“He is, sir,” answered the little boy in a respectful tone, “and you will be cruel if you take him away from me.”

“Cruel! do you call *me* cruel!” cried Turner, flying into a passion. “I’ll teach you manners, you young whelp.” Turning then to his subordinate, he asked for the “other Yankee.”

The prisoner who had forbidden the firing was pointed out, and soon he and Robert were escorted to a dungeon, down in the cellar, under the sidewalk. The members of Robert’s mess told Turner of his exhausted condition, and begged him not to consign a tired, sick boy to so horrible a place,—at least to let him rest where he was till the morning; but all they said was of no avail. They might as well have talked to an adder, for an adder is not more deaf, nor more venomous, than was that man!

So Robert’s long, weary journey ended in a dungeon. It was a horrid den,—a low, close, dismal place, with a floor encrusted with filth, and walls stained and damp with the rain, which in wet weather had dripped down



from the sidewalk. Its every corner was alive with vermin, and it seemed only a fit habitation for some ferocious beast, which had to be shut out from the light of day, and kept from contact with all things human. Yet into it they thrust a sick, fragile boy; and he would have died there but for the kind-hearted soldier who went with him. He wrapped him in his blanket; gave him every morsel of his own food; stretched himself on the naked floor, and held him for hours clasped to his own warm breast; and, in all ways, nursed and tended him as if he had been his mother. 'So Robert lived through it, and, at the end of forty hours, God softened the hearts of his keepers.\*

For a month afterwards Robert was confined to the hospital. The occupant of the next cot to his own was a Union Colonel, who, when they were well enough to go back to the prison, procured for him admission to the officers' quarters in the third story. This secured him no better fare or accommodations than he would have had below with the private soldiers, but it gave him more air and larger space to move about in. There he lived for seven long months; sleeping, at night, on the hard floor; idling, by day,



through the large rooms, or gazing out on the narrow prospect to be seen from the prison windows. But his time was not altogether idled away. Under the eye of the good Colonel, he went over his arithmetic and grammar, and learned French and Spanish. But it was a weary time. Exchanges were suspended, and there seemed no hope; yet at last deliverance came.

Robert went seldom from his own floor, but one cold day in January,

\* This whole narrative of Robert's stay in the Libby the writer has on the testimony of two persons besides the boy himself. It is undoubtedly true in every detail. The writer would be convinced of it from what he personally knows of the two Turners, had he no other evidence.

1864, he was called by a simple errand to the lower story. He was about returning, his foot was even on the stairway, when he heard some one call his name. Looking round, he saw it was the sentinel, — a young man, with light, wavy hair, and an open, handsome countenance. His left coat-sleeve was dangling at his side, but he seemed strong, and otherwise capable of military duty. "Did you call me?" asked Robert. "Why!" cried the other, grasping his hand, "don't you know me? don't you remember Chancellorville?" It was the Rebel youth whose life Robert had saved on the battle-field. The musket dropped from his hand, and he hugged the little boy as if he had been his own brother. The other sentries, and even an officer, stood by, and said nothing; though all this was against the prison regulations. After all, — after even the atrocities the Rebels have committed, — it is true that the same humanity beats under a gray coat that beats under a blue one.

The next day a gentleman came into the room where Robert was quartered, and asked to see him. He was a stoutly built man, rather above the medium height, with a full, open face, large pleasant eyes, and an agreeable manner. He was dressed in dark-gray clothes, wore a broad felt hat, and everything about him seemed to denote that he was a kind-hearted gentleman. He asked Robert how old he was; where his home was; how long he had been in prison; and all about his mother; and, when he rose to go away, gave him his hand, and said: "You're a brave boy. I am sorry I have n't known of you before. But you shall go home now, — in a few days I shall be going to the lines, and will take you with me."

Robert's eyes filled with tears, and he stammered out: "I thank you, sir. I thank you very much, sir."

"You need not, my boy," said the gentleman, placing his hand kindly upon his head. "It is only right that we should let you go, — you saved the life of one of our men."

In three days, with money in his pocket, given him by this gentleman, Robert was on his way to his mother. He is now at his home, fitting himself to act his part in this great world, in this earnest time in which we are living; and the kind-hearted man who set him free, charged with dishonest meanness and theft, is now shut up in that same horrid prison. Robert does not think him guilty, and he has asked me to tell you this about him, which I do gladly, and all the more gladly because I know him, and believe that, if there is an honorable, high-minded man in all Virginia, that man is ROBERT OULD.\*

*Edmund Kirke.*

\* Since this was written, Judge Ould has been honorably acquitted of all the charges against him.



# Round the Evening Lamp

A Treasury  
of  
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



## CHARADES.

No. 14.

My *first* means to plunder,  
My *second* internal.  
United in one  
They name a sweet bird  
With ebony head,  
Dressed partly in red  
And partly in dun.  
My *last* or my *third*,  
When written asunder,  
May be a cognomen,  
Or head-dress of women,  
Convenient in weather  
Too chilly or sunny.  
'T is also the name  
Of a poet of fame,  
(Not many years dead,)  
And who will be read  
While men have a taste  
For pathetic or funny.  
And what is my *whole*,  
Or the end of the "yarn" ?  
An outlaw, who often  
Is named with his barn.

R. H.

No. 15.

IN the dim twilight shed by the sun's latest ray,

O'er my steep, rugged *second* my *first*  
made its way.  
By the soldiers in silence 't was hurried  
along,  
The march unenlivened by laughter or  
song ;  
For their comrades besieged in despair  
saw each day  
Their food and munition fast wasting  
away ;  
And my *first* bore my *whole* to these war-  
riors bold,  
A freight far more precious than silver or  
gold.  
All night they go on, and rejoice in the  
storm  
Which shields from the enemy's sight  
every form ;  
And, ere the first rays of the morning be-  
tray  
That they 've passed, they are safe, and  
no foeman can stay  
My *first* with its load ; it has entered the  
gate.  
Thanks to its brave convoy it comes not  
too late !  
It has given new strength to the soldiers  
within,  
And *that* fortress the enemy never may  
win.

N.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 20.



PATTY.

ENIGMAS.

No. 15.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 27, 13, 24, 9, 4, are invariably quacks.

My 18, 25, 1, 17, 3, 14, 26, are dear to me.

My 2, 16, 2, 7, 20, is in your eye.

My 15, 29, 19, 8, 18, is what we all sigh for.

My 30, 10, 5, 24, are used in games of chance.

My 23, 28, 12, 3, is a small bay.

My 5, 19, 30, 13, 14, goes through the press.

My 15, 7, 11, 20, is frequently presented.

My 25, 22, 5, 6, is part of a foot.

My whole is a wise saying.

A. W. W.

No. 16.

There dwelt in England once a man,

1, 2, 3, 4, his title ran ;

My 6, 7, 4, he had twice over,

And 5, 1, 2, 3, was his cover.

2, 5, 6, 7, they called the land,  
Whereon firm-built his house did stand.  
By 5, 1, 8, 't was overhung,  
And poets of the place have sung.  
(And here — 't is proper you should know  
it —

I have to say, my *whole* 's a poet.)  
Some said this man was 5, 6, 8,  
And some said not, and raised debate.  
But this is sure, that 5, 2, 3,  
Was cause to him of misery.  
You ask his name, and ask in vain,  
Though 2, 3, 1, can it explain.  
Resolve this riddle to find it out,  
Yet still you will remain in doubt.

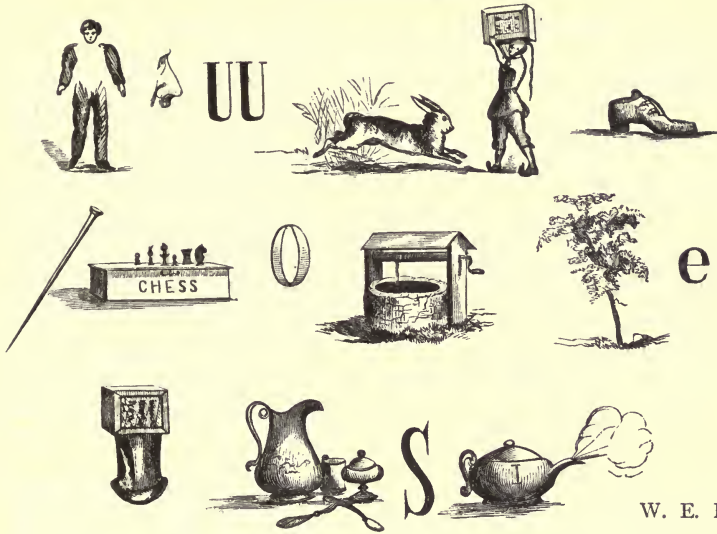
ALBERT WOOD.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 21.



READER.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 22.



CONUNDRUMS.

- 17. Why is twelve o'clock like a pair of spectacles?
- 18. Suppose a botanist should go into the fields to search for *Thymus vulgaris*, and should return with a specimen of *Juncus effusus*, how long would he be gone, and how soon would he come back?
- 19. Why should a sailor always know what time it is?
- 20. What is that which must be taken from you before it can be presented to you?

PUZZLES.

No. 9.

Mr. T., having been absent from home a few days, his son Willie asked him what places he had visited. "These three towns in Massachusetts," said Mr. T., handing Willie a slip of paper on which was written, Land.

- S.
- L. — What towns are they?

No. 10.

- 1. Est la vérité.
- 2. Est l'oncle.
- 3. Est la figure.
- 4. Est autre.
- 5. Est la reponse.

Translating these words, you will find that their initials name a race of English kings, and their finals the first of that race.

J. ROBERTS.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 11. (Each phrase makes one word.) It cuts no corn — I rob Ellen — he sins not, Mat — My one star — O nice dirt — No I cannot rest.

- 12. Speaking of the stories in "Our Young Folks," papa admires, *Why, Nina, I swing*; and mamma, *Rus! Do go!* Annie says, *Ma, Pat ate her sad Lucy's dog.* Johnny prefers, *Ten fish for tea, a lot*; but my choice is always, *Tilt the prettier son.*

F. A. E. I.

## ANSWERS.

## CHARADES.

11. Day-light.                    13. Jump-rope.  
12. Hum-drum.

## ENIGMAS.

12. Procrastination is the thief of time.  
13. All is not gold that glitters.  
14. Edmund Kirke.

## CONUNDRUMS.

11. Because he has antennæ (has n't any).  
12. Because they go two, two, two (too-too-too).  
13. Ad-vice.  
14. Because it's badly drawn.  
15. Because he stops at the sound of woe (whoa).  
16. No one knows (nose).

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

9. Simon Peter in tears.  
10. Gail Hamilton, — Carleton, — Mayne Reid, — Harriet B. Stowe, — Lucy Larcom, — Trowbridge.

## PUZZLES.

7. Spear — pear — pea — ear.  
8. Cheat — heat — eat — at — T.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

14. Patience is a plaster for all sores.

[(Patient) (sis) (ape) (last) (her) (four awls) (oars).]

15. Those who can decipher rebuses ought to be able to invent them as well. Therefore, boys and girls, you and I expect wonders.

[T(hose) (hook) (candy) 0 (rib) (busses) (oar) (Toby) (Abel) (2 in vent) (thumb) (aswell). T(hare) (four boys and girls) U & I (X pecked) 1 doz.

16. For he was more than over shoes in love. 'T is true; for you are more than over boots in love.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

[4 he was (mower) (than *over* shoes in love). 'T is true; for (ewer *over* boots in love). (Two Gentlemen) (V-row)na.]

17. Judicious perseverance overcomes all discouragement.

[(Jew) (dish) ŪS (purse) (sieve) (ear) (ants *over* comes) (awl) (die) (scour) (age) (men) (tea).]

18. A puss in boots catches no mice.

[(A puss in boot) S (cat) che (snow) (mice).]

19. You are cold as an icicle.

[U (ark) (old) azzan (eye) (sickle).]



JUST MY LUCK! I.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

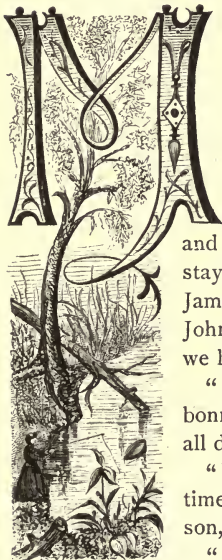
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

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No. X.

## GRANDFATHER'S CHESTNUT-TREE.



MRS. GRAY was quietly darning stockings, when her little granddaughter, Susie Brown, rushed in, all out of breath. "Well, what now, steamboat?" said her grandmother.

Susie always talked so fast that she clipped her words. She rattled off an answer: "You know, Gran'ma Gray, that we 're all going to-morrow to see Great-gran'pa White and Great-gran'ma White, and get some chestnuts. And Ma sent me over here to stay all night with you, so 's to be ready in the morning. James is coming too, to go with you an' Gran'pa. And Johnny and Dolly are going with Pa and Ma. Sha'n't we have a good time, Gran'ma Gray?"

"I hope so," said her grandmother. "But take off your bonnet, and get your breath a little, and tell me how you all do at home."

"We 're all as well as we can be," said Susie. "What time shall we go to-morrow? You 'll wake me up in season, won't you, Gran'ma Gray?"

"I will, if you go to sleep, child," replied Mrs. Gray. "But you are so wild about the chestnutting, I am afraid you won't shut your eyes to-night."

"I guess I shall," said Susie, "if I 'm sure I shall be waked up in season. There, now! I 've broke the string of my bonnet. It would n't come untied."

"What did you jerk the string for?" said Mrs. Gray. "Why can't you learn not to do things with such a rush?"

"I was in a hurry," replied Susie; "and the string plagued me."

"I see no need of being in a hurry," said her grandmother. "We are not going till to-morrow morning; and there surely was time enough to untie your bonnet."

"It seems a great while to wait till to-morrow morning," said Susie. "James has been twice to see Great-gran'pa White; but I never went. Ma says she used to go there with you, when she was a little girl, and she used to have great times under the chestnut-tree. Was it a tree when you was a little girl, Gran'ma Gray?"

"When I was about your age," replied Mrs. Gray, "it was a small, slender tree, very pretty to look at, and the birds liked it so well that they built nests in it. But it did not bear any blossoms till I was ten years old. I thought the long, drooping bunches of white flowers were very handsome, and I wanted to break some of them off, to put in a pitcher. But my father told me it would be wrong to break them off, because the pretty flowers would change to sweet nuts; and they did. Brother David and I picked up a quart of chestnuts that year. How pleased we were! I remember it as well as if it happened yesterday."

"How did the flowers change to nuts?" asked Susie.

"That is more than I can tell you, my child," replied her grandmother. "God made them to grow so. Green prickly balls came where the blossoms had been; and inside each of them two or three chestnuts grew. These chestnut-burs were so hard and prickly, that it was difficult to get at the nuts inside. But when Jack Frost came, he cracked them open, and out rolled the beautiful glossy brown chestnuts."

"How came the tree there? Did Great-gran'pa plant it?" asked Susie.

"No. When he was cutting down other trees to make room for his house and garden, he found that; and he said he would not cut it down, because a chestnut was such a handsome tree, and bore such good fruit."

"Who do you suppose planted it?" asked Susie.

"I think it very likely a squirrel planted it," replied the grandmother.

"A squirrel!" exclaimed Susie. "Do squirrels know enough to plant trees?"

"They don't *know* anything about planting them," said Grandmother; "but they often do plant them. They make nests under ground, and they stuff their cheeks full of nuts to carry to their nests for winter stores. Sometimes they get frightened on the way, by a gun or some other loud noise, and then, if they drop a chestnut, they are in too much of a hurry to pick it up. I suppose a squirrel that was running across father's land dropped a nut in some hole in the ground, and the autumn leaves fell on it, and the snow covered it. And when spring came, with sunshine and warm rain, the nut swelled, and the shell burst open, and out came two little green leaves that had been hidden away in it. Every year there were more and more leaves and bigger branches. I could n't see it grow; but it *was* growing all day and

all the time I was asleep. And at last it came to be a big tree, and it was always a handsome thing to look at. It was beautiful in the spring, when the young tender green leaves came out, and bright birds were flying about the branches, looking for a good place to build their nests. In summer, it was covered with great bunches of flowers. In autumn, it was loaded with burs full of nuts, and the pretty little squirrels were running up and down. In winter, it was sometimes hung with icicles, that glittered in the sunshine like diamonds. Father kept the burs raked away clean, and I used to love to sit in the shade and study my lessons when I was a school-girl. When I was older, I often used to sit there with my knitting or sewing. There was an old stump near by, and many a time I have seen a squirrel run up on it, and sit there with a chestnut in his paws, nibbling it with his little sharp teeth. When I was a very little girl, I used to call them skeerls; and brother David used to laugh at me and tease me about it long afterward. He sometimes jokes with me about the skeerls now."

"Hollo!" shouted Susie. "There's Gran'pa Gray coming";—and out she rushed and began to caper round him.

Grandmother smiled to see her, and said to herself, "The lively little thing! She's kept still a wonderful while, for her."

Grandfather had hardly time to take off his overcoat before she climbed into his lap, asking about the ride they were to take, and whether they would have as many chestnuts as they could eat.

"I used to have more than I wanted, when I was a boy," said he. "We used to send them into the city to sell. I little thought then that I should live in Boston myself, and sell nuts. We used to get ten cents a quart for them when I was a boy. I bought my first slate and pencil with chestnut-money. How we used to like to have a pelting storm come! It rattled down the chestnuts and the ground was covered with them. All the boys and girls were scrambling to pick them up, and the squirrels were running about with their cheeks full. We used to have capital fun chestnutting, did n't we, wife?"

"Yes, indeed," replied she. "Don't you remember how you and I used to pelt one another with nuts?"

"Yes, yes; you were always as full of mischief as an egg is of chicken," said he.

"Was Gran'ma Gray ever full of mischief?" asked Susie, looking up with astonishment.

"Yes, she was as mischievous as you are," replied he. "But come, eat your supper now, and be quiet."

Susie said no more till after supper, but she talked so fast then that Grandfather told her he was afraid her tongue would be worn very thin before she was as old as he was. After she went to bed, she was so excited with thoughts about the ride, that she did not go to sleep for a long time, for fear she should not be waked up in season. She lay awake so long, that when she did go to sleep she slept like a dormouse. She started, and could not remember where she was, when Grandmother called her and said, "Come, get up, Susie, and get ready to go to the chestnutting." She tumbled out of



bed half asleep, and put her stocking on heel uppermost. Grandmother turned it round, and helped her to put the other on right. Then she got her gown on hind part before, and could not find the arm-holes. "Why, the child is crazy, I think," said Mrs. Gray. But at last all was brought into order, and Susie was ready for the early breakfast. She had scarcely put on her coat and mittens, before Mr. Gray came to the door with a carryall and two horses. James sat with him on the front seat, and Mrs. Gray and her granddaughter were soon packed away on the back seat.

It was a charming October morning. The air was cool, the sun was bright, and the trees, all red and yellow, were as gay as a bed of tulips. The sky was clear blue, with little floating white clouds that shone like silver; and the sunshine glittered on eastern windows like sparkles of fire. The bracing air made the horses feel strong, and they trotted off as if they liked it above all things. Susie was greatly excited. She saw all sorts of things, and everything she saw made her clap her hands and shout. Now a pretty little brown and white dog attracted her attention; then she caught sight of a flock of large birds sailing through the air. "See! see!" she exclaimed. "What are they, Gran'pa? Where are they going?"

"They are wild geese," replied Mr. Gray. "They are going south to spend the winter, because they don't like the cold."

"How do they know the way?" asked Susie.

"That is more than I can tell," replied he. "God has made them so that they know how to steer to any place they like, without any map to look at or any ship to sail in."

"I wish I was a wild goose," said Susie.

"I think you've got your wish," said her grave elder brother James; "for you are sometimes a goose, and I'm sure you are wild enough."

"Now what do you mean by calling me a goose?" said his sister, petulantly. "I don't like to be called names."

"I am sure you said you *wished* you were a goose," rejoined her brother.

"And what if I did?" said Susie. "That was only because I wanted to fly.—O, see that! see that!" It was a pretty little brown squirrel, with a black stripe on his back, and a tail like a great feather. He was scampering along the top of the rail-fence, and jumping over the posts more nimbly than a rope-dancer. He was out of sight almost as quick as they saw him. When Susie's excitement had subsided a little, she began to tell James that a squirrel planted Grandfather White's great chestnut-tree; that he dropt a chestnut, and it slept in the ground all winter, and waked up in the spring, and grew and grew till it bore blossoms and nuts. "I should n't wonder," said she, "if that squirrel that ran by just now was the very one that planted Gran'pa White's tree."

"Why, you little goose!" exclaimed James. "That squirrel is as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"I don't know how dead *he* is," replied Susie; "and I don't know who he was."

"Well, if I did n't know who Julius Cæsar was," said James, "I'd go to bed, and would n't get up again."

Mr. Gray smiled and said, "How much do you know about Julius Cæsar, my boy?"

"He was an old Roman, sir, born ever so long ago," said James; "and he went all over the world fighting with everybody."

"I don't believe he was half as useful as the squirrel that plants a chestnut," said Mrs. Gray.

"That may be," said James. "But he was a great man. Nobody ever could beat him. It tells about him in books."

"I don't know why he is any deader than anybody else," said Susie; "but if the squirrel that planted Great-gran'pa White's tree is as dead as Julius Cæsar, perhaps the squirrel that ran along just now is his grandson."

Mr. Gray laughed and said, "If that squirrel belonged to the same family, I think there must have been twelve or fifteen grandfathers between him and the one that planted Father White's tree; for squirrels live but very few years, my little girl. If *you* were a squirrel, you would be old enough to be a grandmother."

Susie would have had more questions to ask, but Mrs. Gray attracted her attention by pointing to an old brown farm-house. "There's where my father lives," said she; "*your* great-grandfather. And there behind the barn you can see the top of the chestnut-tree."

But Susie had caught sight of something more attractive. She clapped her hands and shouted, "Oh! Oh! Look! Look!" Even the sober James cried, "Hurrah!" A splendid peacock was strutting in front of the door, spreading out his tail like a great fan. The sun shone on the bright-colored feathers and made them as brilliant as jewels. The bird seemed to be proud of his tail; for he strutted about, and kept folding and unfolding it, as a Spanish lady plays with her fan; and as he moved the gaudy feathers up and down, they made a rustling noise like a stiff silken dress. Susie had never seen a peacock before, and she was wild with delight.

Mrs. Gray's brother, whom everybody called Uncle David, came out to welcome them. There was great shaking of hands, and his sister laughed when he asked her if she had come to see the "skeerls." Inside the house everything looked pleasant and comfortable, but very old-fashioned. The great-grandmother was sitting in a tall, straight chair with a bamboo back, and on the top was carved a crown, in the midst of oak-leaves and acorns. It was brought over from England in old times, and had been a very grand chair in its day. The aged woman was as straight as her chair. Her face was much wrinkled, but the expression was kindly. Her cap was neatly tied with white ribbons under her chin, her neck was covered with a white muslin kerchief very nicely starched, and her clean checked apron was glossy with the smoothing-iron. On her side was pinned a brown silk knitting-sheath, with a quill stitched into it for her needle to rest in while she was knitting.

The great-grandfather was a venerable-looking old man, with a cue of snow-white hair tied at the back of his head with a black ribbon. He wore long stockings and bright steel knee-buckles, and sat in a flag-bottomed chair as tall and straight as the other; but it had never been in England, and did not wear a crown.

All this Susie spied with her quick black eyes, while her father and mother and her grandfather and grandmother were kissing their aged parents. She had never seen anybody so old, and at first she was a little afraid of them; but when they patted her on the head and called her a nice little girl, she felt as if she should like them.

The kitchen fireplace was very large, and there were tall iron andirons with hooks behind them. A large piece of beef was roasting on an iron spit that rested in the hooks; and when they entered, the great-grandfather was sitting before a bright wood-fire, turning the spit with a long wooden handle. Uncle David's wife, whom everybody called Aunt Martha, was laying the dinner-table. But when the guests arrived she said, "I will tend the beef now, father. It is almost done." Children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren came flocking into the big old kitchen, and everybody was shaking hands and hugging and kissing.

As soon as Aunt Martha could make herself heard, she told them they had all better go into the parlor to take off their things. In the parlor, Susie, who took notice of everything, found a bright wood-fire burning on high brass andirons, that shone like gold. In one corner stood a tall mahogany clock, that had on its face a great round moon, painted with eyes and nose and mouth. Little Johnny stared at it with wondering eyes, and listened to its loud tick, tock, as if it had been a live thing talking to him. The looking-glass was decorated with peacock's feathers, and under it hung a faded green silk pin-cushion, in the shape of a heart. Pins were stuck into it, so as to form the letters R. W. for Ruth White, which was the great-grandmother's name. Grandmother Gray made it when she was twelve years old, and presented it to her mother; and it had hung under the parlor glass ever since.

The dinner was old-fashioned, like everything else. After the roasted beef they had a great, boiled Indian pudding, which the old folks ate with gravy, and the younger ones with butter and molasses. Then they had pumpkin pies sweetened with molasses, and a milk-pan full of something covered with pie-crust, which the children were very curious to explore. Susie was thinking of "Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie"; and she almost expected that, when the pie was opened, the birds would hop out and begin to sing, "Is n't this a dainty dish to set before a king?"

The grandmother, seeing her look at it very earnestly, said, "Will you have some of the Pandowdy, dear?"

"What *is* Pandowdy?" asked Susie.

"Don't you know?" said the great-grandmother. "Where have you been all your days not to know what Pandowdy is? It is made of apples cut in quarters, put in a pan with molasses and a little water, covered with a top-crust, and baked in the oven till it is nicely brown. When I was a little gal I used to think it was mighty good."

She put some of it on the children's plates, and they liked it much. Susie presently asked for some more Pandowdy gravy. She meant the juice of the sweetened apples; but she made them all laugh by calling it gravy. Johnny made them laugh again, by saying to Dolly, "Ith n't it topping-good, Sissy?"



And then they laughed again, when Sissy held out her plate with both her little fat hands, and said, "Dolly want more topping-good Dow-dee." They were all in a happy frame of mind, and laughed easily.

As soon as the children had eaten sufficiently, they became impatient to go out to the chestnut-tree. "You may go and pick up all you can find on the ground," said the great-grandfather. "We will all come out directly, and then Uncle David will shake the tree for you. If you pick 'em up fast, you older children shall have three quarts apiece for your own, to eat or sell; and Johnny and Dolly shall have a quart apiece."

"I mean to sell mine," said James, "and buy Robinson Crusoe."

"And I mean to sell mine and buy a silver thimble," said Susie.

Johnny did not clearly understand business arrangements, but when he heard he was to buy something, he set his mind upon a trumpet. While they were getting their baskets, however, they proposed to each other a dozen new plans for their purchases. They seemed to think the whole world could be bought with Grandfather White's chestnut-tree.

They had been out but a short time, when Susie came rushing back into the parlor, exclaiming, "Gran'pa! Great-gran'pa! there's a queer little girl out there picking up chestnuts, and James told her to go away."

"What makes you call her a *queer* little gal?" said Grandfather White.

"She don't look like we do," said Susie. "Her hair hangs down straight, and her face is stained with something."

"That's little Weeta, the Indian gal," said Grandfather White. "Her name is Weetamoo, but we call her Weeta. James must n't drive her away. I told her she might pick up chestnuts whenever she liked."

He took his hat and cane, and went out, and they all prepared to follow him. Weeta was sitting on the grass at a little distance from the tree, with a basket beside her. Just as the family came within sight of her, James gave the basket a kick, and all her nuts went rolling down the slope.

"Now that's a shame," exclaimed Susie. "Gran'pa told her she might pick up as many as she wanted. Never mind, Weeta! I'll help you pick 'em up; and you shall have some of mine." The black eyes of the little Indian child had flashed like fire when her basket was upset, but the moment she was spoken kindly to, the fire went out.

"Who gave you this pretty basket?" said Susie.

"Me make," replied the little Indian.

"Did you?" said Susie. "I wish you'd show me how to do it." She busied herself helping Weeta pick up the spilled chestnuts.

"That's a good gal, Sukey!" said Grandfather White. "Always take part with the wronged, Sukey. If James would give Weeta the chestnuts in his hat, and tell her he was sorry, I should think all the better of him."

James heard what was said, but kept on filling his hat with chestnuts. Then Grandfather Gray spoke, and said, "You ought to fill her basket again, James." But the boy looked sulky, and kept on filling his hat.

Then his father spoke to him in a low voice, and said, "You did wrong to upset that little girl's basket; what made you do such a thing, when we were all having a pleasant day?"

"She's nothing but an Indian," muttered the ungracious youngster.

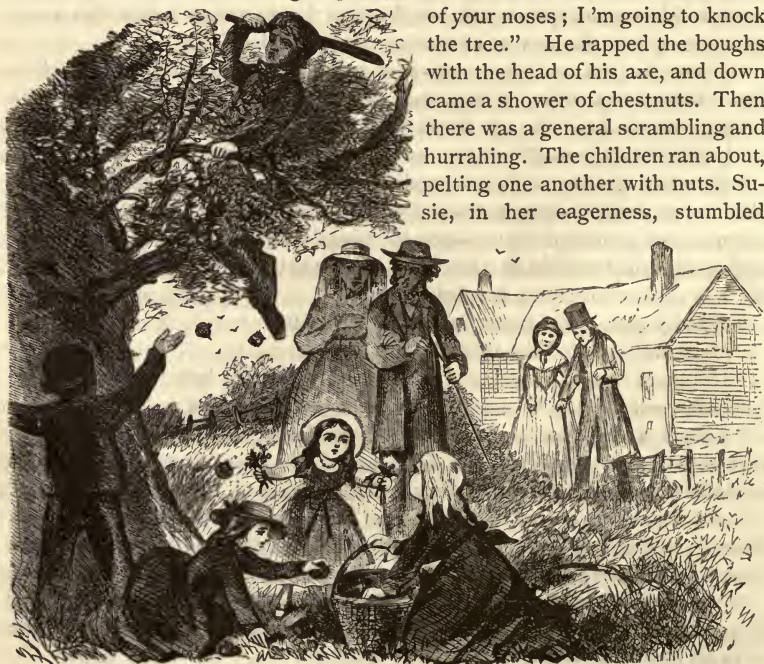
His great-grandfather touched his shoulder with the point of his cane, and said, somewhat sternly, "Look at *me!*" James looked up, but he lowered his eyes when he heard him say, slowly and emphatically, "I am *ashamed* of you, James Brown. You are not a brave boy. The brave never abuse the weak." The aged man looked very venerable, standing there in the shade of the great chestnut-tree, his wrinkled hands leaning on his staff, the wind gently stirring his snow-white hair.

James rose up and walked away without saying anything; but he felt dissatisfied with himself. He looked toward the spot where Susie was helping Weeta pick up her nuts. The words, "You are not a brave boy," rung in his ears. He looked round to see if the family were observing him. Seeing that they were busy adjusting a ladder under the tree, and that Uncle David was making ready to go up with an axe, he went toward the place where the little white girl and the little brown girl were kneeling close together on the ground. "Here, Weeta," said he, "hold your basket, and let me pour these chestnuts in; I was only playing."

The little Indian, without looking up, answered in a very pleasant voice, "Me no care. Me no take."

"But *I* care," said James; and he emptied his hat into her basket. He felt a foot taller than he had done a few minutes before. Susie, who was always eager to carry news, ran off to tell what James had done.

Uncle David, who was high up in the tree, called out, "Now take care of your noses; I'm going to knock the tree." He rapped the boughs with the head of his axe, and down came a shower of chestnuts. Then there was a general scrambling and hurraing. The children ran about, pelting one another with nuts. Susie, in her eagerness, stumbled



over Dolly, and upset her ; but she picked her up again in a minute. Dolly had half a mind to cry about it, but when she saw a big chestnut hit Susie on the nose, she began to laugh, and they all set up a merry shout.

When they had played a little while, they began to fill their small baskets and empty them into the bushel-basket close by the trunk of the tree. Even little Dolly had a basket about as big as a teacup, which she was busily filling and emptying. They looked round for Weeta, but she was walking off to the woods with her basket of nuts poised on her head.

Before the sun had quite gone down, the bushel-basket was filled. Then Grandfather White said, "The squirrels may have the rest. We will go to supper now."

Susie ran up to his side, and began to hop and jump, first on one foot and then on the other. She felt so happy under the great chestnut-tree that bright October day, that she could not help frisking about. "I wish the squirrels would let me see 'em eat chestnuts," said she. "Gran'ma Gray says *she* used to see 'em when she was a little girl."

"Yes, I remember," said the old man. "She used to talk about 'em a deal. She always called 'em skeerls. If you get up early to-morrow morning and go out with me, I dare say we shall see squirrels. They 'll be sure to come after the chestnuts for their winter store. But let us go home to supper now."

James came up and gently took the old man's left hand ; for he was holding his cane in his right hand. "Let *me* walk home with you, dear grandfather," said he.

"I shall be glad of your company, my boy. I'm not ashamed of you now ; you did right about little Weeta."

"I felt ashamed of *myself*," said James, "when she spoke so pleasantly, and said, 'Me no care' ; for I felt that she was more polite than I was, though she lives in the woods and I am a city boy."

"I was sure you would not have said what you did about her being only an Indian if you had thought a minute before you spoke," said the wise old man. "The same God that made *us* made the Indians. We are all His children. He has made some apples with red cheeks, and some with brown cheeks, and some with yellow cheeks ; and there are good apples among them all. He has made Sukey's eyes black and Dolly's blue ; but if they are good children, no matter what color their eyes are. Weeta is a good girl, and the color of her cheeks is of no consequence."

"Where does she live ?" asked Susie.

"She lives half a mile from here in the woods, with her grandmother, who is a good old body, too. They make baskets and brooms, and go round to sell them."

"Hark ! Hark !" exclaimed Susie. What noise is that ?"

"That is Aunt Hannah blowing the big horn, to let us know supper is ready," replied her great-grandfather.

Such a supper as they had ! There was plenty of brown bread and fresh butter, bowls of sweet milk, and piles of doughnuts ; and everything tasted uncommonly good, because they had all been working in the open air.



When they had done supper, Grandmother Gray said she wanted to sit by the big kitchen fireplace, because it would seem like old times, when she was a little girl. So the tall chairs were placed in the best places for the great-grandfather and great-grandmother, and they all formed a circle round the fireplace. The women took their knitting, and Uncle David began to make a willow whistle for Johnny. Dolly scrambled upon her great-grandfather's knee, and began to search the deep pockets of his waistcoat for a box of peppermints, which she had found out were kept there. Susie nestled up close to his side, and began to ask questions. Johnny watched the progress of the whistle awhile, and then placed his cricket close to Great-grandmother's feet, and laid his little curly head on her lap. "Poor little fellow! He is tired," said the old lady; and she patted him tenderly on the head. The kind old folks and the little ones had evidently taken a great liking to each other.

"Is that great chestnut-tree older than you are, Gran'pa White?" asked Susie.

"No, my child," replied he. "I found it here when I cleared up the farm. It was a little sapling of perhaps four years' growth, and I was twenty-four years old."

"Then you are older than the great chestnut-tree!" exclaimed Susie. "Were you born before Julius Cæsar?"

The aged man tapped her on the cheek and laughed outright. "Why, what put such a question as that into the midget's head?" said he.

Grandmother Gray told him of the talk James and Susie had in the carry-all about Julius Cæsar.

"Well, Sukey," said the old man, smiling.

"What makes you call me Sukey?" interrupted the lively little girl.

"That was the fashion in my young days," replied he, "and it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

"But you a'n't an old dog," said Susie.

"If you interrupt me so much, I can't talk with you," said he. "I was going to tell you that our chestnut-tree was n't planted till many hundred years after Julius Cæsar had been dead. But I have heard of chestnut-trees a great deal older than our tree, — older even than Methuselah."

"The Catechism says *he* was the oldest man," said Susie.

"You find it hard to keep your tongue still, don't you?" said the great-grandfather. "I guess it is hung in the middle and let loose at both ends. The Bible says that Methuselah was nine hundred and sixty-nine years old. But in a country across the ocean that they call England, there is a famous chestnut-tree said to be more than a thousand years old."

"How much *is* a thousand?" asked Susie.

"O, your little head must grow before it will be large enough to take in such big figures," replied he. "That tree is older than twelve such great-grandfathers as I am; but it is not the oldest chestnut-tree in the world. Across the water is a country called Sicily, where there is a mountain that spouts fire. I dare say James can tell us the name of that mountain."

"I suppose it is Mount Ætna," said James.

"Right, my boy. Well, travellers say that, as you go up Mount Ætna, you pass a giant chestnut-tree, supposed to be a good deal more than a thousand years old. The trunk measured a hundred and sixty-three feet just above the ground, and that is as big as this house. When it began to decay inside, poor folks cut it away for firewood; and in the course of years they cut away so much, that a road was made right through the tree, wide enough for two carriages to go through abreast. On another side of the tree they cut away another opening, and inside of that cavity they built a small hut, where people used to sleep when they came from a distance to gather chestnuts. For though they had hacked away so much decayed wood from the inside, the bark and the outside-wood were sound, and the old tree still bore foliage and fruit. It is said that a Spanish queen with a hundred horsemen, being caught in a storm near Mount Ætna, all rode into the chestnut-tree and found shelter. After that, it was called 'The Chestnut of the Hundred Horses.' It was considered one of the wonders of the world; and people from far and near went to see it."

"I think our old chestnut is well worth riding twenty miles to see, any day," said Aunt Martha. "Was there ever anything handsomer than it was last summer, all covered with great bunches of white blossoms?"

"I call a chestnut the handsomest tree that grows," said Uncle David. "What an extent of shade they give, and how grand they look! Full as grand as an oak, I think. It's a sad pity they have cut them down so generally. I plant chestnuts every year; and I wish every boy in the land would plant one."

"I will plant one to-morrow," said James.

"And so will I," said Susie.

Their father said, "If Spanish chestnuts would live in our climate, I should like to plant some. The nuts are twice as large as ours, but I don't think they are quite so sweet. You talk about a chestnut's being a handsome tree; and so it is. But you forget to say that it is as useful as it is handsome. The wood looks very much like oak, and it is more durable. It takes a fine polish, and rooms finished with it are very handsome. If stained a little, it makes a very good imitation of mahogany. My mother had a very pretty light-stand made of it. It is excellent for poles, and rails, and rafters; and it makes the best of charcoal. In many countries of Europe, poor people half live upon chestnuts. They are more nutritious and wholesome than any other nuts, because they are the most farinaceous and the least oily. The peasants who live upon them are healthy and robust. They eat them raw and roasted and boiled. They dry them and grind them into flour, with which they make cakes and puddings, and sometimes bread. In Venice, they make a kind of porridge of chestnut-flour, called *polenta*. They sell it in the streets, a pint-bowlful for a cent. It finds a ready market, for the people are very fond of it."

"That makes me think that some chestnuts ought to be roasted and boiled for the children," said Grandmother White. "When they are roasted well, I think they are full as good as sweet potatoes."

"Bring me a basketful, Aunt Martha," said Grandfather White. "I will be cutting them while you see to having some good embers ready to cover them. But, mother, little Dolly is fast asleep. Take her and put her to bed."

"Johnny has been asleep this good while," said the great-grandmother. "Bless his little curly pate! How tired he was!"

The little ones were carried off to their bed; the fire was replenished, a kettle of water put on, and Grandfather White began to cut small pieces of shell from each chestnut.

"What do you do that for?" inquired Susie.

He answered, "Because if I don't, when they are put in the fire they will go off like a gun, and perhaps hit you on the nose."

"What makes it go off like a gun?" asked inquisitive Susie.

The great-grandfather, who was very patient, answered, "Because there is air in the nut, and when the air is hot it swells, and wants more room; and if there is n't a little door cut for it to get out, it will burst the shell with a great noise, and make it fly ever so far. Did you ever hear of the monkey that wanted to get roasted chestnuts out of the fire without burning his own paws, so he took poor pussy's paw and pulled 'em out? If those nuts had n't been cut before they were covered with embers, Jocko would have been very likely to have got a thump on his nose from a hot chestnut."

"I wish he had," said Susie; "for he was a bad monkey."

While the chestnuts were roasting and boiling, the great-grandmother invited Susie to play Cat's Cradle; and the great-grandfather brought forth some kernels of red corn and yellow corn, to play at Fox and Geese with James, while the rest of the company talked about the farm and other matters. Then boiled chestnuts, and roasted chestnuts, and great red-cheeked apples were handed round. At last, one after another went to bed, all feeling that they had had a very happy day.

The great-grandfather was a very early riser; but when he entered the kitchen the next morning he found Susie already there, looking for somebody to button her clothes, that she might go out and see the squirrels and plant a chestnut. Aunt Martha soon came and fastened her dress, and forth she went into the cool morning, chattering all the time with her aged friend. No squirrels were to be seen about the chestnut-tree.

"They are not far off," said Grandfather White, "for I hear them calling, chip, chip. Let us go to that great open space yonder. There's a good place to plant your chestnut, away from other trees. For chestnut-trees grow large, and they do better to have plenty of room all to themselves."

When the chestnut was planted, and a circle of stones laid round it to mark the spot, he led her back to the tree and said, "Now, Sukey, you sit down on that big stone, while I go to feed the hens. You may be sure a squirrel will come for his breakfast before long."

Susie sat down as she was directed; but she felt very lonesome there, with nothing but the great chestnut-tree to look at. She soon became impatient, and ran off to the barn. There she found the peacock strutting about,



trailing his handsome tail on the ground. And there were white hens, and yellow hens, and speckled hens, and a dashing great cockerel, with a red crown on his head, trying to step as grand as the peacock. Grandfather White was throwing corn from a peck-measure, and they gobbled it up faster than he could throw it. When he had emptied the measure, he took the little girl's hand and led her again toward the chestnut-tree. There they spied a squirrel sitting on the old stump, with a chestnut in his paws. Susie uttered a little cry of joy, and the squirrel stopped nibbling his chestnut to listen.

"Hush!" said the old man. "He will go off like a streak of lightning if you make a noise."

Then Susie said, in a low voice, "How pretty he is! I never did see such a pretty little creature. I wish I could catch him, and carry him home."

"He is too nimble for that," said the great-grandfather; "and I am glad of it. He would n't be happy in the city; God made him to frisk about in the woods."

"Who is that coming?" exclaimed Susie. "O, it's little Weeta. I guess she's coming to see if there are any chestnuts left."

But Weeta, without stopping to look for chestnuts, walked straight up to Susie, and, putting a little basket into her hand, said, "Me give."



"O, what a pretty basket!" exclaimed Susie; and, in the enthusiasm of her gratitude, she hugged and kissed the little Indian girl.

"That is because you took her part yesterday," said Grandfather White. "Kindness makes kindness. Always remember that, Sukey."

"Me tank," said little Weeta, and she turned to walk away.

But Susie called out, "Stop a minute, Weeta, till I can go into the house." In her hurry, she pitched over a small stump, and fell down; but she was up again instantly, and out of sight.

"What a quickster that gal is," said the old man, laughing.

She soon came back with a great doughnut that Aunt Martha had made for her. It had a head, and two holes for eyes, and arms and legs. She put it into Weeta's hand, saying, "There 's a doughnut man for you. It's good to eat." Grandfather White put a big red apple in the other hand, and patted her head kindly.

"Me tank," said the little Indian, and walked demurely away.

Susie took the hand of her old friend, and they walked toward the house. They found Johnny and Dolly among the hens, and the great-grandfather delighted them greatly by giving them some corn to throw. Susie spied out James in the barn, helping Uncle David rub the horses.

"Have you planted your chestnut? I've planted mine," said she.

James answered that he had it in his pocket, and was going to plant it before breakfast.

"You must be quick, then," said she; and she began to repeat rapidly all the directions that had been given her.

In the house, Aunt Martha was putting an early breakfast on the table, and the guests were busy packing their bags and baskets. There was a large bag of chestnuts, and smaller bags of roasted chestnuts and boiled chestnuts, and peacock's feathers, and branches of red and yellow leaves, and plenty of apples and doughnuts. The question was where to pack them, and how to get them all into the carriage.

"It 'll be carryall, sure enough," said Grandmother Gray.

Susie came running in, saying, "See what a pretty basket little Weeta has brought for me! Can't you pack it somewhere? I wish I had brought my new ten-cent piece with me. I wanted it to give to Weeta."

"It is very pretty," said her mother. "You had better carry it home in your hand. It was better not to *pay* little Weeta, because she wanted to *give* it to you, and it pleased her to do it. But if you are willing to give up your silver thimble, you can buy worsted with your chestnut-money, and knit little Weeta a red comforter."

"So I will," said Susie. "I'm glad you thought of that."

Then Aunt Hannah blew the big horn, and everybody came in to breakfast. As soon as James had done eating, he asked to leave the table that he might go and pack the bags and baskets in the carryalls.

"Mind and spread the chestnuts on the garret-floor, as soon as you get home," said Grandfather White. "If you don't, they 'll be full of blue-mould, and I call it very dishonest to sell mouldy chestnuts."

The horses waited at the door while the aged parents kissed children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and said, "Good by, Johnny and Dolly. Come again and feed the hens. Good by, James. I have hopes of you. I guess you 'll make a better brave than Julius Cæsar. Good by,

Sukey. Don't wear your tongue out. Come again, all of you, to see us, before we go hence."

"Good by, all," said Uncle David. "If the chestnuts come up and grow, we'll always call 'em James and Susie."

"Good by, father and mother," said Grandmother Gray. "May your chestnut-tree live a thousand years."

When they were all stowed away, Susie called out, from inside the carriage, "Good by, I love you."

"Me, too," shouted Johnny. And the horses trotted off.

They had a bright day to ride home, and the children were in high spirits. Susie, as usual, talked enough for two. She discussed everything they had seen, or heard, or tasted; and summed all up by saying, "If I live to be as old as Gran'pa White, I shall never forget that great chestnut-tree; nor that handsome peacock spreading his tail-feathers; nor the squirrel eating a chestnut; nor the little Indian girl that gave me this basket." She paused a moment, and added, "Nor that great Pandowdy; because it had such a queer name."

"I shall remember Grandfather White as long as I live," said James.

"I hope you will," replied Grandmother Gray, "and I hope you'll be like him; for he is a just and good man."

When Uncle David visited the city the next winter, Susie sent Weeta a bright red comforter, and James sent her a bow and arrow of his own making, tied with red and yellow ribbons. A basket was packed for the aged parents, into which the children stuffed oranges, and figs, and peppermints.

The elder ones went the next year, "to see the folks and get some chestnuts," as Susie described it. But before chestnuts were ripe again, the aged parents had passed away to a more beautiful world than this. Their son, Uncle David, then owned the great tree, and his Boston relatives went every year or two to see him and the old homestead, and to gather round the venerable tree, made sacred by so many pleasant memories. But when Susie was sixteen years old, the magnificent tree was cut down to make way for a railroad. Grandmother Gray shed tears when she heard of it. James begged for some of the wood, with which he made a handsome cane for Grandfather Gray. Susie had a small table and a work-box made of it. On top of the box she painted a likeness of the great chestnut-tree, and a little girl sitting in the shade of it with an open book in her lap. Round the key-hole, she painted branches of chestnut-blossoms. On one end, she painted a squirrel eating a chestnut; and on the other, a chestnut-bough with a bird's-nest on it, containing three eggs. When it was nicely varnished and dried, she gave it to Grandmother Gray for a birthday present. The old lady was very much pleased, though the sight of it brought tears to her eyes; for it made her think of very old times, when she was a little girl.

The chestnuts which James and Susie planted are growing every year; but there was the end of Grandfather's Chestnut-Tree.





**W**HITE little housed-up things,  
 Why don't you run  
 Out in the sun?  
 Beauty that blossoms and sings  
 Never was made  
 Strong in the shade.

Why do you shadow the face  
 Pale as a doll's,  
 Now the wind calls,  
 "Hurry, and give us a chase"?  
 Where the winds blow  
 Roses will grow.

Here we swing high on the bough !  
Down comes the rain,  
Blackberry stain  
Washing from bare cheek and brow,  
Fresh as a flower  
After the shower.

We and the pine-trees are glad  
When the gales talk  
Through a split rock  
Till they go merrily mad,  
Making us shake,—  
Laugh till we ache.

Then in the warm lull of noon  
Sleepy we slide  
Down the rill-side,  
Dropping away to its tune  
Into a dream  
Bright as the stream.

Always at home with you, Sun !  
Motherly eye  
Up in the sky  
Smiling out full on our fun ;—  
Paint us with tan  
Brown as you can !

O little housed-up things !  
Blue is the air,  
Breezy and fair :  
Borrow a bird's idle wings ;  
Then you may be  
Merry as we !

*Lucy Larcom.*



## HOW THE INDIAN CORN GROWS.

THE children came in from the field with their hands full of the soft, pale-green corn-silk. Annie had rolled hers into a bird's-nest, while Willie had dressed his little sister's hair with the long, damp tresses, until she seemed more like a mermaid, with pale blue eyes shining out between the locks of her sea-green hair, than like our own Alice.

They brought their treasures to the mother, who sat on the door-step of the farm-house, under the tall, old elm-tree that had been growing there ever since her mother was a child. She praised the beauty of the bird's-nest, and kissed the little mermaiden to find if her lips tasted of salt water; but then she said, "Don't break any more of the silk, dear children, else we shall have no ears of corn in the field, — none to roast before our picnic fires, and none to dry and pop at Christmas time next winter."

Now the children wondered at what their mother said, and begged that she would tell them how the silk could make the round, full kernels of corn. And this is the story that the mother told, while they all sat on the door-step under the old elm.

"When your father broke up the ground with his plough, and scattered in the seed-corn, the crows were watching from the old apple-tree; and they came down to pick up the corn; and indeed they did carry away a good deal; but the days went by, the spring showers moistened the earth, and the sun shone, and so the seed-corn swelled, and, bursting open, thrust out two little hands, one reaching down to hold itself firmly in the earth, and one reaching up to the light and air. The first was never very beautiful, but certainly quite useful; for, besides holding the corn firmly in its place, it drew up water and food for the whole plant; but the second spread out two long, slender green leaves, that waved with every breath of air, and seemed to rejoice in every ray of sunshine. Day by day it grew taller and taller, and by and by put out new streamers broader and stronger, until it stood higher than Willie's head; then, at the top, came a new kind of bud, quite different from those that folded the green streamers, and when that opened, it showed a nodding flower which swayed and bowed at the top of the stalk like the crown of the whole plant. And yet this was not the best that the corn plant could do, — for lower down, and partly hidden by the leaves, it had hung out a silken tassel of pale, sea-green color, like the hair of a little mermaid. Now, every silken thread was in truth a tiny tube, so fine that our eyes cannot see the bore of it. The nodding flower that grew so gayly up above there was day by day ripening a golden dust called pollen, and every grain of this pollen — and they were very small grains indeed — knew perfectly well that the silken threads were tubes; and they felt an irresistible desire to enter the shining passages and explore them to the very end; so one day, when the wind was tossing the whole blossoms this way and that, the pollen-grains danced out, and, sailing down on the soft breeze, each one crept in at the



open door of a sea-green tube. Down they slid over the shining floors, and what was their delight to find, when they reached the end, that they had all along been expected, and for each one was a little room prepared, and sweet food for their nourishment; and from this time they had no desire to go away, but remained each in his own place, and grew every day stronger and larger and rounder, even as Baby in the cradle there, who has nothing to do but grow.

“Side by side were their cradles, one beyond another in beautiful straight rows; and as the pollen-grains grew daily larger, the cradles also grew for their accommodation, until at last they felt themselves really full of sweet, delicious life; and those who lived at the tops of the rows peeped out from the opening of the dry leaves which wrapped them all together, and saw a little boy with his father coming through the corn-field, while yet everything was beaded with dew, and the sun was scarcely an hour high. The boy carried a basket, and the father broke from the corn-stalks the full, firm ears of sweet corn, and heaped the basket full.”

“O mother!” cried Willie, “that was father and I. Don’t you remember how we used to go out last summer every morning before breakfast to bring in the corn? And we must have taken that very ear; for I remember how the full kernels lay in straight rows, side by side, just as you have told.”

Now Alice is breaking her threads of silk, and trying to see the tiny opening of the tube; and Annie thinks she will look for the pollen-grains the very next time she goes to the cornfield.

*Author of “Seven Little Sisters.”*



## THE CRUISE OF THE LEOPOLD :

OR, THE FORTUNES OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

### CHAPTER I.

“SEE here, Dick Bellmore, you quit that!” shouted Tom Brindley. “Let the gal come ashore, if she wants to.”

The speaker, as if satisfied that his command would be heeded, turned his attention to the game of “stick,” which he was playing with another boy. Placing his knife on the back of his hand, he gave it a dexterous toss, which caused it to be planted perpendicularly in the sand of the beach. Satisfied with this achievement, which added sundry marks to his score, he picked up the knife, and, seizing the blade at the point with his thumb and forefinger, was about to essay a more difficult feat, when he discovered that no notice had been taken of his peremptory order.

"I say, Dick Bellmore, you quit that, and let the gal come ashore," repeated he, with more emphasis than before; and this time he paused to see that his command was properly respected.

"You mind your own business, Tom Brindley! I'm not touching you," replied the young gentleman addressed.

"Well, I'll touch you, if you don't let the gal alone," added Tom, shaking his head, in a manner which seemed to endanger the health and happiness of the other, especially as the speaker, pending the result of his remonstrances, suspended further operations in the exciting game in which he was engaged.

"You need n't trouble yourself about me," answered Dick. "The girl's nothing to you, and you need n't make yourself uneasy about her."

Dick Bellmore had quite enough of that native independence which makes mankind and swine-kind very much alike in one important respect, and it is more than probable the interference of Tom Brindley caused him largely to exceed his original intentions in respect to the "gal" who had been mentioned. The mischief-maker was certainly pursuing a very ungallant and unchivalrous course of action. He was seated in a dory, which floated in the shallow water of the "Round-Back," as a portion of the beach, forming the sea-front of Rearport, was called. A small creek from the marshes above emptied into the sea at this point, and the flow of water from this stream had thrown up the sand so as to form the ridge, about two rods in width, which some fanciful fisherman had christened the "Round-Back." On each side of it the water was deep, while on the bank a person might wade out several rods without being much more than knee-deep.

Miss Jenny Bass was not a Newport celebrity or a Broadway belle. She had not been trained at a fashionable seminary, and consequently her ideas of maidenly propriety were rather indefinite. She was one of six or seven daughters of a Rearport fisherman, and we suppose she inherited the tastes and tendencies of her father, for at the precise moment when our story commences, she was wading out on the "Round-Back,"—not an elegant, but a healthy and invigorating exercise, for a young lady. She had been out as far as the length of her dress, shrewdly and carefully adjusted for the occasion, would permit. Having carried her explorations as far as her comfort or her inclination prompted, she was in the act of returning to *terra firma*, when her progress was interrupted by Master Dick Bellmore, whose love of mischief, unfortunately for him, as it afterwards proved, inclined him to vex and tease the aquatic damsel.

For several minutes he had amused himself at Jenny's expense. By splashing the water, and by moving the dory in which he sat across the narrow spit, he prevented her advance, till her patience was exhausted. She had given him a few sharp words, such as a spirited girl of eleven can speak on an emergency; but they had no effect upon her tormentor. Thus far, Tom Brindley had literally minded his own business; but when she resorted to tactics more peculiarly feminine, and begged the young tyrant in tender tones to let her pass, the chivalrous knight of the jack-knife, playing "stick" on

the beach, considered it his duty to interfere in behalf of the persecuted submarine maiden. Not that the gallant knight aforesaid had sworn fealty to this particular lady, but on general principles.

Dick resented the interference, and maliciously increased his efforts to annoy poor Jenny, who now appeared to be very much alarmed, or very much excited by her situation. Her tormentor had pushed the boat from the sand where it had grounded, and was actually driving the poor girl out to sea. He was laughing, and teasing her with ill-chosen words. As he slowly pushed the dory towards her, occasionally splashing the water at her, she retreated backwards from him.

"You are a porpoise, Jenny! You are not afraid of salt water! Hold still a minute, and let me wash your face, Jenny," said he, as he followed up the hapless maiden.

"Don't, Dick, don't! I'm scared half out of my senses now. Don't, Dick, don't!" pleaded she, as she continued to take step after step backwards, till she stood up to her knees in the water.

"What are you afraid of, Jenny? The dirt is an inch deep on your face. Let me wash it off."

"Dick Bellmore, if you don't let that gal alone, I'll duck *you*, and see how you like it," said Tom.

"Will you? I should like to see you do it!"

It was quite evident that he did not mean what he said; for Dick, being the son of the richest man in Rearport, wore better clothes than most of the boys, and an over-dose of salt water would not have been pleasant to him. More than this, he was provoked that the son of a poor fisherman should assume to dictate to him; and, instead of ceasing his cruel sport, he pressed Jenny the harder, each time the remonstrance was uttered. Dick was not a bad boy, naturally; he was simply maintaining his independence, which is dear to all boys; and he carried his unfeeling sport further than he would have done if nothing had been said to him.

Poor Jenny was retiring backwards before her unrelenting enemy, and did not bestow proper attention to the direction of her retreat, which led her to the deep gully. Taking an unguarded step, she put her foot into a hole, when, losing her balance, she fell over backwards into the deep water. This was more than Dick had bargained for, and he was appalled by the accident. Nature had not largely endowed him with self-possession, and instead of pushing out to the rescue of the unfortunate maiden, he stood up in the boat, bewildered and uncertain.

Tom Brindley understood the situation at a glance, and dropping the jack-knife, he dashed down the beach, through the water, and into the boat, before Dick's second thought came to him. Snatching the oar from the bewildered boy, he sculled her out to the spot where Jenny had gone down. Grasping the boat-hook, he fastened it in her clothing, and, after a sharp struggle, hauled her into the dory.

"There! you mean pup!" exclaimed Tom, when he had completed the job, "do you see what you've done! Why didn't you mind what I said to you?"





“You are not my master,” replied Dick, not at all pleased with this sharp address.

“What did you do that for?” cried Tom, puffing like a porpoise.

“You’ve said enough, Tom Brindley.”

“I reckon I have, but I have n’t done enough,” replied the young knight; and without a word of warning or menace, he suddenly seized hold of the persecutor of female innocence, and by a quick and dexterous movement pitched him overboard.

It was a fortunate circumstance for Dick Bellmore that he knew how to swim, for, though there was no immediate danger of his drowning, it abridged the duration of his involuntary bath very materially. Tom took the oar, and, sculling the boat to the shore, landed Miss Jenny Bass on the beach. Without waiting to enlarge upon the nature and extent of her obligations to her deliverer, she bounded off towards her father’s cottage, leaving her courtly knight to fight out any battle which previous events might render necessary. The persecutor of female innocence was very wet and very angry. After shaking himself like a wet dog, he walked up to Tom Brindley, evidently with the intention of wreaking his vengeance upon him; but the hero stood like a rock, ready for anything which might transpire. Dick looked at him once, and changed his mind.

“You’ll have to pay for this, Tom Brindley!” said he, bitterly.

“I’m ready any time you are,” replied the hero, as the other walked with a quick step towards his father’s house.

## CHAPTER II.

THE event described in the preceding chapter created a tremendous sensation in Rearport. It was reported that Tom Brindley had done an awful thing; that he had even attempted to take the life of Captain Bellmore's son. The "Brindley boy," with malice aforethought, and with a wickedness which the people could not understand, had pitched the "Bellmore boy" into the water. It is true, something was said about the "Bass girl," but not much stress seemed to be laid upon her connection with the affair.

While the terrible rumors were flying from mouth to mouth through the village, and everybody was wondering why the constable did not take up the little villain, the subject of all this talk sat on the log on the beach, and finished his game of "stick" with Silas Ryder. He was not conscious that he had done a very wicked thing. Perhaps it was because he was hardened in iniquity; for the truth of history compels us to say that Tom's character stood *below par* in Rearport. His reputation for those sterling virtues which make what is technically called a good boy, was bad. He had been known to smoke a "long nine," and one old lady declared that she "smelt his breath once," — which was certainly an awful imputation to cast upon the fame of a young man of fourteen.

His father had been dead about two months, and it is quite certain that neither of his parents had ever been able to get much good out of him. In the police reports of a great city he would have been classed under the head of "idle and dissolute"; in Rearport he was simply a "good-for-nothing." We don't know that we could sum up the nature and extent of Tom's misdemeanors; but he did n't like to go to school, did n't like to work, did n't like to stay in the house on Sunday, and did n't like to mind his father and mother. The Plush-Street reformers would have regarded his delinquencies as mere negative virtues, and would have been willing to believe that the boy would make a good and useful citizen with proper encouragement.

In spite of his faults, to call them by a mild term, Tom had many excellent points. He was as bold as a lion, and as generous as the softest heart could desire. Though he did not always obey his widowed mother, he loved her as tenderly as his wayward nature would allow. For her sake he had fifty times resolved to reform, and half that number of times had actually put his resolution into practice far enough to work one day in the garden, or behave himself with the most exemplary propriety for the full space of six hours.

Tom finished his game of "stick," having beaten his competitor every time, without an exception, and, as the tide served, went out and caught a mess of cunners for breakfast the next morning. All unconscious of the tempest which had been raging in the village during his absence, he walked leisurely up to his mother's cottage with the string of fish in his hand. As he entered the back door, he heard the voice of a gentleman in the kitchen. He listened, and recognized the tones of Captain Bellmore, the magnate of Rearport. He was evidently in the worst possible humor, and Tom was in doubt

whether or not it would be safe to show his face in the house. He sat down on the wash-bench and listened to the conversation.

"Yes, ma'am. You know the facts in the case as well as I do. I've never troubled you."

"I know you have n't, Captain Bellmore," replied Mrs. Brindley, meekly; "and I'm sure I'm very much obleeged to you for your goodness."

"But I can't stand it any longer!" continued the irate Captain. "I've told you before that good-for-nothing boy of yours must be taken care of. I've got a mortgage on your house for four hundred dollars. The interest has n't been paid for more than a year, but I never disturbed you, I never said a word about it."

"I know you did n't, sir, and, goodness knows, I'm as thankful to you as a body can be for lettin' on it rest."

"Yes! and what do I get for it? Why, this very afternoon, that good-for-nothing boy of yours threw my son overboard,—meant to drown him, I have n't the least doubt!"

"I don't think Thomas meant to do that. He a'n't a bad boy at heart. He is kind o' wild and shif'less, but I don't b'lieve he's wicked."

"You don't believe it, ma'am? What did he throw my son into the water for, then?" demanded Captain Bellmore, who could n't think of anything more depraved than throwing *his* son overboard.

"I'll tell you what I did it for, Captain Bellmore," said Tom, suddenly rushing into the room, his face as red as a blood beet.

"So you are here, are you?"

"Yes, *sir*! I am here; and I ain't afraid of the biggest man in creation, either."

"Don't be saucy, boy!" said the great man of Rearport.

"Don't, Thomas, don't!" pleaded his mother.

But they might as well have attempted to shackle a northeaster, as to restrain the fiery temper of Tom Brindley, smarting under a keen sense of injustice. "I'm going to speak, 'cause I'm not to blame; or if I am to blame, I a'n't any more to blame than Dick Bellmore. He was bothering Jenny Bass, and scared her half out of her wits, and then drove her out into deep water, and she tipped up and went over, and she'd a been drowned if I had n't pulled her out. That is the long and short of the whole matter. I told Dick to quit, and he would n't, and he sassed me, and I did n't touch Dick till he drove the gal out where the water was over her head!"

Tom blowed like a grampus, when he had finished his story. He paused to notice the effect of his explanation. Captain Bellmore did not appear to think that crowding the poor girl out into deep water was a very wicked thing,—certainly not wicked enough to justify Tom's high-handed act. The truth, exactly as it was, came out after some savage questioning, when it appeared that the young tyrant had been thrown into the water after the rescue of Jenny.

"What did you throw my son into the water then for?" asked the indignant father.



“Because he sassed me, and because I was mad with him for doing such a mean, dirty trick. The gal would ’a’ been drowned if I had n’t been there.”

“I dare say, young gentleman!” sneered Captain Bellmore. “You have a very fine opinion of yourself.”

“Well, your son would n’t have saved her. He stood in the boat like a sick monkey. He did n’t stir a finger to help Jenny, and she was floundering about in the water like a porpoise aground on a sand-bar.”

“It’s no use for me to talk to this boy, ma’am. If you’ll turn him over to me, I’ll put him where he will have to behave himself.”

“No, you won’t,” said Tom, shaking his head at the oracle of the village.

“Do you hear that, ma’am?”

“I don’t think Thomas is a bad boy at heart——”

“Enough of this, ma’am!” said the Captain, impatiently. “If you won’t take my advice, I can’t help it. I won’t have my son abused by anybody. If I can’t get the good-for-nothing fellow out of the place in one way, I shall in another. All I’ve got to say, ma’am, is, that the interest on that note is due the twentieth of the month. If it is not paid, I shall take possession right off. If the interest is paid, I shall want the principal, too. That’s all I’ve got to say, ma’am. I’m sorry it is so, but I can’t help it.”

“Now, Cap’n Bellmore, you can leave!” added Tom, indignantly, when his mother began to weep. “Don’t you say no more to my mother! If you do, I’ll bat you, if I have to swing for it.”

“I’ve nothing more to say, you impudent young puppy!” replied the rich man, as he sailed in solemn dignity out of the house.

“What shall we do, Thomas?” groaned poor Mrs. Brindley. “You see what you’ve done.”

“I could n’t help it, mother,” answered Tom, gently, as he laid down the clothes-stick, which he had picked up to enforce his threat. “Don’t cry, mother; I’ll take care of you, whatever happens.”

“You, Tom! You never did a thing in your life but worry me! Now, you’ll turn us all out of house and home. Why did you do it, Thomas?” moaned the poor widow.

Tom could not tell why he did it; so he used all his efforts to comfort his mother. He promised to turn over a new leaf, and do a thousand improbable and impossible things. At last, when her grief had spent itself, Mrs. Brindley returned to her work, and Tom went out into the garden to think over the matter.

*Oliver Optic.*



## HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

## III.



SQUIRE REVERDY, cane in hand, came walking home one afternoon with a smiling countenance, and inquired for Father Brighthopes.

“Good news,—I see it in your eye!” said the old clergyman.

“Yes, in abundance!” said the Squire, pulling off his glove. “It comes thick and fast now. There is no longer a Southern ‘Confederacy.’ Read for yourself,” giving Father Brighthopes an evening paper. “But I have one item, not to be found even in the latest editions; which is, that the young folks propose to pay you their respects this evening.”

“Ah, that is good news indeed! It shows that they did not get very tired of me the other night, does it not?”

“We needed no new evidence of that fact. You not only interested them, but I hear from all quarters that your talk did them a deal of good. At play, at home, and at

school, I believe they behaved better afterwards than they were ever known to do before: they were kinder to each other, more generous, and consequently happier. The change was very noticeable, for three or four days at least.”

“Three or four days! Well, that is better than nothing. If we grown folks so soon forget our good resolutions and lose our inspiration for works of love, we must n’t expect too much of the children. It is n’t enough simply to teach what is right, but we must at the same time impart an impulse to do right; and that does not come from the head, but from the heart.”

“One thing I find very sad in my own experience,” rejoined Squire Reverdy. “I find that I can remember a good lesson much longer than I often feel the impulse to live it out. The impulse dies, and then the lesson is like a tree that has lost all its sap,—a leafless, lifeless thing, good for nothing.”

“Yes,” said Father Brighthopes, “we had repeated promptings, continual

influences, to keep the spirit of good alive within us. Yet it often happens that a single word, at the right moment, has power to change the whole course of a person's life; like a guidepost that shows us the right direction, when we are travelling and at a loss to know which way to turn. Let us hope that we may thus show the way to more than one of these dear children, who will henceforth follow it from the impulse of good which is in themselves."

"O Father Brighthopes!" exclaimed Emma Reverdy, running into the room soon after the Squire had gone out, "do you know the dreadfulest thing has happened! And it is n't true, neither; I know it is n't!"

"If it is'n't true, how can it have happened?" asked the old clergyman, smiling at the slight inconsistency into which excitement had betrayed her.

"I mean, I don't believe it is true! But everybody says it is, — even father says he don't see how there can be any mistake about it. You remember Grant Eastman?"

"What! my young friend of the lost tooth?"

"The tooth, if you 'll believe it, stayed in!" said Emma. "But it's worse than that, — even than losing all one's teeth, I should think! He was always such a nice boy, such a free-hearted, good boy! I never knew him to do a mean thing. But now — O, I won't believe it!"

"My dear child," said Father Brighthopes, "tell me at once what has happened to him, for you make me feel very anxious."

"Well, you know, he has no father, and his mother is poor, and so he left school this spring to go into Mr. Marsh's shoe-store, in town. And they liked him ever so much, he was so smart and prompt about everything, — so good-natured too, and ready to oblige everybody. But by and by Mr. Marsh began to miss money from the drawer, and he did n't know who could have taken it unless it was Grant. So he laid a trap for him. Mr. Marsh left a certain sum of money in the drawer, and went out, when nobody was in the store except Grant; and Mr. Marsh says he kept watch outside and saw that nobody went in; then finally he went back and looked in the drawer, and some of the money was missing."

"What sort of a man is this Mr. Marsh?" demanded Father Brighthopes, looking more disturbed than Emma had ever seen him.

"Father says he is a very good man, and a very careful man: that's what makes it look so bad for Grant. Nobody else could have taken the money this last time, Mr. Marsh says he knows. But Grant declared *he* did n't take it; he felt awfully, and turned his pockets inside out, and asked to be searched, if Mr. Marsh did n't believe him. As he would n't own up, Mr. Marsh — though he seemed to feel almost as bad about it as Grant did — had to turn him away. And now it is all around town that Grant Eastman got kicked out for stealing money!"

"It is a sad case, — sad if he is innocent, sadder still if he is guilty. And his poor mother! Come, Emma, suppose we go and take a walk, and call on the Widow Eastman, and see if we can say a comforting word to her. And Grant, — we must n't judge him too harshly, even if he did take the money. Perhaps it was his mother's poverty that prompted him to do so dangerous and bad a thing."



Emma ran for her old friend's hat and cane, and in a few minutes the two were on the way to Mrs. Eastman's house.

It was a pleasant afternoon; the blue-birds and robins were singing by the roadside; the beautiful sunshine lay warm on the brown hills, and in the green hollows; but there was no lovelier sight anywhere that day than the old man and the little girl walking together, — no sweeter music than the sound of their voices as they talked.

"That is Mrs. Eastman's house," said Emma; "and see, there is Grant chopping sticks in the yard!"

Grant, as soon as he saw the visitors stop at the gate, struck his hatchet into the block on which he was chopping, put on his coat, and ran to meet them. "Even if he has stolen money, I have the greatest hopes of this lad," thought Father Brighthopes. Such a light as was in that face never shone from a reckless or dishonest heart.

"I am so glad to see you! and mother will be so glad!" said Grant, giving one hand to the old clergyman, while Emma held the other. "It is very good in you to come!" and the stout-hearted little fellow could not keep back his tears.

"A few of our young friends are going to call on us to-night, and we have come to give you a special invitation," said Father Brighthopes, cheerily.

"What! You really want me — after — or don't you know, then?" said Grant, with surprise and embarrassment.

"Yes, we want you, and we *know*, and we don't believe it, *do* we, Father Brighthopes?" cried Emma.

"You must come, certainly," said the old clergyman, encouragingly. "Whatever you have done, or have not done, I know you mean to be a true and honest boy, and you may count on me as your friend always," — laying his hand tenderly across Grant's shoulder.

The unhappy boy could not stand such kindness. His heart, already too full, burst forth in sobs. Father Brighthopes made a sign to Emma, who ran into the house to see Mrs. Eastman, while he walked aside with Grant.

"Come," said he, with his arm still laid affectionately across the boy's shoulder, "tell me all about it, won't you?"

"I did n't take the money!" exclaimed Grant.

"Do you think, then, that Mr. Marsh meant to injure you?"

"No, I can't say he meant to; and I don't blame him much for thinking I took it. I suppose that anybody that did n't know me might have thought the same; — yes, I know so."

"Why, my lad?"

"You see, the money *was* missing. I don't deny that. I know there were twenty-five cents taken that last time, for I had counted it."

"Who could have taken it?"

"That 's the strange thing about it. Mr. Marsh had gone out, and there was nobody in the store but me at the time. And yet —"

"It was taken?"

"It was missing: that 's all I know."

"It certainly *looks* very much as if you took it, don't you think so?"

"Yes, I know it does; so that mother herself, thinking of it, has asked me half a dozen times if I am quite sure I did n't take it in my sleep, or somehow. It's only for *her* I care," said Grant, with fresh tears. "She knows I'm not a thief; but then she knows other folks think I am."

"Well, well," said Father Brighthopes, "if you are innocent, as you say, you may be sure it will all turn out right. You may have to suffer a little, but suffering is very good for us sometimes. Everything helps to develop character. You will be a great deal stronger and better after this. I hope the mystery will be cleared up soon, for it certainly is a very great mystery; but even if it is not cleared up, you must stand it, you know. Be simple, humble, firm, truthful, always, and you will command the confidence and respect of people in spite of appearances."

These words went to Grant's heart with a joyous thrill. But what the old clergyman immediately added cost him a pang.

"On the other hand, if you have been so thoughtless, so foolish, as to take your employer's money, this humbling lesson will teach you never, never to do such a thing again."

"He thinks I *may* be guilty!" was the boy's stinging reflection, as they went in to see his mother.

Making acquaintance with the Widow Eastman and her daughter, the old clergyman became still more interested in her son. Never before had such a calamity befallen this little family. Ah, if children only knew what suffering their bad conduct often brings upon those who love them, surely such knowledge would, sooner than anything else, serve to keep them from it. But Mrs. Eastman had one consolation, — how precious to a mother's heart! — the belief that her son was innocent.

Having said the few kind and cheering words which such occasions always called out of him, and which nobody else knew better how and when to say, the old clergyman departed with his young companion. Grant followed them to the gate.

"You'll be sure to come this evening?" said Emma, at parting.

"If you say so," replied Grant. "Yes," he added, arming himself with a sturdy resolution, — "though I know there'll be some that will sneer at me, — I'll come! For, you see," — with a bright smile, — "*I'm determined to make the best of things.*"

"Grant means to *fight it out on that line,*" said Emma, with a silvery laugh that must have made every one happy who heard it.

Early that evening the company began to arrive at Squire Reverdy's house. The Squire was there with his pleasant, hospitable face. Mrs. Reverdy welcomed the little visitors with cordial good-will. Miss Thorley came in with a merry flock of her favorite girls, — a beautiful sight, which made the old clergyman's eyes glisten.

"Welcome, welcome, my dear young friends!" said he, with overflowing kindness. "I see many familiar faces, and a few new ones. But one or two are missing. Where is my spirited little fellow, Cary Wilson?"

"He has gone to be errand-boy in Mr. Marsh's store, in Grant's place; and he won't be here for an hour yet," said Jason Jones.

Upon which all eyes turned upon Grant, who had quietly taken a retired seat at the end of the room, where he had, no doubt, hoped to escape observation. He saw the strange looks of curiosity and mockery which many of his old, thoughtless playmates cast upon him, and heard the unsuppressed tittering. At the same time Burton Thorley, who had chanced to take a seat next him, got up, muttering angrily.

"What is the matter with your chair, Burton?" whispered Miss Thorley, anxious to quiet him.

"I a'n't going to sit next to him!" he gruffly declared, loud enough for all in the room to hear.

Grant's face, a moment before red, turned white. His heart was beating with singular excitement. It was hard for him to set still and bear so open an insult; but he did. He scarcely moved a muscle, only his lip twitched a little.

"My dear son!" said the old man, with strong and tender emotion, calling Burton to his side, "you do not, I hope, cherish any ill-feeling towards Grant for what happened the other night?"

"T a'n't that," replied Burton, sulkily, for the subject was probably distasteful. "I guess I'm enough for him, any day! But I a'n't going to set next to a *thief!*"

The unfeeling rudeness of this reply seemed almost to take the old clergyman's breath away for a moment. He looked first at Grant, then at Burton, with an expression of deep commiseration.

"I pity Grant," said he at length, very softly; "but O Burton, I pity you still more!"

"Me! what do you pity me for?" growled Burton, looking up at him with angry surprise.

"Because you are possessed by such a spirit. Do you know, I do not think Grant is a thief. Even if he is, and is sorry for what he has done, I'd rather be in his place, sitting there, sad and ashamed, with his humiliation, than in your place, my poor boy, with your pride and ill-nature. My children, I am now going to tell you something.

"People are accustomed to show a great respect for money. But there is something far more precious than that. To be generous with your worldly means is well. But to be generous in your thoughts, in your words, in your actions, is a truer test of a noble and kind heart. Be generous in your feelings towards one another, — be liberal in your judgments, in your praise, in your love. This is true charity, of which you can never have enough. If you live to be as old as I am, you will look back and regret that you have not been more generous one to another.

"It is not alone in money matters that you can be selfish and dishonest. You can rob a person of the credit that is his due. You can rob him of his happiness by an unjust or unkind word. You can steal from him his good name. It is quite as bad to be such a thief, as to rob a till. So be very



careful, my dear Burton, that you be not yourself guilty of the very thing for which you are so prompt to condemn Grant. Will you not return now to your seat by his side?"

"I 'd just as lives stand," said the sulky Burton, sidling towards the door. "Come!" with a sort of snort at a boy who just then entered in such haste that he unintentionally jostled him.

"Here 's our friend Cary, after all!" exclaimed Father Brighthopes, gladly turning his eyes from the gloomy Burton to the bright and animated face of the last comer. "They said you would not be here for an hour, my lad."

"O, but you see, I 've got news!" cried Cary, all excited and out of breath. "Mr. Marsh sent me right away as soon as he found out—I 've been to Mrs. Eastman's, and she said Grant was over here—the funniest thing!"

"Have they got the thief?" said Emma Reverdy.

Cary laughed as he tossed back the hair from his forehead. "*You 'll* laugh, Grant! The real thief—we 've found him out!"

"Who?" demanded Grant.—"But you 're joking, Cary! How could there be a thief, when there was nobody in the store but me?"

"Well, there was one!"

"He must have been hid, then. But even if he was, how could he take the money without my seeing him?"

"O, he was a sly fellow! You see, after you left, more money was taken. Another quarter went when Mr. Marsh himself was in the store. That set us searching. And, you see," turning to Father Brighthopes, "as I was hunting behind the counter I heard a noise. Then Mr. Marsh came and listened too, and you should have seen his face when he said, 'If Grant, after all, should be innocent!'"

"How could there be a robber under the counter?" asked Grant;—"for I looked and looked!"

"You see, he was behind the boards. 'Bring me the hatchet,' says Mr. Marsh. And we went to work tearing the boards away next to the wall. There, sure enough, we found the rogue! with the money actually in his possession."

"A man?" said Grant.

"No!"

"A boy?"

"No!"

"Not a little girl?" exclaimed Emma.

"No; nor an old woman, either. I 'll tell you what it was; it was a little bit of a mouse! and he had made the nicest little nest in the world out of Mr. Marsh's stolen currency."

This announcement produced an extraordinary sensation, and once more all looked at Grant, whose face, this time, was radiant with joy. He had already started from his seat.

"Where are you going, Grant?" inquired Father Brighthopes.

"Home—to tell mother!"

"But she knows already. I told her," said Cary.

Assured of that fact, Grant was finally persuaded to resume his seat, although his desire to run home and exchange congratulations with his mother and sisters was almost too eager to be resisted.

Burton was now seen sidling back to the seat which he had vacated with such disdain. But he was too late: Cary slipped into it before him, and he was left standing.

Then, when the excitement occasioned by the incident had subsided, Father Brighthopes, taking it for his text, proceeded to talk with the children on those important subjects which it suggested.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

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## DOG CARLOS.

DOG CARLOS was not a Newfoundland, a mastiff, a terrier, or a dog of any of the breeds with which you are used to romp. He had a smooth, yellow skin, large, soft eyes, could fetch and carry, and understand all that was said to him. He was about sixteen years old, stood five feet three inches high, and would sell at any day in the market for five or six hundred dollars. You see, therefore, that he was a fine and valuable animal, and that Mr. Seabrook, who had just given Dog Carlos to his nephew Jack for his own, had made him a very handsome present indeed; but it happened, as soon as Dog Carlos understood that he had a new master, that, from a good and docile dog, he instantly became a bad, designing one, and made up his mind to run away. I say made up his mind, because he had a mind, and two legs, and a soul, and was in fact a lively mulatto lad, who, happening to have been born in South Carolina, had been given when only six years of age by Mr. Seabrook to his son Harry, as his dog; that is the name by which such little slaves are called. Carlos came at Harry's whistle, did his errands, and trotted after him when he rode out on horseback, like any other puppy, running fast enough to keep Harry's Kentucky pony in sight, till his legs were tired, when his young master would pick him up and perch him behind, where he clung, looking very like a little yellow monkey. If Harry was good-natured, Carlos sometimes got pennies and candies; if Harry was cross, Carlos was apt to fall heir to cuffs on the ear, and cuts of the whip; but you are not to think very hardly of this Southern boy, or plume yourself on being so much better, unless you are quite certain that, if you had a boy or a dog all to yourself, and were sure that papa and mamma would either know nothing or say nothing about it, you would not cuff and strike him when you were very much out of humor, as I have seen certain little Northerners do to their brothers, and sisters, and pets, even with the fear of punishment before their eyes.

Carlos had always been told that he was the happiest fellow in the world,

and that the text in the Bible which principally concerned him was, "Servants, obey your masters." I do not think he quite believed it in his heart, for the same differences appear in black children as in white. *You* know certain Toms and Lucys, who, if they found it in their books, would go solemnly up to class, and say, the moon is about as large as a pint-bowl, is made of green cheese, and rises in the west, and sets in the east; whereas you, my clever young friend, are not to be made game of in that fashion by any book that ever was printed. Just so Carlos said, "Yes, mas'r," with the rest; but sometimes he thought, in a puzzled way, how very odd it was that the alphabet should be as bad for him as catching the "country fever," when it was such an excellent thing for Mas'r Harry, and that, when poor niggers needed so much comfort, there should be just that one line about "Servants, obey your masters," which he was so tired of hearing; and when Harry died, and Mr. Seabrook, to whom now the very sight of Carlos was painful, gave him away to his nephew, Carlos, as we have said, made up his mind to run away; for there were dreadful stories whispered about of what had been done on the Ashleigh plantation, and Jack Ashleigh, though hardly as old as Carlos himself, was much too ready with the toe of his boot, and the lash of his whip, to be a very comfortable master for anything but a hippopotamus.

Making up one's mind, however, builds no bridges; and while Carlos was still thinking the matter over, Master Jack suddenly took it into his head to go home, taking his pony, his gun, and Dog Carlos with him; and that made running away, as an old teacher of mine used to say, "quite another pair of sleeves"; for Jack's father, scowling, angry Mr. Ashleigh, like other tyrants, had his spies, miserable souls, who tried to find favor with their cruel master by repeating to him what was said and done among the other slaves; and beside these, something more honest, but quite as dangerous, — a leash of bloodhounds, whom Carlos could never pass without fancying that he felt them growling and tearing at his throat: and I suspect he must have looked at this time downcast and doubtful, for his young master took occasion to remonstrate with him in the following gentle manner.

"You black imp, what are you sulking about now? Look here, Carlos, do you feel this?"

"Yes, mas'r," answered Carlos; and it is likely that he did, as "this" was a stinging cut of Jack's riding-whip.

"O, you do, eh! Well, this is the sort of medicine we keep for sulky niggers; so look out, and don't be trying on your airs here. We don't spoil our niggers, like Uncle Seabrook, you had better believe."

Carlos did believe it with all his heart, and thought all the more about that plan of running away; but also, that, till he found a chance, the best policy was to be so alert and so docile, that "Mas'r Jack" should find no need for his favorite medicine. This was not what Jack had expected, and I am afraid not what he wanted. He thought Carlos's education had been so neglected in the whipping line, that, as a consequence, he should be lazy and saucy; and, being disappointed in that, seemed to feel as if Carlos's good behavior put him in the wrong, and was so sharp and savage with him, such a lynx for his



failings, and such a mole for his good points, that I believe Carlos would have been wiser to have deserved his flogging, and taken it at once.

About the time of Carlos's coming, Mr. Ashleigh had forbidden his slaves to hold their prayer-meetings. I do not know whether he was afraid that God would hear them, for it is quite certain that he could never have believed what he said, that these poor cowed creatures met to plan mischief against their white masters; but at any rate, he put Wesley, their preacher, a house-servant, and a feeble old man, at hard labor in the fields, flogged the rest liberally, and there was an end of the meetings, on pain of more floggings for every one caught at them. They went on, however, for all that, in the rice-houses, in the swamps, sometimes in their own settlement with closed doors; and Carlos went to them, partly because he had a good old mother who loved Jesus, and partly, that he took a sort of stubborn comfort in breaking rules; and, coming home one night, he was unlucky enough to run full on Master Jack.

"What are you doing out here at this time of night?" asked Jack, not from any particular suspicion, but simply because he could never let him alone.

Now Carlos was not afraid of a whipping for himself, but he knew that to tell the truth here would just send old Wesley, Maum Bella, Hercules, Sue, Lizzie, and a dozen others, to the whipping-post. Not many of the slaves would have hesitated in such a case over a falsehood; they learn to lie early, of one Mr. Fear. But Carlos was as sturdy a fellow as some honest white boys that I know, and that good old mother who loved Jesus had taught him to hate a lie; so he tried evasion.

"I 'se been roun' all ober, mas'r."

"That is n't the question; *where* have you been?" insisted Jack, suspecting that at last this dog was going to be obstinate.

"I 'se bery sorry, mas'r."

"You black rascal! are you going to answer me?"

"Mas'r hab to 'scuse me; could n't do dat no how."

"O, you can't! Perhaps I can find you a tongue. Now," striking him with his fist, "will you answer?—now, will you answer?"

Carlos took the blows quietly, without flinching or dodging; and if his young master's face was fierce and angry, the dog's was solemn and determined. Carlos is in a bad predicament; for if, as Mas'r Jack declares, he is to be whipped till he tells, it looks very much as if Carlos was to be whipped to death.

One, two, three whippings; each one worse than the one preceding. This is the next day. "Take him away," cries Jack, savagely, "and bring him up early in the morning. I'll have his heart out, but he shall speak."

Carlos limped away, bleeding and faint, and not one of those for whom he suffered dared so much as look towards him; but when it was dark enough to hide them, Maum Bella came and washed his mangled back, and Sue brought corn-pones, and Lizzie a roasted chicken, and old Wesley his blessing, and Carlos had come at last to what he had been dreaming about so long,—the running away.

Mr. Ashleigh's house was surrounded by rice-fields,—mud-fields you would

have been apt to call them as they looked just then ; in front was the river, behind were great forests, — so dense, that to look in among the thick-growing trunks you might have fancied that night was kept in there. You crossed the rice-fields on dams, narrow-raised walks, only wide enough for a single horse ; and directly in front of Mr. Ashleigh's house was a little wharf, where vessels stopped to load up with rice, and to which was moored a boat, as if waiting for Carlos. On the other side of the river was a railroad, clearly running somewhere, away from mas'r's. Carlos took the rails for his guide, and travelled just as they told him all night ; but when it came time for stars, and owls, and runaways to hide themselves, he looked about him a little doubtfully, for the stars and owls had a place, but he had none. On one side was the river, on the other the forest. The river, of course, was out of the question, he not being a fish ; and if he concealed himself in the bush, or climbed a tree, the dogs would soon have him out. I think the poor boy had a notion that " Mas'r Jack," and the terrible hounds, could find him anywhere ; still he had thought of nothing better to do, when, luckily for him, he came on a hut built of rough boards, very much in the style of a pig-pen, having a small space left open for a door, in which sat a wrinkled old negro, with hair as



white as snow, singing in a cracked, feeble voice, " Bery early in the mornin' when the Lor' pass by, when the Lor' pass by, and invite me to come," over and over again, to a tune as monotonous as the words. Now this was only a " pig-minder," — a poor old slave who followed his pigs about all day in the forest, wherever they chose to go, and slept at night in this miserable hut ; but old Cupid was also a famous engineer on the underground railway,

which you know is the line on which runaway slaves come North, and had helped off so many poor creatures in his day, that he knew as many hiding-places as a chipmunk.

"Lor' bress ye, honey chile," he said to Carlos, "I knowed ye for one ob my chillen, de fust minnit I sot eyes on yer. 'Pears like de Lor' done sen' 'em all dis yer way, kase he knows I 'se de bes'. I 'se done gone hide heap ob niggas, and dey 'm neber cotched ef I hide em, neber. Jes you come now wid ole Cupid. De Lor' sen' yer, shore, and he look sharp dey no foun' yer, 'pend on dat."

Now, just about this time there was a fine commotion on the Ashleigh plantation. Carlos was missing, and the boat was gone, and it was tolerably clear that he had crossed the river and had a fair start, and the hounds are baying in the yard, and Master Jack and his father are in such a rage that I should say, if they catch him, Carlos's chance was poorer than ever. On crossing the river, the dogs, who had been given Carlos's clothes to scent, found the track at once, and trailed Carlos as straight to the forest as if they had seen him go, and turned in among the trees where he had turned, till they came to old Cupid's hut, which was now quite empty; and there the younger dogs began to give tongue, and yelp, and run wildly about, while the experienced and reliable dogs nosed here and there in a puzzled way: for here the trail went on towards the heart of the forest, and here it doubled on itself and came back to the brook, and went up the brook, and down the brook, till they could make nothing of it, and when they crossed the brook, there it was on the other side, striking off again into the forest; and how could even the best-regulated dog stick to such a scent as that? So there was Jack, and Mr. Ashleigh, and the overseer, all of different minds; for Jack was sure that Carlos was dodging them somewhere in the forest, while the elder gentlemen were as positive that he had gone on farther; and there were the dogs puzzling and yelping about them, and, in the midst of the clamor, who should come on them but Cupid, driving his pigs.

"Confound it, keep off, you 'll spoil the scent," shouted Jack. "And have you seen a little yellow boy go by here this morning?" asked Mr. Ashleigh in the same breath.

"Iss, mas'r, bery fine mornin'," answered Cupid, his hand at his ear to show how very deaf he was.

"You fool! we want to know if you have seen a runaway boy,—a yellow boy, saucy-looking fellow, carries himself very straight," chimed in the overseer.

"Iss, mas'r, bery fine pigs.; a'n't no finer dan dese yer. Mas'r Sandford's a'n't no count at all side on 'em."

"What is the use talking to that idiot?" said Jack, impatiently. "Don't you see he is as deaf as a post,—and when did any one ever get the truth out of a nigger? Come on to Sandford's. If he 's gone on, we 'll soon overhaul him. If he is skulking about here, a day or two will starve him out, and when he does show himself, he will have a warm time of it."

. And as nobody had anything better to offer, off they went, dogs and men, in



bad humor enough. And now where do you suppose Carlos was hiding all this time? Why, very nearly over their heads. That sly old Cupid had made him walk on half a mile beyond the hut, and then back to the brook, and up and down on both its banks, and off into the forest on the other side, and back again once more to the water. You know that water completely destroys the scent, and puts the best hound at fault, and wading into it, they came, about a quarter of a mile up, on a great old oak leaning over the brook, and forking out in three huge branches, some thirty or forty feet from the ground. A superb trumpet-creeper wound about the trunk of the oak, and twined and twisted in and over and around the three branches, till its thick glossy leaves and scarlet flowers completely covered the space which they enclosed, and made of it a sort of nest, into which Carlos had climbed from the water-side, and, forcing his way with some trouble between the twisted and matted stems, sat securely, munching at the pone and chicken which he had not dared to touch before, and looking down at his baffled and spiteful hunters. When they were gone, he was so dead tired, that notwithstanding his strange perch, he fell almost instantly into a heavy sleep, from which he waked every few moments with a jerk, fancying that he was tumbling from the tree, or felt the grip of a hound at his throat, till dark, when he scrambled down to pass the night in the hut, where Cupid had taken care to bring him his supper. So passed a week, the days in the tree, the nights in the hut, till, feeling himself tolerably secure, Carlos set out again with the rails for a guide, pushing on at night, hiding by day in the bush, and keeping clear of the plantations, till his corn-pone was gone. Then Carlos, who had the appetite of a young wolf, reflected that he could neither dine upon the moss, dangling from the trees above his head, or on the moccason-snakes upon which he had once or twice nearly trodden; and, coming on cleared grounds, and outbuildings, and finally a broad avenue of oaks, skulked along its edge, keeping well in the shadow, till he saw at a little distance the pillars and piazzas of the planter's house, the low roofs of the negro quarters, and just before him a cabin. The door was closed, and the board shutter of the little window; but a light showed through a crevice in the last, and pulling it cautiously open, Carlos saw a cleanly swept room, a plump bed, a clear bright fire, and, sitting before it, a negro woman with a gay handkerchief bound about her head, and her skirt turned back over her knees, who, looking suddenly up, caught sight of Carlos's wild, bright eyes, and haggard face, before he could draw back.

"Come in," she said quietly, opening the door; "no need be feared ob me. I 'se all alone; allers alone now. My chillen all done gone; two sole away, free dead, and one lef' he mas'r, like you 'pears like. Come in, chile,—tell ye no be 'feared, dey 'm neber come yere";—and, taking hold of Carlos's arm, she pulled him in, plastered with swamp mud, his clothes torn to rags in the bush, and feeling like a frog, or some ugly crawling bug, that belongs in the damp and dirt, and has no business in clean, cheery rooms.

"'Pears like yer feet 's too tender to be trackin' it for de dogs to foller," she said, looking at him compassionately, as she went about the little room to get him supper; "whar 's yer mammy?"

Carlos answered with a backward jerk of his hand.

"Watchin' and prayin' den, pore soul, like me," said the woman, sighing. "Such a weary days! Sometimes I mos' tink de Lor' no hear, no care, and den de Bible say, de Lor' hear de sighin'; and I shore he *mus'* look down, and I 'se pray ahead; and oh! de prayers dat done gone up to him! nuff to make noise in Heben; and de Lor' hab hear, — de good time 's come."

Carlos had heard much of a good time that was coming, but here was the first news he had of its arrival. He was too chilly, too full of aches, and too sleepy, to ask questions just then, however. He ate, as in a dream, the best supper that he had tasted in a month, had a general idea that the woman was washing off the mud, and that, while it was doing, he wished she would let him alone, because it made his dreams jerky, to be pulled about, and rubbed, and that, when it was done, it was very nice to be clean; and presently forgot everything, in the soft bed in which she tucked him up for the night, where he slept soundly, and did not even dream of Mas'r Jack. In the morning he learned what the good time was, and who brought it, from Sue, the woman who had received him, and who held forth as follows: —

"Lor' bress de chile! how you tink I sit yere, and no be up dar?" pointing towards the planter's house, — "kep' you yere dis way, and no feared? Ole mas'r run; ole miss run. Dey'm all gone, kase dem dear, good Yankees comin'; neber see sech scrummagery, and tearin', and hollerin'. And mas'r, he say, 'Why, ole Sue, you no come wid us?' and I say, 'No, tank you, mas'r; bery gran' to go wid sech gran' gemmen, but den, you see, I 's ole woman now, and neber hed nuffin fur my own self yit; want to feel what it like, to hab you own mouf, and foots, and hans'; — he! he! he! And dey all gone, and dem nigga stay what like, and we 'm free, bress de Lor'! All de time I kep tinkin, Lor', *how* you gwine ter do it? You 'm break ebery yoke, shore, but what eber you 'll do wid ole mas'r, dis chile no see; and har's ole mas'r lef us, and de freedom comin', shore nuf, and all jes' as easy as makin' hoe-cake."

Carlos listened, his mouth literally wide open with astonishment. He had scarcely ever heard of the Yankees, on the Seabrook and Ashleigh plantations, and, though he had come so many miles for his liberty, he had always felt that somehow or other in the end Mas'r Jack would get him, and carry him back; and now here was the whole plantation alive with negroes, hurrying out towards the road to meet their freedom, which was nothing more nor less than our General Sherman and his army marching into South Carolina; and on all sides Carlos heard, "Bress de Lor'!" and "Glory Hallelujah!" and wild singing of strange old tunes, such as are never heard here, and laugh and chatter, till above it all sounded a heavy, steady tramp, and then drum and fife, and cheers, and men singing about John Brown, and floating out fair and wide on the breeze our banner, and their banner, the stars and stripes. And as these poor, wondering, joyful free men and free women, for they were slaves no longer, stood looking on, I dare say our soldiers saw only a dingy, queer-looking mob, capering and grinning in a way to raise a good-natured laugh; and yet, dear children, ask your papa if here was not

cracked the very toughest nut that has ever tried the teeth and the temper of those famous nut-crackers that sit in Congress, and make the laws, and keep us all straight, and tell us what is what generally. As for Carlos, there is an old and a false story about a wicked and cruel sorceress that had a disagreeable habit of turning men into beasts; but we have a new and a true story of a sweet and good enchantress called Liberty, that turns dogs into men; for Carlos is Dog Carlos no longer, but a soldier in the United States army, and promises to be a good and faithful one. And there is a story told of one of these colored soldiers, who would not suffer an impertinence while on guard, because, he said, "I don't care nuffin fur dis yer particular Cuffy, but you *mus'* respec' dis uniform";—and if that particular Cuffy was not Carlos, I can only wish it had been, for the sake of my story.

*Louise E. Chollet.*





## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## A COMPANION LEFT BEHIND.

BY daybreak they were once more in the water, each provided with a complete set of swimming-shells. As the voyage was more extensive, and altogether more perilous, the greatest pains was taken to have the swimming apparatus as perfect as possible. Any flaw, such as a weak place in the waist-belts or shoulder-straps, or the smallest crevice that would admit water into one of the shells, might be followed by serious consequences, perhaps even drowning. Besides making the new belts, therefore, Munday had mended the old ones, giving all the shells an additional coating of caoutchouc, and strengthening the sipos that attached them to one another.

Just as the sun's disk was seen above the tree-tops that skirted the *lagoa* on the east, our adventurers embarked on their aquatic expedition. But it could not be said that they started in high spirits. They knew not what was to be the sequel of their singular undertaking. Where their journey was to end, or whether its end might not be for some of their number — if not all of them — the bottom of the *Gapo*.

Indeed, the Indian, to whom they all looked for encouragement, as well as guidance, was himself not very sanguine of success. He did not say so, but for all that Trevannion, who had kept interrogating him at intervals while they were preparing to start, had become impressed with this belief. As the *Mundurucú* persisted in counselling the expedition, he did not urge any further opposition, and under the auspices of a glorious tropical sunrise they committed themselves to the open waters of the *lagoa*.

At the very start there occurred a somewhat ominous accident. As the *coaita* would have been a cumbersome companion for any of the swimmers to carry, it was decided that the creature should be left behind. Unpleasant as it was to part with a pet so long in the company of the *galatea's* crew, there was no alternative but to abandon it.

Tipperary Tom, notwithstanding his attachment toward it, or rather its attachment toward him, was but too willing to assent to the separation. He had a vivid recollection of his former entanglement, and the risk he had run of being either drowned in the *Gapo*, or strangled by the *coaita's* tail; and with this remembrance still fresh before his fancy, he had taken the precaution at this new start to steal silently off from the trees, among the foremost of the swimmers. Everybody in fact had got off, before the *coaita* was aware of their intention to abandon it, and to such a distance that by no leap could it alight upon anybody's shoulders. On perceiving that it was left behind, it set up a series of cries, painfully plaintive, but loud enough to have been heard almost to the limits of the *lagoa*.

A similar desertion of the macaw was evidently intended, to which no one

had given a thought, although it was Rosa's pet. The ouistiti had been provided with a free passage upon the shoulders of the young Paraense. But the huge parrot was not to be left behind in this free and easy fashion. It was not so helpless as the coaita. It possessed a pair of strong wings, which, when strongly and boldly spread, could carry it clear across the lagoon. Conscious of this superior power, it did not stay long upon the trees, to mingle its chattering with the screams of the coaita. Before the swimmers had made a hundred strokes, the macaw mounted into the air, flew for a while hoveringly above them, as if selecting its perch, and then dropped upon the negro's head, burying its claws in his tangled hair.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE GUIDE ABANDONED.

As the swimmers proceeded, their hopes grew brighter. They saw that they were able to make good headway through the water; and in less than an hour they were a full mile distant from their point of departure. At this rate they should be on the other side of the lagoon before sunset, if their strength would only hold out. The voyage promised to be prosperous; and joy sat upon their countenances.

Shortly after there came a change. A cloud was seen stealing over the brow of the Mundurucú, which was the cue for every other to exhibit a similar shadowing. Trevannion kept scanning the countenance of the tapuyo to ascertain the cause of his disquietude. He made no inquiry; but he could tell by the behavior of the Indian that there was trouble on his mind. At intervals he elevated his head above the water, and looked back over his shoulder, as if seeking behind him for the cause of his anxiety. As they swam on farther, Munday's countenance lost nothing of its anxious cast, while his turnings and backward glances became more frequent. Trevannion also looked back, though only to ascertain the meaning of the tapuyo's manœuvres. He could see nothing to account for it,—nothing but the tree-tops from which they had parted, and these every moment becoming less conspicuous. Though the patron did not perceive it, this was just what was causing the tapuyo's apprehensive looks. The sinking of the trees was the very thing that was producing his despondency.

Stimulated less by curiosity than alarm, Trevannion could keep silent no longer. "Why do you look back, Munday?" he inquired. "Is there any danger in that direction? Have you a fear that we shall be followed? I can see nothing except the tree-tops, and them scarcely at this moment."

"That's the danger. We shall soon lose sight of them altogether; and then —"

"What then?"

"Then — I confess, patron, I am puzzled. I did not think of it before we took to the water."

"O, I see what you mean. You've been hitherto guiding our course by

the trees from which we parted. When they are no longer in view we shall have nothing to steer by?"

"It is true. The Great Spirit only can guide us then!"

The Mundurucú evidently felt more than chagrin that he had expressed himself so confidently about their being able to cross the lagoon. He had only taken into consideration the circumstance of their being able to swim, without ever thinking of the chance of their losing the way. The trees sinking gradually to the horizon first admonished him; and as he continued to swim farther into the clear water, he became convinced that such mischance was not only possible, but too probable. With a sort of despairing effort he kept on with even more energy than before, as if trying how far he could follow a straight line without depending on any object to pilot him.

After proceeding thus for two or three hundred yards, he once more raised his chin to his shoulder and looked back. The tree-tops were barely visible; but he was satisfied on perceiving that the one from which they had started rose up directly opposite to him, thus proving that in his trial stretch he had gone in a straight line, inspiring him with the hope of being able to continue it to the opposite side. With renewed confidence he kept on, after uttering a few phrases of cheer to the others.



Another stretch of about three hundred yards was passed through in silence, and without any incident to interrupt the progress of the swimmers. Then all came to a pause, seeing their conductor, as before, suspend his stroke, and again make a rearward reconnoissance. This time he did not appear so well satisfied, until he had raised his head high over the surface, which he accomplished by standing erect, and beating the water with his palms downward, when his confidence was again refreshed, and he started forward once more.



At the next stopping-place, instead of raising himself once into the standing poise, he did so several times in succession, each time sinking down again with an exclamation of disappointment. He could not see the trees, even at the utmost stretch of his neck. With a grunt that seemed to signify his assent to the abandoning of their guidance, he again laid himself along the water, and continued in the direction he had been already following; but not before assuring himself that he was on the right course, which fortunately he was still able to do by noting the relative positions of the others.

At starting away from this, which he intended should be their last stopping-place, he delivered a series of admonitions intended for every swimmer. They were to keep their places, — that is, their relative positions to him and one another, as nearly as might be; they were to swim gently and slowly, according to the example he should set them, so that they might not become fatigued and require to pause for rest; and, above all, they were not to bother him by putting questions, but were, in short, to proceed in perfect silence. He did not condescend to explain these strange injunctions further than by telling them that, if they were not followed, and to the letter, neither he nor they might ever climb into another tree-top!

It is needless to say that, after such an intimation, his orders received implicit obedience; and those to whom he had given them swam onward after him as silently as so many fishes. The only sound heard was the monotonous sighing of the water, seething against the hollow sapucaya-shells, now and then varied by the scream of the *caracara* eagle, as it poised itself for a second over their heads, in surprise at the singular cohort of aquatic creatures moving so mysteriously through the lagoons.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### ROUND AND ROUND.

FOR a full hour our adventurers preserved, not only their relative positions, but also the silence that had been enjoined upon them. None of them spoke, even when a dead guariba — that had been drowned, perhaps, by attempting a leap too great for its strength and agility — came drifting along among them. Not one of them took any notice of it except the ouistiti upon the shoulders of Richard Trevannion. This diminutive quadrumanous specimen, on recognizing the body of one of its big kinsmen, entered upon a series of chatterings and squeakings, trembling all the while as if suddenly awakened to the consciousness that it was itself in danger of terminating its existence in a similar manner.

Its cries were not heeded. Munday's admonition had been delivered in a tone too serious to be disregarded; and the ouistiti was permitted to utter its plaint, without a single word being addressed to it, either of chiding or consolation. Tranquillity was at length restored, for the little ape, seeing that no notice was taken of it, desisted from its noisy demonstrations, and once more the swimmers proceeded in silence.

Half an hour or so might have elapsed before this silence received a second interruption. It again came in the voice of the ouistiti; which, rearing itself on its tiny hind-legs, having the shoulders of the Paraense for a support, craning its head outward over the water, commenced repeating its cries of alarm. In seeking for an explanation of this conduct, they contented themselves with watching the movements of the alarmist, and by turning their eyes towards the object which appeared to attract the ouistiti and cause it such evident alarm. Each buoyed himself up to get a good view; and each, as he did so, saw scarce ten paces ahead of him the carcass of a guariba! It was drifting towards them in the same manner as the one they had already met; and before any of them thought of exchanging speech, it was bobbing about in their midst.

The reflection that occurred to the swimmers was, that there had been a general drowning among the guaribas somewhere on the shores of the lagoon: perhaps a tribe had got into some isolated tree, where their retreat had been cut off by the inundation. Had the tapuyo not been of the party, this theory might have satisfied all hands, and the journey would have been continued, instead of being suddenly interrupted by the tapuyo himself. He was not so easily deceived. On passing the first guariba, although he had said nothing, he had carefully noted the peculiarities of the carcass; and as soon as he swam within distinguishing distance of the second guariba, he saw that the pair were identical. In other words, our adventurers had for the second time encountered the same unfortunate ape.

There could be but one conclusion. The carcass could not have changed its course, unless by the shifting of the wind, or the current of the water. But neither would have explained that second *rencontre*. It was only intelligible upon the supposition that the swimmers had been going round and round, and returning on their own track!

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### GOING BY GUESS.

ALTHOUGH their guide was the first to discover it, he did not attempt to conceal the dilemma into which he had been instrumental in leading them. "T is true, patron!" he said, addressing himself to Trevannion, and no longer requiring compliance with his former regulations. "We have gone astray. That's the same monkey we met before: so you see we're back where we were a half-hour ago. *Pa terra!* It's crooked luck, patron; but I suppose the Great Spirit wills it so!"

Trevannion, confounded, made scarcely any reply.

"We must n't remain here anyhow," pursued the Indian. "We must try to get to the trees somewhere, — no matter where."

"Surely," said the ex-miner, "we can accomplish that?"

"I hope so," was the reply of the tapuyo, given with no great confidence.

Trevannion reflected that they had been *swimming in a circle*. Should this

occur again, — and there was every possibility of such a thing, — the desired end might not be so easy of accomplishment.

For some minutes speculation was suspended. The guide was engaged in action. Like a water-spaniel in search of a winged wild-duck, he repeatedly reared himself above the surface, casting glances of interrogation to every quarter of the compass. Like the same spaniel, when convinced that the wounded bird has escaped him, he at length desisted from these idle efforts ; and, laying his body along the water, prepared to swim disappointedly to the shore.

With something more than disappointment — something more than chagrin — did Munday commence retreating from the lagoon. As he called upon his companions to follow him, there was a tremor in his voice, and an irresolution in his stroke perceptible to the least observant of them ; and the fact of his having shouldered the dead guariba, after first making inspection to see that it was fit for food, was proof of his entertaining some suspicion that their voyage might be a long one. No one questioned him ; for notwithstanding the failure of his promise to guide them straight across the lagoon, they still relied upon him. On whom or what else could they rely ?

After proceeding a considerable distance, he came to a pause, once more stood up in the water, and, turning as upon a pivot, scanned the circle of the horizon. Satisfied that there was not a tree-top within view, he swam onward as before. Could he have insured keeping a straight course, no great danger need have been apprehended. The lagoon might be ten miles wide ; or, if twenty, it could not so materially affect the result. Swim as slowly as they might, a score of hours would see them on its shore, — whether this was the spray of another submerged forest, or the true *terra firma*. There was no danger of their going to the bottom, for their swimming-belts secured them against that. There was no danger of their suffering from thirst, — the contingency most dreaded by the castaway at sea, and the strayed traveller in the desert, — of fresh water they had a surfeit. Nor did hunger dismay them. Since eating the jacana, they had set forth upon a breakfast of Brazil-nuts, — a food which, from its oily nature, may be said to combine both animal and vegetable substance. Moreover, they were now no longer unprovided against a future emergency : since their guide carried upon his shoulders the carcass of the guariba.

Their real danger lay in their deviating from a right line : for who could swim straight, with his eyes on a level with the surface of the water, and nothing to direct his course, neither tree, nor rock, nor star, nor signal of any kind ? The tapuyo knew this. So did they all. Even the children could tell that they were no longer guided, but going by guess-work. It was no longer a question of getting *across* the lagoon, but *out* of it. The unsteady movements of their guide, instead of allaying their fears, produced the contrary effect, and the disconsolate expression on his countenance was evidence that he was under much apprehension.

For over an hour this uncertainty continued. The swimmers, one and all, were beginning to give way to serious alarm. To say nothing of reaching



land, they might never more set eyes upon the submerged forest. They might swim round and round, as in the vortex of Charybdis, until sheer exhaustion should reduce them utterly. In due time hunger must overtake them; and a lingering death by starvation might be their destiny. When faint from want of food and unable to defend themselves, they would be attacked by predatory creatures dwelling in the water, while birds of prey would assail them from the air. Already could they fancy that the cry of the caracara sounded more spiteful than was its wont; and exultingly, as if the base bird foreboded for them a tragical ending.

More than twenty times had the tapuyo repeated his inspection of the horizon, without seeing aught to cheer him. They had been many hours in the water, and supposed it to be about noon. They could only conjecture as to the time, for the sun was not visible. At an early hour in the morning—almost as they started—the sky had become overcast with a sheet of leaden gray, concealing the sun's disk from their sight. This circumstance had caused some discouragement; but for it they might long since have escaped from their dilemma, as the golden luminary, while low down, would have served them as a guide.

Strange to say, at that hour when it was no longer of any concern to them, the sky became suddenly clear, and the sun shone forth with burning brilliance. But his orb was now in the zenith, and of no service to point out the quarter of the compass. Within the equatorial zone, north, south, east, and west were all alike to him at that season of the year and that hour of the day. If they could but have the direction of one of these points, all would have been well. But the sun gave no sign.

For all that, the Indian hailed his appearance with a grunt of satisfaction, while a change came over his countenance that could scarce be caused by the mere brightening of the sky. Something more than cheerfulness declared itself in his dark features,—an expression of renewed hope.

"If the sun keep on to show," said he, in answer to the questioning of Trevannion, "it will be all right for us. Now it's no good. In an hour from now he'll make some shadow. Then we shall swim as straight as can be, never fear, patron! we shall get out of this scrape before night,—never fear!"

These cheering words were welcome, and produced universal joy where but the moment before all was gloom.

"I think, patron," continued the tapuyo, "we may as well stop swimming for a while, till we see which way the sun goes. Then we can make a fresh start. If we keep on now, we may be only making way in the wrong direction."

The tired swimmers were only too ready to yield compliance to this bit of advice. The Mundurucú made one more endeavor to catch sight of the tree-tops, and, being still unsuccessful, resigned himself to inactivity, and along with the rest lay motionless upon the water.

## CHAPTER L.

## GUIDED BY A SHADOW.

IN this way about an hour was spent ; though by no means in solemn silence. Perfectly at ease, so far as physical comfort was concerned, upon their liquid couch the swimmers could converse, as if stretched upon a carpet of meadow-grass ; and they passed their time in discussing the chances of their ultimate escape from that cruel situation, to which an unlucky accident had consigned them. They were not altogether relieved from apprehension as to their present predicament. If the sky should become again overcast, they would be worse off than ever, since there was the loss of time to be considered. All were constantly turning their eyes upwards, and scanning the firmament, to see if there were any signs of fresh clouds.

Munday looked towards the zenith with a different design. He was watching for the sun to decline. In due time his watchfulness was rewarded ; not so much by observation of the sun itself, as by a contrivance which declared the course of the luminary, long before it could have been detected by the eye.

Having cautioned the others to keep still, so that there should be no disturbance in the water, — otherwise perfectly tranquil, — he held his knife in such a way that the blade stood up straight above the surface. Taking care to keep it in the exact perpendicular, he watched with earnest eye, as a philosopher watches the effect of some chemical combination. In a short time he was gratified by observing a *shadow*. The blade, well balanced, cast an oblique reflection on the water ; at first, slight, but gradually becoming more elongated, as the experiment proceeded.

Becoming at length convinced that he knew west from east, the tapuyo restored his knife to its place, and, calling to his companions to follow him, he struck off in the direction pointed out to him by the shadow of the steel. This would take the swimmers in an easterly direction ; but it mattered not what direction so long as it carried them out of the lagoon. As they proceeded onward, the guide occasionally assured himself of keeping the same course, by repeating the experiment with his knife ; but after a time he no longer needed to consult his queer sun-dial, having discovered a surer guide in the spray of the forest, which at length loomed up along the line of the horizon.

It was close upon sunset when they swam in among the drooping branches, and once more, with dripping skins, climbed up into the tops of the trees. Had it not been that they were glad to get to any port, they might have felt chagrin on discovering that chance had directed them to the very same roost where they had perched on the preceding night.

The drowned guariba which Munday had carried from the middle of the lagoon was roasted, and furnished their evening meal ; and the epicure who would turn up his nose at such a viand has never tasted food under the shadow of an Amazonian forest.

## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SHOWING WHAT HE WAS MADE OF.

THERE came a Sabbath morning, — one of the loveliest of all the year. The sun rose upon a cloudless sky, the air was laden with the fragrance of locust and alder blossoms, the oaks of the forest were changing from the gray of winter to the green of summer. Beneath their wide-spread branches were the tents of a great army; for after the capture of Fort Donelson the troops sailed up the Tennessee, and were preparing to attack the Rebels at Corinth.

Paul was lying in his tent, thinking of home, of the calmness and stillness there, broken only by the chirping of the sparrows and robins, the church-bell, the choir, and the low voices of the congregation. How different from what was passing around him, where the drummers were beating the reveille! He was startled from his waking dream by a sudden firing out among the pickets. What could it mean? It grew more furious. There was confusion. He sprang to his feet and looked out to see what was the matter. Soldiers were running through the camp.

“What is the row?” he asked.

“The Rebels are attacking us.”

It did not take him long to dress; but, while pulling on his boots, a bullet tore through the tent-cloth over his head.

The camp was astir. Officers shouted, “Fall in!” Soldiers, waking from sound sleep, buckled on their cartridge-boxes, seized their guns, and took their places in the ranks before they were fairly awake. The drummers beat the long-roll, the buglers sounded the signal for saddling horses, the artillery-men got their guns ready, cavalry-men leaped into their saddles, baggage-wagons went thundering towards the river. There was a volley of musketry, and then a deeper roar from the artillery, and the terrible contest of the day began, which became more terrible from morning till noon, from noon till night, with deafening rolls of musketry, with the roaring of a hundred cannon, with the yelling of the Rebels and the cheering of the soldiers of the Union, as the tempest surged through the forest, up and down the ravines, around Shiloh church, in the old cotton-fields, up to the spring where the country people were accustomed to eat their Sunday dinners, down to the Tennessee River, where the gunboats were lying waiting for the hour when they could open with their great guns.

Paul was in the storm, riding through the leaden hail which fell all around him, pattering upon the dead leaves, cutting down the twigs of the hazel-bushes, and scarring the trees, — riding along the lines carrying messages to General Sherman, who was fighting like a tiger by the church, with the bullets piercing his clothes, — to McClernand, who was near by, — to Wallace,



to Prentice, to Hurlburt, to Stuart, — riding where shells were bursting, where solid shot cut off great branches from the trees, splintered the trunks, ploughed the ground, whirled men and horses into the air, tearing them limb from limb, and then passed away with weird howlings. He breathed the thick smoke as it belched from the cannon's mouth, and felt the hot flashes on his face. He stood beside his commander, General Grant, while waiting for orders, and beheld him when tidings of disaster were brought in, — that General Prentice and hundreds of his men were captured, — that the line was broken, and the men were falling back. He could hear the triumphant shouts of the Rebels.

Yet amid it all he saw that General Grant was cool and collected. "We will whip them yet," he said. Paul felt stronger after that, and he resolved to die rather than be beaten. But how slowly dragged the hours! The sun seemed to stand still in the western sky. How hard to see the poor wounded men, thousands of them, borne to the rear, the ambulances jolting over the fallen trees, their feet crushed, their legs broken, their arms torn and mangled, and to know that there were other thousands lying upon the ground where they had fallen, and the strife still going on around them! Other thousands who were not wounded were leaving the ranks, exhausted, disheartened. Paul feared that the day was lost.

"Lieutenant Parker, you will select a line along this ravine, throw up such defences as you can, bring up those thirty-two pounders from the river, and put them in position. They can't cross this. We will beat them here," said General Grant.

Sometimes in battle minutes are of priceless value; momentous decisions must be made at once. Then men show what they are made of. Those are the trial moments of life. Paul galloped along the ravine. He saw that it was wide and deep, and that, if the Rebels could be kept from crossing it, the battle would be won; for it was their object to reach the steamboat-landing, where General Grant had all his supplies of food. There were five great iron cannon at the landing. There, also, crouching under the river-bank, to avoid the shot and shell, were thousands of fugitives, who had become disheartened, and who had left their comrades to be overpowered and driven back. He saw the situation of affairs in an instant. His brain was clear. He made up his mind instantly what to do.

"Here, you — men!" he shouted. "Each of you shoulder one of those empty pork-barrels, and carry it up the bluff." But not a man stirred. His indignation was aroused; but he knew that it was not a time for argument. He drew his revolver, pointed it at a group, and said, "Start! or I'll shoot you." It was spoken so resolutely that they obeyed. He told them how, if they could hold that position, the Rebels would be defeated, — how a few minutes of resolute work would save the army. He saw their courage revive. They dug a trench, cut down trees, rolled up logs, filled the barrels with dirt, and worked like beavers. Others wheeled up the great guns, and Paul put them into position. Others brought shot and shell, and laid them in piles beside the guns. The storm was coming nearer. The

lines were giving way. Regiments with broken ranks came straggling down the road.

"Bring all the batteries into position along the ravine," said General Grant. Away flew half a dozen officers with the orders, and the batteries, one after another, came thundering down the road, — the horses leaping, the artillerymen, blackened and begrimed, yet wheeling their guns into position.

"Get anybody you can to work the thirty-twos," said Colonel Webster, the chief of artillery, to Paul.



"I can sight a cannon," said a surgeon, who was dressing wounds in the hospital. He laid down his bandages, went up and patted the lip of one of the guns, as if it were an old friend, ran his eye along the sights, and told the gunners what to do.

It was sunset. All day long the battle had raged, and the Union troops had been driven. The Rebels were ready for their last grand charge, which they hoped would give them the victory. Onward they came, down the steep bank opposite, into the ravine. The Union batteries were ready for them, — Captain Silversparre with his twenty-pounders, Captain Richardson and Captain Russell with their howitzers, Captain Stone with his ten-pounders, Captain Taylor, Captain Dresser, Captain Willard, and Lieutenant Edwards, — sixty or more cannon in all. A gunner was lacking for one of the great iron thirty-twos. Paul sprang from his horse, and took command of the piece.

The long lines of the Rebels came into view. "Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bang!" went the guns. Then half a dozen crashed at once,—the great thirty-twos thundering heavier than all the others. Shells, solid shot, and canister tore through the ravine, rolling back the Rebel lines, drenching the hillsides with blood, turning the brook to crimson, and the fresh young leaves to scarlet. O the wild commotion,—the jarring of the earth, the deep reverberations rolling far away, and the shouts of the cannoneers!

"Give them canister!" shouted Paul to the cannoneers, and the terrible missiles went screaming down the ravine. The bullets were falling around him, singing in his ears, but he heeded them not. But O how painful it was to see a brother officer torn to pieces by his side! Then how glorious to behold, through the rifts in the battle-cloud, that the Rebels were flying in confusion through the woods. Then there came a cheer. General Nelson had arrived with reinforcements, and Buell's whole army was near. The thirty-two-pounders, the howitzers, and the batteries had saved the day, and the victory was won. And now, as night came on, the gunboats joined, throwing eleven-inch shells into the woods among the Rebel troops, which added discomfiture to defeat. And when the uproar, the noise, and the confusion had died away, how good to thank God for the victory, and for the preservation of his life! How gratifying to receive the thanks of his commander on the field,—to be mentioned as one who had done his duty faithfully, and who was deserving of promotion!

After the battle he was made a captain, and had greater responsibilities resting upon him. He was called upon to take long rides,—sometimes, with the cavalry, on expeditions into the enemy's country. Sometimes he found himself alone in the dark woods of Mississippi, threading the narrow paths, swimming rivers, wading creeks, plunging into swamps,—sometimes pursued by the enemy, at other times, with his comrades, sweeping like a whirlwind through the Southern towns, in pursuit of the retreating foe, riding day and night, often without food, but occasionally having a nice supper of roast chicken cooked by the bivouac-fire in the forest. Sometimes he spread his blanket beneath the grand old trees, and had a rest for the night; and sometimes, when pursued by the enemy, when there was no time to stop and rest, he slept in his saddle, and dreamed of home. So through the months which followed that terrible battle, obtaining information which was of inestimable value to the generals commanding the army. So he served his country,—at Corinth, at Memphis, and at Vicksburg, where, through the long, hot, weary, sickly months, the brave soldiers toiled, building roads, cutting trenches, digging ditches, excavating canals, clearing forests, erecting batteries, working in mud and water, fighting on the Yazoo, working at the great guns and mortars, and at last, under their great leader, sweeping down the west side of the Mississippi, crossing the river, defeating the enemy in all the battles which followed, then closing in upon the town and capturing it, after months of hardship and suffering. How hard this work! how laborious, and wearing, and dangerous!

Paul found little time to rest. It was his duty to lay out the work for the soldiers, to say where the breastworks should be thrown up, where the guns



should be placed in position. In the dark nights he went out beyond the picket-lines and examined the hills and ravines, while the bullets of the Rebel sharp-shooters were flying about his ears, and in the daytime he was riding along the lines while the great guns were bellowing, to see if they were in the best position, and were doing their proper work. At length there came a morning when the Rebels raised a white flag, and Vicksburg surrendered. It was the glorious reward for all their hardship, toil, suffering, and endurance. How proudly the soldiers marched into the city, with drums beating, bands playing, and all their banners waving! It was the Fourth of July, the most joyful day of all the year. There were glad hearts all over the land, — ringing of bells and firing of cannon, songs of praise and prayers and thanksgivings, for not only at Vicksburg, but at Gettysburg the soldiers of the Union had won a great victory.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

PAUL'S mother lived alone, and yet she was not without company; for the bees and the humming-birds buzzing among the flowers, the old clock ticking steadily, the cat purring in the sunshine, were her constant friends through the long summer days. And every morning Azalia came in and read the news. Pleasant the sound of her approaching step! Ever welcome her appearance! Winsome her smile! How beautiful upon her cheek the deepening bloom of a guileless heart!

“Good news!” she exclaimed one morning, as she entered, with glowing countenance and sparkling eyes, tossing aside her hat.

“What is it, dear?” Mrs. Parker asked.

Azalia replied by opening a newspaper, and reading that “Captain Paul Parker, who had been acting as major, was promoted to be a colonel for meritorious and distinguished services at Vicksburg.”

“I am glad he has served his country so faithfully,” said Mrs. Parker, pleased and gratified, and proud of her son.

“Who knows but that he may be a general yet?” said Azalia, triumphantly. “We are going to have a jubilee this afternoon over the victories,” she added. She could stop no longer, for she was to take part in the jubilee with Daphne, and hastened away to prepare for the occasion.

All New Hope turned out to rejoice over the glorious news. Farmers came with their wagons loaded with things for the soldiers, — bottles of wine, jars of jellies and preserves, for there were thousands of wounded in the hospitals. Those who could not contribute such things were ready to give money, for their hearts were overflowing with gratitude. Old men came, leaning on their staves or supported by their children, with the fires of youth rekindling in their souls. Mothers were there, for they had sons in the service. Paul was not the only young man who had gone from New Hope. A score had enlisted. Old folks, young folks, all the people of the place were there, in the old church.

The evening train came thundering along the railroad, stopping long enough to leave Paul, who had unexpectedly been ordered to duty in Tennessee with General Rosecrans. He was granted a week's leave of absence. There was no one at the depot. He wondered at the silence in the streets. Houses and stores and shops were all closed. He passed up the hill to his old home; but his mother was not there, and the door was fast. The cat was lying upon the step, and purred him a welcome. The bees were humming over the flower-beds, and the swallows twittered merrily upon the roof of the house. The remembrance of his boyhood came back, and he was a child again amid the flowers.

He noticed that the people were around the church, and passed on to see what had called them together.

"Why, that is Paul Parker, as true as I am alive!" said Mr. Chrome, as he approached the church.

The little boys caught it up, and cried, "Paul has come! Paul has come!" and looked wonderingly at his blue uniform, and the eagle on his shoulders. It was buzzed through the church that he had come. Judge Adams, who was on the platform, and who was chairman of the meeting, said: "It gives me great pleasure to announce the arrival of our esteemed fellow-citizen Colonel Parker, who has so nobly distinguished himself in the service of our country."

"Three cheers for Colonel Parker!" shouted Mr. Chrome, and the people, glad to see him, and brimming over with joy for the victories, sprang to their feet and hurraed and stamped till the windows rattled. Judge Adams welcomed him to the platform, and Father Surplice, Colonel Dare, and Esquire Capias rose and shook hands with him. Esquire Capias was making a speech when Paul entered; but he left off suddenly, saying: "I know that you want to hear from Colonel Parker, and it will give me greater pleasure to listen to him than to talk myself."

Then there were cries for Paul.

"It is not necessary for me to introduce Colonel Parker on this occasion," said Judge Adams. "He is our fellow-citizen; this is his home. He has honored himself and us. We have been trying to be eloquent over the great victories; but the eloquence of speech is very poor when compared with the eloquence of action." Then, turning to Paul, he said: "What you and your comrades have done, Sir, will be remembered through all coming time."

"We tried to do our duty, and God gave us the victory," said Paul. He stood before them taller and stouter than when he went away. He was sunburnt; but his countenance was noble and manly, and marked with self-reliance. He never had made a speech. He did not know what to say. To stand there facing the audience, with his mother, Azalia, Daphne, and all his old friends before him, was very embarrassing. It was worse than meeting the Rebels in battle. But why should he be afraid? They were all his friends, and would respect him if he did the best he could. He would not try to be eloquent. He would simply tell them the story of the battles; how the soldiers had marched, and toiled, and fought, — not for glory, honor, or fame,

but because they were true patriots ; how he had seen them resign themselves to death as calmly as to a night's repose, thinking and talking of friends far away, of father, mother, brothers and sisters, their pleasant homes, and the dear old scenes, yet never uttering a regret that they had enlisted to save their country.

There were moist eyes when he said that ; but when he told them of the charge at Fort Donelson, — how the troops marched through the snow in long, unbroken lines, and with a wild hurrah went up the hill, over fallen trees, and drove the Rebels from their breastworks, — the men swung their hats, and shouted, and the women waved their handkerchiefs, and cheered as if crazy with enthusiasm.

Then Azalia and Daphne sung the Star-spangled Banner, the congregation joining in the chorus. Then, under the excitement of the moment, Judge Adams called for contributions for the soldiers, and the old farmers took out their pocket-books. Those who had made up their minds to give five dollars gave ten, while Mr. Middlekauf, Hans's father, who thought he would give twenty-five, put fifty into the hat.

When the meeting was over, Paul stepped down from the platform, threw his arms around his mother's neck and kissed her, and heard her whisper, "God bless you, Paul." Then the people came to shake hands with him. Even Miss Dobb came up, all smiles, shaking her curls, holding out her bony hand, and saying, "I am glad to see you, Colonel Parker. You know that I was your old teacher. I really feel proud to know that you have acquitted yourself so well. I shall claim part of the honor. You must come and take tea with me, and tell me all about the battles," she said.

"My leave of absence is short. I shall not have time to make many visits ; but it will give me great pleasure to call upon those who have *always* been my friends," said Paul, with a look so searching that it brought the blood into her faded cheeks.

Hearty the welcome from Azalia and Daphne, and from those who had been his scholars, who listened with eager interest to the words which fell from his lips. Golden the days and blissful those few hours spent with his mother, sitting by her side in the old kitchen ; with Daphne and Azalia, singing the old songs ; with Azalia alone, stealing down the shaded walk in the calm moonlight, talking of the changeful past, and looking into the dreamy future, the whippoorwills and plovers piping to them from the clover-fields, the crickets chirping them a cheerful welcome, and the river saluting them with its ceaseless serenade !

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CHICKAMAUGA.

QUICK the changes. Paul was once more with the army, amid the mountains of Tennessee, marching upon Chattanooga with General Rosecrans, tramping over Lookout Mountain, and along the Chickamauga.



Then came a day of disaster in September. A great battle began on Saturday morning, lasted through Sunday, and closed on Monday. Paul rode courageously where duty called him, through the dark woods, along the winding river, where the bullets sang, where the shells burst, where hundreds of brave men fell. Terrible the contest. It was like a thunder-storm among the mountains,—like the growling of the angry surf upon the shore of the ocean. How trying, after hours of hard contest, to see the lines waver and behold the Rebels move victoriously over the field! to behold disaster setting in, and to know that all that is worth living for is trembling in the scale!

There are such moments in battle. General Rosecrans's army was outnumbered. Paul saw the Rebels driving in the centre and turning the left flank to cut off all retreat to Chattanooga. The moment for great, heroic action had come. He felt the blood leap through his veins as it never had leaped before. The Rebel line was advancing up the hill. The Union batteries were making ready to leave.

"Stay where you are!" he shouted. "Give them canister! Double shot the guns! Quick! One minute now is worth a thousand hours."

"Rally! rally! Don't let them have the guns!" he shouted to the flying troops. They were magic words. Men who had started to run came back. Those who were about to leave stood in their places, ready to die where they were. Five minutes passed; they seemed ages. On—nearer—up to the muzzles of the guns came the Rebels; then, losing heart, fled down the hill, where hundreds of their comrades lay dying and dead. Their efforts to break the line had failed. But once more they advanced in stronger force, rushing up the hill. Dreadful the contest, the din and strife, the shouts and yells, the clashing of sabres and bayonets, the roar of the cannon, the explosion of shells. Paul found himself suddenly falling, then all was dark.

When he came to himself the scene had changed. He was lying upon the ground. A soldier, wearing a dirty gray jacket, and with long hair, was pulling off his boots, saying, "This Yankee has got a pair of boots worth having."

"Hold on! what are you up to?" said Paul.

"Hullo! blue bellie, ye are alive, are ye? Tho't yer was dead. Reckon I'll take yer boots, and yer coat tew."

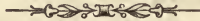
Paul saw how it was: he was wounded, and left on the field. He was in the hands of the Rebels; but hardest to bear was the thought that the army had been defeated. He was stiff and sore. The blood was oozing from a wound in his side. He was burning up with fever. He asked the Rebels who were around him for a drink of water; but, instead of moistening his parched lips, one pointed his gun at him and threatened to blow out his brains. They stripped off his coat and picked his pockets. Around him were hundreds of dead men. The day wore away and the night came on. He opened his lips to drink the falling dew, and lay with his face towards the stars. He thought of his mother, of home, of Azalia, of the angels and God. Many times he had thought how sad it must be to die alone upon the battle-field, far from friends; but now he remembered the words of Jesus Christ: "I will not leave you comfortless. My peace I give unto you." Heaven seemed near, and he felt that

the angels were not far away. He had tried to do his duty. He believed that, whether living or dying, God would take care of him, and of his mother. In his soul there was sweet peace and composure; but what was the meaning of the strange feeling creeping over him, the numbness of his hands, the fluttering of his heart? Was it not the coming on of death? He remembered the prayer of his childhood, lisped many a time while kneeling by his mother's side, and repeated it once more.

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

The stars were fading. His senses reeled. His eyelids closed, and he lay pale, cold, and motionless, among the dead.

*Carleton.*



## AUNT ESTHER'S STORIES.

AUNT ESTHER used to be a constant attendant upon us young ones whenever we were a little ill, or any of the numerous accidents of childhood overtook us. In such seasons of adversity she always came to sit by our bedside, and take care of us. She did not, as some people do, bring a long face and a doleful whining voice into a sick-room, but was always so bright, and cheerful, and chatty, that we began to think it was almost worth while to be sick to have her about us. I remember that once, when I had the quinsy, and my throat was so swollen that it brought the tears every time I swallowed, Aunt Esther talked to me so gayly, and told me so many stories, that I found myself laughing heartily, and disposed to regard my aching throat as on the whole rather an amusing circumstance.

Aunt Esther's stories were not generally fairy tales, but stories about real things, — and more often on her favorite subject of the habits of animals, and the different animals she had known, than about anything else.

One of these was a famous Newfoundland dog, named Prince, which belonged to an uncle of hers in the country, and was, as we thought, a far more useful and faithful member of society than many of us youngsters. Prince used to be a grave, sedate dog, that considered himself put in trust of the farm, the house, the cattle, and all that was on the place. At night he slept before the kitchen door, which, like all other doors in the house in those innocent days, was left unlocked all night; and if such a thing had ever happened as that a trumper or an improper person of any kind had even touched the latch of the door, Prince would have been up attending to him as master of ceremonies.

At early dawn, when the family began to stir, Prince was up and out to superintend the milking of the cows, after which he gathered them all together, and started out with them to pasture, padding steadily along behind, dashing

out once in a while to reclaim some wanderer that thoughtlessly began to make her breakfast by the roadside, instead of saving her appetite for the pastures, as a properly behaved cow should. Arrived at the pasture-lot, Prince would take down the bars with his teeth, drive in the cows, put up bars, and then soberly turn tail and pad off home, and carry the dinner-basket for the men to the mowing lot, or the potato-field, or wherever the labors of the day might be. There arrived, he was extremely useful to send on errands after anything forgotten or missing. "Prince! the rake is missing: go to the barn and fetch it!" and away Prince would go, and come back with his head very high, and the long rake very judiciously balanced in his mouth.

One day a friend was wondering at the sagacity of the dog, and his master thought he would show off his tricks in a still more original style; and so, calling Prince to him, he said, "Go home and bring Puss to me!"

Away bounded Prince towards the farm-house, and, looking about, found the younger of the two cats, fair Mistress Daisy, busy cleaning her white velvet in the summer sun. Prince took her gently up by the nape of her neck, and carried her, hanging head and heels together, to the fields, and laid her down at his master's feet.



"How's this, Prince?" said the master; "you did n't understand me. I said the cat, and this is the kitten. Go right back and bring the old cat."

Prince looked very much ashamed of his mistake, and turned away, with drooping ears and tail, and went back to the house.

The old cat was a venerable, somewhat portly old dame, and no small lift for Prince; but he reappeared with old Puss hanging from his jaws, and set her down, a little discomposd, but not a whit hurt, by her unexpected ride.



Sometimes, to try Prince's skill, his master would hide his gloves or riding-whip in some out-of-the-way corner, and when ready to start, would say, "Now, where have I left my gloves? Prince, good fellow, run in, and find them"; and Prince would dash into the house, and run hither and thither with his nose to every nook and corner of the room; and, no matter how artfully they were hid, he would upset and tear his way to them. He would turn up the corners of the carpet, snuff about the bed, run his nose between the feather-bed and mattress, pry into the crack of a half-opened drawer, and show as much zeal and ingenuity as a policeman, and seldom could anything be so hid as to baffle his perseverance.

Many people laugh at the idea of being careful of a dog's feelings, as if it were the height of absurdity; and yet it is a fact that some dogs are as exquisitely sensitive to pain, shame, and mortification, as any human being. See, when a dog is spoken harshly to, what a universal droop seems to come over him. His head and ears sink, his tail drops and slinks between his legs, and his whole air seems to say, "I wish I could sink into the earth to hide myself."

Prince's young master, without knowing it, was the means of inflicting a most terrible mortification on him at one time. It was very hot weather, and Prince, being a shaggy dog, lay panting, and lolling his tongue out, apparently suffering from the heat.

"I declare," said young Master George, "I do believe Prince would be more comfortable for being sheared." And so forthwith he took him and began divesting him of his coat. Prince took it all very obediently; but when he appeared without his usual attire, every one saluted him with roars of laughter, and Prince was dreadfully mortified. He broke away from his master, and scampered off home at a desperate pace, ran down cellar and disappeared from view. His young master was quite distressed that Prince took the matter so to heart; he followed him in vain, calling, "Prince! Prince!" No Prince appeared. He lighted a candle and searched the cellar, and found the poor creature cowering away in the darkest nook under the stairs. Prince was not to be comforted; he slunk deeper and deeper into the darkness, and crouched on the ground when he saw his master, and for a long time refused even to take food. The family all visited and condoled with him, and finally his sorrows were somewhat abated; but he would not be persuaded to leave the cellar for nearly a week. Perhaps by that time he indulged the hope that his hair was beginning to grow again, and all were careful not to destroy the illusion by any jests or comments on his appearance.

Such were some of the stories of Prince's talents and exploits which Aunt Esther used to relate to us. What finally became of the old fellow we never heard. Let us hope that, as he grew old, and gradually lost his strength, and felt the infirmities of age creeping on, he was tenderly and kindly cared for in memory of the services of his best days, — that he had a warm corner by the kitchen fire, and was daily spoken to in kindly tones by his old friends. Nothing is a sadder sight than to see a poor old favorite, that once was petted and caressed by every member of a family, now sneaking and

cowering as if dreading every moment a kick or a blow, — turned from the parlor into the kitchen, driven from the kitchen by the cook's broomstick, half starved and lonesome.

O, how much kinder if the poor thread of life were at once cut by some pistol-shot, than to have the neglected favorite linger only to suffer ! Now, boys, I put it to you, is it generous or manly, when your old pet and playmate grows sickly and feeble, and can no longer amuse you, to forget all the good old times you have had with him, and let him become a poor, trembling, hungry, abused vagrant ? If you cannot provide comforts for his old age, and see to his nursing, you can at least secure him an easy and painless passage from this troublesome world. A manly fellow I once knew, who, when his old hound became so diseased that he only lived to suffer, gave him a nice meal with his own hand, patted his head, got him to sleep, and then shot him, — so that he was dead in a moment, felt no pain, and knew nothing but kindness to the last.

And now to Aunt Esther's stories of a dog I must add one more which occurred in a town where I once lived. I have told you of the fine traits of blood dogs, their sagacity and affection. In doing this, perhaps, I have not done half justice to the poor common dogs, of no particular blood or breed, that are called curs or mongrels ; yet among these I believe you will quite as often find both affection and sagacity as among better-born dogs.

The poor mongrel I am going to tell you about belonged to a man who had not, in one respect, half the sense that his dog had. A dog will never eat or drink a thing that has once made him sick, or injured him ; but this man would drink, time and time again, a deadly draught, that took away his senses and unfitted him for any of his duties. Poor little Pero, however, set her ignorant dog's heart on her drinking master, and used to patter faithfully after him, and lick his hand respectfully, when nobody else thought he was in a condition to be treated with respect.

One bitter cold winter day, Pero's master went to a grocery, at some distance from home, on pretence of getting groceries, but in reality to fill a very dreadful bottle, that was the cause of all his misery ; and little Pero padded after him through the whirling snow, although she left three poor little pups of her own in the barn. Was it that she was anxious for the poor man who was going the bad road, or was there some secret thing in her dog's heart that warned her that her master was in danger ? We know not, but the sad fact is, that at the grocery the poor man took enough to make his brain dizzy, and coming home he lost his way in a whirling snow-storm, and fell down stupid and drunk, not far from his own barn, in a lonesome place, with the cold winter's wind sweeping the snow-drift over him. Poor little Pero cuddled close to her master and nestled in his bosom, as if trying to keep the warm life in him.

Two or three days passed, and nothing was seen or heard of the poor man. The snow had drifted over him in a long white winding-sheet, when a neighbor one day heard a dog in the barn crying to get out. It was poor Pero, that had come back and slipped in to nurse her puppies while the barn-door

was open, and was now crying to get out and go back to her poor master. It suddenly occurred to the man that Pero might find the body, and in fact, when she started off, he saw a little path which her small paws had worn in the snow, and, tracking after, found the frozen body. This poor little friend had nestled the snow away around the breast, and stayed watching and waiting by her dead master, only taking her way back occasionally to the barn to nurse her little ones. I cannot help asking whether a little animal that can show such love and faithfulness has not something worth respecting and caring for in its nature.

At this time of the year our city ordinances proclaim a general leave and license to take the lives of all dogs found in the streets, and scenes of dreadful cruelty are often enacted in consequence. I hope, if my stories fall under the eye of any boy who may ever witness, or be tempted to take part in, the hunting down and killing a poor dog, that he will remember of how much faithfulness and affection and constancy these poor brutes are capable, and, instead of being their tyrant and persecutor, will try to make himself their protector and friend.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



### H U S H - A - B Y .

**H**USH-A-BY, Baby! Already repose  
 To thy lip and thy cheek brings the smile and the rose.  
 As soft dews of twilight the floweret steep,  
 Flows round my sweet Baby the spirit of sleep.  
 Sleep! Sleep!  
 Hush-a-by!



Hush-a-by, Baby! O never again  
 Might sorrow come near thee, or sickness, or pain!  
 Hush-a-by, Baby!—asleep on my breast  
 I rock thee, I kiss thee, I sing thee to rest.  
 Rest! Rest!  
 Hush-a-by!

Baby, my Baby! Ah! never again  
 Shall "Hush-a-by!" soothe thee in joy or in pain.  
 The bird has forsaken the desolate nest,  
 And never again shall I sing thee to rest.  
 Rest! Rest!  
 Hush-a-by!

My arms were thy cradle; they wrapt thee around,  
 But the little child angels, thy cradle they found:  
 Tenderly, softly, my Baby they bear  
 Up into Heaven, and "Hush-a-by!" there.  
 There! There!  
 Hush-a-by!

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*



# Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY  
of  
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



## CHARADE.

No. 16.

WERE my *first* brown, or yellow, or black,  
Were it ugly, or little, or poor, —  
All merit although it should lack, —  
Some woman's soft heart would be sure  
To think it the sweetest and best  
Of things whereon sunshine might rest.

Were my *second* red, orange, or green,  
Triangular, rounded, or square,  
Some beautiful miss would be seen

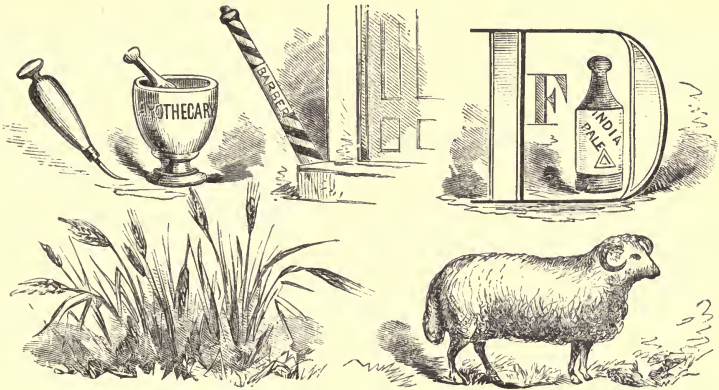
With a toss and a flourish to wear  
Its odd or its elegant form,  
If the weather were only not warm.

If my *whole* were as bright as it seems, —  
As it often by poets is sung, —  
Long life were the idlest of dreams,  
And all would desire to die young.  
But, like everything under the sun,  
It is mixed with vexation and fun.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 23.



## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 24.



## ENIGMAS.

## No. 17.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 24, 8, 11, 1, 23, 9, is an eminent philosopher.

My 7, 16, 20, 14, 10, 17, 8, 13, is an American poet.

My 2, 12, 4, 8, 13, is a poet of the olden time.

My 5, 21, 10, 15, 3, 9, is an American classical antiquarian.

My 6, 5, 13, 18, 8, 21, 10, is a *peculiar* American author.

My 19, 5, 13, 13, 20, 22, 3, 9, is an American philanthropist.

My whole is an American author, soldier, reformer, and philanthropist.

H. A. REID.

## No. 18.

[CLASSICAL.]

I am composed of 27 *Latin* letters.

My 1, 18, 19, 21, and 15, 18, 24, 27, are two exceptions to a rule of gender.

My 7, 26, 17, 23, 21, is a word often mis-translated *men*.

My 12, 5, 7, 6, 2, 27, is one of Rome's greatest historians.

My 4, 11, 3, 25, 9, is a word of the second declension, capable of three translations.

My 8, 13, 14, 20, in older Latin meant *four*.

My 4, 16, 12, 22, 10, 23, is a name made famous by Horace.

My whole is a Latin poem of the "Golden Age."

PÆDERASTES.

## No. 19.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 8, 13, is a large hatchet.

My 14, 1, 4, is a troublesome neighbor.

My 9, 10, 3, 4, is a small piece of land.

My 5, 7, 10, is a slippery fellow.

My 12, 3, 11, 4, is at the bottom of a great many things.

My 4, 11, 14, 2, 1, 6, 3, carries all before it.

My 5, 2, 6, is to conclude.

My whole is a noted explorer.

W. W. C.

## CONUNDRUMS.

21. What's that which every living man hath seen,

But never more will see again, I ween?

22. If your tooth ached, what town in Poland would apply the remedy?

23. Why is an orange like a church-bell?



## ANSWERS.

## CHARADES.

14. Rob-in Hood.  
15. Cart-ridge.

## ENIGMAS.

15. Speech is silver, but silence is golden.  
16. Kingsley.

## CONUNDRUMS.

17. Because it's across two eyes (a cross (X) two I's.)  
18. He would be gone for some time (thyme), and come back with a *rush*.  
19. Because he's always going to sea (see).  
20. Your portrait.

## PUZZLES.

9. Sunderland, Andover, Lowell [*S* under Land and over low L].  
10. TrutH  
UnclE  
DesigN  
OtheR  
ReplY.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

11. Construction, — rebellion, — astonishment, — monastery, — direction, — consternation.  
12. Winning his Way, — Our Dogs, — Three Days at Camp Douglas, — Afloat in the Forest, — The Little Prisoner.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

20. I labor to be concise, and I become obscure.  
[(Isle) a (bee) R (toe) (beacon) (sea) (ice) AN (die) (beak) o (mob) (skewer).]  
21. Five hundred sea-captains under arrest.  
[500) C (cap) (10's) under (a rest).]  
22. Nobody knows where the shoe pinches so well as he that wears it.  
[(No body) (nose) UU (hare) (tea-he) (shoe) (pin) (chess) o (well) (ash)e (tea-hat) (ware)s (I-tea).]



JUST MY LUCK! II.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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No. XI.

## HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPE.

### IV.



HE old clergyman made a seat for Burton at his side. Burton, who was feeling greatly chagrined by the turn affairs had taken, could not help being touched by this kindness.

“You will be very careful how you do your friends such injustice after this, I am sure, my son. We must all be careful; for it was not you alone who were inclined to consider Grant a thief, and to treat him accordingly.”

“He did n’t mean to do wrong; he did n’t know,” said Emma Reverdy, generously eager to excuse him.

“Thank you for saying that kind word,” replied Father Bright hopes. “That was the trouble with all of us, — we did not know. *Prejudice* means literally *pre-judgment*, — judgment formed without due consideration of facts. It is always the result of ignorance, — sometimes of wilful ignorance, for there are people so unreasonable and violent in their feelings that they will not see the truth if they can. If we had known of that mischievous mouse under the counter, or if we had only known how honest a boy Grant was, and how impossible it was for him to steal, we should not have made that sad mistake.”

“But how can we sometimes help making such mistakes?” said Emma.

“My child, I confess it is the most natural thing in the world for people,

especially the young and inexperienced, to indulge in prejudice. Even the wisest may sometimes be deceived. The Good Book tells us to judge *not from appearances*, but to judge *righteous judgment*. But to short-sighted mortals this is not always possible. Only the eye of God can look into every heart. And often we have only appearances from which to form our opinions."

"What can a fellow do, then?" said Burton. "That's what I'd like to know."

"I will tell you. We may have our honest opinions, but we must beware how we condemn those whose inmost motives we cannot know. Ignorance may be excusable; but something besides ignorance, something far worse, — selfishness, envy, bad temper, — goes to the formation of a violent prejudice. We might have believed Grant guilty, and still have felt so kindly towards him that we could scarcely have wronged either him or ourselves. For we do wrong ourselves, often far more than we wrong others, when we cherish ill feelings towards them. It would not, after all, have hurt Grant very much, I suppose, if you had hated him as a thief; but, O my dear children, it would have hurt you. It is not what others think of us, it is what we think and feel in our own hearts, that makes us happy or unhappy. Could one of these dear little girls, — could my Emma here, who is so happy because she loves everybody and makes everybody love her, — could she nourish in her heart such an ugly viper as malice? She would not be the sweet and happy child she is, if she could. Always, always, my young friends, endeavor to judge very gently those who do wrong. Consider that, if you were in their place, and liable to the like temptations, you would probably do just as they do. Very often it is not the person's heart which is so much to blame, but some secret mouse we know nothing about, some little circumstance he is not responsible for, which has betrayed him into the fault we condemn.

"O prejudice! prejudice!" continued the old clergyman, "how much evil I have seen wrought by it in this world! I once knew two brothers who, from some slight misunderstanding, quarrelled, and continued bitter enemies for years, believing and saying the worst things of each other; until one of them, by mistake, did the other a good turn, saving the life of a sheep that had been caught by its yoke in the woods, and would have perished without help. 'I did not know it was my brother's sheep at the time,' he told me afterwards, 'or I would have let it die.' But his brother thought the kindness intentional; it softened him; he did some obliging act in return; so the other was softened; until at last all their animosity was changed to brotherly love. 'We have only this one thing to regret,' they confessed to me, 'that ten of the best years of our lives have been spent in miserable misunderstandings and hatreds.' The happiness of reconciliation had taught them how much they had lost.

"The great Rebellion itself, my dear children, with all the suffering and waste of life attending it, was the result of prejudice. But for ignorance, and hatred based on ignorance, the Southern people would never have begun the war. They knew nothing of the spirit or power of the free North. They



believed us their enemies, while we were in reality working for a great principle, and were at heart their friends. And now the only thing I see in the way of a happy reunion, and of peace founded on justice,—as, to be righteous and enduring, it must be,—is the same great stumbling-block of prejudice. That may cause our poor country endless troubles yet. Prejudice, my dear children, is the mark of a narrow mind and a selfish heart. If you would be free from it, keep your minds open and your hearts generous and kind. Have patience with those who think differently from you, for we are so made that two persons seldom see a thing just alike.

“I remember two little girls who were sitting one evening on the shore of a lake watching the moon rise. ‘O Jane,’ said one, ‘if you only sat where I do, you would see the beautifullest stripe of light on the water that ever was!’ Jane replied, ‘I do see it, for it runs straight before me here, and the water is all dancing with sparkles from me to the moon.’ ‘Why, Jane,’ said the other, ‘how can you tell such a falsehood? I look, and there is no stripe of light before you at all. It is before me here, and there are no sparkles anywhere else on the water.’ So she quarrelled with her friend, and grew very angry because Jane persisted in saying that the light shone before her too. At last, to convince her, she ran to the bank where Jane sat, when, behold! the line of light moved with her, and there she found it, sure enough, shining across the water from the moon to Jane.”

“What a silly thing she was!” said Emma. “She ought to have known that, when the moon shines on the water, we see just those rays that are reflected to us, and no others.”

“If the little girl I tell you of had had as good a teacher as you have, my children,” said Father Brighthopes, “she would probably have learned so simple a fact. Ignorant and passionate persons often quarrel with others in that foolish way. Seeing the few rays of light which shine to us, we are too apt to believe they are all the light there is. Beware of making that common mistake, my dear boys and girls; but, when your companions see differently from you, remember that they have *different points of view*. I have always found,” added the old clergyman, “that those persons who are most tolerant of the faults and opinions of others are those who are most careful in examining and correcting their own. On the other hand, there are busybodies who, if they spent half the time in criticising and improving themselves which they devote to their friends’ faults, would very soon arrive at perfection.”

Father Brighthopes paused, and looked round on the little audience with some apprehension lest they were beginning to find him dull. Children do not like long discourses, and wisdom is thrown away the moment it ceases to interest them. A certain pair of eyes arrested his attention. They belonged to one of the faces which he saw for the first time that evening. They were fixed earnestly upon him, as if drinking in with the deepest interest every word he said. The old clergyman, inspired by sympathy, seemed to read the child’s history in that look. She was a poorly clad, modest, shrinking little girl, accustomed to being neglected and scorned by her companions because she was poor and wore patched clothes. Hers was a dif-

ferent kind of poverty from Grant Eastman's. Grant's mother always managed to dress him well, and he possessed, moreover, a spirit which quietly asserted its independence, and commanded respect wherever he went. But this child had evidently no such mother. She had the loneliest, sad young face, and the eyes that looked into the old clergyman's bespoke a heart hungry for love and encouragement.

"There is one form of prejudice, the lowest and meanest of all," said he, smiling around on the group of fair young faces, — "which I sincerely hope there is no need of speaking to you about. Yet there will be no harm in mentioning it. I mean, prejudice against the poor. Poverty is no disgrace, except to those whose folly has brought it upon themselves. A child, especially, — my heart always warms, I feel the tenderest yearning love go out, towards a little boy that has no comfortable home, no loving mother able to clothe him well, and indulge him in such enjoyments as other children have. How much more I am touched if that child be a gentle, oversensitive little girl! I trust that you will always show especial kindness to such, my dear children. You know not what you do when you despise them because they are poor. There may be in that little boy or girl a heart and mind far superior to your own; for I have noticed that it is often the children of the poor that make the noblest women and the greatest and best men."

These words, earnestly spoken, produced a deep impression on his little audience; and he noticed that the eyes of the hungry-hearted little girl filled with tears.

At that moment, in the midst of the general seriousness, one of the boys suddenly burst into a loud laugh. It was Solomon Graves, who had not spoken a word all the evening, nor smiled, nor opened his mouth, except to stare and show his tongue, but who now made up for lost time by indulging in the most unseasonable and surprising giggle.

"That 's just like Sol Graves!" said Emma Reverdy, annoyed.

"He 's laughing at some joke he heard last week, I bet!" said Burton. "It has just got through his wool."

"What is it, my lad?" said Father Brighthopes. "Tell us what is so funny, so that we can all laugh."

"I was laughing — he, he, he! — at the idea of a mouse stealing money!" and the serious youth almost went into convulsions of merriment. Then, having set everybody else laughing, the fit passed, and he became suddenly solemn as before, staring about him again as if wondering what all the fun was about.

Mrs. Reverdy took advantage of this ludicrous interruption to invite the company to the dining-room, where a delicious little banquet was prepared for them. Among other things there were some excellent canned peaches, which Father Brighthopes dished out to his young friends, talking with them all the while in the most familiar and engaging manner. The peaches were a rare treat, and it was observed that he gave only one to each, except to the poorly-dressed little girl, to whom he gave two.

"Look!" cried Jason Jones, "Kate Orley has got more than her share!"

"Dear me!" said Father Brighthopes, "I have made a mistake and given her mine! Never mind, I do not wish any; and if Kate, as you call her, will let me sit by her side while she eats them, that will be pleasure enough for me."

"I wish you would take one," whispered Kate, blushing very red at the singular favor shown her.

"No, no, my child; they are for you." Then, in order that it might not seem that he favored her because she was poor, he added, "You deserve some reward for listening to me so attentively. I think you were my most interested little hearer, and I shall remember it of you."

"I could have sat and heard you all night," said Kate, forgetting her timidity. "I hope you will talk some more."

"No," replied Father Brighthopes, "my half-hour is up; and now the little folks can spend the rest of the evening as they please."

A merry game of blind-man's-buff was soon begun, in which nearly all the children engaged. But little Kate Orley remained seated beside Father Brighthopes.

"Don't you see what a gay time they are having?" he said to her.

"O yes, it is very nice," replied Kate, watching the sport wishfully.

"Then why don't you join them, my child?"

"O, I guess I won't." Then, as he pressed her gently to tell him the reason, she added, blushing, "Sometimes some of them don't like to play with me."

"Do not like to play with you! Why not, my girl?"

"Because I don't dress as well as they do, I suppose. But that is n't my fault." Kate's voice trembled, and she cast down her eyes. "I would dress better, if I could. It's my mother who makes me wear these old clothes."

"That is n't her fault, either, I presume. She does all she can for you, don't she?"

"I don't know." The poor little girl began to fold up the corners of her apron in apparently the most careful manner; but Father Brighthopes could see that she did not even know what she was doing; she was agitated. "She is n't very good to me."

"Is n't good to you, my dear child!" said Father Brighthopes, tenderly. "How happens that?"

"I don't know," beginning to cry. "I can't do anything to please her. She scolds me the whole time, and sometimes she beats me."

"What does she scold and beat you for?"

"Everything! Whether I do anything or not, it's just the same. If I do my best, it don't make any difference."

"Do you always do your best?" the old clergyman softly inquired.

"No, I suppose I don't. I get nothing but cuffs and hard words if I do; so I get tired of trying, sometimes. If she is ugly, that makes me ugly. But O, I do so want to be good! and I think I would be, if she was good to me. She would n't have let me come here to-night, only Miss Thorley asked her particularly. She a'n't my real mother, you know. My real mother is dead. *She* never would have made me do what this mother does."



“What does she make you do?”

“She makes me wear these old clothes, for one thing; she says they are good enough for a beggar. She calls me a beggar because I am not her own child, and she has to take care of me. It always makes her cross to think of that. I tell her the other children don't like me in those duds, and won't play with me; but that makes no difference.”

“But she is poor, is n't she? And no doubt she has had many troubles which you know nothing about, and those make her seem unkind,” said Father Brighthopes, soothingly. “You must think of that, and bear it the best way you can when she treats you so; will you?”

“I'll try to; but O, it is so hard!”

The child cried silently, endeavoring to hide her tears from everybody. Father Brighthopes looked at the happy children at play, all of whom had pleasant homes and indulgent parents or friends to care for them; and as he turned again to the sad little girl by his side, he said within himself, “How can they, how can anybody, be otherwise than kind to her?”

“Another thing she makes me do is, to go into the new house over by the mill after dark, and get shavings. I'd just as lief go as not, only I am so frightened! If it was in the daytime I would n't mind; but after dark—it is so dark and lonesome, and the house is away back from the street so, and I always hear such noises, and see such shadows, and think something is going to catch me—I can't tell how it scares me. I run home without my basket full, and then I have to go back again. O, if I did n't have to get shavings after dark, I could bear almost anything else!”

“Your mother knows nothing will hurt you, and thinks you ought not to be afraid. If you have to go again, fear nothing. Remember what I tell you,—that God will take care of you, and let nothing do you harm. But I see what I must do. I must go and visit your mother, and talk to her about you; and I am sure, when she comes to consider, she will not treat you so any more. So cheer up, my little girl. You have me for your friend, if nobody else. All will turn out nicely for you, I am sure.”

These cheering words had such an effect that the child began to laugh with hope and encouragement before her tears were dry.

Then Father Brighthopes called the children together and bade them good-night. “I advise you all to go home early; but you can play half an hour longer if you wish; and don't be afraid of disturbing me, for children's voices never troubled my slumbers yet. Pleasant voices, I mean; for nothing ever grieves me like young people's angry disputes.”

He embraced such as came to him, inviting all to visit him again; took leave of Miss Thorley, who was talking with Mr. and Mrs. Reverdy; then gave poor little Kate a good-night kiss, having reserved that token of his regard until the last. And so, at the close of another day well spent, the good old man retired to his room, and fell asleep to the music of the merry laughter below.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## S I R F R A N K L I N .

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was reading. That was not his whole name ; he had another, — it was Dodd. His sister, Susy Dodd, and Jehoshaphat, his brother, were both in the room. Susy was blinding her eyes and pricking her fingers over an endless seam in a shirt which Benjamin intended to honor her by wearing. Jehoshaphat, adorned with a long beard manufactured from the contents of his mother's cotton-wool bag, and spectacles confiscated from his grandfather's pocket, was lecturing to an array of the dining-room chairs, and had worked himself into a mild furor, under the belief that he was the wandering patriot who addressed the Lyceum last week.

It was an old, well-thumbed book that Benjamin was reading, — a book that all the youthful Dodds for generations had devoured in the daytime, and screamed over in their dreams at night. It was filled with stories most wonderful to hear, of the golden days of chivalry, when everybody was a knight, and every knight fell to fighting with every other knight ; when very beautiful young ladies were very often lost in the woods, and every knight that happened to come along and find them was instantly seized with a desire to knock half a dozen other knights on the head ; when there were enchantments, and spells of fairies, upon the earth ; when the human race consisted entirely of gentlemen and ladies ; and when disagreeable people, who will have coarse hands and ragged clothes, were never heard of. Altogether, it was a most charming book.

"Do pull up that curtain, Sue ! I have n't got but half a streak of light in this corner," remarked Benjamin. He considered employment good for his sister's health, and used kindly to prescribe for her, even when her business was most pressing. Though it was imperative that he should turn over a new leaf at that particular moment, to find out what the beautiful Rosamond was crying about, yet even in this emergency you see his brotherly feeling continued unabated. That Susy, rising in haste to obey his orders, should lose her thimble, break her needle, and tip over her work-basket, did not in the least ruffle his composure. Great minds are never disturbed by trifles.

Ah, but they were pleasant reading — those stories ! Many a one older and less credulous than Benjamin might have withdrawn into their depths, like a turtle into his shell, without the least desire to come out for hours together.

There were the wonderful adventures of Sir Launcelot, — Launcelot the brave and bright, fairy-guarded, iron-armed, deadly in stroke, and gracious in pardon ; — he who was the pride of the good King Arthur, and the knights of his Table Round ; who for many a long year loved the Queen, Guinevere the Beautiful, as never queen was loved before ; who fought with the fiercest and strongest of knights that trod the shores of "Merrie England," and led warriors into battle, and conquered kingdoms ; who faced all enemies, all hardship, all danger ; who would have yielded life itself for her sweet sake.

But, in spite of all this, they had a quarrel, as lovers will. Launcelot turned

his haughty face away from Arthur's court, leaving the gentle King, and the noble lords, and the fair, cruel Queen, far behind him, and plunged into the depths of a forest,—a dark, still forest, where he could wander at his will, with only his sword and his grief for company. While he was there, he made up his mind that he would be a hermit, and live alone in a hut, and never look on the face of the beautiful Guinevere again; that he would eat nothing but berries and water, and wear hair-cloth shirts. But he concluded that, on the whole, he would n't.

Just about the time that he had arrived at this decision, and was wondering what he should do next, he met a sorrowful knight riding slowly through the wood, and, as they both felt rather too low-spirited to fight, they fell to talking. Ah! well might the sorrowful knight ride slowly, and keep his mournful eyes upon the ground, for sorrowful and mournful was the tale he told.

There had been a great and royal feast at Arthur's palace, and next to the Queen had sat a noble Scottish lord, who had travelled far to see the King and his famous knights, than whom none were found braver or more knightly in all the world. Now it chanced that they had apples for dessert, and Guinevere, with her own white hand, had taken the largest and ripest,—all golden-red, and wrapped in cool green leaves,—and had given it to the princely guest. But he had no sooner tasted it, than he cried with a great cry, and fell back dead. So it had gone abroad that Guinevere had poisoned him, and the dead lord's brother demanded the Queen's life, unless some knight would undertake her cause, and fight with him.

Now every one believed that Guinevere was guilty, and Arthur walked alone in his royal gardens, and they knew that his great heart was smitten. The poor Queen sorrowed among her maidens, and looked at the funeral-pile on which she was to find her horrible death, and wept, and sighed for Launcelot,—and looked again, and mourned, and called for Launcelot,—Launcelot, whom she had driven from her,—Launcelot, against whose sword the mightiest chieftain never stood,—Launcelot, who alone could save her.

Sir Launcelot hardly waited to hear the story finished, but, with the cry, "Guinevere! Guinevere!" upon his lips, he drove the spurs into his quivering horse, and dashed away through the forest to—

Benjamin had read just so far, when Jehoshaphat, waxing excited, piped at the top of his lungs,—“The Atlantic, where the American Eagle dips one wing, from the Pacific, where she dips the other!”

Now if there was anything Benjamin *particularly* objected to, it was Jehoshaphat's fits of eloquence. So he made an observation which was weighty with meaning:—“J., if you know what's good for you, you'll hush up!”

He also made another, of no less importance to history than the first:—“Sue! why *can't* you keep that child still? How's a fellow going to read with such a thundering racket?”

“Spangled banner, and— It a'n't her fault!” said Jehoshaphat, breaking off in the very glory of his rhetoric. “*She* can't make me stop any more 'n you can; besides, she's bought a ticket to the course.”



"It's a girl's business to keep children quiet somehow," growled Benjamin.

Jehoshaphat tweaked his beard. Then he put on his spectacles, and began his lecture over from the beginning. Benjamin resumed his book. So might a martyr walk to the stake.

Well, Launcelot dashed through the forest to rescue the weeping Guinevere. Guinevere a murderer? Guinevere condemned to die? By the faith of his most knightly sword, he would have sworn that she was innocent. So on and on through the forest he lashed the fiery horse. Day and night he rode and rode. Under the starlight, which was faint through the leaves, under the moonlight, which flooded the plains, and crowned the hills with pearl, through the sunlight, which was golden above and beneath and about him, like a world of jewels on fire, through the damps and silver dews, against the winds that chilled him and the heats that scorched him, he rode and rode. And so at last he came to Arthur's court, and the Scottish knight was there, and the funeral pile was there, and Guinevere was there; wailing, and wringing her beautiful hands, and calling for Launcelot.

Then Launcelot cried, in a voice of thunder, "He who dares accuse the Queen, Guinevere the Innocent, let him come hither!" So he and the haughty lord drew upon each other, and long and bitter was the contest. From noon till sunset did they fight, and never had Launcelot met warrior like this one. Now all this time he had kept his visor down, and none knew who he might be, when at last, as the evening light touched Guinevere, watching, like a statue, on the balcony, he smote the Scottish knight to the ground, and held his life under a sword-stroke. Then he showed his face, and raised the fallen knight, and pardoned him.

The knight knew it was Launcelot, and the lords knew, and all the court knew, and shouted for joy. The mournful King looked up; the warm, happy color flushed all Guinevere's pale face, and the tears dried on her cheek.

So Guinevere was saved, and she and Launcelot forgot they had ever quarrelled. Every one was about as happy as happy could be, for you must know that they found out who did put the poisoned apple on the table. It was a miserable squire of the Queen's, who had plotted to murder one of the lords. He supposed Guinevere would hand it to his enemy; but the Scottish knight was higher in rank, and the fatal honor belonged to him. Poor Guinevere only intended to be very polite and very hospitable. She would never have murdered anybody, if she had lived till now.

Then there was Sir Perceval, whose mother gave him his knightly lessons, and the sage philosopher Merlin, enchanted by a wicked fairy, and captive princesses and dethroned princes innumerable.

But best of all Benjamin thought the story of Tristram and Isoude,—as mournful as the dropping of autumn leaves and as sweet as the purest Mayflower. For the royal Irish maiden was married to Tristram's uncle, the King of Cornwall, and she loved not her husband, but she loved Sir Tristram, even as he loved her. So they mourned in secret, the one for the other. It generally happens in story-books that husbands who are in the

way are obliging enough to die ; but Isoude's husband did not die. He kept on living and living. And Isoude wept and sorrowed, and Tristram tried to forget his bitter lot in wild adventures ; but still the old King kept on living, and living, and living.

At last Tristram fell sick of a grievous wound, and in all the country no physician could be found that could cure him. Then he sent for Isoude, if perhaps the sight of her might give him life. She came, with the white sails of her ships all fluttering up the sunny harbor. She landed in the bright morning, and came to Tristram's palace-gate ; she hastened up his marble stairs, and into the room where he was lying. But he did not move when she entered ; he did not speak when she softly called his name ; he did not look into her face when she bent over and touched his forehead. She had come too late. All beautiful and bright she stood before him. All pale and still he lay, — he was dead. Some one, coming in awhile after, found her kneeling upon the floor, her face buried on Tristram's motionless arm. "Fair lady," they said, "beautiful Isoude, Sir Tristram's soul has passed most knightly, — be comforted." But she did not answer them. Her gentle heart had broken. She had died for love of him.

"Swords and daggers !" said Benjamin at last. "What a stupid age we do live in ! No chance for a chap to be anything, or do anything. I vote it a bore." Whereupon he threw away his book, as if he were knocking the present generation on the head with it.

"Fools sigh for splendor past !" declaimed Jehoshaphat from his reading-book.

"And I, for one," continued Benjamin, pacing the room, with one hand waving an imaginary sword in the air, and the other tangling Susy's ball of yarn to throw at the cat, — "I, for one, don't believe in giving in to public opinion on a matter of importance. The fair sex are not appreciated ; they are not properly defended. I will be their champion, — I will fight for them, — I will die for them !"

"O Ben ! do *please* look out ; you've got your foot in my sewing !" cried Susy.

"Make those button-holes smaller than the last," said Benjamin, abstractedly, tripping out of a labyrinth of cotton, and putting on his cap.

"Dear as the sisters at our firesides !" shouted Jehoshaphat, bringing both fists down on his desk, with a concussion that knocked off his spectacles, and blew his beard into the fire. "Where 're you going, Ben ?"

"Where *are* you going ?" asked Susy, laying down her work.

Benjamin looked important. It was impossible, you know, to make a *girl* understand his great schemes of adventure. What did she know about King Arthur and Launcelot ?

"O, won't you take me out skating ?" pleaded Susy. "I've got my new skates, and I can't learn, because I can't go alone. All the other girls' brothers go with them ; I did want —"

"Could n't possibly," interrupted Benjamin, sporting his father's cane. "I've got so much business on hand to-day ; it's out of the question, — out of the question."

"Sue," said Jehoshaphat, meditatively, "what are you?"

"What am I? A girl, I suppose."

"Will they fight and die and bleed for them?" began Jehoshaphat again, gesturing frantically at his audience, while he set them up against the wall.

Benjamin started out for a walk, shouldering his cane like a musket; then he reflected that knights did not have muskets; then he tried to carry it like a sword; but it got between his feet, and nearly tripped him up. However, this was but a slight drawback. The career of glory upon which he had entered presented such honors as quite to overbalance all minor difficulties. He would find all the fair maidens who were plunged in distress; he would be their deliverer; they would smile upon him; he would wear their favors, which he imagined to be something closely resembling the red, white, and blue cockade he had sported at the beginning of the war. He would revive the old dead days of chivalry; he would be a new hero of romance, before whom even Launcelot's fame should pale.

There was only one objection, — his name, — *Benjamin!* Benjamin Franklin *Dodd!* It would never do. It would not be musical on the lips of the ladies. It could never be put into poetry. Benjamin! — the only verses he had ever seen on it were some in which a very stout gentleman of that name was told to "cram in" to an omnibus. As for Dodd, he could think of nothing that would rhyme with it but pea-pod or coal-hod.

However, there was Franklin. Sir Franklin was not bad. It was nearly equal to Perceval, or Gawain, or many of the princely names of the Round Table. Sir Franklin it should be.

"Have you found any of 'em yet?" called a voice behind him. And there was Jehoshaphat. He had followed unseen all the way, and was now walking demurely in his brother's footsteps, those unutterable spectacles across his nose, and a huge umbrella shouldered after the manner Benjamin carried his cane.

"J.," said the indignant Sir Franklin, "go home to the nursery!"

"When's it going to be time to fight and die?" persisted Jehoshaphat, walking on.

"Jehoshaphat," said Benjamin, sternly, "I should like to give you a good shaking."

"I — I rather think you are," gasped Jehoshaphat, struggling to get free from his brother's hold. "I thought big boys never pitched into little ones."

Benjamin let go his unknighthly grasp, and walked on. He would not waste another breath on that child, — not he. Jehoshaphat put his spectacles into place, smoothed the folds of his umbrella, and trudged along, — a comical shadow of Sir Franklin. Presently they met an old woman with a basket of potatoes. She was a very old woman, and she walked with a tottering step on the ice. Just as they got up to her, she slipped and fell, dropping her basket, and scattering her potatoes far and wide.

"O law sakes! O marcy me!" she began to cry. "They're all there is for dinner, and I *did* nigh about break every bone in my body."

Benjamin stepped over the potatoes, with his hands in his pockets.





“Hillo!” said Jehoshaphat, “here ’s one!”

But Benjamin paid no attention. He was just then thinking of the brave Lord Somebody, who rescued the beautiful Lady Somebody-else from robbers. The subject was too great for interruption. Jehoshaphat helped the old woman up, as well as such a diminutive specimen could do, picked up her potatoes, and ran after his brother.

“Ben, did n’t knights ever pick up funny old women without any teeth, and a little basket? *Did n’t* she screech, though?”

Then Sir Franklin made a remark, which, though not lengthy, was profound. It was, — “Fiddle-sticks!”

After a while they came to the top of a hill, which sloped down to the pond. Suddenly Benjamin struck an attitude, and started to run. He saw a maiden — a fair maiden, it might be — prostrate on the snow, alone and helpless. She had fallen; she might be hurt. He hurried up to her as fast as his new boots, which were rather slippery, could carry him.

“I am at your service,” he began, bowing and extending his hand somewhat in the fashion he would have done if he were going to pick up a kitten by the nape of her neck. But he stopped short in the middle of his sentence; for it was nothing but a little girl putting on her skates. Moreover, she was a very homely little girl, with red hair and a freckled face. Neither was she a very polite girl, for she said, “I don’t want you. What are you here for?”

“Oh! — I — I thought,” stammered Sir Franklin, — “I did really —”

The freckled face grew as red as the red hair, and the girl stood up very angry. "If you just came to make fun of me, 'cause I'm homely and the boys won't skate with me, I'll let you know I won't stand it." And then — I am sorry to say it, it was really so impolite, but she did — she boxed Sir Franklin's ears.

The knight had scarcely recovered from this adventure when he saw a spirited white horse galloping down the road, with a young lady — there could be no mistake this time, she *was* a beautiful young lady — clinging to the saddle. Now was his time. He would stop the fiery steed; he would save the fair rider from death. She would blush and cry; she would introduce him to her father; the whole town would hear of his valor; besides, it was possible — it really was — that she would turn out an heiress. So he flung himself directly into the path of the frantic horse; he waved his cap at him; he caught at his bridle, and with a jerk stopped him short. The creature reared and quivered. The young lady screamed.

"What are you about? Help! Robbers!"

"Why — why, my fair lady," began Benjamin.

"Let go! What do you mean? You frighten my horse."

"Why, I was only —"

"Take your hand off my bridle, boy! What do you insult a lady in this way for?"

"A *boy!* *insulting* a lady." Sir Franklin dropped the bridle aghast. "I — I thought you were run away with. I meant to stop the horse and save you."

"I advise you to look twice before you proffer your assistance another time," said the young lady, haughtily. "It is not agreeable to have one's morning ride interrupted in this manner." Whereupon she touched her high-mettled horse with the tasselled point of her whip, and swept by like a beautiful picture.

"I suppose she was one, was n't she?" remarked Jehoshaphat, looking after her with his mouth open.

But Sir Franklin did not choose to give the results of his meditations to the public. A casual observer might, however, have remarked that he finished his walk home without search for further adventure.

Susy was still stitching away on the wearisome shirt when they came in. There were traces of tears on her quiet face. Perhaps she would have liked a skate as well as other girls; it is possible, also, that she fancied shirt-making no better. But she did not say so. She wiped her eyes, and looked up, smiling. "Well, Ben, how many fair damsels did you rescue?"

Benjamin maintained a dignified silence. A great general never sounds his own praise, you know. Perhaps that was one of the laws of knighthood as well. At any rate, Benjamin must have known, because he was much better read in the annals of chivalry than I am.

"Sue!" said Jehoshaphat.

"Jehoshaphat!" said Susy.

"When I'm a big boy, and wear a little short-tailed coat and a vest, and carry father's cane, I'm going to be a knight, too. I'll take you skating."

Benjamin began to whistle.

Jehoshaphat climbed up on a chair, and brought himself about on a level with his sister's forehead. Then he eyed her, from her pretty soft hair, and timid face, down to the patient hands that still kept stitch — stitching on Benjamin's shirt. "I say, Sue."

"Well?"

"Ain't you about as good as if you had freckles, and rode horseback?"

"J.," said Sir Franklin, "I *shall* have to send you to the nursery."

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*



## HOW A PINE-TREE DID SOME GOOD.

IT was a long narrow valley where the Pine-Tree stood, and perhaps if you went to look for it you might find it there to-day. For pine-trees live a long time, and this one was not very old.

The valley was quite barren. Nothing grew there but a few scrubby bushes, and, to tell the truth, it was about as desolate a place as you can well imagine. Far up over it hung the great, snowy caps of the Rocky Mountains, where the clouds played hide and seek all day, and chased each other merrily across the snow. There was a little stream, too, that gathered itself up among the snows and came running down the side of the mountain; but for all that the valley was very dreary.

Once in a while there went a large gray rabbit hopping among the sage-bushes; but look as far as you would, you would find no more inhabitants. Poor, solitary little valley, with not even a cottonwood down by the stream, and hardly enough grass to furnish three oxen with a meal! Poor, barren little valley, lying always for half the day in the shadow of those tall cliffs, — burning under the summer sun, heaped high with the winter snows, — lying there year after year without a friend! Yes, it had two friends, though they could do it but little good, for they were two pine-trees. The one nearest the mountain, hanging quite out of reach in a cleft of the rock, was an old, gnarled tree, which had stood there for a hundred years. The other was younger, with bright green foliage, summer and winter. It curled up the ends of its branches, as if it would like to have you understand that it was a very fine, hardy fellow, even if it was n't as old as its father up there in the cleft of the rock.

Now this young Pine-Tree grew very lonesome at times, and was glad to talk with any one who came along, — and they were few, I can tell you. Occasionally it would look lovingly up to the father-pine, and wonder if it could make him hear what it said. It would rustle its branches and shout by the hour, but it only heard him once, and then the words were so mixed with falling snow, that it was really impossible to say what they meant.



So the Pine-Tree was very lonesome, and no wonder. "I wish I knew of what good I am," it said to the gray rabbit, one day. "I wish I knew, — I wish I knew"; — and it rustled its branches until they all seemed to say, "Wish I knew, — wish I knew."

"O, pshaw!" said the rabbit. "I would n't concern myself much about that. Some day you 'll find out."

"But do tell me," persisted the Pine-Tree, "of what good you *think* I am."

"Well," answered the rabbit, sitting up on her hind paws and washing her face with her front ones, in order that company should n't see her unless she looked trim and tidy, — "well," said the rabbit, "I can't exactly say myself what it is. If you don't help one, you help another, and that 's right enough, is n't it? As for me, I take care of my family. I hop round among the sage-bushes and get their breakfast and dinner and supper. I have plenty to do, I assure you, and you must really excuse me now, for I have to be off."

"I wish I was a hare," muttered the Pine-Tree to himself. "I think I could do some good then, for I should have a family to support, but I know I can't now."

Then he called across to the little stream and asked the same question of him. And the stream rippled along, and danced in the sunshine, and answered him, "I go on errands for the big mountain all day. I carried one of your cones not long ago to a point of land twenty miles off, and there now is a pine-tree that looks just like you. But I must run along, I am so busy. I can't tell you of what good you are. You must wait and see." And the little stream danced on.

"I wish I were a stream," thought the Pine-Tree. "Anything but being tied down to this spot for years. That is unfair. The rabbit can run around, and so can the stream; but I must stand still forever. I wish I was dead!"

By and by the summer passed into autumn, and the autumn into winter, and the snow-flakes began to fall. "Halloo!" said the first one, all in a flutter, as she dropped on the Pine-Tree. But he shook her off, and she fell still farther down on to the ground. The Pine-Tree was getting very churlish and cross lately.

However, the snow did n't stop for all that, and very soon there was a white robe over the narrow valley. The Pine-Tree had no one to talk with now. The stream had covered himself in with ice and snow, and was n't to be seen. The hare had to hop round very industriously to get enough for her children to eat, and the sage-bushes were always low-minded fellows, and could n't begin to keep up a ten-minutes conversation.

At last there came a solitary figure across the valley, making its way straight for the Pine-Tree. It was a lame mule, which had been left behind from some wagon-train. He dragged himself slowly on until he reached the tree. Now the Pine, in shaking off the snow, had shaken down some cones as well, and they lay on the snow. These the mule picked up, and began to eat.

"Heigh-ho!" said the tree, "I never knew those things were fit to eat before."

“Did n’t you?” replied the mule. “Why, I have lived on these things, as you call them, ever since I left the wagons. I am going back on the Oregon trail, and I sha’n’t see you again. Accept my thanks for breakfast. Good-by.” And he moved off to the other end of the valley, and disappeared among the rocks.

“Well!” exclaimed the Pine-Tree, “that ’s something, at all events.” And he shook down a number of cones on the snow. He was really happier than ever he had been before, and with good reason, too.

After a while there appeared three people. They were a family of Indians,—a father, a mother, and a little child. They, too, went straight to the tree. “We ’ll stay here,” said the father, looking across at the snow-covered bed of the stream, and up at the Pine-Tree. He was very poorly clothed, this Indian. He and his wife and the child had on dresses of hare-skins, and they possessed nothing more of any account, except a bow and arrows, and a stick with a net on the end. They had no lodge-poles, and not even a dog. They were very miserable, and hungry.



The man threw down his bow and arrows not far from the tree. Then he began to clear away the snow in a circle, and to pull up the sage-bushes. These he and the woman built into a round, low hut, and then they lighted a fire within it. While it was beginning to burn, the man went to the stream, and broke a hole in the ice. Tying a string to his arrow, he shot a fish which

came up to breathe, and, putting it on the coals, they all ate it half-raw. They never noticed the Pine-Tree, though he rattled down at least a dozen more cones.

At last night came on, cold and cheerless. The wind blew savagely through the valley, and howled at the Pine-Tree, for they were old enemies. O, it was a bitter night! but finally the morning broke. More snow had fallen, and heaped up against the hut, so that you could hardly tell that it was there. The stream had frozen tighter than before, and the man could not break a hole in the ice again. The sage-bushes were all hid by the drifts, and the Indians could find none to burn.

Then they turned to the Pine-Tree. How glad he was to help them! They gathered up the cones, and roasted the seeds on the fire. They cut branches from the tree, and burned them, and so kept up the warmth in their hut.

The Pine-Tree began to find himself useful, and he told the hare so, one morning, when she came along. But she saw the Indians' hut, and did not stop to reply. She had put on her winter coat of white, yet the Indian had seen her in spite of all her care. He followed her over the snow with his net, and caught her among the drifts.

Poor Pine-Tree! She was almost his only friend, and when he saw her eaten, and her skin taken for the child's mantle, he was very sorrowful, you may be sure. He saw that, if the Indians stayed there, he too would have to die, for they would in time burn off all his branches, and use all his cones; but he was doing good at last, and he was content.

Day after day passed by, — some bleak, some warm, — and the winter moved slowly along. The Indians only went from their hut to the Pine-Tree now. He gave them fire and food, and the snow was their drink. He was smaller than before, for many branches were gone, but he was happier than ever.

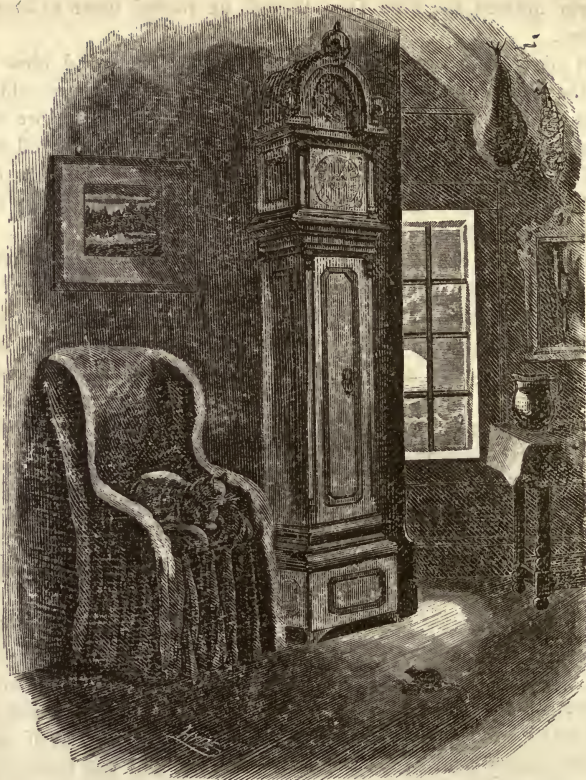
One day the sun came out more warmly, and it seemed as if spring was near. The Indian man broke a hole in the ice, and got more fish. The Indian woman caught a rabbit. The Indian child gathered sage-bushes from under the fast melting snow, and made a hotter fire to cook the feast. And they *did* feast, and then they went away.

The Pine-Tree had found out its mission. It had helped to save three lives.

In the summer, there came along a band of explorers, and one, the botanist of the party, stopped beside our Pine-Tree. "This," said he, in his big words, "is the *Pinus monophyllus*, otherwise known as the Bread-Pine." He looked at the deserted hut, and passed his hand over his forehead. "How strange it is!" said he: "this Pine-Tree must have kept a whole family from cold and starvation last winter. There are very few of us who have done as much good as that." And when he went away, he waved his hand to the tree, and thanked God in his heart that it grew there. And the Bread-Pine waved his branches in return, and said to himself, as he gazed after the departing band, "I will never complain again, for I have found out what a pleasant thing it is to do good, and I know now that every one in his lifetime can do a little of it."

Samuel W. Duffield.





## DISAPPOINTMENT.

"TICK tock! tick tock!"  
 Twelve at night by the clock.  
 The fire is dead  
 And all are in bed.  
 "Tick tock! tick tock!"  
 "Tick tark! tick tark!"  
 Pussy asleep in the dark?  
 Cuddled up there  
 In the soft arm-chair?  
 "Tick tark! tick tark!"  
 "Tick tock! tick tock!"  
 Half past one by the clock.

Out from his hole  
The little mouse stole.  
“Tick tock! tick tock!”

“Tick tock! tick tock!”  
Nothing is heard but the clock.  
The mouse ran out, —  
Puss chased him about.  
“Tick tock! tick tock!”

“Tick tack! tick tack!”  
The mouse to his hole ran back.  
“No, Pussy,” said he,  
“You cannot have me.”  
“Tick tack! tick tack!”

“Tick tock! tick tock!”  
Pussy looked up at the clock.  
The clock struck two.  
The cat cried “Mew!”  
“Tick tock! tick tock!”

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*



## THE CRUISE OF THE LEOPOLD :

OR, THE FORTUNES OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

### CHAPTER III.

TOM BRINDLEY considered the matter, — considered it for a week, — considered it in the garden, where he worked very faithfully ; in the dory, where he fished ; on board of the *Leopold*, a pinkey-stern schooner of sixteen tons, which, with the right in equity of the cottage, was all his father’s assets. So far as any prospect of obtaining relief was considered, he might as well not have considered the matter ; for what could a boy of fourteen do in the face of so tremendous an obstacle as a mortgage of four hundred dollars with back interest for two years ?

Since the visit of Captain Bellmore to his mother’s cottage, the good-for-nothing had devoted himself wholly and entirely to the service of his mother, and had scrupulously obeyed her in all things. As this happy state of things had continued for the full space of one week, Tom’s case looked more hopeful than ever before. This change of habits could not fail to be noticed by the people of Rearport, where everybody knew his neighbor’s affairs as well or better than his own. The “Bass girl” had told her story, which Silas

Ryder had more than confirmed, and Tom was, in the minds of a portion of the inhabitants, relieved from a part of the horrid wickedness which had been imputed to him. Some of them were bold enough to declare that the "Brindley boy" had served the "Bellmore boy" just right, for tormenting the poor girl as he had. The most emphatic testimony, however, proceeded from one Bob Barkley, a sportsman from New York, who had no particular admiration for the great man of Rearport, who would have been only a poor man in the great city. He declared that Tom was a bold, brave fellow, and deserved a gold medal, both for saving the girl from drowning, and for punishing her proud tormentor as he deserved. He actually gave the hero of the adventure a five-dollar gold-piece, which Tom piously handed over to his mother, as an earnest of what he intended to do, without even pausing to think of the fine things that this magnificent sum would purchase.

Bob Barkley's influence on the public sentiment of Rearport was powerful, and his unstinted praise of the hero for his conduct caused some of the people actually to doubt whether Tom was a good-for-nothing, after all. At best, however, popular opinion was only divided. Tom was not arrested for an attempt to commit murder; perhaps, among other reasons, because the saucy sportsman declared that, if such a step was taken, Dick should have the same sauce served out to him for an assault on the girl; and he would pay for the best lawyer in the State "to see him through."

Tom's case certainly improved, as the days followed each other; but in the mean time the twentieth of the month was rapidly approaching, when Captain Bellmore would foreclose his mortgage, and take possession of the cottage. Our hero, good-for-nothing as he was, could not look forward with anything like patience to that day. He felt that his dead father's creditor was the author of all his personal sorrows. He had even proposed to send him to the poor-house, or to some other place of correction; for the Captain was one of the town fathers, and he supposed that was what he meant by his mysterious threat to "take care" of him.

Tom was in trouble. He wanted to save his mother from the mortification and pain of being turned out of her house, which was worth at least six hundred dollars, though it would not bring "under the hammer" more than enough to pay the mortgage and the interest. The *Leopold* could be sold; but the proceeds of the sale would not half pay the debt; besides, his father, before his death, had expressed a desire that she might be kept, and the fishing business be carried on by his son.

"Well, mother," said Tom, one morning, after he had lain for two hours thinking what he should do, "I'm going into something right off."

"What do you mean, Thomas?" asked Mrs. Brindley.

"I'm going out after black-fish in the *Leopold* to-day."

"You can't do nothing with her."

"Yes, I can. Joe Bass and Si Ryder will go with me, and we can handle her just as easy as nothing. I wish I could make enough to pay off that awful mortgage. Don't you believe the Captain will wait, if he sees things going on about right with us?"



“Of course he won’t. He is goin’ to turn us out of the house out of spite, just because he hates you; and, of course, he won’t wait a single day.”

“Confound his picter!” exclaimed Tom, biting his nails down to the quick. “I a’n’t a-goin’ to be turned out, nohow. I’ll tell Bob Barkley all about it, if wus comes to wust.”

Tom seemed to consider the sportsman a sovereign remedy for all the ills of life; and he had only to tell him all about it, and everything would be right. Barkley was able to take the mortgage himself, and Tom had faith to believe that he would do so; but he hoped it would not be necessary to appeal to him, for his pride revolted at the idea of asking such a tremendous favor of his patronizing friend. He wanted to do some big thing himself, — something that would make the Rearporters open their eyes, and say that the Widow Brindley’s oldest son was not such a good-for-nothing fellow as they had been taught to believe, — something that would confirm the magnificent sportsman’s opinion of him. Then he could find friends enough who would be willing to lift the mortgage, and enable him to snap his fingers in the face of the great man of the village.

After breakfast, he went down to the Round-Back, and then pulled off to the Leopold. She was an old, half worn-out vessel; but she had seen a great deal of hard service, and was thoroughly trustworthy in a sea or a blow. Everything was on board of her precisely as his father had left it, and she was in condition to proceed immediately to the fishing grounds. Tom Brindley had been cradled on the salt water. He knew every rope in a fishing smack, and every foot of the coast for twenty miles in either direction. He was a boy of quick parts, and learned things at sight. What he knew once, he knew always. What he saw, he understood; and though he had never been an industrious fisherman, he had acquired more tact and skill than some persons obtain in twenty years.

Having procured the services of Si Ryder, who was always ready to go anywhere, and Joe Bass, who was willing to serve the champion of his poor sister even with his life, Tom laid in his supplies, and the Leopold started on her cruise. People who witnessed the departure thought the crew was rather too juvenile to be very efficient; but they consoled themselves with the belief that, if the trio were lost, it would n’t matter much, for they were not very ornamental young men in the village, and nobody but their mothers would miss them.

Tom Brindley knew exactly where to go for black-fish. Off Rearport, the navigation was exceedingly difficult and dangerous. Between the main land, on which the village was situated, and a large island lying twenty miles to the southward, the course of a vessel bound to New York by the inner route was through a perfect wilderness of bars and shoals. In the tempestuous season, wrecks were of common occurrence, and a large portion of the profits of the inhabitants of Rearport, and other places in the vicinity, was derived from the business of wrecking. Even in the summer season, when fogs prevailed, vessels were occasionally bewildered among the shoals, got aground, and, if bad weather came on, went to pieces.

In the deep water on the seaward verge of these shoals, a large ship had struck years before, and, falling off, had gone to the bottom. The wreck still lay there in five fathoms of water, and connected with the locality there was a secret worth knowing to a fisherman, — one which had been bequeathed to Tom by his father, and which the sturdy sire had carefully preserved for the benefit of his son, — never visiting the spot when any other person was on board. The wreck was a favorite resort for black-fish. They swarmed in thousands in the recesses of the hulk; and a line skilfully dropped down the main hatchway was sure to produce a rich harvest. Before reaching the place, Tom, after giving his companions a liberal “lay” in the profits of the trip, pledged them in the most solemn manner never to reveal the momentous secret. They believed in the captain of the *Leopold*, and promptly gave the required promise.

The *Leopold* was moored in the right spot, and the young fishermen commenced operations in earnest. The full value of the secret was soon apparent; for, two hours before sunset, the fish-tanks of the pinkey were filled to repletion. Tom was as happy as a lord, and his good-for-nothing friends were hardly less elated. He was even disposed to believe that he could pay off the mortgage on the cottage in a short time, for black-fish were gold and silver in the New York market, where most of them were sent.

“Well, boys, we have worked hard; now we will have our grub, and see about getting home,” said Tom, as they laid away their lines.

“No trouble about the grub; but gettin’ home ’s another thing,” replied Si, as he glanced to the northward, where a thick fog had settled down shortly after the *Leopold* was moored.

“We can fetch it well enough,” said Tom, confidently. “I think I know which way the land lays.”

A feast of cold corned beef, doughnuts, and cheese did not diminish their good-humor; and, when it was finished, the *Leopold* was unmoored, and Tom, after bringing up a compass from the cuddy, took his place at the helm.

“The wind is hauling round to the nor’ard and east’ard,” said Tom, as the pinkey darted off, close-hauled, on her course. “It ’s goin’ to blow great guns afore we see Rearport.”

“That ’s so; I smelt it,” added Joe Bass.

“We can’t stand this much longer,” said Tom, when the *Leopold* had been lying down to it for half an hour. “We ’re goin’ to have a reg’lar muzzler. We must put a reef in this rotten old mainsail, or it will be blown all to flinders.”

The foresail had not been set; and under the direction of the smart little skipper the sail was reefed, and the schooner went easier. A little later, the bonnet was taken off the jib; still the *Leopold* made good weather. In anticipation of a “reg’lar out-and-outer,” as Tom called a full gale, his two companions close-reefed the foresail, in readiness to be hoisted when the short jib and double-reefed mainsail proved too much for her.

The pinkey went on her way, enveloped in a cloud of foam, but still stand-

ing up stiff to the big waves which were rolling down from the northeast. If the anxious mothers of the untterrified crew had seen them then, they might have been filled with doubts and fears; but the boys had seen this sort of thing before, and felt tolerably easy, — perhaps a little anxious, but not much so. The hatches had been put on, the booby-hatch closed, and everything made snug for the worst possible time that the young salts could imagine. The fog appeared to be lifting; but Tom did not care a straw whether it did or not, for he knew the way home; yet we think he was a little too confident, as boys sometimes are.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“WHAT’S all that whistling, Tom?” asked Joe Bass, as he listened, for the twentieth time, to the shrill piping of some steamer to the northward of them.

“Some steamboat, I suppose, making her way over the shoals,” replied Tom, indifferently; for the whistle was a familiar sound in foggy weather.

“But she don’t go ahead any. I’ve heard that whistle from the same place this half-hour.”

“We are close aboard of her, anyhow. Go for’ard, Si, and keep a sharp look-out. I don’t want to get smashed with all these black-fish aboard, though I suppose they’d like it fust-rate.”

“Hallo!” shouted Si, from his position at the heel of the bowsprit. “Here she is, right over our lee bow. She’s hard and fast.”

“On the Gridiron,” added Tom, glancing about him, as the fog lifted, and recognizing the position of the dangerous shoal whose name he had mentioned.

“Schooner, ahoy!” screamed a man from the deck of the unfortunate vessel, which was a large ocean steamer.

“On board the steamer!” replied Tom.

“Where are we?” demanded the captain of the steamer.

“On the Gridiron. You’ll go to pieces afore mornin’, if you don’t get off.”

“Come on board, will you?”

“Ay, ay, sir!” promptly replied the skipper of the Leopold, as he put the helm hard-a-lee, and ordered the boys to let go the anchor.

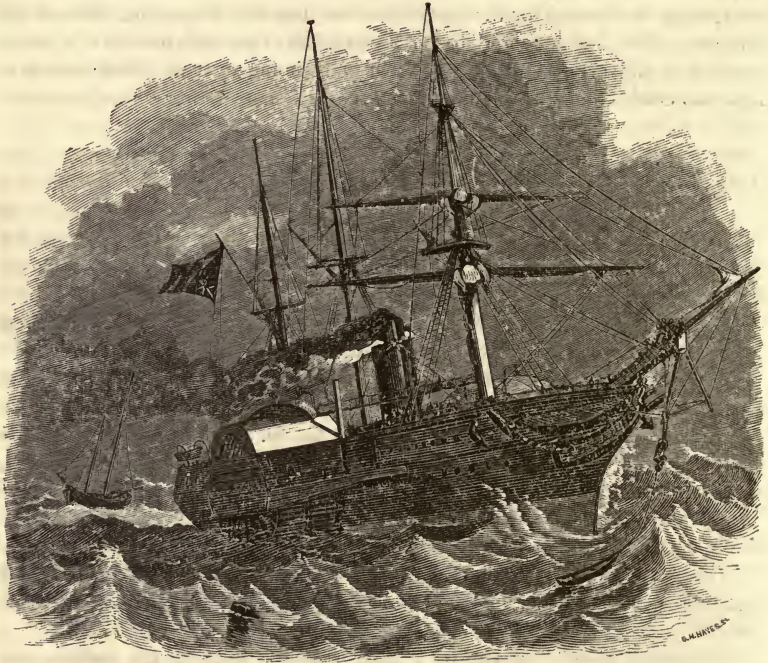
It was doubtful whether that anchor could ever be got up again; but Tom decided questions in a hurry.

“Let go your jib halyards!” shouted he, as he cast off those of the main-sail; and in a few moments all the sails were stowed away, and the Leopold hung by her anchor just under the counter of the stranded steamer.

Tom gave some hasty directions to his companions in regard to getting up a spare anchor, and bending it on, in case the pinkey did not ride easy; and, pulling up the dory, which was towed astern, he jumped into it. The sea was running high on the shoals; but our hero was as fearless as though he stood on the beach at Rearport. He pushed off, and pulled up under the bow of



the steamer, which was sufficiently under her lee to give him tolerably smooth water. Making fast the painter of the dory to the bobstay of the steamer by a line that a deck-hand let down to him from there, he climbed up to the bowsprit, and made his way on board.



He found the captain in a state of high nervous excitement, while the passengers were in despair. It was evident even to the landsmen on board that they were on the eve of a fierce gale, which might last two or three days, especially as the "line storm" was due in a few days.

"Nothing but a little boy," said the captain, with intense disgust, as Tom Brindley leaped down from the rail to the deck.

"I'm nothing but a boy, cap'n; but if there's any hole or corner among these shoals that I don't know, I'd like to have you show it to me," replied Tom, rather disposed to resent the imputation of being nothing but a boy. "I come on board 'cause you asked me to; and if you don't want nothin' of me, I won't charge you nothin' for what I have done."

"Why did n't the skipper of the smack send a man on board. I want a pilot, if I can get off this bank, and I'm willing to pay one any sum he asks," replied the captain, with much nervous excitement, as he heard the great billows pounding against the stern of the vessel."

"I'm the skipper of the smack," replied Tom, with admirable self-possession. "There a'n't no man on board of her."

"Can you bring me off a pilot?" demanded the captain. "I'll give any man fifteen hundred dollars that will put the ship in deep water."

"I can't bring off any pilot. It blows too hard to do anything of that sort, and it will blow harder before it blows any less. I'm your man, if you want a pilot."

"You? You are nothing but a boy!" exclaimed the captain, who was an Englishman, and had not a proper veneration for Young America.

"I don't care if I a'n't nothing but a boy; I know these shoals as well as any pilot on the coast," said Tom, as confidently as though he had been a "branch" pilot for forty years.

The captain walked off, and looked over the stern of the steamer. Matters were growing worse with her every moment, and a disastrous shipwreck stared him in the face. Some of the passengers urged him to trust the boy; and when there seemed to be nothing to hope for, he gave an unwilling consent.

"I'm not going to do this job for nothing," said Tom, when the answer had been given to him; for he was fearful that the captain might regard him as a boy, when the steamer floated in deep water, beyond the shoals.

"I will pay you all I said I would give a pilot."

"Cheap enough at that, for there won't be two pieces of your steamer hanging together, if you stay here over night. Now, start your wheels back just as fast as ever you can," continued the youthful pilot, as he leaped on the high rail of the steamer, and made a careful survey of the surroundings. "I know all about it just like nothing at all."

Tom Brindley was perfectly conscious that he had undertaken a big job; but he felt fully competent to perform it, especially as the fog had entirely disappeared. A bright, brilliant vision of the future flashed through his excited brain, as he thought of the promised reward. If he succeeded in getting the steamer off, and taking her through the shoals, he could snap his finger at the magnate of Rearport, and make his mother the happiest woman in the State.

"How long have you been here aground, Cap'n," asked Tom, as he leaped down from the rail.

"About two hours!"

"Why did n't you keep your wheels working back?"

"I did till just as you came in sight. I don't know how I came in here."

"You are not ten fathoms from the deepest channel."

"It would not have made much difference where I was without a pilot among the shoals. If we get off, I shall think it was lucky I got her aground just when and where I did."

"Don't trouble yourself a bit, Cap'n. She'll come off within an hour," replied Tom, who kept the run of the tides. "The ship struck on the young flood, and you did n't go on very hard."

"No; we had shut off steam some time before, and were getting ready to anchor. I saw that buoy over there, which opened my eyes."

The steamer paddled away for half an hour with all the steam her boilers

could make. She had struck her fore-foot into the sand, when she had nearly lost her headway, and a couple of hours' more tide was all she needed to restore her entirely to the bosom of her true element. Tom sent all the passengers aft, and the captain set the crew at work to carry such movables aft as could be easily transported. While this labor was in progress, the *Imperial* — which was the ship's name — came off the shoal. The passengers absolutely shouted for joy, and said some very handsome things of the resolute young pilot, who, however, had not time to listen to any fine speeches.

"Stop her!" said he, as he leaped upon the rail to take another observation. — "Buoy your anchor, cut the cable, and follow the steamer!" he shouted to his companions on board the *Leopold*.

"Are you going to let them follow us?" asked the captain.

"Can't you send two men on board? We are short-handed."

"I will."

The life-boat on the lee quarter was lowered into the water, and the second mate of the steamer, with two men, was sent on board of the pinkey to assist in navigating her.

"Now, Cap'n, back her again," said the confident young pilot, still standing on the rail, and holding fast to the main rigging.

His orders were implicitly obeyed; and when the *Imperial* had backed out into the deep water, the orders to stop her and go ahead were given. She was now fairly on her course. The captain still trembled for the safety of the ship, and for the consequences of his own incompetence; but as the young pilot dodged shoal after shoal, and stood as resolutely and confidently at his post as though the victory were already won, his fears began to dissipate. As the darkness gathered over the stormy sea, the *Imperial* stood into the quiet waters of a landlocked harbor, twelve miles from Rearport.

"Stop your wheels, cap'n," said the pilot.

"You are the oldest little man that I ever met with in the whole course of my life," said the captain, after the wheels ceased to turn.

"Well, I hope I'm old enough for a little job like this, Cap'n. Let go your anchor."

The ship swung round to her cable, and the steam from her escape pipe began to roar like thunder. The passengers gathered around Tom Brindley, and hailed him as the savior of the steamer.

"Well, Cap'n, I s'pose you haven't anything more for me to do," said Tom, after he had listened long enough to the congratulations of the passengers.

"Can't you pilot me through the Sound to-morrow?"

"No, sir; I don't know the way through there. You will find a pilot easy enough."

Tom went down into the cabin, and the captain handed him the fifteen hundred dollars in gold which had been promised. The eyes of the young pilot dilated till they were as big as saucers, and a storm of emotions made wild tumult in his breast as he took the bag of glittering coins. They were



to be his own and his mother's salvation. They were to hurl confusion into the soul of his persecutor, the great man of Rearport. They were to redeem his character, and relieve him henceforth from the degrading epithet of "good-for-nothing." With great emotions great resolutions were born in his soul, and he was determined to be somebody from that day to the end of his life.

The passengers were not content to let him go without testifying their approbation in a more substantial manner than could be done by words. Sixty British sovereigns were hastily gathered together, and put into his hand. With the hearty benedictions of all on board, he went over the side, and pulled to the Leopold, which had just come to anchor near the Imperial.

"Well, fellers, that was a big job!" exclaimed Tom, when he stepped upon the deck. "Better 'n black-fish, I can tell ye."

Tom displayed his wealth to the amazed eyes of his companions.

"O, I don't mean to keep it all myself," said he.

"Well, I don't know as we 've any claim to any of it," added Si Ryder.

"No; Tom earned the money himself," responded Joe Bass.

"I know that; but I never was mean, and I don't intend to begin now. You run some risk, and followed me down here. I'll divide five hundred between you. How 's that?"

"That 's doing the handsome thing," said Joe. "You found the boat, and did all the work."

"And found the head, too," added Si.

The money was immediately divided, and the young pilot wanted to go home and tell his mother all about it, for she had, of course, given him up for lost by this time; but the gale was too fierce for even Tom to venture out of the harbor. It blew a gale all the next day; but on the third day, the Leopold came to anchor off the Round Back.

*Oliver Optic.*

*(To be concluded.)*



## THE BOY OF CHICKAMAUGA.

ONE bleak day in October, 1853, a little boy was playing with his dog on the floor of his father's library, in one of the larger towns of Western Illinois. The dog was not bigger than a piece of chalk; but when the boy ranged the great divinity books into a railway-train along the floor, he hopped upon them, and puffed and snorted away, as if he supposed himself some huge engine racing across the country under a full head of steam. "Whiz! whiz!" and "Puff! puff!" went the dog, and "Hurrah! hurrah!" "Clear the track!" "Look out for the bullgine!" shouted the boy, until the room shook, and the dusty old worthies on the shelves crawled, trembling, into their nightcaps, frightened out of their few wits by this new development of

the nineteenth century. How the tall man writing at the desk managed to put two ideas together amid such a din, I never could understand, until my own "Billy Boy" had turned my own library into a railroad-station.



At last the tall man laid down his pen, and, reaching up for his hat, which hung against the wall, caught sight of the boy, the dog, and the "Great Western Railway." Bursting into a merry laugh, he said: —

"Willie had a little dog,  
Whose coat was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Willie went  
The dog was sure to go."

The boy sprang to his feet, and, catching up his own little hat, which lay on a chair in the corner, shouted out: —

"And father had a little boy,  
Whose face was white as snow;  
And everywhere that father went  
The boy was sure to go."

In vain the father said that four-year-old boys should stay at home in stormy weather; the little fellow insisted on going out, and finally carried

his point; and always afterwards, "everywhere the father went, the boy was sure to go."

So it came about that, one day in the following summer, when his father went a-shooting, Willie thrust the powder-horn into his pocket, and trudged off upon the prairie with him. They soon started a flock of quails, and Willie's father raised his gun to fire among them; but, the little boy being very near, he hesitated to shoot, lest he should frighten him with the report of the weapon. Willie, seeing the quails flying away, and the gun so strangely hanging fire, cried out, impatiently: "Father, shoot! Why don't you shoot?" But the father still hesitated; and then the boy, who knew nothing of a gun but that it makes a loud noise, and is a dangerous thing to handle, cried out again: "Why, father, are you afraid? Give *me* the gun, I'll shoot."

The father rested the gun across a log, and the boy fired at the flock of quails. The birds had flown beyond range, and the shot only hit the empty air; but the little boy turned to his father, and said, in a tone of cool and refreshing dignity: "There, father, don't you see there is n't any danger in firing a gun!"

It was about this time that Willie went to his first camp-meeting. Many of you have been at camp-meetings, and know that they are religious gatherings, held in the open air, and attended by great numbers of people, who go into the woods to worship, and frequently stay there days and weeks together. Willie's father was the president of a college; but he also was a clergyman, — and a clergyman who never omitted an opportunity of bearing "testimony to the truth," whether in a church, a lecture-room, or at a camp-meeting. So it came about that on the occasion I speak of he was asked to occupy a place on the platform, and Willie took a seat beside him.

Another clergyman opened the meeting with prayer; but the prayer had scarcely begun, when one of the congregation — an ill-mannered mule, tethered near by in the timber — set up a most discordant braying, which drowned the voice of the speaker, and greatly disconcerted the worshippers. All at once the prayer ceased, and Willie's father, rising, asked that the mule might be led out of hearing. "Why, father," then exclaimed the little boy, "I thought you went for freedom of speech!"

"The boy is father of the man," and the small boy is father of the larger boy. This is shown by these little stories, which display traits in Willie's character that made him, long afterwards, put on a blue jacket and trousers, and follow his brave father over nearly every battle-field of the Southwest. He loved his father, and wanted to be always with him; he was not afraid of powder, or a shot-gun; and he went, to the full extent, for freedom of speech, — that principle which, though it may not do for asses and mules, lies at the very foundation of human liberty. So, when the South aimed a death-blow at this principle, and his father went out to uphold it on the battle-field, it was only natural that Willie should want to go with him, and have another shot at a flock of birds, — though these "birds" were not of the quail species.

His father had been in the army more than a year, and had risen to the



command of a regiment, before he consented to take Willie along with him as a drummer-boy. Then he went, but had been at the front only a week when the army came in presence of the enemy, and was drawn up in two long lines to wait an attack. When an army is moving, drummer-boys and other musicians march at the head of their regiments; but when it goes into battle, they are sent to the rear, to care for the wounded. On this occasion, however, when Willie's father rode along the lines encouraging the soldiers to act like men in the coming conflict, he caught sight of the little drummer-boy, standing, with his drum over his shoulder, at the very head of the column.

"We are going into the fight, my son," said the father. "Your place is at the rear."

"Father," answered the boy, "if I go back there, everybody 'll say I'm a coward."

"Well, well," said his father, "stay where you are!"

He stayed there, and, when the attack began, moved in at the head of his regiment; and though the bullets hissed, the canister rattled, and the shells burst all about him, he came out uninjured. In the midst of the fight, when our men were going down before the storm of lead, as blades of grass go down before a storm of hail, one of the regimental orderlies was swept from his saddle by a cannon-ball, and his horse went galloping madly over the battle-field. Willie saw the orderly fall, and his horse bound swiftly away; and, leaving the ranks, he caught the frightened animal, and sprang into the fallen man's saddle. Riding then up to his father, he said: "Father, I'm tired of drumming, — I'd rather carry your orders."

He was only thirteen years old; but after that, in all the great battles of the Southwest, he acted as orderly for the brave Colonel, carrying his messages through the fiery storm, and riding unharmed up to the very cannon's mouth, until he was taken prisoner by the Rebels on the bloody field of Chickamauga.

All day long on that terrible Saturday he rode through the fight by the side of his father, and at night lay down on the ground to dream of his home and his mother. The battle paused when the sun went down; but it had no sooner risen, on the following day, red and ghastly in the smoky air, than the faint crack of musketry and the heavy roar of artillery, sounding miles away, told that the brave boys on our left were meeting the desperate onsets of the enemy. Fiercely the Rebels broke against their ranks, fiercely as the storm-wave breaks on a rock in the ocean; but like a rock, the brave Thomas and his men beat back the wild surges, till they rolled away in broken waves upon our centre and right, where the little boy was with his regiment. Battle and disease had thinned their ranks, and then they numbered scarcely four hundred; but bravely they stood up to meet the wild shock that was coming. Soon the Colonel's horse went down, and, giving him his own, Willie hurried to the rear for another. He had scarcely rejoined the ranks, when on they came, — the fierce rangers of Texas and Arkansas, — riding over the brigades of Davis and Van Cleve, and the division

of the gallant Sheridan, as if they were only standing wheat all ripe for mowing. One half of the brave sons of Illinois were on the ground wounded or dying; but the rest stood up, unmoved in the fiery hurricane which was sweeping in fierce gusts around them. Such men can die, but their legs are not fashioned for running. Soon both their flanks were enveloped in flame, and a dreadful volley burst out of the smoke, and again the brave Colonel went to the ground in the midst of his heroes. Then the boy sprang to his side.

"Are you dead, father, or only wounded?"

"Neither, my boy," answered the iron man, as he clutched the bridle of a riderless horse, and sprang into the empty saddle. Two horses had been shot under him, and two hundred of his men had gone down forever, but still he sat there unmoved amid the terrible tempest. At last the fire grew even hotter; one unbroken sheet of flame enveloped the little band, and step by step, with their faces to the foe, they were swept back by the mere force of numbers. Then the father said to the boy, "Go, my son, to the rear, fast as your horse's legs can carry you."

"I can't, father," answered the lad, "you may be wounded."

"Never mind me; think of your mother. Go," said the father, peremptorily.

Obedience had been the rule of the boy's life. He said no more; but, turning his horse's head, rode back to the hospital.\*

The hospital was a few tents clustered among the trees, a short distance in the rear; and thither our wounded men were being conveyed as fast as the few medical attendants could carry them. There the boy dismounted, and set about doing all he could for the sufferers. While thus engaged, he saw his father's regiment emerge from the cloud of flame, and fall slowly back towards a wood behind them. In a moment a horde of rangers, uttering fierce yells, poured down on their flanks to envelop the little band of heroes. The boy looked, and at a glance took in his own danger. The hospital would inevitably be surrounded, and all in it captured! He had heard of the Libbey, and the prison-pens of Salisbury and Andersonville; and springing upon the back of the nearest horse, he put spurs to its sides and bounded away towards the forest. But it was a clumsy beast, not the blooded animal which had borne him so nobly through the day's conflict. Slowly it trotted along, though the rowels pierced its flanks till the blood ran down them in a rivulet. The forest was yet a long way off when the rangers caught sight of the boy and the sleepy animal, and gave chase, brandishing their carbines and yelling like a regiment of demons. The boy heard the shouts, and slung himself along the side of his horse to be out of range of

\* This incident is thus related by an eyewitness of the battle, writing from the field on that terrible Sunday:—"Beside Colonel ——, of the Seventy-third Illinois, rode his son, a lad of thirteen; a bright, brave little fellow, who believed in his father, and feared nothing. Right up to the enemy, — right up anywhere, — if the father went, there went the boy; but when the bullets swept in sheets, and grape and canister cut ragged roads through the columns of blue, and plashed them with red, the father bade the young orderly out of the fiery gust. The little fellow wheeled his horse and rode for the hospital. The hospital was captured, and the boy a prisoner." — B. F. TAYLOR, in *Chicago Journal*.





bullets ; but not one of the rangers offered to fire, or even lifted his carbine ; for there is something in the breasts of these half-savage men that makes them in love with daring ; and this running with a score of rifles following at one's heels is about as dangerous as a steeple-chase over a country filled with pitfalls and torpedoes.

Soon the rangers' fleet steeds encircled the boy's clumsy animal, and one of them seized his bridle, crying out, "Yer a bully 'un ; jest the pluckiest chunk uv a boy I uver seed."

Willie was now a prisoner, and prudence counselled him to make the best of a bad business ; so he slid nimbly to the ground, and coolly answered, "Give me a hundred yards the start, and I'll get away yet, — if my horse *is* slower than a turtle."

"I'm durned ef we won't," shouted the man. "I say, fellers, guv the boy forty rod, and let him go scot free ef he gits fust ter the timber."

"None uv yer nonsense, Tom," said another, who seemed some petty officer. "Luck at the boy's cloes ! He's son ter some o' the big 'uns. I'll bet high he b'longs ter ole Linkum hisself. I say, young 'un, hain't ye ole Linkum's boy ?"



"I reckon!" answered Willie, laughing, in spite of his unpleasant surroundings.

But what he said in jest was received in earnest; and with a suppressed chuckle the man said: "I knowed it. Fellers, he's good fur a hundred thousand, — so let's keep a bright eye on him."

Willie was a boy of truth. He had been taught to value his word above everything, even life; but the men were deceiving themselves, and he was not bound to undeceive them to his own disadvantage. He had heard of the barbarity they had shown to helpless prisoners, and his keen mother wit told him to be silent, for this false impression would insure him kind and respectful treatment. After a short consultation, the rangers told him to mount his horse again, and then led him by a circuitous route, to be out of range of the bullets of our retreating forces, to a hospital a short distance in the rear of the rebel lines, where a large number of prisoners were gathered. On the way one of them asked Willie the time of day, and, when he drew out his watch, coolly took it and placed it in his pocket; but they offered him no other wrong or indignity.

Arrived at the station, the leader of the rangers rode up to the officer in charge of the prisoners, and said: "I say, Cunnel, we 'se cotched a fish yere as is wuth cotchin', — one o' ole Linkum's boys!"

The officer scrutinized Willie closely, and then said, "Are you President Lincoln's son?"

"No, sir," answered Willie; "but I am 'one of Linkum's boys.'"

"Ye telled me ye war, ye young hound!" cried the ranger, breaking into a storm of oaths and curses.

"I did not," said Willie, coolly; "I let you deceive yourself, — that was all."

The rangers stormed away as if they were a dozen hurricanes exercising their lungs for an evening concert; but the Colonel, who at first had gone into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, now turned upon them with a torrent of reproaches. "You're a set of cowards," he said. "You have got this up to get away from the fight. A dozen of you to guard a twelve-year-old boy! Begone! Back to the lines every one of you, or I'll report you. Old Bragg has a way of dealing with skulkers such as you are."

The rangers needed no further hint. They galloped off, and Willie walked away and joined the other prisoners.

About a thousand of our tired and wounded men, under guard of two companies of Rebel soldiers, were collected in an open field not far from the hospital; and with them, without food, without shelter, and with nothing but the hard ground to lie on, the little boy remained till noon of the following day.

At night he lay down to rest in a crotch of the fence and counted the stars, as one by one they came out in the sky, telling of the Great All-Father who has his home in the high heavens, but comes down to visit and relieve his heart-weary children who are wandering here on the earth. Was *he* not heart-weary, — heart-weary with thinking of his home and his mother, who soon would be sorrowing for her only son, lost amid the wild storm of battle? And would not God visit and relieve *him*? As he thought of this, he

prayed. Rising to his knees, he said the little prayer he had said every morning and evening since his earliest childhood ; and even as he prayed, a dark cloud broke away over his head, and the north star came out and looked down, as if sent by the good Father to guide him homeward.

He watched the star growing brighter and brighter, till its gentle rays stole into his soul, lighting all its dark corners ; and then he sunk to sleep and dreamed, — dreamed that a white-robed angel came and took him in its arms and bore him away, above the tree-tops, to his father's tent beyond the mountains. His father was on his knees praying ; and while he prayed the angel vanished, and in its place came the spirits of his ancestors, — the hunted Huguenots, who had gone up to Heaven from many a blood-sodden battle-field. They took the boy by the hand and said, "Be strong, and fear not. Put your trust in God, and he will show you a safe way out of the wilderness."

In the morning he woke hopeful and stout-hearted. Kneeling down, he prayed again ; and then a plan of escape came to him, — clear and distinct as ever plan of battle came to a general. He did not think it out ; it came to him like a beam of light breaking into a dark room ; or like a world-stirring thought flashing into the soul of genius from the Source of all thought in the heavens. But this thought was not to stir a world ; it was only to stir a small boy's legs, and make him a man in resource and resolution. Long he pondered upon it, turning it round and round, and looking at it from all sides ; and then he set about working it out into action.

The Colonel commanding the guard was a mild-mannered man, with pleasant features, and a heart evidently too good to be engaged in the wicked work of rebellion. Him the boy accosted as he made his morning round among the prisoners. "You seem to be short-handed at the hospital, sir," he said ; "I have done such work, and would be glad to be of service."

"You're a good boy to think of it," replied the officer, — "too good to be one of Lincoln's boys," — and he laughed heartily at the recollection. "But won't you try to get away if I let you go there?"

"I can't promise," said Willie ; "you would n't if you were a prisoner."

"No, I would n't," answered the Colonel, kindly. "But it won't be safe for you to try. Some of our men are wild fellows, and they would shoot you down as soon as they would a squirrel. The Union lines are twelve miles away, and our pickets are thicker than the fleas in this cornfield."

"I'd rather not be shot, — I'd rather be a prisoner," said Willie, smiling.

"You're a sensible lad," answered the officer, laughing. "I'll let you into the hospital, and you may get away if you can ; but if you are shot, don't come back and say I did it."

"I don't believe in ghosts," said the little boy, following the Colonel on his rounds, to be sure he should not forget him.

When the officer's duties were over, he took Willie from the cornfield and gave him in charge to Doctor Hurburt, chief surgeon of the hospital. The doctor was a humane, kind-hearted man, and he laughed heartily at the story of the boy's capture by the rangers. "You served them right, my

little fellow," he said, "and you are smart, — smart enough to be a surgeon. There is plenty to do here, and if you go to work with a will, I 'll say a good word for you."

And the kind surgeon did ; and Willie's father afterwards bore him his thanks across many leagues of hostile country.

The hospital was a little village of tents, scattered about among the trees, and in it were nearly a thousand Rebel and Union soldiers, all of them either wounded or dying. Among them Willie worked for a fortnight. He scraped lint for their wounds, bound bandages about their limbs, held water to their parched lips, wrote last words to their far-away friends, and spoke peace to their souls as, weary and sin-laden, they groped their way through the dark valley that leads down to the realm of the departed.

Among the patients was one in whom Willie took especial interest, — a bright-eyed, fair-haired boy, not far from his own age, who had been wounded in the great battle. He was a Rebel boy, but he had gone into the war with the same purpose as Willie, — to do all he could for what he thought was freedom. He had been told that the North wanted to enslave the South, and his soul rose in a strong resolve to give his young life, if need be, to beat back his country's invaders. In all this he was wrong ; but only a demagogue will say that the spirit which moved him was not as noble as that which has led many a Northern lad to be a martyr for real liberty. Young as he was, he had been in half a dozen battles, and in the bloody struggle of Chickamauga had fallen pierced with two Union bullets. For two days and nights he lay on the battle-field before he was discovered by the party of men who brought him to the hospital. Willie helped to bear him from the ambulance, and to lay him on a blanket in one of the tents, and then went for the chief surgeon. A bullet had entered the boy's side, and another crushed the bones of his ankle. His leg had to come off, and the amputation, the long exposure, and the loss of blood, rendered his recovery almost hopeless. The kind-hearted surgeon said this to Willie, as he finished the operation, and bade him tell it to the Rebel lad as gently as was possible. Willie did this, and then the wounded boy, turning his mild gray eye to Willie's face, said calmly : " I thank you, — but for two days I have been expecting it. I have a pleasant home, a dear mother, and a kind little sister, and it is hard to leave them ; but I am willing to go, for God has other work for me — up there — where the good angels are working."

He lingered for a week, every day growing weaker and weaker, and then sunk to sleep as gently as the water-drop sinks into the depths of the ocean. A few hours before he died he sent for Willie, and said to him : " You have been very good to me, and I would, as far as I can, return your kindness. My clothes are under my pillow. Take them when I am gone. They may help you to get back to your mother. I am going soon. Be with me when I die."

They laid him away in the ground, and Willie went about his work ; but something loving and pure had gone out of his life, leaving him lone and heart-weary. He did not know that the little acts of kindness he had done



to the dying boy would be reflected back in his own heart, and throw a gentle radiance round his life forever.

I would like to tell you all the details of Willie's escape, — how he dressed himself in the Rebel boy's clothes, and one cloudy night boldly passed the sentinels at the hospital; how he fell in with several squads of Rebel soldiers, was questioned by them, and safely got away because of his gray uniform; how, on his hands and knees, he crept beyond the Rebel pickets, and, after wandering in the woods two days and nights, with only the sun by day and the north star by night to guide him, got within our lines, and, exhausted from want of food and worn out with walking, lay down under a tree by the roadside, and slept soundly till the following night approached. I would like to tell you of all this, but if I did there would not be room in the "Young Folks" for the other stories. So I will only say that Willie was roused from his slumbers under the tree by some one shaking him by the shoulder, and, looking up, saw a small party of Union cavalry.

"What are you doing here, my young grayback?" said the orderly, who had awakened him.

Willie was about to answer, when he caught sight of a face that was familiar. It was that of his mother's own brother, Colonel McIntyre, of the forty-second regiment of Indiana Infantry. The boy sprang to his feet and called out, "Why, uncle! don't you know me, — Willie ———?" In a moment he was on the back of the Colonel's horse, and on the way to his father.

But what of the boy's father, while his only son was a prisoner with the Rebels, or wandering thus alone in the wilderness?

I have told you that slowly and steadily the brave Colonel moved the remnant of his regiment out of the fiery storm on that terrible Sunday. At dusk of that day, he threw his men into bivouac at Rossville, miles away from the scene of conflict. There he learned that the regimental hospital had been captured, and Willie flung out alone — a little waif — on the turbulent sea of battle. Was he living or dead, — well or wounded? Who could tell him? and what tale could he bear to the mother? These were questions which knocked at the father's heart, drove sleep from his eyelids, and made him, for the first time in his life, a woman. All night long he walked the camp, questioning the stragglers who came in from the front, or the fugitives who had escaped from the clutches of the enemy. But they brought no tidings of Willie. The hospital was taken, they said, and no doubt the boy was captured. This was all that the father learned, though day after day he questioned the new-comers, till his loss was known throughout the army; but he did not give up hope, for something within told him that Willie was living, and would yet be restored to his mother.

At last, after a week had passed, a wounded soldier who had crawled all the way from the Rebel lines came to the camp of the regiment, and said to the Colonel: "I was in the hospital when it was taken. The boy sprang on a horse and tried to get away, but was followed by the rangers, and, the last I saw, was falling to the ground wounded. They must have killed him on

the spot, for he gave them a hard ride, and they were a savage set of fellows, — savage as meat-axes."

The next day another came, and he said: "I saw the boy three days ago, lying dead in a Rebel hospital, twelve miles to the southward. He was wounded when taken, and lingered till then, but that day he died, and that night was buried in the timber. I know it was Willie, because he looked just like you, and he said he was the son of a colonel."

The same day another came, and he said: "I know the boy, — a brave little fellow, — and I saw him only two days ago in the Crawfish hospital. When he was captured, his horse fell on him and crushed his right leg to a jelly. They had to take it off above the knee. There are a thousand chances to one against his living through the operation."

Similar accounts were brought by half a score within the following days, but still the father hoped against hope, for something within him said that his boy was safe, and would yet be restored to his mother.

At last, when a fortnight had gone by with no certain tidings of Willie, Captain Pratt, one of the officers of the regiment, came to the Colonel's tent one morning, and said to him: "I have good news for you. Willie will be back by sunset. You may depend upon it, for in a dream last night I saw him entering your tent, alive and as well as ever."

The Colonel had little faith in dreams, and is very far from being himself a dreamer, but the confident prediction of the Captain, according as it did with his own hopes, made a powerful impression on him. All day long he sat in his tent, listening eagerly to the sound of every approaching footstep, and watching intently the lengthening shadows as the sun journeyed down to the western hills. At last the great light touched the tops of the far-off trees, and the father's heart sunk within him; but then — when his last hope was going out — a quick step and a glad shout sounded outside, and Willie burst into the tent followed by one half of the regiment. The boy threw his arms about his father's neck, and then the bronzed Colonel, who had so often ridden unmoved through the storm of shot and shell, bent down his head and wept; for this his son was dead, and was alive again, — was lost, and was found.

*Edmund Kirke.*



## FARMING FOR BOYS.

## IX.

AS they strolled over the grounds on their return to the house, they passed a peach-orchard in its prime of bearing, which showed a surprising amount of bloom. The old man paused at the end of a row to admire the beautiful symmetry of the trees. They had all been headed in by an experienced hand,—that is, the extreme ends of the limbs had been cut off by means of a sharp knife set in the end of a handle about three feet in length, by which one half of the wood made the preceding summer had been removed. Even the topmost branches had been shortened in the same way, so that the fruit at the very top could be readily gathered by standing on a common chair, while the remainder could be reached from the ground. The trees, being thus deprived of all long, straggling limbs, were kept in a smaller space, and were compact and rounded in their outline.

As Uncle Benny had never seen this mode of pruning the peach-tree adopted by any other person, Mr. Allen explained the theory on which it was founded. He said that the peach-tree bore its fruit on the wood which had grown the preceding year, and that much of this new wood was sent out from the ends of the branches. There was therefore a continual extension of these branches upwards and all round the tree, until they pushed out so far in search of air and sunshine that the limbs became too weak to support the load of fruit which grew upon their extremities. They consequently broke down under the excessive weight; the fruit thus falling to the ground did not ripen, and was therefore lost, while the tree itself was seriously injured by the loss of the great broken limbs which had to be cut away. It was the habit of the tree to produce too much, and the prevailing sin of the peach-grower was that of permitting it to bear an excessive crop.

The true remedy was to begin when the trees were planted. As the roots spread, so the limbs multiplied and extended. This extension must be arrested by shortening them every year, in the spring for instance, and cutting off at least one half of the new growth. The operation gave the tree a beautifully rounded head from the start, and there would be no difficulty in preserving the same compact outline. Of course this trimming removed one half of the fruit-buds, so that the tree would produce only half as many peaches as when permitted to sprawl away over twice the quantity of ground.

But this reduction of the quantity of fruit was exactly the result which every careful horticulturist would seek to produce. What he lost in quantity he would realize in quality, and it is quality that commands great cash returns, not quantity. If he had fewer peaches, they would be three or four times as large and fine, and consequently would command the best price of the market. He would also have fewer to gather and handle. His trees would be all the better for being thus prevented from breaking down under an excessive crop, as the loss of a hundred tips of young wood resulted in no



injury, while the tearing away of two or three old limbs was followed by wounds which generally went on growing larger, until the tree died before its time.

As regarded the superior quality of the fruit produced, Mr. Allen said there could be no dispute about it among those who had ever tried this mode of checking the excessive bearing propensity of the peach. A little reflection would convince any one of its reasonableness, even without having witnessed the result. Though the top of the tree was reduced in size, and the fruit-buds diminished in number, yet the roots went on extending, — there was no pruning of them. As they extended themselves in search of nourishment, so they accumulated it in proportion to the extension. This annual accumulation was sent up into the tree as the fountain from which it was to form new wood and perfect a crop of fruit. But though half the fruit-buds were removed, yet the volume of nourishment was as great as before. It would therefore pour into each peach exactly double the amount of food it could have done had no buds been removed. The distribution of this over a full crop would only result in small-sized peaches, while its concentration upon a half-crop would bring the half-crop up to, and even beyond, the value of the whole one.

Turning round to Tony King, who, with the other boys, was listening to this explanation, Mr. Allen added: "Why, Tony, take your litter of pigs as proof of what you have heard. You now feed them tolerably well, I suppose; but if you were to kill half of them, and continued giving to the remaining half the same quantity of corn and swill that you had given to the whole number, don't you think those that thus had double feed would grow a great deal faster than they do now?"

This was a form of illustration they could not fail to understand, and they readily assented to its soundness.

"Well," he continued, "it is the same with peaches, and almost all other fruits, — feed them liberally, and you will have the best."

There were some three hundred trees in this peach-orchard. Uncle Benny, as well as the boys, was puzzled to know what it was he saw tied round the but of each tree just at the ground. His eyes were too old to tell without going up to one of them and stooping down to examine. On doing so he discovered that every tree was encased in a jacket of coarse, thickish pasteboard, which reached about an inch below the ground, and stood some six inches high, just embracing all the neck or soft part of the bark at the surface. It was kept to its place round the but by a string.

Mr. Allen explained the meaning of this contrivance. He said that, very soon after he had planted his trees, he discovered that the worms had attacked them; and finding it a very troublesome business to hunt them out from the roots of so many trees, he concluded it would be much less labor to prevent their getting in, than to get them out after they had once made a lodgement. He therefore, after thoroughly worming the trees in the spring, supplied each with a pasteboard jacket, which his boys tied on the whole orchard in a day. The peach-fly was thus kept from laying its eggs in the soft bark at the surface of the ground, the only place it selects; and as no eggs

were deposited on his trees, they had not been troubled with worms since he had practised this cheap and simple remedy. The jackets were put on in April, taken off in November, and laid by until wanted the next season.

Uncle Benny and his boys were surprised at the variety of new things they met with on this farm. As long as they tarried and they strolled, the novelties appeared to increase in number. Drawing nearer to the house, they passed extensive beds of strawberries, and long rows of raspberries. When they came to the outbuildings, Mr. Allen took them into quite a large room attached to the carriage-shed, which he called the boys' tool-house. The visitors had never imagined anything like what they saw here. There was a work-bench and a lathe, with a complete assortment of carpenters' and turning tools. Most of them were hung up in places especially provided for them, or arranged in racks against the side of the room, convenient to whoever might be at the bench.

Nothing elated the boys so much as this exhibition of mechanical fixtures, — it was an epitome of a hundred aspirations. There were little boxes, rabbit-traps, and other contrivances, in the room, which the Allen boys had made for themselves, showing that, young as they were, they had already learned the art of using tools. The Spanglers looked round the room with admiration, perhaps with envy.

"Better than our barn on a rainy day," said Uncle Benny, addressing Tony.

"Yes, or anything else on our place," he responded.

"Now, Uncle Benny," said Mr. Allen, "I have somewhere read that there is in all men a *making*, or *manufacturing* instinct. Our houses, ships, machinery, in fact, everything we use, are the practical results of this instinct. Boys possess it strongly. A pocket-knife is more desirable to them than marbles or a humming-top. They can whittle with it, — make boats, kites, and twenty other things which all boys want. Tools are a great incentive to industry and ingenuity. Give a smart boy the use of such a place as this, or a little tool-chest of his own, and he will cease to associate with the rude crowd in the street among whom he had found amusement. He will stay more at home, where he will learn to do many little useful jobs about the house. He will be kept out of mischief. Let him make water-wheels, little wagons, toy-boats, sleds, and houses. The possession of a tool-chest will develop his mechanical ability. I don't know who it is that writes thus, but they are exactly my ideas. This is a busy place on a rainy day."

This work-room served a double purpose, as one side was devoted exclusively to hoes, and rakes, and spades, and other farming tools. The inflexible rule of the farm was, that, when a tool was taken out for work, it must be returned to its proper place as soon as the work was done. Placards were posted up behind the lathe and bench, bearing these words in large letters: —

"A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE."

A little patient drilling of the boys in this rule made them obedient and thoughtful. There were no tools lying in odd corners about the farm,

hoes hung up in trees where none would think of looking for them, or spades left in the ground where the last digging had been done ; but as each went regularly into its place, so it could always be found when wanted. There was consequently no loss of tools, nor of time in looking for them.

The Spangler boys were also struck with the small size of some of the farming tools. There were hoes and rakes and spades scarcely half as large, and not nearly so heavy, as those usually wielded by men. On taking hold of these, they could feel the difference between them and the clumsy tools with which they worked at home. The handles were thinner, the iron-work was lighter, and they felt sure they could do more work with these convenient implements than with the heavy ones they had always used. It was as much by the unnecessary weight of the tools that their young muscles were fatigued, as by the labor itself. Uncle Benny noticed the same thing in these, and admired the wisdom of Mr. Allen in thus consulting the comfort of his boys by providing them with implements adapted to their strength.

"If," said the latter, "we are ever to make labor attractive to our sons, we must be careful not to disgust them with it, by requiring them to work with tools so heavy that strong men only can handle them without breaking down under their weight. How absurd it would be to harness a man to a horse-rake, and expect him to rake up a hay-field with it. Yet half our farmers never take this matter into consideration, but act as if they thought a young boy could handle a clumsy hoe as comfortably as they do. I find it has paid me well to invest a few dollars in these light tools for the boys. They don't overtask their strength, and hence they can stand up to a full day's work without coming home so fatigued as to wish that no such thing as work had ever been invented."

The Spanglers followed their leaders out of the tool-house with evident reluctance. It seemed to have obtained a stronger hold on their affections than anything they had so far seen. The ownership of a jack-knife had at one time been all their modest ambition desired ; then the possession of a tool-chest like Uncle Benny's would have gratified their utmost wishes ; but having witnessed this profusely furnished establishment, their longings, like those of children of a larger growth, seemed to acquire intensity as the difficulty of gratification increased. That night they talked of tools until sleep overtook them in bed, and dreamed of them after it had closed their eyelids.

By this time it was so nearly sunset that Mr. Allen's great stock of poultry had congregated just in front of the company, knowing by instinct that, if bedtime were approaching, supper-time also must be close at hand. They knew well the young hands that fed them, and held up their heads in hungry expectation of the generous meal they were to receive. But the feathered crowd was so much larger than it had been a few hours before, that the visitors paused to inspect it.

There were chickens of the best domestic breeds, with here and there an uncouth colossal Shanghai, standing up on great clumsy legs, like a gallinaeous giant, overtopping the squat figures of the common fowls. An irate



hen, impatient of the expected corn, would now and then, with sudden peck at some quiet but equally hungry neighbor, seize a feather in the wing or neck of the unsuspecting waiter, and wring from her not only the feather, but a piercing cry. As this barbarous sport was constantly indulged in throughout the crowd, a loud clamor of pain and spite and impatience rose up from among the hungry assemblage. The turkeys stalked at random through its



dense ranks, holding up their heads and looking round with a native gravity, although equally keen for supper, and once in a while plunging suddenly forward to escape the pinching lunge of an exasperated hen. Overhead, the pigeons sailed in a large flock, while many of them clustered on the roofs and eaves of the buildings which overhung the feeding-ground, too timid to battle with the turbulent and squalling crowd which now had it in possession, but ready to settle down whenever the gastronomic foray should begin. Altogether it was the busiest and noisiest scene of the kind the Spanglers had ever witnessed; nor did they know it was possible for Mr. Allen's farm to present it, so limited had been their opportunities of seeing even what their nearest neighbors were doing.

“How is it about eggs in winter?” inquired Uncle Benny, addressing himself to Mr. Allen. “Do you get any? Spangler has a breed of hens that

appear to do nothing in cold weather but eat. They did n't lay an egg last winter."

"Ah, Uncle Benny," replied Mr. Allen, "he don't manage his hens the right way. Indeed, I don't know any operation of his that's carried on as it should be, though his farm is naturally as good as mine. It is management altogether that makes a farmer, and mismanagement that breaks him. Why, I sent eggs to Trenton twice a week all through the winter, and eggs are high now, you know. I think they have more than paid for all the fowls have consumed;—the boys have it down in their account-book, and could tell to a cent both how much feed has been eaten and how much money the eggs have brought. I don't allow them to receive or lay out a cent without setting it down. If they buy a fishing-pole or a Jews-harp it must go down in the book, for at the year's end, when they find they have spent so much money, they must be able to tell me and their mother *how* it was spent. You may think it a great deal of trouble to be so particular, and it was so to get them into it, but it is a kind of trouble that pays in the end. My boys thus learn early what they must learn some time, and what too many are never taught at all.

"Now," he continued, "others no doubt do better with their poultry in cold weather than myself. But my plan is to confine them in quarters that are roomy, airy, and kept as clean as a thorough cleaning once or twice a week can make them, with warm shelter from cold winds and rain. I am particular about letting them have only clean water to drink, and that always within reach. Then there is a full supply of broken oyster-shells, lime, and bone-dust, with ashes and gravel. All these are necessary to continued good health, and to keep off vermin.

"Then as to feeding, they get every green thing from the kitchen that most persons throw to the pigs, such as cabbage-leaves, celery parings and tops, with turnip and potato parings. They also have boiled potatoes and Indian meal, and every scrap of cold meat from the kitchen. It is not always there is meat enough, in which case I supply them with what is called chandlers' greaves, or cracklings, softened by soaking in water. Of this I give them as much as they want, never allowing them to be without meat of some description. I have often brought home a sheep's pluck, and, after chopping it up fine, given it to them raw. They devour these things so greedily as to satisfy me that meat, or animal food of some kind, such as worms, grasshoppers, flies, and other insects, is necessary to the healthy life of poultry. At all events, they never laid eggs regularly for me in cold weather until I began to give them plenty of meat."

"I regard your success as evidence of the soundness of your system of feeding," replied Uncle Benny.

"There is really a great deal of reason in it, when one looks into the subject," he resumed. "You see, Uncle Benny, that, when fowls range over the ground in summer, they pick up an almost endless variety of animal food, such as worms, crickets, grasshoppers, and flies. But as cold weather comes on, all this supply of food disappears, and it is very remarkable that as soon



as the supply diminishes they begin to quit laying. When these rations are entirely cut off by severe winter weather, the supply of eggs ceases. The two results occur with so much uniformity as to satisfy me that the production of eggs is dependent on the supply of animal food.

"Every farmer," he added, "knows that hens do not lay in cold weather, but few understand the cause, or if they do, they are too careless to apply the remedy. I have learned to look upon a hen as a mere machine for manufacturing eggs. She may be likened to a sausage-stuffer. If you introduce into it no nicely seasoned compound of the proper materials, I wonder how it can be expected to turn out sausages? It is precisely so with a hen,—if you expect her to turn out eggs, you must introduce into the wonderful machine which grinds up worms and sheep's pluck into eggs, some assortment of the materials that will enable her to project them regularly every day.

"Now the machine will certainly work, if you keep up its energies by giving it such food as it needs. Our stoves require twice as much feeding in cold weather as they do in summer, and I never yet saw a grist-mill that would turn out flour unless you put grain into the hopper. There is another curious fact which long practice in poultry-raising has brought under my notice; that is, that eggs laid by a hen well supplied with animal food are not only larger in size, but richer in quality. My Trenton storekeeper often tells me that my eggs are larger than any other winter-laid ones that he sees, and that they generally sell for a few cents more per dozen. All these odds and ends of pluck and giblets that my fowls get during the winter cost very little money. But in return for that outlay, look at the result,—I really double the length of the laying season, adding the increase at the very time when eggs are scarce and bringing the highest prices. If it were not for this plan of feeding, I don't believe my poultry-keeping would pay much profit. To make poultry profitable you must exercise care. But can you make *anything* pay without careful management? If there be such things, I should like to know what they are."

"I think you have hit it this time also," observed Uncle Benny. "Whatever your hand touches seems to prosper."

"But most of these little variations from the practice of other farmers are not of my own originating," replied Mr. Allen. "I learned them principally from books and periodicals. From one I obtained the whole formula of how to proceed, while in another a mere hint was dropped. But even a hint, Uncle Benny, is sufficient for an observing mind. Some which struck me as pointing to valuable results, I followed up and improved upon to the greatest advantage. Now I have a treasury of these things, which I will show you."

He led the whole company forward into the house, and ushered them into a room which he called the library. There were shelves covering two sides of a very capacious room, filled with books, periodicals, and newspapers. The old man glanced hastily at the titles, and found that there were works on history, biography, and travels, with at least thirty volumes of different agricultural publications, showing that Mr. Allen was a close student of whatever was passing in the agricultural world, keeping up, from week to week,



with the wonderful progress which is everywhere witnessed in the art of tilling and improving the soil, and with the multitude of valuable suggestions and experiences which crowd the agricultural publications of our country. There were also pen and ink, paper, and an account-book, always convenient for making an entry when in a hurry. On another table, especially provided for the boys, were similar conveniences. In short, the whole arrangements and appliances of the room were such as would make them attractive to boys who had the least fondness for reading, while they would be potent helpers to such as were ambitious of acquiring knowledge. They gave unmistakable indications of Mr. Allen's mind and taste, showing that within doors, as well as without, his ambition was to be progressive.

Uncle Benny looked round the comfortable room in silent admiration, and determined in his own mind that he would make renewed efforts to put within reach of the Spanglers some additional portion of the great volume of current knowledge adapted to their condition. Even they were struck with the cosiness of the quiet room, the two older ones contrasting it with the comfortless kitchen which was their only refuge at home.

"This is a popular place for a stormy day, Uncle Benny," observed Mr. Allen. "This and the workshop are great institutions on my farm. I am sometimes at a loss to know which the boys like best. But the variety, the change from one to the other, is a valuable incident of both. The workshop is excellent by daylight, but here they can spend their evenings, and here the whole family can gather together. It becomes, in fact, the family fire-side; and there is no school so important as that. My children learn much at school, but here they learn infinitely more,—the cultivation of the affections, the practice of good manners, the lessons which are to fit them for future usefulness and respectability, and I trust for happiness hereafter. This fireside education is woven in with the very woof of their childhood, and it is such that it must in every case give form and color to the whole texture of human life. I never had a home like this until I created it for myself. Had I been granted the boyish opportunities that you see I am so careful to bring within reach of my children, I should have been far better informed than I am. There is no show about it;—show may be easily purchased, but happiness is a home-made article."

"I look upon you as an example," replied Uncle Benny. "Neither do I wonder at everything seeming to prosper that you undertake. Your children must rise up and call you blessed."

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*



## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

MASTER Frederick Little-John has of late struck up quite a friendship with me, and haunts my footsteps about house to remind me of my promise to write some more dog stories. Master Fred has just received a present from his father of a great Newfoundland that stands a good deal higher in his stocking-feet than his little master in his highest-heeled boots, and he has named him Prince, in honor of the Prince that I told you about last month, that used to drive the cows to pasture, and take down the bars with his teeth. We have daily and hourly accounts in the family circle of Prince's sayings and doings; for Master Freddy insists upon it that Prince speaks, and daily insists upon placing a piece of bread on the top of Prince's nose, which at the word of command he fires into the air, and catches in his mouth, closing the performance with a snap like a rifle. Fred also makes much of showing him a bit of meat held high in the air, from which he is requested to "speak,"—the speaking consisting in very short exclamations of the deepest bow-wow. Certain it is that Prince shows on these occasions that he has the voice for a public speaker, and that, if he does not go about the country lecturing, it is because he wants time yet to make up his mind what to say on the topics of the day.

Fred is somewhat puzzled to make good the ground of his favorite with Aunt Zeroiah, who does not love dogs, and is constantly casting reflections on them as nuisances, dirt-makers, flea-catchers, and flea-scatterers, and insinuating a plea that Prince should be given away, or in some manner sold, or otherwise disposed of.

"Aunt Zeroiah thinks that there is nothing so mean as a dog," said Master Fred to me as he sat with his arm around the neck of his favorite. "She really seems to grudge every morsel of meat a dog eats, and to think that every kindness you show a dog is almost a sin. Now I think dogs are noble creatures, and have noble feelings,—they are so faithful, and so kind and loving. Now I do wish you would make haste and write something to show her that dogs have been thought a good deal of."

"Well, Master Freddy," said I, "I will tell you in the first place about Sir Walter Scott, whose poems and novels have been the delight of whole generations."

He was just of your opinion about dogs, and he had a great many of them. When Washington Irving visited Sir Walter at Abbotsford, he found him surrounded by his dogs, which formed as much a part of the family as his children.

In the morning, when they started for a ramble, the dogs would all be on the alert to join them. There was first a tall old staghound named Maida, that considered himself the confidential friend of his master, walked by his side, and looked into his eyes as if asserting a partnership in his thoughts. Then there was a black greyhound named Hamlet, a more frisky and



thoughtless youth, that gambolled and pranced and barked and cut capers with the wildest glee ; and there was a beautiful setter named Finette, with large mild eyes, soft silken hair, and long curly ears, — the favorite of the parlor ; and then a venerable old greyhound, wagging his tail, came out to join the party as he saw them going by his quarters, and was cheered by Scott with a hearty, kind word as an old friend and comrade.

In his walks Scott would often stop and talk to one or another of his four-footed friends, as if they were in fact rational companions ; and, from being talked to and treated in this way, they really seemed to acquire more sagacity than other dogs.

Old Maida seemed to consider himself as a sort of president of the younger dogs, as a dog of years and reflection, whose mind was upon more serious and weighty topics than theirs. As he padded along, the younger dogs would sometimes try to ensnare him into a frolic, by jumping upon his neck and making a snap at his ears. Old Maida would bear this in silent dignity for a while, and then suddenly, as if his patience were exhausted, he would catch one of his tormentors by the neck and tumble him in the dirt, giving an apologetic look to his master at the same time, as much as to say, "You see, sir, I can't help joining a little in this nonsense."

"Ah," said Scott, "I've no doubt that, when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws dignity aside and plays the boy as much as any of them, but he is ashamed to do it in our company, and seems to say,



‘Have done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the Laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery.’”

At length the younger dogs fancied that they discovered something, which set them all into a furious barking. Old Maida for some time walked silently by his master, pretending not to notice the clamors of the inferior dogs. At last, however, he seemed to feel himself called on to attend to them, and giving a plunge forward he opened his mind to them with a deep “Bow-wow,” that drowned for the time all other noises. Then, as if he had settled matters, he returned to his master, wagging his tail, and looking in his face as if for approval.

“Ay, ay, old boy,” said Scott; “you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring, and now you may shut up your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida,” he said, “is like the big gun of Constantinople, — it takes so long to get it ready that the small ones can fire off a dozen times, but when it does go off it carries all before it.”

Scott’s four-footed friends made a respectful part of the company at family meals. Old Maida took his seat gravely at his master’s elbow, looking up wistfully into his eyes, while Finette, the pet spaniel, took her seat by Mrs. Scott. Besides the dogs in attendance, a large gray cat also took her seat near her master, and was presented from time to time with bits from the table. Puss, it appears, was a great favorite both with master and mistress, and slept in their room at night; and Scott laughingly said that one of the least wise parts of their family arrangement was the leaving the window open at night for puss to go in and out. The cat assumed a sort of supremacy among the quadrupeds, sitting in state in Scott’s arm-chair, and occasionally stationing himself on a chair beside the door, as if to review his subjects as they passed, giving each dog a cuff on the ears as he went by. This clapper-clawing was always amiably taken. It appeared to be in fact a mere act of sovereignty on the part of Grimalkin, to remind the others of their vassalage, to which they cheerfully submitted. Perfect harmony prevailed between old puss and her subjects, and they would all sleep contentedly together in the sunshine.

Scott once said, that the only trouble about having a dog was that he must die; but he said, it was better to have them die in eight or nine years, than to go on loving them for twenty or thirty, and then have them die.

Scott lived to lose many of his favorites, that were buried with funeral honors, and had monuments erected over them, which form some of the prettiest ornaments of Abbotsford. When we visited the place, one of the first objects we saw in the front yard near the door was the tomb of old Maida, over which is sculptured the image of a beautiful hound, with this inscription, which you may translate if you like: —

“Maidae marmorea dormis, sub imagine  
Maida,  
Ad januam domini; sit tibi terra levis.”

Or, if you don’t want the trouble of translating it, Master Freddy, I would do it thus: —

“At thy lord’s door, in slumbers light and blest,  
Maida, beneath this marble Maida rest.  
Light lie the turf upon thy gentle breast.”

Washington Irving says that in one of his morning rambles he came upon a curious old Gothic monument, on which was inscribed in Gothic characters,

“Cy git le preux Percy,”  
(Here lies the brave Percy,)

and asking Scott what it was, he replied, “O, only one of my fooleries,” — and afterwards Irving found it was the grave of a favorite greyhound.

Now, certainly, Master Freddy, you must see in all this that you have one of the greatest geniuses of the world to bear you out in thinking a deal of dogs.

But I have still another instance. The great rival poet to Scott was Lord Byron; not so good or so wise a man by many degrees, but very celebrated in his day. He also had a four-footed friend, a Newfoundland, called Boatswain, which he loved tenderly, and whose elegant monument now forms one of the principal ornaments of the garden of Newstead Abbey, and upon it may be read this inscription: —

“Near this spot  
Are deposited the remains of one  
Who possessed beauty without vanity,  
Strength without insolence,  
Courage without ferocity,  
And all the virtues of man without his vices.  
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery  
If inscribed over human ashes,  
Is but a just tribute to the memory of  
BOATSWAIN, a Dog  
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,  
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.”

On the other side of the monument the poet inscribed these lines in praise of dogs in general, which I would recommend you to show to any of the despisers of dogs: —

“When some proud son of man returns to earth  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor’s art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urns record who rests below.  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master’s own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,  
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.  
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,  
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven?  
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on, it honors none you wish to mourn.  
To mark a *friend’s* remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but one, — and here he lies.”

If you want more evidence of the high esteem in which dogs are held, I might recommend to you a very pretty dog story called “Rab and his

Friends," the reading of which will give you a pleasant hour. Also in a book called "Spare Hours," the author of "Rab and his Friends" gives amusing accounts of all his different dogs, which I am sure you would be pleased to read, even though you find many long words in it which you cannot understand.

But enough has been given to show you that in the high esteem you have for your favorite, and in your determination to treat him as a dog should be treated, you are sustained by the very best authority.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

### A BEDTIME TALK FOR OUR VERY YOUNGEST FOLKS.

I MEAN you little people who wear ankle-tie shoes, and go to sleep in the daytime, and cannot say *z*, and are very uncertain about *r*, — you who have little holes on your knuckles and little creases in your wrists, and sleep in a crib, and run away bareheaded whenever you can get a chance. This is for you, and so you may ask the old boys and girls to please give you the magazine now, for I want to tell you and nobody else what happened last Sunday afternoon.

First, I did not go to church. Cheri and I stayed at home. Cheri is a *beau-tiful* little yellow bird with black eyes, and he lives in a cage among the honeysuckles, and he sings to the robins, and they sing to him, and he is on the whole a very good little bird.

But this afternoon I took down his cage, and put some clear fresh water in his bathing-tub, and he would not bathe. There he was, all warm and dusty, but he would not go into the water. You always go into the bathing-tub when mamma wishes it, don't you? I told Cheri he must bathe, whether he liked it or not, and I dipped his little head in, and then his little feet, and then his little body. I soused him well, you may be sure, and he spluttered and fluttered, and shook his wings, and ruffled his feathers, and was very wet and angry, but he had his bath for all his naughty temper. Then I hung him up again in his clean cage over the honeysuckle, and just then the wind came around the corner and gave the cage a slap, and out went the bottom of it, and away went Cheri! Flying up, flying down, hopping in, hopping out, — run quick and catch Cheri before the cat comes, and the dog, and get him in their claws! There he is, fast caught at last, and pop he goes into his little cage, and up he goes over the honeysuckle again, where the cats and the dogs cannot get him, though they try ever so hard.

Then I went into the house and began to read; but suddenly I heard a noise. Something somewhere cried, "U-g-h! u-g-h!" I thought it was a



poor little robin who had hurt himself very badly and was crying. I went out doors and looked all about, but could not find anything, and could not hear any noise. Yet as soon as I was in the house, the noise began again. Was it a chimney-swallow fallen down into the fireplace? Go and listen at all the fireplaces. No, it is not a chimney-swallow. By and by somebody went down cellar, and cried out, "*Dear ME!* What have we here?" and I went down, and what do you think I saw, — right there on the floor? Why, a poor, little, dear, helpless, sprawling kitten, — all alone! And there was a big basket upside down, that had fallen off the barrel, and when you came to lift up the basket, what do you think there was under it? Why, two more poor little, dear, helpless, sprawling kittens! And their mother! And they did not know what to do with themselves. And their mother was sure she did not know what to do with them. And there they cried and cried and cried "*U-g-h!*" just as loud as they could. Two of them were soon taken away and put to bed where the lilies and water-cresses could take care of them, and Pussy and I had no more trouble about them. But one little kitty we thought we could manage. So we made a nice bed for her out of an old apron, and told Puss to take her baby and go to sleep. We had always called her "*Kitty*" before, but now, as she had a kitty of her own, we could not call her *Kitty* any more, so we called her *Pussy*. And her kitty was the tiniest, loveliest little kitty you ever did see. It had little pink claws, and such a big head for such a little body, and it was just the color of its mother, — white, and yellow, and gray, — and its little eyes were shut just as tight, — I don't believe you *can* shut your eyes as tight as that kitty's eyes were; — now you try it, — wrinkle them all up close, — O, a great deal tighter than that! — and it opened its little pink mouth very wide to say "*U-g-h!*" — and all it could do was crawl, and crawl, and crawl all in the dark, and cry "*U-g-h!*" very piteously.

Then *Kitty* (*Mamma Kitty*, I mean — that is, *Pussy*) curled herself up on the old apron, and began to hush *Baby Kitty* to sleep, like a good mother puss, till by and by she heard the supper-dishes rattle, and smelled the savory supper smell, and then up jumped she, and rushed up stairs, and soon forgot her kitty in a plate of steaming minced-fish. But *Baby Kitty* cried "*U-g-h! u-g-h!*" very loud, and *Mother Puss* would prick up her ears, and give a hurried glance down the cellar stairs, and then take another hurried mouthful, till at length, evidently despairing of eating her dinner in peace, she made a leap into the cellar, and the next thing I knew there was a "*U-g-h! u-g-h!*" right at my feet, and behold *Pussy* had brought her kitty up stairs and deposited it on the floor close by me, and was eating her supper at leisure.

Then I took the little kitten tenderly on a dust-pan, and carried her into the barn, and made a pretty little bed of new-mown hay, and *Pussy*, having eaten enough, cuddled into it, and took *Kitty* in her arms, and stroked her, and rubbed her nose over her, and hugged her, and *Kitty* crept all over her face and neck, and cried a little, and then went to sleep.

After a while, when it was almost dark, I saw *Pussy* again in the porch.



“Why, Pussy,” I said, “where is your baby?” And I went to the barn and there was no baby there. The little bed was empty, and I looked all around, but could see no kitty. Then I went to the door and called, “Pussy, Pussy, where is your kitty?” Pussy came leaping in, in the best of spirits, and saying as plainly as a cat could, “What an ado to make about nothing! Everything is just as it should be! Look here and be easy. Just as if I did not know how to take care of my own kitten!” and she went into a corner and pawed away the hay, and showed me little kitty sound asleep. She had covered her up nicely to take a nap, as your mamma tucks you into your crib, — only kitty was tucked in head and all.

For two days this little kitty grew in sun and shade, and became more and more lovely every hour, but she never opened her little eyes. And now she never will open them. Something happened in the night, and she has gone where the good kitties go. She will not be a little kitty any more, but she will be beautiful red roses, and bright buttercups, and daisies with the dew on them, and star-flowers twinkling in the green grass.

And Mother Puss eats her dinner as of old, and does not at all mind her little changeling. Baby or buttercup, it is all one to her, if only she can have a bit of meat, or a saucer of milk, or a lobster’s claw to suck.

Now good night  
Little Bó-Peep!  
Winky, blinky,  
Fast asleep!

Gail Hamilton.

## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## HOW HE LIVED IN THE MEMORY OF HIS FRIENDS.

“COLONEL PARKER, mortally wounded and left on the field.” So read the account of the battle in the newspapers, — which told of the disaster to the army, — how the lines were broken, how the cannon were lost, how Paul was shot through the breast, how, had it not been for General Thomas, it would have been a day of utter ruin. Father Surplice went up to the little old house to break the sad tidings to Paul’s mother, for he could best give comfort and consolation in time of affliction.

“I have sad news,” he said. She saw it in his face, even before he spoke, and knew that something terrible had happened. “A great battle has been fought, and God has seen fit that your son should die for his country.”

She made no outcry, but the tears glistened in her eyes. She wiped them away, and calmly replied: “I gave him freely to the country and to God. I know that he was a dutiful, affectionate son. I am not sorry that I let him go.” Then with clasped hands she looked upward, through her blinding tears, and thanked God that Paul had been faithful, honest, true, and good.

The neighbors came in to comfort her, but were surprised to find her so calm, and to hear her say, “It is well.”

It was a gloomy day in New Hope, — in the stores and shops, and in the school-house, for the children affectionately remembered their old teacher. When the sexton tolled the bell, they bowed their heads and wept bitter tears. Mr. Chrome laid down his paint-brush and sat with folded hands, saying, “I can’t work.” Colonel Dare dashed a tear from his eye, and said, “So slavery takes our noblest and best.” He walked down to the little old house and said to Mrs. Parker, “You never shall want while I have a cent left.” Judge Adams came, and with much emotion asked, “What can I do for you?”

“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters,” she replied, so calmly that the Judge felt that she was the strong one and he the weak.

When Azalia heard the news the rose-bloom faded from her cheeks and her heart stood still. In imagination she saw Paul lying on the ground, with blood flowing from his side, enduring dreadful agony, while waiting the coming of death. She could hardly think of him as gone, never to return, yet the church bell was tolling mournfully, gone, gone, gone! She clasped her hands upon her heart to keep it from bursting.

“Be comforted, my child. He has gone to a better world than this,” said her mother, sympathizing in her sorrow.

Daphne came in, and bathed Azalia’s burning brow, kissed her tenderly, and said, “Don’t cry, dear.”



Azalia was not weeping, — there were no tears in her eyes. God had not wiped them all away, but the great and sudden affliction was like the heat of a fiery furnace. It had dried the fountains. Though her mother and Daphne were so kind and tender they could not take away her heart-ache. It was a weary day. She sat by the window and gazed upon the wheat-fields, brown and bare, for it was almost October, and the reapers had gathered the grain. Beyond the fields was the river, shrunk to a narrow bed by the heats of summer. Dead leaves were floating down the stream. Like the *Miserere* which the choir chanted at the funeral of a sweet young girl before Paul went to the army, was the murmuring of the water. Beyond the river were green meadows and gardens and orchards, where dabbias were blooming, and grapes and apples ripening in the mellow sunshine. She thought of Paul as having passed over the river, and as walking in the vineyard of the Lord. The summer flowers which she had planted in her own garden were faded, the stalks were dry, and the leaves withered. They never would bloom again. Like them, the brightness of her life had passed away.

Night brought no relief. It seemed as if her heart would break, but she remembered what Jesus said: "Come unto me and I will give you rest." She told Him all her grief, asked Him to help her, inasmuch as He was able to bear the sorrows of all the world. So confiding in Him, she experienced indescribable peace of mind.

Then in the evening they who walked along the street stopped and listened by the gate to hear the music which floated out through the open window, bowing their heads, and in silence wiping away their tears. It was the music of the "Messiah" which Handel composed. She sung it in church one Sunday before Paul went to the army, and Father Surplice said it set him to thinking about the music of heaven; but now to the passers in the street it was as if Jesus called them, so sweet and tender was the song.

It was consoling to take from her bureau the letters which Paul had written, and read again what she had read many times, — to look upon the laurel-leaf which he plucked in the woods at Donelson, the locust-blossoms which he gathered at Shiloh, the moss-rose which grew in a garden at Vicksburg, — to read his noble and manly words of his determination to do his duty in all things.

"Life is worth nothing," read one of the letters, "unless devoted to noble ends. I thank God that I live in this age, for there never has been so great an opportunity to do good. The heroes of all ages, those who have toiled and suffered to make the world better, are looking down from the past to see if I am worthy to be of their number. I can see the millions yet to come beckoning me to do my duty for their sake. They will judge me. What answer can I give them if I falter?"

Thus in her sorrow Azalia found some comfort in looking at the faded flowers, and in reflecting that he had not faltered in the hour of trial, but had proved himself worthy to be numbered with the heroic dead.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## WHAT BECAME OF A TRAITOR.

**B**UT Paul was not dead. He was in the hands of the enemy. He had been taken up from the battle-field while unconscious, put into an ambulance, and carried with other wounded to a Rebel hospital.

"We can't do anything for this Yankee," said one of the surgeons who looked at his wound.

"No, he will pop off right soon, I reckon," said another; and Paul was left to live or die, as it might be.

When he awoke from his stupor he found himself in an old barn, lying on a pile of straw. He was weak and faint, and suffered excruciating pain. The Rebel soldier had stolen his coat, and he had no blanket to protect him from the cold night-winds. He was helpless. His flesh was hot, his lips were parched. A fever set in, his flesh wasted away, and his eyes became wild, glassy, and sunken. Week after week he lay powerless to help himself, often out of his head and talking of home, or imagining he was in battle. How long the days! how lonesome the nights! But he had a strong constitution, and instead of "popping off," as the surgeon predicted, began to get well. Months passed, of pain and agony and weary longing. It was sweet relief when he was able to creep out and sit in the warm sunshine.

One day a Rebel lieutenant, wearing a gay uniform trimmed with gold-lace, came past him. Paul saw that he had been drinking liquor, for he could not walk straight.

"Why don't you salute me, you Yankee villain?" said the fellow, stopping.

Paul was startled at the voice, looked the lieutenant in the face, and saw that it was Philip Funk. His face was bloated, and his eyes bloodshot. When he fled from New Hope after robbing Mr. Bond, he made his way south, joined the Rebels, and was now a lieutenant. Paul was so changed by sickness that Philip did not recognize him.

"Why don't you salute me, you dirty Yankee puppy?" said Philip, with an oath.

"I don't salute a traitor and a robber," said Paul.

Philip turned pale with anger. "Say that again, and I will cut your heart out!" he said, with a horrible oath, raising his sword and advancing upon Paul, who stood still and looked him calmly in the eye.

"Cowards only attack unarmed men," said Paul.

"What do you mean, sir, by calling me a robber, traitor, and coward?" Philip asked, white with rage, not recognizing Paul.

"I mean that you, Philip Funk, committed robbery at New Hope, ran away from home, became a traitor, and now you show yourself to be a coward by threatening to cut out the heart of a weak, defenceless prisoner."

"Who are you?" stammered Philip.

"My name is Paul Parker. I am a colonel in the service of the United States," Paul replied, not recognizing by any familiar act his old playmate and school-fellow.

Philip dropped his sword, and stood irresolute and undecided what to do. A group of Rebel officers who had been wounded, and were strolling about the grounds, saw and heard it all. One was a colonel.

"What do you know about Lieutenant Funk?" he asked.

"He was my schoolmate. He committed robbery and came south to join your army," Paul replied.

The colonel turned to the officers who were with him, and said, "This is the fellow who is suspected of stealing from the soldiers, and it is said at he skulked at Chickamauga."

"The cuss ought to be reduced to the ranks," said another.

Philip did not stop to hear any more, but walked rapidly away.

The next day he was arrested and brought before a court-martial, tried, and found guilty of hiding behind a stump when ordered to make a charge in battle, and of stealing money from the soldiers. The court ordered that he be stripped of his uniform and reduced to the ranks, and wear the "rogue's coat" through the camp. The coat was a flour-barrel, without heads, but with holes cut in the sides for his arms.

Philip was brought out upon the parade-ground, deprived of his sword and uniform, and compelled to put on the barrel, on which were written the words,

COWARD, ROBBER.



Thus, with two soldiers to guard him, with a drummer and fifer playing the Rogues' March, he was paraded through the camp. The soldiers hooted at him, and asked him all sorts of questions.



"How are you, Bummer?" asked one.

"Did you pay your tailors with the money you stole?" asked another.

"Your coat puckers under the arms and wrinkles in the back," said another.

"He felt so big they had to hoop him to keep him from bursting," remarked one, who remembered how pompous Philip had been.

After being marched through the camp, he was set to work with a shovel, cleaning up the grounds. It was a sorry day to Philip. He wished he had never been born. He was despised alike by officers and soldiers. The officers made him do their dirty work, while the soldiers, knowing that he had not courage enough to resent an insult, made him the general scavenger of the camp. This treatment was so hard to bear that Philip thought of deserting; but he knew that if he was caught he would be shot, and did not dare to make the attempt. The slaves in the camp looked down upon him, and spoke of him as the "meanest sort of Yankee white trash." The soldiers turned him out of their tents. "We won't have a Yankee thief and coward in our mess," said they, and he was obliged to sleep under the trees, or wherever he could find shelter. He became dirty and ragged. His clothes dropped from him piece by piece, till he had nothing left but rags. He had little to eat. He had no friends. When he was sick, no one cared for him. Those were bitter days; but instead of being made better at heart by his punishment, he cursed and swore, and wished only that he could get whiskey to drink.

Winter set in. There came a cold, stormy night. Philip wandered about the camp to keep himself warm. He was weak and faint, and at last, tired, exhausted, and his teeth chattering with ague, crawled into a wagon, drew his old tattered blanket over his head, and after shivering awhile went to sleep. The teamsters found him there in the morning, stiff and cold. He had died during the night, with no friend near him, a vagabond, an outcast, despised by everybody.

The officer who had charge of the camp, when he heard that Philip was dead, called up a couple of soldiers who were in the guard-house for getting drunk, and said to them, "You were drunk yesterday, and for a punishment I sentence you to bury the camp-scurllion who froze to death last night."

The teamster harnessed his horses, drove outside of the camp into a field, where the two soldiers dug a shallow grave, tumbled the body into it, threw back the earth, trampled it down with their feet, shouldered their shovels, and went back to camp as unconcerned as if they had buried a dog.

## CHAPTER XX.

### DARK DAYS.

WHEN Paul's wound had healed sufficiently to enable him to travel, he was put into a freight car with his comrades and sent to the Rebel prison at Andersonville. The ride was long and hard, but the prisoners bore the jolting without a murmur, for they supposed they would soon be exchanged and sent North. They were doomed to bitter disappointment.

The prison was a yard enclosed by a high fence. There was a platform on the outside, where the sentinels stood on guard, and ready to shoot any one who approached nearer than what they called "the dead line." The prisoners had no shelter from the scorching rays of the sun through the long summer days, nor from the sleety rains and freezing nights of winter. They dug holes in the ground with their hands, and made the cold, damp earth their bed. A slimy brook ran through the grounds, foul with filth from the camps of the Rebels. There was a marsh in the centre of the yard, full of rottenness, where the water stood in green and stagnant pools, breeding flies, mosquitos, and vermin, where all the ooze and scum and slops of the camp came to the surface, and filled the air with horrible smells. They had very little food,— nothing but a half-pint of coarse corn-meal, a little molasses, and a mouthful of tainted bacon and salt, during each twenty-four hours. They were herded like sheep. The yard was packed with them. There were more than twenty thousand in a place designed for half that number.

When Paul and his comrades reached the prison, they were examined by the officer in command, a brutal fellow named Wirz, who robbed them of what money they had. The gate opened, and they passed in. When Paul beheld the scene, his heart sank within him. He had suffered many hardships, but this was an experience beyond everything else. He was still weak. He needed nourishing food, but he must eat the corn-meal or starve. Everywhere he saw only sickening sights,— pale, woe-begone wretches, clothed in filthy rags, covered with vermin. Some were picking up crumbs of bread which had been swept out from the bakery. Others were sucking the bones which had been thrown out from the cook-house. Some sat gazing into vacancy, taking no notice of what was going on around them,— dreaming of homes which they never were again to behold. Many were stretched upon the ground, too weak to sit up, from whose hearts hope had died out, and who were waiting calmly for death to come and relieve them from their sufferings. Thousands had died. One hundred died on the day Paul entered, and another hundred during the night. All day long the bodies lay among the living in the sun. When the dead-cart came in, they were thrown into it like logs of wood. It was a horrible sight,— the stony eyes, the sunken cheeks, the matted hair; the ghastly countenances, the swaying limbs, as the cart jolted along the uneven ground! More than thirteen thousand soldiers starved and murdered by the rebels were thus carried out in the dead-carts.

The keepers of the prison were cruel. Paul saw a poor cripple crawl towards the fence and reach his hand over the dead-line to get a bone. Crack went the rifle of the sentinel, which sent a bullet through the prisoner's brain, who tossed up his hands, gave one heart-rending outcry, and rolled over—dead. On a dark and stormy night some of the prisoners escaped, but ferocious dogs were put upon their track, and they were recaptured. The hounds mangled them, and the Rebel officers had them tied up and whipped, till death put an end to their sufferings.

It was terrible to hear the coughing of those who were dying of consumption, — to see them crawling from place to place, searching in vain to find a shelter from the driving storms, — to hear the piteous cries of those who were racked with pains, or the moans of those who gave themselves up to despair. For want of proper food the prisoners suffered from scurvy ; — their gums rotted, their teeth fell out, and their flesh turned to corruption ; they wasted away, and died in horrible agony. It was so terrible to hear their dying cries, that Paul put his fingers in his ears ; but soon he became accustomed to the sights and sounds, and looked upon the scenes with indifference. He pitied the sufferers, but was powerless to aid them. Soon he found that his own spirits began to droop. He roused himself, determined to brave out all the horrors of the place. He sang songs and told stories, and got up games to keep his fellow-prisoners in good heart. But notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain his cheerfulness and composure, he felt that he was growing weaker. Instead of being robust, he became thin and spare. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes sunken. There was a fever in his bones. Day by day he found himself taking shorter walks. At night, when he curled down in his burrow, he felt tired, although he had done no work through the day. In the morning he was stiff, and sore, and lame, and although the ground was cold and damp, it was easier to lie there than to get up. His hair became matted, — his fingers were long and bony. Each day his clothes became more ragged. When he first entered the prison, he tried to keep himself clean and free from vermin, but in vain. One day he went out to wash his tattered clothes, but the stream was so dirty he sat down and waited for it to become clear. He sat hour after hour, but it was always the same slimy, sickening stream.

The Rebels took delight in deluding the prisoners with false hopes, — telling them that they were soon to be exchanged and sent home ; but instead of release, the dead-cart went its daily rounds, bearing its ghastly burden. That was their exchange, and they looked upon the shallow trenches as the only home which they would ever reach. Hope died out and despair set in. Some prisoners lost their reason, and became raving maniacs, while others became only gibbering idiots. Some who still retained their reason, who all their lives had believed that the Almighty is a God of justice and truth, began to doubt if there be a God. Although they had cried and begged for deliverance, there was no answer to their prayers. Paul felt that his own faith was wavering ; but he could not let go of the instructions he had received from his mother. In the darkest hour, when he was most sorely tempted to break out into cursing, he was comforted and reassured by Uncle Peter, an old gray-headed negro, who had been a slave all his life. Peter had been whipped, kicked, and cuffed many times by his hard-hearted, wicked master, not because he was unfaithful, but because he loved to pray, and shout, and sing. Through the long night, sitting by his pitch-knot fire in his cabin, Uncle Peter had sung the songs which lifted him in spirit almost up to heaven, whither his wife and children had gone, after cruel whippings and scourgings by their master.



It was so sweet to think of her as having passed over the river of Jordan into the blessed land, that he could not refrain from shouting :

“O my Mary is sitting on the tree of life,  
To see the Jordan roll ;  
O, roll Jordan, roll Jordan, roll Jordan, roll !  
I will march the angel march, —  
I will march the angel march.  
O my soul is rising heavenward,  
To see where the Jordan rolls.”

He had given food and shelter to some of the prisoners who escaped from the horrible place, and had piloted them through the woods, and for this was arrested and thrown into the prison.

Uncle Peter took a great liking to Paul, and, when Paul was down-hearted, cheered him by saying : “Never you give up. Don’t let go of de hand of de good Lord. It is mighty hard to bear such treatment, but we colored people have borne it all our lives. But ’pears like my heart would break when I think of my children sold down Souf.” Uncle Peter wiped his eyes with his tattered coat-sleeve, and added : “But de Lord is coming to judge de earth with righteousness, and den I reckon de Rebs will catch it.”

Uncle Peter dug roots and cooked Paul’s food for him, for the Rebels would not allow them any wood, although there was a forest near the prison. Paul could not keep back the tears when he saw how kind Uncle Peter was. He thought that he never should weep again, for he felt that the fountains of his heart were drying up. Uncle Peter sat by him through the long days, fanning him with his old tattered straw hat, brushing the flies from his face, moistening his lips with water, and bathing his brow. He was as black as charcoal, and had a great nose and thick lips,—but notwithstanding all that Paul loved him.

Thus the days and weeks and months went by, Uncle Peter keeping the breath of life in Paul’s body, while thousands of his comrades died. There was no change in prison affairs for the better. There was no hope of release, no prospect of deliverance,—no words from home, no cheering news, no intelligence, except from other prisoners captured from time to time, and sent to the horrible slaughter-pen to become maniacs and idiots,—to be murdered,—to die of starvation and rotteness,—to be borne out in the dead-cart to the trenches.

Though Paul sometimes was sorely tempted to yield to despondency, there were hours when, with clear vision, he looked beyond the horrors of the prison to the time when God would balance the scales of justice, and permit judgment to be executed, not only upon the fiend Wirz, who had charge of the prison, but also upon Jeff Davis and the leaders of the rebellion. And though his sufferings were terrible to bear, there was not a moment when he was sorry that he had enlisted to save his country. So through all the gloom and darkness his patriotism and devotion shone like a star which never sets.

# Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY  
of  
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

## CHARADES.

No. 17.

My *first* creates my *second*, and thinks  
he is my *whole*.

No. 18.

My *first* is like the grass,  
My *next* is ridden on ;  
My *whole* will quickly pass,  
Far south of Washington.

JAN.

No. 19.

My *first* is childhood's earliest cry,  
My *next*, a motto for the boy ;

My *third* and *fourth* are manhood's love.  
My *whole* is woman's highest joy.

W. A. S.

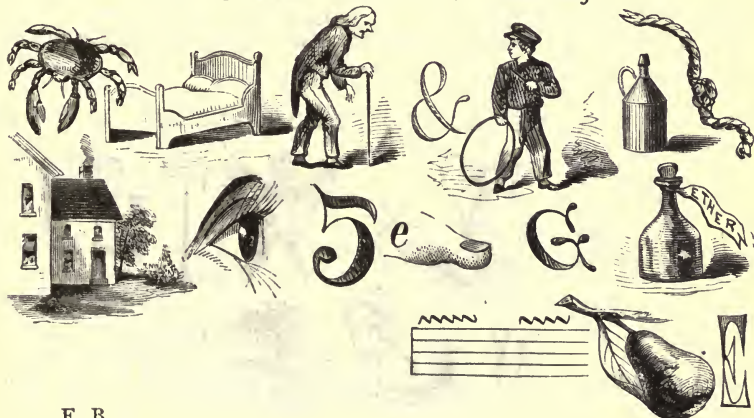
\* No. 20.

In every hedge my *second* is,  
As well as every tree ;  
And when poor school-boys act amiss,  
It often is their fee.

My *first*, likewise, is always wicked,  
Yet ne'er committed sin :  
My *total* for my *first* is fitted,  
Composed of brass or tin.

W. C. P.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 25.



F. B.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 26.



ENIGMAS.

No. 20.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 6, 2, 15, 4, 5, 1, is a boy's name.

My 9, 14, 8, is a falsehood.

My 10, 11, 12, is an ancient weapon.

My 13, 7, 3, 16, 17, is very useful to farmers.

My whole is the name of a celebrated mathematician.

ZILPHA.

No. 21.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 13, 12, 5, is a girl's name.

My 15, 14, 8, 18, is to descend.

My 10, 11, 3, 9, is what sometimes comes with rain.

My 2, 5, 4, is a color.

My 6, 7, 17, 9, is your inclination.

My 1, 16, 8, 5, is what sick people usually are.

My whole is a Proverb.

HATTIE.

No. 22.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, make disagreeable walking.

My 6, 8, 4, 5, is a pleasure.

My 13, 5, 9, 10, is to tell.

My 10, 12, 13, 5, is a musical instrument.

My 3, 8, 1, is the edge.

My 7, 8, 10, 13, is to fade.

My 13, 11, 5, is a part of you.

My whole is an old and common saying.

BERTA.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 27,



E. O. C.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 28.



P U Z Z L E S.

No. 11.

Why is the following puzzle too ridiculously simple to be asked ?

G U E S S E D.

C. T. B.

No. 12.

My whole name is what you will find if you try.

Behad me, and I am 'twixt you and the sky.

Behad me again, and in every attack You will find I am foremost, leading the pack.

Behad me once more, and my towering form

May be seen in earthquake, lightning, and storm.

R. A. W.

No. 13.

My whole is as round as a cheese.

Behad me, I am always behind.

Behad me once more, if you please, And nothing more slippery you 'll find.

R. A. W.

No. 14.

Around the rarest and richest gold,  
Whiteness, pure as the snows, doth fold ;  
And over them both a silken dress,  
Varnished and green, doth closely press.  
When under the waters, cool and sweet,  
This darling of beauty lies asleep.  
But when she wakes in the sunshine bright,  
All you can see is a round of white ;  
Snow-flake on snow-flake spreading wide  
From a star that floats on a wind-swung  
tide.

AUNT JANE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 29.



CONUNDRUMS.

24. Why should boys avoid the letter *a* ?
25. Why are stuttering people not to be trusted ?
26. When is a chain like a bill ?
27. How do we know that Lord Byron was good-natured ?

## DECAPITATIONS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Behead one musical instrument and leave another.</li> <li>2. Behead a fowl and leave a garden tool.</li> <li>3. Behead a part of a ship and leave a kind of fish.</li> <li>4. Behead an agricultural implement and leave a lake.</li> <li>5. Behead a nut and leave a kind of grain.</li> <li>6. Behead an animal and leave a kind of grain.</li> <li>7. Behead an article of clothing and leave an animal.</li> <li>8. Behead a musical instrument and leave a liquor.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>9. Behead a dish and leave a bird.</li> <li>10. Behead a bird and leave your sweetheart.</li> <li>11. Behead a river in the British Isles and leave a girl's name.</li> <li>12. Behead a river in Louisiana and leave an atom.</li> <li>13. Behead a river in the British Isles and leave a weapon.</li> <li>14. Behead a river in the British Isles and leave a noxious plant.</li> <li>15. Behead a river in Europe and leave a girl's name.</li> <li>16. Behead a river in the United States and leave a kind of wood.</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

ZILPHA.

## ANSWERS.

## CHARADE.

16. Child-hood.

## ENIGMAS.

17. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
18. Publii Virgiliti Maronis Æneis.
19. A noted explorer.

## CONUNDRUMS.

21. Yesterday.

22. Pul-tusk.

23. Because we have a peel (peal) from it.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

23. Among the blind, the one-eyed man is king.
24. All signs fail in dry weather.  
[(Awl) (signs) (F ale in D) (rye) (wether).]



JUST MY LUCK! III.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1865.

No. XII.

## CHRISTMAS.



VER the hills of Palestine  
The silver stars began to shine ;  
Night drew her shadows softly round  
The slumbering earth, without a sound.

Among the fields and dewy rocks  
The shepherds kept their quiet flocks,  
And looked along the darkening land  
That waited the Divine command.

When lo ! through all the opening blue  
Far up the deep, dark heavens withdrew,  
And angels in a solemn light  
Praised God to all the listening night.

Ah ! said the lowly shepherds then,  
The Seraph sang good-will to men :  
O hasten, earth, to meet the morn,  
The Prince, the Prince of Peace is born !

Again the sky was deep and dark,  
Each star relumed his silver spark,  
The dreaming land in silence lay,  
And waited for the dawning day.

But in a stable low and rude,  
Where white-horned, mild-eyed oxen stood,  
The gates of heaven were still displayed,  
For Christ was in the manger laid.

*Harriet E. Prescott.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's  
Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.





## THE DOLL'S STORY.

### INTRODUCTORY.

"PLEASE tell my Doll a story!" A queer request, certainly; but how could I refuse it, when backed by the pressure of two innocent child-lips, and the pleading sparkle of two large, soft blue eyes, glancing from under a cluster of flaxen curls into my own so eagerly? In fact, I never could, since my grown-up days, refuse the pleadings of the Young Folks. They make me their willing victim. If one of them were to beg me to stand on my head, I verily believe I should attempt the ridiculous feat, although I am a serious old bachelor. But mind, I only mean the young girl-folks.

As for the boys, I leave them to be spoiled by their maiden aunts. So, when Mabel said, between two kisses, "Please tell my Doll a story!" I answered, "Certainly, my dear!" at once. There, however, I paused a moment, for I was in reality quite puzzled to think of a story fit for the ears and intelligence of a *bisque* doll. Of one thing only I felt sure, and that was that Miss Doll would prove a capital listener, and never once interrupt me by unseasonable questions. Her mistress, however, might make up for the Doll's reticence in this respect, I feared.

All at once a bright idea occurred to me.

"Well, my dear," said I, with affected gravity, "if I am to tell your Doll a story, you, of course, need not hear it, and I will therefore whisper it in her ear."

"O, but then Fanny's and Edith's Dolls will not hear it either!" exclaimed Mabel, anxiously.

It was clear that my stratagem would not do. I was in for it, and must yield as gracefully, and perform my task of story-telling as successfully, as possible. But I made one more strategic effort. "Well, then," said I, "if I am to have three Doll listeners instead of one, of course I cannot whisper. So, my dears, make your Dolls sit round me, and order them to be very quiet and attentive while I am speaking; and then, as soon as you go to your play in the other room, I will begin."

At this hint, however, there was instant revolt. Three clear, fresh voices cried in chorus: "O, but we want to hear too! we want to hear too!"

I surrendered at discretion, without more ado; and the three Dolls being accommodated with three chairs from the baby-house, each by the side of her little mistress, I took a very slight pinch of snuff by way of stimulus, and set off as follows:—

#### THE STORY.

"EVER so long ago, when Miss Mabel's little feet were as far above the hem of her frock as they are now below it, and when Miss Edith thought 'Ta-ta' was Saxon for 'Good-by,' and when Miss Fanny took her chief exercise in a jumper,—and this ancient period is far beyond your recollection, young ladies (I speak to the Missés Doll, of course),—ever so long ago, then, a lady of my acquaintance asked her doctor to hint to her husband that a sea-voyage would do her a vast deal of good, provided she could consult a Parisian doctor at the farther end of it. So the obliging doctor dropped a hint of the kind in season, the more willingly that he really did think such a trip would be of service. And the husband took the hint, like a dear, darling fellow as he was, and in due time Mr. Bayward and Mrs. Bayward and Miss Hattie Bayward went on board a great steamer, which foamed out of the harbor, and plunged and tumbled through the ocean waves for eleven days, and foamed into another harbor, and, in short, carried my friends safely to Havre, on the coast of France, from which town they went directly to the great city of Paris.

"I cannot begin to tell you of all the beautiful and wonderful things they saw in that grand city; and, besides, this would not be a real part of my story, which, I may as well inform you at once, is chiefly about my little friend Hattie Bayward, who was a sweet little girl of ten years old, with eyes as blue as Miss Mabel's, a nose as straight as Miss Fanny's, and a mouth as cunning as Miss Edith's when she kisses her old bachelor uncle good-night. Hattie had been very sick in the steamer, and had so many cries that her blue eyes were quite dim, and her cheeks pale, and her temper, I am afraid, a little the worse for wear, for the first few days after her arrival in Paris. So her mother hired a nice, pleasant-faced French nurse, with the queerest

of white caps, and the brightest of striped and plaid and spotted neck-handkerchiefs, and the funniest of gestures and grimaces when she talked ; and this nurse, whose name was Marie, used to take Hattie out to walk in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and along the Champs Elyseés, whenever the day was fine. If you do not know what the Tuilleries and the Champs Elyseés are, I must tell you the Tuilleries is the royal palace where the king or emperor lives when he is in Paris, and the Champs Elyseés, or Elysian Fields, is the name of a beautiful park, with a broad drive in the centre, and a delightful walk all among groves of trees, and pretty pavilions, and Punch-and-Judy shows, and swings, and merry-go-rounds, and I don't know how many things beside, that the young folks are fond of.

"Well, one day, as Marie and Hattie were walking along in the Champs Elyseés, they suddenly saw coming swiftly toward them from the grove in front — what do you think ?"

I own I put this artful question for the purpose of taking a little breath, and a very small pinch of snuff ; and as I paused to do this comfortably, —

"I guess it was the Emperor !" cried Mabel. I shook my head, solemnly.

"I think it was Punch and Judy," said Edith. Another shake.

"O, I know ! I know !" exclaimed the clever Fanny, who had heard her cousin Edwin talk about the sights of Paris, whence he had just returned ; "it was the little Prince in his pony-chaise, was n't it, Uncle ?"

"I am sorry," said I, with mock severity, "that I cannot tell a story to three little ladies," bowing to the Dolls, "without having their pleasure spoilt by interruptions from others who are kindly allowed to listen, but certainly have no right to speak. And who might take example," I added, slightly smiling, "from the very respectful silence of the three little maids" — again nodding to the Dolls — "for whose special entertainment my story is told. Ahem !"

The young folks hung their heads doubtfully for an instant, but Mabel, happening to look up, and catching a twinkle in my eye, cried gayly : "O Uncle, you are funning ! I know you are. Fanny ! Edie ! Uncle is only funning !"

"Well," said I, "perhaps I am ; but as you have been naughty, you must pay a forfeit ; so give me a kiss all round, and let us go on with the story, and not keep the company" — looking at the Dolls — "waiting longer."

"But was n't it the Prince ?" whispered Fanny, as she paid her forfeit — twice, by mistake, I suppose.

"Not exactly, my dear," I replied. "That which attracted Hattie's attention, and caused her to exclaim, in pretty fair French, (for she had by this time learnt to chatter quite nicely with Marie,) 'Look ! Marie ! how lovely !' was — a low, open, miniature carriage or barouche, drawn by six milk-white goats, with bright harness, and pink ribbons fluttering from their ears, and, seated in this fairy-like equipage, a charming little girl of about Hattie's age, beautifully dressed, and by her side the most elegant, lovely, splendid Doll that Hattie had ever seen, — far more splendid, indeed, than she had ever dreamed there could possibly be in the whole world of



Dolls! 'Hold!' exclaimed Marie, throwing up her arms, and smiling all over her face; 'it is my little Adèle!' And she ran to meet the brilliant little maid, dragging Hattie along with her.

"When Miss Adèle saw Marie she also seemed delighted, and there was a great deal of kissing and hugging and chattering, you may be sure; for Marie had been Adèle's nurse for three years, and had only left her two years before, because Adèle's mother, who was a very rich French lady, was going to Italy, and Marie would not leave her dear France, even for Adèle. And here was Adèle back, and she did not know it!

"All this time Hattie's eyes were fixed on the Doll, as eagerly as the wolf's were on poor little Red Riding-Hood, and with almost the same feeling, too, for she wished to own that Doll, with all her heart and strength.

"At length Marie introduced Adèle to Hattie, and the French girl was very polite, and offered to give Hattie a ride; and Hattie rode up and down several times in the elegant barouche, and was very much pleased indeed; but still her greatest delight was when Adèle gave her the Doll to hold, and let her examine its dress, and hat, and gloves, and boots, and its necklace, and ear-rings, and breastpin, and parasol, — and above all when she was shown how to make it say, 'Ma-ma! Pa-pa!' by pulling two cords hidden under its clothes. Those two hours that Hattie spent with Adèle were like a delightful dream to my little friend. But when she went home, her little heart was swelling with envy and desire, and she was really very sad and unhappy, because her mother told her she could not afford to buy her such a costly Doll as that she described, of Adèle's, and that it was almost wicked to wish for such a one.

"Hattie went to bed that night very mournfully, and lay tossing a good while before she fell asleep, though she was a little comforted by Marie's promising her that she should play with Adèle and her Doll again the next day, and as often as she pleased afterwards.

"Sure enough, the next day Marie and Hattie met Adèle and her nurse again, this time in the Tuilleries garden, where they fed the swans in the fountain, and played with the famous Doll, and had a lovely time altogether. And almost every day for the next fortnight the little girls continued to meet in this way, until Hattie, who was a really good and sensible child, ceased to envy Adèle the possession of her Doll, and learned to feel contented without it, and told her mother that she had 'conquered the bad feeling,' — which pleased Mrs. Bayward very much, — so much, that she secretly resolved — but that was of no consequence, as it happened. Well, one day, about three weeks after their first acquaintance, Hattie and Adèle were playing together by the fountain in the palace garden. It was a sultry day, and all the other children and nurses, as well as the rest of the folks in the garden, had retired under the trees, which are a good way from the fountain. Marie and Adèle's nurse had both frequently called the children away from the water into the shade; but they had constantly returned to it, for Adèle was teaching her Doll to feed the swans, and had not thrown them all her cake yet. So Marie and her companion had seated themselves for a chat

under a tree, and, a couple of soldiers whom they knew coming along, they were so deeply engaged in talk as almost to have forgotten their little charges.

“‘Now, Mimi,’ said Adèle, (Mimi was the Doll’s pet name), ‘take this, and throw it well,—dost thou hear?’ She held a piece of cake in the Doll’s little hand, and gave the arm a fling! Alas! she jerked it so violently, that poor Mimi jumped out of her arms, and went headlong into the water. You would think that Adèle ought to have cried out as loud as she could at this accident, my dears; but she did not. On the contrary, she stopped Hattie, who was about to do so, by saying, ‘Be still! Lina will take me home if she sees us, and perhaps strike me besides. I can reach Mimi, see!’—and kneeling quickly on the edge of the basin, she stretched forward until her hand touched the dress of the floating Doll. But the effort she made to catch hold of Mimi’s frock threw poor Adèle so far over the edge, that she lost her balance, and down she went, head first, into the clear, cool fountain! She did not even have time to shriek, but only gave a little smothered cry, which did not attract the attention of the people under the trees in the distance.

“Hattie, however, was there; and, like a brave little heroine, she shouted, ‘Help! help!’ as loudly as she could, and, without a moment’s hesitation, leaped into the basin after her unfortunate little friend.

“The water was not very deep, and Hattie seized Adèle stoutly by her dress, and strove to drag her to the edge of the basin. But the little French girl struggled blindly and wildly, and would soon have drowned both herself and her heroic companion, had not help arrived in time to rescue them both from certain death. You may imagine how terribly frightened Mrs. Bayward was when Hattie was brought home in a cab, all dripping wet, and half fainting, with Marie wringing her hands and going on like a crazy woman; for she felt that it was chiefly her fault, and that of the other nurse.

“And you may also fancy the scolding Marie got, and richly deserved, from her mistress. Indeed, but for Hattie’s pleading, her careless nurse would have been sent packing at once. But Hattie took the blame upon herself and Adèle for their disobedience; and this was right, too, since they had refused to mind their nurses’ repeated calls to come away from the fountain.

“A good rubbing, with a hot drink and a couple of hours in bed, put Hattie to rights again, and her mother then heard her account of the adventure. You may be sure she felt proud of her brave little Yankee girl!

“But Adèle’s mother heard the truth, too; and that very evening she called and sent up her card,—‘*Madame the Viscountess of Monteau*’; and such a scene of gratitude, and embracing Hattie over and over again, and pressing Mrs. Bayward’s hands, and saying the same things over dozens of times, you never saw nor heard of in this plain land, I’m sure!

“Just before Madame de Monteau took her leave,—having made Mrs. Bayward promise to let Hattie come and see Adèle the next day,—my little friend looked at the lady, and ‘How is poor Mimi?’ she asked, anxiously.

“‘Alas! my dear little one,’ replied Adèle’s mother, ‘I fear Mimi is

hopelessly drowned. At all events, she is disfigured for life. But there are other Mimis!' added she, smiling mysteriously, as she caught Mrs. Bayward's eye. And then she went away.

"Hattie went to see Adèle next day, and Adèle's father called on Mr. Bayward; and so the two families grew quite intimate during the month longer that my friends stayed in Paris. Adèle had a new Doll as lovely as Mimi, and she called it *Mees Hattie*, after her American playmate. On the day of Mrs. Bayward's departure from Paris, a servant in livery brought a large box, tightly screwed up, to her lodgings, with a little note from Madame de Monteau, in which she asked that the box might not be opened until her dear friends should reach their home in America. This box was addressed, in large letters, '*To my dearest Hattie; from her grateful and loving friend, Adèle.*' Mr. Bayward managed to have it stowed among the luggage without letting Hattie see it, and she knew nothing of it until her arrival at home. Then, one bright morning, when several of her little cousins and friends were with her, her father called them all down into the drawing-room, and set the mysterious box, with the screws all taken out, on the centre-table, saying: 'Here, Hattie, is something for you from your little French friend, Mamselle Adèle. Suppose you let us all see what it is.'

"Hattie blushed crimson with sudden pleasure, as she slowly lifted the lid of the great box, and the moment her eye caught a glimpse of the contents she gave a cry, and sprang up and down several times, in the excess of her joy. 'Take it out, papa, please! I cannot lift it,' she eagerly exclaimed.

"Her father put his hands into the box, and lifted out a large glass case, in which stood, upon a pedestal, a magnificently dressed and beautiful Doll, almost as large as Hattie herself! A perfectly splendid Doll, to which 'Mimi' and 'Mees Hattie' were as mere rag-babies!

"'Oh! Oh! Oh! I am *so* happy!' cried dear little Hattie. And she instantly kissed her father, then her mother, and then all her cousins, and everybody in the room, including her old bachelor friend, who has now finished THE DOLL'S STORY."

"And *we* will kiss *our* old bachelor friend, too!" cried Mabel, and Fanny, and Edith, suiting the action to the word.

But the three Dolls never even said as much as "Thankee!"

C. D. Gardette.





## FARMING FOR BOYS.

## X.

THE party soon took their departure. As this was the first time that Uncle Benny had been over Mr. Allen's farm, he was proportionately surprised at what he had there seen and heard, and felt vexed with himself at having thus long overlooked so useful a school of instruction which stood open almost at his very door. But he treasured up the valuable hints he had received, and was ever ready to set before the Spangler boys the strong moral of the example they had so fortunately witnessed. The incidents of the afternoon formed the staple of their conversation during a slow homeward walk. Tony King had been powerfully impressed by them. They seemed to operate on his young mind as discouragements to hope, rather than as stimulants to perseverance and progress. He had let in the idea that the distance between his friendless condition and the prosperous one of Mr. Allen could never be overcome by any effort he could exert. In this frame of mind he suddenly exclaimed, looking up to Uncle Benny, "How I wish I had some friends to help *me* on!"

The old man stopped, surprised at this explosion of discontent, and replied by saying, "Tony, you have a dozen friends without appearing to know it."

"Who are they?" he eagerly inquired.

"Hold up your hands!" replied the old man. "Now count your fingers and thumbs. There! you have ten strong friends that you can't shake off. There are your two hands besides. What more had Mr. Allen, or the little pedler who sold you that knife? They began with no other friends, no more than you have, and see how they have carved their way up. If you can't use this dozen of friends to help you on in the world also, it will be your own fault. It will be time enough for you to pray for friends, when you have discovered that those you were born with are not able to provide you with what you may need."

Before Tony could reply to this home thrust, a little garter-snake, only a few inches long, came running across their path, directly in front of the boys. Bill Spangler, observing it, cried out, "Kill him! Kill him!" and Tony also noticing the delicately striped little creature, as well as that it was hurrying out of the way as quickly as it could, instantly jumped upon it, and with his heavy boot stamped it to death at one blow.

Now, in most men, and certainly in all boys, there seems to be an instinct that must be born with them, which impels them to kill a snake whenever he happens to come within reach of boot or stick. If not a natural instinct, descending to them from our first mother, it must be one of those universal propensities that boys learn from each other with the ready aptitude of youth, and with a sanguinary alacrity. It is another great illustration of the strength of the imitative faculty among our boys. It is of no moment what

may be the true character of the poor wriggler that happens to cross their path, whether venomous or harmless: the fact of its being a snake is enough, and if they can so contrive it, it must die.

It was this propensity that caused Bill, the youngest of the three, to shout instantly for the death of the little garter-snake, and impelled Tony to spring forward, with sympathetic promptness, and stamp its life out. There was not a moment's pause for thought as to whether the creature were not in some way useful to man, nor had either of the boys been taught to remember that, even if a living thing were of no use, there was still room enough in the world for both them and it. Hence, no sooner had the snake come within sight than its fate was sealed.

Uncle Benny did not belong to that class of men who think themselves justified in killing insects or reptiles wantonly, merely because they happen to be disagreeable objects to look upon. The slaughter of the poor snake had been accomplished with so much suddenness that he had no time to interpose a good word in its behalf, or he would have gladly spoken it. The act was therefore a real grief to him, not only from pity for the harmless creature whose body still writhed with muscular activity, even after consciousness of suffering had departed, but because it showed a propensity for inflicting needless pain on the unoffending brute creation, which he had never before seen developed in these boys.

"That was very wrong, boys," said the old man; "that snake did you no harm, nor could it injure any one. On the contrary, these field snakes of our country are the farmer's friends. They devour insects, mice, and other enemies to the crops, but never destroy our fruits. They do not poison when they bite. They are not *your* snakes, — you did not give them life, and you have no right to take it away. There is room enough in this world for all living things that have been created, without a single one of them being in your way. Now get up here."

Saying this, he mounted himself on a huge rider of Spangler's worm fence, and, when the boys were all seated beside him, produced a newspaper from his pocket, and, observing that he was going to give them an extract from a lecture of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, proceeded to read the following appropriate sentences:—

"A wanton destruction of insects, simply because they are insects, without question as to their habits, without inquiry as to their mischievousness, for no other reason than that wherever we see an insect we are accustomed to destroy it, is wrong. We have no right to seek their destruction if they be harmless. And yet we rear our children without any conscience, and without any instruction whatever toward these weaker creatures in God's world. Our only thought of an insect is that it is something to be broomed or trod on. There is a vague idea that naturalists sometimes pin them to the wall, for some reason that they probably know; but that there is any right, or rule, or law that binds us toward God's minor creatures, scarcely enters into our conception.

"A spider in our dwelling is out of place, and the broom is a sceptre that

rightly sweeps him away: but in the pasture, where he belongs, and you do not, — where he is of no inconvenience, and does no mischief, — where his webs are but tables spread for his own food, — where he follows his own instincts in catching insects for his livelihood, as you do yours in destroying everything, almost, that lives, for your livelihood, — why should you destroy him there, in his brief hour of happiness? And yet, wherever you see a spider, ‘Hit him!’ is the law of life.

“Upturn a stone in the field. You shall find a city unawares. Dwelling together in peace are a score of different insects. Worms draw in their nimble heads from the dazzling light. Swift shoot shining black bugs back to their covert. Ants swarm with feverish agility, and bear away their eggs. Now sit quietly down and watch the enginery and economy that are laid open to your view. Trace the canals or highways through which their traffic has been carried. See what strange conditions of life are going on before you. Feel, at last, sympathy for something that is not a reflection of yourself. Learn to be interested without egotism. But no, the first impulse of rational men, educated to despise insects and God’s minor works, is to seek another stone, and, with kindled eye, pound these thoroughfares of harmless insect life until all is utterly destroyed. And if we leave them and go our way, we have a sort of lingering sense that we have fallen somewhat short of our duty. The most universal and the most unreasoning destroyer is man, who symbolizes death better than any other thing.

“I, too, learned this murderous pleasure in my boyhood. Through long years I have tried to train myself out of it; and at last I have unlearned it. I love, in summer, to seek the solitary hillside, — that is less solitary than even the crowded city, — and, waiting till my intrusion has ceased to alarm, watch the wonderful ways of life which a kind God has poured abroad with such profusion. And I am not ashamed to confess that the leaves of that great book of revelation which God opens every morning, and spreads in the valleys, on the hills, and in the forests, is rich with marvellous lessons that I could read nowhere else. And often things have taught me what words had failed to teach. Yea, the words of revelation have themselves been interpreted to my understanding by the things that I have seen in the solitudes of populous nature. I love to feel my relation to every part of animated nature. I try to go back to that simplicity of Paradise in which man walked, to be sure at the head of the animal kingdom, but not bloody, desperate, cruel, crushing whatever was not useful to him. I love to feel that my relationship to God gives me a right to look sympathetically upon all that God nourishes. In his bitterness, Job declared, ‘I have said to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.’ We may not say this; but I surely say to all living things in God’s creation, ‘I am your elder brother, and the almoner of God’s bounty to you. Being his son, I too have a right to look with beneficence upon your little lives, even as the greater Father does.’

“A wanton disregard of life and happiness toward the insect kingdom tends to produce carelessness of the happiness of animal life everywhere. I do not mean to say that a man who would needlessly crush a fly would there-



fore slay a man ; but I do mean to say that that moral constitution out of which springs kindness is hindered by that which wantonly destroys happiness anywhere. Men make the beasts of burden, that minister to life and comfort, the objects, frequently, of attention that distresses them, or of neglect that is more cruel. And I hold that a man who wantonly would destroy insect life, or would destroy the comfort of the animal that serves him, is prepared to be inhuman toward the lower forms of human life. The inhumanity of man to animals has become shocking. I scarcely pass through the streets of Brooklyn or New York, that I do not behold monstrous and wanton cruelty. There are things done to animals that should send a man to prison every day of our lives. And it is high time that there should be associations formed here to maintain decency and kindness toward the brute creation, as there have been formed in Paris and London, and almost all civilized countries except our own. Cruelty to animals tends to cruelty to men. The fact is, that all those invasions of life and happiness which are educating men to an indulgence of their passions, to a disregard of God's work, to a low and base view of creation, to a love of destructiveness, and to a disposition that carries with it cruelty and suffering, and that is hindered from breaking out only by fear and selfishness, lead to a disregard of labor and the laborer. The nature which they beget will catch man in his sharp necessities, and mercilessly coerce him to the benefit of the strong and the spoiling of the weak. And it is the interest of the poor man, and the oppressed man, that there should be a Christianity that shall teach men to regard the whole animated kingdom below themselves as God's kingdom, and as having rights — minor and lower rights, but *rights* — before God and before man."

"You see, boys," continued Uncle Benny, "what a really good man thinks and says on this subject, and I trust you will remember, hereafter, that all God's creatures have as perfect a right to live in his world as you have."

There was a peculiarity of Uncle Benny's mode of correcting the bad habits of the boys, — he was careful to avoid a continual fault-finding. His idea was that rebukes should always be couched in soft words, but fortified with hard arguments, and that, to make censure most effectual, it should be mixed with a little praise, whenever it was possible to smuggle it in.

Somebody has said that, "when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to keep it company." This was Uncle Benny's view of things. In fact, he was generally as careful to express approbation of good behavior as disapprobation of that which was bad. He believed that any one could do a casual act of good-nature, but that a continuation of such acts showed good nature to be a part of the temperament, and that even a temper or disposition which was naturally sweet and equable might be soured and made morose and petulant by incessant fault-finding.

Hence he never was guilty of a regular scolding, but preferred persuasion, with an effort to convince the judgment by argument, and illustrations drawn from facts so plain that they could not be denied. His practice was thus found to be so different from the discipline of their father's kitchen, that

they bore any amount of the old man's pleading and argumentation without ever becoming ruffled in temper or tired of listening. But his frequent readings were probably the most popular part of the many discourses he felt called upon to deliver to them.

When this last one was finished, they all got down from the worm fence and continued their way. It had been an eventful afternoon for the boys. They were continually speaking of the novelties they had seen, and wondered how it happened they had never known of them until now, though living only two miles away, and resolved not only to go again, whenever they had time, but to get Uncle Benny to take them to some other farms in the neighborhood, that they might see what was going on there also. They felt that they had learned much from this single visit, and presumed that visiting in a wider circle would be equally instructive.

Uncle Benny said, in reply to this, that he was glad to see they were thinking so sensibly, and to find that their curiosity had been sharpened. He would gratify it as far as might be within his power. He told them the way to acquire knowledge was to go in search of it, as neither knowledge nor profit came to a man except as the result of some form of effort to obtain it. He explained to them that it was for the purpose of disseminating knowledge among farmers that agricultural fairs were annually held all over the country. They had never attended any, but he would tell them that they were great gatherings of farmers and others who had something to exhibit or to sell. Thousands of people attended these fairs, some for amusement only, but hundreds came to see if any new or improved machine was on exhibition, or a better stock of cows, or sheep, or pigs, or fowls, or a fine horse, or any superior variety of fruit or vegetables. If they saw what pleased them, they were pretty sure to buy it. At any rate, they did not fail to learn something valuable, even if they made no purchase. They saw, gathered up in a small compass, what was going on in the farmer's world, and this within a single day or two. Thus they accumulated a fund of knowledge which they could not have acquired had they remained at home.

On the other hand, these county fairs were quite as advantageous to the parties who thus brought their machines, or stock, or vegetables to be exhibited. Many of them manufactured the machines to sell, and so brought them where they knew there would be a crowd of farmers in attendance. It was just so with other articles exhibited. There were customers for everything on the ground. Even those who came to make sales were benefited in other ways. They made new and profitable acquaintances. This gave them a knowledge of men which they could not have acquired had they not gone to the fair in search of it. Thus there was an extensive interchange of information and ideas between man and man, for no one could be expected to know everything. Hence such gatherings as these county fairs were highly beneficial to the farming and manufacturing community; and it might be set down as a good rule, that a farmer who felt so little interest in his business as never to attend an agricultural fair would commonly be found far in the background as regarded progress and improvement.

“Could n’t you take us to a fair, Uncle Benny?” inquired Tony.

“Certainly,” replied the old man, “if we can get permission.”

“And won’t we take Nancy and the pigs?” demanded Bill.

“Yes,” interrupted Tony; “somebody will buy them and give a good price.”

“Sell Nancy?” demanded Bill, with a fire unusual to him. “You sha’n’t do it. I won’t have Nancy sold.”

“Well, never mind Nancy,” responded Tony, “we’ll take the pigs and the pigeons.”

“Not all of them, anyhow,” replied Bill, almost beginning to cry at the mere mention of letting Nancy go, while the dispute went on in so animated a style as to fairly startle the old man.

“Stop, boys,” he interposed. “There is time enough for all this. There is no hurry about the matter. The fair will not be held for several months yet, and you don’t know whether Mr. Spangler will let us go. Wait a little longer, and I will settle this thing for you.”

The mere suggestion of their not being permitted to go to the fair was an effectual check to this unusual effervescence, and the whole party relapsed into silence. But from this they were presently roused by the near approach of a traveller, whom they had noticed for some time in the road before them. No one appeared to recognize him; but when he came within hailing distance of the company he took off an old cap, waved it over his head, and shouted, “Hurrah! Uncle Benny! Back again to Jersey!”

The party were taken by surprise, but when the speaker came close up to them they saw who he was.

“Why, that’s Frank Smith, sure enough! I did n’t know him,” exclaimed Joe Spangler; and then there was a crowding up to him and a general recognition and shaking of hands.

“Why, Frank,” said Uncle Benny, “we’re glad to see you. Did you say you’d come back to Jersey? But what’s the matter? What’s brought you back?”

“Got enough of New York, — sick of the dirty place, and never want to see it again,” he replied. “Put me among the Allens once more, and blame me if you ever catch me quitting the farm as long as I live. I’m pretty near to it now. How nice it looks! Tony, don’t you ever think of going to New York.”

Here was a most unexpected conclusion to their afternoon’s diversion. The boy before them, Frank Smith, was a lad of fifteen, an active, intelligent, ambitious fellow, an orphan nephew of Mr. Allen, who had been taken by his uncle, when only ten years old, to be brought up as a farmer. He had been clothed and educated as his cousins, but for two or three years his mind had been bent on trying his fortune in the great city. No persuasion could wean him from his darling project, and becoming restless and dispirited under what he considered the monotonous routine of the farm, Mr. Allen finally yielded to his importunities, and permitted him, the Christmas previous, to try for himself how much better he could succeed in New York.



He fitted him out respectably, paid his fare on the railroad, and gave him a little purse of money with which to keep him clear of actual suffering until some profitable employment should offer. Thus equipped, he plunged into the great city, having learned no trade but that of farming, with only a general idea of what he was to do, and without a solitary acquaintance among the thousands who were already fighting the battle of life within its densely crowded thoroughfares.

He had been gone for months; but in all that time he had written but one or two letters home, and they said nothing that was encouraging, though they contained no complaints. The last one did say, however, that he would n't mind being back on the farm. It was clear, thought Mr. Allen, that he had been disappointed, and was not doing much. But as Frank had been told, when leaving home, that he was welcome to return whenever he had enough of the city, no pressing invitation was sent, in reply, for him to come back. It was thought best to let him sow all his wild oats at once. His pride being strong, he could not bring himself to the mortifying position of admitting, by turning about and coming home, that he had committed a grave mistake, until driven to it by absolute suffering. So he held out until holding out longer became dangerous, and there he stood in the highway, like a prodigal son returning to the parental household.

He went away with new clothes, clean linen, and a robust frame. He was now shabby, dirty, ragged, and his features indicated slender rations of food. It was this changed appearance that prevented the boys from recognizing their old friend until he was close upon them. He had travelled all the way from New York on foot, yet his step grew lighter and more elastic the nearer he came to his old home. Of course there was a world of questions as to how he liked New York, what he had been doing there, whether he made any money, why he came back, and every other conceivable topic of inquiry that could suddenly occur to the minds of three raw country boys.

Frank was in no hurry to leave his friends for home, as it was now in sight, and he felt himself already there. Neither did he seem at all unwilling to give them as much as he then could of his adventures in the city, and so replied to their numerous inquiries as fully as he was able to. He was a frank, open-hearted fellow, without a particle of false pride about him, and so admitted from the beginning that he had made the greatest mistake of his life in insisting upon leaving the farm. He even called himself a great fool for having done so. But after all, he thought it might be a good thing that he had made the trial, as it taught him many things that he never would have believed possible unless he had gone through them for himself, and was a lesson that would be useful to him as long as he lived.

Though in reality he had but little to tell that would interest older folks, yet to the boys his story was particularly attractive. Going into a great city with no friends, but little money, and without a trade, he could find nothing but chance jobs to do. The merchants and shopkeepers refused to employ him, because he was a stranger, with none to recommend him for honesty. When they found he was fresh from a farm, some said at once he was not

the boy for them, — they wanted one who knew something. Others advised him to go home as quickly as he could, but not one offered to help him. He occasionally picked up a shilling by working along the wharves, but it was among a low, vicious, and profane set of men and boys, with whom it was very hard for him to be compelled to associate. Then he tried being a news-boy, bought papers at the printing-offices and sold them about the streets and hotels, and other public places. But here he met with so many rebuffs, and was so often caught with a pile of unsold papers on his hands, that he found the business paid him no certain profit. The city boys seemed sharper and quicker, and invariably did better, some of them even saving money, and helping to support their aged or sick parents.

He went through a variety of other experiences that were very trying to a boy of his spirit, but, though exerting himself to the utmost, he made no encouraging headway. One of his greatest trials was being compelled to associate with a low, swearing, drinking class of people, and to live in mean and comfortless boarding-houses because they were cheap. He never had a dollar to spare or to lay up. It required all he could make to keep him alive. As his clothes became worn and ragged, he was not able to obtain better ones. Still, he was too proud to write home what he was undergoing, as he knew he had brought it on himself, and that it was exactly what his uncle had said would be likely to overtake him. Yet he was conscious of gradually becoming reconciled to the low and immoral set around him, so different from those among whom he had been brought up.

One day, when in company with some of his associates, newsboys and boot-





blacks, Frank saw a gentleman drop his pocket-book on the pavement. He ran instantly and picked it up, and was about following the loser to restore it to him, when his comrades stopped him, telling him he should do no such thing, — that they had a share in it, as they were with him, and he must divide the money with them. The bare idea of stealing had never before crossed Frank's mind; but now that it was suggested, with the property of another actually in his hands, which he could appropriate without fear of discovery, he felt the temptation to steal it come over his thoughts. But it was only for a moment. The early teachings of a virtuous home were not to be thus suddenly forgotten. Breaking away from his dishonest companions, he ran after the gentleman and restored him the pocket-book, and was soundly abused by the others for doing so.

But Frank was so thoroughly alarmed by feeling that he had thus been tempted to become a thief, and so fearful that, if he continued to associate with thieves, he would soon become one, that he resolved not to stay another day in New York. Even if he had had a hard time there, his integrity was yet sound, his conscience clear, and he meant to keep it so. As he owned nothing but the old clothes in which he stood, it was an easy matter to leave the city; so the next morning he started for home, with a few crackers in one pocket and a huge sausage in the other, but with the light heart of youth, made lighter still by the consciousness that strength had been mercifully given him to overcome a strong temptation. It was a two days' tramp even for his active limbs, but he went on joyously, and was never in better spirits than when he encountered the Spangler party in the road.

"But would n't you have got rich if you had stayed longer?" inquired Tony. "A great many poor boys in New York have become rich men."

"I don't believe it, Tony King," replied Frank. "Where there's one who gets rich, there are twenty that go to the dogs, — that get drunk, or lie and steal, or sleep in boxes and hogsheads in the streets, and turn out vagabonds. I thought just as you think, that *all* the poor boys make money, and would n't believe my uncle when he told me that life in the city was the worst lottery in the world. But I've found it just as he said, only enough worse. Now, Tony, you want to go to the city, I know you do: you and I talked it over before I went, and you want to go now. But if you don't stay where you are, you're a bigger fool than I was. You'll never catch me again leaving the farm to cry newspapers and black boots in the streets. I'm made for something better than that."

With this sensible admonition Frank bade his friends good by, and started off on a half-run for his uncle's house, as if impatient for the surprise which he knew his sudden appearance would occasion among the family. Uncle Benny was not sorry that his three boys had received the full benefit of Frank's experience of city life, nor could he regret the tattered dress in which he had presented himself before them, as, if it were possible for eloquence to be found in rags, every one that hung about him became a persuasive witness to the truth of the experience he had related.

*Author of "Ten Acres Enough."*



## THE CRUISE OF THE LEOPOLD :

OR, THE FORTUNES OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

## CHAPTER V.

THE black-fish in the tanks of the *Leopold* were all alive and kicking when she came to anchor in Rearport harbor. The schooner had been reported as seen at the port where she had lain for two days, and Mrs. Brindley had been saved from forty-eight hours of anguish. Tom sold the fish to a man who purchased for the New York market, and when they were transferred from the *Leopold* to the vessel in which they were to depart for New York, people said that Tom Brindley was a smart fellow, without knowing anything about the golden treasures concealed in the cabin of the *Pinkey*.

The enterprising skipper of the *Leopold* had bound his crew by a solemn promise not to say a word about the money they had made until after the twentieth of the month. He had made a little plan to astonish the lordly Captain Bellmore by paying off the mortgage and interest, when he came to demand possession of the cottage. He was determined to convince the magnate of Rearport that he was not a good-for-nothing, and he looked forward with the most exciting anticipations to the twentieth day of the month. He did not even tell his mother of his surprising good fortune, but carefully deposited the sovereigns, which, at \$4.88 each, formed his worldly wealth, in a closet in his attic chamber, where they would be available when the great day of retribution should arrive.

The twentieth day of the month arrived, and with it the portly form of Captain Bellmore. He was as lordly and magnificent as when he had called before. He tried to look meek and patient under the great wrongs which he had been called upon to endure for the sake of the Brindley family, though he could not help occasionally casting a hard, cold look of intense disgust at the author of his son's misfortunes. As he looked at Mrs. Brindley, no doubt he felt what a solemn and disagreeable duty he was called upon to perform, for it must be exceedingly trying to the nerves of a rich man to be compelled to turn a widow, with a brood of young children, out of house and home.

The widow had a fountain of tears at her command, upon which it was her habit to make large drafts on occasions like the present. As the most natural thing in the world for her, she began to cry as soon as she saw the great man of Rearport. She hoped her tears would not be in vain, but would bolster up the modest proposition which she intended to make. She had talked a great deal with Tom about the momentous event which had now sadly dawned upon them, and begged him not to be "sassy on no account whatsoever," for that would spoil all her plans. Tom kept his own counsel, and promised not to be "sassy" if Captain Bellmore treated him decently.

The young pilot sat sideways on the end of the sink when the rich man entered. He looked easy and defiant, and his poor mother's heart sank within

her as she glanced at his self-assured and even impudent look. She was satisfied that the Captain would reject her offers and drive her from the house, all because Tom looked so "sassy."

"Well, Mrs. Brindley," began the strong man of Rearport, "I have called to see you as I promised."

"Yes, Cap'n — thank 'e — I'm much obleeged to ye for comin'," replied Mrs. Brindley, determined, if soft words would accomplish anything, that they should not be wanting.

"I hope you are ready for me," added the Captain.

We must record our solemn protest against this remark, for it was a downright lie! He did not hope she was ready; on the contrary, he hoped and believed she was not ready; and he was confident that he should be able to take the first step towards bringing Tom "under." The whole family must go to the poor-house, where Tom would come within his grasp, as chairman of the Board of Overseers.

"I'm not exactly ready, but I can pay you something. I'll let you have the back interest to-day, and in a few —"

"That won't do, Mrs. Brindley," interposed the Captain, decidedly, as he glanced at Tom, who sat swinging his right leg against the side of the sink. "I must have the principal and interest."

"I did hope you would n't be hard on a poor body," said she, thrown all aback by the prompt answer of the creditor. "I've raked together what money I could, and I did hope you'd let us stay here for a while longer."

"My duty to myself and my family" — Captain Bellmore glanced at Tom again — "compels me to be firm in this matter. I don't like to do it, but I don't see how I can do anything else. The fact of it is, marm, your son there has spoiled all my calculations in your favor."

"Thomas has behaved better since you was here last. He has worked well, and minds me in everything I say."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the Captain, uttering another abominable falsehood.

"He's doin' so well, if you've a mind to let us go on a while longer, I think we can pay the rest of the interest in a few weeks."

"I should be very glad to do anything I can for you, but your boy treated Richard so badly, that I don't feel called upon to do anything different. I know it comes hard to you."

"Dreadful hard, Cap'n," said the widow, as she thought she saw some signs of relenting on the part of the great man.

"I don't know but that we might fix it," said the Captain, after a hopeful pause.

"Anything in natur that we can do!" continued Mrs. Brindley, briskly, as her hope began to enlarge.

"If your boy will beg Richard's pardon for what he did, I'll try and see what can be done."

"I'll do it, Captain, if Dick will beg pardon of Jenny Bass for what he did again her," replied Tom, promptly.

"I knew he would!" exclaimed the delighted widow, not clearly comprehending the condition on which the concession was to be made.

"Richard shall do nothing of the kind," said the rich man, sternly.

"'Cause if Jenny will forgive Dick, I 'm willin' Dick should forgive me," added Tom, with easy good-nature.

"Did you think my son would apologize to that dirty Bass girl?" demanded the Captain, horrified at the suggestion.

"Well, no; I did n't think he would, no more 'n I 'd apologize to Dick for serving him just as he deserved."

"What do you mean by talking to me in that way, you young villain?" roared the hard creditor.

"Well, Cap'n, if I 'm a young villain, you 're an old one, and got further into 't than I have."

"Don't, Thomas, don't!" pleaded Mrs. Brindley. "For pity's sake, don't!"

"You hear, marm?" gasped Captain Bellmore.

"You need n't talk to me, Cap'n," added Tom, shaking his head. "I know you better 'n you know yourself, and you need n't think you 're goin' to wipe me out like a chalk-mark. I know what 's what as well as you do."

"What do you mean, you young scoundrel?" stormed the Captain, who never, since the world began, heard of a boy using such language to the rich man of Rearport. "Do you know who I am?"

"I calculate I do; you 're the meanest man in Rearport, I don't care where you look for 't other."

"There, marm, you hear that boy!" gasped the creditor. "What can I do for you now?"

"For mercy's sake, Thomas, don't be so sassy."

"He 's sassier 'n I am," answered Tom.

"That 'll do!" said Captain Bellmore, who had no idea how it was possible for a gentleman like himself to be saucy to the good-for-nothing son of a fisherman's widow. "Now, you young rascal, I 'm going away, and I shall turn you out of the house right off."

"No, you won't!" replied Tom, easily.

"Won't I?" hissed the Captain.

"No, you won't!"

"You shall see, you young rascal! You shall see!"

"I 'm willin' to do what 's fair and right."

"Pay your father's note, then!"

"How much is it?"

"How much is it! Four hundred and forty-eight dollars!" replied Captain Bellmore, measuring off the words very slowly, that the full magnitude of the sum might be appreciated. "Pay it, if you want to keep out of the poor-house!"

"I guess I will, Cap'n," said Tom, sliding down from the end of the sink and walking towards the table in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"You guess you will!" sneered the creditor, who began to think that the boy was crazy.



"I guess I will, Cap'n," added Tom, as he thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and drew forth a handful of the sovereigns he had received from the captain of the Imperial, and slapped them down rather emphatically upon the table.



"My stars!" exclaimed Mrs. Brindley. "Where *did* you git all that money?"

"I can afford to be sassy, can't I, mother?" said Tom, with a smile, as he drew forth another handful of the glittering coins, whose weight had nearly parted his suspenders.

Captain Bellmore was astonished, astounded, confounded, dumfounded, —amazed, bewildered, overwhelmed. He could not speak for some time; and when he could, he intimated a suspicion that somebody in the neighborhood had been robbed.

"See here, Captain Bellmore, I'm goin' to pay you all up; and I don't want none of your words. If you call me any more names, I'll turn *you* out of the house," interposed Tom.

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Well, it's none of your business, but I don't mind tellin' you. I got a steamer off the Gridiron Shoal, and piloted her into deep water just afore the gale come on. That's where I got the money."

"That's how you happened to be clear down to Bangsport?" said Mrs. Brindley.

"That 's just how, mother."

"Why did n't you tell a body on 't?"

"'Cause I wanted to see things take their nateral course. Now, Cap'n Bellmore, I 'm ready to pay up," said Tom, turning to the amazed and indignant creditor, who had saved his debt, and got cheated out of his revenge.

The Captain performed the problem in exchange which the British currency on the table suggested. He was gloomy and sullen, and made some mistakes in his arithmetic, which Tom corrected, for Si Ryder, who was a pretty good scholar, had figured out the sum for him. The business was closed, much to the disgust of the Captain, but entirely to the satisfaction of the rest of the party, including the small children, who had stood with mouths agape during the entire scene.

Captain Bellmore left. Mrs. Brindley danced around the kitchen like a lunatic when Tom showed her the rest of the gold. Two hours of steady talking explained the past, and foreshadowed the future. It was decided to put the rest of the money out at interest, reserving only a small sum to pay for some necessary repairs on the Leopold, with which Tom intended to follow up the fishing business.

The story of the young pilot flew through the village, and Tom was a lion. Bob Barkley was justified. Even Joe Bass and Si Ryder were second-class lions. The conclusion was unanimously reached that the boys were not good-for-nothings.

Tom Brindley kept his good resolutions. He became the man of the house at home. He worked well at his business, and was successful. When the winter came, the fact that he had not been able of himself to change pounds to dollars induced him to go to school. He studied faithfully, and, though learning was not exactly his *forte*, he obtained a fair education in time. He is now twenty-two, and is a steady, industrious fisherman; not intellectually brilliant, but bold, dashing, serviceable in any emergency. His mother still lives, and thinks that Tom is a greater man than ever Captain Bellmore was. Tom was married last Thanksgiving to Jenny Bass, and as this catastrophe seems to be a proper stopping-place for our story, we will leave Mr. Brindley to finish working out the fortunes of a good-for-nothing without our assistance.

*Oliver Optic.*



## ROARING RUN.

ROARING Run ravine is a deep hollow between two mountains, through which pours a brook, tumbling helter-skelter over the great gray rocks till it gets out of sight in a dark forest; and at the time of which I am thinking there stood only a few pine-trees off from the edge of the ravine, and an old house, or rather its shell, for the stairways were crumbling in pieces and the plaster dropping from the walls, the windows were out, the fences were gone, the chimneys had tumbled down, the spiders had hung all the mouldy old rooms with their spinning, and the rats scampered impudently about in the halls. In the winter the snow whirled in at the open windows and piled itself in great drifts on the rotting floors, the rain dripped through the broken roof, the wind blew through the crazy building as if it had been a sieve, and it was altogether a shivering, wheezy, shaky, dismal old den, not fit for an eagle's nest; yet two children, Yolande and Harold, lived there, because they were too poor to live anywhere else, and all day long, and often far on in the night, Yolande spun wool and flax, and Harold, who was a cripple, and could not stir from his bed, lay near the hearth and watched her.

The coldest day in the winter had come. The road and ravine looked as if candied in ice. The north wind whuddered about the windows, and blew pins and needles of frost through the chinks, that made Yolande sting and ache all over, and shook the doors as if trying to burst them open, and yelled down the chimney, "Oho! call that a fire, do you! I could make a better one of icicles"; — for Yolande was her own wood-sawyer, and, being small and weak, could only chop off bits here and there of the great pine trunks with her hatchet; and the fire was smoking in a very miserable way, as if it was out of spirits at having to burn flat on the old hearth, without any fire-dogs, and when at dark Yolande boiled the meal for their supper, it fell into such a low frame of mind that it very nearly went out altogether. "O, this won't do!" said Yolande; and looking about her for something to split up, she spied an old chair, with a high back perfectly straight, with queer little knobs and lines and balls all over it, that stood grimly in the corner as if it were thinking, "You *would* now, would you? Split me up for firewood, indeed!" At the first sound of her hatchet, the spiders, every spider of them, grew stiff with horror in the midst of their webs, saying, "Did you ever! A respectable old chair, that has been of no earthly use to anybody for the last forty years, to be degraded in this way!" And the rats answered darkly from their holes, "She would sooner have frozen to death, if she had proper feeling." And a lot of beetles held a spirited meeting out in the hall, declaring that this sort of thing must be stopped. But the fire blazed up merrily, and Harold put out his little thin hands from his bed, and said, "Ah! that is nice; and the meal was nice, too, — almost as good as beefsteak; and if my feet were only warm, I think I could go to sleep."

Yolande took off her only woollen skirt and wrapped it about his feet, and,



as he had said, he fell fast asleep. The balls, and the carvings, and the twisted legs, and even the grim back of the chair, crackled, and sent out flashes of flame and heat, and Yolande went to and fro in the dim light, turning the great wheel, and drawing out the long loops of wool, but slowly; because it was hard work to drag about feet that could neither bend nor feel; and because it was getting so numb at her heart, and so heavy at her head; and because the tingling and pricking of her skin and the ache in her fingers were all gone, and she wanted to sleep; and because she was spinning now, not wool, but a woollen blanket for Harold, and a feather-bed for herself,—she slept on the floor,—and flannel skirts, and yarn stockings, and shawls, and pillows, and everything that ever was warm and comfortable; and because the great wheel turned slower and slower, as was quite natural when it was bringing forth such prodigious things; and because the distaff had dropped from her hand, and she was down on the floor beside the wheel—asleep.

The fire, that had burned away almost to ashes, made one last leap up the chimney, and called loudly out to the pines, “You there! stop your creaking, and listen to me. Here is a little girl freezing to death, and I am going out, and can’t stop myself.”

And the pines groaned over it in their solemn way, yet never stirred a leaf to help; but the Wind, and the Snow Goblin clumping along the road just then in his great wooden shoes, and the Roaring Run down in its ravine, heard what the fire said to the pines.

The lawyer’s house stood in the village at the foot of the mountain, and that night the lawyer sat by the fire in his cosy study, warm to the very core with the jolly blaze on his hearth, and an occasional sip from the pitcher of ale that stood beside him. He was studying a very profound book, as lawyers always do in all their spare moments, and was at the fourth paragraph on the sixty-third page. The windows were all closed, the door was shut, the bell did n’t ring, and yet—there—certainly—was—a person in his study; a large, fat, red person, with a bushy beard, and the queerest voice in the world; for one moment he was squeaking like a fife, the next he was growling down in the bass, and a third sent him off in all kinds of little shakes and turns and trills. His legs too were as shaky as his voice. He was turning somersaults, and pirouetting, and sliding, and rushing into corners, and whizzing up and down the chimney, doing everything in the world but sit or stand still, while his breath, as he danced about the room, sent a stream of chills down the lawyer’s warm back, and the thermometer hanging by the door down to zero.

The lawyer stared, and rubbed his eyes, and stared again; and as lawyers, you know, always argue about everything, he said to himself, “This is a dream, because a big red-faced man like that could n’t come in through the key-hole,—that would be preposterous; and since it is a dream, I had better wake up, because dreams that pop up and down your chimneys, and then put their heads on one side, and wink at you, are not pleasant.” But finding that, no matter how he rubbed his eyes, or opened or shut them, here

was the pitcher of ale, and there were the book-shelves, and as fast as either of them stood red-face before the fire, still winking at him, he began to argue again, "If this is not a dream, it must be a man, though it is very odd how he got in here; but since it is a man, what can he want?" But though paragraph number four, on the sixty-third page, was a very deep paragraph no doubt, it was not deep enough to tell the lawyer that; and red-face had just taken a run up the book-shelves, and sat there on the top of them, with his



legs dangling, which put the lawyer so entirely out of countenance that he could not ask him; and strangely enough, in the midst of his perplexity, he began to think of the old house at Roaring Run, and the longer he looked at the red-faced man, the more he wondered what had become of the two children there in this bitter weather.

"They are freezing to death, thank you," said his visitor, precisely as if the lawyer had spoken his thought aloud; "and if you should put the truth over their graves, which you won't, of course, you would write, 'Died of the

squire, the doctor, and the lawyer, who kept their own folds warm and comfortable, and left these stray lambs out in the cold to perish; because the doctor thought it was the squire's business, and the squire thought it was your business, and you thought it was the minister's business, and so nobody made it his business, though you knew that, all the time, they needed to eat, sleep, and be warm, just like people who have houses to do such things in.' Hurricanes and tornadoes! as surely as my name is the North Wind, I have not frozen anybody to death in the last hundred and fifty years with half the pleasure that I shall freeze you to-night; and I have done a number of such little jobs in my time."

"This is some madman escaped from the asylum," thought the lawyer. "I will slip out of the room, and call for help";—and being very clever, he

set about it shrewdly. You see, a stupid man would have bolted for the door outright; but first he yawned, and then he rose from his chair as if to stretch himself, and then he edged out a step or two from behind the table, when "Oho!" said the Wind, "that is your game, is it?" and with a single puff blew him back in his chair, like a feather, and at the same moment the lawyer's conscience, wherever it came from, popped out, and tied him in it fast.

"You need not think in your heart about the squire and the doctor," said his conscience; "they will be looked after in their turn, and because they are black, you are none the whiter."

"Now," said the lawyer, "I could n't have *dreamed* this, for I don't remember my conscience from one year to another; and it cannot really be here, because it is up stairs in the pocket of my Sunday coat, where I always keep it. I must be mad, after all,"—and, settling himself back in his chair, he resigned himself to his fate. The Wind blew upon the fire; it went out at the first puff. He blew down the lawyer's back, he breathed on the lawyer's legs, he nipped his toes, he pinched his ears, he tweaked his nose, when luckily came in the lawyer's wife.

"Bless me!" cried she, "the fire all out, and you here fast asleep, and as cold as a stone, I declare!"

The lawyer jumped up in his chair. "Where is the Wind?—I mean the fellow that was freezing me to death—I mean——." Here he got his eyes wide open, and saw there was no one in the study but his wife. At that he was so delighted that he actually turned a somersault, and cried, "Hurrah!" cutting a very funny figure in his dressing-gown and slippers, I assure you. Then he rang every bell in the house with all his might. All the servants came running.

"Get out the sleigh, and the horses, and a lot of blankets, and brandy, and beef-tea, and wood, and spoons, and forks, and the buffalo robes, and butter, and sugar, and pepper, and salt, and whatever you bring people that have been frozen to death to life with," said the lawyer, "and be quick. I am going up the mountain, to the old house at the Roaring Run."

Away flew all the servants, gabbling and getting in each other's way. Away posted his wife after the doctor, to tell him that her husband had gone mad. The doctor had gone to bed; yet he got up at once, and came with the lawyer's wife, and a long face, to look after the lawyer's wits. But by that time the lawyer had straightened them out himself, and so the doctor put the blister that he had brought for the lawyer's head in his pocket, and, getting into the sleigh, rode with him up the mountain, to see, I suppose, if he could use it on Yolande.

It happened that day that the squire had come for a walk up to the head of the ravine of the Roaring Run, and being a stout man, buttoned up to the chin in a warm overcoat, instead of a poor little half-starved girl in a calico dress, he found climbing and scrambling about in the keen air such famous sport, that the day was almost gone when he turned about to go home. Unluckily, he passed the spot where, about a mile below the falls,



the path that led to the village came down to the edge of the brook ; and though he went back and searched for it, and climbed up the rocks, and down the rocks, till it was nearly dark, he could not find it. The squire was in a mighty rage, for to follow the Roaring Run down its bed was to walk three times as far, to say nothing of the fact that the stones were as slippery as ice could make them. But while he was grumbling to himself, he spied a boy sitting on a rock, with his hat pulled over his nose, like Sam Hopper ; and without stopping to think that people are not apt to sit out on rocks on such nipping nights as that, he called out, " I say, Sam, will you show me the best way home ? "

" S'pose I can," grumbled Sam.

" But *will* you do it, is the thing," said the squire.

" P'raps you won't like my way," answered Sam. " I allers takes the rough ways. There, now, did n't I tell you? There you go ! "

What do you suppose the squire had done? Only stepped on a bit of thin ice, and tumbled sprawling into the black water, that splashed about him as if it laughed. The stream was deep and strong. It sucked him under and held him fast. It soaked him through in a moment ; it made his boots as heavy as lead, and his blood like ice. When he got up, you never saw such a figure ! He was dripping from his hat, and his hair, and his nose, and his whiskers, and his coat ; he was shivering from his head to his toes ; he was spluttering, for the water in his nose and mouth would not let him talk ; and he was the very most angry man that ever got a ducking. The boy went on before him chuckling, and, though water of course never giggles, it plashed on the stones in a way that sounded curiously like it. Even the grim old pines, that had seen the whole from the sides of the ravine, followed the squire with a windy guffaw. But let laugh who would, that unlucky man had quite enough to do to mind his own business ; for first he slipped down on his back, and then he tumbled on his nose, and a rock gave him a poke in the side, and the skin was off his knee, and there was a hole in his trousers, and a stone bruised his pet corn, and he was quite fagged out of breath, and worst of all, the moon, breaking through a cloud, showed him the waterfall where the Roaring Run pours over the head of the ravine. That wicked Sam had led him back to the place from which he started, two hours ago.

" You young villain ! " roared the squire, flourishing his stick in one hand, and making a grasp at Sam with the other ; but the boy slipped through his fingers, and, with a whisk and a whirl like a scrap of flying mist, there sat his guide half-way up the waterfall, his big red tongue lolling out of the great mouth that he opened wide to laugh, and his little black eyes twinkling maliciously.

" Good evening, Squire," said the figure, " and good luck to you in finding your way home ; and the next time that you want a guide like me, ask for the Goblin of the Roaring Run."

How the squire got back to the little path that he had missed in the twilight, he himself never knew ; get there he did somehow, however, and lay groaning by the road, till, a wagon coming past, the driver came to his relief ;

but it was so dark that the squire could see nothing, except that he was a stout man in a white frock, and that the horses, pawing the ground impatiently, were as white as snow. The carter helped him into his wagon and started at a tremendous pace, and no sooner were they off than it began to snow; such snow!—it was so thick that it actually seemed to fly from the man's white frock, and the horses, as they plunged furiously onwards, looked like driving clouds. The wagon bumped, and bounded, and jumped from one side of the rough road to the other, throwing the squire about like a bag of meal. On one side was a great mountain, on the other a dreadful ravine, going down, down several hundred feet, rough with rocks and pines, and at its bottom, dimly showing, the Roaring Run. The squire looked about him in astonishment, for they were not on the road to the village, but going up the mountain with the speed of an express train. The driver cracked his whip and shouted. The horses seemed to fly. The road narrowed and crumbled away, till the wagon-wheels ran on the very edge of the precipice.

Just then commenced behind them a terrible clattering; for the lawyer and the doctor, coming along in their sleigh at a lively pace, turned up the mountain road just behind a man in a white frock, who drove a pair of white horses that reared and plunged furiously, and threatened to overturn his wagon at every step; and though the lawyer's horses were quiet beasts enough, some mischief must have been abroad in the air, for from an even trot they fell into a hurried trot, and from a hurried trot they broke into a gallop, and, getting finally the bits between their teeth, burst into a run, and raced like mad after the wagon up the steep road. "Whoa!" shouted the lawyer, and "Whoa!" quavered the doctor; but they might as well have said, "Get up!" The crockery and tins bounced about in the bottom of the sleigh, and kept up a deafening clatter; the bundle of bedding, standing straight up in the back of the sleigh, burst open; a pillow flew out, and then a sheet, and a big "comfortable" tumbled down over the heads of the doctor and the lawyer.

While they were struggling to get out, they came to the narrowest and most dangerous part of the road, where a few months before a pedler had fallen off with his cart, and been dashed in pieces. "Murder!" screeched the lawyer, half suffocated in the "comfortable" that the doctor in his fright was holding down tight about them. "Fire! thieves! help! whoa! I say," yelled the doctor. The squire, pitching helplessly about in the wagon, heard the shouting and clattering behind, and, looking down, saw the jagged rocks of the ravine, and the wagon toppling over them. He shut his eyes, and seized tight hold of the wagon-side, saying, "O, here we go! Good Lord deliver us!" Instantly the driver faced about and gave the squire three hearty thwacks over the shoulders, with the handle of his whip. The horses reared, the wagon tilted, and the squire rolled out, as if he had been a cheese, at the door of the old house at the Roaring Run. The doctor and the lawyer had by this time their heads out of the un-"comfortable," and saw something tumble out of the wagon before them; the lawyer's horses stopped short, the something picked itself up and began rubbing its legs; and getting a little closer, they recognized the squire. So here

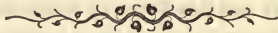
were the squire, the lawyer, and the doctor, all at the old house of the Roaring Run. The squire, the lawyer, and the doctor, being there, rapped on the door, and hallooted by turns, but the sough of the wind in the pines was their only answer. Then they did the next best thing, — opened the door and walked in. The place was silent, dark, and cold; nothing stirring but the spiders curling themselves up in corners, and the rats and beetles, that eyed the intruders with huge disgust. “Going to build another fire!” said they. “What is this world coming to?”

Yolande had fallen asleep feeling only that curious numbness all over her body which made her so sleepy she could not spin; but she woke aching till she cried for pain; and there was such a fire on the hearth that she thought she was dreaming it, and Harold lay by it smiling at her, and she was lying on a real bed, (she had to pinch it to make sure that she was not dreaming that too,) and around it stood the three grand gentlemen of the village, the squire, the lawyer, and the doctor, smiling also, but she fancied that she saw tears in their eyes at the same time. “And you are to lie down and be quiet now,” said the squire, “and when you are better I shall take you and Harold home to live with me.” And then Yolande was sure that she was dreaming, but, as it was too pleasant a dream to wake up from, she just shut her eyes and went comfortably to sleep.

“And what do you think of all this?” asked the fire of the pines.

“Oh!” creaked they, “we have seen much more wonderful things than that, and it would never have come about at all if we had not groaned.”

*Louise E. Chollet.*



## HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

### V.

TRUE to his promise, Father Brighthopes set out one day to pay little Kate Orley's mother a visit.

On the way he had to pass a bend in the river, where, in a broad, shining sheet, it came sweeping around through the meadows until the willows on its banks grew within half a stone's throw of the road. Behind the willows he heard boys' voices, accompanied by a splashing of oars, and saw the ripples of a boat's wake stretching in oblique lines to the farther shore. But the boat itself he could not see.

He could hear, however, altogether too much. The boys were talking and laughing as they paddled along, evidently quite unconscious of the good old clergyman's presence so near them; for such language was certainly not intended for his ears! It made his very heart ache with sorrow for those foolish, profane boys, — a sorrow rendered all the more poignant by the fact that he recognized one or two of the voices.



The boat passed on one way, and he walked on the other ; the voices were lost in the distance ; the ripples died on the shore, and the shining surface was smooth again ; but the wounds his spirit had received did not close so readily. He was thinking of those boys, and of what he should say to them at their next meeting, as he drew near Mr. Orley's house. It was a little yellow house close by the street, with nothing attractive about it but a few lilac-bushes ; but they were in full bloom, delighting the eye and filling the air with fragrance.

"So it is with the least refined natures," thought Father Brighthopes, all the sunshine of his spirit breaking forth again. "However rude and unbeautiful they may be, there is always a lowly lilac-bush, or a honeysuckle climbing the door of their hearts, to adorn their commonplace lives and sweeten the air around them." For the sympathetic old clergyman had never yet known a person so hardened and depraved that there was not still, lurking somewhere in his nature, an imperishable root of tenderness or goodness, forever putting forth green leaves again as it was trampled upon.

Seeing at a distance, coming from the opposite direction, a little girl whom he thought he recognized, he walked on and met her. It was little Kate, with a basket on her arm, returning from her errands. The lonesome face brightened with pleasure at sight of him.

"Well, how have you been, my little girl?" he said, turning to walk back with her.

"Pretty well,—better than I was, I think. I have been happier,—ever so much happier! I have thought of what you said every time when—when she has been cross to me, and it has been just like something warm in my heart. O, such a comfort!"

"Have you been sent for shavings since?"

"O yes, twice. There's the house, away off there among the trees, beyond the mill. The first time I went before it was dark ; but last night I had to go again after eight o'clock. There was n't a soul to be seen all down the long, dark road. The wind was blowing, and it made such a noise in the great old trees! The trees seemed to me to be giants whispering together, and I almost expected to see one reach down a great long arm and pick me up. Then the house was so hollow and gloomy! There was n't a dark corner that I did n't see some awful creature crouching in, ready to spring out at me ; and all the doors had robbers behind 'em,—I could see their feet, or their horrid faces looking out. My skin crawled all over me, and I was just going to run home with only half a basket of shavings, when I remembered what you said,—that God would take care of me, and keep me from harm. Then, O, something strong came right up in my breast ; I thought the robbers were there the same, but I did n't fear 'em. And so I got my shavings, and went home just as thankful and happy as I could be."

"That was right ; that was true courage, my child,—with a trustful spirit to brave the danger you had feared. And your mother,—has n't she been a little better to you than she was?"

"I don't know but she has. I have n't pouted, but I have been just as cheerful as I could be ; and that has seemed to please her."

"No doubt of it," said Father Brighthopes. "If you keep your own spirit warm and bright, you may depend upon it, that will influence everybody around you. You have no idea what a little sunbeam like you may do in a house!"

"O, but it is so hard always to keep cheerful when everybody else is cross!" said little Kate.

"I know! it is almost the hardest thing in the world. But then the harder it is, the greater the triumph, if you succeed. If you at last overcome the evil influences around you, tending to make you sour and sad, — if you can keep your heart light and bright, like a bubble on these dark waves, there will be scarcely anything else in the world that you cannot do."

"I'll remember that," said Kate; "and oh! I will be good!"

"You will find the reward in your own heart, even if you do not seem to soften very much those who are unkind to you. But your father, — you have n't told me about him."

"My father used to be a good man, I guess, and would be now; but she almost worries the life out of him. He drinks a little sometimes, — to drown care, he says; but oh! it brings more care than it drowns. It's like killing flies in summer: they say that, when you kill one, three will come to bury it."

"That may not be true of flies, but it is certainly true of cares which we endeavor to drown by dissipation of any kind," said the old clergyman, delighted with the child's intelligence and simplicity. "The only way for a man or a child to get rid of troubles is to face them cheerfully, and do one's duty trustfully in spite of them, — just as you carried away the shavings from the new house; for, indeed, our cares are often as shadowy and unreal as the hideous creatures you imagined were watching to catch you."

They had by this time arrived at Mr. Orley's gate. The child threw it open, and ran in, showing the way.

"You good-for-nothing young one! what was you gone so long for, when you knew I was waiting for that ginger?" cried a shrill female voice; and a sharp-featured woman appeared in the door, angrily confronting the child.

At sight of the venerable old clergyman, entering with slow step, and serenely smiling countenance, she drew back in confusion.

"I am afraid," said he, pleasantly, as if he had received the most cordial welcome, "that it is my fault, and not the child's, that she is late. My feet cannot carry me as fast as they used to; and she was so good as to stay and keep me company, instead of running home, as I suppose she ought to have done. You'll excuse her, I hope; and next time she meets a decrepit old gentleman, who begins to talk to her, she'll know better what to do."

"If you — certainly, if you wanted to talk with her, she did perfectly right; I wish she always knew as well what belongs to good manners," stammered the poor woman. "I should n't have spoken so if I had known; but she does always loiter so when I send her of errands!"

"That is the way with children," said Father Brighthopes, entering the house, and seating himself in a chair she hastily placed for him. "We must n't expect too much of them. They don't always realize the impor-



tance of doing things with despatch ; and often we ourselves are too impatient. I have taken a great interest in your little girl, madam," he continued. "I have seldom met a better-hearted, brighter child. Making her acquaintance naturally gave me a desire to meet her mother ; and this is my apology for calling on you."

The poor woman, evidently a slack housekeeper, caught in the midst of habitual disorder, was hurriedly setting the room to rights. But at these words she stopped suddenly, and looked first at her visitor and then at little Kate with astonishment. "That child? Are you talking of that child?" she said, amazed that any one should see the least good in the little "beggar."

"Of her, and of no one else," replied Father Brighthopes, smiling confidently. "It is long since I have conversed with a young girl who has interested me so much."

"Well, I guess you are the only person that thinks so! — Kate!" sharply, "go and get some chips and kindle that fire!"

"I think, indeed, that few persons know her," said the visitor, as Kate left the room. "I noticed that there was some prejudice against her among her schoolmates. But I could see at once what a heart she had; it is a gentle, affectionate heart, that tender influences can do almost anything with."

"O, well," said Mrs. Orley, with a bitter smile, "I'm glad you've made the discovery, for I am sure I never did!"



"That is not surprising to me," Father Brighthopes rejoined, very gently. "You seem to me to be a woman who has had many troubles; and I know how those eat into the heart, and affect all our thoughts and feelings."

"Troubles! have n't I had troubles?" exclaimed Mrs. Orley, touched, in spite of herself, by his tone of sympathy. "It's a wonder that I'm alive this day!" And she went on, pouring forth a tearful torrent of complaints.

"A hard lot, — a hard lot truly!" said Father Brighthopes. "But don't you think that, with a steady will, and a firm, loving heart, you might have overcome much that you complain of?"

"I don't know! I don't know! It has rained misfortunes with me!" she exclaimed, with swift tears.

"But the greatest misfortune of all you have not named," said Father Brighthopes. She looked up with surprise. "It is this: that you have suffered yourself to become embittered by your sorrows. If you could have avoided that, all your other misfortunes would have been benefits, making you stronger and happier. The moment we are embittered, everything looks dark to us, everybody appears hateful. Then we blame others, when the principal fault is in ourselves. I am sure you would have seen your little Kate's excellent qualities, and no doubt have employed a somewhat different discipline with her, and so have made of her a great help and comfort to you, instead of a trial, if it had not been for the cloud upon your own spirit."

"It may be, it may be," said the woman, strongly agitated, but not offended, his words, and the tone in which they were uttered, were so kind.

So the old clergyman continued to talk with her until Kate returned. He took the hand of each. "My dear child," said he, "I have been talking with your mother, and I find that she has had many bitter trials that a little girl like you can know nothing about. I want you to remember what I say, and think of them when she seems unhappy, and do all you can to make her forget them. Will you not, my child?"

"I will! I will!" came from the child's heart so earnestly, that the mother then for the first time seemed to catch a glimpse of her true character.

This was the effect the old clergyman had designed to produce. He felt that his work for the time was done, one or two things only remaining to be said. These he introduced casually, as he was about taking leave.

"How much longer will it take me to go home by the new house, where you go for shavings, little Kate? If it is not much farther, I will go that way, and your mother will perhaps let you take your basket and go with me; and that will save your going after dark. It is a great trial for her to go for shavings after dark, — do you know it, Mrs. Orley?"

"I know she's afraid; and that's one reason why I send her, to teach her not to be. Nothing will hurt her, and I tell her so. I don't mean to bring her up to be a coward."

"She has a very vivid imagination; but that is not cowardice. If it is a fault, I fear that it will only make it worse, to compel her to encounter the fancied dangers of the dark. She needs encouragement to overcome her fears; driving her will not do it. Take my advice, and, unless it is quite necessary, do not send her again after dark."

"She has been making a confidant of you, I see," said the woman, coloring with embarrassment. "What else has she told you?"

"She has confided to me the reason why other children are prejudiced against her; and I think it is a great pity that so unimportant a thing as dress should produce so unhappy a result."

"She must learn to be independent of them!" exclaimed Mrs. Orley, with some heat.

"I know, I know! But consider how young she is, and how extremely sensitive! Such a dress as other children wear would make a new creature of her, not only in their eyes, but in her own estimation. But, of course, you do what you can. Now that I know what you have gone through, I can scarcely blame you for anything you do or fail to do," he added, soothingly.

So he departed, leaving in that wretched home the leaven of an influence which was destined to work a happy change in its condition and fortunes before long. Mrs. Orley would not let him return by the new house, the way was so long; but she promised that Kate should in future go for shavings before dark.

As he was returning by the bend in the river, he saw some boys landing from a boat at an opening between the willows. "Shut up, Burt!" he heard one say; "there comes the old minister; he'll hear you!"

"Ah, good evening, my young friends!" said Father Brighthopes, approaching them. "How beautiful the river is this evening! Look at the sunset sky through those trees! Did you ever see a sweeter picture?"

The boys looked, and seemed to be then first aware of the exquisite loveliness of the scene, — viewing it, so to speak, through his eyes. For it was one of the old clergyman's finest gifts, the faculty of holding up to others the glass of his own spirit, in which were mirrored the every-day beauties of life, seldom seen by the busy or the dull. A change came over the boys; and he noticed that one took something from his mouth and held it behind him. It was the stump of a cigar.

"I was passing this way an hour or two ago," he resumed, "and I was enjoying exceedingly the tranquillity of the afternoon, the beauty of the river and of those green meadows, when — what do you suppose I heard? Some boys in a boat going up the stream. You may have seen them, if you have been out long."

"We have n't seen any boys in a boat — except ourselves," said Cary Wilson.

"Well, I did not see them myself; and I was very glad I did not, for what I heard made me very sad. About every third word they spoke was a bad one. A band of buccaneers could not have been more profane."

Even if the old clergyman had not been aware that he was addressing those very boys, their sheepish looks and hanging heads would have betrayed them. He went on, however, without seeming to notice their confusion.

"O my children, if those boys could only have stood where I stood, and have listened to themselves! It would have been enough to cure them forever of that vulgar habit of swearing, to have known just how it sounded to

other ears. To say nothing of its wickedness, how very foolish it is ! If you do happen to meet with such boys, I entreat you not to learn their language, but to shut your ears against it. The use of profane and indecent words is something far more easily learned than unlearned. I have before now seen young men who were quite unfitted to appear in respectable society, being so accustomed to fill up their speech with oaths and by-words, that, when it became necessary to omit such entirely, they could only stammer. Another thing I noticed as those boys were passing ; it was the smell of tobacco-smoke. If they could only know what a silly habit smoking is, too, for a young lad to fall into ! To me there are few more revolting sights than that of a boy swaggering with a pipe or cigar in his mouth, which he takes out only to spit or swear."

"My father smokes !" said Burton Thorley, stoutly.

"And does he swear, too ?" Father Brighthopes inquired.

"No, sir, — I never heard my father swear in his life."

"And it would not be very pleasant for you to hear him, would it ? No, my boy ; if you should hear your father use such language as you sometimes hear certain low-minded men and boys use, it would be a shock to you, would it not ? You believe your father to be a high-minded, refined man ; and any exhibition of useless profanity on his part would lower him in your thoughts. Then how do you think he would feel, if he should hear *you* swear ? or if your pure-minded mother should hear you ? If your father smokes, it is a habit which, he has himself told me, was formed in his youth, most foolishly, and which he would now give anything to be rid of. Boys do not take to tobacco from the love of it originally, but because they consider it something smart, a sign of manliness, to have a cigar or pipe-stem stuck in the corner of their mouths, and to spit the juice ; but they are so much mistaken ! The filthiness of the habit, and the offence it gives to many people, should alone be sufficient to keep them from it. Think how unbecoming it is to old age ! think of yourself as an old man, your nerves shattered by the use of stimulants, sitting in the chimney-corner, lost to all sense of cleanliness, spattering the floor and your clothes, and even with the disgusting juice running down the corners of your mouth ! That is a repulsive picture, which I dislike to hold up to you ; but it is better that you should *see* a repulsive picture now, than *be* one in your old age."

The aged clergyman himself, so cleanly, so beautiful, so serene and strong, presented at the same time, by way of contrast, a picture of pure and spiritual old age. All the better boys were strongly impressed by it : they saw, as never before, the two roads which lay before them, one leading directly to miserable and unlovely old age, if they ever should arrive there, the other to noble manhood and a glorious fulness of years and wisdom. Which road would they choose ? Which road, my dear young folks, will *you* choose ?

"And now, good evening to you all," said Father Brighthopes. "Come and see me when you can, and we will talk more about these things. In the mean time, if you fall in with the boys I spoke of, you can tell them what I say."





## AMONG THE STUDIOS.

### II.

AT the close of our article in the September number of this Magazine, we promised the reader a nearer view of the studios in Tenth Street. One bright morning, not long since, we found ourself in the shadowy corridors of the Studio Building. But the place was deserted; the hospitable doors refused for once to turn on their hinges; our knock was answered only by its echo. "Out of Town," "Will return Next Month," "Gone for the Summer" — were the salutations which greeted us from little placards and slates, as we wandered from door to door.

One room, however, was occupied, and as this room chanced to be one of the most attractive in the building, we blessed our good luck.

"Come in!" said a cheery voice, in reply to our doubtful knock. And we stood in Mr. Thompson's studio.

Launt Thompson is the only sculptor among the artists here, and his room has the advantage of being like none of the other studios. For those of our readers who have not been in the workshop of a sculptor — indeed, these notes are addressed exclusively to them — we will venture a brief description of Mr. Thompson's, though our artist, whose sketch we give above, has cleverly forestalled us.

Imagine a large square room lighted by a double window, to which are fitted two movable cloth screens, so arranged that the light can be subdued or increased at pleasure. With the exception of this window, and a heavy oiled-pine mantel-piece strewn with old letters, French clay-pipes, and all sorts of odds-and-ends, there is nothing very striking about the room itself. The walls and ceiling are plainly finished, and the neatly-swept floor uncarpeted. The furniture is as simple, consisting of five or six camp-chairs, an uncomfortable lounge, and a mahogany table with rather uncertain legs, but very quaintly carved, — a relic of our great-great-grandmothers.

Here and there a small oil painting, or a crayon sketch from some master hand, lights up the somewhat sombre apartment. Over everything in the room is a thin coating of marble-dust and plaster of Paris, making the place appear as if it had been left out over night, by mistake, in a slight snow-storm.

The attractions of the room lie in the works of the sculptor. At your right hand on entering stands a colossal statue of Napoleon I., in plaster,



shortly to be cast in bronze. Behind this, arranged along the wall, are ten or twelve medallion portraits, also in plaster: these are the models from which the marble is cut, and are usually retained by the artist. The choicest of these is the head of a child, the brows encircled by a fillet of morning-glories. Next, in our liking, is the ideal head of Elaine, the first of a series of medallions representing the four heroines in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." On a high shelf over this is an odd procession of

portrait busts, mostly of young folks. There they are, in single file, seven or eight of them, all facing one way, and looking so lifelike that one cannot help smiling to think how expeditiously they would clamber down from that dusty old shelf if somebody had n't deprived them of their arms and legs.

On the opposite side of the studio, on handsomely draped pedestals, are three life-size busts, to two of which is attached an enduring interest, — a bust of Edwin Booth as Hamlet, and a fine portraiture of Bryant, the poet. This latter is merely the design for a much larger work in bronze, which is to be placed in the New York Central Park. The third bust is *The Trapper*, a type of backwoods beauty, standing in strong contrast with the intellectual brooding face of Hamlet, and the seer-like brows of the poet.

All our readers have an idea of how a picture is painted; but few of them,

we dare say, are familiar with the process by which a piece of statuary is created. On the morning of our visit to the studio, Mr. Thompson was about to commence a portrait bust. An outline of the progress and completion of the work may interest our readers.

On a tall circular table, the top of which revolves easily on a pivot, the artist first erects what is called "a skeleton," that is, a simple upright of wood, the height and thickness of which are determined by the size of the work proposed. The upright passes perpendicularly through the bust to give strength to the neck; a cross-piece serves to support the shoulders. This slight frame is fastened securely to the table: the sculptor then builds up around the cross with modelling clay a rough imitation of the human head and shoulders.

This much is merely mechanical. Now comes the real work, which can no more be explained than the growing of a beautiful flower, or any other every-day miracle. With a hundred little wooden tools of all sorts of inexplicable shapes, the sculptor goes to work, scraping off a bit of clay here, sticking on a piece there, now punching the thing with his thumb, now raking it with a kind of wooden tooth-brush, till after a while, say an hour or so, this lump of inanimate clay begins to assume an absurd resemblance to the person who sits over there in a chair, the person whose likeness is being taken. This is the first sitting. Day after day the work goes on, the sitter getting more tired, the sculptor more interested, and the bust more lifelike, until, gazing on the motionless face, the story of Pygmalion, who modelled a statue with such wonderful skill that it came to life one day, does not seem to be such a very big story as it is.

We will suppose the bust completed in clay. This, to us, is its most interesting stage. The clay bears the real touches of the sculptor; it is a creation fresh from his own hand. Moreover, his work generally ends here. From the clay model is made a plaster cast;—the model is of course destroyed in obtaining the mould. Any of our young friends who have seen castings in an iron-foundry are familiar with the process.

After the plaster bust is cast, it is placed in the hands of a workman, who executes a minute and exact copy of it in marble. People usually think of a sculptor as shaping his beautiful thought out of the marble with his own inspired hands. Many sculptors never touch a chisel to their statuary. Mr. Thompson, indeed, after his assistants have nearly completed the copy, always finishes it himself, giving it that exquisite texture for which his marbles are notable. To copy a bust in marble is a matter of measurement and industry, requiring but little more skill than is necessary to be a good carpenter. Of course some workmen do it more carefully than others, just as one carpenter may produce better work than another.

The three stages involved in the production of a statue, or a bust, have been aptly typified as follows,—the clay model as Life, the plaster cast as Death, and the marble statue as the Resurrection. The simile is not without significance, since the fragile clay model has to undergo demolition before the sculptor's creation can attain the purity and immortality of marble.



We have, to the best of our ability, told the reader how to make a portrait bust ; but we imparted the information confidentially, for if he should set to work and make one, the probability is that Mr. Thompson would never again admit us to his studio. And that would be unfortunate, for, as the reader is correct in thinking, this studio — crowded with these men and women in white, those half-bodies up there on the shelf, those ghastly hands and legs on the walls — is a curious place in which to lounge and meditate. For our part, we get thoughts here that come to us nowhere else. If we write a certain story which we have in mind, our young friends will be indebted to this same studio for suggesting it to us. We will conclude our paper by giving the reader a glimpse of this unwritten little romance, and if we never write it, he will have the satisfaction of knowing what a capital story we did n't tell !

One summer afternoon, just as twilight was setting in, we chanced to be in the studio alone. Now the studio after dark is not the same thing it is by daylight ; for all the busts and statues are covered with sheeting to keep off the dust. This, with the aid of twilight, renders them exceedingly unpleasant to behold. Nothing could be more disagreeably ghostly than the results of Mr. Thompson's art under such circumstances.

As we sat there, contemplating as it were a roomful of spectres, the twilight grew denser and denser, gradually deepening into night. When we were a boy, we used to whistle very violently on passing any old churchyard after nightfall. On the present occasion we were tempted to resort to that means of keeping up our cheerfulness. We might, indeed, have left the studio ; but we came there to keep an appointment, and it would have been weak to retreat. Well, we were about to whistle down all the goblins, ghosts, and spirits we ever heard of, when a singular fancy flashed across our brain. Suppose these statues, busts, and medallions should suddenly come to life, and, throwing off their temporary shrouds, have a social, old-fashioned chat together ! What a story it would make to tell the Young Folks !

Mr. Napoleon, for instance, would give us his views on the downfall of the Southern Confederacy ; Mr. Hamlet would deliver to us one of his most subtle soliloquies ; Mr. Bryant would graciously recite his last poem from the manuscript ; Mr. Trapper would thrill us with a recital of his backwoods adventures ; and all the little snow-heads on the shelf yonder would keep up a terrible racket, — in the midst of which, perhaps, Miss Elaine would timidly venture some tender inquiries concerning Lancelot !

Would n't that make a charming story, especially if we could tack a moral to it? We shall write it some day. In the mean while we claim to have patented the idea, and we hereby warn all young ladies and gentlemen of the quill, throughout the realm, not to make use of our plot until the expiration of fifty years.

*T. B. Aldrich.*



## WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## CONSECRATION.

AS the weeks passed by, bringing no intelligence to New Hope that Paul was living, — when there was no longer a doubt of his death, — Father Surplice held a memorial service. It was on Sunday, and all the people were at church. Appropriate for the occasion were the words which he read from the New Testament of the widow of Nain, — how, “as Jesus came nigh to the city, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said, ‘Weep not!’”

Consoling and comforting were his own words, which sank deep into the hearts of the stricken people; and though the good man said, “Weep not!” tears dropped from his own eyes, and fell upon the great Bible which lay open before him. It was a sad and solemn service. Though the heart of the mother was yearning for her son, yet she could say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Mrs. Parker still lived in the little old cottage. The neighbors were very kind, and she wanted for nothing, for Colonel Dare remembered his promise. Peaceful was her life. The birds sang cheerful songs; sweet was the humming of the bees, fragrant the flowers in the garden, and steady the flowing of the river; and as she listened to the waterfall, she thought of Paul as standing by the River of Life. How, then, could she mourn for him? Yet she missed him. Sometimes she listened as if to hear his footsteps coming up the garden walk. Sometimes her eyes filled with tears, as her heart went out to the lonely battle-field where she thought him lying. O, if she could but behold him again, — clasp him in her arms, — and once more lay her hand upon his brow, and bless him with a mother’s tenderest love!

But he was gone, and for him she could work no more. His comrades were bearing on the flag, upholding it on bloody fields, fighting as he fought, suffering as he suffered, needing help and comfort and cheer from those at home. There was work to be done for them; so through the days she sat in the old kitchen, knitting and sewing for the soldiers, wishing that she had half a dozen hands instead of two, that she might help them more.

There was one who came to aid her every day, — Azalia, who, in the silence and seclusion of her chamber, had looked out upon the yellow harvest-fields where the farmers were gathering the first ripe ears of seed-corn, and had tried to still the wild commotion in her heart by remembering that it was just and right for the Lord of the harvest to gather his “choicest grains.” Down on the lowlands by the river the nurserymen were selecting their fairest trees, and transplanting them in their orchards on the pleasant hills beyond the stream. Why, then, should she complain if the kind Father had seen fit to do the same?

It was consoling to take from her bureau drawer, where her keepsakes were stored, the letters which Paul had written, undo the black ribbon which she had tied around the package, and read again and again that which she almost knew by heart. What manly words were there: "Life is worth nothing unless devoted to noble ends. I can see the millions yet to come beckoning me to do my duty for their sake. What answer can I give them if I falter?"

So read one of the letters. They were words which she could not forget. They were written from the trenches before Vicksburg, when the prospects of the country were dark and gloomy, — when craven men at home were crying, "Peace! Peace! Let us have peace at any price!" forgetting that there can be no reconciliation between right and wrong. Paul had sacrificed everything — life itself — for the sake of those who were to come after him, — for Truth and Justice. She thought of him as asleep beneath the sod of the battle-field where he fell, — of all that was mortal lying there, but of his soul as having passed up into heaven, perhaps even then beholding her from the celestial sphere. "What answer can I give to those who come after me?" The question haunted her through the waning days and the lonely nights. What could she do? How listless her life! of how little account! How feeble, forceless, and narrow all her efforts! What sacrifices had she made? None. She had lived for herself alone. Was this all of life? In the silent hours, when all around were hushed in slumber, her longing soul, with far-reaching sight, looked out upon the coming years, and beheld the opening prospect, — a country saved, a nation redeemed, justice and truth triumphant, and Peace, with her white wings, brooding over the land! This through sacrifice of blood, of strength, of ease and comfort. To withhold the sacrifice was to lose all. To her the coming millions were beckoning as they had beckoned to him. With prayers of consecration she gave herself to the country, — to go wherever duty called, to labor, to endure hardship, and brave scenes which would wring out her heart's blood, — to face disease and death itself, if need be, to hand down a priceless inheritance to the coming ages.

"You will get sick, my child. You have not strength to be a nurse in the hospital," said her mother, when Azalia told her that she must go and take care of the soldiers.

"I cannot spare you, my daughter," said her father, tenderly taking her in his arms, and kissing her ruby lips. She was his only child, and he loved her dearly. "I don't think it is your duty to go; and how lonesome the house would be without my darling!"

And so, knowing that it was her duty to do whatever her parents wished, she tried to be content. But the days dragged wearily. She was ever thinking of the soldiers, — thinking through the days and through the nights, till the bright bloom faded from her cheek. Her heart was far away. Her life was incomplete, — she felt that it was running to waste.

Her father saw that his flower was fading. At last he said, "Go, my darling, and God be with you."



“I don't think that Judge Adams ought to let Azalia go into the hospital. It is n't a fit place for girls,” said Miss Dobb, when she heard that Azalia was to be a nurse. But, giving no heed to Miss Dobb, with the blessing of her parents following her, she left her pleasant home, gave up all its ease and comfort, to minister to the sick and wounded, who had fought to save the country.

She went to Washington, and thence to the hospitals at Annapolis. It was hard work to stand all day by the side of the sick, bathing their fevered brows, moistening their parched lips, binding up their bleeding wounds. It was painful to look upon the quivering flesh, torn and mangled by cannon-shot. But she learned to bear it all, — to stand calmly by, waiting upon the surgeon while he ran his sharp knife into the live flesh. It was a pleasure to aid him in his work.

Her step was light upon the floor ; soothing and tender the touch of her hand. There was no light so sweet and pure as that which beamed from her earnest eyes. The sick waited impatiently for her appearance in the morning, watched her footsteps through the day, thanked her for all she did, and said, “God bless you !” when she bade them good night. Men who were in the habit of uttering fearful oaths wept when she talked with them about their mothers ; she wrote their letters, and read to them the words of affection which came from home. She sang the songs they loved to hear. It was like wine to the weak. The down-hearted took new courage, and those who were well enough to be hobbling about on crutches, who were telling stories of the battles, forgot what they were saying while listening to her voice. Her presence was noonday, her absence night. Once, when through long watching and patient waiting her strength gave way, and the fever raged in her own veins, it was touching to see their sorrow. The loud talking spoke in whispers, and walked noiselessly along the wards, for fear of increasing the pain which racked her aching head ; the sick ones, who missed the touch of her magic hand, and the sweet music of her voice, and the sunlight of her presence, whose fevers were raging because she was absent, when the physician went his rounds in the morning, at noon, and at night, inquired not about themselves, but her. When the fever passed, — when she was well enough to walk through the wards, and hold for a moment the hands which were stretched out on every side, — it was as if her very presence had power to heal.

How blessed her work ! — to give life and strength ; to soothe pain, change sorrow to joy ; to sit beside the dying, and talk of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world ; to wipe the dampness of death from their brows, listen to their last words, and, when the spirit had flown, to close the sightless eyes, and cut from the pale brow a lock of hair for a fond mother far away, thinking ever of her dying boy.

So the months went by, — autumn to winter, winter to spring, and spring to summer.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

THERE was no change at Andersonville, but in the loathsome prison it was ever the same terrible scene of starvation, corruption, disease, despair, and death. Every morning those who had died during the night were collected by the prisoners and laid in rows by the prison gate, where, during the day, they were piled upon the dead-cart and borne out to the trenches. There was no hope of relief for the living, and each prisoner looked forward with indifference to his inevitable fate. Above them floated the Rebel flag. They were kept there beneath its folds by Jefferson Davis and General Lee, till thirteen thousand had been starved and murdered.

Paul knew that, notwithstanding Uncle Peter's constant care and nursing, he was growing weaker; but he had learned to look death calmly in the face, and so was undisturbed by the prospect. He knew that God, who takes care of the sparrows, would not forget his mother, and he felt that Azalia would sometimes shed a tear when she thought of him.

But one morning there was an unusual stir among the prisoners. "You are to be exchanged and sent home," said the Rebel officers. They had been told the same thing so many times, and had been always so cruelly deceived, that they did not believe the statement till orders were issued for a portion of them to be ready to march to the cars at an appointed hour. Paul was among those who were ordered away. All were ready in an instant, for they had no baggage to pack up, no knapsacks, no equipments, no overcoats, — nothing but the rags upon their bodies.

Those who were so weak that they could scarcely creep from place to place rose and stood upon their feet when told that they were to go home. Paul felt a fresh wave of life sweep over him, thrilling every fibre of his wasted frame. Hope revived. Home! O the blissful thought! He rose weak and trembling from his bed on the cold, damp ground, wrapped his rags about him, and, leaning on a cane, supported by Uncle Peter, hobbled out and took his place in the long line of skeletons, and waited with eager eyes to see the gate turn upon its rusty hinges.

It was hard to part with Uncle Peter, who had been so kind to him. "God bless you and reward you for all your kindness to me," said Paul, bidding him good by, and shaking hands for the last time.

"I 'se sorry to part with ye, Kurnel, but I bless de Lord you is gwine. We 'll meet again, one of dese days, whar de Rebs won't trouble us, and whar we will be free foreber," said the old negro, looking up into heaven. He could not go. He was a slave. There was no freedom for him till the rebellion was crushed, or till the grave opened.

The gates turned on their hinges, and the regiment of skeletons in rags took up its march. Such a procession never before was seen on earth. A thousand emaciated forms, tottering, reeling, hobbling on canes and crutches, wending their way to the cars, — not to luxurious cushioned seats, but to

hard, jolting cattle-cars, — for a long ride of hundreds of miles before reaching the sea-coast. But hope inspired them. They were breathing fresh air, and were gazing on smiling fields, waving with grain. They were on their way home. The birds cheered them, singing of home. “Going home, going home!” said the car-wheels, as they passed from rail to rail. In joy and gladness they sang :

“ I ’m going home, I ’m going home,  
To die no more, to die no more.”

It was as if they had left behind them forever all sorrow and suffering, and that for them there could be no more distress, or pain, or anguish. It was a long, weary, dusty ride. Some died on the way, but hope kept most of them alive.

They reached the city of Charleston, passed from the cars to a steamboat, which was to take them down the harbor to the place of exchange. The waters danced joyfully around them, as if greeting them with gladness. The breezes came in from the dark blue ocean and fanned their wasted cheeks. The waves, like a loving mother, gently rocked them, and sung a soothing lullaby. But O what joy to behold once more the dear old flag!



How serenely and lovingly it floated in the breeze! They saluted it with cheers, — shed tears of gratitude, — clasped each other by the hand, — rushed into each other's arms. Those who were able to stand danced in a delirium of joy! Paul was too weak to sit up. He could only lie upon the



deck, and gaze upon the flag till his eyes filled with tears, and say: "Thank God, I have seen it once more!" Beneath that flag there was joy, peace, comfort, food, clothing, and freedom. Hospital nurses were there with blankets, and great kettles filled with soup and coffee. For the wounded there were bandages; for the sick there were cordials, wines, and medicines. There were tender-hearted men, ready to relieve all their sufferings. It was like passing from the prison of despair into a paradise of peace and rest, and in joy and gladness they began to sing,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The strong men on board of the ship, the nurses, and the stout-hearted sailors wept like children, and spoke hard words against the Rebels when they looked upon the haggard countenances, the hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, of the skeleton forms around them.

Although Paul was so weak that he could hardly lift his hands to his head, although his comrades were passing away, although every day he saw their bodies, wrapped in hammocks and weighted with shot, cast into the sea, yet he never experienced such bliss, such contentment, as while lying on the deck through the long summer day, looking up to the old flag, and the clear sky, and out upon the calm and peaceful sea, thinking of the sea of glass and the great white throne, and the calmness, serenity, and rest of heaven. And at night, when lulled to sleep by the rippling waves, how enchanting his dreams of home, of his mother, of the scenes of other days, — the old house, the swallows twittering around its eaves, the roses blooming beneath the window, the night-wind sweeping down the valley, the church bell ringing the evening hour, its deep tolling when the funeral train passed on to the cemetery in the shady grove, — his friends welcoming him home once more, Azalia among them, queen of the hour, peerless in beauty, with rose bloom on her cheek, — of Mr. Chrome, Judge Adams, and Colonel Dare, all saying, "We are glad to see you," — dreaming, and waking to find it only a dream.

But the ship was bearing him on. The distance was lessening. One more day, and the voyage would be at an end, the ship in port. O, if he could but see his mother once more, — feel her hand upon his brow, her kiss upon his lip, — then he could die content! A desire for life set in. Hope revived. He would fight death as he had fought the Rebels, and, God willing, he would win the victory.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE JAWS OF DEATH.

THE hospital steamer, with its freight of living skeletons, had accomplished its voyage in safety, and lay moored at the wharf in Annapolis. Nurses and sailors were carrying the emaciated forms from the ship to the shore, to the clean and tidy wards of the hospital.

It was a sight which wrung tears from the eyes of those who did not often weep. The ship was a charnel-house. Death in its most horrible forms was there, — from starvation, from corruption, scurvy, lockjaw, gangrene, consumption, and fever. How ghastly the scene! Men, once robust and strong, weak and helpless as babes, with hollow cheeks, toothless gums, thin, pale lips, colorless flesh, sunken eyes, long, tangled hair, uncombed for many months, skeleton fingers with nails like eagles' claws, lying in rags upon the deck, — some, with strained eyes, looking up for the last time to the dear old flag which waved above them, for which they had fought, for which they had starved, for which they were dying, gazing in rapture on its blessed folds, till their eyes were fixed in death, and the slowly heaving heart stood still forever! They, and all their comrades, sleeping on a hundred battle-fields, and mouldering in the trenches at Andersonville, were the victims of Jefferson Davis and General Lee, whose names shall rot through all coming time.

There was work for the gentle-hearted nurses who stood waiting in the hospital wards, — work which required tenderest care; — removing the rags, washing the fevered skeletons, bathing the bleeding wounds where the sharp bones had pierced the skin; feeding them, — a crumb at a time; administering cordials drop by drop, to bring back with delicate nursing the receding tides of life.

With a bleeding heart, but yet with steady nerves, Azalia passed among them, doing her appointed work. There was one who was lying as if asleep, with his hands clasped upon his breast. His beard had been long uncut. His cheeks were wasted, his eyes sunken, but he had a manly brow. A strange fear and trembling crept over her, — a shuddering of the heart. Alarmed and frightened at she knew not what, she brushed back the matted hair from his temples, and laid her hand upon his brow, cold and damp with the dews of death. The soldier opened his eyes, looked into her face, stared wildly around him, and tried to speak. It was but one word, and that a whisper, — her own name, "Azalia!"

A cry rang through the ward, startling the physicians and the nurses, and waking those who were asleep. She clasped him in her arms, fell upon his face, and kissed his wasted lips. "O Paul! Can it be that you are here?" she said.

The throbbing of her heart was like the fluttering of a frightened bird. Sweet, calm, and beautiful as the setting sun was the smile upon his face, and in his eyes the celestial light of Peace! They closed, and he lay again as if in slumber.

"They told me that you were dead," she said.

There was no reply; she laid her hand upon his heart, but could feel no beating there; touched her fingers to his fleshless wrist, but could find no throbbing of the pulse. The thin blood was receding from his colorless lips, — the tide was going out. "Doctor! Doctor! O come quick! Save him!" she cried.

The doctor came and gazed upon the face of Paul. "He is not quite

gone," he said, then moistened his lips with brandy. There was a quickening of the pulse. "If he rallies from this, we may save him," he said.

They wrapped him in warm flannels, rubbed his fleshless limbs, and gave him cordials, drop by drop. How long the hours, — the weary hours of hope and fear, — of expectation and distress, — while the faltering spirit, as if tired of earth, was but fluttering awhile along the shore of Time before taking its returnless flight over the dark and silent river to another land! Through the night Azalia sat by his side, watching him with sleepless eyes, fanning his pale brow. The morning sun beamed upon her still sitting there. Those who were accustomed to watch for her appearance in the early morning, restless with fever, beheld her as clothed with celestial brightness, and said one to another, "There sits our Angel of Light!"



Through the day she was there, watching the slow heavings of his heart, holding her breath while listening to assure herself that he was still breathing; hoping and fearing, holding her hands at times upon her own heart to still its wild, tumultuous beating, — giving him atom by atom the needful nourishment, — bending over him to smooth his pillow, — opening the casement for the winds to blow upon his bloodless cheek, — thus snatching him from the very jaws of death and winning him back to life!



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## HOME.

A DESPATCH came clicking into the telegraph office in New Hope that Paul Parker was alive,—that he had been a prisoner at Andersonville, was very feeble, but in a fair way to get well, and would soon be at home. It was from Azalia. Mr. Magnet read it in amazement, then ran as fast as he could to carry it to the little old cottage. “Good news!” he shouted, rushing into the house out of breath, without knocking. “Paul is alive! Paul is alive!”

“My son alive!” exclaimed Mrs. Parker, her heart leaping wildly.

“Yes; there is the despatch.”

She read it in fear and trembling, her brain in a whirl. She must fly to him! O if she only had wings! Paul alive! The old clock took up the word, “Alive—alive—alive,” it said. A robin perched in the great maple sang all day, “He is coming home—is coming home,” while the swallows from their nests under the eaves looked into the old kitchen through the open door, twittering together, as if saying, “How glad we are!” Never so bright the sunshine as on that morning, nor so fragrant the flowers! All nature was glad, and rejoiced in her joy.

Mr. Magnet told the news through the village, the people listening in wonder. Mr. Chrome threw down his paint-brush, took off his old hat, swung it over his head, and gave three cheers. Through the day he kept saying to himself, “That beats the Dutch!” The children ran through the streets shouting, “Paul is alive! Paul is alive!” Father Surplice, Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and the neighbors—a dozen at a time—went down to shake hands with Paul’s mother, making it such a day of gladness as never was known before in New Hope.

Impatiently they waited for the day when Paul would be with them again.

“We will let him know that we have not forgotten him,” said Colonel Dare; “but it is little that we can do for one who has suffered so much.”

So also said Judge Adams, and Mr. Capias, and all the people.

The day came at last. He was on board the train, feeble and weak, but Azalia was by his side, supporting his weary head,—sustaining him when his strength was gone. All New Hope was at the depot to receive him, looking with eager eyes down the level track to see the approaching train when it rounded the distant curve.

“It is coming! There it is!” shouted the boys. They loved him, their dear old teacher. The train stopped, and the conductor came out with Paul leaning on his arm, Azalia following. The people were going to hurrah, but when they saw how poor, pale, and emaciated he was, how thin his cheeks, how hollow and sunken his eyes, how languid and weary, how little there was left of one who once was so manly, they held their breaths, and felt a strange choking in their throats.

Blessed the meeting of mother and son! He had come back from the

grave. He was even then almost a corpse, but he was alive! She had no words to utter; her joy was silent and deep. She could only clasp him in her arms, fold him to her heart, and, looking up to heaven, with streaming eyes, give silent thanks to God.

The people bowed their heads and stood in silent reverence. Colonel Dare came with his carriage. Mr. Chrome took Paul in his arms, and lifted him into it as if he was but a child. The people came one after another and touched his hands. The children brought flowers and laid them in his arms. They all had words of welcome for Azalia. She had saved him. "God bless you, darling!" said her father, kissing her cheeks, still round and fair, though watching, anxiety, care, and sorrow had robbed them of the bright bloom of other days.

"The Lord sent you in the way, as he sent Joseph into Egypt," said Father Surplice.

Deep, tender, and hearty the love of friends! Daphne came with choicest delicacies. How pleasant to hear her voice! How cheery her laugh! Mr. Noggin brought a box of his best honey. Mr. Chrome, who loved to hunt and fish, brought quails and pigeons. Even Miss Dobb sent up to know if there was not something that she could get for him. The birds came, the robins and swallows, singing and twittering and brimming over with joy.

How enchanting the music which came swelling up the valley from the water by the mill, from the woods beyond the river, from the crickets in the fields, from the church bell, blending with the night airs, and filling his soul with peace! But more blessed than everything else on earth was the holy light which beamed upon him from Azalia's eyes, which went down deep into his soul.

"You have always been my angel of light and goodness, and nothing but death shall part us," he said, as she sat by his side.

"I am glad if I have helped you, Paul," she said, laying her soft hand upon his brow, and kissing his lips. Pure and true the love which had deepened through many years, which had beamed from each other's eyes, but which till then had never been spoken. Like a brook gushing from springs in distant mountains, so, far back in childhood, had been the beginning of their affection, and now it was a river.

Day by day his strength returned, the flesh came again upon his wasted limbs, and health bloomed upon his cheeks. Then they walked together in the garden, talking of the dear old times, and looking onward to a future more golden than the sunniest day of all the past.

Beautiful and pleasant shall be the coming years to them! With smiling friends around them, living not for themselves, but to make the world better, to relieve suffering and sorrow, to help those who have been maimed and wounded while fighting for the old flag, they shall receive every day the richest rewards of life, — joy, happiness, contentment, peace, the blessing of God, the thanks of the poor, and the best wishes of all the "Young Folks" in the land.



DO my dear little friends want to hear a word more about our country neighbors? Since we wrote about them, we have lived in the same place more than a year, and perhaps some of you may want to know whether old Unke or little Cri-cri have ever come up to sit under the lily-leaves by the fountain, or Master Furrytoes, the flying squirrel, has amused himself in pattering about the young lady's chamber o' nights? I am sorry to say that our country neighbors have entirely lost the neighborly, confiding spirit that they had when we first came and settled in the woods.

Old Unke has distinguished himself on moonlight nights in performing bass solos in a very deep, heavy voice, down in the river, but he has never hopped his way back into that conservatory from which he was disgracefully turned out at the point of Mr. Fred's cane. He has contented himself with the heavy musical performances I spoke of, and I have fancied they sounded much like "Won't come any more, — won't come any more, — won't come any more!"

Sometimes, strolling down to the river, we have seen his solemn green spectacles emerging from the tall water-grasses, as he sat complacently looking about him. Near by him, spread out on the sunny bottom of the pool, was a large flat-headed water-snake, with a dull yellow-brown back and such a swelled stomach that it was quite evident he had been making his breakfast that morning by swallowing some unfortunate neighbor like poor little Cri-cri. This trick of swallowing one's lesser neighbors seems to prevail greatly among the people who live in our river. Mr. Water-snake makes his meal on little Mr. Frog, and Mr. Bullfrog follows the same example. It seems a sad state of things; but then I suppose all animals have to die in



some way or other, and perhaps, if they are in the habit of seeing it done, it may appear no more to a frog to expect to be swallowed some day, than it may to some of us to die of a fever, or be shot in battle, as many a brave fellow has been of late.

We have heard not a word from the woodchucks. Ever since we violated the laws of woodland hospitality by setting a trap for their poor old patriarch, they have very justly considered us as bad neighbors, and their hole at the bottom of the garden has been "to let," and nobody as yet has ventured to take it. Our friends the muskrats have been flourishing, and on moonlight nights have been swimming about, popping up the tips of their little black noses to make observations.

But latterly a great commotion has been made among the amphibious tribes, because of the letting down of the dam which kept up the water of the river, and made it a good, full, wide river. When the dam was torn down it became a little miserable stream, flowing through a wide field of muddy bottom, and all the secrets of the under-water were disclosed. The white and yellow water-lily roots were left high and dry up in the mud, and all the muskrat holes could be seen

plainer than ever before; and the other day Master Charlie brought in a fish's nest which he had found in what used to be deep water.

"A fish's nest?" says little Tom; "I did not know fishes made nests." But they do, Tommy; that is, one particular kind of fish makes a nest of sticks and straws and twigs, plastered together with some kind of cement, the making of which is a family secret. It lies on the ground like a common bird's-nest turned bottom upward, and has a tiny little hole in the side for a door, through which the little fishes swim in and out.

The name of the kind of fish that builds this nest

I do not know; and if the water had not been drawn off, I should not have known that we had any such fish in our river. Where we found ours the



water had been about five feet above it. Now, Master Tom, if you want to know more about nest-building fishes, you must get your papa and mamma to inquire and see if they cannot get you some of the little books on fishes and aquariums that have been published lately. I remember to have read all about these nests in one of them, but I do not remember either the name of the book or the name of the fish, and so there is something still for you to inquire after.

I am happy to say, for the interest of the water-lilies and the muskrats and the fishes, that the dam has only been torn down from our river for the purpose of making a new and stronger one, and that by and by the water will be again broad and deep as before, and all the water-people can then go on with their housekeeping just as they used to do, — only I am sorry to say that one fish family will miss their house, and have to build a new one ; but if they are enterprising fishes they will perhaps make some improvements that will make the new house better than the old.

As to the birds, we have had a great many visits from them. Our house has so many great glass windows, and the conservatory windows in the centre of it being always wide open, the birds seem to have taken it for a piece of out-doors, and flown in. The difficulty has been, that, after they had got in, there appeared to be no way of making them understand the nature of glass, and wherever they saw a glass window they fancied they could fly through ; and so, taking aim hither and thither, they darted head first against the glass, beating and bruising their poor little heads without beating in any more knowledge than they had before. Many a poor little feather-head has thus fallen a victim to his want of natural philosophy, and tired himself out with beating against window-panes, till he has at last fallen dead. One day we picked up no less than three dead birds in different parts of the house. Now if it had only been possible to enlighten our feathered friends in regard to the fact that everything that is transparent is not air, we would have summoned a bird council in our conservatory, and explained matters to them at once and altogether. As it is, we could only say “ Oh ! ” and “ Ah ! ” and lament, as we have followed one poor victim after another from window to window, and seen him flutter and beat his pretty senseless head against the glass, frightened to death at all our attempts to help him.

As to the humming-birds, their number has been infinite. Just back of the conservatory stands an immense, high clump of scarlet sage, whose brilliant flowers have been like a light shining from afar, and drawn to it flocks of these little creatures ; and we have often sat watching them as they put their long bills into one scarlet tube after another, lifting themselves lightly off the bush, poising a moment in mid-air, and then dropping out of sight.

They have flown into the conservatory in such numbers that, had we wished to act over again the dear little history of our lost pet, Hum, the son of Buz, we should have had plenty of opportunities to do it. Humming-birds have been for some reason supposed to be peculiarly wild and untamable. Our experience has proved that they are the most docile, confiding

little creatures, and the most disposed to put trust in us human beings of all birds in the world.

More than once this summer has some little captive exhausted his strength flying hither and thither against the great roof window of the conservatory, till the whole family was in alarm to help. The Professor himself has left his books, and anxiously flourished a long cobweb broom in hopes to bring the little wanderer down to the level of open windows, while every other member of the family ran, called, made suggestions, and gave advice, which all ended in the poor little fool's falling flat, in a state of utter exhaustion, and being picked up in some lady's pocket-handkerchief.

Then has been running to mix sugar and water, while the little crumb of a bird has lain in an apparent swoon in the small palm of some fair hand, but opening occasionally one eye, and then the other, dreamily, to see when the sugar and water was coming, and gradually showing more and more signs of returning life as it appeared. Even when he had taken his drink of sugar and water, and seemed able to sit up in his warm little hollow, he has seemed in no hurry to flee, but remained tranquilly looking about him for some moments, till all of a sudden, with one whirr, away he goes, like a flying morsel of green and gold, over our heads — into the air — into the tree-tops. What a lovely time he must have of it!

One rainy, windy day, Miss Jenny, going into the conservatory, heard a plaintive little squeak, and found a poor humming-bird, just as we found poor little Hum, all wet and chilled, and bemoaning himself, as he sat clinging tightly upon the slenderest twig of a grape-vine. She took him off, wrapped him in cotton, and put him in a box on a warm shelf over the kitchen range. After a while you may be sure there was a pretty fluttering in the box. Master Hum was awake and wanted to be attended to. She then mixed sugar and water, and, opening the box, offered him a drop on her finger, which he licked off with his long tongue as knowingly as did his namesake at Rye Beach. After letting him satisfy his appetite for sugar and water, as the rain was over and the sun began to shine, Miss Jenny took him to the door, and away he flew.

These little incidents show that it would not ever be a difficult matter to tame humming-birds, — only they cannot be kept in cages; a sunny room with windows defended by mosquito netting would be the only proper cage. The humming-bird, as we are told by naturalists, though very fond of the honey of flowers, does not live on it entirely, or even principally. It is in fact a little fly-catcher, and lives on small insects; and a humming-bird never can be kept healthy for any length of time in a room that does not admit insects enough to furnish him a living. So you see it is not merely toads, and water-snakes, and such homely creatures, that live by eating other living beings, — but even the fairy-like and brilliant humming-bird.

The autumn months are now coming on (for it is October while I write), — the flowers are dying night by night as the frosts grow heavier, — the squirrels are racing about, full of business, getting in their winter's supply of nuts; everything now is active and busy among our country neighbors.



In a cottage about a quarter of a mile from us, a whole family of squirrels have made the discovery that a house is warmer in winter than the best hollow tree, and so have gone in to a chink between the walls, where Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel can often be heard late at night chattering and making quite a family fuss about the arrangement of their household goods for the coming season. This is all the news about the furry people that I have to give you. The flying squirrel I have not yet heard from, — perhaps he will appear yet as the weather gets colder.

Old Master Boo-hoo, the owl, sometimes goes on at such a rate on moonlight nights in the great chestnut-trees that overhang the river, that, if you did not know better, you might think yourself miles deep in the heart of a sombre forest, instead of being within two squares' walk of the city lamps. We never yet have caught a fair sight of him. At the cottage we speak of, the chestnut-trees are very tall, and come close to the upper windows; and one night a fair maiden, going up to bed, was startled by a pair of great round eyes looking into her window. It was one of the Boo-hoo family, who had been taken with a fit of grave curiosity about what went on inside the cottage, and so set himself to observe. We have never been able to return the compliment by looking into their housekeeping, as their nests are very high up in hollows of old trees, where we should not be likely to get at them.

If we hear anything more from any of these neighbors of ours, we will let you know. We have all the afternoon been hearing a great screaming among the jays in the woods hard by, and I think we must go out and see what is the matter. So good by.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

### CHAPTER LI.

AROUND THE EDGE.

**D**ISCOURAGED by their failure, our adventurers remained upon their perch till nearly noon of the next day, in listless lassitude. The exertions of the preceding day had produced a weariness that required more than a night's rest, for not only their bodies, but their spirits were under the influence of their long toil, until their state of mind bordered upon despondency. As the hours wore on, and their fatigue was gradually relieved by rest, their spirits rose in like proportion; and before the sun had reached its meridian, the instinctive desire of life sprang up within their bosoms, and once more they began to consider what steps should be taken to prolong it.

Should they make another attempt to cross the lagoon by swimming? What chance would there be of steering in the right course, any more than upon the day before? They were just as likely to go astray a second time, and perhaps with a less fortunate *finale*. If again lost amidst the waste of waters, they might not be able to get sight of the tree-tops, but swim on in circles or crooked turnings, until death, arising from sheer exhaustion, or want of food, should complete their misery.

Even the Mundurucú no longer urged the course in which he had formerly expressed such confidence; and for some time he declined giving any advice whatever, — his silence and his gloomy looks showing that he felt humiliated by the failure of his plan. No one thought of reproaching him; for although their faith in his power was not quite so strong as it had hitherto been, there was yet confidence in his superior skill. Had they been castaways from a ship, escaping in an open boat, or on some raft or spar, in the middle of the great ocean, their cook would doubtless have disputed his right to remain master. But in the midst of that strange inland sea, whose shores and islands consisted only of tree-tops, the Mozambique acknowledged himself to be no more than a novice.

Trevannion himself took the lead in suggesting the next plan. It was not intended to give up the idea of crossing the lagoon. It was a general belief that on the other side there must be land; and therefore to reach it became the paramount thought of the party. To go around it, by keeping upon the trees, was clearly out of the question. Even had these continued all the way with interlacing branches, still the journey would have been one that apes alone could perform. It would have occupied days, weeks, perhaps a month; and what certainty was there of finding food for such a length of time? Still, if they could not travel upon the tree-tops, what was to hinder them from going *under* them? Why should they not use the forest to steer by, — swimming along the edge of the trees, and making use of them at intervals for rest, and for a sleeping-place during the night?

The idea was excellent, and, coming from Trevannion himself, was of course approved without one opposing voice. Even the Indian acknowledged that it was a sagacious design, and superior to his own. Fortunately it required but slight preparation for trial, and as the sun shone down from the zenith they forsook their resting-place, and once more betook themselves to the water, with their swimming-belts carefully adjusted again about them.

## CHAPTER LII.

### THE MASSARANDUBA.

THEY advanced at the rate of about a mile an hour. Could they have kept on steadily, this would have given them ten or twelve miles a day, and two or three days might have brought them to the other side of the lagoon. It was necessary, however, that they should stop at intervals to obtain rest; and their progress was further impeded by the piosoca plants, — the

huge water-lilies already described,—whose broad, circular leaves, lying along the surface like gigantic frying-pans, came directly in their course. Here and there they had to traverse a tract of these lilies several acres in extent, where the rims of the rounded leaves almost touched each other; and the thick succulent stalks formed a tangle underneath, through which it was very difficult for a swimmer to make way. More than once they were compelled to go around these watery gardens for a distance of many hundreds of yards, but thus shortening the journey made in the right direction.

On account of such impediments they had not gone more than three miles from their point of starting, when the Mundurucú recommended a halt for the night, although it could not have been later than six o'clock, as could be told by the sun, still high up in the heavens.

"I am hungry, patron," said the Indian at last; "so are you all. We must have some supper, else how can we go on?"

"Supper!" echoed Trevannion. "Yes, sure enough we are hungry. I knew that an hour ago. But upon what do you propose to sup? I see nothing but trees with plenty of leaves, but no fruit. We cannot live upon leaves like the sloth. We must be starving before we take to that."

"We shall sup upon milk, master, if you don't object to our making a camping-place close by."

"Milk!" exclaimed Tom, "What div yez say, Misther Munday? Div yez mane milk? Och! don't be afther temptin' wan's stomach with a delicacy that can't be obtained in this land av wather! Shure now we're not only a hunderd moiles from the tail av a cow, but a thousand, may be, from that same."

"You may be wrong there," interrupted the Paraense. "There are cows in the Gapo as well as upon land. You have seen them yourself as we came down the river?"

"Troth, yis,—if yez mane the fish-cow" (the Irishman alluded to the *Vaca marina*, or manatee,—the *peixeboi* or fish-cow of the Portuguese, several species of which inhabit the Amazon waters). "But shure the great brute could not be milked, if we did cotch wan av them; an if we did we should not take the throuble, when by sthrippin the skin av her carcass we'd get somethin' far betther for our suppers, in the shape av a fat steak."

"Yonder is what the Mundurucú means!" said the guide. "Yonder stands the cow that can supply us with milk for our supper,—ay, and with bread too to go along with it; don't you see the *Massaranduba*?"

At first they could see nothing that particularly claimed attention. But by following the instructions of the guide, and raising their heads a little, they at length caught sight of a tree, standing at some distance from the forest edge, and so far overtopping the others as to appear like a giant among pygmies. It was in reality a vegetable giant,—the great massaranduba of the Amazon,—one of the most remarkable trees to be found even in a forest where more strange species abound than in any other part of the world. To Tom and some others of the party the words of the Mundurucú were still a mystery. How was a tree to supply them with a supper of bread and milk?



Trevannion and Richard required no further explanation. The former had heard of this singular tree; the latter had seen it, — nay, more, had drank of its milk, and eaten of its fruit. It was with great joy the young Paraense now looked upon its soaring, leafy top, as it not only reminded him of a spectacle he had often observed in the woods skirting the suburbs of his native city, but promised, as the *tapuyo* had declared, to relieve the pangs of hunger, that had become agonizingly keen.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### A VEGETABLE COW.

THE tree which had thus determined them to discontinue their journey, and which was to furnish them with lodgings for the night, was the famous *palo de vaca*, or “cow-tree” of South America, known also as the *arbol de leche*, or “milk-tree.” It has been described by Humboldt under the name *Galactodendron*, but later botanical writers, not contented with the very appropriate title given to it by the great student of Nature, have styled it *Brosium*. It belongs to the natural order of the *Atrocarpads*, which, by what might appear a curious coincidence, includes also the celebrated bread-fruit. What may seem stranger still, the equally famous upas-tree of Java is a scion of the same stock, an *atrocarpad*! Therefore, just as in one family there are good boys and bad boys, (it is to be hoped there are none of the latter in yours,) so in the family of the *atrocarpads* there are trees producing food and drink both wholesome to the body and delicious to the palate, while there are others in whose sap, flowers, and fruit are concealed the most virulent of poisons.

The massaranduba is not the only species known as *palo de vaca*, or cow-tree. There are many others so called, whose sap is of a milky nature. Some yield a milk that is pleasant to the taste and highly nutritious, of which the “hya-hya” (*Tabernæmontana utibis*), another South American tree, is the most conspicuous. This last belongs to the order of the *Apocynæ*, or dogbanes, while still another order, the *Sapotacæ*, includes among its genera several species of cow-tree. The massaranduba itself was formerly classed among the *Sapotads*.

It is one of the largest trees of the Amazonian forest, frequently found two hundred feet in height, towering above the other trees, with a top resembling an immense vegetable dome. Logs one hundred feet long, without a branch, have often been hewn out of its trunk, ready for the saw-mill. Its timber is very hard and fine-grained, and will stand the weather better than most other South American trees; but it cannot be procured in any great quantity, because, like many other trees of the Amazon, it is of a solitary habit, only two or three, or at most half a dozen, growing within the circuit of a mile.

It is easily distinguished from trees of other genera by its reddish, ragged bark, which is deeply furrowed, and from a decoction of which the Indians

prepare a dye of a dark red color. The fruit, about the size of an apple, is full of a rich juicy pulp, exceedingly agreeable to the taste, and much relished. This was the bread which the Mundurucú hoped to provide for the supper of his half-famished companions.

But the most singular, as well as the most important, product of the massaranduba is its milky juice. This is obtained by making an incision in the bark, when the white sap flows forth in a copious stream, soon filling a calabash or other vessel held under it. On first escaping from the tree it is of the color and about the consistency of rich cream, and, but for a slightly balsamic odor, might be mistaken for the genuine produce of the dairy. After a short exposure to the air it curdles, a thready substance forming upon the surface, resembling cheese, and so called by the natives. When diluted with water, the coagulation does not so rapidly take place; and it is usually treated in this manner, besides being strained, before it is brought to the table. The natives use it by soaking their *farinha* or maize-bread with the sap, and it is also used as cream in tea, chocolate, and coffee, many people preferring it on account of the balsamic flavor which it imparts to these beverages.

The milk of the massaranduba is in great demand throughout all the district where the tree is found, both in the Spanish and Portuguese territories of tropical South America. In Venezuela it is extensively used by the negroes, and it has been remarked that these people grow fatter during the season of the year when the *palo de vaca* is plenty. Certain it is that no ill effects have been known to result from a free use of it; and the vegetable cow cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the most singular and interesting productions of beneficent Nature.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### A MILK SUPPER.

It was some time before they swam under the massaranduba's wide-spreading branches, as it did not stand on the edge of the forest, and for a short time after entering among the other trees it was out of sight. The instincts of the Indian, however, directed him, and in due time it again came before their eyes, its rough reddish trunk rising out of the water like a vast ragged column.

As might have been expected, its huge limbs were laden with parasites, trailing down to the surface of the water. By these they found no difficulty in making an ascent, and were soon safely installed, its huge coreaceous leaves, of oblong form and pointed at the tops, many of them nearly a foot in length, forming a shade against the fervent rays of the sun, still several degrees above the horizon.

As the Indian had anticipated, the tree was in full bearing, and ere long a number of its apples were plucked, and refreshing the parched palates that would have pronounced them exquisite had they been even less delicious

than they were. Munday made no stay even to taste the fruit. He was determined on giving his companions the still rarer treat he had promised them, a supper of milk; and not until he had made some half-dozen notches with his knife, and placed under each a sapucaya-shell detached from the swimming-belts, did he cease his exertions.

They had not long to wait. The vegetable cow proved a free milker, and in twenty minutes each of the party had a pericarp in hand full of delicious cream, which needed no sugar to make it palatable. They did not stay to inquire how many quarts their new cow could give. Enough for them to know that there was sufficient to satisfy the appetites of all for that night.

When, after supper, the conversation naturally turned to the peculiarities of this remarkable tree, many other facts were elicited in regard to its useful qualities. Richard told them that in Para it was well known, its fruit and milk being sold in the streets by the negro market-women, and much relished by all classes of the inhabitants of that city; that its sap was used by the Paraense joiners in the place of glue, to which it was equal, if not superior, guitars, violins, and broken dishes being put together with it in the most effective manner, its tenacity holding against both heat and dampness. Another curious fact was, that the sap continues to run long after the tree has been felled; that even the logs lying in the yard of a saw-mill have been known to yield for weeks, even months, the supply required by the sawyers for creaming their coffee!

And now our adventurers, admonished by the setting of the sun, were about stretching themselves along the branches, with the intention of going to sleep. But they were not to retire without an incident, though fortunately it was such as to add to the cheerfulness lately inspiring the spirits of all, even to the macaw and little monkey, both of whom had amply regaled themselves upon the succulent fruits of the massaranduba. The great ape, again left behind, had been altogether forgotten. No one of the party was thinking of it; or, if any one was, it was only with a very subdued regret. All knew that the coaita could take care of itself, and under all circumstances it would be safe enough. For all this, they would have been very glad still to have kept it in their company, had that been possible; and all of them were glad when a loud chattering at no great distance was recognized as the salutation of their old acquaintance, the coaita. Directly after, the animal itself was seen springing from tree to tree, until by a last long leap it lodged itself on the branches of the massaranduba, and was soon after seated upon the shoulders of Tipperary Tom!

While the swimmers were proceeding by slow stages, the ape had kept them company among the tops of the adjacent trees; and, but for its being delayed by having to make the circuit around the various little bays, it might have been astride the vegetable cow long before the swimmers themselves. Coming late, it was not the less welcome, and before going to sleep it was furnished with a fruit supper, and received a series of caresses from Tom, that in some measure consoled it for his double desertion.



## CHAPTER LV.

## ONLY A DEAD-WOOD.

DESPITE the coarse netting of the hammocks on which they were constrained to pass the night, our adventurers slept better than was their wont, from a certain feeling of security, — a confidence that God had not forgotten them. He who could give them food in the forest could also guide them out of the labyrinth into which their own negligence had led them.

A prayer to Him preceded their breakfast on the cream of the cow-tree, and with another they launched themselves upon their strings of shells, with renewed confidence, and proceeded along the curving selvage of the trees. As before, they found their progress impeded by the “ovens” of the piosoca; and, despite their utmost exertions, at noon they had made scarce three miles from their starting-point, for the gigantic tree that had sheltered them was full in sight, and even at sunset they could not have been more than six miles from it.

In the forest about them there appeared no resting-place for the night. The trees stood closely together, but without any interlacing of branches, or large horizontal limbs upon which they might seek repose. For a time it appeared as if they would have to spend the night upon the water. This was a grave consideration, and the guide knew it. With their bodies immersed during the midnight hours, — chill even within the tropics, — the consequences might be serious, perhaps fatal. One way or another a lodgment must be obtained among the tree-tops. It was obtained, but after much difficulty. The climbing to it was a severe struggle, and the seat was of the most uncomfortable kind. There was no supper, or comfort of any kind.

With the earliest appearance of day they were all once more in the water, and slowly pursuing their weary way. Now slower than ever, for in proportion to their constantly decreasing strength the obstruction from the piosocas appeared to increase. The lagoon, or at least its border, had become a labyrinth of lilies.

While thus contending against adverse circumstances, an object came under their eyes that caused a temporary abstraction from their misery. Something strange was lying along the water at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from them. It appeared to be some ten or twelve yards in length, and stood quite high above the surface. It was of a dark brown color, and presented something the appearance of a bank of dried mud, with some pieces of stout stakes projecting upward. Could it be this? Was it a bank or spit of land?

The hearts of the swimmers leaped as this thought, inspired by their wishes, came into every mind. If land, it could be only an islet, for there was water all around it, — that they could perceive. But if so, an islet, if no bigger than a barn-door, would still be land, and therefore welcome. They might stretch their limbs upon it, and obtain a good night's rest, which they had not done since the wreck of the galatea. Besides, an islet ever so

small — if only a sand-bar or bank of mud — would be a sort of evidence that the real dry land was not far off.

The dark form at first sight appeared to be close in to the trees, but Munday, standing up in the water, pronounced it to be at some distance from them, — between fifty and a hundred yards. As it was evident that the trees themselves were up to their necks in water, it could hardly be an island. Still there might be some elevated spot, a ridge or mound, that overtopped the inundation. Buoyed up by this hope, the swimmers kept on towards it, every eye scanning intently its outlines in order to make out its real character. All at once the projections which they had taken for stakes disappeared from the supposed spot of mud. They had assumed the shape of large wading birds of dark plumage, which, having spread their long, triangular wings, were now hovering above the heads of the swimmers, by their cries proclaiming that they were more astonished at the latter than they could possibly be at them.

It was not until they had arrived within a hundred yards of the object that its true character was declared. “*Pa Terra!*” Munday cried, in a sonorous and somewhat sorrowful voice, as he sank despairingly upon his breast; — “no island, — no bank, — no land of any kind. *Only a dead-wood!*”

“A dead-wood!” repeated the Patron, not comprehending what he meant, and fancying from the chagrined air of the Indian that there might be mischief in the thing.

“That’s all, master. The carcass of an old *Manguba*, that’s been long since stripped of his limbs, and has been carried here upon the current of the Gapo; don’t you see his huge shoulders rising above the water?”

Richard proceeded to explain the Indian’s meaning. “The trunk of a dead tree, uncle. It’s the silk-cotton-tree, or manguba, as Munday calls it. I can tell that by its floating so lightly on the water. It appears to be anchored, though; or perhaps it is moored among the stalks of the piosocas.”

The explanation was interrupted by a shout from the Indian, whose countenance had all at once assumed an expression of cheerfulness, — almost joy. The others, as they turned their eyes upon him, were surprised at the sudden change, for but a moment before they had noticed his despairing look.

“The Mundurucú must be mad, Patron,” he shouted. “Where is his head? Gone down to the bottom of the Gapo along with the galatea!”

“What’s the matter?” inquired Tom, brightening up as he beheld the joyful aspect of the Indian. “Is it dhroy land that he sees? I hope it’s that same.”

“What is it, Munday,” asked Trevannion. “Why do you fancy yourself insane?”

“Only to think of it, Patron, that I should have been sorry to find but the trunk of a tree. The trunk of a tree, — a grand manguba, big enough to make a *montaria*, an *igarite*, — a galatea, if you like, — a great canoe that will carry us all! Cry *Santos Dios!* Give thanks to the Great Spirit! We are saved! — we are saved!”

The words of the *tapuyo*, wild as they might appear, were well understood.

They were answered by a general shout of satisfaction,—for even the youngest of the party could comprehend that the great log lying near them might be made the means of carrying them clear of the dangers with which they had been so long encompassed.

“True, — true,” said Trevannion. “It is the very thing for which we have been searching in vain,—some sort of timber that would carry its own weight in the water, and us beside. This dead manguba, as you call it, looks as if a ton would not sink it a quarter of an inch. It will certainly serve us for a raft. Give thanks to God, children; His hand is in this. It fills me with hope that we are yet to survive the perils through which we are passing, and that I shall live to see old England once more.”

No flock of jacanas ever created such a commotion among the leaves of the Victoria lily as was made at that moment. Like frail leaves the thick stems were struck aside by the arms of the swimmers, strengthened by the prospect of a speedy delivery from what but the moment before seemed extremest peril; and almost in a moment they were alongside the great trunk of the manguba, in earnest endeavor to get upon it.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### THE STERCULIADS.

IN their attempts at boarding they were as successful as they could have expected. The top of the gigantic log was full six feet above the surface of the water, and there were huge buttresses upon it—the shoulders spoken of by Munday—that rose several feet higher. By dint of hard climbing, however, all were at length safely landed.

After they had spent a few minutes in recovering breath, they began to look around them and examine their strange craft. It was, as the Indian had alleged, the trunk of a silk-cotton-tree, the famed *Bombax* of the American tropical forests,—found, though, in many different species, from Mexico to the mountains of Brazil. It is known as belonging to the order of the *Sterculiads*, which includes among its *genera* a great number of vegetable giants, among others the *baobab* of Africa, with a stem ninety feet in circumference, though the trunk is out of proportion to the other parts of the tree. The singular hand-plant of Mexico called *Manita* is a sterculiad, as are also the cotton-tree of India and the gum-tragacanth of Sierra Leone.

The bombax-trees of Tropical America are of several distinct species. They are usually called cotton or silk-cotton trees, on account of the woolly or cottony stuff between the seeds and the outer capsules, which resemble those of the true cotton plant (*Gossypium*). They are noted for their great size and imposing appearance, more than for any useful properties. Several species of them, however, are not without a certain value. *Bombax ceiba*, and *B. monguba*, the monguba of the Amazon, are used for canoes, a single trunk sufficing to make a craft that will carry twenty hogsheads of sugar along with its crew of *tapuyos*. The peculiar lightness of the wood renders it ser-



viceable for this purpose; and there is one species, the *ochroma* of the West Indies, so light as to have been substituted for cork-wood in the bottling of wines.

The silk or cotton obtained from the seed-pods, though apparently of an excellent quality, unfortunately cannot be well managed by the spinning-machine. It lacks adhesiveness, and does not form a thread that may be trusted. It is, however, extensively used for the stuffing of couches, cushions, and other articles of upholstery; and the Amazonian Indians employ it in feathering the arrows of their blow-guns, and for several other purposes.

A peculiarity of the Sterculiads is their having buttresses. Some are seen with immense excrescences growing out from their trunks, in the form of thin, woody plates, covered with bark just like the trunk itself, between which are spaces that might be likened to stalls in a stable. Often these partitions rise along the stem to a height of fifty feet. The cottonwood (*Populus angulata*) and the deciduous cypress of the Mississippi (*Taxodium distichum*) partake of this singular habit; the smaller buttresses of the latter, known as "cypress knees," furnishing the "cypress hams," which, under their covering of lime-washed canvas, have been sold (so say the Southerners) by the Yankee speculator for the genuine haunch of the corn-fed hog!

In spite of its commercial inutility, there are few trees of the South American forest more interesting than the manguba. It is a conspicuous tree, even in the midst of a forest abounding in types of the vegetable kingdom, strange and beautiful. Upon the trunk of such a tree, long since divested of its leaves, — stripped even of its branches, its species distinguishable only to the eye of the aboriginal observer, — our adventurers found a lodgment.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### CHASED BY TOCANDEIRAS.

THEIR tenancy was of short continuance. Never did lodger retreat from a shrewish landlady quicker than did Trevannion and his party from the trunk of the silk-cotton-tree. That they so hastily forsook a secure resting-place, upon which but the moment before they had been so happy to plant their feet, will appear a mystery. Strangest of all, that they were actually driven overboard by an insect not bigger than an ant!

Having gained a secure footing, as they supposed, upon the floating tree-trunk, our adventurers looked around them, the younger ones from curiosity, the others to get acquainted with the character of their new craft. Trevannion was making calculations as to its capability; not as to whether it could carry them, for that was already decided, but whether it was possible to convert it into a manageable vessel, either with sails, if such could be extemporized, or with oars, which might be easily obtained. While thus engaged, he was suddenly startled by an exclamation of surprise and alarm from the Indian. All that day he had been the victim of sudden surprises.

"The *Tocandeiras!* — the *Tocandeiras!*!" he cried, his eyes sparkling as

he spoke ; and, calling to the rest to follow, he retreated toward one end of the tree-trunk.

With wondering eyes they looked back to discover the thing from which they were retreating. They could see nothing to cause such symptoms of terror as those exhibited by their guide and counsellor. It is true that upon the other end of the tree-trunk, in a valley-like groove between two great buttresses, the bark had suddenly assumed a singular appearance. It had turned to a fiery red hue, and had become apparently endowed with a tremulous motion. What could have occasioned this singular change in the color of the log ?

“The Tocandeiras !” again exclaimed Munday, pointing directly to the object upon which all eyes were fixed.

“Tocandeiras ?” asked Trevannion. “Do you mean those little red insects crawling along the log ?”

“That, and nothing else. Do you know what they are, Patron ?”

“I have not the slightest idea, only that they appear to be some species of ant.”

“That ’s just what they are, — ants and nothing else ! Those are the dreaded *fire-ants*. We ’ve roused them out of their sleep. By our weight the manguba has gone down a little. The water has got into their nest. They are forced out, and are now spiteful as hungry jaguars. We must get beyond their reach, or in ten minutes’ time there won’t be an inch of skin on our bodies without a bite and a blister.”

“It is true, uncle,” said Richard. “Munday is not exaggerating. If these ugly creatures crawl upon us, and they will if we do not get out of the way, they ’ll sting us pretty nigh to death. We must leave the log !”

And now, on the way towards the spot occupied by the party, was a fiery stream composed of spiteful-looking creatures, whose very appearance bespoke stings and poison. There was no help for it but to abandon the log, and take to the water. Fortunately each individual was still in possession of his string of sapucaya-shells ; and, sliding down the side of the log, once more they found themselves among the grand gong-like leaves of the gigantic lily.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### A LOG THAT WOULD N’T ROLL.

IT now became a question, what they were to do. Abandon the log altogether, for a swarm of contemptible insects, not larger than lady-bugs, when, by the merest chance, they had found a raft, the very thing they stood in need of ? Such a course was not contemplated, — not for a moment. On gliding back into the Gapo, they had no idea of swimming away farther than would secure their safety from the sting of the insects, as Munday assured them that the fire-ants would not follow them into the water. But how regain possession of their prize ?

The ants were now seen swarming all over it, here and there collected in

large hosts, seemingly holding council together, while broad bands appeared moving from one to the other, like columns of troops upon the march! There was scarce a spot upon the surface of the log, big enough for a man to set his foot upon, that was not reddened by the cohorts of this insect army!

"How shall we dispossess them?" inquired Trevannion.

"Shure," said Tipperary Tom, answering as if the appeal had been made to him, "can't we sit thim on fire, an' burn thim aft the log? Cud n't we gather some dry laves out av the threes, an' make a blaze that 'ud soon consume ivery mother's son av thim?"

"Nonsense, Tom. We should consume the log, as well as the ants, and then what would be the advantage to us?"

"Well, thin, iv yez think fire won't do, why can't we thry wather? Lit us thry an' drownd thim off the log. Munday sez they can't swim, an' iv they can't, shure they must go to the bottom."

"How would you do it?" asked Trevannion, catching at the idea suggested by the Hibernian.

"Nothing asier. Give the did three a rowl over on its back, an' thin the ants 'll get undher the wather; an' won't they have to stay there? Lit us all lay howlt on the log, an' see iv we can't give the swate craythers a duckin'."

Convinced that there was good sense in Tom's counsel, swimming back towards the log, they stretched their arms upward, and commenced trying to turn it over. The attempt proved unsuccessful. Partly from the enormous weight of the dead tree, saturated as one half of it was with water, and partly owing to the great buttresses acting as outriggers, they could only turn it about one tenth part of its circumference. It rolled back upon them, at first dipping a little deeper, but afterwards settling into its old bed. They were about to discontinue their efforts, when a cry came from Tom, as if some new source of terror had been discovered in the manguba. Soon each and all found an explanation in their own sensations, which were as if they had been sharply stung or bitten by some venomous insect. While shouldering the log in vain endeavors to capsize it, some scores of the ants had been detached from its sides, and fallen upon the bodies of the swimmers. Instead of showing gratitude for this temporary respite from drowning, the spiteful insects had at once imbedded their poisoned fangs in their preservers, as if conscious that they owed all their misfortunes to the intruders who had so rudely disturbed their rest. But when these stray ants that had been stinging them were disposed of, their attention was once more directed towards the manguba, with a still more determinate resolution to repossess what in their eyes was more valuable than a selected log of the finest Honduras mahogany!

*Mayne Reid.*





# Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY  
of  
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



## PUZZLES.

No. 15.

My first is in Handsome, but not in Fair ;  
My second is in Cherry, but not in Pear ;  
My third is in Sunrise, but not in Dawn ;  
My fourth is in Deer, but not in Fawn ;  
My fifth is in Bitter, but not in Sweet ;  
My sixth is in Head, but not in Feet ;  
My seventh is in Hate, but not in Love ;  
My eighth is in Pigeon, but not in Dove ;  
My whole is the name of one of our Generals.

I. M. P.

No. 16.

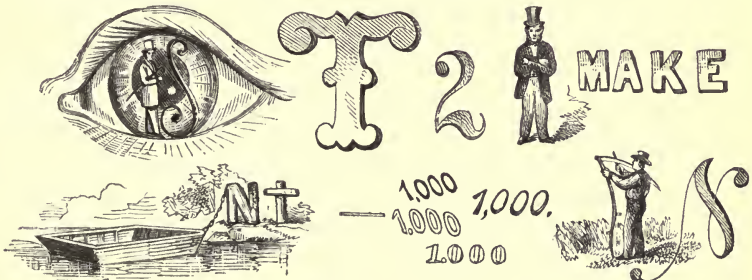
Taken as I am, I am a coin of Lombardy and Venice.  
Curtail me, and I am what we call a man when he has been fooled.  
Curtail me again, and I am the king of day.  
Curtail me still again, and find an adverb.

W. C. E.

## CONUNDRUMS.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>28. When is a seat at a public entertainment like a bashful man ?</p> <p>29. Why is the Rebellion like an old straw bonnet made into a fashionable shape ?</p> | <p>30. What precious stone is useful on a farm ?</p> <p>31. How many sticks go to make a crow's nest ?</p> |
|---|--|

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 30.



## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 31.



## CHARADES.

## No. 21.

My *first* is myself, and I oft do my *second* ;  
 My *third* very often reflective is reckoned.  
 My *whole*'s a refiner, and put in our food ;  
 But taken alone, it is not very good.

PROCTOR.

## No. 22.

My *first* is the Latin for a thievish little  
 beast  
 That steals for a living without minding  
 it the least.

He has a sleek little body and four cunning  
 paws ;  
 His morals are the easiest ; his conscience  
 never gnaws.

My *second* is a pronoun, a Latin pronoun  
 too,  
 And it stands for a person, but I shall not  
 tell you who.

Run, get your grammar, and you will  
 quickly find

My name, case, gender, person, and how  
 I am declined.

My *third* is good plain English, and if my  
 name you'd know,

Scan the first friend you chance to meet,  
 with care, from top to toe.

I'm small and oft looked down upon, but  
 not devoid of soul ;

The inner life, not outward form, is under  
 our control.

My *whole*'s a little creature born under  
 summer skies,

That eats and drinks and sings his song,  
 and unlamented dies.

If more than this you'd like to know, I'd  
 strongly recommend

That you should come to Salem the sum-  
 mer months to spend.

## No. 23.

Ruy Gomez gives his horse the rein,  
 And gallops far and fast.

Had Moslem hound his pathway crossed,  
 That hour had been his last.

His hand is on his jewelled blade,  
 And lightning in his eye ;

A kerchief waves from yonder tower, —  
 Why rides Ruy Gomez by ?

He spurs him to my *second*'s gate,  
 Where years his steed to stay ;

But see, far up the rugged path  
 The bandit speeds away,

And laughing spies from mountain steep  
 Ruy Gomez storm below ; —

He'll do my *first* to each young knight  
 Whose hounds he chance to know !

Ruy Gomez turns with altered pace,  
 And slowly hies him back ;

The rain falls thick from murky clouds,  
 And night grows stern and black.

Then drawing o'er his draggled plume  
 My *third*, with wrathful soul

He curses all who follow in  
 The footsteps of my *whole*.

A. R.

## No. 24.

He left his lodgings at break of day,  
 Nor took of the landlord my *whole*,

But softly and silently crept away,  
 And around the corner stole.

The car passed by on its noisy way,  
 But he viewed it with hopeless look,

For my *first* had been missing, for many  
 a day,

From his empty pocket-book.

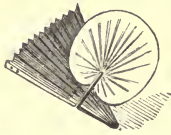
O'er his features a look of sorrow passed,  
 And his mind was filled with pain,

For he thought how all things would be  
 my *last*,

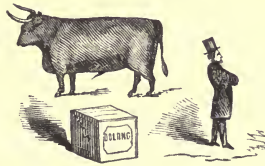
If his pocket were full again.

CARL.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 32.



Y



## ENIGMAS.

## No. 23.

I am composed of 10 letters.

- My 1, 9, 8, 7, was once king of Israel.  
 My 10, 2, 7, 4, is what we could not do without in our food.  
 My 1, 9, 7, 4, 2, 3, is the highest officer in Turkey.  
 My 2, 4, 7, 5, 10, is necessary to a scholar.  
 My 7, 2, 1, 4, is not first.  
 My 6, 7, 2, 10, 1, is what every one who goes to school is in.  
 My whole is the children's winter friend, who appears but once a year.

L. L. S.

## No. 24.

- My whole of 46 letters is a piece of good advice, which few, if any, can *literally* follow.  
 My 40, 37, 14, 46, 35, is a command which those who play often disregard.  
 My 31, 13, 22, 4, 18, 38, 32, walks as if he had 27, 21, 9, 45, 20, of 12, 6, 17, 12, 2, 42.  
 My 8, 2, 10, 5, 25, 41, 1, 39, 15, 42, proved no obstacle to Leander's love; while  
 My 7, 18, 24, 28, 11, 44, 16, 36, 3, 33, was a glorious obstacle to tyranny.

A. L.

## No. 25.

I am composed of 14 letters.

- My 9, 10, 5, 12, 11, 14, is a boy's name.  
 My 1, 11, 4, is the boy himself.  
 My 8, 2, 7, 3, is his dinner-time.  
 My 6, 13, 4, is his friend who dined with him.  
 My whole is a city in England, and its situation.

H. F. C.

## No. 26.

I am composed of 33 letters.

- My 10, 18, 5, 15, 25, 2, draws tears.  
 My 21, 3, 29, 17, 11, is a kind of craft.  
 My 22, 13, 26, 22, 20, 32, is an ancient gymnast.  
 My 4, 18, 9, 20, 12, 21, is what old people lose.  
 My 19, 24, 25, 8, 6, 30, is a necessary of life.  
 My 1, 7, 27, 14, 5, raises a blister.  
 My 31 is essential to sight.  
 My 33, 28, 23, 32, 16, is unconditional surrender.  
 My whole is a popular song.

HUNTER.

## No. 27.

I consist of 17 letters.

- My 11, 6, 17, 15, 7, on a gallows hung.  
 My 13, 9, 13, 3, 4, was a friend of Paul.  
 My 5, 3, 8, was a friend of Moses.  
 My 2, 12, 8, 15, 7, was Abram's brother.  
 My 1, 3, 10, 14, was a son of Ham.  
 My 16, 13, 11, 12, 17, 6, 8, was Daniel's father.  
 My 1, 3, 4, 5, 9, was Joab's servant.  
 My whole kept Israel in subjection eight years.

T. H. N.

## No. 28.

I consist of 17 letters.

- My 11, 12, 6, 1, 2, was a servant of the Cenachrean church.  
 My 5, 2, 14, 7, was Levi's mother.  
 My 4, 10, 3, 17, was a grandson of Ham.  
 My 17, 14, 9, 9, 16, 3, 7, was a town of Naphthali.  
 My 13, 16, 9, 14, and my 18, 15, 12, 6, 5, are towns of Benjamin.  
 My whole is a town mentioned in one of the prophets.

T. H. N.



## ANSWERS.

## ENIGMAS.

20. Nathaniel Bowditch.  
21. Pride will have a fall.  
22. Murder will out.

## PUZZLES.

11. Because it is *guessed* with too great ease (two great E's).  
12. What.  
13. Wheel.  
14. A water-lily.

## CONUNDRUMS.

24. Because it makes men mean.  
25. Because they are always breaking their word.  
26. When it has been re-seated (receipted).  
27. Because he always kept his collar (choler) down.

## DECAPITATIONS.

- |            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Flute.  | 9. Bowl.    |
| 2. Drake.  | 10. Plover. |
| 3. Keel.   | 11. Bann.   |
| 4. Plough. | 12. Amite.  |
| 5. Acorn.  | 13. Barrow. |
| 6. Goat.   | 14. Tweed.  |
| 7. Cape.   | 15. Pruth.  |
| 8. Drum.   | 16. Cash.   |

## CHARADES.

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 17. Pat-riot.   | 19. Ma-tri-mony.  |
| 18. Green-back. | 20. Candle-stick. |

## ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

25. Crabbed age and youth cannot live together. Shakespeare.  
[(Crab (bed) (age) & (youth) (can) (knot) L(eye) V e (toe) g (ether) (shakes) (pear) e.]
26. From discontent grows treason, and on the stalk of treason death.  
[From (disc *on* tent) g (rose) (trees *on* and *on* the) (stalk) of (tree) (s *on* death).]
27. Reform in yourself those things you blame in others.  
[Re (form *in* ewer) s (elf) t (hose) (*thin* g's) u (B *lame*) (inn) others.]
28. Cattle love to browse; cats to prowl; and dogs to bark; some creatures are eatable, none useless to man.  
[[Cat] l (Love) (two brows); (cat) (stoop) R (owl); & (dog-stew) B (ark); (sum) (*craters*) R e (table), (nun) (U's *less* 2) (man).]
29. The longest *lane* has a turning.



JUST MY LUCK! IV.

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