

OUR
YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

Illustrated **M**agazine

FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

GAIL HAMILTON

LUCY LARCOM

BOSTON
GICKNER & FIELDS

124 TREMONT ST.

1866.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Vol. II.

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No. II.

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PUCK'S WORK.



MAN went through the village one day driving a load of posts. By and by he stopped and threw one of them down by the roadside. A good lady saw him from her window, and said to herself, "Why, here is a kind-hearted man indeed! He is lightening his load because he thinks it too heavy for his horses." Presently he threw off another post. "The kindest-hearted man I ever saw!" soliloquized the lady; but the small boys following him saw that he kept lightening his load till it was quite gone, and a line of white posts lay along the roadside as far as they could see. "Mitter Anner, what all them thtiks for?" said inquisitive young Archie; but, without waiting for a reply, he hurried off to new wonders. Three other men came up with shovel and scoop, and various tools, and they scooped out deep holes, and set up the posts in them, and marched on. One of these holes they left unfilled over night, and when they were gone I went out and looked down into the deep round cavity, and there at the bottom sat merry, mischievous little Puck, and winked up at me with his saucy bright eyes.

And who is Puck? O, a funny hobgoblin that promised three hundred years ago to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, and who seems sometimes seriously to be setting himself to the task, and again, in sport, bringing it all to naught. Dr. Franklin and Professor Morse, and Monsieur DeSauty and Mr. Field, have put their shoulders vigorously to the wheel; but I fancy Puck is at the bottom of it all,—sweet Puck, who labors in the mill and thrashes out more corn at night than ten men do by day, yet, when the mood takes him, bobs about like a crab in the gossip's bowl, or turns into a three-foot stool, and slips away when the "wisest aunt" goes to sit down on it.

Is the telegraph Puck's work? Let us see, then, what it has done. The telegraph? Electricity? O yes! You know all about it. Not you, nor I, nor the wisest man living. As yet we have only felt out cautiously in the dark, and laid our hands upon the mane of this wonderful wild creature, this mysterious electric force, taming him down now and then to a feat of swiftness or of strength; but what his nature and his service are, how to gain the complete mastery over him, and what giant's work he stands ready to do for us when once we shall have subdued and subsidized him,—ah! my little friends, this is your work, the bequest of the past generations. Therefore, young philosophers *in posse*, (that is, in pinafores,) study assiduously your a-b-abs, your three times two, and your *τύπτεις τύπτει*, that you may be ready for great things when the fulness of time is come.

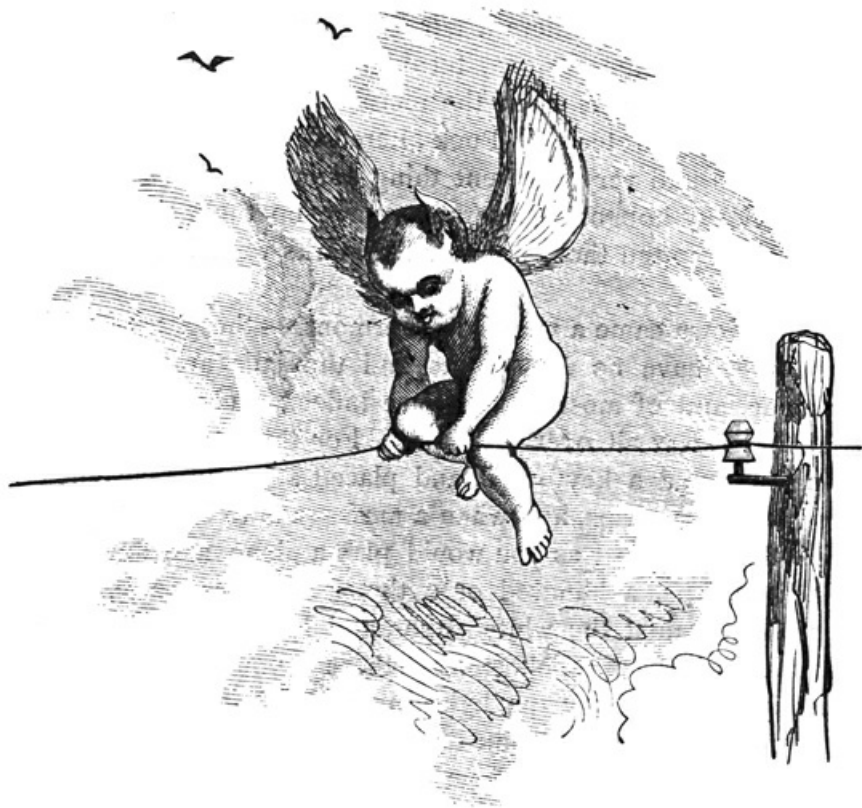
Permit me to remind you of what you perhaps already know, that the word telegraph is composed of two Greek words,—*tele*, afar, and *grapho*, to write; consequently anything which writes or signals from afar off may be called a telegraph. In the old times fires were used for this purpose. Kindled on the hill-tops, and flashing from hill to hill, their light by night and their smoke by day would speedily give warning across a whole country. It was thus that the Indians, dragging their old times down into our later days, heralded to their comrades the tidings of Fremont's approach. The ancient Romans went so far as to spell out words by using different kinds of fires for letters. You may recollect that the colored lanterns used on railroads and steamers have each its significance.

Then people began to get acquainted with this strange servant of theirs,—ever present yet ever unseen,—this electric force. Long before Christ came, they had learned his signs and felt his power; but for thousands of years he eluded them, and they got little control over him. It was only after long study and many trials that they found a way to send him of errands over long distances. Dr. Franklin made a road of wire, laid it under the Schuylkill River, and ordered him to set fire to some alcohol on the other side. Then that learned man cast longing eyes into the heavens, and little Puck mounted a kite, sailed up into the thunder-clouds, stole a pocketful of lightning, and brought it down to the Doctor with a smart rap over the knuckles for his pains; but little heeded the Doctor, so he could prove that the electricity of the earth was own brother to the lightning of the skies. From that time Wise Men of the East and West labored incessantly to tame down the fierce, fearful creature into a meek domestic drudge, and got many a kick for their pains, but curbed him ever more and more; and all the while Puck helped and hindered to the top of his bent, and made sport alike of work and play. When the wise men succeeded in communicating signals from room to room, they thought they had accomplished much. Then they arranged lines and spaces on strips of tinfoil, and, having exploded a charge of gunpowder, or caused to fall some solid body, to let you know something was going to happen, they flashed out the electric light, and the form of the figure shone confessed. The first telegraph actually established was by Professor Steinheil of Munich, in 1836. It was twelve miles long. It rang bells for signals, and then traced dots and lines upon a strip of paper, moving slowly and regularly under the instrument. These dots and lines represented letters, and the operator would translate them into the words intended; as,—

But mischievous Puck found here a fair field for his pranks, and played all manner of tricks with these signs, turning sober sense into—sometimes very serious—nonsense; as when the merchant telegraphed to have a certain bill of exchange “protected,” Puck altered it into “protested,”—which is a pretty solemn and very different thing among merchants. At length, to thwart the tricky hobgoblin, operators gave up their signs, and trusted to their ears alone to tell them whether the marks were intended for dot or dash.

But presently down came a man from Vermont,—the green and beautiful State where they have no Democrats and the jails are empty,—Royal House by name, and of most royal house indeed, and Puck feared in his impish soul that it was all over with him. For this Royal House set up a crank and a wheel and a key-board, and placed strips of blackened ribbon above the white paper strips, and when a message is to be sent, you give the signal, strike the key-board as you would play a piano, and for every stroke up jumps a little type, a hundred or a thousand miles away, presses the blackened ribbon against the white paper, and leaves there its image,—a plain Roman letter! Click, click, click,—there is your message all ready, in good honest type, printed by the lightning’s own hand, to be known and read of all men. Puck looked on in dismay when the first printed message was sent over the wires, in 1847, from Cincinnati to Jeffersonville, one hundred and fifty miles, and feared his occupation was gone. Quite *machineried* out of the way, what could little Puck do? There was no room between fingers and key-board to crowd in a spice of mischief, and when the man at the receiving-station heard the click which told him a message was coming, he had only to set his type-wheel, put the machine in motion, signal back that he was ready, and go to reading his newspaper,—leaving the lightning’s swift fingers to do all the rest; and the lightning would make short work with Puck, as that elf very well knows. So he is forced to content himself with stealing a march upon the operators, and giving them a saucy slap now and then.

But though within the telegraph rooms Puck is somewhat checkmated now-a-days, he finds ample room and verge enough out-doors to frolic in. After he has assiduously helped to set the telegraph posts and stretch the wire, he labors just as assiduously to bring them both to grief. Did you never see him sitting astride a post in a storm, grinning maliciously as he succeeded in twisting off the wire or pulling it apart with both hands, his fat cheeks all red and puffed out with the effort? In the old country they sometimes hide the wires in lead or earthen pipes, and stow them underground, out of Puck’s sight; but he prowls around till he finds their hiding-place, and it shall go hard but he will tap them somewhere and let off the precious electricity, or give them a thrust with his foot and sink them into uselessness. Then the poor workmen have to crawl around a great while longer to find where the trouble is, and Puck lurks under a plantain-leaf and flings up his heels in agonies of delight. In fact, the telegraph companies are so sure of his funny spite that they employ men regularly to follow him up. Where he has broken a wire, they mend it by soldering the ends together; and they have become so expert, that, by putting one end of the broken wire above the tongue, and the other end beneath it, some of them can find out what is the message that is passing through it. During the last war, when news sometimes made fortunes, certain men, more curious than honorable, are said to have fastened a small wire to the main one, and to have coaxed away from it electricity enough to whisper, faintly but intelligibly, its secret errand. But we will not believe any one would be mean enough to do that. It would be like opening and reading another person’s letter.



In 1852 Dr. Channing, Mr. Farmer, and Puck laid their heads together, and set electricity to ringing the fire-bells of Boston. And ring they did, so loud, so clear, so true, that they told all the firemen not only that there was a fire, but just in what place it was, so that there need be no time lost in running hither and thither. These bells were once rung from Portland through the telegraph wire, "just for fun," and they were all ready to be rung from London through the great Atlantic cable, when it suddenly ceased working. Only think, little friends, of standing in London and ringing the Old South bell in Boston!—being called to dinner, say, by the Queen of England, God bless her! the true-hearted woman, who was our friend when friends were few.

The great Atlantic cable,—ah! Puck has made wild work there. When after infinite trouble it had been safely bestowed on shipboard and taken out to mid-ocean, did not he raise such a storm about their ears as came near sending ship, sailors, and all to the bottom? And after helping Mr. Field to get it well a-going, after setting the Queen at one end and the President at the other for a social chit-chat across the world, after persuading New York to burn her City Hall by way of fire-works in celebration of the event, and driving us all crazy with delight, he must needs turn about and belabor the poor cable till its breath grew shorter and shorter, its voice came fainter and fainter, and it died and gave no sign.

So it slumbered in its ocean bed for four years undisturbed, and then Mr. Field prepared another cable, still stronger and better than the first, and they placed it on board the Great Eastern,—the unhappy, blundering giant, who felt now that at last his hour was come,—and sailed out to sea, uncoiling as they sailed. And the astonished sea heaved and surged around the slender wire, but took it softly to its great, cold heart,—the strange, wee thing, the flashing, throbbing, living soul that was henceforth to voice the harmony of the world, the brotherhood of man. O Puck, Puck! two continents were agaze. Could you not cease your mad pranks for one little space? Not Puck! The more eager we grew, the wilder and madder waxed he. The nearer we came to our goal, the more intent he to push it from us. He stabbed the precious wire with wicked darts. He climbed into the tank where it lay, and kinked it into knots, and tangled and rasped and strained and grated it,—and—and Mr. Field went down into the cabin, and with white lips,—white from feeling, not faint-heartedness,—and with a voice that trembled, but only as a brave man's may, he told them it was all over. The cable was broken and gone down into the deep sea. O, I think even little Puck must have been sorry then!

Whether Puck will ever give us the girdle he promised, I do not know. I think we shall one day, perhaps not yours nor mine, get it in spite of him. But this is certain: fail the cable if it must, there is a strong heart that has never failed. And better than a hundred cables is the heroic soul which braves every storm, and bides every strain, and holds, through all, its unchanging purpose and its unfaltering course. We have not yet our ocean telegraph, but we have our Mr. Field.

Gail Hamilton.



THE ICE FAIRIES.

YOU have seen the little chalets, or models of Swiss cottages, perhaps, which some of your friends have brought home with them from Europe. They have staircases running down the outside, and plenty of cosy nooks where children can perch, like birds on the tiny houses we sometimes build for them, and can glance like them over the world, singing perhaps as gladly in the sunshine.

Several of these Swiss cottages are built near together on a certain mountain-side. One of them, at a little distance from the others, directly fronts another peak of the Alps, whose snow-crowned summit, bare in the sunshine, with spots of verdure lower down, where its rays fall more kindly, looks like the hoary-headed grandfather of the Alpine chain, whose broad green scarf of pasture-land is twined round him even to his feet.

Pieretto Lamer was born in this cottage, and for ten years had lived in it. He slept in a room whose pointed window just took in a view of the Alpine peak, and for five years this room had been shared with his little brother Carl. They used to lie awake here on moonlight nights and watch, with a kind of wonder and fear, the great mountain, so still and grand. Pieretto could only think of God when he looked at it; for it was above the earth, powerful and yet beautiful, and it sent down its pure water, and clasped its protecting forest arms around the dwellers on it, as God's love enfolds all who live on earth. So he said his prayers to it every night, and could never quite forget its presence.

Carl was a noisy, rough little fellow. He liked to look at the mountain, and tell Pieretto and his mother how he meant to have his chalet built upon it when he grew to be a man; then he would pasture sheep, his wife would make cheese, and he would go off whole days, scaling the mountain passes, and come home, his hat trimmed with Alpine roses, to surprise them all with the chamois he had shot. His gentle mother, who was sick a great deal, only smiled sadly at Carl and his plans; but his old grandfather would frequently tell him about little boys who had grown up to do a great deal to make their friends happy, encouraging all his dreams, and even adding to them some which Carl was obliged to declare could never take place.

Pieretto never said what he should do when he became a man; perhaps his boy-life was too busy for him to think much of what was beyond it; perhaps he noticed that his mother looked sad when Carl talked of his mountain life; for the little boys' father had been such a bold mountaineer as Carl longed to be, and had been killed in one of the perilous

passes, leaving his wife and old father to support themselves and the two boys.

The sun shining in Pieretto's eyes early in the morning always waked him; then he would dress quietly, that Carl might sleep longer and not disturb his mother in the next room, and creep softly down stairs to feed the goat and pigs his grandfather owned. There were many things he found to do in the mornings, but in the afternoon, if his mother was well, he went out with Carl to play, or carried him down to the base of the mountain, where Pastor Joseph Meagher lived in the chalet next the church.

On one of these play afternoons in winter, Carl, being tired of the games of running and jumping with which Pieretto had so many times amused him, sat down on the lower step of the staircase, saying discontentedly, "If I only had playthings now like Louis and Adelia Meagher, I'd rather stay indoors than out this freezing afternoon. Why doesn't the Christ-child bring as nice things to us as to them, Pierro?"

"Didn't you have a chalet on the Christmas-tree last year?" asked Pieretto good-naturedly. "I don't want any nicer playthings than I find out of doors. I guess the Christ-child himself had no others, for you know they tell us in Sunday school that his father and mother were poor."

"But God was his Father!" cried Carl, with great round eyes of surprise.

"Yes, and God is our Father; so all the playthings he makes belong to us."

"God make playthings! I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Pierro, and I think you're saying real wicked things!" said Carl.

"Wicked things? no indeed. Who makes the stones we build our castles of, and the little rivers we sail our ships on?" asked Pieretto. "And besides, there's a real ice palace up in the glen, prettier than any toy Louis has."

"O, is there really, Pierro? Show it to me, Pierro!" cried Carl, jumping up and catching hold of Pieretto's hand.

"A run up the mountain will do you good, after sitting so still in the cold," returned Pieretto gravely. "So come on."

Both boys were too much excited, Carl with curiosity, and Pieretto with the pride and pleasure of gratifying it, to continue their talk. So they ran, stopped a moment for breath, then ran on again, that they might, as Pieretto said, reach the ice palace two hours before sunset.

They reached the glen, which was almost enclosed by fir-trees, and where the snow and ice began to form, and tossed itself in wilder and wilder shapes, until on the summit it seemed at a distance like a part of the soft, fleecy clouds which so often hung in the air around it.

There in the glen were the tiny rivers and waterfalls which amused the boys so much in summer. Now they were still and cold,—as different from themselves when Carl had last seen them, as the bright, playful child differs from the little body still and cold when God has taken the spirit to himself.

Carl must have thought so too, for he exclaimed as soon as he saw them, "O, they are dead, Pierro! all our beautiful rivers and waterfalls are dead."

"No more dead than you when you are asleep, and can't talk," laughed Pieretto. "Winter is night for the flowers and brooks; but I know how to wake them up and show you the fairies of the ice palace."

Pieretto's eye sparkled with conscious power, and his cheek was unusually flushed, while Carl jumped about crying, "Do, Pierro, O please do!"

"Well, throw yourself down here on the ice-palace. Do you see its spires and turrets, and all the queer shapes we find on our window-panes cold mornings?"

"Yes, I see," whispered Carl.

"Jack! Jacko!" cried Pieretto, putting his mouth close to the ice.

His warm breath melted the doorway, and Carl stooped down to look in. There was a room looking as if made of glass, but really a crystal palace of pure shining ice, with icicles hanging from its roof, and delicate tracery of frost-work frescoing its walls. This room was filled with fairies about as large as your thumb, pure and white as snow-flakes, and dancing about as those fall in a snow-storm; others, of a more dazzling transparency and a more elfish look, were spirits of the hail-shower. Only one, the largest of all, had a touch of color about his face, which seemed to be made of a juniper-berry and covered with a white frost. He had two shining black eyes, and was clothed in ermine, with sparkling diamond ornaments of frozen water-drops. He was a jolly little frost-king, and had a tiny icicle in one hand, which he held as a sceptre, or used, as we shall see, as a brush or pencil.

The fairies danced more slowly, and began to droop even while Pieretto and Carl were looking at them; and Jack Frost seeing it, and feeling badly himself, turned to see what was the cause. When he caught sight of Pieretto and Carl at the doorway, he exclaimed, "No wonder you feel so faint, my little elves; the hot air is pouring in upon us from a fiery furnace outside. Look here, my giant friends," he added, turning to the boys, "if you want to see how we live, you mustn't hold your mouths open with astonishment. Your warm breath is as unpleasant to us as this would be to you." With that the mischievous king jumped quite unexpectedly on Carl's nose, and gave it such a nip that it ached with the cold. "Don't cry," said the king in a cheery voice, the laughs falling from him like water-drops from a cascade. "I only wanted to let you see what I *could* do, but I am ready to be as polite as you wish. After sundown I will show you how I pass the nights; it is too hot for me to venture out now. My children here will go soon,—one more dance first";—and

seizing castanets of ice, he played a tinkling melody, to which the fairies flew round again.

Then the boys noticed that, though the faces of the fairies were white, their dresses were often of the most brilliant colors,—rose and violet and blue; they shaded all colors of the rainbow, and as they whirled in and out amid the mazes of the dance, they formed figures like those of the kaleidoscope.

“You see that sheet of ice before you?” said Jack Frost. The boys looked, and noticed as he spoke the various colors of the different parts of it. “Well, when you want to see any of these fairies,” continued King John, as his subjects respectfully called him, “just breathe gently over the roofs of their tiny houses. There in a corner, amid firs and sprays of delicate fern, shrouded in ice, lives Violet Water; and by the rock is the Waterfall Fairy, whom you play with in summer without knowing her. One day last autumn the Brook Fairy, who is a sturdy fellow, and goes babbling over all the stones out to the sea, asked her to marry him. Sumachs and other shrubs blushed at the very idea, but they peeped over the mossy brink to see her fall into his arms for all that. Didn’t we have a gay wedding? Come, children,” he called to the fairies, “be away for the night. We’ll have many a merry meeting before spring, and then be off to the higher mountain. Be sure and hold those purple-belled Alpine flowers down tight, or some of these warm noons they’ll pop their heads up out of the snow, and then you’ll find your ice-palace won’t stand long.”

Then the fairies—Violet Water and Waterfall, Icy Blue and Rosedrop, with many, many more—knelt in a circle around their king, who kissed them rather coldly, as was his nature. Then they sprang up, and, forming a procession, turned to go through a long avenue, which led beneath its ice roof down the mountain, singing as they went to the clink of their tiny icicles,—

“You boys should be the friends always
Of the snow-elves and icy fays.
We build the shining roof of glass,
O’er which your clumsy feet may pass.
And when you skate, snow-ball, or slide,
Upon the field or mountain-side,
The fun you have you surely owe
To icy fays and elves of snow.
We hold the flowers to the earth,
For the warm sun which gave them birth
Would be our death; but we too show
The azure and the roseate glow.
Their colors, stolen by our Frost-King,
On human beings he may fling,—
Give the cold hands a touch of blue,
Or pinch your cheeks to redder hue.
But when the spring-time comes again,
And the bright sunshine floods the plain,
Then fays of ice and snowy elves
To higher Alps betake themselves.”

At these last words the fairies, with a merry glance and bow, shot suddenly farther into the silver aisle, and Carl clapped his hands with delight when he saw its diamond ceiling, through which at night the cold gleam of the stars sent flashes of light. It had columns of shining ice, and on these, in place of gas-fixtures, were opals, whose mild and changing color gave a strange beauty to the scene. The Alpine blossoms too, which they chained down by threads of ice fine as spun glass, showed their bright colors here, and Alpine roses blushed a tender bride-like pink beneath their snowy veils.

The boys would have gazed here for hours; but the king began to work busily, building a solid wall against the opening; then, stooping down, he clasped some skates of ice upon his feet, and, bidding them follow, glided swiftly over the frozen stream, which fell almost down to the pasture-land where their mother’s chalet stood. As he skated, he stopped occasionally to touch the shrubs along the brink—juniper and bilberry and rhododendron, still fresh in sheltered spots—with his ice-pencil, robbing them of every faint trace of green living color,—they turned brown and withered at each touch.

It was still an hour before sunset, but the light was dim among the giant shadows of the Alps, for dark gray clouds covered the sky. It was very cold too, or Jack Frost would not have ventured away from his ice palace so early. He stopped at the chalet with his young friends, who watched him, especially Carl, with amazement, as, climbing like a squirrel up to the sitting-room window, he pulled a seat of ice from beneath his fir mantle, and, fastening it on the sash, began to draw one of those pictures you see on the pane every cold morning. There were mountains, and pine forests, and deep ravines, such as he was familiar with in his Alpine home. He would perhaps have pencilled every window in the house, but a sudden gleam of sunlight fell on him, and, slipping from his seat to the ground like a tiny avalanche, he

complained of feeling tired, and lay down to rest.

You can't tell how funny he looked with his pointed icicle hat and white fur coat! So the boys thought, and ran into the house to call their mother and grandfather to see him; but when they came back, the sun was out more warmly still, and on the spot where he had lain, it shone upon a small pool of water, which never dried up, but became the source of a mountain rivulet, running down to the parsonage, and making the boys think, when the grass bordered it in summer, of their tiny friend, who had dropped his silver belt, and vanished up the mountain at the approach of sunshine.

"Our Frost-King is gone," cried Carl. "O Pierro, I do believe he was nothing but an icicle after all!" he added, discontentedly.

"Well, well, don't feel so badly my boy," said Pastor Meagher, who had come to take tea at the cottage, and stood beside them now. "I have brought a knife for Pieretto, and mean to teach him how to carve the Swiss chalets. You can have some toys then, and he can sell many besides to travellers who pass this way."

Pieretto looked up and smiled joyfully at his mother; then turned to thank the Pastor; and never, after he learned the art of carving, did his mother or grandfather want any comfort for sickness or old age.

Mary L. Smith.

LESSONS IN MAGIC.

VI.

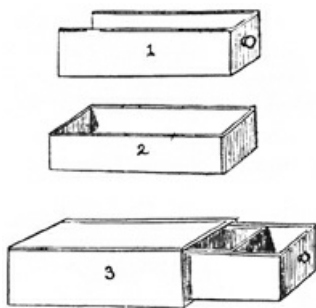
FROM the bottom of my heart, my dear young readers, I wish you all the pleasures of this holiday season; and in the hope of adding something to your amusement I offer you this Lesson, for the first part of which I will choose—

The Herrmann Bran-Trick.

This trick, which bears the name of its inventor, is as follows. A large glass vessel, shaped like a mammoth goblet, is brought forward and handed to the audience for examination. It is then filled with bran from a box on the stage, *by placing it in the box, which hides it for the moment from view*. It is then covered with a brass cap, which reaches only to the leg or stand of it, so that the audience may see that the bran does not pass through the leg. A small box, perfectly empty, is now shown, which is next closed, and at the word of command the bran changes its place; for on removing the cap, the goblet is found empty, while the box, which but a moment before contained nothing, is filled with bran.

Have a round pasteboard box made, shaped like the upper part of a goblet, and of such size as will admit of its just slipping inside the goblet you use for the trick. On each side of the top of this box, just at the edge, have two stout wires fastened, which must be bent so as to come over the edge of the goblet when the box is inside it. Now cover the outside of the box with strong glue or paste; and before it dries sprinkle it over with bran, taking care to leave no part uncovered.

When about to show the trick, secretly place the pasteboard box in the box containing the bran. Now fill your goblet; hold it up high, and pour the bran back into the box; repeat this several times, and at last, when pretending to fill it, slip the pasteboard box, mouth downward, into the goblet; cover the bottom of the box with some loose bran, and bring the goblet forward. Shake off some of the loose bran, and your audience will suppose the goblet to be full. On the inside of the brass cap are two grooves, extending the whole length of the cap and terminating each in a hole, just large enough to admit the wires which are fastened to the top of the pasteboard box. When the cap is placed over the goblet, care is taken that those wires fit in the grooves; the cap is now pushed down, and when it fairly covers the goblet the wires will be at the end of the grooves and push through the holes. All that is to be done now is to raise the cap, and the pasteboard box comes out with it, leaving the goblet empty.



The box, which is shown empty, and afterwards found filled with bran, it is very difficult clearly to describe. As it is absolutely necessary, however, for the proper performance of conjuring tricks, to have a box which can be empty or full at pleasure, and as this one is the most simple known and a great favorite in “the profession,” I will try to explain it. It is called “the drawer-box,” from its shape, which is that of a drawer, and is made of three parts. No. 1 consists of a box having two sides, a bottom, and one end, the other end being wanting. No. 2, which is just enough smaller than No. 1 to fit into it, has two sides, a bottom, and two ends; and No. 3, which is the cover of the drawer, and large enough to admit of No. 1 sliding into it, is composed of two sides, a top and bottom, and one end. Now if No. 2 is laid in No. 1 they will look like one box, the end of No. 1, which is wanting, not being missed, because one end of No. 2 fills its place. When about to use the box fill No. 2 with bran, place it inside No. 1, and put both in No. 3. Now if you pull out No. 1 only (No. 2 being held

inside No. 3 by a pin which runs through the bottom of No. 3 into the end of No. 2), the box will appear to be empty. Push back No. 1 in its place, withdraw the pin from the bottom of No. 3, pull out Nos. 1 and 2 together, and the box is full. Although this description may not appear very clear, yet I think any joiner could make a good working-box by following these directions; the annexed drawings, however, may tend to make it plainer.

I have described how this trick is done merely to satisfy the curiosity of some of my readers; but as I am averse to their spending money for apparatus which would be useless except just for the purpose it was made to serve, I will now explain a simple and inexpensive method of performing almost the same trick, in a manner better suited for private exhibitions than the preceding, and which is equally brilliant.

Take an ordinary goblet, and then with some thin pasteboard—brown bonnet-board is best—make a lining for the glass; that is, cut the pasteboard to such a shape and size that it will just go completely round the inside of the goblet, and then sew the edges together. There is now a cylinder formed; at the top of this cylinder sew a cover or top; next cover the outside and top of this with paste, and before it dries sprinkle bran all over it. Now cut two pieces of cloth each in the shape of an isosceles triangle; sew them together at the edges, leaving the smallest side of the triangles open, thus forming a bag; along the edges that are open sew two pieces of steel spring, or a couple of pieces of thin

whalebone. If now you place in the bag as much bran as will go in the goblet, and hold it mouth down, the bran will not fall out, because the whalebones prevent the bag opening; but if you press on each end of the two whalebones, the bag will open and the bran run out.

To perform the trick then, put in your bag just enough bran to fill the goblet, and fasten it (the bag) inside the breast of your coat, by means of a pin, bent so as to form a hook. The audience having examined your goblet and satisfied themselves that it is without preparation, you proceed to fill it from a large box holding bran, and in which is concealed the lining. Proceed in every way as described in the trick with the large goblet.

After having slipped the lining in, cover the goblet with a large silk handkerchief, and give it to some one to hold. Now borrow a second handkerchief, and show it to be empty; hold it in front of your breast whilst you are showing it, and then passing one hand between it and your person, take out the bran-bag from under your coat and put it inside the handkerchief. Now approach the person who holds the glass, bid the bran "Begone!" raise the handkerchief, and with it the lining of the glass, and there is the empty goblet; pick up the handkerchief in which the bran-bag is, and, holding it over the goblet, open the mouth of the bag by pressing the end of the springs, and the bran running out will appear to come from what your audience suppose is an empty handkerchief.

The lining of the goblet may more easily be lifted out if you have a thread attached to each side of the lining, and made long enough to hang over the sides of the goblet; when you take hold of the handkerchief to pull it off, you seize these threads, and so lift out the lining.

There is a very old trick, which used formerly to appear on programmes as "The Fairy-Necklace," that has lately come out in a new shape, and probably but few of those who saw it under its old form recognize it in—

The Great Chinese Rope-Feat.

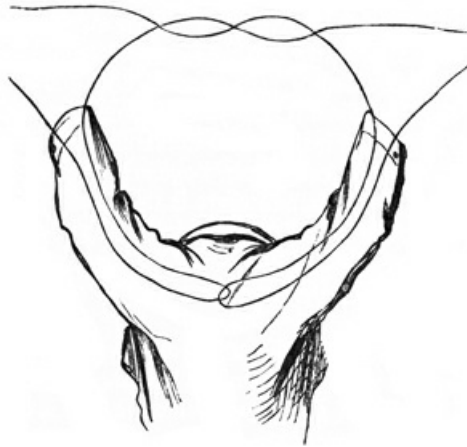
The first I heard of this trick in its present form was at a show-shop in the rather disreputable precincts of Chatham Street, New York; since then, however, an air of respectability has been added to it by its exhibition in Broadway.

Two ropes, each about three yards in length, are given to the audience to examine; and having been found perfect, the performer passes them through the sleeves of a coat, in such a way as to suspend it; to make it still more secure, a knot is tied in the ropes, the ends of which are then given to two persons to hold. The performer then places his hand inside the coat, and, requesting those who are holding the ends of the rope to pull, the coat is left in his hands, having in the most mysterious manner worked off the ropes.

The whole secret of this trick rests in the arrangement of the ropes, which are of themselves perfect. After they have been examined, the performer proceeds to measure them; and, while working over them, doubles each rope in two,—that is, he brings the two ends of each together; he then slips a small rubber band over the centre of one, and then places the middle of the other alongside it and under the elastic, in this way tying the two together, as shown in this illustration.



He now passes the ends marked A, which are the two ends of the same rope, through one sleeve of the coat, and the ends B through the other; these ends he gives to two persons to hold. If now he takes off the elastic band, and the holders of the ropes pull, of course the coat falls off. The only difficulty about the matter in this arrangement is, that each person would have the two ends of one rope, instead of having an end of each in his hands; to remedy this, the performer, under pretence of making the trick more difficult, takes an end from each of them, before pulling off the coat, and, tying a simple single bow in it, thus returns to them different ends. To make it still clearer, I append another illustration, showing the position of the ropes with the coat on.



The Spirit Jews-harp.

SOME few years ago one of the "Spiritual" brethren exhibited in New York a violin, which played of itself, untouched by human hands, when placed in a box out of sight of, and at a little distance from, the audience. It seems rather strange that the "spirits" invariably keep out of sight, and that all the so-called "manifestations" require either a dark room, a closet, or a veil of some kind. The violin of course was played by "spirit hands,"—at least so the exhibitor claimed. Unfortunately, however, for the "medium," his place was visited one night by a party of "roughs,"—a class peculiar to New York, I believe,—and they, being rather sceptical on some questions,—"spiritual manifestations" amongst others,—determined to investigate the subject. The result of this was, that they succeeded in discovering the "spirit" in the person of a German violinist, who, being stationed in a room directly beneath that in which the exhibition took place, furnished by means of a second violin the music which *seemed* to come from the instrument in the box.

The following little trick, although similar in effect to the above, depends neither upon the "spirits" nor any other confederacy for its accomplishment, but is purely a sleight-of-hand, I was about to say; but as it is not strictly that, I will proceed to explain it, without further digression, and my readers will then see for themselves what it is.

A jews-harp is placed at the mouth, and played for a while by the finger in the ordinary way. Gradually, however, the performer moves his finger away, and, beating time with it, the instrument, strange to say, continues to play in the most marvellous manner. To preclude all possibility of there being a thread in any way connecting the finger and the tongue of the harp, the audience are requested to notice that the performer can pass his "magic wand" about in every direction.

In order to perform this trick, get a jews-harp with a very flexible tongue, and cover the tip of it with a bit of sealing-wax. When you wish to play upon the instrument, place it so that the tongue of it is inside your mouth. Now, if you place the tip of your tongue against the tip of the tongue of the harp, and, pushing both out together, suddenly pull your tongue back, you will find that the jews-harp will *twang* in the same way as if you had pulled it out with your finger. By a little practice, you will soon be able to "play tunes" as readily in this way as in the old-fashioned method.

Of course, when you begin to show the trick, you put the forefinger of the right hand to the mouth, and move it as if playing in the usual way, and by this little *ruse* you persuade the audience that the tongue of the instrument is outside the mouth.

To Blow Flames from the Mouth.

There is no telling the advantage one possesses who understands this trick; it is far superior, for parties camping out, to the old-fashioned method of producing fire by rubbing two sticks together; for although I have often read and heard of this, I never yet saw it done, although I have often seen it tried. By the method I am about to describe, however, all that is necessary is to fill the mouth with raw cotton, and then, taking a fan in the hand, proceed to blow up the fire. If you have gone to work properly, your efforts will soon be rewarded by a stream of smoke, which will be seen curling from your mouth,—

"Blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
Imprisoned skies escaping to their home."

This will be soon followed by sharp, bright sparks, succeeded at last by a bright flame. Many suppose this to be an optical illusion, but it is nothing of the sort; it is a genuine live flame, and is produced in this way.

Get from some German chemist a piece of *Amadou*, or German tinder. This is a brown, velvety-looking substance, and you may purchase enough for a dime to last a lifetime. Tear off a small piece of this—say about as large as your thumb-nail—and light one edge of it; wrap this piece in some loose cotton, and lay it along with more cotton in your hand. You are now ready to perform the trick. When you come before the audience take the cotton which conceals the lighted tinder, and place it in your mouth,—there is no danger of its burning you,—then put some more loose cotton on top of it, and begin to *breathe outward*. This will light up the tinder, and the smoke will come; continue to breathe outward, or rather blow, and the sparks will next appear, and soon the flame. There will be a slight sensation of warmth now felt, but if you immediately put more cotton in your mouth it will subdue the flame. So you keep on blowing, and putting in fresh cotton, taking advantage at times, when your hand is at your mouth, of the opportunity for letting some of the half-chewed burnt cotton slip out. To finish the trick, get some narrow ribbon of different colors, about ten or twelve yards in all, and roll it up closely, so as to make a wad that will go in the mouth easily; wrap this in some cotton, which you keep under your thumb, taking care that you do not get it mixed with the rest. When you have blown out enough smoke and flame, pick up the cotton which covers the ribbons, and, clapping it in your mouth, drop that which is already there into your hand; give it a good hard blow, so as to disengage the end of the ribbon, which you then take hold of with your fingers, and proceed to draw forth yard upon yard of ribbon, to the amazement of the spectators.

P. H. C.



FROST-WORK.

THEY are the ghosts of flowers,
The blossoms of fairer hours,
I see on the window pane!
They died in woodland and heather,
But lo! in this wintry weather,
Their petals unfold again.

O rare and wonderful flowers
That bloom in these crystal bowers!
How their splendors glance and gleam!
How they glow where the silver sedge
Fringes the rivulet's edge,
And flush in the morning's beam!

Arbutus and Eglantine;
The bell of the Columbine,
Poised on its stately stem;
Aster and Fleur-de-lis;
Wind-kissed Anemone,
And the Star of Bethlehem!

These, and a numberless train,
I trace on the frosty pane;—
Are they pictures of the brain?
Ah no! they are exquisite flowers,
The phantoms of sunnier hours,
That blossom in beauty again.

Albert Laighton.

THE TALE OF TWO KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT THE GIANT SHAM.

II.

NOW the giant Sham was an evil genius of great power, who, by his unholy spells, brought worshippers and parasites to his castle from all quarters of the land. Most of these were weak-minded people, who preferred being servants to Sham to making their living in any more honorable way. They swaggered tremendously in the false jewels and tinsel trinkets so lavishly bestowed upon them by Sham, who did a large business in hiring out feathers for them to stick in their caps. And a sorrowful show these poor creatures made with their draggled and borrowed plumes! It was to attack this giant, in his castle, that the two knights had ridden forth on this fine summer morning, attended by their faithful squires. Brave warriors! thus to beard in his very den a monster who had thousands of dangerous fools at his back!

On, on, they wound their way through the crooked lanes that led to the rock, turning often their observant eyes, as they went, upon the strange groups that thronged and hustled each other on their way thither. "Look!" cried Sir William, "here come the Four Georges, I declare! Make way for the royal dolls!" And, as he spoke, four shadowy kings went by, all in a row, with jewelled sceptres and crowns, their footsteps sounding hollowly upon the crust as they walked. Stately ghosts they seemed to be while yet distant; but as they came nearer and nearer, much about them looked like mere tinsel and paste. At a sign from Sir William, Stylus whipped off the heads of these royal shadows, one by one, as they passed, and, lo! they were nothing but pasteboard, light and hollow, and easily put off and on. And yet these kings had reigned from generation to generation, bepraised by flatterers, and performing the functions proper to the kings of earth, and hardly one of their subjects but thought they were of real stuff. Indeed, one of these Georges—the Fourth he was called—passed himself off as a phoenix of kings and a model for all gentlemen to follow. "Royal old mummy," said Sir William, addressing this fat personage, "I don't like to see you dressed up in the livery of the giant Sham. It doesn't become you at all. The first gentleman in all the land, as you please to call yourself, needn't make himself up to look like a stuffed peacock. It isn't necessary, and it is very aggravating to the well-regulated mind. Come, then, strip off your borrowed livery, and stand forth to the world for what you are." But when Stylus began to strip the clothes off the royal old mummy, the padding and pasteboard of which that personage was made all gave way, and came tumbling to the ground, and behold! in the place where the heart should have been there was nothing but a great iron of the kind called a tailor's goose, which Stylus hung as a trophy to the housings of Sir William's horse. And now that was all that was left of the four kings, who faded away out of sight. But the two knights went toiling, toiling up the steep ravines, for still the word with them was "Onward, march!"



And while they are wending their way, let us take a peep at the giant Sham, as he receives his followers in his castle on the top of the hollow rock. There on his hollow throne he sits, a shapeless, unwieldy mass, and of aspect so stupid, indeed, that it is absolutely wonderful how he could ever have been set up for an idol in the high places of the land. To his feet there come, in throngs, the people who have been crowding up the crooked by-ways and thorny lanes that lead to the castle, and they kneel to him, and worship him, and are glad when they can touch the hem of his garment, and go off into fits of delight if they only get a chance to kiss the latches of his shoes. There is a sound of outlandish music in the great galleries, and the people clap their hands at it, and cry, "Bravo!" a hundred times, though they do not in the least like it or understand what it means; and there is great bowing and scraping among the promenaders in the halls of Sham, men and women shaking hands with one another with all their might, and hating one another with all their hearts. The guards that sentinel the corridors of Sham are warriors most formidable to look upon,—grim, gigantic, and armed to the teeth; but look at them as you draw closer, and you will see that they are stuffed scarecrows only, with the straws bursting out at the seams of their garments. Likewise of the great dogs that lie across the thresholds of the doors,—nothing but skin and straw; and the noble steeds



that stand out in the court-yard there,—all straw and skin, with false manes and tails, made of hair that never belonged to them, but might once have been the property of good, honest quadrupeds, that did their work as such. Yet the foolish people go to and fro through the hollow-sounding galleries, and up the winding stairs, all smiling and bowing and despising each other as they go. Here they crowd round a great picture that hangs upon the wall. It is black with age, dirty, and seamed with cracks, and they clap their hands before it, and make telescopes with their hands to look at it through, because they are sure it must be a fine picture,—“it is so old.” And many of the young men—ay, and some who are not so very young either—gather round a glass case, under which there sits imprisoned a splendidly dressed young girl. The carpet at her feet is strewn with bags of gold. And yet how unhappy she looks, as she sits there like a caged bird! She is a great heiress, poor child! and is kept on exhibition at the castle of Sham. It is a way they have in the society that crowds to the shrine of the lord of that castle. They put up their heiress on show, previous to her sale by auction, and it is to the highest bidder that she goes at last. He may be a fool, ugly, decrepit, and old, to whom the poor little heiress is awarded;

but he must have the gold to measure against her gold, coin for coin.

And now, ere we quit the castle of Sham, gaze with me awhile from one of its cobwebbed windows, and you shall see a sight most wonderful to behold. It is a procession of the chief retainers and dependents of the giant Sham. At the head of it there is a crowned king, after whom come lords and ladies, struggling with each other to kiss the hem of his robe. After the lords and ladies come others who are not quite so grand, and who, far out of reach of the royal hem, content themselves with kissing that of the noble kissers who are before them. Lower still in the line are personages of lesser importance, all kissing the hems of those in front, and so on in an endless succession of humiliation and flattery to the end,—the lesser making of the greater an idol for imitation and worship. Look well upon this curious show, and think how ridiculous you would appear were you foolish enough to make one at such a silly game.

But we must return to the two knights, whom we have left steadily pursuing their way to the castle of Sham,—for their cry is ever, “Onward, march!” They had come so close to the castle walls now, that the sounds of the revelry going on within fell harshly upon their ears. Stragglers in masks came reeling down the road, bloated and flushed from the recent debauch, addressing one of whom, Sir William asked of news from the castle.

“Great merry-makings within there, Sir Knight,” replied the reveller. “The myrmidons of the mighty Sham have captured a beautiful princess, called by men the Lady Truth. She lies imprisoned within yon black walls, with golden fetters upon her ankles and wrists, and loud is the joy in the halls of Sham because of the heavy ransom they expect to



get for her."

A glance of meaning passed between the two knights. "What!" exclaimed Sir William, "a ransom for our own dear princess, the Lady Truth? Here is the only ransom the old rascal of the rock shall get from me!"—and, drawing his sword, he flourished it three times in the air, the reflection from its blade flashing like lightning upon the dark walls of the castle.

"Now for the spell given to me by Satira the Sorceress!" said Sir John,—"the magic talisman, the master-key before which the locks of deceit give way and crumble to dust";—and, drawing from his bosom a small casket, he took from it a gem that threw out sparks on every side as the sunlight flashed upon it. "With this we can throw open the castle gates," added he, "and then for our trusty swords, and three cheers for the right!"

"Blow again upon your bugle-horns," said Sir William to the two squires; and not soft and low this time, but loud and strong, went the bellowing of the horns, as the dwarfs blew from them a warning to the warders of the castle that strangers were at the gate.

The notes had not ceased to reverberate among the rocks and buttresses when a wicket in



the gate flew open, and a strange-looking figure emerged from it. This personage was clad in a livery of sky-blue plush, studded with buttons that looked like pewter plates. White cotton stockings covered the protruding calves of his legs, and the buckles upon his shoes were of great size and splendor. His cheeks were bloated and pimply, and his hair shone with pomatum, of which the perfume was very strong. High living had made him insolent,—for, though he was only chief footman to the giant Sham, he threw into his deportment an air of languor and haughtiness observed by him among the great lords, the affectation of which made the vulgar creature look very ridiculous indeed.

Turning up his nose at the two knights, he said, mincingly: "Business persons, I see. Folks coming on business to my lord must send up their references";—and he held out a gilt salver as he spoke.

"Pampered varlet!" shouted Sir William, "there is my reference!"—and, kicking the pinchbeck tray out of the fellow's hand, he sent it spinning away in the air like a leaf in a gale of wind. Then, seizing him neck and crop, he strove to hurl him from the rock into the abyss beneath; but lo! the thing was all a puppet and a deceit, and the clothes of which it was made up went fluttering down the rocks, catching upon the thorns as they went, here a coat and there a wig, but the rest was all emptiness and air.

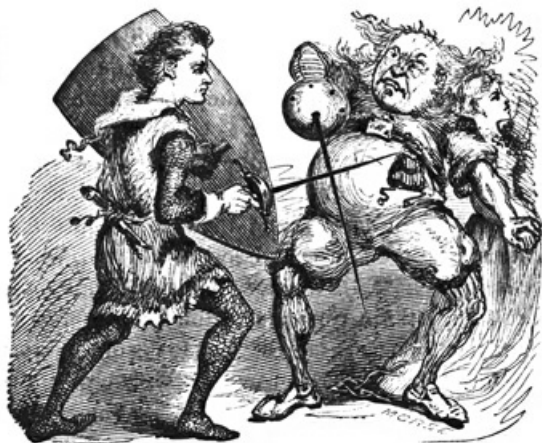
The wicket had closed after the puppet footman of the castle with a secret spring, but Sir John again opened his casket, and, at a touch from the magic jewel contained in it, the great portals flew open, and the two knights dismounted from their horses and entered the court-yard, sword in hand, where an extraordinary scene presented itself to their view. Huddled upon the ground, in every variety of attitude, lay the revellers of the halls of Sham, overcome by the drowsy slumber that succeeds debauch. Masks of the most grotesque hideousness were strewn everywhere around, mingled with the fragments of crystal drinking-vessels, while here and there lay the golden goblet and the emptied wine-glass, silent witnesses to the carousal that was over. In the midst of all towered the hideous form of the giant Sham, seated upon a painted throne, with his head bowed down upon his breast in a drunken sleep. But the figure that chiefly arrested the gaze of the two knights was that of a beautiful



woman, bound hand and foot with golden fetters, and linked with heavy chains to the foot of the monster's throne. This was the Lady Truth. She raised her hands with a gesture of surprise, and a flush of joy suffused her pale features

as she recognized the two knights; for she knew them well, and was sure now that her deliverance from the bondage of the odious giant was at hand.

"Fear not, lady," said Sir John, approaching her with a courtly bow, "I have here a talisman before which the bolts and fetters of the tyrants are but gossamer threads";—and, so saying, he touched her fetters with the radiant gem, and straightway they fell from her limbs, and, kneeling before her deliverer, she clasped her hands with emotion, thanking him in words of the simplest eloquence,—for were they not the words of Truth?



At this moment the giant, disturbed by the voices around him, awoke with a start that shook the castle walls and set all the bells a-ringing. When he saw himself confronted by two armed knights, and that his fair captive had been rescued from her bondage, his already hideous countenance assumed an expression of fury that was awful to look upon. He shook himself like a lion, and tried to roar like one, but the effort ended only in a squeak like that of a mouse. The only effect that this had on the two knights was to make them burst out laughing at him. Sir William, indeed, applied some epithets to him that were more forcible than flattering, and Sir John held his shield so that the monstrous old rascal could see his ugly image in it; and this, as you may well guess, did not tend to allay his fury in the least. Determined to come to a conclusion with his unwieldy foe, Sir William now made a signal to Stylus and Plumbago, who, creeping stealthily round by the

back of the throne, stuck pins into the calves of old Sham's clumsy legs. Goaded into fury by the taunts and treatment to which he was thus subjected, the huge monster now threw himself suddenly forward, like some great rock detached from a mountain's brow. He meant to fall upon his assailants and crush them to death; but Sir John stepped nimbly aside, while Sir William throwing himself into an easy attitude, received the giant upon the point of his sword, which went through him to the hilt,—and that was the end of the giant Sham.

And did he bleed, do you suppose now, and die as warriors die on the gory battle-field? Not a bit of it, my little friends. When the sword pierced him he vanished into thin air, just as a soap-bubble will do if you prick it with a pin. Like his guards, and his footmen, and his horses, and his dogs, he was all a deception and a cheat. There was nothing of him; and to nothing he went when touched by the magic weapon of the brave knight. Nothing to nothing,—thin air to thin air,—that was the end of the giant Sham. But I regret to say that his race is not yet utterly extinct. May I not hope that you will all take vows upon yourselves to abolish and exterminate and annihilate them wherever they are to be met?

The setting sun was now gilding the spires of the distant town, as the two knights retraced their way thither, bearing between them the Lady Truth, mounted upon a beautiful milk-white steed, which came to her, fully caparisoned, at a touch from the magic talisman of Sir John, which had the power of producing horses, or anything else, at the will of the holder—if he only knew how to hold it aright. And when they had gone some distance over the plain, they turned to look at the castle of Sham, and lo! there it was crumbling away to nothing, with the rock upon which it stood, and all the noxious things that dwelt in and around it. Down, down, like a castle of cards, it tottered, until it disappeared entirely from the sight, and there was no more left of it than of its late proprietor, the abominable tyrant Sham. And round the spot where it disappeared there now surged to and fro a mighty crowd of people, who had heard of the



defeat of the giant by the two knights, and came rushing from all parts of the land to see how he looked when he was dead. But the sight would not have been a very agreeable one, as you may imagine, and it is quite as well, perhaps, that these good people were spared the horrors of it.

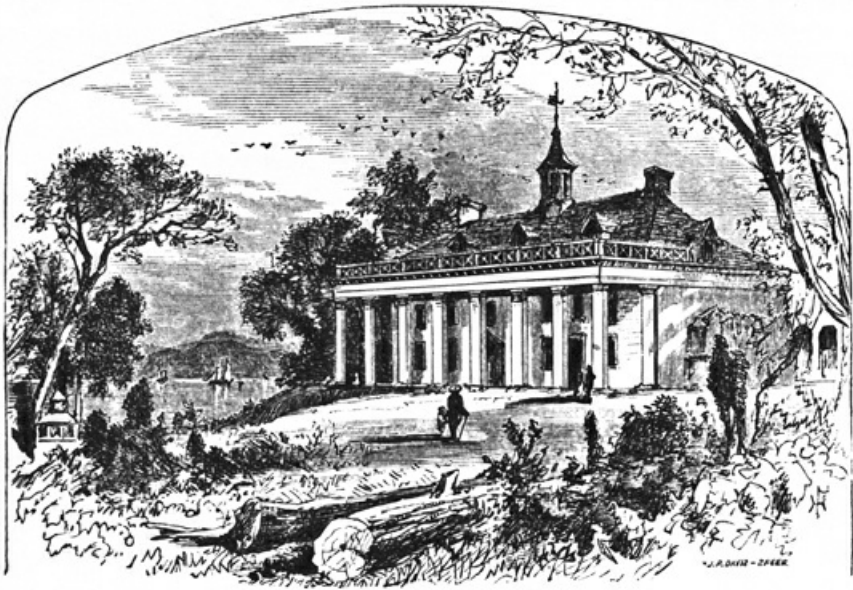


There was great joy in the town when the two knights entered it that lovely summer evening, with the sweet princess saved by them from the discomfited tyrant of the castle. The bells of all the steeples were set ringing merrily. Bonfires were lighted in the public squares, and feasts were prepared for the poor as well as for the rich, because the hearts of the people were glad, and from the fulness of them came the open hand. In the great market-place, on the very spot where Sir John had hung his shield in the morning, a splendid trophy was erected, composed of the armor and weapons of the two knights, who were now to rest from their labors. At nightfall the young men and maidens assembled in the market-place, to dance round this trophy, and celebrate the extinction of the bad giant, Sham. And, as they danced and sung, behold! a halo of pale, tender light descended upon the two knights, who, enveloped in its mild splendor, arose slowly into the air and faded gradually away from the view of men, attended by their faithful squires, who followed them to the last. Upon earth they shall appear no more, for their work is done: but ever and anon their voices shall be heard in the stillness of the night, and their "Onward, march!" shall reverberate far and wide so long as the world exists.

And this is the true story of the two brave and gentle knights, Sir William Makepeace Thackeray and Sir John Leech.

Charles Dawson Shanly.





A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

ON a day of exceeding sultriness (it was the 4th of September), I left the dusty, stifled streets of Washington and went on board the excursion steamer *Wawaset*, bound for Mount Vernon.

Ten o'clock, the hour of starting, had nearly arrived. No breath of air was stirring. The sun beat down with torrid fervor upon the boat's awnings, which seemed scarce a protection against it, and upon the glassy water, which reflected it with equal intensity from below. Then suddenly the bell rang, the boat swung out in the river, the strong paddles rushed, and almost instantly a magical change took place. A delightful breeze appeared to have sprung up, increasing as the steamer's speed increased. I sat upon a stool by the wheel-house, drinking in all the deliciousness of that cooling motion through the air, and watching compassionately the schooners with heavy and languid sails lying becalmed in the channel,—indolent fellows drifting with the tide, and dependent on influences from without to push them,—while our steamer, with flashing wake, flag gayly flying, and decks swept by wholesome, animating winds, resembled one of your energetic, original men, cutting the sluggish current, and overcoming the sultriness and stagnation of life by a refreshing activity.

Our course was southward, leaving far on our right the Arlington estate embowered in foliage, on the Virginia shore, and on our left the Navy Yard and Arsenal, and the Insane Asylum standing like a stern castle half hidden by trees on the high banks back from the river. As we departed from the wharves, a view of the city opened behind us, with its two prominent objects;—the unfinished Washington Monument, resembling in the distance a tall, square, pallid sail; and the many-pillared, beautiful Capitol, rising amid masses of foliage, with that marvellous bubble, its white and airy dome, soaring superbly in the sun.

Before us, straight in our course, was Alexandria, quaint old city, with its scanty fringe of straight, slender spars, and its few anchored ships suspended in a glassy atmosphere, as it seemed, where the river reflected the sky. We ran in to the wharf, and took on board a number of passengers; then steamed on again, down the wide Potomac, until, around a bend, high on a wooded shore, a dim red roof and a portico of slender white pillars appeared, visible through the trees. It was Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The shores here, on both the Maryland and Virginia sides, are picturesquely hilly and green with groves. The river between flows considerably more than a mile wide,—a handsome sheet, reflecting the woods and the shining summer clouds sailing in the azure over them, although broad belts of river-grass, growing between the channel and the banks, like strips of inundated prairie, detract from its beauty.

As we drew near, the helmsman tolled the boat's bell slowly. "Before the war," said he, "no boat ever passed Mount Vernon without tolling its bell, if it had one. The war kind o' broke into that custom, as it did into most everything else;

but it is coming up again now.”

We did not make directly for the landing, but kept on down the channel, until we had left Mount Vernon half a mile away on our right. Then suddenly the steamer changed her course, steering into the tract of river-grass, which waved and tossed heavily as the ripple from the bows shook it from its drowsy languor. The tide rises here some four feet. It was low tide then, and the circuit we had made was necessary to avoid grounding on the bar. We were entering shallow water. We touched, and drew hard for a few minutes over the yielding sand. The close grass seemed almost as serious an impediment as the bar itself. Down among its dark heaving masses we had occasional glimpses of the bottom, and saw hundreds of fishes darting away, and sometimes leaping sheer from the surface, in terror of the great, gliding, paddling monster, that was invading in that strange fashion their peaceful domain.

Drawing a well-defined line half a mile long through that submerged prairie, we reached the old wooden pier built out into it from the Mount Vernon shore. I did not land immediately, but remained on deck, watching the long line of pilgrims going up from the boat along the climbing path, and disappearing in the woods. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty in the procession, men and women and children, some carrying baskets, with intent to enjoy a nice little picnic under the old Washington trees. It was a pleasing sight, rendered interesting by the historical associations of the place, but slightly dashed with the ludicrous, it must be owned, by a solemn tipsy wight, bringing up the rear, singing, or rather bawling, the good old tune of Greenville, with maudlin nasal twang, and beating time with profound gravity and a big stick.

As the singer, as well as his time, was tediously slow, I passed him on the way, ascended the long slope through the grove, and found my procession halted under the trees on the edge of it. Facing them, with an old decayed orchard behind it, was a broad, low brick structure, with an arched entrance and an iron-grated gate. Two marble shafts flanked the approach to it on the right and left. Passing these, I paused, and read on a marble slab over the Gothic gateway the words:—

“WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

The throng of pilgrims, awed into silence, were beginning to draw back a little from the tomb. I approached, and leaning against the iron bars, looked through into the still, damp chamber. Within, a little to the right of the centre of the vault, stands a massive and richly sculptured marble sarcophagus, bearing the name of “Washington.” By its side, of equal dimensions but of simpler style, is another, bearing the inscription, “Martha, the Consort of Washington.”

It is a retired spot, half enclosed by the trees of the grove on the south side,—cedars, sycamores, and black walnuts, heavily hung with vines, sheltering the entrance from the midday sun. Woodpeckers flitted and screamed from trunk to trunk of the ancient orchard beyond. Eager chickens were catching grasshoppers under the honey-locusts along by the old wooden fence. And, humming harmlessly in and out over the heads of the pilgrims, I noticed a colony of wasps, whose mud-built nests stuccoed profusely the yellowish ceiling of the vault.

Here rest the ashes of the great chieftain, and of Martha, his wife. I did not like the word “consort.” It is too fine a term for a tombstone. There is something lofty and romantic about it; but “wife” is simple, tender, near to the heart, steeped in the divine atmosphere of home,—

“A something not too bright and good
For human nature’s daily food.”

She was the *wife* of Washington,—a true, deep-hearted woman, the blessing and comfort, not of the Commander-in-Chief, not of the First President, but of the *man*. And Washington, the *man*, was not the cold, majestic, sculptured figure which has been placed on the pedestal of history. There was nothing marble about him but the artistic and spotless finish of his public career. Majestic he truly was, as simple greatness must be; and cold he seemed to many; nor was it fitting that the sacred chambers of that august nature should be thrown open to the vulgar gaze of the multitude. The world saw him through a veil of reserve, as habitual to him as the sceptre of self-control. Yet beneath that veil throbbed a fiery spirit, which on a few rare occasions is known to have flamed forth into terrible wrath. Anecdotes recording those instances of volcanic eruption from the core of this serene and lofty character are refreshing and precious to us, as showing that the ice and snow were only on the summit, while beneath burned those fountains of glowing life which are reservoirs of power to the virtue and will that know how to control them.

Quitting the tomb, I walked along by the old board fence which bounds the corner of the orchard, and turned up the locust-shaded avenue leading to the mansion. On one side was a wooden shed, on the other an old-fashioned brick barn. Passing these, you seem to be entering a little village. The outhouses are numerous. I noticed the wash-house, the meat-house, and the kitchen, the butler’s house and the gardener’s house,—neat white buildings, ranged around the end of the lawn, among which the mansion stands the principal figure.

Looking in at the wash-house, I saw a pretty-looking colored girl industriously scrubbing over a tub. She told me that she was twenty years old, that her husband worked on the place, and that a bright little fellow four years old, running around the door, handsome as polished bronze, was her son. She formerly belonged to John A. Washington, who made haste to carry her off to Richmond, with the money the Ladies’ Mount Vernon Association had paid him, on

the breaking out of the war. She was born on the place, but she had never worked for John A. Washington. "He kept me hired out; for I s'pose he could make more by me that way," she said. She laughed pleasantly as she spoke, and rubbed away at the wet clothes in the tub.

I looked at her, so intelligent and cheerful, a woman and a mother, though so young; and wondered at the man who could pretend to own such a creature, hire her out to other masters, and live upon her wages! I have heard people scoff at John A. Washington for selling the inherited bones of the great,—for surely the two hundred thousand dollars paid by the Ladies' Association for the Mount Vernon estate was not the price merely of that old mansion, those outhouses, since repaired, and two hundred acres of land,—but I do not scoff at him for that. Why should not one who dealt in living human flesh and blood also traffic a little in the ashes of the dead?

"After the war was over, the Ladies' Association sent for me from Richmond, and I work for them now," said the girl, merrily scrubbing.

"What wages do you get?"

"I gits seven dollars a month; and that's a good deal better'n no wages at all!"—laughing again with pleasure. "The sweat I drop into this yer tub is my own; but befo'e it belonged to John A. Washington." As I did not understand her at first, she added: "You know the Bible says every one must live by the sweat of his own eyebrow. But John A. Washington, he lived by the sweat of my eyebrow. I alluz had a willin' mind to work, and I have now; but I don't work as I used to, for then it was work to-day and work to-morrow, and no stop."

Beside the kitchen was a well-house, where I stopped and drank a delicious draught out of an "old oaken bucket," or rather a new one, which came up brimming from its cold depths. This well was dug "in Gen'l Washington's time," the cook told me; and as I drank, and looked down, down, into the dark shaft at the faintly glimmering water,—for the well was deep,—I thought how often the old General had probably come up thither from the field, taken off his hat in the shade, and solaced his thirst with a drink from the dripping bucket.

Passing between the kitchen and the butler's house, you come upon a small plateau, a level green lawn, nearly surrounded by a circle of large shade-trees. The shape of this pleasant esplanade is oblong; at the farther end, away on the left, is the ancient entrance to the grounds; close by, on the right, at the end nearest the river, is the mansion.

Among the shade-trees, of which there is a great variety, I noticed a fine sugar-maple, said to be the only individual of the species in all that region. It was planted by General Washington, "who wished to see what trees would grow in that climate," the gardener told me. It has for neighbors, among many others, a tulip-tree, a Kentucky coffee-tree, and a magnolia set out by Washington's own hand. I looked at the last with peculiar interest, thinking it a type of our country, the perennial roots of which were about the same time laid carefully in the bosom of the eternal Mother, covered and nursed and watered by the same illustrious hands;—a little tree then, feeble, and by no means sure to live; but now I looked up thrilling with pride at the glory of its spreading branches, its storm-defying tops, and its mighty trunk, which not even the axe of treason could sever.

I approached the mansion. It was needless to lift the great brass knocker, for the door was open. The house was full of guests, thronging the rooms and examining the relics, among which were conspicuous these:—hanging in a little brass-framed glass case in the hall, the key of the Bastile, presented to Washington by Lafayette; in the dining-hall, a very old-fashioned harpsichord, that had entirely lost its voice, but which is still cherished as a wedding-gift from Washington to his adopted daughter; in the same room, holsters and a part of the Commander-in-Chief's camp-equipage, very dilapidated; and, in a square bedroom up stairs, the bedstead on which Washington slept, and on which he died. There is no sight more touching than this bedstead, surrounded by its holy associations, to be seen at Mount Vernon.

From the house I went out on the side opposite that on which I had entered, and found myself standing under the portico we had seen when coming down the river. A noble portico, lofty as the eaves of the house, and extending the whole length of the mansion,—fifteen feet in width and ninety-six in length, says the guide-book. The square pillars supporting it are not so slender, either; but it was their height which made them appear so when we first saw them miles off up the Potomac.

What a portico for a statesman to walk under!—so lofty, so spacious, and affording such views of the river and its shores, and the sky over all! Once more I saw the venerable figure of him, the first in war and the first in peace, pacing to and fro on those pavements of flat stone, solitary, rapt in thought, glancing ever and anon up the Potomac towards the site of the now great capital bearing his name, contemplating the revolution accomplished, and dreaming of his country's future. There was one great danger he feared,—the separation of the States. But well for him, O, well for the great-hearted and wise chieftain, that the appalling blackness of the storm destined so soon to deluge the land with blood for rain-drops was hidden from his eyes, or appeared far in the dim horizon no bigger than a man's hand!

Saved from the sordid hands of a degenerate posterity, saved from the desolation of unsparing civil war, Mount Vernon still remains to us, with its antique mansion and its delightful shades. I took all the more pleasure in the place, remembering how dear it was to its illustrious owner. There is no trait in Washington's character with which I sympathize so strongly as with his love for his home. True, that home was surrounded with all the comforts and

elegances which fortune and taste could command. But had Mount Vernon been as humble as it was beautiful, Washington would have loved it scarcely less. It was dear to him, not as a fine estate, but as the home of his heart. A simply great and truly wise man, free from foolish vanity and ambition, he served his country with a willing spirit and an eye single to her glory; yet he knew well that happiness does not subsist upon worldly honors nor dwell in high places, but that her favorite haunt is by the pure waters of domestic tranquillity.

There came up a sudden thunder-shower while we were at the house. The dreadful peals rolled and rattled from wing to wing of the black cloud that overshadowed the river, and the rain fell in torrents. Umbrellas were scarce, and, I am sorry to say, the portico leaked badly. But the storm passed as suddenly as it came; the rifted clouds floated away with sun-lit edges glittering like silver fire, and all the wet leafage of the trees twinkled and laughed in the fresh golden light. I did not return to the boat with the crowd, by the way we came, but descended the steep banks through the drenched woods, in front of the mansion, to the low sandy shore of the Potomac, thence walking along the water's edge, under the dripping boughs, to the steamer;—and so took my leave of Mount Vernon.

J. T. Trowbridge.



THE FOUR SEASONS,

AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.—WINTER.



It is midwinter. The trees and shrubs stand with leafless, bare, smooth branches. The little plants long ago cowered into the earth, or gladly sheltered themselves under the dead leaves, to welcome the white snow coverlet that tucks them into their beds. Yes, it is midwinter. But it is January. Already the sun “has turned,” as people say. Not so. It is we ourselves that have turned towards the sun. Our round earth, that has been giving the sun the cold shoulder, is now coming back to it again, and rejoices in longer days and a renewing sunlight.

“The days begin to lengthen,
And the cold begins to strengthen,”

it is true. But the growing plants I mean to tell of care little for the cold. The lengthening sunlight warms them in their close buds, and stirs the young germs that are to make their first appearance in the spring. They do not think of minding the weather. The oak stands hardily against the storm, and the elm sways its long branches gracefully in the wind, and the sturdy pines look glad

and green.

Before we set out on the winter’s walks that are to tell us of trees and buds, here is one tree that has come into the parlor that we must stop for. “A tree in the parlor!” Yes, for surely you cannot already have forgotten the CHRISTMAS-TREE. This tree belongs to the *cone-bearing* family, but, as we have seen it, its fruit has been far more various! There were rosy apples, and bags of nuts, and sugar-plums, and shining colored glass globes, red, blue, and green. What fruit there was indeed! You have not forgotten yet the dolls, wax dolls and china ones, and those whose eyes would open and shut. There were boxes of soldiers, with their cannon and tents. Many reviews and battles you have had with them already, and, alas! by this time many are lost or on the list of the wounded. A general, perhaps, in the crack behind the great trunk in the play-room; a sergeant with only one arm; one or two down the furnace register; and the bravest lieutenant of all thrown by Bridget, before your very eyes, into the hottest of the fire in the grate!

Ah, well, tears do not become the brave, so think again of the Christmas-tree, how it shone with candles on every bough! The tree itself looked like a great chandelier. That was in the midst of our shortest days, and the shining candles were calling to the sun to come back to us again.



But it is only once a year that our Christmas-tree bears such gay fruit as this, and if we begin to tell over the guns, and the wooden horses, and the picture-books, and the Noah's arks, and the backgammon boards and games, and all the countless toys that it brought, we shall never get out upon our winter's walk.

Where shall we go to find the trees? Into the common, on one of the squares, or we can linger by this little strip of flower-border by the door; or, more adventurous still, we will take the cars, and start from home out of town, where we can see the winter landscape in all its beauty.

In all its sameness, you want to say, if you know only the dripping of the melted ice from the roofs, and the muddy snow that clogs the streets, and the glimpse of a leaden sky that you get between the houses. That is the way the grown-up folks at home talk. But boys and girls know better. Winter and snow tell them of sleds and skates, of coasting and skating, of snowballs and snow-men, and long, glittering icicles. So you will not be surprised at the beauty of the winter landscape that meets us.

Before the house rises a high hill, covered with trees. Let us climb over it and look down. What an enchanted country lies before us, all still and silent! Everything glistens as in an Arabian Nights' tale. All the million little twigs are covered with a soft snow, and last night's mist thickened and turned into ice upon the trees. Yet, heavily laden as the trees are, we can still recognize some of our acquaintances. Here is the maple, round at the top, with its many branches. A few leaves still linger on the oak, and show their yellow-brown beneath the white crystal ice covering. The pines are so heaped with the snow, that one might not recognize their needle-shaped leaves, but one could not mistake their regular form. The light glitters on our Christmas-tree, who stands alone. He lets the sun trickle over his ice-clad branches, as though he wanted to show himself as gay as his cousin in our parlor Christmas Eve. Ruby and emerald jewels, shining crystals, are the fruit he bears. He must have stepped out of Aladdin's garden.



Our path leads along the edge of the wood. In the little meadow on one side we can see a graceful elm, bending still more under its icy load. Among these low bushes by our side the snow clings closely, and we shall never be tired of admiring all the jewel-work. The whorls of flowers that the asters held are turned into clusters of diamonds, and the high grasses hold up long sceptres of shiny glass crystal, like a fairy army. Now and then we can hear the tinkle of their elfin armor, delicate little noises, under the silent snow-bushes.

The path leads us to a quiet pond in the woods. Not quiet now! We have come out from the silence to a noisy, gay scene. Great children and little children swarm like flies, gliding, twisting, and turning every way over the ice, for on the ice every one is a child again. In the summer thousands of slender insects whirled round in wide circles over the smooth mirror of water that they never succeeded in touching. Now men, women, and children circle about madly over the same surface, that winter with its hand of ice has made safe for them.

We have not brought our skates, and cannot join the gay dance; but we will walk across the smooth floor, and look on the low bank opposite at the loveliest work of the frost. Here every little dark mound of earth, every little blade of grass, shines, crystal clad, along the edges of what was once a little brook, but is now a narrow ice-path, that leads us into the woods,—into the thick woods, that shake down crystals upon us, and heavy balls of frozen snow. Ah! if only they would not melt away in the warmth, what garlands of bright jewels we might carry home,—how gayly we might dress ourselves with them for a dance!

If I were not afraid, I would tell the boys of the muskrat's home under the edge of the frozen stream,—such a comfortable sheltered house, weeds "piled in" to make thick walls, and a cosy little room, just big enough to turn in! I am afraid they would disturb him in his winter's nap. Yet surely he has earned a good sleep after all that work. Which one of you has done as much for his winter's comfort? But boys know everything, and I dare say could tell me a great deal about the muskrats, and about this very house. And we must turn home again, for the sun is melting our crystals. There is a warm wind blowing, and who knows how long our path across the pond will hold firm?

Wait but a day, and the sun has carried off the jewels from our pines, and we can take another walk to visit them. But which are the pines? Are all the evergreens pines,—our Christmas-tree, these cone-shaped trees in our grounds, and the leafless larch? They are all of the pine family,—the *Coniferæ*, the cone-bearing family of which I have spoken. The Germans have a pretty way of describing this family. They call them the *needle-trees*,—those that have narrow,

pointed leaves, like needles. It was one of this family, in the German story, you know, that wanted to change its needles into "truly" leaves, like those of the oak and the elm. But glad enough was the dissatisfied tree to come back to its needles again, and very much should we miss them if all the pines and firs and spruces should choose to lay aside their needles and dress themselves like the other trees. We should lose their green, that lasts us all the winter long. The larch is the only one of this family that mimics the other families of trees, and sheds its leaves in the winter. We can tell the different kinds of this family by the different effect the position of their branches gives them at a distance. The white pine has its regular horizontal stages. We have seen how it spreads them to hold the snow. The pitch-pine bears round, tufted masses. The spruce from the very ground begins to conceal its gradually sloping trunk. The fir rises with a tall, sloping shaft, "clean" from the ground for some distance. Its lower branches are horizontal, while the upper ones bend slightly upwards. The hemlock has a soft, delicate outline, and the cedars and junipers are more ragged and very picturesque.

Of these, our White Pine (*Pinus Strobus*) stands first, for it is the most stately tree of our forests, varying in its outward appearance, and receiving different names according to the place it grows in. We see it frequently, left standing near our towns, in the summer, its dark green forming a contrast to the other trees around,—a picture of powerful growth; or, farther away in the country, its dark color is prominent against the soft green of the wild-cherry tree, or its trunk serves as a support for the bitter-sweet and other trailing vines. No wonder that Emerson says:

"Who leaves the pine-tree
Leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength,
Invites his end."

For now in the winter he seems like a trusty friend, stretching out his sheltering arms, a type of a strong constancy. It is easily distinguished by its leaves, being in fives; that is, each one of its slender little needles does not rise separately from the branch, but, with four needle-like companions, comes out of a little gray sheath. These sheaths, each bearing its five needles, are set closely round the twig. A single large bud, encircled by five smaller ones, is at the end of each branch. The branches, as we have said, grow in regular stages or whorls, of about five at each stage, tending upwards when the tree is young, but in old trees horizontal. It is not the season to examine its flowers, which indeed at any time are indistinct. Has it any flowers? Who ever saw the flowers of such great old trees, you ask. Every plant must have its flower, its blossom, because from them come the fruit or seed. And the essential parts of a flower are not its showy, its pretty part. The important parts, those which must never fail in a flower, because they produce the seed, are the stamens and pistils. These we shall have a chance to study when the flower season comes.

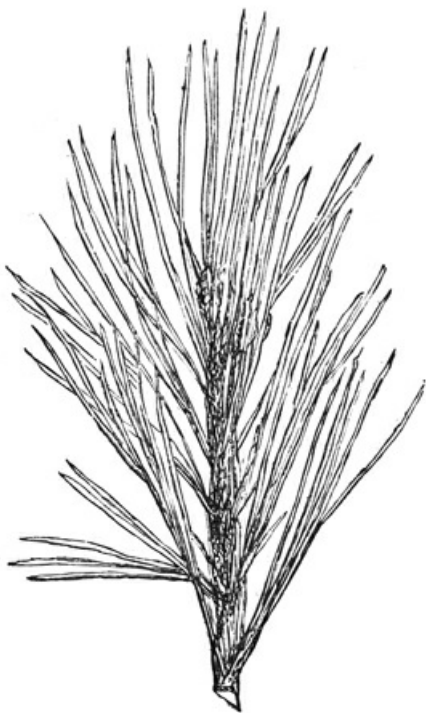
In all the pine family the flower is very incomplete; even the important pistil has not all its parts, but appears like a mere scale. Besides, the pistils are in one part of the tree, and the stamens in another. So there are two sets of flowers, one to hold the pistils, called the *pistillate* flowers, and another to hold the stamens, called the *staminate* flowers. In the white pine the pistillate flowers are in erect cones on the ends of the uppermost branches, and appear in June. These do not ripen into fruit till the autumn of the second year. It is the ripe cones that give the name to this family and distinguish it.

Here are more pines. Are they white pines? Take hold of a branch and count its needles. You will see that there are only three in a sheath, where the white pine had five, and they are flatter in shape. Each tree, too, is more irregular in form, and this tree never reaches the height of the white pine. It is the Pitch Pine (*Pinus rigida*). It makes up many of the woods we call the "pine woods," and that invite us with their healthy smell.

Come in and listen to the pleasant sighing of the wind through the leaves. There is a warm, comfortable feeling here, even in these winter days, for the thick branches have kept the snow from the brown tasselled ground, and we are sheltered from the cold winds. Here and there a stream of sunlight comes in, and lights up a red tinge in the brown soft carpet, and we can venture to linger awhile and listen to the story the wind is whispering to the pines. The brown empty cones lie scattered about. "O, we have picked thousands of them," you say. But did you ever consult them about the weather? In damp seasons the scales of the cones drink in the moisture. This makes them swell and close up. When it is dry again, they open gradually. So you see they are little weather-prophets. A part of the scale of the pistil of which I have spoken makes a wing that flies away with the seed when it is ripe. The cones of some of the pines require two or three years to come to perfection.

A cart-path leads us among trees that are leafy in summer, by snow-covered bushes, to a favorite summer resting-place under a tall hemlock; for this is the name we are in the habit of giving to the *Abies Canadensis*. It is the hemlock-spruce, or hemlock of the spruce genus. It may fairly be called the most beautiful tree of the family, and we find a cool shelter in the summer beneath it, in a soft corner of the rocks at its feet. Far up in the branches sound the gay voices of the birds, not far off the note of the thrush,—Wilson's thrush. But there are dreams of the summer as we look up its tall, firm trunk. Its foliage, even now, is soft and delicate, and it is distinguished from the spruce by its slender, tapering little branches and smooth limbs. Here in the forest its lower limbs are stiff and broken.

The names of spruce and fir are



used with a bewildering uncertainty, and in the shrubs in our gardens which stand in either genus there is resemblance enough to create much doubt. The leaves of both differ much from the pines we have just described. They are solitary; that is, we no longer find them collected in fives, threes, or twos, and a sheath, but they rise directly from the twig, closely, side by side. The leaves too are shorter than those of the pines, and more flat. They are more like a little sword than a needle, and some have three sides and some four. The spruce in the beginning of summer puts on a fresh tuft of yellowish-green leaves at the end of each twig, and its branches are so numerous, that its young delicate green gives a great beauty. In the very ornamental shrub in our grounds the lower branches spread close to the ground, and from these a regular pyramid of whorls of leaves rises to the tapering summit. It was from among them that we took our Christmas-tree.



Its shelf-like branches offered cosy places for playthings enough to last till next Christmas. In the summer the robins and other birds find pleasant shelter of a rainy day. These are their piazzas and balconies, where they can take exercise when it is too

stormy outside. Its leaves, as I have said, are small and flat, and sow themselves along the sides of the stalk, forming a flatter branch than that of the fir, more like a hand spread out. Its staminate flowers are near the end of the smaller branches. In the hemlock-spruce the cones that have borne the fertile flowers are long and pointed, of a light brown color, and hang from the extremities of the branches.

Here is another tall tree, with tapering trunk. Can this be a spruce or a pine? It is a tree that commands our attention at a distance, and gives character to the whole landscape. It is the tree that forms a great feature in the German forests, and it reigns especially in the famous Black Forest, where all the dwarfs and the elves of the German stories are to be found. I can almost fancy I see one of the little elves now, sitting astride of one of its cones high in the air. This tree is the Balsam Fir (*Picea balsamifera*). Reach down some of its leaves, and you will see how they differ from the spruce. They are broader, and look as if they might be formed of two grown together. They are more crowded, too, than those of the spruce. Starting on every side of the stem, they bend upwards where the branch is horizontal, so as to seem to form but two rows, but are pressed together on the upper side. In the bark lies concealed some of the peculiar balsam of the fir, that spreads a pleasant fragrance. Their beauty rises from the regularity of their symmetrical heads. The trunk too is perfectly even and straight, and tapers rapidly to the top. It cuts in upon the landscape with its nearly horizontal branches, giving a picturesque character wherever it appears. Even if some bird or insect has greedily eaten up its leading shoot, which constitutes the pride of all the members of this family, the two buds on either side of the leading bud vie with each other in growing, till they form a double-header, and the tree, though not so symmetrical, is equally picturesque. The cones are erect near the ends of the upper branches, tapering a little, with the ends rounded. They stand in great numbers, and with their purple scales look like a cluster of candles on a majestic chandelier. Do not tell me that you have picked its cones, for I shall be forced, though reluctantly, to contradict you. The cones of the pine and the spruce set free the seeds they conceal, which have little wings to carry them out into the world, and then, with all their scales perfect, they drop to the ground. But in the cones of the fir the scales and the seeds fall away together, and leave on the tree only the tapering little spike round which they were formed. Therefore to find a perfect fir cone you must be adventurous enough to climb the tree, or else cut it down.

Which of these trees could we spare from the landscape? If we call the white pine the king of our woods, the hemlock should stand for the queen, and a group of balsam fir would answer for the princes. The pines and the firs stand as sentinels along the lines of the hills, guarding the valleys,—the pines solitary watchmen, the firs clambering

up in bands, while the hemlock lingers in the woods, or sends its foreign cousins into our gardens and grounds, or the squares and parks of our cities. It is a cousin of the balsam fir that is cultivated in this way, the Norway spruce, which is very ornamental. Its cones are large and light brown, and pendent. Its leaves differ from those of the cultivated spruces, as they are not arranged so flatly on the stem, but the leaves are crowded on the twigs, and the twigs on the branches. It is of the cones of the Norway spruce that we used to make frames or cone-baskets,—soaking the cones in hot water till the separate scales fell apart, and were softened so they could be pierced by a needle. For my part, I think they look prettier in their cone shape than in baskets that have neither use nor beauty. But perhaps it is well for us now and then to make a few ugly things. Then we learn how hard it is to make them pretty, and it reminds us to admire the simple beautiful things that are put before us every day.

I must not forget one peculiarity of this pine family: it is that they have no hesitation about telling their age! The oaks and the maples, the trees of the “truly leaf” sort, are not so outspoken. After they are dead, by their works you can tell their age; after cutting across their trunks, you can count the rings that year after year they have formed round the centre. But the pines tell their history as they grow. They form each year a fresh whorl of leaves. Thus each year’s growth is marked between each whorl of branches; so, by counting the stages of branches, you can reckon the life of the tree. And its history is further told by the varying length of the trunk between the branches, or of the branches themselves. If this space is smaller, if the branches are shorter than they should be, or the needles shorter, then you know there was a year of famine, there was a want of rain, or a late frost checked the young buds.

To this family, too, belonged the trees of the old Coal period. For all the black mines of coal were once stately trees; but ages have passed away, burying them up in earth, far under the ground, changing them from growing trees into stone. What a change indeed! It took such a long, long time, too. Do you think that the pine-wood kindlings that we bring in and lay in the grate to light up the fire with recognize their very great-great-grandfathers in the shining black stones of coal that they are to kindle into a flame?

It is very hard to leave this family. I have told you a very little about three of its principal members. There are, besides, the *Arbor Vitæ*, the Cedars, the Juniper, the Cypressess, and the Yew. I shall have to leave them for you to study yourselves. You must go to the sea-shore and look at the Red Cedar (it belongs to the junipers), and the Juniper itself, and see how their branches contort themselves against the salt breeze. They are stout fellows. I think they must learn a little of their firmness from the great rocks that they clasp with their roots. The needles of the cedar spread themselves out to look like a fan-like leaf, and the juniper puts on purplish berries. Beaten by the winds, they look as if they had lived forever, with their torn trunks and ragged limbs, but they keep evergreen still.

The juniper-tree is dear to children, from the old German story of the stepmother and the juniper-tree. And they can smell the red cedar in the wood of the pencils they use. Such a useful family as this is! I must leave you to recall to yourselves how the pines furnish the tall masts for our ships. Far away in the harbors of foreign cities these tall masts stand like another forest. The hemlock and larch furnish bark for tanning. The Indian cuts his canoe from the white spruce. The firs give healing balsams. Pitch, resins, balsams,—these are the spices that flavor our Northern woods.

You see how little I have been able to tell, and how much there is to tell, how much for you to look at and find out for yourselves. You do not know these trees yet; you have only made their acquaintance, and can bow to them when you meet them in the street. If you shake hands with a pine, you can look and see whether he has two, three, or five needles in his sheath, and will know accordingly whether he is red, black, or white pine. But don’t fancy you know a great deal, and “set up” upon it, else you will show you have not got so far as to understand the meaning of the saying, “Very few know how much they must know in order to know how little they know.”

Lucretia P. Hale.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

II.

I HAVE mentioned one little theory, relating solely to domestic thrift, which guided Mrs. Goldthwaite in her arrangements for her daughter. I believe that, with this exception, she brought up her family very nearly without any theory whatever. She did it very much on the taking-for-granted system. She took for granted that her children were born with the same natural perceptions as herself; that they could recognize, little by little, as they grew into it, the principles of the moral world,—reason, right, propriety,—as they recognized, growing into them, the conditions of their outward living. She made her own life a consistent recognition of these, and she lived *openly* before them. There was never any course pursued with sole calculation as to its effect on the children. Family discussion and deliberation were seldom with closed doors. Questions that came up were considered as they came; and the younger members of the household perceived as soon as their elders the “reasons why” of most decisions. They were part and parcel of the whole *régime*. They learned politeness by being as politely attended to as company. They learned to be reasonable by seeing how the *reason* compelled father and mother, and not by having their vision stopped short at the arbitrary fact that father and mother compelled them. I think, on the whole, the Goldthwaite no-method turned out as good a method as any. Men have found out lately that horses even may be guided without reins.

It was characteristic, therefore, that Mrs. Goldthwaite—receiving one day a confidential note proposing to her a pleasant plan in behalf of Leslie, and intended to guard against a premature delight and eagerness, and so perhaps an ultimate disappointment for that young lady—should instantly, on reading it, lay it open upon the table before her daughter. “From Mrs. Linceford,” she said, “and concerning you.”

Leslie took it up, expecting, possibly, an invitation to tea. When she saw what it really was, her dark eyes almost blazed with sudden, joyous excitement.

“Of course, I should be delighted to say yes for you,” said Mrs. Goldthwaite, “but there are things to be considered. I can’t tell how it will strike your father.”

“School,” suggested Leslie, the light in her eyes quieting a little.

“Yes, and expense; though I don’t think he would refuse on that score. I should have *liked*”—Mrs. Goldthwaite’s tone was only half, and very gently, objecting; there was an inflection of ready self-relinquishment in it also,—“to have had your *first* journey with me. But you might have waited a long time for that.”

If Leslie were disappointed in the end, she would have known that her mother’s heart had been with her from the beginning, and grown people seldom realize how this helps even the merest child to bear a denial.

“There is only a month now to vacation,” said the young girl.

“What do you think Mr. Waylie would say?”

“I really think,” answered Leslie, after a pause, “that he would say it was better than books.”

They sat at their sewing together, after this, without speaking very much more, at the present time, about it. Mrs. Goldthwaite was thinking it over in her motherly mind, and in the mind of Leslie thought and hope and anticipation were dancing a reel with each other. It is time to tell the reader of the what and why.

Mrs. Linceford, the elder married daughter of the Hadden family,—many years the elder of her sisters, Jeannie and Elinor,—was about to take them, under her care, to the mountains for the summer, and she kindly proposed joining Leslie Goldthwaite to her charge. “The Mountains” in New England means always, in common speech, the one royal range of the White Hills.

You can think what this opportunity was to a young girl full of fancy, loving to hunt out, even by map and gazetteer, the by-nooks of travel, and wondering already if she should ever really journey otherwise. You can think how she waited, trying to believe she could bear any decision, for the final determination concerning her.

“If it had been to Newport or Saratoga, I should have said no at once,” said Mr. Goldthwaite. “Mrs. Linceford is a gay, extravagant woman, and the Haddens’ ideas don’t precisely suit mine. But the mountains,—she can’t get into much harm there.”

“I shouldn’t have cared for Newport, or the Springs, father, truly,” said Leslie, with a little hopeful flutter of eagerness in her voice, “but the real mountains,—O father!”

The “O father!” was not without its weight. Also, Mr. Waylie, whom Mr. Goldthwaite called on and consulted, threw his opinion into the favoring scale, precisely as Leslie had foreseen. He was a teacher who did not imagine all possible educational advantage to be shut up within the four walls of his or any other school-room. “She is just the girl to whom it will do great good,” he said. Leslie’s last week’s lessons were not accomplished the less satisfactorily for this word of his, and the pleasure it opened to her.

There came a few busy days of stitching and starching and crimping and packing, and then, in the last of June, they would be off. They were to go on Monday. The Haddens came over on Saturday afternoon, just as Leslie had nearly

put the last things into her trunk,—a new trunk, quite her own, with her initials in black paint upon the russet leather at each end. On the bed lay her pretty balmoral suit, made purposely for mountain wear, and just finished. The young girls got together here, in Leslie's chamber, of course.

"O how pretty! It's perfectly charming,—the loveliest balmoral I ever saw in my life!" cried Jeannie Hadden, seizing upon it instantly, as she entered the room. "Why, you'll look like a hamadryad, all in these wood-browns!"

It was an uncommonly pretty striped petticoat, in two alternating shades of dark and golden brown, with just a hair-line of black defining their edges; and the border was one broad, soft, velvety band of black, and a narrower one following it above and below, easing the contrast and blending the colors. The jacket, or rather shirt, finished at the waist with a bit of a polka frill, was a soft flannel, of the bright brown shade, braided with the darker hue, and with black; and two pairs of bright brown raw silk stockings, marked transversely with mere thread-lines of black, completed the mountain outfit.

"Yes; all I want is—" said Leslie, stopping short as she took up the hat that lay there also,—a last summer's hat, a plain black straw, with a slight brim, and ornamented only with a round lace veil and two bits of ostrich feather. "But never mind! It'll do well enough!"

As she laid it down again and ceased speaking, Cousin Delight came in, straight from Boston, where she had been doing two days' shopping; and in her hand she carried a parcel in white paper. I was going to say a round parcel, which it would have been but for something which ran out in a sharp tangent from one side, and pushed the wrappings into an odd angle. This she put into Leslie's hands.

"A fresh—fig-leaf—for you, my dear."

"What *does* she mean?" cried the Haddens, coming close to see.

"Only a little Paradise-fashion of speech between Cousin Del and me," said Leslie, coloring a little and laughing, while she began, somewhat hurriedly, to remove the wrappings.

"What have you done? And how did you come to think?" she exclaimed, as the thing enclosed appeared: a round brown straw turban,—not a staring turban, but one of those that slope with a little graceful downward droop upon the brow,—bound with a pheasant's breast, the wing shooting out jauntily, in the tangent I mentioned, over the right ear;—all in bright browns, in lovely harmony with the rest of the hamadryad costume.

"It's no use to begin to thank you, Cousin Del. It's just one of the things you're always doing, and rejoice in doing." The happy face was full of loving thanks, plainer than many words. "Only you're a kind of a *serpent* yourself, after all, I'm afraid, with your beguilements. I wonder if you thought of that," whispered Leslie, merrily, while the others *oh-oh'd* over the gift. "What else do you think I shall be good for when I get all those on?"

"I'll venture you," said Cousin Delight; and the trifling words conveyed a real, earnest confidence, the best possible antidote to the "beguilement."

"One thing is funny," said Jeannie Hadden, suddenly, with an accent of demur. "We're all pheasants. *Our* new hats are pheasants, too. I don't know what Augusta will think of such a covey of us."

"O, it's no matter," said Elinor. "This is a golden pheasant, on brown straw, and ours are purple, on black. Besides, we all *look* different enough."

"I suppose it doesn't signify," returned Jeannie; "and if Augusta thinks it does, she may just give me that black and white plover of hers I wanted so. I think our complexions *are* all pretty well suited."

This was true. The fair hair and deep blue eyes of Elinor were as pretty under the purple plumage as Jeannie's darker locks and brilliant bloom; and there was a wonderful bright mingling of color between the golden pheasant's breast and the gleaming chestnut waves it crowned, as Leslie took her hat and tried it on.

This was one of the little touches of perfect taste and adaptation which could sometimes make Leslie Goldthwaite almost beautiful; and was there ever a girl of fifteen who would not like to be beautiful if she could? This wish, and the thought and effort it would induce, were likely to be her great temptation. Passably pretty girls, who may, with care, make themselves often more than passable, have far the hardest of it with their consciences about these things; and Leslie had a conscience, and was reflective for her age,—and we have seen how questions had begun to trouble her.

A Sunday between a packing and a journey is a trying day always. There are the trunks, and it is impossible not to think of the getting up and getting off to-morrow; and one hates so to take out fresh sleeves and collars and pocket-handkerchiefs, and to wear one's nice white skirts. It is a Sunday put off, too probably, with but odds and ends of thought, as well as apparel.

Leslie went to church, of course,—the Goldthwaites were always regular in this,—and she wore her quiet straw bonnet. Mrs. Goldthwaite had a feeling that hats were rather perk and coquettish for the sanctuary. Nevertheless they met the Haddens in the porch, in the glory of their purple pheasant plumes, whereof the long tail-feathers made great circles in the air as the young heads turned this way and that, in the excitement of a few snatched words before they entered.

The organ was playing; and the low, deep, tremulous rumble that an organ gives sometimes, when it seems to creep under and vibrate all things with a strange, vital thrill, overswept their trivial chat, and made Leslie almost shiver. "O, I

wish they wouldn't do that," she said, turning to go in.

"What?" said Jeannie Hadden, unaware.

"Touch the nerve. The great nerve—of creation."

"What queer things Les' Goldthwaite says sometimes," whispered Elinor; and they passed the inner door.



The Goldthwaites sat two pews behind the Haddens. Leslie could not help thinking how elegant Mrs. Linceford was, as she swept in, in her rich black silk, and real lace shawl, and delicate, costly bonnet; and the perfectly gloved hand that upheld a bit of extravagance in Valenciennes lace and cambric made devotion seem—what? The more graceful and touching in one who had all this world's luxuries, or—almost a mockery?

The pheasant-plumed hats went decorously down in prayer-time, but the tail-feathers ran up perkier than ever, from the posture; Leslie saw this, because she had lifted her own head and unclosed her eyes in a self-indignant honesty, when she found on what her secret thoughts were running. Were other people so much better than she? And *could* they do both things? How much was right in all this that was outwardly so beguiling? and where did the "serving Mammon" begin?

Was everything so much intenser and more absorbing with her than with the Haddens? Why could she not take things as they came, as these girls did, or seemed to do? Be glad of her pretty things,—her pretty looks, even,—her coming pleasures,—with no misgivings or self-searchings, and then turn round and say her prayers properly?

Wasn't beauty put into the world for the sake of beauty? And wasn't it right to love it, and make much of it, and multiply

it? What were arts and human ingenuities for, and the things given to work with? All this grave weighing of a great moral question was in the mind of the young girl of fifteen again this Sunday morning. Such doubts and balancings begin far earlier, often, than we are apt to think.

The minister shook hands cordially and respectfully with Mrs. Linceford after church. He had no hesitation at her stylishness and fineries. Everybody took everybody else for granted; and it was all right, Leslie Goldthwaite supposed, except in her own foolish, unregulated thoughts. Everybody else had done their Sunday duty, and it was enough; only she had been all wrong and astray, and in confusion. There was a time for everything, only her times and thoughts would mix themselves up and interfere. Perhaps she was very weak-minded, and the only way for her would be to give it all up, and wear drab, or whatever else might be most unbecoming, and be fiercely severe, mortifying the flesh. She got over that—her young nature reacting—as they all walked up the street together, while the sun shone down smilingly upon the world in Sunday best, and the flowers were gay in the door-yards, and Miss Milliken's shop was reverential with the green shutters before the windows that had been gorgeous yesterday with bright ribbons and fresh fashions; and there was something thankful in her feeling of the pleasantness that was about her, and a certainty that she should only grow morose if she took to resisting it all. She would be as good as she could, and let the pleasantness and the prettiness come "by the way." Yes, that was just what Cousin Delight had said. "All these things shall be added,"—was not that the Gospel word? So her troubling thought was laid for the hour; but it should come up again. It was in the "seeking first" that the question lay. By and by she would go back of the other to this, and see clearer,—in the light, perhaps, of something that had been already given her, and which, as she lived on toward a fuller readiness

for it, should be "brought to her remembrance."

Monday brought the perfection of a travellers' morning. There had been a shower during the night, and the highways lay cool, moist, and dark-brown between the green of the fields and the clean-washed, red-brick pavements of the town. There would be no dust even on the railroad, and the air was an impalpable draught of delight. To the three young girls, standing there under the station-portico,—for they chose the smell of the morning rather than the odors of apples and cakes and indescribables which go to make up the distinctive atmosphere of a railway waiting-room,—there was but one thing to be done to-day in the world;—one thing for which the sun rose, and wheeled himself toward that point in the heavens which would make eight o'clock down below. Of all the ships that might sail this day out of harbors, or the trains that might steam out of cities across states, they recked nothing but of this that was to take them toward the hills. There were unfortunates, doubtless, bound elsewhere, by peremptory necessity; there were people who were going nowhere, but about their daily work and errands; all these were simply to be pitied, or wondered at, as to how they could feel *not* to be going upon a mountain journey. It is queer to think, on a last Thursday in November, or on a Fourth of July, of States where there may not be a Thanksgiving, or of far-off lands that have no Independence day. It was just as strange, somehow, to imagine how this day, that was to them the culminating point of so much happy anticipation, the beginning of so much certain joy, could be otherwise, and yet be anything to the supernumerary people who filled up around them the life that centred in just this to them. Yet in truth it was, to most folks, simply a fair Monday morning, and an excellent "drying day."

They bounded off along the iron track,—the great steam-pulse throbbed no faster than in time to their bright, young eagerness. It had been a momentous matter to decide upon their seats, of which there had been opportunity for choice when they entered the car; at last they had been happily settled, face to face, by the good-natured removal of a couple of young farmers, who saw that the four ladies wished to be seated together. Their hand-bags were hung up, their rolls of shawls disposed beneath their feet, and Mrs. Linceford had taken out her novel. The Haddens had each a book also in her bag, to be perfectly according to rule in their equipment; but they were not old travellers enough to care to begin upon them yet. As to Leslie Goldthwaite, *her* book lay ready open before her, for long, contented reading, in two chapters, both visible at once;—the broad, open country, with its shifting pictures and suggestions of life and pleasantness; and the carriage interior, with its dissimilar human freight, and its yet more varied hints of history and character and purpose.

She made a story in her own mind, half unconsciously, of every one about her. Of the pretty girl alone, with no elaborate travelling arrangements, going only, it was evident, from one way-station to another, perhaps to spend a summer day with a friend. Of the stout old country grandmother, with a basket full of doughnuts and early apples, that made a spiciness and orchard fragrance all about her, and that she surely never meant to eat herself, seeing, first, that she had not a tooth in her head, and also that she made repeated anxious requests of the conductor, catching him by the coat-skirts as he passed, to "let her know in season when they began to get into Bartley"; who asked, confidentially, of her next neighbor, a well-dressed elderly gentleman, if "he didn't think it was about as cheap comin' by the cars as it would ha' ben to hire a passage any other way?" and innocently endured the smile that her query called forth on half a dozen faces about her. The gentleman, *without* a smile, courteously lowered his newspaper to reply that "he always thought it better to avail one's self of established conveniences rather than to waste time in independent contrivances"; and the old lady sat back,—as far back as she dared, considering her momentary apprehension of Bartley,—quite happily complacent in the confirmation of her own wisdom.

There was a trig, not to say prim, spinster, without a vestige of comeliness in her face, save the comeliness of a clear, clean, energetic expression,—such as a new broom or a bright tea-kettle might have, suggesting capacity for house-thrift and hearth-comfort,—who wore a gray straw bonnet, clean and neat as if it had not lasted for six years at least, which its fashion evidenced, and which, having a bright green tuft of artificial grass stuck arbitrarily upon its brim by way of modern adornment, put Leslie mischievously in mind of a roof so old that blades had sprouted in the eaves. She was glad afterwards that she had not spoken her mischief.

What made life beautiful to all these people? These farmers, who put on at daybreak their coarse homespun, for long hours of rough labor? These homely, home-bred women, who knew nothing of graceful fashions,—who had always too much to do to think of elegance in doing? Perhaps that was just it; they had always something to do, something outside of themselves; in their honest, earnest lives there was little to tempt them to a frivolous self-engrossment. Leslie touched close upon the very help and solution she wanted, as she thought these thoughts.

Opposite to her there sat a poor man, to whom there had happened a great misfortune. One eye was lost, and the cheek was drawn and marked by some great scar of wound or burn. One half his face was a fearful blot. How did people bear such things as these,—to go through the world knowing that it could never be pleasant to any human being to look upon them? that an instinct of pity and courtesy even would turn every casual glance away? There was a strange, sorrowful pleading in the one expressive side of the man's countenance, and a singularly untoward incident presently called it forth, and made it almost ludicrously pitiful. A bustling fellow entered at a way-station, his arms full of a great frame that he carried. As he blundered along the passage, looking for a seat, a jolt of the car, in starting, pitched him

suddenly into the vacant place beside this man; and the open expanse of the large looking-glass—for it was that which the frame held—was fairly smitten, like an insult of fate, into the very face of the unfortunate.



"Beg pardon," the new-comer said, in an off-hand way, as he settled himself, holding the glass full before the other while he righted it; and then, for the first time, giving a quick glance toward him. The astonishment—the intuitive repulsion—the consciousness of what he had done, betokened by the instant look of the one man, and the helpless, mute "How could you?" that seemed spoken in the strange, uprolled, one-sided expression of the other,—these involuntarily-met regards made a brief concurrence at once sad and irresistibly funny, as so many things in this strange life are.

The man of the mirror inclined his burden quietly the other way; and now it reflected the bright faces opposite, under the pheasant plumes. Was it any delight to Leslie to see her own face so? What was the use of being—what right had she to wish to be—pretty and pleasant to look at, when there were such utter lifelong loss and disfigurement in the world for others? Why should it not as well happen to her? And how did the world seem to such a person, and where was the *worth-while* of it? This was the question which lingered last in her mind, and to which all else reverted. *To be able to bear*; perhaps this was it; and this was greater, indeed, than any outer grace.

Such as these were the wayside meanings that came to Leslie Goldthwaite that morning in the first few hours of her journey. Meanwhile, Jeannie and Elinor Hadden had begun to be tired; and Mrs. Linceford, not much entertained with her novel, held it half closed over her finger, drew her brown veil closely, and sat with her eyes shut, compensating herself with a doze for her early rising. Had the same things come to these? Not precisely; something else, perhaps. In all things, one is still taken and another left. I can only follow, minutely, one.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST:

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LIX.

DROWNING THE TOCANDEIRAS: FIVE MEN IN A FEVER.

FOR a time the brains of our adventurers were busied in devising some plan for routing the tocandeiras from their floating citadel, of which they now retained sole possession. At last Tipperary Tom again became the suggestor of a scheme for dispelling the multitudinous hosts.

"If we can't spill thim off the log," said he, "we can wather thim aff it."

"Not such a bad idea," said Richard. "Come on, let us surround the trunk, and attack them on all sides, and let all heave together."

The dark mud color that had characterized it when first seen, and during the time while they were approaching it, was now changed to a hue of fiery red, here in spots or patches, there in broad lists or streaks, running irregularly between the extremities. Of course the red bands and blotches mottling its sombre surface were the tocandeiras, whose crowded battalions were distributed all over it. On closer scrutiny, it could be seen that they were in motion, passing to and fro, or in places circling around as if in search of the intruders who had disturbed them.

At a word from Trevannion, all the assailants commenced heaving up water with the palms of their hands, and the log became shrouded under a shower of sparkling drops that fell fast and thickly over it, dissipating into a cloud of vapor like the spray of a waterfall. Under such a drenching the tocandeiras could not possibly retain their hold, however tenacious might be their sharp curving claws, and it was but natural that thousands of them should soon be swept from the manguba. Their assailants saw it, and, rejoicing at the success of their scheme, gave utterance to triumphant shouts, just like boys destroying with hot water a nest of wasps or hornets. Louder than all could be heard the voice of Tipperary Tom. It was he who had suggested the scheme, and the thought of having his character for sagacity thus raised caused his boisterous fit of self-congratulation.

But the splashing suddenly ceased, and the six pairs of palms, instead of being turned upward and forward to bale water upon the log, were now exerted in the opposite direction, backward and downward, while the owners of them commenced swimming away from the spot; as they went off, making vigorous efforts to free themselves from the spiteful creatures again clinging to them. Not one of them said a word about staying longer by the dead manguba; but, picking up little Rosa on the way, they continued their retreat, nor paused again until they felt sure of having distanced the tocandeiras.

As a matter of course they had retreated towards the tree-tops. After so many surprises, accompanied by almost continuous exertion, they stood in need of rest. Having chosen one that could be easily climbed, they ascended to its branches, and there seated themselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit. On perceiving that the sun was already over the meridian, and satisfied, moreover, that the task of getting rid of their enemies was one that it might take time to accomplish, they determined to remain all night in their new situation. But there was a more powerful reason for suspending their journey at this point. They were suffering great pain from the stings of the tocandeiras, and, until that should be to some extent allayed, they could think of nothing else, unless indeed it might be a mode of avenging themselves.

It was fortunate they had found a safe place of repose, and that Munday, who suffered less than the rest, preserved sufficient composure to make their beds or hammocks of sipo, for, in less than twenty minutes after ascending the tree, every one of the party, Munday and Rosa excepted, found himself in a raging fever from the stings inflicted by the tocandeiras, since these bloodthirsty insects not only bite as other ants, but have the power of stinging like wasps, only that the pain produced by their sting is much greater,—more like that of the black scorpion.

As the sun went down, a cool breeze began to play over the waters of the lagoa; and this—the fever having burnt itself out—restored them to their ordinary health, though with a feeling of languor that disinclined them to do anything for that night. Stretched upon their rude aerial couches, they looked up at the stars, and listened to Munday as he made answer to the interrogatories of Trevannion giving an account of one of the singular customs of his tribe,—that known as the "Festival of the Tocandeiras."

CHAPTER LX.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE TOCANDEIRAS.

WHEN a youth of the Mundurucú nation, or its kindred tribe, the Mahûe, has reached the age for assuming the

dignities of manhood, he is expected to submit himself to an ordeal that well deserves to be called fiery. This more especially if the youth's ambition inclines him to become a warrior or otherwise distinguished in the tribe. The ordeal is voluntary; but without undergoing it, the young Mundurucú must consent to an existence, if not disgraced, at least inglorious; and if not absolutely scorned by the girls of the Malocca, he will have but slight chance of winning their smiles.

It must be known to my young readers that a custom prevails among many tribes of North American Indians of submitting their young men who aspire to become "braves" to a test of courage and endurance so severe at times as to be a torture quite incredible to those unacquainted with the Indian character. You might fancy the South American a very trifling affair, compared with the torture of the Mandans and other Northern tribes, when you are told that it consists simply in the wearing of a pair of gloves, or mittens, for a certain length of time,—so long that the wearer can make the round of the Malocca, and finish up by an obeisance to the *tuchao* or chief, who awaits him at the door of his hut. But these mittens once described to you, as they were described by Munday to his companions on the tree, you will perchance change your mind; and regard the Mundurucú ceremony as one of the most severe that was ever contrived to test the constancy and courage of any aspirant to distinction.

When the young Mundurucú declares his readiness to put on the gloves, a pair of them are prepared for him. They are manufactured out of the bark of a species of palm-tree, and are in fact only long hollow cylinders, closed at one end, and large enough to admit the hand and arm up to the elbow. Before being drawn on they are half filled with ants of the most spiteful and venomous kinds; but chiefly with *tocandeiras*, from which the ceremony derives its name.

Thus accoutred, and accompanied by a crowd with horns, drums, and other musical instruments in use among the Indians, the candidate for manhood's rights has to make the round of the village, presenting himself before every hut, and dancing a jig at every halt that is made. Throughout all the performance he must affect signs of great joy, chanting a cheerful strain, loud enough to be heard above the beating of the drums, the blowing of the horns, and the fracas of his noisy followers. Should he refuse to submit to this terrible ordeal, or during its continuance show signs of weakness or hesitation, he is a lost man. He will be forever after the butt and scorn of his tribe; and there is not a Mundurucú girl who will consent to have him for a sweetheart. His parents and relatives will also be affected in the event of his proving a coward, and he will be regarded as a disgrace to the family.

Stimulated by these thoughts, he enters upon the trial, his friends urging him forward with cries of encouragement, his parents keeping by his side, and with anxious entreaties fortifying him against a failure. He has courageously thrust his hands into the fiery gauntlets, and with like courage he must keep them there, until the ceremony is completed. He suffers cruel torture. Every moment increases his agony. His hands, wrists, and arms feel as if surrounded by fire. The insect poison enters his veins. His eyes are inflamed. The sweat pours from his skin,—his bosom palpitates,—his lips and cheeks grow pale; and yet he must not show the slightest acknowledgment of suffering. If he does, it will cover him with shame; and he will never be permitted to carry the Mundurucú war-spear, nor impale upon its point the head of his slain enemy. He knows the awful fate that must result from failure; and, though staggering in his steps, he keeps courageously on. At length he stands in the presence of the *tuchao*, seated to receive him.

Before the chief the ceremony is repeated with increased excitement; the dance is redoubled in vigor,—the chant is louder than ever,—both continuing until his strength fails him through sheer exhaustion. His gloves are then removed, and he falls into the arms of his friends.

He is now surrounded by the young girls of the tribe, who fling their arms around him, covering him with kisses and congratulations. His sufferings prevent him from appreciating their soft caresses, and breaking away from their embrace, he rushes down to the river, and flings his fevered body into the grateful current. There remaining until the cool water has to some extent alleviated his pain, he comes forth and retires to the Malocca, to receive fresh congratulations from his fellow-savages.

He has proved himself of the stuff of which warriors are made, and may now aspire to the hand of any Mundurucú maiden, and to the glory of increasing the number of those hideous trophies that adorn the council-room of the tribe, and which have earned for these Indians the distinctive surname of *Decapitadores* (*Beheaders*).

CHAPTER LXI.

AMAZONIAN ANTS.

SUCCEEDING this thrilling account of the *tocandeira* festival, ants continued for a time to form the staple subject of conversation, which was not confined to the particular species they had encountered upon the log, but related to many others that inhabit the forests and *campos* of the Amazon valley. Scores of sorts were known to the Mundurucú,—all differing from each other, not only in size, shape, color, and what may be termed *personal* characteristics, but also in their modes of life, habits, and dwelling-place; in short, in every particular except those essential traits which make them all members of the same family.

The entomologist who would make a study of ant-life could find no better school to pursue it in than the grand

valley of the Amazon. In all parts of it he will find these insects in countless numbers, and in a vast variety of species,—separated from each other by all distinctions of classes founded on habits of life quite opposed to each other. Some species inhabit the earth, never descending below its surface. Others live *under* it, in subterranean dwellings, scarce ever coming out into the light of day. Others again live above the earth, making their home in the hollow trunks of trees; while still others lead a more aerial life, building their nests among the twigs and topmost branches.

In their diet there is a still greater range. There are *carnivora* and *herbivora*,—some that feed only on flesh, others that confine themselves to vegetable substances. There are, moreover, kinds that devour their meat before the life is out of it; while other carnivorous species, like the vulture among birds, prey only on such carrion as may chance to fall in their way, and in search of which their lives seem principally to be spent.

Then there are the vegetable feeders, which not only strip the leaves from plants and trees, but destroy every other sort of vegetable substance that they may fancy to seize upon. The clothes in a chest or wardrobe, the papers in a desk, and the books in a library, have all at times been consumed by their devastating hosts, when foraging for food, or for materials out of which to construct their singular dwellings. These dwellings are of as many different kinds as there are species of ants. Some are of conical shape, as large as a soldier's tent. Some resemble hillocks or great mounds, extending over the ground to a circumference of many yards. Others represent oblong ridges, traversed by numerous underground galleries, while some species make their dwellings in deep horizontal tunnels, or excavations, often extending under the bed of broad rivers. Many kinds lead an arboreal life, and their nests may be seen sticking like huge excrescences to the trunks of the forest-trees, and as often suspended from the branches.

To give a detailed account of the different kinds of Amazonian ants,—to describe only their appearance and ordinary habits,—would require, not a chapter, but a large volume. Their domestic economy, the modes of constructing their domiciles, the manner of propagating their species, their social distinction into classes or castes, the odd relations that exist between the separate castes of a community, the division of labor, their devotion to what some writers, imbued with monarchical ideas, have been pleased to term their *queen*,—who in reality is an individual *elected* for a special purpose,—render these insects almost an anomaly in nature. It is not to be expected that the uneducated Indian could give any scientific explanation of such matters. He only knew that there were many curious things in connection with the ants, and their in-door as well as out-door life, which he had himself observed,—and these particulars he communicated.

He could tell strange tales of the *Termites*, or white ants, which are not ants at all,—only so called from a general resemblance to the latter in many of their habits. He dwelt longest on the sort called *Saúbas*, or leaf-carrying ants, of which he knew a great number of species, each building its hill in a different manner from the others. Of all the species of South American ants, perhaps none surprises the stranger so much as the *saúba*. On entering a tract of forest, or passing a patch of cultivated ground, the traveller will come to a place where the whole surface is strewn with pieces of green leaves, each about the size of a dime, and all in motion. On examining these leafy fragments more closely, he will discover that each is borne upon the shoulders of a little insect not nearly so big as its burden. Proceeding onward he will come to a tree, where thousands of these insects are at work cutting the leaves into pieces of the proper size, and flinging them down to thousands of others, who seize upon and carry them off. On still closer scrutiny, he will observe that all this work is being carried on in systematic order,—that there are some of the insects differently shaped from the rest,—some performing the actual labor, while the others are acting as guards and overseers. Were he to continue his observation, he would find that the leaves thus transported were not used as food, but only as thatch for covering the galleries and passages through which these countless multitudes make their way from one place to another. He would observe, moreover, so many singular habits and manœuvres of the little crawling creatures, that he would depart from the spot filled with surprise, and unable to explain more than a tenth part of what he had seen.

Continuing his excursion, he would come upon ants differing from the *saúbas* not only in species, but in the most essential characteristics of life. There would be the *Ecitons*, or foraging ants, which, instead of contenting themselves by feeding upon the luxurious vegetation of the tropics, would be met upon one of their predatory forays,—the object of their expedition being to destroy some colony of their own kind, if not of their own species. It may be that the foraging party belong to the species known as *Eciton rapax*,—the giant of its genus, in which many individuals measure a full half-inch in length. If so, they will be proceeding in single file through the forest, in search of the nests of a defenceless vegetable-feeding ant of the genus *Formica*. If they have already found it, and are met on their homeward march towards their own encampment, each will be seen holding in its mouth a portion of the mangled remains of some victim of their rapacity.

Again, another species may be met travelling in broad columns, containing millions of individuals, either on the way to kill and plunder, or returning laden with the spoil. In either case they will attack any creature that chances in their way,—man himself as readily as the most defenceless animal. The Indian who encounters them retreats upon his tracks, crying out, "*Tauóca!*" to warn his companions behind, himself warned by the ant-thrushes whom he has espied hovering above the creeping columns, and twittering their exulting notes, as at intervals they swoop down to thin the moving legion.

Of all the kinds of ants known to the Mundurucú, there was none that seemed to interest him more than that which had led to the conversation,—the *tocandeira*, or, as the Brazilians term it, *formigade fogo* (fire-ant). Munday had worn the formidable mittens; and this circumstance had no doubt left an impression upon his mind that the *tocandeira* was the truest representative of spitefulness to be found in the insect world.

Perhaps he was not far astray. Although an ant of ordinary size,—both in this and general appearance not differing greatly from the common red ant of England,—its bite and sting together are more dreaded than those of any other species. It crawls upon the limbs of the pedestrian who passes near its haunt, and, clutching his skin in its sharp pincer-like jaws, with a sudden twitch of the tail it inserts its venomous sting upon the instant, holding on after it has made the wound, and so tenaciously that it is often torn to pieces while being detached. It will even go out of its way to attack any one standing near. And at certain landing-places upon some of the Amazonian rivers, the ground is so occupied with its hosts that treading there is attended with great danger. In fact, it is on record that settlements have been abandoned on account of the fire-ant suddenly making its appearance, and becoming the pest of the place.

Munday, in conclusion, declared that the *tocandeiras* were only found in the dry forests and sandy *campos*; that he had never before seen one of their swarms in the Gapo, and that these in the dead-wood must have retreated thither in haste, to escape drowning when caught by the inundation, and that the log had been afterwards drifted away by the *echente*.

Whether this statement was true or not, the ants appeared to have made up their minds to stay there, and permit no intruders to deprive them of their new, strange domicile,—at all events until the *vasante* might enable them once more to set foot upon dry land.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE ANTS STILL EXCITED.

AT break of day the party were all awake; and after refreshing themselves with a little *cheese*—which was only some coagulated milk of the massaranduba, preserved in sapucaya-shells—they once more turned their attention to the floating trunk. To their surprise, it was no longer where they had left it!

There was a fog upon the water, but that was rapidly becoming dissipated; and as the sun peeped over the tree-tops, the lagoa was sufficiently free from mist for any dark object as large as a man's head, within a mile's distance, to be distinguished. The manguba had been left scarce a hundred yards from their sleeping-place. Where was it now?

"Yonder!" said Munday, "close in by the trees. By our splashing in the water, we started it from its moorings among the piosocas. There has been a little breeze through the night, that has brought it this way. It is now at anchor against yonder tree. I shouldn't wonder if the ants would try to escape from it, and take to the branches above them. The dead manguba is not their natural home; nor is the Gapo their dwelling-place. The *tocandeiras* belong on land; and no one would expect to find them here. They must have had their home in the hollow of the log while it was lying on dry land. The *echente* set it afloat while they were inside, and the current has carried them far away from their own country."

So they now turned to ascertain whether Munday's conjectures were true, that the ants had taken to the tree that stood over the dead-wood, which was at no great distance; and as the sun had now completely dispelled the fog, they could see it very distinctly. The *tocandeiras* were still upon it. Their countless hosts were seen moving over its surface in all their red array, apparently as much excited as when putting to flight the swimmers who had intruded upon them.

The log, although close to the stem of the standing tree, was not in connection with it. Something held it several feet off; and as none of the drooping branches reached quite down, it was impossible for the insects to reach the tree, although they evidently desired to make this change, as if suddenly dissatisfied with their quarters on the drifting trunk, and wishing to change them for others less at the mercy of the winds and waves.

As there was something curious in all this, something that could not fail to fix the attention of the observer, our adventurers remained silent, watching the movements of the insect multitude, in hopes that they might find some way of detaching themselves from the floating log, and leave in peaceable and undisputed possession the quarters they appeared so desirous of quitting to those who were equally desirous of entering upon them.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE TAMANDUA: THE ANT-THRUSH.

TRUSTING to the explanation given by the tapuyo, they did not think of inquiring further into the cause of the commotion among the ants. While scanning the tree closely, several of the party perceived a movement among its branches, and soon after the form of a singular creature that was causing it. It was a quadruped, about the size of a raccoon or cat, but of a shape peculiarly its own. Its body was long and cylindrical, terminating posteriorly in a round, tapering tail, while its low, flat head, prolonged into a smooth, slender muzzle, also tapered nearly to a point. The eyes

were so small as scarcely to be seen, and the mouth more resembled a round hole than the closing of a pair of jaws. It was covered with a dense silky fur, of a uniform length over the body, and slightly crisped, so as to give it a woolly aspect. This fur was straw-colored, with a tinge of maroon and brown on the shoulders and along the back, while the tail presented a ringed appearance from an alternation of the two colors.

"*Tamandua*!" exclaimed Munday, at sight of the strange quadruped. "The ant-eater. Not the great one, which is called *Tamandua assu*, and don't climb up the trees. That you see is the little one; he lives all his life among the branches,—sleeps there, either upon his breast, or suspended by his tail,—travels from one tree to another in search of honey, bees, wasps, grubs, but, above all, of such ants as make their nests either in holes, or stick to the twigs. Ha!" he continued, "what could I have been thinking of? The *tocandeiras* wishing to climb up to the tree? Not a bit of it. Quite the contrary. It's the *tamandua* that's keeping them in motion! See the cunning beast preparing to make a descent among them!"

Nothing could be more certain than that this was the *tamandua*'s intention: for almost on the instant it was seen to move among the branches, descending from one to the other, partly using its strong, hooked claws, and partly its tapering and highly prehensile tail. Once upon the dead-wood, it lay flat down upon its breast and belly; and shooting out its long, thread-like tongue, coated with a sticky shining substance resembling saliva, it commenced licking up the *tocandeiras* that swarmed in thousands around it. It was to no purpose that the ants made an attack upon it. Nature had provided it with an armor proof both against their bite and sting. Rage around it as they might, the *tocandeiras* could do nothing to hinder it from licking them up from the log, and tucking them in hundreds into its capacious stomach. Finally the *tamandua* had taken his fill,—breakfasted to his heart's content; then, erecting himself on his hind legs after the manner of a squirrel or marmoset, he sprang back upon the branch from which he had descended. Going a little higher up, he selected another and larger branch, placing himself so that his belly rested along its upper surface, with the legs hanging down on each side; and then, burying his proboscis in the long fur of his breast, and taking two or three turns of his tail around head, body, and legs, he fell fast asleep.

The old saw, that there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip," is as true in the life of an ant-eater as in that of a man; and when the *tamandua* awoke,—which it did some twenty minutes afterwards,—and looked down upon the dead-wood, it was astonished to discover that not a *tocandeira* was in sight.

What had become of them? When left by the *tamandua* to their own devices, there were myriads still surviving. The few thousands which the devourer licked up had made no perceptible diminution in their numbers; and on the retiring of their enemy, they were swarming as thickly and countlessly as ever. Now not one was visible upon the log, the hue of which, from being of a flaming red, had returned to its original color of sombre gray. A few were discovered upon the standing tree, crawling up its trunk and lower branches, with excited air and rapid movements, as if escaping from terrible disaster. These refugees did not amount to many hundreds; thinly scattered over the bark, they could have been counted. They were too few to tempt the hunger of the *tamandua*. It would not have been worth his while to project his slimy tongue for the sake of a single *tocandeira*; so he retained it—not behind his teeth, for he had none—but within the cylinder-shaped cavity of his mouth. What had become of the *tocandeiras*? It is possible that the *tamandua* mentally put this question to himself; for there is no animal, however humble its organization, that has not been gifted by beneficent Nature with a mind and powers of reasoning,—ay, with moral perceptions of at least the primary principles of right and wrong, as even the little ant-eater gives evidence.

Perhaps you have yourself witnessed the proof. You have seen one ant rob another of its crumb of bread, that by a laborious effort has been carried far. You have seen the companions of both gather around the spot, deprive the despoiler of its ill-gotten prize, restore the crumb to its lawful possessor, and punish the would-be pilferer. If you have not seen this, others have,—myself among the number. Surely, it is reason; surely, it is moral perception. If not, what is it? The closet-naturalist calls it *instinct*,—a ready word to cloak that social cowardice which shrinks from acknowledging that besides man there are other beings upon the earth with talents worth saving.

Soon after the ant-eater had gone to sleep, a little bird about the size of a starling was seen flitting about. It was of the ordinary shape of the shrikes, or fly-catchers, and, like them, of sombre plumage,—a dull gray blended with bluish slate. As already said, it was flitting about among the tree-tops, now and then rising above them, and hovering for a while in the air; then lighting again upon a branch, and from this hopping to another, and another, all the time giving utterance to twittering but scarcely musical notes.

"An ant-thrush," Munday said. "It's hunting about for the very creatures that are swarming on that log. If it should spy them we'll have no more trouble with the *tocandeiras*. That friend will clear them out of our way. If it but gets its eye on that red crowd, it'll treat them very differently from what the beast has done. In twenty minutes there won't be a *tocandeira* to sting us. May the Great Spirit prove propitious, and turn its eyes upon the dead-wood!"

For a time the bird kept up its flickering flight and twittering cry, while our adventurers watched its manœuvres, keeping quiet, as a precaution against scaring it away. All at once the ant-thrush changed its tactics, and its louder note proclaimed a surprise. It had come close to the tree that contained the *tamandua*, and saw the quadruped taking its *siesta* upon the branch. From the presence of the ant-eater it argued the proximity of their common prey.

The swarm of fire-ants, reddening the log, formed too conspicuous an object to escape being seen. The ant-thrush soon saw them, and announced the discovery with a screech, which was a signal to scores of hungry companions. It was answered by what seemed a hundred echoes, and soon the air resounded with whistling wings, as the feathered ant-eaters came crowding to the feast.

Boy reader, you have bred pigeons, and fed them too. You have flung before them whole baskets of barley, and pecks of oats, until the pavement was thickly strewn. You have observed how quickly they could clear the ground of the grain. With the like rapidity was the log cleared of the *tocandeiras*. In ten minutes not a single insect could be seen upon it; and then the feathered ant-eaters, without giving the tamandua a hint that his premises had been despoiled, flew off into the forest in search of a fresh swarm.

CHAPTER LXIV.

ANT-EATERS—BIPED AND QUADRUPED.

THE spectacle of the bird ant-eaters engaged in their work of destruction is one that may be seen almost every day in the Amazonian region. The presence of an army of ants passing from place to place through the forest—their selves often bent upon a marauding and murderous expedition—may often be discovered long before the insects themselves are in sight, by the twittering cries and excited actions of the ant-thrushes, that in large flocks are seen hovering above them. The traveller takes warning by the spectacle. Experience has long ago taught him that to stray into the midst of a party of foraging ants is no slight matter. It would be like dancing an Irish jig over a nest of hornets. He is sure of being attacked, bitten, and stung by the venomous insects; and on hearing the call of the ant-thrush, he beats an instant retreat. The quadruped licking up his insect prey is a sight of less frequent occurrence.

Of these four-footed ant-eaters there are many distinct kinds, differing very considerably in their habits of life. Four species are known to naturalists; but it is probable that there are many more yet to be discovered and described. The Indians who are best acquainted with the remote haunts of the great mountain wilderness of interior South America assert that there are others; and their testimony is generally derived from acute observation. Of the four known species there is the great ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*) called *Tamanoir*, large as a mastiff dog, and a match for most dogs in strength, often even killing one by squeezing the breath out of his body between its thick, muscular fore-limbs. This is the *Tamandua bandeira*, or “banner tamandua” of the natives, so called from the peculiar marking of its skin,—each side of the body being marked by a broad blackish band running obliquely from the shoulders, and suggesting the resemblance of an heraldic banner. It lives in the drier forests, making its haunt wherever the white ants (*termites*), those that construct the great hills, abound. Of the habits of this species a more complete account has been given elsewhere.^[1]

The second species of tamandua—that is, in size—is quite a different creature. It scarcely ever descends to the earth, but passes from branch to branch and tree to tree by means of its strong, curving claws, and more especially by the aid of a very long and highly prehensile tail. Its food consists exclusively of ants, that construct huge earthy nests high up among the branches or against the trunks of the trees, where they present the appearance of grotesque excrescences. This tamandua often moves about during the day, in its slow progress much resembling the sloths, though its food is so very different from the animal of the Cecropia-tree (*bicho de embaüba*). This species dwells chiefly in the thick forests, and goes into the *Capo* at all seasons of the year, and it was one of this sort which the party had seen.



But there are still two other kinds that make their home upon the trees,—both exceedingly curious little animals, and much more rarely seen than the large tamanduas. They are distinguished by the name of *tamandua-i*, which in the Indian language means “little tamandua.” One of them, the rarest of the family, is about the size of a half-grown kitten. Instead of hair, it wears a fine wool of a grayish-yellow color, soft and silky to the touch. The other is of the same size, but dingy brown in color, and with hair of a coarser kind. These little ant-eaters both sleep through the day, curled up in the cavity of a tree, or in some fork of the branches, and only display their activity by night.

Thus it is that the ants have no chance of escaping from their numerous enemies. On the earth they are attacked

and destroyed by the great ant-eater, in the trees by his brother with the four curving claws. By day one species preys upon them,—by night, another. Go where they will, there is a foe to fall upon them. Even when they seek security under the earth, there too are they pursued by enemies of their own tribe, the savage *ecitons*, which enter their subterranean dwellings, and kill them upon their own hearths, to be dragged forth piecemeal and devoured in the light of the sun!

CHAPTER LXV.

THE CHASE OF THE TAMANDUA.

If the tamandua had been surprised by the disappearance of the *tocandeiras*, it was not less so to see approaching a creature more than ten times its own size. This creature was of a dark bronze color, having a long, upright body, a pair of legs still longer, arms almost as long as the legs, and a roundish head with long black hair growing out of its crown, and hanging down over its shoulders. If the ant-eater had never before seen a human being,—which was probable enough,—it saw one now; for this creature was no other than old Munday, who had taken a fancy to capture that tamandua. Perhaps the little quadruped may have mistaken him for an ape, but it must have also thought him the grandest it had ever set eyes upon. Swinging itself from branch to branch, using both claws and tail to effect its flight, it forsook the tree where it had slept, and took to another farther into the forest. But Munday had anticipated this movement, and passed among the branches and over the matted *lianas* with the agility of an ape,—now climbing up from limb to limb, now letting himself down by some hanging sipo.

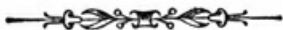
He was soon joined in the pursuit by Richard Trevannion, who was an expert climber, and, if unable to overtake the ant-eater in a direct chase, could be of service in helping to drive it back to the tree it had just left, and which stood at the end of a projecting tongue of the forest. It is possible that Munday might have been overmatched, with all his alertness; for the tamandua had reached the narrowest part of the peninsula before he could get there. Once across the *isthmus*, which consisted of a single tree, it would have had the wide forest before it, and would soon have hidden itself amid the matted tangle of leaves and twigs. Richard, however, was too cunning to let the ant-eater escape him. Dropping into the water, he swam towards the isthmus with all his strength, and reached the tree before the tamandua.

By this time Munday had arrived from the opposite quarter, and was already climbing into the same tree. Seeing itself intercepted on both sides, the tamandua began crawling up towards the topmost branches. But Munday was too quick for it, and springing after, with the agility of a cat, he caught hold of it by one of the hind legs. Being an animal insignificant in size, and apparently in strength, the spectator supposed he would speedily have dragged it down. In this, however, they were mistaken, not taking account of the power in its fore limbs and tail.

Notwithstanding the *tapuyo* exerted all his strength, he could not detach it from the tree; and even when assisted by his companion, was only able to get the fore legs free. The tail, lapped several times around a limb, resisted all their efforts. But Munday cut the clinging tail with his knife, leaving two or three of its rings around the branch. Then, twisting the stump around his wrist, he swung the animal back against the trunk with a force that deprived it at once of strength and life.

Mayne Reid.

[1] See "The Forest Exiles," by the author of this story.



MABEL'S WISH.

O would I were a fairy,
Up in the cherry-tree,
And if 't were always summer,
How happy I should be!
I would breakfast on a cherry,
And when I came to dine,
The stone should be a wine-glass
To hold my ruby wine.
The bee should bring me honey,
And the butterfly should bear
My tiny form, whenever
I wished to take the air.
The wind should bring me odors
From the fields of new-mown hay,
And the birds should give me music
All the live-long summer day.
No lessons in the tree-top,
No puzzling sums for me!
O, I would I were a fairy,
Up in the cherry-tree,
And if 't were always summer,
How happy I should be!

Tacie Townsend.



WINTER SONG.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by H. M. T.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line contains two verses of lyrics for each system.

1. Hur - rah for the jolly old Win - ter! The king of the year is he; Though his
2. Hur - rah for the jolly old Win - ter! He shouts at the door by night: "Come

1. breath is cold and i - cy, His heart it is full of glee. He
2. out where the ice is gleam - ing Like steel in the cold moon - light. Like

1. piles up the beautiful snow-flakes On the apple trees bare and brown; And
2. swal - lows over the wa - ter The ska - ters mer - ri - ly go; There is

1. laughs when the north-wind shakes them, Like a shower of blossoms, down.
2. health in the blustering bree - zes And joy in the beautiful snow."



ROUND THE EVENING LAMP.

A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS AND FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADE.

No. 2.

My *first* is possessed of the wonderful art
Of painting the feelings that glow in the heart.
Yet had it not been for my *second's* kind aid,
No respect had my *first* from a creature been paid.
The name of my *whole* you can surely reveal
When I tell you it's chiefly composed of bright steel.

DEXTER.

No. 3.

WHEN summer skies were blue and bright,
 And summer days were long,
 My heart was ever gay and light,
 My *first* was high and strong.
 But autumn brought both clouds and grief,
 My *first* has faded with the leaf.

Your love that once was true and warm
 Has grown my *second* now;
 And much I fear that winter's storm
 Will break each weakened vow.
 Chilled by thy frown and autumn's blast
 My *first* becomes my second fast.

Now golden summer smiles no more,
 And the sweet past is fled;
 And all my cherished dreams are o'er,
 My *first* is fallen and dead.
 O, pray take pity on my soul,
 Or I shall soon become my *whole*.

CARL.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 5.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 6.



D. R. C.

ENIGMA.

No. 3.

I am composed of 26 letters.
 My 2, 6, 1, 19, is a place where vessels anchor.
 My 7, 16, 6, 4, 26, is a kind of silk.
 My 10, 20, 4, 14, 15, 24, is a kind of fruit.
 My 3, 23, 18, 24, 19, is a domestic animal.
 My 19, 10, 22, 15, 5, 14, boys play with.
 My 22, 21, 16, 11, 25, 13, is a vegetable.
 My 22, 11, 14, 16, 17, 24, 20, is an animal.
 My 9, 8, 7, 16, 18, is an article used in school.
 My 12, 18, 4, 8, is an article for food.
 My whole is a Biblical question.

META.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 7.



G. W. H.

PUZZLES.

No. 2.

An old astronomer am I,
Pupil of Phœbus; shall I tell why?
Little golden threads I measure,
Cut, and drop the precious treasure
In abysmal depths below,—
Depths whose limits none can know.

Seldom am I seen to sleep,
Neither can I walk or creep;
Yet, while riveted I stay,
O'er the land I run all day;
And, lest I cease to move at last,
They bind my fetters strong and fast.

You, who feet and ankles own,
Pity me, for I have none.
I crave your nose of Hogarth's fashion,
Your charming eye, with cunning lash on,
For while with face they have supplied me,
Eyes, nose, mouth, chin, are all denied me!

Two hands are mine, and what think you
With these two hands I have to do?
So bashful am I, O disgrace!
I keep them always to my face;
Yet busier hands you'd ne'er discover,
Though you should range the wide world over.

WILLY WISP.

No. 3.

I am such an indispensable part of your being that a mortal creature cannot exist without me. Yet I am not exclusively of an animal nature, for the earth owns me as well. I am to be met with at Vesuvius and Ætna, only you would never be able to approach near enough to see me. So you must look for me in rivers, where you will always discover me, (just where you will not find me in the animal kingdom,) the farthest from the head. I dwell in all caves of the earth, and in all pits, whether of coal or ore. Not even a cannon is made without me, for I am where men seek the "bubble reputation." I am large and long in the shark and alligator, small in the crab and caterpillar, deep and wide in jar and jug, long and elliptic in the human race, round in the ray and the skate, and triangular in the leech. With all the

animal race I am movable, generally noisy, and can open or close at will, but in inanimate nature I am generally noiseless and perpetually open. I dwelt in Venice, and through my means the secret messages to the Inquisition passed! I was in Egypt with Memnon, making music when the sun touched me. In short, if the eyes are called the windows of the soul, I may be very justly considered as its portal.

ANSWERS.

CHARADE.

1. Oil-well.

ENIGMAS.

1. Misery likes company.
2. To-morrow.

PUZZLE.

- Ray, Sole, Ling, Maid; Plaice, Thornback; Codling, Crab, Pike, Smelt; Brill, Carp, S-hark, Seal; Skate, Jack, Whiting, Perch; Her-ring, D-ace, Barbel; Flounder.
- 1.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Silence.
2. He's a jewel (Jew ill).
3. Skye.
4. She is A-musing, B-coming, D-lighting, and N-chanting.
5. Because we can't get them for nothing.
6. They make the butter fly.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

1. Do not count your chickens before they are hatched. [(Do) (knot) (cow)nt (ewer) (chickens) (bee)IV t(hay) (a)R(e) (hat)c(head).]
The crier says: "Found a woman, aged one hundred and ten years; can be seen for ten cents." [T(he) (crier) s(hay)s; F(hound) (a woman aged) CX (years); (can) (bee) (sea)n (fort) (hen) (cents).]
2. Time bears for youth a muffled bell, And hides his face in flowers. [(Time) (bears) (far) (youth) A (muffled bell) & (hides) his (face in flowers).]
- 3.
4. Go to the ant, thou sluggard! [(Goat) (tooth)e (ant) t(house) lug (guard).]



OUR LETTER BOX.

A WORD ABOUT PUZZLES.

Our young folks have been very thoughtful and very generous in sending all sorts of puzzles to their Magazine, and we hope that this kindness will be continued. But a little care would make their efforts much more available. The answers to enigmas, for instance, with their corresponding numbers, should be fully and carefully written out; such as are so will naturally receive attention first. Where there are several hundred enigmas to be looked over, it is impossible for the editors to stop to guess either the entire answer of each, or the words of which it is composed.

And we must ask contributors to this department not to expect a return of unaccepted puzzles. It will be much easier for the boys and girls to keep a copy of their own work, which, if it is very good, will be sure to be printed at last, although its author may sometimes have to wait months for it to find room. With fifty thousand heads, and as many pairs of hands ready and eager to help us, we sometimes get our own heads sorely puzzled with the abundance before us. But like a certain immortal little Oliver, we shall still be asking for "more," because we want our readers to have the best things that are to be found in Puzzledom. So lend us your constant aid, kind little folk, and we will keep a cheerful corner for you Round the Evening Lamp.

Edith, Milwaukee. Your rebus is a very good one, although it is not quite perfect; it will be used by and by. Try again, please.

Fran Coria offers "Columbia's Song" in commemoration of the final defeat of Rebellion. The song is animated, but not smooth. We give the best verse as a taste of the quality:—

"With soul-stirring music, ye loud cannon, rattle,
To hearts all despondent the glad tidings bring
How Freedom is born on the red field of battle:
Shout all ye people, of victory sing!
Servile fetters are broken,
Jehovah has spoken,
And men are no more to be treated like cattle,
No more to my garments shall Slavery cling!"

M. G. We do not mean to print any puzzles which have for their answers our own names, those of our Publishers, or that of the Magazine. There are enough good subjects without putting forward such as are already prominent enough.

J. G. K. Your rebuses are good, but as their subjects would not suit the spring (and we could not print them sooner) we must keep them until next winter.

Carrie L. W. writes a pleasant little note, enclosing an enigma, telling us that she is only nine years old, and asking us to overlook any errors, "as I am very tired" (with working out her puzzle, we suppose), "and it is past my bed-time." Thank you, Carrie; but next time send the answer.

C. R. T. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and other names which are easily guessed without the exercise of working them out letter by letter, are not good subjects for enigmas, and we always decline them.

Willy Wisp is among our most constant and interested correspondents, but his contributions are no nearer perfection (although he thinks otherwise) than any others. Under date of October 28, 1865, he criticises some of the rebuses which have been printed, and offers one which he says is complete, and “free from infelicities.” Let us see, Master Willy. You spell *white* (by your symbols), *ho-ite*; *violets*, *vialeights*; *mints*, *mince*; and *clay marbles*, an’kle aim R bells. Are not these “infelicities”?

W. C. P. sends a French enigma, which we should be very glad to print, as offering a nice variety, but it is grammatically incorrect. “*Tous le autre*” is impossible. Repair it, and let us see it again.

A Friend, without any signature, has sent a list of words which he has made from the letters composing *Manufactory*, which numbers one hundred and ninety-four! Whoever wishes to try the experiment for himself, has only to remember that he must not use the same letter twice in any one word.

Touchstone sends a Latin enigma, which we throw away as useless because it has no answer.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

Obvious printer errors including punctuation have been silently corrected.

Inconsistencies and variations in spelling have been retained, with the following exception:

“strewe” changed to “strewn” on p. 83.

[The end of *Our Young Folks, Volume 2, Number 2*, edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom.]