OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

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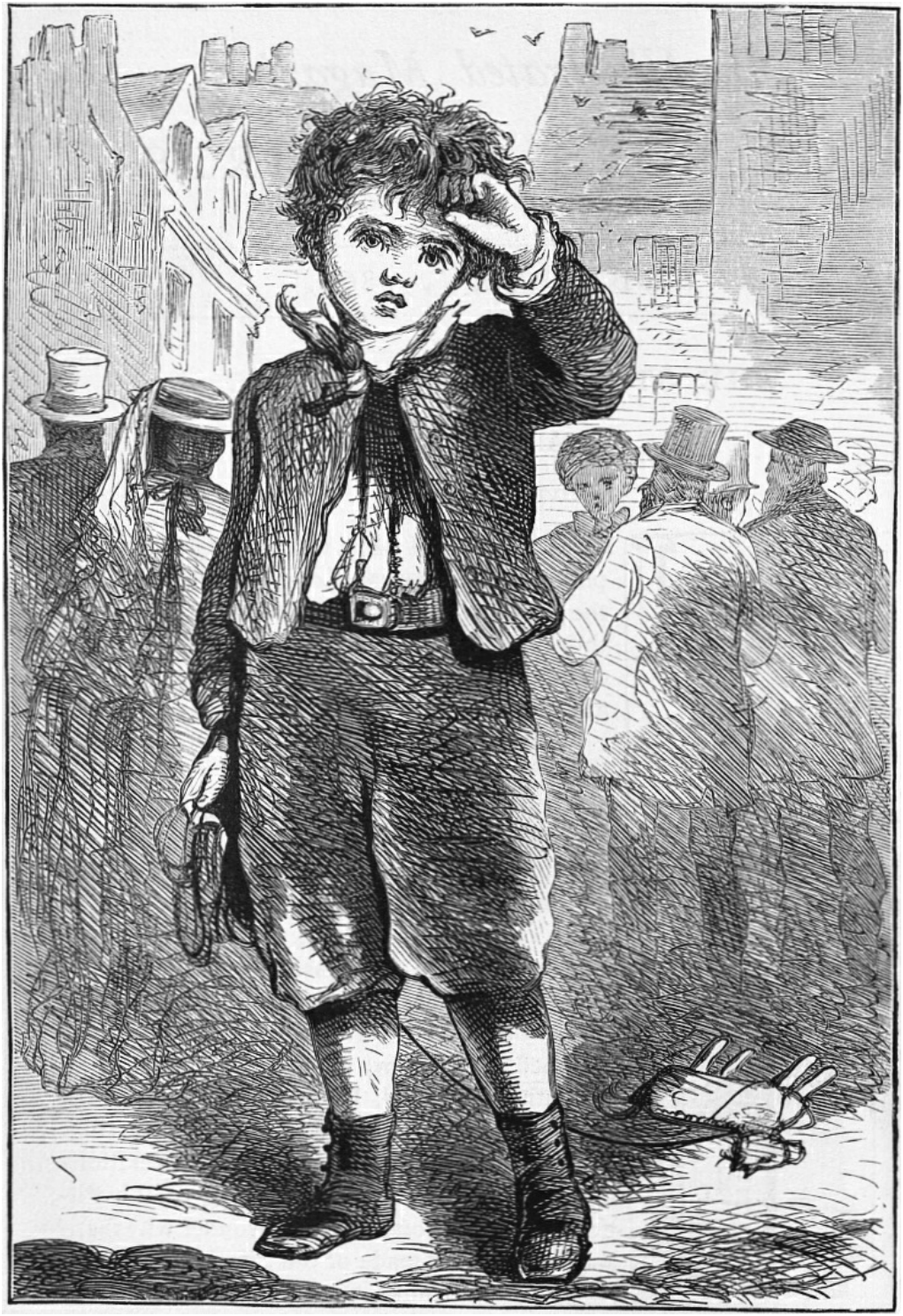

LOST WILLIE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES A. BARRY.] [See page 103.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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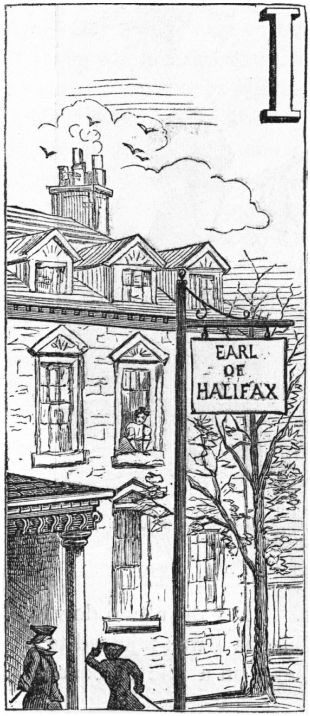
[This table of contents is added for convenience.—Transcriber.]

CHAPTER IV.
RIVERMOUTH.



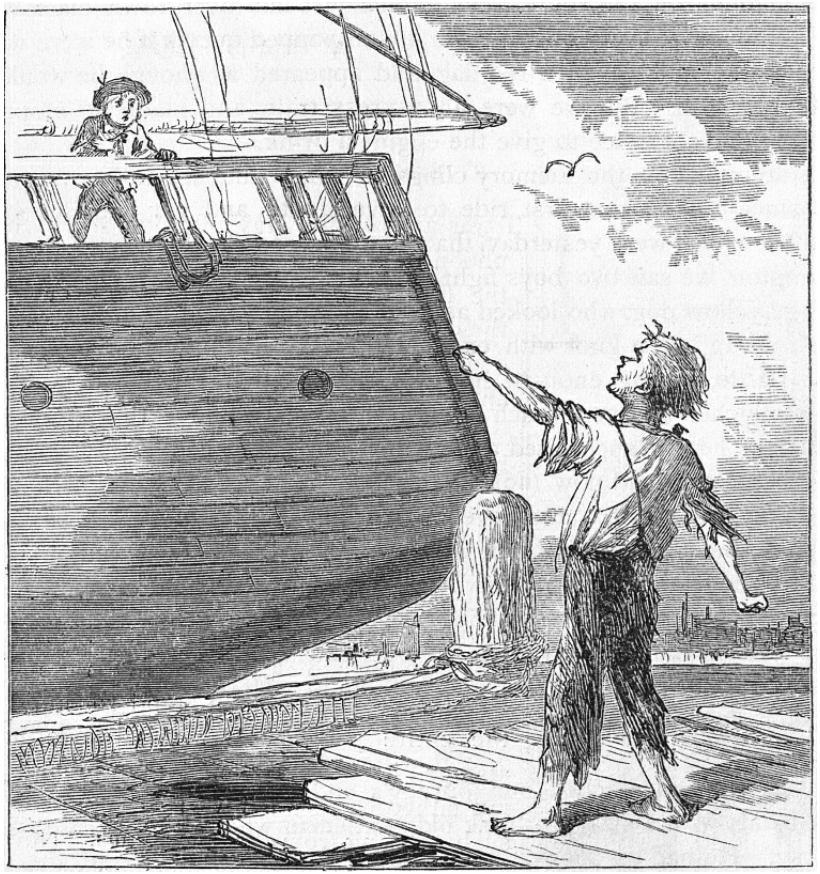
It was a beautiful May morning when the Typhoon hauled up at Long Wharf. Whether the Indians were not early risers, or whether they were away just then on a war-path, I couldn't determine; but they did not appear in any great force,—in fact, did not appear at all.

In the remarkable geography which I never hurt myself with studying at New Orleans, was a picture representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers, in rather odd hats and coats, are seen approaching the savages; the savages, in no coats or hats to speak of, are evidently undecided whether to shake hands with the Pilgrim Fathers or to make one grand rush and scalp the entire party. Now this scene had so stamped itself on my mind, that, in spite of all my father had said, I was prepared for some such greeting from the aborigines. Nevertheless, I was not sorry to have my expectations unfulfilled. By the way, speaking of the

Pilgrim Fathers, I often used to wonder why there was no mention made of the Pilgrim Mothers.

While our trunks were being hoisted from the hold of the ship, I mounted on the roof of the cabin, and took a critical view of Boston. As we came up the harbor, I had noticed that the houses were huddled together on an immense hill, at the top of which was a large building, the State House, towering proudly above the rest, like an amiable mother-hen surrounded by her brood of many-colored chickens. A closer inspection did not impress me very favorably. The city was not nearly so imposing as New Orleans, which stretches out for miles and miles, in the shape of a crescent, along the banks of the majestic river.

I soon grew tired of looking at the masses of houses, rising above one another in irregular tiers, and was glad my father did not propose to remain long in Boston. As I leaned over the rail in this mood, a measly-looking little boy with no shoes said that if I would come down on the wharf he'd lick me for two cents,—not an exorbitant price. But I didn't go down. I climbed into the rigging, and stared at him. This, as I was rejoiced to observe, so exasperated him that he stood on his head on a pile of boards, in order to pacify himself.



The first train for Rivermouth left at noon. After a late breakfast on board the Typhoon, our trunks were piled upon a baggage-wagon, and ourselves stowed away in a coach, which must have turned at least one hundred corners before it set us down at the railway station.

In less time than it takes to tell it, we were shooting across the country at a fearful rate,—now clattering over a bridge, now screaming through a tunnel; here we cut a flourishing village in two, like a knife, and here we dived into the shadow of a pine forest. Before a fellow could tell where he was, he was somewhere else. Sometimes we glided along the edge of the ocean, and could see the sails of ships twinkling like bits of silver against the horizon; sometimes we dashed across rocky pasture-lands where stupid-eyed cattle were loafing. It was fun to scare the lazy-looking cows that lay round in groups under the newly budded trees near the railroad track.

Whenever we approached a village, the engineer sounded his bell, and

slackened the speed of the train; but we did not pause at any of the little brown stations on the route (they looked just like overgrown black-walnut clocks), though at every one of them a man popped out as if he were worked by machinery, and waved a red flag, and appeared as though he would like to have us stop. But we were an express train, and made no stoppages, excepting once or twice to give the engine a drink.

It is strange how the memory clings to some things. It is over twenty years since I took that first ride to Rivermouth, and yet, oddly enough, I remember as if it were yesterday, that, as we passed slowly through the village of Hampton, we saw two boys fighting behind a red barn. There was also a shaggy yellow dog, who looked as if he had commenced to unravel, barking himself all up into a knot with excitement. We had only a hurried glimpse of the battle,—long enough, however, to see that the combatants were equally matched and very much in earnest. I am ashamed to say how many times since I have speculated as to which boy got licked. Maybe both the small rascals are dead now (not in consequence of the set-to, let us hope), or maybe they are married, and have pugnacious urchins of their own; yet to this day I sometimes find myself wondering how that fight turned out.

We had been riding perhaps two hours and a half, when we shot by a tall factory with a chimney resembling a church steeple; then the locomotive gave a scream, the engineer rung his bell, and we plunged into the twilight of a long wooden building, open at both ends. Here we stopped, and the conductor, thrusting his head in at the car door, cried out, "Passengers for Rivermouth!"

At last we had reached our journey's end. On the platform my father shook hands with a straight, brisk old gentleman whose face was very serene and rosy. He had on a white hat and a long swallow-tailed coat, the collar of which came clear up above his ears. He didn't look unlike a Pilgrim Father. This, of course, was Grandfather Nutter, at whose house I was born. My mother kissed him a great many times; and I was glad to see him myself, though I naturally did not feel very intimate with a person whom I had not seen since I was eighteen months old.

While we were getting into the double-seated wagon which Grandfather Nutter had provided, I took the opportunity of asking after the health of the pony. The pony had arrived all right ten days before, and was in the stable at home, quite anxious to see me.

As we drove through the quiet old town, I thought Rivermouth the prettiest place in the world; and I think so still. The streets are long and wide, shaded by gigantic American elms, whose drooping branches, interlacing here and there, span the avenues with arches graceful enough to be the handiwork of fairies. Many of the

houses have small flower-gardens in front, gay with china-asters, and are substantially built, with massive chimney-stacks and protruding eaves. A beautiful river goes rippling by the town, and, after turning and twisting among a lot of tiny islands, empties itself into the sea.

The harbor is so fine that the largest ships can sail directly up to the wharves and drop anchor. Only they don't. Years ago it was a famous seaport. Princely fortunes were made in the West India trade; and in 1812, when we were at war with Great Britain, any number of privateers were fitted out at Rivermouth to prey upon the merchant vessels of the enemy. Certain people grew suddenly and mysteriously rich. A great many of "the first families" of to-day do not care to trace their pedigree back to the time when their grandsires owned shares in the Matilda Jane, twenty-four guns. Well, well!

Few ships come to Rivermouth now. Commerce drifted into other ports. The phantom fleet sailed off one day, and never came back again. The crazy old warehouses are empty; and barnacles and eel-grass cling to the piles of the crumbling wharfs, where the sunshine lies lovingly, bringing out the faint spicy odor that haunts the place,—the ghost of the old dead West India trade!

During our ride from the station, I was struck, of course, only by the general neatness of the houses and the beauty of the elm-trees lining the streets. I describe Rivermouth now as I came to know it afterwards.

Rivermouth is a very ancient town. In my day there existed a tradition among the boys that it was here Christopher Columbus made his first landing on this continent. I remember having the exact spot pointed out to me by Pepper Whitcomb! One thing is certain, Captain John Smith, who afterwards, according to the legend, married Pocahontas,—whereby he got Powhatan for a father-in-law,—explored the river in 1614, and was much charmed by the beauty of Rivermouth, which at that time was covered with wild strawberry-vines.

Rivermouth figures prominently in all the colonial histories. It was loyal to the English king as long as loyalty was a virtue, and then turned round and helped to thrash His Majesty with a readiness truly touching. Whenever there is any fighting to be done, the Rivermouth men are on the alert. Such has been their character for two hundred and fifty years. Who can tell how many of the brave fellows lie under the walls of Quebec, in the trenches at Bunker Hill, in the dark woods of Chancellorsville? Outside the town is a mossy graveyard in which there have been no interments these four generations. Here you can read on quaintly sculptured tombstones the names of doughty naval captains and bold horsemen whose bodies lie elsewhere.

"Their bones are dust,
And their good swords rust:
Their souls are with the saints, I trust."*

Every other house in the place has its tradition more or less grim and entertaining. If ghosts could flourish anywhere, there are certain streets in Rivermouth that would be full of them. I don't know of a town with so many old houses. Let us linger, for a moment, in front of the one which the Oldest Inhabitant is always sure to point out to the curious stranger.

It is a square wooden edifice, with gambrel roof and deep-set window-frames. Over the windows and doors there used to be heavy carvings,—oak-leaves and acorns, and angels' heads with wings spreading from the ears, oddly jumbled together; but these ornaments and other outward signs of grandeur have long since disappeared. A peculiar interest attaches itself to this house, not because of its age, for it has not been standing quite a century; nor on account of its architecture, which is not striking,—but because of the illustrious men who at various periods have occupied its spacious chambers.

In 1770 it was an aristocratic hotel. At the left side of the entrance stood a high post, from which swung the sign of the Earl of Halifax. The landlord was a stanch royalist,—that is to say, he believed in the king; and when the overtaxed colonies determined to throw off the British yoke, the adherents to the Crown held private meetings in one of the back rooms of the tavern. This irritated the rebels, as they were called; and one night they made an attack on the Earl of Halifax, tore down the signboard, broke in the window-sashes, and gave the landlord hardly time to make himself invisible over a fence in the rear.

For several months the shattered tavern remained deserted. At last the exiled innkeeper, on promising to do better, was allowed to return; a new sign, bearing the name of William Pitt, the friend of America, swung proudly from the door-post, and the patriots were appeased. Here it was that the mail-coach from Boston twice a week, for many a year, set down its load of travellers and gossip. For some of the details in this sketch, I am indebted to a recently published chronicle of those times.

It is 1782. The French fleet is lying in the harbor of Rivermouth, and eight of the principal officers, in white uniforms trimmed with gold-lace, have taken up their quarters at the sign of the William Pitt. Who is this young and handsome officer now entering the door of the tavern? It is no less a personage than the Marquis Lafayette, who has come all the way from Providence to visit the French gentlemen boarding there. What a gallant-looking cavalier he is, with his quick eyes and coal-black hair!

Forty years later he visited the spot again; his locks were gray and his step was feeble, but his heart held its young love for Liberty.

Who is this finely dressed traveller alighting from his coach-and-four, attended by servants in livery? Do you know that sounding name, written in big valorous letters on the Declaration of Independence,—written as if by the hand of a giant? Can you not see it now?—

This is he.

Three young men, with their *valet*, are standing on the door-step of the William Pitt, bowing politely, and inquiring in the most courteous terms in the world if they can be accommodated. It is the time of the French Revolution, and these are three sons of the Duke of Orleans,—Louis Philippe and his two brothers. Louis Philippe never forgot his visit to Rivermouth. Years afterwards, when he was seated on the throne of France, he asked an American lady, who chanced to be at his court, if the pleasant old mansion were still standing.

But a greater and a better man than the king of the French has honored this roof. Here, in 1789, came George Washington, the President of the United States, to pay his final complimentary visit to the State dignitaries. The wainscoted chamber where he slept, and the dining-hall where he entertained his guests, have a certain dignity and sanctity which even the present Irish tenants cannot wholly destroy.

During the period of *my* reign at Rivermouth, an ancient lady, Dame Jocelyn by name, lived in one of the upper rooms of this notable building. She was a dashing young belle at the time of Washington's first visit to the town, and must have been exceedingly coquettish and pretty, judging from a certain portrait on ivory still in the possession of the family. According to Dame Jocelyn, George Washington flirted with her just a little bit,—in what a stately and highly finished manner can be imagined. There was a mirror with a deep filigreed frame hanging over the mantel-piece in this room. The glass was cracked and the quicksilver rubbed off or discolored in many places. When it reflected your face you had the singular pleasure of not recognizing yourself. It gave your features the appearance of having been run through a mince-meat machine. But what rendered the looking-glass a thing of enchantment to me was a faded green feather, tipped with scarlet, which drooped

from the top of the tarnished gilt mouldings. This feather Washington took from the plume of his three-cornered hat, and presented with his own hand to the worshipful Mistress Jocelyn the day he left Rivermouth forever. I wish I could describe the mincing genteel air, and the ill-concealed self-complacency, with which the dear old lady related the incident.

Many a Saturday afternoon have I climbed up the rickety staircase to that dingy room, which always had a flavor of snuff about it, to sit on a stiff-backed chair and listen for hours together to Dame Jocelyn's stories of the olden time. How she would prattle! She was bedridden,—poor creature!—and had not been out of the chamber for fourteen years. Meanwhile the world had shot ahead of Dame Jocelyn. The changes that had taken place under her very nose were unknown to this faded, crooning old gentlewoman, whom the eighteenth century had neglected to take away with the rest of its odd traps. She had no patience with new-fangled notions. The old ways and the old times were good enough for her. She had never seen a steam-engine, though she had heard "the dratted thing" screech in the distance. In *her* day, when gentlefolk travelled, they went in their own coaches. She didn't see how respectable people could bring themselves down to "riding in a car with rag-tag and bobtail and Lord-knows-who." Poor old aristocrat! the landlord charged her no rent for the room, and the neighbors took turns in supplying her with meals. Towards the close of her life,—she lived to be ninety-nine,—she grew very fretful and capricious about her food. If she didn't chance to fancy what was sent her, she had no hesitation in sending it back to the giver with "Miss Jocelyn's respectful compliments."

But I have been gossiping too long,—and yet not too long if I have impressed upon the reader an idea of what a rusty, delightful old town it was to which I had come to spend the next three or four years of my boyhood.

A drive of twenty minutes from the station brought us to the door-step of Grandfather Nutter's house. What kind of house it was, and what sort of people lived in it, shall be told in another chapter.

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[*] Altered from Coleridge.

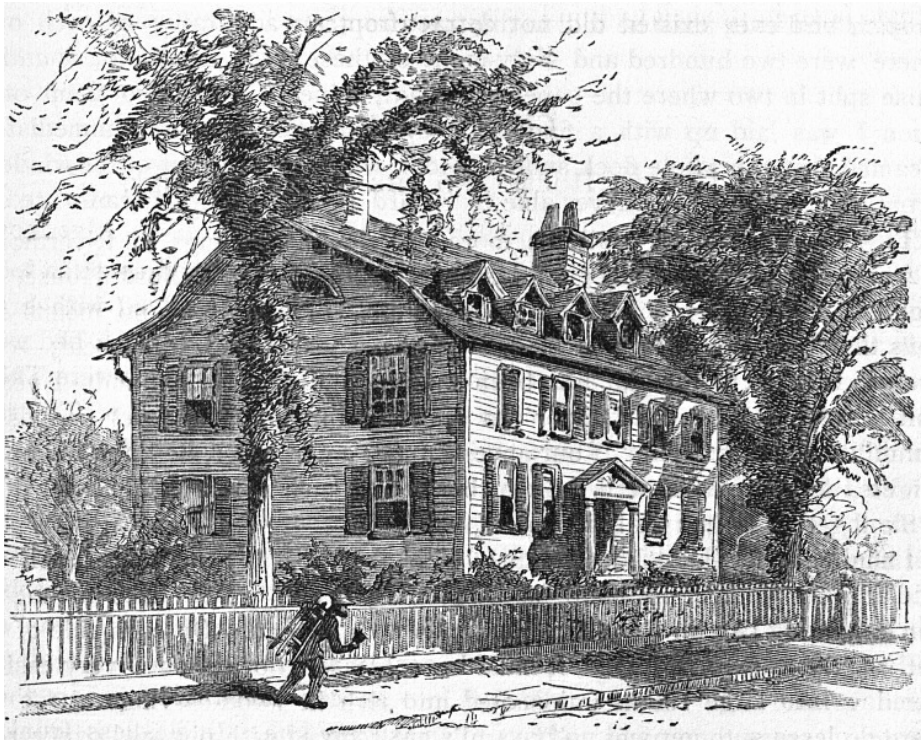
CHAPTER V.
The Nutter House and the Nutter Family.

The Nutter House,—all the more prominent dwellings in Rivermouth are named after somebody; for instance, there is the Walford House, the Venner House, the Trefethern House, etc., though it by no means follows that they are inhabited by the people whose names they bear,—the Nutter House, to resume, has been in our family nearly a hundred years, and is an honor to the builder (an ancestor of ours, I believe), supposing durability to be a merit. If our ancestor *was* a carpenter, he knew his trade. I wish I knew mine as well. Such timber and such workmanship don't often come together in houses built nowadays.

Imagine a low-studded structure, with a wide hall running through the middle. At your right hand, as you enter, stands a tall black mahogany clock, looking like an Egyptian mummy set up on end. On each side of the hall are doors (whose knobs, it must be confessed, do not turn very easily), opening into large rooms wainscoted and rich in wood-carvings about the mantel-pieces and cornices. The walls are covered with pictured paper, representing landscapes and sea-views. In the parlor, for example, this enlivening figure is repeated all over the room:—A group of English peasants, wearing Italian hats, are dancing on a lawn that abruptly resolves itself into a sea-beach, upon which stands a flabby fisherman (nationality unknown), quietly hauling in what appears to be a small whale, and totally regardless of the dreadful naval combat going on just beyond the end of his fishing-rod. On the other side of the ships is the main-land again, with the same peasants dancing. Our ancestors were very worthy people, but their wall-papers were abominable.

There are neither grates nor stoves in these quaint chambers, but splendid open chimney-places, with room enough for the corpulent back-log to turn over comfortably on the polished andirons. A wide staircase leads from the hall to the second story, which is arranged much like the first. Over this is the garret. I needn't tell a New England boy what a museum of curiosities is the garret of a well-regulated New England house of fifty or sixty years' standing. Here meet together, as if by some preconcerted arrangement, all the broken-down chairs of the household, all the spavined tables, all the seedy hats, all the intoxicated-looking boots, all the split walking-sticks that have retired from business, "weary with the march of life." The pots, the pans, the trunks, the bottles,—who may hope to make an inventory of the numberless odds and ends collected in this bewildering lumber-room? But what a place it is to sit of an afternoon with the rain pattering on the roof! what a place in

which to read Gulliver's Travels, or the famous adventures of Rinaldo Rinaldini!



My grandfather's house stood a little back from the main street, in the shadow of two handsome elms, whose overgrown boughs would dash themselves against the gables whenever the wind blew hard. In the rear was a pleasant garden, covering perhaps a quarter of an acre, full of purple-plum-trees and gooseberry-bushes. These trees were old settlers, and are all dead now, excepting one, which bears a plum as big as an egg. This tree, as I have said, is still standing, and a more beautiful tree to tumble out of never grew anywhere. In the northwestern corner of the garden were the stables and carriage house, opening upon a narrow lane. You may imagine that I made an early visit to that locality to inspect Gypsy. Indeed, I paid her a visit every half-hour during the first day of my arrival. At the twenty-fourth visit, she trod on my foot rather heavily, as a reminder, probably, that I was wearing out my welcome. She was a knowing little pony, that Gypsy, and I shall have much to say of her in the course of these pages.

Gypsy's quarters were very nice, but nothing among my new surroundings gave me more satisfaction than the cosey sleeping apartment that had been prepared for myself. It was the hall room over the front door.

I had never had a chamber all to myself before, and this one, about twice the size of our state-room on board the Typhoon, was a marvel of neatness and comfort. Pretty chintz curtains hung at the window, and a patch quilt of more colors than were in Jacob's coat covered the little truckle-bed. The pattern of the wall-paper left nothing to be desired in that line. On a gray background were small bunches of leaves, unlike any that ever grew in this world; and on every other bunch perched a yellow-bird, pitted with crimson spots, as if it had just recovered from a severe attack of the small-pox. That no such bird ever existed did not detract from my admiration of each one. There were two hundred and sixty-eight of these birds in all, not counting those split in two where the paper was badly joined. I counted them once when I was laid up with a fine black eye, and, falling asleep immediately dreamed that the whole flock suddenly took wing and flew out of the window. From that time I was never able to regard them as merely inanimate objects.

A wash-stand in the corner, a chest of carved mahogany drawers, a looking-glass in a filigreed frame, and a high-backed chair studded with brass nails like a coffin, constituted the furniture. Over the head of the bed were two oak shelves, holding perhaps a dozen books,—among which were Theodore, or The Peruvians; Robinson Crusoe; an odd volume of Tristram Shandy; Baxter's Saints' Rest; and a fine English edition of the Arabian Nights, with six hundred wood-cuts by Harvey.

Shall I ever forget the hour when I first overhauled these books? I do not allude especially to Baxter's Saints' Rest, which is far from being a lively work for the young, but to the Arabian Nights, and particularly to Robinson Crusoe. The thrill that ran into my fingers' ends then has not run out yet. Many a time did I steal up to this nest of a room, and, taking the dog's-eared volume from its shelf, glide off into an enchanted realm, where there were no lessons to get and no boys to smash my kite. In a lidless trunk in the garret I subsequently unearthed another motley collection of novels and romances, embracing the adventures of Baron Trenck, Jack Sheppard, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Charlotte Temple,—all of which I fed upon like a bookworm.

I never come across a copy of any of those works without feeling a certain tenderness for the yellow-haired little rascal who used to lean above the magic pages hour after hour, religiously believing every word he read, and no more doubting the reality of Sinbad the Sailor, or the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, than he did the existence of his own grandfather.

Against the wall at the foot of the bed hung a single-barrel shot-gun,—placed there by Grandfather Nutter, who knew what a boy loved, if ever a grandfather did. As the trigger of the gun had been accidentally twisted off, it was not, perhaps, the

most dangerous weapon that could be placed in the hands of youth. In this maimed condition its "bump of destructiveness" was much less than that of my small brass pocket-pistol, which I at once proceeded to suspend from one of the nails supporting the fowling-piece, for my vagaries concerning the red man had been entirely dispelled.

Having introduced the reader to the Nutter House, a presentation to the Nutter family naturally follows. The family consisted of my grandfather; his sister, Miss Abigail Nutter; and Kitty Collins, the maid-of-all-work.

Grandfather Nutter was a hale, cheery old gentleman, as straight and as bald as an arrow. He had been a sailor in early life; that is to say, at the age of ten he fled from the multiplication-table, and ran away to sea. A single voyage satisfied him. There never was but one of our family who *didn't* run away to sea, and this one died at his birth. My grandfather had also been a soldier,—a captain of militia in 1812. If I owe the British nation anything, I owe thanks to that particular British soldier who put a musket-ball into the fleshy part of Captain Nutter's leg, causing that noble warrior a slight permanent limp, but offsetting the injury by furnishing him with the material for a story which the old gentleman was never weary of telling and I never weary of listening to. The story, in brief, was as follows: At the breaking out of the war, an English frigate lay for several days off the coast near Rivermouth. A strong fort defended the harbor, and a regiment of minute-men, scattered at various points along-shore, stood ready to repel the boats, should the enemy try to effect a landing. Captain Nutter had charge of a slight earthwork just outside the mouth of the river. Late one thick night the sound of oars was heard; the sentinel tried to fire off his gun at half-cock, and couldn't, when Captain Nutter sprung upon the parapet in the pitch darkness, and shouted, "Boat ahoy!" A musket-shot immediately embedded itself in the calf of his leg. The Captain tumbled into the fort, and the boat, which had probably come in search of water, pulled back to the frigate.

This was my grandfather's only exploit during the war. That his prompt and bold conduct was instrumental in teaching the enemy the hopelessness of attempting to conquer such a people was among the firm beliefs of my boyhood.

At the time I came to Rivermouth, my grandfather had retired from active pursuits, and was living at ease on his money, invested principally in shipping. He had been a widower many years; a maiden sister, the aforesaid Miss Abigail, managing his household. Miss Abigail also managed her brother, and her brother's servant, and the visitor at her brother's gate,—not in a tyrannical spirit, but from a philanthropic desire to be useful to everybody. In person she was tall and angular; she had a gray complexion, gray eyes, gray eyebrows, and generally wore a gray

dress. Her strongest weak point was a belief in the efficacy of "hot drops" as a cure for all known diseases.

If there were ever two people who seemed to dislike each other, Miss Abigail and Kitty Collins were those people. If ever two people really loved each other, Miss Abigail and Kitty Collins were those people also. They were always either skirmishing or having a cup of tea lovingly together.

Miss Abigail was very fond of me, and so was Kitty; and in the course of their disagreements each let me into the private history of the other. According to Kitty, it was not originally my grandfather's intention to have Miss Abigail at the head of his domestic establishment. She had swooped down on him (Kitty's own words), with a band-box in one hand and a faded blue cotton umbrella, still in existence, in the other. Clad in this singular garb,—I do not remember that Kitty alluded to any additional peculiarity of dress,—Miss Abigail had made her appearance at the door of the Nutter House on the morning of my grandmother's funeral. The small amount of baggage which the lady brought with her would have led the superficial observer to infer that Miss Abigail's visit was limited to a few days. I run ahead of my story in saying she remained seventeen years! How much longer she would have remained can never be definitely known now, as she died at the expiration of that period.

Whether or not my grandfather was quite pleased by this unlooked-for addition to his family is a problem. He was very kind always to Miss Abigail, and seldom opposed her; though I think she must have tried his patience sometimes, especially when she interfered with Kitty.

Kitty Collins, or Mrs. Catherine, as she preferred to be called, was descended in a direct line from an extensive family of kings who formerly ruled over Ireland. In consequence of various calamities, among which the failure of the potato-crop may be mentioned, Miss Kitty Collins, in company with several hundred of her countrymen and countrywomen,—also descended from kings,—came over to America in an emigrant ship, in the year eighteen hundred and something. I don't know what freak of fortune caused the royal exile to turn up at Rivermouth; but turn up she did, a few months after arriving in this country, and was hired by my grandmother to do "general housework" for the sum of four shillings and sixpence a week.

Kitty had been living about seven years in my grandfather's family when she unburdened her heart of a secret which had been weighing upon it all that time. It may be said of people, as it is said of nations, "Happy are they that have no history." Kitty had a history, and a pathetic one, I think.

On board the emigrant ship that brought her to America, she became acquainted

with a sailor, who, being touched by Kitty's forlorn condition, was very good to her. Long before the end of the voyage, which had been tedious and perilous, she was heart-broken at the thought of separating from her kindly protector; but they were not to part just yet, for the sailor returned Kitty's affection, and the two were married on their arrival at port.

Kitty's husband—she would never mention his name, but kept it locked in her bosom like some precious relic—had a considerable sum of money when the crew were paid off; and the young couple—for Kitty was young then—lived very happily in a lodging-house on South Street, near the docks. This was in New York.

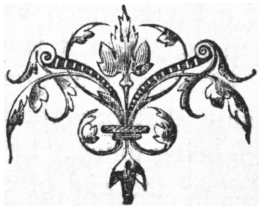
The days flew by like hours, and the stocking in which the little bride kept the funds shrunk and shrunk, until at last there were only three or four dollars left in the toe of it. Then Kitty was troubled; for she knew her sailor would have to go to sea again unless he could get employment on shore. This he endeavored to do, but not with much success. One morning as usual he kissed her good day, and set out in search of work.

"Kissed me good by, and called me his little Irish lass," sobbed Kitty, telling the story,—"kissed me good by, and, Heaven help me! I never set eye on him nor on the likes of him again!"

He never came back. Day after day dragged on, night after night, and then the weary weeks. What had become of him? Had he been murdered? had he fallen into the docks? had he—*deserted her*? No! she could not believe that; he was too brave and tender and true. She couldn't believe that. He was dead, dead, or he'd come back to her.

Meanwhile the landlord of the lodging-house turned Kitty into the streets, now that "her man" was gone, and the payment of the rent doubtful. She got a place as a servant. The family she lived with shortly moved to Boston, and she accompanied them; then they went abroad, but Kitty would not leave America. Somehow she drifted to Rivermouth, and for seven long years never gave speech to her sorrow, until the kindness of strangers, who had become friends to her, unsealed the heroic lips.

Kitty's story, you may be sure, made my grandparents treat her more kindly than ever. In time she grew to be regarded less as a servant than as a friend in the home circle, sharing its joys and sorrows,—a faithful nurse, a willing slave, a happy spirit in spite of all. I fancy I hear her singing over her work in the kitchen, pausing from time to time to make some witty reply to Miss Abigail,—for Kitty, like all her race, had a vein of unconscious humor. Her bright honest face comes to me out from the past, the light and life of the Nutter House when I was a boy at Rivermouth.



II.
BLOWING AND PRESSING.

The gaffer led the way into a spacious building, full of strange lights and flames and human life. Furnaces were glowing; men and boys were at work before the fires, or darting to and fro; some were blowing fiery bubbles, which put to shame all the soap-bubbles in the world; others were shaping the glowing metal; there were noises like the reports of pocket-pistols, and sounds of clanging iron, where boys were knocking off cold glass from the ends of iron rods into small sheet-iron carriages.

Altogether the scene was so dazzling and confusing that Lawrence at first thought there was little chance of his learning any more about glass-making here than he knew already. First, one had a bubble, then another had it; then it had disappeared, and the man who he thought had it was quietly at work on a lamp-chimney or a goblet, while he knew no more how he came by it than if it had been produced by magic.

"It is magic!" he exclaimed.

"That was, in old times, the popular notion with regard to glass-making; and I believe glass-blowers rather favored the superstition," said the Doctor.

"They used to dress in the skins of beasts, to protect themselves from the heat, when they were setting pots in the furnaces," said the gaffer; "and they wore great blue or green goggles on their eyes; and sometimes, after the job was done, and they wanted a good time,—glass-blowers have always been rather fond of a good time,—they would rush out into the village in their outlandish rig, and frighten the natives, like so many demons."

"But they were a superstitious class themselves," said the Doctor. "They believed in the salamander, which was supposed to be generated by the flames of a furnace that had been kept burning a great while, and to live in them. When any workman disappeared mysteriously, the salamander was supposed to have rushed out and caught him, and carried him into his den. Or was it only a joke of theirs, gaffer?"

"The worst salamander that ever carried off a glass-blower was the fiery monster we call rum," said the gaffer. "A good many have been carried off by that, and I guess that is what they meant."

"Glass-makers have had the reputation of being hard drinkers; why is it?" said the Doctor.

"They are a hard-working class; but their work is irregular. They have plenty of money, and plenty of leisure time to spend it,—a dangerous circumstance for a man or a boy, in or out of the glass-house," added the gaffer, with a look at Lawrence. "But glass-makers have improved in this respect of late years. Look around you; haven't we a pretty respectable set of men at work here?"

While the Doctor was looking at the men, Lawrence took a general view of the building. He counted four separate furnaces. Two were on one side, and seemed to be merely large ovens with flaming mouths. These he was told were the "leers," where the newly made glass-ware was annealed. Then near each end of the building, standing by the great chimneys, like dwarfs beside giants, were two small round furnaces, blazing at several mouths, called "glory-holes," at which men and boys appeared constantly heating and reheating articles of glass to be worked.

The great chimneys themselves, however, were what most astonished Lawrence. They resembled circular brick towers, with port-holes of fire; their tops disappearing through the high, broad-arched, strongly raftered roof. Into the port-holes men were thrusting iron rods, and taking out lumps of melted metal, and shaping them on tables, or blowing them into globes, or dropping them into moulds. "These then," he thought, "are the big furnaces; and those port-holes must be the necks of the melting-pots."

"We are now standing right over the cave," said the gaffer. "This furnace has eleven arches, the other has eight; and in each arch is set one of these pots, such as you saw. The crown of the furnace is built over them, so as to reflect the heat down on to them, and the flues carry it all around them. Look in, and see the melted metal."

Lawrence, shielding his eyes with his hand, advanced to one of the port-holes, and saw what seemed a pot of liquid fire within, of intensely dazzling brightness.

"How long does it take to melt down your raw materials to that shape?" he asked, drawing back, with flushed face.

"We don't fill a pot all at once," said the gaffer. "We put in about a quarter or a third of a charge at a time; then, when that melts, another lot. When the pots are full, they are closed up, and we push the fires; the materials are fused and mixed by a sort of boiling caused by the escape of carbonic-acid gas. When the materials are of poor quality, a sort of scum, called sandiver, or glass-gall, rises to the top, and must be skimmed off. The metal is *fined*, as we say, by keeping it for forty or fifty hours at a much higher temperature than when we finally begin to work it. After the bubbles

are all out of it, and it has become what we call *plain*, that is, clear glass, we let it cool a little, regulating the fires so as to keep it in the best condition for working. It requires a deal of care and judgment to get it right every time. We blow four days in the week. Friday and Saturday we clear up, fill the pots, set a new one, if one has been broken, and get ready for the next week's blowing. Sunday night the glass in the pots is plain; and at one o'clock the first set of hands come on."

"In the night? how do you like that?" Lawrence asked a workman, who was lighting his pipe of tobacco with a piece of red-hot glass.

"Well enough," said the man. "I does my work and I gits my sleep. We works from one o'clock at night till six in the morning, then we goes home and to bed, and t'other set of hands comes on. We comes on again at one in the afternoon, and works till six in the evening; then t'other set takes our place, and works till midnight."

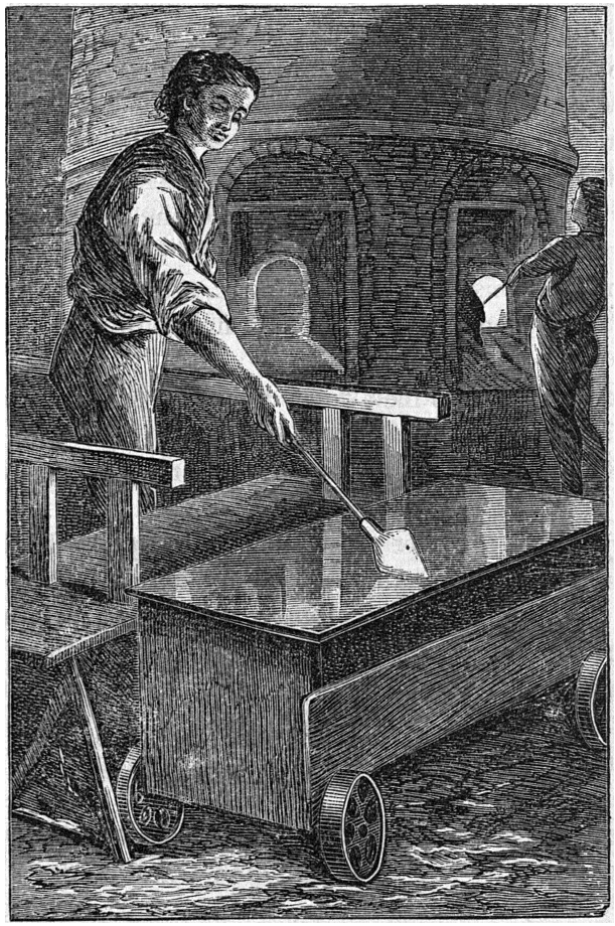
"How does the work agree with you? I couldn't stand the heat," said Lawrence, retreating still farther from the furnace.

"Glass-blowers is as healthy and long-lived as any class of men," was the reply. "I never takes cold, though some does."

So saying, the workman, having lighted his short clay pipe, took his long iron pipe,—it was, perhaps, five feet long and an inch in diameter,—and thrust one end of it into the neck of a pot, and commenced turning it.

"That is what we call gathering," said the gaffer.

When the workman had got what he judged to be a sufficient quantity of the melted metal on the end of the iron,—it was a lump somewhat larger than a butternut,—he took it out, and rolled it on a small, polished iron table, which the gaffer said was a *marver*.



"A corruption of *marbre*, the French word for marble," said the Doctor. "The English workmen got a good many terms from the French and Italians, along with their trade. The marver used to be made of marble or stone, didn't it, gaffer? and the name has gone over to the iron slab."

The workman, having reduced the soft lump to a shape suitable for his purpose, put the other end of the pipe to his lips, and began to blow. Lawrence, watching closely, could see a little bubble of air push out into the lump, which at the same time began to swell into a bulb. He continued to blow, and the lump continued to expand. Now he held it down near the floor, and swung it to and fro, still blowing at intervals, and increasing its size, while the motion stretched it until it had become a large bulb with a long neck. Then he touched the end to the ground, to prevent it from expanding farther in that direction; in the mean while the thin glass of the neck had become cool, and ceased to enlarge; so that now, when he blew again, the thicker

and softer glass of the sides of the bulb swelled out into a more spherical form. It was now shaped something like a small gourd, hanging by its straight stem from the end of the pipe, and the glass, which had been at a white heat at first, had become transparent at the neck, and a dull lurid red in the bulb. The workman now took an instrument in his hand, and pinched the thick soft glass at the extremity of the bulb into a button, like a blow at the end of the gourd.

All this was done in scarcely more than a minute's time; and Lawrence was amused to observe that the blower, while producing these magical effects with his iron pipe, had never once taken the clay pipe out of his mouth.

"How can you blow and smoke at the same time?" he asked, as the man stood twirling his glass gourd in the air, waiting for a boy to come and take it. "I should think you would blow the smoke and tobacco out of your pipe."

"O, I just claps my tongue over the end on't, and stops the hole, when I blows," was the answer.

A boy now ran up and took the iron tube with the glass on its end. Lawrence followed him, convinced that the only way of learning how any article was made was to watch it from the beginning through each stage of the process.

The boy handed it to a workman sitting on a chair-shaped bench with strong, straight arms, across which he laid the iron, with the glass at his right hand. Turning the rod, by rolling it under his left hand, like a lathe, he gave the button another pinch, and then knocked it off. The end of the gourd now had a small hole in it.

"Notice the instrument he uses," said the gaffer.

"It looks like a pair of sheep-shears," said Lawrence, "only the blades are duller. What do you call it?"

"The old name, *pucellas*, has about gone out of use with us. We call it simply a pair of *tools*. They are, pre-eminently, the glass-blower's *tools*,—he shapes everything with them."

The workman in the mean while had handed the pipe back to the boy, who thrust the glass into the flames of one of the "glory-holes."

"It is coal tar that gives that hot flash," said the gaffer. "In the other glory-hole furnace, over yonder, we burn rosin. He is heating the glass again, so that it can be shaped."

It was but the work of a few moments; and the glass was handed, glowing, back to the workman, who had in the mean while taken the button off from another precisely similar glass, which had been handed him by another boy. This he now exchanged for the first. He laid the pipe across the arms of his bench, as before, and, turning it rapidly under his hand, pushed the point of one blade of his sheep-shears,

or "tools," into the hole left by the knocked-off button. Having opened it a little, he inserted both points, and gradually enlarged the hole, now to the size of a penny, now to that of a dollar, and lastly to that of a little tin cap that he fitted to a rim, which, in working, he had turned outward upon the edge of the glass. He used the cap as a measure, and it was laid aside when the rim was found to be of the right circumference. It was less than a minute's work, and that end of the gourd was finished. But it was no longer a gourd; it was a lamp-chimney.

Another boy now came forward with another iron rod, closely resembling the blowing pipe, except that it had no hole through it.

"That is what we call a *ponty*, or *pontil*," said the gaffer.

On the end of the ponty was a little wheel of red-hot glass. Applied to the bottom of the lamp-chimney, it fitted the opening. The workman then touched the top of the chimney, where it joined the blowing-pipe, with cold steel, and cracked it off. The chimney was then taken away, sticking to the glass wheel on the end of the ponty.

"That is what we call *reversing* it," said the gaffer.

The top of the chimney was now heated at the glory-hole, as the bottom had previously been, and afterwards, when soft, smoothed and shaped by the workman. This done, he gave the opposite end of the ponty a gentle knock, and the chimney fell off from the little glass wheel. One boy took it up on a stick, and placed it in a box packed nearly full of chimneys; while another reheated the glass wheel at the end of the ponty, and a third carried a blowing pipe to one of the little sheet-iron carriages, or "pans," and knocked off the cold glass left by the last article that had been blown upon it.

Lawrence now watched another blower. He gathered on his pipe a larger lump of metal than the first, rounded it on a marver, and blew it into a surprisingly large and beautiful bubble, which put on all the colors of the dying dolphin, as the light shone upon its cooling surface. He held it down, and swung it, to lengthen it; or he held it above his head, to flatten it at the poles; he whirled it, to perfect the sphere; he pinched a button out of the thick soft glass that seemed forming into a large drop at the end of it; and finally exchanged it, pipe and all, for a clean pipe, with which he proceeded to blow another.

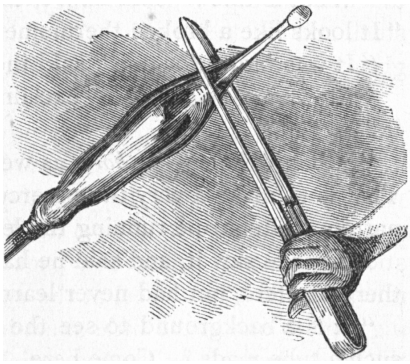
A second workman then took the bubble, knocked off the button, and fashioned it very much as his fellow had fashioned the lamp-chimney. But, instead of coming out of his hands a lamp-chimney, it came out a beautiful, large lamp-globe. This a boy took, and hastened with it to one of the leers, or annealing ovens.

A third was blowing a small balloon of glass, giving to it gradually the form of a

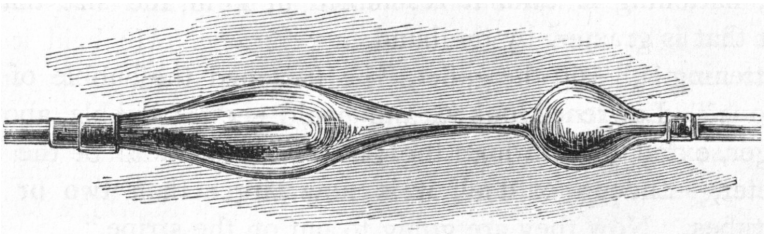
cylinder,—flattening the end by spatting it down smartly upon a marver on the ground. When reversed on a ponty, it was so large and heavy, and it swayed and staggered so, that Lawrence thought surely it would break off and fall. But the boy who had it, by skilfully balancing it, and turning the ponty, kept it on, until the glass had hardened sufficiently to remain in position while he heated the opposite end at a glory-hole. This being shaped, the article turned out to be a glass jar of large size.

In surprising contrast with this was the making of that most exquisite of all drinking-vessels, the small, delicate wineglass.

"Watch these two men," said the gaffer. One was blowing a thick bubble no bigger than a thimble; the other was blowing one somewhat larger. (See first cut on this page.) "They are both at work on one glass. This larger bubble is to be the bowl of the glass. Now look."

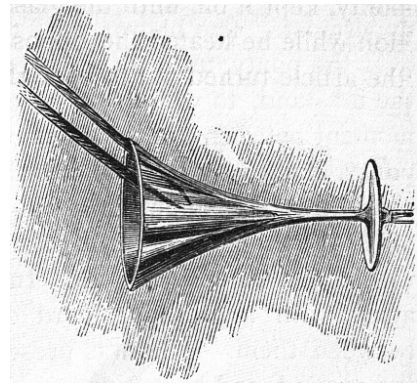


The blower drew out the soft metal from the end of the bubble into a slender stem. (See second cut.) The other blower now brought his smaller bubble, stuck the bottom of it to the end of the stem, (see third cut,) and then, by a touch of cold steel, cracked it off from his pipe. The chief blower now had at the end of his pipe two bubbles, with a stem between them, and with a hole in the end of the outer and smaller bubble. This, softened at the furnace door, was not only opened by the tools, but turned completely inside out, and flattened into a perfect little wheel on the end of the stem, thus becoming the foot of the wineglass.



The glass was then reversed on a ponty, and taken to a third workman, with now a hole in the larger bubble, where it, in its turn, had been cracked off from the pipe. This hole was enlarged by the tools, and the rough edge of the soft glass trimmed off with a pair of scissors, as a tailor would trim a bit of cloth. The half-closed bowl was then held in the furnace until it seemed soft and tremulous as melting wax, and was thrown open to its proper wineglass shape simply by the centrifugal force given to it by the ponty whirled in the workman's skilful fingers. A few light touches afterwards, (see cut page 83,) and the article was perfected,—as delicate and graceful a little gem of a glass as could be made anywhere in the world.

"There, Doctor!" said the gaffer, "you might give the remainder of your natural life to the business, and you could never do that! That man began to work in glass when he was a boy, and it has become second nature with him, like speaking his native language. He has handled the blowing-pipe and the ponty until they are like parts of his own hands. He almost *feels* the glass on the end of them."



The Doctor expressed his surprise at the quickness of the operation, and the simplicity and cheapness of the tools employed.

"All the tools he uses," rejoined the gaffer, "do not cost more than fifteen dollars, and they will last him his life."

"What is this?" said Lawrence, picking up a piece of glass from the floor. "It looks like a broken thermometer-tube."

"It was blown for one," said the gaffer.

"Blown?—so small!" exclaimed Lawrence. "I can't find any hole in it."

"It has a hole—or *bore*, as we call it—of the usual size; but it is flat. That is to make a very little mercury look to be a good deal. Do you see a narrow white stripe running the length of the tube?"

Lawrence saw it, and said he had often observed the stripe in the backs of thermometers, but had never learned what it was for.

"It is a background to see the mercury against. Would you like to see such a tube made? Come here. Watch this man."

With delight and curiosity Lawrence watched. The man was gathering a lump of metal from one of the pots. He blew into it gently, and shaped it on a marver, flattening it until it resembled in form and size that part of a sword-hilt that is grasped

by the hand.

"In flattening it," said the gaffer, "he flattened the bubble of air he had blown into it." Lawrence looked, and could see the bubble, about as broad as his finger, extending through the glass. "That is to be the bore of the thermometer,—though of itself it is now larger than two or three thermometer tubes. Now they are going to put on the stripe."

A boy brought a lump of melted, opaque, white glass on a ponty. It was touched to the now hardened sword-hilt, and drawn from end to end along the flat side, leaving a stripe about as broad as a lady's finger. The sword-hilt, with the stripe carefully pressed down and hardened upon it, was now plunged into a pot of melted glass, and thickly coated; the soft exterior was rounded on a marver, until the entire body of glass, enclosing the stripe and the flattened bore, was in size and shape a little longer and considerably larger than a banana.

This was now slowly heated to a melting state. Then came forward a boy with a ponty, bearing on its end a piece of glass resembling an inverted conical inkstand. This he set upright on the ground, the bottom of the inkstand uppermost. The blower, with the melting lump, now advanced, and held it over the ponty, until the soft mass drooped down and touched the bottom of the inkstand, to which it adhered. The man and the boy held the lump a moment between them; then, at a word of command, the boy shouldered his ponty, like a very large staff with a very small bundle on the end of it, and set out to travel. As he ran in one direction, into a work-room, the man backed off in the other, the glowing lump stretching between them, like some miraculous kind of spruce gum. In a minute they were seventy or eighty feet apart, with a gleaming cord of glass, smaller than a pipe-stem, sagging between them. This was presently lowered, laid out at its full length upon the ground, and broken from what was left of the lump at the ends.

Even the Doctor, who had hitherto said little, now expressed his astonishment and admiration, exclaiming, "It is marvellous! it is truly marvellous!"

"Of course," said the gaffer, "the bore stretches with the tube, and keeps its flattened shape. So does the stripe."

"But what keeps the tube of uniform size? Why don't it break?" said Lawrence.

"The reason is this. As the glass runs out thin, it cools, and stops stretching, while it continues to draw out the soft glass from the thicker parts at the ends. If we wish to make a small tube, we stretch it quick, without giving it much time to cool. To make a large tube, we stretch slower. Here is a piece of barometer tubing, stretched in the same way; so is this lot of homœopathic medicine vials." The "vials" were a small stack of hollow glass canes, about five feet in length, standing in a corner of the

work-room, into which the visitors had followed the boy. "Though, of course," added the gaffer, "to make them, we don't flatten the bore, but only blow it larger."

"Then how are vials made out of these tubes?"

"They are cut into pieces of the right length, then the bottoms are melted and closed in by means of a common blow-pipe, such as chemists use."

Lawrence was about to ask a similar question with regard to the thermometers, when a man came along, and, stooping, commenced cutting the long tube into uniform lengths of about five feet, and packing them together into a narrow, long box.

"These," said the gaffer, "he sends to his shop in Boston,—for he is a thermometer-maker; there they are cut up into tubes of the right length; an end of each one is melted and blown out into a bulb,—the tube itself serving as a very small blowing-pipe. To avoid getting moisture into the bulb, instead of breath from the mouth, air from a small india-rubber bag is used. As the bag is squeezed at one end, the bulb swells at the other."

"Then how is the mercury put in? So small a bore!" said Lawrence, trying to find it with a pin point.

"The glass is heated, and that expands the air in it, and expels the greater part of it. As the air that is left cools and contracts, it is made to suck in the mercury. To expel the rest of the air, the mercury is boiled in the tube. When there is enough mercury in the tube to fill it, at as high a degree of temperature as it is expected ever to go, the end is softened, bent over, and closed up. As the mercury cools and contracts, it leaves a vacuum at the upper part of the tube."

As Lawrence stood aside to make room for the boy, who was stretching another eighty-foot tube, the gaffer continued:—

"Glass beads and bugles are made in much the same way. Glass of any desired color is used. It is blown, and stretched into tubes a hundred feet long or more. These are broken up into bits of the right length for the required bead. To make a round bead, the bits are put into a sort of mud, made of sand and ashes, and worked about in it till the holes are filled up. They are afterwards put into a heated cylinder, along with sand; the cylinder is made to revolve, and the motion, with the friction of the sand, wears down the edges of the softened glass till the beads become round,—the sand and ashes in them preventing the sides from flattening."

The gaffer now took his visitors around to another side of the blowing-room, and showed them the process of blowing glass into a mould. This was of cast-iron, and worked by a boy, who opened and shut it by means of handles. The blower gathered the melted glass, rolled it on a marver, blew into it slightly, then dropped it,

in a long, purse-shaped, glowing lump, into the open mould. This was immediately closed by the boy; then the blower blew until a bubble, pushed up on the top of the mould, expanded to the size of a football, and to the thinness of the thinnest transparent film, and finally burst with a loud pop, flying into shreds of tinsel, light as feathers. The mould was then opened, and a caster-vial with figured sides was exposed. This was taken up by a second boy on a "snap-dragon,"—a rod something like a ponty, but with a socket at the end for holding articles of glass,—and carried to a glory-hole, where the round, open top was heated. It was then passed to a workman seated in a chair, who shaped the top, and pressed into it a piece of iron called a "lip-maker." The top was then a mouth, and the vial became a "vinegar," as the boys called it. Another man was blowing "mustards," in the same way; and a third was blowing "inks."

"Does it blow easy?" Lawrence inquired of the last.

"It don't require much effort," said the man; and, having his glass all ready to drop, he put the pipe into Lawrence's hand, who lowered the stretching, purse-shaped lump into the mould, and blew. He blew till a bubble sprang up on the top of the mould, and cracked like a pistol: then with a laugh gave back the pipe to the man. The mould was opened, and a nice little inkstand came out.

"You shall keep that to remember us by," said the gaffer. "But don't touch it yet!"—as Lawrence was about to handle it. "It's hissing hot! I'll mark it so we shall know it again."

He took up a handful of the glass tinsel from a heap formed by the breaking bubbles, crushed it, threw it in the air, and said, as it fell in a glittering shower, "This is the diamond dust ladies powdered their hair with a year or two ago."

As they passed on, he continued: "You have now seen the two processes by which blown glass is made,—the simple blowing, which is as ancient as the time of Moses, and the modern process of blowing into moulds. Here is something else."

A workman, who had gathered some metal, dropped it, without blowing at all, into an elaborately constructed mould, the several parts of which were opened and closed by means of at least half a dozen handles. The soft, glowing glass being securely shut into it, the mould was shoved under a strong hand-press, and a plunger brought down forcibly into it by a man at the lever. The plunger being lifted, and the mould opened, a cream-pitcher appeared, with the handle, all complete.

"This," said the gaffer, "is what we call *pressing*. It is claimed by some as an American invention. Whether it is or not, it is quite modern, and it has been carried to a higher degree of perfection in this country than anywhere else. Here is a press that is making a large preserve-dish, elaborately figured, a really elegant article. It is

done, you see, almost in a moment. Here is another man working two different moulds, and turning out two hundred small preserve-plates in a minute. You can see by this how much the use of moulds must have done towards cheapening the price of glass. And, really," he added, "we are making pressed glass nowadays that is almost as clear and beautiful as blown,—though of course there is a popular prejudice in favor of the blown article, since it is more expensive."

Lawrence asked a workman who was cutting off the melted glass from the ponty, as it dropped into a mould, if it "cut easy."

"Well, about as easy as stiff dough cuts. Try it."

And Lawrence, applying the shears, clipped off a lump, which, pressed in the mould, came out a graceful goblet.

"Now," said the gaffer, "I believe you have seen about everything."

"No," said Lawrence. "I haven't seen how you make glass of two different colors,—a lamp-shade, for instance, which is all red, perhaps, except where there are figures of transparent glass."

"Let me see," said the gaffer, looking about him. "We are not doing any plating to-day. But we will do some, to show you."

Lawrence begged he would not give himself any trouble.

"That is what I shall say when I go to visit you some time. 'Don't give yourself any trouble for me,' I shall say to your aunt. But she will give herself trouble, and I trust it will be a pleasure for her to do so. Now I must give myself trouble, to show you how glass-plating is done; and it will be a pleasure."

He gave orders to some men, who stopped the work they were at to assist him. A piece of hard ruby glass, previously prepared, was melted on the end of a ponty; two soft lumps of it were taken off on the ends of two blowing-pipes,—"for I am going to show you two different ways of plating," said the gaffer. "I am going to make two ruby cups. To save the colored glass, which is costly, we put a thin plate of it on a body of flint glass. This lump I shall put on the outside of the first cup. The lump on the other pipe will go on the inside of the second cup. Now look sharp."

He blew the first lump into a bowl-like shape. "This," said he, "is the shell." It was broken off, and placed in a secure position on the ground, with the opening uppermost. Then a lump of soft flint-glass was brought, of which the gaffer blew a bubble into the ruby shell until it filled it. The mouth of the shell was then closed in upon the flint, and the two completely welded into one hollow globe. This was now made thoroughly soft at the fire, blown, reversed, opened at the end, trimmed with scissors about the edges, and finally shaped into a cup. But it had no handle. The melted piece of ruby was accordingly brought again, touched to the top of what was

to be the back of the cup, stretched out, and a stick three or four inches long, resembling a stick of soft, stretching, bright red candy, clipped off. This, adhering to the top of the cup, was stretched upward an inch or two farther, then bent backward, curved inward, and pressed to the back of the cup near the bottom. One or two little touches to give it a graceful form, and the handle was finished.

He kept the second cup along in nearly the same stages of shaping as the first, working on one while his assistants were reheating the other. The process of shaping was the same with each. But the process of plating the second on the inside was much simpler and easier. The lump of ruby was immersed in melted flint, coated with it, and then blown.

"Why don't you do all your plating in that way?" asked Lawrence.

"We do, unless we wish to produce the effect you have noticed on the lamp-shades. For that the ruby must be on the outside. The transparent figures are cut through it into the clear glass,—as you will see when you visit the cutting-room."

The gaffer then presented the two cups to Lawrence,—one for himself, and one for his little cousin at home.

"But," said he, "they must be annealed before you can take them."

"What is annealing?"

"Come this way," said the gaffer. "This is the leer. Look in."

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE CAT'S DIARY.

To-day I must keep myself hid. A loaded gun stands behind the door. The shot are intended to go through my body.

"Scat!" is an odious word. It has a sound which no cat can endure. Why are people so rude? Gentleness is pleasing to all. It does me no good, all this rough treatment. I do not need to be driven out. If they would but open the door and point,—why, I trust I can take a hint. I am not the cat to stay where my company is unwished for. But they stamp. They cry, "Scat! scat!" They use the broom, and I hurry away to hide myself and my tears. I hurry to the garden. There, in shady corners, where the juicy catnip grows, I meet my friends. We tell to one another our wrongs, and mourn together.

When the king of the cats comes,—which is always at night,—we assemble upon some convenient roof, and pour forth our sorrows. These are called the Nights of Lamentation. We use, then, the real court language, which is part Egyptian; for we sprang from an Egyptian race.

The king of the cats is brave, but full of pity. He has told us that, when every dog has had his day, then the days of the cats will begin. It will then be his first duty to abolish mouse-traps. To him we have to give an account of all our actions,—how many mice we have caught, how many we have smelt, whether we have charmed any birds, sucked eggs, stolen new-born chickens, scratched small children, or licked the butter.

Last night he came, and we assembled by starlight on the gentle slope of a roof. There were many present. The place was convenient; the dogs were chained up, the bad boys were put to bed, the brooms behind the door.

First, the members had to be seated. Lady Maltese had caught seventeen mice, the highest number, and was therefore shown to a seat on the ridge-pole. Her husband, Sir Tom Maltese, having fought a bloody battle with a rat, was allowed to touch noses with the king. To him was given the highest place,—the top brick of a chimney. The young Miss Whiteys, twins, came dressed exactly alike, in white fur with black trimmings. They were full of frolic, racing and tumbling, and always in the way. These young persons were requested to take a back seat; and old Ma'am Mouser, who never had a family of her own, offered to make them behave. Poor Madame Purr was full of sorrow; for her whole family had just been drowned. She came in dark slate-colored furs, and preferred a low seat, where her weeping would not be observed. Miss Whitefoot, who had discovered a new way of opening pantry

doors, was loudly welcomed, and seated on the martin-house. Mrs. Loudmew, by great watchfulness, and by finding good hiding-places, had succeeded in raising her whole family. Not one had been shot or drowned. To her was given a very high seat, —the top round of a ladder, leading to the roof above.

The king had a central position on the scuttle window.

Sweet Kitty Gray, who lives in our yard, had a question to ask, and was requested to stand on the end of the stove funnel. She wished to know whether, when a small child swung her over his shoulder by her tail, she should scratch, or only mew. This question being left for us all to answer, we cried out, with one voice, "Mew, mew!" But, being asked which we ourselves did on such occasions, all remained silent. For none wished to be so impolite as to speak first.

After several had spoken of their trials, a lean, dingy, sorrowful cat of unknown color, a stranger to all present, asked permission to relate her story. Her smellers having been examined, she was declared worthy to speak in court, and, being unable to mount the funnel, was requested to step a little forward from the ring. She advanced with trembling steps, and began her story as follows:—

"I was once pure white,—whiter than the white meat of a chicken,—whiter than new milk. This dirty string about my neck was then a beautiful blue ribbon, tied in a bow.

"O my friends, of blue ribbons, new milk, and chickens' meat I have now only the memory!" (Here the court were much affected.) "In those pleasant days, my name was Happy Minty. A lovely child held me in her arms. A soft bed was made up for me near her own. It had a spread. The sheets were marked 'H. M.' I was taken to ride in a coach and four, dressed in a cloak of silk velvet, and with feathers in my hat. With her own hands the lovely child fed me with frosted cake, and warmed for me the delicate vanilla ice-creams. O how sweet were those days of my youth! But alas! I grew,—grew in wisdom, grew in size. Ah, why was it expected of me always to be a kitten? Why was I urged to chase my own tail, after I had seen the folly of it?"

Here we all exclaimed, in court language, "Ah, why?" "Ah, why?"

But the king of the cats waved his tail, and commanded silence.

O, nothing can be more beautiful than the pure black of our king, unless it be the majestic yellow of his large round eyes! And then he is so grand and stately! Not one speck of white! for, if but one white hair were discovered, he would be known as an impostor, and no true king, and would be eaten by dogs.

When silence was restored, the unhappy stranger went on with her story.

"There came," said she, "or was brought to the house, a new kitten. A meddlesome, pert young miss; not pretty, for she was neither pure white, nor a royal black, nor a soft Maltese, nor a genteel gray, but an odious yellow!"

Here sweet Kitty Gray trod on the tail of Happy Minty, to hush her. But it was too late. The words had been spoken. A furious yellow cat leaped down from the rain-water spout, put up his back, and with much sputtering demanded whether he were to be insulted in open court. This caused great confusion. The king, after restoring order in his usual happy manner, remarked that it was very plain the stranger was not aware the gentleman in yellow was present. Still, as he felt himself insulted, if it would be any satisfaction to him to claw her, he might have that satisfaction.

Happy Minty, who had been looking very steadily at the gentleman in yellow, at

last said to him, quite gently:—

"Excuse me, sir, for gazing at you so boldly. It is because of your fine appearance. Mere color is nothing. How stately is your form! How firm your tread! What magnificent whiskers! You must have come from some nobler race. Born with so much strength and grace and courage, I really must believe you were also born—without claws."

Here young Miss Whitey put up her paw and winked behind it at sweet Kitty Gray, and then winked at her sister, and her sister winked at her; and they fairly twisted themselves heels over head, that they might not die of laughing. A box on the ear soon quieted them.

The gentleman in yellow, however, seemed quite pleased at being praised so highly; said he had perhaps misunderstood the interesting stranger, and begged she would proceed with her story. He then gallantly conducted sweet Kitty Gray to her seat on a flower-pot, saying, as he did so, that no lovelier flower ever bloomed there. He seemed much pleased with this young person. Every one is. And no wonder, seeing that she is so pretty and gentle in all her ways. After we had gone home, I heard him singing to her a serenade. It was in the court language, which, as I said before, is part Egyptian.

"O lovely creature!
How elegant is your form!
How graceful your motions!
The fall of your feet is like the falling of snow-flakes,
The gentle wave of your tail is like the wave of a soldier's plume.
Your eyes are greener than the leaves of the sacred catnip.
I know a land where the dogs have no teeth,—
A land where all the mice are white,
A land o'erflowing with milk.
Let us journey to that happy country!
Let us seek those peaceful shores."

Of course the song was not all true. But there is no time to speak of that now, as I wish to finish the account of Happy Minty.

After the two Miss Whiteys had been boxed on the ear, and order fully restored, the wretched wanderer proceeded with her story as follows:—

"To that foolish young kitten," said she, "were given all my comforts. And the bold thing made herself quite at home. Nothing was too good for her. She hopped into everybody's lap, she was under everybody's feet. She must receive great

attentions. For her, now, were the rides in the coach, the soft bed, the silk-velvet cloak, the frosted cake, the warmed vanilla creams. She could jump through a hoop! What great deed was that?

"From this time I was scarcely noticed. But little food was given me, and that little was poor. In fact, I was made to feel, in various ways, that my company was not wanted.

"Being extremely hungry, I one night crept into the pantry. Four pans of milk stood there. I only took a little,—only just licked off the top. Yet, the next night, a cruel deed was done. I was taken by an unkind young man for an evening walk, as I thought. But, at the end of a long lane, he laid me down on the cold grass, and left me!—yes, he left me!

"'Aha!' says I, 'not so fast! I am going too!' But, alas! there was a stone tied to my leg. I could not step. And O, it was a dismal place! The rain fell, the winds blew, and, not far away, I heard the terrible bark of a water-dog!"

Here one of the Miss Whiteys was so much affected with pity that she nearly fell from the roof. A hop-pole saved her life. After she had received another box on the ear, Happy Minty went on.

"I gnawed off the string," said she, "but not till the flesh was worn to the bone. No hair has grown over the place; you can see it now. Then some cruel boys found me, and—But I will not dwell upon this, I will not harrow up the feelings of the court. You all know what we have to expect from cruel boys. It is enough to say, that, for three days and nights, I dragged after me, by my tail, a tin pan, or it might have been a porringer, I cannot say, so weakened is my mind by suffering. Oh! was I once pure white? Was this dirty string a beautiful blue ribbon, tied in a bow? Was I once Happy Minty, indeed?" (Here all the court were moved to tears.)

"Ever since that evening walk with the unkind young man," said she, "I have lived a wretched, wretched life, without food, without shelter, stoned by boys, worried by dogs. And now what am I? what am I? Draggled, lean, starved,—a wreck of a cat,—no more. Just a strip of fur hanging over sharp bones! If any of you will, you may make your paws meet through my body. Will some one try?"

At this several stepped forward. But command was given that only those who had had their claws cut should be allowed to try. Immediately all stepped back; for, although many had been obliged to have their claws cut, none wished to have it known.

Happy Minty stood patiently waiting; her eyes were closed, her tail drooped, her limbs trembled. Sweet Kitty Gray sprang forward, and offered her shoulder for a support. The Miss Whiteys, being young and thoughtless, began to make sport of

her because she staggered. And when at last she fell down, they sputtered, and began to go heels over head again. Old Ma'am Mouser said they needed another boxed ear. And this they would have got, had not sweet Kitty Gray just then spoken out, and said:—

"Please, ma'am, excuse them. They will do better next time. Perhaps no one has ever told them how to behave. Poor things! they have no mother. I've a pretty story to tell, which they will like to hear. I call it 'The Sweet-Pea Story.'"

She was going on with "The Sweet-Pea Story," when the king of the cats, with a majestic wave, remarked that it was getting late, and, as he wished to say a few parting words, it would be well to defer "The Sweet-Pea Story" until the next assembling of the court. Then, after expressing his sympathy for the afflicted stranger, he went on with his closing remarks.

"My children," said he, "bear your troubles bravely. It is not to be expected that your backs will always be stroked the right way, or even stroked at all. Be cheerful. When the fences are too narrow, walk on the ground. Don't fret. Many are worse off than we. Across the sea, in the Isle of Man, there is a race of cats who have no tails. Among us that sacred privilege is free to all. Long may it wave! (Cheers.) Consider your blessings. We always fall upon our feet; this is a great mercy. And we have nine lives; think of that! Then there is a whole race—the race of mice—created expressly for our eating. And, as to our appearance, of what have we to complain? Our fur is handsome, our motions are graceful, and our mewing is so melodious that even the birds, so famous for musical talent, sometimes imitate it. And we share, more than any other creature, the dwellings of men. We are permitted even in the presence of kings. For what says the proverb? 'A *cat* may look upon a king.' This is, no doubt, owing to our high descent. Let us not forget that we are of noble blood. The king of beasts is our near relative. Does the dog despise us? He does. He is full of pride. He follows after man, and even barks at the moon. Let him. But let him also seek out his relatives in the forest. But this he will never do. He is ashamed of them. For the wolves are his cousins, so are the sneaking foxes, the jackals, and the laughing hyenas. But our ancestors came from Egypt. Our family portraits are in the pyramids. We are akin to the mighty panther, the cougar, the jaguar, the royal Bengal tiger, and, greater than all, to the majestic lion, who reigns king of the forest!"

At this we could no longer be restrained, but all sprang to our feet, waved our tails, and burst forth into rousing cheers for the cats, and hisses for all the dogs, and made the ridge-poles ring. But suddenly there fell among us, from attic windows, a shower of blacking-boxes and boot-jacks. The king of the cats gave the royal leap, which was the signal for breaking up the court.

Last evening, after we were assembled on the gently sloping roof, one of the Miss Whiteys appeared with a stick of wood fastened to her neck. She was also quite lame, and dripping with wet. Being asked the cause of all this, she replied that, in order to make everything clear, it would be necessary to begin by telling her dream.

Sir Tom Maltese objected to this, on the ground that telling dreams would be trifling with the court. There was, however, a learned member present, who remarked that telling dreams at court was an old Egyptian custom, and must, therefore, be proper. This settled the whole matter.

Miss Whitey then stated that, about noon, as she lay on a high shelf, in the act of watching a mouse-hole, she fell asleep.

"And in my sleep," said she, "I dreamed of lying upon grass that was smoother and softer than a velvet easy-chair; and in a tree, high above me, was the most beautiful bird I ever saw. He was as white as snow, except about his neck, where there was a bright scarlet collar. His singing was so loud and sweet that all the other birds had stopped to listen.

"I crouched close to the ground. I kept my eyes fixed steadily upon him until his song grew fainter, fainter, fainter, fainter, and at last was heard no longer. He then spread his wings and flew three times around the tree, alighting on a lower branch. I never lost sight of him, but looked exactly into his eyes. The next time he only flew twice around the tree, and then settled himself upon a still lower branch. He then tried to fly away. But this he could not do, for I held him with my eyes. They turned away not one moment. He flew once around the tree, and, after that, flew no more; but only hopped down, one branch lower, one branch lower, until he reached the lowest branch of all. And there he sat, trembling, fluttering his wings, and making little cries of distress. Then I knew that he would soon be within my reach. I stretched myself close to the earth, creeping along slowly, softly, and glared my eyes very wide open, that he might feel all their power. At last he gave one weak cry, spread his wings, and dropped slowly to the ground, not two yards from my mouth.

"Then, in my dream, I gave a quick spring, and caught, not a beautiful white bird, but a good beating. For I had sprung from the shelf, doing great damage to the crockery, and had landed with my paws in a dish of hot gruel. You have now learned the cause of my lameness.

"After this it was decided that drowning would be good for me. Dick offered to do it;—he's a famous boy for bragging. 'O, he knew how to drown a cat! Nobody need tell him how to drown a cat! It was just as easy!'

"My sister was in great distress. I said to her, 'Don't worry, dear. He talks big. 'Tis I, I, I,—great I! who but I? Be easy, dear; these bragging boys are always the greatest simpletons. Be easy.'

"Just after dark, he took me along, very carefully, to the wood-box. 'Ah, now,' said he, 'this stick of wood is just the thing for me.' 'Yes,' said I to myself, 'just the thing for *me*.' He fastened it on, paddled off a little way into the pond, and dropped me in. The wood floated me ashore, and here I am. My sister will now bite off the string."

After Miss Whitey had finished, sweet Kitty Gray was asked to tell "The Sweet-Pea Story" which she had promised us. She seemed, at first, a little bashful; but that in a young person is very becoming. The gentleman in yellow conducted her to the stand, and bade her take courage and speak. She then took courage, and spoke as follows:—

"By hiding often in the garden, I have come to understand very well the language of the place. And vastly amusing it is to sit and listen to all that is going on among the flowers, birds, and insects.

"The funniest of all is to hear the bees making bargains with the flowers for their honey. They come for it with bags. The bumble-bee brings his gold with him. They are on hand early in the day; but the flowers are quite ready for them, and those who keep the pure article never lack for customers.

"The sunflowers and hollyhocks hang their signs out high, but their honey is not considered the best. The rose and the heliotrope put a fragrance into theirs which is much admired. The violet keeps in an out-of-the-way place, but is well known to the trade. The syringa offers a very rich article. The sweet-pea has a growing business, and attracts crowds of buyers. The honeysuckle and running rose have gone into partnership, and mean to stand highest in the market.

"Perhaps the court would be pleased to hear a little of what is sometimes said in the way of trade. I will call it

"A Talk in the Honey Market.

"*Flowers.* Good morrow, good bees, full early ye fly;
What will ye buy? what will ye buy?

"*Bees.* We'll buy your honey, if fresh and sweet,
And good enough for our queen to eat,
And we'll store it away for our winter's treat;

For when comes the snow,
And icy winds blow,
The flowers will all be dead, you know.

"*Flowers.* And what will ye pay, what will ye pay,
If we provide for that wintry day?

"*Bees.* O, we'll tell you fine tales. Great news ye shall gain.
For we've travelled afar over valley and plain.
And the whispering leaves of the forest-trees,
They tell all their secrets to wandering bees.
We linger about where the little brooks flow,
And we hear all they sing, though they murmur so low.
We have played by the shore with the sweet Rose-Marie,
And have heard the moan of the sorrowful sea.
We spend long hours
In the woodland bowers,
And have news from your kindred, the dear wild-flowers.
We know the swamp pinks, with their fragrance so fine,
The lupine, the aster, and bright columbine.
We know where the purple geranium blows,
And fragrant sweetbrier, and pretty wild rose.
And perhaps we'll tell,
If your honey you'll sell,
Why every one loveth the wild-flowers so well.

"*Flowers.* O tell us this secret, and take all our store!
Tell us how to be loved, and we'll ask nothing more."

The court were much interested in this little account of the doings in the garden, and sweet Kitty Gray, seeing that she had given us pleasure, took more courage, and related "The Sweet-Pea Story," as follows:—

"It is known to you all that a board fence separates the back yard from the garden. One pleasant morning last May, as I was sunning myself after a rain on the

top of this fence, little Amy came singing across the yard. She stooped down near me, and began making holes in the earth. I hopped upon her shoulder and peeped over to see what would happen. And I saw that she dropped into every hole a small round seed. She then smoothed the earth over the seeds, and ran singing into the house.

"Towards noon I stretched myself upon the ground near by, a cooler place being then more agreeable. It is a very good stand there, being exactly on the track of the field-mice. I laid my ear close to the earth, and listened to the low, murmuring sound which seemed to come from below. It was the small round seeds complaining. 'O how hard it is to stay in the dark! Here it is cold and damp. No air, no sunshine. O how sad!'

"Then I whispered down to them,—for the flower language is very easy to me, —I whispered down to them, 'Wait. Something beautiful will come of it. I have seen many small round seeds hidden away in the earth, and always something beautiful came of it.'

"After that there were cold rains and chilling winds, and I said to myself, 'Poor little seeds! How long they have to wait! I fear they may die of cold.' But one bright morning, when the fields were green, and the trees were white, and there was sunshine enough for all the world, I happened to look down from my post, and saw a fine sight. Just where the seeds had been hidden away something beautiful had come of it,—a row of pretty, green sprouts! And, as I watched them day by day, I observed that they were determined to rise in the world. For they very soon put on garments of lovely green, and adorned themselves with rings.

"Now this is the way I found out their names. One day Amy came singing into the yard,—it is so pleasant when children come singing!—she came singing into the yard, and she said, 'Now I must string my sweet-peas.' And then I knew they were sweet-peas.

"She took a ball of white cord from her pocket, and began at the end of the row, giving to each one a string by which to climb the fence. But there was not quite enough of the white cord. And on this account she gave to one a dark, rough, knotted string, and one was left without any at all.

"Now it has been vastly entertaining for me to follow these two sweet-peas. In fact, nearly all my leisure time has been spent in watching them, for I have kept the run of them all summer. The one to whom the dark string was given had by no means a contented disposition. As I sat near her one morning, catching flies the best way I could, she made to me the most bitter complaints.

"'Look across the yard,' said she. 'Those plants have all the sunshine, and we

have all the shade.'

"I whispered, 'Wait till afternoon. Then they will have the shade, and you will have the sun. None have the sunshine always. Some shade is good for all.'

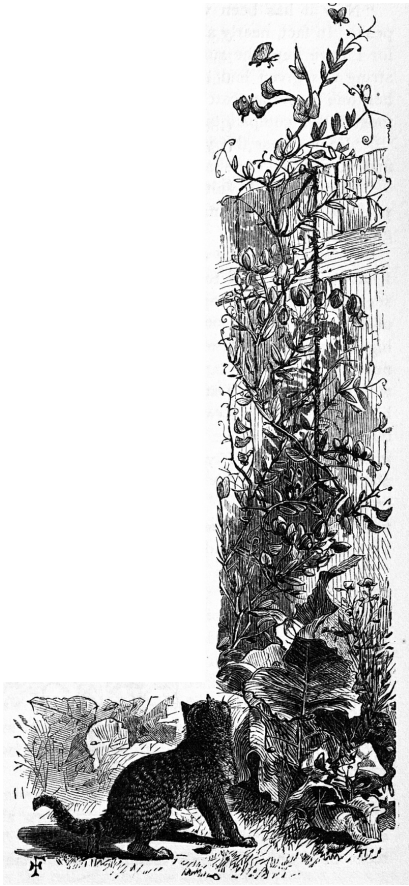
"'Well,' she said, 'why is this dark, rough, knotty string given to me? I have a great desire to go up. The yellow-birds sing of fine things to be seen from the fence-top. They sing of gardens blooming with flowers, and of bees, and painted butterflies, and sparkling waters. And I've heard that, higher up, the air is pure and sweet. It must be very delightful. But I can never climb by that dark, rough string. I'd rather stay below. The earthworm tells me it is quite pleasant here; and he, for one, never wished to go higher. Robin Runaway is a pleasant playfellow, and sometimes the lady-bugs come,—and the lady-bugs are quite genteel people. To be sure there is a strong smell of earth, but one gets accustomed to that. I will creep about here and amuse myself with the beetles. This burdock is a fine protection from the rain. Who knows but some day a pleasanter way of climbing may be offered me? Meanwhile, the earthworm and I will be good friends together.'

"My friends, from that hour I watched her course. At first she ran about gayly enough, playing with the beetles and Robin Runaway; but when a young family of weeds sprang up, it became very troublesome to move about. Then the burdock spread out its broad leaves, taking from her every ray of sunshine. Scarcely a breath of pure air could reach her. The singing of the birds sounded far away. She bore one pale, sickly blossom,—no more. And now whoever passes that way may, if he will take the trouble, find her lying there, a yellow, feeble, miserable thing, giving pleasure to none. She has not strength enough now to raise herself from the earth.

"But the sweet-pea who had no string given her conducted quite differently. She said, 'I was not made to creep about here. There is something in me which says, "Go up! go up!" This earthy smell oppresses me. O, if one could only mount to where the birds are singing! I shall never be content to remain here with Robin Runaway and the earthworms. "Up!" is the word.'

"And when the yellow-birds sang to her of the beautiful things to be seen from above,—of gardens, and fountains, and the fragrant breath of flowers,—she could no longer remain quiet, but resolved to find some way of raising herself from the earth. And a pleasure it was for me to watch her progress. First she came to a blade of grass. 'A blade of grass is not very high,' said she, 'but then it leads up, and at the top of this there may be found something higher.' The blade of grass led her to a poppy-stalk. 'A poppy-stalk is not very high,' said she; 'but it leads up, and who can tell what may be found at the top?' She soon climbed the poppy, and found there the leaves of a currant-bush. 'A currant-

bush is not very high,' said she, 'but it leads up, and from its top something may take me much higher.' At the top of the currant-bush, the air seemed filled with sweetness. This came, although she did not know it, partly from her own blossoms. But the bees knew this, and the painted butterflies. These were constant visitors, and charming company they were. And when the humming-birds came,—why, that was the best of all.



"And what should she find at the top of the currant-bush but that same dark, rough string I have spoken of? At first she turned away, saying, 'O, that is a dark, hard way, too gloomy to be pleasant.' But a little bird came down and whispered something in her ear; and I heard her saying, 'Very true, little bird; very true, little bird. One cannot expect that all the ways will be made pleasant. It leads upward. That is enough.'

"And it happened that the dark string led higher than all the rest, reaching even as far as the branch of a hawthorn. And now she is where the yellow-birds sing. The air is pure; no smell of earth reaches her there; and she is blooming all over with the flowers that everybody loves. A beautiful garden is spread out beneath, where happy children play, and fountains sparkle in the sun. A delightful place, where the butterflies come, every morning, to tell their dreams, and the birds every evening sing good night to the flowers. For flowers without number are blooming there. The air is full of their sweetness. She herself is sweeter than they all. But this she does not know."

Sweet Kitty Gray ended by giving us

THE BIRDS' GOOD-NIGHT SONG TO THE FLOWERS.

Good night, dear flowers;
Shadows creep along the sky,
Birdies now must homeward fly.

Good night, darling mignonette;
Good night, little violet.

Good night, pink and four-o'clock;
Good night, homely hollyhock.

Good night, feathery feverfew;
Heliotrope, good night to you.

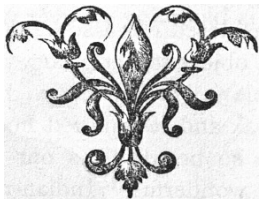
Good night, lily; good night, rose;
Good night, every flower that blows.

Thank you for your lovely bloom,
Thank you for your sweet perfume.

If you did not bloom so brightly
We could never sing so lightly.

Now fairies wake, the watch to keep,
And birdies all may go to sleep.
Good night, dear flowers.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.



DUNIE AND THE ICE.

I believe only six of the Pardoe children went to church that day,—though it may have been seven. But, if I am not accurate as to numbers, the story of their adventure is perfectly true.

They lived on an island in the middle of the river, in a little world by themselves. It was early spring-time. The earth appeared to be covered with a patchwork quilt of whitey-brown and grayish-green. Under this ragged old quilt the forces of nature were hard at work. The dry grass was undergoing thorough repairs, and the "sod" would "turn to violets" one of these days. All in due time; but just now things looked dismal enough. The trees were only sketched in outline, and even the willows showed as yet no little vapory touches of green. The roads were full of holes, and, as Grandpa Pardoe said, it was "dreadful travelling *underfoot*." Overhead it was scarcely better. It seemed as if the "upper deep" had tipped over, and was pouring itself into the lap of the earth.

But on this particular Sunday the dripping clouds were ready for a day of rest. The wee bit girlie of the house, Dunie Pardoe, looked out of the window, and said with intense surprise, "Why, mamma, mamma, 'tisn't yainin'! There's a little bit o' sun ou' doors. I sawed it!"

"She's a precious baby to tell the news," cried Brother Phil, smothering her with kisses. "I've a great mind to take her to Sabbath school. May I, mother? She wants to see things as much as anybody else."

"Well, if you take her, Philip, you must be responsible for her," replied the busy Mrs. Pardoe, who was at that moment tying the shoestrings of the next to the youngest. Perhaps, with so much to do, her mind had slipped into a hard knot; it seems to me, if she had had full possession of her faculties, she would never have consented to let Miss Julia go out when the roads were scarcely navigable except for boys' boots.

Dunie clapped her hands.

"O, will they let me in?" she asked; "for, when I go to the school, then somebody comes that's a teacher, and tells me 'Go home,' and says I mustn't stay."

Dunie was three years old, and the "committee-men," overlooking her peculiar merits, had not considered her a scholar. But this was only a Sabbath school; nobody would object to her going, just for one day.

Then there was a scramble to get her ready; but when she was fairly enveloped in her Rob Roy cloak and red quilted hood a murmur of admiration ran round the

room. Who so beautiful as our Dunie? Such a splendid, "adust complexion," such wonderful "Indian-red" eyes, shaded by the blackest of lashes! She was a little sister to be proud of. Not one of the other ten had ever been so cunning or so fat.

Well, they took her to church, and, in order to get there, they had to cross a bridge. They looked over the railing, and saw around the piers a few logs floating in the high water, though they could not move far, being locked in with ice.

"I shouldn't think," said Mary, with mock gravity, "'twas proper for logs to go swimming on Sunday."

"Nor I either," said Phil; "they ought to be 'taken up' for it. But come, let's hurry; we're late."

"Hurry!" echoed four childish voices,—"hurry with Dunie!"

"My shoes *won't* walk," said the little one, by way of apology. It was her feet which were at fault. They were not large enough to carry her plump little body; and though she had now enlarged them with mud, that did not seem to help the matter at all. There was no way for it but to carry her in arms, "for fear they might lose her in one of the holes."

They reached the main-land at last, and the church; and I believe Dunie only spoke in meeting once, and then she said "I so tired." Phil observed that afterward the clergyman preached faster,—from sheer pity, he presumed.

Dunie practised gymnastics just a little, and now and then opened her rosy mouth, inlaid with pearl, and very gently yawned. But soon the "spirit of deep sleep" fell upon her, and she lost the Sabbath-school exercises which followed the sermon. This would hereafter be a subject of regret to Dunie; but it was just now a real relief to her five "responsible" brothers and sisters.

After their lessons had been repeated, and school was out, the six Pardoes started for home. But a change had come over the weather. The wind had started up from a sound sleep, and was blowing as if all the people in the world were deaf, and must be made to hear.

"Never mind," said the eldest sister, cheerily, "it will blow us home. Dunie, what *made* you talk in church?"

"I never," replied the young culprit, rubbing her eyes. "But," added she, indignantly, "that man up in the box, *he* kep' a talkin' all the time."

"But what made you go to sleep, dear, and lose the Sabbath-school?" said Moses, who was next younger than Phil, and, though kindly disposed, had a peculiar talent for making little ones cry.

"*I* went asleep in Sabber school?" sobbed Dunie, completely discouraged,—"in Sabber school? Where'd they put it? *I* never sawed it."

"There, don't you tease her, Moses," said the youngest but two. "We've got as much as *we* can do to get her home,—for I begin to believe she's chip-footed,—I do."

The next to the oldest was about to correct his brother, and say "*club*-footed," when a frightful noise was heard,—not thunder, it was too prolonged for that. It was a deep, sullen roar, heard above the wail of the wind like the boom of a cataract.

The ice was going out.

There is always more or less excitement to New England children in such an event. This was an unusually imposing spectacle, for the ice was very strong, and the freshet was hurling it down stream with great force.

The white blocks, incrusted with snow, were as blue at heart as turquoise, and they trembled and crowded one another like an immense company of living things. The powerful tide was crushing them between vast masses of logs, or heaving them upward to fall headlong and sideways, and crumble themselves into smaller fragments.

The sun came out of a cloud, and shone on the creamy, frozen waves in their mad dance. Then they sparkled and quivered as if the river had thrown up from its unquiet bed a mine of diamonds.

"How splendid!" exclaimed the children, lost in rapture.

"But it makes me scared," said little Dunie, falling, face downward, into a mud-puddle.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" said Moses, picking her up, and partially cleansing her with his pocket-handkerchief. "The ice can't touch us."

"Hullo there!" screamed the toll-gatherer, appearing at the door of his small house with both arms raised above his head. "Children, children, stop! Don't go near the bridge for your lives!"

"O, it's going off, it's going off!" screamed the five Pardoes in concert, joined by the terrified Dunie, who did not know *what* was "going off," but thought likely it was the whole world and part of the sky.

The children forgot to admire any longer the magnificent white flood. The ice might be glorious in beauty, but, alas! it was terrible in strength. How could they get home? What would become of them? They saw their father's house in the distance; but when and how were they to reach it? It might as well have been leagues away.

"'Twill be days and days," cried Mary, "before ever we'll be able to cross this river in boats. What will be done with us? for we can't sleep on the ground."

"And nothing to eat," wailed hungry Moses, tortured with a fleeting vision of apple-pie and doughnuts.

"It *is* a hard case," said the toll-gatherer, compassionately, "but you don't want to risk your lives. Look at them blocks crowding up ag'inst the piers; hear what a thunder they make; and the logs coming down in booms. You step into our house, children; and my wife and the neighbors, we'll contrive to stow you away somewhere."

Crowds of people were collecting on the bank, watching the ice "go out." The Pardoes stood irresolute; when suddenly there was a shout from the other end of the bridge, as loud and shrill as a fog-bell, "Children, *come*—HOME!"

It was Mr. Pardoe's voice.

"What shall we do? what shall we do?" said Philip, running round and round.

"'Twon't do to risk it, Neighbor Pardoe," screamed the toll-keeper.

"Children—run—there's—time!" answered the father, hoarsely.

It was Mary who replied, "Yes, father, we'll come."

"He knows," thought she. "If he tells us to do it, it's right."

Firm in obedience and faith, she stepped upon the shaking bridge. For an instant Philip hesitated, looked up stream and down stream, then followed cautiously with Dunie. After him the three other children in all stages of fright, with white lips, trembling limbs, and eyes dilated with fear.

"Quick! quick!" screamed Mr. Pardoe. "Run for your lives!" shouted the people on the bank.

The roaring torrent and the high wind together were rocking the bridge like a cradle. If it had not been for Dunie! All the rest could run. It seemed as if there was lead in the child's shoes. She hung, a dead weight, between Philip and Mary, who pulled her forward without letting her little toddling feet touch the ground.

The small procession of six! How eagerly everybody watched "what speed they made, with their graves so nigh." Only a few brittle planks between them and destruction! More than one man was on the point of rushing after the little pedestrians, and drawing them back from their doom. Yet all the anxiety of the multitude could not have equalled the agonizing suspense in that one father's heart. He thought he knew the strength of the piers, and the length of time they could resist the attack of the ice. But what if he had made a mistake? What if his precious children were about to fall a sacrifice to their obedience? Every moment seemed an age to the frantic father, while the little creatures ran for their lives. But it was over at last; the bridge was crossed, the children were safe!

The people on the opposite bank set up a shout; but Mr. Pardoe was speechless. He caught Dunie, and held her close to his heart, as if, in her little person, he embraced the whole six.

"O father!" cried Philip, "if you could know how we trembled! 'Twas like walking over an earthquake!"

"With Dunie to drag every step!" added Moses.

"I'll tell you what I thought," said Mary, catching her breath,—"I thought my father was a stone-mason, and ought to know more than a toll-keeper about bridges. But anyway, if he'd been nothing but a lawyer or a doctor, I'd have done what he said."

"Bravo for my Mary!" said Mr. Pardoe, wiping his eyes.

Five minutes after this the bridge was snapped asunder. The main body of it went reeling down stream, the sport of the ice. Mr. Pardoe closed his eyes, shuddering at the fancy of what might have been.

Everybody fell to kissing Dunie, for this had long been a family habit whenever there arose any feeling which was beyond the power of expression.

"I'm glad we got all home," gasped Dunie, her eyes expanding with a perfectly new idea, as she watched the ruins from the window. "That b'idge is a goin' way off! The ice catched it! How I did yun on that b'idge, so the ice wouldn't catch *me*! But," added the little innocent, with a sudden play of fancy, "I wasn't 'fwaid, mamma, for I looked up to the sky, and then God sended some booful clouds, and I FOUGHT I saw two little angels yidin' on 'em."

Sophie May.

LOST WILLIE.

Hallo, little Willie boy!—wandered away
From the mother-fold, have you? Now what will you do?
The night's coming on, and there's no place to stay,
And darkness will soon cover city and you.
Did the man with the music, and monkey so queer,
Induce you to start on your travels alone?
Or was it the band of the circus just here,
With its drum, and its fife, and its wheezy trombone?

Perhaps "Punch and Judy," from over the sea,
With their comical acts interrupted your play;
If they did, older boys, like your father and me,
Won't wonder at all at your strolling away.
Or maybe "Tom Thumb" has come into the town
To craze, with his ponies, a little boy's wits;
Or the "man with the dogs," or some wonderful clown,
The "Japanese Jugglers," or famed Signor Blitz.

Cheer up, wandering Willie! Some good hand will lead
Her darling safe back to the mother so dear.
The city is full of kind people to heed
A little boy's sorrows, so never you fear.
Dry the tears on your cheeks, and smooth the wild hair,
And stand like a man, confronting your fate.
Remember, they win who will patiently bear
The ills of this life, come they early or late.

And Willie, dear Willie, 'tis better to be—
Believe me, my boy—in the plight you are in
Than adrift on the waste of that fathomless sea
Whose great waves are drowning the children of sin.
O better, far better, lost thus as you are,
In the populous street, where you're sure to be found,
Than lost to your Saviour, who loves you—afar
From the beautiful home where His praises resound!

C. A. Barry.

NAVIGATION AND DISCOVERY BEFORE COLUMBUS.

I.
INVENTION OF THE COMPASS.

A person does not need to go to sea in order to find out how lost and helpless a sailor would be in the midst of the ocean if he had no compass. A few summers ago I passed some days at one of the Isles of Shoals, a small rocky group in the Atlantic Ocean, ten miles from the coast of New Hampshire; and I used to go out almost every day in a boat, fishing for cod and haddock. One misty morning, I remember, I started with three or four others for one of the favorite fishing-places, about half a mile off. We had been there for an hour or two, and had caught a few very fine fish, when some one, looking up, cried out, "Where is the island?"

We all looked around, but the island was gone! The mist had changed into a dense fog, which had gathered over our rocky abode, and hid it completely from our view. Nor was there any object in sight, except another of the island boats, containing a fishing-party like ourselves. We called out to them, "Where is the island?"

To which one of them replied, "It's drifted out to sea."

Which, in fact, *we* might have done, if we had been a little further off.

I cannot tell you how entirely lost we seemed for a few minutes. Every one gave his opinion as to the direction in which the island was; but, as our boat had been floating about without an anchor, and had consequently changed its position every moment, it was all guesswork, and we might have rowed about a whole day without finding it, and drifted out of sight of land. While we were talking the matter over, we heard the large bell of the hotel ring, which of course told us the way we were to go, in order to reach the island. So we kept on our fishing for two or three hours longer, and the mist soon rolled away, revealing to view the gray rock, the long white hotel, the ladies walking about, and the little boys fishing for perch along the shore. We afterwards learned that the regular frequenters of this island considered it unsafe to go a hundred yards from the shore without a compass, and always took a pocket-compass with them in case a sudden fog should wrap the island from their sight.

I was telling this incident one evening, some time after dark, when I was out in a boat on Lake Champlain, the summer before last. It was pretty dark, and I had been

asking the boatman by what marks he was guided in steering the boat towards the little cove to which we were bound. He said he depended entirely on the outline of the shore, which he proceeded to explain to us. After I had told my little story, he told a story which showed, in a far more striking manner, what a handy thing it may be sometimes to have a compass in your pocket.

He said that he had been a prisoner for eleven months in Andersonville during the late war, and when he heard that General Sherman was at Atlanta, about two hundred and forty miles distant, he and his comrade determined to try to escape, and make their way thither. One of them had an old-fashioned watch with a compass in the back of it; and by this they expected to direct their course, which was nearly northwest. But, as they expected to travel only by night, they resolved not to start until they could get a box of matches, so as to be able to strike a light now and then, to look at their compass. They delayed their departure for six weeks, trying to get a box of matches, for the purchase of which they gave one of their negro friends their last five-dollar bill. He could not buy a box of matches for five dollars, nor for any other number of dollars, and so at last they made up their minds to start without them.

Assisted by their black friend, they got away one afternoon, and lay hidden until late in the evening, when they started at a great pace through the woods, and came about midnight to a road which seemed to go, as nearly as they could guess, exactly northwest. *Seemed*, I say; but it might not, and, if it did not, it would lead them to capture and death. The night was not very dark, but the stars were hidden by clouds; else the friendly North Star would have guided them upon their way. Anxious as they were to get on, they stood for several minutes comparing recollections, and debating the great question upon which their lives depended. But, the more they talked it over, the more uncertain they became; and now they bitterly regretted their impatience in coming away without matches.

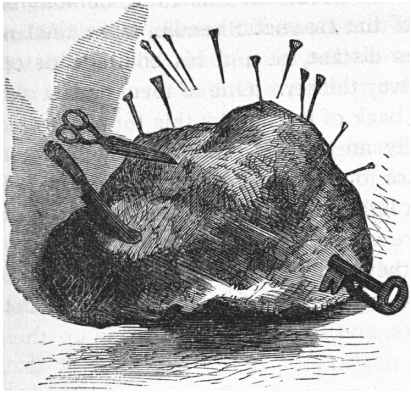
There were a great number of fireflies flying about. A lucky thought occurred to one of them,—the boatman who told us the story. He caught a firefly, and, taking it between his thumb and finger, held it over his compass. Imagine their joy to find that the insect gave them plenty of light for their purpose; and imagine their still greater joy to discover that the road led straight to the Union army. Eight nights of travel brought them safely to it.

Admirable invention! I often wonder that a thing so valuable can be so small, simple, and cheap. It is nothing but a needle, a pivot, and a card, which you can buy for half a dollar, and carry in your pocket, or dangle at the end of a watch-chain. Yet, small and trifling as it is, a ship's company that should find themselves in the

middle of the ocean without a compass would consider it a great favor to be allowed to buy one for many thousand dollars.

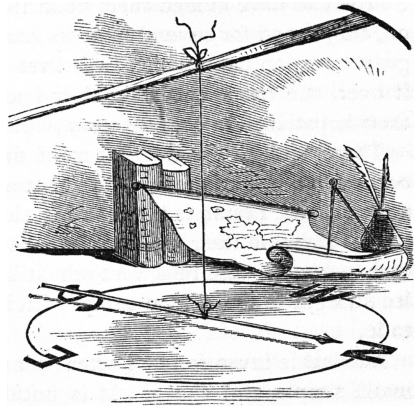
But stop; some of the Young Folks, who live far from the sea-coast, and have never seen the magnetic needle quivering in its box under its glass lid, may not know exactly what a compass is.

Well, you must know there is a kind of iron ore, of a dark gray color, found in iron mines in many parts of the world, which is called loadstone, or natural magnet. It is about as heavy as the common iron ore, and looks like it, except that it is a little more glistening. It has, however, most wonderful and mysterious properties. One is, that it attracts to itself iron and other metals. The smaller the magnet, the more power it usually has. There have been found magnets weighing a twentieth part of an ounce which could lift a piece of iron weighing two ounces, or forty times their own weight; and the story goes, that Sir Isaac Newton had a magnet set in a finger-ring which could lift a piece of iron of two hundred and fifty times its own weight. There is a famous magnet at Cadiz, which was presented by the Emperor of China to one of the kings of Portugal. It weighs thirty-eight pounds, and can lift two hundred pounds. It is not common, however, for a loadstone to be capable of lifting more than ten times its weight. This attractive power of the magnet is one of the most curious things in nature, and one which nobody has yet been wise enough to explain.



Another property of the magnet is equally mysterious, and far more important to man. If you take a bar of iron or steel, and rub it against a loadstone, and then suspend it carefully in the middle by a thread, it will always point north and south, or very nearly north and south. Now, a compass is nothing more than a small steel needle, which, having been rubbed against a magnet in a certain manner, is balanced with great nicety upon a pivot, and the whole enclosed in a box. That needle points toward the North Star, and serves to guide the mariner over the trackless deep, when neither sun nor stars are visible. It does not tell him where he is; but it tells him in what direction he is sailing, and it tells him, with the help of other instruments, in what direction he must sail to reach the haven where he would be.

No one knows who invented the compass, nor precisely when it was invented, nor even who first found a natural magnet. The



fanciful Greeks, who had a story about everything, used to say that a shepherd, named Magnes, was tending his sheep one day on Mount Ida, when he noticed that the iron crook at the end of his shepherd's-staff was attracted by a piece of dark-colored stone, which he brought with him down the mountain. This is the reason, the Greeks say, why the magnet was called, in their language, *Magnes*. The story is probably one of those pretty tales which the Greeks delighted to invent respecting the origin of things. Be this as it may, the Greeks, the Romans, the Chinese, and all the ancient civilized nations, knew something about the attractive power of the loadstone; and the Chinese, it seems, employed the directing power of the magnetic needle, more than a thousand years ago, in their journeys across the wide, uninhabited plains of Asia. But the compass, such as we have it now, was unknown in Europe until about the year 1300.

I was saying the other day to a gentleman well versed in the Bible, that the ancients did not possess the compass, but sailed the Mediterranean and other inland seas, or skirted along the coasts of the ocean, without the aid of this precious instrument.

"But," he asked, scratching his head with the end of his pen, "does not St. Paul say something about using the compass on one of his voyages in the Mediterranean Sea?"

"Impossible," said I. "There was not a compass in existence at that time in that part of the world."

"I think you are mistaken," he rejoined.

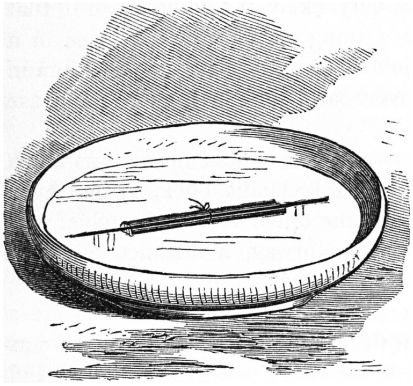
I handed him a Bible, and asked him to find the passage; which he proceeded to do with the alacrity of a man who is about to win a victory. And, sure enough, he soon turned to Acts xxviii. verses 12 and 13, and read as follows:—

"And, landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence *we fetched a compass*, and came to Rhegium."

Here was triumph indeed. I must confess that for a moment I was puzzled. But, being positive that the compass was not known either to the Greeks, the Romans, or the Jews, I thought that perhaps the translators had used the word "compass" for some other instrument which may have been used by the ancient navigators. It then occurred to us to look up the passage in the Greek Testament, and ascertain what

the word was which had been translated "compass." The mystery vanished at once; for we found that St. Paul had used the Greek verb which means to tack, to go about, to make a circuit, which sailors, in the days of King James I., when our translation was made, used to call *fetching a compass*. The passage, therefore, simply means this: "And from Syracuse we made a circuit" (round the island of Sicily) "and so came to Rhegium" (on the coast of Italy).

The captain of the ship, then, that bore the valiant Apostle Paul to the mouth of the Tiber, had no compass on board his vessel, but was guided by the stars, the sun, and the bold outline of the shore. Nevertheless, it was from the native land of St. Paul that the Crusaders, about seven hundred years ago, brought home to Europe specimens of the loadstone, and some little knowledge of its properties. The first Crusaders returned from Palestine about the year 1100, but the first mention which has been discovered of the directing power of the magnetic needle occurs in a book that bears date 1180. In a French poem called "The Bible," published about 1250, there is a passage, too, in which the author expresses the wish that the Pope were as safe a point to look at as the North Star is to sailors, who can steer towards that star by the direction of *a needle floating in a straw on a basin of water*, after being touched by the magnet. And there is a still more interesting allusion to the needle in an account which has come down to us of a visit paid about the year 1258 by a learned Italian to Roger Bacon, the celebrated English philosopher, the fame of whose learning had spread over Europe.



"I did not fail," says the Italian scholar, "to see Friar Bacon as soon as I arrived; and, among other things, he showed me a black ugly stone called a magnet, which has the surprising property of drawing iron to it; and upon which if a needle be rubbed, and afterwards fastened to a straw, so that it shall swim upon water, the needle will instantly turn towards the Pole Star; therefore, be the night ever so dark, so that neither moon nor star be visible, yet shall the mariner be able by the help of this needle to steer his vessel aright."

It would have been difficult for a sailor, tossing upon the wild, tempestuous Atlantic, to keep a needle afloat upon a still surface of water, and I doubt very much whether it was often attempted. There was another reason why the captains of ships in that age would have hesitated to employ such a contrivance, which our Italian thus

explains:—

"This discovery, which appears useful in so great a degree to all who travel by sea, must remain concealed until other times, because no master-mariner dares to use it, lest he should fall under a supposition of his being a magician; nor would even the sailors venture themselves out to sea under his command if he took with him an instrument which carries so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit."

Well might he say so in speaking of poor Friar Bacon, who, not many years after this visit, was imprisoned in his convent cell, while his works were condemned as dangerous and devilish. The ignorant monks of his time thought he must have sold his soul to the Devil, because he said that he and other astronomers, by noting the movements of the heavenly bodies, might be able to *foretell* their future movements, especially such events as eclipses of the sun and moon. He was a prisoner for ten years,—he, the most valuable and enlightened man of his age,—and was released only when his religious superiors thought he was too old and too infirm to write any more books, or make any more discoveries. He lived but a year after his release, during which time he often said he was sorry for having taken so much trouble on behalf of science.

I have often thought, that, if Roger Bacon had not been himself a priest, the ignorant and timid priests of that day would have burnt him at the stake, and all because he knew more than they! But you must remember, that, in those days, people really thought that the Devil went secretly about the world, hungry for human souls, and that men often made compacts with him, agreeing to serve him forever, after their death, if in this world he would make them exceedingly wise, powerful, beautiful, or rich. Sailors have always been given to such fancies; and, very likely, if a captain had in that age dared to steer his ship by so simple a thing as a needle enclosed in a straw, and floating on a cup of water, the sailors would have thought him in league with the Devil, and tossed him overboard, another Jonah, to appease the tempest.

Many a year passed away, therefore, before the magnetic needle was much used by sailors. Still it *was* used; for in an Icelandic book, written even before Roger Bacon was born, we read that the brave Norwegian chief who settled Iceland found his way thither from Norway, a distance of seven hundred miles, guided by ravens; "For," says the author, "in those times, seamen had no loadstones in the northern countries." These words are a positive proof that the directing power of the magnetic needle was known as early as the year 1150.

But how could *ravens* direct a ship from Norway to Iceland? Well, I suppose

that, when this brave navigator began to doubt whether he was sailing in the right direction, he let loose one of his ravens, and, by watching which way it took to get back to its home, he could ascertain in what direction Iceland lay.

But the magnetic needle could never have been of very great use to sailors while it could only be used wrapped in a straw floating on the water, or suspended by a string. Nevertheless, it was two centuries after the Crusaders brought home the first loadstone to Europe, before the compass, as we now have it, was invented. An Italian navigator, it seems, named Flavio Gioja, who used to sail out of Naples (where, a friend tells me, the name is still common), was the man who first had ingenuity enough to mount the needle upon a pivot, and enclose it in a box. In fact, he "boxed the compass"; and this is the reason, I suppose, why the Italian word for compass is *bossola*, a box. In French, it is, as you know, *boussole*, which is evidently derived from the Italian word. This boxing of the needle, or the invention of the compass, took place about the year 1300, five hundred and sixty-nine years ago.

Mark that date, boys and girls; for it is very convenient to have, well fixed in your head, a few dates,—such as that the compass was invented about the year 1300, that Columbus discovered America in 1492, that printing was invented in 1438, and that Luther was born in 1483.

Then the sailor needed no longer to creep timidly along the shore, and lie to whenever the sky was veiled with clouds, or a mist hung over the landmarks by which he was accustomed to steer. Much remained to be done before the broad ocean could be navigated with certainty and safety by an ordinary man; but the first and greatest step was taken when the compass was invented.

Still, you must not suppose that there were no adventurous navigators before that period, and no science of navigation. Why, at the very time when Captain Flavio Gioja invented the compass at Naples, the ship-yards of Venice employed sixteen thousand men, and the ships of Venice dotted every inland sea, and swarmed in every port of Europe, bearing to them the spices, fabrics, and jewels brought from India. And had not the Norwegians sailed to Iceland, seven hundred miles, and from Iceland to Greenland, two hundred miles, and afterwards from Greenland to Massachusetts, to cut firewood and ship-timber, and this seven hundred years before Columbus? In the East Indies, too, they built long galleys and huge junks, some of which required a crew of three hundred men, carried six thousand bags of pepper, and had ten boats hung over the side, just where we hang them now. They built their vessels in compartments, too; so that, if a ship sprung a leak, the water was kept out of all the hold except one small portion, from which the cargo could be quickly removed. There were map-makers then in the commercial cities, and a good

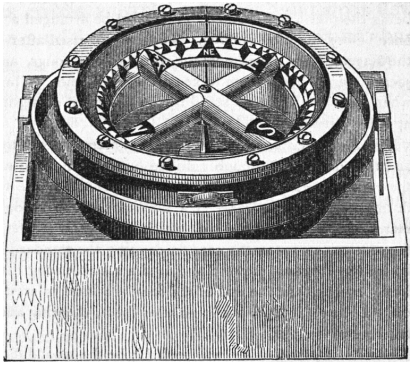
many of them; for at that day, of course, every map was made by hand. And let me tell you that men who live much out of doors, and pass a part of every night under the stars, become extremely well acquainted with the heavens above, and with the objects around them, and can *feel* their way, in an astonishing manner, without chart or compass.

Not the less does the invention of the compass make an era in the history of the human race. Bold and skilful as the ancient sailors were in navigating inland seas, and sailing along well-known coasts, it was a very different thing when they found themselves blown out upon the broad ocean. The Atlantic was then called the Sea of Darkness; and many sailors supposed that if they should sail far enough down into the torrid zone they would come to where the waters of the ocean boiled continually, and that finally they would reach the fiery mouth of hell, into which they would be drawn, and be punished for their audacity in everlasting fire.

It requires courage in a sailor to face the dangers which are real and understood, such as tempests, hurricanes, rock-bound coasts, hostile savages, the sunken reef, the awful leak, and the wide, wide, pathless ocean. But I am to tell you of heroes who, besides such perils as these, went forth to meet imaginary ones much more terrible. It costs us no great effort to go into a house supposed by ignorant people to be "haunted," because we do not believe in haunted houses. But suppose you did believe in such things? Suppose you had no doubt that some houses were haunted, and that you were called upon to enter at midnight a house that had had the name of being haunted for many years, wherein you *might* see a horrid goblin, and that horrid goblin *might* carry you off to eternal flames? That would be a brave lad who should go firmly into such a house, and walk into every room, and peep into every closet, and explore every part of the garret, and finish by rummaging about in the dark and cobwebbed cellar. In fact, no boy or girl could do it. It would have to be done, as the first discoveries were made, a little at a time. One boy would muster up courage to go to the front door and look through the keyhole. Another might go so far as to push open the door, and then run away as fast as his legs could carry him. A third, finding that no ghost appeared, might walk a few steps into the entry; and so the work of exploration would continue, until the whole house had been gone over. After that, a family might be expected to move in.

Just so it was with navigation and discovery, after the compass was invented. One bold sailor after another ventured forth upon the Sea of Darkness, each going a little farther than the last, until the whole round world had been gone over, except the parts locked in eternal ice.

Before I close I have another curious thing



to tell about the compass, which I heard of only the other day. It is said, above, that Roger Bacon's way of showing the power of the magnetic needle was to enclose it in a straw, and let it float upon water. Would you believe that the best compasses now in use are made on that very principle? It is so. Ritchie's patent "Liquid Compass," now used in the ships of the United States Navy, and by the Cunard line of steamships, has the needle enclosed, not in a straw, of course, but in a very thin, round case of metal, air-tight, which floats upon liquid in such a way as to steady the needle, and make it work much better than in the ordinary compass. The needle has the additional support of a pivot. You may understand this compass better by looking at the picture of it, and I believe you can generally see the compass itself in the office of the maker, in Tremont Street, Boston. You notice, in the picture, that there are two cylinders which form a cross. The object of that arrangement is to afford a better support to the ring that rests upon the four ends of the cross, upon which are marked the cardinal divisions. In this compass, the needle being supported, in great part, by the liquid, it can be heavier, and thus have a stronger directing force, than the light needles which have no support but the pivot.

The navigators of whom we are to converse had no such excellent compasses as this. But is it not curious that a device which was used six or seven hundred years ago, in the first rude compasses that Europe ever saw, should be *imitated* in the perfect instruments that guide the mariner now?

James Parton.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

A JUVENILE PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

To the Editors of "Our Young Folks":—

Several years since, the following Play was written by Mrs. Lewis Jervey of Charleston, S. C., author of "Vernon Grove" and "Helen Courtenay's Promise"; and from time to time additions were made to it, until it was completed in its present form.

Two years ago it was performed in Roxbury, Mass., by about sixty children, and its success has induced me to offer it to you for publication.

Before proceeding to the play itself, it may be profitable to give some hints in regard to the best manner of "bringing out" the piece.

The force of sixty children—if so many be employed—is a pretty strong one, and I would advise our prospective stage manager to provide himself with much patience, and a sufficient number of this issue of "Our Young Folks" to avoid the troublesome duty of copying the different parts of the actors. I shall mention all the characters in turn, with a slight description of dress, manners, etc.

The Chorus. One person must take charge of the young girls who are to perform this part. Their ages may be from ten to sixteen years. They must be dressed as nearly alike as convenient, white being the prettiest costume. They must be arranged according to height, and must bow to the audience before and after singing. The curtain rises after they are assembled, and falls before they leave the stage. They must know the words of the songs, and sing them distinctly. A piano behind the scenes greatly helps them to keep time and tune. The trio of "Home, sweet Home," sounds best when the three children stand by the piano out of sight, with the Chorus on the stage. The Chorus appears four times.

The Soldiers. The Soldiers consist of a company of thirty, if possible, with captain, lieutenants, etc.; and they must be thoroughly drilled by some one who will have the whole charge of them all through the representation. At the appointed scene they are to come upon the stage in three squads, with drums and a color-bearer. If a public room be used, the soldiers may remain in an ante-room, and march up the aisles of the hall, which has a good effect. The squads are drilled on the stage, and then formed into a square, the captain desiring the standard-bearer—who must be

chosen with regard to his voice—to stand forward and lead a suitable song that has been well practised, all the boys joining in the chorus. At the end of the song any local interest may be cheered. As the last squad marches off, the *Lost Children* are to go after them, cheering and throwing up their hats, and the curtain falls on the empty stage.

The Ethiopians. This will probably be the most difficult part of the entertainment. I was fortunate in obtaining the services of four well-drilled boys, whose capital rendering of their parts gave universal satisfaction and delight. The dress, instruments, and talk are as nearly like those of professional Ethiopians as possible. The time allotted to them is about thirty minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Manly are dressed as gentleman and lady in morning costume,—Mrs. Manly in a dress with a train; Mr. Manly with mustache, cane, and beaver hat. Ages about sixteen and eighteen. The most difficult part of their *rôle* is the grief that they must show.

The Children must be the smallest that can be found possessing the right capacity for assuming their parts. The real ages are necessarily greater than the assumed ones. The torn and soiled dresses in which they first appear may easily be slipped off by Bridget. In the evening scene, the boy must be lying with his head in *Lily's* lap: *Lily* may be sitting on a log to raise her somewhat, and she is to sing him a little home tune or hymn, after which the *Sailor* appears. *Lily* must drawl out the words "down *yonder*," and point with her hand.

The Sailor's garb is the common United States marine dress. When noticing the weather, as he wonders what he can do for the children, he must use a good deal of action, and look up as if at the clouds.

The Sailor's Mother's dress is composed of a well-flowered chintz pattern, with a muslin apron, and mob cap trimmed with ribbon. Her appearance when the curtain rises is that of deep dejection, and the change is great as *Jack* comes in. The song with the spinning-wheel lends a great charm to her part. When *Jack* whistles and dances for the children, her singing "Yankee Doodle" and clapping her hands helps the part. Cake is handed to the children.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

From the Painting by Landseer.] [See page 127.

The morning walk of the young *Belle* and *Beau* must be done with many airs and graces, and a drawling style. Children not over fourteen take this part, as it is very cunning to see the mincing gait and foppish airs. The disgust expressed at the collision with the *Town Crier* must be very manifest, and the young couple walk off arm in arm, ignorant that the *Town Crier* is watching and mimicking them. Dress, walking costume.

The Watchman appears after the curtain rises, calling the hour, and then, if it is thought best, he sings a humorous but appropriate song. His dress is like a policeman's. The *Town Crier* knocks against him as he enters. He must be provided with a bell and a placard with "*Lost Children*" upon it, and be very rough in his manner. These two characters are between fourteen and sixteen years of age.

Bridget, the nurse, is to wear a bright pink calico dress, rather short, with high neck and long sleeves. She must be able to use the Irish brogue, and act her part well in detail.

In the final scene, be sure to have the *Chorus* all ready to say behind the scenes, "They're found," at the right time.

When *Lily* is to separate her father and the *Sailor*, let them be directly in front of the stage. The whole of the last act must be performed deliberately, and each set of talkers must come forward and then retire.

Always avoid having the children's backs to the audience.

At the end of the Fifth Act, the *Ethiopians* and *Chorus* come in to join in the last song. The *Chorus* stands behind, and the rest of the characters are arranged according to the taste of the manager. One singer leads in the song "Come with me," and all the rest join in the "Tra la la." The Prologue and Epilogue are said by the *Watchman*, as he has less to do than the others; and he repeats the former before the first, and the latter after the last chorus.

In regard to drilling the children, I would only suggest that they meet as often as twice a week, but that the whole company need meet but twice *all together*, and then only when they all know their parts. The best way to dispose of the *Chorus* and *Soldiers* is for them to occupy the very front seats, so that they may see the play, and the girls may be easily called when they are wanted, and the *Soldiers* marched into their seats *after* the drill is over. The play can have a run of several evenings if desired, as the trouble will be well worth it. With many kind wishes for the success of your young *débutants*,

I am, very truly,
MRS. CHARLES J. BOWEN.

THE PLAY.

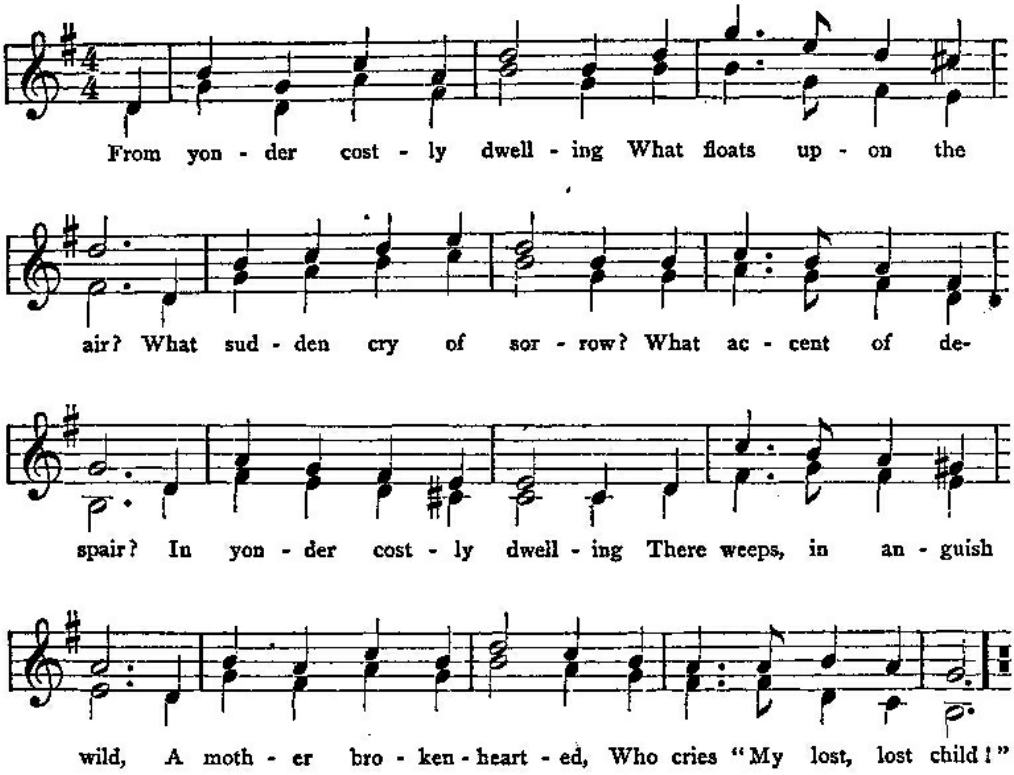
Persons represented.

MR. MANLY,
MRS. MANLY,
JAMIE and LILY (*children*),
BRIDGET (*the Nurse*),
MISS FITZALLEN,
DICK and ETHIOPIANS,
TOWN CRIER,
WATCHMAN,
SAILOR'S MOTHER,
JACK THE SAILOR,
MR. BONVILLE, *a Dandy*,
CHORUS OF GIRLS,
SOLDIERS.

PROLOGUE.

How glorious is the Histrionic Art!
You'll feel it more than ever ere we part.
Who like an actor smiles and tears can win,
And point the path to virtue or to sin?
I meant to say a Prologue long, sublime,
Whose words would triumph o'er the wreck of time;
I meant to utter axioms wise and true,—
But I'm convinced that this would never do;
For our stage manager bade me beware
I did not take more time than was my share.
Ah! one thing more he bade me *surely* say,
Don't be too critical upon our Play.

(*Enter* CHORUS OF GIRLS.)



(Stand opposite and address each other.)

First voices address second voices.

From yonder costly dwelling
What floats upon the air?
What sudden cry of sorrow?
What accent of despair?

Second voices address first voices.

In yonder costly dwelling,
There weeps, in anguish wild,
A mother broken-hearted,
Who cries, "My lost, lost child!"

First voices address second voices.

What glimmering light approaches
Along the gloomy way?
What fearful words are spoken
Before the dawning day?

Second voices

address first voices.

The Watchman's lantern glimmers
Amid the night so wild,
And the Crier's voice is shouting
"Lost child! Lost child! Lost child!"

(Turn to the audience.)

Chorus address audience.

And now to you, dear Patrons,
Old, young, the girls, the boys,
Our Play will tell its story,
Its sorrows and its joys.
And when, returning homeward,
You gather hand in hand,
May no "Lost Child" be missing
From out your household band.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in* MR. MANLY'S *House*. MRS. MANLY *discovered reading a book*.

Mrs. Manly. Well, I declare, this everlasting thought about children gives one very little time for improving one's mind. Ah for the days of girlhood once more, when I could devote at least half an hour to the morning's paper, a day now and then to a novel (pointing to the book), and sometimes indulge—in doing nothing! Ah! the times are changed. (*Calling.*) Bridget, bring the children.

(*Enter* BRIDGET.)

Bridget. And is it me that you're calling, ma'am?

Mrs. Manly. Yes, Bridget; I wish to send the children in the court to get some fresh air, it is so close here; but we must have them looking neat, you know.

Bridget. And it's never neat that they be, Mrs. Manly, Master Jamie's nose most especially. My ould father used to have a bit of a joke upon that same subject, and, if ye'll not object, I'll jist enlighten you a bit consarning it.

Mrs. Manly. Ah, Bridget, how many things that old father of yours has to answer for! Well, I suppose I must have patience and listen to you, for you are a good faithful creature.

Bridget (*bashfully*). Ah, Misthress Manly, and isn't it that you are blarneying me this morning?

Mrs. Manly. By no means, Bridget: but quick, the story!

Bridget. I was a going to fetch the childer jist, but here comes the darlints themselves. St. Patterick, how soiled they be! (*Enter children in a soiled state.* BRIDGET *carries* JAMIE *forward and inspects him*.) My ould father used to tell, that a Paddy, being asked why he wore his stockings wrong side out, replied, "Becase there's a hole on the ither side of them"; so now, Master Jamie, I will turn *your* stocking.

Mrs. Manly (*holding up her hands*). Alas! there's no denying that we poor mothers are a hard-used race! Bridget, get the children ready.

(*The children's soiled appearance may be managed by putting old and torn garments upon them to cover the nice ones underneath, and* BRIDGET *can easily slip them off while talking*.)

Bridget (*dressing the children*). Well, my lady, the story that I was about to tell you was the like of this.—Be quiet, Master Jamie (*shaking him*; JAMIE *makes a face at her*).—My ould father used to tell me that he met me walking very fast in the street when I was a bit of a child, and he says to me, "Well, Biddy," says he, "and what are you racing at that rate for, my girl?"—Master Jamie, be aisy, won't you? (JAMIE *shakes himself*).—"O father," says I, "and isn't it me nose is a running, and it's I that's obliged to keep pace with it?"

Mrs. Manly (*laughing*). As usual, Bridget, your story about your old father is of a style peculiar to yourself. (*Coming forward with the children and stooping to tie on their hats.*) And now, Lily, you are going to play in the court; remember, you must take the best care in the world of Jamie, for you are growing very old. You are four years old to-day. Don't let the carriages run over him; don't let him play in the dirt; don't let him tumble down,—don't—let me see! are there any more don'ts? Yes, one more,—don't follow the soldiers if they come. Do you hear? Now give mother a kiss, and then you and Jamie say your little verses before you go.

Children. "'My bird is dead,' said Nancy Ray," etc.

Mrs. Manly. Take them now, Bridget. They will be out of your way all the morning while you are washing, and you can accomplish a great deal.

Bridget. O yes, Misthress Manly,—I will do a dale of that same when they are fornent the house. My ould father used to say—

Mrs. Manly. Never mind your old father's story now, Bridget; to-morrow will do as well.

Bridget. And surely the time that's convanient to you, Misthress Manly, will be jist as convanient to me.

[*Exeunt* BRIDGET *and children. Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—*Room in* MR. MANLY'S *house. Enter* DICK, *a colored servant, to set the table, during which operation he makes several mistakes.*

Dick (*grumbling*). Half past two o'clock, and de knives no clean yet, and I has to set dis yere table. I wonder what white folks would say if dey was niggers and we de white folks. An' only one bressed evenin' in de week can I git to go out and sing wid de boys. I'll change my place, you see if I don't.

Mrs. Manly (*from without*). Dick, what *are* you doing? make haste!

Dick. Yes, ma'am, I'se coming.

SCENE III.—MRS. MANLY *at work in another room*.

Mrs. Manly. Where *can* Mr. Manly be? O this horrid business, business all the time! I wish people could live like birds.

(*Enter* MR. MANLY. MRS. MANLY *rises*.)

Mr. Manly. Well, wife, how goes the day with you here? It was a bright morning enough, but these gathering clouds betoken a stormy, dismal night.

Mrs. Manly. Good day to you, sir. May God help the poor, and all who may be exposed, then!

Mr. Manly. Well, words won't help them at any rate, neither will they altogether bring in dinner. Is it ready? And the children, where are they?

Mrs. Manly. They were playing awhile ago in the court with the neighbors' children; but as you always like to have a little frolic with them before dinner, and as the clouds threaten rain, I will send Bridget for them. (*Calling.*) Here, Bridget.

(*Enter* BRIDGET.)

Bridget. And it's here that I am, ma'am.

Mrs. Manly. Bridget, go into the court and bring the children home. It is nearly dinner-time.

Bridget. Yes, ma'am, they're dishing it up, and it's jist now that I left the wash-tub to go for the childer; and tossed enough it is that I shall find them, I warrant ye, which all comes of their playing in the court. Nearly a week will it take me to scrub their hands and faces, and comb out their tanglesome hair.

Mr. Manly. Well, well, Bridget, bring them quickly, and tell Dick to bring up dinner at once.

Bridget. Yes, sir, he's a fetchin' it now.

[*Exit* BRIDGET.

Mr. Manly. Well, my dear wife, with due reverence for your opinions, pray permit me to say that I find your Bridget, whom you cry up to me as perfection, the veriest bore in creation. Somehow or other, one *must* listen to what she says; and, although she talks forever, all that she does say might generally be summed up in three words,—"my ould father." But I will forgive her all her faults, if she will only hasten with the precious ones, for the hours have been very long since I saw them this morning. I declare it is worth a day's toil to have a peep at them when I come home, wife. I hope that I am not too proud of the treasures, though. When I am most tired and puzzled with business, I have but to think of Lily's bright eyes and Jamie's lisping efforts to speak, and all goes right with me again. What with the

thought of them, and of you too, dear wife (*laying his hand affectionately upon her shoulder*), I do believe that I am the happiest man in creation. But the children, where are they?

(*Enter* Bridget, *sobbing and breathless*.)

Bridget. Ma'am, the childer's gone!

Mrs. Manly (*quite composedly*). Well, Bridget, they cannot be far off; go and bring them. They may be at Mrs. Smith's or Mrs. Brown's; be quick, for we are waiting.

Bridget (*still sobbing*). I've been to both, ma'am, and they say they have not been there to-day, but they saw them playing in the court this morning, and if they're not in there, that they must have strayed out after the souldiers. I was sure that some evil would come over them to-day, Mr. Manly, your honor, for I could not slape for dhraming of them last night. My ould father used—

Mr. Manly. Hush, Bridget! This really looks serious, wife. I will go myself after the runaways.

[*Exit* Mr. Manly, *followed by* Bridget.

Mrs. Manly. Well, after all, children are a trouble, from the first minute they enter the world till they fly from the paternal roof to matrimony. Talk of maternal pleasures to the winds! Nobody knows—ah, nobody knows the responsibilities of a mother, until the trial is really undertaken; what patching, what piecing, what lengthening, what shortening of little garments, what anxieties, what tears, what prayers! O children, children, you will be the death of me!

(*Re-enter* Mr. Manly, Bridget, *and* Dick.)

Mr. Manly. Wife, the children are really nowhere to be found; quick, put on your bonnet and look for them at the east end of the town, while I will take the west, Dick the north, and Bridget the south; then should our search prove unsuccessful, and the worst come to the worst, we will send for the Town Crier, and get the neighbors' help.

[*Curtain falls.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—*A company of soldiers come upon the stage in three squads to form a square, and are drilled by the captain. The color-bearer, who must be a singer, steps forward at the captain's command, raises the flag, and sings a song, which has a chorus for the rest of the boys, such as "Rally round the Flag, Boys." The captain has then three cheers given him, the drummers roll their drums, and the soldiers are marched off in squads. As the last man is going off*, Jamie *and* Lily *come from the opposite side and walk across the stage, hurrahing and tossing their hats, and follow the soldiers out, and are thus lost*.

Scene II.—*Enter* Dick *and* Ethiopians. This band must consist of four boys who can play on the bones, banjo or guitar, tambourine, etc. *They are to have songs and jokes of the negro order, according to their capacity, therefore the whole scene is not written in full here. The* Ethiopians *come in one by one, and* Dick *does the honors*.

Dick (*hearing a knocking*). Come in, come in, Cuff, don't be bashful.

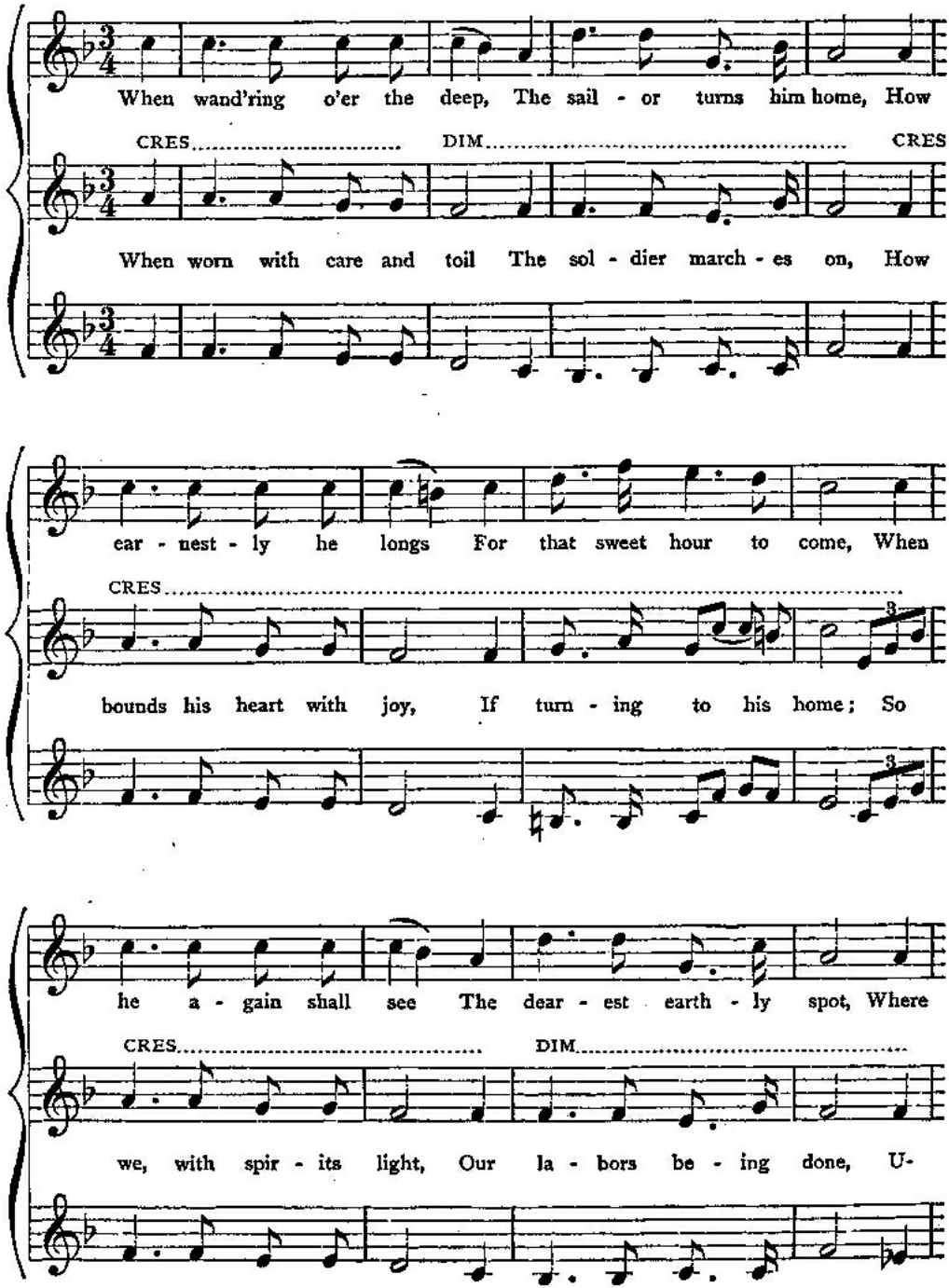
(*They sit looking at one another. Another knock.*)

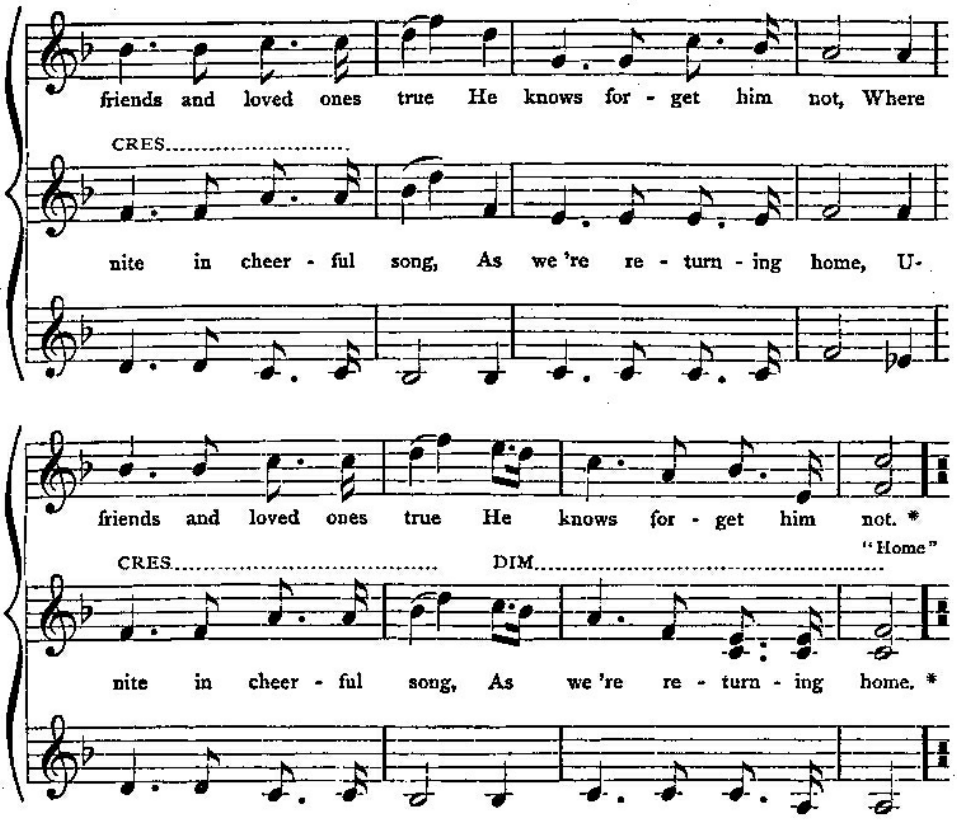
Dick. Dat's Bob. I knows him. How d'ye do, Mr. Johnson. (*As they shake hands, there are two very loud raps.*)

Dick. Welcome, gemmen,—Mr. Scipio and Cæsar. Make yourself at home. We will sit round to de table Mr. Manly lef so sudden. Haw, haw! Dey tink dis boy is gone after de chillun what's lost,—but not so I says. I can't possibly go tell I have a good sing and supper. (*They all gather round the table, etc.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

Trio and Chorus.—"H O M E."


When wand'ring o'er the deep, The sail - or turns him home, How
CRES
DIM
CRES
When worn with care and toil The sol - dier march - es on, How
ear - nest - ly he longs For that sweet hour to come, When
CRES
bounds his heart with joy, If turn - ing to his home; So
he a - gain shall see The dear - est earth - ly spot, Where
CRES
DIM
we, with spir - its light, Our la - bors be - ing done, U-



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* The last part of "Sweet Home" is here introduced.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A retired and silent lane in the neighborhood of the wharves.* LILY, *sitting upon the ground, with* JAMIE *asleep in her lap, sings a lullaby.*

Lily. Poor Jamie. Jamie's tired. Come, mamma.

(*Enter* SAILOR BOY, *whistling, and stumbles over them.*)

Sailor Boy. Hallo! little people, what's in the wind now? I should think that it was bedtime for you both; yes, quite time for you to turn in, for night is coming on, and the skies look mighty murky to leeward. I say,—you had better hoist sail and be gone. Hallo, young ones, where might you live?

Lily. Hush! Jamie's tired.

Sailor Boy. But you must go home now, little people: don't you see how fast the rain is coming down? Tell me where you live, and what might be your names, and I will give you a lift myself, though the captain is a waiting for me. Now what might be your name, I say? (*Stooping over* LILY.)

Lily. My name is Lily.

Sailor Boy. That's only the beginning; what's the end? I shouldn't wonder if she didn't know what her own name is. She's a mighty little creature anyhow to know anything. And what might be t'other one's name? (*Stooping over* JAMIE.)

Lily. Jamie. Jamie's tired. Come, mamma.

Sailor Boy (*despairingly*). Little girl, what is your father's name, then? Can't you tell a body that?

Lily. His name is Papa, and mamma's name is Mamma; they live down yon-der. (*Pointing in the distance.*)

Sailor Boy (*thoughtfully*). What's to be done? Whew, how it rains! 'Tis not in a sailor's nature to leave them here to perish in this lonely place; if I did, I should expect to go to Davy Jones's locker next voyage. Yes, what's to be done? that's a poser. At any rate they sha'n't suffer from cold. (*Takes off his jacket, and lays it over them.*) If Jamie's white face hasn't a look of our baby that's dead at home! (*Pacing up and down as if he were on shipboard.*) Yes, here's a regular blow, a stiff nor'easter. We can't stay here, that's certain; and, if I was to go to look for their where-abouts, the captain would think that I had deserted, and be as mad as blazes; and then again he said he would sail to-night, and he certainly will go when the blow is over; so here goes,—I won't desert the little ones. I know somebody at home that

will be glad enough to have them,—my dear mother, that buried her own little baby. But that's neither here nor there. The captain's a good man, and he'll help me out of this box. Come, little young ones, I'll do my best by you, and carry you to my mother, and run and tell the captain. (*Takes them by the hand, and walks slowly out.*)

SCENE II.—WATCHMAN *walking to and fro in a street. Sings a song. Enter* TOWN CRIER *with a bell. They run against each other.*

Watchman. Past two o'clock! Past two o'clock.

Town Crier. Hallo there! Stop your clatter, and listen to a body.

Watchman. What's the row?

Town Crier. Children lost.

Watchman. Children been lost before to-night.

Town Crier. Know you naught about these?

Watchman. Describe 'em.

Town Crier. Boy and girl; four years old and three years old; had on hat, little aprons, and so forth; strayed away to-day, it is supposed after the soldiers.

Watchman. Never seed the like. Past two o'clock! past two o'clock.

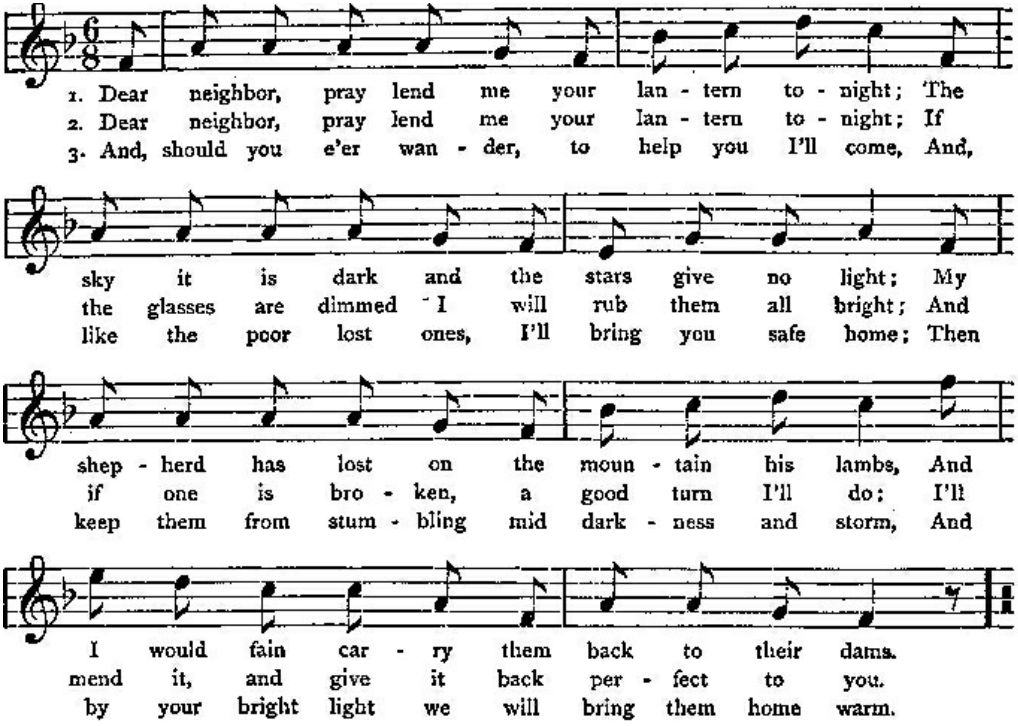
Town Crier. Well, then, it is a gone case, and they must be where some of the folks think they are,—in the water. Hark'ee, old owl, if you should hear tell of anything about the babies, Mr. Manly will reward ye, ye know. (*Going.*)

Watchman. Hold on a bit. Now I come to think on't, Jem Slukes, him as was on guard before me here, *did* tell me that he caught a glimpse of a rather suspicious sight at dusk,—one of the sailor-boys of the Water Witch carrying two little children towards the ship; but as he knows the boy, and knows that he is a clever lad, he thought it was all right, and let him alone; but if you are on that track, my boy, the scent is lost in the water, for the Water Witch put off to sea nigh two hours ago.

Town Crier. Oho, oho! that's something, though; perhaps a quarter of the money.

[*Exit, running.*

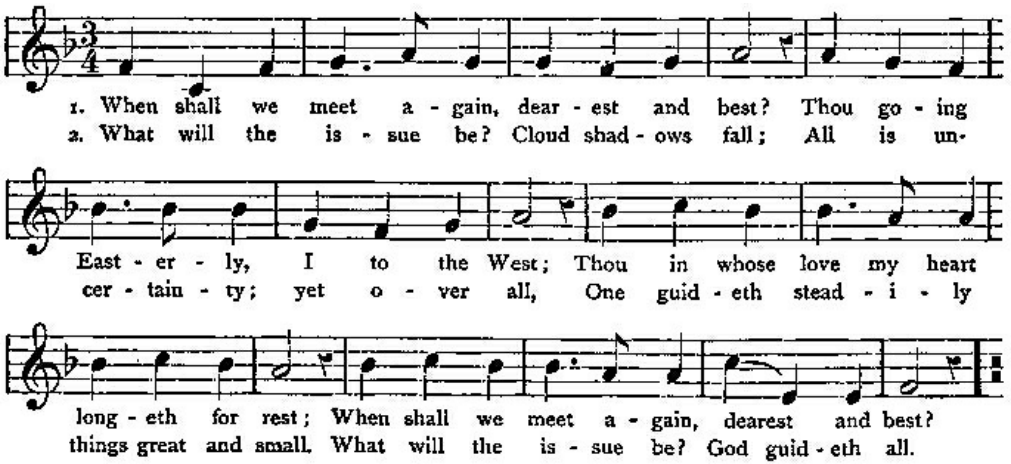
CHORUS.—LANTERN SONG.


1. Dear neighbor, pray lend me your lan - tern to - night; The sky it is dark and the stars give no light; My shep - herd has lost on the moun - tain his lambs, And I would fain car - ry them back to their dams.
2. Dear neighbor, pray lend me your lan - tern to - night; If the glasses are dimmed I will rub them all bright; And if one is bro - ken, a good turn I'll do; I'll mend it, and give it back per - fect to you.
3. And, should you e'er wan - der, to help you I'll come, And, like the poor lost ones, I'll bring you safe home; Then keep them from stum - bling mid dark - ness and storm, And by your bright light we will bring them home warm.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—SAILOR BOY'S *home. Picture of a ship, large shells, &c., lying about.* SAILOR'S MOTHER, *spinning at a wheel, sitting and singing "When shall we meet again?"*

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?



Sailor's Mother. It is of no use. The first evening that Jack leaves me I have to give up to my sorrow. (*She puts the wheel aside.*) What noise is that? (*Listens.*)

(JACK *enters with the two children.*)

Sailor's Mother. Why, Jack, my boy, what has brought you back, and at this time of night? I was just thinking so sadly that I should not see you for many months, and here you are at my side again. What does it mean? and who are these dear little children? How pale and tired they look! Come here, little boy, and rest on my knee, and presently I will make up a bright fire again, and get you some supper; for I know by your looks you are hungry as well as tired. But what is your name? and what is your papa's name? and where do you live?

Lily. My name is Lily, and papa's name is Papa, and mamma's name is Mamma, and I live down yonder.

Jamie. Please, good lady, take us home. We want to sleep in our own little beds.

Sailor Boy. Make them as comfortable as you can, mother, and I will tell you all about it. I was on my way to the ship; and found these poor little ones, wet and cold

and hungry, in Wharf Lane, and it would have been too cruel to have left them there alone; so I ran, as fast as my legs would carry me, down to the boat, and rowed off to the ship, and asked the captain what I should do. He said he must sail at once, while the wind and tide served, but, rather than to have the poor children suffer, he would leave me behind to take care of them,—which I did, and I have brought them to you.

Sailor's Mother. And very glad I am that you did so. And now, my little children, eat some of this nice cake I have for you.

Jamie. I like cake, but I want to go home.

Sailor's Mother. Poor little boy! Can't you amuse him by a dance, while I sing for you? (Jack *dances the sailor's hornpipe, which he whistles, and his mother sings.*) And now, my little dears, will you go to bed? I will make you a nice little bed, and, as soon as you wake, Jack and I will take you home to your papa and mamma.

Scene II.—*A street. Enter* Miss Fitzallen.

Miss Fitzallen. Ah, this early morning air refreshes one delightfully after the heated atmosphere of the ball-room! it is so health-giving, so invigorating!

(*Enter* Mr. Bonville.)

Mr. Bonville. Good morning, Miss Fitzallen; what brings you abroad at this early hour? Ah! I perceive you desire to plant deeper roses in your cheeks (*pointing*) by a breezy promenade; you are politic, you are right, nothing makes conquest so easily as complexion, and *yours*, I must own—

Miss Fitzallen. A truce to your compliments, Mr. Bonville, and tell me (*archly*) is your early walk to benefit your complexion?

Mr. Bonville. Upon my honor, no. I fancy I am irresistible without such aids (*smoothing mustache*). The truth is, I am bored past expression by the monotony of existence, and came hither to escape that old-fashioned invention, sleep. Why, the cattle sleep, Adam and Eve slept, my butler sleeps! O for an original idea to help one along in the hackneyed business of living. Good morning, Miss Fitzallen. (*Looking behind the scenes.*) There seems to be a crowd gathering,—nothing is so vulgar as a crowd. Adieu. (*Going.*)

(*Enter* Town Crier.)

Town Crier. Children lost! children lost! (*He stumbles against* Mr. Bonville, *who brushes his clothes in disgust.*)

Miss Fitzallen and *Mr. Bonville.* What children? Whose children?

Town Crier. Mr. Manly's. Children lost! children lost!

Mr. Bonville. Manly, did you say? My friend Manly? I must go at once; it will be something new, a new-fashioned sensation in life's weary round, to restore lost children to their parents!

Miss Fitzallen. And I too must hasten to dear Mrs. Manly, to see of what assistance I can be to her in her bereavement and distress.

Mr. Bonville. Allow me to accompany you.

(*They walk off arm in arm.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MR. MANLY'S *house*. MRS. MANLY *in a room, distracted with grief*.

Mrs. Manly. My children, my children! has no one seen them, no one heard of them? Are their little heads, that have so often lain upon my bosom, shelterless to-night? are they shivering with cold in some lonely spot? are they hungry and tired and sad? O my children, what would I not give to have you once more within these arms! Perhaps I may never behold you again, never hear the sweet prattle of your lips or the gentle fall of your footsteps. My children! will no one bring to me my children? (*Enter* MR. MANLY.) O, I know that you have come to tell me that they are found, that they are without the door! Stand aside, and let me behold my children.

Mr. Manly (*shaking his head mournfully*). Alas, poor wife! they are not found; make up your mind for the worst. (*Aside.*) How can I tell her what we dread? (*Aloud.*) Our neighbors think that we shall see our little ones no more. We have come to the conclusion that they wandered towards the wharves, and—and—

Mrs. Manly (*frantically*). Merciful Heaven! *they are not drowned!* Only say they are not drowned; Oh! *not* that, *not that*. Oh, no, no, no!

Mr. Manly. Alas, poor wife! I fear it must be so. (MRS. MANLY *sinks down upon a chair, and covering her face with her hands, weeps bitterly*.)

(*Enter* MISS FITZALLEN *and* MR. BONVILLE, *who shake hands with* MR. *and* MRS. MANLY *and retire with handkerchiefs to their eyes*.)

(*Enter* TOWN CRIER.)

Mrs. Manly (*hearing a noise without*). The children!

Town Crier. Alas, ma'am! alas, sir!

Mrs. Manly (*hoarsely*). Are my children drowned?

Town Crier. Worse, ma'am.

Mr. Manly (*holding the* TOWN CRIER *by the collar*). Man, tell me instantly what you know about them, or you shall repent of your tardiness.—But I forget myself: my grief makes a madman of me. (*Gently.*) Will you tell your news, my good man?

Town Crier. 'Tain't much to tell, after all, sir. This is it. About dusk, last evening, a sailor was seen carrying them towards the Water Witch, and about twelve in the night she weighed anchor, and is now far out at sea.

Mrs. Manly (*starting up*). With my children?

Town Crier. Just so, ma'am: and, if I could be allowed to speak *my* mind upon

the subject, I'd have that young sailor hanged, drawn, and quartered,—the youthful villain! I dare say he's got his reasons for carrying them off, but he didn't know at the same time that he'd have to die for it by the law.

Bridget. Die for it! to be sure he will; but that's not half, I hope. My ould father, him as lives in blessed Ireland, used to tell me a story of a boy who was twice kilt for that same thing, because, you know, Misthress Manly, he took *two* children, and once killing was too good for him.

Mr. Manly (*in an excited manner*). Bridget, hush, for Heaven's sake! Wife (*turning to* Mrs. Manly), come, cheer up; while there's life there's hope. I will follow the vessel to her port, and I hope yet to rescue them.

Many voices without. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! They're found! they're found! they're found!

(*Enter* Sailor Boy *and* Mother, *with children, having shells and sea-weed in their hands. The parents rush to the children to embrace them; the* Town Crier *attempts to secure the* Sailor Boy, *and struggles to hold him fast*.)

Sailor Boy. Unhand me, man! unhand me!

Town Crier. Didn't you steal the children, my boy? and didn't you mean to carry them off? and, if you didn't carry them off (*in a low voice*), didn't you mean to get the reward? I tell you what, my boy, if you'll give me *just half* of what you get, I'll not turn evidence against you, and *mum* (*with a knowing wink*) will be the word.

Sailor Boy (*freeing himself from his grasp*). Ay, ay, man, that's a bargain; *just half* of what I take, you shall have.

Town Crier. All's right, then.

Mr. Manly (*coming forward and speaking sternly*). Young lad, *you*, then, are the sailor boy of the Water Witch who wished to kidnap my poor little children. (*To the* Town Crier.) Town Crier, a cord, if you please; such youthful villany it has seldom been my lot to witness. (*Commencing to bind his arms.*)

Lily (*rushing forward between them*). Don't, papa, he's a good sailor boy.

Mrs. Manly. Let this boy or his mother tell their story, good people all. He does not look to *me* like a villain; there is something frank and open about his countenance which scarcely betokens such deep depravity.

Bridget. My ould father—

Mr. Manly. Be quiet, if you please, Bridget; and you, good woman, tell your story.

Sailor's Mother. Jack found them cold and wet in Wharf Lane, and, not

knowing what to do with them, he ran first to the captain, and asked him if he would give him leave to find the children's home. So he brought them to me, and I warmed them up and put them to bed; and a friend of ours told us this morning that there was sorrow and mourning in this house, and so we brought them to you. And so good night, or rather good morning. Master Jamie and Miss Lily, I hope you will come and see old Susan and her son Jack, and get some more pretty shells. (*Going away with* JACK.)

Mr. Manly. Stop, my lad, there's a hundred dollars' reward offered for the recovery of the children. Your mother has made a clear statement, and I believe every word that she says. Here is the money ready for you. (*Offering a purse.*)

Sailor Boy. Not a cent, sir; not a cent. My mother would cry shame upon Jack of the Water Witch, if I as much as *touched* the money.

Mrs. Manly (*advancing, and shaking hands with him*). Noble, generous boy, I knew that I was not mistaken in you. If you will not accept the money, then accept my everlasting thanks; and be assured that many a gift will reach your home from our hands, and that you need not again leave your mother.

Sailor's Mother (*courtesying*). Thanks, my lady.

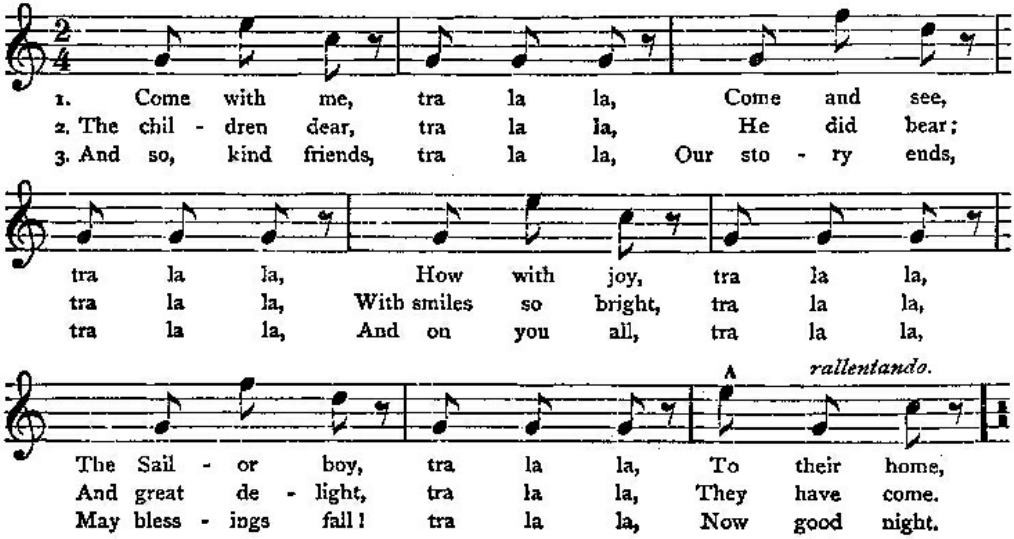
Town Crier. And my share, my lady? I *half* found them, you know.

Bridget (*shaking her fist at him*). O you desaiver you; if my ould father—

Mr. Manly. Bridget, *will* you be quiet? You shall be amply rewarded, my man, and many thanks to you all, good neighbors and friends, for your interest; be assured that we will never forget your kindness while our hearts retain the memory of this night, and *The Lost Children*.

(*Enter* CHORUS OF GIRLS, *who stand behind the actors, and all join in the farewell song, "Come with me."*)

FAREWELL CHORUS SONG.—"COME WITH ME."


1. Come with me, tra la la, Come and see,
2. The chil - dren dear, tra la la, He did bear;
3. And so, kind friends, tra la la, Our sto - ry ends,
tra la la, How with joy, tra la la,
tra la la, With smiles so bright, tra la la,
tra la la, And on you all, tra la la,
rallentando.
The Sail - or boy, tra la la, To their home,
And great de - light, tra la la, They have come.
May bless - ings fall! tra la la, Now good night.

EPILOGUE.

Friends, neighbors, ladies, gentlemen, and all,
We come obedient to your hearty call;
We come to thank you for your patience shown,
And all our stage defects and faults to own.
We know we are not Siddons, Trees, or Kembles;
(Excuse us if our voice a little trembles;)
We know we are not Mowatts, Keans, O'Neills;
Each of our corps his own demerits feels.
To please you was our aim, our genial task,
And if we have, no more we wish or ask.

Caroline Howard Jervey.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

Well, little Red Riding-Hood,
  Pleasant it was to play
In the green fields and the shady wood
  Through a golden summer day.

Wrong, was it, plucking the flowers,
  Watching the redbreast's flight,
All heedless of hurrying hours
  And grandmamma's doleful plight?

Poor little Red Riding-Hood!
  Wolves, and not babies, think;
Sturdier feet than yours have stood
  Careless on ruin's brink.

Buds over the door-sill twined
  Laugh in the breezeless blue;
And wise fear ruffles not the mind
  Of a girl-bud young as you.

Dear little Red Riding-Hood,
  Sorry enough you are!
Grandmamma? O, she is kind and good;
  And you didn't stray so far!

Nevertheless, nevertheless,
  In this tangled world of ours,
The end of wandering none can guess,
  And a wolf may lurk among flowers.

Lucy Larcom.

“UTOPIA.”

"UTOPIA."

Words by EDWARD WIEBÉ
of Springfield, Mass.

GERMAN AIR.

FOR 1 OR 2 VOICES.

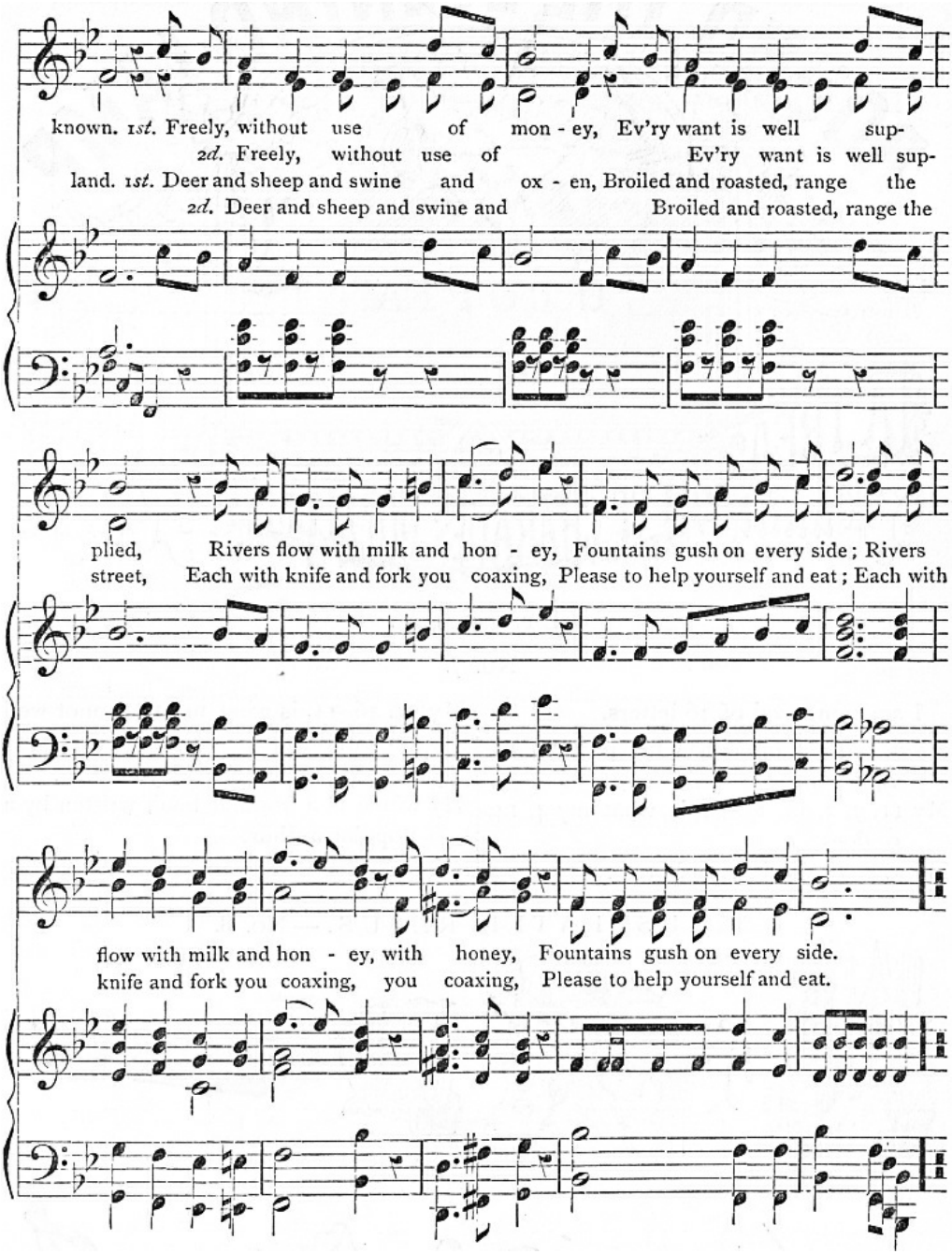
PIANO.

1. Up, a - way! the call is sounding For U - to - pia's dream-land
2. Ev'ry meal you may be wishing Read - y cooked will be at

zone, Joy and pleasure there abound - ing, Pain and sor - row all un-
hand, Turkeys, geese, and ducks and chicken, Roasted walk a - round the

known; Joy and pleasure there abound - ing, Pain and sorrow all un-
land; Turkeys, geese, and ducks and chicken, Roasted walk around the

l. h.


known. 1st. Freely, without use of mon - ey, Ev'ry want is well sup-
2d. Freely, without use of Ev'ry want is well sup-
land. 1st. Deer and sheep and swine and ox - en, Broiled and roasted, range the
2d. Deer and sheep and swine and Broiled and roasted, range the
plied, Rivers flow with milk and hon - ey, Fountains gush on every side; Rivers
street, Each with knife and fork you coaxing, Please to help yourself and eat; Each with
flow with milk and hon - ey, with honey, Fountains gush on every side.
knife and fork you coaxing, you coaxing, Please to help yourself and eat.

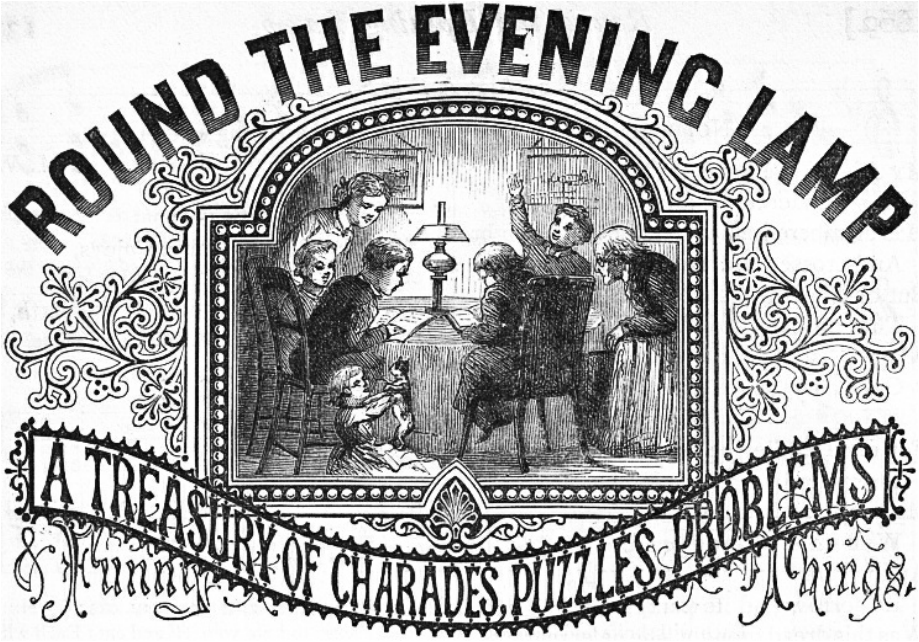
Cake, bread, cross-buns, crackers,—growing,
All the trees profusely yield;
Figs in all the hedges showing,
Ananas in every field;
Then you have no care of picking,
Wish, and to your mouth they come;
Is not that a land worth seeking?
Shall we not make it our home?

4.

Every road by which you travel
Every alley, lane, and street,
Paved with cream-cakes, and for gravel
Sugar bonbons, nice and sweet;
Bridges built with sticks of candy,
Spanning every creek and stream,
While beneath them, nice and handy,
Boiled and fried the fishes swim.

5.

Truly, 'tis a realm enchanted,
Filled with blessings rich and rare,
But to few who seek 'tis granted
To secure a dwelling there.
Without wings none ever found it,
You to get there needs must fly;
For a range of hills surround it,
Three miles wide, of—pumpkin-pie!

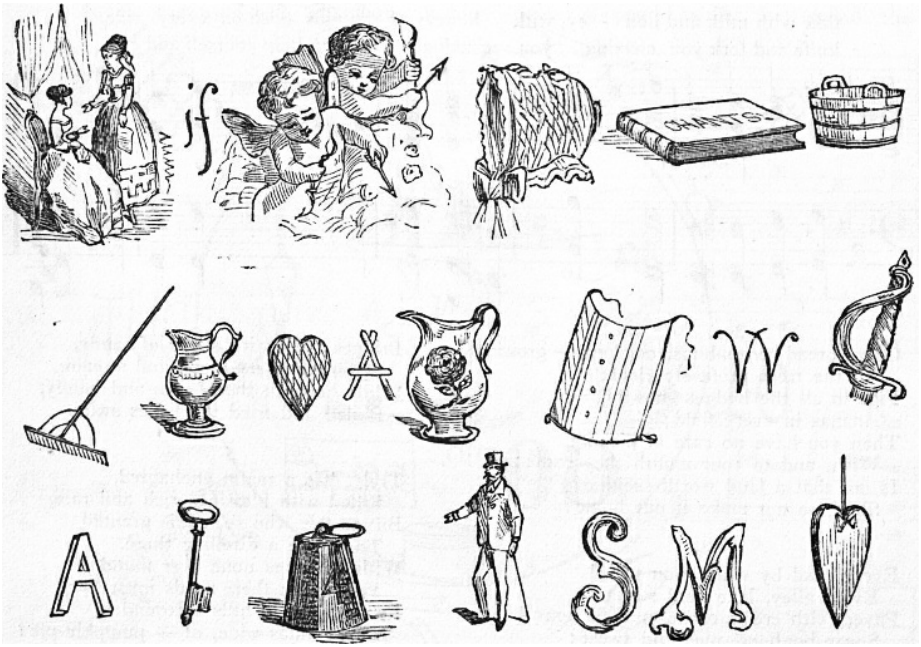


ENIGMA.
No. 7.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 3, 5, 10, 1, often has my 9, 2, 11, 12, 14, 6, on it.
My 11, 7, 3, 12, 13, 14, is what my 4, 14, 9, does.
My 4, 7, 16, is given to horses.
My 14, 16, 14, is what my 10 cannot well do without.
My 8, 5, 13, 14, is beneath your foot.
My whole is a popular book written by a popular author.

XX.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 8.



WILL O.

CHARADES.

No. 9.

My friend, the loyal Isabel,
  Has wandered far and wide,
Has clambered many a mountain's height,
  And crossed the ocean's tide.
But of all scenes, she oft has said,
  That on her vision burst,
Naught had such blessedness to her,
  Or beauty, as my *first*.

For once, while she an exile was
  From her own native land,
My *next* was laid upon her frame
  With an unsparing hand.
Added to all my *second's* blight,
  Its sorrow and its pain,
Was this dread thought, she ne'er might see
  Beloved ones again.

And now our traveller felt my *whole*
  With deep, bewildering power,
And thought herself most desolate
  In that grief-stricken hour.
But, with returning vigor, quite
  Forgot was all the pain,
And soon the roving Isabel
  Was venturing forth again.

A. M. W.

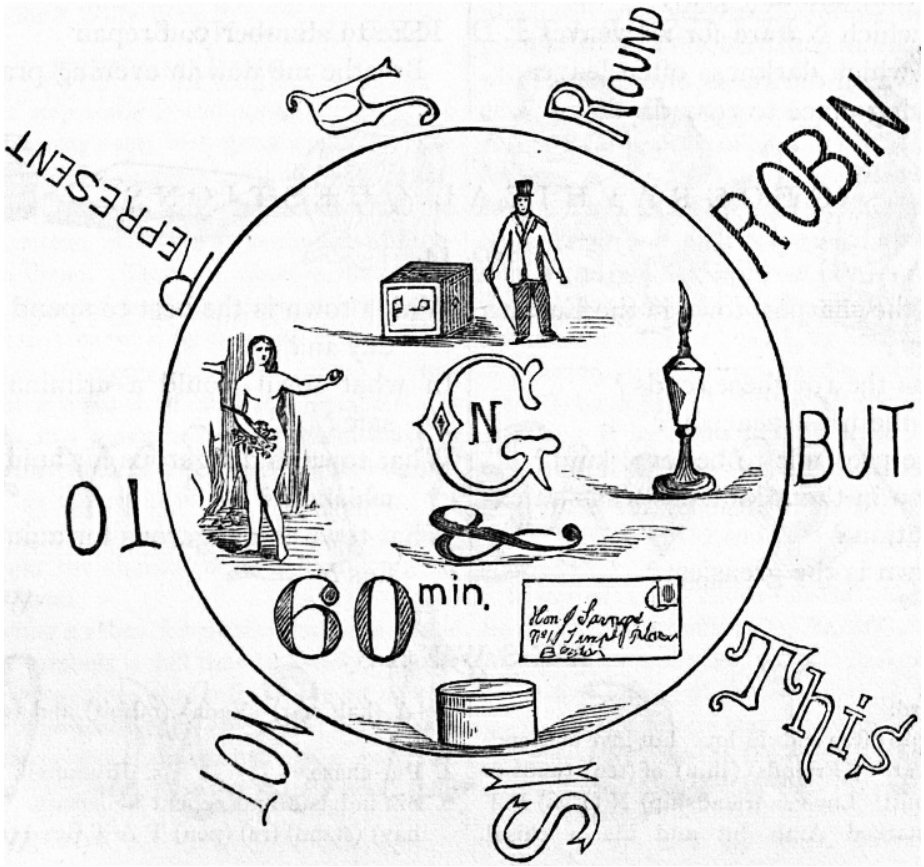
No. 10.

My *first* but insect power enjoys,
Yet takes the lead of clever boys;
My *second* spans and bounds the earth,
Can know no end, is nothing worth;
My *third* is leader of a band,
Yet lies within my hollow hand;
My *fourth* in China city fair,
You stay at home and have it there.

One fourth cut out, I'm winged and fly;
One half cut off, a man am I;
Without my *foot*, a serpent vast;
Without my *head*, a grain at last.

My *whole's* a toy in childhood's hand;
Without me few would leave the land;
I skim the seas from brink to brink,
Sometimes beneath the waves I sink;
While slaves by me have freedom gained,
I'm laden, lashed with ropes, and chained;
Escaped, I'm ruined; saved when found;
Go where I may, I'm always bound.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 11.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 12.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

I press the sod with noiseless feet;
My life is full of voiceless praise,
Of fleeting clouds and sunny days,
Of warbling birds and flowerets sweet.

My life is ever dark and cold,
But few bright, pleasant hours I claim;
Yet there are some who love my name,
And sigh that I must e'er grow old.

CROSS WORDS.

A plaything of the bitter wind;
  The joy of every school-boy's heart,
  A pleasure to allay the smart
Which punished failures leave behind.

A noted tribe of ancient Gaul,
  Which dwelt beside the German Rhine,
  Whose waters in the bright sunshine
With gentlest murmurs rise and fall.

I ne'er grow old; in every age
  My calm, unchanging face is seen,
  Ever as placid and serene
As when first named on printed page.

A veil of thin and airy gray,
  A veil which Nature for us weaves;
  A robe which darkness often leaves
When giving place to rosy day.

Far from my kindred forced to fly,
  In stranger lands a home I seek;
  No old-time friends with me to speak,
And stand beside me when I die.

I smite whate'er is base and mean,
  Although 'tis ancient and revered;
  I seize Oppression by the beard,
And pluck from Vice the shadowy screen.

HERBERT.

No. 13.
FOUNDATION WORDS.

Ye whom I sing are one and yet are two,
We give you love, obedience, honor due.

CROSS WORDS.

Thou thy grateful shade doth spread
O'er the weary pilgrim's head.

Thou with glad prophetic fire
Sangest of the new Messiah.

Search me well and read me true,
Clear the answer you shall view.

Ere to slumber you repair
Breathe me now in evening prayer.

M. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

No. 14.

What is the sharpest town in the Eastern States?
Which has the roughest roads?
Which is the most peaceful?
What lake pretends to be level land?
What town in the Middle States is an exclamation?
Which town is the greasiest?
Which town is the best to spend a Saturday in?
In what town would a criminal be unsafe?
What town is dangerous for animals with whiskers?
What town is dangerous for animals with fins?

W. S. J.

ANSWERS.

1. Way-ward.

2. Friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never. [(Friends) (ship) of (ten) (ends *in* Love) (butt) (Love *in* friendship) N (Eve) R.]

3. A half-starved Arab bit and ate a chisel. [A (half-star) (Veda) (rabbit) and (eight H's) L.]

4. Pur-chase.

5. Brummell.

6. Sin in haste and repent at leisure. [(S inn *in* hay) (stand) (re) (pen) T A T (less) (ewer).]

OUR LETTER BOX

Here is an article on Rebus-Making, by "Willy Wisp," which we do not like to have crowded out another month, and so make room for it in "Our Letter Box." Those of our readers who try for the prizes offered in the January number may be aided by it in the construction of rebuses.

One word to the competitors for those prizes. Do not make your rebuses too long. When we see one that would fill up half or two thirds of a page, we know that we cannot use it without leaving out much else that we wish to print; and so, however good it may otherwise be, its length may prevent its publication.

If the subject is a quotation from some well-known writer, or a familiar phrase or proverb (and one of these is generally preferable), be sure to use the exact words. The point of a rebus or enigma is often lost by a failure in this respect.

But now for "Willy Wisp."

REBUS-MAKING.

The first step towards composing a good rebus is to provide one's self with good symbols. For this purpose, take a common spelling-book, examine the words page by page to see what can be used to advantage, making a memorandum of them as they are found. Thus we observe that *taper* may be represented by tapir; *pique*, by the peak of a mountain; *capsize*, by caps and eyes; *links*, by the detached pieces of a chain, or by a lynx, etc. When a number of available symbols are collected in

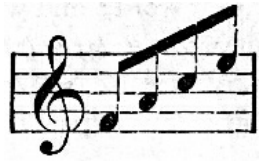
this manner, some of them may be linked together to form a sentence, either original or chosen, as the rebus-maker may please. Of course, the greater the number of symbols collected, the better the chances of constructing a good rebus from them.

In preparing a rebus for publication, it is better to draw the symbols in full than to merely indicate them by writing, since the author may hit upon a manner of representing an object which will render his efforts more acceptable. For instance, should you in a written rebus merely spell *isinglass* (eyes *in* glass), the editor would perhaps think that there was no way to represent *glass* plainly enough, and discard the rebus in consequence; whereas, by drawing a window-pane and a tumbler together, and placing an eye in each, you at least would add to the chances of its acceptance.

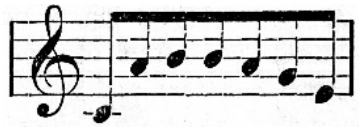
There seem to be five ways of representing words in rebuses, namely: 1, by the sound of symbols; 2, by the orthography of symbols; 3, by the use of symbols whose sounds are the same as the sounds of the alphabetical names of the spelling letters; 4, by the direct indication of letters, as in music; and, 5, by the use of letters as symbols of their alphabetical names.

If you are going, for instance, to represent *cupboard* by the (1) sound of symbols, you may draw a young bear, and next to him a bird (cub-bird), which will sufficiently well indicate the approved pronunciation of the word in question. But if you wish to represent its (2) orthography, you may draw a cup and a board (cup-board). To make your puzzle a little blinder, you may, instead of drawing a cup, spell (3) it by drawing a sea, a ewe, and a pea (sea-ewe-pea). This latter method of representation might be styled the baby-method, though the rebus-maker need not despise it, for all that. The following letters are representable in this manner: B by a bee; C by a sea; I by an eye of a person, animal, dress, needle, potato, peacock, etc.; J by a jay; L by an ell of a house or a measure; P by a pea; Q by a cue; T by some tea; and U by a ewe or yew. Sometimes more than one letter is represented by one symbol, as A-T represented by 80; I-V, by ivy; F-I-G, by effigy, etc.

Many of Our-Young-Folks readers already know that the syllables *Do*, *Re*, *Mi*, *Fa*, *Sol*, *La*, *Si*, in the natural scale, are also designated by the seven first letters of the alphabet, C, D, E, F, G, A, B. These letters may therefore be represented in rebuses by notes on the musical staff. The four spaces in the G-clef staff thus (4) spell FACE:



The longest word the writer at present thinks of that can be represented in this manner, is this:—



Perchance a longer one may be found by some longer head.

To illustrate the use of the sounds of the alphabetical names of letters in rebuses, we will suppose Ellen says to Elsie, "I am braiding, sister"; and Elsie, looking up at the other, replies (5), "I C U R, L N." In this manner, *elder-blow-tea* may be spelled in four letters, L O O T; so also may *excellency*, X L N C. The following puzzle really belongs to the rebus family:—

If the B m t, put: if the B. putting:

The letters that may be used in this manner are B for *be*, *bee*; C for *see*, *sea*; G for *gee*; I for *eye*; J for *jay*; L for *ell*; O for *owe*; P for *pea*; Q for *cue*; R for *are*; T for *tea*; U for *you*, *ewe*, *yew*; C C for *seize*, *cease*; E E for *ease*; K K for *case*; L L for *else*; T T for *tease*; U U for *use*; A A A A for *forays*; B B B B for *for bees*; E E E E E E E E for *a tease*; etc. So X may stand for *ex*; *accuse* may be represented AC-Q Q, etc., etc.

No one is expected to limit himself to any one of these five methods in making a rebus: one may employ two or more, as circumstances may require. A very common way of representing *the*, for instance, is to represent the *t* by the "baby" method (tea), and *he* by the second method, since we do not here read the sound of the pronoun *he*, but its orthography.

Which of the five methods of representation is the best it would be difficult to decide. The first seems to afford the greatest scope for invention; the second is the most accurate; while the other methods, though simple, are nevertheless all needed in their place, as assistants in blinding, or in covering up bare spaces, if for no better purpose.

Without presuming to set himself up as authority on the subject, the writer will

now point out what in his opinion is lawful and allowable in rebus-making, and what, on the other hand, should be avoided.

The prepositions, or parts of words, *in*, *on*, *over*, *o'er*, *above*, *upon*, *under*, *beneath*, *below*, are easily represented by the relative position of two or more symbols. Thus, *the* drawn in a grate may stand for "the *ingrate*"; OP *in* EYE *on* S may stand for *opinions*; M *in* D by its orthography may stand for *mind*; a bee on a net may stand for *bonnet*; H *over* S, for *hovers*; D *o'er* S, for *doors*, and so on; although it should be borne in mind that the use of *letters* in illustrated rebuses is to be avoided as much as possible, except where they can be introduced in some original and ingenious manner. Perhaps some inventive brain might also represent, in a manner sufficiently plain, the prepositions *behind* and *before*.

The present tense, and present and past participles of a verb, with their subject, may be represented by some action taking, or having taken, place in the picture. Thus, S personified, with tears in its eyes, may stand for *sweeps* (S *weeps*), or for *sweeping* (S *weeping*); but it can not properly stand for *sweep* (S *weep*); and all such inaccuracies the rebus-maker should be careful to steer clear of. We want as good grammar in a rebus as in sermons or conversation. An illustration of the use of the past participle may be found in drawing a plank with A represented in holes in it, an auger standing in one at the lower end of the letter. A *bored* thus stands for *aboard*. Without the subject the present participle can very aptly be represented, and the past participle with more or less difficulty. A person swimming may stand for *swimming*; one or more rowing may stand for *rowing*, and so on; while a partridge slung up in a snare may stand for *caught*. The present tense used in this manner would be, I fear, too obscure.

An object may stand for its name simply, or for this and the indefinite article also; as a gate may represent itself, *gate*, or the precious stone, *agate* (a gate). A symbol is more generally understood, however, to stand for the name, exclusive of the article.

A boy broken into the ice for *in*, another lying flat on the ground for *down*, a horse lying in the hills for *cast*, a man without arms for *armless*, and other similar representations, are allowable in proportion as they are judiciously introduced and skilfully drawn.

The same letter sound between syllables may now and then be doubled to represent a single letter sound, as *imp-pet-us* for *impetus*, *monk-key* for *monkey*. But we should guard against excess in these things, and *cat-tail-log* for *catalogue* would doubtless be too much doubled for approval. A single letter-sound may also, in rare cases, represent a double one (in reality single), as *cur-ant* for *currant*. But

one-S would not answer for *oneness*, where the *n* sound is actually doubled in pronunciation.

With regard to running into each other the words represented by symbols, no rule can be definitely laid down. The license of the inventor, here, must depend entirely upon his skill.

It is a common practice to make 50 stand for L, 5 for V, etc. Is this justifiable? If L stands for 50, does it follow that 50 must stand for L? We define a horse a quadruped, but do we define a quadruped a horse?

The use of the sign minus (—) to take away a letter from a symbolized word is certainly allowable, although its frequent use should be avoided.

The aspirate *h*, when not silent, should not, in the use of a symbol, be considered so. *Hand* for *and*, *hive* for *ive*, are not sufficiently accurate.

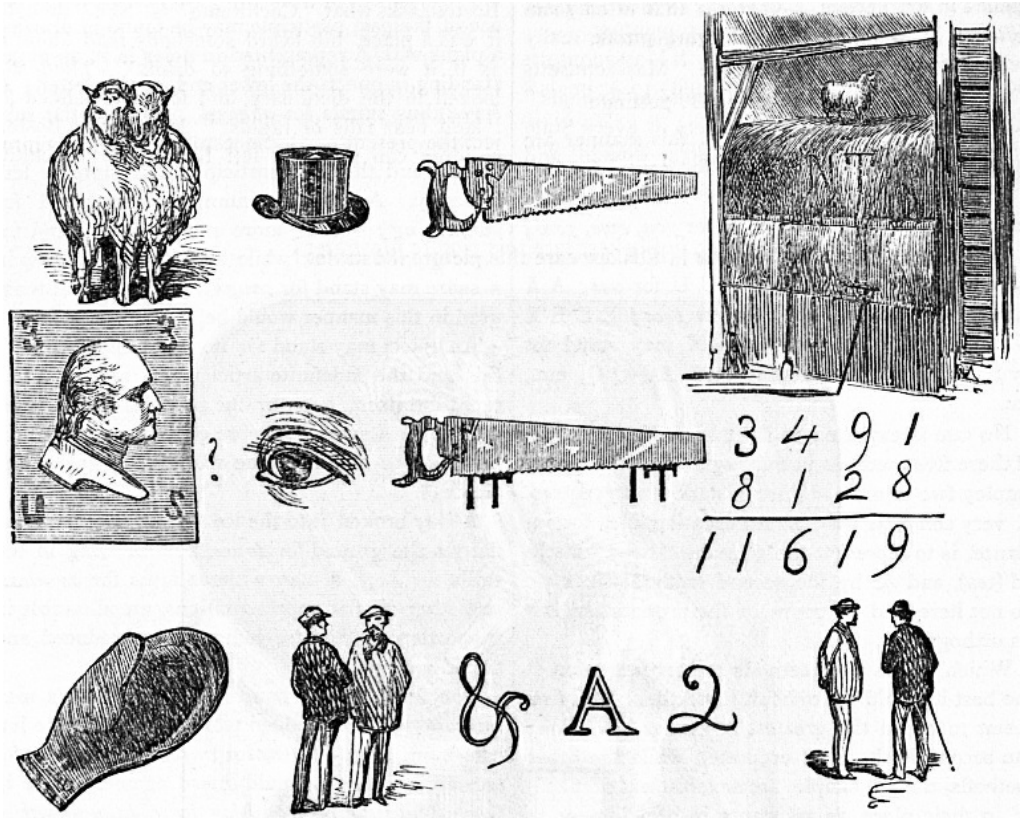
Long *o* before *r* may sometimes stand for *o* in *or*; but long *a* for short *a*, as *hay-pen* for *happen*, and long *e* for *e* in *er*, as *ten-deer* for *tender*, can scarcely be deemed admissible.

We are at liberty to represent either the full or obscure sound of unaccented syllables.

Circumstances, however trifling, alter cases; and while a *saw* is not specific enough to stand for *tool*, a saw and plane and hammer may very well stand for the plural of that word; and while we should not use, in the phrase *a hale, able man*, the symbols *hay*, *label*, we may use *sill-label* to express *syllable*, where the *able* is a part of the word and less prominent.

In fine, the above remarks must be looked upon more as general guides than as infallible rules. What is ingenious and pleasing, if not too far-fetched, will be praised in spite of canons of criticism. *Tall curs* for *talkers*, and other such happy devices, though they violate all rules, are by no means to be frowned upon, but are to be rather gladly welcomed under the head of, not the poet's, here, but the rebus-maker's license.

And here is a rebus which has two puzzling places in it. The answer may be found in next month's "Letter Box."



Gypsy inquires for some "good subjects for private tableaux"; also, "how a little girl who is apt to be late at breakfast can get herself up in the morning." Early risers, come to her aid!

Richard G. says:—

"I wish to know if you don't think it hard that the law will not permit you to throw snowballs in the street,—the best kind of sport for a boy."

Yes, if we were boys, we should no doubt think so. But, being grown up, we know of something harder,—to be hit by a chance snowball when in a very unplayful mood. And the owners of houses and stores would doubtless think it harder still to see these white missiles coming through their expensive plate-glass windows. Snowballing is a merry and healthful sport, but it requires an open field and fair play.

We have often wondered, when we have seen children sliding down steep city or village streets, covered so temptingly with snow and ice, whether they think how difficult it is for passers-by to get out of the way of their sleds in season to escape

injury, and how dangerous the sidewalks are thus made for aged persons and invalids who must pass over them.

We do not believe that many children are so selfish as willingly to amuse themselves by making other persons uncomfortable. But is not thoughtlessness one form of selfishness? Think about it, boys and girls.

There is one paper printed in Boston which every boy in the country should read. It is called "Our Dumb Animals," and is published at No. 46 Washington Street. Its motto is:—

"*We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves*";

and it purposes to call attention to the cruelties heedlessly or intentionally practised upon the creatures we call brutes,—creatures that often seem so much more human than their tormentors.

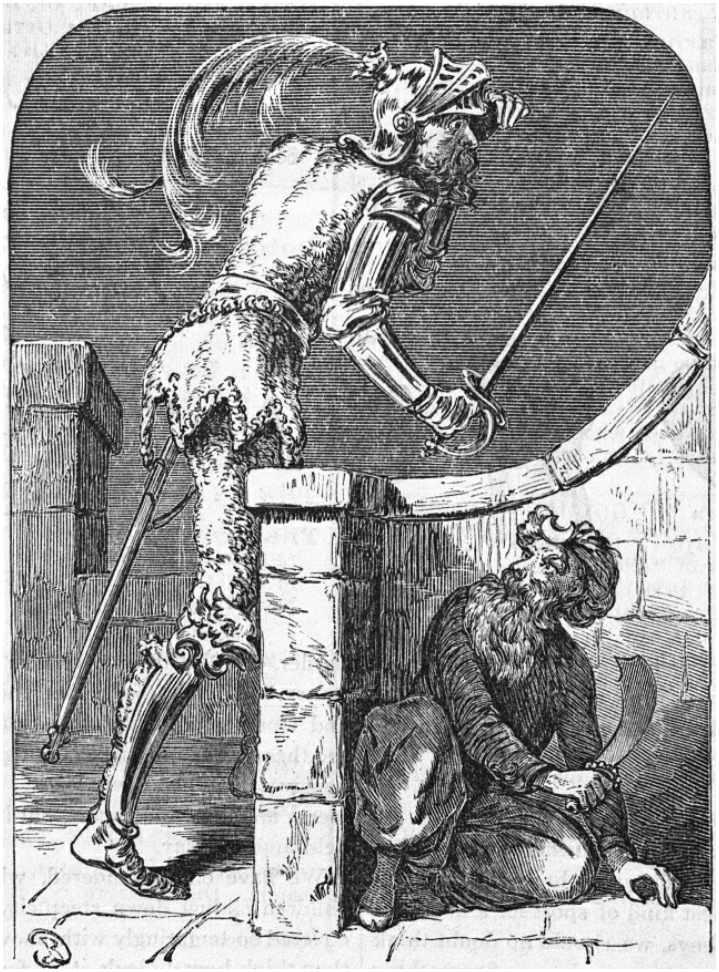
This paper is published by the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." We wish there were such a society in every State in the Union, and that every man, woman, and child in each State belonged to it.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Queer Little People,"—a book all about animals (and a very delightful book it is),—tells of a little girl who rescued a half-drowned kitten from some cruel boys who were amusing themselves by prolonging its death-struggles, and resolutely held it under water until it was out of misery; and of a small boy who saved another kitten from some worrying dogs, almost at the risk of his own life. Here were a true hero and heroine. No really noble boy or girl will see a weaker creature suffer, without an effort for its relief, at whatever personal risk.

Lulu and Frank want to know how "Yard Sheep" and "Prison Bar," mentioned by some writer in a former number of "Our Young Folks," are played. Can any one tell them?

A little girl, who lives at a long distance from Boston, asks what "Cochituate" is. She "thought it was a place, but heard somebody read about it as if it were something to drink." Then she looked in the dictionary, and found it defined as "land near falls or rapids." How many Boston children can give the full history of "Cochituate"?

Who can tell us what passage in Shakespeare this picture illustrates?



TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

Illustrations have been relocated due to using a non-page layout.

Some photographs have been enhanced to be more legible.

The text version of this e-book has the music transcribed; see one of the html-based versions for images of the music.

[The end of *Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Volume 5, Issue 2* edited by John Townsend Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom]