# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

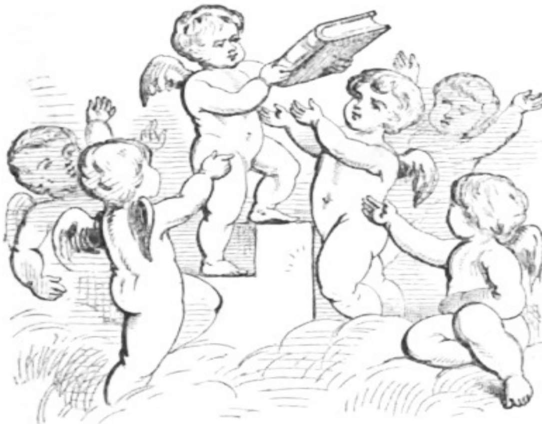
FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

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

VOL. I.



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# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## *An Illustrated Magazine*

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Vol. I. SEPTEMBER, 1865. No. IX.

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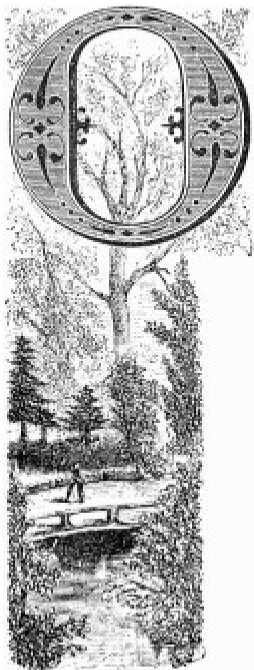
**[This table of contents is added for convenience.—Transcriber.]**

THE LIGHTS ON THE BRIDGE.
APOLOGIZING.
MARGERY GREY.
THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING.
FARMING FOR BOYS.
THE SWALLOW.
LESSONS IN MAGIC.
WINNING HIS WAY.
A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO MY LITTLE PALE-FACED FRIENDS.
HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.
AUNT ESTHER’S RULES.
AMONG THE STUDIOS.
STARS AT BED-TIME.
THE BOY OF CHANCELLORVILLE.
ROUND THE EVENING LAMP

# THE LIGHTS ON THE BRIDGE.



Over the bridge they passed slowly in the darkness, one after another, the clear lights, red, golden, or white as moonbeams, each drawing after it across the waters a shadowy glory, softer than itself, yet almost as bright.

"The stars are sailing over," said a child at a window.

Then the mother explained that they were the cars, filled with weary people leaving the great city, laden with purchases, worn and foot-sore with the business of the day, but going home to rest beyond the dim, silent waters of the Charles; some to the shadows of the graceful Cambridge elms, some to the roads that wind about lovely Mount Auburn, and some to calm homesteads among the fields beyond; and that thus every light was indeed a star, glowing and twinkling with the thoughts of home that blossomed from within.

Afterward the mother spoke of another river, darker and more silent than the Charles, over which souls were constantly passing to the unknown country beyond. She told how, from this side of the stream, the dear familiar lights were anxiously watched as they faded in the dimness of the Far-away; and how the beautiful souls left on that gloomy river, as they glided out of sight, a glow far lovelier than that of stars on a midnight sea. She said that, though we could not look so far, there were many fair mansions beyond, hidden among the woods and hills, and beside the softly flowing rivers, awaiting the tired travellers who knew and felt that earth was no home for them,—mansions in which every one would find just the welcome he longed for, and just the rest he needed. And she bade the little one remember that those who kept the brightness of a loving and heaven-like life in their souls need no more dread to die, than the weary stranger in the city need dread returning to his quiet country fireside, since by the light of their own holy thoughts they would see the homeward way.

"And so," whispered the child, "the beautiful souls are really stars sailing over to heaven."

*Lucy Larcom.*

# APOLOGIZING.

The Academy boys were not bad, as boys go. They were not profane nor mean, as a general thing. They did not lie nor steal. They were just such boys as you, young folks, are. But then, you know, all boys have more or less of the savage still clinging to them. This is not anything very bad, for do we not often speak of the "noble savage"? But Dr. Alcott's boys were a little more wild-Indian-like than usual one afternoon, because they were out on a tramp and frolic to the Mayne Woods; and just as they trooped through the lane Farmer Pennell came along riding on his old white mare,—a sorry beast. Her whiteness was weather-worn and time-worn into a gray that was yet hardly venerable. Her ribs were uncommonly numerous and very prominent. Her—what do you call it, shoulder-blades?—stuck up like the pommel of a saddle. Then she had no tail to speak of, but if you *should* speak of it you would call it a "bob-tail." As a graceful variation of the straight line in which she usually carried her neck, she would occasionally give her head a huge upward toss and shake, then drop it near to the ground, and then resume the placid straight line again. Also, she had the spring-halt. She would draw up one of her legs almost close to her body, and set it down cautiously every time she started; wherefore it took her a long time to start, and she was not swift even after she had started. So when she came down the lane bearing Farmer Pennell, with a gentle but jarring trot, no saddle or bridle, but a fragmentary wagon harness dangling and dragging from her sides,—why, it was a little comical, to be sure, and nobody could have been blamed for a quiet remark or two, or even a side laugh. But such expression did not at all satisfy the Academy boys. You would have thought it a sight the most ridiculous that was ever seen. They laughed and shouted and held their sides.

"It's a Guv-ment steed!" roared little Dick Acres. "It's General Grant's favor-ite 'oss!"

"'Vance-guard of Kilpatrick's cavalry going on a *rad* to Byington." That was Joe Fillo, who was too lazy to find out whether r-a-i-d spelt one thing or another.

"Going at 2-40, going, going, gone," cried Frank Halston. And so they amused themselves till horse and rider were out of sight and out of mind, and a squirrel or a woodchuck's hole aroused their interest anew. After a merry afternoon they went home to supper as hungry and noisy and uproarious as the little savages they were.

But next morning a message came to Mr. Joseph Fillo, Mr. Edward Cushlee, and Mr. Frank Halston, that Dr. Alcott wished to see them in his study. The three held a hurried consultation at the foot of the stairs, for it was no laughing matter to be

summoned to an official interview. "What's the row?" queried Edward.

"Rows enough," answered Joe, "if a fellow comes to reckon 'em up, but which pertikler one do you suppose he's got scent of?"

"It's the circus, most likely," said Frank. "I believe I shall own up right off."

"And more fool you," cried Joe pettishly. "What do you want to souse head first into a stew for? P'r'aps 'tisn't that. Lay low, can't you? Time enough to speak when you're spoken to." And without coming to any unanimous agreement, the trio proceeded somewhat tremulously into the august presence of Dr. Alcott.

"So, young gentlemen," he said when the salutations were over, for Dr. Alcott was always courteous to his boys, "I hear that you have been rather strenuous in your attentions to my friend Mr. Pennell." My friend Mr. Pennell! They stared in unaffected astonishment, and some little explanation was necessary to recall to their minds the incident of the afternoon before.

"O, is *that* all?" spoke Frank abruptly, quite thrown off his guard, "I thought—"

"What?" said the Doctor, pleasantly, as Frank hesitated.

"Well," replied Frank, confusedly, blushing and twirling his thumbs, "I did not know but—"

"Nor did I know either. But I think you will do well to tell me the whole story"; and, with those pleasant, yet determined and searching eyes fastened upon him, Frank did tell the whole story of an afternoon's escapade, a fortnight before, to a wandering circus; and honestly confessed they did not ask leave, because they thought it would not be granted. "But we ran for luck, sir," he said earnestly; "we shyed off a little, but we took the risk. We didn't mean to lie about it anyhow."

"I rather think I do not need to be assured of that," said the Doctor, with a warmth of confidence that made their young hearts glow, and that would have amply atoned for far severer scoldings and penances than their good-natured master ever administered. "But you must make an apology to Mr. Pennell," he said, emphatically, after having set before them the true character of their behavior.

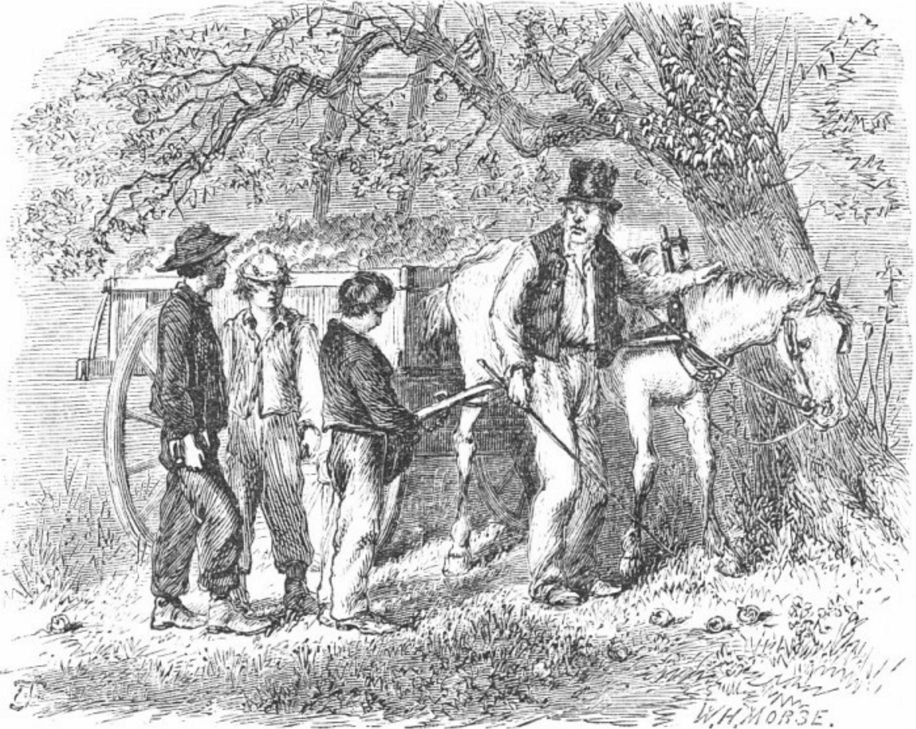
"Yes, sir," they answered, charmed to be let off so easily.

"Such an apology as shall satisfy him, and not be mere words to shield yourselves from punishment. Such an apology as shall restore a gentleman's self-respect when he has unwittingly been guilty of a gross breach of propriety."

"Yes, sir," they responded again, swallowing the implied rebuke, but sweetening it with the implied characterization.

"I select you three as the oldest boys of the group. But I wish you to bear also the apologies of the others. If you find after investigation that there are any who refuse heartily and sincerely to apologize, send them to me."

Possibly the other boys were very slightly influenced by this alternative, but certainly they all gave in their adhesion to the apology, and when school was over, the three boys started across the fields, the nearest way to Farmer Pennell's. They found him gathering cider-apples in his orchard.




"Good morning, Mr. Pennell," began Frank, and cleared his throat for action.

"Good art-noon," responded Mr. Pennell, with a sly twinkle in his roguish old eyes.

"O, afternoon I mean, of course," said Frank, blushing and laughing at this betrayal of his uneasiness; "but you know what we've come for, Mr. Pennell. We're a set of scamps, that's what we are; but we didn't mean anything only fun, and now won't you forgive us?"

"Master's been aroun', eh?"

"Well, yes,"—hesitated Frank.

"But we think it's mighty mean our own selves," said Edward, quickly; "only it *was* funny," he added, dismayed to find himself ready to laugh again at the remembrance.

"O, wall, I'll forgive you quick enough," said the placid old man, "jes' liv as not.

’Taint no matter. Only ’taint a good way for young gentlemen to be brought up, to fling out at an old fellow if he aint quite so handsome.”

“That’s so!” cried Joe, enthusiastically, for him. “It’s worse’n that. It’s right up and down low,—handsome or no handsome. And if you catch me doing it again, you may roast me and spit me and eat me. That’s all.”

“That’s enough,” said Mr. Pennell, laughing. “What’s the good of goin’ into fits if you have got out o’ kilter once in a way? An’ ’taint me, arter all, that’s the trouble. I don’t mind laughin’ at me. My feelins is tough, but I don’t want nobody to be a pokin’ fun at my hoss. Now that air hoss,” said he, approaching and patting her ridged sides admiringly, as the patient creature stood waiting to draw the full cart to the barn,—“that air mare, she’s a good creeter. She aint quite so spry as some, mebbe,—a little stiff in the jints, and not so handsome as she was when I first knowed her nigh thirty years ago. But she’s a trusty creeter, and she’s got a sight o’ wear in her yet. She knows me like a book, and all the roads round in this country, sir, like you know your alphabet. I was comin’ home in a snow-storm once so thick you couldn’t see your hand afore you, and I got sort o’ bewildered like, and didn’t know where I was no more’n the dead, and she wouldn’t go this way and would go that, till I finally give up and let her have her own head, and she never took a back track, but brought up at the stable-door. She aint a gay beast, but I don’t want nobody naggin’ at her. Come, jump on, an’ go up and have some cider.”

Nothing loath, the boys climbed up the sides of the rickety old cart, and found precarious footing and hand-ing somewhere on its jutting timbers, and I suppose they would rather have hung on by their elbows than have walked; and Farmer Pennell cracked his whip, which old Dobbin did not mind at all, for she knew it would not hit her, and if it did, her hide was like leather, and it would not hurt her; so, undisturbed, she drew the creaking cart and the merry boys up the irregular hill, jouncing and jolting to their hearts’ content. Then the boys leaped out and rushed to the cider-press, helped clean the nuts and screw down the pomace, but did most execution of all in sucking the cider through straws from the foaming half-hogshead into which it was running, nor did it trouble them the least in the world that it had not been strained. Then Farmer Pennell declared that such hard workers must not go home without their supper, and “mother” was appealed to, who immediately spread them such thick slices of bread with butter and honey as boys love, and wrapped up for them a whole plateful of doughnuts,—in a newspaper, to be sure, but who cares?—besides every pocket stuffed full of great rosy apples, at which the young savages gave a war-whoop of delight, and went home in great good humor with the Pennells, man and beast, and “Don’t you, please, want us to make some more apologies to

somebody, sir?" said Frank, meekly, after having given an account of themselves to Dr. Alcott. Whereat Dr. Alcott pinched his ear, the sauce-box!

*Gail Hamilton.*

# MARGERY GREY.
## A Legend of Vermont.

Fair the cabin-walls were gleaming in the sunbeam's golden glow
On that lovely April morning, near a hundred years ago;
And upon the humble threshold stood the young wife, Margery Grey,
With her fearless blue eyes glancing down the lonely forest way.

In her arms her laughing baby with its father's dark hair played,
As he lingered there beside them leaning on his trusty spade;
"I am going to the wheat-lot," with a smile said Robert Grey;
"Will you be too lonely, Margery, if I leave you all the day?"

Then she smiled a cheerful answer, ere she spoke a single word,
And the tone of her replying was as sweet as song of bird;
"No," she said, "I'll take the baby, and go stay with Annie Brown;
You must meet us there, dear Robert, ere the sun has quite gone down."

Thus they parted. Strong and sturdy all day long he labored on,
Spading up the fertile acres from the stubborn forest won;
And when lengthening shadows warned him that the sun was in the west,
Down the woodland aisles he hastened, whispering, "Now for home and rest!"

But when he had reached the clearing of their friend, a mile away,
Neither wife nor child was waiting there to welcome Robert Grey.
"She is safe at home," said Annie, "or she went an hour ago."
"It is strange I did not meet her," came the answer, quick and low.

Back he sped, but night was falling, and the path he scarce could see;
Here and there his feet were guided onward by some deep-gashed tree;
When at length he gained the cabin, black and desolate it stood,
Cold the hearth, the windows rayless, in the stillest solitude.

With a murmured prayer, a shudder, and a sob of anguish wild,
Back he darted through the forest, calling on his wife and child.
Soon the scattered settlers gathered from the clearings far and near,
And the solemn woods resounded with their voices rising clear.

Torches flared, and fires were kindled, and the horn's long peal rang out,
While the startled echoes answered to the hardy woodman's shout;
But in vain their sad endeavor, night by night, and day by day;
For no sign nor token found they of the child or Margery Grey!

Woe! woe for pretty Margery! With her baby on her arm
On her homeward way she started, fearing nothing that could harm;
With a lip and brow untroubled, and a heart in utter rest,
Through the dim woods she went singing to the darling at her breast.

But in sudden terror pausing, gazed she round in blank dismay,—
Where were all the white-scarred hemlocks pointing out the lonely way?
God of Mercies! She had wandered from the pathway! not a tree,
Giving mute, but kindly warning, could her straining vision see!

Twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars came out on high;
All was silent in the forest save the owl's low, boding cry;
Round about her in the midnight stealthy shadows softly crept,
And the babe upon her bosom closed its timid eyes and slept.

Hark! a shout! and in the distance she could see a torch's gleam;
But alas! she could not reach it, and it vanished like a dream;
Then another shout,—another! but she screamed and sobbed in vain,
Rushing wildly toward the presence she could never, never gain.

Morning came, and with the sunbeams hope and courage rose once more;
Surely ere another nightfall her long wanderings would be o'er;
So she soothed the wailing baby, and when faint from want of food,
Ate the wintergreens and acorns that she found within the wood.

O the days so long and dreary! O the nights more dreary still!
More than once she heard the sounding of the horn from hill to hill;
More than once a smouldering fire in some sheltered nook she found,
And she knew her husband's footprints close beside it on the ground.

Dawned the fourth relentless morning, and the sun's unpitying eye
Looked upon the haggard mother, looked to see the baby die;
All day long its plaintive moanings wrung the heart of Margery Grey,
All night long her bosom cradled it, a pallid thing of clay.

Three days more she bore it with her, on her rough and toilsome way,
Till across its marble beauty stole the plague-spot of decay;
Then she knew that she must leave it in the wilderness to sleep,
Where the prowling wild beasts only watch above its grave should keep.

Dumb with grief she sat beside it. Ah! how long she never knew!
Were the tales her mother taught her of the dear All-Father true,
When the skies were brass above her, and the earth was cold and dim,
And when all her tears and pleadings brought no answer down from Him?

But at last stern Life, the tyrant, bade her take her burden up,—
To her lips so pale and shrunken pressed again the bitter cup;
Up she rose, still tramping onward through the forest far and wide,
Till the May-flowers bloomed and perished, and the sweet June roses died!

Till July and August brought her fruits and berries from their store;
Till the golden-rod and aster said that summer was no more;
Till the maples and the birches donned their robes of green and gold;
Till the birds were hasting southward, and the days were growing cold.

Was she doomed to roam forever o'er the desolated earth,—
She, the last and only being in those wilds of human birth?
Sometimes from her dreary pathway wolf or black bear turned away,
But not once did human presence bless the sight of Margery Grey.

One chill morning in October, when the woods were brown and bare,
Through the streets of ancient Charlestown, with a strange, bewildered air,
Walked a gaunt and pallid woman, whose dishevelled locks of brown
O'er her naked breast and shoulders in the wind were streaming down.

Wondering glances fell upon her; women veiled their modest eyes,
Ere they slowly ventured near her, drawn by pitying surprise.
"'Tis some crazy one," they whispered. Back her tangled hair she tossed,
"O kind hearts, take pity on me, for I am not mad, but lost!"

Then she told her piteous story, in a vague, disjointed way,
And with cold white lips she murmured, “Take me home to Robert Grey!”
“But the river?” said they, pondering. “We are on the eastern side;
How crossed you its rapid waters? Deep the channel is, and wide.”

But she said she had not crossed it. In her strange, erratic course,
She had wandered far to northward, till she reached its fountain source
In the dark Canadian forests,—and then, blindly roaming on,
Down the wild New Hampshire valleys her bewildered feet had gone.

O the joy-bells! sweet their ringing on the frosty summer air!
O the boats across the waters! how they leaped the tale to bear!
O the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October day,
When that weary wife was folded to the heart of Robert Grey!

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

# THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING.

It was the day of a great Sanitary Fair in the town of Norton,—the Fair for which every one had been preparing during the last six months. Mrs. Prince had given all her servants leave of absence for the day, and had promised her little daughter Kate that, if the weather proved favorable, she would lock up the house in the afternoon, and they would go to the Fair together. Now it was one of the bluest, blandest days that ever dawned; there was not a cloud to be seen in all the heavens, and the wind was softer than a whisper; you would never have supposed that it meant mischief, and neither did Kate, who had almost decided upon her purchases, and counted her money every five minutes during the morning. She had just learned to write a little, and, pluming herself somewhat upon the fact, had made out a tiny list of the articles in which she intended to invest; but her spelling being somewhat phonetic, it ran something like this:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Watch-case for father, | so | much. |
| Croshayed matt for mother, | ” | ” |
| For turning the Fat-lady, | ” | ” |
| Grabag, | ” | ” |
| For seeing the old woman who lives in hershu, | ” | ” |
| Iscreem, | ” | ” |

You see there are not many superfluous letters in this list, but don’t laugh at her, because I can remember very distinctly the day when I thought the spelling of “shoe” quite a feat in scholarship.

As it grew near the time for going, Kate grew more and more impatient, so that she put on her nankeen coat and got out her new spring hat,—a hat magnificent in pink ribbons and blonde lace,—and sat down by the window to wait, in an agony of suspense; she looked upward where the sunbeams seemed to splinter themselves against the blue sky, and fall in a shower of gold-dust down through the clear atmosphere, and sift themselves in among the tall grasses; and as she looked, there came up in the east a cloud in the shape of a shell, and it grew and grew, and crept on so quietly, writhing itself into so many fantastic figures, that Kate, watching it now pile itself up like old ruined and battlemented castles, now fall into the forms of Giants and Genii, quite forgot that she had been dreading a cloud all day, and that this was one close at hand, till some drops of rain fell on the window-sill.

“O mother, mother!” she cried, “here’s a cloud coming up!”

“Never mind, Kate,” she answered, “perhaps it’s the cloud with the silver lining.”

“Perhaps so,” said Kate, ruefully; “but it *does* rain, I feel it on my hand. I wish it had come up wrong side out.” And as she spoke the thunder broke overhead, and the rain fell in rivers. Poor Kate’s tears began to flow in concert, but, suddenly remembering that she was only adding to the flood, she dried them quickly, and tried to solace herself with counting her money, for the thousandth time or less, declaring over and over again that it was only a sun-shower, and vainly urging the rain to go away, “and come again another day”; but it seemed just as though the rain had got wind of the Fair, and came down in haste, “to see the folks there”; and the more Kate besought it to postpone its visits, the harder and faster and heavier it poured, as much as to say, “Don’t expect me to turn back, after having come ‘over the hills and far away,’ for this very end; I can’t do it.”

Kate leaned against the window and sighed; it was so dismal sitting at home alone, when she had expected a holiday abroad; and what a tap, tap, tap, the rain kept up; how it seemed to laugh and clap its invisible hands; how it dripped off the points of the leaves in long gray ribands; how it cut up the street into numberless canals, and overflowed the ditches, and leaped down the water-spout in a great white curl, and freshened up the bricks, and vexed the sweet voice of the brook into loud complainings, and yet seemed never tired, but always ready for keener sport. The mud was ankle-deep, Kate knew, and every umbrella fringed with spray, and each passer looked as if he wished he were in some other person’s shoes, his own were so soggy; but the rain evidently thought it all a good joke, and worth being repeated; and now and again it appeared to pause and take breath, merely to go to work again wilder than ever.

“O dear! O dear!” cried Kate, “will it never stop? There’s all my nice time at the Fair thrown away, because of this spiteful rain!” And her eyes wandered towards her new hat, which her mother had allowed to remain on the piano, because to put it back into its bandbox would have seemed like locking Hope up in Pandora’s box again, and leaving all the ills at large.

“I mean to go to the door,” said Kate, “and see if it isn’t bright in the west.”

While she stood in the doorway, with her little pink palms held out, and the rain duly filling them, a small, dark, childish figure advanced timidly, and asked, "Please will you give me something to eat?" She was such a draggled-looking creature, so patched and dripping, so thin and pale, that Kate almost fancied it was some gray rain-cloud, that had taken this guise in order to tease her further; and as she felt quite cross about her own disappointment, she was just going to dismiss her without a crust, when she called to mind, that, when somewhat younger, she ran away one day with Nettie Reed, and they lost their way, and it grew dark, and they wandered about half dead with fear, and it came on to shower, and she longed so for the crisp gingerbread the cook was baking as she came out, and how pleased she was to get home to a nice supper and blazing hearth; and remembering all this, she escorted the beggar-child in with the courtesy of a princess, seated her before the kitchen fire, which still trembled in a faint flame, and, her sympathies being now fairly enlisted, piled on the wood with her own dainty hands, and hunted up dry shoes and

stockings, while Mrs. Prince filled her basket with generous morsels from the pantry, and set such a repast before her as caused her to wonder, like the old dame who fell asleep on the king's highway, "If this be I, as I do hope it be!"

"How came you out in such a rain?" asked Kate's mother.

"We were so hungry. Mother goes out all day to work, and she locks us in, and I keep house till nine o'clock; but to-day, the bread was all spent, and we ached so, and they cried; and I told the others if they would mind the baby, and not fall out of the window, and not tumble down stairs, and not quarrel, I would go out and see what I could do. And I got out at the window, and—O goodness, I wish Jim and the rest were here!" she added, attacking the food.

"Poor child! And where is your father?" asked Kate's mother.

Tears sprang into the eyes of the little housekeeper; she laid down her knife and fork, hesitated, and hid her head, at last, in a corner of her tattered shawl. "Oh! Oh!" she sobbed, behind her shield, "he went away once to the war, and he's never come back, and mother, she says we'll never see him again,—never, never on earth!" The little creature grew quiet in her grief directly, and added, wiping her eyes, "He wore such a beautiful blue coat when he went, and the buttons were so big and shining, and I liked them so, that he cut one off for me, though mother said, 'No, no, it will spoil it'; but now she's glad, for it's all we have!" And she drew an army button from her bosom, that was attached to a string about her neck, and burnished it beneath her shawl before revealing it to Kate.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Kate, thinking of her own father, and how bitter it would be if she had only an old brass button to remember him by.

The little housekeeper, having despatched her meal, made a movement to go. "The children are a-waiting for me," she said.

Kate whispered to her mother: "There's my blue gingham gown you said I had outgrown, can't I give her that? And—and my old plaid shawl hanging in the garret, isn't it some better than hers?"

Mrs. Prince nodded permission, and Kate ran up heroically into the great dark garret where she was usually a little chary of going; but you should have seen the amazed and sparkling eyes of the little housekeeper when she found the frock and shawl were her own, and heard her pretty embarrassed thanks.

"And, mother," said Kate, twitching her by the skirt, and beckoning her into the next room, "can't I give her the money I was going to spend at the Fair? And shall you mind not to have the crocheted mat I was going to buy you?"

So at length Kate conducted the child to the door, and behold, the sunset painted the west in gold and crimson, and soft pink clouds hovered overhead, and

while she gazed into the shadowy east, a rainbow sprang forth and spanned the gloom; and all the green leaves glowed like clusters of emeralds, and shook off the rain-drops in shining showers.

"O," cried the little housekeeper, "the rainbow! the rainbow! Jim is so glad of the rainbow, I must hurry, for maybe he has forgotten to look out,—for the hunger of him." And she trudged away as fast as her small legs could carry her.

Kate went back into the parlor, and her mother opened an eastern window, and just then a robin, that had been keeping himself dry under the leaves, and was as low-spirited as Kate during the rainy afternoon, hopped upon a slippery twig, plumed himself with a will, and chirruped such a delicious roundelay, that his feathered neighbors, taking the hint, began one and all to swell their little throats, till all the world was one chord of melody.

"What do you think about the cloud and its silver lining?" asked Kate's mother. "Aren't you glad that it rained, after all?"

Kate thought a moment; she thought of the Fate-Lady, and "the old woman who lives in her shoe," the Gypsy Queen, the mysteries of the grabbag, the odor of the decorations of *arbor vitæ*, the delightful murmur of voices and gushes of laughter and all the pleasant things she had heard or anticipated about the Fair; then she came back to the poor children locked in with their gnawing pain, to the little housekeeper in her damp rags, to the father, dead on some far away battle-field, and the old brass button so tenderly hoarded; and do you know, she actually *was* glad it had rained that afternoon! "O, yes, yes," she answered, "I see the silver lining; if we had gone to the Fair, the house would have been locked up, and the little children would have gone hungry till nine o'clock,—what a very kind shower it was!"

And the robin that had first pitched the tune for all the world suddenly lighted on the window-sill, close beside Kate, opened his little mouth, and seemed to set her words to music. And the sky was full of floating glory, as if the clouds had indeed turned into gold and silver.

*Mary N. Prescott.*

# FARMING FOR BOYS.
# VIII.

From this point of observation they moved off to the garden, where they found everything in such nice order that it amazed and delighted Uncle Benny, who did not fail to point out to his pupils all the strong features of its management, comparing them with the miserably neglected condition of their own garden. Every fruit-tree had an old crook-necked squash hung upon it, far out of harm's way, pierced with a hole for a bird's nest. Mr. Allen evidently had a pride in this abundant supply of accommodation for the birds, for, addressing himself to the Spanglers, he called their especial attention to the subject. "Do you see, boys," said he, "how the birds are building in all these squashes? They are my journeymen insect-eaters. Do you know that these birds destroy millions of worms and bugs and millers, which prey on the fruits and flowers of the farm and garden? I could not do without them, as, if I had no birds, I should have no fruit. I have tried it for myself, and it has been tried more extensively in European countries, where they attend to small matters of this kind much more attentively than we do here. Why, Tony, you know what the wire-worm is. Well, in a single department in France that worm has been known to destroy three successive harvests, each worth nearly a million of dollars. In portions of Germany, other insects have destroyed immense forests of large trees. One of the kings of Prussia once ordered all the sparrows killed because they ate his cherries; but two years afterwards he found his cherries and other fruits devoured by caterpillars. It was the same thing in Hungary, when the sparrows were generally destroyed; the insects, having no enemies, multiplied so fast that they consumed so much of the crops that laws were made forbidding the destruction of the birds. We shall have the same ruin here if we allow our small birds to be killed as everybody is now killing them. If we are to do without birds, we must make up our minds to go without fruit. This is the reason why every tree in my garden has its bird's nest. My boys never shoot a bird, not even an owl, for an owl is one of the farmer's best friends,—better than a dozen cats about the barn. He is the sharpest mouse-trap that can be set, because he goes about after the mice, while the trap holds still until the mouse thinks proper to walk in. Even the common buzzard, that every fool shoots when he can, will eat up six thousand field mice annually,—and how much grain would that number consume, or how many apple-trees would they nibble to death? No, no, boys, never kill the birds. Don't even drive them away, but coax them about you in flocks. It

costs more to do without them than to have them."

Most of this was news to the boys, as no one had taken pains to impress them with the value of birds to a farmer, except Uncle Benny, who had occasionally referred to the subject. But what they saw here was a practical lesson that had its effect, for when they went home, not having any squashes at hand, they hunted up a dozen deplorably old boots that had been kicking about Spangler's premises, and nailed them to the trees, thus bringing a new set of shabby things directly within everybody's view. However, it was the best they could do with the meagre means they possessed, and it showed a disposition to imitate good examples. It was found, however, that the birds were not well pleased with the smell of old leather. Though they repeatedly went in and out of the boots, evidently anxious for places in which to build their nests, yet only two or three took possession. Uncle Benny was not sorry, as the great ragged boots, hung where he could not fail to see them, were a constant eyesore to him; and as soon as it was evident the birds refused to build in them, he had them all taken down.

On coming out of the garden, Mr. Allen led them into the open yard in front of his carriage-house and corn-cribs. There was a great flock of pigeons picking up the remains of the noonday feeding which had been thrown to them. The Spanglers were delighted, and examined the pigeons attentively, but could not discover that they were any better than their own. The proprietorship of pigs and pigeons had already produced the good effect of making them observant and critical, thus teaching them to compare one thing with another.

"Now," said Mr. Allen to Uncle Benny, "these all belong to my boys. They began with only two pairs of birds, and you see to what they have grown."

"How many of them do you sell every year?" inquired Tony of the Allens, in a tone too low for the others to hear.

"Thirty dollars' worth of squabs," he answered, "and some seasons a good many pairs of old birds,—besides what we eat up ourselves."

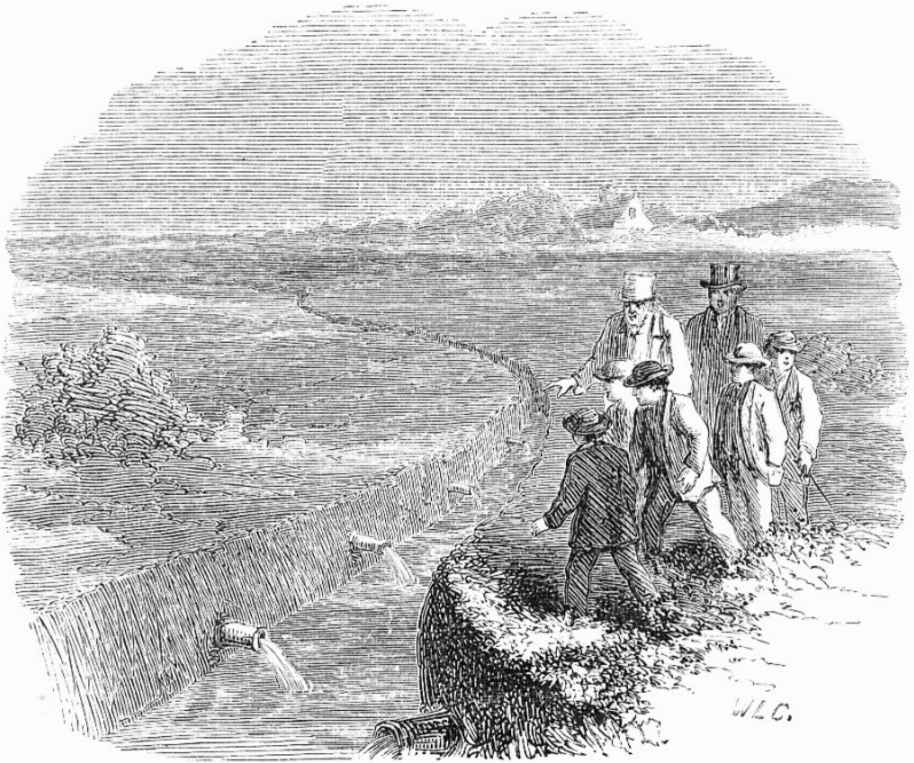
"But who finds the corn?" inquired Tony, bearing in mind the bargain which Spangler had imposed upon them when consenting to his boys procuring pigeons.

"O," said he, "father finds it, but I'll show directly how we pay for it."

In addition to the pigeons there was a large collection of fine poultry, with a dozen broods of different ages, some just hatched out, the little fellows running round the coops in which the mothers were confined. There was also a flock of turkeys moving slowly about, with all the gravity peculiar to that bird. Uncle Benny made up his mind he had never seen a more inviting dinner-party than these would very soon make.

From the poultry-yard they wandered all over the farm. Everything was kept in the nicest order. No unsightly hedgerow of weeds and briers fringed fences, nor was a broken post or rail to be seen. The fencing had been made in the best manner in the first place, and would therefore last a lifetime. The winter grain stood up thick and rank, showing that the ground was in good heart. The corn had been planted, and in fact all the urgent spring work had been done, Mr. Allen having so managed it as to be ahead with whatever he had undertaken. Great piles of manure, with marl intermixed, were scattered about several fields, ready to be used on crops that would be put in at a later day. The springing grass on the mowing ground showed that it had been top-dressed with manure the preceding fall, and that the grass roots had been all winter drinking up the rich juices which the rain and melting snow had extracted and carried down directly into their ever open mouths. Everything about the farm showed marks of its being in the hands of a thorough man, who, in addition to understanding his business, had an eye to neatness, taste, and economy.

Uncle Benny was impressed with the completeness of all that he saw. He called the attention of his pupils to the remarkable difference between the practice of Mr. Allen and Mr. Spangler, stopping repeatedly to explain, and enter into minute particulars. The results were so manifestly superior to any they had witnessed at home, that they did not fail to appreciate them. The old man's effort was to make them understand why it was that results should differ so widely. He told them the soil of the two farms was exactly similar, one farm, naturally, being as good as the other. The difference was altogether in the mode of management. Mr. Allen manufactured all the manure he could, and bought quantities of fertilizers. He sold some hay, because he produced more than he could use, but his straw was all worked up on the farm. He was quite as likely to set fire to his dwelling-house as to burn a pile of corn-stalks. On the other hand, Mr. Spangler took no pains to accumulate manure, neither did he purchase any; but even what he did collect was spoilt by the deluge of rains that carried off all its stimulating juices into the highway. As to selling hay, he had scarcely enough for his own use, while more than once he burnt up a whole crop of corn-stalks. Thus, while one farm was growing richer every year, the other was growing poorer.



Presently they came to a beautiful meadow of at least ten acres, through the centre of which ran a wide ditch, with a lively stream of water in the bottom. As they came up to the bank the Spanglers observed an earthen pipe projecting from the opposite bank, and spouting forth a strong jet of water. Proceeding farther they noticed another, and then another still. In fact they saw them sticking out all along the course of the ditch, about thirty feet apart. Every one of them was discharging more or less water. As they had never seen such things before, Tony inquired what they were.

"These are underdrains," replied Uncle Benny. "You know I showed the other day what surface-drains were,—now you see what underdraining is. Those pipes are called tiles."

"But where does all the water come from that we see pouring out of them?" inquired Joe.

"Come from? Why, it comes from everywhere,—above, below, and around the drains," replied Uncle Benny. "When a rain falls, it soaks its way down through the earth, that is, all that the earth don't require, and finds its way into the underdrains, and then runs off as you see. Then the water which rises from the springs under this

meadow finds its way also into the drains, and is carried off like the surplus rain-water. If it were not for these drains the land would be so water-logged that nothing but wild grasses and aquatic plants would grow on it; but now you see it is yielding the very finest kind of grass. If your father's meadow, now filled with ferns and skunk-root, were drained as this is, it would be quite as productive."

"Quite as good," added Mr. Allen. "This meadow was as foul and worthless as Mr. Spangler's when I began to underdrain. I never spent any money that paid me half as well as the money I have laid out in underdraining. It cost me about three hundred dollars to do this work, but the land is a thousand dollars the better for it,—in fact, it was good for nothing as it lay a few years ago. All the water you see pouring out of these drains was formerly retained in the ground. It is just so much more than the land required. Now it has exactly enough, and it is the difference between enough and too much that converts a meadow into bog, or a bog into a meadow.

"When I was a boy," he continued, "it was on the margin of this long ditch that I made the first attempt at farming for myself. It was a rough place then, Uncle Benny, and I had a hard row to hoe. My crop of horseradish from this ground was the beginning of my success in life. I made only a little money, it is true, but it was a great deal for a boy. I can see now that its value was not in the number of dollars I made, but in the stimulus it gave to my energies. It braced me up, it gave me confidence in my own powers, it taught me not only that I was able to do something for myself, but exactly how to do it. Still, it was very satisfactory to know that I was making money, young as I was. But I have never sought to make money merely for the love of it, but only that it might be used wisely and generously,—the only way in which it can be profitably expended.

"Now, my lads," he continued, addressing himself to the boys, "I have heard of a youth who once picked up a guinea lying in the road. Ever afterwards, so the story goes, as he walked along he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, in hopes of finding another, and in the course of a long life he did pick up at times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for gold, he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along. Boys, you were not made for a pursuit so degrading as this. Remember it when your turn comes."

"But," added Uncle Benny, "if you found the cultivation of horseradish so profitable, why did you abandon it?"

"Bless you, Uncle Benny," he replied, "I have never quitted it from the day I set the first root into the ground up to the present hour. On the contrary, I have enlarged my operations in that line perhaps a hundred fold. Come this way and see what we are doing."

He then led them to the upper end of the meadow, where the ground was higher and drier, though it had also been underdrained. Here were three acres set with horseradish. The harrow had just been run over the field between the rows, and the green tops were peeping here and there above the surface. Uncle Benny had travelled all the world over, and, as he was sometimes disposed to think, had seen everything there was in it. But he admitted that here was a thing new even to him; he had never stumbled on a three-acre field of horseradish until now. It was as great a novelty to the boys, who knew nothing more of the cultivation of the plant than seeing a few roots growing on the edge of a dirty gutter at home, while they were utterly ignorant of its marketable capabilities. They could tell everything about corn, but not an item about horseradish. Uncle Benny knew there must be some kind of a demand for it, but how extensive that might be he had never had occasion to learn. Hence he and his pupils stood in silent surprise at this unexpected exhibition.

"But what is to become of the vast quantity of roots you are producing here?" inquired Uncle Benny. "Does the world want as much horseradish as this? Who is to buy it, and who is to eat it?"

"Not a bit of fear as to a market," replied Mr. Allen, smiling at the old man's surprise and incredulity. "New York never has enough, never had, and never will have. One dealer in that city takes my whole crop, and is annually calling for more. I am determined next year to double the quantity of ground already planted."

"You surprise me," said the old man. "Then the crop must pay. How many roots can you grow upon an acre?"

"Why, you see these rows are three feet apart, and the plants are set one foot asunder in the rows, thus giving me nearly fifteen thousand per acre. At that distance, on suitable soil, the average weight per root would be one pound. The rows are just wide enough apart to get safely through with a small cultivator, so as to keep down the weeds,—for when I set out to raise anything, I can't afford to raise weeds also. Weeds don't pay,—we don't believe in them."

"And what can the New-Yorkers afford to give you per root?" again inquired the old man.

"Don't know what they *can* afford, but they *do* afford to pay me an average of five cents," was the rejoinder.

"Why, that's far better than Spangler's cabbages, or anybody else's," added

Uncle Benny.

"No doubt of it,—it's better than my own, and they are equal to any in the neighborhood," replied Mr. Allen. "The fact is, Uncle Benny, agriculture has made such astonishing progress within the last fifteen years, and our great cities have so increased their population, that what at one time was the most insignificant farm product has risen to the position of a staple, which everybody wants. I could name a dozen such. But take the single article of horseradish, one of the most insignificant things that ever grew in a farmer's garden, in some wet place where it could catch the drip of the kitchen pump. I see you are smiling at the idea, but hear me through. It is now cultivated in fields of from ten to twenty acres, and goes to the great cities by hundreds of tons. There is a single dealer in New York who buys thirty tons annually. He has machinery, driven by steam, which grinds or rasps it up into pulp, after which it is mixed with vinegar and bottled up in various ways to preserve its strength and flavor. It is then sold in great quantities as part of the stores of every ship, not only as a condiment for the table, but as a certain preventive of the scurvy. In this prepared state it goes all over the country, and is thus consumed in every hotel and boarding-house. Even private families have become so luxurious and indolent in their habits as to refuse to grate their own horseradish, preferring to buy it ready grated. Thus there is a vast body of consumers, with only a limited number of growers. But it is used in other ways, in the arts, and for other purposes. Go into any market-house in a large city, and you will see men with machines grinding up horseradish for crowds of customers who come daily to be supplied with a few cents' worth. These apparently small operators do a very large business, for the pennies have a way of counting up into dollars that would surprise one who has never gone into a calculation.

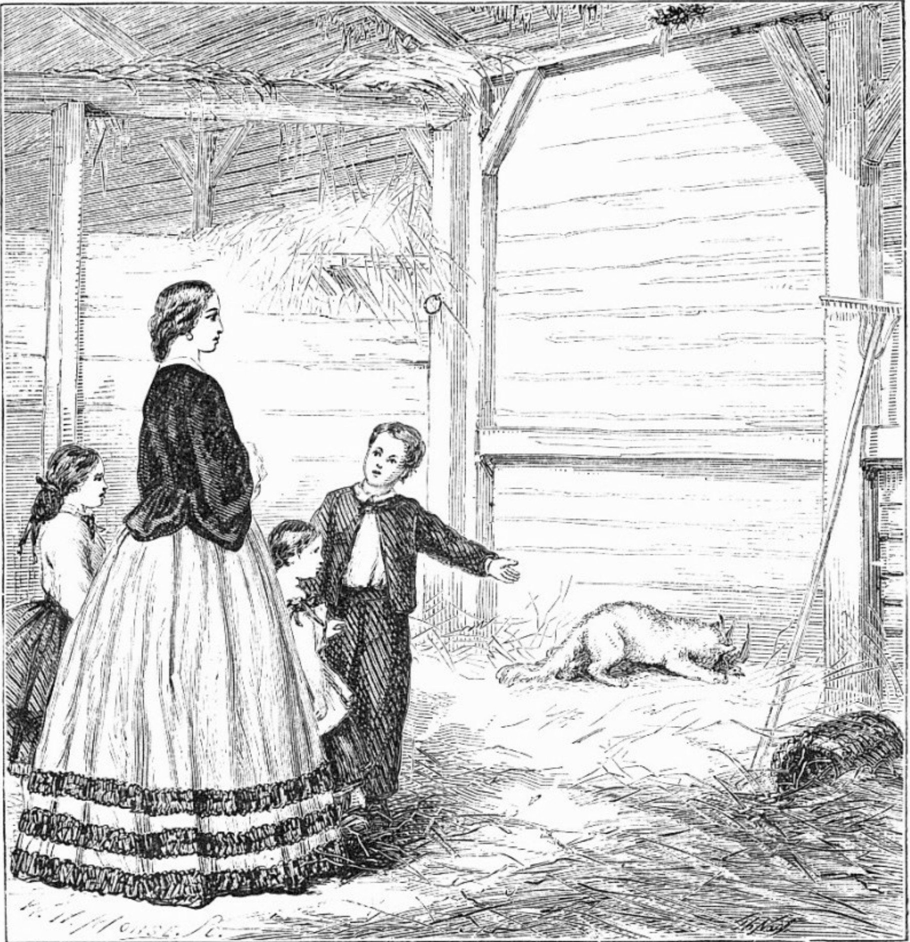
"The facility of getting horseradish ready ground induces people to buy many times the quantity they would if compelled to grind for themselves. I have no idea that the business of growing it can be overdone. I have been raising it for twenty years, and have found that the more I produce, the more I can sell. Besides, there is no farm crop that gives less trouble or pays better."

While this colloquy was going on, the boys had wandered some few paces away, and the Spanglers were examining the three acres with close attention, when one of the Allens exclaimed, "That's our acre,—we take care of that,—that's the way we pay father for our corn."

This piece of information was very satisfactory to the Spanglers. They had been wanting to know how the Allens contrived to feed their pigeons, whether out of their own crib or their father's.

Just then Mr. Allen and Uncle Benny came up, and the former said, “Now this outside acre of horseradish belongs to my boys and their sister. They take the whole care of it except harrowing the ground, but doing the hoeing, weeding, and harvesting, their sister helping them to wash it and get it ready for market. I think it right to give them a chance to do something for themselves. I remember when I was a poor boy, that a very mean one was afforded to me, though I wanted so much to make some kind of a beginning. All the money this acre produces belongs to them. They keep regular accounts of what is done upon it, charging themselves with the ploughing, cultivating, and also with what we estimate their pigeons will consume. All the money produced from these two sources, after deducting expenses, belongs to them, and I put the most of it out for them as an investment, where it increases a little every year, and will be a snug capital for them to begin life with. I think it is about the best investment, next to underdraining, that I have ever made.”

*Author of “Ten Acres Enough.”*



# THE SWALLOW.

Did you ever see a swallow? No doubt you have. Those pretty dark birds with long tails, that dart about so quickly, and skim along the surface of the water, catching the little insects as they buzz about, and see themselves reflected in the calm pool, are swallows. No other bird flies about as fast as they, and you never see them in the winter. I will tell you why this is.

The swallows, like most little boys and girls, do not like the cold, neither do they like extreme heat. So when it gets too cold for them here in our Northern countries,

they fly south to Italy and Spain and Africa. But those countries are sometimes very hot, and so, when winter is over with us, they fly back again and spend the summer here.

These birds make very curious nests; they do not use moss and sticks, as blackbirds and thrushes do, but they get bits of mud, and plaster it against the wall of a house, just under the eaves or projecting part of the roof. Sometimes you may see dozens of these nests in a row. Well, they make their nest the shape you see in the picture, leaving a little round hole near the top to go in and out.

Once on a time, a papa and mamma swallow that had flown all the way from Egypt, passing over the blue Mediterranean Sea and Italy and Germany, alighted in England near an old barn which stood just outside a pretty garden. And the swallows thought it would be a very pleasant place to stay in, for the garden was full of beautiful flowers, and among the flower-beds there were little children playing about, and the thrushes and the blackbirds sang in the trees, and the little birds hopped about quite close to the children;—so the swallows thought they must be kind people who lived in the old-fashioned house in the garden, for the birds were not afraid of them. And they were quite right, for the father of the children was very fond of the birds, and was very angry with any one who hurt or frightened them. So the swallows determined to build their nest on the barn, and to stay there till winter.

The next morning, (for it was late in the evening when they arrived, and they were very tired,) they looked about for a place to build in; but the eaves of the barn were not wide enough to protect their nest, and round the old-fashioned house ran a gutter to catch the water as it ran from the roof,—so that they could not find a convenient place. Besides this, a family of vulgar, chattering, quarrelling sparrows had taken up their abode in a rose-tree that climbed all over one end of the old house; and the swallows, being accustomed to well-behaved people, did not think it possible to live near such a set.

They were almost afraid they should have to go still farther, but they chanced to spy a long slit in the wall of the barn which had been made to let in light. And Mrs. Swallow peeped in, and then she called Mr. Swallow, and soon they determined to build their new house just inside the barn; and they said to one another what a snug, safe place they had found.

It did not take them long to build their house,—not more than two or three days, —for a road ran near the barn, and a stream at the bottom of the garden, and straw lay about before the barn-door,—so they had not far to go for the materials for their house.

Now there were three little children who lived in the old house with the latticed

windows. The eldest was a boy, and the others were little girls; the youngest was quite a young thing, and could not run about with her brother and sister as they played in the garden and ran races over the smooth lawn, but she sat on her nurse's lap and smiled and laughed at the bright sunshine, the brilliant nodding flowers, and the children who sprang hither and thither.

Now the boy was very fond of watching the birds and the butterflies and the insects, and also the gold and silver fish which swam about in the round pond before the house. He used to call the birds his birds, and fancy they knew him. One day he was in the garden with his mamma, and he said, "Look, mamma, there is *my* swallow going in at his hole. Stop a minute, mamma, and you will see him come out again!" They waited, and presently the swallow came out.

"He has a nest near by," said the lady; "he must have built it inside the barn, for I see no nests about. We will go and see if we can find it,"—and she and the little boy went towards the barn.

Now I must tell you that a few days after the swallows had finished their house, if you could have looked in, you would have seen a pretty speckled egg in it, the next day another, and so on till there were five or six eggs in the little mud house. And then one of the swallows, the mamma swallow it was, sat on the eggs, and spread her soft, warm body and wings over them, and kept them warm many days, till at last the eggs broke one by one, and out came five little birds!

Poor little ugly things they were, and so helpless, with no feathers, and cramped, crooked legs and necks. But they soon began to improve, for the papa swallow was always flying about, getting them flies and insects to eat, and the mother sat and kept them warm with her wings. And as they grew, she too went out to hunt for food for them.

Now, the people who lived in the old house had a cat; he was very large and handsome, with a smooth, sleek skin and pretty white feet. But pretty people are not always good, and that was the case with this cat; for in spite of his beauty he was sly and cruel, and his delight was to watch the birds as they sat on their nest, and frighten the poor things,—for they knew very well that if he could get at them he would destroy them and their young ones. Indeed, he climbed the trees and killed many birds, and tossed their pretty nests down to the ground.

So when the two old birds went out, they charged the young ones to beware of the cat, and not to look out and chatter too much, lest pussy should find them out and take a fancy to dine on them.

But puss had found them out long ago; he had watched the old swallows, and he knew when the little ones had broken through the shell; but he could only watch; he

could not by any means reach the little birds while they remained in their snug nest, but he said to himself, "When they get a little bigger, and begin to learn to fly, then I will have such a feast!" Was that not very cruel? So he hid himself among the hay in the barn, and often watched the swallows, and listened to what they said to each other when they thought him far enough away.

When the lady and her children went into the barn, they soon found out where the swallows' nest was, for, the old swallows being out, all the little ones were chattering and gabbling as fast as they could, and never saw how puss was gazing at them, and thinking that, if they were so disobedient and thoughtless, she was sure to get them some day.

Presently the old birds came in, each bringing something for their young to eat; and after they had fed them, they were going out in search of more. But they caught sight of pussy's bright eyes, and the lady and her children, and, uttering a shrill cry, they flew back to their house. As soon as the young swallows heard their parents' cry, they drew back within the nest, for they knew it was to warn them of danger. Puss knew it too, for he had often heard them make the same noise when they had seen him prowling about.

When the old birds thought the cat was gone away, they determined to venture out once more, first warning their children to keep quiet, and on no account to look out lest their enemy should return. The lady and her children stood quite quiet watching the nest.

"I should so like to look out," said one of the small swallows, "that is such a kind-looking creature out there, and those small creatures who are with her."

"They are much more pleasant to look at," said another, "than that great man who comes into this place to get the hay for that great white four-legged thing that lives in the farther side of our barn."

Now part of the barn which these foolish little birds thought was theirs had been made into a stable, and the great white thing they had seen through the door was a gray carriage-horse.

"How frightened I should be if that great thing were to come near us!" said a meek little swallow who seldom spoke.

"What a coward you are!" replied the largest and plumpest of the family. "Now just see what a brave fellow I am,"—and with that he struggled over the heads of his brothers and sisters, and reached the edge of the hole in the nest.

Now the truth is, with all his boasting, he could scarcely stand, and had never been from his home in his life, so he found great difficulty in standing on the narrow space; but he was determined to show off, and the more his brothers and sisters

begged him to descend from his dangerous position, the more determined he was to stay there. By degrees he became more at ease, and, if he had been contented by merely standing still, perhaps no harm would have come of his foolhardiness. But he chanced to espy the cat, who had come forth from his hiding-place, and was watching with great interest the proceedings of the silly bird.

"Now I will frighten away the cat as my parents do," said the conceited bird, and he uttered a shrill cry, such as he had heard them make; but alas! the exertion he was obliged to use caused him to lose his balance, and down he fell, fluttering and terrified! Before the lady could cross the barn to pick him up, the sly cat, whom the lady had not seen, rushed upon him and carried him off!

The children were very sorry for the little swallow, and so were the papa and mamma swallow, when they came home and missed the handsomest of their young ones; and both the lady and the old swallows said, "See the consequence of conceit and disobedience."

*Charlotte Kingsley Chanter.*

# LESSONS IN MAGIC.
# V.

In my last article I introduced the excellent trick known as "The Inexhaustible Hat," showing how a feather-bed might easily be taken from an ordinary silk hat. The trick is well named "Inexhaustible," as there is no end to the articles that the wonderful hat produces,—tin cups in innumerable quantities, bouquets for the ladies, toys for the babies, balls for the boys, and dolls for the girls. In fact, any and every thing comes from the hat, "in quantities to suit," as the shopman says in his card. The hat is also a capital bank, and money can be deposited in it, in a very simple and expeditious manner, as I will now proceed to show.

A hat is borrowed, (I am sorry to be the means of inducing "Our Young Folks" to acquire this bad habit, but even magicians cannot always produce a desired article, and borrowing is preferable to stealing,) and placed on a table, after the audience are satisfied that there is nothing in it.

The performer then requests his audience to lend him (borrowing again, you see) six silver half-dollars. As they are not plenty in these days of paper currency, he proceeds to take them, one from a gentleman's beard, another from a lady's sleeve, and so on until he gets the required number. As he gets each one, he throws it seemingly towards the hat, and when he has finished, he requests one of the audience to examine the hat, where the money is in all cases found.

To perform the trick, *seven* half-dollars are required, all of which are held concealed in the right hand, in the manner described for holding a coin, when *palming* it. The performer then requests his audience to lend him six half-dollars, but the next moment, under pretence of not troubling them, he approaches some gentleman who glories in a fine beard, and, excusing himself for the liberty he is about to take, pulls a bright half-dollar out from the midst of his whiskers, *by letting one of the pieces which lie concealed in his palm drop to the ends of his fingers*. He then goes to the hat, and, calling attention to his movements, informs the spectators that he will put the half-dollar which the hirsute gentleman has so kindly furnished in the hat. To do this he puts his whole hand and wrist inside the hat and at the same time carefully places six of the half-dollars on the bottom of it. After doing this, and when about leaving the hat, he remarks, "But you may think I did not actually place that half-dollar in, but only pretended to; now see, here it is";—and taking one of the six out, he shows it plainly, and then says, "To satisfy you that I

really put the money in, I will drop it in, so that all may see"; and suiting the action to the word, he does drop it, taking care that, in doing so, it does not chink against the five already there. There are now six half-dollars in the hat, and your audience suppose there is but one. A seventh still remains concealed in your palm. This one suffices for the six which you are supposed to take from the audience, and is managed in this way. After you have taken the half-dollar from a lady's sleeve, in the same manner as you took it from the gentleman's beard, you pretend to place it in your left hand, but retain it in the right by *palming* it. You then have it ready to produce from the next person, with whom you repeat the same motion, palming it each time, and pretending to make it pass from the hand to the hat. Of course there is no trouble about bringing the money into the hat, as it is already there.

The whole secret of the trick is, after all, in neatly *palming* the coin; in fact, when one has learnt adroitly to *palm*, he can invent a number of tricks, or rather improvise them, to suit occasions, as two friends of mine did to whom I taught the sleight. They used to borrow two hats, and then, standing beside one another, place the hats in front of them, on two chairs. Of course the hats were empty, and yet, when one man put his hand in the hat before him, he brought out a lemon, which he immediately handed to his friend, who placed it in the second hat. Thus they continued for some time, one taking out lemons, and the other putting them away, until one or two dozen had been produced and laid away. To conclude the trick the producer at last announced that his hat was empty, and asked his friend how many he had; both hats were carefully turned over, and lo! they were both empty. Whence had the lemons come, and whither gone? Every one in the company was amazed; such a quantity could not be concealed in sleeves, and gentlemen were not apt to provide themselves with boxes of lemons, when going out to spend the evening. I alone understood it, but was none the less pleased; and, as it is very easily learned, I will in a few words explain it.

Two lemons only are necessary; these are held one by each performer, concealed in the hollow of the right hand. The first performer, whom we will call Mr. A., pulls up the right sleeve of his coat, with his left hand, so as to give the audience the impression that there is no attempt at concealing anything there; and, placing his right hand in the hat, and immediately withdrawing it, holds up the lemon to view; he then pretends to put it in his left hand, but *palms* it, and extends his left hand to the other performer, whom we will call Mr. B. Now comes the latter's turn to act. The moment A extends his left hand, B's right, which holds the second lemon, must meet it, and, as the hands touch, B must allow the lemon to slip to the ends of his finger and be seen; if this is done skilfully, the audience will suppose that B at that moment

took the lemon from A. Then B goes through the motions, as if putting the lemon in his left hand, whilst in reality he *palms* it, and, placing his left hand in his hat, taps gently against the bottom or side of it with one finger, to imitate the dropping of the lemon.

In this way they go on, each time going through the same motions, the eyes of the audience growing larger and larger as they see what appears to them another and still another lemon coming from the wonderful hat.

To bring a number of tin cups from a hat is, however, a totally different matter, as in this case we really do what in the other we only seem to do. If but one cup were to be shown at a time, we might avail ourselves of the lemon-aid, but in this trick, cups are taken out one by one, and set *en masse* on a table in full view of the audience.

Now cups are not compressible, like feathers, and the number that could be squeezed into a hat is but small. True, they might be put one within another, provided one was smaller than the other; but here again is a difficulty, for our cups—and we beg the audience to notice that—are all of a size, so that it would be impossible to pack more than two or three together, and we bring out fifty or a hundred. How then is it done? I will tell you. Three or four of the cups, or more if possible, are of solid tin, and these are fitted one within the other. The rest are simply pieces of tin cut in a conical form, and bent so as to look like the others *when one side only is seen*. Of course, if the other side is turned to the spectators, they will see that the edges are not united, and at once discover the cheat. A great number of these can be put inside of one, as they will yield to the pressure; and after they are all packed, they are placed inside one of the solid cups, which in turn is stuck into the end of the second solid one, and so on, until three or four are together.

These will be quite long, and, if they have been put in tightly, may all be picked up and put into the hat at once, in the manner described for getting the bag of feathers in. When you have brought them all out of the hat, take two of the solid ones and inform your audience that you are going to show them another trick. Give them the cups and beg them to satisfy themselves, that they are perfectly solid. Of course they will suppose that, if these two are, all must be. Then tell them, that, notwithstanding these cups are so solid, you will pass one through the other. Pick one up in each hand, and holding one above the other, let the top one drop; the moment it enters the lower one, let go of that and catch the upper one with the hand that but the moment before held the lower. If you have done it quickly, it will appear as if you actually dropped the upper cup through the lower; and so perfect is the deception, that you may repeat it two or three times without risk of being detected.

The balls which are brought out of the hat are made of spiral springs covered with different colored leathers, and a great many can be packed in a very small compass. They are very common, and may be purchased at any toy store. It is well, however, to have three or four solid ones, and if the audience are allowed to examine those, they will suppose that all are solid.

Another of the many uses to which our wonderful hat may be turned is that of cooking; it far surpasses in economy the gas stoves of whose excellence we read so much, although in the performance of the trick considerable “gas” is needed. It is invaluable for camping-out, as you need only blow out the fire and clap your stove on your head, thereby saving the cost of transportation. It is also very easily managed, and with a little practice the most inexperienced housekeeper can by its aid prepare an excellent meal, fit to be served up to the most fastidious. For instance, we will suppose a cake is needed; this is the way we would proceed to bake it. The hat is placed on a table, two or three eggs are broken and dropped in it, and lastly some flour and water are mixed in a cup and poured on the eggs. The whole is then beaten up with a spoon or clean stick, and when the ingredients are sufficiently mixed, a lighted candle is held under the hat for a few minutes, and our cake is done. It is then turned out on a plate, cut in slices and handed to the audience for them to determine the efficiency of the patent stove.

Of course my young readers are too knowing to believe more than half of what I have been telling, and will naturally inquire how it is done, how did the cake get in, and how did the flour and eggs get out?

Well, the cake, and along with it a tin cup to receive the eggs and flour, were put in the hat, much in the same way as the bag of feathers,—that is, they were lying behind the table, from which place we took them, and slipped them in the hat. Being in, of course we were careful that the flour and eggs fell into the tin cup, and the only difficulty then was how to get that out without being detected. That this is easy enough, the following explanation will show. The flour and water are first mixed in a small china jar, and from that poured into the hat. Now the tin cup which is inside the hat is made of such a size that it will just fit in the jar when coaxed a little. When all the flour and water is poured out of the jar, we pretend that there is still a drop or two remaining, and putting it inside the hat as if to shake out those last drops, we put the jar over the cup, push it fairly down and bring out jar and cup together.

*P. H. C.*

*Erratum*. In the description of “The Tantalizing Tin Tube,” which appeared in the June number, the tube was described as being three and a quarter inches in *circumference*; this should have been *diameter*, as a tube of the first-named size

would not of course admit an orange.

# WINNING HIS WAY.

## CHAPTER XIII.
## THE MARCH.

On Wednesday, the 12th of February, 1862, Paul found himself once more upon the road leading from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, not now alone, but guiding an army of fifteen thousand men, with forty pieces of artillery. He was on horseback, and sat so well in the saddle that the cavalrymen said he rode like an old trooper. He was in uniform, and wore straps on his shoulders, and was armed with a sword and a revolver. He rode in advance of all, looking sharply into the thickets and down the ravines, to see if there were any rebels in ambush.

The sharpshooters followed him. They wore gray jackets and skull-caps, and were armed with rifles and long hunting-knives. They were famous hunters, and could shoot a deer upon the run, or bring down a prairie-chicken upon the wing. They were tough, hearty, jolly, courageous, daring fellows. They were in good spirits, for the rebels had fled in dismay from Fort Henry when the gunboats sent their shells into the fort.

It was a hard march, for the roads were muddy, and they were obliged to wade through creeks although it was midwinter. Paul noticed one brave fellow among them, whose feet were so sore that his steps were marked with blood, which oozed from a hole in the side of his shoe, and yet the man kept his place in the ranks.

"Let me carry your gun," said Paul, and so, taking it across his saddle, helped the soldier. "You ought to be in the hospital," said Paul.

"I can't stay behind if there is to be any fighting," said the soldier, thanking Paul for his kindness; and then, in a low tone, the soldier said to his comrade, "There a'n't many officers like him who will help a fellow."

At sunset the army halted in the woods beside a brook. Tents had been left behind, and the soldiers had no shelter from the wintry air. They cut down great trees and kindled huge fires. The farmers in that part of the country had large herds of pigs, which roamed the woods and lived on nuts. The soldiers had lived on salt meats for many months, and, notwithstanding orders had been issued against committing depredations, they were determined to have a good supper. Crack! crack! crack! went their rifles. Some, instead of shooting, tried to catch the pigs. There were exciting chases, and laughable scenes,—a dozen men after one pig,

trying to seize him by the ears, or by the hind legs, or by the tail.

They had a charming time, sitting around the roaring fires, inhaling the savory odors of the steaks and spareribs broiling and roasting over the glowing coals on forked sticks, and of the coffee bubbling in their tin cups. The foot-sore sharpshooter whom Paul had helped on the march cooked a choice and tender piece, and presented it to Paul on a chip, for they had no plates. It was cooked so nicely that Paul thought he had never tasted a more delicious morsel.

In the morning they had an excellent breakfast, and then resumed the march, moving slowly and cautiously through the woods, but finding no enemy till they came in sight of Fort Donelson.

Paul had guided the army to the fort, but now he had other duties to perform. He was required to make a sketch of the ground around the fort, that General Grant might know where to form his lines,—on what hills to plant his cannon,—where to

throw up breastworks for defence, should the rebels see fit to come out and attack him. Leaving his horse behind, Paul began his dangerous but important work on foot, that he might make an accurate map,—examining through his field-glass the breastworks of the rebels, counting their cannon, and beholding them hard at work. When night came he crept almost up to their lines. He was between the two armies,—a dangerous position, for the pickets on both sides were wide awake, and his own comrades might fire upon him before he could give the countersign. Although he stepped lightly, the sticks sometimes crackled beneath his feet.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted a rebel picket directly in front of him. It was so sudden, and he was so near, that Paul's hair stood on end. He darted behind a tree. Click! flash! bang! and a bullet came with a heavy *thug* into the tree. Bang! went another gun,—another,—and another; and the pickets all along the rebel lines, thinking that the Yankees were coming, blazed away at random. The Yankee pickets, thinking that the rebels were advancing, became uneasy and fired in return. Paul could hear the bullets spin through the air and strike into the trees. His first thought was to get back to his comrades as soon as possible; then he reflected that it would be dangerous to attempt it just then. The firing woke up all the sleepers in the two armies. The drums were beating the long roll, the bugles were sounding, and he could hear the rebel officers shouting to the men, "Fall in! fall in!" He laughed to think that the crackling of a stick had produced all this uproar. He wanted very much to join in the fun, and give the rebel picket who had fired at him a return shot, but his orders were not to fire even if fired upon, for General Grant was not ready for a battle, and so, while the rebels were reloading their guns, he glided noiselessly away. When he heard the bullets singing through the air, he thought that he certainly would be hit; but he calculated that, as he was less than six feet high and only eighteen inches across his shoulders, and as it was dark and the soldiers were firing at random, there was not one chance in a million of his being injured, and so through the night he went on with his reconnoissance along the lines, and completed the work assigned him.

# CHAPTER XIV.
# THE BATTLE.

In the morning he found General Grant in a little old farm-house, where he had established his head-quarters. He appeared to be pleased with the map which Paul made of the ground, and said to Major Cavender, who commanded the regiment of Missouri Artillery, "Place your guns on that hill, and be ready to open upon the fort." He issued orders to Gen. McClernand to go round to the southwest side of the town; to General Wallace, to hold the centre of the line, west of the town; and to General Smith, to be ready to storm the fort on the northwest side.

It was a beautiful morning. The air was mild, and the birds sang in the trees though it was midwinter. The sharpshooters ate their breakfast before sunrise, and began the battle by exchanging shots with the rebel pickets. Though Paul had been up all night, there was no time for rest. He was sent with orders to the artillery officers,—to Captain Taylor, Captain Dresser, and Captain Schwartz, telling them where to place their guns. As he rode over the hills and through the ravines, he passed the sharpshooters. Their rifles were cracking merrily. Among them was the soldier whom Paul had helped on the march. The soldier saluted him. Paul saw that he was not only foot-sore, but also sick.

"You are not fit to go into battle; you ought to report to the surgeon," said Paul.

"I wouldn't miss of being in this scrimmage that we are going to have today for the best farm in Illinois," said the soldier.

Just then, the rebel cannon opened, and the shells came crashing through the front. Major Cavender had wheeled his guns into position, and was sighting them. One of the shells struck at his feet, and ploughed a deep furrow in the ground. Another struck a poor fellow in the breast, whirled him into the air, spattering his blood upon those who stood around, killing him instantly. As Paul beheld the quivering flesh, the sight filled him with horror, and made him sick at heart. Such might be his fate before the day was done. He thought of home,—of his mother, of Azalia, and of the dear friends far away. He thought also of God, and the hereafter; but he remembered that he was in the keeping of his Heavenly Father. He was there to do his duty, and if he was to meet with death, he would meet it resolutely; and so, regaining his composure, he rode calmly along the lines, acting as aid to General Grant, doing the duties assigned him.

The battle lasted through the day, but the fort was not taken. The gunboats which were to sail up the Cumberland River had not arrived, and the provisions

which the troops brought from Fort Henry were nearly exhausted. The day which had been so bright and beautiful was succeeded by a dreary night. The wind blew from the northeast. A rain-storm set in, which changed to snow, and became one of the severest storms ever known in that section of the country. It was a terrible night for the wounded. They had no protection from the storm. Hundreds had fallen during the day. Some were lying where they fell, close up under the rebel breastworks, amid the tangled thickets, the blood oozing from their wounds and staining the drifting snow. It was heart-rending to hear their wailings, and cries of distress, and calls for help. When morning came, many a brave soldier was frozen to the ground. When Paul saw the terrible suffering, he felt that he was willing to make any sacrifice to put a stop to such horrors. But then he remembered that Justice, Truth, and Righteousness are more valuable than human life, and that it is better to fight for them than to yield to injustice and wickedness.

But now the hearts of the soldiers were cheered with the news that the gunboats were coming. Paul looked down the river and saw a cloud of black smoke hanging over the forest, rising from their tall chimneys. Steamboats loaded with provisions came with the fleet. The soldiers swung their caps, and made the air ring with their lusty cheers.

What a magnificent sight it was when the gunboats steamed up the river and opened fire upon the fort, covering themselves with clouds of smoke and flame, and all of the guns in the fort replying! The storm had died away, the air was still, and the roar of the cannonade was like thunder. All along the lines the sharpshooter rifles were ringing. The soldiers crowded behind trees and logs and hillocks, lying on their faces, picking off the rebel gunners when they attempted to load their cannon. But the day passed and the fort was not taken. Saturday morning came, and the rebels, finding themselves short of provisions, instead of waiting to be attacked, came out from the fort at daybreak, fifteen thousand strong, and made a sudden attack upon the Union army.

A great battle followed, which lasted nearly all day. Thousands were killed and wounded. Paul was obliged to ride all over the field, carrying orders to the different generals, while the bullets fell like hailstones around him. Cannon-balls flew past him, shells exploded over his head, men fell near him, but he was unharmed. He saw with grief his comrades overpowered and driven back, and he could hardly keep back the tears when he saw the rebels capture some of Captain Schwartz’s guns. But when the infantry gave way and fled panic-stricken along the road towards Fort Henry, throwing away their muskets, his indignation was aroused.

“Stop! or I’ll shoot you,” he said, drawing his revolver.

“A’n’t you ashamed of yourselves, you cowards?” shouted one brave soldier.

Paul looked round to see who it was, and discovered his friend the sharpshooter, who thus aided him in rallying the fugitives. Blood was dripping from his fingers. A ball had passed through one arm, but he had tied his handkerchief over the wound, and was on his way back to the lines to take part once more in the battle. Paul thanked the noble fellow for helping him, and then, with the aid of other officers, they rallied the fugitives till reinforcements came.

Onward came the rebels, flushed with success, and thinking to win a glorious victory; but they were cut down with shells and canister, and by the volleys of musketry which were poured upon them. It was with great satisfaction that Paul saw the shells tear through the rebel ranks; not that he liked to see men killed, but because he wanted Right to triumph over Wrong. Again and again the rebels marched up the hill, but were as often swept back by the terrible fire which burst from Captain Wood’s, Captain Willard’s, Captain Taylor’s, and Captain Dresser’s batteries. The little brook which trickled through the ravine at the foot of the hill was red with the blood of the slain. It was a fearful sight. But the rebels at last gave up the attempt to drive the Union troops from the hill, and went back into the fort. Then in the afternoon there was a grand charge upon the rebel breastworks. With a wild hurrah they carried the old flag across the ravine, and up the hill beyond, over fallen trees and through thick underbrush. Men dropped from the ranks in scores, but on—on—on they went, driving the rebels, planting the stars and stripes on the works; and though the rebel regiments in the fort rained solid shot and shell and grape and canister and musket-balls upon them, yet they held the ground through the long, weary, dreary winter night. When the dawn came, the dawn of Sunday, they saw a white flag flung out from the parapet of the fort, and they knew that the enemy had surrendered. What a cheer they gave! They swung their hats, sang songs, and danced for joy. How beautifully the stars and stripes waved in the morning breeze! How proudly they marched into the fort and into the town,—the drums beating, the bugles sounding, and the bands playing!

But how horrible the sight upon the field when the contest was over,—the dead, some cold and ghastly, others still warm with departing life, lying with their faces toward heaven, smiling as if only asleep! The ground was strewn with guns, knapsacks, and blood-stained garments; the snow had changed to crimson. Many wounded were lying where they fell, some whose lives were ebbing away calmly waiting the coming of death. As Paul walked over the field he came upon one lying with clasped hands and closed eyes, whose life-blood was running away from a ghastly wound in his breast. As Paul stopped to gaze a moment upon a countenance

which seemed familiar, the soldier opened his eyes and smiled; then Paul saw that it was the brave sharpshooter whom he had helped on the march, who, though sick, would not go into the hospital, and who, though wounded, would not leave the field, and who had aided him in rallying the fugitives. He had fought gallantly through the battle, and received his death-wound in the last grand charge.

"I am glad you have come, for I know that one who was kind enough to help a poor fellow on the march will be willing to do one thing more," said the soldier, faintly.

"Certainly. What can I do for you?"

"Not much, only I would like to have you overhaul my knapsack for me."

Paul unstrapped the knapsack from the soldier's back, and opened it.

"There is a picture in there which I want to look at once more before I die. You will find it in my Bible."

Paul handed him the Bible.

"My mother gave it to me the day I left home to join the army. It was her last gift. I promised to read it every day, and I would like to have you write to her and tell her that I have kept my promise. Tell her that I have tried to do my duty to my country and to my God. I would like to live, but am not afraid to die, and I am not sorry that I enlisted. Write to my sister. She is a sweet girl,—I can see her now,—a bright-eyed, light-hearted, joyous creature. O, how she will miss me! Tell her to plant a rose-bush in the garden and call it my rose, that little Eddie, when he grows up, may remember that his eldest brother died for his country. They live away up in Wisconsin."

He took a photograph from the Bible. It was the picture of a dark-haired, black-eyed, fair-featured girl. He gazed upon it till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He drew his brawny hand across his face and wiped them away, but the effort started the bright blood flowing in a fresher stream. "It is hard to part from her. She promised to be my wife when I came home from the war," he said, and touched it to his lips, then gazed again till his sight grew dim. He laid it with the Bible on his breast.

Paul wiped the cold sweat from the soldier's brow.

"God bless you," he whispered, and looked up and smiled. His eyes closed, and the slowly heaving heart stood still. He was gone into the land where the Faithful and True receive their just reward.

*Carleton.*

# A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO MY LITTLE PALE-FACED FRIENDS.

Three years ago I visited my dear young friend, Susie. Although she lives in the country, in the midst of splendid grounds, I found her with a very pale face, and blue semicircles under the eyes. Her lips were as white as if she had just risen from a sick-bed; and yet her mother told me she was as well as usual. Susie was seven years old, and a most wonderful child.

I said to her, "Well, my little chick, what makes you so pale?"

She replied, "O, I was always pale. Annie says it is pretty."

When we were all sitting around the dinner-table, I introduced the subject again, for it was very sad to find this beautiful and promising child so fragile. Before I left, I took little Susie's hand and walked into the garden. "And now," said I, "my little one, you must show me your favorite flower."

She took me to a beautiful moss-rose, and exclaimed, "O, that is the most beautiful flower in the world; don't you think it lovely, sir?"

I said, "Now, Susie, I shall come here again in two weeks. I wish you would dress up that rose-bush in a suit of your own clothes, and allow the dress to remain till I return."

She laughed, and said, "Why, how queer! why do you want me to do that?"

I replied, "Never mind, but run and get the clothes, and I will help you dress it up, and see if it looks like you."

So off she ran with loud shouts to ask mamma for a suit of her clothes. Of course, mamma had to come and ask if I was serious, and what were my reasons. I said, "I cannot give you my reasons to-day, but I assure you they are good ones, and when I come again I will explain it all to you."

So a specimen of each and every kind of garment that Susie was in the habit of wearing was brought forward, and Susie and I spent some time in rigging out the rose-bush. First came the little shirt, which made it look very funny; then came the little waist and skirt, then the frock, then the apron, and finally, over all, a little Shaker sun-bonnet. When we had reached this point, Susie cried out, "Now, how can you put on stockings and shoes?" I said, "We will cut open the stockings and tie them around; the shoes we cannot use." Of course we all laughed, and Susie thought I was the funniest man in the world. She could hardly wait for me to come again to tell her why I had done such a funny thing.

In two weeks, according to my promise, I was at my friend's house again. Susie had watched her little rose-bush, or rather the clothes which covered it, and longed for my coming. But when we took the bonnet, gown, skirt, shirt, and stockings away, lo and behold, the beautiful rose-bush had lost its rich green, the flower had lost its beautiful color,—had become, like its mistress, pale and sickly.

"Oh!" she cried, "what made you do so? why, you have spoiled my beautiful rose-bush."

I said, "Now, my dear little one, you must not blame me, for I did this that you might remember something of great importance to you. You and this rose-bush live out here in the broad, genial sunshine together. You are pale and sickly; the rose-bush has been healthy and beautiful. I put your clothes on this rose-bush to show you why you are so white and weak. If we had kept these clothes upon the bush for a month or two, it would have entirely lost its color and health."

"But would you have me go naked, sir?"

"No, not altogether, but I would have you healthy and happy. And now I am going to ask your papa to build out here in the garden a little yard, with a close fence, and when the sun shines you must come out into the yard with your nurse, and take off all your clothes and play in the sunshine for half an hour, or until your skin looks pretty red."

After a hearty laugh the good papa asked if I was serious about it. I told him, never more so, and that when I should come to them again, a month hence, if Susie had such a baptism in the sunshine four or five times a week, I could promise that the headache and sleeplessness from which she suffered so much would be lessened, and perhaps removed.

The carpenter was set at work, and in two days the enclosure surrounding a bed of flowers was completed. At eleven o'clock the next morning, a naked little girl, with a very white skin, might have been seen running about within the pen; papa, mamma, and the nurse clapping their hands and shouting. I had been careful to say that her head should be well protected for the first few days with a large damp towel, then with a little flat hat, and finally the head must be exposed like the body.

I looked forward with a great deal of interest to my next visit. Susie met me with, "O, I am as black as an Indian."

"Well, but how is your health?"

The good mother said, "She certainly has greatly improved; her appetite is better, and I never knew her to sleep so well before."

There were four children in the family, and all of them greatly needed sunbaths. As there were two boys and two girls, it came to pass soon that another pen was

built, and four naked children received a daily baptism in the blessed sunshine. And these children all improved in health, as much as that rose-bush did after we removed its funny dress. The good Lord has so made children that they are as dependent upon the sun for their life and health as plants are. When you try to make a house-plant grow far removed from the window, where the direct rays of the sun cannot fall upon it, you know it is small, pale, and sickly; it will not long survive. If, in addition to keeping it from the window, you dress it with the clothes which a child wears, it will very soon sicken and die. If you keep within doors, and do not go into the sunshine, or if, when you do go out, you wear a Shaker bonnet and gloves, you must, like the house-plant, become pale and sickly.

Our young folks will ask me, “What is to be done? Are we to go naked?”

O no, not naked, but it would add greatly to your health and strength, and your ability to work with both mind and body, if every part of your body could be exposed to the sunshine a little time every day. And if you are pale and feeble, the victim of throat, lung, nerve, or other affection, you must seek a new life in this exposure of your whole body to the sun-bath. But if you go a great deal in the open air, and expose your face and hands to the direct rays of the sun, you will probably do very well.

Just think of it, your whole body under the clothes always in the dark, like a potato-vine trying to grow in a dark cellar. When you take off your dress and look at your skin, are you not sometimes almost frightened to see how white and ghastly it seems? How elastic, tough, and cheerful our young folks would become, could this white, sickly skin be exposed every day to the sunshine! In no other way could they spend an hour which would contribute so much to their welfare. Carry that white, sickly potato-vine from the cellar out into the blessed sunshine, and immediately it begins to get color, health, and strength. Carry that pale little girl from the dark parlor, where she is nervous, irritable, and unhappy, into the sunshine, and immediately the blood starts anew; soon the skin takes on a beautiful tinge, the little one digests better, her tongue wears a better color, she sleeps better, her nerves are quiet, and many happy changes come.

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Twenty years ago I saw a dear, sweet child, of two years, die of croup. More than thirty hours we stood around its bed, working, weeping, praying, hoping, despairing; but about one o’clock in the morning the last painful struggle for breath gave way to the peaceful sleep of death.

On the following Sunday we gathered at the sad home to attend the funeral. The little coffin was brought out under a shade-tree, and placed upon a chair, just under

the window of the bedroom where the little one had always slept, and there the heart-broken mother and father, with many neighbors, and the kind-hearted minister, all wept together. And then we all walked to the graveyard, only a little distance away, and buried the little one in the cold ground.

On the very evening of that day, the brother of Charlie, who was about two years older, was taken with the same disease. I was called in to see him. O, how pitiful, how very touching, were the moanings and groanings of that mother! When the sun rose the next morning, the sufferer was better; as night came on he was much worse again, but on the following day was able to ride out.

Within a few days I sought an opportunity to speak with the parents about the management of their little son. It was painful to tell them that I thought they might have prevented the death of Charlie. But I said what I thought was true, and then advised a new policy in the case of the remaining child. I said to them, "Your son who has been taken from you was carefully screened from the sunshine. When he rode out in the baby-wagon, it was always under the cover. And he slept always in that bedroom, into which the direct rays of the sun never come; that great tree makes it impossible. A child cannot live where a plant will not grow; and if you doubt what I am telling you, try a pot of flowers in Charlie's bedroom. You will find that in a single month the leaves will fall, and the plant will die. Charlie spent three quarters of his life in that bedroom."

The mother, at length, when convinced, cried out in very anguish of soul, "What shall we do? what shall we do?"

"Well," I said, "my dear friend, if you would save this child, and that is the only available sleeping-room for it, I advise that you have the trees which shade that part of the house cut down. Trees should never be allowed to shade human dwellings. They are very beautiful and noble objects, to my own fancy more beautiful and noble than any other productions of our planet, and I would have them multiplied, but would not have them near our houses."

The trees were cut down, the blessed sunshine came in to dry, sweeten, and purify the bedroom. Its atmosphere was so changed that no one could fail to observe it. The child was kept much in the open air, and when taking his midday nap he was occasionally laid naked upon a mattress, near a window, in the direct rays of the sun, his head protected, but the rest of the body exposed to the sunshine. The little fellow's health greatly improved. I believe he never had another attack of croup.

Our young folks should never sleep in bedrooms that have not the direct sunshine. They should never sleep in bedrooms the windows of which are shaded by a piazza or a tree; and if they would have the very best health, they must live as

constantly as possible in the sunshine. And all who have delicate health must, with their clothes removed, take daily sun-baths during the summer season. Such a bath will give them very little trouble, and they have no idea how much it will add to their health and happiness. One good bath in the sunshine is worth more than many baths in water, valuable as these are. Some people admire pale girls. They make very good ghosts, but are not worth much as girls. God hung up that great sun in the heavens as the fountain of light, health, beauty, and glory for our earth. Our young folks, by living in houses with piazzas, shade-trees, close blinds, and curtains, and by using in their walks broad-brimmed hats, gloves, parasols, and veils, deprive themselves in great part of the many blessings which our Heavenly Father would confer on them through the great sun.

*Dio Lewis.*

# HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.
# II.

"The conduct of my friend here," said Father Brighthopes, patting Grant's shoulder, "furnishes a pretty good illustration of the subject I had in my mind to talk to you about. How many of you can guess what that subject is?"

"Preserving our teeth," said one of the girls, encouraged by Miss Thorley to express her opinion. It was golden-haired Margaret Grover, who happened to have very pretty teeth, and was evidently aware of the fact, for she blushed exceedingly as

she spoke and showed them.

Father Brighthopes smilingly shook his head. Then spunky little Cary Wilson spoke up confidently, and said he knew.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Good grit, when a fellow is hurt!" And Cary looked as though he considered "good grit" the one important and admirable virtue in the world.

"What do *you* think, Emma?" asked the old clergyman, perceiving by Miss Reverdy's intelligent expression that she had an opinion.

"I think it is pretty near what Cary says. You are going to show us how much better it is not to complain of what happens to us, but always to make the best of things."

"That is it, precisely. Emma, you see, had an advantage over the rest of you in guessing, for she has heard me talk a great many times.

"My dear children," continued Father Brighthopes, "I know it is very natural for persons of your age to suppose that they are living for the enjoyments of the present hour. It is right that you should enjoy yourselves, and I am always delighted when I see young people at their innocent sports. But happiness is like a garment, which should be so cut as to cover and comfort the whole of life, and not one part merely. You live for to-day, but not for to-day only. You are taught many things, are you not, which you cannot put to any immediate use, or perhaps see the use of at all?"

"That's so!" said one of the boys, named Jason Jones. "For my part, I don't see no use in studying grammar,"—illustrating his sentiment by an unconscious error of speech, which created no little amusement. "I mean," said he, "I don't see *any* use in it."

"Why do you correct yourself?" Father Brighthopes pleasantly asked.

"Because it a'n't right to say '*dont see no*,'" replied Jason, looking round frowningly on those who were laughing at him.

"Very good! Now don't you see, my lad, that, in saying you could not see the use of studying grammar, you have exemplified the use of it?"

"It's enough, I think, if we can talk so as to make ourselves understood," said Jason.

"Then why did you take the trouble to say *any* instead of *no*? for we all understood you in the first place."

"Because they was all laughing";—and Jason began to look red and confused. "They *were*, I mean."

"And you do not like to be laughed at? Nobody does, I think. But if you don't like it now, do you suppose it will be any more pleasant to you when you are older?

No, my son. People do not much mind the mistakes children make in speaking; but when you become a man, you will find such blunders sometimes very mortifying to your self-respect. It seems to me worth the while to form correct habits of speaking, if only to avoid making ourselves appear ridiculous. But a knowledge of the laws of language has a far higher use. You enter society; you become a man of business; you form opinions upon various subjects; you hear others express contrary opinions, and wish to answer them. Then what an advantage it is to be able to express yourself with clearness, confidence, and ease! A command of correct and forcible language, besides enabling us to convey our thoughts, is a great help to the mind itself in arranging those thoughts.

"I might say a great deal more on this subject, my son; but I see you are already convinced that grammar may be a very useful branch of education, however much you may dislike it. The same is no doubt true of all your studies. They are a discipline to the mind, if nothing more. Now this is what I was going to say,—that, in every hour of our existence, we live not for that hour only, but for all the future. To-day we are laying foundations for years to come, perhaps for endless ages!

"And as you acquire knowledge to be used hereafter, so you are forming habits now, and developing traits of character, which will probably stay with you, or at least exert an influence upon you, through all time. My dear children, learn this truth,—that every act, every wish, and every thought of our lives contribute, like so many rain-drops or little streams, to make up the grand stream which we call our destiny. As the child is, so will be the man or woman that child grows to be. A selfish and cowardly boy is pretty sure to become a selfish and cowardly man. So the little girl whose temper is peevish, whose jealousy and discontent make her and all around her unhappy, is in danger of hardening into one of those cross, sour, embittered mothers or grandmothers or aunts, who are as a cloud over a household, and sometimes over a whole neighborhood. But the generous, upright, manly boy is already the promise of what he is to be. And when I see a bright, loving little girl, ready to forget her own troubles in her sympathy with others, and always happiest when she is doing something to please those around her, then I say to myself, 'Here is a little sunbeam that will one day be the dear, kind, beautiful, helpful woman whom everybody loves.'

"This is so true, my dear children," the clergyman went on, smiling upon his attentive little audience with earnest emotion, "that I wish you could all feel it as I feel and know it! Then you would see the importance of cultivating generous, cheerful, noble dispositions now; for your hearts are as wax now, and can be easily moulded, but by and by you will find that they cannot be so easily changed.

“One habit, in particular, which I wished to talk to you about to-night, is that of always making the best of things, as Emma has expressed it. As I walked over here with my good friend Mr. Reverdy, I thought of the war, and of our noble heroes who have sacrificed comfort, ease, happiness, and life even, for their country’s sake. I thought of them in their dreary camps, or in the night-bivouac, rolled up in their blankets on the cold ground. I thought of the toilsome march, the hard fare, the lonely picket-guard, the horrors of the battle-field, the scenes in the hospitals, and in the cruel Rebel prisons. And I remembered the heroism our gallant young men have shown in the face of danger and death, and the still greater heroism many of them have displayed through sufferings which we are appalled to think of. How it thrills us, how our hearts swell with pity and pride and affection, to hear of the cheerfulness and patience with which they have endured the wrongs, the wounds and privations, which have been their lot! What lessons have they taught us, my children!

“But the war ends; they have done their duty, and they receive their reward; not in things of this world, perhaps,—nevertheless their reward is sure. They have developed in themselves a grandeur and generosity of character which is better than gold and honors, even in this world; then how much more precious in the life which is the continuation of this! They have enjoyed such advantages for the cultivation of those large and heroic traits as none of you, probably, will ever have. And yet, my children, listen.

“There is a warfare awaiting you all, in which you can imitate the cheerfulness of those brave brothers in the hospital and the field. Life itself has been aptly termed a conflict. Circumstances are never just what we would wish them to be, but the heart and the will have to struggle continually against obstacles. You may think that, if you were in the position of this or that fortunate person, your path would be all flowers. But it is never so. Those people who seem most prosperous have their trials and temptations, the same as the rest. You may think money will make everything smooth before you. Money can do but little. A high station in society can do but very little indeed. Beauty is a precious gift, but it shines outwardly upon those around you,—it does not shed its light inwardly upon your own hearts.

“Yet while money brings as many cares as it banishes, and honor and admiration bring with them no lasting satisfaction, there is a wealth, there is a beauty and grace, which can strew your path with flowers. Believe me, my dear young friends, nothing outside of yourselves can ever give you permanent happiness. Have you never been out on a beautiful morning in spring, when the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of orchard-blossoms, but your own heart was so heavy that all the brightness and gladness and sweetness of the world

seemed a mockery?”

“I have,” said Emma Reverdy. “Then again I have been out in a rain, or a snow-storm, or a fog, when my heart was light, and I was as happy as I could be!”

All the children confessed that they had had similar experiences.

“I’ve been mad sometimes,” said Cary Wilson, “when it made no difference whether it rained or the sun shone; I hated everybody and everything!” And he shook his head, as if there was a sort of satisfaction even in that.

“You were not happy at such times, were you?”

“No—but—” And the belligerent Cary shook his head again, with a world-defying smile.

“Use the pride and spirit, which I see you possess,” said Father Brighthopes, “in overcoming difficulties, and you will make an energetic and useful man. Passion is a great source of power, if kept under proper control. It is the fire of the spirit, which should always be regulated by wisdom and benevolence. When you *get mad*, you waste that power,—you burn and blacken your happiness.

“For happiness, as I hinted to you, my young friends, is something within yourselves. It is a condition of your own hearts, produced by contentment, love, and good-will. It is influenced in a great measure, I know, by outward things; and what I would have you do is to learn to make the most of favorable influences, and to be as little disturbed by others as possible. You have seen some persons, have you not, who are always fretting at trifles; always complaining of aches and pains; always blaming somebody else for their misfortunes; in short, always unhappy. Then there is Uncle Goodman, whom you all know, I trust,—for there is an Uncle Goodman in nearly every village. All his life he has practised the art of making the best of things. If he sprains his wrist, he exclaims, ‘How fortunate I did not break my arm!’ If he dulls or loses one of his tools, he says, ‘How lucky it wasn’t a borrowed one!’ If a neighbor comes to him for assistance, you would say that Uncle Goodman was really the one who was receiving a favor, he is always so glad to find it in his power to render another a service. There is many an Aunt Goodman, too, who is full of plans and resources for promoting the welfare of both old folks and young folks. Such people are a blessing in any household or community; and, without knowing it, they make their cheerful dispositions a still greater blessing to themselves.

“Now we are not all alike, I know. Some persons are naturally cheerful, and others are naturally morose. But at your age, my children, you can, if you will, form habits which will become a second nature as you grow older. Misfortunes are misfortunes indeed to those who suffer their souls to be made gloomy and bitter by them. They are then like rain falling upon sour and wet land. But when sorrow

happens to a grateful and loving spirit, it is like rain falling upon light and mellow soil, which the sunshine hastens to crown with fresh verdure.

"Now what will you do, my children? When little crosses and privations happen to you,—for they happen to all, and they are always *little* if the heart is great that receives them,—will you grumble, and pout, and be dark and sad over them? or will you look up cheerfully, remembering that the world is full of hope and sunshine yet, and that you will surely receive your share if you will take it? Why," continued the old clergyman, with an enthusiasm which warmed every heart in the room, even Burt Thorley's, as he stood half concealed behind the door, "the unhappiest man I ever knew was a gentleman of wealth, who seemed to have everything around him necessary for his comfort, but whose mind was so full of melancholy and dislike for his neighbors, and who was so weary of having nothing to do, no high and generous aims to occupy him, that I think he would have committed suicide if he had not despaired of the other world quite as much as he hated this. On the other hand, the most cheerful, and I may say the most truly happy person I ever knew, was a poor sick lady who had not been able to leave her bed for twelve years, but who had preserved through all her sufferings a delightful habit of making the best of things, which recompensed her for every misfortune.

"The difference between those two persons, my little friends, was this: one held the cup of his soul inverted, expecting no blessings worth receiving; while the other held hers *up* continually, and was grateful for every drop that fell into it from heaven; so that one was always empty, and the other was always full to overflowing. Now I want each of you to tell me how you mean to hold your cups in future."

"Up! up! up!" cried all the children in a chorus, their voices ringing with hope and courage, and their faces shining. Tears of gratitude and love filled the old clergyman's eyes as he looked upon them; and he reached out his hands to embrace them. They crowded around him; the boys all received a cordial grasp of the hand and a kind word, and the girls gave him each a kiss; and all were very happy.

Then Father Brighthopes arose to go. "I shall not bid you good by, my children," he said, "for I hope to see you all again soon. You are to come and see me, if you will, at Mr. Reverdy's house. Then we will have another little talk, if you like to hear me."

"O, we do! we do, so much!"

"We shall agree admirably then, for I am never better pleased than when I can have attentive young listeners like you."

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"Do you know, Father Brighthopes," said Emma Reverdy, as they walked home

together, “that I liked all you said, except your description of Uncle Goodman?”

“Ah! and why didn’t you like that?”

“Because you didn’t begin to do him justice! I could have told a great deal more about him!”

“Could you indeed?” said the old clergyman, pleasantly. “Well, now, let’s hear what you have to say; and perhaps I will introduce it into my next conversation.”

So all the way home Emma chatted merrily, describing the most beautiful and lovable and helpful Uncle Goodman in the world; but I do not think the picture likely to be brought up at the next conversation, for it was from beginning to end a description of Father Brighthopes.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

# AUNT ESTHER'S RULES.

In the last number I told my little friends about my good Aunt Esther, and her wonderful cat Juno, and her dog Pero. In thinking what to write for this month, my mind goes far back to the days when I was a little girl, and used to spend many happy hours in Aunt Esther's parlor talking with her. Her favorite subject was always the habits and character of different animals, and their various ways and instincts, and she used to tell us so many wonderful, yet perfectly authentic, stories about all these things, that the hours passed away very quickly.

Some of her rules for the treatment and care of animals have impressed themselves so distinctly on my mind, that I shall never forget them, and I am going to repeat some of them to you.

One was, never to frighten an animal for sport. I recollect I had a little white kitten, of which I was very fond, and one day I was amusing myself with making her walk up and down the key-board of the piano, and laughing to see her fright at the strange noises which came up under her feet. Puss evidently thought the place was haunted, and tried to escape; it never occurred to me, however, that there was any cruelty in the operation, till Aunt Esther said to me, "My dear, you must never frighten an animal. I have suffered enough from fear to know that there is no suffering more dreadful; and a helpless animal, that cannot speak to tell its fright, and cannot understand an explanation of what alarms it, ought to move your pity."

I had never thought of this before, and then I remembered how, when I was a very, very little girl, a grown-up boy in school had amused himself with me and my little brother in much the same way as that in which I had amused myself with the kitten. He hunted us under one of the schoolroom tables by threatening to cut our ears off if we came out, and took out his penknife, and opened it, and shook it at us whenever we offered to move. Very likely he had not the least idea that we really could be made to suffer with fear at so absurd a threat,—any more than I had that my kitten could possibly be afraid of the piano; but our suffering was in fact as real as if the boy really had intended what he said, and was really able to execute it.

Another thing which Aunt Esther strongly impressed on my mind was, that, when there were domestic animals about a house which were not wanted in a family, it was far kinder to have them killed in some quick and certain way than to chase them out of the house, and leave them to wander homeless, to be starved, beaten, and abused. Aunt Esther was a great advocate for killing animals, and, tender-hearted as she was, she gave us many instructions in the kindest and quickest way of disposing

of one whose life must be sacrificed.

Her instructions sometimes bore most remarkable fruits. I recollect one little girl, who had been trained under Aunt Esther's care, was once coming home from school across Boston Common, when she saw a party of noisy boys and dogs tormenting a poor kitten by the side of the frog pond. The little wretches would throw it into the water, and then laugh at its vain and frightened efforts to paddle out, while the dogs added to its fright by their ferocious barking. Belle was a bright-eyed, spirited little puss, and her whole soul was roused in indignation; she dashed in among the throng of boys and dogs, and rescued the poor half-drowned little animal. The boys, ashamed, slunk away, and little Belle held the poor, cold, shivering little creature, considering what to do for it. It was half dead already, and she was embarrassed by the reflection that at home there was no room for another pet, for both cat and kitten never were wanting in their family. "Poor kit," she said, "you must die, but I will see that you are not tormented";—and she knelt bravely down and held the little thing under water, with the tears running down her own cheeks, till all its earthly sorrows were over, and little kit was beyond the reach of dog or boy.

This was real brave humanity. Many people call themselves tenderhearted, because they are unwilling to have a litter of kittens killed, and so they go and throw them over fences into people's back yards, and comfort themselves with the reflection that they will do well enough. What becomes of the poor little defenceless things? In nine cases out of ten they live a hunted, miserable life, crying from hunger, shivering with cold, harassed by cruel dogs, and tortured to make sport for brutal boys. How much kinder and more really humane to take upon ourselves the momentary suffering of causing the death of an animal, than to turn our back and leave it to drag out a life of torture and misery!

Aunt Esther used to protest much against another kind of torture which well-meaning persons inflict on animals, in giving them as playthings to very little children who do not know how to handle them. A mother sometimes will sit quietly sewing, while her baby boy is tormenting a helpless kitten, poking his fingers into its eyes, pulling its tail, stretching it out as on a rack, squeezing its feet, and, when the poor little tormented thing tries to run away, will send the nurse to catch dear little Johnny's kitten for him.

Aunt Esther always remonstrated, too, against all the practical jokes and teasing of animals, which many people practise under the name of sport,—like throwing a dog into the water for the sake of seeing him paddle out, dashing water upon the cat, or doing any of the many little tricks by which animals are made uncomfortable. "They have but one short little life to live, they are dumb and cannot complain, and

they are wholly in our power,"—these were the motives by which she appealed to our generosity.

Aunt Esther's boys were so well trained, that they would fight valiantly for the rescue of any ill-treated animals. Little Master Bill was a bright-eyed fellow, who wasn't much taller than his father's knee, and wore a low-necked dress with white ruffles. But Bill had a brave heart in his little body, and so one day, as he was coming from school, he dashed in among a crowd of dogs which were pursuing a kitten, took it away from them, and held it as high above his head as his little arm could reach. The dogs jumped upon his white neck with their rough paws, and scratched his face, but still he stood steady till a man came up and took the kitten and frightened away the dogs. Master Bill grew up to be a man, and at the battle of Gettysburg stood a three days' fight, and resisted the charge of the Louisiana Tigers as of old he withstood the charge of the dogs. A really brave-hearted fellow is generally tender and compassionate to the weak; only cowards torment that which is not strong enough to fight them; only cowards starve helpless prisoners or torture helpless animals.

I can't help hoping that, in these stories about different pets, I have made some

friends among the boys, and that they will remember what I have said, and resolve always to defend the weak, and not permit any cruelty where it is in their power to prevent it. Boys, you are strong and brave little fellows; but you oughtn't to be strong and brave for nothing; and if every boy about the street would set himself to defending helpless animals, we should see much less cruelty than we now do.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

# AMONG THE STUDIOS.
# No. I.

There is a self-satisfied and very musical old Spanish proverb to the effect that

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla,"—

he who has not seen Seville has seen no marvel. The stranger who visits New York, and fails to spend an hour or so Among the Studios, runs the risk of having an adaptation of this proverb shot at him. To shield our young folks from any such calamity, we propose to take them with us, from time to time, in our visits to the various *ateliers* located in this city.

Now, as our little friends are scattered all over the United States, and as their bodily presence, however much we esteem them, would be rather inconvenient, (just fancy us marshalling sixty thousand noisy Young Folks into some quiet studio!) we invite them to accompany us only in spirit—on the pages of this magazine. Here we will give them the best results of our eyes, and place before them, each month, an illustration from the easel of some famous artist. It isn't everybody who can walk into a painter's studio and walk off with a picture "to keep." This is to be the privilege of our readers. Thus, by degrees, they will accumulate a choice picture-gallery of their own, not to say a word about the pleasure they will derive from being personally acquainted with those good Magicians who wave their wands over the blank canvas, and summon up such shapes of joy and beauty as sometimes outlast the fame of kings and kingdoms,—those cunning Prosperos, at a touch of whose pencil the dead bough blossoms, flowers spring up, brooks unwind their silver among the hills, moons rise and set, and seasons come and go. It is something, let us tell you, to know real Genii who can make sunshine, or lightning, or moonlight, whenever they please,—who can waft you from the Tropics to the North Pole in the twinkling of an eye, just as if you were possessed of that marvellous Wishing-Cap of Fortunio, which you have all read about in the old Arabian story.

They rule a mimic world,—these painters,—a sphere nearly as strange and beautiful as this in which we dwell. That such dreamy, aerial people should live in ordinary houses, like every-day sort of folks, seems rather queer, doesn't it? But they do;—as a proof of it, see this engraving.

On Tenth Street, between the Fifth and the Sixth Avenues, stands a large three-story building of red brick, with brown sandstone trimmings. The architecture is somewhat peculiar, but very non-committal. The deep-set windows, the four airy balconies, each in front of a dark, mysterious-looking door, and the aspect of eminent respectability about all the tasteful cornices and mouldings, would be apt to puzzle a stranger. Pedestrians sometimes pause on the sidewalk opposite, evidently wondering what the structure is used for, and then turn away, probably possessed with the idea that it is an Arsenal or a Half-Orphan Asylum.

If the passer would only glance at the crosspiece over the doorway, he would see thereon, in dusty gilt letters, the word—STUDIOS.

The best side of the Studio Building, in every sense, is the inside. Let us take advantage of this fact. At your right hand, on entering, is the Janitor's office, and behind an oaken desk, near the window, sits that faithful warden himself,—a courteous *cicerone* to the true lovers of Art, but a most terrible enemy to all itinerant

venders of pen-holders and shoe-blacking. He would stop the Father of his Country if he came there to sell things. Opposite the Janitor's is a similar room, which has been occupied by a series of eccentric physicians, each in turn having given up the business in despair, in consequence of the imperturbable good health of the artists. At the end of the hall or vestibule, which separates these apartments, is a large double door, leading into a spacious Exhibition-room, lighted from the roof, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is reserved. On each side of this gallery extends a narrow corridor, opening upon which are the studios.

Each floor is similarly arranged. Here and there, by accident or design, is a room lacking the peculiar light required for painting. These rooms are generally used as sleeping apartments by architects or literary men. The late Major Theodore Winthrop, who fell early in the war, bravely battling for his country at Big Bethel, tenanted one of these chambers. The Janitor will point it out to you in the eastern wing of the building. There it was he wrote "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent," long before we thought of him as anything more than a finished, quiet gentleman. But to be a gentleman is the necessary beginning of a hero. Since then, Winthrop's glorious death, and the publication of his charming books, have placed him in stronger colors before the world.

The wood-work throughout the building is of plain pine, oiled instead of painted, and has a rich, mellow effect in connection with the neutral tint of the walls. The staircases, of which there are two, are very wide, with heavy mahogany banisters. The number of mountains and rivers and ships and castles carried down those broad stairs in the course of a year, would astonish the reader if he could see them all at once.

On the ground floor are the studios of Whittredge, Bradford, Dana, Beard, Thompson, the sculptor, Le Clear, Guy, and Bierstadt. The second floor is appropriated by Church, McEntee, Leutze, Hays, Hart, and Gignoux. Mr. Tuckerman, the author, has a pleasant study and library on this floor. On the third story are Gifford, Hubbard, Suydam, Weir, Shattuck, Thorndike, Haseltine, De Haas, Brown, Casilear, and Martin. Here they are all together,—historical, figure, portrait, landscape, marine, animal, fruit, and flower painters. It is not often that so many clever fellows are found living under one roof. A community composed exclusively of gifted men is unique,—a little colony of poets, for they *are* poets in their way, in the midst of all the turmoil and crime and harsh reality of the great city!

Many of the studios have bedchambers attached: so the artist can live here and "keep house" very cosily. Indeed, several of the younger unmarried immortals do; and it would amuse you much to see Master Painter boiling his coffee in a toy tea-

kettle over the gas, or toasting his French roll at the grate, while the amiable cutlet on the gridiron is crying out to be eaten! In summer, a dish of berries or fruit is always added to this simple bill of fare. Nothing could be more delicious than these make-believe breakfasts, and no banquet-hall quite so charming as the studio, with its mellow twilight, its pictures and screens, and antique furniture.

Would the reader like to take a bite with us, some pleasant morning? He shall, in a certain studio we know of, where the light streams in on a motley assemblage of statues, busts, and plaster casts of old Greek ideals,—where everything is covered with fine white marble dust, as if by a fall of snow,—where the walls are hung with odd legs and arms, making the place look as if it were the repository for lost limbs, strayed or stolen. Here we will breakfast, some time, right by the heavily carven mantel-piece, over which two pairs of boxing-gloves are shaking hands preparatory to having a few friendly rounds.

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The characteristics of an artist—his travels—the particular bent of his mind—are often very prettily indicated by the *souvenirs* and knick-knacks ornamenting his studio. In Mr. Leutze's, for instance, you will find rusty old helmets, shields, breastplates, coats of chain mail, ronçies,[*] arquebuses,[†] and all those cumbrous mediæval trappings which he introduces with such fine effect in his pictures. When you look on one of Mr. Leutze's works, you may be sure that the costumes and all the details are historically correct. Albert Dürer, in his painting of "Adam and Eve," shows us a comfortable Nuremberg house in the garden of Eden! Mr. Leutze would pine away with melancholy if he were to make such a mistake. But then good Master Albert Dürer died more than three hundred years ago, when they did such things.

In Mr. Bierstadt's room, also, you will see at a glance the direction of his studies and wanderings. It is a perfect museum of Indian curiosities,—deerskin leggings, wampum-belts, war-clubs, pipe-bowls, and scalping-knives. The latter articles look so cruel and savage that you don't feel like prolonging your visit, for fear the artist might get out of patience with you! These traps Mr. Bierstadt brought with him in his trunks from the Rocky Mountains; but in his brain and his portfolios he brought more precious things;—those wild ravines, and snowy sierras,[‡] which he has bequeathed to us on canvas.

Mr. Church's love of the Tropics is as plainly discernible in his studio as in his landscapes. Everywhere about the room we have sunny hints of the equator. Even the pot-plants at the casement threaten to turn into graceful date-palms and cocoanut-trees under the influence.

As to Mr. Bradford's studio, we candidly confess to having caught a severe cold from merely looking at his Icelandic relics,—Esquimaux harpoons, snow shoes, seal-skin dresses, and walrus-teeth. In his recent journey due north, Mr. Bradford, it seems to us, pocketed the best part of the Labradors, including several chilling but picturesque icebergs which are now on exhibition.

We have mentioned these studios incidentally. There are others in this building, and elsewhere in the city, equally noticeable as illustrating the particular bent of their occupants.

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The Tenth Street Studio Building is a very busy and cheerful hive in winter. The artists are a hospitable race, and they have no end of visitors. Statesmen, generals, diplomates, divines, travellers, suspicious counts, merchants, authors and actors,—in short, all sorts of celebrities, real and silver-plated, visit the studios. In summer the place is as deserted as an unsuccessful oil-well. At the unfolding of the first leaf, the artists are off, like so many birds, for the green-wood;—some on the coast of Maine, some up among the Catskills, others in the Far West among the red men; all making sketches and studies. No spot escapes them. They follow Nature into her most secret and remote fastnesses—though they do not always succeed in capturing her!

As our chapter draws to a close, our friends are making preparations for their annual flight. Before the general migration takes place, we shall have time to take a nearer view of one or two of the studios, if such be the pleasure of Our Young Folks.

*T. B. Aldrich.*

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* The rończie or ranfeur, a weapon used by foot-soldiers in the Middle Ages, resembles a partisan, having a sharper-pointed blade, with projecting curved ears at the sides.

† A kind of cross-bow.

‡ Jagged and saw-like ranges of mountains.

# STARS AT BED-TIME.

Lift up the curtain, Bridget,—
You need no longer stay;
I want to see the stars shine
When you have gone away.

I'd rather say my prayers, here,
When nobody is by,
And only angel eyes look
From out the blessed sky.

The stars, so sweetly shining
    When earth and sky are dim,—
It seems as if God bade them
    Invite our hearts to Him.

I think Mamma is near them,
    For she to Heaven is gone.—
Kiss me good-night, dear Bridget,
    And let me lie alone.

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*

# THE BOY OF CHANCELLORVILLE.

On the second and third days of May, 1863, was fought the great and terrible battle of Chancellorville, and not until men beat their swords into ploughshares, and boys exchange their drums for Jews-harps and penny-whistles, will it be forgotten. But I do not propose to write about it, for I cannot. No one can describe a battle without seeing it; and I did not see the battle of Chancellorville. But I did see, more than a year after it was fought, a little boy who was in it, and who, nearly all the intervening time, was a prisoner in the hands of the Rebels.

He was only twelve years old, and you may think that what such a little fellow did, at such a time, could not be of much consequence to anybody. But it was. He saved one or two human lives, and lighted the passage of a score of souls through the dark valley; and so did more than any of our great generals on those bloody days. He saved lives, they destroyed them.

You know that, if you break a small wheel in a cotton-mill, the entire machinery will stop; and if the moon—one of the smallest lumps of matter in the universe—should fall from its orbit, the whole planetary system might go reeling and tumbling about like a drunken man. So you see the great importance of little things,—and little *folks* are of much greater importance than little *things*. If they were not, the little boy I am writing about would not have done so much at Chancellorville, and I should not now be telling you his story.

The battle was raging hotly on our left, when this little drummer-boy was ordered to the rear by his Captain. "Go," the Captain said; "you're in danger here; back there you may be of use to the wounded." The little fellow threw his musket over his shoulder,—his drum he left behind when the battle began,—and, amid the pelting bullets, made his way back to the hospital. Our forces were driving the enemy, and all the ground over which they had fought was strewn with the dead and the dying. Here and there, men with stretchers were going about among the wounded; but the stretchers were few, and the wounded were many; and as the poor maimed and bleeding men turned their pitiful eyes on the little boy, or in low, faint tones asked him for water, he could not help lingering among them, though the enemy's shells were bursting, and their bullets falling like hailstones all about him. Gray jackets were mingled with blue; but in a generous mind the cry of suffering dispels all distinction between friend and enemy; and Robert—that was his name—went alike to the wounded of both armies. Filling his canteen from a little stream which flowed through the battle-field, he held it to many a parched lip, and was

rewarded with many a blessing from dying men,—blessings which will be to him a comfort and a consolation when he too shall draw near to death.

He had relieved a score or more, when he noticed, stretched on the ground at a little distance, his head resting against a tree, a fair-haired boy of not more than seventeen. He was neatly dressed in gray, and had a noble countenance, with a broad, open forehead, and thick, curly hair, which clustered all about his temples. His face wore the hue of health, his eyes were bright and sparkling, and only the position of his hands, which were clasped tightly above his head, told that he was in pain and wounded.

"Can I help you?" asked Robert, as he approached him.

"Thank you. Yes," he answered, clutching the canteen, and taking a long draught of the water. "Thank you," he said again. "I saw you. I knew you would come to me."

"Why! have the rest passed you by?"

"Yes; for, you see, I'm a Rebel," he replied, smiling faintly. "But *you* don't care for that."

"No, I don't. But are you badly hurt?"

"Pretty badly, I fear. I'm bleeding fast,—I reckon it's all over with me";—and he pointed to a dark red stain on his jacket, just under his shoulder. His voice had a clear, ringing tone, and his face a calm, cheerful look; for to the brave death has no terrors. To the true man or boy it is only the passage upward to a higher, better, nobler life in the heavens.

Robert tore open the young man's clothes, and bound his handkerchief tightly about his wound; then, seeing an empty stretcher coming that way, he shouted to its bearers: "Quick! Take him to the hospital. He's bleeding to death!"

"I don't like the color o' his clothes," said one of the men, as the two moved on with the stretcher. "I guess he kin wait till we look arter our own wounded."

His face flushing with both shame and anger, Robert sprang to his feet, and, turning upon the men, said in an imperious tone, which sounded oddly enough from such a little fellow: "He can't wait. He will bleed to death, I tell you. Take him now; if you don't, I'll report you,—I'll have you drummed out of the army for being brutes and cowards."

The men set down the litter, and the one who had spoken, looking pleasantly at Robert for a moment, said: "Well, you *are* a bully boy. We don't keer for no reportin'; but for sich a little chap as you, we'll do anything,—I'm blamed if we won't."

"I thank you very much," said Robert, in an altered way, as he hastened to help

the men lift the wounded youth upon the stretcher.

The hospital was an old mill at a cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile away. It was built of logs, without doors or window-panes, and was fast falling to decay; but its floor, and nearly every square inch of shaded ground around it, were covered with the wounded and the dying. Thither they bore the Rebel boy, and, picking their way among the many prostrate and bleeding men, spread a blanket under a tree, and laid him gently on it. Then Robert went for a surgeon.

One shortly came, and, after dressing the wound, he said in a kindly way: "It's a bad hurt, my lad, but keep up a good heart, and you'll soon be about. A little pluck does more for a wound than a good many bandages."

"Oh! Now you've stopped the bleeding, I sha'n't die. I *won't* die,—it would kill mother if I did."

And so, you see, the Southern lad, even then, thought of his mother! and so do all brave boys, whether well or wounded. They think of her first, and of her last; for no other hand is so gentle, no other voice is so tender, no other heart so true and faithful as hers. No boy ever grew to be a great and good man, who did not love and reverence his mother. Even the Saviour of the world, when he hung upon the cross, thought of his, and said to John, "Behold thy mother!"

With so many needing help, Robert could do little more for the Southern youth. He saw him covered warmly with a blanket, and heard him say, "Whether I get well or not, I shall never forget *you*." Then he left him, not to see him again till long afterwards.

The surgeon was a kind-hearted man, and told Robert he should not go again upon the battle-ground; so he went about among the wounded in the hospital, tending them, writing last words to their loved ones at home, or reading to them from the blessed Book which God has given to be the guide of the living and the comfort of the dying.

So the day wore away, until the red tide of battle surged again around the old mill at the cross-roads. The Rebels came on in overpowering force, and drove our men, as autumn leaves are driven before the whirlwind. Numbers went down at every volley; and right there, not a hundred yards away, a tall, stalwart man fell, mortally wounded. A Rebel bullet had entered his side, and as the fallen man pressed his hand upon it, a dog which was with him began to lap the wound, as if he thought he could thus stay the crimson stream on which his master's soul was going to its Maker.

Robert saw the man fall, and the dog standing by amid the leaden storm which was pouring in torrents all around them. Admiring the bravery of the dog, he stepped

out from behind the tree where he had stood out of range of the bullets, and went to the wounded man. Gently lifting his head, he said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes!" gasped the man. "Tell them that I died—like a man—for my country."

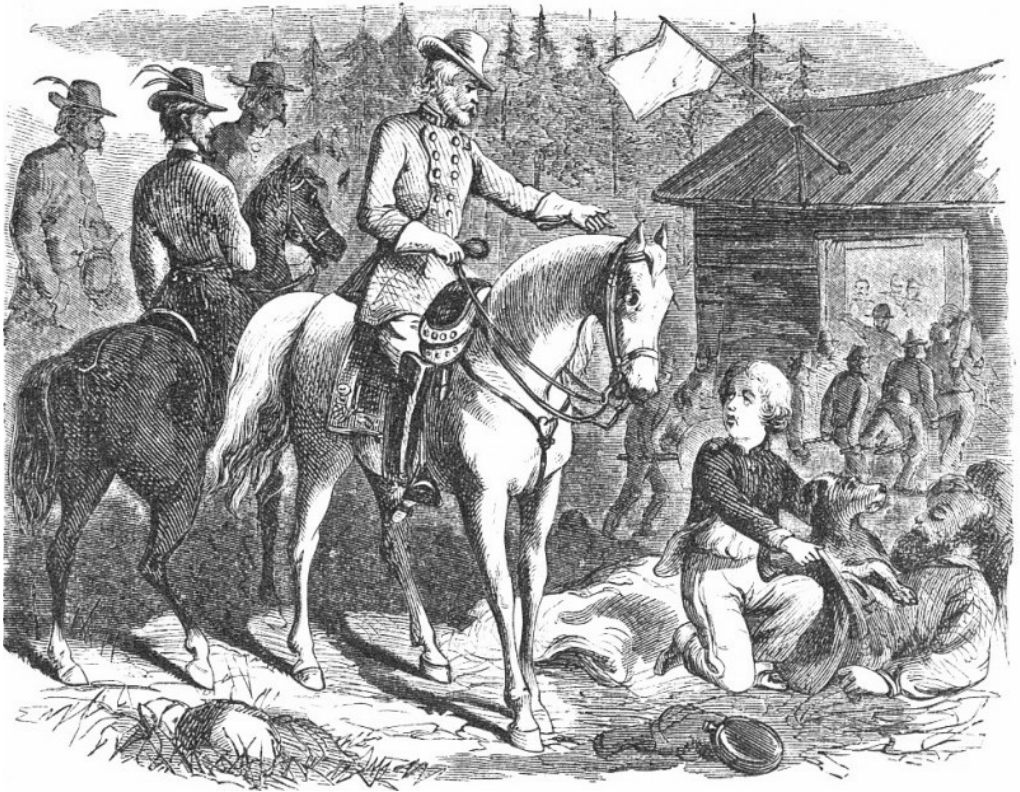
"Is that all? Nothing more?" asked Robert quickly, for he saw that the soldier was sinking rapidly.

The dying man turned his eyes to the little boy's face, clasped his arm tightly about the neck of his dog, made one or two efforts to speak, and then, murmuring faintly, "Take care—of—Ponto!" passed upward to that world where there are no wars and no fightings.

The battle by this time had surged away to the northward, and a small party of cavalry-men had halted before the doorway of the hospital. Robert had closed the eyes of the fallen soldier, and was straightening his limbs upon the blood-dampened ground, when one of the horsemen called out to him: "What,—my little fellow! What are you doing out here, so far away from your mother?"

Robert looked up, and, amid the group of officers, saw a tall, broad-shouldered, grave-looking man, with handsome, regular features, and hair and beard streaked with gray, but almost as white as cotton. He wore a high felt hat, an old gray coat, and blue trousers tucked into high-top boots; and rode a large, handsome horse, whose skin was as soft and glossy as a leopard's. He carried no arms, but the three dingy stars on his collar showed that he held high rank among the Rebels. All this Robert had time to observe, as he very deliberately answered: "I came out here, sir, to help fight the wicked men who are trying to destroy their country."

The officer's placid face flushed with anger; and, turning to an aid, he said, in a harsh, grating tone: "Take that boy to the rear. Send him to the Libby with the other prisoners."*



Robert did not then know that this officer was the famous General Lee,—the man who neither smokes, drinks, nor chews tobacco; who has, in short, none of the smaller vices, but all of the larger ones; for he deliberately, basely, and under circumstances of unparalleled meanness, betrayed his country, and, long after all hope of success was lost, carried on a murderous war against his own race and kindred.

It was nearly sunset before Robert was sent off to the rear, and meanwhile a narrow trench was scooped in the ground, and the dead soldier was placed in it. Robert set a small stake at the head of the grave, and it stands there still; but no one knows who rests below, and no one will know till the morning of the resurrection; and yet it may be that even now, in some far-away Northern home, hearts are heavy, and eyes are red, with waiting and weeping for the father and the husband who never again will return to his loved among the living.

Early on the following day, with about three hundred poor fellows, one half of whom were wounded, Robert was marched off to Richmond. The soldier's dog, when he saw his master laid away in the ground, howled and took on piteously, but

soon afterwards grew friendly with Robert, and the two made all the weary journey together.

It was in truth a weary journey, and I cannot find it in my heart to tell you about it, for I do not want to make you sad; and it would draw tears from hearts of stone to know all that the poor boy endured. It seemed more than human nature could bear, and yet it was only what thousands of our tired, footsore, wounded, and starving men have suffered on their long, dusty, and muddy march to the Richmond Bastile. Time and again the little boy would have fallen by the way, had not the poor dumb dog sustained him. They shared their meagre crust together; and often, when Robert's spirits drooped on the march, Ponto would gambol about him, and make him cheerful in spite of himself; and often, too, when he lay down to sleep on the damp ground, the dog would stretch his huge paws across his breast, and cover him, as well as he could, from the cold air, and the unhealthy night dew.

At sunset, on the fourteenth day of May, the column, wayworn and footsore, with haggard faces and uncombed hair, was set down from the cars of the Virginia Central Railroad, and marched into the city of Richmond. Down the long, grass-grown streets they were hurried with clouded faces and heavy hearts; but when at last the cold, brown walls of the Libby rose before them darkly outlined on the gray sky, they almost shouted for joy,—for joy that their toilsome journey was over, though it had ended in a prison. If they had known of the many weary months of cold and hunger and misery which some of them were to pass there, would they not rather have died than have entered the dark doorway of that living grave?

All of you have read descriptions, or seen pictures, of the gloomy outside of this famous prison, so I need not tell you how it looks. It is indeed gloomy, but the inside is repulsive and unsightly to the last degree. The room into which Robert and his companions were taken was a long, low apartment on the ground floor, with naked beams, broken windows, in whose battered frames the spider had woven his web, and bare, brown walls, from which hung scores of torn, dingy blankets, every one of them filled with a larger caravan of wild animals than any ever seen in a Northern town. The weary, travel-soiled company was soon ranged in four files along the floor of this room, and there they were made to wait two long hours for the Inspector. At last he came,—a coarse, brutal fellow, with breath perfumed with whiskey, and face bloated with drink and smeared with tobacco-juice.

"Yer a sorry set!" he said, as he went down the lines, taking from the men their money and other valuables. "A sorry set!" he added, as he looked down on their ragged clothes, through which here and there the torn flesh was peeping. "A sorry set! Sorrier nur purtater-tops in September; but yer green though,—greener nur

laurel-bushes, and ye bar [bear] better," again he said, as he stuffed a huge handful of United States notes into his pocket, and went on with his dirty work. At last he stopped before a coatless officer, with matted hair, only one boot, a tattered shirt, and no hat or neck-tie, but in their stead a stained bandage, from under which the blood still was trickling. "Who'd ha' thought o' raisin' sich a crap from sich a hill o' beans!" he said, as he drew from the pocket of this officer a roll larger than usual, and in his greed paused to count the money.

"We reap what we sow," said the officer, with a look of intense loathing; "you are sowing theft, you'll reap hell-fire—if I live to get out of this prison."

"Yer sowin' greenbacks, and ye'll reap a dungeon, if ye don't keep a civil tongue in yer head," responded the fellow, with a brutal sneer, as he went on down the column.

Ponto had kept close at the heels of Robert, and, following him into the prison, had crouched down behind the line, and remained unobserved until the robbery was over. Then a dozen sentinels were ordered to take the prisoners to their quarters, and, when they began to move, the dog attracted the notice of the Inspector. "Whose dog is that?" he roared, as Ponto started up the stairway, a little in advance of his young master.

Robert was about to answer, but a kind-hearted sentinel, seeing from his looks that the dog was his, touched him on the shoulder, and whispered: "Not a word, Sonny! It mought git ye inter trouble."

"Stop him! Cotch that dog!" shouted the Inspector, as Ponto, hearing the inquiry, and seeming to know by instinct that it referred to him, darted forward and disappeared in the room above. The Inspector and two or three sentries pursued him, and, bounding after them two steps at a time, Robert soon saw what followed.

The room was of the same size, and furnished in much the same way, as the one below stairs; but scattered about it, in messes of fifteen or twenty, were more than two hundred prisoners. In and out among these prisoners, ran the dog and his pursuers. It was an exciting chase; but they might as well have tried to catch a sunbeam, or a bird without salting its tail, as to take Ponto in such a crowd of friends. In and out among them—crouching behind boxes, leaping over barrels, running beneath benches, right under the legs of his pursuers—went Ponto, as if he were a streak of lightning out on a frolic; while the prisoners stood by, laughing, and shouting, and getting in the way as much as possible, to keep the loyal dog from the clutches of his Rebel enemies. Half an hour the chase lasted. Then the patience of the Inspector gave out, and, puffing with heat and anger, he shouted, "One of you, shoot the —— critter."

A sentinel levelled his musket, but a Union man threw up the barrel. “Don’t fire here,” he said, “you’ll kill some of us.”

“Fire, —— you, fire! Don’t mind him,” shouted the enraged Inspector.

“Do it, Dick Turner,” said the man, planting himself squarely before him, “and I’ll brain you on the spot,” and—Turner prudently omitted to order the shooting.

Taking advantage of this momentary lull, Ponto darted up into the officer’s room, and was soon snugly hid away in the third story. Baffled and exasperated, Turner turned to the man, and, growling out, “I’ll have my revenge for this, my fine fellow,” strode down the stairway.

Robert’s quarters were in the room where this scene occurred, and his new messmates received him very kindly. They gave him food, bathed his aching, swollen limbs, and soon made him a bed on the floor, with a blanket for a mattress, and Ponto for a coverlet. He was just falling into a doze, when he heard a voice at the landing ask, with an oath, “Where is that dog?” The lights were out, but by the lantern which the man carried, the boy saw that he was a short, slight, dapper individual, with a beardless face, a sneaking look, and a consequential air, which seemed to say: “Get out of my way, sir; I am Thomas P. Turner, by profession a Negro-whipper, but now keeper of Libby Prison, and I take off my hat to nobody.” With him was the other Turner,—his tool, and the fit instrument of his contemptible tyranny.

No one answered the question, and the two worthies groped their way about the room with the lantern. They caught sight of Robert’s mess just in time to see Ponto again take himself off up the stairway. The sagacious creature had heard the ungentlemanly allusion to himself, and, like a sensible dog, determined to keep out of such low company.

With the aid of his Union friends, that night and for a week afterwards, Ponto baffled his pursuers; but at last he was taken, and, much against his will, was set free,—for, you know, it is only men that ever deserve to be shut up in prison. What became of him Robert does not know; but if he is living, he is a decent dog; if dead, he has gone where the good dogs go,—that is certain.

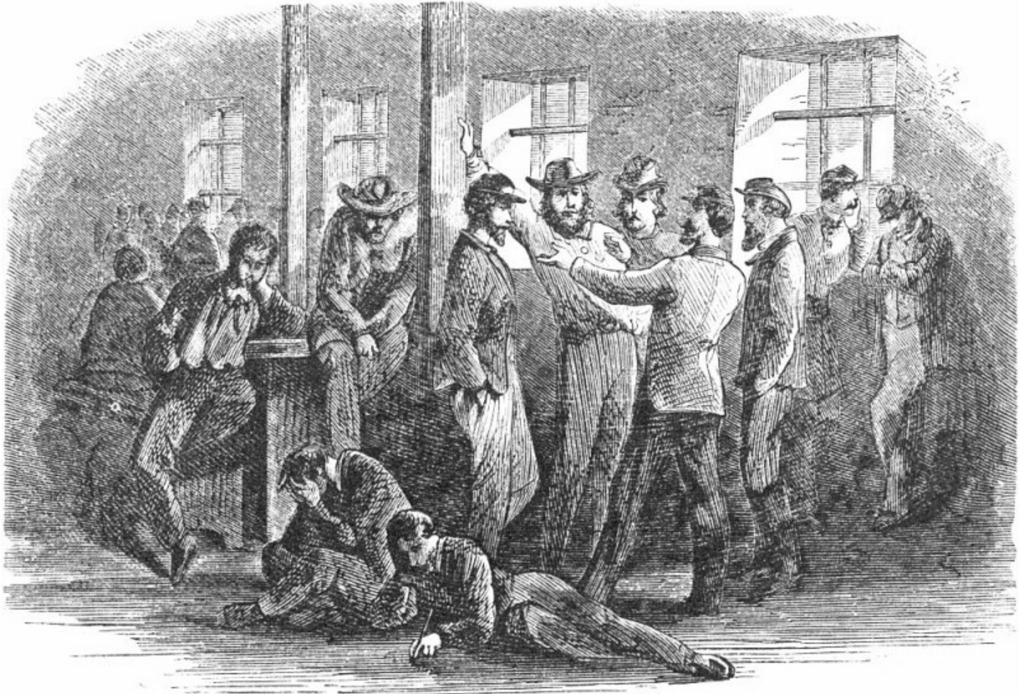
“So, he is your dog?” said Turner, halting before Robert, who had risen to his feet.

“He is, sir,” answered the little boy in a respectful tone, “and you will be cruel if you take him away from me.”

“Cruel! do you call *me* cruel!” cried Turner, flying into a passion. “I’ll teach you manners, you young whelp.” Turning then to his subordinate, he asked for the “other Yankee.”

The prisoner who had forbidden the firing was pointed out, and soon he and Robert were escorted to a dungeon, down in the cellar, under the sidewalk. The members of Robert's mess told Turner of his exhausted condition, and begged him not to consign a tired, sick boy to so horrible a place,—at least to let him rest where he was till the morning; but all they said was of no avail. They might as well have talked to an adder, for an adder is not more deaf, nor more venomous, than was that man!

So Robert's long, weary journey ended in a dungeon. It was a horrid den,—a low, close, dismal place, with a floor encrusted with filth, and walls stained and damp with the rain, which in wet weather had dripped down from the sidewalk. Its every corner was alive with vermin, and it seemed only a fit habitation for some ferocious beast, which had to be shut out from the light of day, and kept from contact with all things human. Yet into it they thrust a sick, fragile boy; and he would have died there but for the kind-hearted soldier who went with him. He wrapped him in his blanket; gave him every morsel of his own food; stretched himself on the naked floor, and held him for hours clasped to his own warm breast; and, in all ways, nursed and tended him as if he had been his mother. So Robert lived through it, and, at the end of forty hours, God softened the hearts of his keepers.[†]



For a month afterwards Robert was confined to the hospital. The occupant of the next cot to his own was a Union Colonel, who, when they were well enough to go back to the prison, procured for him admission to the officers' quarters in the third story. This secured him no better fare or accommodations than he would have had below with the private soldiers, but it gave him more air and larger space to move about in. There he lived for seven long months; sleeping, at night, on the hard floor; idling, by day, through the large rooms, or gazing out on the narrow prospect to be seen from the prison windows. But his time was not altogether idled away. Under the eye of the good Colonel, he went over his arithmetic and grammar, and learned French and Spanish. But it was a weary time. Exchanges were suspended, and there seemed no hope; yet at last deliverance came.

Robert went seldom from his own floor, but one cold day in January, 1864, he was called by a simple errand to the lower story. He was about returning, his foot was even on the stairway, when he heard some one call his name. Looking round, he saw it was the sentinel,—a young man, with light, wavy hair, and an open, handsome countenance. His left coat-sleeve was dangling at his side, but he seemed strong, and otherwise capable of military duty. "Did you call me?" asked Robert. "Why!" cried the other, grasping his hand, "don't you know me? don't you remember Chancellorville?" It was the Rebel youth whose life Robert had saved on the battle-field. The musket dropped from his hand, and he hugged the little boy as if he had been his own brother. The other sentries, and even an officer, stood by, and said nothing; though all this was against the prison regulations. After all,—after even the atrocities the Rebels have committed,—it is true that the same humanity beats under a gray coat that beats under a blue one.

The next day a gentleman came into the room where Robert was quartered, and asked to see him. He was a stoutly built man, rather above the medium height, with a full, open face, large pleasant eyes, and an agreeable manner. He was dressed in dark-gray clothes, wore a broad felt hat, and everything about him seemed to denote that he was a kind-hearted gentleman. He asked Robert how old he was; where his home was; how long he had been in prison; and all about his mother; and, when he rose to go away, gave him his hand, and said: "You're a brave boy. I am sorry I haven't known of you before. But you shall go home now,—in a few days I shall be going to the lines, and will take you with me."

Robert's eyes filled with tears, and he stammered out: "I thank you, sir. I thank you very much, sir."

"You need not, my boy," said the gentleman, placing his hand kindly upon his head. "It is only right that we should let you go,—you saved the life of one of our

men."

In three days, with money in his pocket, given him by this gentleman, Robert was on his way to his mother. He is now at his home, fitting himself to act his part in this great world, in this earnest time in which we are living; and the kind-hearted man who set him free, charged with dishonest meanness and theft, is now shut up in that same horrid prison. Robert does not think him guilty, and he has asked me to tell you this about him, which I do gladly, and all the more gladly because I know him, and believe that, if there is an honorable, high-minded man in all Virginia, that man is Robert Ould.[‡]

*Edmund Kirke.*

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* This incident is corroborated to the writer by a lady to whom it was related by Lieutenant-Colonel Botts,—nephew to Hon. John Minor Botts,—who was a member of Lee's staff, and present when it occurred.

† This whole narrative of Robert's stay in the Libby the writer has on the testimony of two persons besides the boy himself. It is undoubtedly true in every detail. The writer would be convinced of it from what he personally knows of the two Turners, had he no other evidence.

‡ Since this was written, Judge Ould has been honorably acquitted of all the charges against him.

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP

# CHARADES.

No. 14.

My *first* means to plunder,
My *second* internal.
United in one
They name a sweet bird
With ebony head,
Dressed partly in red
And partly in dun.
My *last* or my *third*,
When written asunder,
May be a cognomen,
Or head-dress of women,
Convenient in weather
Too chilly or sunny.
’Tis also the name
Of a poet of fame,
(Not many years dead,)
And who will be read
While men have a taste
For pathetic or funny.
And what is my *whole*,
Or the end of the “yarn”?
An outlaw, who often
Is named with his barn.

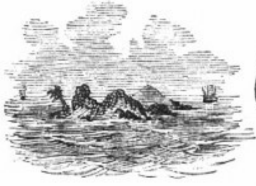
R. H.

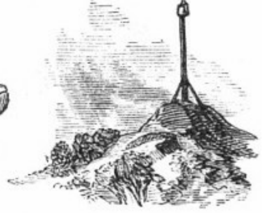
No. 15.

In the dim twilight shed by the sun’s latest ray,
O’er my steep, rugged *second* my *first* made its way.
By the soldiers in silence ’twas hurried along,
The march unenlivened by laughter or song;
For their comrades besieged in despair saw each day
Their food and munition fast wasting away;
And my *first* bore my *whole* to these warriors bold,
A freight far more precious than silver or gold.
All night they go on, and rejoice in the storm
Which shields from the enemy’s sight every form;
And, ere the first rays of the morning betray
That they’ve passed, they are safe, and no foeman can stay
My *first* with its load; it has entered the gate.
Thanks to its brave convoy it comes not too late!
It has given new strength to the soldiers within,
And *that* fortress the enemy never may win.

N.

# ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 20.





PATTY.

# ENIGMAS.

No. 15.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 27, 13, 24, 9, 4, are invariably quacks.
My 18, 25, 1, 17, 3, 14, 26, are dear to me.
My 2, 16, 2, 7, 20, is in your eye.
My 15, 29, 19, 8, 18, is what we all sigh for.
My 30, 10, 5, 24, are used in games of chance.
My 23, 28, 12, 3, is a small bay.
My 5, 19, 30, 13, 14, goes through the press.
My 15, 7, 11, 20, is frequently presented.
My 25, 22, 5, 6, is part of a foot.
My whole is a wise saying.

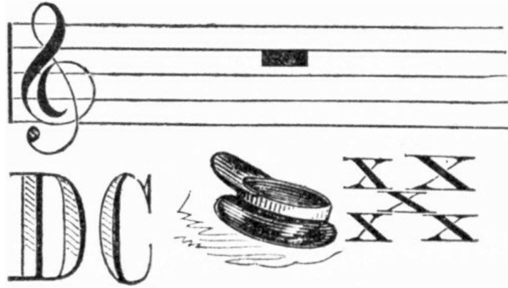
A. W. W.

No. 16.

There dwelt in England once a man,
1, 2, 3, 4, his title ran;
My 6, 7, 4, he had twice over,
And 5, 1, 2, 3, was his cover.
2, 5, 6, 7, they called the land,
Whereon firm-built his house did stand.
By 5, 1, 8, ’twas overhung,
And poets of the place have sung.
(And here—’tis proper you should know it
I have to say, my *whole’s* a poet.)
Some said this man was 5, 6, 8,
And some said not, and raised debate.
But this is sure, that 5, 2, 3,
Was cause to him of misery.
You ask his name, and ask in vain,
Though 2, 3, 1, can it explain.
Resolve this riddle to find it out,
Yet still you will remain in doubt.

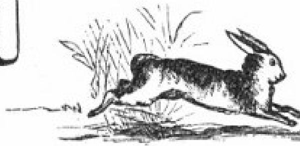
Albert Wood.

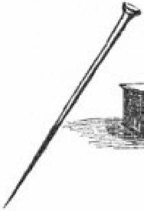
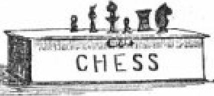
# ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 21.

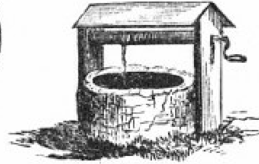


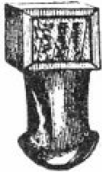
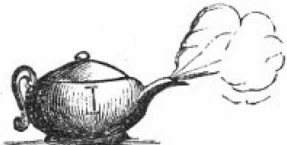

READER.

# ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 22.

UU 

 e

 S 

W. E. H.

# CONUNDRUMS.

17. Why is twelve o'clock like a pair of spectacles?
18. Suppose a botanist should go into the fields to search for *Thymus vulgaris*, and should return with a specimen of *Juncus effusus*, how long would he be gone, and how soon would he come back?
19. Why should a sailor always know what time it is?
20. What is that which must be taken from you before it can be presented to you?

# PUZZLES.

No. 9.

Mr. T., having been absent from home a few days, his son Willie asked him what places he had visited. “These three towns in Massachusetts,” said Mr. T., handing Willie a slip of paper on which was written,

Land.
S.
L.—What towns are they?

No. 10.

1. Est la vérité.
2. Est l’oncle.
3. Est la figure.
4. Est autre.
5. Est la reponse.

Translating these words, you will find that their initials name a race of English kings, and their finals the first of that race.

J. Robarts.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

11. (Each phrase makes one word.) It cuts no corn—I rob Ellen—he sins not, Mat—My one star—O nice dirt—No I cannot rest.
12. Speaking of the stories in “Our Young Folks,” papa admires, *Why*, *Nina*, *I swing*; and mamma, *Rus! Do go!* Annie says, *Ma, Pat ate her sad Lucy’s dog*. Johnny prefers, *Ten fish for tea, a lot*; but my choice is always, *Tilt the prettier son*.

F. A. E. I.

# ANSWERS.

## Charades.

11. Day-light.
12. Hum-drum.
13. Jump-rope.

## Enigmas.

12. Procrastination is the thief of time.
13. All is not gold that glitters.
14. Edmund Kirke.

## Conundrums.

11. Because he has antennæ (hasn't any).
12. Because they go two, two, two (too-too-too).
13. Ad-vice.
14. Because it's badly drawn.
15. Because he stops at the sound of woe (whoa).
16. No one knows (nose).

## Transpositions.

9. Simon Peter in tears.
10. Gail Hamilton,—Carleton,—Mayne Reid,—Harriet B. Stowe,—Lucy Larcom,—Trowbridge.

## Puzzles.

7. Spear—pear—pea—ear.
8. Cheat—heat—eat—at—T.

## Illustrated Rebuses.

14. Patience is a plaster for all sores.
    [(Patient) (sis) (ape) (last) (her) (four awls) (oars).]
15. Those who can decipher rebuses ought to be able to invent them as well. Therefore, boys and girls, you and I expect wonders.
    [T(hose) (hook) (candy) O (rib) (busses) (oar) (Toby) (Abel) (2 in vent) (thumb) (a swell). T(hare) (four boys and girls) U & I (X *pecked*) 1 doz.]

16. For he was more than over shoes in love. 'Tis true; for you are more than over boots in love.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

[4 he was (mower) (than *over* shoes in love). 'Tis true; for (ewer *over* boots in love). (Two Gentlemen) (V-row)na.]

17. Judicious perseverance overcomes all discouragement.

[(Jew) (dish) US (purse) (sieve) (ear) (ants *over* comes) (awl) (die) (scour) (age) (men) (tea).]

18. A puss in boots catches no mice.

[(A puss in boot) S (cat) che (snow) (mice).]

19. You are cold as an icicle.

[U (ark) (old) azzan (eye) (sickle).]

JUST MY LUCK! I.

# 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 end of *Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Vol 1, Issue 9* edited by John Townsend Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom]