

the overworked artisan, and the sleek, plump countenance of him who fares sumptuously every day. Come you need not be bashful here. If you do not care for yourself, hewer of wood and drawer of water as you may be, it is your duty to care for your little ones. You do them a world of wrong, friend, by robbing them of a simple glimpse of sunshine or the sight of a single flower you might obtain for them. In childhood curiosity peeps out in every motion. It directs the muscles of the eye, and of the tongue, of the fingers, and of the busy little pattering feet. Let this curiosity have something better to feed on than what is furnished by our vile courts and filthy allies; something more elevating than gin-begotten curses, cruel sights, and tales of disgusting beastliness and brutality. Lead them forth into the green fields; and, as the golden sunlight falls upon their young heads, and by its brightness causes them to avert their innocent eyes, tell them that they have souls, which, though generally too little thought of or cared for, are nevertheless of infinitely more value than the bodies in which they are to abide for a season. Tell them that the soul requires food as well as the body, and that without food it must starve. And then make known to them what manner of nourishment it requires. Show them how every flower of the earth, and every green tree, and every running brook, and every blade of grass, and every cloud, bright or dark, and every star of heaven, and every beam of the sun and of the moon, and every gentle word, and every kind look, and every kiss without guile, supplies the soul with nutriment. Teach the little one to seek this food for itself, and you will have done much to further its education. There be men who hold a far different doctrine; men to whom the face of nature seems changed on the only day upon which the poor man has time to look on it. On that day, the green dell is to your strict religionist a very 'synagogue of satan,' and every glistening calyx becomes the pulpit of a fallen angel. The road to perdition, too, is paved with violets as well as good intentions, and frightful atheistical sophistries lurk beneath the petals of the buttercup. And there have been others who have termed flowers the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hill and dale immortal truths. What a beautiful sight to see your little ones returning at eve, their pinafores filled with the flowers of the field. In the sense of the above quotation, there may be *letter-carrying* on Sundays in spite of all the fanatical Sabbatarians in the Empire. Let us speak a few words about babyhood.

Baby is a genuine physiognomist. It sees further than the self-styled 'lords of the creation' will generally condescend to see. It will not smile and crow, and reach out its little hand towards a disagreeable countenance, though the owner of that countenance be attired in raiment like that of Solomon—'in all its glory.' And yet how strongly is it sometimes attracted by one of the meanest garb. Why? Because it recognises nature's choicest jewelry peeping through eyes which sorrow has had the power to dim, but not the power to rob of their kindness. Because it knows by intuition that diamonds brighter than ever fell from the lips of princesses in fairy tales, are ready to fall, in the shape of kind words, from those careworn bloodless lips.

Do not tell your children that money is valueless, but teach them its true use. And tell them how noble a thing is tolerance; how large an allowance they should make for the prejudices of those who have the misfortune to be cradled in gold, and so deprived of motives to healthy active exertion in after life. Tell them how often the coronet has shut out the fresh air of heaven; but never, by precept or example, offer violence to those great truths which are perpetually being preached in the great temple not made with hands.

A word before we conclude. The working man has little idea of the vast amount of ill temper generated by perpetually breathing the polluted atmosphere of cities. Let him be indulgent when this ill temper manifests itself in her whom he has chosen as the partner of his life. It generally has a physical cause, which every step on the grass, every stooping to pick up a daisy, every glance at the glorious sky, every breath of summer zephyr, every caw of the rook, and every chirp of the hedge sparrow will help to dissipate. The fable tells how Antæus, when wrestling with Hercules, recovered his strength each time he touched his mother earth. To him who kneels reverently on the greensward, and does homage with heart and soul to the great Mother, to him assuredly strength will be given. But Nature will have no half worshippers. She requires the worship of the whole soul.

How pleasant it will be for the rambler to think, on their return, how ill temper and discontent have been wafted away down the rivulets they have crossed, and that in the beautiful words of Longfellow,

The night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

SCHOOL-BOY WIT—A short time since, as a well known English school master in a grammar school was censuring his pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum of *Practice*, he said, 'Is not the price of a penny loaf always a penny?' when the boy innocently answered, 'No, sir, two for three half-pence when they are stale.'

### THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THE following remarkable story has all the interest of a romance; yet it is true, and the parties are still living:

It was in the memorable year 1814, when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris.

A young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three or four Hungarians, who after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty child of sixteen? However the old soldier—for such the boatman was—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse than he rowed most vigorously for the other side.

Then when he had deposited the wounded man in the boat, this worthy old man recrossed the river again, but with faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time.

'You have been very hardly treated, my boy,' said the old guardsman to him; 'but here am I, who have gone further still, and come home.'

The silence and fixed attitude of Lieutenant S— showed the extreme agony of his pains, and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was gathering about the wound on his left side would shortly terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter.

'Mary,' he said, 'you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of just such another wound as this here. Well, now, had there been somebody by to suck the wound, his life would have been saved.'

The boatman then landed, and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him to carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he was resigning life in the first flower of his age, but that he should die without even a mother's kiss.

'My mother, my dear mother!' said he, 'I die without—'

Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved, and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father had said: she thought how her uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant, quicker than thought, she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amid this holy occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat.

Judge of her father's surprise as he came up with two soldiers, when he saw Lieutenant S—, whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child and saw it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to excuse herself, when her father, embracing her with enthusiasm, raised her spirits, and the young officer thanked her in these prophetic words:

'You have saved my life; it belongs to you.'

After this she tended him, and became his nurse; nothing would he take but from her hand. No wonder that with such a nurse he at length recovered. Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meanwhile Master Cupid, who is very busy in such cases, gave him another wound, and there was only one way to cure it—so very deep it was.

The poor boatman's daughter became Madame S—.

Her husband is now not a simple lieutenant, but a lieutenant general; and the boatman's daughter is as elegant and graceful a lady as any that you see at court.

### ODE TO LABOR.

The camp has had its day of song;  
The sword, the bayonet, the plume  
Have crowded out of rhyme too long  
The plough, the anvil, and the loom!  
O, not upon our tented fields  
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;  
The training of the work shop yields  
More heroes true than war has known!

Who drives the belt, who shapes the steel,  
May, with a heart as valiant, smite,  
As he who sees a woman reel,  
In blood before his blow of might!  
The skill that conquers space and time,  
That graces toil, that lightens life,  
May spring from courage more sublime  
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let Labor, then, look up and see,  
His craft no pith of honor lacks:  
The soldier's rifle yet shall be  
Less honored than the woodman's axe.  
Let Art his own appointment prize,  
Nor deem that gold or outward height  
Can compensate the worth that lies  
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still  
When men this sacred truth shall heed,  
That from the thought and from the will  
Must all that raises man proceed.  
Though Pride should hold our calling low,  
For us shall Duty make it good;  
And we from truth to truth shall go,  
Till life and death are understood.

### From "Turkey and its Destiny."

#### A GREEK WEDDING.

THE house was full of company. Down stairs were the poorer, and up stairs were the richer, sort; but, whether down or up, they all seemed to be well provided with crassi and raki. Two priests were very busy in pouring out the drink, by no means neglecting to partake of it. In the principal room up stairs the bride stood in a corner, with her back to a wall, her feet on the divan or broad sofa, and her face and a good part of her person completely concealed under a thick glittering veil of clinquant and gold tinsel cut into very long shreds. She stood motionless like a statue. We could not make out how she breathed, or how she could stand so long in that crowded and heated room, in that one posture, without moving so much as her hands, and even without speaking. The nearer a bride brings herself to the condition of a statue, the more chaste and perfect is her performance considered! The bridegroom sat at the opposite side of the room in great state and solemnity, being waited upon by his comparos, or bridesman, and receiving the compliments and felicitations of his friends, and of all the men of the village, and of not a few who came from neighboring Greek villages. All his male friends kissed him on the cheeks, first on one side and then on the other. None of the men approached the bride: it would have been a breach of decency to do so. The happy man, who wore a very decorous and innocently serious face, was a sturdy, handsome, Turkish-looking fellow, with very long and thick mustachios, wearing a very bright white turban, with blue stripes, interlaced with narrow shreds of clinquant. All the members of either family, as well as the comparos, sported tinsel in their head-gear. As they glided about the room, the tinsel streamed in the air like the tails of comets. Three hired musicians were squatted on their heels at the lower end of the room near the doorway, one tom-tomming upon a small double drum or kettle-drum, which rested upon the floor, and the two others blowing pipes, which in shape resembled clarionets, but which in sound were far more shrill and ear-piercing. They thumped and they blew with astonishing vigour. When they paused for a minute, new spirit was put into them by small glasses of raki, donations of half-piastre pieces from the company assembled, hugs and kisses, and enthusiastic commendations of their strength and skill. The music seemed to us to be all Turkish, or no music at all; a mere continuity of noise. There was no making out anything like an air: it squeaked and screamed, rattled and thumped on, for long periods of time, without a break or a variation; yet all the company, elated by raki, seemed to enjoy the music exceedingly, enthusiastically. They were all very merry, very happy and friendly, and to us very polite; but an easy natural politeness is as common to Greeks of all classes as it is unknown to the Armenians. The bride was as yet a nymph, but by to-morrow she would be a wife, and then she would show her face, which had been concealed ever since yesterday morning. After staying for about an hour, and partaking of roast chestnuts, parched peas, raisins, and sugar-plums, and drinking joy to the house and prosperity to this union, and giving a few piastres to the indefatigable musicians, we returned to our quiet luxurious quarters.

From Cummings Five Years' Adventures in South Africa.

#### STOPPING A POACHER.

I had listened with intense anxiety for about fifteen minutes longer, when I heard the hyenas and jackals give way on either side behind me from the carcass of the wildebeest, and turning my head slowly round, I beheld a huge and majestic lion, with a black mane which nearly swept the ground, standing over the carcass. He seemed aware of my proximity, and, lowering his head, he at once laid hold of the wildebeest and dragged it some distance up the hill. He then halted to take breath, but did not expose a broadside, and in a quarter of a minute he again laid hold of the wildebeest and dragged it about twelve yards further towards the cover, when he again raised his noble head and halted to take breath. I had not an instant to lose; he stood with his right side exposed to me in a very slanting position; I stretched my left arm across the grass, and, taking him rather low, I fired; the ball took effect, and the lion sank to the shot. All was as still as death for many seconds, when he uttered a deep growl, slowly gaining his feet he limped towards the cover, roaring mournfully as he went. When he got into the thorny bushes he stumbled through them as he moved along, and in half a minute I heard him halt and growl fearfully, as if dying. I had now every reason to believe that he was either dead or would die immediately, and if I did not seek him till the morning I knew very well that the hyenas and jackals would destroy him. I accordingly went up to camp, and having saddled two horses, I and Martin rode to seek him, taking all the dogs, led in strings by the natives. On reaching the carcass of the wildebeest we slipped the dogs, and they went off after the hyenas and jackals: we listened in vain for the deep growl of the lion, but I was persuaded that he was dead, and rode forward to the spot where I had last heard him growl. Lassie, now coming up commenced barking at a bush in front of me, and riding round, I had the immense satisfaction to behold the most magnificent old black maned lion stretched out before me. The ball had entered his belly a little

before the flank and traversed the length and breadth of his body, crippling him in the opposite shoulder. No description could give a correct idea of the surpassing beauty of this most majestic animal, as he lay still warm before me. I lighted a fire and gazed with delight upon his lovely mane, his massive arms, his sharp yellow nails, his hard and terrible head, his immense and powerful teeth, his perfect beauty and symmetry throughout; and I felt that I had won the noblest prize that this wide world could yield to a sportsman. Having about fifteen natives with me I sent for rheims and the lechter-uit, and we bore the lion to camp.

From a new work entitled 'Chanticleer; a Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.'

#### THE DEATH OF 'OLD SORREL.'

UPON the very height of the festivity, when it glowed the brightest and was most musical with mirthful voices, there had come to the casement a moaning sound as if borne upon the wind from a distance, a wailing of anguish, at the same time like and unlike that of human suffering. By slow advances it approached nearer and nearer to the homestead, and when it arose it brought the family enjoyment to a momentary pause. It had drawn so near that it sounded now again, as if in mournful lamentation, at the very door, when Mopsey, her dark face almost white, and her brow wrinkled with anxiety, rushed in.

'Grandfather,' said she, addressing old Sylvester, 'blind Sorrel is dying in the doorway.'

There was not one in all that company whom the announcement did not cause to start; led by old Sylvester, they hastily rose, and conducted by Mopsey, followed to the scene.

Blind Sorrel was lying by the moss-grown horse trough, at the gate.

'I noticed her through the day,' said Oliver, 'wandering up the lane, as if she was seeking the house.'

'The death agony must have been upon her then,' said William Peabody, shading his eyes with his hand.

'She remembered, perhaps, her young days,' old Sylvester added, 'when she used to crop the door yard grass.'

Mopsey, in her solicitude to have the death-bed of poor blind Sorrel properly attended, had brought with her, in the event of the paling or obscuration of the moon, a dark lantern, which she held tenderly aside as though the poor old creature still possessed her sight; immovable herself, as though she had been a swarthy image in stone, while, on the other side, William Peabody, near her head, stood gazing upon the animal with a fixed intensity, breathing hard and watching her dying struggle with a rigidity of feature almost painful to behold.

'She has carried me to mill many a day,' he said; 'some of the pleasantest hours of my life were spent upon her back, sauntering along at early day.'

'Your mother rode her to meeting,' Sylvester addressed his second son, 'on your wedding day, Oliver. Sorrel was of a long-lived race.'

'She was the gentlest horse creature you ever owned, father,' added Mrs Carrack, turning affectionately towards old Sylvester, 'and humored us girls when we rode her as though she had been a blood relation.'

'I am not so sure of that,' Mr Tiffany Carrick rejoined, 'for she has dumped me in a ditch more than once.'

'That was your own careless riding, Tiffany,' said the Captain, 'I don't believe she had the least ill-will towards any living creature, man or beast.'

It was observed that whenever William Peabody spoke, blind Sorrel turned her feeble head in that direction, as if she recognised and singled out his voice from that of all others.

'She knows your voice, father even in her darkness,' said the Captain, 'as the sailor tells his old captain's step on the deck at night.'

'Well she may, Charles,' the merchant replied, 'for she was foaled the same day I was born.'

The old creature moaned and heaved her side fainter and fainter.

'Speak to her, William,' said the old grandfather.

William Peabody bent down, and in a tremulous voice said, 'Sorrel, do you know me?'

The poor blind creature lifted up her aged head feebly towards him, heaved her weary side, gaped once, and was gone. The moon which had been shining with a clear and level light upon the group of faces, dipped, at that moment behind the orchard trees, and at the same instant the light in the lantern flickering feebly, was extinguished.

'What did you put the light out for, Mopsey?' asked old Sylvester.

'I knew de old lamp would be goin' out, Massa, soon as ever blind Sorrel die; I tremble so I do' no what I'm sayin'.'

It was poor Mopsey's agitation which had shaken out the light.

A DISMAL PROSPECT.—A young lady of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. 'Oh dear, mamma,' replied the young lady, 'I was thinking about my husband being twice my age.' 'That's true, but he's only thirty six,' 'He's only thirty six now mamma, but,—when I'm sixty—' 'Well,' 'Oh dear, why then he'll be a hundred and twenty.'