

Poetry.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

The following Poem has passed through many hands and is said to have been subject to a good deal of "patching" and "mending" but it is not wholly out of shape in this version.—[Ed. Tribune.]

"O! a wonderful stream is the river TIME,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,

On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical ISLE up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs is playing,
There's a cloudless sky, and tropical clime,
And song as sweet as vesper chime,
And the June with the roses are straying.

The name of this Isle is the LONG AGO,
And we bury our treasure there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And part of an infant prayer,
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O! remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that 'GREENWOOD' of soul be in sight!"

Selections.

REMINISCENCES OF MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

BY SILVIO PELLICO.

Concluded.

Time passes. The lessons are heard as they come in irregular order. Noon arrives, or as nearly as the teacher can judge from the position of the sun with the school-house, taking it for granted that the house ranges with the four quarters of the globe.

But before dismissed for dinner and recreation the spelling-classes must be heard. In one of them all must take a part, if they can spell at all. The teacher calls up the first class, in which you will see little boys and girls, as well as young men and women, each to try his hand in getting head, or foot, or middle, as the case may be. If a word is missed it is given out again to the next below, and the next, till it passes once around or is spelled by some one. If any one succeeds in spelling it he goes above the one who first missed it. Now all is excitement. The master stands in a dignified position, with a spelling-book in one hand and whip in the other, till the requisite amount is disposed of, then he makes them take their numbers, so that they can remember their places, and orders them to take their seats till the second class is heard. The second class is now called up. Each selects his place, just as a litter of pigs, when they were invited to partake of the nourishment provided by nature in such cases, would do, each claiming his place. The spelling exercises over, the teacher says, "You will now have an hour to eat dinner and play; you are dismissed." Then the members of each family gather around the bucket or basket containing the substantials, while the eldest, if they are boys, or some female member, gives to each a portion, and they all partake, some pie, some bread and butter, some bread and meat. Dinner is soon over, and they away to their amusements. You will see some swinging, some sliding, some playing cat or town-ball, some with the girls playing "poor pussy wants a corner." All is now merriment and life. The feeling of friendship, which often ripens into love, is cherished, and those young hearts palpitate big with hopes of the future.

As yet they know not what broken friendships mean, or blighted hopes; the fruit which they see in the distance, and long to enjoy, looks as fair to them as the fabled apples of gold.

The cup they are soon to drink, while its contents are so inviting, contains, to many, bitterness and death; but they know it not.

They long for manhood, impatient to enter as contestants for the honors or pleasures of wealth in the ranks of business, of political strife, or war. Better for many of them that they had always been children and lived on hope, indulging the innocent illusion of youth, than to feel as, alas! too many do, that those were only pleasant dreams, which vanish "when one awaketh," or, if reality, to be enjoyed, but not by them.

Among many incidents that I remember dis-

tingly, was one which, though it may be amusing to you, proved to be rather a serious matter with me, as you will see in the sequel. Among other boyish exploits, we would sometimes try who could endure to have his hair pulled the hardest and longest without crying or hallooing. By my side, in school, sat a neighbor boy—poor fellow! he is sleeping with the dead, or, I should say, resting with the blood-washed in heaven, for he died in full hope of that blessed rest. He was older than I, but slender and small of his age. He offered me the privilege of trying my hand on his hair, assuring me that I could not pull it so as to make him halloo. I told him I could. So I made every necessary preparation—both in the mean time watching the master and adjusting matters when his back was to us or eye on the book or slate. His hair had been shingled, but had grown considerably, till the lower parts—which, in those days of rustic shingling, was often left much longer than the hair above—were long enough to afford a firm grasp. Everything being adjusted, I gently and slyly took hold of these hanging locks; entwining and fastening my fingers in the hair and watching the teacher, I pulled in earnest, and to my utter astonishment and discomfiture he screamed out, "Ouch, master, S—P—is pulling my hair!" The teacher, who was a man perhaps sixty years of age, a little lame, one leg being shorter than the other, and rather heavy set, heard the cry, and without stopping to investigate the case, as I then thought he should, rushed upon me with open hands—not having time to gather up his old beech-rod—and fell to boxing me with his open hands, right and left, till my head rang again. The old "American Preceptor," a book in which I used to read several lessons each day, was, in the awful "trouncing" which I received, knocked sprawling on to the floor. After the old teacher had glutted his rage, by a process which was anything else but pleasing to me, he limped away to his desk, puffing as he went as if he had just come out of a bear-fight, and took his seat, casting at me a significant look, as much as to say, "Now, you pull another boy's hair if you dare." That, to me, then, was a serious matter. O, I thought, if I was only a man I would never endure such "buffeting" as that. But the boy—I will not tell how I felt, or what I said; 'twas soon forgotten. Years passed away; manhood came, and often in the social circle and the class-room have I mingled my conversation, my songs and prayers with that young man. The old school-house has gone to decay; the boys and girls who were our schoolmates are scattered—some dead, and some living—and now in riper manhood I cherish the memory of those days; the petty differences of boyhood are forgotten, and memory hails the living with delight, and sheds a tear of tribute over the graves of those who have passed away.

"When shall we meet again—meet ne'er to sever?
When shall peace wreath her chain round us forever?"

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

The way in which sleep is shown in the vegetable kingdom is infinitely more variable than among animals. Man throws himself prostrate; some kinds of monkeys lie on their sides; the camel places its head between its fore legs; and birds roost with their heads beneath their wing. Beyond these, there are few remarkable differences. But in plants there is no end to the curious and beautiful diversity which rewards the seeker in nature's mysteries. Some plants droop their leaves at night, the flat part becoming flaccid and pendulous. Others, of the kind called "compound," as clover and vetches, close their leaflets together in pairs, and occasionally the whole leaf drops at the same time. The three leaflets of clovers bring their faces to the outside, and so form a little triangular pyramid, whose apex is the point of union between the leaflets and stalks. Lupines, which have leaves resembling a seven-fingered hand without a palm, fold together like a lady's half-closed parasol. Chickweed raises its leaves so as to embrace the stem; and some species of lotus, besides many of its elegant family, the leguminosae, bring them together in such a way as to protect the young flower buds and immature seed vessels from the chilly air of night. These are only a few out of the many cases which could be instanced of change of position in leaves, while in flowers there seems to be no limit to variation. The greater part shut the petals at night, the stalks declining one side; but there are some which roll their petals back, and curl them up like miniature volutes. The sleep of such plants is probably unaccompanied by any external change.

The same may be said of campanulas; and other bell-shaped flowers of cruciferae, it should have been observed, are remarkably careless of repose. Their sleep never appears sound, or even constant; for many successive nights they seem restless, and in the morning always look dozy and uncomfortable. When flowers are overblown, or the plant, if an annual, is near its decay, the phenomena of sleep are very considerably diminished. In fact, they are only seen in perfection when the growing powers of the plant are in full operation. Deciduous trees—that is, such as cast their leaves in autumn—are in a sort of trance in the winter months. Flowers, too, lose their sensibilities altogether when the period of fertilization is passed, as may readily be seen by inspecting a field of daisies early in the morning, before the dew is off the grass. The overblown one will be found wide open; those in the younger stages, all crimson tipped and sound asleep.

—Leo H. Grindon.

Youths Department.

A MAGPIE AT CHURCH.

The following story which was communicated to *Fraser's London Magazine* by a clergyman, proves the truth of the Rev. Sidney Smith's observation, that whatever powers of oratory a parson may have, all command over the attention of his audience is at once lost when a bird makes its appearance in the church. Such, certainly, was the case with Jack, a magpie, well known in a village in the country of Kent, in England, for his mischievous propensities, and who entered the village church in the afternoon of Sunday July 25th, 1852, during the time of divine service.

Our friend hopped quietly in at the open door, and, for a time, surveyed the congregation, recognizing many a friend who was wont to greet him with words of kindness and familiarity, but on this occasion Jack was surprised at finding that no notice was taken of him. At last he seemed determined that he would not be thus overlooked, and down the middle aisle he marched, knocking at the door of each pew, and announcing his arrival to the inmates, with a clear, loud, "Here am I." This move had the desired effect, for in a very few moments every eye was turned upon our hero.

The worthy parson, finding himself in a decided minority, and perceiving broad grins coming over the before solemn faces of his flock, at once stopped the service, and desired the clerk to eject the intruder. But the order was more easily given than executed. Jack was determined not to leave, and so, finding himself pursued took refuge in a forest of legs belonging to his young friends, the school-children, who did not appear at all unwilling to afford him shelter.

The clerk rushed on, intent upon catching the enemy, and putting an end to this unorthodox proceeding; and over, first a bench and then a child, he stumbled, in his attempts to pounce upon the fugitive, who easily evaded his grasp, and always appeared just where the clerk was not, informing him ever and anon of his whereabouts by the cry, "Here am I." At last with the help of two or three of the congregation who had joined in the pursuit, a capture was effected, and Jack was ignominiously turned out, and the door closed upon him.

After the lapse of a few minutes, order and solemnity were restored in the church; and the prayers were commenced and ended without further disturbance. The parson in due time, ascended to the pulpit. He gave out his text, and commenced a discourse calculated, no doubt, to be of much benefit to his hearers; but he had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by a loud noise, accompanied by rapping at the little window at the back of the pulpit.

Turning round to ascertain the cause, he beheld our friend Jack pecking away at the window, flapping his wings against it, and screaming, at the top of his voice, "Here am I! here am I!"—a fact which no one could gainsay, or resist laughing at. The worthy parson, finding his own gravity, and that of his congregation, so entirely upset by what had occurred, brought his sermon to a speedy conclusion, and dismissed the congregation. Sentences of death were recorded against the offender, but upon the petition of a number of the parishioners, it was commuted to banishment for life from the precincts of the church. Such is the story of friend Jack.

SCENE IN A FRENCH COURT.

A RECENT French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy. "Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah, my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends. My father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James; but he is as young as I am. O, sir, what can he do for me?"—"The court sends you to the House of Correction," said the judge.

At this moment a childish voice was heard from the other end of the court exclaiming, "Here I am, sister! here I am! Do not fear!" At the same instant a little boy, with an animated expression of countenance, started forth from amidst the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" asked the judge.—"James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl."—"Your age?"—"Thirteen."—"And what do you want?"—"I come to claim my sister."—"But have you the means of providing for her?"—"Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid, sister."

"O, how good you are James!" exclaimed the little girl.—"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate. "The court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister; but you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," commenced the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, 'I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister.' I went apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry my half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed, while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged in the street, and was taken up for it by the police. When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better.' I soon found a good place, where I am fed and

clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister can not be set at liberty till to-morrow."—"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy; "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?" The Judge gave his consent, and the noble boy threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

BEING USEFUL.

Just try your hand at teaching that little brother of yours his letters, and you will learn the pleasure of being useful.

But perhaps you have no little brother to teach. Never mind. There are a hundred other things that you may do to help your mother, or please your father, or oblige your playmates and friends.

I know two little girls who are about the same age, but of very different characters. One is always busy. As soon as she comes home from school, she sets herself to work about something. She picks up the baby's playthings, which he left scattered all over the floor when he fell asleep on the rug. Then she finds her mother's lost thimble and puts it in its place. If the baby begins to stir in his sleep, she will run softly and rock the cradle until he is quiet again. Then her brothers come in, they bring their broken kites and torn mittens to her; for they know by experience how nicely she can paste and darn, and they know too how kindly she does it. On washing-days she often sets the table,—putting on the great cloth and all the heavy plates so carefully, you would think she was a little woman. Once she went from home to make a visit, and all the time she was away they were saying to each other, "Oh, when will Sally be back again? We can't do any thing without her?"

Now, the other little girl—Maggie—is very different. When she comes home from school, she pulls off her things in the hall,—dropping her hat on the floor and leaving her books on the chairs, so that some one always has to go and put them away. Then she runs noisily into her mother's room, and often wakes the baby. She is always tearing her clothes, but leaves them for her mother to sew; and, though she often breaks her brother's playthings, she never thinks of mending them. If she were to go away, it would be a pleasure to them to miss her; for instead of being useful like Sally, she is always giving trouble.

M. McC.

LEAP YEAR.—Any year divisible by 4 without a remainder, is leap year, which comes every fourth year. Thus 1860 is leap year. The solar or true year, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 47 7-10 seconds. For convenience we drop these hours, minutes and seconds, in our ordinary reckoning, and call the civil year 365 days. Hence we lose nearly a day in this reckoning every fourth year—we actually lose in 4 years four times 5 hours, 48 minutes and 48 seconds, which is not quite a day. But for round numbers again, we call it a day, and therefore add a day to every fourth year naming it the 29th of February.

Of course by thus adding a whole day, we add a little too much, nearly 12 minutes a year. That is 100 years would amount to say 1120 minutes, and, of course, if this discrepancy also were not provided for, in the course of centuries it would vitiate the calendar. Therefore, once every hundred years a leap year is skipped for three consecutive centuries; on the fourth century it is retained because the balance is a little the other way again. Thus for three centuries we have an excess of 3380 minutes, leaving a discrepancy of 690 minutes.

This, then, is partially corrected by continuing the leap year as usual on the fourth century, putting us within about 480 minutes, or eight hours, of being right at the end of every fourth century—near enough right for all practical purposes.—Miss Plunkham.

A BEAUTIFUL FORM.

Take abundant exercise in the open air—free, attractive, joyous exercise, such as young girls, when not restrained by false and artificial proprieties, are wont to take. If you are in the country, or can get there, ramble over the hills and through the woodlands; botanize, geologize, seek rare flowers and plants, hunt birds' nests and chase butterflies. Be a romp, even though you may be no longer a little girl. If you are a wife and mother so much the better. Romp with your children. Attend to your bodily positions, in standing, sitting, lying and walking, and employ such general or special gymnastics as your case may require. Live, while in doors, in well ventilated rooms; take sufficient wholesome and nourishing food, at regular hours; keep the mind active and cheerful—in short; obey all the laws of health.

What if a farmer should mix cockles and other vile seeds with his wheat, and say, "When the grain is ripe, I will go in with sickle and cradle and winnowing machine, and separate them?" Would it not be easier to sow clean wheat? You who are young are now sowing in the harvest field. Scatter only pure seed; that when you reap you may find no tares, but only the golden grain.