

Notes.

A SPRING CAROL.

BY C. MORELY.

Come, up with the sun, and let us away:
The birds a long hour have been all in tune:
I've listened to robin, to blue-bird and jay—
They are all blithely singing as if it were June.

The bright gushing springlet is tuning anew;
And laughs as it dances in music along,
Uniting with rill and with rivulet too,
And vying with birds in a loud morning song.

The breeze in the valley their folds has not
curled;
Away in the mountain top! There let us stay
Till Sol in his glory illumines the world.

See! Far in the valley by hamlet and ville,
A river is winding its course to the sea;
No ripple glides over its surface so still,
No echo is wakened from hill-side or lea.

The pine and the hemlock bedeck the hill side,
The beech and the maple and sumac are there;
The forest is glowing in beauty and pride,
Not gorgeous as Autumn, but equally fair.

But see! Bright Aurora is gilding the East,
The horizon glows in her pale, liquid light;
In the valley below slowly gathers the mist—
Now swiftly retire all the shadows of night.

See! see! The broad hill top is covered with
gold!
The sky reads us o'er with the morn's purple
ray,
The mist from the mountain-side swiftly is
rolled,—
There comes in his glory the bright King of
Day!

Come, rouse up, ye slothful, and invalid too!
Your purse can ne'er purchase a sight such as
this!
Try the fresh mountain air. 'Twill your vigor
renew,
And "hypo" will vanish with morn's health-
ful kiss.

Selected.

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THE BEAR.

On a fine afternoon in autumn, a large crowd,
composed of men, women, and children, were
seen advancing through the principal street of
Hopefield, a small village in England.

This man wore a drab sturttout, large enough
to admit two persons of his dimensions within its
folds; a waistcoat, much too short, boots which
only lacked the sole, and a hat grown gray with
time.

When he had arrived in front of "The Red
Lion," the only tavern in the village, the bear-
leader stopped, and, forming a circle around
him, ordered Bruin to stand up. After brand-
ishing a stick above the head of the animal, he
commenced dancing with him, and throwing
himself into the most ludicrous attitudes, which
Bruin imitated in a style truly picturesque.

A ventriloquist, of joyous mood, who happen-
ed to be at "The Red Lion," beheld, from a
window, this ludicrous scene. Having arrived
that morning at Hopefield, he had already form-
ed a just estimate of the ignorance and credulity
of its inhabitants; and the idea occurred to
him to amuse himself a little at their expense.

He left the window, and joined the crowd of
spectators, and, availing himself of a momentary,

cessation of the shrill fife and noisy tambor-
ine, he approached the showman.

"Your bear can doubtless speak?" said he
with a serious air.
The showman looked at him cunningly, shrug-
ged his shoulders, and answered roughly:
"Speak to him yourself, and you'll soon find
out."

This was just the reply the ventriloquist ex-
pected. He approached Bruin, and assuming a
most comical expression, he said to the bear, in
a droning voice: "Allow me to compliment
you, Mr. Bruin; you are as graceful as an opera
dancer. What country claims the honor of your
birth?"

A voice which seemed to issue from the griz-
zly jaws of the bear, replied: "The Alps, in
Switzerland."

We will not attempt to describe the amaze-
ment of the crowd; every one was struck more
with fear and astonishment; but the amazement
of the showman would have offered an admirable
subject for the pencil of Hogarth, surrounded by
all those faces, in which consternation was so
strongly depicted. His eyes seemed starting
from their sockets; he stretched wide his tooth-
less mouth, and remained aghast and motionless
as if his feet had taken root where he stood.

The ventriloquist turned towards him and said:
"Your bear speaks very good English, and has
little remains of the Helvetic accent."

Then turning again to Bruin, he observed, in a
kind tone: "You look sad; are you not well?"
"The fogs of England have given me the
spleen," replied the animal.

Here the affrighted crowd began to move off.
"Is it a long time since you belonged to this
master?"
"Quite long enough for me, to be tired of
him."

"Is he not kind to you, Bruin?"
"Oh yes!—as kind as the hammer to the
anvil."

"Will you not seek revenge some day?"
"Assuredly. One of these mornings I will
eat him, like a radish, for my breakfast."

At these words, the crowd, whose curiosity
had urged them, in spite of their fears, gradually
to approach, now suddenly fell back on each
other, and great was the confusion that ensued.
The showman had heard enough, and forcibly
drew the chain of the animal, to enforce his
control, but the wearied bear growled fearfully.

The ventriloquist, perfectly satisfied by the
experiment, returned to the inn, and hurried
toward the tavern. This augmented still more
the fears of the spectators, and each one took to
his heels, as if the bear was in pursuit of him.

The ventriloquist, having arrived at the inn,
laughed heartily to see the simple villagers fly-
ing in every direction, whilst the imperturbable
Bruin remained seated on his hind legs, seeming
to contemplate, with philosophic unconcern, the
terrors he had excited.

During the evening, the ventriloquist stood at
the door of the tavern, around which many of the
inhabitants had gathered. The theme of con-
versation was, naturally, the adventure of Bruin.
It was commented upon, and exaggerated, ac-
cording to the various degrees of the fear of the
beholders.

The ventriloquist, thinking the joke had been
carried quite far enough, explained how he had
played upon their credulity. They listened to
him, at first, with curiosity; but when he had
finished, the old people shook their heads with
an air of incredulity.

"This is good to tell children," murmured an
old grandmother, "but people of experience are
not to be imposed upon. It is not the first time
that animals have been known to speak, as is re-
lated in the Bible of Baalam and his Ass. Be-
sides, the almanac predicted this event, and an-
nounced that, about the middle of August, three
days earlier or later than this, there would take
place something wonderful in the world."

The ventriloquist insisted, and sought to prove
what he advanced, but his listeners withdrew with
distrust, persuaded that he wished to deceive
them.

We know not who is the writer of the above
incident, but it is said to be true, and is not with-
out a lesson. When an absurd or dangerous
doctrine has been proclaimed publicly, the im-
pressions made by it cannot be wholly removed,
even though retracted by the person who first
uttered it.

Such, too, is the influence of a falsehood, that
its effects cannot be destroyed, even by the one
who spoke it. How careful then should we be

what language we speak, and of the correctness
of the sentiments we utter.

DO IT WELL.

Anything that ought to be done at all, ought
to be well done. A little well done is better
than much indifferently done. Let every word
that is spoken in the school-room be correctly ut-
tered. Let every figure and diagram made upon
the black-board be correctly made. Let all the
movements of classes be orderly. Let explana-
tions be ablaze with light. Let every argument
be aglow with truth. Never putting a question
in the school-room. If you cannot solve a prob-
lem or demonstrate a proposition, or illustrate a
principle, do not make the attempt. Pupils will
never forgive pretensions—they hate shams.

Billy Gray, the rich merchant of Boston, once
reproved a carpenter for not doing his work well.
The carpenter told Billy he knew him when he
was nothing but a drummer. "Well," said Mr.
Gray, "didn't I drum well, eh? Didn't I drum
well?"

WORTH KNOWING.

Whenever an artisan resident in one of the fil-
thy places leaves off strong drink, the usual course
of proceeding is this: He begins to pay his
debts; he purchases decent clothing for himself
and family; he makes his habitation clean, and
provides good furniture; he buys a few books,
takes his family to a place of worship; and if
not content with being clean and decent
among surrounding dirt and wretchedness, he
looks for a better residence in some airy and sa-
lubrious locality, leaving his unimprovable resi-
dence to be occupied by one like his former self,
who prefers drinking, smoking, and gambling, to
the comfort and conveniences of domestic life.

Books.—A learned writer says of books, "They
are masters who instruct us without rods or fe-
sules, without words or anger, without bread or
money. If you approach them, they are not
asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if
you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignor-
ant, they do not laugh at you."

Wife's Department.

One day, when Susan had mislaid some of her
sewing work, she became quite vexed, and began
to fret and scold.

"I can never keep anything. Somebody al-
ways takes my things and loses them," cried Su-
san.

It was no uncommon thing for her to be so fretful,
and her mother was desirous of causing her to
see how ugly such a habit made her appear, that
she might overcome it.

On this day, when Susan commenced her fret-
ting, her mother kindly remarked, "There is one
thing that I think you might keep, if you would
try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," an-
swered Susan.

"Well," then, my dear, keep your temper; if
you will only do that, you will find it more easy
to keep other things.

"Now, if you had employed the time in search-
ing for the missing articles, which you have spent
in fretting, you might have found them before
this time; but you have not even looked for them.

"You have allowed yourself to get in a passion,
which is a very bad way of spending your time,
and you have accused somebody, very unjustly,
of taking away your things, and losing them.

"Keep your temper, my dear, and when you
have mislaid any article, search for it, but do not
fret about it, for it will only make you the more
unhappy.

"You had better keep your temper if you lose
all the things you possess. Getting into a pas-
sion never brings anything to light, except an
ugly looking face.

"Besides, by getting in a passion, you become
guilty of two sins; one of being in a passion, and
the other of accusing somebody of causing it.

"Now, my dear, let me entreat you to keep
your temper. By so doing you will be more hap-
py, and your friends will love you better."

Susan listened very quietly to her mother's
kind remarks, and though of her own foolish ac-
tion, and resolved to try to overcome her bad
habit.

After a brief search for the articles she had
lost, she found them in her work-bag.

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