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THE LIFE BOAT:

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No. 9.

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

A THRILLING SKETCH.



PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood: "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe on the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been of late a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed a change

in his manners, the difference in his habits, and to night they watched to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it, as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot, tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through and bright flowers

grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees lofty and beautiful wave to the airy motion of the winds; but there are a group of Indians together, they fit to and fro with something like sorrow on their dark brows. And in the mist lies a manly form—but his cheeks how deathly, his eyes wild with the filthy fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See," she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembled in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat, "see his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, oh, how wildly for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently away, and leaving the dying and the living together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright with quivering lip and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her

vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not, his eyes are set in their sockets! dim are his piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of his father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lip quivering faster and faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scooped him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother!—a victim of this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."


She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand

pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instaneously the wine glass was transferred to the marble on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragment of crystal she turned to the company saying, "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that solemn hour; and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will I trust sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad sweet smile was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he too had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.


Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

AN AUCTIONEER'S WIT.

 SMITH, the auctioneer is both a wit and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says and many a hearty laugh has he provoked by his numerous sayings. He was recently engaged in a sale of venerable household furniture and "fixins." He had just got to "going, going, an a half, going!" when he saw a smiling countenance, upon agricultural shoulders, winking at him. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind horse, or a keensighted auctioneer, so Smith winked, and the man winked, and

he kept winking, and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of glass ware, stove-pipes, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally the lot was knocked down—"To—a who?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "Who? Golly," said the stranger, "I do-no-who." "Why you, sir," said Smith. "Who? me?" "Yes, yes, you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me! darned if I did," said the stranger. "Why did you not wink, and keep winking!" "Winking! Well, I did so; so did you wink at me. I thought you were winking as much as to say, "keep dark, I'll stick somebody in that lot of stuff; and I winked as much as to say, I'll be darned if you don't, mister."

THE TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOR.

 FEW years ago, a poor mechanic of a very quarrelsome disposition, settled near a Christian farmer, whose friends expressed to him their sympathy in the annoyance he was likely to receive.

"Never mind," said the good man, "I have never yet quarreled with a neighbor, and I am too old to begin now."

Some six months passed, and then began a series of petty annoyances, which the farmer bore uncomplainingly; but this only irritated his neighbor the more, until meeting the farmer one day, he poured upon him a torrent of insult and abuse.

"Friend," said the farmer gently, "no man under the influence of passion can reason clearly; come to me calmly, and we will discuss your grievances."

The angry man raised his clenched fist to strike him, but was restrained by some unseen influence, and both went on their way.

About a week after, the mechanic was passing the farmer's

house with a load of grain. It was at the foot of the hill, and the load was heavy. He coaxed, threatened, and beat his oxen, but all to no purpose. He must leave his own load, or ask aid of the man he had injured. Presently he saw the farmer unhitch his own oxen from a load of hay and come towards him.

With kindly words, the farmer proffered his assistance, drew him safely to the summit, and without waiting for thanks, departed as he came. Here was a simple act, but mighty in its influence. The mechanic was humbled, acknowledged the purity and power of that religion that could "bear and forbear," and has since that time never willingly provoked his friend.

HOW DO YOU DO.

NATIONAL forms of salutation are indices of national character. The history of a race may be found in the dictionary of its language. Words and phrases are the offsprings of previously existing objects, thoughts and circumstances, and their paternity is rapidly traced.

Thus among all savages and warlike people, the common salutation conveys a wish or a prayer that the person saluted may enjoy *peace*—the great good of individuals and of nations, and the boon most frequently withheld in that phase of life. Throughout the Bible this is the invariable blessing—*shalum!* and the wandering Bedouins of the desert have to this day the same form of salutation. Another phrase of theirs—"If God will, thou art well,"—betrays the fatalism of Islam.

"Peace be upon thee," says the fluent and facile Persian; "I make prayers for thy greatness!" "May thy shadow never be less!"

The Greeks, a joyful people, full of the vigor of a life of action, expressed their salutation in a single word, "rejoice."

The commercial and enterprising Genoese of the middle ages used to say, "Health and gain." In a similar spirit the Hollander salutes you with *Hoe vaart's-ge*—"How fare you?" The easy, phlegmatic German says, *Leben sie wohl*—"Live thou well!"

The Frenchman's *Comment vous portez-vous?*—"How do you carry yourself?" reveals the very soul of the French character. *How* is the form and not *what*, and then the *portez-vous*, how well it expresses the eager restlessness and vivacious manners of the nation! *Comment ca va-t-il?*—how goes it here?—is of the same tone and character.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in a hearty but business-like tone, greet you with "How are you?" "How do you do?" What could be more characteristic of the great and potential Anglo-Saxon race? *To do!* You *do*, of course—of this there is no question—it is the *all* of life, but *how* do you do? "How are you?" This embraces all—health, wealth, knowledge, power; what could one say more?—and here it is all in three words—"How are you?" It may be answered in three more—"I am well." "How do you do?" Again the answer is, "Well," I *do* well! Reader, "How do you do?"—*Life Illustrated.*

HORRIBLE IF TRUE.—At a meeting of unmarried printers, which convened not long since, the following toast was drunk in silence:

WOMAN—Heaven reward her, she is always in favor of a well-conducted *press*.

THE stepping stone to fortune is not to be found in a jeweler's shop.

A DOG'S AFFECTION FOR HIS MASTER

R. O. M. HOPKINS, late of Scottsburg, who died in January last, had a small and sprightly Terrier, named "Nig" of which he was very fond. After the death of his master, Nig grew melancholy. Nothing the family could do seemed to amuse him. He could not be enticed from the side of his mistress, but would follow her about everywhere, grave and sedate, as though actually thinking of his dead master. One day a closet containing his master's clothing was opened. No sooner did Nig discover the garments, than he frisked about almost frantic with delight, evidently expecting his master to appear. When the poor animal discovered his error, he testified his disappointment by piteous and mournful howlings.

In May last, poor Nig grew more melancholy than ever. All attempts to induce him to leave the house were unavailing, until one day his mistress went to visit the grave of her husband. Then he followed, and on arriving at the mound commenced digging and moaning, testifying his grief in the most affecting manner. From that time he could not be enticed to leave the grave, but stayed day and night till he starved to death. He was found there, stretched on the earth, cold and stiff.

This is an affecting but beautiful story; the man who can read it without a tear in the corner of his eye, is not to be envied.—*Dansville Herald.*

MAKE sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child as other crimes.

HE that swells in prosperity will sink in adversity.

THE LITTLE FIREBRANDS.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT WAR.



SOON as it was announced that the Russians had crossed the Danube and entered the Dobrukscha, in Bulgaria, terror and consterna-

tion spread through the towns and villages along the coast, and the inhabitants prepared for flight.

When the news reached Admiral Dundas, he despatched a small squadron, consisting of Her Majesty's steam-frigate *firebrand*, and a few others, to cruise along the coast. The order was to "sink, burn, or destroy every thing Russian,"—this crossing the Danube being considered a declaration of war. When the *Firebrand* reached Kustendji, the officers landed, and found the affrighted inhabitants about to desert their homes. One of the officers has described the scene to us as most curious and affecting. Each family having secured as much of its property as the hurry and confusion permitted, "they were drawn up," as he tells us, "in a long wavy line; and most strange and melancholy was the spectacle they presented. Animals of every kind, and vehicles of every description, were put into requisition. There was the aga, or Turkish governor, a venerable old man, with snowy beard and flowing robes, heading the cavalcade, in an almost European-looking phaeton; immediately after him, a pair of beautiful dromedaries, bending beneath their heavy loads, and surveying the

scene around them with their large, clear, intelligent eyes, the very picture of patience; then came arabas drawn by oxen, and filled with little children; men on horseback, mules with panniers, camels, asses, cats, and dogs, in a strange confusion. Among the objects not the least remarkable, and evidently the most cared for, were several beautiful Persian greyhounds; led carefully by the hand, and clothed in handsome body clothes. They are in form as graceful as our own, and with long beautiful feathered tails; more varied than the animal creation were the strange specimens of humanity which accompanied them—black, brown, and white—Turks, Jews, and Christians. The beauties of the harem—for once careless of the Giaour's eyes—were rendered more beautiful by the contrast with their hideous thick-lipped Indian attendants, who were holding in their arms lovely Greek children, with coin-studded hair. In the train were daughters of Israel, some of beauty as peculiar as it was remarkable. The men, equally various were all well armed.

Any one acquainted with Eastern warfare, would feel at once assured that no such scenes could be without the omnipresent Bashi-Bazouk, the personification of the ancient Harpy. He always appears to the unfortunate, a bird of evil omen: alike to him is friend or foe; and he is the dread of both, for he is cruel, cowardly, and sanguinary. Armed to the teeth in the most fantastic manner, and with the oddest weapons, he ranges about without a home, reveling in all the more horrid scenes of uncivilized war. These irregular troops may be considered more as banditti than anything else: instead of being hailed as the protectors of such places as are left in

their charge, they are abhorred and dreaded as thieves and assassins. Their system of warfare is mere murder and rapine. When their commander was expostulated with for having suffered them to parade the heads of the Russians they had killed, on the point of their lances, he replied with perfect sang froid, that it was the custom of the corps, and that the Russians might do the same by any Bashi-Bazouks they might happen to take. Among the chiefs of that lawless band, Kara Gazel, an old Kurdish woman of seventy-four, mounted on a splendid charger, leads 400 Kurds; she is said to possess great wealth and indomitable courage. She uses her fire-arms with the utmost adroitness; her face is uncovered; and she ridicules her countrywomen for hiding themselves with veils—telling them they should throw them away, and attend their husbands to the wars. It is said to be in contemplation to organize and discipline those wild troops, and even to reform them by coercion if other means fail.—Already, it is stated, an improvement is perceptible. Some of these men are described as of splendid appearance, admirably proportioned, and with finely set heads: such are of Caucasian origin: while others are hideous. Nubian negroes and Arabs of sinister and malignant aspect. Among them are also Marabouts and fanatics from Mecca—3000, divided into five regiments, were encamped near Verna—presenting a wild and picturesque appearance. All these watched from a distance the melancholy cavalcade at Kustendji deserting their homes, and setting forth on their sad and weary journey of many days towards the south.

The men are well armed; so they fancy themselves safe from

the attacks of the cowardly Bazouks. An officer, who had gone on shore without arms, wandered away from his companions, and had a narrow escape. One of these ruffians rode up to him, and drawing out his pistol, prepared to fire, that he might appropriate to himself the gold chain the officer wore. The latter called out that he was English, and pointed to his ship, which was in the bay; whereupon the Bashi-Bazouk immediately galloped off, but soon returned with one who appeared to be his chief; and who, on hearing that the English officer wished to purchase poultry, made an offer of whatever was to be had as a free gift. As neither party intended that advantage should be taken of the handsome offer, nothing was accepted that was not instantly paid for.—In about an hour the vessel sailed. Some of the people still remained in the village.

The *Firebrand* returned two days after; and having put in shore, an appalling scene was beheld—dead and mutilated bodies were stretched along the beach; and in a caique (boat) filled with poor people, who were escaping by water from the town, in preference to accompanying those who were going by land, all were wounded, and nearly dead from ill-treatment, hunger and exhaustion. Measures were instantly taken for their relief; and five, who were the most desperately wounded, were carried on board the *Firebrand*, that they might have the advantage of medical care. The Bashi-Bazouks were the perpetrators of these horrors; for after the *Firebrand* sailed the ruffians entered the town, broke into the spirit-stores, and then went out shooting men, women, and children indiscriminately.

Among the wounded brought

into the ship were two little children, whose father and mother had been killed. Each wore a mother-of-pearl cross, which betokened that their parents had been of the Greek Church; one of the boys was four years old, the other two months. The elder had five slugs in his arm, and the flesh was actually scorched, from the closeness of the piece from which they had been fired. The infant had a ball through his tiny wrist; he had been at his mother's breast when she was killed; and the same ball which deprived her of life, wounded the little creature in her arms. He was so famished that when he came on board, and saw the boy bringing up some pap, he stretched himself out so far over the cot, with his mouth open like a bird to receive its food, that he tumbled out, and would have fallen upon the deck if he had not been caught. A woman severely wounded in the breast, her husband, and a desperately wounded man, were landed,—at their own request—at Verna; and, constrained by motives of humanity, although evidently unwilling to incur the responsibility, offered to take charge of the children. Captain Hyde Parker, however, who commanded the *Firebrand*—a man who was as remarkable for goodness of heart as for his dauntless and noble spirit—at once determined to adopt the little orphans himself; and from that moment they were domiciled in the ship. They were in compliment to their new home, named after it—John and George Firebrand. They were attended with unremitting care by the medical officers. Poor Jonnie lay in his cot, suffering with a degree of patience which could not have been expected in one so young, only uttering occasionally an exclamation in Greek expressive of

pain. Many weeks passed before he could be taken out of his cot; but he got better by degrees, and is gradually recovering the use of his arm. The infant's wound was more easily cured, his bones not being sufficiently formed to be much injured. A goat was procured for George's special use, and he did great credit to his nurse; for at the age of thirteen months he had a complete set of teeth, so efficient that he could crunch the hardest sea-biscuit with perfect ease. His case was considered by the medical men worthy of attention, more especially as the teeth had been cut without the usual pain of dentition. Whether there was any deposit in the nutriment of the goat likely to facilitate the formation of the teeth, would be a difficult question to determine. George is now eighteen months old, a strong healthy child, walking alone, and beginning to speak. To the unremitting care of Mr. M'Sauly, the assistant-surgeon, the successful rearing of this little creature is due; if he had been his own child, he could not have watched over him with more tenderness. It seems to be the nature of sailors to befriend all who are in need of assistance, and they are specially marked for their tenderness to children. It may be supposed, therefore, that there was no lack of jettling on board for Jonnie and George. The officers might have been seen rummaging their chests for articles to be made up into dresses for the children.

In a few months after Captain Hyde Parker had taken charge of the little brothers, they lost their generous protector. He fell on the 7th of July, at the Sulina—honored, loved and lamented by all who knew him. Those who had served under him could not restrain their tears when he was consigned to

his last resting-place; and not the least touching part of the scene was the presence of the children of his adoption, who were carried in the arms of the sailors to witness the last rites. Many were the dangers those children encountered while on board. They were several times under the enemy's fire, and on one occasion the infant had a very narrow escape. During an engagement he had been taken to the top of the boiler, which being tolerably protected from shot, was considered a place of safety, but a 68-pounder penetrated the deck, and struck the boiler close to the child.

Johnnie has a decidedly martial turn, not altogether unmixed, as it is feared with Bashu-Bazouk tendencies; for, not content with one weapon, he tries to carry as many as he can collect, and does not think himself properly equipped without a musket, pistol, and a sword. Whatever chance bits of ribbon he picks up, he hangs about him in every direction, and then struts to and fro, fancying himself the beau-ideal of an efficient sentinel. He is a fine, intelligent child, with an intellectual head, and is already making rapid progress in English. After the death of Captain Hyde Parker, there were others who would have adopted these interesting children, but the Queen signified her gracious intention of taking them under her own protection; and so far as children may be judged of, we may anticipate that she will find them deserving of her sympathy.


Johnnie is an apt pupil; for besides having learned to go through the musket and cutlass exercises with great precision, he can repeat various verses, and recite "O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea" to the admiration of his auditors. This he had always ended

with a hurrah! and three cheers for Miss Hanson. The young lady thus complimented had taken a great interest in him, when she saw him at Constantinople, and made him a present of several pretty dresses. When Her Majesty had signified her gracious intention, Johnnie was told that the three cheers must no longer be for Miss Hanson, but for the Queen; but Johnnie would not prove unfaithful to one who had been so kind; so, after three cheers for the Queen, he never would omit, "and a cheer for Miss Hansan."

The children took leave of their good friends; and left the *Firebrand* for England, accompanied by their attendant *Boy Sicox*, who volunteered to take charge of them to Her Majesty. The parting moment, we may be sure, was one of regret to the children, and to those who, in the kindness of their hearts, had made themselves their playmates. And have they not been missed by the fine-hearted sailors? The look sent along the deck as if in quest of something they were accustomed to meet, answer the question; and the officer, too, who stands by the gun-wale—it was he who taught Johnnie many of his pretty verses—he misses the little boy he used to take upon his knee, while he repeated, "O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea;" and he is thinking of Little Johnnie, and hoping all manner of good for him. Even since the above was written, they have arrived in England, and have been transferred by Colonel Phipps to the care of a nurse who lives in a cottage near Osborne. Life, therefore, looks bright for the little orphans; but in all its changes, we may be sure the strange events of their childhood will never be obliterated from their memory; and often, with those they love gathered

about them, they will tell of the disastrous fate of their family, and of the welcome they found in the vessel sailing in the Black Sea.—Yes, the young Firebrands will always love to speak of that gallant ship and its generous crew.—*Chamber's Journal.*

DO NOT DESPISE SPIDERS.

 HERE is not a more curious animal in the world than the Spider. If you look at a very large spider you can see with your naked eye, just at the end of its body, four and sometimes six little knobs with a circle around them. These are called the spinners, or spinneret, and each knob is full of small holes or tubes, so very fine and delicate, that a thousand of them occupy a place no larger than the point of a pin. This truth is revealed by means of a microscope, and it has been calculated that it will take *four millions* of the fine threads which come through these holes to make *one* thread as thick as a hair. The spiders have little bags of gum within their bodies near the spinneret, whence they draw the threads, and when they have come out about the tenth of an inch, they join them into one with their claws; being able to close the spinnerets when they wish, they can make the threads of whatever length is desirable.

There is one kind of spider which builds a *raft*. It fastens together by means of the silk cord which it spins from itself, a small ball of weeds, on which it floats safely on the water, and when it sees an insect drowning it seizes it and brings it to its raft to eat at leisure.

There is another spider called the mason-spider, which makes its house of clay about six inches long and one across, and bent a little at one end. The inside is lined with

a soft, silky material of a yellowish color. The entrance to the house is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, closed by a *door* with a *hinge*. The door is round, hollowed like a crystal, and made of the same material as the lining of the nest. Each layer is joined into the hinge, and then the hinge is joined and worked into the lining of the house; so that the hinge which is in constant use, is made very thick and strong. It is also a good spring, as whenever the door is opened it shuts itself immediately, and when shut it is difficult to see the place of joining, it fits so nicely.

Watch a spider making its web, a trap in which to catch any unwary insect,—see the precision and delicacy of its work;—its untiring perseverance,—its skill in fastening the first thread to some distant object,—its manner of wounding its prey, and coiling its net work, more closely around it; who in seeing this can turn away without owning that there is an all-wise and an all-powerful Being who cares for each little insect and animal, providing each with that instinct which is necessary for its preservation, and watching over each so that “not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge?”

SELECTIONS.

If sincere friends are desirable at any time, it is when we are in prosperity.

IN the morning think what thou hast to do, at night ask thyself what thou hast done.

THE passions are like those demons with which Afrasahiab sail down the Orus. Safety consists in keeping them asleep.—*Goethe*.

MEN's feelings are purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers

which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day grey and cold.—*Jean Paul*.

SOCIAL courtesies should emanate from the heart; for remember always that the worth of manners consists in their being the sincere expression of the feelings. Like the dial of the watch they should indicate that the work within is good and true.

To converse fluently is a gift; but it is not always a sign of wisdom. Some men cannot sustain a conversation with a lady; but they can listen and that is just as well, perhaps. As a rule, ladies are not over-partial to gossiping men. They like no infractions of their peculiar rights.

HASTE very often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to act. More are drowned in the wine cup than in the ocean.

MAKE sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child as other crimes.

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win; but without a grapple, it will never go with you.

HABIT in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected, it becomes a thread or a twine, next a cord, finally a cable; and then who can break it?

WOMEN govern us. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends much of the wisdom of man.

BECAUSE a man is *witty* it does not follow that he is *wise*. Great wits have been reckless and unfeeling.

A good education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army.



THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

THERE'S a beautiful glen,—we know
 the place well,—
 Where sweet little wood fairies, still
 love to dwell,
 And often in moonlight,—if one could but
 see—
 They dance in a ring, just beneath the oak
 tree.
 They're good little fairies, no trouble they
 give,
 But kind thoughts they cherish, for all
 things that live,
 And dearly they love,—more than aught
 else in truth,
 The bright, sunny smile, of true, warm-
 hearted youth.
 One clear summer night, in the midst of
 their glee,
 (From the tiny cup moss, drinking dew for
 their tea,)
 A roving young fay, who loved gossip full
 well,
 Came breathless the news of a Pic-nic to
 tell.
 A band of fair girls, and lads fresh as the
 dawn,
 Would be tripping that way, at day light
 next morn.

All full of delight at the long, happy day,
 They'd spend in glad freedom, with nature
 at play.

The fays clapped their hands, not the least
 in a fright,—
 Said, “they'd peep from their beds, to see
 the fair sight,”
 And merrier than ever, their light footsteps
 fell,
 While out rang sweet chimes, of the grace-
 ful harebell.

The queen of the fairies then bade them
 prepare,
 Fresh tints for the flowers,—fragrance rich
 for the air;

“For all things,” she said, “should be
 lovely and sweet,
 “Where childhood and youth, in their in-
 nocence meet.”

“A charm let us cast, over leaflet and
 flower,
 “Love and kindness alone shall preside in
 this bower,—

“Pure thoughts, gentle words from each
 herb shall distil,—
 “Good nature, sweet nectar! each flower-
 goblet fill.”

Then quick,—for already the first blush of day,
Dawned faint in the east,—the fays melted away;
Some hid in the moss—they were tiny one's those!
And some lay shut up in the fragile wild rose.

Then 'twas silent and lone, that green, shady dell,
So near, yet removed from the footsteps of men;
But the song of the wild bird, and hum of the bee,
Softly rose on the air, in sweet minstrelsy.
The butterfly poised on his bright, painted wing,
Sported lightly away the brief hours of his spring;
And golden the sunbeams that fitfully played,
With the pale, shimmering ash, and chestnut's dark shade.

Then came the light footsteps of childhood and youth,
As fair as the fairies themselves, in good truth;
There was Jessie, with heart so gentle and true,
And Alice, with eyes of such deep azure hue,
Then Harry the generous, and Charley the brave,
Who kindness remembered, and folly forgave;
And Willie and John;—but not to name more
We'll give the sum total,—there just was a score.

So polite were the lads, they looked all around,
And selected with care, a smooth, ample mound;
The fay's came before them—I doubt not you see,
And sprinkled the sod, with the herb *courtesy*.

Then the baskets, well filled, were opened with care,
Of the contents so nice, all had given a share;
For *they* could not live on a clear drop of dew,
And aroma of flowers, as the fairy elves do!
The little fay queen, then popped up her head,
(Invisible surely!) and over all spread,
The napkin of *kindness* too light to be seen,
But from *selfishness* still a marvellous skreen.

The sports of the day,—as we've no memorandum,

We leave to the fancy—what youth cannot sketch them?

No word jarred their pleasure, no brow wore a frown,—
For the fairy-blest flowers were plucked by each one.

THAT SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

DOST remember, dost remember,
That old school-house on the hill?
And the green sward gently sloping,
To the little sparkling rill.
That went pouring through the valley,
And the cooling forest shade,
Where, in hours of sunny childhood,
With glad beating hearts we strayed!

Can no echo of the absent,
Wake some old familiar strain,
Or the music of those voices
Greet our hearts no more again?
Shall we look on that sweet spring-time,
As the morning of a day,
That flashed forth its sunny beauties
But to pass in gloom away?

Ah, how does my spirit linger
On those blessed moments now;
When a shadow o'er life's sunshine,
Flings its gloom upon my brow.
For I know what joys would cluster there
How all my heart would thrill,
If our footsteps now were wending
To that school-house on the hill.

THOUGHTS ON A DARK DAY.

BY ISIDOR.

The day is sad, and gloomy,
And heavy clouds I see;
The atmosphere is wondrous dark,
Yet 'tis not dark to me.

The clouds will soon discharge themselves,
Into refreshing rain;
The earth will feel the moisture;
The flowers will bloom again.

There's many a drooping flower,
That the pearly drops will kiss
And make it smile with joy again,
And live a life of bliss.

What matter for the gloom around,
And the heavy, drenching rain,
A happy change must come at last,
It cannot thus remain.

The sun will soon illumine the earth
And scatter every cloud,
The heaven has only worn a mask;
And God has removed the shroud.

Now rain drops sparkle every where,
After the pleasant shower;
And tiny globules now are seen
On every bud and flower.

'Tis nature smiling through her tears
As when, is sometimes seen,
A sparkling tear upon a face
Where naught but joy has been.

Look at the leaves! how fresh they seem,
And at the rainbow arched on high;
The birds rejoice at the lovely scene,
That every where meets the eye.

Their former silence has enhanced,
Their present song so gay,
They're thanking Heaven for the rain,
And chirping the gloom away.

And shall we mortals now repine,
When we hear the songster's voice,
To think to be disconsolate,
When we hear the birds rejoice.

Let us thank Heaven for the rain,
And hail the gloom, and sadness!
As an omen of good to all around,
Betok'ning smiles of gladness.
Montreal, August, 1855.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE RUM-SELLER.

THE editor of the *Morning Star*, writing from Augusta, Maine, gives a touching account of a scene at the Court House in that city. Speaking of the liquor case on trial, he says:

"One case is heart-rending. Two little boys were on the stand to testify against a rumseller, one 10 and the other 12 years old. Had you been in the court room you would have heard something like the following:

Court Attorney.—"Have you ever bought rum of this man?" "Yes, sir." "As much as a quart at a time?" "Yes, sir." "How much did you give for it?" "Fifty cents." "How much change did he give you back?" "Do not know—he did the change up in a piece of paper, and handed it to me."

Court for the defence.—"Boy, do you mean to say that you bought rum of this man as many as ten or a dozen times?" "Yes, sir." The question is repeated, the lawyer looking the boy sternly in the face, but the only reply is, "Yes, sir." "On what day did you buy it?"

The day is told—then another—then another—then another—and another. "That day was Sunday, have you ever bought rum of this man on Sunday?" "Yes, sir." "For whom have you bought this rum?" "For my father," said the boy. The jury were in tears, and did not leave their seats in order to make up their verdict. We can only pray with such scenes before us as a part of every day life: "Oh Lord, let the skirts of our garments be clear of the rum traffic in the great day of reckoning!"

Could the rumsellers understand that they are now, not only ruining the present generation, but sowing seeds that will spring up among generations yet unborn, would they not leave their business?

FALSE HOPES.

THERE is perhaps nothing in the world, that causes so much real uneasiness as the indulgence of false hopes. People build castles in the air, gigantic structures built, as Dr. Smyth assures us the Egyptian pyramids must have been—beginning from the top and working down along. No matter how soon the castle of the air may die out, another is erected in an incredible short space of time, and lives just long enough to be swept away into oblivion by the first dis-asterous wind.

People indulge false hopes in regard to almost every thing—children, business, money, speculations and religion—and expect doubly what they ought to under the most favorable circumstances, and doubly what they would, provided they would listen to the dictates of reason.

"There's my boy," says one, "a fine, smart fellow too, (if he does belong to me,) he'll make something more than common, if he

lives long enough. Everybody says so, and I don't doubt it." Well, this one worries and frets the better part of his life away, trying to strain the boy up to something which his nature will never allow him to reach, forcing the growth of his mind, and not unfrequently doing him irreparable injury. And all because everybody said he was more than common.

The same people who praise up this boy are the very ones who praise everybody's boy. They are the relatives and interested friends. Now, the chances are that there are a hundred thousand other boys equally smart as this one; and a hundred thousand fathers, severally, looked upon and worried over each particular case. Each expecting his boy would make something more than ordinary, and each indulging in the false hope that it will come to pass simply, because everybody said so.

Now, it's all very proper to expect, and it is quite right to put every thing in motion that can possibly have a tendency to help the boy, but don't hope for that which lies away off in futurity, the existence of which you have nothing to inform you of. Do not hope—for that which you have no good reason to expect will transpire,—with all that intensity that reaches almost out to possibility of gain, leaving no power to the mind with which, in case of defeat, it may comfort itself.

People are fond of wheedling themselves into any belief which may afford the least possible evidence of truth, and count the possibility a probability, and the probability a certainty and with a hope thus grounded they feel quite superior to mortals in general.

Some who are in delicate health will run after every new Doctor (so called) that comes into town.

It is funny to see how their faces brighten up while the doctor is talking. They leave him minus a few dollars, but with ample supply of medicine about them, and look forward to a speedy cure. A few weeks intervene, they are no better, and again they seek out a new doctor, again to indulge in the false hopes excited by his honied words, and again to reap the bitterness of disappointment.

I knew a young man who was very far gone in consumption and went to one of these ignorant, self-styled doctors. The doctor told him he could be cured for twenty-five dollars. Poor fellow, he hadn't the money, but he thought if he only had had it, how willingly he would have been to have given it. Well, sir, I knew that the doctor could not cure him, nor could he have helped him a particle if he had tried. Ten days or a fortnight after, this young man was buried. Still, this doctor had so inflated his mind previous to his death, that he really indulged the hope that if he could afford to take the medicine he might have lived a good many years.

There was hundreds of others suffering under this doctor, paying away their money and growing worse every day, and still indulging the false hope that they should be in sound health. However, it is an error mankind in general are apt to fall into, and I really believe that, with all our moralising upon the subject, you and I once in a while indulge in false hopes.

TASTE is defined by Johnson to signify the power of distinguishing, or enjoying intellectually. Judgment signifies the power of forming a conclusive opinion by the exercise of reason.

If a boatswain marries, does his wife become a boatswain's mate?

THE YUMAS INDIANS.



LOSE upon the banks of the Colorado river live a warlike tribe called the Yumas Indians, and more exquisite specimens of the human form divine were never turned into this breathing world by good dame Nature. They are tall, manly and muscular, and possess a native grace of manner peculiar to the superior tribes of the red man. They are athletic, and swift of foot, and as bold as the; are hardy. Their skin is of a dark copper color, but smooth and clear, and their countenances betoken great frankness and intelligence; but in this their good looks belie them; for, as a class, they are treacherous, deceitful, and great thieves. They are the most expert swimmers, passing one half their time in the rushing waters of the great Red River of the West, breasting the most violent current, and transporting heavy burdens from shore to shore. The experts are not men alone—the women are equally dexterous. The principal article of food with them is the Mesquit bean, which grows in great abundance near the banks of the Colorado and Gila rivers, and is eaten by them when ripe and in a raw state, and also dried and prepared as *atooe*, or gruel. The women, as in all Indian tribes, perform the work and collect the beans in huge wicker baskets holding a bushel and more, which they bear upon their heads. When a matron goes out to pick beans, she takes her papoose, claps it in the basket, and if it is necessary for her to cross the stream, approaches the bank, tosses the basket into the water and springs in after it. The baskets are coated with a resinous

substance and are impervious to the water. The swimmer then gives the basket a whirl before her, making it whirl around and fly before her with extraordinary velocity. They swim high out of water, and float like bladders. Their hatred to the Mexicans is intense, and they have frequently attacked emigrating parties. They are very fond of mule meat, horses, and “small deer,” and devour them when scarcely warmed through. The fish of the Colorado they also eat half cooked, tail and all.

They abominate their more civilized neighbors of the Gila, the Pimos and Maricopas, who are quite civilized, cultivate the soil and receive a yearly grant of clothing from the Mexican Government. They are under the command of a Captain-General, a native chief, *Calo Azul*, who has half a dozen wives and a military suit of clothes. The Maricopas and Pimos are the deadly foes of the Apaches and frequently make up war parties, penetrate the Apacheria and return laden with scalps. *Calo Azul*, a little more than a year ago, thought it proper to civilize the Yumas. He therefore took a war party and met the Yumas near the mouth of the Gila; determined not to be civilized, they turned to and whipped *Calo Azul*'s little party; whereupon that chief returned to the bosom of his wives and his cornfields with a vow never to attempt to civilize the Yumas again unless he had an invincible band of his warriors with him.

It is affirmed by scientific gentlemen, that the “pressure of the times,” if it could be used as a propelling power, would force a vessel across the Atlantic in twenty-four hours.

TOOTH PULLING ILLUSTRATED.

BEFORE the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain.—The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar by the unpleasantly surprised sufferer. "Stop," cried the dentist, "compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twine as a specimen to show you Cartwright's method of operation." Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar. "Now don't be impatient, that is Dumerge's way; be seated and calm, you will now be sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application, another tug, another roar. "Now pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and whipping it out, he exaltingly exclaimed, "that is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dumerge, and Parkinson."

NOT BIG ENOUGH.—The following dialogue is represented to have taken place between a farmer and an Irish reaper, the latter being considerably under the common stature:

Irishman—D'ye want any body for the harvest?

Farmer—Yes.

Irishman—Will you take me?

Farmer—No; you're too little.

"Arrah, now, and do you cut your corn from the top?" said Pat, as he walked off indignantly.

NARROW SOULS.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters,
My 12, 8, 3, 15, 5, 1, is a mathematical line.
My 14, 3, 8, occasions rare sport for boys
in winter.
My 5, 2, 7, 5, is anything and everything.
My 14, 9, 8, 1, 4, 5, was an eminent general
in the time of Cromwell.
My 10, 15, 1, is a very troublesome little
animal.
My 13, 6, 11, 14, 10, 8, is a title generally
given to old gentlemen.
My whole is a great undertaking.

C. F. FRASER.

Montreal, August 7, 1855.

CHARADE.

Shapeless, colorless, and bright am I,
One moment gives me birth, and the next
I die;
My little course I run with silent haste,
And every trace of me is soon effaced,
When joy appears, I start to bring relief,
And run with speed at the approach of
grief.
Behold me, and you'll find that I'm possessed
By every little thing, both man and beast;
Curtail me, and a beverage I shall be,
Brought from a distant land beyond the
sea.

ANSWERS

To charades in August number—

1. Cross-bow.
2. The letter *a* occurs not in most men,
But yet is found in all;
And when you address a neighbor
It is generally personal.
As *n* in good men has a place,
And sinful ones as well,
So Scotland is a name that cheers the fall
Of Curlers, I can tell.
An *uncle* is a near relation,
Of which I have one or two,
And to find the name of a busy insect
Just leave out the letter *u*.

C. F. FRASER.

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