storm early in the morning of August 21, 1856. So general was the regret over the loss of the tree that at noon a dirge and the "Dead March" were played, and this was followed by "Home, Sweet Home" and "Hail Columbia." At sunset the bells of the city were tolled, and the mourning was universal. Poets tuned their lyres to sing songs to the fallen monarch, and there was a great rush for bits of the wood by relic hunters. A chair with superb carvings was made of part of the tree, and a place of honor in the State House was given it.

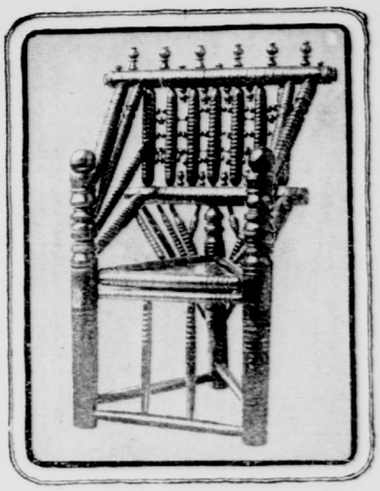
A chair having a special interest for all American people is to be found in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. It is the chair in which Thomas Jefferson sat when he is said to have written the Declaration of Independence. The chair revolves, and is of ancient origin. It has a wide shelf at the right side.

Another interesting chair owned by the American Philosophical Society, and now used by its President at the meetings of the society, is a chair invented by Franklin and used by him in his library. The seat of this old chair turns up, forming a flight of three steps, used by Franklin when he wanted to reach the books on the high shelves of his library. A chair of this kind also is in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. Franklin had an inventive turn of mind, and to him we owe the Franklin stove, the next best thing to a fireplace, if one wants an open fire. He was a many-sided man, and was not above giving his attention to small details of house furnishing, as we may know from the following letter sent by him to Mrs. Franklin, when he was in London in 1758. He had an eye for "style," and he said:

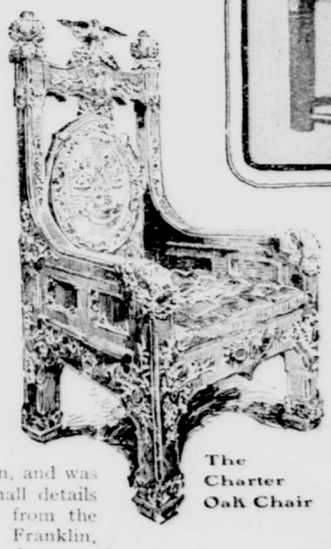
"I send you by Captain Budden six coarse, diaper breakfast-cloths. They are to spread on the tea-table, for nobody breakfasts here on the naked table; but on the cloth they set a large tea board with cups. In the great case, beside the little box, is contained some carpeting for the best-room floor. There is enough for one large or two small ones; it is to be sewed together, the edges being first felled down, and care taken to make the figures meet exactly; then there is bordering for the same. This was my fancy. Also two large, fine Flanders bedticks and two pair of large, superfine blankets, two fine damask table-cloths and napkins, and forty-three ells of Ghentish sheetings from Holland. These you ordered. There are also fifty-six yards of cotton printed curiously from copper plates, a new invention, to make bed and window curtains; and seven yards of chair bottoms printed in the same way, very neat. This was my fancy. There are also snuffers, a snuff stand and extinguishers of steel which I send for the beauty of its workmanship. The extinguisher is for spermaceti candles only, and it is a new contrivance to remove the snuff from the candle. I forgot to mention another of my fancyings, viz: a pair of silk blankets, very fine. They are of a new kind, were just taken in a French prize, and such were never seen in England before. They are called blankets; but I think they will be very neat to cover a summer bed instead of a quilt or counterpane."

Many a man of to-day of far less mental caliber than Franklin would regard it as beneath him to give thought to such domestic details as these. We have some information of the furnishings of Franklin's home in the following letter written to her husband by Mrs. Franklin while he was in England:

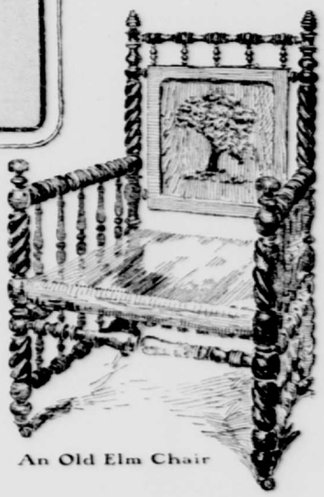
"In the room down-stairs is the sideboard, which is very handsome and plain, with two tables made to suit it, and a dozen chairs also. The chairs are plain horsehair, and look as well as Paduasoy, and are admired by all. The little south room I have papered, as the walls were much soiled. In this room is a carpet I have bought cheap for its goodness, and nearly new. The large carpet is in the blue room. In the parlor is a Scotch carpet, which has had much fault found with it. Your timepiece stands in one corner, which is, I am told, all wrong—but I say we shall have all these as they should be when you come home. If you could meet with a Turkey carpet I should like it; but if not, I should be very easy, for as to these things, I have become quite indifferent at this time. In the north room where we sit we shall have a small Scotch carpet, the small bookcase, brother John's picture, and one of the King and Queen. In the room for our friends we have the Earl of Bute hung up and a glass. May I desire you to remember the drinking glasses, and a large table-cloth or two, also a pair of silver cannisters? The room we call yours has in it a desk—the harmonica made like a desk—a large chest with all the writings, the box of glasses for music and for the electricity, and all your clothes. The pictures are not put up, as I do not like to drive nails lest they should not be right. The blue room has the harmonica and the harpsichord, the gilt sconce, a card-table, a set of tea china, the worked chairs and screen—a very handsome stand for the tea-kettle to stand on, and the ornamental china."



President's Chair at Harvard University



The Charter Oak Chair



An Old Elm Chair

From this we may know that the afternoon tea-table with its shining kettle and pretty array of china is by no means a modern idea.

The wood of the Franklin library chair is of black walnut, to which it is said there is to be a return in the furniture of the future. The seat, back and arms of the chair are of brown leather with brass studs. Though by no means an elegant chair, it is one of great utility, and far removed from some of the spindle-shanked chairs of to-day, of which the two hundred-pound man or woman must fight shy to feel sure of escaping mortifying disaster.

The cane-seat chair is by no means a recent invention, since one may see in Independence Hall in Philadelphia a fine specimen of a high-backed, cane-seat chair, once the property of William Penn. This interesting old chair has on it this quaint inscription: "I know not where; I know not when; but in this chair sat William Penn."

These not altogether Byronic lines indicate that there is no detailed history of this chair; but that it once belonged to William Penn has been settled beyond cavil.

No collection of ancient chairs would be complete without a George Washington chair, and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania is fortunate in having in its possession one of this kind. The chair is a handsome one from the Washington mansion, and was used while Washington was President and living in Philadelphia. Specimens of Washington household furnishings by no means are rare, as these furnishings were disposed of by will, and again disposed of in the same way, so that it is not difficult to trace them.

Washington was a man of elegant and refined tastes, and his house furnishings were handsome, although less ornate than some of our modern furniture.

Pilgrims to the old town of Plymouth will find in the interesting collection of historical relics in Pilgrim Hall some quaint old chairs of more ancient origin than any of the chairs thus far described, with the possible exception of the President's chair at Harvard. Elder Brewster's chair, and Governor Carver's chair may be seen there; also a chair once belonging to Governor Winslow, which stood in the council-chamber during his Governorship. It is said that these were brought to America in the Mayflower—so they were the first chairs in New-England. They are of the turned-wood variety, and exceedingly strong.

In the First Church at Dorchester is a chair once the property of the great apostle to the Indians, John Eliot, and used by him in his home. On the chair is this inscription. "This chair once belonged to the Rev. John Eliot of Roxbury, commonly called the Apostle to the Indians, and was used in his study. It was placed under the pulpit of this meeting-house (built in 1816 by the first parish in Dorchester) by the Rev. Thaddeus M. Harris, D.D., for forty-three years its pastor, as a venerated memorial."

In the Boston Public Library may be seen a chair never the individual property of anyone, and historical simply because of the fact that it is made of wood from the great elm once standing in Boston Common. On the inside of the chair back is a representation of the old tree, and underneath it these words: "The Great Elm on Boston Common; blown down February 15, 1876."

In 1854, J. V. C. Smith, then Mayor of Boston, ordered a substantial iron fence placed around the old elm, and on the fence was this information regarding the old tree: "This tree is believed to have existed before the settlement of Boston. It was full grown in 1772. Exhibited marks of old age in 1792. Was nearly destroyed by a storm in 1832, and protected by an iron inclosure in 1854."

George Whitfield preached under the old elm in 1740, and created such a furor that no building in Boston could contain the crowds that went to hear him. Later came Jesse Lee, the apostle of Methodism, to preach under the old elm to a great throng of listeners, and many men have preached under the giant tree. The falling of the old elm called forth a number of poems, one so long that it makes a large pamphlet. The chair in the Public Library is the most interesting relic we have of this old monarch of the Common.

GET-THERE TOWN

By McLandburgh Wilson

Oh, would you live in Get-there Town,
  You'd better start to-day;
The pike is hard to travel on,
  And footsore is the way.

A railroad runs to Get-there Town,
  It's called the G. R. Q.;
But few who take the lightning train
  Have ever gotten through.

The beds are soft in Get-there Town
  As billows on the main;
But nearly all inhabitants
  Of sleeplessness complain.

The tables groan in Get-there Town,
  And every dish delights;
But somehow those who gather 'round
  Have lost their appetites.

The folks who move from Get-there Town,
  Despite its drawbacks plain,
Are born of settled residents—
  The others all remain.

THE MIGHTY INSECT

By Frank H. Sweet

FEW of us think, while we watch the activity of insects, that to enable them to perform such feats strength has been given them which could not have been intrusted safely to any of the larger animals, and that nothing except their size prevents them from becoming our masters. The common flea without much effort will jump two hundred times its own length, and grasshoppers and locusts are able to make leaps just as wonderful.

In the case of the insect such feats scarcely excite our notice; but if a man coolly was to take a standing leap of four hundred odd yards, which would be an equal proof of muscular power, admirers of athletic sports might be rather startled. Again, for a man to run ten miles within the hour would be considered a good display of pedestrianism; but what are we to say to a little fly, so minute as almost to be invisible, which ran nearly six inches in a second, and in that space was calculated to have made ten hundred eighty steps? This, according to calculation, is as if a man whose steps measured two feet should run at the rate of twenty miles a minute.

The great stag-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*) which tears off the bark from the roots and branches of trees, has been known to gnaw a hole an inch in diameter through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined, and on which the marks of its jaws were visible distinctly.

The common beetle (*Geotrypes stercorarius*) can without injury support and even raise great weights, and make its way from beneath almost any pressure. In order to put the strength of the insect Atlas to the test, experiments have been made which prove that it is able to maintain and escape from a load of twenty to thirty ounces, a prodigious burden when it is remembered that the insect itself does not weigh so many grains. In fact, once more taking man as a standard of comparison, it is as if a person of ordinary size should raise and get from under a weight of between forty and fifty tons.