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The Song of the Mowers.

We are up and away, ere the sunrise hath kiss'd
In the valley below us, that ocean of mist;
Ere the tops of the hills have grown bright in its ray,
With our scythes on our shoulders we're up and away!

The freshness and beauty of morning are ours,
The music of birds and the fragrance of flowers;
And our trail is the first that is seen in the dew,
As our pathway through orchards and lanes we pursue.

The helmeted clover in serried array,
Like a host for the battle, awaits us to-day;
Like a host overthrown, rank by rank, shall it lie
Ere the heats of the noon-tide are poured from the sky.

Hurrah! Here we are! now together as one,
Give your scythes to the sward, and press steadily on;
All together, as one, o'er the stubble we pass,
With a swing and a ring of the steel through the grass.

Before us, the clover stands thickly and tall,
At our left it is piled in a verdurous wall;
And never breathed monarch more fragrant perfumes
Than the sunshine distill from its leaves and its blooms.

Invisible choirs around us are swaying,
And anthems exultant from tree-tops are flung;
And 'mid fragrance and music, and beauty we share
The jubilant life of the earth and the air.

Let the merchant and lawyer grow pale in their shades
And the slender young clerk keep his skin like a maid's;
We care not, though dear Mother Nature may brown
Our cheeks with the kiss which she gives to her sons.

Then cheerily, boys, cheerily! together, as one
Give your scythes to the sward, and press steadily on;
All together, as one, o'er the stubble we pass,
With a swing and a ring of the steel through the grass.

From Chambers' Journal.

A Gauntlet of Fire.

It is now several years since that I was in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and located at their trading station of Hemlock Bend, on the banks of the Great Snake river. A wild, desolate spot it was, surrounded by dreary pine forests, and yet more dreary swamps; and, with its double cordon of tall stockade, and a long swivel-gun crowning its central warehouse, more resembling a military post than a commercial depot.

Most lonely was our life in that distant factory, with the fierce blasts from the great bay sweeping down upon us in almost polar cold, and furious snow storms during more than half the year; while our brief summer was cheered by no more pleasant visitants than the rugged voyagers of the bateaux which bro't our merchandise, and the grave Indian hunters who came to barter their winter's take of furs for our powder, cloth, and brazen ornaments.

My range of society, however, was somewhat greater, for, as assistant factor, it was my duty, during the summer months, to visit our different out-stations; and not only singular were the characters with which I thus made acquaintance, but wild and sometimes perilous the adventures I encountered.

On one occasion I remember being bound to Sandy's Bluff, beyond Loon Lake, one of my most distant charges. In those thickly wooded regions, the rivers and creeks form the only highway; and, with the usual farewell cheer given and returned, my Indian crew and I, in our nor'-west canoe, started on our expedition. A pleasant mid-summer voyage it promised, leading along gentle rivers, bordered by young green foliage, across bright, breezy lakes, and through the windings of narrow creeks, fringed with countless blossoms. When night came, we drew our light boat to land, and, wrapped in our blankets, slept soundly beneath its shelter until daylight called us to resume our journey.

Two and a half days had been thus occupied, and the afternoon of the third saw us entering the right fork, Kaskongshadi, or broken water, a stream noted even in that wild country for its ragged gorges of arrowy rapids, and its alternate broader stretches of rippling, sunny, pale-green water, which tinted the hue of every fish within its depths, and of every rock and lichen along its borders.

But the ready philosophy of the Indians was equal to every exigence as it appeared: the light, graceful action with which their ten easily wielded paddles sent our cannoe skimming along the stream, gradually changing, as the adverse current quickened into a fierce, rapid movement, capable of making head against the wild, leaping, foaming torrent which surged down on us, or it the rush of the steep incline defied the power of paddles, the dauntless rowers leaped out into the foaming flood, and girding themselves with ropes, took their canoe in tow, pressing on from rock to rock along the shallower margin of the river, but still waist deep in the roaring, raging, tumultuous race of waters, which almost swept them from their feet. But with yells and whoops, as against a human enemy, the brave fellows battled on, until at last, breathless and well nigh exhausted, they emerged from the watery ordeal, and with a final yell of triumph, which quivered through the surrounding woods, leaped again into their places, until new rapids should call them to fresh exertions: except on one occasion, when a cataract compelled them to make a portage, when canoe and cargo were mounted on their shoulders, and carried overland to the next smooth water.

At length, but one more rapid rolled between us and Loon Lake, and a murmur of pleasure broke from the Indians' lips as they saw the broad sunlit space beyond. But the race was the worst upon our route: a veritable hill of surging waves, crowned by a powerful sweep as the waters of the lake rushed over into two forks of the Kaskongshadi: while, to add to the difficulties of the ascent, the water was too deep to admit of wading, the banks on either side too abrupt for even Indian feet to scale.

The men, however, had many times before accomplished this rapid, and they doubted not of doing it again: and dashing their paddles into the foaming flood, with every nerve strung to the uttermost, strongly, eagerly, impetuously, they plied their blades, almost burying their slight vessel in the white sea of breakers, which seethed in a wild, shrieking tumult round us, and almost blinded us by the clouds of spray which dashed full into our faces.

Ten anxious, arduous minutes, and the top-most wave alone remained before us, and every hand took a firmer hold, every paddle a longer sweep, for that last mighty effort. At last, the steep ascent was gained: and as the shallop swayed upon its crest, the well-known whoop of victory resounded through the wilds. But a cry of blank dismay quickly followed, as the steersman's paddle, strained by the pressure, snapped off above the blade: while the unguided canoe, yielding to the rushing torrent, broached to on the watery brink, and ere any one could control her, swayed completely round, and, passing the intervening point of land, shot like an arrow into the left fork of the Kaskongshadi, and began to leap down the surging breakers and steep cascades of the companion-rapid to that which we had so laboriously ascended.

Suddenly a new and fearful horror came over us as we swept into the wild descent: scarce a rod below us there flashed upon our eyes a great glare of fire, while a sharp, crackling noise broke upon the silence, and at once we comprehended the fearful truth, that one of those terrific conflagrations, which, lit by a spark from a hunter's rifle, an unextinguished Indian fire, or other trivial cause, occasionally devastate the sun-dried American wilds, was raging in our front. It was an appalling discovery, and instantly every paddle was at work to try and win our way back from those deadly precints. But our boat had received an impetus with whose first force no power of ours could cope, and despite our utmost efforts she still plunged madly on.

Fearful was the scene to which she brought us. Fire on either side, as the fierce element wrapped the lofty forest trees in sheets of flame: fire above, as the overhanging branches joined together in a burning arch: nay, it seemed even fire below, as the boiling waves which raged around us caught the red reflection, and flashed it back in a thousand broken rays.

Though momentarily overpowered, we were not discouraged, and again we strove to stem both flood and impetus, but all in vain: faster and faster surged the waves over the bristling rocks, until it became evident that all the fast and steepest rapids of the neighboring fork were on this unknown stream united into one long and insurmountable river-race.

Meanwhile, on we sped, and air which grew each moment hotter as we passed deeper into the burning region, while the flames around us raged with a wilder fury, and the voice of the destroyer took a more threatening tone. Yet it was a magnificent sight, that dark primeval forest ablaze with one great rolling mass of fire: its mighty trees glowing redly amid the fiery radiance, as the flaming streamers wrapped them round, its jets of fire leaping high in the air, now darkened by night: while the rush and roar of those tumultuous flames grew well nigh deafening: and louder still, the thunderous reverberations with which, at intervals, some forest giant crashed down to the ground sending up into the sky great clouds of sparks.

Strange and gorgeous were the various hues in which the different trees yielded up their summer foliage: and yet stranger, when this brief glory had passed, was the aspect of their tall gaunt forms changed to flaming pinnacles or masses of glowing embers. Every now and then, piercing shrieks, which made us shiver, rose above the tumult of the flames, telling of wild animals overtaken in their flight, while scorched and terrified birds fell thickly round us, to die by an easier death. Each moment, too, our own fate appeared more imminent, as the hot furnace like air made us faint and pant for breath, and our strength wither like grass beneath its blighting influence: while, as we passed, the overhanging trees swept their long, flaming boughs across our faces, or strewed the stream and us with burning brands: and worse than all, far as the keen eyed red man could penetrate the ruddy haze, stretched the fiery gantlet we were compelled to run.

Never shall I forget what we endured as, with wetted blankets casing both the lofty ends of our canoe, with similar coverings wrapped around ourselves—our slight but only shield—we swept along that fearful avenue, our breath more and more labored, our dazzled and fire scorched eyes more dim. Hopeless, helpless and suffering, we sped on to certain death, which each prepared to meet as best he might: some with the proud stoicism of their race, others with the cross sign taught them by the earliest missionaries; while a pang of inexpressible anguish for the dear ones left desolate in that wild land, divided my own last thoughts. It was an interval of unutterable misery, passed amid a wild, roaring, leaping rush of flames, and a scarce less wildly leaping rush of waters.

At length the measure of their endurance was complete, and one by one the stricken Indians sank beneath their fiery trial: some, it seemed, happily unconscious of their dreadful doom, others moaning in their suffocating agony. As my own stronger organization slowly yielded to the deadly breath of the overheated air, and a faint bewildering exhaustion crept over me, paralysing every faculty, I closed my bleared and aching eyes, as I believed for ever, with a murmured prayer that our fiery passage might be short as possible.

But when hope was gone, and life had almost passed, an over-ruling Providence guided us to safety. Within an hour, that narrow gorge widened into a lake-like reach, among whose placid waters our canoe at length found rest, while the cooler air fanning our brows recalled our all but departed spirits. Thence in safety, and deeply thankful for our unhoped for escape, for two days we watched the progress of the forest conflagration; and on the third, when it had passed away, we bore our little bark across the devastated country, and remounting successfully the right fork of the Kaskongshadi, at length reached our destination. But neither time, nor the chances and changes of life in the wilds can banish the haunting memory of that most fearful night, when my Indians and I ran that gantlet of fire.

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are now going among fascinating girls." "I would rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

University of Vermont and State Agricultural College.

Many of our readers are aware that in accordance with the wishes of the Alumni and other friends of the University, the Trustees some months ago decided to attempt to raise the sum of $100,000 for the Institution. The regular academical department needed to be strengthened and enlarged. By accepting from the state the grant for establishing the Agricultural and Scientific department, the trustees had virtually pledged themselves to furnish extended courses of instruction in the physical sciences. New professorships, a chemical laboratory and new means of illustration, were therefore required. The necessity for an increase of the resources of the University was manifest, and it was wisely determined to endeavor to obtain a sufficient fund to place the University on a strong foundation. As in any business enterprise, it is wretched economy to work with inadequate capital, so it is unwise to attempt to meet the wants of a college by procuring a small sum this year, and working it up, and another small sum next year, to be employed in the same way. The funds should be so large that the income will supply all needs, while the principal remains untouched. A donation then becomes a permanent and ever productive investment. With such views the trustees resolved to ask for an addition of $100,000 to its funds.

They decided to request the citizens of Burlington and vicinity to contribute a sum of not less than $50,000. It gives us great pleasure to say that the request has already been cheerfully met by subscriptions amounting to more than $32,000, and it is not at all improbable that they will reach $40,000, or even a larger sum. We do not remember to have seen a large sum raised with so great ease in Burlington. The interest of our citizens in the University was never before so strong.

The Alumni undertook to raise a sum large enough to endow the Professorship of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. A large proportion of the amount required has already been subscribed. But as the books are circulating in various parts of the country, we cannot state exactly what amount has been obtained. A sum of not less than $25,000, and not more than $35,000, is fixed as the endowment.

The trustees did not feel justified in asking for contributions in the state at large, until the citizens of Burlington and the Alumni had manifested their interest by their subscriptions. They are now about taking measures, we are informed, to give an opportunity to all who desire the highest success of the Institution, to aid its treasury. Some very handsome subscriptions have been sent in by liberal gentlemen, who had not been solicited.

The University has been carrying on its work with vigor and success during the year. Courses in the History of Civilization and in the Modern Languages have been added to the Academical department. A class has been pursuing the prescribed studies in the first year of the Agricultural and Scientific department. The demand for larger accomodations in the chemical courses is likely to be so pressing that the trustees are now having rooms in the North college fitted as a laboratory. Desks are provided for twenty students of Analytical Chemistry. Here they not only study the theory and principles of chemistry, learn by actual manipulation and experiment to do the work of analyzing substances, and thus become practical chemists.

The appointments of the laboratory are to be complete. A number of medical students have already applied for admission to it, and the advantages furnished to that class of students will present a new inducement to them to resort to the Medical college here. It will be understood that young men can study in this laboratory, chemistry in its application to agriculture or mining, or any of the practical arts, and it is the only place in the state where they can do so. The rooms will probably be finished and ready for use in a fortnight.

The trustees intend to have a professor of Civil and Mechanical engineering upon the ground at the beginning of the next term. More extended and thorough courses than are now furnished in the state in these branches will be given. By the provisions of the last army bill the president is authorized to detail an officer to each Agricultural college to give instruction in military tactics. The trustees are now in correspondence with the government on the subject, and expect to have a military instructor by the beginning of the next academic year.

The trustees are fully maintaining and even increasing the efficiency of the regular academic course; they are also, as the facts thus briefly mentioned show, providing for larger and fuller instruction in the physical sciences, in civil and mechanical engineering, and in the application of the sciences to agriculture, mechanics, mining, the working of metals, and manufacturing, than can be furnished in the old four years' curriculum of our colleges. They are thus making the University answer the proper ends of such an Institution, by furnishing thorough training for youth who desire to enter upon any useful pursuit in life.

We have no doubt that the University will soon have a larger number of students than were ever seen within its walls at one time. This place has peculiar advantages, as the site for a college. It is easily accessible by rail and steamboat from every direction. The unsurpassed beauty of the scenery, and the salubrity of the climate render it very attractive. The city is large enough to furnish to young men that stir of active life and those advantages of cultivated high-toned society, which are not unimportant helps in an education. The expenses of a student here are not more than one half or one third as large as they are in the colleges in the large cities. In this connection we may add that there are several scholarships, which pay the tuition of deserving young men.

We are gratified to learn that the laudable efforts of the trustees and the Faculty to enlarge the usefulness of the University are not unappreciated. A new interest in its welfare has been awakened through the state and among the Alumni, who are scattered over the whole country. Enough young men to form a fine class—a much larger class than has entered for several years—have already announced their intention of presenting themselves for examination at Commencement. We are confident that the Institution is entering upon a career of more than its former prosperity. We trust that its many friends throughout the state and elsewhere, will second the efforts of the trustees and the Faculty, by speedily completing the subscription, and thus enable the University to enter upon its next year with *One Hundred Thousand* dollars in its treasury in addition to its present resources.

Horrors of Nuremberg Castle.

Mr. Coffin writes to the Boston Journal from Nuremberg, Bavaria:

Come with me to this old town, enter some of these edifices and look upon the administration of government as it was in the 16th and 17th centuries. We enter one of the towers of the castle, descend five steps, and find ourselves in a museum, where are preserved the books of records, giving us a history of the past: and not only books, but implements and instruments which show more clearly than written words the administration of those days, with which the government of the United States is now compared. Here is a post, four feet high, in the center of the room, with two curious fixtures on the top, having some resemblance to gun locks.

What is this? The girl who acts as our usher raises the hammers, which come up with a click. She touches a spring and down they go, with a snap that startles you—forced down by strong springs, with a whack that would have smashed your fingers to a jelly had they been under the hammers. This is a finger crusher, a delicate little instrument used to extort confessions from reluctant witnesses or suspected criminals. Here are bracelets for the wrist, not of gold or silver, but of iron, and the parts which touch the wrist are set with needles. Put them on your arms, and turn a screw, and they close upon the flesh, the needles piercing through cords, tendons, flesh and bones. It is one degree more excruciating than crushing fingers.

Here is a head dress—a crown which has been worn by many men and women. It has sharp knives which cut through the scalp to the skull. Here are chains and weights, locks and keys, handcuffs and chaps for the ankles, stocks for the feet, weights to hold your feet to the floor, and pulleys to draw your head at the same time to the ceiling. Here is a bench of solid oak, with a corrugated surface, upon which many men have been laid, held down by cords, to undergo the kneading process, and that rolling pin, knotty and knobby, also of oak, which for upon the table, has been rolled backward and forward over the naked forms of men and women, kneading live flesh to bloody dough. Time and space would fail me were I to enumerate the instruments of torture here, or to set forth their uses. We can only look at the cradle—a large trough of oak on rockers—the bottom of it is thickly set with pins, in which many victims have been rocked to death. Think of lying on a bed of oaken pins, rolling to the right and left—always against pins—till the flesh becomes livid jelly. Here is a string of oaken beads, each bead sixteen sided, about as large as hickory nuts. This was for sawing off legs and arms.

Here is an instrument shaped like a pear. It is of iron, but to all appearance a harmless thing. But just take it for a moment into your mouth, and let me give a gentle pull at the string attached to the stem of the pear, and it will no longer be a pear but a full blown lily—an iron lily, unfolding its leaves so suddenly and violently that your jaws are forced open till the joints crack in the sockets, while the delicate petals become pincers, which grasp your tongue. No outcry now. No utterance of words. No screaming to raise the neighborhood. Moans and sighs only from the sufferer. One twitch of the string and the tongue is torn out by the roots.

We must leave this museum without mentioning the hundreds of curiosities. We go into the court yard, stopping a moment to pluck a leaf from a lime tree which was in full vigor 700 years ago, and then we enter another door, descend a longer flight of steps, to dark, dismal dungeons, where no light ever fall except through narrow, iron grated windows. Here are ladders, with windlasses and pulleys, on which victims were stretched till bones snapped, till joints leaped from their sockets, and cords and tendons were torn asunder. Here are racks and wheels, pillories and stocks, whips and manacles. This was the place of torture. We leave these and creep thro' doorway after doorway, and reach at last, far under the ground far beneath all sight or sound of the world, a darker dungeon. This is the room of the *Iron Maiden*.

Here is the statute or image—a maiden with a hood upon her head, an iron ruffle around the neck, enveloped in an iron cloak. Suddenly the folds of the cloak are thrown apart, and by the dim light of the candle you see that the lining of the garment is set with sharp spikes. Take one step forward and the folds enclose you. Iron spikes pierce your body and into your eyeballs, clear through to the vertebra they penetrate. Not a quick embrace, but slowly you are enfolded, one turn of the screw, just enough to penetrate the flesh, just enough to touch the apple of the quivering eye; then, after an age of anguish another turn and a hundred spikes reach a little nearer to the nerves: and then as heat and thirst and fever rack the body, another gentle turn and another age of torture: and then one more advance of the spikes toward the vitals till death comes on, and the maiden unfolding her arms, drops her victim through a trap-door, down—down—down into unknow depths! We drop a pebble and hear the faint splash of waters far beneath.

Here is a skull. Anatomists say it is the skull of a female. You may put your fingers into the holes where the spikes which entered the eyes came through. No name, no record. God only has the book of remembrance.

We think of this dungeon as connected with the barbarism of the middle ages; but we are not removed from those days of rigorous administration law. Till Napoleon with his legions of France came across the Rhine, over throwing all obstacles, this iron maiden held out her arms to receive offenders against the law. On the approach of the French army in 1803, the Virgin, as it is called, with other instruments of torture, were thrown into a cart and dispatched in haste out of the town, but fell into the hands of the victorious army. Not till then did the world know what sort of punishment were meted out to offenders of the law.

We are to remember that Nuremberg was a free city. About thirty partician families for a long time monopolized authority, and chose a Council of State consisting of eight persons who formed the Executive. This Executive was an irresponsible body. The world knew nothing of their secret administration of affairs. Men disappeared, and no one knew what became of them. Another Virgin exists in Austria, at Neustadt. There are other horrors, enough to curdle the blood, not of the Roman Inquisition, but of German governments. The heart almost ceases beating when you look upon their devilish inventions, and think that though 1867 years have rolled away since Christ came to redeem the world, yet we are only half a century removed from these horrors.

Anecdote of President Lincoln.

In a certain case in court Mr. Lincoln had for his legal opponent a lawyer whose excellent character, thorough knowledge of law, and superior logic combined to exert a controlling influence over the jury. This lawyer (whom we call Judge Jones) had made a speech, and a most able speech it was. It was necessary in some way to dissipate its impression. Mr. Lincoln, in reply, opened his speech substantially as follows:

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, we have just heard the learned and masterly argument on the other side. We know how thoroughly versed is Judge Jones in the law, and how upright he is, and we say, really Judge Jones can not be mistaken in his positions. We also know how true a gentleman Judge Jones is, how irreproachable are his manners and dress; and I presume I I should say to you that Judge Jones had put on his shirt wrong side foremost this morning, you would reply it is impossible—and yet Judge Jones *has put on his shirt wrong side foremost this morning*; you can look for yourselves, gentlemen, and so in this case he has got things wrong end foremost, and his whole argument is wrong from beginning to end."

Surely enough the irreproachable lawyer, while pondering over his coming speech, had dressed himself in the mistaken manner indicated. After the laugh had subsided, consequent upon the detection, Mr. Lincoln analyzed the argument of the Judge, and won his case!

Preservation of Shad in the Connecticut River.

It is generally known that since the building of the great dam across the Connecticut river, between South Hadley and Holyoke, the shad fishery above the dam has become entirely extinct, and the legislature has been appealed to by residents along the river for miles above the point named, to build a suitable fish-way, in order to allow the shad a free passage to head waters, or any other point they may select to deposit their spawn. Of late years, spawn in large quantity has been deposited at and below South Hadley dam: and within a few days past, experiments have been made there in presence of commissioners duly appointed from this State, Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire, relative to the spawn hatching. These experiments were conducted by Mr. Seth Green, of New York, who, within the last six or eight days has secured and planted some ten millions of spawn, from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of which have been hatched with perfect success, and the experiments in every way have resulted to the entire satisfaction of the commissioners, and also to Mr. Green. One interesting fact—which we believe no writer upon the subject has ever mentioned—has been developed, and that is, that within forty-eight hours after spawn has been taken from the mother fish, it has hatched out innumerable lively young shad, whereas, writers have generally stated that the time required for hatching, varies from one to two weeks. One object in making these experiments has been to show the practicability of constructing a fish-way over the dam, and still another was, to exhibit to fishermen and the public the fact of the great number of spawn which are annually destroyed in catching the shad, and to instil into the minds of fishermen particularly, the idea that when they catch "the last run," or those ready to spawn, to deposit the spawn as soon as the fish are taken, and sell the fish afterward. By this practice, which will require but little care, and with the aid of a fish-way over the dam, it is believed that the Connecticut will speedily become well stocked with shad from its outlet to its source. —*Boston Journal.*

George III, speaking to the Archbishop Sutton of his large family, used the expression: "I believe your Grace has better than a dozen?" "No, sire," replied the Archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," replied the King," is not that better than a dozen?"

Hair Specifics.

Let them alone. The whole of them are a cheat. There is not one single exception under the sun. A "specific" in medicine is a term which implies certainty of effect. Hair falls out for want of nutriment is functional or organic. The mechanism which supplies it, the apparatus, is there to make it: but it is out of order, and makes it imperfectly. So the hair, being imperfectly nourished, is dry, scant, or a mere furze, according to the degree of the defective nourishment—that is "functional baldness, and can be remedied radically and permanently in only one way, and that is, by taking means to improve the general health.

"Organic" baldness is when the defect of nutriment arises from the destruction of the apparatus which made it. There is no machine there. Under such circumstances, nothing short of the power which made man first, can make the hair grow again.

When the scalp is in any part bare of hair, and shiny, or glistening, that is organic baldness, and there is no remedy. If there is not that shining, glistening appearance, but a multitude of very small hairs, causing a "fuzziness over the scalp, that is "functional" baldness: and two things are to be done. Keep the scalp clean with soap-suds—that is a "balm of a thousand flowers" flavored: and more specially, and principally, seek to improve your general health, by eating plain, substantial food, at three regular times a day, and by spending three or four hours, between meals, in moderate exercise in the open air, in some engrossing employment.

As to men, we say, when the hair begins to fall out, the best plan is to have it cut short, give it a good brushing with a moderately stiff brush, while the hair is dry, then wash it well with warm soap-suds, then rub into the scalp, about the roots of the hair, a little bay rum, or brandy, or camphor-water. Do these things twice a month, but the brushing of the scalp may be profitably done twice a week. Dampen the hair with water every time the toilet is made. Nothing ever made is better for the hair than pure soft water, if the scalp is kept clean in the way we have named.

The use of oils, or pomatums, or grease of bears, pigs, geese, or anything else, is ruinous to the hair of man or woman. We consider it a filthy practice, almost universal though it be, for it gathers dust and dirt, and soils whatever it touches. Nothing but pure soft water should ever be allowed on the head of our children. It is a different practice that robs our women of their most beautiful ornament, long before their prime. The hair of our daughters should be kept within two inches, until their twelfth year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Family Worship.

It is strange that fathers do not perceive that their children do not understand or enjoy long prayers, in which the language is above their comprehension. Now family prayer is a home prayer, and the wants of the home circle should constitute the principle part of the petitions. Not that selfishness should be encouraged any more in our worship than in our acts, but that all present should feel that the prayer is for them—that they may be truly obedient to God, faithful at home, at school, or in business—kind, truthful, generous: that they have personally a work to do for the poor and for the rich, and all done for God, out of love for Jesus. Is it not better that the language should be simple so that the child of four years can understand, than that it should be so lofty that none under fourteen can comprehend it?

I now think of a family where the morning and evening worship seems to be enjoyed by all, and all have a part in it. A portion of Scripture is read, and then any one present asks questions upon it. The children inquire about anything they do not understand, and the parent ask the children, to ascertain if they have been attentive. Then they sing a short hymn, or a Sunday-school song, and the father offers a short prayer that is simple earnest, and perfectly understood by children and servants, and the latter are remembered in the petitions, and seem to feel that they are a part of the family. They often close the morning prayer by all joining with the father in repeating the Lord's Prayer aloud.

I fear that still in many families the worship of God is considered a burden, and a hinderance. Now let parents think of this, and ask themselves if the fault does not lie partly with themselves? Make it a cheerful service, not long and prosy: but let your children see that your heart is in it, that you love to pray with, and for them.

ARISTOCRACY.—One of the parvenue ladies of Cincinnati, who would be wonderfully aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting a few days since at the house of Major O——, when, after tea, the following conversation occurred between the Major's lady and the "top not," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the tea table.

"Why, Mrs. O——, you do not allow your hired girl to eat at the table with you, do you?"

"Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my custom. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

This was a "collar" to silk and satin greatness, or, as the boy calls it—"codfish aristocracy." After coloring and stammering, she answered in a low voice: "Yes, I believe it was," and left.

☞ One man with a conviction and God on his side is a majority—and one man with a conviction on the devil's side is not to be despised. They had a Damascus blade a dozen years ago in London, at the great exhibition there, which you could move into a spiral scabbard like a cork-screw, without breaking. So with the Secretary of State. Now to take that trembling jelly which we call William Seward—and fling him at Jeff. Davis, is like pelting the Rocky Mountains with Cologne water."—*Wendell Phillips.*

Children and Wealth.

Many are deterred from marriage for fear of the expense of supporting a family. It is a great mistake. A single man spends more in suppers and cigars than would support a wife. Few men lay by much until they have attained the object to lay by for, and thus comes to pass that a family is now, as anciently, the best of hostages to fortune: and none are so much to be trusted as those who have large families. Still as a family increases around a man, he is very apt to feel as if five or six children were a constant drain upon his efforts at accumulation, and that children were poverty instead of wealth. But it is not so, at least in every respect, or even on the largest and broadest sort of scale.

Thus for instance, in a national point of view, our first method of estimating the greatness of State, is by the number of rapid increase of its inhabitants. Every child in the United States makes the nation so much the more respected abroad and powerful at home, so much the more wealthy and intelligent, for on an average each citizen produces more of wealth than he consumes, and in some department or other adds to the accumulation of the stock of wisdom and experience. Now a nation is but a great family, so may we best test our views of what is best for a family by what is good for a nation.

Children are weak, and need support, when the parents are strong to support them, in order that they may be strong when parents are weak, and able to support them: and thus is made up that bundle of strength which a large family ever generates. Each well brought up and well educated child is the best of all investments of a parent's wealth of money, affection, and of effort. "Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them." They are "as arrows in the hands of a mighty man."

Regarding Boys.

The New York Commercial Advertiser offers the following sensible remarks upon boys, which we commend to parents. The article is not unworthy the attentive perusal of school teachers:

"There are two varieties of the species boy: the boy in books and the boy in real life. with the boy in books we are all familiar. He once cut down an apple-tree, and wouldn't save himself from a dogging by saying he didn't. in which conduct he differs widely from the boy in real life, as indicated by our experience. The boy in books, as some of us have read, stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled. And why did he stand on the burning deck? Did he do anybody or anything any good by standing on the burning deck? No: his staying was utterly silly and useless. He simply—very simply—stayed because his father told him to. Does he do his father the injustice to believe that he would order him to burn himself alive? Does he think that his father knew of some great end to be attained by strict fulfillment of his command—an end invisible to the common ken? No, no. A boy of sense would be morally certain that the spirit of his father's order was directly opposite to its letter, and would act accordingly. Consequently Casabianca, though a hero was not a boy of sense. If you ask the boy in real life his candid opinion of the boy in books who let himself be burned up because he thought his father wished it, and it circumstances were favorable to sincerity—that is, if guardians and teachers were not listening—we think the boy in real life would say that the boy in books was a muggins, and behaved as such in the emergency to which we have alluded.

A perusal of Herbert Spencer's book in Education would startle many who think that they entertain radical views regarding the culture of children. Mr. Spencer starts with the hypothesis that children have all the natural rights of human beings, and that no coercion is lawful which is not absolutely necessary for the protection of the rights of others. This, of course, restricts the authority of parents, guardians and teachers, simply to moral suasion, and limits them to the attainment of their aims in education by the intelligent adaption of mild means to emergencies. The defect in Mr. Spencer's theory is, that human nature—which includes boy nature, of course—is not sufficiently developed intellectually and morally, to be amenable to its conditions.

But no one plan will do for the management of all boys. The rudeness, trankness, and exuberance of some must be modified, though not utterly repressed, while in other instances it must be developed—cultivated. The main duty we owe to boys is to secure them the conditions that are favorable to perfect health. Vain will be knowledge, accomplishment, manner, thrift, even self-control and self-denial, unless physical health underlie all these. And the guaranty of physical health to all who are organically sound, is plenty of play—out-door play. Mere exercise, without the play element, is aliment without savor, drink without zest. This is why lifting weights and climbing poles and ropes never vitalize a man's organism as sport of the simplest kind enlivens a boy's system. And the tendencies of a boy's nature, when their direction is normal, are all toward play. We think, too, that it will usually be found that the boy who plays the hardest, works the hardest. Certainly he sleeps the soundest: and sound sleep is a great blessing. It is a great thing to be engrossed by one's occupations. And the apprenticeship to that engrossment is served at play.

Be tolerent, then, of the racket and rude exuberance of boyhood! You ask a boy to control himself for the sake of your nerves, which are morbidly tender, perhaps, because your muscles and lungs did not get their share of blood when you were a boy. You ask him, we repeat, to control himself for the sake of your nerves. Why not control your nerves and temper for his sake? But the subject grows upon us beyond the confines of a paragraph, and we must stop."