TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be addressed to the name of the editor, not to the name of the writer, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper sent. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, so have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue,
What shall I do?
Here I am making
Music for you!

Little Boy Red,
Come out of bed;
Look at the sparrows
Out on the shed!

Little Boy White,
Laughing and bright,
Sister is sure to
A dear little write.

Red, White, and Blue,
What can we do?
Here's a drum rattle,
Here's music for you!

Saved from Drowning.

In boyish days, I once witnessed an extraordinary exhibition of courage and rare presence of mind on the part of a boy of thirteen years. I never seen it equaled and I doubt whether it has ever been excelled by so young.

It was on a Saturday morning in the depth of winter. School "didn't come" on Saturdays, it was our play day. The mill-pond was frozen over deep enough to bear about the borders, but in the middle the ice was thin and weak. A dozen or more of us went down to the pond to skate. The day was fine and bright, but cold and bracing; the air bit shrewdly; it was a nipping and an eager air, and we coursed around the pond in lively, exciting chase, until the blood was well warmed up and our faces glowed with excitement and pleasure. Some of the more daring youths, skating under high speed and coming down with the wind, allowed themselves to be borne swiftly as an arrow over some of the weak places in the ice, where had they rested only for a moment they would have broken in; but, under the velocity with which they simply shot across the ice merely bent and rolled beneath them like a wave, but did not break. This was dangerous play indeed, and fortunately for their safety, the boys did not persist in doing it.

As the morning wore along there were occasional accessions to our number, which roused new ardor as they occurred from time to time, and trials of speed and feats of skill kept up the enthusiasm to the highest point; so that what with hard skating, backward skating, cutting the ring, attempts at spread eagle on the outside edge; chase the fox, follow the leader, tag, and other diversions, were in a constant whirl all around the circuit of the pond, skating up and down it from one end to the other, never once in those parts venturing on the ice enough to be weak. At one time the sticks made by our skates on the solid ice became so distinctly marked that it did very much the appearance of a racecourse around the pond. At this time we were joined by a party of younger lads having less remote homes than most of us, and who, from witnessing our hilarity from the shore, became infected therewith, came upon the pond, and participated in the sports by running about in the tag and chase upon their feet, for they were without skates.

After awhile the skating slowed up, and pretty, in obedience to that inexplicable law of attraction, which operates irresistibly when there are any juveniles around, we began to assemble in a body and then while at rest congratulations were exchanged between us on the afternoon's sport, criticisms were offered on each other's skates, condolence tendered to those who couldn't skate, or who had no skates to learn upon; the boy with one skate still keeping with irrepressible perseverance his own æsthetic left foot contribution to the performances of the day, received vociferous applause; there was tweaking of coat tippets, sudden disappearances of mittens and handkerchiefs, and tossing each other's caps; possibly there may have been an inquiry made for match, and I dare say the building of a fire was propounded and acted upon, and suppose the fetching in of divers crooked sticks to add to the flames may have suggested a game of shinney; at all events, shinney was proposed, and back we went upon the ice again, and with our sticks were soon driving before us the ball improvised for the occasion out of a small cubic block of wood. The younger lads joined us in this game also, running after the ball in quite as merry glee as any of the rest.

One of those lads, whom I will call Frank Rockwood, was altogether too venturesome and he was frequently cautioned by the older boys when he approached too near the thin ice and even upon it, as he was seen to do, in pursuit of the ball. But the sport was exciting, and he became altogether heedless, and by and by, running in reckless chase after the ball too far upon the thin ice, it broke with his weight, and with a wild scream he fell through. Every cheek blanched in an instant! an expression of terror broke from the lips of the boys: "Oh! Frank Rockwood is in!" Apparent as the danger was to all of us, there had been no real anticipation of it; there were no safeguards against it, and no provisions to meet it in case of accident. Here we were, a score of boys, none more than thirteen or fourteen years old; all the morning lifted up our sports to the very pinnacle of enjoyment and delight, now, in a point of time, a moments space, suddenly brought face to face with death! What shall we do? Oh! if we only had a rope or a board, or something to do with; fear came over every one, for it was a moment of awful anxiety and suspense. We looked helplessly into each other's faces; no man was near, and before help could be summoned, he would certainly drown or freeze to death. It was enough to terrify every one of us; it hushed every voice, it paralyzed every tongue but Frank's, who was clinging to the edge of the unbroken thin ice. "Oh! save me!" he shrieked, "save me! save me!" and his cry went to the heart of a noble boy in that company. Pausing only for a single moment to think, he proceeded quicker than thought to act. With surprising sagacity and promptness, he got down flat upon the ice, thus distributing his weight upon the surface, and pulling himself forward upon the thin ice up to the perishing boy, grasped him by the wrists.

"One of you get down flat on the ice, and crawl up and take hold of my ankles, and the rest of you form two lines, join hands, and take hold of his ankles." This was done in much less time than it requires to relate it, and in another instant, with a triumphant shout which rings in my ears to-day, the boys pulled altogether, far out upon the solid ice, and Frank Rockwood was saved.—*Hearth and Home.*

Parents' Paradise.

We were much impressed lately by the orderly behavior of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to our host; and he pointed to a paper pinned on the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. He said he gave each child who obeyed the rules, a reward at the end of every month. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. They were called "Rules and Regulations for Parents' Paradise:"

1. Shut every door after you, without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs, or in the next room, if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask *why* you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your *first*, *last*, and *best* confidant be your mother.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

Boys, Heed This!

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready-made, with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business, prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these qualities? when he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

Cheap Transportation.

Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, recently addressed the Senate on this subject. He said there were three ways of obtaining cheap transportation: First, by improving the navigation of the Mississippi river from the falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, which could be easily and cheaply done, first damming up the water in the lakes in Upper Minnesota, and storing it up for a dry season, and so obtaining a uniform depth of 5 feet for the upper Mississippi; second, by continuing other improvements now under way; third, by deepening the channel between New Orleans and the Gulf. These would give cheap freight by barges to New Orleans, and by steamers to Europe. Also by deepening the channels between the lakes, and but a small appropriation from the United States would be required for this purpose, as Canada would do the rest, and then, under a reciprocity treaty, our ships could be loaded at Duluth for Liverpool, and so have two competing water-ways. All Western States are not so favorably situated as Minnesota with two water-routes to Europe. The Western States want, and must have an all-rail route for freight. The constitutional right to charter and aid such work is undoubted. We need reforms in the present roads, and a double-track freight railroad, chartered and controlled by Congress, with a maximum rate of 6 mills a ton per mile. This was practicable; and with such a road, competing with water-ways by river and by lakes, would give the West what alone could supply access to the markets of the world for the products of her fields, now rotting in her graneries or burning for fuel.

Genius from Broken Heads.

A writer in the *British Colonist* notes various instances of the transmutation of idiocy into genius by head-breaking accidents. The great German Wallenstein is said to have been but a half-witted child, until a fall from a window and consequent cerebral fracture suddenly redeemed his intellectual nature. The famous Mabilen was irreclaimably idiotic until his nineteenth year, when a fall down a stone staircase turned him into a genius. In an English lunatic asylum one patient struck another a tremendous blow on the bridge of the nose, and from that moment the stricken man rapidly regained his sound mind. In fact, one of the English remedies for imbecility and madness was a revolving swing, whirling around a hundred times in a minute. The patient was strapped helplessly to a machine, which, after hundreds of dizzying revolutions, was stopped with a frightful jerk, at the very height of its velocity. And there is indisputable evidence that many astonishing cures were wrought thereby.

MAN A WATERY COMPOUND.—From the fact that when the body of a man of average size is reduced literally to ashes by fire, only about ten pounds of said ashes remain, it is shown that the human system contains seventy per cent. of water. In the remaining thirty per cent. twenty is carbon, which disappears in gas at the burning, even as the watery seventy evaporates. Thus your "solid man" possesses really about ten pounds of solidity.

no doubt, by the brutal assault of Brooks upon him, brings vividly to mind the stirring incidents connected with that affair. The attack was made on the 22d of May, 1856. The feeling excited by the event was most intense, and numerous indignation meetings were held throughout the North. It was nearly a month thereafter, when it was found that Mr. Sumner's injuries necessitated his retirement from the Senate, that Anson Burlingame delivered his celebrated speech in the House, in which he denounced the assailant and his abettors, and proclaimed his (Burlingame's) readiness to answer for his words in any manner or in any place that his enemies might select. Mr. Burlingame's strong words, and subsequent acceptance of a challenge, though heartily applauded in many parts of the country, did not meet the approval of his constituents in Massachusetts, who objected most decidedly to any recognition of the code, even under this extraordinary provocation. It is not uninteresting at this time to reproduce the words of Mr. Burlingame, for which he was called to account. He alluded to the case at the outset by eulogizing the speech of Mr. Sumner, and said:

I need not speak of the classic purity of its language, nor of the nobility of its sentiments. It was heard by many; it has been read by millions. It was made in the face of a hostile Senate. It continued through the greater portion of two days; and yet, during that time, the speaker was not once called to order. This fact is conclusive as to the personal and parliamentary decorum of the speech. But he was there to denounce tyranny and crime, *and he did it.* He was there to speak for the rights of an empire, and he did it bravely and grandly. So much for the occasion of the speech. A word—and I shall be pardoned—about the speaker himself. He is my friend, and for many and many a year I have looked up to him for guidance. He sat at the feet of Channing and drank in the sentiments of that noble soul. He bathed in the learning of the great jurist, Story, and the hand of Jackson, with its honors and offices, sought him in early life. The people of Massachusetts pay their full homage to the beauty of his public and private character. Such is Charles Sumner. On the 22d of May, when the Senate and the House had clothed themselves in mourning for a brother fallen, the Senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate chamber, when a member of this House, who had taken an oath to sustain the Constitution, stole into the Senate—that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence, and smote him as Cain smote his brother.

Mr. Keitt—That is false.

Mr. Burlingame—I will not bandy epithets with the gentleman. I am responsible for my own language. Doubtless he is responsible for his.

Mr. Keitt—I am.

Mr. Burlingame—I shall stand by mine. One blow was enough; but it did not satiate the wrath of that spirit which had pursed him through two days. Again and again the leaden blows fell, until he was torn away from his victim, and the Senator from Massachusetts fell in the arms of his friends, and his blood ran down the Senate floor. The act was brief, and my comments shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the Constitution it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize-fighters respect. Sir, if freedom of speech is not to remain with us, what is this Government worth? If we are to be called to account by some gallant nephew of some gallant uncle when we utter something that does not suit their sensitive natures, we desire to know it. The House will bear witness that we have not violated nor trespassed on its rules; but, sir, if we are pushed too far, there are men from the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts who will not shrink from a defense of freedom of speech and the honored State they represent, on any field where they may be assailed!

These outspoken words, which were intended and received as a notification by Mr. Burlingame that he should hold himself ready to answer for them with his life, if necessary, were followed by a challenge from the cowardly assailant of Mr. Sumner—Brooks. Mr. Burlingame promptly accepted the challenge and named a place in Canada for the meeting. Meantime, it had transpired that the young member from Massachuchusetts was an excellent shot, and that the chances were a good deal against Mr. Brooks ever returning to Washington if he went to the place assigned. He therefore declared that he was afraid to pass through the free States on his way to Canada, as he would run the risk of being mobbed. The flimsy excuse was so ridiculed that poor Brooks never recovered from its effects, and, though he was re-elected, he cut but a sorry figure afterward, and the disgrace into which he had fallen, even in the eyes of his friends, undoubtedly had an influence in hastening his death, which occurred not long subsequently.

All the parties to this event of tragic interest—Senator Butler, of South Carolina, in whose behalf the assault was made, Brooks, Burlingame, Sumner—are now dead, the victim of the murderous assault being the last to surrender to the remorseless enemy.

A Record Undimmed.

In the years immediately following the war there was undoubtedly more or less of reckless legislation. So far as the expenditure of money and the granting of land subsidies to railways were concerned, such a state of things could not have been prevented in any country under the sun—where the same causes were brought into operation, or the same state of things existed. But after all that it has had to contend with, the Republican party has an excellent record in the direction of economy, and good management of the national finances. It is now passing through a severe ordeal in the way of investigation, but so far as results have been foreshadowed, it will come out triumphant. While there has been less flourish of trumpets, there has really been more of zealous, rigid scrutiny into expenditures since the present Congress assembled than in any during the past thirty years. When the growth, progress, wealth, and growing interests of the nation are taken into account, there has been more lopping off, more of real retrenchment, than has been wrought by any of its predecessors. Such care and prudence as the Committee on Appropriations have exercised has never been surpassed. Not only is it actually reducing the appropriations very largely, but it is, by its action, indicating the directions and the points where still further reductions can be made by needed changes in the laws. Some of our establishments—made so by the war—are larger than they need be in time of peace, and the action of this committee has been such as to show why and Ways and Means [illegible] efforts to securing economy in the public expenditures, but the standing committees of the House upon expenditures, in the various departments, have also been engaged in a rigid search after something which has justified the extravagant charges of the Liberal and Democratic papers. Far from finding anything that is flagrantly wrong, so far as the administration is concerned, these efforts are likely to result in its triumphant vindications. And yet, we believe that the Democratic or Liberals have wide-awake representatives on every one of these committees. Certainly, with everything open to their inspection, these astute gentlemen would not remain silent were one-twentieth of the charges of their papers true. On the contrary, they would raise their voices very high if there were anything to bawl about. This is peculiarly the era of detraction and abuse. Since the war that portion of the press, which lives and have its being upon mere sensation, has been compelled to "keep it up." If there are neither wars nor rumors of wars, resort must be had to something else. The next best thing with which to produce excitement and make their papers sell in wholesale denunciation—either of individuals or of the party in power. The malice of the Liberal press was rendered all the keener from the fact that their great organs, which had become puffed up with insolent pride, found themselves utterly destitute of any following whatever, when they struck their colors and started for the enemy's camp. It was a new, a novel, and a most unwelcome experience, to realize that even the masses of the people had arrived at a point where they did their own thinking. The work of building up a new party having so signally failed, the next thing in order was to tear down that in power.

No impartial observer can fail to have had the most convincing evidence that for many months past the abuse of men in high positions, and of the Administration for its alleged extravagance and corruption, has been dictated by the purest malice. The work of finding fault is vastly easier than searching out facts and giving them to the people for what they are worth. But, happily, the investigation now going on, in which the opposition have a large part, are demonstrating that the Administration is an honest one; that it is carrying on the Government justly and economically, and that it deserves the fullest measure of respect and confidence at the hands of the people. It is fortunate that these searching investigations have been instituted, and we hope they will continue until there is no branch of the public service—no nook or corner in any of the departments—which has not received the most thorough scrutiny. Here and there irregularities may be found, expenditures may be discovered which can be dispensed with, but the result can only be to strengthen the people in their favorable judgment of the administration and the party which is responsible for its existence.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Mexican Manners.

A writer in the *City of Mexico* says: I doubt if any capital in the world contains so many handsome women and wealthy gentlemen, or has so many poor, hideous-looking people. Like all Spanish towns, the rich are very rich, and the poor very poor. The wealthy are handsomely, tastefully, and fashionably attired; while those of the middle classes affect the chivalrous dress of old Castile—cloth jackets with metallic buttons, gaudy sashes, sombreros with embroidered bands, and gold and silver clasps down the outer seams of the pantaloons. The women promenade with no head-dress, their faces protected from the sun by parasols, which they coquettishly carry. From ten to twelve in the morning the streets are thronged and the shops crowded until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, after which hour few ladies are to be seen on the thoroughfares until late in the evening. Then the parks, plazas, and promenades wear an animated appearance. Ladies are to be seen floating about gracefully, followed by their servants; and caballeros, in full dress, swords, boots, and spurs, ride slowly around mounted upon superb horses, whose heads and loins are nearly covered with elegant trappings.

The Air We Breathe.

In absorbing into our lungs the quantity of air necessary to sustain life we advertently inhale hosts of microscopical animals, which are in suspension in the atmospherical fluid, and even portions of antediluvian animals, mummies, and skeletons of past ages. Every day and hour this absorption of animal and vegetable life proceeds. We inhale the microsoa, several species of which are the fish of our blood, and the vibriones, which attach themselves to our teeth like barnacles to a ship's bottom; and with these the dust of microscopical animalcules, so small that it takes 75,000,000 to make a grain, and the no less minute grains of pollen, which, germinating our lungs, further the spread of parasitic life to a degree far beyond that of the normal life visible to our eyes.

A Horny-Handed M. P.

A *bona fide* workingmen's candidate elected to a Parliament hitherto monopolized by a feudal and moneyed aristocracy will be a novelty in England. Long as the laboring classes have talked about sending a representative to St. Stephen's. Chapel, the mistrust and jealousy which workingmen feel toward men of their own condition have always prevented this consummation. Mr. Alexander Macdonald, the new member for Stafford, is, therefore, the first "horny-handed son of toil" who will take his seat and look after the interests of his order in the House of Commons. He is a Scotchman, and lives at Holytown, near Glasgow. In his youth he worked in the mines to procure money to pay his fees at the university, as is possible in Scotland, and as he would like to see possible also in England. He is, therefore, a man of education. He has visited the United States, having been the first Briton to cross the continent by rail.—*Exchange.*

NEW YORK city has 7,322 licensed liquor shops.

THE WHOLE th[illegible] covered in the ha[illegible] As the odds agai[illegible] number were 159,00[illegible] should think that ma[illegible] to live for.

"WHY is the noun *b*[illegible] French?" asked a teache[illegible] lady pupils. *Beer* is not F[illegible] English," cried the girls, i[illegible] "Very well, then; why is *biere*, wh[illegible] is the French word for beer—that is, why is *beer* feminine?" "Because you men like it so well!" said the girls, and the teacher did not pursue the subject further.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said an eloqent advocate, "you hev heern the witness swar he saw the prisoner raise his gun; you hev heern him swar he saw the flash and heered the report; you hev heern him swar he saw the dog fall dead; you hev heern him swar he dug the bullet out with his jack-knife, and you hev seen the bullet produced in court; but whar, gentlemen, whar, I ask you, is the man who saw that bullet hit that dog?"

BREECHES OF TRUST.

Ye spindle-shanked dandies,
Ye conceited beaux,
Whose one earthly pleasure
Is showing your clothes,
Do not cheat your tailors,
But pay them what's just;
For trowsers on credit,
Are *breeches* of trust.

MARCH.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,—
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet,
Softly taps the spring and cheerly—
"Darlings, are you here?"
Still they answer; "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing
Tell us Spring," they say;
Then she answers: "He is g[illegible],
Going on his way,
Poor old Winter does not like you—
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you—
Set you free at last!"

A Brief Temperance Lecture.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Phillippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited [illegible] few companions to breakfast, as he w[illegible] about to take his departure from Pa[illegible] to join his regiment. In the convivi[illegible] ties of the hour he drank a little to[illegible] much wine. He did not become intoxicated—he was not in any respect a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble—but in that joyous hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass he slightly lost his ba[illegible] ance of body and mind. Bi[illegible] adieu to his companions, he entere[illegible] carriage; but for that one extra g[illegible] wine he could have kept his se[illegible] leaped from [illegible]riage; but [illegible] one glass o[illegible] ed on his [illegible] pavemen[illegible] was tak[illegible] died. [illegible] threw [illegible] their [illegible] of [illegible] in[illegible]

PAULDING CENTER, Ohio, [illegible] hermit who has pre-empted [illegible] of Government land, lives [illegible] corn in a bark hut, never [illegible] clothes, and never washes [illegible]