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The Hand that Rocks the World.

BY WILLIAM ROST WALLACE.

Blessings on the hand of Woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled it;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain:
Power may with beauty flow;
Mothers first to guide the streamlets;
From them souls unresting grow—
Grow on for the good or evil.
Sunshine streamed or darkness luried;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, O keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the Ages
Are from Mother Love imparted;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the head of Woman!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky;
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

LOVE VERSUS WEALTH.

The city of Hudson is situated in a picturesque locality on the banks of the magnificent river of the same name. A description of the place need not be given, further than to say it is situated in a lovely spot, where nature had evidently spread her most inviting charms. Here dwelt my hero and heroine—Charles Ashley was the only son of his widowed mother, who was the possessor of an humble home in that city of wealth and fashion, and supported herself and fatherless boy by honest industry and the most rigid economy. Here, under the fostering care of a most affectionate mother, he grew to manhood. By strict application to study he mastered the common sciences, and at the age of 22 years was possessed of more than ordinary attainments, and somewhat noted in his own circle for his superior scholarship.

Here, in this beautiful city, Amelia Filmore first saw the light. Her father was a retail grocer of moderate means, but industrious, prudent, and sagacious, he succeeded in rearing a large family respectably, and conferring on each of his children the benefits of a good education.

While they were children, Charles and Amelia attended the same schools, and pursued the same studies together. They early formed an attachment for each other, and at the opening of our tale they were betrothed. At first, their intention was to depend on the salary which Charles received in a large mercantile establishment, and had made up their minds to be content with the happiness afforded by conjugal bliss in the humbler walks of life. But, before perfecting their plans, the rumors that were afloat relative to the fabulous wealth easily obtained in the gold mines of California induced Charles, to suggest to his affianced the propriety of postponing their wedding for a few years, and in the meantime he would try his fortune in the land of gold, in the hope of returning possessed of wealth that would enable them, when married, to live in a style that might gratify their highest ambition, and place them on a level with their most aristocratic neighbors.

To this proposition Amelia most gladly assented, for she was not destitute of those ambitious feelings which so often find a lodgment in the human breast.

In due time Charles started on his winding way toward his El Dorado of wealth, with his mind filled with bright visions of the ease and affluence that in coming years should reward his trials in the land of gold.

The lovers had arranged to converse frequently by the silent language of the pen, and, true to his promise, Charles informed his lady-love of his safe arrival at the Empire city, and his probable early departure to the land of his future trial; he also dispatched a letter to her on his arrival at Sacramento, which informed her of his safety. Frequently missives passed between them, and at the expiration of three months from the time of his arrival at his far-off home Charles informed Amelia that he had fortunately earned and profitably invested one thousand dollars.

Who can tell the visions of happiness that floated through the mind of his betrothed in her humble home as she read of her lover's success in the golden El Dorado, and of his prospects? Surely, for the sake of wealth—for the sake of living in a style inferior to none in that city of gaudy and fashion—she could afford to wait; and the fact that this wealth was his trial and sacrifice, and the proof of the affection he bore her, would make it all the more thoroughly appreciated.

Who can blame her if she indulged in day-dreams? Who will chide her if she allowed herself to build air-castles for the future?

Time passed on, and though Charles wrote often to his betrothed after the

letter referred to was sent, he said nothing of his success or prospects further than to assure her of his continued unimpaired health.

After five years' absence Charles again set his face homeward. It was observed by his fellow passengers that he maintained a remarkable reticence concerning himself, and wore a dilapidated miner's suit.

Arriving at New York, Charles made a deposit of the comfortable sum of sixty thousand dollars in the Merchants' Exchange Bank in that city, and, with buoyant feelings, stepped on board a steamer, which, in a few hours, was to convey him to the home of his childhood, and to the embraces of those whom he loved best on earth.

Immediately on leaving the wharf he wended his way, with eager steps, to the residence of the father of his betrothed, and rang the door-bell. His summons was answered by Amelia in person, who recognized him at once. Instead of the hearty greeting and tender embrace which he had the right to expect, when she saw him in his labor soiled, shabby suit, she started back in dismay, and exclaimed: "Is it possible that, after keeping me waiting so long to enjoy the wealth which you were earning, you are able to present no better appearance than this?"

He replied: "I have done the best I could. If I have been unfortunate I could not help it, and should not be blamed. I thought you would be glad to see me, even if I had nothing to bring to make myself welcome."

"A pretty idea, indeed," she retorted. "If you have done no better than this, after keeping me waiting all these years in the hope of marrying a rich man, you can go—I never want to see you again."

Saying this, she abruptly closed the door on him.

With slow and sorrowful steps he turned toward his mother's residence, where, despite his appearance of poverty and want of success, he met with a hearty welcome, given with all the warmth of a mother's true affection. He dispatched a note to his affianced, asking her to call at his mother's residence or allow him to call on her. The note was returned with these words written upon it:

"I wish you to trouble me no more. I release you from your engagement, which you may consider at an end. After waiting all these years to wed a rich man, I will not marry a poor one."

This was the last time he sought for the privilege of having an interview with her.

A few days after he visited a large livery establishment, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing an elegant equipage. After ascertaining the price, he signified his willingness to close the bargain, provided they would give him a few months' credit. They asked him for references. He gave them the president and directors of a well-known bank in New York city. In answer to their telegram he was informed of the amount he had deposited there, and they then expressed their willingness to close the bargain. He replied that as they were unwilling to trust him in the first instance he should decline doing so. But the story of his wealth was no longer a secret, and was soon the subject of much talk among his old acquaintances. Ere long it reached the ears of Amelia, who now saw the injudiciousness of the course she had pursued. She wrote him a kind invitation to call on her, but he returned the note unanswered. Hoping still to cause him to relent in his evident determination to "cut her acquaintance," arrayed in her best she repeatedly paraded herself past the window of his mother's parlor, by which he sat reading, arrayed in the garb of a gentleman of wealth. But he made no sign, or deigned he any notice.

In the course of a few weeks Charles prevailed on his mother to dispose of her property and accompany him to the West. On arriving at New York he drew his money from the bank, and took his course for the young and rising state of Wisconsin. Here he purchased a large tract of land, and with his mother and housekeeper enjoyed the fruits of his former labors and the rewards of judicious application to business.

Two years after his arrival at his Western home a gentleman came to the neighborhood from the southern part of Massachusetts in quest of health. He was a young lawyer, educated and accomplished, but, unfortunately, a victim of hereditary consumption, aggravated by too close application to study and business. Through the advice of friends he, with his young and accomplished wife and two small children, sought the Western wilds, hoping that a change of climate would be beneficial to his fast-falling health; but, alas! the destroyer had aimed his few months in his new home he bade adieu to earth, and left his darlings to the mercy of strangers.

During his last illness Mr. Ashley, to whom he was a neighbor, showed

him every possible kindness, which he continued to his stricken widow and fatherless children. In a little over a year after her husband's death he led her to the altar—made her mistress of his home and queen of his heart—and in all his after life had reason to bless the hour in which he did so.

Time past on. Our hero's aged mother slept the sleep that knows no waking; and, though this wrong his heart with grief, he found a balm in the domestic felicity that had fallen to his lot.

His constituents, appreciating his worth, repeatedly sent him to the legislature, and his popularity constantly increasing, he was chosen their representative in Congress. He lives in the enjoyment of a happy home, and possesses the confidence of those who are acquainted with him.

And what of Amelia? She still lives in her home on the banks of the Hudson. She is almost a perfect type of a sour, vinegar-faced old maid, and lives to bewail the mistake she made in ignoring the claims of true affection, and preferring wealth to other and higher considerations. The news she hears of Charles' rising fame and domestic happiness does not have the effect of mitigating the poignancy of her grief; but often does the deep sigh well up from her bosom.

Reader, if this true tale contains a moral which you appreciate my purpose will have been achieved.

ANCIENT ARTS.

Taking the metals, the Bible in its first chapter shows that man first conquered metals there in Asia, and at that spot to-day he can work more wonders with those metals than we can. One of the surprises that the European artists received when the English plundered the summer palace of the King of China, was the curiously wrought metal vessels of every kind, far exceeding all the boasted skill of the workmen of Europe. English surgeons going to India are advised to have their instruments gilded, because English steel cannot bear the atmosphere. Yet the Damascus blades of the Crusades were not gilded and they are as perfect as they were eight centuries ago. There was one at the London Exhibition, the point of which could be made to touch the bit, and could be put into a scabbard like a corkscrew, and bent every way without breaking. If a London chronometer maker wants the best steel to use in his chronometer, he does not send to Sheffield, the center of all science, but to the Punjab, the empire of the seven rivers, where there is no science at all. The first needle ever made in Europe was made in the time of Henry VIII., and made by a negro; and when he died the art died with him. Some of the first travelers in Africa stated that they found a tribe in the interior who gave them better razors than they had. Scott, in "Tales of the Crusades," describes a meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin. Saladin asks Richard to show him the wonderful strength for which he is famous, and the Norman sovereign responds by severing a bar of iron which lies on the floor of his tent. Saladin says, "I cannot do that," but takes an eider-down pillow from the sofa, and, drawing it in two pieces, Richard says: "It is the black art; it is magic; it is the devil; you cannot cut that which has no resistance," and Saladin, to show him that such is not the case, takes from his shoulders a scarf which is so light that it almost floats in the air, and, tossing it up, severs it before it descended. George Thompson states that he saw a man in Calcutta throw a handful of floss silk into the air, and a Hindoo sever it in pieces with his saber. We can produce nothing like this.

A COMPOSITION ON THE OX.

The following is the composition of a little boy in the Bishop Scott Grammar School, Portland, Oregon, and is printed verbatim et literatim:

Oxen are a very good animal. They are very good to break up ground. I would rather have horses if they didn't have the colic—which they say is wind collected in a bunch. Which makes it dangerous to keep horses than oxen.

If there were no horses people would have to wheel their wood in wheelbarrows. It would take them two or three days to wheel a cord of wood.

Cows are useful to. I heard some people say that if they to be a cow or a cow they would sooner be a ox, but I think when it come to be milked on a cold winter morning I think they would sooner be oxen for oxen don't have to raise calves. If I had to be a ox or a cow I would be a heifer, but if I could not be a heifer and has to be both I would be a ox.

A boy being asked how many chestnuts he had in his basket, replied that when he counted them by twos, three, fours, or sixes, he had always one left, but when he counted them by sevens, they came out even. How many had he? Who will answer?

THE MONTHS.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.
February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.
March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.
April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.
May brings flocks of pretty lambs
Stripping by their fleecy dams.
June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's heads with posies.
Fill July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.
August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is born.
Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.
Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.
Cool November brings the blizzards,
Then the leaves are falling fast and bright.
Still December brings the sheet,
Blazing fires and Christmas treat.

KEEP.

Keep to the right, as the law directs,
Keep from the world thy friend's defects,
Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes,
Keep from thy eyes the notes and beams,
Keep from thy feet the dust and dirt,
Keep from thy faith in God and right,
Keep free from every sin and stain,
Keep free from the ways that bring least pain.
Keep free thy tongue from words of ill,
Keep from thy aim and thy goal will,
Keep all thy acts from passion free,
Keep strong in hope, no envy see,
Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand,
Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand,
Keep true thy word, a sacred thing,
Keep from thy heart all unclean things,
Keep faith with each you call a friend,
Keep from all hate and malice free,
Keep firm thy courage bold and strong,
Keep up the right, and down the wrong,
Keep well the words of wisdom's school,
Keep warm by night, by day keep cool.

KILLED BY A BIRD.

It is an old superstition among sailors that the albatross is a kind of spirit of the air that causes the gentle breeze to blow over the calm waters, and the mist to fall on the sea. The killing of this bird was supposed to bring disaster, and to be followed by a dead sea and a rainless sky. It is upon this superstition that Coleridge built up the wonderful poetical fiction entitled "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

But, though the superstitious hold it to be a thing of ill omen to kill the albatross, the albatross, like the eagle, which likewise is protected by fable, has been known to destroy human life. It is said to be larger than the swan, and its wings, when extended from tip to tip, measure from ten to sixteen feet. They are found within the tropics and in more southern regions. The length and strength of their wings fits them for long flights.

One was known to follow a ship, which was sailing two hundred miles a day, for forty-eight hours, and, from its irregular flight, it must have passed over three or four times the distance. They often follow ships that they may gather up the refuse left in the course of the vessels; sometimes they are so hungry as to snatch at a piece of meat attached to the end of a cord, and by this means they are caught.

These birds are said to be very voracious, devouring dead carcases of animals floating on the water, fish, and even smaller birds. When hungry they will even attack man. One was known to follow a ship, which was sailing two hundred miles a day, for forty-eight hours, and, from its irregular flight, it must have passed over three or four times the distance. They often follow ships that they may gather up the refuse left in the course of the vessels; sometimes they are so hungry as to snatch at a piece of meat attached to the end of a cord, and by this means they are caught.

THEY DON'T KACKLE LIKE THE HEN, NOR KRO LIKE THE ROOSTER, NOR HOLLER LIKE THE PEACOCK, NOR SCREAM LIKE THE GOOSE, NOR TUCK LIKE THE TURKEY; BUT QUACK LIKE THE ROOFTOP DOCTOR, AND THEIR BILL RESEMBLES A VETERINARY SERGEN'S.

They are pretty much all feathers, and when the feathers are all removed, and their innards out there is just about as much meat on them as there is on a crook necked squash that has gone too seed.

Wild ducks are very good shooting, and are very good to miss also, unless you understand the business.

You should aim about three foot ahead of them, and let them fly up to the shot.

I have shot at them all day, and got nothing but a tail feather now and then.

There are sun kind of ducks that are very hard to kill, even if you do hit them. I shot one whole afternoon, three years ago, at sun decoy ducks, and never got one of them. I have never told of this before, and hope no one will repeat it—it is strictly confidential.

A lady who was urging some friends to stay to dinner, felt disgusted when her eight-year old boy came in and said: "Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no bread and Mrs. Brown ain't to home, so I did not get no butter." The friends thought they had better dine elsewhere, and the lady thought so, but she taught that boy the way of the transgressor was hard before evening.

A good character is better than a fine dress.

But, although the ship moved so slowly through the water, with so little sail set, and a sea against it, the retiring wave had already carried the wretched man's body out of casting distance, and when the next brought him back the ship glided over him and he swam in its track, struggling with the waves.

"Help! help!"
His heart-rending cry rose, and a flock of Cape doves collected in a second, with hurriedly flapping wings, over him, still timidly regarding the new prey.

"It is impossible to lower the boat," said the captain, in despair; "the men couldn't get into it before it would be dashed to pieces."

The mate shook his head sadly, though not removing his eyes from the poor wretch and merely added, in a low voice:

"If it would be madness,"
From merely nodded his head and said to himself:
"We should make the effort."
"Help! help!"

The desperate cry of the swimmer reached the ear in weak accents. He knew that he had no human aid to expect, but the love of life would not let him give up hoping till the last hope itself was gone.

And all the while the gulls collected around him, rising now in wide circles, and pouncing down upon the rare booty, which they did not yet dare to touch. The sound of heavy wings was then audible, two albatrosses, followed by others, had seen the dense cloud of gulls and mewes. With their giant wings they flew up, circled once around the dark spot in the wave, and then their iron beaks latched at their victim.

"Help! help!"
It was a yell that startled the men as if a shot had been fired among them, and even the albatrosses were driven back for a moment by the ghastly, unearthly sound, but only to renew their attack with greater eagerness.

"Heaven save him!" the captain cried, as he seized his glass; the birds are darting on him; it is fearful!"

"Help! help!"
A sharp cry from the gulls responded to this time. It was the battle-cry of the hungry birds, which defying the more powerful albatrosses, pounced at their prey, and latched at the head and outstretched arm of the unhappy man, under the wings of the more mighty opponents.

"May God be merciful to his soul!" said Tom, as he turned shuddering away.

The birds with the albatrosses at their head, now formed a dense mass on the water, so that nothing could be seen beneath them.

The crew slowly came down and went forward, while the ship struggled against the rebellions sea which had now claimed its sacrifice.

At last the albatrosses arose from the wave and followed the ship in their heavy flight. And all the world around seemed painfully careless of the horrible deed so lately enacted.