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The Children.

God bless our darling children,
That go to school to-day!
God guide the little feet that tread
The future's devious way,
And keep them scathless till they come
To man or womanhood;
For in their hands the nation lies
For evil or for good

As is the husband, so the wife;
The mother, so the child;
Each makes for each a future life
That shall be undefiled,
Or stained and blurred. The doctrine true
Will serve a general rule:
We mold our fate at youth's bright gate
And shape it at the school.

A Christmas Carol.

All this night shrill chanticleer,
Day's proclaiming trumpeter,
Claps his wings and loudly cries,
Mortals, mortals, wake and rise,
See a wonder,
Heaven is under;
From the earth is risen a Sun
Shines all night, though day be done.

Wake, oh, earth! wake everything,
Wake and bear the joy I bring;
Wake and joy for all this night,
Heaven and every twinkling light;
All amazing
Still stand gazing:
Angels, powers, and all that be,
Wake and joy this Sun to see.

Hail, oh, Sun! Oh, blessed Light,
Sent unto the world by night,
Let Thy rays and heavenly powers
Shine in this dark soul of ours;
For most surely
Thou art truly
God and man, we do confess:
Hail, oh, Sun of Righteousness.

A Tale of Three Yuletides;

BEING A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS REVELATIONS TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Tell you a story? I believe, little Amy, you could coax a Christmas story from even the giant Blunderbore, who, as you know, was rather a cheerless and uncivil fellow. So settle yourself in my lap—don't be afraid to hug me too close—and listen.

Being by this time well aware of the exact number of watch charms in my possession, you are surely much troubled to find out why of late I carry about a many-dinted old Roman coin, in preference to a large stone mounted in gold, or a little Chinese idol, or even a gold dollar, with the whole Declaration of Independence stamped on one side. You must understand, as you are a sad little flirt, that ornaments of the latter sort are much affected by your many gentleman acquaintances. Let me account for my strange behavior. As the coin hangs from my watch chain, so by the coin hangs a tale, which runs after this fashion:

It is now some fourteen years since I was living in Rome. I was only a very young and inexperienced artist then, you know; and I didn't wear such an immense beard and whiskers as are now coquetting with your dear golden curls. And, what is more, I was not so extravagantly wealthy in those days as you suppose me to be, now that I am your Uncle Coventry and am able to daily extract a few pennies from my pocket, to be instantly converted by you into tarts at the nearest baker's shop. You will believe, then, that I was rather well pleased than otherwise when a beautiful lady, all dressed in silks and satins and blazing with jewels, rustled into my humble studio, one fine September morning. Was she a fairy princess? Oh, no; not quite. But she did there and then inquire whether I would be willing to paint a portrait of her four-year-old daughter, Bianca, which she intended as a Christmas present for the little dear's grandmother. I should have informed you that Bianca was present also, and had quickly interested herself among my brightest pictures. What sort of a little girl was she? Well, in due gallantry and with allowances for the difference of climate, I must not say that she was prettier than you or that her hair was a trifle more shining. I took her offer immediately, and it was arranged that Bianca should visit my studio three or four times a week, in company with her mother or nurse or uncle, and sit as still as a church mouse for ten minutes, which latter was a matter of dreadful vexation to her, as it would be to you also, Miss Amy. Bianca and myself became firm friends, although she would pout and and pretend to be awfully mad with me when I would insist upon her keeping a sober face for a second together, or stop tormenting the whiskers and soul of an ancient cat, who was the partner of my joys and sorrows. She was born in Venice, where most of the golden-haired, blue-eyed children of Italy come from. Her mother owned a whole village in the province of Venice, and her father, who had been a very great man at Rome, was long since dead.

One day my lovely little model, "my Bianca," as I used to call her—(don't pull my beard so hard, I verily believe you are jealous, little Amy)—one day Bianca came to my studio with her uncle, Count Luigi, whom I then beheld for the first time. He was the brother-in-law of the contessa. Was he much like me? I hope not. You shouldn't like him for an uncle at all; and I am certain Bianca did not. He was tall and dark and mysterious, and his yellow face was decorated by a pair of black, fiery eyes, that were entirely too near to be honest; likewise by a hooked nose, and a coal-black mustache, the ends of which were continually finding their way between his beautiful white teeth. Uncle Luigi seemed to me vastly like one of the ogres, magicians, or wicked knights addicted to stealing pretty maids from their castle boudoirs, of whom you have read a good deal in your books. I did not admire this gentleman from the first; and our meeting was pretty much the same as the distant acquaintance of two icebergs. I am not quite sure that Bianca's mother liked him; but she appeared to be too weak and easily managed to express her want of affection for him.

My picture progressed famously, and —(paint a picture of you? Certainly, my love. We will have it ready for your next birthday)—and when the first week of December closed I had delivered my picture to the Contessa di Cassabianca, receiving in exchange a check on a Roman bank for a most agreeable sum of money. The portrait was to be taken to Venice, and duly presented to the grandmother on Christmas day. It represented Bianca smiling, and dressed in a low-necked silk gown, with a necklace of pearls round her throat. From the necklace hung this same old Roman coin, which her papa had picked up under the walls of Rome. Some Roman, maybe Julius Cæsar, had dropped it there two thousand years ago.

The contessa had promised to pay me a farewell visit before departing for the north of Italy. The appointed day had arrived, and I had gone to the extravagance of donning an entirely new suit of clothes to receive and entertain my guests. I waited and fidgeted; but no visitors. No kind, tender contessa; no angelic Bianca; no perfidious-looking uncle appeared. When the night set in, I felt angry and disgusted, little Amy, because I thought my Venetian acquaintances had left Rome, forgetful of me. The following morning I went to the dwelling of the contessa, to discover whatever I could concerning her departure. Judge of my surprise on learning that the lady had not yet departed. I was shown into the drawing-room by a servant on whose face I detected the signs of some trouble; and I waited for the rustle of the contessa's dress in the doorway. But this was not to be. In her place came Bianca's nurse, pale and with eyes but newly-dried from weeping. Sinking into a chair, she almost sobbed to me the following words:

"Oh! Signor Pembroke, the contessa is in an agony. We were going to see you yesterday, when the contessa asked for Bianca. She had been playing on the steps but a minute before, and then it was impossible to find her. The house, the garden, the streets, all have been searched; but in vain. We cannot find my little Bianca. Some one has stolen her away. And my mistress!—she will surely die!"

Nothing beyond this could I discover from any one. Bianca had disappeared as completely and hopelessly as though the earth had opened and swallowed her. It was not proper for me to intrude my presence upon the great grief of the contessa's household. I sadly withdrew, full of anxiety for the sweet child, whom I had learned to love.

No effort was spared by the contessa and the Roman police, and apparently by Count Luigi, to recover the lost Bianca. But the attempts were utterly useless; and the mother, sick at heart, returned to her home, taking with her my picture, which cruel fate seemed to have transformed from a Christmas present to a sacred memento of an angel forever flown.

Now don't interrupt me. I have not finished yet. I am going to relate a rather odd incident that happened before the time of Bianca's disappearance. Late one night I was crossing the bridge of Sant' Angelo, which spans the Tiber. I was thinking over the finishing touches to my child picture, when I suddenly became aware of a boat passing under me. Prompted by curiosity, I leaned over the battlement of the bridge and listened. A man was standing in the boat, speaking and gesticulating to the rowers. I saw him clearly in the full moonlight, and I was almost sure that he was the Count Luigi. Only a few words could I catch from the speakers, and they were these, spoken by the rough voice of some low rascal of the Roman populace:

"*In tre settimane la bambina sara*" —— (in three weeks the little girl shall be——)

The rest of the sentence I could not hear; but the words were enough to excite a strong suspicion in my mind, when I connected them with Bianca's disappearance. Could the man have really been the Count Luigi? I dared not reveal to any one what my mind suggested—namely, that Bianca had actually been made away with by her uncle, bargained into the hands of a parcel of scoundrels. How could I prove it? What reason could I give for his committing such a crime? Moreover, he was a powerful man at Rome, and could make the place exceedingly uncomfortable for me if his anger were once raised against me. Confident that our Divine Father would in the end unravel the terrible mystery, I betook myself to my painting again. The generous contessa had not only paid me far beyond what my toil deserved, but had recommended me to the great families at Rome. I suppose I could paint tolerably well then, and my patronage increased daily.

Seven years passed on, my Amy, and your uncle had in that time become such a grand artist and earned so much money that he thought he would come over the water to his old home in New York. Accordingly, I hired my little studio down town and commenced business at once. I did not have very long to wait for patrons. A gentleman called in one October day and conversed with me about a picture he wanted painted to order for his art gallery.

"I hear you are from Rome," said he. "You must be a great painter. I want you to make me a picture of a child who has woke up on Christmas morning and found her stocking crammed with good things. And mind you, the child must be very beautiful."

"All right," said I. "Call on Monday next and I shall have my sketch ready for you."

You know artists most generally have models for such pictures. Hence I set myself to work to secure one; but I found this was a difficult job. Now, if you had been a young lady then, I should have certainly had you sit for my painting. But my model came from an entirely unexpected quarter. I had left my studio one evening, and was walking up town through an out-of-the-way street, when I heard the music of a harp and violin, just as they sound when the Italian players come under your windows to drive you crazy with their awful performances. On drawing nearer, I discovered a dark-complexioned and handsome Italian boy twanging an accompaniment on his harp to an ontlandish song, and near him a young girl airily and delicately drawing her bow across a battered fiddle. Seeing me, she stopped, approached, and, holding out her hand piteously, said:

"Oh! mister, gif a poor girl a few pennies. The padrone will be beat us if we go back without money; and we have had nothing to eat. Oh! mister, do, please!"

I was touched, and the pennies so dearly needed quickly came forth. The girl was uncommonly beautiful, I thought, for a street-waif. She had yellow hair, partly hidden in an old pink muffler, and sweet wide blue eyes, and such a nose, mouth and dimpled chin—all like yours, my love. Her face was tanned a little by the sun of many days in the pitiless streets. Her attire was a many-patched cotton dress, of no particular color; and her feet were covered by great clumsy shoes, such as our grocery boy wears. How old was she? I should say about ten or eleven, and her male escort was certainly not much older. As I stood looking at her, the thought struck me that I ought to take her as my model.

"Come here," said I to her. "Why do you live with the padrone (don't interrupt me again, miss. I will tell you shortly what a padrone is), when he beats you?"

"I have no other home," the poor girl replied. "The police would take me if I slept in the streets, and maybe shut me up forever."

"Wouldn't you like to go to a nicer home, and have plenty to eat and decent clothes, and get paid for easy work?"

"Oh! sir," she almost sobbed, as if the happiness I spoke of were too great to think of.

"Listen," I continued. "If you will leave the padrone, I will get you a comfortable place to live in, with a nice old lady to take care of you."

Unaccustomed as the child was to kindness from strangers, she clearly regarded me with doubt, and, looking at the harp-player, who was observing me with considerable interest, answered:

"But I won't leave Jiacomo. He is good to me. He gives me half his bread when I am very hungry."

"Will you come with me if Jiacomo comes?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then step this way, Jiacomo," I said to him. "How would you like to leave the padrone, and to live with people who will take care of you? You will have work to do and be well paid."

Jiacomo took off his hat, and, smilingly looking me in the face with good-natured, honest eyes, replied: "You are too good, sir. I would like to go, if she may come with me; but if the padrone ever catches us he will kill us both."

"Have no fear of the padrone," I said. "If he makes any trouble, we will have him arrested and put into prison."

This bold declaration of mine settled the matter, and I had little further trouble in persuading them to accompany me to my studio, where I intended to have them stay for the time being. They must have thought that I was the city governor, or at least a police captain. Fancy your grave and decorous Uncle Coventry marching down Broadway at nightfall, followed by a couple of delighted mountebanks. The janitor of the building in which my studio was located must have thought I had gone raving mad, and he greeted me with a look of blank surprise when I appeared at his doorway, with my extraordinary companions. "Now, then, sir," said I to him, "be spry, and run up-stairs and build a roaring fire in my grate; and then, sir, prepare a hearty supper for these famished children." The musical instruments of my two friends were deposited in one corner of my studio, and in a very short time the children were seated before such a supper as they had conceived of only in blissful dreams. I next bade the the janitor's wife provide them with comfortable beds. When I was preparing to leave, the happy children wished to kiss me; and I graciously agreed, promising them they should see me early in the morning.

Now, while they are supposed to be asleep, I shall tell you what you seem dying to know—namely, what a padrone is. He is an old curmudgeon, who receives stolen children from Italy, and makes them go out into the street to beg, or play, or steal—usually all three. And if they do not obtain money in some way, he beats them and packs them off to bed supperless. What do you think of that, little girl?

But about my street acquaintances: It was decided upon next day that Jiacomo should keep my studio in order, while his companion would sit for my Christmas picture. The pair were placed in charge of my janitor's wife, with the strictest commands that due care should be taken, lest they might again fall into the hands of the padrone. In order to make my model as happy-looking as possible, I provided her with a box of bon bons, and seated her on a beautiful rug, amidst the rare and curious little objects of my studio. Yes, I shall bring you to my studio some day; only you must promise not to put things into a too hopeless confusion. I was showing her how to pose, when, suddenly, as if some long-forgotten thought flitted across her mind, she said quickly:

"Oh! I know how to sit, sir. I had my picture taken before—many, many years ago."

"Indeed!" I replied. "How was that?"

"In—in Roma; when I was a bambina, before my mamma died. The men said she was dead. Then I came to live with the padrone. It was many days before I came here. We had to sail on the water in a ship. Oh! ever so large a ship!"

"And what is your name?" I asked.

"The padrone calls me Carmen—Carmen Tortolant."

It was the common story, I thought, of a child, an orphan, taken from Italy to a hard life in America. I could not gather any more knowledge of her earlier life from Jiacomo, who was standing by. I turned to my paper, to commence sketching her, when it occurred to me that a necklace would look pretty on little Carmen. I stepped to a cabinet, saying:

"I am going to give you a necklace, Carmen. One of bright beads."

"Oh! How nice! But, see, I have an old one. Only an ugly penny tied to a string."

She removed it from her neck. I had not noticed it before, and carelessly took it in my hand. Never was I so surprised in my life. The penny, as she called it, was actually the same coin that now hangs from my watch-chain, the same that my early friend, Bianca di Casabianca had worn.

"Where on earth did you get this?" I cried, hardly able to stand still with excitement.

"I always wore it, sir."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Carmen. But I know they used to call me Bianca when I was a baby."

"And do you recollect your mamma's name?"

"I only called her mamma, sir. I don't know that she had any other name."

"Do you, perhaps, remember the name of the artist who painted your picture?"

"I don't think I do. It was—like—Pem"—

"Pembroke, perhaps?"

"Yes! yes! Pembroke! Signor Pembroke!"

My street-waif then was none other that Bianca di Casabianca! I caught the little girl to my heart and kissed her, saying: "I am Signor Pembroke. Do you know me?"

"I think I have heard your voice long ago; but your whiskers are so great."

I asked her a few more questions, and her answers more clearly proved her to be the Bianca of my first artist days. But I could extract nothing from her to verify my suspicions of her Uncle Luigi. Although overjoyed to be the means of rescuing her from the cruelest of lives, I was now seriously troubled by the thought that Bianca's mother had, perhaps, died in the seven years that had elapsed since the beginning of my story. At any rate, I determined to write to her address in Lombardy and take the steps necessary to have Bianca returned to her family. I bade my model play to her heart's content, and rummaging in my desk for the contessa's address, I found it, and before nighfall I had dispatched a long letter to Italy.

I did not explain matters fully to Bianca, preferring to await the results of my letter to her mother. Weeks passed quickly by and my picture was on the verge of being completed. Bianca's face was losing more and more of its tan and Jiacomo had become quite a fashionable young gentleman and was showing a marvelous taste for drawing. One morning, a few days before Christmas, there was a great commotion on my stairway. I opened the door, and, as I live, there was Bianca in her mother's arms, and the pair hugging and kissing each other and crying as though they would never stop! I retreated very quickly, my Amy and your Uncle Coventry was actually weeping too. Just think of it! Coventry Pembroke, artist, in tears! And I believe there wasn't a dry eye in the whole building when all the artists knew what had transpired.

In a little while the contessa came into my studio. I kissed her hand and bore myself like a hero. Never was three people so happy.

Many explanations followed. I inquired after the health of Count Luigi—out of pure friendliness, you know.

"Luigi is in prison," said the contessa.

"Indeed!" I burst out. "I thought he would arrive there some time."

"He was convicted of being concerned in a conspiracy against the government. At the time of his trial three Roman desperadoes, who were being tried for heavy crimes in the same court, testified to a previous crime which he had hired them to perform. And you would not think what this crime was."

I had my idea, but remained silent.

"He had contracted with them," continued the contesse, "to steal Bianca from me and hide her forever from the world. My husband's will declared that, if I died childless and without marrying again, my brother-in-law, Luigi, would come into my whole fortune. Bianca being my sole hoir, the count calculated upon acquiring my wealth when he should have removed her from his path."

Here was the mystery solved at last. I straightway confessed my early opinions of the Count Luigi to the contessa, and likewise the story of the incident at the bridge of Sant' Angelo. From thoughts of the perfidy of this man, we turned to thank heaven for having thus marvelously outwitted his schemes. Had it not been for this ancient coin, whose seeming uselessness had preserved it from the greediness of Bianca's captors, a mother and daughter had died unhappy and far from each other's arms. So ends the story of the second Christmas, which brings us up to the present.

And what became of Bianca and Jiacomo? Well, I have a letter in my desk from Bianca, who returned with her mother to Venice, informing me that the contessa had blessed her marriage engagement with Jiacomo. She inclosed the coin, saying that, as it was the cause of all her happiness, it was the dearest *souvenir* she could give me. Jiacomo went to Rome some years ago, and is rapidly turning out to be a great artist—greater even than your Uncle Coventry. I believe the contessa defrayed the expense of his preparatory education, and she is doubtless even now helping him on. And he deserves it; for he is a real genius, and has noble blood in his veins.

Now, don't ask me to detail the private history of the padrone and the desperadoes. You are positively drowsy, and I want to smoke. I think you had better go to bed, as Santa Claus has insurmountable objections to filling young people's stockings while they are yet awake.

A Curious Petition.

A correspondent who has been rummaging in the room devoted to the filing away of congressional documents, in the basement of the Capitol at Washington, says: But perhaps the most curious, if not the most important, memorial is a very large one, being in fact, three hundred and ninety-six feet long, and containing thirteen thousand five hundred signatures, wishing a congressional appropriation and the appointment of a scientific commission for the investigation of the alleged phenomena of spiritualism. The petitioners, headed by Mr. N. P. Tallmadge, of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, urge their memorial on the following grounds, though I cannot transcribe their points in full. They say, in brief, that "they humbly beg to observe that certain physical and mental phenomena of questionable origin and mysterious import have of late occasioned in this country and engrossed a large share of public attention." These phenomena are classified as follows:

First—An occult force exhibited in sliding, raising, arresting, holding, suspending and otherwise disturbing numerous ponderable bodies, apparently in defiance of gravitation. Second—Lights of various forms and colors and of different degrees of intensity, appear in dark rooms. Third—A variety of sounds, extremely frequent in their occurrence, widely diversified in their character and more or less mysterious in their import. There is obviously a disturbance of the sensational medium of the auditory nerves, occasioned by an undulatory movement of the air, though by what means these atmospheeic undulations are produced does not appear to the satisfaction of acute observers. Fourth—All the functions of the human body and mind are often and strangely influenced by what appear to be certain abnormal states of the system, and by causes which are neither adequately defined or understood. They wish, therefore a scientific commission and appropriation.

But alas for the hopes of N. P. Tallmadge of Fon du Lac and his 396 feet of friends, we find that a gross and materialistic Senate ordered the memorial "to lie upon the table."

Words of Wisdom.

Much is written without sincerity, and more read without profit.

Tell your trials to your heart and your successes to the world.

Exemption from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to promote enjoyment.

If anger arises in the breast, instantly seal up the lips and let it not go forth; for, like fire, when it wants vent it will suppress itself.

True dignity abides with him alone who, in the silent hour of inward thought, can still suspect and still revere himself, in lowliness of heart.

Nothing, says Brodie, in all the world, is so good as usefulness, which gives to the individual's own character a finish and an influence which mere station cannot give, which also binds him to his fellows and them to him.

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shows our weakness more than to be sharp-sighted at spying other men's faults and so purblind at our own. Those have a right to censure who have a heart to help; the rest is cruelty, not justice.

Frugality is good if benevolence be joined to it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses, the last bestowing them to the benefit of those that need. The first without the last brings covetousness; the last without the first brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where that is found.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

The Trap Door Spider.

This spider, found in Jamaica, digs a burrow in the earth and lines it with a silken web. The burrow is closed by a trap door, having a hinge that permits it to be opened and closed with admirable accuracy. The door is circular, and is made of alternate layers of earth and web, and is hinged to the lining of the tube that leads to the burrow by a band of the same silken secretion. The door exactly fits the entrance to the burrow, and when closed, so precisely corresponds with the surrounding earth that it can hardly be distinguished, even when its position is known. It is a strange sight to see the earth open, a little lid raised, some hairy legs protrude, and gradually the whole form of the spider show itself.

The mode in which these spiders procure food seems to be by hunting at night, and in some cases by catching insects that are entangled in the threads that the creature spins by the side of its house.

In the day time they are very chary of opening the door of their domicile, and if the trap is raised from the outside, they run to the spot, hitch the claws of their fore feet in the silken webbing of the door, and those of the hind feet in the lining of the burrow, and so resist with all their might. The strength of the spider is wonderfully great in proportion to its size.—*Scientific American.*

How to Keep an Umbrella.

"Len' me your umbrella a minute?" Such was the exclamation of Jones, as he rushed into the office of Squire Lickshingle.

"Certainly, certainly," said the squire, laying down his newspaper; "glad to accommodate you." And he opened a drawer and began rummaging through his legal forms and blanks.

Jones darted into the corner, seized the green gingham relic, and was preparing to fly with it.

"Stop! stop! stop!" said the squire, raising his hand majestically; "not too fast, young man. Wait till I make out the necessary papers."

Jones dropped the umbrella. On his corn, of course. After pumping his lame foot up and down, and tying a hard knot in his countenance and undoing it again, he echoed:

"The necessary papers?"

"Yes," said the squire sternly, "the necessary papers!" and he continued his search among the blanks.

The right one found, he filled it out in a jiffy, and he handed it to Jones to sign.

As Jones read the paper his knees knocked together. It was a mortgage on his house and lot as security that he would return the umbrella in good order within fifteen minutes. He faltered:

"Wh—why, squire, I only want to borrow your umbrella to run across the street with. I'll fetch it back in two seconds."

The squire shoved his spectacles up over his bald spot until they formed two skylights for his intellectual roof, and looking Jones full in the face, said:

"You only want to run across the street. You'll return in two seconds. Young man, that's what they all say. I take no stock in it. Man wants but little here below, but when he wants his umbrella he wants it. I have known people in my time who have listened to the song of the siren, who came to borrow umbrellas until she had transformed them into a people without an umbrella between them and the pelting storms. I am not one of that kind. I have accumulated a fortune. Why? For the simple reason that I have not spent my substance in buying umbrellas. That umbrella which you hold in your hand is certainly not of uncommon beauty, nor is it of great value. It is simply a gingham umbrella. A green one at that. But it answers the purpose for which, etc. I have had it since I was a boy. Why! Because no man has ever taken it beyond the range of my vision without first s guing over his estate that he would return it in good condition. It may not seem neighborly, but it's business. Here is the mortgage; there is the umbrella; without beats the rain of heaven. You have your choice." And the old man resumed his newspaper.

Jones thought of his wife and babies and the pleasant home that was all his own. Then he looked at the rain that was pounding at the doors and windows as if to get in out of the wet. A glance at his new overcoat, and Jones was decided.

"I'll risk it," he said, and stepping to the desk, with measured step and slow, he clapped his name to the mortgage, and went off with the umbrella.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Who Invented the Steamboat?

Everybody who has visited the national capitol has heard of Brumidi, the fresco artist, whose work ornaments and enlivens every part of the building. One day, while Brumidi was engaged in painting a picture over the door of the Senate committee room on patents, a gentleman entered, and after looking at it for a few moments, asked:

"What is that you're painting?"

"A picture of Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam power," replied Brumidi.

"But he wasn't the inventor of steam power," retorted the stranger somewhat earnestly.

Brumidi, who occupied a platform that raised him almost to the ceiling, stopped his work, laid down his brush, and turning toward the stranger asked in his quiet way: "Didn't Fulton invent the first steamboat?"

"No, he didn't," answered the gentleman.

"Well, then, who did?"

"Why," replied the stranger, "John Fitch. He was a long way ahead of Fulton. I know that, because I've been in Fitch's workshop myself."

"Well, you're an old man," replied Brumidi, respectfully, "and I won't dispute your word. I've always thought that Fulton made the first steamboat, but if you say he didn't, it's all right. Have you got a picture of your man Fitch?"

"No, I haven't got his picture, but I've got a book that tells all about his life and his works."

"Will you send me that book?"

"Yes, I will, just as soon as I get home," answered the gentleman.

"Well, you do that, and I'll paint a picture of Fitch, too," said Brumidi. "I won't decide who made the first steamboat. You send me that book and I'll paint pictures of both the men and leave the public to decide who is entitled to the honor. I'm a painter myself and don't bother about inventors."

The stranger left, and in a few days Brumidi received a small book containing a personal sketch of Fitch and an account of his works. From this sketch the artist painted a portrait of Fitch, presenting him in his workshop engaged upon the model of a stern-wheel steamer with three paddles as motive power. Those who visit the capitol now will see a picture of Fulton looking upon his first steamer over the committee room on patents, and on the opposite of the hall is the representation of John Fitch in all his glory. As Brumidi said, the people are left to decide which of the inventors is entitled to the honor. The artist does not bother himself about the question at all.—*Washington Post.*

Satisfying the Barber.

One time there was a barber. And one day a feller he cum into the shop fur to git shafed, and he handed the barber a card which was wrot on like this way:

"For my Hair—Taller, clone, lard, bergmot, pomatum, oil, tonnick, restoratif, pitchooly, gum, beeswhacks, kerriseen and tar.

"For my Face—Cole creem, cam frice, powder, ham fat, sof sope, glissern, poltice; rooje nammel, giant cement, shoo blackn.

"For my Wiskers—Sames for the hair, only more taller.

"For my Muchtash—Do., starch, glew, morter and sodder."

When the barber he red it he was just dlited, and said to the feller: "You are the most sensible man which has ever set in this chair; yes, indeed. I never see a man of such good taste."

And then the barber shafed the feller, and tole him all the news which he cude think, and never stopt tockin, the barber didnt, while he shafed, cos he was dlited. But, jest as he got dun shafn the feller, and was getten reddy to put them things on him, cordin to the inemmy randem, a man wocked in and took the feller by the ear, and he sed to the barber, the man did: "This feller's got to go now, cos he is a escape; if you want to finish him you must fetch them things over to the def and dum ward of the lunattic sylum."—*Little Johnny.*

CONCERNING SOME AREAS.

Interesting Geographical Information not Generally Known.

There is great ignorance in America respecting the area of our country, says a New York paper. It is no marvel, therefore, that Europeans should so often make mistakes on this subject. ike want of precise and correct information is manifest in this country respecting Europe, particularly Great Britain and Ireland. Our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased to see the matter correctly stated. Let us begin with North Britain:

	Square Miles.
Scotland, including the Hebrides, Orkneys and other adjacent islands, has an area of	29,785
This is larger than the whole State of South Carolina, which has	29,385
It is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, whose united area is	29,598
It is more than six times as large as the State of Connecticut. And it is very considerably larger than the united area of Maryland, District of Columbia, Delaware, New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island, which reaches the sum of	27,604
Ireland has an area of	32,513
This is larger than the united area of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut, which is	31,966
It is larger than the united area of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and Vermont, which is	31,776
It is nearly as large as the State of Indiana, which is	33,809
England and Wales contain	58,220
This is larger than the State of Georgia, which is	58,000
It is larger than Michigan, which is	56,243
It is more than 12,00 greater than Pennsylvania, which is	46,000
It is more than 11,000 greater than New York, which is	47,000
It is more than 3,000 greater than the united area of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, which is	54,838
Ireland and Great Britain united have an area of	120,316
This is more than 4,000 larger than all New England, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and South Carolina, whose united area is	115,997
It is more than 2,000 larger than all New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, which is	117,368
And yet Great Britain and Ireland united do not contain one-half the area of New Mexico, which is	248,063
And is not by 5,000 as large as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, whose united area is	127,176
Omitting Alaska, the United States owns on this continent	2,913,603
But the British possessions in North America summit to	3,592,3 0
And the whole British empire, exclusive of Transvaal, Fiji, etc., embraces	7,684,514

So that the British empire controls nearly thrice as large an area as the United States if we leave out Alaska and more than twice as large an area if we include Alaska. Missouri is by more than 2,000 square miles larger than all New England. London has a larger population than the whole State of New York.

From these figures it is easy to show what will be the population of the United States or of the British empire when their possessions shall have 100, or 200, or 300, or 400 souls to the square mile.

It may interest our readers and lead them to further calculations for themselves to see the area in square miles of our several States and Territories. We append it for their use:

Maine, 31,766; New Hampshire, 9,280; Vermont, 10,212; Massachusetts, 7,800; Rhode Island, 1,306; Connecticut, 4,674; New York, 47,000; New Jersey, 8,320; Pennsylvania, 46,000; Delaware, 2,120; Maryland, 11,124; District of Columbia, 60; Virginia and West Virginia, 61,852; North Carolina, 50,704; South Carolina, 29,385; Georgia, 58,000; Florida, 59,268; Alabama, 50,722; Mississippi, 47,156; Louisiana, 41,255; Texas, 237,504; Arkansas, 52,198; Tennessee, 45,600; Kentucky, 37,680; Ohio, 39,964; Michigan, 56,243; Indiana, 33,809; Illinois, 55,405; Wisconsin, 53,924; Iowa, 50,914; Minnesota, 95,264; Missouri, 67,380; California, 188,981; Oregon, 102,606; Kansas, 78,418; Nebraska, 122,007; New Mexico, 243,063; Utah, 128,835; Washington Territory, 176,141; Nevada, 45,812; Colorado, 105,818; Dakota, 318,128.

Frauds of History.

At a meeting of the Yale alumni in New York, Professor Wheeler read a paper, in which he exposed a number of popular historical tales. Sappho never killed herself by jumping from a rock, but died a natural death. Leonidas fought at Thermopylæ, not with only 300 at his back, but with 7,000. The philosopher Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story of the virtues of the Roman matron Lucretia must be rejected, while the story of the Horatii and Curatii is worse than doubtful. The sons of Brutus were not the victims of their father's firmness, but of his brutality. It was utterly impossible for Hannibal to have followed up his victory at Cannæ, and the story of his using vinegar to cleave the rocks of the Alps is absurd. So, too, the story of Cleopatra dissolving a pearl in a goblet of vinegar and drinking up a fortune at one draught. Archimedes never said: "Give me a lever long enough and I will move the world;" nor did he cry out "Eureka!" at any known period of his life or discoveries. Alexandria was never visited by Omar, nor was the Alexandrian library burnt. No more did Galileo say: "And yet it moves for all that!" since it is proved from authentic documents that he did not dare to. That Columbus broke the end of an egg and thus confuted his mockers is fabulous; as is also the story that he encouraged the followers with brave words when the shores of San Salvador were still out of sight. Richard III., of England, did not kill his brother Clarence, and the story about a butt of Malmsey arose from the fact that the body of Clarence, who died a natural death, was transported from Calais to England in a wine butt. Charles II. never had the body of Cromwell taken from Westminster abbey and hanged at Tyburn, for the daughter of Cromwell, apprehensive of some such ill-treatment, had her father's corpse secretly removed from the abbey and buried in a quiet churchyard. Milton's daughters could not have consoled their father in his blindness by reading passages from the old authors, for the best of reasons—they did not know how to read.

Norwegian Commerce.

The Norwegian nation is the smallest of all European nations, but its commercial fleet is the third largest in the world. The Norwegian flag is, of all foreign flags, that which is most frequently seen in the harbor of New York, and through the sound which connects the Baltic with the North sea and forms the highway from London to St. Petersburg, often three to four hundred Norwegian craft of every description pass during one single day. In Norway, although not every man is a sailor, every person is, nevertheless, more or less directly connected with the shipping interest. To build ships or to sail them, to own ships or to have a part in them, is a point in everybody's life all along those thousand fjords which fringe the coast of Norway; and to the inland farmer the most common manner of placing his savings is to go down to the sea and buy a part in a ship. Many a Norwegian vessel, carrying timber to England and coal back to Denmark, or dried fish to Naples and oranges back to St. Petersburg, represents the fortunes of a whole village or parish, in which even the servant-girl may have a share, and to many a well-to-do Norwegian farmer the only source from which he draws, and can draw, ready money is his ship-part.

Bismarck as An Eater and Drinker.

The London *Times*, in giving extracts from Dr. Busch's book on Bismarck, furnishes the following summary of the accounts of some of his personal adventures:

"The personal incidents recorded in the book are numberless. From his student days he has had no end of duels. He has beaten topers in beer-houses with such a glorious sense of manly elation that he takes two pages to recount his victory twenty-five years afterward. He has been over and over again in peril of his life, from the old Russian days when a sentinel offered to shoot him, to the entry into Paris, where a fierce-looking individual was disarmed by the prince coolly asking him for a light. He has jumped over abysses in the Alps, with a fair burden in his arms; he walks about alone at night in Versailles, revolver in pocket, ready to kill and die; and, to excel his neighbors in everything, does not scruple to tell us that he is the most accomplished diplomatist of his age, so he can also challenge assembled humanity to outdo him in point of drink. So terrific are his achievements in the potatory line that one dreadful day King William IV., happening to witness his libations, had recourse to his sovereign word of command to forbid further display. Then, as regards eating, who can compare with the chancellor in point of discernment and receptiveness? When the crown prince dines with the broad-shouldered chief of the foreign office in the camp before Paris, his imperial highness is astonished at the dainties served up and the rotundity of all his officials present. 'This,' explains the complacent Bismarck, 'is due to donations we get from fatherland. The German nation is determined to have a corpulent chancellor.' To which the crown prince replies: 'Bucher is the only lean specimen here; I dare say he has not been with you long.'

"Columns might be filled with the culinary knowledge displayed in the memorable work before us. The intelligent prince dilates upon every imaginable variety of fish contained in ocean or river. He lays down the law upon crabs and lobsters, discourses freely upon eggs, and claims the honor of being a heaven-sent benefactor to Aix la Chapelle, having taught the benighted citizens how to fry oysters. His discrimination in cheese is perfectly wonderful. He can hold forth by the hour upon wine, and on dire occasion, spirits becoming scarce in the tents, causes a desperate appeal to be telegraphed home as to the strong need of a supply of gin incontinently. Always good-natured after dinner, he threatens corporal punishment to the steward of Baron Rothschild for refusing to bring forth wine for the king when every bottle is paid for. Nay, albeit a loyal subject, he allows the rumor to circulate uncontradicted that he has killed a brace of pheasants in M. Rothschild's park, contrary to the express prohibition of his sovereign. His excuse, it appears, is the paramount duty of self-preservation, the winged victims having been the first to begin the affray."

Greeley's Trouble With His Shirts.

One winter Mrs. Greeley went to the West Indies for her health, and the following spring she sent for her husband to come after her and bring her home to New York. Now, if there was one thing the old man hated, it was the sea. The very smell of salt water made him sick. But nevertheless he obeyed his wife's call, as he was accustomed to obey her every whim. In due time they got back to Gotham, and that morning Mr. Sinclair received word that Greeley was not feeling well, owing to his voyage, and had decided to stay at home for the day. In the evening Sinclair was going to Washington on business, and so, valise in hand, he called at Greeley's house an hour or two before the train was to start. He found the old man in bed, and actually very ill, having suffered terribly from sea-sickness all the way out and all he way back. He was alone, the other members of the family being ill or away from home, and so Sinclair determined to pass the night with him, giving up for that time his trip to the capital.

"Sinclair," said he in that querulous whine of his, "I'm as naked as the day I was born. My trunks haven't arrived yet, and I haven't got a night-gown."

"But why not wear this?" pointing to the garment he had taken off before getting into bed.

"Oh, I expect to be out to-morrow, and I want that to wear then. How would it look after I'd slept in it?"

Well, in due time his luggage arrived, and Sinclair made a bolt for the article he wanted. After some rummaging he ound it, and helped the old man to put it on. It was speedily fastened at the neck, and the nurse took up one of the wrists and tried to button it. There, however, he stuck fast. The ends wouldn't meet by fully two inches. He tugged and twisted to his utmost, but it was no go. Still, as the patient said nothing, he supposed it ought to be fastened, and redoubled his efforts for that purpose. For about twenty minutes he labored without success. Then he said:

"This is a failure. It won't fasten."

"No," replied Greeley, with exasperating calmness, "I knew it wouldn't. The f