

## THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Monarch of the realms supernal,  
Ranging over land and sea;  
Symbol of the great Republic,  
Who so noble and so free!  
Thine the boundless fields of ether,  
Heaven's abyss unshrou'd thine,  
Far beyond our feeble vision,  
On thy bars its sunbeams shine!  
Borne on iron-banded pinion,  
On from pole to pole you sweep;  
O'er sea islands, craggy mountains,  
O'er the hoarse resounding deep,  
Now, thy faning plumes o'er shadow  
Northern cliff and iceberg grim;  
Now, o'er southern, soft savannahs,  
With unflinching circuits skim.

He that feeds the tender raven  
And the sea bird of the rock,  
Tempera the inclement breezes  
To the shorn and bleating flock.  
Leads thee o'er the wastes of ocean,  
Guides o'er savage flood and wood,  
And from bounteous nature's store house  
Feeds thy clamoring, hungry brood  
O'er the mountains of Caucasus;  
Over Appennine and Alp;  
Over Rocky Mounts, Cordilleras;  
Over the Andes' herbless scalp;  
High above these snowy summits,  
Where no living thing abides,  
He, that notes the falling sparrow,  
Feels thee, fosters thee and guides.

Thou wingest where a tropic sky  
Bends o'er thee its celestial dome;  
Where sparkling waters greet the eye,  
And gentle breezes fan the foam;  
Where spicy breath from groves of palm,  
Laden with aromatic balm,  
Blows ever, mingled with perfume  
Of luscious fruit and honeyed bloom;  
Green shores, adorned with drooping woods;  
Gay groves, island solitudes;  
Savannah, where palm-trees screen  
The Indian's hut with living green,  
Behold thy pinions as they sweep,  
Careering in the upper deep.

—Leane McLellan.

## GRANDMOTHER'S LECTURE ON BABIES.

Grandmother gives a lecture on babies in the *Rural New Yorker* in these words: The other day, Nellie Gray came to our house to visit, and she had the cunningest little bundle in her arms; there was edging, ruffles, tucks and embroidered blankets, and such a pile of muslin and ribbons; well, if I had not heard she had a little baby, I could never have guessed what it was, except there was a continued squeaking away down in the depths, that sounded no more like a baby crying, than it did like a mouse in the wall.

"Sakes alive! Nellie, give me the baby!"

"Oh, grandmother! I shall be so glad to; and do tell me what I shall do with it; cry, cry, from one day's end to the other. Ain't there work in taking care of babies, though? but it is a darling? Just see!" and she took off a cloak, two blankets, and a veil; and smoothed out the beautiful dress that swept clear on to the floor, as the little thing lay in my lap. The baby had on a thick crocheted sacque and all you could see of the little mite, was its bare head, peekered up face, and the tips of its little red fingers.

"Oh, how warm it is!" said the young mother, as she wiped the drops off her face; "I hope baby has not got cold; it is the first time I have carried him to ride."

"Nellie Gray, sit down, and let me tell you something, you don't know no more than a calf about taking care of a baby; no wonder the little thing cries! I wonder it is alive! Just look here! the thermometer stands at 90° in the shade, and you are about melted in your muslin dress, and here is this wee baby, bundled up with as many wraps as it would need in winter, and a thick sacque, and a pinning blanket, two flannel petticoats, a cotton one and a dress; and as sure as you are alive, socks on the little feet! What on earth are you thinking of, to pile all this stuff on a two-months-old baby?"

"Why, grandmother! I supposed I must!"

"And Nellie; you have got your waists and bands so tight, that baby can hardly draw a breath. No wonder at all, that baby cries! more wonder that the baby don't die! Now, just take off all these extra fixings; one skirt and the dress, are enough, and loosen your waists, and let the little atom have one good breath and a chance to stretch itself."

Its mother did as I told her, and in a few minutes the little thing cuddled down to sleep. "Let me lay it down, Nellie, I'll show you how;" and so I laid it down on its side, a little curled up like a kitten, and there it lay and slept, two long hours, its mother going every few minutes to see if anything ailed it. "You let it alone, Nellie! Let her have her nap out, and she will be happy when she wakes up, and you will be rested too."

Baby never cried again all day; she slept two hours at a time, and her mother was as happy as could be. She kissed me when she went away, because I had taught her to take care of her little one.

It is a regular science to bring up babies, and girls should never get married till they have learned how to take care of children. Half of the babies that die, are just killed by ignorance, and half of those that live, are made sick and miserable, just because their mothers did not know how to take care of them properly. These babies are little precious creatures, and if they are rightly taken care of, are but little trouble, till they are old enough to creep about, and then the joy of seeing them active and well, pays for all the trouble they make. Some mothers are so foolish, that they will not let the little ones creep, because they soil and wear their clothes. Poor women! No wonder their children are bow-legged, and have weak backs! They have no chance to develop and strengthen their limbs and muscles. Nature knows best how to manage children, and they must have a chance to develop their powers. They do not want to be encumbered with long clothes, they want room to kick and stretch; a smart, healthy child, is far better than a puny, feeble baby, trigged out with all the finery that fashion dictates; and for mercy's sake, don't roast your babies alive in hot weather, by bundling them up so they cannot have a chance to breathe. Their blood circulates fast, and they require but little clothing, if a cool day comes, it is easy to add an extra garment.

## THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.

In the course of his oration at Denver, N. H., on Decoration Day, the Rev. A. H. Quint said: Between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of November 1st, 1777, the Continental ship-of-war, the *Ranger*, 18 guns, Capt. John Paul Jones commander, weighed anchor and sailed out of Portsmouth harbor. It went out on that gallant cruise on the English coast, in which it met and captured the British war vessel, the *Drake*, of superior force, both of men and guns. The *Ranger* was built in a New Hampshire harbor by a New Hampshire mechanic, and sailed from a New Hampshire port. It was manned by a crew of the *Piscataqua*, and largely by hardy mariners from this town. Ezra Green, the surgeon who ministered to the wounded in that sharp and bloody sea fight, was a citizen of Dover whom you and I remember as he walked the streets an old man in our boyhood, who sleeps in this historic ground; and its young commander of marines, killed in action, was Samuel Wallingford, of the Rollinsford part of ancient Dover. Why do I call your attention to the fact that Dover men were part of the crew of the brave Paul Jones? Because on the very day on which Jones was assigned to that vessel Congress adopted the flag of the Stars and Stripes, and history tells us that when that *Ranger* went out of Portsmouth harbor, for the first time our national flag floated upon the breeze. On the 14th of February, 1778, it received a salute from a French admiral, undoubtedly, as one of the *Ranger's* officers wrote that day, "The first salute ever pay'd the American flag." Men of

our own town and of our own blood manned the vessel which bore for the first time in history the Stars and Stripes, which thenceforth went on in the career of national achievements until it became honored and feared throughout the world. And never have you or those departed been dastards when the honor of that flag demanded your service.

## THE CHARM OF TRUE MARRIAGE.

Our advanced theories of divorce and free love, making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a deadly blow at an element in it which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true marriage, what the greatest advantage, what the most priceless happiness, take life through, which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the richer development which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine. No, but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter it, each in the other and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed stand-by. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immense amount of unhappiness, crime, injustice, blight and down-dragging, one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with—only the blindest sentimentalist will deny that. On the other hand, however—and this is not mere sentiment but sober fact—of all the evidences of God's goodness to be found in this lower world, all the proofs that he cares for us not only with the wisdom of a Creator, but with the interest and love of a Father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life, not to fight its battles, win its victories and endure its sorrows alone, but giving them, as they go forth out of their childhood's home, a relation in which each two of them are bound together with the closest of all ties, live together under the same roof, have their labors, their property, their interests, their parental affections all in common, and are moved to stand by each other, hand to hand and heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage misery, more widely perhaps than any other happiness. — *Sunday Afternoon.*

**ELEPHANTS AS LOG-ROLLERS.**—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* in British Burmah writes: "The other morning at Rangoon, Gen. Grant and party were invited to inspect a teak saw-mill, to see the wonderful intelligence of the elephants that are used to carry and pile the logs. Teak, you know, is a very heavy wood—it is one great source of revenue to Burmah—but to work for his mahout the animal will lift the end of a heavy log by his tusks, placing his trunk on it to keep it steady; then gradually working his way towards the center, finally balances the log and carries it carefully to a pile even higher than himself; or if it is wanted to saw the log, he will push it along beneath the circular saw, his trunk interposed between his foot and the log. They will do almost anything, and from their tremendous strength you can understand what they can accomplish. At a branch mill at Montmain they breed them for this purpose, but it takes 20 years before an elephant can do hard labor."

**PROPERTIES OF GLYCERINE.**—Glycerine should not be rubbed on the skin in an undiluted state. One of its remarkable properties is its power to absorb moisture, and hence its irritating effect on the skin. About three fluid ounces of water to one of glycerine will form a mixture which will neither attract moisture nor evaporate, the weight scarcely varying from week to week, either in one direction or the other. The mixture should be kept in a cool, moist place.