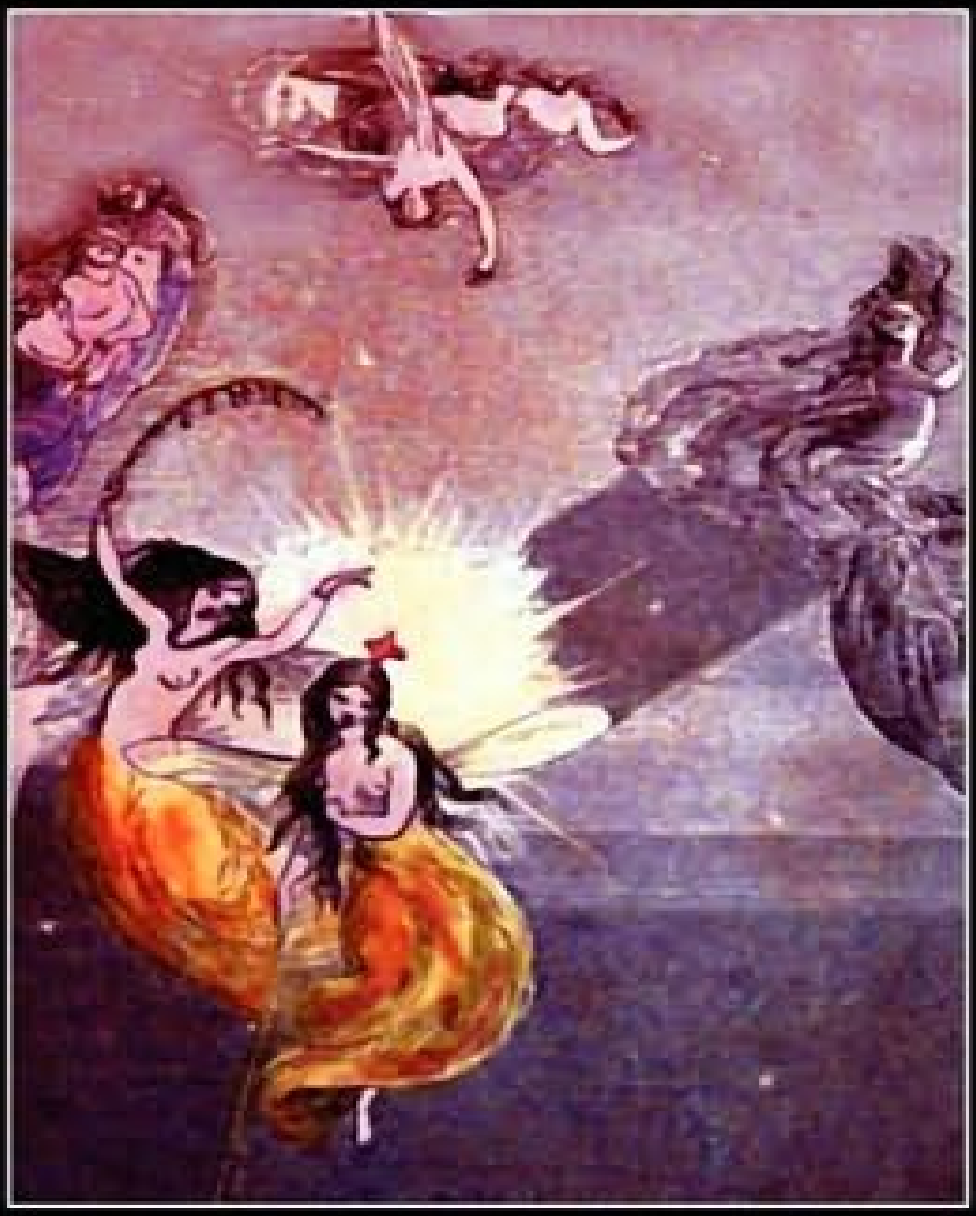


The Fairy Nightcaps

Illustrated Edition

Aunt Fanny

DODO PRESS

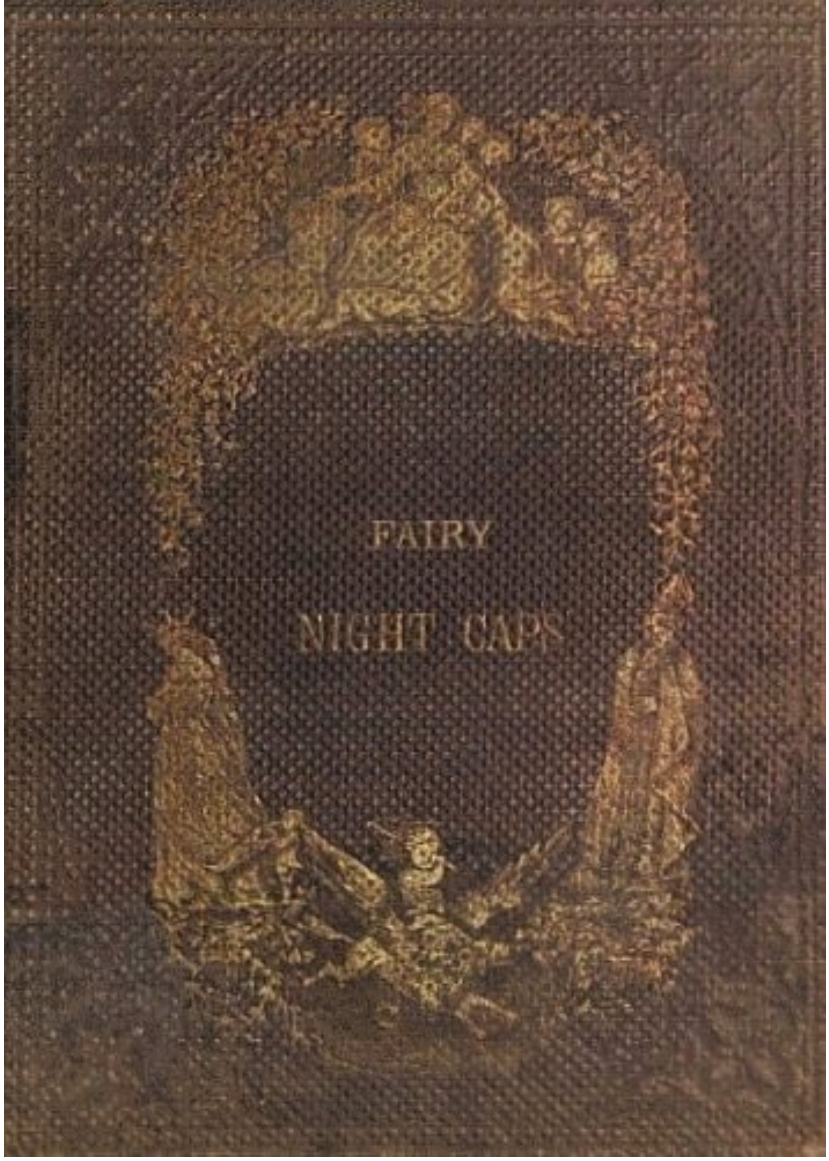
Title: The Fairy Nightcaps

Author: Frances Elizabeth Barrow

Release Date: May 14, 2009 [EBook #28802]

Language: English

Produced by David Edwards and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was
produced from images generously made available by The
Internet Archive.)



THE
FAIRY NIGHTCAPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE FIVE NIGHTCAP BOOKS,
"AUNT FANNY'S STORIES,"
ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
443 & 445 BROADWAY.
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.
1861.

TO MASSA CHARLES,
WHOSE MOST LOVABLE QUALITIES WERE BUT FAINTLY
PORTRAYED IN THE
FIRST NIGHTCAP BOOK,
THIS
THE SIXTH AND LAST OF THE SERIES,
IS AFFECTIONATELY
Dedicated.

GOING TO THE MIDSUMMER BALL.

PREFACE TO THE CHILDREN.

Dear Children,

Here is the last Nightcap book, making six in all. The story of "The Three Little Fishes" was taken (but very much altered) from a clever book for grown folks, written, I believe, nearly two hundred years ago; but all the rest is true, "real true."

I have written them out with my heart full of love and good wishes for you, and *you*, and YOU; and my only desire in return is, that down in a cosy corner of your dear little hearts, you will keep warm, one kind thought of your loving

AUNT FANNY.

CONTENTS.

FAIRY NIGHTCAPS.

THE FAIRIES' LIFE.

In the deep shadow of the Highlands, at the foot of the old Crow Nest Mountain, is a wild and beautiful hollow, closed around on every side by tall trees, interlaced together by the clasping tendrils of the honeysuckle, and the giant arms of luxuriant wild grape-vines.

The mossy edge of this magic circle is thickly embroidered with violets, harebells, perfumed clover-blossoms, and delicate, feathery ferns. A little brook, overhung with grasses and whispering leaves, dances and dimples in the bright sunlight and soft moonbeams, and then trips away, to offer the wild-rose leaves that have fallen upon his bosom to his beloved tributary lord, the great Hudson River.

Not a bat dare spread his unclean leathern wings across this charmed place, and the very owls that wink and blink in the hollow trees near by keep their unmusical "hoot toot" to themselves.

In the short young velvety grass, a starry daisy, or a sly little cowslip, peeps up here and there, but nothing else disturbs the lawn-like smoothness, save a tiny mound of green moss near the centre of the hollow, shaped marvellously like a throne.

It was the night of the eighteenth of June; and evidently there was something of importance about to happen in the beautiful hollow, for presently a train of glow-worms came marching gravely in, and arranged themselves in a circle around the mossy throne; while thousands of fire-flies flashed and twinkled through the trees. The soft, coquetting wind wandered caressingly among the flowers, and the moonbeams rested with a sweeter, tenderer light, upon the little brook which murmured and rippled, and gave back many a glancing, loving beam.

Suddenly a silvery tinkling bell was heard, like music at a distance. Twelve times it sounded; and immediately after an invisible chorus of sweet tiny voices were heard singing:

"Hasten, Elfin! hasten, Fay!
From old Crow Nest wing your way;
Through the bush and dewy brake,
Fairies, hasten, for the sake
Of a mortal, whose pure breath

Soon will fade, and sink in death:
We for him sweet dreams will find,
We will fill with balm the wind;
Watch his young life glide away,
Deck with beauty its decay—
Till the closing earthly strife,
Opens into heavenly life."

Instantly the air seemed filled with streams of light like falling stars; the booming sound of humble-bees was heard, as fairy knights and ladies came hastening to the call through the moon-lit air; the knights pricking their chargers with their wasp-sting spurs, and the ladies urging theirs quite as fast with their sweet, coaxing voices.

The grave, elderly fairies, came more soberly. They crept out from under the velvet mullen leaves, and gravely mounted their palfreys, which were small field mice, and held them well in, with corn-silk bridles; for elderly fairies are inclined to be gouty, and don't like to do any thing in a hurry; like other people, they are apt to go too fast when they are young—and to balance the matter, are very slow coaches when they are old.

Several ancient ladies, who had been napping in a secluded nook at the root of an old tree, waited for their nutshells and four to be brought up; and as the coach-horses were represented by hairy, white caterpillars—who were so short-legged, that they took the longest possible time to get over the ground—and as the ancient fairies had much ado to fold their wings, and arrange their crinoline in their carriages, you may be sure they were very fashionably late.

And now a strain of delicious music filled the air, the glow-worms lighted up brilliantly, and the dew grew heavy with fragrance, as the Fairy Queen, with a bright train of attendants, floated past in dark green phaetons, made of the leaves of the camelia, and drawn by magnificently painted butterflies, harnessed and caparisoned with gold.

The dignity and queenly presence of her Majesty would have rendered her conspicuous above the rest, even if her tiny golden crown and sceptre, tipped with a diamond that blazed like a meteor, had not indicated that she was a monarch; and the acclamations that rose on all sides attested the attachment her subjects felt for her person.

She was indeed most lovely; and kind and generous beyond words to describe; and she had called her court together this very night to do that which makes both fairies and mortals lovelier and

better, with every new effort. Do you know what it is? It is, *trying to add to the happiness of another*.

And now the Queen and her maids of honor gracefully alighted with the eagerly proffered assistance of the fashionable young fairy dandies; and the court gathered respectfully around, as the beautiful Queen seated herself on her throne, and gently waved her sceptre to command attention.

"My lords, ladies, and gentlemen," said her Majesty, in a voice of perfect music, "I have called you together three nights before our opening midsummer festival, because I know by my fairy power, that a mortal—a gentle, lovely boy—will arrive here to-morrow, across whose young life the harsh wings of pain and affliction have passed. For a month or more he has so drooped and faded, that I fear, before long, his pure life will be ended. His mother watches over him with the undying, untiring love, which only a mother knows. We can help her, my beloved subjects, and we will; we can steal the venom from his painful sleep, by giving him fairy dreams; and on our gala nights we will gently lift him from his couch, and bring him here. His sweet presence will cast no shadow on our festivities, so pure and lovely have been all the thoughts, words, and actions of his short life."

A murmur of pleasure rose from the as sembled court, and the good and beautiful Queen saw with delight, that her proposal had given pleasure to all her subjects, with one exception; and he was her very honest, but still more disagreeable prime minister, who, being a sour, meddlesome old bachelor, hated children. His temper was not particularly sweet just then, because he was making wry faces over an attack of the gout in his great toe, from indulging too freely in May-dew wine, and eating too often of roasted tiger-lily, which is a very highly seasoned dish, and difficult to digest, unless you take immediately after eating, half a dozen lady-slipper pills, which my lord the prime minister never would take, on account of the name—for of course, if he hated chil dren he hated the ladies also—and as I was saying, he felt very cross, and inclined to find fault with any thing anybody else proposed; so making as low a bow as his stiff back would permit, he began, with an abominable nasal twang: "May it please your Majesty, who is this child you deign to favor so highly?"

"He is called Lame Charley!" graciously answered the Queen. "He is the darling of all who know him."

"Are there any other children in the family, my liege?" snarled the prime minister.

"About three dozen, more or less," answered the Queen, frowning

slightly, for she was not quite certain as to the number, and did not like to be questioned. "Humph!" grumbled the prime minister. Then muttering to himself, "Three dozen children! all eating dreadful pumpkin-pie—with cheeks like saddle-bags, and voices loud enough to make a mummy jump out of his skin in an ecstasy of astonishment at the noise! was there ever such a foolish freak?" whereupon, taking out his beetle-back snuff-box, and giving it the traditional taps, he helped himself to such a prodigious pinch, by way of consolation, that he was obliged to retire precipitately behind the honeysuckles, and nearly cracked his left wing by a tremendous fit of sneezing. For let me tell you that the pollen, or dust of the snap-dragon, properly dried, makes very powerful fairy snuff, and I advise you not to try it.

The maids of honor had great difficulty to keep from bursting out laughing at the flight of the cross old prime minister; and the Queen pretended to arrange her bodice, made of the gossamer wing of the katydid, to hide a smile; but now, reclining on her throne, and gracefully fanning herself with her right wing, she indulged in a pleasant chat with her favorites, about Charley.

"Dear Cowslip!" she began, "I am so interested in this lovely boy. Will you assist me to watch over him, and keep away all harm from his loving brothers and sisters? Particularly we will protect them from the Kelpies, those hateful water-sprites, who would drag them down to their dark caves beneath the wave, if once the children ventured upon their realm. We will bid their little mother to warn them from getting into row-boats, or wading out into the river; the Kelpies shall content themselves with water-rats and tadpoles for this time, for too many lovely children have already been sacrificed to their cruel spite."

"Ah, beloved Queen!" answered Cowslip, "I, for one, will help you with heart and will; those damp, wretched little goblins shall not hurt a hair of their heads."

"And I, with might and main, will do your behest!" said the handsome young Ripple, twisting his mustache.

"And I, gracious Queen!" cried the pretty Lota, "for I dearly love children."

"And I, your Majesty," said Beeswing with Ripple and Firefly, "will order our regiment—the seventh—to encamp under the sedges on the shore, half to keep watch, while the other half sleep in the swaying branches of the water-willows."

"Give us something to do for the dear children, dearest Queen!" cried Dewdrop and Lilliebelle, two of the most famous beauties of the court, and, what is far better, as good as they were beautiful; "let us

also help to make them happy."

"Well said, fair ladies and brave knights!" exclaimed the Queen; "with such true and loyal assistance, my labor of love will be most delightful. Come now—to the dance—while they are preparing supper."

She clapped her tiny hands thrice, and immediately the fairy band commenced playing the most enchanting dances; and the beautiful hollow was speedily filled with couples, whisking away in such rapid evolutions, that you would have thought they would soon tumble head over heels, from sheer dizziness; but as the dances were, after all, not very different from ours, I suppose the fairies were quite as well used to the rushing style; and, in good truth, as they were *fairies*, it seemed more in keeping, for these rapid, gracefully undulating movements, were the very poetry of motion.

Of course the elderly gentlemen fairies lounged among the honeysuckles, and talked politics, and quarrelled dreadfully about who should be the next President; for they took an immense interest in the affairs of us mortals; and the elderly lady fairies just as much, of course, pulled the characters of their best friends to pieces, without so much as a single regret; while the lovely young Queen, with half-a-dozen of her favorites, after dancing once, to set the fashion, ordered her pages to shake down a perfect shower of wild-rose leaves, on the edge of the hollow, of which they made soft and freshly perfumed couches; and there they listened to the exquisite music, and watched the dancers, and gaily devised plans for the comfort of our dear little friend, Lame Charley.

While they were thus conversing, a queer little elfin sped down one of the moonbeams, like a flash of summer lightning, and in an instant was on his knee before the Queen.

It was the fairy, Slyboots, the Queen's favorite messenger, and the most mischievous sprite in her dominions.

"Welcome, good Slyboots," cried the Queen; "by your bright eyes and unsoiled wings, methinks you must have fulfilled our commands faithfully. How fared you? and how did you find our dear 'Nightcap' family?"

"Most gracious Majesty! I hurried to the great city, without folding wing; merely stopping a moment to torment a miserly old landlord, who, the day before, had turned a poor widow, with two little children, out of his tenement house, because she was not quite ready with the rent. I put a great fly on his nose, and a great flea in his ear, and ordered them to stay there, and buzz, and bite him, till he went nearly

into fits."

A chorus of sweet fairy laughter greeted this mad-cap caper, and Slyboots embraced the opportunity to whisper something to a small brown spider, who had been listening with all his ears, and staring at Slyboots with all his eyes, of which he had more than his share, and who immediately scampered off with all his legs.

"Then, your Majesty," continued the elfin, "I hastened on, and flew through the window into the room where Charley slept. All was sweet, still, and hushed; and oh! how pure and lovely the pale boy looked, as he lay there, his hands folded across his breast. As I gazed, a radiant smile parted his lips, and a faint color came into his white cheek. He was dreaming—his soul was full of holy thoughts—and the smile had come, as he saw in his dream the Beautiful Home above, for which he was preparing.

"The little mother, looking wearied with watching, lay upon a couch near him. As I hovered over her, a large tear crept from under her closed eyelid, and a quick convulsive sob broke from her breast. She too was dreaming, dreaming of the sorrowful time when her darling would be taken from her.

"I swept my wings lightly across her brow, and bade her waken. She opened her eyes, looked upon Charley, and rising, with a sigh of relief, she murmured: 'I have thee yet, oh my child! my darling!' and hastening to him, she softly drew back the golden curls from his forehead, sprinkled a few drops of grateful, refreshing perfume upon his pillow, and then, tenderly touching his cheek with her loving lips, went comforted back to her couch.

"The rest of the children were in the other rooms, fast asleep in two-story cribs, and various dear little beds; and I left some of them laughing merrily in their sleep, by telling them one or two ridiculous anecdotes about your Majesty's stuffy old prime min——"

"Silence, Slyboots!" cried the Queen, trying not to laugh. "You shall not make fun of our minister to our face. Go and order the supper."

Slyboots grinned sideways at the maids of honor, but bowed, with a great show of penitence, to his Queen. Retiring from the presence, he placed a tiny bugle, fashioned out of a small honeysuckle, to his lips, and blew a shrill, peculiar blast.

It was perfectly well understood, for in an instant, a hundred small pink and white mushrooms sprang out of the earth, making the most delightful little tables imaginable, quite equal to the finest satin-wood, upon which the fairy servants and pages hastened to place dishes of

rose-leaves filled with honey-dust, and golden buttercups of sparkling May-dew, which, having been bottled up for six weeks, foamed and effervesced, and gave out a most exquisite aroma.

This was for the young fairies, who cared only for sweets. The elderly fays were to be feasted upon broiled fly's legs, brought up hot, and each one was rolled up in a leaf of pepper-grass, which gave them a very piquant seasoning. These were garnished with small pearls, steeped and softened in crab-apple vinegar, sharp enough and sour enough to draw squeals from a Ja panese ambassador, who never smiles or squeals at any thing.

When all was ready, the fairies sat down at the tables, in pleasant little parties of four and six, while the band played the most admired fairy opera airs. But before the banquet was through, I am sadly afraid some of the gay young fellows forgot they were in the presence of ladies, they laughed so loud, and talked so much nonsense, and one of them came very near upsetting the table at which he sat, spilling his buttercup of dew all over the new gossamer dress of Lilliebelle, who was next to him.

But this was nothing to the uproar which arose when the old prime minister, who had been eating flies' legs, and little pearl pickles, till he could scarcely breathe, attempted to leave his seat. The little brown spider, sent by that mischievous Slyboots, had been hard at work fastening his wings together in a net, and then tying them in a most complicated cobweb knot to the honeysuckle vine just behind him. The old prime minister fairly howled with rage; he turned and twisted from side to side; he kicked and made awful faces at Slyboots, who was giggling and laughing, and shaking his wings with glee at a safe distance. An impudent mosquito came past, and sneered out in his abominable nasal drone, "You don't seem to like a net any better than I do;" while myriads of midges up in the air danced around him, singing, Why-don't-you-get-out? Why- don't-you-get-out? Why-don't-you- get-out? to which myriads of others answered, He-would-if-he-could-but- he-couldn't! He-would-if-he-could-but-he-couldn't! He-would-if-he- could-but-he-couldn't!

At last the Queen, who had been giving some private orders, inquired what all the noise and laughter meant; and, in great anger with Slyboots for thus turning her old prime minister into ridicule, ordered the saucy goblin to draw his sword and release the old minister. The young fairy knights hastened to help, for they all liked Slyboots, and a tremendous slashing and cutting at the cobweb net ensued, which speedily released the poor old prime minister, who went off breathing fury and vengeance.

But hark! What is that? A faint, far-off tramp is heard; the galloping hoofs of the steeds of the morning were sounding in the eastern sky, and the stir of their coming rustled the leaves that crowned the tops of the grand old trees. The first cock-crow was heard in the distance, and the fairy sentinels sounded the coming of the dawn loud and clear on their great morning-glory trumpets, from the top of old Crow Nest. The sky became dappled, and a rosy streak marched up to the zenith like the banner of a herald.

Up sprang the knights and ladies and mounted their chargers; the Queen and her maids entered their phaetons; the elderly fairies made what haste their dignity per mitted to their nutshells and four, and field-mice palfreys, and away they all sped; some through the air, some through the velvety grass; banners flying, and music playing, until naught was left but a shining trail that melted into the first bright golden beam of the morning.

THE CHILDREN'S LIFE.

It was early in the sweet summer time. The young green leaves were bending over, and tenderly caressing the budding fruit and flowers, and the air was balmy with orchard blooms.

Your old friends, the Nightcap children, were as merry and happy and well as ever, except Charley—poor lame Charley. He was much worse; his sufferings had greatly increased with the dreadful hip disease, and a terrible cough racked his delicate and wasted frame. Death had been coming slowly on for a long time; but now he hastened his footsteps, and Charley knew that he should never see another summer in this world. He was not *afraid* to die—oh, no! the guileless, holy life of the gentle boy had robbed death of its sting. He well knew that *this* life was but a small part of our career, and the separation from those he loved so well, would be short. His faith in his Saviour was perfect and entire. *He* would soften the pang of parting to those left behind, and *He* would guide them with unchanged love to their darling in heaven.

The good little mother was advised by the doctor to take Charley into the country, somewhere up the beautiful Hudson River, among those grand old hills where the air is so bracing and pure.

It happened, fortunately, that one of her oldest friends, who was an officer at West Point, was obliged to leave there upon some government expedition for about three months; and he offered his pretty cottage to his friend for that time. This was most delightful, as Charley could have far more comfort living in this way than in a boarding-house; and the rest of the children would not have to be tied up by the leg to the bedposts, because their noise disturbed other people.

So the little mother gladly and gratefully accepted the offer, and was now very busy making up dozens of petticoats and panta loons, and coarse brown aprons, and great sun-bonnets, buying copper-toed shoes, so that the children might go where they pleased, and do any thing they liked, except tumble into the river, or fall down a well to live with the bull-frogs.

A few days before they left, the grand Japanese procession took place in New York; and Minnie said, "Oh, mamma, please take us to

see the *Jackanapes*," which made the rest laugh. So down Broadway they all went, looking like a boarding-school that took boys as well as girls, with the little mother marching like a captain at their head, and turned into a fine store, opposite the City Hall Park, that belonged to their uncle, where they had such an excellent view, that their faces were a perfect picture of wonder and delight while the procession was passing.

"Dear me!" exclaimed George, "I am nearly crazy with joy; I wish the Japanese would come every day. How funny! they all look like old women in black nightgowns!"

"And their heads have little top-knots, like Poland hens," said Henry; "and see that fellow sticking his foot on the edge of the carriage—look! his great toe is put in a thumb!"

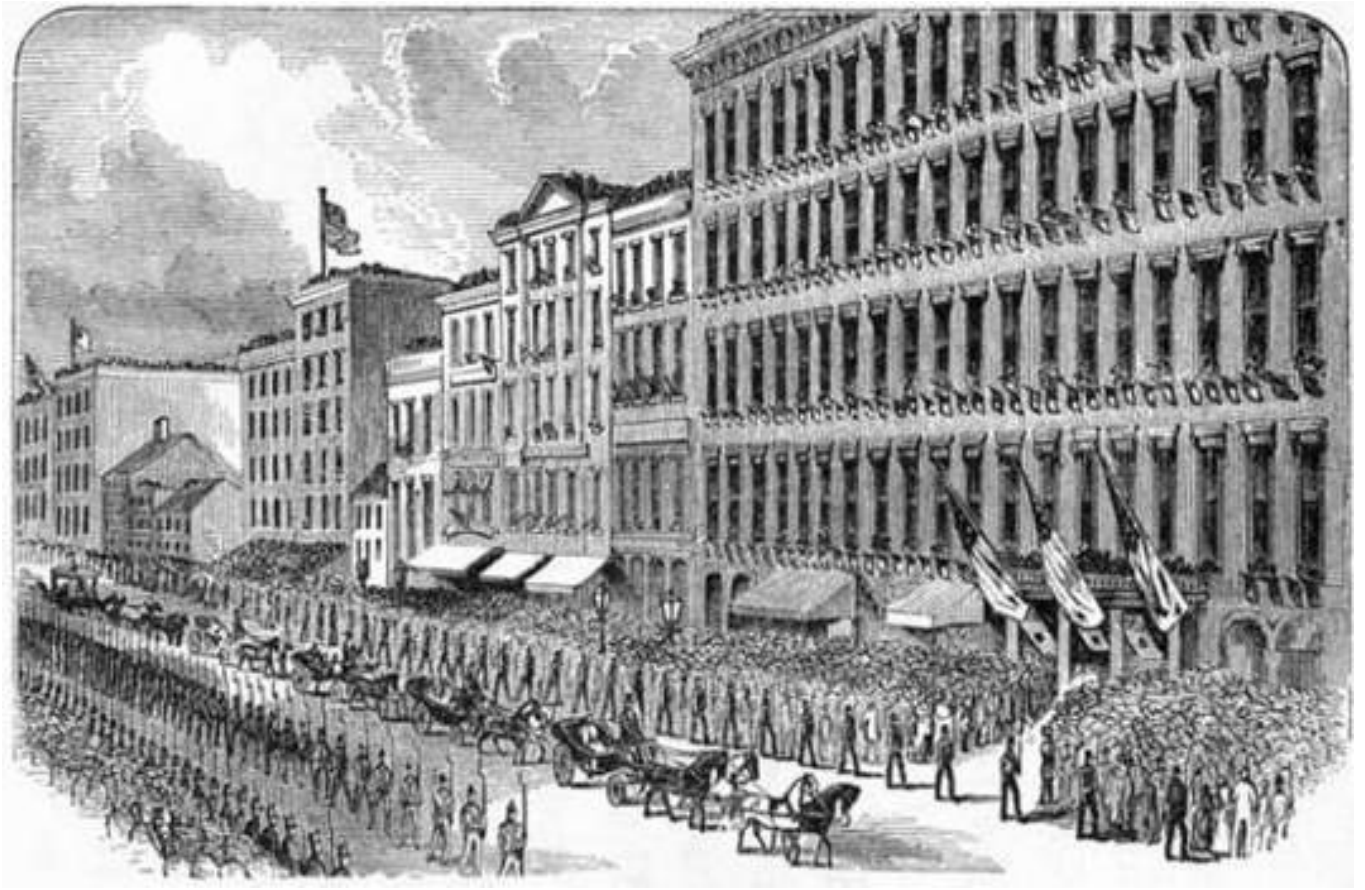
At this they all laughed, and Harry, laughing too, cried out: "I don't mean that; I mean that they knit thumbs in their stockings, and stick their great toes in;—dear! how it must tickle!"

It was a grand sight. Many of the stores were decorated with numerous little Japanese flags, which consist of a large red ball in the centre of a plain white surface, and many Japanese lanterns were hung around. The soldiers looked and marched splendidly; and the fine music was enchanting. Guns were firing in the Park, and smoking and flaming like steamboat funnels: little boys were popping off squibs and crackers, and everybody seemed perfectly happy.

"Dear me!" cried Arthur, "I wish I could hear the speeches they intend to make. I suppose they will be stuck full of compliments, not a word of which the Mayor will understand; but, of course, he will bow a great many times to show that he agrees with it all: and then he, in return, will make a speech to the ambassadors, all flaming over with fine words and flummery, and the Japanese will bow all in a row like four-and-twenty fiddlers—and oh! how nice it will all be!"

When the children got home, they told Charley about the grand procession, all speaking at once; and one of them put on an old black gown of his mother's, and half shut his eyes, and would have shaved his head, if his mother had let him, to show Charley just how they looked; because he, poor little fellow, had to stay behind—he could not have endured the fatigue of that long day away from home. But his kind little mother never forgot him; she was de termined he should see something; so about eight o'clock that evening, two horses, with a nice comfortable barouche, were driven up to the door, and Charley was tenderly lifted in, and two large pillows were placed behind and at his side, and his mother and two of the oldest children were driven

slowly down Broadway to see the illumination.



THE JAPANESE RECEPTION.

The street was crowded. Beautiful colored lanterns were hung here and there, and little Japanese flags fluttered in every direction. As they came near the great Metropolitan Hotel, where the Japanese were staying, the crowd increased, and a burst of delightful surprise broke from Charley and the rest, as the beautiful blazing windows came in view. In each of the several hundred win dows were fine Japanese lanterns of different colors and two little flags. Such a glittering and a fluttering as they made! and over the door was the word "Welcome," in blazing gas-burners, with the splendid flag of the United States on one side, and a great Japanese banner on the other. Everybody was shouting and hurrahing, and every up-turned face looked happy, but none so merry and joyous as the children in the carriage; their eyes fairly danced with delight, and their faces looked as if they had been illuminated too. All they wanted was to have two little Japanese flags fastened to their ears, and to be placed in the windows, to have beaten the lanterns and gas-burners all to pieces.

After they had looked just as long as they liked, and shouted and

waved their hats, when they saw any of the Japanese at the windows shaking out their queer-looking black pocket-handkerchiefs with round white spots, the carriage turned round, and the children had a fine drive home, perfectly delighted with the unusual grandeur of a ride in a carriage at night; *that* was almost the best of all, to be out after bed-time. They thought they could never admire the bright stars enough, which, with their sleepless eyes, watched the world below—fit emblems of the difference between the things made by man, and the enduring works of God. Before long those glittering lights below would fade and die; while these heavenly luminaries would shine on forever.

The next evening the little mother thought she would call upon Captain Porter, who had the Japanese in charge. He was a brave, noble-hearted officer, and an old friend, and accordingly she went with some other friends. Captain Porter received them very kindly, and amused them very much with funny accounts of how the Japanese were stared at, and sometimes annoyed by people who ought to know better. While she sat there, there came a knock at the door, and a morocco case was handed in: it was opened; and what do you think appeared? You will hardly believe it: some sets *of false teeth*; one set of them *jet black*, as a present! The little mother laughed, and wondered if the dentist who sent them, thought the Japanese would want to have their own teeth pulled right out, and these put right in. Then two gentlemen came in, and wanted Captain Porter to persuade the Japanese to buy a lot of guns from them, very cheap, indeed. Then, who do you think came in? Why, "Little Tommy," the young Japanese that everybody was talking about.

He looked so very smiling, that the two comical little triangular slits in his head which served for eyes nearly disappeared, when Captain Porter took him by the hand and introduced him to the little mother.

"How do?" said he, and shook hands with her; then he took up Captain Porter's sword and belt and buckled it round his waist, and said, "Ver good sword, indeed;" then he tried on the Captain's naval uniform cap, with the gold band round it, and ran and looked in the glass. It would not go on very well, on account of Tommy's pig-tail, which was fastened in a knot on the very top of his half-shaven pate, and which stuck up rather inconveniently: then the Captain said, "Tommy, this lady wants to see the portrait of your little Washington sweetheart; come, show it to her."

"No show," said Tommy; which answer made the little mother esteem him very much, because it was plain that he had too much self-respect, and *too much respect* for the young lady, if she *was* a

little girl only twelve years old, to show her likeness to every stranger. He was not going to be made fun of. Not he!

Presently the little mother got up to go; and, shaking hands with Tommy, said, "Good-bye Tommy; I mean to send you a 'Nightcap' book. It is written by 'Aunt Fanny.' Say, Aunt Fanny."

"Arnta Farnny. Yes! I like it," answered Tommy, holding the little mother's hand; "but you," he continued, "I like you; are you Spaniss?"

"No," said she.

"You Frence?"

"No," said she, smiling.

"You Angliss?"

"No," said she.

"Why, Tommy, she is an American," said Captain Porter.

"Ah," cried Tommy; "she so leetle—she ver good—good-bye:" then he wrote his name on a card for her, and she went home very much pleased. But just before she went, Captain Porter told her that the great phrenologist, Mr. Fowler, who knows all about you by merely looking at the outside of your head, had been to see Tommy, and had told him that he had the most tremendous bumps for reading, writing, and arithmetic, that ever were seen; a great bump of trying on American clothes; making love to little girls; eating sugar-candy, and having a good time generally; and scarcely any bump at all for getting up early in the morning, working hard, or taking medicine; in fact, that his cranium was as full as the Metropolitan Hotel, of all sorts of good things; which flattering description delighted Tommy so much, that he wrote Mr. Fowler of his own accord, and without any assistance from Captain Porter or any other dictionary, the following note of thanks:

Metropolitan Hotel, New York,
June 22, 1860.

"Dear Sir:—I am much oblige to you the history and head some paper and the letter with it whole my head examination. I shall take it to Japan, and esteemed much doctor Kawasake is also much please have been receive it.

"I am very true your friend,
"Tateish Onajeiro (Tommy)."

And now every thing was made in the way of "anti-tear-clothes," as

the children called them, and the express wagon was sent for on the afternoon of the 19th of June to carry the baggage down to the steamboat.

The express man stared with amazement at the quantity of children whisking and frisking, and rushing and brushing about in the hall; and, still more, at the trunks, boxes, and bundles, that were brought clattering and tumbling down the stairs for him to take away.

Just before he was leaving with the last bundle, little Johnny rushed breathless down the stairs with what looked like a horse's tail, only shorter and smaller, in one hand, and an old tin-box that had once contained preserved tomatoes in the other, and screamed out, "Here! —say! man, man! take this! here, take it! It's mamma's hair! she's forgotten to sew it on her head! here, pack it up in this tin-box, and tie it with a rope, and put it on board the steamboat—will you?"

Dear me! how the poor express man did bite his lips and swell his cheeks, and turn very red, and try not to laugh: but it *would* come out, and he laughed himself nearly into fits, while the little mother felt for a moment as if she could have shaken *Johnny* into fits, but only for a moment; for, after all, what was the use of being angry: he *meant* to be so useful and thoughtful, and if her hair was so thin, she had to buy some to put with it—why, it was nothing to be ashamed of; so she laughed, too, at last, and all the children joined in with such good-will, that the canary bird over the way hearing such a pleasant noise, set up his pipes and twittered in company, and sang so shrill and loud, that all his feathers stood out on end; and, on the whole, it was thought a very good joke.

And now a great hotel carriage, which is about three times as large as any other, drove up, and the children were packed in it, till it was as full as an egg; and they gave three cheers, as it started, to the astonishment of all the neighbors, and sang "John Brown had a little Indian" all the way down to the boat.

There had been so many berths engaged for one name, that the Captain thought there must be a colony going out west to set up a town for themselves. But when he saw the family marching down the gang-plank two-and-two, like the animals that went into the ark, from the biggest to the smallest, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Dew tell! what an orful lot of children! I shud think that old lady'd want the patience of Job, any how!"

Ah! the Yankee-talking Captain didn't know what you and I know—that these children all "*loved one another*" and *that* made every thing easy to the little mother.

There was no wrangling in that family. They left all that to "dogs and cats," and "bears and lions," as I am sure all good children do. There was plenty of noise, to be sure; but this the great power of love changed into sweet melody, so that, instead of irritating you, as a rude blustering wind would do, it charmed and delighted, because it was first passed over the Æolian harp-strings of *love*.

And now, before I forget it, let's have a little laugh you and I, over that ridiculous picture of our "Nightcap children" in "Baby Nightcaps." I intended to have had a picture of the little mother surrounded by lots of pretty children playing about her; but, instead of that, I was presented with a family that made my sides ache with laughter. Such noses and such hats! I want to tip that tall-spook-of-a-boy's hat off his head every time I look at it; And *such* a baby! Apple-dumpling face and squint eyes! Never mind! The funny printer wanted to make us laugh, and I am sure he did—*one* of us, any way; but don't *you* believe, for a moment, that *our* Nightcap children looked the least like his. Not a bit of it!

When the family were all comfortably settled, the splendid palace-like steamboat—the Alida—started from the pier, and was soon gliding so swiftly over the water, that the magnificent Palisades rose in the blue evening air, while the golden glory of sunset was still lingering upon them. Charley sat by his mother, with his curly head pressed close against her breast; his pure and simple thoughts mirrored in his sweet face. He was silently thanking God for the beautiful changing picture before his eyes. All the children were enjoying the trip; for their mother had taught them to feel and appreciate the beauty, goodness, and grandeur of all God's works; and, save an exclamation of delight now and then, they sat quite still.

But the silence did not last long. Of course not. If children are quite still for more than five minutes at a time, you may be sure they are either sick or in mischief; so presently George exclaimed,—

"Just see that sea-gull dipping his wings in the river!"

"That's the way he does his washing," said Annie.

"Oh! look at that row-boat," cried Harry; "four gentlemen and three ladies rowing with parasols."

How the children laughed, and pretended to see the parasols rowing, till Harry explained that he meant that the ladies had the parasols, and the gentlemen were rowing. His mother said she would have to give him a dish of boiled grammar for his breakfast, if he did not mind his antecedents better.

"Grammar!" cried George; "dreadful! Aren't you all glad school-days are over for the summer?"

At this blissful recollection all the children clapped their hands at such a rate, that a fat old lady jumped up in a hurry and gave a queer little squeak, because she thought the boiler was bursting; and although they were now in the very middle of the broad Tappaan Sea, she waddled off to order the captain to set her immediately on shore; and a select company of blue jays, who had just started from the Palisades to take tea with some brown sparrows on the other side, turned somersets and flew back again, almost tripping each other up in their hurry.

"Yes, indeed," answered Annie, "glad enough. Just think; no more hard sums either. I do believe arithmetic is meant on purpose to torment us, and that's the reason Willie made that mistake with such a grave face, when the lady asked him how far he had gotten in his sums."

"So it is," cried Clara; "Willie said he had got to *dis*traction; I, for one, wish that all the people that make the arithmetic books had to eat them with pepper-sauce the moment they were printed—and that would be the end of them."

"But compositions! Just think of compositions!" cried Harry; "they are the most hateful things. Just because I wrote in my last one, that 'a mule is a beast of burden which draws a rail-car shaped like a zebra, and is sometimes used for carts with two long ears and a miserable tail,' they all burst out laughing at me, and I very nearly cried—I *did* cry."

"Well, never mind, Harry," cried George; "it is all over now, and we are going to that delightful West Point: I wonder if those soldiers we saw parading with the Japanese last Saturday came from West Point? they were such splendid fellows."

"Yes, indeed," cried Harry; "I dare say they did; they looked as if they were afraid of nothing, but would be really glad to have an arm or a leg shot off in every battle, and are so brave, that they would keep on fighting the enemies of America, if they had only an ear and one great-toe left."

Charley lifted his head and laughed at this, for he could hear all the children were saying; and he whispered to his mother, "Isn't Harry a funny fellow? The idea of one ear, and a great-toe firing a gun!" and he laughed again a sweet, low laugh; and Clara, who was sitting nearest, took his small thin white hand and kissed it, and patted it, and murmured, "Oh, Charley, I'm so glad you are happy; I'm so glad

that cruel pain has gone away."

All this time they had been passing many beautiful villages and elegant country mansions, half buried in luxuriant foliage. They were now leaving the Tappaan Sea; and soon after the little mother showed the children Sunnyside, the lovely home of the great Washington Irving.

"He does not live there any more," said she; "his home is now 'Eternal in the Heavens;' but his fame, and goodness, and renown will live in every land for many, many years; and I hope the beautiful Sunnyside will never fall into neglect or decay as long as his memory lasts."

The children looked with mournful in terest at the beautiful place; but when their mother pointed out the spot where Major Andre was captured, there was quite a difference of opinion; the boys were glad that he, the spy, was taken and hung by the great Washington, while the more tender-hearted girls wished he could have escaped: and Minnie said, "General *Wassingter* ought to have forgiven him, because he would not like to be hung himself—would he?" which, *I* think, was *the golden-rule way* of putting the case.

And now the banks seemed to close in, and great dark mountains rose on either side.

"There's Anthony's nose," said the little mother.

"Where? where?" cried the children, and looked with eager interest, as the profile of a great Roman nose was pointed out on the edge of a mountain. They were also delighted with Sugar-loaf Mountain, and wished it had really been made of sugar, for they thought they would like to eat a hole through it. As they were eagerly gazing at the splendid view which had now darkened and deepened with twilight shadows, a saucy puff of wind came round a jutting point, and in an instant blew off Minnie's round hat.

"Oh! my hat! my hat!" she screamed; "get it! get it! quick! before it goes across the Atlantic Ocean, and runs up the big mountains. Oh! get it! get it!"

How everybody around did laugh, as George jumped after the hat, which Minnie thought would walk on the Atlantic Ocean; and how Minnie jumped and laughed when he caught it just as it was flying off on its travels. I have no words to tell, but everybody after that listened to the comical talk of the Nightcap children, who caused so much merriment, that they arrived at West Point before they knew it; but had to burst out with laughter again as Minnie, gravely looking up, said, "Is

this West Point? Well, I don't think it looks so very, *very* Pointy."

The first stars were peeping out, and the little birds had sung their evening hymns and were hushed into stillness, as the children got into the stage, the strong horses of which toiled up the short but steep ascent, and they soon arrived at their summer home. "Oh, what a beautiful cottage!" exclaimed Harry, and George, and Clara; "it seems covered with roses; it must be the Castle of Perfect Happiness."

They all hurried in, in the most delightful bustle; and the children had a grand time assisting the little mother to unpack every thing. You would have imagined, to look in at the windows, that the house was full of fishes out of water; they kept up such a continual bouncing and fluttering about, but they were not fishes, nor pollywogs, nor tadpoles, nor any thing like them; they were a company of capering children, taking all sorts of little boxes and bundles out of trunks, and putting them in the wrong places, and then running to get some more, because they liked the fun of *helping*.

The good-natured little mother did not think them at all in the way: she only laughed softly to herself, and would not for forty new bandboxes have given them any *ear*-boxes for what they were doing. No, indeed! she just let them trot about as much as they liked with the pillows, boxes, bags, and bundles, of which there seemed to be about a hundred and fifty; and when they were tired of *helping*, she quietly arranged the things in their proper places.

Oh! how soundly the children slept that night with the "fragrant stillness" all around them, far away from the roar and whirl of the great city. The moonlight, sweet and mournful, flooded the earth, and a white ray stole into the room where Charley lay and rested lovingly above his head.

The next day Charley was very ill indeed. Even the short journey from the city had overtasked his strength. He lay in a darkened chamber, for his mother had to shut out the sweet sunshine, his head and side were so racked with pain.

The children crept lovingly up to the door of the room they were not permitted to enter many times during the day; to hope in a whisper that he felt better, and went about the pretty cottage on tip-toe—all their merriment gone. You would hardly believe they were the same children that yesterday had kept half the people in the steamboat laughing; so changed and still were they become, through their love for their sick brother.

The little mother sent for the doctor. He belonged to the army, and, of course dressed like the officers in military uniform.

When he entered, the children gazed with wonder and delight upon his bright buttons, each of which had an astonishing spread-eagle engraved upon it, and thought they could never admire enough the beautiful gold lace upon his coat-sleeves. Really, he was quite a shining doctor.

He became interested with Charley at once: the sweet, patient smile of the suffering boy won his heart.

"My dear madam," said he to the little mother, "this is nothing but temporary exhaustion; with some strengthening medicine which I shall leave, and a good night's rest, our dear little friend will be as well as he was before he came up; and I am in great hopes that this bracing mountain air will soon make him much better than he was before he came."

The children now approached the door and begged leave to enter, for they wanted to hear about Charley, and have a "*good look*" at the "soldier doctor."

"Well, my little friends," said he, in a hearty, cheery voice, "so you've come up, I suppose, to help the fairies amuse Charley this summer."

"Fairies!" exclaimed the children; "DELIGHTFUL! Are there *fairies* here?"

"Lots of them," answered the doctor, laughing—"*that is*, if I may believe my man, Patrick O'Neal. He declares he has seen the fairy rings in the beautiful hollow at the foot of Crow Nest mountain many and many a time."

"Oh dear! how perfect!" cried the children; "only fancy the dear little fairies dancing on the parade-ground in the moonlight."

"Not exactly," said the doctor, laughing again; "fairies don't come so near the haunts of mortals; besides, the cadets want the parade-ground for their own dances and rings—not fairy rings—for those are made with sparkling dew-drops, while the cadets have to content themselves with tallow can dles stuck into scooped-out turnips and placed in a circle, and the lights throwing the shadows up, make the long legs of the cadets look like ever so many great goblin black spiders, hopping harem-scarem over each other; but the cadets call them 'Stag-dances.'"

"*Stag dances*," cried the children, "who ever heard of such a

thing? Why! do they nail antlers on their foreheads and go on all-fours? Dear doctor! how *do* they go?"

"Some on their heels, and some on their toes; but *I* never saw one dance on all-fours; and, as to the antlers, *without* them they prance: 'tis because they're all *boys*, that it's called a 'stag dance.'"

"Why, only listen," whispered George to Annie, "he is talking poetry —how queer!"

"Isn't he a nice bright doctor?" said Minnie; "he shines so shiny, and he's so very *buttony*; I think his buttons are splendid."

The doctor heard this speech and burst out laughing, and then seeing that Minnie looked abashed, he took out his penknife, and in a moment had snipt off one of the spread-eagle buttons, and said, —"Here, little lady-bird—here is a bright button, which you can fasten up your cloak with to-night when you go to the fairies' midsummer ball; for, I suppose, you will all have an invitation, and when I come to-morrow, I expect to hear all about it. Good-bye, Charley; old fellows like you and I don't care to go to balls, but we won't object to hearing about the fairy festival, because that you know will be something particularly superfine;" and he went away smiling, leaving the delighted children chattering like a perfect army of magpies about the fairies, and pretending to think that the good-natured doctor was really in earnest.

THE FAIRIES' LIFE.

It was Midsummer eve; the moon in regal splendor proudly sailed above; the fair, lovely June flowers were sleeping, fanned by the wings of the tiny zephyrs floating past. A spell of enchantment was upon every thing, for a deep stillness reigned around; the little brown cricket had ceased to chirp; the katydid no longer quarrelled in shrill tones with her neighbor; the wail of the sad whippoorwill was hushed; the rugged sides of old Crow Nest were rounded and softened in the silvery moonbeams, adown which the little brooklet sprang this night with a more lightsome leap and a sweeter song.

Charley lay sleeping in his room, his cheek resting on his hand, and his golden curls lightly stirred by the soft west wind, were floating upon the pillow: a faint flush rested upon his sweet face, giving it a lovely, but, alas! deceptive hue of health; his lips were slightly apart, and now they were moving as if he was softly and slowly answering some question.

The window was wide open, and the room was bright with moonbeams; but now a softer, tenderer light, shone through the apartments; the air was filled with delicious fragrance, and low sweet music was heard: afar off, a halo in the moonlight was seen; it came near and nearer; now it was close to the window, and one could plainly perceive that it was a shining band of fairies, floating on the moonbeams with their beautiful Queen at their head.

They stopped at the window, for the Queen, with a wave of her sceptre, gave them to understand that she would enter alone.

She was radiant to-night; a magnificent necklace of many-colored stones cut from a rainbow, sparkled like a wreath of prismatic fire around her white and slender throat; her wings were fringed with small diamond dew-drops; her robe was fashioned of the royal purple velvet of the pansy; and her crown and sceptre flashed with precious gems.

"But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling jewels:"

for the sweet loving expression that beamed from her eyes, and the smile that played about the corners of her beautiful mouth, mirrored the pure, unselfish, spotless nature of the Queen.

Softly she floated towards the couch, and gently touched the boy with her sceptre.

Charley opened his blue eyes. In a sweet amaze he slowly raised himself and leaned upon his arm, gazing in bewildered delight upon the radiant stranger. The little mother still slept on; but in the room was a young kitten—a daughter of Crocus, of whom you read in "New Nightcaps," and whom Charley so loved, that he brought her away with him. She was lying at the foot of his bed; in a moment she bristled up her coat and tail, and darted out her sharp claws in terror at the sight; but at a touch of the Queen's sceptre she drew them into their velvety sheath again, and laid quietly down.

"Dear Charley," said the Queen in a low, sweet voice, "we do so love your innocent and guileless nature, that while the pulses beat, and the blood flows in your frail and fading form, we will do our utmost to drive the demon of pain far away; tender and beautiful influences shall surround you; you shall be a most favored mortal, for you shall be hold the happiest scenes in fairy life; you shall dream the sweetest dreams of fairy-land; this night is our great midsummer festival; even now our subjects are hastening to the beautiful hollow, where the fairy revels are kept. Hark to the fairy call! they are inviting the fays from the beautiful green island that is sleeping in the moonlight opposite to us."

Charley with all his senses quickened, his lips slightly apart, his eyes dilated, one hand raised in an attitude of intense listening, caught the delicious harmony of fairy voices singing these words:

"Hasten fairies—haste away;
Hasten through the golden spray;
Hasten to the frolic play.

"Fly o'er water—fly o'er vale;
Ply the oar, and spread the sail;
Hie ye to the moon-lit dale.

"Silver sweet the music swells
Of the snow-white lily-bells,
And the sounding pink sea-shells.

"Hither—hither, haste away
To the fairies' frolic play;
'Tis the festive fairy-day."

Brighter grew the eyes of the sick boy, and his cheek flushed with excitement as he listened.

"Oh, how beautiful!" he murmured; "what dainty little rippling notes!"

"Listen again," said the Queen, with a gratified smile, for she liked to hear her peo ple praised; "listen! the island fairies are answering."

Was it magic that brought those tiny voices so far over the water? Surely it was, for there rose on the air a clear tinkling sound like the ringing of little glass bells; and Charley heard these words:

"Beaming moon—shimmering fountain—
Light, and deck the fairy dell;
We are coming to the mountain,
From the isle we love so well:
To the fairy ball we hie;
Thought-swift through the purple sky
We are hastening at the call;
'Tis the great midsummer ball.

"Open lily—blossom rose,
Shed around thy perfume light;
Heliotrope—thy sweets disclose
To the fragrant dews of night.
Dogwood grim we fairies banish;
Purple nightshade! fly! evanish!
We are hastening at the call;
'Tis the great midsummer ball.

"Chime hare-bells! clearly, sweetly,
Joy our hearts with blithe accord,
As we fairies neatly, featly,
Trip it o'er the dainty sward.
Velvet sod thy carpet spread,
With small buds enamellèd,
We are hastening at the call;
'Tis the great midsummer ball.

"Oh!" exclaimed the entranced boy, "how I should like to see the beautiful fairies dancing in the moonlight. May I, sweet lady?"

With a loving smile the Queen bent over and lightly tapped him thrice upon each shoulder-blade with her jewelled sceptre. Immediately a pair of gauzy wings started from his back. With an involuntary motion he gently waved them back and forth, and felt himself rising—*rising*—RISING—till he had floated out of the window into the moonbeams. The poor little kitten set up a piteous cry, but a fairy spell was upon the mother, for she slept quietly on.

Oh! with what delight was the enchanted boy now welcomed by the waiting train outside! They pressed lovingly around him; they played with his golden curls; they fanned him with their delicate wings; they looked down into the lambent depths of his clear blue eyes, and saw his pure spirit within so free from guile; they touched with their tender fingers his poor little thin white neck and breast, and felt his heart beating fast and faster with delight.

Up, up they mounted, and a joyous thrill, like a sweet and sudden wind, shook the leaves of the trees as they passed swiftly by them.

And now they approached the beautiful hollow; they heard the stirring sound of the fairy kettle-drums (which you know are chestnut shells, divided in half, with mouse-skin drawn tightly over). Quickly they floated over the last tree-tops; the frisky young fairies folding their wings and sliding down the moonbeams for fun, just as you slide down the bannisters.

They are there, directly over the beautiful hollow, floating slowly downward with a graceful waving motion; and Charley looked on a most enchanting sight. Crowds of fairies were assembled within an immense circle of sparkling dew-drops, tricked out in all their holiday attire. More were coming in on every side; some in their nut-shells and four—others flying through the soft air. In the centre of the hollow the mossy throne was this night surmounted by a magnificent canopy of scarlet geraniums, looped up at the sides by splendid clasps, formed of the backs of the scarlet lady-bug, dotted with spots of jet. The canopy was heavily fringed with small scarlet fuchsias, or lady's ear-drops. At the foot of the throne there appeared to be a low seat of heaped-up rose-leaves, and in a circle round it a double row of glow-worms shed a soft clear light. Small mushroom tables, filled with plates of dew-drop ices, were already laid out; and the fairies only waited for the presence of their beloved Queen to open the ball.

Suddenly the music quickened; the fire-flies sparkled and danced, and all rose respectfully as the Queen touched the green velvety floor. Bowing and smiling, she gracefully seated herself upon the throne, and tenderly placed the spell-bound Charley upon the rose-leaf couch at her feet. The rich color of the beautiful canopy threw a rosy blush over the boy's sweet face; and the glancing fairies thought they had never seen a lovelier mortal. Although the soft rose-leaves pressed caressingly around him and hid his poor deformed limbs, it would have made no difference if they had been plainly seen, for the fairies only looked in his *face*, where so much purity and goodness shone; and, seeing this, they loved him, and were glad he had come.

"Where is Slyboots?" said the Queen.

"At your feet, most gracious Majesty," answered the sprite, dropping down all at once from somewhere.

"And what is the last piece of mischief, you comical imp?"

"Your Majesty! Mischief! I disapprove of it! but I have just been tying Peas-cod and Bean-pod together by their long green coat-tails, because they are such grumbling, discontented chaps."

"How do you know?" asked the Queen.

"Please your Majesty," answered Slyboots, "I heard Peas-cod say that he hated the sight of every thing and everybody; that all other fairies could wear different colors, while he had to be green all his days; then he opened his mouth so wide, and gave such a fearful yawn, I thought all his round bones would roll out; *I* think, your Majesty, he is not only green—he is '*jolly*' green."

"Don't talk slang to me," said the Queen, though she laughed a little; "but go on and tell me about Bean-pod."

"Oh! Bean-pod is miserable because of his shape; he says he is bigger round his waist than anywhere else, and that is *so* ungenteel; all your Majesty's maids of honor laugh and make faces at him."

"Ah! I cannot have that," said the Queen; "all must be happy here, especially on midsummer night. Go, Slyboots, and command them to come into my presence."

Off started the sprite, and presently returned with the naughty fairies looking very much ashamed of themselves, with their coat-tails all curled round from having been tied in a hard knot. Lilliebelle and Dewdrop laughed behind their butterfly wing-fans, while Ripple and Firefly curled their mustaches, and looked on with dandified airs.

The Queen began with a severe aspect: "I regret to learn, Peas-cod and Bean-pod, that you are indulging in discontent; it is very wicked in any one to murmur or repine at his lot in this world. Learn from this mortal," she continued, placing her hand tenderly on Charley's head; "almost since his birth he has led a life of suffering, yet no repining falls from his patient lips; he is willing to live, and he will be resigned to die. I think my story-teller, Charm-ear, has written down something that happened to some neighbors of ours in the little brook near by, which will serve as a warning to you. Would you like to hear this story, Charley?"

"Oh, beautiful lady!" cried Charley; for, being an American boy, he did not know he must say 'your Majesty.' "Oh, beautiful lady! a story

would be so—so *fairy* nice!"

The Queen smiled, and, waving her hand to Charm-ear, the court story-teller, he began as follows:

THE THREE LITTLE FISH.

"Not very long ago, in our beautiful brook, there lived three little silver trouts, who were very great friends. For some time they were happier than the day was long, playing together, eating together, and sleeping cosily together in the same little cave scooped out of a stone under the water, and wanted for nothing that good little fishes ought to have.

"But after this I am sorry to have to tell that two of the little trout became very sad and discontented: one wished for this, the other for that, and neither cared a shrimp for any thing he had, because they were always foolishly sighing for something else.

"At last Neptune, the King of the Sea, heard of these naughty little fish, and he resolved to punish them, by granting them all their desires.

"Accordingly he called them before him, and told them they should have whatever they wanted.

"Now, the oldest was a very proud little fish, and wanted to be able to snub up all the other fishes, by being set above them--so he said,

"'Please your gracious goodness Majesty, I do not like the place where you have put me. Here I am poked into a mean, narrow river, where I can neither get down into the ground, or up into the air, and yet I can see well enough what fine times others have; there are the little birds that fly about over my head, and sing all day, because they have wings. Give me wings, gracious goodness Majesty--only give me wings, and then I shall have something for which to be thankful; in fact, it will make me perfectly happy.'

"No sooner asked for than granted. In a moment the little fish felt the wings fluttering, and in another moment he had spread them wide, and rose joyfully out of the water.

"Ah! what a delicious sensation. He resolved to travel; then a thought struck him.

"'One favor more, your gracious Majesty.'

"'Well, speak,' answered Neptune.

"'Give me a wife, so that I may not fly alone in the world.'

"'Granted,' said the Sea King; and immediately a beautiful little silver trout swam the surface, and then flew to his side.

"With joy the silver fish greeted his mate, and forthwith they fluttered into a tree on the banks of the Hudson River, and commenced building a nest.

"In the due course of time a brood of little flying fish were peeping up in the nest, and the papa and mamma had their hands full (so to speak) in finding food for their young; they were very happy, and thought this was the perfection of living, and heartily despised their old companions in the beautiful brook.

"But, alas! in this world it is very often the case that just as we have attained our wishes, and are perfectly happy--bang! it is all over. This was literally the case with our poor little trout, for a party of sportsmen crossing the river in a row-boat seeing such a queer bird, one of them deliberately took aim and shot the mother trout, just as she was returning with food for her children; and the poor papa, who had been keeping watch on the nest, in the extremity of his terror, opened his mouth, and popped out his eyes, and took to flight, and left his family to be captured by the wicked sportsmen.

DEATH OF THE SILVER TROUT.

"But our little flying fish happened to alight among desert-like sands and rocks--far, far away from the least thing to eat or drink. Faint, weary, and unable to rise again, he lay fluttering, panting, and beating himself against the flinty stones. Oh! how he longed for one drop of crystal water out of his own little brook--only one drop.

"Gasping, wounded, and sore, he lay there, wretched and all alone, till at length, with a sob and a sigh, he breathed his last. He was dead.

"The second little silver trout was not so high-minded as the first; still he was dreadfully conceited, and moreover, he was a narrow-hearted, selfish little fish; for, provided _he_ was safe and happy, he did not care the flap of a fin, what became of all the rest of the fishes in the whole universe, or anywhere else.

"'So,' said he to Neptune, 'may it please your worshipful honor; I do not wish for wings to fly, for I do not care to poke my nose into strange places; I might get lost or hurt, you

know; I was contented enough until the other day, when I saw a great rope come down into the water, and fasten itself in some mysterious way about the gills of a sweet little cousin of mine, and she was hauled and dragged out of the water before my eyes, wriggling and struggling with fright and pain. It scared me terribly, your worshipful honor; for I thought this dreadful rope might some time fasten upon me. Now, all I desire, is to know the meaning of this rope, and of every single one of the dangers to which you have subjected us poor little fishes.'

"No sooner said than done. Neptune opened the eyes of the little trout in such a marvellous manner, that he understood in a moment all about snares, nets, hooks, and the lines, which he called a rope, artificial flies, and every other danger to which little fishes are exposed.

"At first he was perfectly delighted with his newly-acquired knowledge, and he took precious good care from this time forth, not to go into deep water, for fear a great greedy pike or some other great fish might be there and swallow him up at a mouthful. He kept away from the shallow places in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up. When he saw a shadow on the water, he said to himself, 'Halloo! here are the good-for-nothing fishermen with their nets!' and immediately he sculled away and got under the banks, where he sat trembling in all his scales; and when he saw a tempting fly skimming on the water, or a nice fat worm, he did not dare to bite, although he was half-starved. 'No, no,' said the little trout, 'I am not such a fool as all that comes to; go and tempt those _flats_, the flounders; _I_ know better.'

"In this way the poor little silver trout kept himself in a continual fright and flurry; and, of course, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for fear some mischief might be at hand.

"He grew poorer and poorer, and sighed and frightened himself to skin and bone, until at last--ah me!--dear me!--alas! he died, for fear of dying.

"Now when Neptune came to the youngest trout, and asked him what he wished for, he said: 'Oh, your great big Highness, you know I am but a very foolish and good-for-nothing little fish; I don't know what is good for me and what is bad for me; and I wonder how I came to be thought worth bringing into the world at all. But if I must wish for any thing,

it is that you will please to do whatever you think best; I shall be happy to live or die, just as you would have me.'

"When the precious little silver trout had said all this so sweetly and modestly, Neptune immediately felt an immense liking for him, and determined to take great care of this sweet little fish who had such entire trust in his goodness; so he watched tenderly over him, and was a father and a friend to him. He put a perfect fountain of contentment into his gills, and, consequently, happiness into his heart.

"Thus, this dear little trout slept always in peace, and wakened in gladness; and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleased and thankful; and he is now the happiest of all the little fishes that swim in our beautiful brook."

A delighted murmur of applause rose on every side as Charm-ear finished this excellent story; and Charley was, if possible, still more enchanted to find such a capital moral in a story told by a fairy. Peas-cod and Bean-pod looked very uncomfortable as the Queen said, "Thank you, Charm-ear; you have related the story well; and I hope," she continued, looking kindly at the discontented fays, "it will have a profitable effect. It is no doubt a great blessing to possess what one wishes; but it is a greater blessing still, not to desire that which we can never possess."

Then the Queen, who ruled altogether by LOVE, said: "Go, dear Peas-cod and Bean-pod—go join the dances; I give you Lilliebelle and Dewdrop for partners, and let me hear no more of discontent."

The two green fairies brightened up amazingly when they heard their Queen speaking so kindly; really, their green coats became quite fashionable-looking—and not such a bad color either; and though Lilliebelle and Dewdrop pouted a little at their humble partners, they dared not disobey the Queen; but soon the inspiring music and the pleasure of dancing, of which, like all fairies and most young ladies, they were immoderately fond, caused them to forget their annoyance, especially as Peas-cod and Bean-pod were accomplished dancers, and hopped about in the most surprising manner.

And Charley looked on in an ecstasy of delight, and the flush deepened and brightened in his cheek. It seemed as if a million of tiny flowers of every color had been taken from their stems and had gone on a pic-nic, and were now at the very height of their fun. Such

laughing! such dancing! such eager rushing for the ices and other goodies, just as you do at your parties. In one corner a small party of extremely fashionable belles were promenading, each holding a parasol over her head made of a small green leaf, to preserve her complexion; for you must know that moonbeams are very tanning. Among the honeysuckles, the elderly fairies were playing backgammon, talking, and pretending to admire each others' dresses, thinking their own handsomer all the time; while the bachelor fairies were smoking poppy leaf cigars, and ordering any quantity of buttercups of Maydew.

All at once a tremendous shout of laughter was heard, and Charley and the Queen looking eagerly in the direction whence it came, saw, to their unspeakable astonishment, the old prime minister turning a somerset in the air. He got up, walked a few steps, and went head-over-heels again; while the fairies, ready for any fun, thought he had become crack-brained and was doing it on purpose, and screamed with laughter.

But, bless your little heart! what a mistake they made! Rising from his last leap in the air, with a scowl on his face, breathing forth fire and fury like a hippogriff or a fiery dragon, he pushed his way through the crowd and marched straight to the throne, where, kneeling as well as he could for his bumps and bruises, he demanded of the Queen in a shrill, gasping, wheezing voice, like the wind whistling through a broken bellows:

"Your Majesty!! your Majesty!!! that wretch! that Slyboots! confine him in a nut-shell for a thousand years! tie him fast to a hornet! cut off his wings! oh! oh! oh! the impertinent little scamp!"

"Why, my lord, calm yourself," said the Queen; while Charley looked on in bewildered astonishment at the enraged prime minister, and a great crowd of fairies gathered around.

"Tell me what has happened."

"I need not remind your Majesty that our state affairs are very much behindhand, and not feeling inclined to mix with coxcombs like Ripple, (here the Queen frowned, and Ripple, who was just behind him, made a grimace,) I went to one of the mushroom tables, and sat down to finish my memorial regarding the loan for the hospital for sick bumble-bees, when this torment of a Sly boots comes up, and looking over my shoulder, exclaims, 'What! my lord; surely you are not going to stupefy the Queen with the odious sick bumble-bee memorial *to-night*, are you? Say?'"

"'Certainly I am,' I said; 'what would become of all the business in

the Queen's dominions if it were not for me? Go away, you ugly Ouphe!' At this, Slyboots rushed off in such a haste, and with such a wicked gleam in his eye, that I smelt mischief immediately. 'After finishing my memorial on eleven bees-wings closely written, I was hastening with it to your Majesty, when I fell, with great violence, over three successive ropes that were stretched across the section of the hollow where I had been writing, crumpling and soiling my memorial, and breaking off a corner of my right wing. I know it is Slyboots that has committed this outrage. Drive him out of your kingdom, your Majesty! give him up to the water fairies! tell the snails to poke him well with their horns!' and in a very torrent of passion and anger, the prime minister was going on, when the Queen interrupted him with —'Softly, softly, my lord; we will call Slyboots and hear what he says.'"

And now there was a great call for the culprit; and presently he came in the ring, riding on a comical-looking bull-frog, and making tremendous leaps, apparently in great haste, as if he had been on a long journey, and had just that moment arrived. With an inconceivably roguish air, he alighted, and hastening up, bent his knee before the Queen. The foolish young fairies came very near bursting out laughing when they saw him put on a demure, innocent look of surprise, as he caught sight of the scowling face of the prime minister; but at that moment her Majesty said in an angry tone:

"What shocking mischief have you been doing?"

"*I* have been doing nothing, your Majesty."

"And who helped you to do it, you saucy goblin?"

"Only a little brown spider," said Slyboots, "and he didn't mean to."

"But between you two, the prime minis ter has had three heavy falls; and I am afraid not without intention on *your* part."

"Please your Majesty, if my lord, the prime minister, loads himself with such a heavy article as that sick humble-cum-tumble-bee memorial, and then puts his eyes in his pockets, no wonder he can't see straight before him, and falls down and cracks his crown. Why don't he be jolly, like the rest of us? Your Majesty had better order an unlimited quantity of dandelion feather-beds to be put around in spots for my lord, the prime minister, to turn head over heels in."

"Hush! sauce-box," cried the Queen; while the prime minister gave him a furious look. "Here, Trip (turning to a page), go bring me the little brown spider; I must get at the bottom of this business."

The little brown spider came and made her obeisance, all in a fuzz

of fear, for she could not imagine why she was called into the presence of the Queen. She shook so violently, that her Majesty said, kindly:

"Don't be afraid, Brownie; but tell me, with perfect truth, what did Slyboots employ you about this evening?"

"Please your beautiful Majesty," began the spider, "Slyboots is my friend, and I would not like to get him into trouble."

"That is neither here nor there," said the Queen; "I command you to tell me what you did for him."

"Well," said the spider, almost crying, "Slyboots came to my house in the grape-vine in the greatest hurry, and begged me to scrabble and scratch with all my might and main to a certain part of the hollow, and spin three ropes, knee high, just as quickly as possible across it, as some of the court had taken a prodigious fancy to tight-rope dancing, and meant to give an exhibition before the evening was over; and he was to give me, for doing it, just the fattest little fly I ever beheld, which he had fast by the legs; it made my mouth water only to look at it; so, your Majesty may believe, I rushed down and worked at the ropes for dear life, and finished them to Slyboots' satisfaction, for he gave me the delicious fly, and I've just finish ed eating it up; and that is all I know about it, please your beautiful Majesty."

It was all as plain as moonlight; and after one moment passed in vainly endeavoring to suppress their merriment, the whole court burst into such a scream of laughter, that the very leaves rustled, as if some musical wind had stirred them. Of course not a fairy had ever heard that anybody had taken up the profession of tight-rope dancing, and Slyboots was at once convicted of having told a dreadful fib, and had the ropes erected for the express purpose of tripping up the prime minister, to prevent his boring the Queen on the great gala night with his sick bumble-bee memorial.

There the naughty sprite stood with a penitent look out of one eye, and winking ridiculously with the other; and the fairies having laughed till they were tired, now waited in breathless silence to hear his sentence pronounced.

Charley was really sorry for Slyboots; he was distressed that the fairy had told a falsehood; but, as to the mischief, it was so like the capers his own brothers and sisters were always cutting, that he felt very certain the comical little imp had not one grain of malice in his heart, so he softly touched the Queen's knee, and as she kindly bent down to him, whispered—"Oh, beautiful lady! he has a good heart, and he is very sorry; please to forgive him."

"Slyboots," began the Queen, in a tone which she tried to make very severe, "you have passed all reasonable bounds in this last prank; you have outraged and insulted my faithful servant—and, worse than all, you have told an untruth. If it had not been for this last, I might have forgiven you after you had made fitting apologies to the prime minister; even now I shall lighten your punishment, because this pure and lovely mortal has interceded for you. Listen to your sentence. My power tells me that the great wasp, Spiteful, has just entered the chamber where little Minnie, Charley's sister, is lying peacefully asleep, and within the hour he will thrust his poisonous cruel sting into the tender arm of the little child. With your wings to dart here and there, you might easily conquer him; but these must be fastened together by your friend Brownie, and within the hour you must bring me the dead body of the wasp. You have heard; Brownie, to your work!"

In the midst of a deep silence, the poor little trembling spider began to spin thread after thread round and round the beautiful gauzy wings of the disgraced and now sorrowful fay; one after the other the beautiful tints of blue, and gold, and purple, first faded, then were hidden under the misty cloud-color of network.

The court looked on in sorrow, for the elfin was beloved by many, but not a fay dared murmur or question the justice of the sentence. At last his wings, of a dead dull gray, were prisoned fast; and the Queen, waving her sceptre, said—"Go, Slyboots; if you carry a right spirit to your work, you will win the fight."

The fairy said not a word, but bowed him low, and turned sadly away. The time was short, and he must hasten and don his stoutest armor, for the foe was deadly. A friendly grasshopper offered to take him to the foot of the window where he must enter. With a gleeful spring he mounted, and away with great leaps they went through the ferns and over the grass, scrambling painfully in and out of bramble bushes, and pricking themselves with the sharp nettles that lay in their path. But the grasshopper (that friend in need) carried him bravely through them all, and came at last to a little house under a great mushroom, where Slyboots kept bachelor's hall.

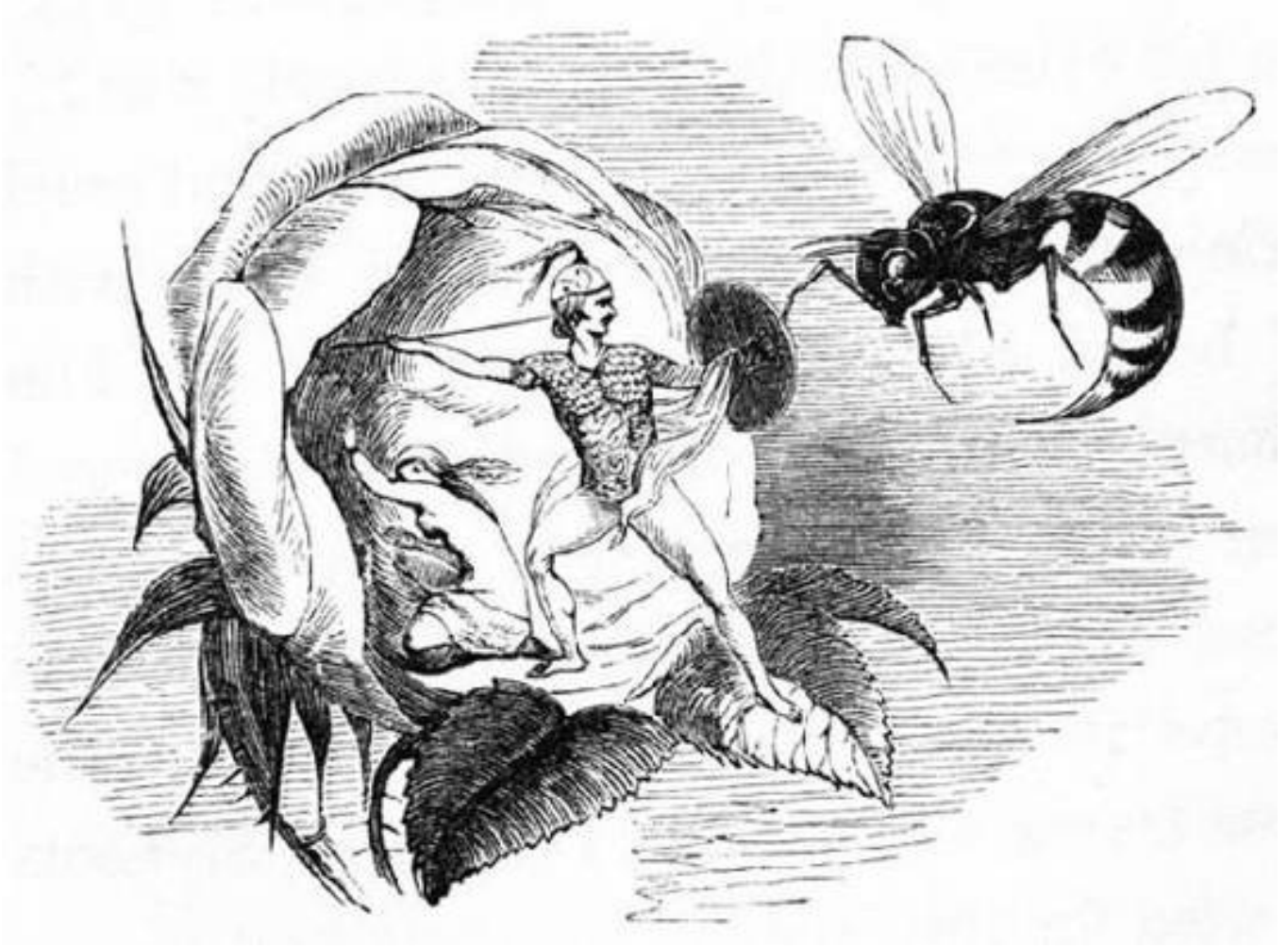
Here he alighted, and hastily fastened on his acorn helmet, with its beautiful plume from the humming bird's breast; then he donned his close-fitting vest, made of the skin of the prickly-pear—the sharp points bristling terror to invaders. On his left arm he carried his trusty shield, made of the back of the golden beetle, and his right hand grasped his sharp blade, fashioned out of the blue sword-grass.

Swiftly he bestrode his grasshopper steed again, and in a few moments they were be neath the open window of the room where lay the sleeping child.

Alighting, and thanking his friendly courser, Slyboots clambered up by the luxuriant rose-vine fastened against the cottage wall, and in a moment had dropped noiselessly into the room.

It was flooded with sweet clear moonlight. Clusters of roses were peeping in at the window, but none were half so lovely as the little human rose-bud lying so quietly in her tiny white bed. She might have come out of Elfin land—she was so fair and sweet; her merry blue eyes closed, her little song-voice stilled, and a lovely flush on her soft cheek from the kissing of the warm and balmy wind, which danced in and out of its own sweet will.

Hovering over her—a malignant gleam in his eyes—was the wasp. Already was his body curved to inflict the mean and cruel sting upon the defenceless child, when, with a bound, Slyboots was upon him, cut him sharply with his sword, and then scampered out of the window and took refuge in a great rose, apologizing to the little fairy whose home it was. With his back against the rose-leaves, and his shield on guard, Slyboots waited for the fray.



SLYBOOTS FIGHTING THE WASP.

Out came the wasp, breathing fire and fury; his usual snarling hum changed into a fiendish roar of rage. Then did begin a most tremendous battle!! The fairy's blows fell thick and fast upon the horny head of his enemy, who vainly sought to sting him; but the trusty shield was never off duty. The wasp kept up a horrid din, as with maddening ferocity and desperation, he tried to find his foe, for he was now blinded with the blows. Panting with pain, and roaring with rage, he flew wildly round and round, returning each time with fourfold fury to the charge, till at last a well-directed stroke of the elfin's sword cleft his head asunder, and he fell prone to the earth, with one prodigious kick of all his feet in the air together.

Down jumped Slyboots from the friendly rose, and making sure of the death of his enemy by sundry bangs and whacks with the flat of his sword, quickly made a stout rope of corn silk, and fastening it round the head of the wasp, began his joyful journey back to the fairy hollow.

The good grasshopper had been a deeply interested spectator of the battle; his eyes hanging out like a lobster's with anxiety, and chirping a perfectly continuous rattle of encouragement to Slyboots,

so that really he was as hoarse as a bull-frog when it was all over. With cheerful alacrity he helped the breathless fairy tie up the dead body of the wasp, and willingly allowed the other end of the corn silk rope to be fastened to one of his long hind legs; and then Slyboots mounting him once more, he tugged and scrambled along with his double burthen with so much hearty *will*, that they arrived at the fairy ground at least one minute and a quarter within the hour.

Meanwhile harmony and order had been restored in the beautiful hollow. The old prime minister was fast asleep under a fern leaf, with his precious bumble-bee memorial under his head, and Charley was watching with delighted interest the many happy groups upon which the moonbeams lovingly rested. Some were dancing the Fairy Lancers, some eating and laughing at the little tables, some having a childish game of cats-cradle with the tendrils of the grape-vine, and all were full of mirth and gaiety, as noisy and happy as it was possible to be; in fact, the fairies were marvellously like you, little reader; you are both full of fun and noise, and have no idea of going through the world slowly and carefully, as if you were stepping on one feather-bed, and had your head tied up in another. Not at all! they and you just jump and tumble about with prodigious talents for frolic, wearing out your shoes, and tearing your clothes—that is, *you*, for the fairies' shoes and clothes have a patent trick of always looking fresh and new. Charley thought his dear brothers and sisters were very like these little creatures in their fondness for fun, and he did wish that they were here this Midsummer night to have "a real good time."

Presently the Queen said to him, "Charley, did you ever blow bubbles?"

"Yes, often, beautiful lady."

"And what have you seen in them?" asked the Queen.

"Oh! the most lovely colors! and sometimes a charming tiny picture of the room where we were."

"Would you like to see some *fairy* bubbles?"

"Ah, yes! I should like it of all things."

The Queen gently clapped her hands, and instantly a page was kneeling at her feet.

"Go, Light-wing," said the Queen, "and tell Fancy to come here with her basin of foam and magic pipe."

The fairy rose from his knee, bowed low, and sped away. In an instant he returned in company with the daintiest, most ethereal little

elf in fairy-land. Her wings were of air—her golden ringlets danced in the "tremulous, singing wind," giving out the perfume of the blossoming lily; her tiny rose-bud of a mouth opened, disclosing the whitest and smallest seed-pearl teeth, as with a smile beaming with love and sweetness, she said:

"Beloved Queen, most gladly have I come at your bidding. Deign but to command, and I will hasten to obey."

"Dear Fancy," said the Queen, placing her hand tenderly upon Charley's shoulder, "here is a lovely mortal who has suffered from his infancy; but all his pain has not been sufficient to sour his temper, or conquer his gratitude and love for the blessings and mercies which remain to him. As flowers spring from the dust, so have love, and truth, and every noble quality, sprung from the dark and bitter suffering of his life. For this I love him, and will strive to make the few days left to him on earth less sad, less painful; and I will do this by showing him all our fairy life. I have sent for you to ask you to exhibit, for his amusement, some magic bubbles; I would like him to look at them now."

For answer, the little elf bowed gracefully, dipped her pipe in the foaming dew, and began to breathe softly through the stem.

Soon the thin bubble rose in the twinkling fire-fly light. At first it was all of a gray-dark color; but out of this dark, like the sun breaking through the mist, bright golden and ruby tints began to appear.

It grew in size and splendor, till at last the fairy gently waving the pipe, the bubble slowly and gracefully floated away, and up a little, and then poised itself, and rested just before Charley.

It was like a moving picture in an oval frame. Within appeared a large and handsome parlor; a number of beautiful little children were grouped about the room, evidently waiting for some event to happen. Presently a baby-boy entered—a perfect bud of beauty. His fine and snowy-white garment was daintily embroidered and trimmed after a most royal fashion, with ivy leaves. Upon his beautiful head, crowned with light and lovely pale golden curls, was a wreath also of ivy.

With his luminous starry eyes uplifted, and the dimples peeping in and out of his rose-pink cheeks, he went around and offered a welcoming kiss to every one in the room. It was his birthday. Two sweet, happy years, had been unfurled in his little life, and the children were now gathered together in honor of the event.

Charley gazed with lips apart, intent and eager.

All at once he exclaimed,—

"Why! it is Howard! little Howard! Why, yes! and there is sweet little Carrie, his sister, with the beautiful wreath of roses, and the roses on her dress! Oh! what wonders I am seeing!"

As he spoke, a lady entered, Howard's loving and lovely mother, with an immense paper bag, and proceeded to fasten it to the chandelier in the centre of the ceiling; then some one else came in, and spread a large white sheet upon the carpet immediately underneath.

Then one of the little ones was blindfolded, and a cane was put into his hands. He was to try to strike the bag, but instead, he made a tremendous whack at nothing half a yard one side of the bag, which made the children laugh merrily.

Charley laughed, too; you could *hear* him, but he could only *see* that the children in the magic bubble were laughing.

"I know them almost all!" he cried, in a voice of delight; "there are Eva, and Robbie, and Alice, and Hattie, and Minnie, and Eddie, and sweet little Kitty and Mortie; and oh! how happy they all look! how perfect! and what a nice time they must be having!"

After two or three had tried to strike the bag, little baby Howard had the handkerchief tied *above* his eyes, just for fun, because he was too little to be *really* blindfolded; and, armed with the cane, he grasped it with both tiny hands, his eyes dancing with glee, and a gladsome smile parting his sweet little mouth, showing the pearly teeth within. He gave the bag a sounding thump, and instantly it burst asunder, and a perfect cataract of candies and sugar-plums poured down upon the carpet. Quick as a flash every child in the room was clustered together upon the sheet helter-skelter, head-over-heels, laughing, screaming, dashing after the candies; and then—the bubble burst, and Charley saw no more.

"Oh! oh! how beautiful! how wonderful!" said the lame boy; "dear, dear little fairy! I thank you; but I should so like to know what the children did after that."

Again the pipe was dipped in the foam-dew, and the fairy blew out another bubble, that floated away and rested as before.

This time a wide hall, with a table in the centre, appeared. Upon the table the colored waiters were quickly placing large dishes of cakes, oranges, mottoes, and pyramids of cream. A door, within which shone a bright light, opened into this hall, and a little dancing

form flitting past now and then, showed that the children were frolicking inside.

When the table was so perfectly covered, that it very nearly broke down under the weight of goodies, there was seen issuing from the parlor-door, first, the beautiful little king of the feast, carried in his father's arms, his eyes sparkling, and his whole face radiant with smiles. After him came, two and two, all the lovely little band; they marched entirely round the table, and you may be sure they all looked one way—and that way was the table-way, of course, where such a grand feast was spread out. *That* was the party, as I once heard a little girl say, and who added, "Oh! I'm so glad! the party has come—look what a lot of it!"

And now what a tremendous time the boys had helping the little girls, and filling their laps with every thing they could lay their hands on, and then cramming their own pockets till they stuck out all over like balloons.

Just as they were in the height of eating, and laughing, and presenting each other with mottoes, on which were printed the most beautiful poetry, declaring that they would love each other as long as they lived, and nobody knows how much longer; and Charley was looking on wild with delight—presto! the bubble suddenly burst, and the picture was gone.

"Oh! can any thing be more perfect!" cried Charley. "I am so happy! Dear little fairy! do let me kiss you for making me so happy."

With a loving smile the beautiful elfin fluttered her wings and flew into his breast, where she lay nestling like a little white dove. Charley tenderly lifted her up, kissed her soft tiny cheek, touched her golden ringlets, and felt her breath, fragrant as the perfume of violets, fanning his face. He was silent with happiness, painting over in his mind Fancy's magic pictures. The beautiful Queen sat watching him, and enjoying his delight, when a far-off sound startled them both—a sound of acclamation. Nearer and nearer it came, till the air rang with tiny shouts and joyful clapping of hands. The voices were respectfully hushed as a crowd of fairies advanced into the Queen's presence; and Charley saw that Slyboots was in their midst, weary and breathless, his wings still hidden in the spider-net, but exultantly dragging the dead wasp by the corn-silk cord. His wee face looked pale; but his eyes shone with the old brightness, as the Queen's glance fell kindly and approvingly upon him.

"Did you arrive in time to save Minnie from the cruel sting?" she said.

"I did, please your gracious Majesty," answered Slyboots.

"And did you waken her?"

"No, my Queen; I struck the wasp, and drew him outside of the window, where I took refuge in a rose, and from thence, with my good sword, I gave him battle. Long and fiercely we fought in the moonlight. The little yellow butterflies crept under the leaves affrighted; the midges in the air trembled, and whispered to each other that an earthquake was surely at hand; but at last my enemy bit the dust, and I pounded him till he was as dead as the prime minister's abominable bumble-bee's mem—"

"Silence!" interrupted the Queen; but she really had to laugh, for Slyboots looked at her with such a comical twist of his eye, which changed to a beam of happiness as her Majesty said to him:

"You have done your task aright, and gladly we forgive you; but remember, Slyboots, never let your love of fun carry you so far again; and put this piece of advice in your pocket—keep out of the way of the prime minister the next time you have tight ropes erected for your friends to dance on."

Slyboots' face grew as red as a scarlet poppy at this allusion, and the laugh that followed; and the Queen, seeing his confusion, said: "Quick, Ripple—quick, Firefly—release his wings."

In a moment the fairy knights had cut away the gray network, and Slyboots joy fully shook his wings, now brighter than ever.

Just at that moment a bugle-call sounded from the sentry at the top of Crow Nest, and a faint twittering of a little bird was heard in a tree skirting the hollow. The dawn was coming, lifting the dew-mist from the lap of the earth; a faint light was streaking the east, as the Queen, gathering her shining band, with Charley in the midst, rose in the air, and flitted away to the cottage window. Softly they laid him down, and the Queen touched his eyes. The white lids drooped heavily, then closed, as a grateful balmy sleep wrapped his senses like a mantle.

Then the Queen softly detached the gauzy wings, and handed them to her page, Lightwing, charging him to guard them carefully. The little mother lay with her cheek in her hand, never stirring, and the kitten looked on this time with a friendly purr; and just as the first day glimpse had gilded the hill-tops, the fairy train had vanished into the sweet hazy mist of the Midsummer Morn.

THE CHILDREN'S LIFE.

Midsummer morning broke in gorgeous, glorious brightness. Light fleecy clouds floated swiftly over the blue heaven; a crisp fresh wind curled the waters of the Hudson; and the beautiful little island opposite West Point lay on its bosom like an emerald; its green banks clasped by the loving tide.

With the first drum-beat, the happy Nightcap children were up and dressed; and having, with more gratitude than usual, thanked their Heavenly Father for so many blessings, they went first to inquire how their dear brother Charley had passed the night.

"Hush!" said the little mother, as they came to the door, "don't chatter now; Charley is still sleeping; do not make any noise; see how lovely he looks."

The children crept in on tiptoe, and gazed lovingly at the sleeping boy. At that moment a warm glow flashed suddenly into his cheek, and his lips parted in a glad smile.

"Oh! see, see!" whispered the children, "Charley is dreaming; perhaps he is talking to the fairies the doctor told us about; when he awakes we will ask him."

Then they went softly down stairs and out into the fresh delicious air. The birds were chanting their morning hymns; the lawn was golden green with the sun's rays, and spangled with dew. Bees were dreamily humming over the wealth of honeysuckles and roses that covered the cottage-wall, gathering their sweet and fragrant food at their leisure.

The children felt the blessed influences of all these lovely works of the great Creator in an increase (if such a thing were possible) of their happiness and joy.

You would have thought they were made of corks, so lightly did they skip here and there, running round the trees after each other, the boys turning somersets on the grass, and the girls declaring that they could get to the top of Crow Nest with only a hop, skip, and jump.

"Oh, delightful!" cried George, "to get up a mountain with three steps! you'll have to borrow Jack's seven-leagued boots. I wonder

who lives on the top?"

"Why, the crows, to be sure," said Harry, "and they keep up *such* a talking; it is like a hail-storm all the time; you never heard any thing like the way crows can scold. If one crow is caught stealing, all the rest caw and croak at him, till he very nearly goes into fits, and then they all fly at him till he hasn't a feather left; I read all about it in my Natural History."

"Oh!" cried little Minnie, "how I like to hear stories about fishes! tell another crow story."

While the children were good-naturedly laughing and explaining to Minnie that a crow was a bird, their mother appeared at the cottage-door and said, "Breakfast, children."

In they all rushed, quite ready for the nice corn-bread, boiled eggs, and *real milk*—not *milkman's* milk—but they looked round in some surprise for Charley.

"He is still sleeping," said the little mother, "and smiling in his sleep; this quiet rest will do him so much good, I hope. Oh, my precious Charley!" she exclaimed, "if I could only keep you a little longer;" and her eyes filled with tears.

The children looked sad and grave, and two or three went round and kissed their mother, and patted her kind cheek, and said they were sure Charley was better. After breakfast they stole softly up stairs to look again at their darling brother.

Charley was sitting up in bed as they entered: a strange bewildered expression was upon his face, and he had his hands behind him, trying to feel his shoulders.

"Do come here, George," said he, "and see if there are wings upon my back."

"Wings!!!" shouted the children in amazement, "what *can* Charley mean?"

"Yes, *wings*," replied Charley; "the fairy Queen fastened them upon my back last night, and I went with her and her beautiful maids of honor to the Midsummer ball. Oh! how delightful it was, and how I longed for you!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the children, "did you really go? How perfect! Did you ever? Why didn't they take us, too? Oh, Charley! do begin at the very beginning, and tell us all about it. Won't you? Say! do, come!"

Clustering around the bed, their eyes fastened upon his face, breathless with wonder and delight, and with no end of exclamations, they listened to the enchanting account of Charley's adventures. The little mother came in the room just at the end; upon which they all rushed at her in a body, and told the amazing story over again, all talking at the same time; and the little mother said quite as many "Ahs" and "Ohs" and "did you evers" as they did. But she smiled lovingly at her lame boy, and parting the golden curls on his white forehead, and kissing him tenderly, whispered, "My darling knows that he has been Dreaming."

Was it a dream?

Charley was so much better that day, that the good doctor, when he came, was astonished; and when he heard that the fairies had done him the honor to take him to their Midsummer festival, he was delighted, as well as astonished, and laughingly declared that the elves had robbed him of his patient. "Why, Charley," he continued, "if the fairy Queen can put such a rosy color in your cheeks, and such a sparkle in your eyes in one night, she beats me all to pieces at doctor ing. I shall have to give you up to her, and only come here every day to make a social call, so that you and I, two old fellows, can have a talk about the state of the country. But I may as well put my pills and powders into one of the cannons, and fire them off at some of the fine ladies who go about, sweeping the parade-ground with their furbelowed dresses, and think they are dying of dyspepsia, when all they want is some useful occupation. I have lots of them to make bread pills for, and I may as well let the fairies have my dear little friend here."

Just at that instant the drums made a prodigious clatter, and the children started up to see what it meant.

"It is the call for the cavalry drill," said the doctor; "you had better run."

Off scampered the children to the edge of the parade-ground, their eyes dancing with expectation and eagerness.

On their way they passed the encampment; they gazed at the snow-white tents of the cadets with the utmost interest, and indeed would rather have lived in these delightful canvas houses, than in a king's palace.

"Oh! Harry!" exclaimed Anna, "I wonder if we mightn't just peep into one of them."

"Certainly," answered Harry, who was always ready for adventures,

and he lifted up the opening of the tent nearest.

"Oh! what a perfect place!" he cried; "come! look!" and he disappeared within.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The children all peeped in, their heads looking like a bunch of grapes, all piled one on top of the other; while Harry, inside, pretended he was a showman, and made them a speech.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "and see the show—all for sixpence; children half price. Here you have one small bed, or humble cot, one camp stool, one very small looking-glass, on the back of which," he continued, turning it suddenly over, "is a picture of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, running away, with his drawn sword in

one hand, and a leg of mutton in the other; while just below is another of an old cadet, poking a young one with his bayonet."

The children were laughing heartily over these specimens of the fine arts, drawn by one of the cadets, when

Bang! tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tr. Bang! tr-tr-tr-tr-tr-tr went the drums again. Off they hurried to the parade-ground, and there, out in the bright morning sunlight, which came down like "flickering gold" through the glowing air, galloped that fierce and brave Colonel Hardie, who looked as if he should consider it the merest trifle to fight a dozen enemies at once, and kill them all, as a matter of course.

And out galloped a regiment of cadets, while Colonel Hardie, wheeling round, awaited their coming.

With their drawn swords flashing in the glorious brightness, and the gallant Colonel now at their head; they wheeled about, and turned about, dashed here and there, suddenly advancing, then as suddenly retreating, with their horses rearing and prancing, and snorting and dancing, till you would have been sure they were in the greatest possible hurry to rush full tilt at somebody, no matter who, and instantly run them through with their sharp naked swords, without giving them a ghost of a chance to cry "Quarter."

The children looked on with great eyes and a kind of delicious fear, and were almost crazy after the drill was over, to run and beg the cadets to lend them their horses and swords, so as to practise the cavalry drill themselves.

They walked on the edge of the parade-ground, looking all around them with the most amused and delighted interest; at times fairly singing and skipping for joy, and eagerly planning long walks and voyages of discovery.

Minnie thought there must be a "day party" somewhere, the people were dressed so fine, and everybody seemed so very happy.

Numbers of elegantly dressed ladies were walking about, and some fine-looking officers were paying them all the compliments they could think of. In the midst of a group of gentlemen, high above them all, towered the majestic form of the brave General Scott, who has won so many battles for us in Mexico, and who is Commander- in-Chief of all the soldiers in our country. The children looked at him with the greatest admiration; and the boys made up their minds that it was absolutely necessary they should be soldiers when they grew up; and they would have given all they possessed to sleep now in the canvas tents like the brave cadets.

And now the children began to descend a winding path, and wandered down a beautiful road where the trees met overhead. The air was fragrant with the woodbine which curled round the trunks of the trees, while, at their feet, tiny harebells and the purple violet modestly peeped up.

Jumping, skipping, and gathering wild flowers, they came at length to a lovely open space scooped out of the rock, as it seemed, in the centre of which is a crystal spring, which comes up sweet and clear into a stone basin.

Upon this basin they read the name of the great "Kosciusko;" and this was his garden, where he used to sit for many hours in the day reading his book, or admiring the glorious works of God spread before him. The children looked with love and admiration upon the name and place where the good and brave Pole had been; and the boys audibly hoped that they would do something very noble and brave when they grew up, so that everybody might speak well of them.

As they drew near the house, they saw a lady sitting in the bowery porch with their mother.

"Goodness!" cried half a dozen of them, "it's Aunt Fanny! Did you ever?" And thereupon they charged like a company of cadets going to fire on the run, and shot Aunt Fanny with a whole volley of kisses.

It was really a wonder she looked so well after it; fifty kisses in a minute is pretty severe loving; but Aunt Fanny only laughed when she could catch her breath, and, taking Minnie on her lap, asked what particular fun and mischief they had been about lately.

Then didn't they have a grand time, telling about their journey? and the wonderful fairy adventures of Charley? And Charley, who was sitting leaning against his mother, declared that he could not have dreamt them, because he remembered them all so well, and he had felt so much better ever since the beautiful fairy Queen had taken him in charge.

"Why," cried Aunt Fanny, "I shall have to go back to Idlewild, where I passed two delightful hours this morning, right away, and tell all this to the lovely children I saw there. I am sure Edith, and Daisy, and sweet little Bailey, would go straightway down to their beautiful Glen, to hunt up the fairies that no doubt live there hidden under the ferns and mosses, so fairily fine and delicate.

"O Aunt Fanny!" cried the children, "do tell us about Idlewild and dear little Edith, and Daisy, and Bailey Idlewild."

"That is not the name of the children, you monkeys," said Aunt Fanny, laughing, "any more than you are Harry and Minnie Nightcap. It is the fanciful, dreamily sweet name of the place; and the pure life and neighborly love ever adorning and brightening that graceful and kindly house-roof, make June sunshine all over the lovely place the year round."

"Ah! how delightful it must be," cried the children; "do tell us, Aunt Fanny, all about your visit."

"Well, to begin at the beginning, I went up to Cornwall upon some business, and I staid all night at a house just this side of the beautiful Idlewild Glen. In the evening I was invited to go to a Sunday-school cele bration; I was very glad to get this invitation, because I love children so much. The services were all very interesting, but the best thing of all was a most beautiful story which was told, to prove the blessed effect of love upon the heart, and how much better it was to govern by *love*, than by fear and continual punishment."

"*We* know that!" exclaimed the children, "that's the very way mother governs us—don't you, mamma?" and they all had to give her a kiss before they said, "Please go on, Aunt Fanny; do tell us the story."

"The teacher said it was true, every word of it, but I do not know whether he got it out of a book, or whether it happened to some children he knew; perhaps you have read it already."

"O dear! no, we haven't, I'm sure," said the children, "and if we have, your way of telling it will make it new again. Come, Aunt Fanny, tell the story."

"Well, then, here it is—Once on a time a good old farmer said to his wife, 'Wife, you know poor neighbor Jones died a little while ago, and his little son Johnny is left alone in the world. Suppose we take him? One more will make very little difference. Shall we?'

"'O deary me! no,' said the wife, 'I wouldn't have him among our children for any thing! Why, he's worse than a little heathen!'

"'So he is,' said the farmer, 'I'm a little afraid to try it myself—that's a fact!'

"Now while the old farmer was talking, he was also busily engaged in eating his dinner of pork and greens, and his children had kept their ears open, and had heard all that was said.

"Presently one of the boys, whose name was Luke, looked up and said, 'Father, you know we send *one good missionary* among a *great many heathen*. Now, why can't we bring this *one little heathen*

among a great many good people? I'll lend Johnny my kite and ball, and we'll be so kind to him he will never *want* to be bad. Father, WE'LL LOVE HIM GOOD.'

"The good old farmer, who tried his best to keep God's holy commandments, and especially to 'love his neighbor,' thought this an excellent plan; so he brought Johnny home with him the very next day.

"Sure enough, Johnny was worse than any heathen. He broke the good little boy's ball, tore his kite all to pieces, pulled little Susie's hair, pinched the baby, kicked the small children, and butted the large boys with his head, and, in short, behaved so badly, that they were all nearly crying: still they would not give up Luke's plan, but kept on trying to be kind to him.

"But it was all of no use; Johnny was really a dreadful boy. At last the old farmer said, 'Well, we can't go on so with Johnny; he must have obedience knocked into him like a nail in a plank of wood. I must try if I can't whip him into better behavior:' so he beat the bad boy, and whipped him, and shook him till his teeth rattled in his head, and his hair was all in a friz about his eyes. But, alas! it did no good; Johnny was as bad as ever.

"Then the farmer said, 'Wife, this is a very bad business; whipping does not make Johnny any better; we must try if we can't STARVE the obstinacy out of him.'

"'I don't like to do that,' said the wife.

"'But it must be done,' answered the old farmer; 'it is our duty to try to make him a good boy.'

"So they shut him up in the great garret, where paper bags of dried herbs, and strings of red peppers, and great cobwebs, kept him company. They gave him nothing to eat and drink but dry bread and a cup of water.

"Every now and then the farmer's wife would come, tap at the door, and say, 'Johnny, will you be good *now*?' and Johnny would shout out in a fierce defiant voice, 'No! no! I won't! You may lock me up forever and ever, and I won't be good.' So the poor farmer's wife would heave a sigh and go away.

"All the morning little Susie had been very silent, with the tears just trembling on her eyelids. She felt very much grieved that Johnny was such a bad boy, and she could not bear to think of him in the lonely garret with no company but his wicked thoughts: so, after dinner, she crept softly up to her mother, and said, 'Mother, I think I can get Johnny

to be good, if you will let me try.'

"'Well,' said her mother, smoothing her hair lovingly, 'what is your plan?'

"'Why, mother,' answered the little girl, 'I will go and tell Johnny that I will be locked up instead of him, and he may go play with my dear little boat that brother made, and named for me.'

"The mother looked at her a moment with a loving tear swelling in her eyes, then she said, 'Very well, you may go.'

"So Susie took down the key of the garret, which hung behind the door, and went up stairs, unlocked the door, and then tapped gently. 'Johnny, may I come in?' said she.

"'What do you want *now*?' grumbled the bad boy. Susie went in, and going softly up to him, she said—'Johnny, mother says you may go and play with my little boat this afternoon, and I will be locked up instead.'

"I am ashamed to say that Johnny was mean enough to accept this offer, and let the little girl bear his punishment; for without even stopping to thank her, he started up and made off, slamming the door behind him, and locking it with a spiteful snap.

"He had a famous time sailing the pretty little boat in the brook; and only came in at tea-time—as hungry as a bear.

"After he had eaten a hearty meal of bread and butter, baked pears, and a great piece of nice gingerbread, he noticed that the farmer's wife commenced to clear away the things, and then he remembered poor little Susie. He sat silent a good while, but at last he could not stand it any longer, and he said—'Say? ain't you agoing to give that little gal up stairs any tea? say?'

"'Yes, Johnny,' answered the mother, 'you can take this to her,' and she handed him a piece of dry bread on a plate.

"Johnny took the plate, carried it up stairs, and began to kick and bang at the door—Thump! bump! thump!

"'Unlock it and come in,' cried Susie. So Johnny did so, and went in; but when he saw the dear little child sitting there so patiently and smiling at him, a strange trem bling came to his lips, and without saying a word, he put down the plate, and darted away.

"All that night Susie staid in the garret, and slept as quietly and sweetly as if she had been in her own little room.

"When the next day came, Johnny felt very much like asking pardon for his bad conduct, and begging that Susie might come down from her captivity, while he took her place; but the sun was shining gloriously, and Johnny thought of the little boat; and so, driving away the good thoughts and impulses, he eat his breakfast, snatched up the boat, and ran out to play.

"When dinner-time came, he was the very first to come in, he was so hungry; and soon after the rest of the family, *except* one, took their places.

"'Where's Susie?' asked Johnny.

"'She is locked up in the garret,' said her mother.

"'Can't she have any dinner?'

"'Yes; she can have some dry bread;' and the farmer's wife gave him a piece on a plate, as before.

"Johnny took it, and went slowly up stairs. He opened the door. There sat Susie, patient and silent. He put the plate beside her, but instead of going away, he stood looking at her in silence.

"Presently he burst out with—'Susie! you're a fool, I say! a perfect fool! Before I'd let myself be locked up, I'd—I'd—' here Johnny stopped; a great lump came into his throat, and was choking him. He drew in his breath with a painful sob, and then burst into an agony of tears, and rushing up to Susie, he threw his arms about her neck, and cried out—

"'O Susie! Susie! please forgive me. I'll never be so bad again, never. They might have whipped me forever, and starved me forever, and it would just have made me worse; but you (and here the great tears came fast and faster)—you have LOVED ME GOOD.'"

"O——h!" cried the children, taking long breaths, and wiping their eyes, "how lovely!—what a good, *GOOD* story—what a dear, darling Susie! She must have heard of mamma, when she wanted to *LOVE* Johnny good."

"Yes," said Aunt Fanny, "I think she was very much like your dear mother, and you children can hardly know what a blessed lot is yours, in having a mother who rules you by LOVE."

"Yes, we do! yes, we do!" cried the children; we know she is a perfect darling; and thereupon the little mother underwent a series of caresses quite alarming to witness.

"And now about my visit to Idlewild," said Aunt Fanny, when they were once more quiet. "Soon after breakfast I commenced my walk. I had to cross the wild and beautiful ravine. I am afraid I looked a little like a figure of fun, scrambling and scratch ing down the slippery descent. I have no doubt some of Charley's fairies were laughing at me all the time; and I am sure the beautiful little waterfall did, as it came joyously dancing down the great black rocks. Really, some of the places were as slippery as ice; and I had to go a-sliding in the summer time, whether I wanted to or not."

"How nice!" cried the children; "that would just have suited the old woman in Mother Goose, who wanted her children to slide on dry ground. You can't drown that way, you know."

"Not exactly; but at last I stood upon the famous zigzag bridge, which is only a single plank with a railing on one side, made of a long, slender sapling. And now, how lovely the scene was that I looked upon! The sun came in dimples and ripples of light through the trees, and the waterfall, with its soft white foam, talked to me in a voice full of power and beauty, of the greatness and goodness of God.

"When I got to the house, I was welcomed by its fair and gentle mistress with a simple courtesy, that made me feel at home at once. Very soon a sweet little maiden came to me, and shyly offered her hand; she told me her name was Daisy, and then she called her baby brother. He was afraid of me at first, but when I said, 'Why, Bailey, I know all about you. I know how you fed the little birds last winter'"—

"Oh," interrupted the children, "how did he feed the little birds, Aunt Fanny?"

"If you will put me in mind, I will tell you by and by. Then Bailey looked at me when I said that, with wide-open eyes; and I continued, 'I know all about the peacock, too, so I do—more, too.'

"Then he came right up to me, and laid his dear little curly head in my lap, and looking up in my face with his merry, bright blue eyes, he said—'I've got a horse.'

"'Why, no! You don't tell me so!' I exclaimed. 'Why, I'm astonished! How many legs has he?'

"'Two, nailed fast, and two, kicking up in the air.'

"'My patience! what a horse!' said I.

"'But come!' said the little darling fellow, pulling at my dress, 'come see my horse! come!'

"So Daisy and the mother, and Bailey and I, went out of the room. Of course I expected to be conducted to the stables; but we began to mount the stairs, and up we went till we arrived at the third story, Bailey holding me fast by the hand. We went into a large room—the children's play-room—from the windows of which there was a magnificent view. Sitting at one of them, was the kind, motherly-looking nurse, to whom I was introduced as to an old friend. As I pressed her hand, her eyes turned fondly upon her mistress and the lovely children. I looked around, and sure enough, in one cor ner was a prancing charger, standing on his hind legs, which were made fast to a spring rocker, while the others were kicking up in the air, just as Bailey had told me.

"Then the little fellow was lifted up on his horse, and I said, "Get up, pony;" and then all of a sudden such a funny little shy fit came over Bailey, that down went his curly head on the horse's neck, and he very nearly tumbled off. After that he dismounted, and pulling down the prancing legs of the horse, got between them, and holding fast, he had a fine ride after an ingenious invention of his own; for, as the horse's legs rose in the air, up went little Bailey, and then down he came with a funny little stamp of his feet on the carpet, which sent him into the air again.

"Then the dear little fair-haired Daisy showed me her birds, 'Buttercup' and 'Primrose,' and two others whose names I did not hear; and then we went down stairs again.

"In the charming library we met another daughter, a lovely young lady, and a friend who was visiting her. I knew this young lady before, and loved her very much; and I was very glad to meet her; and you may be sure we were very merry together.

"Just then we heard Bailey's voice in the hall, lifted up in loud wailing and weeping. We all rushed out, thinking the sweet little fellow had fallen down stairs. But he was safe, though the great tears were running down his cheeks; and he sobbed out, 'Mamma! mamma! Edith won't come to see Aunt Fanny!' Dear little fellow! It seems that Edith was the shyest little maiden in the world, and Bailey, in his loving endeavor to get her to come to me, had first coaxed her, then kissed her over and over again, and at last, broken-hearted about it, had burst into loud crying. Edith stood at the turn of the stairs, ready to dart away; and when I said, 'Do come, darling—come, little Edith,' she fled like a frightened fawn, upon which Bailey began lamenting again, and I had hard work to bring the peace once more into his little, loving, troubled heart.

"When we returned to the room, Miss Laura, the young lady who

was visiting the family, told a funny story about Bailey. She was walking in the beautiful glen before breakfast, and frolicking round her were Gouldy, and Cæsar, and Bailey."

"Were they all boys? or what?" asked the children.

"Not exactly, for two of them were dogs; but far better and gentler companions than *some* boys I know. Gouldy was a dear old fellow, that would not have hurt a hair of your head for a thousand dollars in gold, even if he knew about or cared for money; and Cæsar—Oh! he was something and somebody very extra indeed."

"What! did he have horns on his head?" asked Harry.

DR. KANE AND CAESAR IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

"Not a horn; but he once belonged to the good and famous Dr. Kane, the great Arctic explorer; and Cæsar had seen as many icebergs and white bears as he wanted to, and a few over, I imagine; for Dr. Kane gave him to his friend, the owner of Idlewild; and the good dog tells his new master every day by an extra flourish of his tail, how happy he is, and how much he loves to live in such a lovely place, and with such lovely children.

"Well, as I was telling you, the dogs and little Bailey were scampering here and there, while Miss Laura walked in the glen, thinking how sweetly the rippling golden light came down through the green leaves. After a while she thought it was time to return, so she called—'Come, Gouldy, come, Cæsar, come, Bailey. It is time to go home.' Up bounded the two dogs at her bidding, but the darling little rogue, Bailey, pretended to be very busy looking for something in the grass. Then the dogs, seeing that *he* did not mind, went leaping off, tumbling over each other, pretending to bite, and growling at a great rate. So Miss Laura walked a few steps nearer Bailey, and called again—'Come, Gouldy, come, Cæsar, come, *Bailey*.' The dogs ran to her as before, but Bailey walked as grave as any deacon, and looking sideways at her, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, and a comical little chuckle, he said—'Miss Laura, there is no *dog* of that name in this place.' His face looked so full of fun and mischief, that Miss Laura screamed out laughing, and then Bailey laughed, and was very glad he had been so funny."

"What a funny little fellow," exclaimed the children, "to make believe Miss Laura did not mean him when she called. I *do* wish he could come and play with us. He's a darling! Well, please go on Aunt Fanny."

"While we were sitting in the parlor, Bailey brought me a superb book of engravings to look at. They were flowers. I only wish you could have heard him telling me the long names, slowly and carefully, in such a sweet little voice—'This is the Rho-de-den-dron,' and then giving a quick, satisfied sigh, because he had gotten it all right. When he showed me a picture of a splendid lily, I looked at the beautiful flower, and then at his innocent baby-brow, and in his unclouded eyes, through which the immortal soul shone purer and whiter than any lily, and softly said—'Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin;' and as I bent over to kiss this immortal lily, I heard the gentle little mother murmur—'Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Truly the innocence of a little child invests him with a greater glory than any this world can give. Why may we not

always retain it, pure and undefiled?

"At last the carriage came to take me away; and they all bid me a kind adieu; and Bailey and Daisy kissed me so lovingly, that I felt the kisses all the way to my heart, where I mean to keep the memory of them as long as I live. Wonderful to relate, something happened at the very last moment, that made Bailey dance with delight, for Edith, shy Edith, ran to me and put up her sweet pink and white cheek for a kiss; and so I left beautiful Idlewild, a very happy Aunt Fanny."

The children were delighted with this account, which Minnie called "a very nice *inscription*."

"And now about the birds, Aunt Fanny. You know you told us to put you in mind."

"Oh, yes. Well, I will try to remember what I read in the Home Journal a year ago about the dear little winter birds at Idlewild."

"There is a charming study at the north-west corner of the house; and the father of Daisy, and Edith, and Bailey, began his beautiful little story, by saying that he had two very sociable sets of visitors in his study early every morning. First the little folks jump out of their beds, and run in to him in their slippers and nightgowns, just as Laina the cook, with her kind dark face, comes along with the tea-tray for him, and bread for the second set of visitors. The children crumble the bread very joyfully and carefully, and the window is quickly opened, (for it is winter, and snowing,) and the bread-feast is spread out over the roof of the portico.

"Then the children cluster round the fire, and talk about the dogs and the peacock and their lessons, keeping one eye upon the window, near which the snow-white hemlocks are bowing in the wintry wind.

"Presently—'Hush! There they are!' and the little nightgowns flutter softly to the window, and gaze lovingly at fifteen or twenty little birds, in only their bare feet and feathers, who have come with the first peep of dawn, and are made happy with a bountiful breakfast. They were dear old birds, that had been before, and no doubt some invited friends. Such a nice time as they all have! inside the window and out; and the children are so delighted that they can soften the winter for those poor little houseless ones out in the cold, who, remembering the kindness of last year, came so trustingly again. It was this confidence and love that was shown by the dear little birds, that made the children so glad; and a rosier, happier troop of little folk, could hardly be found than this early morning party in Idlewild study."

"Oh! oh! how sweet! how lovely!" cried the children. "How we wish we lived at Idlewild, or at any rate in the country, where we could feed the little birds. We wish it would snow like every thing this very minute."

Aunt Fanny laughed, and said she was delighted, the story had pleased them so much, but was afraid she had not done it justice, as it had been most beautifully told in the Home Journal; but she could not remember the exact words.

THE WICKED WATER FAIRY.

After tea that evening, the whole family went out in a large row-boat. It was bright moonlight. A light breeze stole through the tree-tops, making soft music; and it was so still and sweet on the water, that everybody felt a thrill of delight.

Charley had been carried down to the water, and he sat in the bow of the boat, leaning his head upon his mother's breast. He was in no pain, and soothed by the measured and musical drip of the oars, he closed his blue eyes and fell into a sweet sleep.

In a few moments he was awakened by a tap upon his arm; opening his eyes, he beheld, close by him, seated upon the back of a flying-fish, an ugly kelpie, or water-fairy, with a malevolent, evil aspect, who regarded him with a look of hate.

"Come out of the boat! come out of the boat!" he said, in a baleful whisper.

Spite of his terror and shrinking, Charley felt himself impelled to lean over and look down into the moon-lit water.

Oh! what frightful forms he saw! Some riding on crabs, some on great leeches, and more on the backs of flying-fishes, who took tremendous leaps in the air, while their riders uttered frantic yells of delight.

THE BATTLE OF THE FAIRIES.

The poor boy felt that some horrible but irresistible power was dragging him down, down into the deep water, where these wicked

imps would bury him in some dark cave. He struggled to resist the impulse to plunge, but it grew stronger and stronger, till, with a faint moan of despair, he was just yielding to his hapless fate, when the sound of distant fairy music broke upon his ear, and raising his head, he beheld, riding swiftly down on the moonbeams, in all the pomp and blazonry of military equipment, a band of armed fairy knights, with Firefly at their head. On they came, with dash and hurry, and soon the air was darkened with arrows and javelins hurled at the hateful water-sprites.

Fast and sharp they came, and in a very few moments a still more brilliant light gleamed from the eyes of the victorious army, as the kelpies, after a short but furious resistance, sank yelling with rage and disappointment beneath the wave, and the water became still and glassy as before.

The agitated boy heard a tiny but hearty shout of triumph, and then the brave little fairy soldiers, after kissing their hands and waving their gossamer scarfs at Charley, turned and flew on their light and winged steeds, towards the beautiful hollow from which the good Queen had sent them, for she knew, by her fairy power, the danger her beloved Charley was in.

The music, faint and sweet, lingered till the last lance had flashed in the moonbeams, as it disappeared over the tall tree-tops, and then it died insensibly away, so lingering were the delicious notes.

Then the wondering boy looking round, saw only the bright moon, the still water, and the row-boat full of his brothers and sisters.

"Why, Charley," said his mother, kiss ing him, "you have had a nice little sleep; haven't you?"

"Sleep? Oh no!" answered the bewildered child. "Did you see the battle?"

"Battle!" screamed all the children. "Why, Charley, you must be getting crazy!"

"Not at all," said Charley, very earnestly, "this time it really happened;" and he told of the battle of the fairies, while the children opened their eyes and mouths so wide with astonishment, that their faces looked all holes; and they stared with all their might up at the moonbeams and down into the water, in the hope that at least some one fairy might have found it necessary to see Charley safe on dry

land; but I am sorry to have to relate that they were not gratified with a sight, though their very eye-balls stuck out, so intense and eager did they look, and so sure was Charley that he had not been asleep.

Had he been asleep?

And now, for more than a month after this, Charley and the rest of the children lived a most delightful life. They were up at drum-beat every morning. They would not have missed a parade on any account whatever, that is, all except Charley, and he enjoyed it almost as much as the rest. They were so enthusiastic and glowing in their descriptions. They even went to a stag-dance at night, and almost killed themselves laughing at the cadets.

This stag-dance is performed on the green. A ring is formed, and a tallow candle is stuck in a cut potato, and placed at intervals round the circle; and within this not very brilliant illumination, the cadets dance with each other to the excellent music of the band. Those who personate ladies, take hold of their little bob-tailed jackets, and prink and mince, and take fine airs upon themselves, and look so precisely like fine ladies, that the real fine ladies looking at them, want to give them a good shaking.

But the children went off into fits of laughter at the long and quizzical shadows on the ground. When the cadets dance a figure, their shadows look like a company of sickly, melancholy monkeys, which dodge about in a distracting way, and look so irre sistibly funny, that everybody shouts with laughter—and it is a very merry spectacle.

Then this pleasant family had the most delightful tea parties in an arbor at the back of the house. To be sure the ear-wigs and daddy-long-legs, *would* drop into their tea once in a while, making them first squeal, and jump up, and then laugh, and a grasshopper or two, *would* hop suddenly on the cake, and hop more suddenly off, before they could catch him; but what of that? Some people shriek so if a grasshopper hops near them, you would think it was an elephant come to pack them up in his trunk, for the rest of their lives; but these children had more sense, and did not mind a little insect a thousand times smaller than themselves.

And now I must come to a sad, sad part of my story—I dread to

begin it—and would gladly have told you a great deal more about the fairies, and what they did for Charley; but Mr. Appleton says, you would not like to have the same story go through two books, and this, I am afraid, is already too long.

But I must relate one circumstance. Charley had retired to his little bed one evening earlier than usual; dark, lowering clouds had sped quickly over the sky, soon after he fell asleep. The tops of the high trees, skirting the fairy hollow, waved restlessly to and fro, and the angry growls of the thunder portended a violent storm. This night, there was to have been a festival in the beautiful hollow.

As the fairies flew along in the troubled air, and the Queen tried vainly to charm away the coming tempest, (for they were to carry Charley to the hollow that night,) a dark form, like gathered mist, went slowly past, her head bent, her arms folded.

And now, the lightnings came with a blinding glare, and the grand booming of Heaven's artillery awoke the solemn echoes. Fast the affrighted, shuddering fairies sped away, to hide under the fern leaves, and in the tiny caves at the foot of the rocks. But the misty, shadowy form still floated past, till it arrived at the open window of Charley's room.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

With noiseless motion it glided to the bed, bent over Charley, and whispered in a soft, sweet voice, "Beloved one, you are taken away in your early and lovely spring-time, because for you, to live, is to suffer. You will go where there are no storms, no sorrows, no sufferings; clasped in my arms, you will sleep, and be at rest forever."

And Charley smiled lovingly upon the Angel of Death, and his

sleep grew deeper, and calmer, and sweeter. But the next day, he told his mother, and sisters, and brothers, of his mournful visitor, who had passed out of the window into the veiling clouds, and disappeared. The children burst into passionate weeping, and clasped him in their arms, and refused to let him go. The little mother knew he had been *dreaming as before*; but alas! she knew also only too well, that her darling's time had come. He suffered no pain; but he became weaker and weaker, and life was slowly but surely ebbing away. Consumption, that fell disease, had nearly finished her baleful work, and his lamp of life, flickering and dim, would soon pass away into the dark valley of the shadow of death.

God knew best, and in His infinite wisdom saw fit to take Charley out of this wearisome world, in which, if he had lived, he would suffer so much.

But the child was so much beloved. *He was the sunlight of the house*; and the pang of parting would be so cruel. They knew that they would meet again in the place Jesus had prepared for them in His Father's house—they knew *that*; but how could they help grieving now?

The good doctor came every day, and used his utmost skill, for he dearly loved the sweet, patient child; but it was of no avail, Charley's everlasting HOME was ready for him.

Slowly and sadly the poor children wandered around; for their sorrow pressed like a weight upon them. They would come softly to his bedside, smooth his golden hair, and kiss his forehead, and hope he would yet get well; then seeing his pallid face, and little wasted hands lying so still outside of the white bedspread, they would go hastily away, and shed bitter, bitter tears; vainly struggling to repress them, lest he should hear and be grieved.

The joyous little birds still sang in the trees; the majestic Highlands still rose in the blue air; and the splendid sunset clouds still covered their summits with a glory; the glittering water was beautiful as ever. The drums beat to reveille, and crowds of gay people walked about the parade-ground.

And Charley was dying.

Even now, the loving guardian angels were waiting on the other side of the dark valley, to conduct this summer blossom to his

heavenly home. Myriads of little children were tuning their golden harps, to greet his purified spirit with a hymn of joyful welcome, and Jesus was saying, "Come."

And now, his last day on earth was passing—lovely and serene. Charley's little bed had been moved in the afternoon, close to the open window, where he could see the white sails gliding by on the smooth silvery water. A peace from within, not of this world, illuminated his sweet face. He had sent for all his brothers and sisters, and with a faint voice, and at broken intervals, was talking to them, and giving to each one some little trifle belonging to him; and one by one, convulsed with sobs, they would rush from the room—and after a painful struggle would return, with their tears forced back; their loving gaze fastened upon him, whom in a few short hours they would see no more.

When the good doctor entered, and saw that the end was so near, his features worked painfully, and covering his face with his hands, in another moment the great scalding tears trickled through. This brave man, in the midst of battle, with the death strokes falling right and left, and the great cannons booming destruction before him, had walked without fear or flinching among the dead and wounded, giving help and succor; but now, loving and tender-hearted as he was brave, he had covered his face, and was weeping like a child.

"Tell the doctor not to cry," whispered the dying boy. "I am going home to Jesus. I am going *now*," he said, with a gasping sigh. "Kiss me, mother. Oh! how I thank you for all your love and kindness. I thank you all; I bless you all. God bless you all;" and thus to the end, grateful and loving, Charley spoke his last words.

For now his silken hair lay heavy and damp upon his snow-white forehead; and as the solemn twilight deepened into shade, and the first star broke like a promise in the sky, one little upward fluttering sigh was heard, and they knew that this life was ended, and Charley was winging his bright way to HEAVEN.

Not a word was spoken, not a sob broke the stillness. The moonbeams, struggling into the room, disclosed the little mother on her knees by the small white couch, her head buried in the white coverings. The children sat sorrow-stricken, motionless, almost breath less, their eyes fastened on the face of the dead child, in a despairing hope that he might speak again; but not a breath stirred those still lips. The good doctor, after a while, tenderly raised the

heart-broken mother, and led her away, and then sending for some kind neighbors, they gently and lovingly prepared the remains of Charley for their last quiet resting-place.

How lovely now looked what was left of the good and lovely boy. The glistening golden curls pressed closely around the broad, open brow, white as a lily, and a heaven-sent smile just parted the pale lips. The leaves of a cluster of white roses curled around his little hands, which were folded so tenderly above his stilled and quiet heart; and every flower that he loved was placed with tears and kisses all about him.

But oh! what a desolate cry arose in those children's hearts when the little coffin was closed, and the sweet, peaceful face was seen no more. Charley was in heaven—Charley was happy, but they wanted him, *they wanted him*.

It seemed so cruel that the world should go on gay as ever, and their Charley dead. They wondered, as they came on board the boat, which was to carry what was left of their darling back to New York, they wondered why every face was not tearful, when theirs was so full of sorrow.

They made a little grave for him in the beautiful Greenwood Cemetery. The soft moonlight sleeps lovingly upon it, and people tread lightly as they approach and read the name of "Lame Charley."

Slowly and sadly passed the rest of the summer, for the little mother told no more stories. Once she tried, for she could not bear to see the sad faces of her children; alas! that one vanished face, with its sweet, grateful smile, and little tender ways, came before her, and the story was lost in a flood of tears.

But late one lovely evening, as she was sitting by the open window, thinking of her loved and lost one, some friend, unseen beneath, sang these words, to a sweet and tender melody —

"Mildly, sweet summer moon,
Shine on this mother, weeping;
Whisper within her heart,
'He is not dead, but sleeping.'

"Softly, sweet summer stars,
Evermore vigil keeping,

Tell her, in steadfast tones,
'He is not dead, but sleeping.'

"Gently, sweet summer wind,
All things in perfume steeping;
Breathe in her sorrowing soul,
'He is not dead, but sleeping;

"'And safe in Jesus' arms,
His great reward is reaping.'
Up! mother, up! and cry,
'He is not dead, but sleeping.'"

A faint flush passed over the mother's pale cheek, for she knew that some one who loved her, had thus tenderly warned her that her grief was not endured as hopefully as it should be. She had not remembered that her beloved Charley was only "gone before, not lost."

With an earnest, prayerful effort, she once more grew cheerful, and with her cheerfulness came happiness to the children's hearts, though they all their lives will remember their good, pure, and tenderly beloved brother—whom you, dear little reader, also love, and know as

LAME CHARLEY.

Dear little readers, you and I have now followed Charley together through six books, in which his life, and the lives of his brothers and sisters, have been faithfully portrayed. If the good and pure life of the little lame child, now happy in heaven, gives you *one* steadfast resolution, to endeavor, from this time forth, to lead a good and pure life, it will gladden the inmost heart of your loving

Aunt Fanny.

THE END.

Transcriber's Note:

Variations and inconsistencies in spelling, hyphenation, and punctuation in the original text have been retained in this ebook.

End of Project Gutenberg's The Fairy Nightcaps, by Frances Elizabeth Barrow

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE FAIRY NIGHTCAPS ***

***** This file should be named 28802-h.htm or 28802-h.zip *****
This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:
http://www.gutenberg.org/2/8/8/0/28802/

Produced by David Edwards and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was
produced from images generously made available by The
Internet Archive.)

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

linked
to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the
permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this
work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-
tm
License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this
work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute
this
electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without
prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1
with
active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project
Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary,
compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including
any
word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to
or
distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other
than
"Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version
posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site
(www.gutenberg.net),
you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide
a
copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy
upon
request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other
form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-
tm
License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying,
performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works
unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing
access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works
provided
that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from
the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method
you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is
owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he
has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the
Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments
must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you
prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax
returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and
sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the
address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to

the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE

OR
INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF
SUCH
DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a
defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you
can
receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a
written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you
received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium
with
your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you
with
the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu
of a
refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or
entity
providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to
receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second
copy
is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without
further
opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set
forth
in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO
OTHER
WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT
LIMITED TO
WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTIBILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied
warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of
damages.
If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates
the
law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall
be
interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted
by
the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any
provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation,
the
trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone
providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in
accordance
with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the
production,
promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works,
harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal
fees,
that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which
you do

or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm
work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any
Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of
electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers
including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists
because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from
people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the
assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's
goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will
remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project
Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure
and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations.
To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4
and the Foundation web page at http://www.pglaf.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit
501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the
state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal
Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification
number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at
http://pglaf.org/fundraising. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg
Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent
permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S.
Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered
throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at
809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email
business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact
information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official
page at http://pglaf.org

For additional contact information:
Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit http://pglaf.org

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: http://pglaf.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

http://www.gutenberg.net

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.