

DUNCAN'S MOTTO.

"I want you to be a man; and I'll have you a man or nothing."—DR. GRIMSHAW.

ONE of the worst things about boys and girls from seven to fourteen years of age, is a silly discomfort about dress. If they happen to find themselves a little out of fashion, or their clothes a little worn, however nicely mended, they will compare themselves at once with some over-dressed, foolishly decorated boy or girl, and grow quite uncomfortable, and even sheepish at the comparison.

Knowing this, I was at a loss for a moment what to do, when two boys, each about ten years old, presented themselves to me for instruction.

Charles was a delicate boy, with nice velvet and fine linen, pretty gaiters, and long blonde curls, altogether as if a little Vandyke had stepped out of a frame on the wall.

Duncan, on the contrary, was clad in what used to be called satinette, a kind of cotton and wool cloth, which readily showed the predominance of cotton at the knees and elbows. His thick, dark hair was cropped short, and not much linen graced either neck or wrist, while stout boots gave out no small amount of noise over the floor.

I looked at the two little fellows with some pleasure at the contrast they presented.

"Well, boys," I said, as I prepared their slates for a sum, "what do you expect to make in the world?"

I was quite startled at the promptitude with which the boy Duncan answered up—

"I expect to make a man, ma'am."

"Well and good, Duncan, that implies a great deal. And what do you expect to make, Charles?" (I did not say Charley, for I detest these pet abbreviations.)

The little fellow dropped his head at first and then lifted it up with a little smirk, and answered, "I expect to make a gentleman, ma'am."

"Well and good, Charles, that implies much also," I repeated.

"What else can he make with all that fine toggery on?" exclaimed Duncan, with a contemptuous toss of his head.

"Perhaps you would like some of the fine toggery yourself, Duncan?"

"Not by a jugful, na—ree."

"I shall not allow you to talk in that way, Duncan."

"He isn't a gentleman," retorted Charles.

"We'll talk about that some other time," I replied.

I soon found that my two little democrats were good material to work with, and I took pleasure in directing their tendencies into wholesome channels. Charles was the better scholar; but Duncan, rather apt to despise the technicalities of a lesson, seized upon ideas with a strong grasp, and laid away many a clear combination of fact or opinion to produce good inferences in the long run.

They had been nearly six months under my care, and I observed with pleasure a strong attachment was growing up between them, while each was modifying the character of the other. Duncan grew a little less savage in his assurance of making a man, and Charles became somewhat ashamed at his fineness and pretension.

They had their little squabbles and retorts, and more than once had a round of fisticuffs; but, on the whole, were boys not only of mettle but of genial good-fellowship. There was no trickiness or falsehood about either.

I am not writing a story, only telling how two young boys felt and talked who, in after-life, went together out to the great West and became useful and upright citizens, as every boy should aim to be.

One day the two boys came to me in an eager state of excitement; and Duncan, generally the speaker, propounded the following question:

"Madam, which of us two do you think has the best chance of rising and making something in the world—Charles or Duncan?"

"You, Duncan, mean to be a man, and Charles means to be a gentleman."

"No, ma'am, I give that up."

"Why so? When Napoleon Bonaparte was on that solitary rock of St. Helena, and a man brushed his shoulder carrying a heavy load, one of his attendants sharply reproved the workman; and do you remember what the fallen great man said?"

"He said, 'Respect the burden,' madam," said Charles, softly.

"That seems to me the words of a true gentleman. And when George Washington stole on tiptoe through the room where his young aides were making merry, though a wounded officer was in the next room, and Washington, without a word, passed in, was not this silent rebuke the act of a true gentleman, boys?"

"That it was!" cried Duncan, "and I will do my best to be such a gentleman."

Charles smiled timidly, and said:

"Duncan tells me, ma'am, that I stand no chance of being anything in the world, because, he says, I begin at the top of the ladder and can't rise."

"I am at the bottom, you see, and I mean to be at the top before I die."

"That is what you may do by hard work, and the aim to do what is worthy for a man to do, Duncan; but really I do not see why Charles may not become a most estimable man, and do, in his way, what you are able to do in yours, Duncan."

"Oh! what can a boy do in curls, and velvet, and fine linen? He can't stretch himself out any more than the girls can in their fixings. No, ma'am; Charles is too high up now, and likes to be where he is—amongst soft-spoken people. Look at his poor little hands; I should be ashamed to have mine so soft when there's work to do in the world."

"Duncan, you have much to learn, if you mean to be a man in the high sense."

"I know that, ma'am; but I have a verse I keep in mind when I see these

puny boys in their finery, and I so rough in mine," with a laugh.

Charles had quietly slipped out, and, to my amazement, the next morning appeared with hair clipped and quite roughly shod. Duncan was delighted, and all day lavished rough attentions upon him. He was at pains to help him in their games with the boys in the neighborhood. He grew more tender and gentle in his manner with his richer companion; and I more than once heard him shout at the top of his voice:

"Remember my verse; I call that a motto for a boy who means to be a man in the world."

After the ordinary recitations of the school-room, it was my habit to talk with the boys in a way that should bring out their natural bent, in the hope of turning it to the best. Accordingly, when they were seated by me, I said:

"Duncan, I have more than once heard you speak of your motto; won't you let me know what it is?"

"Yes, do," uttered Charles—"it is real good, and I mean to use it for mine, when I find myself feeling like a snob."

At this Duncan with much feeling replied, "I should like to tell the story that goes with it."

"By all means, Duncan; I should like to hear it."

"Well, there was a poet named Hannah F. Gould, and she wrote something sweet about the frost when she was washing up the floor one day. Everybody knew she was good and bright. Once a man brought to her a beautiful silver nest he had found on a tree in the woods. It was not far from where a great battle had once been fought. Some poor soldier had perished there, and a bird had taken the threads of his silver epaulet and woven them into its nest. It was a most perfect and lovely thing, and Miss Gould wrote some sweet lines upon it. You must read them; but, perhaps, people don't read such verses now. I have read them a great many times; and when I feel a bad feeling come up because I can not study as I wish to study, for I

have to work when school is over, I repeat my verse, and I am a better boy for it, and do not care for fine things and moneyed people that do not seem to know how a poor boy feels. This is it—she is talking about the little birds in the beautiful nest :

“ Do you suppose they ever rose
Of higher power possessed,
Because they knew they peeped and grew
Within a silver nest ? ”

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

A QUERY.

SHOULD the heart-life be hidden from eyes that we meet,

No matter how kindly their glow ?

Should the smile or the sigh forever retreat,

Lest mortals our feelings should know ?

Must the face wear a mask when we welcome a friend ?

If the heart throws a glow on the cheek

Must the head with the coolest of courtesy bend,

Lest they deem us both foolish and weak ?

Must the eyes shine and sparkle when tear-drops would flow ?

Lips smile when the heart is so sore,

Lest the friend we have trusted should mock at our pain,

And leave us more sad than before ?

So be it ! henceforth let the cold mask be mine.

Alike let me greet friend and foe

With an eye and a smile that means nothing at all,

And for aye truth and pleasure forego.

L. A. I.

COSTUMES IN ATHENS.

A TRAVELLER in the East writes : “ One of the great attractions of a stroll through modern Athens is to note the variety of costumes. The most curious and the most striking is the Albanian, which the Greeks have adopted as their national dress. It consists of a blue or black jacket, cut away, with open sleeves, and rich embroidery ; a red waistcoat, and a white embroidered shirt. The breeches are of blue, close fitting ; stockings of white or blue ; red gaiters, and red leather shoes without heels, pointed, upturned, and long. Round the waist is a leathern girdle, from which protrudes an alarming display of pistols and knives such as are affected by the Bedawin ; the head is covered with a high fez, or pointed red flannel cap, terminating with a long silk tassel, which sways about as the wearer walks. The principal part of the dress is the white ‘ fustanella,’ a kilted shirt of linen, starched, and worn over the breeches. Sometimes as many as sixty yards of white linen are used in a ‘ fustanella,’ and the effect is rather that of

a burlesque on a ballet-dancer’s costume. It is a curious sight for foreigners to see a Highland regiment march out, but it is a far more curious sight for an Englishman to see the Greek National corps parade in this feminine, but picturesque and extravagant, costume. The Greek artisan wears a costume not unlike the Turkish, consisting of a short dark jacket, red waistcoat, very wide calico trousers, worn short, and generally blue ; bare legs, and buckled shoes. This is also the dress of the Cretans, with the exception that instead of wearing shoes, they have high boots, which hide the bare legs and give a better appearance. Sometimes ladies may be seen wearing the national red cap, or the Thessalian head-dress—a tiara of gold and a veil thrown back—but as a rule they dress in Parisian style. The peasant women almost invariably wear the Albanian costume ; and very striking it is, consisting of a long embroidered petticoat, and a white woollen dress over it, while on their heads and necks are chains of coins.”