

FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.  
MY FLOWER, MY LAMB, MY STAR.

BY LOVE M. WILLIS.

There bloomed for me a little flower  
One radiant summer's day;  
So fair and sweet it was, I thought  
'T would never fade away.

A little lamb came to my fold  
And claimed my loving care,  
I thought it would forever stay  
I gave it love so rare.

A little star shone in my sky;  
I needed so its light  
I thought 't would never dim its ray,  
And leave a cheerless night.

There came to close my beauteous flower  
A breath most drear and cold;  
My star refused its tender light,  
My lamb forsook its fold.

Who tends for me my wee white lamb?  
What sky my star illumines?  
My little flower with tender blush  
In what fair garden blooms?

Will tell me glowing buds that ope  
This beautiful spring day?  
Hath voice for me ye bleating lambs?  
Will answer stars of May?

No voice in all the spring's sweet breath!  
No answer in the star!  
And yet a whisper comes to me—  
So near, and yet so far,

"There is a sky that knows no cloud;  
An air that knows no chill;  
A tender shepherd in his fold  
Keeps each wee lamb from ill."

New York, May 18, 1865.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BABIES.

Babies are of two kinds, male and female, and are usually put up in packages of one, though sometimes two, in which case they are called twins, when nearly of the same age. They are not confined to any particular locality, but are found plentifully distributed over all parts of the inhabited countries. Their ages are various and have a wide range. We have known them as young as 'tis easy to calculate time on a watch dial, and then again we have seen them where they have acquired the healthy age of twenty-five, with a fair prospect of advancing still further to babyhood. Their weight depends a great deal on their left; but as they have twenty-one years to grow in before it costs them anything, it don't matter so much how big they happen to be when they commence.

Probably babies have more pet names than any other article of their size. In the tender years of their life, say the first two, they are lovingly addressed by such endearing names as Old Beautiful, Sweetness, Honeycomb, Him Darling, Papa's Hope, Old Blessed, Mamma's Joy, Noble Andsome, and hundreds of other appellations which we never could translate.

For several years, until they could get old enough to play out of doors and soil their faces, their lives are one long continuous game of Copenhagen, everybody laboring under the delusion that all babies are good for is to kiss, consequently to see one is to kiss it. We cannot recollect of ever finding ourself in the presence of a baby, but what the fond mother would say, to it, "Now be good little deary and give gentleman a nice sweet kiss." Of course we accepted it, though kissing ain't our forte. We are naturally modest and don't care to be seen kissing anybody. We don't hanker after it as some of our friends do. We are willing to kiss a pretty girl occasionally for her mother's sake, or even for her own, rather than have any trouble, yet we think, if said pretty girl owed us a kiss, we should much prefer to have it remain on interest to having it paid when it became due; we never should present our bill and demand payment—not if we continued perfectly sane. We understand that there are quite a number of persons who differ from us in regard to kissing; if so let them diff, we cannot stop to argue the point, as our subject treats of babies.

The monotony of babies' lives is varied by such little incidents as an attack of the measles, mumps or croup, and we would not neglect to speak of cutting teeth. A baby that has got safely through all these infantile troubles, is considered worth some seventy-five dollars more than one who has them in prospect. The diseases are however easily treated and in a case of the measles all that is necessary is to have them "break out" well, and see to it that they don't "strike in." With the mumps, just let them "mump" round a day or two and they will come out all right. With the croup it is necessary to "strike ile," generally "goose ile," and if applied in season, 'twill soon lubricate the throat without much trouble. Cutting teeth runs longer than either of the other diseases, yet by a timely investment of a rubber ring and rattle, you get rid of a doctor's

bill. When we were young, we cut our teeth on a silver dollar, but as dollars are now made of paper, they won't stand the wear and tear of a whole set of teeth, and 'tis cheaper in the end to invest in the rubber ring.

Learning to walk and talk are two achievements about which too much cannot be said. The walking though is a mere nothing compared to talking, yet it is more dangerous, and accidents oftener occur; still they usually acquire the art with, the necessary breaking of some crockery or furniture which they frantically clutch at, in order to save a fall. During the season of practicing, nothing can drop in the house, or the least noise made, but what mother will drop whatever she has in her hand and cry out, "There goes Willie; what has he done now!" and rush to the scene of action to find perhaps a flower-pot on the floor, and Willie engaged in scattering its contents about the room. After clearing up the debris, mother returns to her work thanking her stars that it was only a choice verbena that was ruined and not Willie's neck.

Their conversation in the beginning is a little difficult to understand. They abbreviate a great deal, and throw aside all pronouns as perfectly useless. Listening to their talk is like attending an Italian Opera; one hears the noise, but cannot understand what it means. The first "papa" or "mamma," distinctly spoken, is worth five dollars to either of the delighted parents. Babies must not only talk themselves, but must be talked to; and the amount of baby-talk used in a common sized family is prodigious. Babies appearance opens a new field to all. The old hands who have seen babies before converse in the language quite fluently, but 'tis ludicrous to hear a beginner undertake to master this difficult tongue. Talking baby-talk is an art which few ever acquire to perfection, though, by constant practice, the most stupid can partially acquire it, yet it takes two or three generations of babies to make a perfect linguist.

The effect a baby produces on a family, no matter how sober said family may be, is wonderful to behold. It completely turns the heads of all. If any particular one behave more insane, or is carried away more than the rest, we think grandma will bear off the palm, although pa, ma, grandpa, aunt, uncle, and a long list of cousins, are not counted out by any means. We think the mother acts the most sensible, though even she has her failings and weak points in regard to baby, and will occasionally exhibit a trace of insanity when dilating upon his charms and accomplishments.

The effect babies have on progression is self-evident. No one ever knew of a baby inferior to any other preceding baby. On the contrary, each one is a little in advance of any yet born; and when we think of the vast numbers yet to be, and how every one will be a trifle superior to its predecessor, what a glorious future awaits us! We shall eventually reach perfection. How can those persons who believe that we retrograde instead of progress, reconcile this fact with their absurd theory?

Some people, a little enthusiastic, look upon a baby, "as a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Now we have seen some whom we thought had a liberal discount on their beauty, and their "joy forever" would quickly vanish on having it commence to cry and "refuse to be comforted," when left in our charge, and we busily engaged in reading and writing.

It must be comforting to a man, no matter how ugly or despised he may be, to think that he was once a baby, beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends. It is a comfort we would not deny him. There are quite a number of this world's people who were not loving babies a great while; they arrived at years when people cease to love them, quite early in life, and have never been babies since.

Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly—neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity. Secondly—both are bred in the house and also the flower of the family. Thirdly—both have to be cradled. Fourthly—both are generally well thrashed before they are done with

—In the May number of the *Musical Pioneer*, published in New York, I find the following interesting sketch:

"Our late President was a man of musical taste, but not of musical cultivation. He loved the plain homely tunes of the people. Sympathizing with them in everything else, he sympathized with them in their music. The plaintive, easily remembered melodies of Stephen C. Foster found a lodgment in his ear, where the more elaborate Italian airs could not make itself at home.

"On his visit to this city in 1861, after his first election, he attended a gala operatic performance at the Academy of Music, occupying one of the proscenium boxes. The opera, if we remember aright, was Bellini's 'Puritani.'

PARAGRAPHS.

—An obstinate old widower says marriage should be spelled mirage.

—The stealing of a trout is a fish-hook.

—He is emphatically a cold-water man who has two pumps to his feet.

—A nag is likely to get slow that has too many fast days.

—Look at the number of cabs in New York city, and you'd think the present age nothing but a cab-age.

—A horse isn't well broken that's merely broken-winded.

—Everlasting bugle-players, like miners, make their way by boring and blasting.

—If you are making love, eschew common sense or you will fail to a certainty.

—Silence may not convey ideas, but it hides the want of them.

—A tree cut down by an axe looks chop-fallen.

—A single leg may be considered best to beg with; two to dance with.

—Don't let a child be exposed to a bull or a gipsy. Either will hook it.

—A young woman complained of being troubled at night with cold feet. A strange thought occurred to her, and she added, "but they are my own."

—Old sailors despise steam-vessels. They think they would rather go without port than have it through a funnel.

—It matters not how fast an army marches, if it takes nothing by its motions.

—You may angle from morning till night, and at roosting-time not have a perch.

—It must be that water finds its own level, for many persons will testify that it drinks very flat.

—"Pa, do guns have legs?" "No, my child." "Well, then, pa, how do they kick?" "With their breeches, my son."

—A real carte de visite—a doctor's gig.

—When dinner is set before a man, he may suddenly get a stomach for it. When a fight is before him, he may suddenly lose stomach for it.

—Battles painted by artists are invariably drawn battles.

—If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, one for it and one against, it won't be a tie.

—The highest officer of a government is often the mere figure head and not the helmsman of the ship of State.

—No maiden yet ever unlocked her heart to her lover, but a kiss was the first prisoner to fly out.

—If you would be a man of genius, hold intercourse with men of genius. By being in frequent contact with a magnet, you may become magnet.

—Oftentimes the world and the flesh are not much better than the other distinguished member of the firm.

—"Didn't you suppose, sir, that I kept a Bible?" "No, I didn't think that you kept God's word, as I knew that you never kept your own."

—Cotton is no king. That beauty of the female form, to which cotton itself ministers, is the world's sovereign.

—Upon the head of a bad man, white hairs are a crown of shame.

—Our perception of the high and the holy re clearer in sorrow than in joy. From the depths of dark wells we behold the midday stars.

—If man is, as Burns says he is, the dog's god, we have seen many a dog seize his god by the calf of the leg.

—Indulge in humor just as much as you please, so it isn't ill humor.

—Christmas never passes with a reflective man without the rising of the phoenix of the night from the ashes of childhood.

—Many of us climb the green mountains of life only to die upon an iceberg above.

—Every man is at least in one thing, against his will, original—his manner of sneezing.

—Most people secretly believe that God has existed, merely that they might be created.

—Happy are husband and wife when each, to the other, is at the same time sun and sun-flower, turning and turned.

—To the lover, life, like the declining sun of the longest day of the Northern ocean, touches only, with its rim, the passing earth, and rises again, like morning, in the arch of Heaven.

DICKENS AS A REPORTER.

Readers of "David Copperfield," will remember Dicken's lively description of a newspaper reporter's struggles with the stenographic system of short-hand reporting, which was so incomprehensible in its details and so difficult to master that the luckless learner was driven to the verge of distraction by the severity of his labors. This passage and its allusion to the life of a newspaper reporter has generally been regarded as a bit of autobiography; and this conclusion is verified by Mr. Dickens' recent speech in the Newspaper Press Fund dinner in London, at which he presided.

The Newspaper Press Fund is a new institution in London, founded two years ago, for protective and charitable purposes. Its second celebration took place on the 20th of May. Mr. Dickens made the opening speech, in which, after alluding to the power exercised by a free press, he gave the following pleasant reminiscences of his own life as a reporter:

"I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy not eighteen, and I left it—I can hardly believe the inexorable truth—nigh thirty years ago; and I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren at home in England here, many of my brethren's successors, can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer from my short-hand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, written on the palm of my hand by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chase and four, galloping through a wild country, all through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour.

"The very last time I was at Exeter I strolled into the castle yard there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once 'took,' as we used to call it, an election speech of my noble friend Lord Russell, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the country, and under such pelting rain that I remember two good-natured colleagues, who chanced to be at leisure, held a pocket handkerchief over my note-book, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession. [Laughter.]

"I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery of the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled like so many sheep [laughter] kept in waiting till the wool-sack might want restuffing. [A laugh.] Returning home from excited political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. [A laugh.] I have been, in my time, belated on miry by-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a rickety carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken postboys, and have got back in time before publication to be received with never-forgotten compliments by Mr. Black, in the broadest of Scotch coming from the broadest of hearts I ever knew. [Ahear, hear.]

"Ladies and gentlemen: I mention these trivial things as an assurance to you that I never have forgotten the fascination of that old pursuit. [Cheers.] The pleasure that I used to feel in the rapidity and dexterity of its exercise has never faded out of my breast. Whatever little cunning of hand or head I took to it, or acquired in it, I have so retained as that, I fully believe I could resume it to-morrow. [Cheers.] To this present year of my life, when I sit in this hall, or where not, hearing a dull speech—the phenomenon does occur—[laughter]—I sometimes beguile the tedium of the moment by mentally following the speaker in the old, old way; and sometimes, if you can believe me, I even find my hand going on the table-cloth. [Laughter.] Accept the little truths as a confirmation of what I know, as a confirmation of my interest in this old calling. Accept them as a proof that my feeling for the vocation of my youth is not a sentiment taken up to-night to be thrown away to-morrow [hear, hear], but a faithful sympathy, which is a part of myself. [Cheers.] I verily believe, I am sure, that if I had never quitted my old calling, I should have been foremost and calous in the interest of this institution, believing it to be a sound, a wholesome, and a good one. Ladies and gentlemen, I am to propose to you to drink 'Prosperity to the Newspaper Press Fund.'"

BURNETT'S FLORAL HAND-BOOK FOR 1865.—This is a small pocket pamphlet of about two dozen pages, containing an almanac for the current year, a large number of wise aphorisms and proverbs, and other light reading. The feature of the publication is a dictionary of the language of flowers, which is the most complete collection we ever met with. The little book (furnished gratis, we believe,) also contains a list of the celebrated BURNETT Preparations, which are world-noted, we might say, for their quality and excellence.—*Home Journal, New York.*

This little pamphlet is being distributed in the Floral Hall and other parts of the Fair, and is well worth preserving. Its free circulation will give a correct knowledge of flowers, of which so many are deficient, and should tend to increase the taste and demand for flowers at the Fair. Mr. Burnett has contributed handsomely to the Fair. Mr. L. D. Morse, of Boston, has charge of the donations.