

ELECTRA:

▲

BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MAY, 1883, TO MAY, 1884.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore through snow and ice
A banner with this strange device,
EXCELSIOR!"

EDITED BY

ANNIE E. WILSON AND ISABELLA M. LEYBURN.

PUBLISHED BY ISABELLA M. LEYBURN.

PRINTED BY THE COURIER-JOURNAL JOB-PRINTING COMPANY.

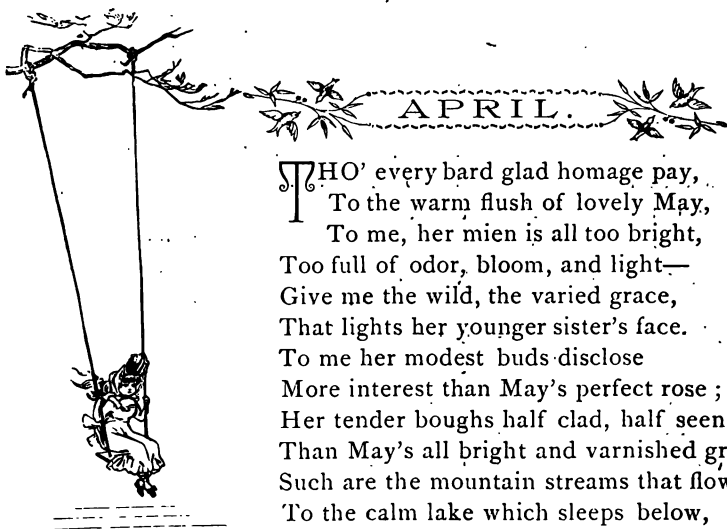
ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1884.

No. 12



WHO' every bard glad homage pay,
To the warm flush of lovely May,
To me, her mien is all too bright,
Too full of odor, bloom, and light—
Give me the wild, the varied grace,
That lights her younger sister's face.
To me her modest buds disclose
More interest than May's perfect rose ;
Her tender boughs half clad, half seen
Than May's all bright and varnished green.
Such are the mountain streams that flow
To the calm lake which sleeps below,
Or such young hope, still beckoning on,
Compared to joys when come, or gone.
Then tell me not how clouds do chase
The burnished sunbeams from her face,
Ere we can point how heavenly fair,
How fairy-like they're reveling there.
For thee the wild birds sweetest sing,
Health flutters on thy busy wing,
And many a flower that feeds the bee,
Unbinds its velvet folds for thee ;
For thee the cowslip decks the plains,
The daisy loves thy fickle rains,
Pomona's thousand tribes are thine,
And the first buddings of the vine.
Spoiled bantling of the varied year,
To me, thy very whims are dear.

so much material was effected. The whole of the original wall is said to have been completed in five (some records say ten) years. Three men out of every ten of the laboring class throughout the empire were forced to help in building it, and the tale of their toil has never been written, save in the brief statement that 200,000 men died during the period of their employment, from sheer exhaustion.

The original structure was erected 2,000 years since, by an emperor who thought thus to prevent, forever, the incursions of the Tartars. He was soldier enough to encounter and defeat these invaders; statesman enough to reform many abuses in his empire, but so superstitious as to engage in a search for genii, fairy-land, and the elixir of immortality. Failing to obtain this last, he died, and left directions that his favorite wife and many of his servants should be buried with him. The Great Wall was not completed until after his death. It has proven a vain barrier;

for sovereigns of the race it was designed to exclude, have, for over two hundred years, filled the Dragon throne.

While we stood on the Wall we saw a dust-storm raging in the distance, on the Mongolian plains, and, as a rising wind reminded us that we might be overtaken by the storm, a thing by no means desirable, we hastened to spread our lunch on the grass, and emulate

“Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea
And toast upon the Wall of China,”

only we were minus the toast.

Our hasty meal concluded, we gathered flowers and grasses, picked up a few pebbles and broken pieces of brick as mementos of our visit, and were soon retracing the morning's route. We took our last view of this great structure from the point where we obtained our first, and by this time sufficient enthusiastic impulse had been excited in our breasts to enable us to admire “The Wall of Ten Thousand Li” as much as even a Chinaman could demand.

FIRST FRUITS.

AN EASTER ALLEGORY.

In the course of my wanderings amongst the lands of the Midday Sun, I discovered a beautiful valley, locked in by lofty and impassable mountain cliffs. Through the midst of it flowed a river, whose waters weredelightful to the taste, and whose banks were bordered with verdure and flowers. The climate of the valley was so salubrious, its soil was so productive, it abounded in birds of such rare plumage, and in fruits of such delicious flavor, that the inhabitants would have considered themselves the most favored of men, had it not been for a single untoward circumstance, the nature of which I will now explain.

The river, which flowed so smoothly along its course, as it approached the base of the inaccessible cliffs, suddenly fell into a deep chasm, disappearing with a low moan like the wail of a broken heart; and ever and anon, there came down from the lofty cliffs a mysterious giant, who, apparently in wanton sport, seized one and another of the inhabitants and threw them into the stream. Such was his strange humor that he spared neither age nor sex, seizing sometimes the fair bride at the altar, and sometimes the babe of a few days on its mother's breast.

Not only was this monster deaf to all

entreaty, but when he had once thrown his victims in, he suffered none to rescue them. Their friends could only follow along the bank and wring their hands, weeping, as the resistless current bore their loved ones down into the chasm.

Hardly a day passed that there might not be seen a little company of fresh mourners, sitting above the mouth of the cavern, listening to hear if any sounds should come back to tell them that their lost ones still lived; but no voice or echo reached them out of the silent depths. Only the low moan of the river seemed to keep company with their grief. There were some, who professed to be wise men among them, who said that the river ran through dark, subterranean realms, and that somewhere in these dim and shadowy abodes they, whom the river had borne down, still lived. But most gave them up and mourned for them as lost forever. At length there came one day to a little group of mourners by the stream a man of wondrous majesty of person and gentleness of mien, who said to the sorrowing ones, "Why weep ye as if your loved ones are lost? This river rises again to the surface after it has passed under these enclosing hills, and the valley in which it reappears is much more beautiful than this. There are such grains and fruits as you have never seen, and flowers that never fade; and the good whom the giant has thrown into the river are all living there in a land which they would not exchange for this." But they would not believe him, but grew angry with him for mocking and deluding their fears.

Then said the mysterious stranger, "If you believe not, take me and cast me into the stream, and I will come back again to assure you that I still live;" and though many cried out against it as

a great crime, yet they caught him and threw him into the flood, and he went down into the chasm in the same apparent helplessness with the rest. Many, however, who had seen his beautiful life and had heard his wonderful words, followed along, expecting every moment to see him deliver himself from the engulfing waters. But when they saw him go down, and heard no voice that answered to their call, they gave up all as lost and went sadly away. Thus two whole days passed, and still no tidings came from the mysterious stranger. But on the morning of the third day, while a little company of his friends were sitting together, there entered hurriedly a loving woman, whom he had once greatly befriended, and declared, weeping for joy, that she had caught a glimpse of his form coming down the mountain side. At first all said it was impossible; but one of them, an old seaman, accustomed to long sight, went out and looked and cried, as he brushed away a tear, "Indeed, it is he." Then another and another recognized him as he came nearer, and stood with eager gaze, until above five hundred had gathered to welcome him.

And, as they met him, lo! his form was fresher and his step more elastic than before; upon his brow was a wreath of amaranthine flowers, and on his shoulders a sheaf of golden grain from the better land.

And as they looked with glad eyes upon him and saw the fadeless flowers and the matchless grain, they said, "Now we know that the river does come up again out of the dark caverns, and that our loved ones are amidst the amaranthine bowers of that better land. For now is Christ risen from the dead and become the **FIRST FRUITS** of them that slept."

INDEX TO VOL. I.

	PAGE.
A Chapter on Rings. By Pamela McA. Cole	414
A City in Two Hemispheres. <i>Youths' Companion</i>	258
A Dream. <i>Brainard's Musical Monthly</i>	627
A Glimpse of the Bad Lands. Letters to My Nieces, No. III: by Edmund M. Vittum	471
A Grecian Musical Festival. By George Upton: <i>Brainard's Musical World</i>	303
A Little After Christmas Story. By E. G.	561
A Morning with Rosa Bonheur. Selected	445
A Royal Poet—James I. of Scotland. Washington Irving	501
A Short Story, Sad and Authentic. By Et Girard	620
A Sketch. By Mary Y. Hogan	632
A Strange Country. By Edmund M. Vittum	250
A Trip to the Moon. By Polly Cabell	609
A Trip up the St. John's. By Kenneth Campbell	235
A Useful Tree. By J. K. Bloomfield	557
A Visit to the Great Wall of China. By Miss A. E. Safford	658
A Walpurgisnight. Translated from the German of E. Vely, by H. de la Ronde	3, 78, 109
An English Maiden. By Annie E. Wilson	236
An Old-time Precursor of the Modern Reporter. By Thornton Macaulay: <i>Baldwin's Monthly</i>	451
An Oriental Wedding. <i>Philadelphia Press</i>	63
Alexander Coumoundouros. From our Athens Correspondent, F. D. K.	286
Among the Berkshires. By Henry B. Corey	365
Arthur of Brittany. Miss Yonge's Cameos of English History	131
Atolls. By Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, D. D.	273
Battle in the Laboratory. By Two School Girls: <i>Hamptonian</i>	119
Caernarvon Castle. Selected	379
Castles on the Rhine. By Rev. John Leyburn, D. D.	197
Charles Linnæus. By Halo	610
Conversation. Cowper	52
Dress and Clothes in the Thirteenth Century. <i>The Penny Magazine</i>	252
Dust Falls. By Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, D. D.	118
Earls of March. By Annie E. Wilson	562
Easter Eggs—A Legend of the Eastern Church. By Iota	701
Fall of Hungary. By Et Girard	549
Feliza. Translated from the French of Marie Lionnet, by H. de la Ronde	621, 677
First Fruits. By Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, D. D.	661
From Strength to Strength. By Alice King: <i>The Girls' Own Paper</i>	31, 67, 121, 174, 242, 288, 342, 430, 474, 550, 612
Gaspar Hauser. By Halo	538
Giotto. By Ray Montgomery	499
Glimpses of an English Song Bird. By E. P. P. Allan	217
Golden Rod. By Helen F. Moore	164
Grandmother's Random Recollections. By Mrs. Flora Byrne	308, 485
Greek Superstitions Regarding Diseases. By M. K.	640
Half an Hour in Constantinople. By Iota	161
Halloween. By Elizabeth B. Sayres	280
Harry Push on his Way Around the World. By Isabella M. Leyburn	21, 83, 136, 184, 231, 312, 367, 447, 496, 570, 695
"Ich Dien." By Annie E. Wilson	375
Into the Light. By Abby Eldredge	488, 540, 599, 667
Janie Moore's Best Christmas-Gift. By Ray Montgomery	440
John Howard Payne. Condensed from the <i>Courier-Journal</i>	127
Kenilworth Castle. <i>The Penny Magazine</i>	241
Kublai, Great Khan of the Tartars and Emperor of China. <i>Marco Polo's Travels</i>	688

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Led by a Child. <i>The Girls' Own Paper</i>	277
Leonardo da Vinci. By Ray Montgomery	672
Letitia Elizabeth Landon (L. E. L.). By Mrs. Anna W. Young	565
Letters from the Orient. By J. R. S. Sterrett, Ph. D.	89, 141
Loiterings in the Footprints of Luther. By Rev. John Leyburn, D. D.	337
Louis VII. of France. By Annie E. Wilson	73
Luther. By James Anthony Froude: <i>Eclectic Magazine</i>	380, 406
Margaret of Lancaster. By Annie E. Wilson	683
Matilda Atheling, Wife of Henry I. of England. By Annie E. Wilson	8
"Monteagle." By Rev. E. E. Bigger	593
Negro Aphorisms. <i>Century</i>	349
Old Travelers. <i>The Penny Magazine</i>	418, 507, 559, 617
Origin of the Phillipine. Translated from the German of Gustav Freytag: By E. G. K.	436
Parlez vous Francais. <i>The Girls' Own Paper</i>	189
Peeps into a Royal Family. By Annie E. Wilson	282
Raphael. By Ray Montgomery	190
Remarkable Preservation of a Bible. By Gen. Richard E. Vaughn	641
Rembrandt. By June English	253
Richard, Duke of York. By Annie E. Wilson	628
Rio de Janeiro. Rev. D. M. Hazlette	693
Saint Cloud. By M. G. Duff	193
Saunterings about Monticello. By William T. Price	529
Signs and Omens. By Helen F. Moore	421
Sir Edward Landseer. From Miss Thackeray's Sketch: <i>Cornhill Magazine (Littell)</i>	105
Swallows' Nests. By E. G.	439
Tasso. <i>The Penny Magazine</i>	373
Teunyson's Dream of Fair Women. By Mrs. Alice Harris Smith	634
The Early Female Sculptors. By Stereo	114
The Eastern Bazar. <i>Palia Chronia</i>	663
The Emperor of China. From an English Paper published in China	638
The Esthetic Craze. By Cheveux Gris	403
The Frog King. By Elizabeth B. Sayres	248
The Frontier of To-day. Letters to My Nieces, No. II: Edmund M. Vittum	427
The Girl at Number Ten. By Rose Hartwick Thorpe	317
The Homeless Poet. By Isabella M. Leyburn	49
The Host of Sunny Side. By Annie E. Wilson	26
The Mountain Top. An Allegory: <i>The Girls' Own Paper</i>	16
The Narrowest House in the World. <i>New York Evening Post</i>	191
The Ocklawaha. or "Crooked Water." By Kenneth Campbell	481
The Origin of Great Men. From Samuel Smiles: <i>Self Help</i>	295
The Prize Story. By Iota	465
The Rival Physicians. By Miss Anna Dick	357
The Seventh Daughter. By Benjamin Blythe	223
The Toilet of the Fly. Selected	182
The Truant. Washington Irving	28
Three German Duels. By F. P. V.	604
Three Scottish Princes. By Annie E. Wilson	171
Visit to Old South Church. By Fred. Myron Colby: <i>Our World</i>	181
Vision of Hellas. Translated from the Greek of Miss A. G. Pappadopoulos, by Rev. W. Andrews, D. D., Canon of Peterborough, England	350
Volcano in Iceland. <i>The Penny Magazine</i>	598
Wedding Presents in China. By Belle S. Lockett	311
Wild Flowers of Montana. <i>Century</i>	192
Will's Sister. By Sophie May	534
Woman and the Bible. By Rev. Geo. L. Leyburn	545
Woman's Work. By Mrs. Marion McBride, of the <i>Boston Post</i>	355, 494
Women Here and There. By Rev. Geo. L. Leyburn	256
Wyckliffe. By Iota	310

INDEX.

POETRY.

A Bird's Song. By May M. Anderson	341
April. By General W. O. Butler	657
Calling the Cows. By May M. Anderson	107
Celebrities. By Anna S. Reed	276
Change. By Mrs. M. J. Smith	231
For the Love of God. By Margaret J. Preston	439
Girlhood. Selected	405
Grandmother's Love Letters	685
Greenway Court. By Margaret J. Preston	115
Guess. By Mrs. Georgianna Lee	702
Heart's Ease. By Ingomar	480
Home, Sweet Home	130
Jesse and Colin. Crabbe	54
Let Your Love be Spoken. By Kenneth Campbell	285
Lost, a Boy. By Eben E. Rexford: <i>Youth's Companion</i>	196
Maid of Isla. <i>Surf and Wave</i>	312
Meeting at Night. <i>Surf and Wave</i>	240
Milton's Last Poem. A mistake—not by Milton	603
My Resting Place. By Mrs. M. J. Smith	348
My Rights. Susan Coolidge	548
October. By Rose Hartwick Thorpe	273
Omar Pasha and the Two Arab Girls. By J. M. Tydings	299
Over and Over Again. Selected	77
Sampson. Chaucer	372
Sea-Shell. Landor, Wordsworth, Byron	30
Sir Henry's Cat. By Mrs. Lucy Randolph Fleming	675
Six Years Old. By May M. Anderson	558
Some Day. By May M. Anderson	228
Song to the Birds. By K. C.	493
Song of the Lighthouse Girl. By Sigma	611
Sunset Pictures. By Kenneth Campbell	691
The Cantab. Cowper	202
The Child and the Bird. By J. McD. G.	15
The December Twilights. Letters to My Nieces No. IV; Edmund M. Vittum	596
The Deserted Garden. Mrs. Browning	220
The Isles of Greece. Byron	140
The Kept Promise. By Margaret J. Preston	294
The New Eva. From the German. By G. T. Berg	401
The Raindrop's Fate. By Margaret J. Preston	7
The Rosy Vandal. Bret Harle: Selected	183
The Sea. By Barry Cornwall: <i>Surf and Wave</i>	163
The Snail. Cowper	51
The Soul's Expression. Mrs. Browning	147
The Young Ladies' New Year's Toilet. Selected	470
To-morrow. By H. J. Stockard	465
"To Present You Faultless." By Mrs. Herrick Johnson	169
Under the Gas. By Merle Murrie	639
Winter. Cowper	529

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Home Sunlight	42, 97, 151, 207, 262, 325, 387, 456, 511, 575, 642, 703
Reading Club	40, 96, 149, 205, 259, 323, 386, 454, 518, 579, 645, 706
Book Notices. Literary Notes	97, 150, 206, 260, 324, 455, 520, 581, 646, 707
Scrap Book	44, 99, 153, 209, 264, 326, 390, 457, 521, 582, 647, 708
Glimpses Into Nature. Brief Notes on Flowers, Birds, and Insects. By M. P. P. H.	*465, 327, 392, 584, 649
Bits of Science	101, 155, 211, 329, 394, 459, 522, 586, 710
Graphæion	37, 94, 148, 203, 467, 331, 395, 461, 523, 588, 652, 712
Current History	45, 102, 156, 212, 469, 333, 397, 463, 525, 590, 654, 714

Should read *265, †267, ‡269.