



Transcription of *The Ruby*, a manuscript newspaper, 1869.

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## The Ruby

An Illustrated Literary Magazine.

Vol. 1<sup>st</sup> No. 2<sup>nd</sup> February 1869.

Published monthly by Hill & Winthrop.

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The Ruby.

Contents of the Feb.y no.

G.W. Pratt.

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1869

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Boston February. 1869.

No.2 Vol. 1

Geo. Winthrop Prat, Editor

Presence of mind.

Presence of mind is the power of preserving one's faculty of reason and calculation in the midst of danger. There was once in London a painter, of the name of

Thornhill, who was employed to decorate the interior of the dome of the famous cathedral of St. Paul's. One day that he might observe the effect of a certain part of his work, he moved backward from it along a scaffolding which hung near the ceiling. He moved till he reached the very edge; another step and he would have fallen and been dashed to pieces on the marble pavement far below. His servant at the right moment saw his danger, and at once threw a pot of paint at the picture. Surprised and angry at the act Mr. Thornhill rushed forward to chastise the man; but, when the reason of his conduct was explained he could not sufficiently thank him for the ready ingenuity, by which he had saved his life.

A night in the snow.

You have read in the last number of our Ruby some account of Mont Blanc and the difficulties and dangers of ascending to the top. I will now tell the readers of the Ruby something about the man who first discovered the route, by which the ascent of this remarkable mountain is now made. This man's name was James Balmat. In the year 1786, a party of men went to explore the mountain and find out if possible a practicable course to the summit. James wished to follow them, but they did not like to have him, so he followed them against their will. When the party turned to descend the mountain, James was looking for some crystals under a rock. So he lost sight of them, and they did not let him know that they were going. The snow began to fall and covered up their foot tracks. The storm increased and not daring to expose himself to the danger of a solitary descent in the darkness, he resolved to spend the night alone, in the center of this desert of ice, and at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. He had no food and was but poorly clad. Night was rapidly coming on, and the frozen flakes fell more heavily every minute.

He got under the lee of one of the rocks, and contrived to make a hole in the snow, into which he crept and protected himself as well as he could from the storm. And there—and alone on the white, solid waste of eternal frost—in awful unearthly silence, unbroken by any sound from the remote, living world—half dead already from the piercing cold, and with limbs inflamed and stiffened by the labor he had undergone—he passed the long hours of that terrible night.

At last morning broke. Far away in the east, James saw its earliest lights kindling up the great giant mountains that guarded the horizon. One after another the mighty snow crowned summits stood out bright and sharp in the clear cloud air. The storm had passed away.

The morning was calm and mild. But as James strove to move his stiffened limbs he found that his feet had lost all sensation and that they were frost bitten though he could use them without pain. Presently the sunlight came down from the tops of Mont Blanc, brightening the whole prospect, and cheering up James heart.

He bravely resolved to devote the day to surveying the mountain, and seeing if there was not some way to the summit over the untrodden deserts of snow. His courage was rewarded. He found that if certain crevices or gaps in the snow and ice were once crossed, the path to the top of Mont Blanc was clear and unbroken before him, and he then traced out the route which with but slight variations has been followed ever since. James returned home in the month of August 1786, and in company with a bold physician, ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc. Other parties went up the year following, and now the excursion has become not an uncommon one.

## Parrots

Parrots are chiefly from S. America and when brought to this country they require the warmth of a dwelling house to keep them alive. All the parrots possess harsh voices, and would on that account be considered as a positive nuisance by most persons except for the oddity of their being able to repeat certain words. But some parrots can repeat words to a greater degree than others.

One day a man came into a store in London, and asked the store keeper if he had any parrots to sell. "There's one—all we've got" said the store keeper pointing to a bird in a cage on the counter. "Well," said the customer, "seems to me it don't talk a great deal." "I think the more said poll," and the bird was bought of course. Some time since a gentleman sent a lady in England a gray parrot, and the lady did not take any pains to get him a cage, so everyday the poor thing wandered around the yard all day long, into the mud and dirt, sleeping in an old barrel, till poor poll's train was worn all off, and he was so dirty, you would hardly distinguish him from a forlorn hen. At length one of the

children seeing Polly's condition, had compassion on the poor thing, and brought him into the house, fed and washed him, and put him in a cage.

The children would frequently play with him, using such expressions as these: "Now Polly's got a cage," "poor Polly, he has lost his train." And from these frequent exclamations of the children, we would very often hear him in his shrill voice, say: "Polly got a cage," "Polly got a cage" — "lost his train" — "poor Polly." A grey parrot, with whom we had the pleasure of an acquaintance some years ago learned to repeat several verses of a sentimental poem, and having been taught to pronounce them in a sentimental drawl, could of course repeat them in no other way.

But flattery spoiled him. Hearing nothing but laughter in response to his oracular utterances, he shortly began to laugh himself; and indulged so much in the exercise, that his poetical memories soon vanished altogether.

Good Advice to everybody

If wisdoms ways you wisely seek  
[illegible] things observe with care.  
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak  
And how—and when—and where.

The escape of the spider.

A gentleman who was very fond of studying the habits of different animals, and insects, one day, when he was walking in his garden found a large spider. It was near a pond of water. He took a long stick and put the spider on one end of it.

Then he went to the side of the pond and stretching out as far as he could, he thrust the other end of the stick down into the bottom of the pond, and left it standing straight up out of the water, with the spider upon it. He then sat on the bank to watch what the spider would do when he found himself a prisoner there.

Presently the spider began to move. First he went down the stick till he came to the water. He went round and round the stick, feeling and looking carefully till he found there was no getting off there. Then he went to the top and found there was no getting off there. Then he went to the top and found there was no way of escape there.

Then he went up and down the different sides of the stick, till he became satisfied, that there was nothing leading from the stick by means of which he could possibly get away. Then he went once more to the top of the stick, and remained quiet for a while. It seemed to the gentleman as though the spider were saying to himself, "Well, I'm in a nice fix now; what in the world am I to do?" He seemed to be taking observations from the top of the stick, making up his mind what he was to do next.

Then he set the spinning machine in motion. He wove out a long coil of thread—long enough to reach the shore from his island-prison. When he had done this, he fastened one end of his thread to the top of the stick, and left the rest of it float in the breeze. When he had done this, he went sliding down along the thread which he had spun, till he reached the end, where after floating in the air a little while, he lighted safely on the land and scampered away to his home.

The falls of Niagara.

Falls! How beautiful!

"Your waters rush, And head long crush,

They seem to leap, Down in a heap,

My tongue doth fail, To tell your tale

I should be dumb I [illegible]."

"I stood upon Niag'ra's shore,

And listen'd to his awful roar

I could not bear it any more and so withdrew."

Spring from the rock with giant [illegible]

Leap from your cliff down to that chasm [i.e. chasm]!

Crash like a smitten world—thou river,

And in thy bed from—mad forever.

The Judge and the Lawyer.

On a certain occasion when pleading a cause at the bar, Lawyer Brooks observed to Judge Price that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the court would consent to set late enough for him to finish them that evening. "Sir, sir" said the judge, "not set, hens set."—"I stand corrected, sir" replied the lawyer bowing. Not

long after the judge, while giving an opinion on a marine case, asked in regard to a certain ship, "at what wharf does she lay?" "Sir, may it please your honor," exclaimed Mr. Brooks, "not lay, hens lay."

How to make a hundred pairs of shoes.

A waggish cobbler once in Rome,  
Put forth a proclamation,  
That he'd be willing to disclose,  
For a due consideration  
A secret which the cobbling world  
Could ill afford to lose,  
The way to make in one short day  
A hundred pairs of shoes.  
From every quarter to the sight  
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen,  
Folly leather sellers.  
All redolent of beer and smoke,  
And cobblers wax, and hides,  
Each fellow pays his thirty fence,  
And calls it cheap besides.  
Silence!—the cobbler enters  
And casts around his eye.  
Then curls his lip—the rogue—then from  
"My friends," he says, "its simple quite  
The plan that I propose,  
And every one of you I think,  
May learn it if you choose.  
A good sharp knife is all you'll need,  
In carrying out my plan,  
So easy is it, none can fail,  
Let him be child or man.  
To make a hundred pairs of shoes  
Just go back to your shops,

And take a hundred pairs of boots,  
And cut off all the tops."

Brevities.

A dandy, wishing to be witty, accosted an old ragman, as follows: "you take all sorts of rubbish in your cart, don't you?" "Yes-yes, jump in-jump in," replied the ragman.

What bus has found room for the most people? Ans. Columbus.

What is the difference between a watchman and a jailor? Ans. One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

Lady: What are you teaching her nurse? Nurse: [illegible]. Lady: Then let her be. Nurse: If she doesn't learn it I'll let her see.

"You are a nuisance, I commit you," said the judge, "to a noisy person in court." "You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

G.W. Pratt.

Notices.

"The Ruby" is published monthly by Hill & Winthrop 623 Cedar St.

Price \$2.50 per annum.

Now is the time to get up your clubs. All back no's supplied. There is hardly a limit to the instructive & highly interesting matter it contains.

Edited by G.W. Pratt. 1869.