

SHINGOOS, THE YOUNG INDIAN

A Story of Christmas in the Wilderness.

A fierce storm raged without; but though the log-cabin shook as the wild blasts dashed against it in their fury, the cold breath of the tempest pierced not through the thick plaster which filled the inequalities between the massive logs which formed its walls; while the huge fire which blazed high on the wide hearth, and cast over the room a bright red glow, beneath which the candlelight paled, banished from its genial presence all feeling of wintry chill.

Before the fire sat Hewston, still a hale man of sixty; on one side was his son—now his only one—and on the other his son's wife, whom he loved as though she had been in truth his daughter; and on his knee sat his eldest grandson, the joy and hope of his advancing years. A twin sister of this little one was engaged in sportive contest with her father's some favorite toy; and by the mother's side an infant boy lay sleeping in its cradle.

"How like he is to my dear, lost Edward!" said the old man, sadly; "there is the same dark eye, the same proud look, and the same bright smile with which he bade me last farewell. But you must be Edward to me, my little Harry—you must be noble, and good, and dutiful like him, and be to me all he would have been if he had lived. Alas!" added Hewston, "that so few should cheer my hearth on this Christmas Eve!"

At this moment the door opened, and a tall Indian stood on the threshold.

"What do you want?" demanded the elder Hewston, sternly.

"I come to my pale-face brother for shelter and for food."

"Not beneath this roof!" exclaimed Hewston. "No Indian shall ever eat my bread, or sit beside my fire."

A dark and angry shade overspread the Indian's face, which at the first was gloomy. But he checked all evidence of indignation; and, stepping aside, pointed to a form wrapped in blankets, that reclined half on the snowy earth just beyond the threshold, half in the arms of a boy about sixteen, who, like the elder Indian, had no mantle or blanket to protect him from the icy wind and drifting snow, which, even during this short interval, came on the eddying wind like frozen spray into the room.

"My wife is sick," said he, earnestly, "or an Indian would not ask the pale-face for what he wants to keep. But it is cold for the woman in the forest, and the wind is freezing her heart like a pool."

"Hearken to me!" said Hewston—"hearken to me, Indian! When the summer came last I had three sons—I now have one. The other two were tortured to death by Indian hands, and the bones are bleaching far away in their wilderness, where I cannot go to bury them. And women mocked them in their agony, and children laughed at their tortures; and neither man nor woman, nor child of your race shall ever receive kindness or friendship at my hands."

He returned to the fire, still careful, as he had been all along, to shelter with his thick, loose coat the child who was nestling in his bosom. The Indian stepped back thoughtfully; and, as William closed the door, he saw him raise the woman from the ground.

Margaret thought they ought to have done something towards ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate wanderers, but did not say so, for the nature of the blow which had deprived Hewston of his two younger sons had mingled a ferocity with his grief, which bade her shrink from irritating him; for, only five months before the younger Hewstons had visited a Canadian village on the shore of Lake Huron; and, on the very night of their arrival a band of Indians, in revenge for some affront, burst upon the village, laid it in ashes killed all the inhabitants who did not escape into the woods, and, taking the two Hewstons alive, carried them off to their own village, where the unfortunate young men perished at the stake.

How brightly rose the Christmas sun over the snow-robed earth!

Young Hewston and his father, who had followed him from the house, proceeded on their usual forenoon walk to visit the traps for hares and martens, they had set in the forest, and examined the fishing-lines which according to Canadian custom, were fixed through holes broken in the ice; for, though they made it a holiday by leaving their rifles at home, the few occupations winter permitted were regarded too much as amusements to be entirely relinquished, although it was Christmas Day.

As the hour drew near for dinner, Margaret looked with some satisfaction on her preparations for the annual festival.

The cloth was neatly laid before the blazing fire, at which hung a sirloin, which, together with the partridges, looked fit for an alderman's board. Then, on a side-table, stood bottled cider, with nuts and cakes, and raspberry and strawberry tarts made of fruit of her own preserving; and all looked so nice and tempting, she knew that William and his father must praise; and the children were already so nearly wild with delight, that, to save the objects of their admiration from premature demolition she had been obliged to send Harry out to play, and set Caroline to rock the cradle for her baby brother.

And now she hears the welcome steps approach the door, and, with a joyful smile hastens to open it. Old Hewston's eye took in the scene at a glance.

"You are the very girl for a settler's wife!" cried he, embracing her affectionately. "Show me another who could have prepared us such a Christmas feast in the wilderness, with no confusion or fuss—but all as neat and quiet as if you'd half a dozen servants, and kitchen and parlor were not one. And here we come back, you see, just as you bade us, ready to carve your roast, and do full justice to your pies and puddings. But where is Harry?"

"Did he not come in with you? He is just outside, then. Call him William."

William did so, and, as the room was warm, and the day unusually mild, left the door open, expecting every moment the child would come bounding in. But the dinner was placed on the table, and yet no Harry made his appearance. The father went out again, but though he made the air resound with the boy's name, there was no answer; and, after making a rapid circuit of the house, and all spots near at hand

where Harry was likely to be lingering, he returned once more to the house.

The mother turned deadly pale at his tidings, and the grandfather rose from the table, while William resumed in silence the great coat and fur cap he had so lately laid aside, and took its rifle from its resting place.

"Oh, could I not go with you?" came at length from the pale lips of the young mother, as, with clasped hands and marble-like rigidity of form, she stood gazing on those who were about setting forth to seek her child.

"No, no, Margaret! Stay to take care of those who are still spared to us," replied William, as, with an agitation which betrayed the extent of his fears, he caught her to his heart, then hastened from the house.

With all the energy of those whose whole hearts were in their exertions, did father and son prosecute the search for the lost Harry so long as the faintest glow of day light lasted; but all in vain, or worse than vain, for it served but to increase their anguish, and sweep away the last vestiges of hope; for, on an island two miles distant from the house, they discovered the small warm ashes of a fire, which had just burned out. The snow around was very much trampled and beaten; yet they could distinguish traces of the feet which had been near their home, and likewise of a boy, and a feebler and more uncertain step, which seemed a woman's.

At one part on the lakeward side, the ice had been broken to the beach, which bore signs of a canoe having been launched; so it was evident that, cold and inclement as was the season, the Indians had departed by water.

As they were turning away in this conviction, William's eye was arrested by something red hanging amid the dark green of a young fir which grew low down on the beach. He caught it up—it was part of a child's embroidered collar, and its crimson hue was from the blood with which it was deeply stained.

This token of his child's fate was too much for William; and, flinging himself on the snow, he gave way to a burst of that passionate grief which manhood rarely indulges in, but which, when it is yielded to, is so terrible to witness.

It was quite dark when they reached home; and Margaret placed lights in the window to guide them, and, cold as it was, stood watching anxiously at the door.

At length they came; but no young voice blessed her with his sweet greeting; and as she hung herself into her husband's arms, the deep and mournful silence in which he embraced her told the mother's heart that all further hope was vain—though it was weeks after ere William dared show to her the blood-stained fragment of her own embroidery, which, having been round her child's neck on that morning, spoke so fearfully of his doom.

Then the old man stood before them, and said, in a voice hoarse with emotion—

"Do not hate me, do not curse me, Margaret, for the loss of that precious child. I feel that I deserve it. I know 'twas I, by my savage cruelty, tore him from you. But I could not bear your reproaches, Margaret—they would drive me mad; for I loved that child even as I loved the sons that I have lost. He was as the child of my old age; and how my heart clung to him even you, who loved him so well, can scarcely tell!"

Fourteen years had passed away since the merry laugh of little Harry Hewston last gladdened his mother's heart.

One bright day in that beautiful but brief portion of autumn called Indian summer, a girl was seated at the foot of the cliff. She was about nineteen, with eyes dark as night, and hair black as the raven's wing, parted over a calm brow of ivory whiteness. She had not sat there long when a canoe shot round the low point almost to her feet, and an exclamation of joy burst from those it bore.

Caroline started, and a bright flush crimsoned her cheek as she beheld Charles Herbert, who was at her side in an instant, exclaiming—

"We thought you would be in your favorite haunt; so Edward and I have come to carry you off with us to Hazel Island, to see us load our canoe with nuts."

Then, in a few minutes more, the canoe was skimming the bright blue waves of the sunny lake; and, gliding amid the islets clustering near the entrance of the bay, it darted onward to a lonely island, where its occupants landed.

On the sloping turf, at the foot of an old blighted tree, a young Indian was reclining, half supporting himself on one elbow, and resting his head upon his hand, with his face upturned to the face of another Indian, who stood scarce a spear's length from him. The latter was about thirty, prepossessing in features, and though haughty in mien, displayed the dignified elegance so frequent with Indian warriors.

He had shaken the ashes from his pipe, and, leaving his companion, approached the young men. The younger started up at his step, quiet as it was, and met with a gay glance the earnest look which was intently fixed upon him, while the elder said, with a half pensive smile—

"The voice of my young brother is to the ears of Assiganack as the murmuring waters to the wounded deer. I cannot part with him."

The youth glanced rapidly from the speaker to the old man, and a strange and painful emotion shot through his heart. But he had been from his childhood too well inured to the control of his feelings to allow them to betray him now; and in an instant the glance was withdrawn, and his features wore the same bright, careless smile as before. Then the old chief drew near his elder son, and uttered a few words in a low tone. Assiganack bent his head in reply, and signing to the youth to follow, plunged into the woods.

With their customary noiseless tread, they glided among the trees; but they had not gone far when the sound of voices, and occasional loud peals of laughter, rose amid the stillness, and in a few minutes they looked down on a grassy bank on the verge of the woods where Charles Herbert was leaning at Caroline's feet. One glance sufficed to read the nature of Herbert's speaking glance and her vivid blushes.

At length a deer, startled perchance by some of the Indians, came bounding headlong towards them; but as soon as it became conscious of the presence of its mortal enemies, it turned and fled.

"Now is your time, Charles," cried Edward, gaily. "He is sure in the end to make for the thick cover in the dell where we

tracked him yesterday; and, if you go straight, you will intercept him."

Charles Herbert had already sprang to his feet, and seized the rifle, which, like most skillful hunters in those regions, he seldom stirred abroad without; and pausing only to breathe a hurried assurance of his speedy return, hastened away in the direction indicated.

The moment the young Englishman disappeared, Assiganack touched his companion's arm, and, with a rapid step, led the way from the spot.

Without a thought of anyone save his two young friends being with him on the island, Charles Herbert hurried on, eager to prevent the deer regaining its favorite cover.

Ere long the rustling leaves arrested his attention, and he saw the lowest branches of a tree some twenty yards off shaken, as by the passage of some large animal, while a stray sunbeam seemed glancing on the smooth coat of a deer, and, without pausing to consider, he raised his rifle hastily and fired.

But when he burst through the concealing boughs, a young Indian lay bleeding at his feet. The truth flashed on him at once; but as he recoiled a step in horror, he found himself in the detaining grasp of several armed warriors, while glowing eye balls and bright weapons glared threateningly on every side.

Despite the anxiety of his own position, it was a relief to Herbert to see the wounded youth rise from the earth with assistance.

The Indian mentioned as Assiganack, after a burst of exciting declamation, stepped forward, and, drawing a knife from his belt, was about to plunge it into the prisoner's bosom when the youth flung himself between them, and received the stab in his own shoulder; and then, exhausted by the effort he had made, sank into the arms of Assiganack, who, dashing the knife to the earth with a cry of horror, caught him eagerly as he was falling.

"Shingoo is right," said the father of the young warrior; "the blood of the pale-face must not flow yet. Our path is open to the forests where our fathers hunted; there let him sing his death-song while the red men have time to listen."

"No, my father," said the youth, earnestly; "let the pale-face live. Why should he die? There is no charm in his blood to stay Shingoo, if the Great Spirit has called him away. My brother knows," he continued, looking up in the face of Assiganack, who was endeavoring to staunch the wound he had so unwillingly inflicted—"my brother knows how a maiden loves to hear the pale-face speak. Let him go and tell her that an Indian is not afraid to travel alone to the land of spirits."

Assiganack laid him gently on the ground as he replied—

"Shingoo is not wise; he has stained the knife of Assiganack, so that all the blood of the pale-face could not wash it clean. But the words of my young brother shall not fall to the ground and wither while the heart of Assiganack is ready to gather them."

Then, collecting in a group beyond earshot of Shingoo, they conversed together gravely for some minutes, during which a strange and stern resolution was adopted with respect to that unfortunate youth.

Assiganack was charged with the duty of revealing it; and, kneeling on the grass beside Shingoo, he told him, gently and tenderly as it could be done, that, as between them and their home was a long land journey, to which in his disabled condition he was unequal, they were about to abandon him to the mercy of the white men.

Shingoo had been trained to Indian stoicism of manner, and a dozen curious eyes were intently fixed upon his face, watching how he bore the tidings; and, weak as he was, he heard his doom with unaltered countenance, yet with a bitterness of heart which seemed to have in that moment bade farewell to all the light and gladness of his life.

All this time, Caroline and her brother were awaiting Charles Herbert's return. At length their anxiety was aroused, and loudly the name of Herbert resounded through the woods; but the echo of their calls were their only answer.

Their father and grandfather sat together. Time had somewhat bowed the latter's form, and furrowed his brow deeply, since we saw him last; but the spirit, still stern and unyielding, had soon lost all traces of the fleeting softness occasioned by the first whisperings of self-reproach.

"It was well for old Herbert that the last winter's snows fell on his grave," remarked the old man after a long silence. "It has spared him the deep sorrow he would have felt this night."

"Ah! there are none now left to mourn for poor Charles more deeply than ourselves," replied the son. "But how can this fresh blow have fallen upon us?"

"As fell the others," said old Hewston, a fiery glow burning in his sunken eyes; "tis Indian hands have done it all. My gallant sons, your darling boy, and now poor Carrie's intended husband—the same doom has overtaken all alike."

"Hark!" said William; "what was that?"

Both listened attentively; and again a low, feeble moan was audible from just without the door. William rose to open it. His father followed with a light; the same thought had struck both—

"Could it be Herbert?"

But the form which lay before them was not his, nor of one known to them. They bent over him; the scarlet mantle wrapped around him, and the glittering ornament, showed the stranger to be an Indian; for, indeed, it was Shingoo, who wounded, insensible, and nearly lifeless, had thus been laid at their very door. A brief scrutiny served to convince them of his helpless state.

"Poor fellow!" said William, pityingly, as he began to raise him.

"What are you going to do with him?" demanded the elder Hewston.

"To afford him the care and assistance his suffering condition claims at our hands," replied the younger.

Swayed by the determination of his son's manner, the elder Hewston stepped back, and William carried the slight form of the unfortunate Shingoo into the house.

For many days Shingoo appeared more likely to die than live; but at length began to recover gradually, though the buoyancy of youth had faded into languor, and the once light step was slow and feeble.

As soon as his mind was clear enough to comprehend the subject, Shingoo was closely questioned concerning Charles Herbert. But he was impenetrable to their most ingenious efforts, for, deeply hurt as he was at the desertion of his friends, and

those dearer still who had always, until then, treated him with such tenderness, yet he would not betray them, even to the kind and gentle watchers by his couch of pain, who so generously supplied the place of his hard-hearted tribesmen.

But Caroline, what were her feelings all this while?

It were long to tell how deeply she sorrowed for the withering of those bright hopes which had grown up with her from year to year, and how the very doubt of Charles Herbert's fate served but to increase the anguish of her grief.

Her engagement to their lost friend was never in any way alluded to in the young Indian's hearing, and they dreamed not that it was suspected by him. But they could not fail to notice the deep interest with which he regarded her, and how, as returning strength gave him power, he was ever ready to aid her, and anticipate her wishes in all those trifles by which alone he could evince his kindly feelings; and often he would lie for hours on the pile of furs beside the fire, with his eyes fixed intently upon Caroline as she worked, or following her amid her household tasks with an attentive and thoughtful gaze.

"Does the flower of the pale-faces still weep for the hunter who sat with her beneath the sycamore boughs, when the leaves were falling?" he one day said to her.

A momentary flush flitted across Caroline's pale cheek; but her heart was too sad for girlish timidity, and it passed, as she looked inquiringly at the speaker.

He replied, to her look—

"The eyes of Shingoo were on my sister, and they have often looked into her heart when she believed it shut. But let her not look darkly on me, for Shingoo would give his life for the pale-face."

"Oh, is it not too late?" exclaimed Caroline, clasping her hands.

"Shingoo has dwelt in the lodge of the pale-face, and could not see the hands of his people," said he gently; "but has not my sister seen the sun come to dry the night dew from the flowers? She may not have to weep forever."

"Indian! Indian! do not deceive me!" cried the unhappy girl; "but tell me, truly, if he lives!"

"Shingoo is no magician to look across the waters and through forests," was the reply; "but let my sister hear what an Indian will do. Shingoo is nothing among his nation; but his father is a great chief, and his brother is the bravest warrior of his tribe, and they used to love to look upon his face. He will go and see if they have forgotten the sound of his voice. If it is still pleasant to their ears, Shingoo will bring back the white hunter to cheer the drooping flower. But if Shingoo is forgotten, he will return to give his life to the knives or the rifles of the pale-faces. Before the next moon withholds her light, my sister shall have news of her betrothed; or Shingoo will be with his father in the land of spirits."

He turned away without awaiting a reply and in a minute was lost to view.

The morning, and many another morning, passed away, and the young Indian did not reappear.

And now the New Year came, to wake fresh hopes and prompt good wishes amid the dwellers at Sandy Bay.

On the morning of that day all in the cabin suddenly perceived the doorway darkened by an Indian's figure, while others were visible beyond. Caroline's heart bounded with joy at the first glance; but it sank instantly, as she saw how unlike Shingoo was the tall, stately Indian, who, advancing with a dignified step into the centre of the room, uttered, in tolerable English—

"Wish you happy New Year!"

"You are welcome," said William, rising from his seat by the fire, and holding out his hand. "Will you and your friends drink with the Englishman, and wish happiness to him and his?"

But the Indian drew back and folded his arms, as he replied—

"Assiganack must learn if the pale-face is his friend."

And immediately there stepped forward his nearest companion, who was dressed in the blue frock-coat and hood commonly worn by the half-Indians on the frontier.

"Caroline!—my dear friends!—do you not remember me?" cried a well-known, well-loved voice, as the hood was thrown back; and in another moment Charles Herbert was receiving the delighted greetings of his friends, and whispering words of love, and thanks, and gladness to his betrothed, who lay in his arms half insensible from joy.

"Old man," said the eldest Indian, "many snows have melted since those that drifted past Shigashsee as he was spurned like a dog from the lodge of the pale-face, when the wife that filled his heart languished for shelter and for fire. Then said Shigashsee, 'The pale-face has a heart, though it is hard to reach; and an Indian will try if it can't feel for the tender flower he loves to cherish in his bosom.' But the flower was sweet and pleasant in Shigashsee's sight, and he could not harm it; but he planted it far away in his lodge; and it grew and flourished, and was dear to Shigashsee's heart, as if the Great Spirit had bade it spring from the earth in his native forest. But there is no lie on an Indian's tongue, and Shigashsee had said that the words of the pale-face should never be forgotten. And when the flower he loved was crushed and broken, it was laid before the lodge where the blue eyes of the white squaw first watched over it. Does the pale-face understand?" continued the chief, turning his gaze from Richard Hewston to William. "Does he wish an Indian to return what he has borrowed?"

During these words, Shingoo had looked wonderingly upon the speaker.

Suddenly a light flashed on his mind; and before they ended, all the mysteries which had bewildered, and grieved, and passed him were solved at once, and his heart was filled with conflicting emotions of regret and joy.

Then the parents sprang forward, exclaiming, "Blessings—blessings on you, Indian!" and the youth was clasped in their arms ere he could believe himself their child.

Using the Alphabet.

A Buckingham, England, farmer has just presented his first-born for christening at his parish church, with twenty-six Christian names from the scriptures, and representing every letter of the alphabet. The names commenced with Abet and ended with Zachariah. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the clergyman persuaded the father to content himself with the first and last of the appellations proposed. The surname of the infant is Jenkins.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

Christmas should be a jolly time in the family circle. Little people, we all agree, find more enjoyment in their simple games than their elders can derive from more intellectual amusements. Christmas night the one amusement in the year when the older ones should unbend and enter fully into the rollicking spirit of the hour. There are a great many old games, a few so old as to be new to some readers perhaps, which may be revived on this happy night—games which will make the tiny tottler wild with delight, and keep grandfather chuckling in a way that will do your heart good. Here are a few of these old games and harmless practical jokes:

THE FLOUR AND RING.

Pack a coffee cup—the deeper it is the better—with dry flour, and inverting it over a plate gently raise the cup and leave the smooth mold of flour upon the plate. At first it may not come out whole on account of too close packing, but a little practice will enable you to make the mold perfectly. The mold once made drop upon the center of the top a plain gold ring, and range the players (as large in number as you please) about the table on which the flour mold stands. The one selected to start the game must take a knife and cut off a piece of the mold from the top clear through to the plate, then hand the knife to his right hand neighbor who repeats the process, and so on around the circle. The one who either by cutting too close to the ring or by undermining the column causes the ring to fall must pick it out of the flour with his teeth, unassisted by his hands. The excitement of the game, and the merriment over the appearance of the unfortunate, lead usually to more than one refilling of the cup.

THE BLIND FOLDING THE BLIND.

This laughable spectacle is provided by blindfolding a couple of young gentlemen and seating them opposite one another at arm's-length. Give each a spoon, and place on an ottoman between them a soup-plate full of granulated sugar. Each must then try to fill his spoon with sugar and deposit it in the other's mouth, which must be kept wide open for the purpose. The appearance of these two blindfolded, open-mouthed, groping individuals, as they carefully pour sugar into each other's ears, neck, and faces generally, is ridiculous in the extreme.

A CRULLER RACE.

This race has all the amusement of the scene just described, for those who look on, and furnishes no little excitement to those who take part. The preliminaries are as follows: A piece of twine several feet long is fastened at one end to the upper hinge of a door, or to some thing else about eight feet from the floor. The other end should be tied to the handle of a cane. Along this line at intervals of eighteen inches suspend ordinary crullers (the larger the better) by short cords which, when the long line is stretched horizontally, will hold the crullers where they can be reached easily by the lips of a person standing on the floor. Necessary adjustment may be made for people of different height. Each contestant folds his arms behind him, and stands under his particular cruller. The judge holds the cane by which the line is stretched, and at the word "Go" gently shakes the crullers, which dance about, evading the eager mouth: The group, as they stand on tiptoe and with open mouths grope after the coquetish cakes, look not unlike a nestful of young robins when the mother comes home with a tempting worm. The person who without unfolding his arms has first swallowed his cruller claims the prize. Now comes the satisfaction for the defeated contestants, when the judge solemnly declares with great dignity that Mr. or Miss—has won the honorable and enviable title of P. I. G.

FORFEITS FOR FUN.

A list of amusing forfeits, which will make the Christmas company laugh and not offend the person called upon to pay them, are here-with given:

1. Put a newspaper upon the floor in such a way that two persons can stand on it and not be able to touch each other with their hands. By putting the paper in the doorway, one half inside and the other half outside the room, and closing the door over it, the two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.
2. To go out of the room with two legs and come in with six. Not difficult if one thinks to bring a chair along on the return.
3. To act the dumb servant. The person who has the forfeit to pay must act the answers to the questions put by the master of ceremonies, as "How do you eat soup?" This forfeit will cause much merriment if proper questions are put.
4. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it. One can get out of the difficulty by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.
5. Place a pencil on the floor so that one cannot jump over it. May be done by putting it close to the wall of the room.
6. Put a question that no one can answer with a "no." This is not hard if one thinks to ask: "what does y-e-s spell?"
7. Put yourself through a keyhole. This was a great puzzle for a while, but when the word "yourself" was written upon a piece of paper and pushed through the hole it was all clear.

Ancient Wonders.

Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide, and 46 miles around, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariot abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within its walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was 420 feet to the support of the roof; it was 100 years in building! The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height and 853 feet on the sides. The base covered 11 acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers 208. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt, contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried way from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles around.

Poverty is the want of much, but avarice of everything.

"Pitch your voice in a low key," says a writer on etiquette. We presume etiquette can be temporarily dispensed with when trying to wake the boys in the morning.