

The Home Circle.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

How difficult is life to go
Just in the way we should;
In every act to always show
An intent such that all may know
And we be understood.

Our simplest words, the many say,
Some secret thought needs hide;
Our simplest acts are only play
By which we trust the real away,
While our true time abide.

Does one endeavour here to show
The good that's in his heart,
Or go the way we're told to go,
Says worldly-wise man, "Don't he know
Just how to play his part?"

Does any one attempt to hold
His onward way in life,
With eyes undimmed by glint of gold,
But firm in truth, in manhood bold,
And free from needless strife.

For ever some base soul is found
To judge him by its aims,
And to the world its voice to sound
"How false his life, how firmly bound,
Some end his act constrains."

And so, whatever plan we try,
Or way in life we walk,
Some one is ever standing by
Ready to give our acts the lie,
And all our hopes to balk.

When will the world begin to learn
An honest man may live,
And knaves and dolts to ever spurn,
But 'twixt the good and bad discern,
And each his due to give?

Not till the years have rolled away,
And clear sight is to us given,
And the east is reddening with the ray
Which tells the dawning of that day,
The ushering in of Heaven.

QUEER LITTLE ANIMALS.

All countries have their queer little animals,
and species of almost every kind are found in
different parts of the world. In the moun-
tainous parts of Europe is found the marmot,
which lies in the ground like the gopher of
our prairies. Its burrow is dug in the shape
of a Y; one of the forks leading to the habi-
tation and the other to a sort of storehouse
for food; the lower part of the Y representing
the entrance.

The hamster rat is a native of Germany; it
also lives in holes in the ground, and to
escape an attack has several passages leading
in different directions. The little animals
store up immense quantities of grain, etc.;
sometimes a hundred pounds of corn or beans
are taken from a burrow. They are very fer-
ocious; and will attack a man or horse and
even waggon wheels, when a vehicle rolls near their
house.

The agouti lives in Brazil, Guiana and Para-
guay, and is something like our rabbit in form
and habits, but has smaller ears. It feeds on
vegetables chiefly, but in the West India
Islands it is a great pest to sugar cane planters,
as it eats the canes.

The jerboa is an inhabitant of Egypt, and
its color is a tawny yellow. It is celebrated
for its power of leaping. It is about the size
of a rat, and very timid, and when alarmed,
leaps away with such rapidity that it appears
to fly. It lives on grain and roots.

The lemming is a native of Sweden. It has
very long hind legs and short ones before;
something like the jerboa, and is about the
size of a dormouse. It is one of the most sin-
gular little animals to be found. In migration
millions move together, and nothing can turn
them aside; they will perish in fire, it is said,
or attempt to swim a lake, but will not turn
to the right or left. They live chiefly on roots,
and after passing over a meadow, give it the
appearance of having passed through a heavy
and severe drouth, and then harrowed up.
They often go to battle against each other,
and armies of them will enter an engagement
and continue the fight until one side is entirely
vanquished.

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The rattle-snake finds a superior foe in the
deer and black snake. Whenever a buck dis-
covers a rattlesnake in a situation which in-
vites attack, he loses no time in preparing for
battle. He makes up within ten or twelve
feet of the snake, then leaps forward and aims
to sever the body of the snake with his sharp
bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most
commonly successful, but if otherwise, the
buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake
in twain. The black snake is also more than
an equal competitor against the rattlesnake.
Such is the celerity, both in running and en-
twining itself around its victim, that the
rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its
fatal embrace. When the black and rattle-
snakes are about to meet for battle, the former
darts forward at the height of his speed, and
strikes at the back of the neck of the latter
with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two
of the upper part of the body at liberty. In
an instant he encircles him within five or six
folds; he then stops and looks the strangled
foe in the face, to ascertain the effect pro-
duced upon his corseled body. If he shows
signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the
screws tightened, the operator all the while
watching the countenance of the victim.
Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes;
the executioner then slackens one coil, notic-
ing at the same time whether any signs of life
appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained

until the incarcerated wretch is completely
dead. The moccasin snake is killed the same
way.

THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

When Blackstone wrote his commentaries,
it was the law in England that a scolding
woman was a nuisance, and she could be in-
dicted and punished by what was known as
the ducking-stool. This was a kind of a chair
to which the scold was fastened, and in which
she was then plunged into the water as often
as it was thought her offence deserved.

It seems, according to the Louisville Courier,
that the museum of the Kentucky library
has recently been enriched by an instrument
of torture for the effectual punishment of
scolds. It is a "brank," or scold's bridle, of
the kind used years ago in England and Scot-
land for the punishment of females who were
adjudged to have made too free use of the
tongue. It was dug from the ground in
Tennessee, where, beneath the walls of an
uninhabited building, it had lain time out of
mind. It bears the rust of years, and, no
doubt, came to this country with the earliest
settlers. Possibly some lord of creation who
had a scolding wife in the Old World, brought
with him to the New his vixatrix, and instru-
ment for controlling her.

It consists of an iron band to pass under
the chin and over the top part of the head,
with a sharp, chisel-shaped projection, ex-
tending two inches inwardly, to be inserted
into the mouth. It was held in its place by
another iron band extending round the back
part of the head and fastened with a padlock.
When the instrument was thus put on the
scold, her tongue had to recede to the back
part of her mouth, and there remain quiet or
be cut to pieces by the sharp edge of the iron
put there for that purpose. To scold or even
talk in this fix was impossible, and the woman
thus bridled had to keep silence.

Dr. Platt, who wrote a history of Stafford-
shire, grew eloquent in his description of the
brank, and in giving it preference over the
ducking-stool. He said the ducking-stool
might give the woman cold and thus injure
her health, and in addition she could use her
tongue during the short intervals between one
ducking and another. The brank was open to
none of these objections, in the learned doc-
tor's opinion, but was just the thing for the
work to be done.

In shape, the brank is not unlike the bridle
or halter used for mules in this country. The
striking difference is in the brank being entire-
ly of iron, while the bridle of the mule is of
leather, except the bit. The English or
Scotch scold must have been a terrible ani-
mal to require a bridle entirely of iron, when
it is known here that we can handle mules
with leathern halters.

REST.

"The best medicines in the world, more ef-
ficient in the cure of disease than all the poten-
ties of the chemist's shop, are warmth, rest,
cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make
it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as
long as they can move a foot or bend a finger,
and it sometimes succeeds; but in others the
powers of life are thereby so completely ex-
hausted that the system has lost all ability to
recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets
in, and carries the patient to an early grave.
Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm
bed and a cool room are the very first indis-
pensable steps to a sure and speedy recovery.
Instincts lead all beasts and birds to quietude
and rest the very moment disease or wounds
assail the system.—Bow Bells.

A VIRGIN HEART.

The author of De Vere has made some beau-
tiful observations on the worth and devotion
of an unpracticed heart. "There is nothing
under heaven as delicious as the possession of
pure, fresh, and immutable affections. The
most felicitous moment of man's life, the most
ecstatic of all his emotions and sympathies, is
that in which he receives an avowal of affec-
tion from the idol of his heart. The springs
of feeling, when in their youthful purity, are
fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness
—the spell that once draws them forth in the
mystic light of future years and undying
memory. Nothing in life is so pure and de-
voted as woman's love. It matters not whether
it be for husband or child, or sister or brother,
it is the same pure and unquenchable flame,
the same constant and immaculate glow of
feeling, whose undeniable touchstone is trial.
Do but give her one token of love—one kind
word or gentle look, even if it be amid death
—the feelings of that faithful heart will gush
forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly bond
or mercenary tie. More priceless than the
gems of Golconda is a virgin's heart; and
more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca is
woman's love. There is no sordid view, no
qualifying self-interest in the feeling. It is a
principle and characteristic of her nature—a
faculty and infatuation which absorbs and
concentrates all the fervor of her soul and all
the depths of her bosom. I would rather be
the idol of one unswayed and unpracticed
heart, than the monarch of empires. I would
rather possess the immaculate and impassioned
devotion of one high-souled and enthusiastic
virgin than the hypocritical fawnings of mil-
lions. There is more thrilling felicity derived
from a union of two guileless and uncontam-
inated hearts, than all the conquests of Alex-
ander, the wisdom of Socrates, or the wealth

of Croesus would afford. The general world
knows nothing of these things. None can
appreciate the refinements of pure feeling, but
those who by nature or some peculiar property
of the mind are qualified to drink of the
depths of its gushing and sparkling fountains.
None can know the elysium of possessing a
heart until they know the value of a gem so
priceless—until they can think of its embody-
ings as something too holy to be mingled with
the grosser images of passion and humanity—
until they at least imagine the spirit of a
seraph has been clothed with a form of im-
perishable mortality. When this wild dream
mingles with the colder and more calculating
visions of life—the world may put forth its
anathemas—fortune may shower down its
adversities—but in vain—even the sword of
Asrael (the angel of death) would scarcely
destroy the unutterable ecstasies of this
heaven-descending happiness."

THE LACE MERCHANT'S DOG.

Who would have imagined that a dog had
been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus
gained for his master upwards of a hundred
thousand crowns? And yet an incident like
this happened a few years since in Europe.

One of those industrious beings who know
how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet
of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to
engage in trade. He preferred that of the
merchandise which occupied the least space,
and was calculated to yield the most profit.
He borrowed a small sum of money from a
friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there
bought pieces of lace which, without any dan-
ger, he smuggled into France in the following
manner:

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose.
He caused him to be shaved, and procured for
him the skin of another dog, of the same hue
and the same shape. He then rolled the lace
around the body of his dog, and put over it the
garment of the stranger so adroitly that it was
impossible to discover the trick. The lace
thus arranged in his pedestrian bandbox, he
would say to his docile messenger, "Forward,
my friend!" At these words the dog would
start and pass boldly through the gates of
Malines or Valenciennes in the face of the
vigilant officers placed there to prevent smug-
gling. Having passed the bounds, he would
wait for his master at a little distance in the
open country. There they mutually caressed
and feasted, and the merchant placed his
packages in a place of security, renewing his
occupation as necessity required.

Such was the success of the smuggler that in
five or six years he amassed a handsome for-
tune, and kept his coach. Envy pursues the
prosperous. A mischievous neighbor betrayed
the lace merchant, and notwithstanding his
efforts to disguise his dog, he was suspected,
watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals
extend! Did the spies of the custom-house
expect him at one gate, he saw them at a dis-
tance, and instantly went towards the other.
Were the gates shut against him, he overcame
every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the
wall; at others passed secretly behind a car-
riage, or running between the legs of travellers,
he would thus accomplish his aim. One day,
however, while swimming in a stream near
Malines, he was shot, and died in the water.
There was then about him five thousand
crowns' worth of lace; the loss of which did
not affect the master, but he was inconsolable
for the loss of his faithful dog.

TAKING IN A VIRGINIAN.

A curious book might be made out of the
blunders of travellers on the continent and the
impositions under which they suffer. A fine
young fellow whom I met in Florence, a Vir-
ginian, told me of a rascally yet laughter-
provoking trick which was put upon him by
one of those gulfed coachmen who haunt the
paving-stones in front of Doney's. Having
breakfasted in the cafe with a fellow-traveller,
he wanted to visit his bankers, Messrs. Maquay
and Pakenham. The two called a coachman,
and asked him if he knew of the whereabouts
of the said firm. The cunning rogue professed
ignorance, and sent a boy to the Hotel du
Nord, near by, under pretence of inquiring if
there were any such people in the city. The
boy came back with the direction, as he said,
and Jehu, after some haggling, agreed to carry
them for five pauls, or fifty cents. They got
in, paid the inevitable beggar for shutting the
door, and leaned back luxuriously in anticipa-
tion of an agreeable drive. Coachy turned his
horses, drove across the street, and pulled up.
There was the door, and there was the sign,
"Maquay and Pakenham, Bankers." They
were indignant, of course, with the scamp,
called him all the bad names they knew in the
language, and refused to settle. He quietly
admitted that the distance was not great, and
said, with becoming moderation, that, "as
they were foreigners, he would let them off for
three pauls." The joke was worth that, and
they handed him the money.

ANECDOTE OF ROTHSCHILD THE FIRST.

A French paper relates the following anec-
dote of the founder of the great banking family
of Rothschilds, who, it states, was at that
time a pedlar.—One day he was going to a
neighboring town, laden with a roll of cloth to
sell at the fair, when he was overtaken by
another pedlar who followed the same road

with a similar object, but who, more fortunate
than himself, was driving an ass carrying his
stuff. Conversation began between these two
honest tradesmen, when one said to the other,
whom we may call Rothschild the First.
"Ease yourself of that burden and put it on
the ass." This was done, and they journeyed
on till they came to a deep and narrow ravine,
across which a single plank served as a bridge.
The ass was going over, followed by his mas-
ter, when the prudent Rothschild, impelled by
some unaccountable presentiment, said, "Wait
a moment, I will take back my cloth; it is all
my fortune, and accidents happen so fre-
quently." At the same time he resumed his
load, and while fixing it on his shoulder, the
ass and his master stepped upon the plank,
which sunk under their weight, and they dis-
appeared into the chasm. M. Rothschild
remained in safety on the bank, bearing with
him the nucleus of the enormous fortune which
his descendants now possess.

MECHANISM.

"How much the people of England owe to
the development of mechanistic germs," says
Dr. Rigg, in a recent lecture, "may be inferred
from the statement that if the work of machi-
nery on this little island home of ours for one
day had to be accomplished by single human
power, the population of the whole globe would
hardly suffice to do it. Where such stupendous
results are evolved, many minds must have
contributed to the common stock; and if what
those who are competent to form an opinion
tell us be true—namely, that man, in this
nineteenth century of the Christian era, is in
mental and physical power as he was sixteen
centuries before that era commenced—then the
conclusion is obvious, that he who would con-
tribute new ideas to those contrivances which
minister to our comforts and our wants must
investigate the contrivances that have been
already made."

MEASUREMENT OF MANHOOD.

It is painful to think how much the grave
strains out of that which men do and earn in
this life. It is the work of men's hands that
they are proud of mostly. They have organ-
ized and built—and it is well; but no man
shall take his house with him out of this world.
They have supplied their dwellings with things
comfortable to every sense—and there is no
harm in that; but no man shall take book or
picture with him when he dies. They have
heaped up treasures around about them—and in
the economy of God that is a method of
civilization; but none of these things shall go
beyond the grave. No man shall go through
that portal taking with him house or lands, or
raiment, or money, or honors, or earthly force
of any kind. You shall take through the
shadowy door nothing but that which is spiri-
tual; and how much of that have you to take
through? If you were to efface from many
men that which makes them great in influence
in the day in which they live; if you were to
take from them all which depend purely upon
physical qualities, and all that relates to the
malign passions; if you were to send them out
of life with no capital except truth, and honesty,
and equity, and generosity, and affection, then
millionaires might come out bankrupts and
paupers. For the grave lets nothing through
but that which is ineffable—that which of high
moral texture. And only he can measure him-
self aright who knows how much of himself he
can carry through and beyond. When a man
comes to die, then all there is in him of man-
hood goes with him, and all the rest is baggage.
The things which he has been thinking of, and
for which he has giving the time of life itself,
are often no more than the chaff of the wheat
after the wheat is ripe and gone.

AN UNFORTUNATE SUITOR.

Gibbon, the historian, was short in stature
and very fat. One day, being alone with the
beautiful Madame de Cronzas, he dropped on
his knees before her, and made a declaration
of love in the most passionate terms. The
astonished lady rejected his suit, and request-
ed him to rise. The abashed historian re-
mained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibbon—
I beseech you, rise." "Alas, madame," fal-
tered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was
too fat to regain his feet without assistance.
Madame de Cronzas rang the bell, and said to
her servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

Sawdust and Chips.

Jock: What, Sandy, drinking again? Eh,
mon, yer always drinkin'!—Sandy: The her-
riu' was awfu' saut this morning, Jock.

"I hate to hear people talking behind one's
back," as the robber said when the constable
was chasing him and crying, "Stop thief!"

A CONTENTED MIND.—Tirence (bricklayer's
laborer, acclimated, to Paddy [just] from
Cork).—Sell your pig an' furnichure, an'
come over wid Biddy to this blessed country.
I get tree an' trispence a day for car'in'
bricks up a ladder, an' be Jabers, there's a
poor divil up at the top doin' all the work for
me!

"ANSWERED."—Oh, look here, Mr. Crispin!
I bought these boots here only a week ago,
and they're beginning to crack already!—Ah,
miss! perhaps you've been walking in them!
Our boots are intended for carriage people,
you know!

Old Soaker.—"Look here, old fellow, how's
this? I thot strawberries were out of season!
Make licker taste good, don't they?" Bar-
Tender.—"Strawberries, why there ain't any
strawberries in yer glass; it's only the reflec-
tion of yer nose yer see in your licker!"

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the
Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty,"
said she, "my husband treats me badly."
"That is none of my business," replied the
King. "But he speaks ill of you," said the
lady. "That," replied he, "is none of your
business."

To learn to read the following as to make
good sense is the mystery:—

I thee read see that me
Love is up will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and down and you if.

It being stated in a company of savants,
that Sir T. H.—was always first in his He-
brew construing class, a boastful member of
the gathering, named D— exclaimed that
he was quite sure he had been before him once
or twice. "Ah, yes," returned G—, who
was a savant with a sunny turn of mind, "of
course you have, now I remember it, Sir
T. A— was police magistrate at Bow street
for 10 years. And all the savants but one
were convulsed.

They tell about Judge Brown, a particular
absent-minded man, that he went jogging
along the road until he came to a turnpike
gate. "What is to pay?" "Pay, sir, for
what?" asked the turnpike man. "Why, for
my horse, to be sure." "What horse? There
is no horse, sir." "No horse! Bless me!"
said he, suddenly looking down between his
legs, "I thought I was on horseback."

An honest Irishman was accosted by a
brother Hibernian with, "Ariah, Pat, you're
going to be in good luck to-day, boy—you've
got your stocking wrong side out." Pat turned
round with great quickness, and surveying
with the utmost complacency the sad remnants
of what once had been hose, answered—"Sure,
honey, I know that; don't you know the rea-
son why I turned them?" "No," replied
the other. "Why," says Pat, and he gave a
knowing wink with his eye, "because they're
full of holes on the other side."

Old Jerry Downs, out in California, was
reading the news to some half dozen of his
neighbors. He read to them the item of in-
telligence that the grass was very short on the
plains, and it was feared the emigrants would
fare badly. "Emigrants, what's them?"
asked one of the listeners. "Don't you know?"
said Jerry. "No." "Don't you? Don't
you? Don't you?" he asked of each in turn,
and received from each a negative answer.
"Well, I'll tell you. Emigrants is a sort of
cross between a groun' hog and a gopher, and
is very bad on grass."

ABERNETHY AND BREVITY.—A lady, who
had received a severe bite on her arm from a
dog, went to Dr. Abernethy, but knowing of
his aversion to hear the statement of particu-
lars, she merely uncovered the injured part,
and held it before him in silence. After ex-
amining it, he said in an inquiring tone:—
"Scratch?"—"Bite," said the lady.—"Cat?"
inquired the doctor.—"Dog," rejoined the
lady. So delighted was the doctor with the
brevity and promptness of the lady's answers
that he exclaimed:—"Zounds, madam, you
are the most sensible woman I have met in all
my life."

An old gentleman went out to shoot par-
tridges accompanied by his son. The gun was
charged half-way up to the muzzle, and when
at last the old gentleman started some birds,
he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to
see some fall, of course; but not so did it
happen, for the gun recoiled with so much
force as to "kick" him over. The old man
got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of
his eyes, inquired of his son, "Dick, did I
point the right end of the gun to the birds?"

DEGREES OF RECOVERY.—A good story is
told of Bouvart, a celebrated French physician.
On entering one morning the chamber of a
nervous, whom he had attended through a
very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his
noble patient in the following terms: "Good
day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in
spirits, and think my fever has left me." "I
am sure it has," replied Bouvart, dryly. "The
very first expression you used convicts me
of it." "Pray explain yourself." "Nothing
is easier. In the first days of your illness,
when your life was in danger, I was your
dearest friend; as you began to get better, I
was your good Bouvart; and now I am Mr.
Bouvart. Depend upon it, you are quite re-
covered."

PATRIOTISM.—There is a pretty patriotic
moral attached to a drama performing at Vin-
cennes. It is called "Vengeance and the
Wooden Leg." The Marquis de Solanges,
who lost his leg at Solferino, finds a stranger
at the feet of his fiancee. The stranger draws
his sword. "No matter," exclaims the Mar-
quis, "mine was left in the body of an Aus-
trian general. No matter!" And he uncovers
his wooden leg, with which he strikes his ad-
versary dead, crying "Vive la France!" while
the orchestra strikes up the "Marseillaise,"
and the fiancee, touched by this act of heroism,
substitutes the support of her arm for that of
the missing limb, and leads the Marquis back
to the chateau.

Go to the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay street
for Cheap Job Printing.