

The Home Circle.

A TWILIGHT MEMORY.

Gently fell the twilight shadows,
O'er the sunlight's mellow light,
And we saw the angels lighting,
One by one, the lamps of night.
"I am tired," my darling whispered,
"And I long so much to sleep;"
I could hear the robins calling,
From the shadows dim and deep.

"Hold me on your bosom, mother;"
Faint and low her whispered words,
But to me they held the music
Of a thousand singing birds.
And I held her to my bosom,
Close against my aching breast,
But the mother arm about her,
Could not soothe her into rest.

"Sing the dear old cradle ballad,
That you used to sing to me,
When you hushed me into slumber,
And I sat upon your knee."

Then I sang the simple ditty
To its old, familiar air,
While my eye was dim and blinded
By the tears that gathered there:
"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head."

Then light shone—oh, so softly—
From the shadows of the west,
And it touched my darlings' eyelids
With the blessed balm of rest.
Oh! that light so mild and tender,
I have often thought like then,
That an angel touched my darling
And he charmed away her pain.

For she slept the last sweet slumber
That a weary mortal knows;
And her face grew strangely quiet
In a deep and calm repose.
Yes, she slept, to wake at morning
On the calm, Eternal Shore,
To a new and strange existence
Full of rest forevermore!

LEND A HAND.

Life is made of ups and downs—
Lend a hand;
Life is made of thorns and crowns;
If you would the latter wear,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand!

Crowns are not alone of gold—
Lend a hand;
Diadems are bought and sold;
But the crown that good men hold
Come from noble deeds alone—
Lend a hand!

Many crowns that many wear—
Lend a hand;
Never in the sunlight glare;
Diamonds never in them shine,
Yet they hold a light divine—
Lend a hand!

Hold a light that ne'er shall fade—
Lend a hand;
Beauty art hath never made;
For these crowns that good men wear,
Everlastingly are as rare—
Lend a hand!

Would you own so bright a crown?
Lend a hand;
When you see a brother down,
Lead him from the deep dark night,
And place him in the morning light—
Lend a hand!

HEALTH AND GREATNESS.

It is true there have been men who, despite of frail and miserable health have done immortal things. Great and heroic were the achievements of Paul; "in bodily presence weak," of the blind Milton; of Pascal, a confirmed invalid at eighteen; of Johnson, bravely carrying through life the weight of a diseased and tortured body; of Nelson, little and lame; of Channing, with his frail, clayey tabernacle; of the pale Lawrence, weighing from day to day the morsels of bread which alone his dyspeptic stomach could bear. It is true that Julius Caesar was troubled with epilepsy, and never planned a great battle without going into fits; that the great Suwarrow stood but five feet one in his boots; that Pope was a hunchback and an invalid; and that Aristotle was a pigmy in body, though a giant in intellect. But these are brilliant exceptions, which only prove the rule. The general fact remains that it is the man of tough and enduring fibre, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott, with his manly form—it is Brongham, with his superhuman powers of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out on his way to arouse the Canadas, as our hardest boys of twenty now camping in the Adirondacks. It is Napoleon, sleeping four hours, and in the saddle twenty. Rarely does the world behold such a spectacle as that presented in 1863, at Neerwinded, in the Netherlands, when, among the one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled under all the banners of Europe, the feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarfs who urged on the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.—*American Paper.*

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. It remains still intact; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents, which mingle with all I know of the primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*American Paper.*

OCEAN REGULATIONS.

Certain "personal" regulations exist on the Cunard line of steamers, which a captain can only break in emergencies of the most serious kind, and the result of their well-defined instructions has been that they have never lost a passenger. Some of their regulations, indeed, are so strict as to be somewhat amusing.

For instance, not very long ago the master of one of their Liverpool and New York fleet having a short time previously taken to himself a wife, applied for a permission to take his helpmate with him for just one voyage. The request was granted more readily than he had anticipated, but, as it turned out, the company took one view of the transportation and the captain another.

Proceeding as usual to superintend the removal of the steamer from the dock to the river, he was astounded to find a brother captain in the act of giving orders. Explanations were given, and it transpired that though the company were not unwilling that Captain—should take his wife to America, they were not disposed to trust him with the ship also. One charge was sufficient where the lives of nearly a thousand passengers and the safety of a very large amount of property were concerned. The story illustrates very forcibly the manner in which the Cunard proprietors have obtained a reputation both for speed and safety.

THE ORIGIN OF MOUNTAINS.

Professor James D. Dana contributes to the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, a very learned treatise on some results of the earth's contraction from cooling, including a discussion of the origin of mountains and the nature of the earth's interior. In speaking of the kinds and structure of mountains, he draws a hitherto neglected distinction between: 1. A simple or individual mountain range or mass which is the result of one process of making, like an individual in any process of evolution, and which may be distinguished as a monogenetic range being one in genesis; and 2. A composite or polygenetic range or chain made up of two or more monogenetic ranges combined. The Appalachian chain—the mountain region along the Atlantic border of North America—is a polygenetic chain and consists of several other ranges, principal among which are the Green Mountains, the Alleghanies and the Highland, including the Blue Ridge and Adirondacks. Of these the first was completely essentially after the lower silurian era, and the third pre-silurian in formation.

Mountain making is shown to be very slow work. After the beginning of the primordial, the first period of disturbance of North America of special note was that at the close of the lower silurian, when the Green Mountains were finished. This interval between the beginning of the primordial and the metamorphism of the above range was at least 10,000,000 years. The next epoch of great disturbance in the same Appalachian region was that at the close of the carboniferous era, in which the Alleghanies were folded up; and altogether it is stated that the Appalachians were at least 35,000,000 years in making. The displacements of the Connecticut river sandstone and the accompanying igneous ejections, which occurred before the cretaceous era, took place for some 7,000,000 years after the Appalachian revolution. Thus it is demonstrated that the lateral pressure resulting from the earth's contraction required an exceedingly long era in order to accumulate force sufficient to produce a general yielding and plication or displacement of the beds, and to start off a new range of prominent elevations over the earth's crust.

THE LAW OF COURTSHIP.

We clip from an old paper the following account of a trial for breach of promise of marriage, in which the judge laid down a new doctrine, which we should not be sorry to see adopted:

A case was recently tried in Rutland, Vermont, in which a Miss Munson recovered \$1,425 of a Mr. Hastings, for a breach of marriage contract. The curiosity of the thing is this: The Vermont judge charged the jury that no explicit promise was necessary to bind the parties to a marriage contract, but that long continued attentions or intimacy with a female was as good evidence of intended matrimony as a special contract. The principle of the case undoubtedly is, that if Hastings did not promise, he ought to have done so—the law holds him responsible for the non-performance of his duty. A most excellent decision; a most righteous judge, compared with whom Daniel would appear but a common squire!

We have no idea of a young fellow dangle about after girls a year or two, and then going off, leaving their sweethearts half-courted; we hate this everlasting nibble and never a bite, this beating the bush and never starting the game; it is one of the crying sins of the age. There is not one girl in twenty that can tell whether she is courted or not. No wonder that when Betty Simper's cousin asked if Billy Doubtful courted her she replied,—

"I don't know exactly—he's a sorter courtin' and a sorter not courtin'."

We have no doubt that this Hastings is one of these "sorter not courtin' fellows," and most heartily do we rejoice that the judge has brought him to book with a \$1,425 verdict. The judge says that long-continued attention or intimacy is just as good as a regular promise. Now, we do not know what would pass for intimacy according to the laws of Vermont, but supposing attentions to consist of visiting a girl twice a week, and estimating the time wasted by Miss Munson at each visit to be worth a dollar, (which is too cheap), Mr. Hastings has been making a fool of himself fourteen odd years and some odd weeks. This decision makes a new era in the laws of love, and we have no doubt, will tend to the promotion of matrimony and morality.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

No alliance with others can ever diminish the necessity for personal endeavor. Friends may counsel, but the ultimate decision in every case is individual. As each tree, though growing in the same soil, watered by the same rains, and warmed by the same sun as many others, obeys its own law of growth, preserves its own physical structure, and produces its own peculiar fruit; so each person, though in the closest communion or intercourse with others, and surrounded by similar influences, must be himself, and must do his own duties, contest his own struggles, resist his own temptations, and suffer his own penalties. There is too much dependence placed upon co-operation for security from evil, and too little reliance upon personal watchfulness and exertion. There are some who seem to feel in a great measure released from obligations if they do not receive such aid, and some will plead the shortcomings of others as an excuse for their own.

We would by no means disparage the effect of influence, or discourage in the slightest the generous assistance which we all owe to one another, or undervalue the important effect of a worthy example. There are vital elements of growth, and their results can never be fully estimated. But they should not usurp the place of a proper self-reliance, nor diminish the exercise of individual powers. Moral force must be a personal possession. It can never be transferred, and while we gladly welcome whatever is good from all sources, it can only be as food, which must be digested before it can truly nourish us. Material benefits may be conferred by simple gift, but mental and moral activities can only be sustained by their own exercise. Thoughts may be changed, but not thought powers; moral help and encouragement may be given, but virtue cannot be transferred; responsibility cannot be shifted.

The most permanent good we can do to others is to nourish this individual strength. To aid the physically destitute most effectively, food, fuel and clothing are not nearly so valuable as steady, remunerative employment. To educate a child, it is not half so important to instill large amounts of information, as to set his mind to work, to bring out his mental powers, to stimulate his thoughts and quicken his faculties. And in moral life, especially in cities, where masses are crowded together, and men inclined to lean upon each other, the best lesson to enforce is, that virtue to exist at all, must be strictly individual. That which cannot stand alone, but depends on props and supports, which needs the constant spur of fear and the bribe of reward, to insure its activity, is but the semblance of virtue, and will crumble before temptation. A well-developed body never excites admiration; but a well developed and self-reliant spirit is a nobler thing. It is calm, modest and unassuming, yet firm in conscious integrity of purpose and steadiness of aim. Inflated by no vanity, it is at once humble yet courageous; helpful to the tempted, and yet resolute in assailing evil.

CHILDREN.

Nothing can be a greater mistake than to consider young people as destitute of understanding; their understanding should rather be appealed to and consulted. Do we not all remember, how, when young, we were imposed upon? How our elders sought sometimes to put us off; how they gave us evasive answers or explanations; how they told us some plausible story as an excuse or as a reason? And do we not remember that even in our youth and simplicity, we were quite capable of seeing through their manoeuvres? Do we not all remember how, when any one endeavored to keep us in ignorance of some proceeding of which we were made accidentally cognisant, we could divine very correctly the real motive of sending us out of the way with some false excuse? Now, in a case of this kind, which comes within the pale of parental authority, the will of the parent alone ought to be sufficient to control the child. But there should be no stifling of truth, and no relaxation of duty. If, as often will happen, it is not expedient or proper for children to know a particular fact or incident, they should be told so with frankness and kindness, but at the same time with firmness. We are too apt to overlook the intelligence of these little people, and address ourselves to their stature. We forget mind, which is invisible, in the presence of matter which is seen. The treatment of children must always, for their own sakes, differ much from that of full-grown men and women; our manner of addressing them must also be different; but there does not seem to be any reason why we should not give them full credit for the amount of intelligence they do possess; and we may every day see children with more discrimination, greater good sense, and better regulated moral deportment, than many whose tall figure or riper age has invested them with the consequence of men and women.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Few people like spiders. No doubt these insects must have their merits and their uses, since none of God's creatures are made in vain; all living things are endowed with instincts more or less admirable; but the spider's plotting, creeping ways, and a sort of wicked expression about him, lead one to dislike him as a near neighbor. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet of the two, the last is certainly the most troublesome insect to man. But the fly is frank and free in all his doings; he seeks his food openly, and he pursues his pastimes openly; suspicions of others, or covert designs against them, are quite unknown to him, and there is something almost confiding in the way in which he sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy him. The spider, on the contrary, lives by snares and plots; and he is, at the same time, very designing and very suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; he always moves stealthily, as though among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger, solitary and morose, holding no communion with his fellows. His whole appearance corresponds with his character, and it is not surprising, therefore, that while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the first with more favor than the last; for it is a natural impulse of the human heart to prefer that which is open and confiding, to that which is wily and suspicious, even in the brute creation. The cunning and designing man himself will, at times, find a feeling of respect and regard for the guileless and generous stealing over him, his heart, as it were, giving the lie to his life.

A WISE JUDGE.

A certain merchant left in his last testament seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons, according to the following proportion:—The first was to receive half, the second one-third, and the youngest the ninth part of the whole. But, when they came to arrange about the division, it was found that, to comply with the terms of the will, without sacrificing one or more of the animals, was impossible. Puzzled in the extreme, they repaired to a Badi, who, having read the will, observed that such a difficult question required time for deliberation, and commanded them to return after two days. When they again made their appearance, the judge said, "I have considered carefully your case, and I find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you as will give each of you more than his strict share, and yet no one of the animals shall be injured. Are you content?"—"We are, O judge," was the reply. "Bring forth the seventeen horses, and let them be placed in the court," said the Cadi. The animals were brought, and the judge ordered his groom to place his own horse with them. He bade the oldest brother to count the horses. "They are eighteen in number, O judge," he said. "I will now make the division," observed the Cadi. "You, the eldest, are entitled to half; take, then, nine of the horses. You, the second, are to receive one-third; take, therefore, six. While to you, the youngest, belongs the ninth part, namely two. Thus the seventeen horses are divided among you; you have each more than your share, and I may now take my own steed back again."—"Mashallah!" exclaimed the brothers, with delight, "O Cadi! your wisdom equals that of our lord, Suleiman Ibn Daoud!"

REMARKABLE DREAM.

The following appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1828:—Being in company the other day, when the conversations turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. "About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D.—of K.—, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D. and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig Miller, &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D. said,—'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inch-Keith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoken our boat; we shall be off at six.' No objections being made, they separated for the night. Mrs. Griffiths had not been long asleep, when she screamed out in a most violent and agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking; save, oh save them!' The major awoke her, and said, 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh, no,' she said, 'I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again; in another hour she cried out in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down.' The major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her: in the most extreme agony she again screamed, 'They are gone, the boat is sunk!' When the major awakened her, she said, 'Now, I cannot rest; Mr. D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I should be miserable till his return; the thought of it would almost kill me.' She instantly arose, threw on her gown, went to his bedside, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?'—'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill; for I am so at present. Consider, you are an only son, under our protection, and should anything anything happen to you, it would be my death.' Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The weather came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen. I often heard the story from my father, who always added, 'It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude, I can never forget that my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream.'

AN IRISH BANKER.

I once accompanied a large party of English ladies and gentlemen to that enchanting spot, the Lakes of Killarney, where, having amused ourselves for a few days, we were on the point of returning to Dublin, when one of the party recollected that he had in his possession a handful of notes on a banker who was a kind of saddler in the town of Killarney. Accordingly, we all set out by way of sport to have them exchanged, our principal object being to see and converse with the proprietor of such a bank. Having entered the shop, which hardly sufficed to admit the whole company, we found the banking saddler hard at work. One of the gentlemen thus addressed him:—"Good morning to you, sir; I presume you are the gentleman of the house?" "At your service, ladies and gentlemen," returned the saddler. "It is here, I understand, that the bank is kept," continued my friend. "You are right, sir," replied the artisan, "this is Killarney Bank, for want of better." My friend then said, "We are on the eve of quitting your town; and, as we have some few of your notes which will be of no manner of use to us elsewhere, I'll thank you for cash for them." The banker replied, "Cash, please your honor, what is that? Is it anything in the leather line? I have a beautiful saddle here as ever was put across a horse, good and cheap. How much of my notes have you, sir, if you please?" "There are no less," said my friend, "than sixteen of your promises to pay, for the amazingly large sum of fifteen shillings and ninepence sterling money." "I should be sorry, most noble," returned the banker, "to waste any more of your lordship's time, or of those sweet beautiful ladies and gentlemen, but I have an illigant bridle here as is't to be matched in Yoorup, Aishy, Afriky, or Merikay; its lowest price is 15s. 6d.—we'll say 15s. 6d. to your lordship. If ye'll be pleased to accept of it, then there will be twopenny halfpenny or a threepenny note coming to your lordship, and that will clear the business at once." This account of an Irish banker, although possibly somewhat overcharged, may be considered as a specimen of many who carried on the business of banking in the early part of the last century.

He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money, may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.—*Seldon.*