

The Home Circle.

OUR LOVED ONES ARE DEAD.

How tenderly we view the spot where rest our
sainted dead,
And close beside their little mounds we tenderly
do tread;
With garlands rich of fragrant flowers, we strew
them o'er and o'er,
And whisper to the sleeping ones who ne'er
shall hear us more.

We fain would lift from off their breast the
cloths of coldest clay,
And woo them back to life and light, and
happiness away;
But we, alas! are mortals born, and so like
mortals die,
Departing from earth's tenements to mansions
in the sky.

We gather round the graves of those we loved
when here so dear,
And in the halls of memory drop many a silent
tear;
For though we know they've gone above and
linger not so near,
Yet, somehow, all our hearts are knit, when
standing round their bier.

We feel as though the ladder, o'er which angel
feet do tread,
Reached down from heaven's portal e'en to
every silent bed;
And that their angel spirits oft do visit still
the tomb,
Dispelling its brooding darkness, and misery,
and gloom.

That close beside their forms on earth their
sacred dust we see,
Their angel spirits keep a guard, with watch-
fulness away,
And smile upon us when we come our tribute
there to pay,
A blessing's crown of blessing, when we kneel
by them and pray.

The ashes of our sacred dead, our altar fires
renew,
That forever they burn brightly, with all that's
good and true;
Our shoes we put from off our feet, when at
their shrines we bow,
And live again our lives of old, for they are
with us, now.

The fountains of our hearts rush forth, in
crystal showers of tears,
That have, perchance, been slumbering, in sin,
for many years;
We long to speak just one kind word, for
many harsh we've said,
Alas! alas! they answer not, our loved ones,
they are dead!

We ne'er shall see their forms again, their
kindly eye and true,
We ne'er shall hear their sweet toned voice as
we were wont to do;
Their merry laugh and fond caress no more is
ours to know,
But we shall sleep the sleep of death, and thus
to them will go.

Bright dreams, of all we've deemed most dear,
will burst upon our sight,
A glorious, glad reality, will pierce the gloom
of night;
For passing through the cloud of death the
sun will brighter shine,
While angel voices welcome us to realms the
most divine.

And first of all who greet us there, our loving
friends will come,
With radiant, shining faces, to bid us welcome
home;
Then ring the loud hosannas forth, through all
the arch above,
The lost are found, the dead do live a life of
endless love.

FEIGNING DEATH.

The remarkable case of Miss Bonney, of
Canawaugas, New York, who in November
last, foretold her death, and predicted that
she would come to life again after a certain
period, has excited considerable comment.
This lady it will be remembered announced to
her friends on the 10th of November, that the
time had come for her departure, and predicted
that if her body was preserved for six
weeks she would come to life again. She ex-
pired the night following, and her friends
waited patiently for her resuscitation, but the
body began to decompose, and a coroner's
jury pronounced her dead beyond revivifica-
tion.

What a wonderful thing it would have been
had this lady been able to have reanimated
her body? It is remarkable that she was able
to do as she did do: terminate her life by her
own will, at an appointed time. Still, there
is strong evidence to show that it is possible
for persons to apparently die, and pass through
all the symptoms of death, and yet after burial
be restored to life. Mr. Lepel H. Griffin, the
acting secretary of the British Provincial Gov-
ernment of the Punjab in East India, speaks
of the following story as a fact, and has em-
bodied it in his recently published historical
work entitled the "Rajas of the Punjab."

Phul was the Raja or chief of the State of
Pattiala, in Punjab. One of the teachers of
his youth was a celebrated Fakir named Sam-
erpuri. When of age, Phul was named by
the government in the chieftainship which
had been held by his family for so many years.

He was a faithful vassal, and lived in peace
with the Rajas who were mightier than he,
and those who had nothing worth fighting for,
otherwise he improved every opportunity for
increasing his wealth and power. One day he
came to the conclusion that he would not pay
his tribute. The governor was rather sensi-
tive on this point, and pressed his claim by
seizing Phul's person and throwing him into
prison. Phul had no confidence in the justice
administered in other courts than his own,
and—he died.

To hide from the people the fact of their
chieftain's death was impossible. They came
in grand procession clamoring for his body,
that they might burn it according to the rites
of their religion. Their request was granted,
and the body of Phul was delivered to his
wife, who carried it back to their own terri-
tory.

This woman, whose name was Bari, was the
daughter of a Zamindar of Dilami, in Nabha.
She knew that Phul was the pupil of Sam-
erpuri, the wisest Fakir in Punjab. There was
every reason for believing that Samerpuri had
taught Phul the art of feigning death, an ac-
complishment for which he was celebrated all
over the land. She was herself a wise woman
and knew the art of restoring to life, and she
made Phul again a living man, when he made
it his first business again to make good the
irregularities in his accounts with the govern-
ment, which stopped further proceedings
against him.

This same Phul afterwards met real death
by feigning it. About ten years after his first
successful ruse, he grew haughty on the advent
of a new Governor, and refused to pay his
tribute. He was thrown into prison, went
through his performance, but the Governor,
knowing of his tricks, guarded the body for
ten days. On the eleventh day he was given
up. It appears that Phul had, subsequent to
his first ruse, taken to himself a second wife,
who knew nothing of his power, and when she
secured the body, she immediately had it
burned to ashes, and thus the juggler was
placed beyond the power of mortal man.

A writer in the New York *Sec* says, that
on searching oriental literature it will be found
that there are a number of Persian and Hindoo
sects that practice the art of feigning death.
It is mentioned several times in the Shastras
and in the Sikh Granth under the name of
Parauayam, or Stopping Breath; also in the
Yogacakra, the manual of the Yogis, and in the
Kacikhanda. In the Persian books it is
spoken of as Haba-i-dam, or Retention of
Breath. English readers will find some hints
on the principles of the art in "Dabistan," or
the school of Manners, which has been trans-
lated from the Persian for the Royal Asiatic
Translation Fund.

The first condition is to learn to do without
food. One must begin by eating nothing dur-
ing the day, and having only a light meal at
night. Salt must never be eaten. Meat, fish,
wine, oil, mustard, onions, garlic, turnips,
sour and sharp things, except ginger, are for-
bidden. The chief articles of food are rice,
wheat, milk, sugar, honey, ghrta (melted
butter), and a few others. It is also necessary
to do without drinking water; but a peculiar
sect, the Angharh, drink a great deal of ar-
dent spirits.

There are a number of minor exercises
which the Fakir goes through with before he
is proficient in his art. The chief aim is to
learn to do without food and drink for a long
time, and further to learn to live on a small
supply of air, and finally to retain all the air
that can be inhaled by stopping the orifice of
the throat with the point of the tongue, and
closing up the other apertures by means of
wax and cotton. To do this it is necessary to
attain an uncommon force of will, and this is
reached by practising daily a number of self-
torturing exercises.

These facts, and many others just as re-
markable, causes the writer to remark that
physiologists would be justified in taking up
the study of the laws which control life and
death. It is an unpleasant thought for any
human being that some day he may be allow-
ed, like Phul, to turn into ashes, when a little
knowledge on the part of his friends might
have made him alive again.

"KNOWING."

Among the most noteworthy instincts pos-
sessed by dogs in that which leads them sure-
ly towards home, even after an absence of
months. "On coming into a port at Marseil-
les," says a traveller, "we were detained sev-
eral days, the ship's boat plying between the
steamer and the shore, the harbor being as
usual, crowded with ships of every nation and
description. On the second day after leaving
port, a most miserable, half-starved dog (ter-
rier), one side of whose body was a mass of
pitch, was observed to crawl upon the com-
panion-ladder, giving a terrified look around
him. Much surprised at the sight of the
wretched animal, the captain exclaimed,
'Whose dog can this be?' And the inquiry
went around among the several passengers
and crew. No one owned him, and the stew-
ard, following him on deck, explained that he
had found the poor creature hidden away in
an empty berth. The captain was a kind,
humane man, and gave orders that the dog be
properly cared for, and named him Jack. A
sailor greased his coat and set him free from
the pitch, making him look more respectable;
and, with good living and kind treatment,
Jack soon recovered his spirits and seemed
out of gratitude, to attach himself specially

with the captain. If spoken to in any other
language than English, he would remain quite
unconcerned, but 'good dog,' 'good old fellow,'
would make him wag his tail and look happy.
Before coming into the Mersey River we took
in our pilot. Then a sudden change came over
Jack, who had been a most quiet and peace-
able traveller; he grew quite excited, running
up and down the bridge and jumping up to
get a look over the side; so great was his
evident excitement, the nearer we came to
Liverpool, that he attracted the attention of
every one on board. On reaching our destina-
tion, and while as yet the steamer had scarce-
ly stooped, the ropes for mooring being only
thrown ashore, Jack was observed to mount a
case of oranges placed at the side of the
steamer, and at one bound, leapt on shore in
a moment. 'Follow that dog,' cried the cap-
tain to a man standing on the wharf, 'and see
where he goes.' Off set the man, and after
some time returned quite out of breath, saying
he had been obliged to give up the chase, Jack
having set off at a quick run up one street and
down another, evidently taking the nearest
road home. The curious fact was how the
dog's instinct enabled him to choose out of the
many ships lying around one whose destina-
tion was Liverpool. How he came on board
none of the sailors could tell; but that he
was doing wrong he evidently knew, by hid-
ing himself away until discovered by the stew-
ard.

THE HOME OF TASTE.

How easy it is to be neat—to be clean!
How easy to arrange the rooms with the most
graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest
our homes with the truest elegance! Ele-
gance resides not with the upholsterer or the
draper; it exists in the spirit presiding over
the apartments of the dwelling. Contentment
must always be most grateful; it sheds seren-
ity over the scene of its abode; it transforms
a waste into a garden. The home lighted by
those imitation of a nobler and brighter life
may be wanting in much which the discon-
tented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be
a palace, far outvying the Oriental in brillian-
cy and beauty.

CICERO ON OLD AGE.

Nothing can be more void of foundation
than to assert that old age necessarily dis-
qualifies a man from engaging in the great
affairs of the world. As well might it be affir-
med that the pilot is totally useless and unen-
gaged in the business of the ship, because
while the rest of the crew are more actively
employed in their respective departments, he
sits quietly at the helm and directs its motions.
If in the great scenes of business an old man
cannot perform a part which requires the force
and energy of vigorous years, he can act, how-
ever, in a nobler, and more important charac-
ter.

It is not by exertions of corporeal strength
and activity that the momentous affairs of
State are conducted; it is by cool delibera-
tion, by prudent counsel, and by that authori-
tative influence which ever attends on public
esteem; qualifications which are usually
strengthened and improved by increase of
years. The truth is, if abilities of this latter
kind were not the peculiar attributes of old
age, our wise ancestors would not surely have
distinguished the supreme counsel of the
State by the appellation of the Senate. The
Lacedæmonians, for the same reason, give to
the first magistrates, in their commonwealth
the title of Elders; and in fact they are always
chosen out of that class of men.

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic.
We don't mean a newspaper one, but in pri-
vate life, in the domestic circle, in society. It
will not do any one any good, and it will do
harm—if you mind being called disagreeable.
If you don't like any one's nose, or object to
any one's chin, don't put your feelings into
words. If any one's manners don't please
you, remember your own. People are not all
made to suit one's taste; recollect that. Take
things as you find them, unless you can alter
them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed,
cannot be made any better. Continual fault-
finding, continual criticism of the conduct of
this one and the speech of that one, the dress
of the other and the opinions of t'other, will
make home the unhappiest place under the
sun. If you are never pleased with any one,
no one will ever be pleased with you. And if
it is known that you are hard to suit, few will
take pains to suit you.

LIFE IN NAPLES.

Every mule wears hundreds of buttons and
little jingling bells. The carriages creak as
if creaking was the object of their construction.
The sellers of newspapers, and in general all
itinerant traders, shout in the most astonish-
ing manner. Every tradesman at the door of
his shop, or over his stall makes a pompous
oral programme of his rich merchandise, beg-
ging every stranger to purchase. The seller of
scapularies, without knowing anything of your
country or religion, fixes his amulet on your
neck; while the shoe-black, no matter whether
your boots are dim or shining, rubs them over
with his varnish, with or without your consent.
The flower-seller, who carries bundles of roses
and orange blossoms, adorns your hat, your
button-holes, your pockets, without ever ask-

ing your permission. The lemonade-maker
comes out with a flowing glass, which he places
at your lips. Scarcely have you freed yourself
from his importunity, when another tormentor
approaches with a pan of hot cakes, fried in
oil, which he asks you to eat whether you will
or no. The children, accustomed to mendicity,
although their plumpness and good humor are
indicative of proper feeding, seize you by the
knees, and will not allow you to advance till
you have given them some money. The fisher-
man draws near with a costume the color of
sea-weed, bare-footed, his trousers tucked up
and exposing his brown legs, his head covered
with a red cap, his brown shirt unbuttoned,
opening oysters and other shell-fish, and pre-
sents them to you as if by your orders. The
cicerone goes before and displays his eloquence,
interlarded with innumerable phrases in all
languages, and full of anachronisms and false-
hoods, historical and artistic. If you dismiss
him, if you say his services are useless, he
will talk of the peril you are in of losing your
purse or your life from not having listened to
his counsels or being attentive to his astonish-
ing knowledge. Do not fancy you can get out
of all this by being in a carriage. I have seen
people jump upon carriages more quickly, or
stand upon the step, of follow clinging to the
back, or to any part, regardless of your dis-
pleasure. But if you have the air of a newly-
arrived traveller, they will not annoy you with
their wares, but will force you to engage a
carriage of their choosing. In half a second
you are surrounded with vehicles, which en-
compass you like serpents, at the risk of
crushing you, whose drivers speak all at once
a distracting and frightful jargon, offering to
take you to Posillipo, to Bare, to Pozzuoli, to
Castellamare, to Sorrento, to Binnu, to the
end of creation.

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY.

A widow of seventy years died in Portsmouth
the other day, the truth of whose life was
stranger than any fiction. At the age of
eighteen she married the choice of her heart,
a young sea captain, and after a brief and
happy honeymoon, he left her for a foreign
voyage. But his ship was never heard from,
and doubtless foundered at sea, with all on
board. The young husband, as he was
dressing for sea, on the morning he left home,
playfully threw a pair of stockings backward
over his head, to test some sailor's charm or
other, and they chanced to land on the top of
a canopy instead, he remarking,—

"Sarah, let them stay there till I come
back."

And many and many a long year they have
laid there, but, alas! he never returned. But
neither love, nor hopes, nor expectations, ever
died out in her faithful heart during all the
many years of her lonely pilgrimage. To the
last, whenever a door opened, or a step was
heard approaching, she turned to see if it
might not be he whom she mourned and
sought. But he never came again to her—let
us hope and trust that she has gone to him.
By her desire she was buried in her wedding
dress, with white gloves and wedding ring.

FAT AND LEAN.

Meat eaters and vegetarians show in their
persons the effects of the diet. The first has the
most brain force and nervous energy. A
mixed food of animal and vegetable rations
develops the highest intellectual powers. A
strictly vegetable living ordinarily gives fair
complexion and amiability and extreme pugna-
city when the vegetarian's views in regard to
that engrossing thought of his life is discussed.
They are annual meeting reformers without
ever setting a river on fire. Arabs are a sober,
frugal race, rather slender, not tall, conscien-
tious and contentious on religious subjects.
They largely subsist on rice, pulse, milk and
kense, something similar to whipped cream,
through a vast region of an arid country, where
they are indigenous. They are not destitute
of mutton, goats camels, and game, but they
manifest no disposition to feed upon meats, as
is necessary to temperate zones, or in high
northern latitudes. An intellectual man, one
of their kindred who rises to distinction by
the grandeur of his mental status, is extremely
rare. The beer and ale drinkers
expand and grow fat, but they are not much
given to profound researches.

A CHILD'S MEMORY.

When a child is endowed with that most
excellent thing—a good memory—common
sense should teach his guardians or instructors
that he must be restrained from overtaxing it;
yet we read that a certain lad aged twelve
years, repeated in Sunday-school, without one
blunder, five hundred and fifteen verses from
the Bible. What makes the accomplishment
of this fact the more remarkable is the fact
that the poor child is usually employed dur-
ing the day, and memorized these verses by
the light of a fire built in his yard at night.
It may also be mentioned that he has never
attended any other than a Sunday-school.

Now the question is this? What purpose
does such a gigantic strain upon memory
serve? The precocious boy probably repeats
his lesson as a parrot might, without in the
least understanding that which he recites;
whereas, by thoroughly learning half a dozen
verses, he not only understands what he
learns, but reserves a useful faculty for profit-
able uses.

LIVE LIKE LOVERS.

Married people should treat each other like
lovers all their lives—then they would be
happy. Bickering and quarrelling would soon
break off love affairs; consequently lovers in-
dulge in such only to a very limited extent.
But some people—men and women both—
when they have once got married—think that
they can do just as they please, and it will
make no difference. They make a great mis-
take. It will make all the difference in the
world. Women should grow more devoted
and men more fond after marriage, if they
have the slightest idea of being happy as wives
and husbands. It is losing sight of this funda-
mental truth which leads to hundreds of di-
vorces. Yet many a man will scold his wife
who would never think of breathing a harsh
word to his sweetheart; and many a wife will
be glum and morose on her husband's return
who had only smiles and words of cheer for
him when he was her suitor. How can such
people expect to be happy.

THE ARUNDEL OWLS.

An amusing anecdote is told in connection
with one of the Arundel Castle owls, the butler
caused great merriment by coming into the
room and saying, in a solemn voice,—

"May it please your grace, Lord Thurlow
has laid an egg."

The late Duke of Norfolk was asked if the
story were true. His grace said,—

"Yes, we have always believed it in the
family; but do you know why the bird was
called Lord Thurlow? That's almost the
best of the story. Lord Thurlow and his
daughter were once staying at the castle, and
the young lady went to see the owls. On
passing one of them, she stopped suddenly
and exclaimed, 'Oh! how like papa!' and the
bird was ever afterward called Lord Thurlow."

It must have been a very wise-looking bird;
for Lord Thurlow looked exceptionally wise,
even for a judge. Fox, the statesman, once
said, "I suppose no man ever was so wise as
Thurlow looks."

THE REFORMED CROWS.

Colonel B— had one of the best farms
near the Illinois River. About a hundred
acres of it were covered with waving corn.
When it came up in the spring, the crows
seemed determined on its entire destruction.
When one was killed, it seemed as though a
dozen came to its funeral; and though the
sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away,
they always returned with its echo.

The colonel at length became weary of
throwing grass, and resolved on trying the
virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist's for
a barrel of alcohol, in which he soaked a few
quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field.
The blacklegs came and partook with their
usual relish, and as usual they were pretty
well corned; and there followed a strange
cawing, and cackling, and stuttering, and
swaggering. When the boys attempted to
catch them, they were not a little amused at
their staggering and their zigzag way through
the woods, and there, being joined by a new
recruit which happened to be sober, they
united at the tops of their voices in haw-
kling and shouting either praises or curses
of alcohol—it was difficult to tell which—as
they rattled away without rhyme or reason.
But the colonel saved the corn; as soon as
they became sober, they set their faces stead-
fastly against alcohol, and not another kernel
would they touch in his field.

THE WRONG BOTTLE.

A laughable incident occurred in one
of our large grocery houses a few
days since. An old negro man, from
the country, had come to town to make some
purchases, and among other things were a bot-
tle of coal oil and another of "lust eye."
While the clerk was engaged in wrapping up
some little article, the old man concluded to
take a sip on the sly, and hastily running his
hand into the bag, he drew forth his bottle,
glanced hastily at the clerk, who was slyly
watching him from under his hat brim, and
with a jerk of the arm brought the bottle to
his mouth. A sound resembling that of pour-
ing water into an old tin bucket followed, and
after something like a half-pint had been
swallowed, the old fellow's hand suddenly
darted the vessel into his bag, and with both
hands clasped to his stomach, he made his
exit out of the back door. The young sales-
man comprehended the situation in an instant;
and after so long a time, the darkey returned
in his walfie, a sicker, if not a wiser, man.
He pleaded earnestly with our young friend
to keep the secret, but it was too good to keep,
and hence we are in possession of it. The old
darkey had gotten the coal oil bottles, and
was in such haste to swallow the supposed
liquor that he did not discover his mistake un-
til several mouthfuls had been gulped down.

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