

## The Home Circle.

## SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

At home or away, in the alley or street,  
Whenever I chance, in this wide world, to meet

A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,  
My heart echoes softly, "Tis some mother's child."

And, when I see those o'er whom long years  
Have rolled,  
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose  
spirits are cold,  
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,  
A voice whispers softly, "Ah, 'tis some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath  
strayed;  
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;  
No matter what elements cankered the pearl;  
Thus tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have  
been;  
No matter how deep he is sunk in sin;  
No matter how low in his standard of joy;  
No matter how guilty or wrong, he is some  
mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on tenderest  
breast;  
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have  
been pressed;  
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet  
and mild;  
For her sake deal gently with some mother's  
child.

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth  
Were there no little people in it;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender;  
No little hands on breast or brow,  
To keep the thrilling life-chord tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,  
Unfeeling nature more unhuman,  
And man to sterner coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it;  
A dreary place this world would be  
Were there no little people in it.

## THE UBIQUITY OF BEAUTY.

In the deep sea, color'd branches  
Of the coral, brightuous forests  
Built by tiny builders, shadows  
Cast by cloud-high sailing  
Over the blue sky.

Shells of varied tints, and pebbles  
Rounded by the rolling waters,  
Chattering in the sandy shallows,  
Rugged rocks all green and glossy  
With the clinging weeds.

Clear bright glory of the morning,  
Filling sky, and sea, and land  
With a golden flood of beauty,  
Light and shadow softly blending;  
Like a woven robe.

Music, with its gentle breathing,  
Soft and solemn, speaking accents  
Unto noble hearts of feelings  
Born of harmonies eternal  
As the Universe.

Harmonies of joy and sorrow,  
As the universe eternal:  
Blend of lights of light and shadow  
Spread around us and above us  
Beauty everywhere.

## FINDING EACH OTHER OUT.

Robert Collyer says: that after young people marry they have found each other out, and may spend a lifetime doing that. "Some married folks find each other out as I have read of mariners finding out the polar world. They leave the shores of their single lives in the spring tides, with tears and benedictions; sail on a white sea under a blue sky, and the first little bit of little into the cold latitudes, where they see the sun sink day by day, and I feel the frost creep in, until they give up at last and turn to ice sitting at the same table. Or, again, find each other out as they have been finding out this Continent. They nestle down at first among the meadows, close by the clear streams; then they go on through a belt of shadow, lose their way, and find it again the best they know how and come out into larger horizon and better light; they meet their difficult hills and climb them together; strike deserts and dismal places, and cross them together; and at last they stand on the further reaches of the mountains, and see the other ocean, sunning their feet on sweet and still, and then their journey ends. But through shadows and shine this is the path for the day; they keep together right to the end. They allow no danger, discomfort, indifference to divide them, and no third party to interfere, for if they do, it may be that William and Mary of England had perished, and the great Louis to divide their throne by dividing their hearts.

When you hear my definition of marriage? She said: "It resembles a pair of

shears so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them." The definition is as witty as it is wise, and he might have added, part the shears and then all you have left is two poor daggers.

"So it is possible we may grow aged in finding each other out, and wondering why we never saw that trait before, or struck that temper; but if there be between us a true heart, if the rivet holds, then the added years will only bring added reasons for a perfect union, and the sweet old ballad will be our psalm for life:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
We clumb the hill together;  
And many a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane another;  
Now we maun toddle down, John,  
But hand in hand I wot I go  
And sleep together at the foot,  
John Anderson, my Jo."

"We must find each other out, and then it is possible that, like my mother's old shears, over which I used to ponder when I was a child, one side is greater, and the other, by consequence, less."

## BEETHOVEN IN A RAGE.

Danhauser, the painter, says the "Gazette Musical," was an ardent admirer of Beethoven, who he had met at many musical gatherings at Vienna. It is an undoubtedly true that Beethoven was rat or brusque, and carefully avoided making any new acquaintance whatever; but Danhauser's frank and affable manners produced a favorable impression upon him. After the two had met accidentally several times, Danhauser thought he would like to take a look at Beethoven's face, so as to preserve for posterity a faithful portrait of the great man. He mentioned his wish on the first opportunity, but Beethoven, under various pretexts, endeavored to avoid compliance, confessing that he had not the slightest wish to see his face reproduced, and that he was too impatient to endure being posed. Danhauser, was not so easily beaten. He never ceased vaunting the merit of a model taken from nature, and long that Beethoven owed it to posterity to hand down to them his features.

Danhauser pleaded his cause so warmly that at length Beethoven yielded, and a day was named for him to go to the painter's house. At that time, besides painting in oil, Danhauser devoted a great deal of his time to modelling and inventing patterns for a manufactory of furniture and wood carvings, left him by his father.

At last the day so impatiently expected arrived; the day on which Beethoven had promised to go to Danhauser's. The great composer kept his word, and was most warmly welcomed. After a short conversation, Danhauser prepared for work. Beethoven, after taking off his coat and cravat, was requested to sit down.

"You will not hurt my head, I suppose," observed the composer, somewhat dismayed at the preparations he beheld going on.

Danhauser tranquilized him, promising to be quick, so as to abbreviate as much as possible anything that might be disagreeable in the process. To Beethoven's great astonishment, the painter began by passing thin strips of paper on his eyebrows, and by smearing with an opaque liquid all parts of his face, where there was any hair. He then asked the composer to put a small tube in his mouth and to shut his eyes. The reader must know, that, to take the cast of the face the latter is covered with tepid plaster in a liquid state. The plaster soon gets cold and forms a solid mass, which, when removed, contains the exact lineaments of the countenance. The operation is exceedingly disagreeable for those subjected to it, because the face is, so to speak, walled in, and the patient can breathe only through a small pipe or tube. Besides this the plaster, when drying, produces a very painful sensation, to say nothing of the fact that it is no easy matter to remove the cast, because every hair adhering to the plaster is productive of pain. Danhauser had purposely omitted explaining all this to the composer, for fear the latter should refuse to undergo the ordeal. Beethoven had therefore not the slightest suspicion of what was in store for him. After the first few passes of the brush employed to lay on the plaster, he seemed alarmed, but when the plaster in drying began swelling and irritating his cheeks and forehead he was both horrified and greatly enraged. He bounded to his feet with his hair on end, and, while endeavoring to get rid of the plaster, exclaimed—

"You are an impostor, a scoundrel, a monster!"

"For Heaven's sake, Capellmeister!" stammered Danhauser, confused and stupefied. But Beethoven, without allowing him to conclude his sentence, vociferated furiously—

"Blackguard—cannibal!"

Danhauser said,—

"Permit me to—"

"Keep off!" roared Beethoven. Flinging his chair away, and catching up his cloak and hat, he rushed towards the door. Danhauser ran after him to offer his excuses. But Beethoven, without deigning to hear a word, ex-

claimed,—

"Be off, you villain, knave, assassin. Take care never to come near me, for I will strangle you!"

Having uttered these words, he went out, sneering and stamping his feet, with his face all plastered over with white, like that of the

spectre in "Don Juan." The door was slammed violently to, and the unfortunate painter, terrified and confused, could still hear at a distance the maledictions and imprecations which the composer was hurling at his head. After that Beethoven would not hold the slightest communication with Danhauser. Every time he saw him, even at a distance he flew into a passion, and avoided him as much as he could.

It was not long, however, before Danhauser did take a cast of the great composer's face. After all, and that, too, without exciting any outburst of rage. Beethoven was dead!

## A YOUNG LADY OF SPIRIT.

A close observer has been watching the English factory girls and gives an amusing description of the dinner hour. The crowd had assembled outside of a certain cookshop in the half hour allowed for dinner. Among the girls there was one ragged, scantily clothed child of about fourteen. She stood for a long period wistfully before the cook shop window.

All the others had gone, and this forlorn object still stood there rattling a few halfpence in her hand. Finally with a longing look at the luscious display, she paused for the last snuff of the open door and then dashed off down the street. The observer followed thinking that she was seeking a cheaper cook shop, and pitying her. But she stopped at a store where second hand finery was for sale—entered, and in a few minutes returned with a somewhat faded but still gorgeous bunch of artificial flowers, consisting of a rose, full blown, a poppy or two and a fair sprinkling of wheat. With a glow of triumph on her wizened little face, she cast an eager glance at the right and left, and spying close at hand the secluded gateway of a timber yard, darted across the road, and crouching in a corner was soon busy with her battered old hat on her knees retreating it. The observer entered into conversation.

"How much a week did she earn at the factory?" "Four shillings if I must know." "That's very little. Why a handy, likely looking girl, as you appear to be, might earn twice as much at least, or the value of it, as nursemaid or under kitchenmaid in a respectable family. Such places are not difficult to obtain: why do you not make inquiries and better your condition?" "Because," replied the juvenile maker of frisettes at the rate of 8d. a day—as she gave certain finishing touches to her off-hand millinery—"because I'm above the poor room what mustn't wear a feather or a ribbon, and I won't serve anybody, and because I like my liberty," and lifting her ragged flounces, she made me a courtesy and sailed out of the timber yard exactly as became a young lady who wore such a resplendent head-dress.

## A BLUSH.

What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word or look or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek like the soft tints of the summer sunset! Strange it is also that the face is capable of blushing, that the hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than the glove or sock that covers them. It is the face that is in heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when she awoke in Eden's sunny land still lingers with her fair daughters. They caught it from the rose, for all roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one, the bud seeing her own fair face—more fair than the flowers—blushed and cast its reflection on her velvet cheeks. The face is the tablet of the soul wherein it writes its actions. There may be traced all the intellectual phenomena with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within none the less do vice, intemperance and debauchery make their indecipherable impressions upon it. Idleness, rage, cowardice and passion leave deeper mark even than the virtues of modesty, chastity, truth and hope. Even beauty grows more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise within.

## CULTIVATION OF THE GRACES.

All our better qualities should be cultivated to the neglect of none of them. If one side of a tree grows, and the other does not, the tree acquires a crooked form—is a misshapen thing. Nor are monsters among mankind made only by want of parts, as when the body wants a limb, or a face an eye, or a leg a foot, or the arm a hand; but also by some one part growing in excess of others. Analogous in its results to this is the unequal growth of Christian graces. Let fear, for example, that godly fear which is so strong a safeguard of the soul grow out of true proportion to faith, and the result is a gloomy, dependent, unhappy Christian. Or, let that zeal which makes, like a flaming fire in the service of our God, grow more than knowledge, prudence, wisdom; and like a machine without direction, or balance-wheel, generating into extravagance carries men away into the regions of wild fanaticism.

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## THE INFLUENCE OF HOME.

Theodore Cuyler never said a truer thing than in a contribution a few days ago to the *N. Y. Independent*. He says, "If the father chiefly talks money money at home, he generally rears a family in the worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly on horses, games and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as victims upon that altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it. My neighbor Q— makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that his boys are never found in bad places. But, if a father has the clock strike eleven in his club-house or the play-house, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gaming-room or drinking-saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if a drunken son staggers in by and by, at his front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth ought to have become their foe, the home becomes a starting post for mortal ruin. A Godless house is a poor school to train up souls to heaven."

## LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going straight forward business man, and he becomes a reliable, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances and scenes and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern examples alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful! If you are able give them a corner in the garden for flowers; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlots; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time for work," but with the enthusiastic, "See the beautiful sunshine!" buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way.

Give them an inch, and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home pleasant and beautiful.

## HUMOROUS.

## PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman's year, without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. About the close of vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on."

"That's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; I gave you all I could afford to give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your way through the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; he left home, made his way through college, and graduated at the head of his class; studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than William H. Seward.

## A STRAPPING JOKE.

A French musician has been creating considerable social and public disturbances by his inveterate disposition to play practical jokes. His chief object in life seems to be to worry Custom House officials. Arriving at a place on the frontier, provided with a quantity of luggage, he would pretend to conceal a huge trunk and a smaller one from the eyes of the officials, only the more to excite their curiosity. At last the larger trunk would be opened. It would be found to contain thousands of second-hand trouser straps—an appendix of trouser now perfectly obsolete—which had evidently been packed by hydraulic pressure, for the most frantic efforts on the part of the employees could not put them back into the trunk. In the meantime hundreds of passengers storm at the detention, while the practical joker calmly looks on at the bother he is causing. But the second and smaller trunk has now to be examined, and the Custom House people hope there to find him in default. They ask for the keys. The practical joker draws bunches of ponderous keys from every one of his pockets; none will fit, until, at last, their patience exhausted, the Custom House officers threaten to burst the trunk open. Then the possessor of the trunk calmly asks the angry officer if he is married. "What business is that of yours?" is the reply. "Only this: that before you open that trunk I would advise you to go home, shake hands with your wife, kiss your little children, write your will and call at the undertaker's as you come back. There are rattlesnakes in that trunk. I never travel without them." Of course the man leaves the trunk instantly, and a messenger has to be sent to the head director, who is shrewd enough to know that he has to deal with

some practical joker. Presently the official returns, and asks pompously, "How many snakes have you sir?" "Only six," is the reply—"look for yourself." "Oh, only six! The head of the department says six snakes can pass, but that seven would have to pay duty. I am also directed to state to you if you do not leave this office—trouser straps, snakes and all—in five minutes, you will be forcibly ejected." "And who is to repack my precious straps, a collection unequalled in the history of the world? The law entitles me to all my goods. You took them out; put them back again. The best period of my life is being devoted to finding pairs for these straps."

## AN IRREPRESSIBLE VIRGIN.

Dr. C. Marsh, once a druggist in Roxbury, used to tell this story of himself. He had an engagement to lecture in a town not far from Boston, and was obliged to make the passage in the stage coach. Railroad cars were not so plenty then as now. Upon the seat before him, in the coach, and facing him, sat a garulous old lady—an "old maid," he said—who proceeded in a manner more presuming than polite to engage in conversation. Charles wished to con his lecture, and was in no mood for interruption. He was finally persuaded, however, to tell the woman his name.

"Law!" she exclaimed, "I wonder if you belong to the Marshes of Needham?"

"No, madam," replied the doctor, sharply, "I belong neither to that family of Marshes, nor to any other family of Marshes you can possibly know."

"Mercy!" cried the antique virgin, "I should judge, from the acid you show, that you must have sprung from the Cranberry Marshes!"

"It may be madam," replied Charles, thinking he could now give the ancient spinster a crusher, "since you seem determined to make me sauce for a goose!"

"Lord bless ye," retorted the dame, without as much as wink; "better let your sauce be for the stiff necked gander that's got it now! Ugh! I don't waste it, pray!"

Silence followed; but under the glittering eye of his irrepressible antagonist poor Charles could fix his thoughts no more upon the subject of his lecture.

## THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.

The cook of a French nobleman, whose chateau is in the south of France, had a monkey, which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, and which was so intelligent that by pretty severe training, its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning, a pair of partridges were given to it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window of the kitchen, which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer edge of the window, and, then went on with the other. A hawk, which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey. The countenance of the monkey at this untoward adventure may be easily imagined. He knew he should be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for some minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy, and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closing one of the shutters concealed himself behind it. The hawk, which, by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge, but hardly had his claw touched the bird when the monkey, sprung upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was instantly wrung and the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers. This done he carried the two plucked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air which seemed to say, "Here are two birds, sir; just what you gave me." What the cook said, on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to tell.

## KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

That knowledge is power was happily illustrated by an incident that happened in Edinburgh some years ago. A crowd had gathered around two dogs. The larger one a big and powerful mastiff, had the smaller one in his relentless grip. Every effort had been made to loosen his hold, such as slitting his ears and pinching his tail, but all in vain. At length a quiet scholarly-looking gentleman came up and asked to be allowed to separate the combatants. Assent was given, amid laughter and jeers, when drawing a snuff-box from his pocket, he applied a pinch of the titillating powder to the mastiff's nose, which caused him not only to release his hold, but to make off as fast as his legs would carry him. The scholar was greeted with cheers, to which he only replied, "Gentlemen, I have but given you proof that knowledge is power."

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