

## The Home Circle.

## ASPIRATION.

If I could send to distant seas,  
With spreading sails and kindly breeze,  
The ships my fancy builds at ease—

If I could rear without the strain  
And sweat that comes of loss and gain,  
The castles I would have in Spain—

If I could lay all sin aside,  
And take the Saviour as my guide,  
And have no other rule beside—

If I could win a deathless name,  
And catch a bauble men call fame,  
And never know the sting of blame—

If cruel gain came not by stealth,  
Across the current of my health,  
To taint the life blood's precious wealth—

If I could claim the good and great,  
Whose fellowship is rich estate,  
And feel their friendly correlate—

Then life would pay its simple cost,  
And hope and fame would not be lost,  
Upon Time's ocean tempest-tossed.

But man hath cares, and toil hath stings,  
And riches take upon them wings,  
And labor only honor brings.

Alas! my ships lie on the strand,  
My castles in the Spanish land,  
Are built of rainbows on the sand.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Cincinnati Commercial, speaking of the closing scenes in the administration of Governor Noyes, of Ohio, and of the inauguration of Governor Allen, says:

Hundreds of guests had called, and scores were calling, to say their goodbyes to Governor Noyes. Among those who entered the chamber, however, was an old man, thin, wrinkled, pale, and gray-haired, and much bent by age and manifest suffering. He timidly asked to see the Governor, who stepped aside to a window with him. The old man said he would have called before, but he had been sick. He came at that late hour to make an appeal for the pardon of an erring son who was confined in the Penitentiary for seven years, and who had three more to serve.

"What is the name of your son?" asked the Governor. The old man gave it. Governor Noyes then, without making him any definite reply, requested him to step into his private room and wait till he was at leisure. The fact was, the pardon had been granted early that morning, and the old man's daughter had already gone to carry the pardon to her brother and accompany him from the Penitentiary to the Governor's office. In a few minutes the liberated man arrived with his sister, neither expecting to find the other there, and the father not dreaming that the pardon had already been granted. One can readily imagine the scene as the Governor conducted the two to his private room. The son flew to his father and embraced him, and then flinging his arms around the Governor's neck, covered his face with kisses. The old man overcame by the great happiness of the moment, sank into his chair sobbing like a child.

There were no dry eyes in that room, and those who, a few minutes later, were talking and chatting with the retiring Governor in the reception room, little imagined in what a touchingly pathetic scene he had been a participant. The liberated man has a wife, and child eight years old, a sister, and aged parents. It will be a pleasant reflection during his lifetime to General Noyes that it was one of the last acts of his executive power to fill one household with the sunshine of happiness, and restore the beloved one long separated from them, who had fearfully consoled for his crime.

## ABOUT THUMBS.

We suppose that all our readers know that man would not be what he is without the thumb. This little fact has been so impressed upon us from our school days that we are not likely to forget it. Without the thumb for a lever, we would be unable to hold anything tightly, and most of the inventions of our era would be useless, not to speak of the enormous general power that would be lost. Let us accept the fact of having thumbs, then, and be thankful and rejoice over our Darwinian friends, the apes. We did not know, however, until we saw it in print, that the thumb represented intelligence and affection. Born idiots frequently come into the world without thumbs. Infants until they arrive at an age when intellect dawns, constantly keep their fingers folded above their thumbs, but they soon know better, and, as the mind develops, recognize the dignity and usefulness of the despised digit. At the approach of death the thumbs of the dying, as if impelled by some vague fear, seek refuge under the fingers, and when thus found are an almost certain announcement of the end. So in leaving this world, it would seem that our hands in their last desire for movement assume, with our growing unconsciousness, the same suggestive position in which the hands of the newborn babe, with faultless all done, first shape themselves. Small thumbs denote an affectionate disposition; long thumbs go with long heads; short, thick, stump-

thumbs mark a cruel man, and much more is told us of the same kind.

## LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.

Speaking of laughter as a medicine, a writer furnishes an instance which is also illustrative of the imitative, if not the reasoning, faculties of the ape. A gentleman was suffering from an ulcerated sore throat which finally became so swollen that his life was despaired of, when his household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each person grasping his hand for a moment, and then turning, passed on weeping. A pet ape which had modestly waited until the last then advanced and grasping its master's hand for an instant, also turned and went away with its hands to its eyes. This assumption of deep grief which it is hardly possible the animal could have felt since it could scarcely have comprehended the problem of mortality there so powerfully presented to the human mind, was so ludicrous in its perfection, that the patient himself was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of laughter as to break the ulcer in his throat, whereby his life was saved. Of course, the ape was innocent of wrong intentions, but though the spectacle of an equal amount of hypocrisy on the part of expectant relatives of a dying man is not remarkably rare on such occasions, it is not apt to incite the sufferer to such a degree of hilarity as would involve a sudden cure and the consequent delay of great expectations.

## SILENT PEOPLE.

We all reckon among our friends or acquaintances some silent man or woman whose influence is felt, whose rarely expressed opinion carries weight, whose words few indeed, but well chosen, spoken in clear harmonious tones, go to the point and decide it. We have all met with quiet, well-read, and well-bred women, whose society we have sought and found an ever increasing thirst for—women whose minds unfolded, leaf by leaf, rare beauties, which made one feel better for every hour spent with them. To know such women is to study them, to study them is to love them, to hunger for their society, to prize their presence, to regret their absence, and to mourn them forever when they have passed into the "silent land." To such women the world owes much, far more than to those who speak; these are the women who make home happy and life beautiful; to whom the cross word, the impatient tone, are strangers, whose children are surprised at a harsh tone, and who never fear the blow they have no knowledge of; these are they, who, saying nothing of woman's rights, think the woman's duties, the chief of which is woman's highest privilege, making home happy.

## HOME EDUCATION.

The domestic fireside in a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the heart. The learning of the university may fade from recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the hall of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a forgotten waste.

## KIND WORDS.

They never blister the tongue or lips, and we never heard of any mental trouble arising from that quarter. Though they do not cost, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good-nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul—angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and makes it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured—cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them; bitter words makes them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush for all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words and idle words, hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boastful words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet the hearer. They shame him out of his own sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

## A GEM FROM WHITTIER.

To appreciate the truth and beauty of the following lines from the pen of Whittier, it is necessary to know the circumstances under which they were written. A friend of Whittier's youth, who had spent most of his life on the Illinois prairies, called on the poet at his home in Amesbury, and together they recalled the scenes of their childhood, and briefly recounted the course of their after life. Whittier seemed much affected by the illusions of his friend to his prairie home, where a wife, children, and a grandchild, ("Constance")

awaited his return; and on being asked for his autograph, replied: "Call on your way to the cars, and I will hand it to you." The friend called, and received the following. The lines show the delicate texture of the poet's heart, the tendrils of which were evidently stretching after something beyond his reach:

"The years, that since we met have flown,  
Leave, as they found me, still alone;  
Nor wife, nor child, nor grandchild dear,  
Are mine, the heart of age to cheer.  
More favored, thou, with hair less gray  
Than mine, canst let thy fancy stray  
To where thy little Constance sees  
The prairie ripple in the breeze.  
For one like her to lip thy name  
Is better than the voice of Fame."

J. G. WHITTIER.

## THE FRENCH GALLEYS.

## A FRIGHTFUL AND HUMILIATING PUNISHMENT.

A Frenchman who served ten years in the galleys at Dunkirk and was finally released at the instance of Queen Anne of England, wrote an account of his servitude (1700 to 1710), and of galley slavery in general. From this old volume we learn that an ordinary galley was about 150 feet long and forty feet wide. She was provided with masts and sails and fifty rower's benches, twenty five on each side, and was armed with five cannon, all of which were placed in the forward part of the galley. The oars were fifty feet long, thirty-seven feet without and thirteen feet within the galley. Between the benches there was a passage-way three feet wide. The handling of the oars was very hard work. Each rower stood with one foot on his bench and the other on the bench before him, then he reached as far forward as possible, raising his oar dipping it in the water, then he leaned back with his foot braced, until he came down on his own bench. If these movements were not made with regularity, the rowers were in danger of hitting their heads on the oars before them.

The narrator says that this labor was sometimes exacted for twenty-four consecutive hours, which, however, seems too much for human endurance. At some times a piece of bread soaked in wine was, at intervals, put into their mouths, he says. If one of the rowers gave out he was beaten as long as there was any signs of life in him, and then without further ceremony, he was thrown overboard. Their daily fare consisted of bread and beans; their dress of a shirt, breeches, red stockings and cap, and a blouse, all of the coarsest material. So long as the galley was under way no one was allowed to sleep; if she lay at anchor or in a harbor, the rowers crouched down between their benches and slept. In winter, when the galley was dismantled, their only bed was a board. At this season of the year they were variously employed and never allowed to be idle. If any one of note visited the galleys, the convicts were put through a series of manoeuvres as humiliating as they were ridiculous. At the first sound of the whistle—a whistle was used in commanding them as the trumpet in commanding dragoons—they all laid aside their caps, at the second their blouses, at the third their shirts, when they were ready for the farce to begin. At a given signal they all lay down between their benches, so that no one could be seen; then given signals, they showed first a finger above the benches, then an arm, then a head and so on, until they stood each in his place, when they were put through a variety of manoeuvres.

The punishment usually inflicted was the bastinado. The unfortunate after being stripped to the waist, was made to lie flat down, while two galley slaves held his hands and two his feet and another laid on the blows. The latter was also stripped, and behind him stood the captain, also with a bastinado in his hand, which he used on the back of the executioner if he showed any disposition to spare the criminal. After the tenth or twelfth blow the culprit was almost always speechless and motionless; still the punishment was continued. From twenty to thirty blows was the usual sentence for trifling offences. The maximum number was 100; this punishment, however, few survived. For exceptional offences the criminal was sentenced to have his feet bound to two different vessels, which were then put in motion in opposite directions, and he was torn in pieces.

## LOVE-PHILTERS.

The philter of the Greeks was, as its name implies, a love-potion; and since "all is fair in love and war," it was looked on as a recognized weapon, not only to be used but also to be guarded against. Hence arose the custom of applying counter-charms, which, when employed with the cabalistic songs prescribed for the occasion, were sure of success, unless a more powerful one of the order should counteract the spells of the officiating witch. The ingredients mingled in a love-potion were such, that it may well have tasked all the gallantry of a reluctant lover to accept the proffered cup. Some of the components most in favor were the bones of toads and snakes, a portion of the forehead of a new born foal, called "hippomane," the feathers of a night hawk, the blood of doves, bones torn from the mouth of a famishing dog, and the strands of a rope with which a man has hanged himself.

Among such a heterogeneous collection of materials some must have had injurious properties. And either in gratification of private

hate, or to make good their reputation from time to time among their votaries, it was in the power of the dealers in magic to prepare a decoction which should arrest the reason or even the flow of life; such as the witch of Vesuvius prepared for Glaucus. So great was the encouragement given to this nefarious traffic, it produced a regular profession, well skilled to oull the spotted henbane and dig the hemlock's root.

From her evil pre-eminence, Locusta, the prisoner of Britannicus, gave her name to the trade, and taught the matrons of Rome how to distill the toad and poisonous mushroom in their husband's cup, so that the disordered brain might wander.

Among the Greeks, the Thessalians held the first place as magicians; and it was believed that they had power even to draw down the moon by their incantations. In Italy the Marsians, who derived their power from the son of Cicero, was deemed the most potent, and many instances are related of their skill.

We must not stray into the field of ordinary poisoning, which was so fashionable among the patrician ladies of Rome as to call for special legislation in the Lex Cornelia against all who sold, bought, or prepared noxious drugs, but confine ourselves to what may be called love-philters, i. e., potions administered, or incantation performed, for the purpose of exciting or retaining love; and, under this category it will be seen that luckless husbands, whose affections were supposed to be straying, were not exempt from danger.

It is upon this that the tragic story of Dejanira is founded, who, becoming jealous of Iole, sent to her husband, Hercules, the robe steeped in the blood of Nessus, which the crafty centaur gave her, bidding her take this profit of his last passage across the river over which he was bearing her, that it might prove to her a soothing charm over the mind of Hercules, so that when he looked on any other woman he might not feel more affection for her than for his lawful wife.

Horace describes the method by which witches prepared a love charm, by burying the body of a child in the ground. The head being left exposed, food changed three times a day, was placed before the famishing victim; then, when life became slowly extinct, the parched liver was removed and carefully guarded as a charm of peculiar potency. Theophrastus supplies us with a recipe so accurately described that it may be worth recounting. The slighted maiden, complaining that her lover had deserted her, prepares "a poisonous brewage," with which she bids her attendant smear the threshold of his door. Having wreathed a bowl with fine purple wool she whirls the wheel, casting meanwhile a handful of barley meal upon the fire, so that the faithless lover's boxes may waste away; whirling the wheel again, she burns a sprig of laurel that, as the crackling leaves consume, so his flesh may burn; then as she moves the wheel once more, she melts wax upon the flames, that her lover may, in like manner melt. How great is the faith she placed in these arts we gather from her love-sick ravings. "Whom sought I not?" she exclaims. "What magic-dealing crone consulted not?" And once more:—

"That chest has drugs shall make him feel my rage;  
That art I learned from an Assyrian sage."

In addition to these methods for awakening a reciprocal passion, images of wax were formed, under the belief that whatever impress the plastic material received would be communicated to the person whose form it bore. And when it was desired to soften one heart and render the other obdurate, clay and wax were exposed at the same time.

## HUMAN NATURE.

Some men are so constituted that they cannot appreciate kindness. An investment of goodness and humanity on them is sunk—it won't pay one per cent. If you are kind to them, they will ride over you rough shod; and the only way to get along with such creatures is to jam them down into the earth and keep them there. While you have them down they are easily managed—they are humble, and can be guided; but let them get a taste of the milk of human kindness, with which every body's bosom ought to overflow, and there is no living with them. A man may deal gently with them, and he gets a poor return for his investment; but let a dog come along and kick them over, and they are all humility, and "at your service, sir."

## TOO SHARP.

A Yankee gentleman escorting a British friend around to view the different objects of attractions in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker's Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen Fourths of July in his countenance. "Hurt him!" said he—"he was killed, sir." "Ah, he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been to fall so far." The Yankee looked down his nose slyly at the Britisher, and the Britisher winked round his nose at the Yankee. They understood each other.

## HUMOROUS.

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

M. Dickson a colored barber in one of the largest towns of Massachusetts, was one morning shaving one of the customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, sah; not at all."

"Why are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you sah," said Mr. Dickson, scraping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jess like dis. I jined dat church in good fait. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin' of de gospel de fast year, and de people called me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people called me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, sir, goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel poor—sickness in my family—an' I gib noffin for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat they call me Ole Nigger Dickson, and I lef' him!"

So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left the church.

## PROFITABLE JUGGLING.

A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a Scotch village, which was principally composed of colliers. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a halfpenny. A collier with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign, "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. Let's see't," said the collier; and turning it round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it into his pocket, said, "I see warrant ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

## USE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

At a very recent party held not a thousand miles from here a young gentleman arose to dance a round dance with a lady. His partner was attired in a silk of very delicate shade, and having received rigid home instructions to "look out for spots," was dutifully on the qui vive to prevent them. So after making a few turns, she looked up at the gentleman whose one hand was on her dress and whispered softly, "Use your handkerchief." The remark, simple enough in its real meaning, took the young man home again to the sunny days of childhood, when he sat on his mother's knee, and heard that same innocent expression on an average once each half hour. So he blushed, halted, out with his kerchief, and—blow his nose long, loud, and sympathetically. Not till then did his convulsed partner explain her meaning more fully, and as for him—well, he hasn't been happy since.

## A TRUTHFUL BOY.

A good little boy out West undertook to come the G. Washington on his mother in this way: He cut off the cat's head with the traditional hatchet, and then hid the defunct feline in the meal barrel. When the old lady went for meal to make the "hoo cake" for the frugal morning repast she discovered that cat and interviewed her little son. He said: "I did it, mother, with my little hatchet, but I'll be swizzled if I can tell the whole truth about this little affair." Now most mothers would have kissed that brave, truthful lad on his noble brow and kept right on using the meal out of that barrel just the same; but this one didn't. She said: "Come across my lap, my son; come across my lap." He came, and for a while there rose a cloud of dust from the seat of his trousers that effectually hid the son from view, and the old woman now sports goggles and is lavish in the use of Pettit's eye salve. That good little boy had peppered the seat of his pants.—Green Bay Advocate.

## A BEWILDERED WITNESS.

During the famous Tichborne trial, in the course of which so many curious incidents occurred, Dr. Kenaly told the following story to illustrate the dangerous ingenuity of Mr. Hawkins, the leading counsel for the crown, in the art of cross-examination. He said: "Indeed, my learned friend can sometimes make witnesses say what he pleases. You perhaps may remember the great bug case, in which my learned friend shone with such lustre. It was an action brought by a London householder to recover rent, which the defendant refused to pay because the house was so overrun with bugs that he could not live in it. My learned friend examined, and cross-examined; and re-examined the witnesses till the whole court seemed filled with an atmosphere of bugs. My learned friend at last asked a witness: 'Were not the bugs in such strong numbers and so well