

## Home Circle.

## SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BY BRET HARTE.

Last night of the Grand Review, Washington's chief avenue—hundred thousand men in blue they said was the number,—I seemed to hear their tramping feet, the blast and the drum's quick beat, a patter of hoofs in the stony street, the people who came to greet, saw thousand details that to repeat old only my verse incumber,—I fell in a reverie sad and sweet, then to a fitful slumber.

an, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand, a lonely Capitol. On each hand stretched the portico, dim and grand, columns ranged like a martial band, the spectre, whom some command called to the last reviewing! the streets of the city were white and bare, football echoed along the square, out of the misty mid-night air in the distance a trumpet blare, a wandering night winds seem to bear sound of a far tattooing.

on I held my breath in fear and dread, into the square with a brazen tread, here rode a figure, whose stately head overlooked the review that morning. I never bowed from its firm set seat, then the living column passed its feet, now rode stately up the street he phantom's bugle warning! reached the Capitol Square, and wheeled, here in the moonlight stood revealed known form that in State and field our patriot sires,—face was turned to the sleeping camp far through the river's fog and damp, but showed no flicker nor waning lamp, wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come, With never a sound of fife or drum, this keeping time to a throbbing hum of wailing and lamentation! martyred heroes of Malvern Hill, Vicksburg and Chancellorsville, men whose wasted figures fill patriot graves of the nation. here came the nameless dead, the men perished in fever, swamp and fen, slowly starved of the prison pen! marching beside the others, the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight with limbs enfranchised and bearing bright; thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—they looked as white as their brothers.

And so, all night marched the nation's dead, with never a banner above them spread, nor a badge, nor a motto brandished! no mark—save the bare uncovered head the silent bronze reviewer,—th never an arch save the vaulted sky, th never a flower save those that lie the distant graves,—for love could buy gift that was purer or truer.

I night long swept the strange array, I night long till the morning gray, looked for one who had passed away, With a reverent awe and wonder,—Till a blue cap waved in the length'ning line, And I knew that one who was kin of mine had come and I spoke,—and lo! that sign awakened me from my slumber.

## DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married in his better days the sister of Moses Felton.

At length all hopes were given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a drop of real sobriety marked his course. But if such another was known, too low for real conviviality, for those who would have associated with would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to Ohio. But before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are fading away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a wife?"

"Hush Moses, speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He must live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the East. He had his hat on, and his jug in his hand.

"Ah Moses, how are ye?" he gasped, for could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him for a few moments. Then, as his features assumed a stern expression, he said in a strongly accented tone,—

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend for years. My sister is an angel, though much loved by a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, never loved man before; you were generous and kind; but I hate you now, for

you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she now might live in comfort, only that she will not do it while you are alive; when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my new home may be—that you—are dead!"

"Stop, Moses, I can reform yet."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus will not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go," he said, in a tone of the old sarcasm. "Go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post. I will make you take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never."

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled the jug into the fire place, and while yet a thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary shrank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then, having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel hovered over the brink of the grave, but did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from the system, that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take any more."

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall not hear that brandy and rum killed me. If the want of it can kill me, then let me die—I'll not die till Moses Felton shall eat his words."

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the Court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started in surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room and met Moses Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached the spot where no others could hear them, Bryan stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man. The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy.

## SMALL TALK.

Never abuse small talk; nobody does unless he be a stranger to its conveniences. Small talk is the small change of life; there is no getting on without it. There are times when 'tis folly to be wise! when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down-stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in the ball-room, unless he leave his wisdom at home. Metaphysics is intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle, as a death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk. They would never condescend to play with a ribbon, or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling, in other words they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who cannot talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up with trifles; and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

## THE FOUNDATION OF FRIENDSHIP.

In the matter of friendship, I have observed that disappointment arises chiefly, not from liking your friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over-estimate of their liking for and opinion of us, and that if we guard ourselves with sufficient scrupulousness of care from error in this direction, and can be content, and even happy, to give more than we receive—can make just comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inferences, and never let self-love blind our eyes—then I think we may manage to get through life with consistency and constancy, unembittered by that misanthropy which springs from revulsion of feeling. The moral is, that if we would build upon a sure foundation of friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than our

## MARRIAGE.

Marriage is conducive to longevity, and should therefore be called in to a man's assistance as soon as he has completed, or nearly completed, his studies—we say nearly completed, because, in many cases, the companionship of a wife is of great service in directing and giving a higher aim to the intellectual force. The intellectual element of man's nature, without the softening and humanizing effects of domestic love, might, at first sight, be expected to absorb the whole man, and render him a giant in mental achievements. Practically, it has, as a rule, no such effect. Few monks have distinguished themselves for original invention for great thoughts for expansive philosophy, or anything implying superiority in the qualities which raise one man above another. It is beneficial to the most active mind to have the current of thought occasionally broken in upon, and diverted from the channel of systematic investigation into the calm, sweet delights of home life, of wife, children, of playful sportiveness, which gives to man in his period of greatest force something of the careless frame of mind which gives freshness to his childhood. As a rule, early marriages are better than late ones, both mentally and physically.

## "SWEET CHARITY."

In very many cases, the former queens of England have been noted for their large charities. Indeed, some of them have robbed themselves of absolute necessities for the sake of their "poor." The unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, after her separation from Henry, beguiled her weary days by devotional acts, needle-work, and alms-giving. And her more hapless successor, poor Anne Boleyn, who was in so many respects thoughtless, and in many more blamable, shows a bright side to her character in her constant charities. She laid plans for bettering the condition of the poor artisans; she gave away immense sums in alms; out of her own pocket-money had alms distributed "to every village in England," for the poor. During her time as queen-consort of England, she accomplished much in this way. Though a spoiled beauty and court favorite, with better instincts perverted by her early associations, as maid-of-honor, she was domestic and industrious, and, while she lived at Hampton Court as queen, divided her time between working at elegant tapestry with her ladies, and superintending the making of garments for the poor. It was a frequent practice with the early queens to found small hospitals, where a certain number of poor, infirm, or aged men or women, should be cared for; or to make provision for a different class of the needy who should receive a daily allowance for life, so much money, bread, meat, and beer—the arrangement to be perpetual, a vacancy to be filled as soon as it occurred. Some of the present charitable institutions of England owe their origin to some such kindly motive in the heart of a king or queen.

## A RIGID DISCIPLINARIAN.

It is related of the late Duke of Wellington that he unceremoniously visited the house of his friend, Lord Derby, and at the door was arrested by a young man who, not knowing who he was, ordered him to assume slippers—a number of these articles being placed on the door seat—or leave the house. Afterward, it was explained that that the youth was a painter, and by the command of his employer was justified in his conduct, as he was engaged in decorating the centre hall. However, when Lord Derby heard of the circumstances, he summoned all the household and men at work into his study, and, seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded who had the impertinence to push the duke out of doors. The painter all of a tremble, came forward and said, "It was I, my lord." "And pray," rejoined the earl, "how came you to do it?" "By your orders, my lord." On this his grace turned round to Lord Derby, and, smiling, drew a sovereign out of his purse, and giving it to the astonished culprit, said, significantly, "You are right to obey orders."

## "HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

Unfortunately, beautiful women are not always good and gentle, and a pretty face does not, as a general thing, inspire love and trust. But there are exceptions to all rules. I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts go into the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and receiving his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," thought I, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

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## POWER OF INDIVIDUALS.

Ideas that sway the world are born of heroic souls, and uttered by individual lips. Great thoughts that have been the axes of society, on which nations poised and swung around, first sprang from single hearts. No army delivered the old Hebrews from bondage, but one man, Moses, did. No senate or statesman raised Israel to its height of unmatched national grandeur, but one king, David, did. No school of divines first gave us the English Bible, but John Wickliffe did. No royal court discovered America, but Christopher Columbus did. No circle of social science interpreted the laws of the universe, but Galileo did. No sovereign or parliament saved English liberties, but Oliver Cromwell did. No combination or confederacy rescued Scotland from political and ecclesiastical enemies, but John Knox did.

## MANNERS.

Manners are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behavior is essential to prosperity. A boy feels well when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners for home.

We visited a small railroad town, not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention, and thoughtful care, as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home,—

"You are greatly blessed in your son. He is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," she said; "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me."

She said this as if it done her heart good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son. The best manners cost so little, and are worth so much that every boy can have them.

## MOTHERS, SPEAK KINDLY.

Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. But when an impatient mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. They expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home, where the low, firm tongue of the mother, or the decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of sight. Oh, mother! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Remember what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens in any way; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the green sward. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. Which legacy will you leave your children?

## HE LOST HIS MONEY BY INDORSING.

When I became twenty-one, my father began occasionally to divide around among his children a nice little sum in cash, always accompanying the gift with the assurance that if ever endorsed for others, or in any way became responsible for shortcomings, it was the last money we should ever get from him. This condition during his life was of great value to me, and since then I have been accustomed to view the invitation of my friend to indorse for him in true light, and my refusal rarely fails to be properly received. My neighbor is in active business, and I am only a farmer out of debt, with a little at interest, bringing up and educating a family of children. He comes to me, holding out a note for me to sign, saying:

"I wish you would just write your name on the back of this; I need the money very much; it will be an accommodation to me, and you will only have to write your name."

My answer is:

"My friend, do you really understand what my position would be before the world and the law, if I were to do this? I should instantly proclaim that from a state of complete independence, and without the slightest reason for a similar favor from you, and for no consideration whatever except friendship, I had agreed to take upon myself the risk of your business, with the difference against me that if you lose I lose, and if you gain I do not. I share in your losses and not in your profit. Now, if this is true, ought I not first to ask the consent of my wife? Her interest in the risk is the same as mine; but judgment is as good, and her friendship for you, is the same. But not only this; I should affirm

before the public that you are responsible, when I really know nothing of your circumstances, and so far help you to deceive others. I give you a false credit. In short, I should do that which no honest man, true to himself and family, can do and be blameless. Wait any right-minded, real friend, with this view of the case, ask me such a possible sacrifice?"

## Sawdust and Chips.

A Minnesota farmer set a gimlet three years ago. The other day he cut down a tree and found in it a three-quarter inch auger. So much for putting a gimlet out at interest.

A Parisian Musical Dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished."

A petrified negro was lately found in a garret over a law office in a village in Mississippi. It was supposed that he undertook the study of the law, and became absorbed in Blackstone.

A lady asked her doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," replied the doctor; "women who have brains don't wear them."

A lady returning from an unprofitable visit to church, declared that "when she saw the shawls on those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

THE REASON.—"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way, and then another?"—"For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

Two men, disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was eether, the other i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be from the land of Emmet, Curran, and Moore, and confounded both by declaring, "It's nayther, for it's ayther."

"Most extraordinary," said Judge Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," who was boasting of his visits at great houses! "I dined at the Duke of Northumberland's on Monday, and there were no fish for dinner." "No," cried Douglas Jerrold, "they had eaten it upstairs."

"How did it happen that your house was not blown away by that hurricane last week?" asked a scientific observer, who was following up the track of a tornado, of a farmer, whose house lay right in the line of destruction. "I don't know," replied the farmer, "unless it's because there's a heavy mortgage on it."

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a Yankee schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore, "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

Several months ago Cincinnati was proud of having the greatest number of large and stout policeman of any city in America; but now Cincinnati calls for "a body of small, light, active policemen, who can chase a thief three blocks without having to sit down four times to rest."

There was a Deacon in New York by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to one of them, "Boys, don't you know what day this is?" "Yes, sir, replied one of the boys: 'Deacon Day, the cooper.'"

An energetic young Yankee, who had been reported as among the "fatally injured" by a railroad accident, and afterwards reported as not among that unfortunate company, writes to the editor, saying:—"I tell you I was among the fatally injured, but the reason I didn't die was because I'm always temperate in my living and have a splendid constitution naturally."

An elderly lady who was handling a set of false teeth in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the doctor described them, asked him, "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madame, mastication can be performed with a facility almost equal to nature itself," responded the doctor. "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

"Now, then, ma'am, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to good old Aunt Betsey, when he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The dear old lady looked hard at the designated spot from her seat, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there."

A young Lady in Nashville is changing her views relative to the question of matrimony. She says that when she "came out" in society, she determined that she would not marry a man unless he were an Episcopalian. Time passed on, and she did not get married, and then modified her views, and concluded she would marry no man not a Christian. That young lady is still unmarried, and another now that all with equal capital and another doesn't to the first should enter the