

The Home Circle.

"GO IT ALONE."

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

There's a game much in fashion, I think it's called Euchre, Though I've never played it for pleasure or lucre, In which, when the cards are in certain conditions, The players appear to have changed their positions, And one of them cries in a confident tone—"I think I might venture to go it alone."

While watching the game, 'tis a whim for the bard's, A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards, And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife, Some excellent hints for the battle of Life, Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne, The winner is he who can "go it alone."

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled, And got—not a convert for all of his pains, But only derision, and prison, and chains—"It moves, for all that," was his answering tone, For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone."

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar, Discovered the laws of each planet and star; And doctors who ought to have lauded his name, Derided his learning and blackened his fame; "I can wait," he replied, "till the truth you shall own," For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone."

Alas for the player who idly depends, In the struggle of life, upon kindred and friends; Whatever the value of blessings like these, They can never atone for inglorious ease, Nor comfort the coward, who finds with a groan, That his crutches have left him to "go it alone."

There is something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold, Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold; The fortunate owner may fairly regard, As each, in its way, a most excellent card— Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own, Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."

In battle or business, whatever the game, In law or in love it is ever the same, In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf, Let this be your motto: "Rely on yourself!" For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne, The victor is he who can "go it alone."

A CAPITAL FABLE.

The hopelessness of any one's accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated by an old East Indian fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician, was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat, that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat itself. Immediately it began to suffer from its fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from fear of a tiger, and the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from its fear of hunters, and the magician, in disgust, said, "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal." And the poor creature again became a mouse.

It is the same with the mouse-hearted man. He may be clothed with the powers, and placed in the position of brave men, but he will always act like a mouse; and public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a man, "Go back to your obscurity again. You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless to try to make a lion out of you."

BLIGHTED HOPES.

They come to us all, some day. Who lives that has not, during his life, aspired to something he was unable to reach? The sorrows of mankind may nearly all be traced to blighted hopes; like frost upon the green leaves, comes the chilling conviction that our hopes are forever dead. We may live; but he who has placed his whole mind on the attaining of some object, and fails of reaching it—life seems to him a burden—a weary burden.

To youth, blighted hopes come like the cold dew of evening upon the flowers. The sun next morning banishes the dew, and the flower is brighter and purer from its momentary affliction. Sorrow purifies the heart of the youth as the rain purifies the growing plants.

At times all is cold; even this beautiful world of Gods seems a dreary dwelling place. But to an ambitious youth, feelings like these do not last long. He has an object in life, and if he fails in one thing, he tries another. "Never despair!" is the motto of an aspiring youth, as he mounts the ladder which will either lead him to fame or disgrace. He has friends to encourage him, parents to advise him; his own mind is as pure as the sparkling water.

"Young love by day and night encircles him," and his visage shows he feels her magical influence.

The envious may rail at him—may seek to stain his character. But his resolve is "not to be put down," and he works with a new determination. With youth and virtue for guides, with the love of God in his heart, such a youth cannot fail of what he undertakes. Blighted hopes will come, perhaps, but he will, in time, surmount all youthful failures, and at manhood will stand sublime—the builder of his own character, fame and fortune—an honor to his country.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Here are one or two experiments which may be tried for home amusement: Stop one ear with the finger and press the other to the end of a long stick, and if a watch be held at the other end of the wood, ticking will be heard, be the wood a stick ever so long. Tie a poker in the middle of a strip of flannel two or three feet long, and press your thumbs or fingers into your ears, while you swing your poker against an iron fender, and you will hear a sound like that of a heavy church bell. These experiments prove that water, wood, and flannel are good conductors of sound, for the sound of the bell, the watch and the fender passes through the water and along the wood and flannel to the ear, and excite in us the sense of sound. Sound of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of fifteen miles a minute. The softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distance.

THE ART OF THINKING.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fundamental importance of perfect command over thought. How many a student finds a lack of this power the chief hindrance to progress! How many a page must be re-read, how many a lesson conned over and over to compensate for lapses of thought! In the possession or absence of this power over mind lies the chief difference between mental strength and mental weakness. Some men think as a child plays with a hammer, striking little blows here, there, anywhere, at any object within reach. The action of a strong mind may be compared to the stone-breaker's sledge-hammer, dealing stubborn blows successively upon one spot till the hard rock cracks and yields. The power to classify and arrange ideas in proper order is one that comes more or less slowly to even the best of minds. In proportion as this faculty is strengthened, desultory and wasted effort diminishes. When the mind acts, it acts to some purpose, and can begin where it left off without going over the whole ground again to take up the threads of its ratiocinations. Concentration and system are thus seen to be the chief elements in the art of thinking. To cultivate the first, constant watchfulness to detect the least wandering, and the immediate exertion of the will to call back and hold the mind upon the subject under consideration, should be vigilantly exercised. To secure the latter, the practice of analyzing and considering the different parts of a subject, first separately, and then in their relations to each other, is a discipline to which every young mind should be subjected, and which, we are sorry to say, is much neglected in most methods of instruction.

MASKS.

Who, in this great, bustling sunny world, can portray the griefs which the heart in bitterness bears? What mortal, by observing our actions, can ever know the rugged path of sorrow which our weary feet are traveling? We answer, no one is able to read the secret of life. The true heart wills that masks be worn to conceal the frightful miseries from all human ken, to reveal them only to God and the angels. We shudder to think what a dark array of griefs would be observed should the masks be removed, and the cruel eye of the world be allowed to penetrate in the innermost recesses of the heart. Disheartened and faint, each mortal would turn with pity for his neighbor, but to read anew the misery of his own heart—to see a gaunt, grim spectre enthroned within his own breast. But, blessed thought; the masks are secure, and no chink admits the passage of our griefs.

In this strange, conflicting life, masks subservise a purpose. We are thrust into society, where joy and gladness must be donned to conceal the inward feelings; for, though it claims the guardianship of many virtues, it is a mighty censor; or, again, duty points to leading others in the way of knowledge and happiness when our own heart is almost bursting beneath its heavy load of sorrow. Mingling upon this great stage, day by day, hour by hour, the world observes and thinks us happy, but little does it know what worm is gnawing at the heart, and drinking up the life-blood.

How many bright eyes lose their lustre, how many feet grow weary, how many noble forms fade away into an early tomb, and we wonder what has caused them so early to give their bodies to darkness and the worm. Perhaps we will be told of some wasting disease, or fearful malady, which took them to their rest. This may be true, but no one knows what mental agony hurried on disease, and snapped the spring of life, for masks are

effectually worn to conceal the pangs of a troubled heart.

Wretchedness is often carried into halls of gayety and scenes of pleasure, hidden, like a spectre of woe, beneath a mask of glowing pleasure. The world is deceived. It hears not the half-drawn sigh, and sees not the quivering lips. All is calm without, but, within, the heart, which cannot be cheated into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow, throbs with a scorch of pain.

When we smile and jest with those around us, do our hearts re-echo what the lips utter? Do sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks foretell a purity of heart? No, no! the blush of gayety suffuses the countenance, and smiles pass lips of which the heart knows nothing, for it beats in unison with the feelings, while outward signs are only masks to hide one's wretchedness.

Thrice happy we consider those whom the spoiler early releases from sorrow, and who need no more their deceiving masks. But rest in happiness, favored ones, for we are rapidly advancing, with the movement of the world, to grasp the panacea of all ills; and, though the time may seem long ere we shall lay down all griefs and enter into a state of happiness, yet,

"As sufferings are longer, The heart becomes stronger."

Why should body and soul be flung into sorrow's dungeon when God sees fit to afflict? Is not the world as bright as of yore? Are there not still some happy phases to gladden life's weary pilgrimage? We should not complain of oppressions, but, with submission and love, perform the duties of life; and, though sorrows come and griefs oppress, we must not let darkness obscure the talent which God has given to promote our own and others' happiness, or bury it with the brighter past, but nobly use it, and count all sorrow as naught, when we consider what a blessed reward will be ours if we have not lived in vain; for, after this life of sorrow and pain, where we are continually weighed down with care, there is a home of perpetual rest, the streets of which are thronged with an angelic host, who, "with songs on their lips and with harps in their hands," tell neither the sorrow nor grief, which perhaps wasted their life.

INTEMPERANCE.

One great cause of intemperance may be found in our social and fashionable parties, along with the gay, the young, the lovely and the beautiful, that throng the festive halls, where joy lights the eye, and smiles betoken the gladness of the heart, then comes the tempter, like Satan among the sons of God, to do his fiendish work. To the banqueting of love, the wicked elf, unbidden, comes to mar its pleasure. He who has the firmness and forbearance to resist the enticements of the grog-shop, yields to the tempter when the deformity of vice is masked by the smiles of lovely woman; he is overcome, not by the vice, but by the seducer, and in a moment of excitement, with the head overflowing with the poetry of love, he drinks the accursed poison because it is offered by a fair hand, not caring that the flowers he thus dallies with conceal a reptile whose sting is death; he fears not death, if woman be his destroyer; and the rose-buds of love, with a withered fragrance, breathe over his grave, "like angel's sighs," their perfumed breath.

The spell is now broken; the scruples to the first indulgence have been overcome, and the unfortunate young man, like a vessel broken loose from its moorings, to be driven, without chart, rudder or compass, before wind and tide, becomes the slave of circumstances, and lies at the mercy of accident. Chance now controls his destiny, and, in all probability, he becomes a drunkard, and what beyond that the heart will not permit the tongue to speak.

As we look around and see whither his footsteps tend, we turn away and blush for the honor of our race.

Young lady, are you not startled at the thought that the sparkling glass with which you tempt the gallant, high-toned gentleman at your side, may not be that which will decide his fate both for time and eternity?

Such is the nature of man, that he has no power to resist the influence of woman; "the serpent knew this when he planned to mar Eden's bliss." He may have the fortitude to endure any hardship; he may have the courage to charge up to the cannon's mouth, and may be able to meet death without shrinking back, but, we repeat it, he has no power to resist the silent eloquence of woman's soft blandishments and sweeter smiles, which speak directly to the warm and generous heart. But this influence was given to woman that it might be a blessing to man. Woman was designed to be a comforter, a solace for man in his afflictions, and not to multiply his difficulties and heap fresh calamities upon his head; and to her credit be it spoken, that her influence has, most generally, been so employed.

Young lady, do not think me presuming too much, for I speak from experience, and know what it is to stand upon the very threshold of destruction. It was a fair hand that started me in my downward course. But to-day, thanks be to God, I stand a free man, and would warn all young ladies against the practice of tempting young men with strong drink. Ever have before you, in the words of living light, "That whatsoever you would that others do unto you, do ye even so unto them,"

and thus you will live to a good and noble purpose; the memory of the past will be pleasant, and your future glorious.—Waverley Magazine.

WARNING TO UMBRELLA CARRIERS.

The man who walks the streets, carrying an umbrella under his arm, was at the corner of King and Market streets lately. He stopped suddenly to speak with a friend, and a man behind him nearly broke the point of the umbrella by running his eye against it. The man swore, and the umbrella chap wheeled suddenly, tearing off a young lady's back hair. He turned to apologize and jabbed the end of his umbrella into a very tall policeman's stomach. Policeman administered a jerk and the umbrella point tore off a portion of a small boy's ear, and immediately after carried the starboard corner of a man's mouth up into his front hair. Stepping back in dismay at what he had done, he rammed the umbrella down a by-stander's throat, and at the same time he fastened the hook handle (the probabilities are that the handle was not only hooked, but he hooked the entire umbrella) into a colored citizen's wool. In his efforts to get his umbrella loose, the unfortunate owner of it upset a fruit and candy stand, and plunged his head foremost into a plate-glass window. In the excitement and confusion that ensued, the umbrella was put into a hack and driven to the hospital, and the man was taken to an umbrella store to undergo repairs.

"HOW IS TRICKS?"

There is a lawyer in this city who, for the accommodation of his clients, has a speaking tube leading from the main entrance of his building to his room, which is just up a few flights. For several days past a smart young wag has amused himself by calling for the lawyer through the pipe, and then profanely ordering him to set out on an excursion to Tartarus. For some time this fun was taken in good part by the legal expounder of the new Code, until the fine humor of the joke no longer became apparent. Accordingly, one afternoon, the disciple of Blackstone provided himself with a tea-kettle of water, heated to about 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and waited alongside the pipe. Pretty soon the old familiar sound came up through the pipe:

"Say, Cap, how's Tricks?" "Tricks is better now—I guess he'll get well," responded the lawyer, reaching out after the tea-kettle. "What's been the matter with him?" "Ho got hurt." "How?" "I'll tell you in a minute." "Oh, you go to—"

The lawyer had finished his last sentence and then let down a quart of scalding water down the pipe. Swartz had his mouth over it, and when the water struck it he was somewhat surprised. Water was apt to surprise him, but hot water was an unexpected novelty.

The man above poured in the water for about a minute, and then looked out the window. The smart man was getting along the sidewalk at a pretty lively gait, having evidently just got up from a sitting posture. He was trying to yell "Police," but couldn't articulate with much success. About half an hour afterwards he found himself able to speak, and inquired:

"Did that boiler explosion hurt anybody else?"

WHAT MARRIED PEOPLE THINK.

A MARRIED WOMAN THINKS

That she was very pretty at sixteen. That she had, or would have had, a great many good offers. That her lady friends are five years older than they say they are. That she has a very fine mind. That if her husband had acted on her advice, he would be a rich man to-day. That people think too much of the looks of that Miss—, who would not be called handsome if she did not make herself up. That her mother-in-law is a very trying woman. That her sister-in-law takes airs and ought to be put down. That her girls are prettier than Mrs. A's girls. That she would like to know where her husband spends his evenings when he stays out. That her eldest son takes after him. That he is going to throw himself away on Miss Scraggs. That Miss Scraggs set her cap for him and did all the courting. That her servant girls are the worst ever known. That she has taste in dress. That she has a good temper. That she pities old maids.

A MARRIED MAN THINKS

That all the girls used to be in love with him. That all the widows are now. That if he were a widower he could marry again whenever he chose. That all the other fellows are fools. That he wouldn't introduce any fellow he knows to his sister or his daughter. That his wife is a little jealous. That she used to be a pretty girl.

That his mother could bake good bread; that his wife cannot!

That he wouldn't trust most women. That if he could ever speculate he would make his fortune.

That his own daughters will never be so silly as to marry.

That his mother-in-law may be a fine old lady, but—

That smoking never hurt a man yet.

That with a little management the servants would always do well, and never give warning.

That his shirt buttons are grossly neglected. That he is going to make his fortune some day.

That he despises old bachelors.

Every young man should remember that the world always honors industry. The useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn—it is praise; his contempt is honor.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

Olive Logan commenced one of her lectures at Newark, recently, with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

A boy got fooling around his father's horses, until finally one of them put its foot in his face. He was carried in, and the doctor sewed up his lips and banded his eyes, and poulticed his cheeks, but he puffed up and laid abed a number of days; and when he began to get a little better he called for a looking glass, and, casting his eyes upon it, his countenance fell. "Father, do you think I'll ever be as pretty again?" "No, my son," the old man replied; "you'll never be so pretty again, but you'll know a darned sight more."

A single person of sour, sullen temper—what a dreadful thing it is to have one in a house! There is not myrrh and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect a single home of such a nuisance as that; no riches, no elegance of mien, no beauty of face can ever screen such persons from utter vulgarity. There is one thing which rising persons hate the reputation of more than all others, and that is vulgarity; but trust me, ill-temper is the vilest thing that the lowest born and illest bred can bring to his home. It is one of the worst forms of impiety. Peevishness in a home is not only sin against the Holy Ghost, but sin against the Holy Ghost in the very temple of love.—Theo Parker.

Gumbs, who lives next door to us, has bought a new dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard, until, in frantic desperation, we would shy boots and cologne bottles and furniture at him. But he always went on worse, and in the morning Gumbs would come calmly out and gather up these missiles and carry them into the house. He has more than twenty pairs of our boots and slippers in his possession, besides chair-legs and cakes of soap, and hair-brushes and match-safes, and towel-racks. And he never had the manliness to offer to give them back. On the contrary, he trained that dog to sit by the front gate and to seize us by the leg when we came out, three or four times a week, apparently for the purpose of securing some more boots. But we poisoned him one night, and the next morning Gumbs threw the carcass over into our yard. We threw it back. Gumbs returned it. We both stayed at home that day, and spent the time handing that dog to one another over the fence. Then we hired an Irishman to stand there night and day to return the deceased to Gumbs' yard. Then Gumbs also engaged an Irishman. It was exhilarating work. The corpse traversed that fence six or seven thousand times in every twenty-four hours. He must have become familiar with the route, even if he was dead. At last he wore away with so much handling, and on the last day the Irishman whiled away the hours by flinging only the tail at each other. Our Irishman at last buried the tail, and resigned. And now Gumbs has got a new dog. It will be excessively singular if we do not fish for that dog some evening soon with a codfish line and a piece of beef, and run him up all of a sudden to our window and launch him into the sewer. No dog owned by a man named Gumbs shall exult over us.—Max Adler.

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and InE streets, is conducted on the good old English principle by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons of this well-known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion. Adv