

## THE OUTCAST.

BY FRANK FOXCROFT.

In the prisoners' dock she stands ;—  
Hardly eighteen years,  
Bringing more than full measure of toiling and  
tears,  
With her young life seen ;  
But of woes I ween,  
A century's time  
Could scarce contain  
Her record of crime  
And want and pain.

In the prisoners' dock she stands ;—  
Sneer at her,  
Jeer at her,  
Ye of the soft white hands !  
Laugh at her,  
Scoff at her,  
Ye of titles and lands !  
Pity ? No bit of it,  
Mercy ? No whit of it,  
Take her away !  
Out of the day,  
Out of the light,  
Into the dark of the prison night.

But where is the man who betrayed her ?  
Is no guilt his ?  
Where is the man who hath made her  
Such as she is ?  
Go to the haunts of fashion,  
To the very uppermost "ten,"  
Where the puppets of folly and passion  
Are made to appear like men.  
In the very innermost regions  
Of that most hallowed place,  
Surrounded by ladies in legions,  
Admiring his style and his grace,  
You will find the man ;  
Under Heaven's ban,  
Though he be not under the laws of man.

Ah, well ! Ah, well ! There's another Bar,  
In a higher and better land,  
And mercy and justice mingled are  
In God's own strong right hand.  
And when betrayed and betrayer meet,  
As meet they must,  
Before that common Judgment Seat,  
God will be just.

## UNCLE ZEKE.

A half hundred, did you say, my boy ?  
Just add another twenty,  
I haven't learned much in all that time  
But chances I've had plenty.  
I've learned that all that glitters isn't gold,  
True joy is found in labor,  
If you want to be happy all your life—  
Fear God and love your neighbor.  
Hard times, did you say, my boy ?  
Times hain't been easy to brag on,  
I've jogged along afoot on the journey of life,  
And hain't rid much in a wagon.  
I've had my ups, and I've had my downs,  
But never was called a shirker ;  
Where the way is hedged up, and the sky  
grows dark,  
I do my best as a worker.

Have I been married, did you say, my boy ?  
Yes, and have ten children,  
Six boys, four girls, and all grown up—  
How and when is bewildering ;  
It seems but a day since my old woman here  
Brought me each dear little squaller,  
And when I look back to the years that have  
gone,  
I can almost hear 'em holler.

Get tired of my wife, did you say, my boy ?  
Well, now I sww, if that isn't funny ;  
Get tired of my wife as I get tired of a coat—  
Or anything bought with money.  
Get tired of my wife ! thunder, boy, no ;  
Talk sense I won't stand joking,  
I love the old gal, the Lord only knows,  
My heart is so full I'm choking.

Bag pardon, did I hear you say, my boy ?  
I was mad, but I'm sorry ;  
I know you didn't mean to insult the old man,  
It's all over now, don't worry.  
When I hear the fellers talk of these new ideas,  
Divorce, free love and affinity,  
I guess their religion comes from below,  
And the devil is their divinity.

Did we ever quarrel, did you say, my boy ?  
If we hadn't we wouldn't be human,  
Many times we've been hot, she's sasssed me,  
And I've cursed the old woman ;  
But when we cooled off, we rubbed it all out  
And turned a new leaf over,  
I wasn't such a fool because she blowed me,  
As to go and turn free lover.

Have I got religion, did you say, my boy ?  
I don't know as I can tell you ;  
If I said I had, and blowed about it,  
You'd think I was trying to sell you.  
I hain't got much of the meetin'-house kind,  
Which comes and goes like the fever,  
If that's the kind the Bible tells about  
I guess I'm an unbeliever.

Belong to the church, did you say, my boy ?  
I try to do my duty ;  
I never joined church, but I've tried to serve  
God,  
And guess I'll cheat Old Hooty ;  
I hain't done the best in all I've done,  
And it sometimes gives me fear, sir,  
But when the bugle blows, and the roll call is  
heard,  
Old Zeke will answer "Here, sir."

## The Home Circle.

## BEST PARLOES.

Almost every American house possesses one of these dreadful altars, erected to what unknown goddess it is impossible to guess. It is a bough, before whom, from time to time, people burn gas in chandeliers of fearful design ; to whom are dictated flagrant carpets, impossible oil paintings, furniture too gorgeous for common day, and shrouded therefrom by customary Holland. Musty smells belong to this deity, stiffness, angles and absence of sunlight. The visitor, entering, sees written above the portal, "Who enters here abandons conversation." What is there to talk about in a room as dark as the Domdanie except where one crack in a reluctant shutter reveals a stand of wax flowers under a glass, and a dimly described hostess, who evidently wants only your departure to extinguish that solitary ray. The voice extintively hushes ; the mind finds itself barren of ideas. A few dreary commonplaces are exchanged, then a rise, a rustle, the door is gained and the light of the blessed sun ; you glance up in passing—flap goes the blind, inner darkness is again resumed, boughy has it all his own way, and you thank your stars that you have done your duty by the Browns for at least a twelve-month !

And yet, upon this dismal apartment, which she hates, and all her acquaintances hate, poor Mrs. Brown has lavished time and money enough to make two rooms charming. For ugly things cost as much as pretty ones—often more. And costly ugliness is, as Mrs. Brown would tell you, a "great responsibility to take care of." What with the mirrors which mustn't get fly-specked, the gilding which mustn't get tarnished, there is nothing for it but to shut the room up to darkness and all dull influences. And as families are like flies and will follow the sun, the domestic life comes to be led anywhere rather than in the best parlor, and the "taboo" which Mrs. Brown proclaims is easily enforced.

And yet this very Mrs. Brown is quick to recognize the difference when in other people's homes she is shown a cosy and pleasant room. She sits on a chintz sofa in her velvet and ermine, and glances half enviously at the tinted walls hung with photographs, at the sparkling fire in the grate, and the windows gay with sun and green things, the book cases and tables loaded with velvets. "How I admire an open fire," she says. "But doesn't it make a great deal of dust ? And your plants, too—I can't think how you make them grow so well in a parlor." "A little Croton and plenty of sun is all the secret," she is told. "Oh how dreadfully faded your carpet must get," she goes on. "Such quantities of books, too, Well, I should like to have such things."

It does not occur to the good lady that, for the price of one of those useless mirrors which cost her so much anxiety and rubbing with chamois-skin, a choice company of poets, philosophers and sages could be won to sit forever at her side, informing her of their wisdom. Or that for a tithe of the same her fireless grate would sparkle with cannon coal for a winter long. Her furniture, her carpets, the dullness of her home are incumbrances truly, but incumbrances which she bears willingly and would not be without.

And people having the right to live pretty much as they please, so long as they violate no law of the land, it would matter little, except that there are so many Browns and so many best parlors that society is seriously affected thereby. A system which necessitates great and troublesome changes in family arrangements when a guest comes tends to narrowness and inhospitality. If the covers must be taken off the furniture, the plated spoons go up stairs and the silver ones come down, the best china is lifted from a top shelf, upon the arrival of each friend, be sure that friend seldom arrives. Only when what Mrs. Stowe calls "a good liberal average" is established as a rule all over the house will hearty interchange of social courtesies begin, and the communion of friends, face to face, be regarded as a pleasure rather than a toil.

To those of us who have been tasting the summer in the sweet breadth and freedom of the country, our homes will seem dull and straightened enough as we enter them. Now is the time, before the old habitual scales blind our eyes, to look about with unaccustomed vision, and see how these homes can be brightened and broadened—made more like that lovely out-door home to which Nature welcomes each new-comer. Above all, let us cast out the "best parlor." To the sacred enclosure once called by that name let us bring our daintier tasks of letter-writing, needle-work, study. Let the walls be beautified with every simple ornament within our reach, the windows opened to receive the sun, the vines and roses set to catch its shining. And over the dear once sacred to "boughy" let us write "Welcome," and so the last shadow of "boughy" will depart, and our homes be homes indeed.

"From turret to foundation-stone,"

[Scribner's Monthly,

## NORWAY RATS ON A MARCH.

Norway rats, to avert a famine, have a singular way of proceeding. When the time for the settlement of the question of partial extermination for the benefit of the race, or total extermination by starvation, can no longer be

delayed, they assemble in countless thousands in some of the mountain valleys leading into plains, and the vast army of exiles being selected, they pour across the country in a straight line, a living stream, often exceeding a mile in length and many yards in breadth devouring every green thing in their line of march, the country over which they have passed looked as if it had been plowed or burned with fire. They march principally by night and in the morning, resting during the day, but never seek to settle in any particular locality, however abundant food may be in it, for their final destination is the distant sea, and nothing animate or inanimate, if it can be surmounted, retards the straight onward tide of their advance. Foxes, weasels, lynxes, kites, owls, etc., hover on their line of march and destroy them in hundreds. The fish in the rivers and lakes lay a heavy toll upon them, and vast numbers are drowned and die by other accidents in "flood and field ;" but the survivors, impelled by some irresistible instinct, press onward with no thought of stopping, until they lose themselves in the sea, sinking in its depths as they become exhausted, in such numbers that for miles their bodies, thrown up by the tide, lie putrefying on the shore.—*Temple Bar.*

## A STRANGE STORY

We sometimes hear of strange articles being found in the stomach of a cod, but seldom in the stomach of a horse. In a copy of *Galignani*, of 1850, we find the following. "The contractor for slaughtering horses at Montfaucon purchased a short time ago, a lot of old worn out animals, including several which belonged to the army. In cutting up one of the aged military horses, a man named Matelot was astonished to find a small silver box, in which were a cross of the Legion of Honor, and a paper, in a perfect state of preservation, containing the following lines—'As I cannot survive the defeat of my emperor, and as I have neither wife, nor child, nor cousin, I am about to get myself killed in a last charge against the English, and as I will not let them have my cross, I will make my faithful horse, Chateau Margot, swallow it. He will give it up when he can—Pierre Dardenne, Sergeant of the second squadron of Red Lancers.' Matelot took the things to the commissary of police of the district, and that functionary allowed him to keep the silver box. As to the cross it was sent to the Grande Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor. From documents published by the professors the Ecole d'Alfort, it appears that certain horses have lived to the age of forty-five ; that which Charles XII. rode at the battle of Pul-towa attained that age. The white charger of Napoleon lived twenty-nine years. Chateau Margot is supposed to have been about forty. He had been made to swallow the box at the battle of Waterloo, in which his master willfully perished. The box had accordingly been in his stomach about five-and-thirty years."

## A LESSON ABOUT DILIGENCE.

There was a duke once disguised himself and placed a great rock in the middle of the road. Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox-cart.

"Oh, these lazy people," said he ; "there is this big stone right in the middle of the road and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hahns went on scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. He began to storm at the country people around there for leaving a huge rock in the road. Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants. When they came to the stone the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on either side. One of them cried out, "Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, but no one stepping to take it away ?" It lay there three weeks, and no one to remove it.

Then the duke sent around word to all the people on his lands to meet near where the big rock lay, as he had something to tell them. The day came and a big crowd gathered. Old Hahns, the farmer, was there, and so was the merchant. A horn was heard and a splendid cavalcade came dashing up. The duke got down from his horse and began to speak to the people :

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

He stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, and in the hollow lay a small leathern bag. The duke held up this bag that all might see what was written on it—"For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag and turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large bright coins. So they all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson or formed the habit of diligence.

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes ; little conjurers, with their "natural magic," invoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and

equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think if there was never anything to be seen but grown men and women. How we should long for the sight of a little child. Every infant comes into the world like a delighted prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence ; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart. They brighten the homes, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it were not embellished by little children.—*Binney's Both Worlds.*

## A SUNBEAM.

The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too flimsy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it in tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the pain, but rejoices in their sweetness, blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays instituting themselves into a mass of iron like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills or in fatening showers upon the plants. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and it desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assembling such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful and so unpretentious a manner.

## THE MISSION OF MOTHERS.

Mothers, yours is a holy mission. How often has this been said, yet how seldom has it been realized !

You are ordained to fill, in a certain sense, the highest and most important of human offices. You are not expected to occupy seats in the halls of legislation, nor to ascend the pulpit, nor to follow the plough, nor to guide the locomotive, nor to navigate the ocean, yet in all these departments of labor, responsibility, and trust, your influence must and will be felt.

You have given birth to those, who, if their lives are spared, are to exert an influence which will be felt through eternal ages. Whether that influence will be for good or for evil depends very much on the mark you impress on their tender minds and hearts, while they totter about your dwellings, and while you sing to them in the cradle. Every word you utter, every passion you exhibit, every act you perform, every expression of your look in their presence, are helping imperceptibly to mould their characters and to shape their destinies. From morning till evening, during all their waking hours, their little eyes are riveted upon you ; and even when they are most absorbed in their own simple amusements, their little ears are perpetually open to your songs or your complaints.

You may imagine that they do not see, or that they do not hear. But remember they have nothing else to do. They have no business and no pleasures which fix their attention, which they cannot and will not immediately surrender, if they see you biting an apple, to ask where you got it, and if they may have a share. You cannot bring out your patchwork and set your basket, full of gaudy colors, down on the floor, but their little fingers are presently picking out the red blue and green, or the yellow, and exhibiting them to each other, or strewing them in showy profusion on the floor.

Their curiosity is awake. Their minds are impressible. They thirst to know. They ply with a thousand questions, and insist upon an answer, and demand its repetition till they think they comprehend. You may sometimes deceive them by equivocation or evasive answers ; but do you do it at your peril, for they will remember, and when they are older, they will call up some long past inquiry, and your answer, and will stamp the whole on their own memories afresh to furnish a topic for meditation, or an example for imitation, when they themselves are parents.

To mark out the future pathways of your

children is no light task. Yet through what scenes they will pass, on their way to eternity will depend, in a great measure, on the influences to which they are subject while around the mother's knees. Heaven has so ordained it. It has lodged with the mother an amazing responsibility. It has endowed her with maternal fondness and love, with patience and perseverance, with a vigilance almost ceaseless, with a tender heart, a loving eye and a gentle voice, that she may move among her children like a guardian angel, and guide their little feet in the way to a blessed immortality.

We say, then, mothers, once again, yours is a holy mission. Ordained to stand by the very threshold of human existence, and direct the first footsteps of infancy, you cannot be too fully aware of the responsibility of your position, or of the sacredness of the high trusts committed to your keeping.

Yet, of the crowning blessing of heaven, on your humble, patient, faithful, prayerful efforts in your families, as mothers, you have the fullest assurance. You may read it every day in that inspired declaration, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

## FIRESIDE MUSIC.

We are glad to know that the sale of musical instruments, especially the organ and piano is steadily on the increase. Works of musical instruction are now so numerous, so simplified, and so cheap, that any one of average ability can learn to play tolerably without an instructor, though where one can be obtained we would not advise any person to rest content with self-instruction. There is no better way of passing the evening than in listening to or producing the concord of sweet sounds. The effect of this diversion is most happy on all within the family circle ; discords are banished, bickerings forgotten, care dissipated, and sorrows soothed. On the full tide of song we are borne beyond the reach of petty troubles, and breathe a calm and serene air unweaved by storms.

Only last evening we visited a charming domestic circle, each member of which is a lover of music. The pauses of the conversation were filled with the sweet melodies and glorious harmonies of Mozart, Schulhoff and Wagner, played on the piano by one of the junior members of the family, while another accompanied him with the flute. Nothing so readily removes the stiffness and restraint of country gatherings as the soft enlivening song in which everybody joins, for its tendency is to make each forgetful of self, and in self-forgetfulness consists one of the most important secrets of easy and graceful deportment.

A hundred or two hundred dollars invested in a house organ, will make handsome returns in domestic felicity. It will add to the attractions of the home circle, and displace to a greater or less extent the profitless games with which the evening hours are whirled away. With a genuine love for music there will grow a taste for art and beauty in all its forms, which will plant roses along the rough highways of life and cover its thorns and thistles with unfading verdure.

## POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back-bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is more decided ; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending dangers, and the desperate efforts to get rid of it, arouse us, and send life to the stagnant blood ; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in perspiration, or feeling exhaustion according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But, when we are unable to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us—what then ? That is death ! That is the death of those of whom is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as ever they were the day before," and to this is often added "and ate heartier than common." This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to their beds to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with a painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is ample to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it ; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*