

## THE PRIMEVAL MAN'S PASTORAL.

My grandfather Jock was an ape,  
His grandfather Twist was a worm;  
Each age has developed in shape,  
And ours has got rid of the squirm;  
If the law of Selection will work in our case,  
We'll develop, in time, to a wonderful race.

My sweetheart has claws, and her face  
Is covered with bristles and hair;  
She's feline in nature and grace,  
She's apt to get out on a tear,  
She's cursed with a passion to sing after night;  
But these she'll evolve, and develop all right.

One race has evolved in the sea,  
And partly got rid of their scales;  
Though cousins by faces to me,  
They're cousins to fishes by tails;  
But they'll ever remain simply mer-men and women,  
For selection won't work in the world that they swim in.

'Tis said that Gorilla the Great,  
Who rules as the chief of our clan,  
Has found in the annals of fate,  
We're soon to evolve into man;  
Furthermore that our children will doubt whence they came,  
Till a fellow named Darwin shall put them to shame.

## The Home Circle.

## EVENING.

Much of our life-time is composed of the evening hours, which may, if we choose, become the pleasantest, most profitable part of our lives. 'Tis then we gather around the home circle, and enjoy, uninterruptedly, the society of father, mother, brothers and sisters, and perhaps children.

Here, in the twilight hours, among such friends whose sympathy and affection are equalled nowhere outside out of the domicile we so lovingly call home, true, pure and perfect happiness may be secured, if we but make the effort.

Evenings spent at home exert an influence for good over our lives which is felt even until the shadows of our closing days fall upon us. How many young men have wandered from truth, temperance, honesty and respectability, simply because the evenings of their youth were misspent.

When the hours of darkness are falling around us, and the day gone, never to be recalled, we should find our pleasantest hours, our best and purest pleasures, our most noble and inspiring ambitions.

Do we strive as best we can to render our young members of the family an evening of comfort and happiness at "Home, the dearest spot on earth?"

## A BOY'S PURPOSE.

When Warren Hastings was a lad only seven years old, he lay one day beside a little rivulet that flowed towards the river Isis, and there he formed the purpose which was his guiding star through life. His parents were in reduced circumstances, but descended from a noble family. The boy's ambition was to win back the lost estate of his ancestors—to make Daylesford his own. To this purpose he steadily adhered. Every aim and effort of his boyhood was associated with this purpose. It seemed like the romantic day-dreams of a boy, very likely never to be realized. The young Hastings sat on the same bench in the village school with the peasant children with whom he played, and to an outward observer there was little to distinguish him from the rest. But the world in the boy's heart was as different in their hopes and aspirations as if he belonged to another planet. He held on to this great life-purpose of winning back his family lands all through his youth and manhood. Through his checkered life history this was like a star ever leading him on. And success at last crowned his efforts. He was able to buy the beautiful fields and parks of his ancestors, and rebuild the mansion; and here the last days of his toilsome life were spent.

You may become what you will, if you only work for it with all the powers God has given you. Choose, then, some worthy ambition. Do not let it be riches or honor among men, or anything that the Lord does not esteem. Choose some great, noble purpose on which you can ask his blessing. Then work for it with all your might, and you will not fail of the victory.

## BE HAPPY NOW.

How old are you? Twenty-five? Thirty? Are you happy to-day? Were you happy yesterday? Are you generally happy? And are you going to be happy when you are old? No, you will not. You now have a specimen of what you will be when you are old. Look in the face of to-day. That is about the average. That will tell you what you are going to be; what you are carrying along with you is what you will have by and by. If you are so conducting yourself that you have peace with God, and with your fellow men and with your faculties; if every day you insist that duty shall make you happy, and you take what is needful for your social faculties, you will not be exhausting life, and it will be continually replenished. But if you are saving everything till you get to be an old man, habit will stand like a tyrant, and say, "You would not enjoy yourself before, and you shall not now." How many men there are who have ground to make money, that they may be happy by and by, but who, after they have got to be fifty or sixty years old, have then used up all the enjoyable nerve that was in them. During their early life they carried toil and

economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.

## THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

The origin of this nursery tale is sufficiently curious. About the year 1730, a French actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he reappeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the re-integration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so), miserable and melancholy. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

## WHO IS OLD?

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe he will be doing for himself, for his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life Washington was at work. So were Franklin and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be put; but is he active?—can he breathe freely and move with agility? There are scores of grey-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young men who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or a frown.

## SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The great evil upon which we have fallen in these days of rapid fortunes and extravagant living, will be appreciated if we ask ourselves what meaning is attached to the word success. What are our young people taught as compassing true success in life? What class of men are held up as the true type of manhood, and as worthy of emulation? When Mr. Greeley talks of "a self-made man," who are the bright examples he holds up to view, and whom does he ask our young men to pattern after—the men of ideas, of moral power, of strong virtues, or of great wealth? What is meant by success in life when the instances most cited in this connection are Astor, Girard, Stewart and Vanderbilt? Whoever speaks of men like Elihu Burritt and that class of philanthropists and scholars, who are constantly thinking so much of others that they have no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth? as Peabody, who had lived within himself until he had amassed great wealth, and got through with its use and aggrandizement, bequeathed it to such purposes and under such restrictions as to suit his fancy and ambition? We are quite apt to lose sight of the thousands of tender hearts and great souls whose wonderful benevolence and fellow feeling have made it impossible that they should grow rich save in the blessings of those whom they have helped. Is it not time that a new lexicon was prepared, so that our "coming" men and women shall have a different idea of the true meaning of success?

## ENGLISH IVY IN ROOMS.

A writer thus speaks of the winter decorations of rooms with English Ivy—the best of all house plants, perhaps, though many give the preference for a single specimen to a Calla Lily.

The use of English Ivies for the purpose of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly recommended. Being very strong, they will live through almost any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the average temperature over 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Take care not to enfeeble your ivies, by undue heat or excessive watering, and you will find they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not or in what position or direction you find them. Indeed, so much they will do of themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art. Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your entry from your parlor, to be arched or curved, like those in the drawing room of your richer neighbor; buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are

sometimes placed in, and screw them on the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of the ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful nor the costly pots the flower dealers will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprigs of Coliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot can be discerned through their thick screen.

## A MATRIMONIAL FAIR.

To those young ladies who are bent on matrimony, and have not found a suitable partner, we offer urgent advice. Let them pack up all their property, and start immediately for the mountainous districts to the extreme east of Hungary. They will find that at this season of the year a fair is held of marriageable young men and women. From all quarters long trains of chariots wind their way to the plain of Kalinosa. They are laden with household furniture, and followed by the cattle of the family. In the midst of these goods may be seen the young lady whom her family has brought to seek a husband at the fair. She is dressed in her best, with brilliant silk scarf and scarlet petticoat. These caravans take up their position one after the other on one side of the plain, while on the other side a cavalcade of young men approaches and deploys along the whole line. The men—young Wallachias, for the most part—are dressed in their best goatskins, and make what show of horsemanship they can. After both parties have taken up their respective quarters opposite each other, the fathers step forward, and begin to negotiate marriages for their children. The questions asked on these occasions are apt to be of a somewhat sordid character; but the business is carried out with a promptitude equal to its frankness. As soon as the parties are agreed, a priest, who is always ready at hand, is summoned. He chants a hymn, and gives his benediction; the bride then kisses her parents, mounts the chariot, and starts for some unknown village with a husband she has never seen before, the furniture and cattle which her parents have allowed her as a marriage portion, following her in the rear. Thus every year marriages are contracted by this primitive people, and there is, we must confess, a plain honesty and absence of sham in this style of proceeding. One is apt to compare it with the deceptions and artifices employed in civilized society by those who, pretending to love, only seek to marry fortunes.

## A TELEGRAPH STORY.

I think the most curious fact, taken altogether, that I ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by the cashier of the Bank of England. You may have heard of it. It may have been in print. I am sure it deserves to be:

"Once upon a time, then on a certain Saturday night, the folks of the bank could not make the balance come right, by just £100. This is a serious matter in this little establishment; I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it occasions a work of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known, I am told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes the whole night. A hue and cry, of course, was made after this £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the *Gazette* for want of it. Luckily on Sunday morning, a clerk in the middle of the sermon, I dare say (if the truth was known), felt a suspicion of the truth dash through his mind quicker than a flash of telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam with eight and forty hours start given. Instantly the wires asked, "whether such a vessel had left the harbor?" "Just weighing anchor," was the answer. "Stop her!" frantically shouted the electric telegraph. It was done.—"Have you on dock boxes marked so and so; weigh them." They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns heavier than it ought to be. "Let her go," said the mysterious telegraph. The West Indian folks were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected, without ever looking into books or delaying the voyage for an hour. Now, that is what may be called "doing business."

## A MUSICAL HORROR.

We observe that McVicker's theatre was opened the other evening in Chicago, and the fact is noteworthy, as this is the first building of the kind rebuilt since the fire. In order to recognize in some manner the most striking event in the history of Chicago, the orchestra performed between acts a remarkable composition illustrative of the great conflagration.

Now, our musical ear is not sensitive. We have attended a Boston Jubilee, and have heard Japanese music with a smile upon our countenance. We have beamed hypocritically upon the distressing efforts of sweet thirteen to fight the "Battle of Prague" over again on the much abused piano. But there is a limit to all things—and it strikes us that this is a case where all but deaf people will cordially support the authorities in intering in behalf of

outraged humanity. "The burning of Chicago," by a band! This is really too much. Let the comet loose, Professor! We are ready to go.

## KISSING EXTRAORDINARY.

## A GREAT DAY WITH THE SILAKERS IN LONDON

The 19th inst. was a great day with the Shakers in London. It was celebrated with a tea meeting, which was largely attended by friends and inquiring visitors from far and near, as it was publicly known that the mother of the sect, or "their dearly beloved mother," as they call her, was going to take this opportunity of relating what she saw whilst in a trance in her three extraordinary visions, when she was carried away in the spirit, as St. John was when at the Isle of Patmos. Throughout the week there have been several special services in their new hall, which they have recently taken, and which is called Ebenezer Hall, in Chelsea. One great display took place at one of the evening meetings during the week. As they entered, the Shakers all kissed each other. The men kissed each other, the women kissed each other, then the men ran about kissing the women, and the girls then ran and kissed the men. Their kisses were not mere single kisses, or mere salutes of love and peace; they were regular running fires of kisses and lip chirps, which lasted for several minutes. Their arms were first round each other's waists, then round each other's necks; then they were looking into each other's eyes, and then laying their heads on one another's shoulders, and then kissing again, as though entirely lost to all around in feelings of the most exquisite ecstasy. It is no exaggeration to say that the men and girls hugged each other in the most passionate manner. After perhaps a few minutes' embracing of this kind, some of the younger girls would sit down, apparently nearly overcome with hysteria. The men would then make a run, and seize hold of another girl or woman, and embrace and kiss her in the same frantic manner, whilst the other young woman, partly recovered, would make a sudden dart across the reserved space to some man on the opposite side, and throwing her arms round his neck, kiss him vigorously as before. During the time these proceedings were taking place most of the audience were standing on the benches to see what was going on, and many and varied were the remarks made, some of them very ludicrous. "Ah, that ain't fair to have all the kissing and shaking down there; why don't you come and give us a few up here?" Then another fellow on the benches would call out, "Oh, crikey, look here at that there girl; ain't her having it nice; I should like to be kissing her." Others among the audience loudly called out, "You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you ought; it's disgraceful;" whilst a few of the older ladies reiterated the sentiment expressed by the old woman whose husband was staring at the statue of Venus in the Fine Arts Exhibition, and seemed inclined to say: "Come along do, come along do; what are you staring at? Do come along do." These scenes, during the whole of which time the audience kept coming in, lasted half an hour. It was now 7 o'clock, and precisely at that time Mrs. Girling, of Ipswich, the mother of the preacher of the sect, entered the room, but before she could ascend the platform they all set to and kissed her—an ordeal which she stood very well, amidst the sharp fire and laughter among many of the audience. After waiting for a few minutes for the laughter and derision to subside, she gave out the first hymn. A young woman, who was said to be Mrs. Girling's daughter, after having gone through all the kissing, now ascended the platform and took her place by the side of her mother. After the singing of the first hymn one of the elders offered up a prayer. Mrs. Girling then gave out another hymn, which, had it not been for the determined interruption, would have been well sung, as it was the popular hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" The audience, however, started an opposition tune, being a parody on "Old Brown's Daughter."

There lives an ancient party  
At the end of Ipswich town,  
Who keeps a little preaching shop  
In Chelsea College town.  
She has got an only daughter,  
Such a party I never saw;  
By jingo! I should like to be  
That woman's son-in-law.

Cries of ("Chorus, gentlemen!") Chorus:  
Mother Girling's daughter is a proper sort of girl.

Mrs. Girling then proceeded to read a portion of Holy Scriptures, taking her text from the 9th chapter of Romans, from which she preached a sermon far above the mediocrity, bringing to bear great earnestness and energy, interspersed with many well-chosen and effective illustrations. At the close of this another hymn was sung, with similar interruptions to those which had taken place during the singing of the others. She then herself made a very forcible prayer, at the close of which a number of spiritual manifestations and scandalous scenes took place. The proceedings were kept up till a very late hour. The phenomena displayed were the most extraordinary and varied ever witnessed. Numbers of people were thrown into trances, from which they were not aroused, and apparently could not be aroused, at the time of leaving. In their apparently mesmeric state they related visions and prophesied most startling events. While in their unconscious state they danced and

violently jumped to a height of several feet. They also spoke and sang in unknown tongues. They wore several professed spiritualists present, and friends were invited to come on Sunday night next.

## Household Recipes.

**PICKLED PEACHES.**—Take six pounds of peaches to three of sugar, and one quart of vinegar, put a clove in one end of each peach and a bit of cinnamon in the other.

**OATMEAL FOR DYSENTERY.**—Put a quarter of a pound of oatmeal, an ounce and a half of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and three pints of water; boil slowly twenty minutes, stir continually. Before serving, add one pint of boiled milk, one ounce of butter and a little pounded spice.

**BUTTER PIE.**—Cover your pie tin with crust as for custard pie. Take a piece of fresh butter the size of an egg, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cup of sweet cream, one table-spoon of flour; stir butter, flour, and sugar together, then stir in the cream. Pour in the tin and lay strips of crust across. Bake till brown. This is a most excellent pie.

**POTATO POKE.**—This is a favorite dish in the West India Islands. Wash, peel, and grate two pounds of potatoes; add four ounces each of sugar and butter (or beef dripping) melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper; mix well together, place it in a baking dish, and put it into a brisk oven until it is done and becomes nicely browned.

**BEEF CHEESE.**—Have a beef shin well broken; put it to cook in boiling water; cook till the meat drops from the bone; take out the meat and bones, leaving the water boiling; chop the meat fine, and skim the pot thoroughly. If the water is boiled down to two quarts or a little more it will do; mix the meat and water from the pot together; season as you like with salt, pepper and sage; pour it into deep earthen dishes to cool; next day it will cut nicely, and will, I think, be liked by all who try it. I cook pig's feet the same way, and think it the best way to cook them.—*Household.*

For sugar biscuit, dissolve one tea-cupful of white sugar in a quart of new milk, then stir in a pint of lively yeast, with sifted flour enough to make a stiff sponge; let it rise until very light, then work into a sponge three-quarters of a pound of melted butter, with sifted flour enough to make a stiff dough; work the dough thoroughly, cut into biscuits, let them stand on buttered tins to rise; sift sugar upon each, and bake in a quick oven.

**TO TAKE OUT STAINS.**—Take about a pint of water, dissolve in it half an ounce of salt of sorrel; and two ounces of spirits of wine. Shake them well together. Rub the liquid on the stains with a sponge.

**TO TAKE OUT STAINS FROM MATTRESSES OR FEATHER BEDS.**—Make a paste of soap and starch, and spread over the spots; when dry scrape it off with a knife, washing with a damp sponge as it falls off; if not clean put on another paste. This application, if repeated frequently until all discolorations are gone, will purify any bedding.

**SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.**—The London *Lancet*, excellent authority, gives the following receipt for the cure of bone felon. As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours; at the end of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet.

**WHITE FLANNEL.**—To restore the original appearance to white flannel which has turned yellowish by lying for a long time or by wear, soak for an hour in a weak solution of bisulphate of soda, then add a little diluted muriatic acid, stir well and cover the vessel for twenty minutes. After this, take the flannel out, rinse in plenty of soft water and dry in the sun. The flannel will be purely white.

**RHEUMATISM.**—Having been cured of rheumatism by the following prescription, Mr. William Basset, of Birmingham, Michigan, communicates it to the New York Farmers' Club. Sarsaparilla root, sassafras chips, and gentian root, of each one ounce; gum guaiacum, half ounce. Simmer the first four articles in a gallon of water to half a gallon; when nearly cold add the potassium; stir together, strain, bottle. Dose, wineglass full twice a day.

**EFFICACY OF ONIONS.**—A writer says:—"We are troubled often with severe coughs, the result of colds of long standing, which may turn to consumption or premature death. Hard coughs cause sleepless nights by constant irritation of the throat, and a strong effort to throw off offensive matter from the lungs. The remedy proposed has often been tried, and is simply to take into the stomach before retiring for the night, a piece of raw onion after chewing. This esculent in an uncooked state is very healing, and collects the water from the lungs and throat, causing immediate relief to the patient."

**MAT** has recently opened a first-class house on Yonge Street, near the Avenue, and is always happy to see his friends. An obliging host, attentive waiters and pleasant surroundings, make the house attractive.