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SOMEBODY'S BOY.

BY BARTON K. BRISCOR.

Is somebody's mother thinking
That somebody's boy gets "tight,"
While somebody's boy is drinking
Somewhere or other to-night?

Who was that somebody lugging
To heavy a load to-day
Of brandy and rum, and hugging
The posts on the corner, eh?

Who is that handsome fellow,
The handsomest face we meet,
Who comes home so late and so mellow
He can scarcely keep his feet?

Who is that somebody reeling
First from the left to the right,
With empty pockets, yet feeling
As rich as Crœsus to-night?

Ah! pavements have grown unsteady;
They wave like a wind blown sheet,
And have interfered already
With somebody's drunken "feet."

And still to the world his drinking
Is neither here nor there;
But somebody's pa, I'm thinking,
Or sister or mother would care.

He'll wake to-morrow, it's patient,
And he'll come down stairs all right,
And look almost if he hadn't
Been out on a "tear" last night.

And somebody's mother and sister,
When told that brother gets "tight,"
Are *almost inclined to blister*
Your cheeks with their hands outright.

But somebody's sins are wearing
The jewel of life away;
And somebody's boy wayfaring,
Will die on the street some day.

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The "Sweeping Brigade."

"Invisible," the Harrisburg correspondent of the *Blair County Radical,* thus writes of the 'sweeping brigade':

The "sweeping brigade" is one of the institutions of the Capitol. It numbers sixty women, divided into three companies of twenty each—ten for each house—and each does duty two evenings a week. At precisely six o'clock each week day, high up goes the large windows and in rushes the keen, bracing air of the Susquehanna, penetrating every nook and corner of the chambers and committee rooms and admonishing the tardy legislator, to lock his desk and vacate the premises instanter. Then, with mop and broom, cloth and brush, the charge is made. One platoon pierces the centre of the one hundred and fifty-seven spittoons, another keeps an enfilading fire with sand and soap *upon the unpretending, unoffending* fenders that stand picket between legislative coat-tails and the material fire of the hickory back-logs behind, and another, still, captures the little williams and unbatched snakes that have carelessly found their way outside of desk locks to the floor. The avalanche of little bits of paper, segar stumps, peanut shells, apple cores, bits of cake, (for legislators, as old Abe Lincoln once said of Presidents, "are only men af ter all," and have more stomach than brains,) and so forth, that rolls down the main isle, proclaim the brigade more than mistresses of the situation. This sweeping process lasts one hour and costs the State fifty cents apiece for each woman, or $10 a night.

The contests for these little crumbs are often fought with an earnestness similar to the masculine tilts for the higher positions; and on the evenings the two Chief Clerks make the selections (usually about the middle of the first week,) the excitement in the Rotunda among the applicants and their children, often equals that of the sterner crowd awaiting a caucus deliberation. I have often looked on as the sweepers were announced, and pitied in my inmost soul many who have been disappointed. For there are many deserving women who fail at each annual selection, but through no fault of the Clerks It may seem strange to the *Radical's* readers that Clerks should be importuned night and day by applicants and even Members, for positions worth but a dollar per week; but your readers are more familiar with the manufacture of iron and the growing of wheat than the wiles of the legislature. Many, many, ask employment only for the little pittance—others, for other purposes. To some the hour's service is life to a helpless family of nearly starving little ones as dear to the mother as life itself—to others it is an introduction, an advertisement. Their history is not briefly told. In many cases it is the old story Some work in the cotton factories during the day time; some have no other visible means of support; some are married; some not; some widows; some, "war widows"; some, old and wrinkled and haggard; some, young and comely to look upon. To virtuous ones, sweeping there is the last resort. Strong drink and desertion has driven many a noble wife and mother to ask labor from the State. Could we but read the heart-histories of the women who dust the desks of the lawmakers, what a picture would we behold!—God is merciful in keeping us finite.

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☞ Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

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☞ If it be true that a man may be known by the company he keeps, what a shocking "bad lot" the governors of our jails must be.

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☞ Isn't it queer that a shoemaker, who is ever lasting, is continually pegging out?

Compulsory Attendance at School.

The following remarks were made by Mr. S. D. Caldwell, a teacher from Morris, at the recent session of the County Institute:

MR. PRESIDENT—FELLOW MEMBERS: Sensible of the honor conferred upon me I rise to cast into the scale of Public Opinion my slight influence in favor of a law compelling children to attend school.

Conscious of the fact that many, very many voices are against it, I appear as its *advocate,* believing that such legislation would be both *just,* and beneficial to the youth of our land.

It is but justice to them that they should be educated, and if they in their *ignorance* prefer to remain away from places of instruction, and their parents in their *foolishness,* allow them to do so, I say it is the duty of those who are entrusted with the care of our country to provide a law for such an exigency. When we notice how small a number of the youthful portion of our population attend school, the necessity for such a law becomes at once apparent.

Some object to a law of this kind because it would exercise, or seem to exercise too much authority over their children.

In answer to this objection, *serious* as it may at first appear, I would simply say, that the parent who is doing his duty toward his child, by sending him to shool, will not consider such a law as usurping *his* authority, and as for those who are NOT doing their duty, in this respect, toward the children God has given them, it is about time some one else was doing it for them.

If a parent *shows* himself *incompetent,* or *unwilling* to direct his offspring aright—if he appears satisfied to let them wrap up their *talents* in a *napkin* and turn them down into the earth with a plow—it is time some one was speaking for his defenceless, and innocent children. And who, or what can do this more effectually and decidedly than can a law of our country?

Some one will say, "I had to stay at home when I was young and *work,* instead of sitting at my ease in a school,room—and I do not intend that *my* children shall fare any better in this respect than I did."

I have often heard men talk in this strain and *a peculiar absence of intelligence is always displayed,* when we hear persons talk after this fashion.—Men who would barter away their children's happiness for the sake of amassing a little more wealth—who would deprive their children of an education, merely because they can save a few more dirty, greasy dollars, or because they themselves were so unfortunate in youth as to be deprived of such an opportunity. I say, men who could so far forget their duty *to*—and be guilty of such base conduct *toward* the children God has given them, are, to use the mildest term applicable, *ignorant* and *unworthy* the gift of a child, much less *absolute authority* over one.

Gentlemen, the time has passed when an *ignorant,* honest nation can stand. We must have an intelligent, and a very intelligent people to decide the great and intricate questions which will rise ere many years have passed over the head of this people; and if an intelligent people we *must* have, to preserve the gift of our forefathers from dissolution and ruin, shall we allow misguided, ignorant, and over-indulgent parents to mould the minds of the rising generation?

It is, I repeat, into the hands of an intelligent and learned people we wish to hand over the reins of this government, when we—I mean the present generation—"shall shuffle off this mortal coil."

The "signs of the times" are unusually significant, and indicate a time in the future when hard and difficult problems will be given this nation to solve,—and God grant that the American People, who claim to be a farseeing nation, will prepare the heads of our young people—who are destined, in future time, to guide our "Ship of State,"—to grapple with, and cut *successfully* the Gordian knots which will fall to their lot to untie. And how can the legislators of our nation more effectually secure this end, than by passing an ordinance which will *ensure* the regular attendance of Young America at School?

Although the number of those children who do not attend school, is large in the country, it is still larger in our cities. Take Philadelphia as an example. What proportion of the juvenile population of that city attend places of instruction regularly?

Speaking from the number I have seen upon its streets during the day, I would suppose about one-half of them attend. The other half belong principally to the boot-black, news-boy, rag-picker and ragamuffin brigades. They pick up their education upon the street; and what an education! Few Persons have an idea how thoroughly depraved and wicked those little friendless urchins become. *Motherless—fatherless*—a great many of them, and all we might say, *friendless,* with no one to guide or direct them aright—no one to see that they ever *have* a chance to rise above the degraded sphere in which they move. How grateful would a great many of them be, had we a law which would say, *peremptorily,* "you SHALL be educated." Such a law would lead to the establishment of a greater number of benevolent institutions than we now boast of, and would in this one particular be a God-send and a blessing to many a poor and friendless waif.—If such a law should be added to the already large number of good, and beneficial school laws we now enjoy it would have to make provisions for certain cases wherein it would be impossible for some to obey it in order that it might go into general effect—I honestly believe that such an ordinance would lead to many a wise reform in our present school system. It would lead to the founding of many a philanthropical institution, for the education, and consequent moral elevation of the young America of our land.

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Foolishness of Intemperance.

BY "BRICK POMEROY."

The habit of liquor drinking is, to our mind, the most foolish, inexcusable piece of destructive nonsense in the world. And nowhere is it more prevalent than in cities. The money poured down the throats of men each year is greater than the amount spent for improvements. Whiskey-shops, saloons, gin-mills, beer-cellars, wine-rooms, and all sorts of irrigational devices and places to fool away money, are found by the hundreds and thousands in cities. If a man is tired, he drinks. If doing nothing, he must have a nip each hour. If too warm, he takes a mint julep. If too cold, a hot whiskey. If he is by himself, out comes a flask or bottle. If in company, he stands treat till his money be gone, then, like a dead beat, sits around till some one asks him up.

A man on moderate salary steps into a saloon, invites half-a-dozen friends to drink, pays half a dollar or more, and walks on. Three or four times a day he repeats this, and always drinks when asked. It is social. Men mean nothing by it. But during the week half a man's salary is poured down his throat, destroying his stomach, weakening his nerves, over-exciting his brain, robbing himself and fomily of money needed for other purposes. But it is social! Drink in the morning—at noon—at night—and then a few times between drinks.—Then brain whirls—the hand becomes unsteady—the pocket empty—the home ones suffer—the eye looks red and tremulous, as if ashamed—ambition is drowned or poisoned. Pretty soon the poor fellow is unfit for business. He makes mistakes. He is sick, unable to work. He is not the man to be relied on. He leaves his place, and in time finds a poorer one. Then he feels blue—drinks still more—his family suffers—he leaves his place again, and at last he dies a wretch.—But it is social!

We believe a man has a right to kill himself suddenly or by slow poison. It may be none of our business in the abstract, yet we are sorry to see men fooling themselves away, dying like weeds in a gutter, when they might be men, upright, healthy, loved, and useful; of benefit to themselves and others. And this is why we write against intemperance. Health is too precious to be wasted. Manhood is too noble to be thrown into the gutter. Life is too sweet to be drugged with poisons now compounded and sold as liquors. To drink poison may be social, but it costs too much for us or for any man of sense who loves himself or others. Who of our readers dare think of this matter, and act as their better judgment shall dictate?

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The Duties of a Mother.

She should be firm, gentle, kind; always ready to attend to her child.

She should never laugh at him, at what he does that is cunning—never allow him to think of his looks, except to be neat and clean in all his habits.

She should teach him to obey a look, to respect those older than himself.—She should never make a command without seeing that it is performed in the right manner.

Never speak of a child's faults or foibles, or remarks before him; it is a sure way to spoil a child.

Never reprove a child while excited, nor let your voice be raised when correcting him. Strive to inspire love, not dread—respect, not fear.

Teach your child to wait upon himself; to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget that you were once a child. The griefs of little ones are too often neglected—they are great for them. Bear patiently with them, and never in any way rouse their anger if it can be avoided.

Duties of a Wife and Housekeeper.—Your first and highest duty is to make home happy for your husband, and how to make it should be your constant study.

Be always ready to receive him when he enters the house—yourself dressed neatly, the house in order, the meal ready.

Never complain or fret; but if anything troubles you, ask advice in a cheerful tone—not a woe-begone, abused one, as if life's trials had all been dealt to you, and everybody else was comparatively happy.

To make home happy, let the house wear a cheerful look and the meal be inviting. This will require no little care and experience. Be frugal and neat.

Be ever ready to oblige him, even if it put yourself to considerable inconvenience. He may have found in you many faults of which he never dreamed, and a willing spirit will aid materially in effacing them from his mind.

It is your duty to make and keep friends. It may promote your husband's prospects in life, and can do you no harm, whereas, it will be of much service to your children as they grow older, and very often be a source of consolation and happiness for yourself.

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First Love.

It is one of the oldest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no first love. The long alphabet of her affections is without *any distinct end or beginning;* she mounts by insensible gradulations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers, to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradulation from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby-cats. There is no such event as a first kiss, forms in a boy's life to mark for the woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for the while hightened and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of color will fade again, and the cool grays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite movement at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love.

There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw—that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion.—Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before," is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montague, "would be the river Lethe—the stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cæsar to Mark Anthony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair, and wondered how she could haver doted on such a half-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had he succeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such an ne'er-do-well as Anthony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in the general wreck of the past. But in man's life is a revolution. It is, in fact, the one thing that makes him a man.

The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, aunts, cousins, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of school-fellows; there is no more truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the pailings. Girls can't jump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's; they are awful milk-sops; they cry and "tell mamma;" they are afraid of a governess and a cow. It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible is a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution.—The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from the school to the grave. Paper chases and the annual match with the "old fellow," cease to be the highest object of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcoms the news that Mugby has got the Ireland.

The boy's life has become muddled and confused. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl.—For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one *little face,* the witchery of that one little hand, he lingers on the border of this new country, from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ground, tumbles over foot-stools, and tangles itself in colored wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat, trembles at the touch of the tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet, among the tumult of foot-ball, bushes, and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing, when the sisterly heads bend together, and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool, that is one thing which he feels quite certain about.—There is only one other thing which he feels even more certain about—that he is in love, and that has made a man of him.

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☞ To economize is to draw in as much as possible. The ladies apply this art to their persons and the result is a very small waste.