

Miscellaneous.

A MODERN LADY'S MAID'S DUTY.—A correspondent of the (London) *Pall Mall Gazette*, signing herself "Abigail," circulates the accompanying intelligence: "There is yet another important part of a finished lady's maid's duty, which is commonly thought to be a novelty, but it is, in fact, only a revival. She must be a competent artist in pastel painting, on (not from) the life, and a proficient in the use of cosmetics, paints and dyes, so general is the use of rouge for the cheeks, kohl and antimony for the eyelids, pastel for the eyebrows, bella-donna to drop into the eye to increase the size of the pupil, bistre to stain the eyelids, blue for veining the temples, bloom of Ninon and blanc de perle for the general skin, and various acid dyes to discharge the natural color of the hair and turn it of the 'palma vecchio' reddish yellow. Most of these beautifiers need a skilful hand to apply, and are by no means safe when employed. Yet so frequent is the use of them by ladies, young as well as old, that a finished maid is expected to know how to put them on and how to get them off again, which last is not always so easy."

A MINISTER'S SALARY IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Henry D. Thoreau, in his volume entitled "Cape Cod," mentions quite a unique fashion of paying a minister's salary down in Eastham, in the olden time. He says: "It appears that they very early built a small meeting-house, twenty feet square, with a thatched roof through which they might fire their muskets—of course at the Devil. In 1662 the town agreed that a part of every whale cast on shore be appropriated for the support of the ministry. No doubt there seemed to be some propriety in thus leaving the support of the ministers to Providence, whose servants they are, and who alone rules the storm; for when few whales were cast up they might suspect that their worship was not acceptable. The ministers must have sat upon the cliffs in every storm and watched the shore with anxiety. And for my part, if I were a minister, I would rather trust to the bowels of the billows, on the back side of Cape Cod, to cast up a whale for me, than to the generosity of many a country parish that I know."

A QUEENLY SACRIFICE.—The finances of the government of Spain have been recently so reduced by its follies and faithlessness, that its credit was gone, and the capitalists of London, Paris and Germany refused to give any relief. The minister of finance proposed to anticipate the collection of taxes, but the measure was vehemently opposed. When the state of affairs became critical, the imperial Cabinet threatening to resign, Queen Isabella II. voluntarily offered to the government her entire patrimony, except the royal palaces and estates inalienable to the crown, reserving only 25 per cent. of the proceeds of the sales for the royal privy purse. It is estimated that no less than 600,000,000 reals will thus be realized by the public treasury, relieving the wants of the government, and perhaps saving the nation from disgrace or revolution.

MANAGEMENT OF CARPETS.—All kinds of carpets will wear much longer if fine straw be spread evenly on the floor, about half an inch thick, before they are fastened down. When they lie on the bare floor, the gritty dust works through them to the floor, and as they are pressed down on and among it, they will be worn out much more than when kept up from it with straw. To aid in drawing carpets up close to the base board, preparatory to nailing them drive 8 or 10 small nails into a piece of wood, allowing them to extend about three-eighths of an inch beyond the surface, similar to a weaver's stretcher, and file them to a sharp point. With such an instrument as this, having a long handle, one person can thrust the side of the carpet up close to the base board, and hold it with ease, till it is nailed. There is some science also in the manner of sweeping carpets correctly. Instead of inclining the handle of the broom forward and rolling the dirt along and pressing it into the carpet, by bearing down on the broom, the handle should be held dearly erect, and the dirt brushed along, by touching the carpet very lightly. In this way both broom and carpet will be worn less, and the sweeping be done better.—[*American Agriculturist*.]

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as

possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

THE FIRST SWEDISH MONITOR.—The launch has just been safely effected in Stockholm of the John Erikson, the first Swedish monitor. She measures 205 feet long by 46 wide. The side plating is five inches thick, and around the tower, where the cannons are, it is twelve inches, as is also that which protects the rudder. The vessel will be provided with six steam engines.

THE Montreal Witness says that emigration to the United States and other causes have combined to greatly depreciate the value of property in Canada, and in many localities farms are unsaleable at any price. Real estate throughout Canada is heavily mortgaged.

A NOTABLE FACT.—The conflagration in Richmond developed a curious fact, which may be valuable, if remembered. Some week or ten days after the fire, the iron safe of the *Enquirer* office was opened, when, immediately on the admission of the air, the smoke and papers were ignited and consumed. And such was the case of all other safes which were not in brick vaults. In these the contents were uninjured. The *Enquirer* safe, at the time it was re-opened, was cold externally to the touch.

SIBERIA is in the way to become a new Poland, 200,000 Poles having been sent to that country because of the part they had in the rebellion. Thirty thousand more lost their lives, either in action or at the hands of executioners.

A FLEET of from 50 to 60 sail will depart for a three years cruise in the Mediterranean about the 4th of July, under Admiral Goldsborough. The New Ironsides and two double-turreted monitors will make part of the fleet. The flagship will be the Colorado. She will drop anchor for several months in the harbor of Marseilles, and then the rest of the fleet will scatter for various points of the sea. About ten vessels will cruise about the British Isles and in the North Sea. The object of the expedition is stated to be threefold: To test the seagoing qualities of our marine; to acquaint our pilots with European harbors; and to show Europe our improvements in gunnery and naval architecture.—[*N. Y. Sun*.]

"VICE-PRESIDENT" STEPHENS and "Postmaster-General" Reagan, of the late "Confederate States," have arrived at Fort Warren, Boston harbor, and are assigned rooms in separate parts of the garrison, where they can have no communication, and they are not allowed to converse with any one. They take an hour's exercise daily in the company of a sentinel.

—We cannot control the tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise calumnies.

A SUNDAY MORNING'S LESSON.

"Oh, dear! Sunday morning is the busiest and most wearisome morning of the whole week. I rise earlier than usual, but with five children to prepare for Sunday School, and dinner to lay out, and myself to prepare for church, I declare, it's too much." Such was the desponding exclamation of Mrs. May, as she closed her book, while three little ones entered the room in riotous, childish haste, calling on mamma "to get them ready for Sunday school."

"Oh, well, wife, I wouldn't worry," said Mr. May, who, with faultless shirt-bosom and collar, white stockings and slippers, was very comfortably reclining in the easy chair, reading his religious newspaper. "I wouldn't worry; why can't the children dress themselves?"

"It's very easy for you to say so," was the quick, and, we are sorry to say, rather short reply. "That's just as much as men know of woman's work. You have nothing on earth to do on Sunday morning but dress yourself

ready for church, and wait and read till the bells ring. Dress themselves! a pretty looking set they would be if they dressed themselves! Come here Charlie, and let me brush your hair."

Mr. May returned to his paper very calmly.

"Emily is not usually so fretful," was his mental conclusion. "Perhaps she does not feel very well; at all events I can do nothing, and had better keep quiet."

But the little ones were bounding round at a great rate, making that noise and confusion that all children will make, especially if they are in a hurry.

"Mamma, where are my shoes?" "Mamma, I can't tie my frock." "Please brush my hair, mamma," seemed to resound on all sides, in the ears of the hurried mother, as she vainly attempted to meet all their wants at the same moment. She really did not feel very well, and, somehow, she had struck an unhappy and morbid train of thought on this particular morning. She knew that she was disposed to be fretful and unreasonable, but she lacked strength to check and control herself; perhaps she forgot to appeal for strength to that source from whence it ever flows freely.

The little ones were not half ready, when another presented herself at the door, looking quite surprised at the hurry.

"Ella, why are you not preparing for Sunday School?" demanded the mother. "Don't you know it is almost time?"

"I was reading my Sunday School book, and forgot what time it was."

"That is like you. You are always forgetting and loitering. I believe you would never be ready for school, if I did not watch you. Put your book away, and dress yourself."

The happy face of the child was clouded in an instant; she had been reading a beautiful story, and was in a happy and gentle mood, but the words and tone of the mother dispelled it, and she slowly and unwillingly laid it aside. Mrs. May noticed this, and while in her heart she felt that she was at fault, and while she knew that she ought to check and control her temper, by a strange inconsistency that we all experience, at the very moment that this conviction was forcing itself upon her, it seemed only to aggravate and increase her vexation.

"Mamma, may I have this handkerchief?" cried Charlie, turning round from a drawer into which he had been diving.

"Let me see; you have my very best handkerchief, and you have rumpled it all up. Who told you to go to my drawer? Did I ever see such children?" And Mrs. May thrust the handkerchief back and locked the drawer.

"Oh, mamma, I can't wear this dress! You know I tore it last week, and you forgot to mend it." It was Ella who was speaking.

Mrs. May jerked the dress around very ungraciously.

"I never saw such a child to tear clothes as you are; I ought to make you stay at home. Why didn't you mend it yourself, or bring it to me yesterday?"

"You know, mamma," pleaded Ella, "that I did want to mend it, but you said I could not, and yesterday you had company."

"Well, I suppose you will have to wear your blue *de laine*, but I expect nothing else than that it will be torn to pieces before you get home."

The impatient and fretful spirit had infected all the children; and by this time Charlie and Nannie were quarrelling about a tumbler of water, each declaring that water was indispensable at that immediate moment. Intended by spilling the water over Nannie's clean white dress.

Mrs. May gave them each a light tap on the ear; it was nothing in itself, but they thought it was dreadful, so unusual was it, and both cried and screamed as though they had received the severest punishment.

"Hush this instant, or I will punish you severely," exclaimed Mrs. May, setting Nannie hard down on a chair. "I have enough trouble to work for you all, without having such a clamor. Do you hear?"

Mr. May had taken occasion to slip out of the room. He did not like noise and confusion, especially on a Sunday morning. This Mrs. May noted, and it did not serve to soothe her.

"Little trouble he has about it. I wonder what the children would look like if he had charge of them? I suppose they might look like little Hottentots, for all the difference it would make to him."

Similar expressions of impatience, similar tones and looks were continued throughout the hurried toilets of the children, so that by the time they were dressed every little face was clouded, all were in a bad humor, and more than

one little face was wet with tears; and when, finally, the last bonnet was tied, and the last cloak or shawl fastened, Mr. May entered with the inquiry:

"Why in such a hurry? It's too early by half an hour."

"Oh, mamma, I shall have time to look for my Sunday School book. I am sure I laid it down in this room when I came in," said Ella.

What was it that made Mrs. May, instead of granting the request, say, shortly,

"No; I said you should not hunt for it any more; you must learn to have a place for your books."

"But, mamma, I can't get another until I return that one, and I want to read this afternoon."

"Not another word! Go out to the sitting-room, every one of you, and wait until it is time to go." And the mother opened the door, and waited till the room was vacated, and then closing it, she sat down. She was far from happy. She heard the children quarrelling over something in the sitting-room, and she mentally exclaimed, "I am the cause of this. I am the one who should be reprimanded and punished. Can I expect my children to control their tempers, and be amiable and good, when I am so easily overcome?" Then arose an evil apologist: "I was so tired; I wanted a little rest so much; I wanted to get a few minutes to read in peace to meditate in quiet."

"Nay," answered the better monitor, "is it not of more importance that those little souls who are given to your keeping and charge be led gently and tenderly—that they have a good example set before them—than that you should meditate? And, after all, what is the ultimate end of reading and meditation, if it be not to prepare you to fulfill faithfully all these little duties, as well as the greater ones of life?"

Mrs. May was convinced, but she was not yet ready to acknowledge her error or make reparation. She heard the children start of for the Sunday School; they usually wished her "good-bye," but no such kind wishes were made this morning. She watched them as they went up the street, and thought how she had untuned all the joyful little hearts, and aroused evil passions therein—thought how ill-suited was their frame of mind to receive religious instruction. "Miserable and weak mother that I am!" she exclaimed, "I deserve that my little children be taken from me."

A few moments had passed when she heard the front door open, and the clatter of little feet. Her heart gave a sudden bound, and she sprang to the door, to meet there the most forlorn and frightened set of little faces. Ella stood in front, holding up to view her dress, torn half across the front, and soiled with mud, the explanation was easy—she had fallen and the dress was almost ruined.

"Why, Ella, how in the world?"—and then she checked herself.

"Indeed, Mamma, I couldn't help it," said poor Ella, tears standing in her eyes; "the streets are so slippery, and I was leading Charlie and Nannie."

"Well, well, take off your dress, and put on this one. I think you will still be early enough. That dress is so thin, I don't wonder it is torn. Did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh! no, dear mamma, but I was sorry about my dress, thank you, mamma." How different were the child's words and tones from a few moments before.

"There, now, it's all right again; here's your shawl—and here, I have found your Sunday-school book. Now you are all ready again."

What a transformation! Mrs. May could hardly refrain from tears. How happy and glad looked all the little ones, as they smilingly contended for the last kiss! "Good-bye, mamma!"—"good-bye!"—echoed back in loving, happy tones from the little group that now were dancing up the street in such contrast to that of a few moments before. Oh, the sweet forgiveness and innocence of childhood! They dreamed not that they were the offended, instead of the offenders.

Mrs. May turned from the window, and began to prepare for church. "It is not alone from books and sermons that lessons are to be learned," thought she, and the tears stood in her eyes. "May God grant that I may long remember the lesson I have learned this morning, 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' I have seen how my words and actions extend to and influence my children. May I not only teach them henceforward by precept merely, but by example, to be tender and kindly affectioned one to another, and never, never may I chafe and fret their young spirits by my own harshness and fretfulness."