

## Miscellaneous.

**HOW SOME LIVE.**—Committees of ladies are being formed in England and in France to make clothes for the slaves. Their "appeal" says: "America has done much, and will do all she can; but with her sacrifices and the great demands upon her resources, it will be impossible to provide immediately for these two millions of helpless people, a great portion of whom are old men, women and children, entirely incapable of taking care of themselves." This is very proper, but they will accomplish very little. They did less for their own laborers in the cotton crises than we, in the midst of our war, and their poor are suffering quite as much as the slaves, and need emancipating to almost the same extent. We doubt, even, now that they are no longer to be sold nor whipped, whether there is any such dreadful misery among the black population of the South as among the manufacturing population of France. The hovels in which they dwell defy description; they are mere dens, where men, women and children are huddled together like pigs and live the same life. At Lille is spun the gossamer thread of which are made the beautiful stockings and gloves, now so well known and admired. The laborers work fifteen hours a day, and sleep in cellars dark, damp and filthy, without bed or even straw—father, mother and children together—the most revolting of vices being common and not considered by them disgraceful. In one room there are five children, and still a corner is converted into a kind of cage and rented to a woman with a child, who leaves it all day alone, except to come a few moments at noon to give it food.

Reims is celebrated for its splendid cathedral and its galleries of paintings. The hill-sides are covered with vines and the fields are rich in Autumn with glowing harvests. The shops are fine and the factories imposing, but look at the dungeons in which dwell the poor. In a room three yards by two, and where it is impossible to stand upright, a man and woman have lived fifty-seven years. In others, a little larger, are huddled men, women and children, where there is no egress for smoke, and the water trickles off the walls. During the day they are empty, as all are in the factories except the aged and children. Here are produced the mountains of flannel and avalanches of linen and fine thread which go forth into all the world. In factories where flax is spun, girls stand all day on brick floors up to their ankles in water, covered with rags, and go home to cold rooms and meager, miserable food.

Woolen cloths are generally woven by men, but women dress them, mend the broken places and cut off the knots, and those who make what is called the Scotch dressing spend twelve hours in rooms warmed to seventy degrees centigrade.

To give a picture of one is to describe all, with two or three exceptions. The drunkenness among nearly all is frightful. At Rouen men so habitually spend their nights at inns, and women so habitually went to weep before the doors, that they constructed tents to shelter them.—[Paris letter in Sac. Union.]

**COOKING POTATOES.**—We have seen boiled potatoes from an untaught cook coming upon the table like lumps of yellow wax—and the same article the day after, under the directions of a skillful mistress, appearing in snowy balls of powdery lightness. In the one case they were thrown in their skins into water, and suffered to soak or boil, as the case might be, at the cook's leisure, and, after they were boiled, to stand in the water till she was ready to peel them. In the other case, the potatoes being first peeled, were boiled as quickly as possible in salted water, which, the moment they were done, was drained off, and then they gently shaken for a minute or two over the fire, to dry them still more thoroughly. We have never yet seen the potato so depraved and given over to evil, that could not be reclaimed by this mode of treatment. As to fried potatoes, who, that remembers the crisp, golden slices of the French restaurant, thin as wafers, and light as snow flakes, does not speak respectfully of them? What cousinship with these have those coarse, greasy masses of sliced potatoes, wholly soggy, and partly burned, to which we are treated under the name of fried potatoes *a la America*?—[Mrs. Stowe.]

**THE PUBLIC DEBT.**—The Secretary of the Treasury has published a correct statement of the public debt, as appears from the books, Treasurer's returns and

requisitions in the department on the 31st of May, 1865. The recapitulation shows the amount outstanding, bearing interest in coin, to be \$1,108,113,842; the interest being \$64,489 50. The debt, bearing interest in lawful money, is \$1,053,476,371; the interest being \$60,153,384 52. The debt on which interest has ceased is \$786,270. The debt bearing no interest is \$472,829,270 57. The total indebtedness is \$2,635,205,753 50, the interest, both in gold and paper, being \$124,638,874. The amount of legal tender notes in circulation is \$659,160,569. These include \$432,687,966 of the new issue, and \$160,143,620 of the compound interest notes under the act of June 30, 1854. The uncalled for pay requisitions is \$40,000,000, and the amount in treasury notes over \$25,000,000. The amount of fractional currency is \$24,667,000.

The former official statement of the public debt on March 31st, as contrasted with that ending with the month of May, shows an increase in the two months of two hundred and sixty-eight millions and a quarter in the principal, and of nearly twenty-two millions in interest.

**THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.—**APPEAL OF AN EX-REBEL.—A clergyman of the Episcopal church in the South writes to the *Church Journal* in an appeal for "magnanimity" as follows:

"No logic, though it reason with the irresistible force of multitudinous executions and confiscations, can convince the southern people that they have been guilty of any crime. In poverty and ruin, and universal mourning, they know that they have failed. You have successfully displayed and exerted your material mastery; it is yet to be seen whether you are as generous in victory as you are irresistible in arms. We accept our destiny. Whether right or wrong, we are powerless to resist. Our agriculture is utterly broken up; our estates are ruined; many hundreds of our oldest and proudest mansions are in ashes; our people are homeless in the land of their birth; hundreds of our rural churches have been burned; the same has been the fate of a great number of school houses and court houses. There is no description that can fully convey to you an idea of the destruction to our mills, foundries, railroads and canals. Our forests have been levelled and consumed; our fields are without laborers; our towns and cities are without trade; our people are without employment or the means of support; our children are growing up without education; our wives and maidens are sick with watching by the bedside of the dying and with mourning by the graves of the dead; and thousands of our young men are either in exile or prison."

**AN EASY EXISTENCE.**—It is not always easy to hit upon a remunerative career which shall neither require education nor abilities, neither skill, capacity nor even industry; and such is our present desideratum. We want an employment suitable for a gentleman—all these creatures I speak of are so-called gentlemen—which shall not demand anything above the first rudiments of knowledge; which shall neither exact early rising nor late retiring; which can be fulfilled in any easy morning hour, or, if left undone, will entail no evil results; and above all, which shall be well paid. I ask proudly, is it not a triumph to our age that such a career exists, and that hundreds, I might say thousands, are now deriving from it means of ease and enjoyment, who, but for it, would have been in hopeless indigence and want? In this age, too, of pestilent examination and inquiry, in which the humblest occupation must be approached through a fellow-ship course, what a blessing to think there is a career that asks no test, for which there is neither fitness nor unfitness, and whose followers stand on an equality that even angels might envy! You are impatient to know what I allude to, and I will not torture your eagerness. If, then, there be of your family one too ignorant for a profession, too indolent for commerce, too old for the army or navy, hopelessly incapable of every effort for himself, and dreadfully disposed to lie down on others, with a vague idea that he has a vested right to smoke, lie a-bed, wear lackered boots, and have his hair dressed daily by a barber—if, I say, it be your privilege to include a creature of this order in the family census-return, make him a Director. Director of what? you ask. Director of a company—a joint-stock company with a capital of \$2,000,000, paid up—whatever you like. It shall be Zinc, Slates, Sardinian bonds, a Discount bank at

Timbuctoo, or Refrigerators for Lancaster Sound. It shall have its offices in Cannon street, and a great city capitalist its banker. Two guineas a day—five when the board meets—cab-hire, luncheon, and morning papers, a roaring fire, and a rather jocular style of conversation over the share-holders and their aspirations, are the rewards of office. Can you picture to your mind an easier existence than this?—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

**NEW AND POWERFUL MICROSCOPE.**—It is not many months since one of the most eminent of living microscopists expressed his conviction, that in the production of object-glasses with one twenty-fifth of an inch focus the microscope had reached its utmost attainable limit of perfection. It appeared impossible to separate or define lenses more numerous than ninety thousand in an inch, on account of the decomposition of light, or some other cause, and yet the one thing which microscopists are now talking about is an object-glass with one-fiftieth of an inch focus, recently made by Messrs. Powell & Lealand, which was described to the Royal Society by Dr. Lionel Beale the other day, and was exhibited at the annual conversation of that Society a short time since. This object-glass possesses double the power of the one above referred to, and defines with wonderful distinctness particles which the other cannot render visible at all. It magnifies three thousand diameters, with the low eye-piece, or, with a number-five eye-piece, fifteen thousand diameters—that is to say, one thousand five hundred and seventy-five millions of times. It must immensely increase our knowledge of the lower organisms, and may even aid our researches into the ultimate constitution of the matter.

**THE VALUE OF BRAINS.**—Working as an ordinary hand in a Philadelphia ship-yard, until very recently, was a man named John L. Knowlton. His peculiarity was, that, while others of his class, were at ale-houses, or indulging in jollification, he was incessantly engaged in studying upon mechanical combinations. One of his companions secured a poodle dog, and spent six months in teaching the quadruped to execute a jig upon his hind legs. Knowlton spent the same period in discovering some method by which he could saw out ship timber, in a beveled form. The first man taught his dog to dance—Knowlton in the same time, discovered a mechanical combination that enabled him to do, in two hours, the work that would occupy a dozen men, by slow and laborious process, an entire day.

That saw is now in use in all the ship-yards of the country. It cuts a beam to a curved shape, as quickly as an ordinary saw-mill saw rips up a straight plank. Knowlton continued his experiments. He took no part in parades or target shootings, and in a short time afterwards he secured a patent for a machine that turns any material whatever into a perfectly spherical form. He sold a portion of his patent for a sum that is equivalent to a fortune. The machine is now in operation in this city cleaning off cannon balls for the Government. When the balls come from the mould the surface is incrustated, and the ordinary process of smoothing it was slow and wearisome. This machine almost in an instant, and with mathematical accuracy, peels it to the surface of the metal, at the same time smoothing out any deviations from the perfect spheroidal form. Within a few days the same plain, unassuming man has invented a boring machine, that was tested in the presence of a number of scientific gentlemen, a few days ago. It bored at the rate of twenty-two inches an hour, through a block of granite, with a pressure of but three hundred pounds upon the drill. A gentleman present, offered him ten thousand dollars upon the spot for a part interest in the invention, in Europe, and the offer was accepted on the spot.

The moral of all this is, that people who keep on studying are sure to achieve something. Mr. Knowlton doesn't consider himself by any means brilliant, but if once inspired with an idea, he pursues it until he forces it into a tangible shape. If everybody would follow copy, the world would be less filled with idlers, and the streets with grumblers and malcontents.—[Ex.]

**THE MANUFACTORY of St. Gobain,** Aisne, France, has been employed six years in fabricating a lens two feet in thickness, which it has now given as a present to the Observatory of Paris, for the large telescope in course of manufacture, the power of which will exceed that of any instruments known.

## Bits and Scraps.

..... The difference between an honest and dishonest banker is, that one fails in making money, and the other makes money in failing.

..... If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure, and no quack medicine!

..... A young man was conversing in a public-house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed, "There is one thing thou canst not do; thou canst not tell the truth."

..... A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public-house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

..... Those who groan under a sermon of over thirty minutes may profitably contemplate the long suffering of the Germans. A traveler writes of a Sabbath's experience in a village church near Hamburg:—"The forenoon service was only five hours in length, and the afternoon service four hours. The long prayer was over one hour, the explanation of a reading in the psalms about an hour, and the sermon over two hours. The hymns were sixteen stanzas long and eight lines to a stanza. The choir in the evening lit their lights while singing, and then extinguished them. The preacher took his tea at ten o'clock at night, and being asked by his guests if he was not fatigued, said he was not in the least."

..... Macbeth's observation, "Throw physic to the dogs," is an insult to the intelligence of those animals.

..... Patent medicines derive their name from *PATERE—to lie openly*.

..... The repairs of one's body are about as endless as the repairs of any other tenement. When once you get the bricklayer or the doctor in the house, you never can tell when you will get him out again.

..... A partizan paper says "it is a mistake that the (opposite) party plays upon a harp of a thousand strings. The organ of that party is a lyre."

..... De Quincy somewhere tells an anecdote of a man who, on being threatened with an assault by eighteen tailors, cried out—"Come on, both of you."

..... A French author, finding his reputation impeded by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in a workman-like attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier's shop, in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement; the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon purchased by everybody. The harmless deceit filled the pockets of the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing incessant praise on an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing.

..... Why is G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

..... She that marries a man because he is "a good match," must not be surprised if he turn out "a Lucifer."

..... "Boys," said Admiral Truncheon, when his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe winter approaching, and I advise you to keep a good fire."

..... A lady walking a few days since on one of the wharfs in New York asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

..... What a Man should be alphabetically.—Affectionate, Bold, Candid, Daring, Enterprising, Faithful, Grateful, Honorable, Indefatigable, Just, Kind, Loving, Moral, Noble, Obliging, Polite, Quick, Religious, Sociable, Truthful, Upright, Valiant, Watchful, Xemplary, Y's, and Zealous.

..... Don't attempt too much. Knives that contain ninety blades, four corkscrews, and a boot-jack, are very seldom brought into action; and for this reason, in attempting too much, they have become so clumsy and ponderous that men of small patience can't get the "hang of them."

..... "Ah," said a father to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one-half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half."—"I suppose," retorted William, "that the only true liver is only those who die of hunger."

..... The butler to Lord Braxfield gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" exclaimed his master, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

..... Special pleaders sometimes resort to curious expedients for producing an effect on the sympathies of a jury. In a criminal case in which the culprit was arraigned upon a charge of manslaughter, which seemed to bear very much against the prisoner, the counsel held up his little child who was crying aloud, as an eloquent appeal to the jury in his behalf. This might have answered very well, had not one of their number put the pertinent question to the youngster, "What are you crying for?" when the artless reply was, "He pinches me, sir!"

..... A poor fellow, who had spent hundreds of dollars at a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble, and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the reply, "I never make a practice of doing such things." The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me sixpence?"—"Certainly," was the reply. The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him. He took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it and replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, he turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence, and said, "Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you—I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill."

..... The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax.