

apology which is often made for the neglect of it, is the greatest condemnation of those who offer it. It is said by those who are growing up in ignorance of those things, "Any one can learn to keep house when it is necessary. Any one who loves her husband and is devoted to his interests, will make herself accomplished in those things after she is married." As well might the young man say, "Of what use is it for me to learn a profession, or make myself acquainted with the details of my business? When I am married, if I love my wife, it will then be time enough to learn a profession, or to accomplish myself in the details of business." Would there be any surer omen of total failure and discomfiture? That which a woman can learn to do under the tuition of love, can certainly be learned to a much greater advantage, under the tuition of a mother.

If it is at all so easy to learn, then they certainly are utterly inexcusable who neglect it. It is no degradation to the finest lady to know all the details of domestic affairs. It is honorable, and ought to be her pride. A woman, though she may be as beautiful as the morning, as wise as Minerva, and as accomplished as the Graces, ought to know the details of household affairs.

## Miscellaneous.

### Overdoing Politeness.

There is such a thing as kindness running into officiousness, from an over anxiety to please. Of course this is not good manners, because it is often very disagreeable, and causes irritation. Dean Swift was once persecuted by an overpolite family in the country, and he tells the story of it in the following amusing style:

"As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair that stood by a huge fire, and kept me there till I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire, but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, sir,' says the lady, 'you must eat a wing to oblige me,' and so put a couple on my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved that I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent on going, they ordered the stable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What would I have for supper? I said, I never eat any thing at night, but was at last, in my own defense, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, 'that this was the worst time in the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss,' the lady went, and left me to her husband, for they took especial care I should never be alone. \* \* \* Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. \* \* \* They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, left at last a bottle of stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongues, venison, pastry, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me a part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from

an ill-intention, but entirely from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it."

### A Father's Prayers.

I would not speak one word disrespectfully of my father, who now sleeps in the silence of the tomb—nay, I would rather embalm his memory in eulogies, than utter a syllable detracting from his merits; but justice and truth support me in saying, that I never heard my beloved parent present to the throne of grace a single petition in my behalf. His care and concern for the preservation of my life, and desire for my usefulness in time, were never to my knowledge expressed in a prayerful and audible tone around the family fireside. Cheerless and heart-rending as the thought may be, it often thrills my mind. Still, to believe that my parent did not deem my infant soul a theme worthy of prayer to God; and that he has not often in fervency of spirit borne my name to the throne of grace, is more than human nature can bear; at the idea my moral sensibilities revolt. My father did pray for me in secret; in the recesses of his heart I was the subject of prayerful breathings.

Yet, like many others, Christian parents, too, he had no family altar erected, on which to offer the morning and evening sacrifices "of a broken heart and a contrite spirit;" the domestic circle were never called by a paternal voice, "to bow at the footstool of sovereign mercy," and render thanks to the "giver of every good and perfect gift." The fact is recorded, not with feelings of reproach to my parents, for I hope that I still honour the memory of "my father and mother," though they have long since gone to eternity. But it is to remind Christian parents of their imperative duty. To such be it said! Let not your offspring say of you when laid in the grave, we never heard our father or mother pray for us—our youthful voices were never taught by parental example to lisp the praise of "Him who made and sustains us!" But may they rather rejoice in the privilege of having heard you on bended knees, wrestling in prayer for Divine aid, to "train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." That all children may enjoy this privilege, family prayer must be conducted in every house; and no parent can, upon reasonable grounds, be exempted from the duty.

"Prayer is the christian's vital breath,

The christian's native air,

His watch-word at the gate of death;

He enters heaven with prayer."

—Presbyterian Herald.

### What came of an Omnibus Ride;

OR, "ONE PULL AT THE RIGHT."

Some time ago, (no matter when; little folks shouldn't be curious!) I was riding in an omnibus with some half dozen well dressed ladies, and while kidded gentlemen.

At a signal from somebody on the sidewalk, the driver reigned up his horses, and a very old man with treacherous limbs and silvery locks presented himself at the door for admission. The driver shouted through the skylight, "Room for one more there inside," but the gentlemen looked at the old man and frowned, and the ladies spread out their ruffled skirts, for his hat was shabby, and his coat very threadbare. He saw how it was, and why there was "no room," and meekly turned about to go down the steps, when a fine looking young man, who sat next to me, sprang to the door, and seizing him by the arm, said, "Take my place, sir; you are quite welcome to it. I am young and hearty; it won't weary me to walk"—and kindly leading the old man to the vacant seat, he leaped from the steps, and walked briskly down the street, while I looked admiringly after him, saying to myself, "That young man has got a good mother."

We drove on, and the more I looked at the old man's silver hairs, and fine honest face, the more indignant I felt at the way he had been treated. Whether he read my thoughts in my countenance or not, I can't say; but after most of the passengers had got out, he moved up to me and said—"Good boy—good boy—wasn't he? My dear, (and here his voice sunk to a confidential whisper) I have got money enough to buy out all the upstart people that fill this omnibus, twenty times over, but I like this old coat and hat. They are as good as a crucible. Help me to find out the true metal. Good morning my dear. Thank you for your pity just as much as if I needed it"—and the old man pulled the strap, got out of the omnibus, and hobbled off down street.

Some time after, I advertised, for lodgings and was answered by a widow lady. I liked the air of her house—it was so neat and quiet; and then the flowering plants in the window were a letter of recommendation to me. Your cold hearted icicle people never care for flowers; (you may write that on the fly leaf of your primer.) But what particularly pleased me at Mrs. Harris' was the devotion of her son to his mother. I expected no less because the minute he opened the door, I saw that

he was the same young man who gave up his seat in the omnibus, to the old gentleman.

John did all the marketing, and providing as wisely and as well as if he were seventy instead of seventeen. He wheeled his mother's arm chair to the pleasantest corner;—handed her the foot stool, and newspaper; and spectacles; offered her his arm up stairs and down, and spent his evening by her side, instead of joining other young men in racing over the city, to find ways to kill time.

It was a beautiful sight, in those days, when beardless boys come stamping and whistling into their mother's presence, with their hats on, and call her "the old woman."

I spent a pleasant autumn under Mrs. Harris' quiet roof. And now, winter has set in, with its nice long evenings. John came into tea, one night with his bright face overclouded. His mother was at his side in an instant. John's master had failed and John was thrown out of employment!

Then I heard that it was only by the strictest economy and hoarding of every cent out of John's small salary, that the house rent was paid and the table provided. And now, so the widow said, the house must be given up, and John might be a long while getting another place; clerkships were so difficult to obtain; and they must not think of running in debt.

It was such a pity. We were all so comfortable and happy in that cozy little parlor with its sunny bow windows full of flowers, and its bright Lehigh fire, and softly cushioned chairs; that cozy parlor, where the little round table, with its snowy cloth, had been so often spread; and the fragrant coffee, and delicate tea biscuit, and racy newspapers, had been so often discussed; where John, in his slippers and dressing gown, with his dark hair pushed off his broad high forehead, read to us page after page of some favourite author, while the wind was welcome to whistle itself dumb outside the threshold, and old Winter to pile up the same snow at the door till he got tired of it. It was hard.

John walked up and down the floor, with his arms crossed behind, and Mrs. Harris went round the room, hunting after her spectacles, when they were comfortably reposing on the bridge of her fine Roman nose.

A knock at the door!

A note for John.

"Enclosed, find \$500, to pay Mr. John Harris' house rent for the coming year. A FRIEND."

John rubbed his eyes and looked at his mother; his mother looked at me, and I looked at both of them; and then we laughed and cried, till we nearly had regular hysterics.

But who was the "Friend?" That was the question. We were all born Yankees, and did our best at "guessing; but it didn't help us. Well, at any rate, it was very nice all around. I hadn't to be routed. No nor John, nor his dear old mother. And pussy purred round as if she had as much reason to be glad as any of us; and the canary trilled so sharp a strain that we were obliged to muffle his cage and his enthusiasm with John's red silk pocket handkerchief.

Mrs. Harris and I had not got our tongues still, the next day, when John came back in the middle of the forenoon, with another riddle to drive our womanly curiosity still more distracted. He was requested to call immediately—so a note, he had just received read—at Mr. & Co's and "accept" the head clerkship, at a salary of \$1,400 a year; being highly recommended by a person whose name his new employers declined giving.

This was a greater puzzle still. John and his mother had rich relations, to be sure; but though they had been always interfering in all their plans for making a living, they had never been known to give them anything except—advice, or to call on them by daylight; and it wasn't at all likely that the "leopard would change his spots" at that late day. No; it couldn't be, that John's rich relatives, who were always in such a panic, lest upper tendom should discover that their cousins, the Harris'es, lived in an unfashionable part of the city, dined at one o'clock, and noticed tradesmen and mechanics.

We were too sensible to believe in fairies, and who the mischief was emptying the "horn of plenty" in the way at our feet, was the question.

When we awoke the next morning, we found in the back yard, a barrel of apples, a barrel of flour, a keg of butter, and a bag of buckwheat flour, labelled, "For Mr. John Harris, P. st."

John declared, (after pinching himself to see if he was really John,) that he fastened the gate the very last thing before he put on his night cap. Mrs. Harris said somebody must have climbed over and unfastened it; and I jumped right up and down for a bright thought had struck me, and I was determined to hold on to it, for I didn't have a bright thought every day.

"What now?" said John, as I capered round the room.

"Oh nothing," said I, only it takes a woman, after all, to find out a secret—and to keep it too, I added, snapping my finger at him. That day I thought it would do me good to ride about in an omnibus. I tried several. It didn't make any difference which way they were going, to me, whether up street or down, or where they finally stopped. I was looking more at the passengers.

By and by I saw the person I wanted. Said I in a whisper, sitting down beside him, "House rent—clerkship—flour, butter—crackers and buckwheat, all for giving you a seat in an omnibus!"

Didn't I know that "the fairy" was the nice old man with silver locks? Didn't he bribe me to hold my tongue, by telling me that he would come and drink tea with me, so that he might get a peep

at John and his mother? Didn't he come? and didn't all look as much astonished when he called as if it hadn't been all settled two days previous? But how was I to know that Mrs. Harris would turn out to be an old love of his? How was John to know, when he felt such an irresistible impulse to be kind to the old gentleman, that his hair had grown white loving his mother? How was the old man to know why he loved John so well, and thought him one of the finest young men he had ever seen? How was I to know that I was to turn out to be what I always so mortally hated—a feminine match maker.

PERSIA, UPPER INDIA, RUSSIA, AND GREAT BRITAIN.—The Impartiale of Smyrna, Dec. 23, repeats the statement, from Erzeroum, that the British Legation has resumed its relation with Persia. The Turkish semi-official organ also says that there is reason to hope that friendly relations between Persia and Turkey will be maintained, notwithstanding the intrigues of Russia and the gold which is so profusely employed at Teheran.

The British dispute with Persia arose with reference to the affairs of Hadji Abdul Kerim, a native of Candahar, and protected by the British government. This man, who is very rich, has claims upon the Persian government, and Britain supported him in his claims. The Persian government on the other hand claimed him as a Persian subject, liable to such exactions as the Shah might put upon him; and at length the government became so insolent in reference to the matter that the British Charge felt it necessary to break off diplomatic relations. This contingency was unexpected by the Persian ministers, and within a short time they made advances towards re-establishing friendly relations. The tables were completely turned upon Prince Dolgovouki, the Russian Minister, and although he threatened the displeasure of the Czar, and used every means to restore Russian influence, the British Charge remains master of the field. Mr. Thompson further followed up the favourable moment by remonstrating against the hostile attack upon Persia by Turkey. To this the Sudder Agim, First Minister of the Shah, replied that no movement of troops hostile to Ottoman Porte will be made by Persia, and that the force on the frontier is merely to watch the course of events. Russia seems, therefore, for the moment, to have failed in its Persian designs.

In allusion to the general belief that the Affghans were mixed up with this intrigue, we find it stated that the Affghan envoy had left Teheran before the arrival of the new Russian Plenipotentiary, with a threat that if Persia formed an alliance with Russia the Affghans would invade Persia.

FRIAR TUCK AGAIN.—On the 21st ult., the somewhat novel ceremony of consecrating an English abbot was performed by Cardinal Wiseman, at the Church of St. Gregory. Dr. Burder, the abbot elect, abandoned the Church of England about eight years ago, and entered the new Trappist monastery at St. Bernard, in Leicestershire, where he rendered himself so acceptable to his brethren, that at the end of three years they elected him their superior. The provincial general of the order, however, would not ratify the election, on account of the short time the doctor had served in the monkish ranks, and was therefore obliged to content himself for four years more with the secondary dignity of prior. On Wednesday, Cardinal Wiseman installed him in his full rank, and Dr. Burder, as abbot of St. Bernard's, with shaven crown and Carmelite gown, paraded up and down the church between two Italian bishops, all with their crozier's before them, whilst a full choir thundered out an impressive 'Te Deum.' Another English Trappist monk took part in the ceremony, acting as cardinal's deacon, his powerful frame and thoroughly Anglo-Saxon features, in combination with the monkish garb, reminding one irresistably of the Friar Tuck class of anchorites who figure in our early ballads and translations. Dr. Manning preached upon the occasion.—Leader, Jan. 7

AN ANCIENT ASS.—The Bury Post says:—A donkey has just died at Farnham, All Saints, having attained the venerable age of 70 years and upwards. It formerly belonged to the Cornwallis family, and was ridden by the Lady Ann, after whom it was named; but a few years ago, being then parted with, on account of its then old age, it came into the family of Mrs. Browne, of Farnham, through whose considerate kindness it had for a long time lived a life of ease, ranging at large over the fields, and latterly had been fed on bran and soft food, in consequence of its inability to eat grass, the teeth being completely worn away.

A RELIC OF PAST GENERATIONS.—The papers announce the death of Mr. Malthy, the friend of Mr. Porson, and known to every frequenter of Mr. Roger's breakfast-table, where his varied information was contrasted very favourably with the rapartees of Sydney Smith, Mr. Rogers's own witticisms, and the ceaseless puns of Mr. Luttrell.—As those who love decay, we die in part; and Mr. Rogers, who had lived in uninterrupted friendship with Mr. Malthy for more than eighty years, will indeed feel the loss of his early friend. Mr. Malthy was in his ninetieth year, and had seen and known many eminent men belonging to bygone generations. He linked us to the past—to the days of Porson and Sheridan, of Gray and Mason.