PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Salardan Morning, April 20, 1850.

PERSEVERANCE. "

A swallow in the Spring, Come to our granary, and !neath the caves Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring Wet earth, and straw and deaves.

Day after day she toiled With patient heart, but ere her work was crowned. Bome sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled, And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought. But not cast down, forth from the place she flew, And with her mates, fresh earth and grasses brought Ard built her nest.

But scarcely had she placed -The lest soft feather on its ample floor. When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste And wrought the rain o'er.

But still her heart she kept, And foil'd again;—and last night, hearing calls, I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept Within the earth-made walls. What Truth is here, O Man!

Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn ? Hath clouds o'ereast thy purpose, trust or plan? Have Pairs, and struggle on !

NO TIME TO LOSE! No time to lose! no time to lose!

Life's fleeling moments urge us on! E'en while we pause to think, and choose The golden time for action's gone, No time to lose! Times pinions flying Chasing and hurrying moments fast ! And one by one the hours are flying Until another year is past.

No time to lose! let's banish sorrow And live in pleasure while we may t Let's fling our cares upon the morow. And seize the blessings of to-day, We have no time to lose in sadnes No chilling grief our hearts should freeze: Adown life's stream let's glide in gladness, And spread our sails to pleasure's breeze.

No time to lose! life's sands are ebbing, And all things whisper of decay;
And the pulse clock's ceaseless throbbing Tells that we too must pass away. No time to lose! let's not be-wasting The few brief moments left us here : Fill up your cup, while life is lasting, And drink a welcome to the year.

PAUL DENTON : Or, the Texan Camp-Meeting.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

Daring the last week of September, 1836, the first successful Camp-meeting was held in Eastern Texas I employ the epithet "successful," because several previous failures had apparently rendered all efforts of a like kind perfectly hopeless. congenial to religious and moral enterprise. The country bordering on the Sabine, had been occupied rather than settled, by a class of adventurers almost as wild as the savages whom they had scarcely expelled, and the beasts of prey which still dispured their domain of prival forests. Professional gamblers, refugees from the jail, absconded debtors, outlaws from every land, forgers of false coin, thieves, robbers, murderers, interspersed among a race of uneducated hunters and herdsmen, made up the strange social miscellany; without courts, or prisons, or churches, or schools, or even the shadew of civil authority or subordination-a sort of an-Pracipled pandemonium, where serce passion sat enthroned, waving its bloody sceptre, the naked bawie knife! Let no one accuse me of exaggeration, for the sake of dramatic effect; I am speak. ing now of Shelby country-that home of the Lynchers-the terrible locale, where ten years later, forty persons were poisoned to ceath at a marriage

It will be obvious that, in such a community, very lew would be disposed to patronize campmeetings; and accordingly a dozen different trials, at various times, had never collected a hundred hearers, on any single occasion. But even these were not allowed to worship in peace; uniformily, the first day or night, a band of armed desperadoes, headed by the notorious Watt Foeman, chief judge and executioner of the Shelby Lynchers, broke into the altar and scattered the mourners, or ascended the pulpit and treated the preachers to a gratuitous rope of tar and feathers! Hence all prudent evanzelists soon learned to shun the left bank of the Sabine, as if it had been infested by a cohort of demons; and two whole years elapsed without any new attempt to erect the cross in so perilous a field. At length, however, an advertisement appeared promising another effort in behalf of the gospel.-The notice was unique, a perfect backwood's curi osity, both as to its tenor and mode of publication. Let us give it verbatim et literatim !

"BARBECUE CAMP-MEETING." "There will be a Camp-Meeting, to commence the last Monday of this month, at the Double Spring

Grove, near Peter Brinson's, in the county of Shel-"The exercise will open with a splendid barbetue. Preparations are being made to suit all tastes; there will be good barbecue, better liquor, and the best of gospell

"PAUL DENTON, Missionary M. E. C." Sept. 1, 1836.

This singular document was nailed to the door of every public hopse and grocery; it was attached to the largest trees at the intersections of all cross toads and principal trails; and even the wandering hunters themselves, found it in remote dells of the mountain, miles away from the smoke of a human habitation.

At first many regarded the matter as a hoax played off by some wicked wag, in ridicule of popular, tear-, and saw a bundred faces wet as with rain! credular. But it is hypothesis was negatived by the statements of Peter Brinson, proprietor of the "Double Spring Grove." who informed all enquiters, that he had been employed and paid, by a adventised."

"But the liquor the better liquor are you to maddened by the evidences of the preacher's wonfurnish the liquor too?" was the invariable question of each visitor.

himself," replied Brinson.

"He must be a precious original," was the general rejoinder. A proposition which most of them afterwards had an opportunity to verify experimen-

I need not handly add that an inlense excitement resulted. The rumor took wings; flew on the wind : formed to storm-a storm of exaggerationevery echo increased its sound, till nothing else could beheard but the Barbache Camp-meeting; it became the focus of thought, the staple of dreams. And thus the unknown preacher had insured one thing in advance, a congregation embracing the entire population of the country, which was likely the sole purpose of his stratagein.

I was travelling in that part of Texas at the time and my imagination being inflamed by the common curiosity. I took some trouble and attended .-But although my eyes witnessed the extraordinary scene, I may well despair of the undertaking to paint it—the pen of Homer, or the pencil of Hogarth, were alone adequate to the sublimity and burlesque of the complicated task. I may only sketch the augular outlines.

A, space, had been cleared away immediately around the magnificent "Double Spring," which boiled up with force sufficient to turn a mill wheel, in the very centre of the ever-green grove. Here a pulpit had been raised, and before it was the inseparable altar for mourners. Beyond these at the distance of fitty paces, a succession of plank tables extended in the form of a great circle, or the perimeter of a polygon, completely enclosing the area about the spring. An oderiferous steam, of most delicious savor, diffused itself through the air; this was from the pits in the adjacent prairie, where the fifty slaves of Peter Brinson were engaged in cooking in the promised barbacue.

The grove itself was literally alive, teeming. swarming, running over, with strange figures in human shape; me, women, and children in every variety of outlandish costumes. All Shelby county was there. The hunters had come, rifle in hand, and dogs backing at their heels; the rogues, refugees, and gamblers, with pistols in their belts, and big knives peeping from their shirt-bosoms; while here and there might be seen a sprinkling of well-

dressed planters, with their wives and daughters. The turnult was deafening, a tornado of babbling tongues, talking, shooting, quarreling, betting and cursing for amusement. Suddenly a cry arose, "Col. Watt Foeman! Hurrah for Col. Watt Foeman!", and the crowd parted to the right and left. to let the Jion Lyncher pass.

I turned to the advancing load stone of all eves. and shuddered involuntarily at the devilish countewere not only youthful, but eminently handsome: the hideousness lay in the look, full of savage fire -ferocious, murderous. It was in in the teddishyellow eyeballs with arrowy pupils, that seemed to flush jets of lurid flame; in the thin speering lips with their everlasting icy smile. As to the rest, he was a tall, a thletic, very powerful man. His train, a dozen armed desperadoes, followed him.

Foeman spoke in a voice, sharp and piercing as the point of a dagger: "Eh! Brinson, where is the new missionary! We want to give him ninmed cost fir

"He has not yet arrived," replied the planter. "Well I suppose we must wait for him; but put the barbeene on the boards; I am hungry as a starved wolf "

"I cannot till the missionary comes; the barbeone is his property ? A fearful light blazed in Foreman's eyes, as h took three steps towards Brinson, and fairly shout

ed, "Fetch the meat instantly, or I'll fill your own

stomach with a dinner of lead and steel!" This was the ultimatum of one whose authority was the only law, and the planter obeyed without a murmur. The smoking viands were arranged on the tables, by a score of slaves, and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit, loud as the blast of a rumpet in battle, "Stay, gentlemen and ladies,

till the giver of the barbecue asks God's blessing! Every heart started, every eye were directed to the speaker; and a whisperless silence er sued, for all alike were struck by his remarkable appearace. He was almost a giant in stature, though scarcely twenty years of age; his hair dark as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masthe labored schievements of human art; his eyes dark as midnight, beamed like stars over a face pale as Persian marble, calm, passionless, spiritual, and wearing a singular, indefinable expression, such as might have been shed by the light of a dream from Paradise, or the luminous shadow of an angel's wing. The heterogeneous crowd, hunters, gamblers, nomicides, gazed in mute astonish-

The missionary prayed; but it sounded like noother prayer ever addressed to the throne of the Almighty. It contained no encomiums on the splendor of the divine attributes; no petitions in the tone of commands; no orisons for distant places, times, or objects; nor no implied "instructions as to the administration of the government of the universe. It related exclusively to the present people and the present hour; it was the cry of a naked soul, and that soul a beggar for the bread and

the water of heavenly life. He ceased, and not till then did 1 become con scious of weeping. I lanked around through my

"Now, my friends," said the missionary, "par take of God's gifts at the table, and then come sit down and listen to His Gospel."

It would be impossible to describe the sweetone of kindness in which these simple words were suffered much from this source, the adoption of this assured you will have no mitther irable from that provide an ample barbecue, at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at provide an ample barbecue, at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, that made him on the instant five hundred plan has caused the moths to "bone at the period and place unterest, the description of the period and place unterest." friends. One heart, however, in the assembly was -Proirie Farmer.

derful power. Col. Watt Forman, exclaimed in a sneering voice: "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence "The missionary said he would attend to that has fied, You promised us not only good baibecue, better liquos. Where is the liquor ?"

"There!" answered the missionary; in tones of thunder; and pointing his thotibuless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There," he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; "there is the liquor, which God, the Eternal, brows for all his children!

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God himself brewed it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmor and the rills sing; and high up on the tail mountain tops where the storm cloud broods, and the thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howle music, and dreary back room, watching his clerks paying THE RUBBING about the whole washing. After big waves rour the chorus, "sweeping the march away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was of God"-there He brews it that beverage of life, healing-water. And every where it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels-spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the 'midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-show er; folding its bright enow certains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored itis that seraph's zone of the sky, whose harp is the rain-drop of earth, whose roof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked o'er with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand reflection. Still always it is beautiful-that blessed life-water? No poison bubbles on its brink; its loam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glasses; pale wid. ows and starving orphans weep not burning tears na its clear depth's; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair Speak out my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol !"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered-

Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are deaf to the divine voice of eloquence; for I saw at that moment, the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in the hollow of his hand; and the popular feeling can in a current so irresistable, that even the duellist. Watt Foeman, dared not venture another interruption during the meeting.

I have just reviewed my report of this singular cover that I have utterly tailed to convey the full impression as my reason and imagination received it. The language, to be sure is there-that I never could forget-but it lacks the spirit; the tones of unniterable pathos, the eadences of mournful music, alternating with crashes of terrible power; it lacks the gesticulation, now graceful as the play of the golden willow in the wind, and anor, violent as the motion of a mountain bine in a horricane: it lacks the pale face wrapped in its dream of the spirit land, and those unfathomable eyes, flashing a light such as never beamed from sun or stars; and more than ail, it tacks the magnetism of the mighty soul that seemed to diffuse itself among the hearers, as a viewless stream of electricity, penetrating the brain, like some secret fire, melting all hearts, and mastering every volition.

The Camp meeting continued, and a revival at ended it, such as never before, or since, was witnessed in the forests of Texas. But unfortunately on the last of the exercises, news arrived on the ground that a neighboring farmer had been murdered, and his wife and children carried away prisoners by the Indians.

The young missionary sprang into the pulpit, and proposed the immediate organization of a company to pursue the savages. The suggestion being adopted, the mover himself was elected to head the party. After several days of hard riding they overtook the barbarous enemy in the grand prarise .-The missionary charged foremost of his troop, and having performed prodigies of bravery, fell-not by the hand of the Indian-but by a shot from one of his own horsemen!

I need scarcely name the assasisn; the reader will have anticipated me. The incarnate fiend. ses of natural ringlets, more beautiful than ever Col. Watt Foeman, chief hangman of the Shelby wreathed around the jeweled brow of a queen by Lynchers, and ten years later, a master cook at the Poisoned Wedding!

Such is the only fragment from the biography of dazzling luminary, that rose and set in the wilderness: a torn leaf from Paul Denton's book of life. Peace be with his ashes. He sleeps well in that self. You left that part of the country and I lost lone isle of evergreens, surrounded by the evergreen sea of the great prairie. Wature's beloved ing on your present brought good fortune with it con inherits her costliest tomb—that last possession, the inalienable fee-simple of all time i-Great I dwe all. So this morning, hearing arcidentally West.

A LAWYER AND DOCTOR were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited anthority to prove his the most ancient, "Mine," said the disciple of Lycurgus, "commenced almost with the world's era; Cain slew his brother Abel, and left the premises. and that was a criminal case in common law!"-"True," rejoined Escalaplus, "but my profession is coeval with the Creation itself. Old mother Eve and that was a Surgical Operation." The lawyer

BEE MOTIC-Where peach leaves, pounded with salt, are put inder a bee-hive, I have not seen a bee-main. Although my hives have heretofore

drept his green bag.

THE UNION. BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Thun, too, sail, on, O, ship of State! Humanity with all its fears, With all the hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what master la.d thy keel. What workman wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made sach mast, and sail, and most; Whatianvils rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge, and what a heat, Were shaped the anchors of thy hope? Pear flot each sudden sound and shock, Tis of the wave and not the rock;

Tis but the flaping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and tempest roar, Sail on, not feat, to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee! Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our teats Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee-are all with thee-

The Seven-Shilling Pieces

It was during the panic of 1826, that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Tompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look, in his a banker of excellent credit; there existed, perhaps, in the city of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Company; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted; no former stability was looked to ;a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin which he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listened to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and spcure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of binerness, as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he had fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ishered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him in the following singular language.

"You will pardon me, sir, for a strange question: but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir," impatiently interrupted the other. "I have heard that you have had a run on your bank sir." ' Well?"

" Is it true!"

very extraordinary query. It, however, you have quire more or less than ten gallons of water to boil is better.) and rub off all the soap or suds lett on any money in the bank you had better at once draw them in, more or less soap, lime or soda, can be the silk. After thus cleaning one side turn the it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will in ased in proportion. When there is any difficulty silk and clean the other side. The finest slik and stantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Then may I ask what is your business here!" "I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment !"

"Why do you ask the question?" "Because if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit." The money dealer started.

"You seem surprised; you don't know my per son or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago, when you resided at Essex ?"

Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotton the tumpike gate through which you passed daily !--My farther kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my farther was sick and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect this, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefitted by them, seldom forget them I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, only a lew moments longer, and I shall have done."

The banker began to be interested, and at once

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate to you, and as I considered myself in duty ound, I wished you a happy Chritsmas. "Thank you my lad," replied you-"thank you, and the same to you: here is a triffle to make it so;" and you threw me a seven-stilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forwonderful gerries; the sole twinkling ray of a get my joy at receiving it; or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up. added.a little to it, till I was able to rent a tall my sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gen-I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider that there was a run on your bank. I collected al my capital and have brought it to lodge with you in case it can be of any use. Here it is," and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the aguated Thompson. "In a few days I'll call again," and throwing down his card, walked out of the room,

Thompson andid the roll; it contained thirteen housand pounds! The stem-hearted banker-for all bankers must be stern-burst into tears. The was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body; firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionare sobbed; he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in Lendon.-English Paper.

STOP Mouse Holes.—l'ake a pluz of common hand soap istop the hole with it, and you may rest

WASHING MADE EASY.

(Our readers may bave seen in some of the news papers, an advertisement, headed, "Washing Made Easy," of Mrs. Beavelt, wherein she promises to give certain valuable Lists and information in regard to Washing, for the sum of one dollar. Be-low will be found her great secret, which we publish, thinking it may possibly be useful to housewives.]

Madame B. need not enter into a long dissertaon the troubles of Washing Day These are already to well known. Her object is to impart information that will obviate all these troubles, and render Washing Day as pleasant as any of the seven and at the same time, save labor, wear of clothes, tearing off buttons, skinning of hands, the cost of washboards, machines, pounding barrels, &c.

DIRECTIONS. enough to cover them.) the night/Before you wish to wash. If a few quarts of strong soapsuch are added so much the better. Should the wristbands or binding of shirts be very dirty trub in such spots. a little scap, before putting to soak, THIS IS ALL putting the clothes to soak, take three ounces of esh unslacked lime, halfa pound of common soda, and half a pound of good hard soap, (cut the soap in small pieces.) or half a pint of strong home-made soft soap, in a vessel by themselves, and pour on when dried pull out the wrinkles and stretch them them one gallon of boiling soft water; shake them on the hand. If you have camphone or spirit gas, un and stir them well, and let all stand till morning, when you must take this liquor and strain it, being very careful not to have the particle of settling, scent of the camphene take the gloves when divid poured off with the liquor. When you get ready to wash, have ten gallons of boiling soft water in herchiet on which you have dropped a few drops your kettle or boiler, into which pour the liquor of cologne water or other perfumery. made from the soap, time and soda, (keep out the settlings.) and place an earthen plate in the bottom of the boiler to keep the clothes from burning.-(Some persons also enclose their finest linens and dame B. considers this a good plan) First rins- with one or more slices till cleaned. ing them in warm water. Then put your clothes into the boiler and boil them half an hour. (The same water will answer for three lots of clothes.) somp sade. Then take them out, scald them, and rinse in clean soft water, warm or cold, and your clothes will be salts of lemon. rubbing or machinery. By this plan the finest linens.

"Far from it sir; I have not one sixpence in your up, and always be ready for use. ought not to be boiled with those of finer labric to dry in the air in the shade, or hung on a horse containing less dirt, as the water in which they are within doors. The sun will fade the colors. A hot boiled must, of course, partake of its contents. iron should never be used on siiks one just wafm The finer, cleaner clothes can be boiled first, or the may be used. Black silk is often cleaned by bewater for boiling the clothes in . (containing the list ing rubbed as above in beel's gall water, and cleanquor of soap, lime and soda year be divided into as ed off with the sponge. Silk can be dried by many parts as you have parcels of clother, and stretching out smooth with pins. The quicker silk thus boil each parcel its proper time. When put is cleaned and dried the better.

To Wash Calignes or Cotton Printed Goods -Take a nint board of wheat floor and make it into a naste lout. with cold water, then pour this paste into two gallons of boiling soft water and boil for ten minutes. Then add enough of cold water, wash the calicoes clear cold water, and if stiffness is required add to pinned out. the ringing water a little floor starch made as above. fade. The quicker calicoes are washed, rinted and dried the better. They should be dried in the water improves the colors.

STARCHING-CLEAR STARCHING, ETC.

To Make Starch for Linen, Cotton, &c -To one nance of the best starch and just enough of soft cold water to make it. (by rubbing and stirring, into a thick paste, carefully breaking well the lumps and particles. When rubbed perfectly smooth add nearly or quite a pint of boiling water, (with bluing a few times. to suit the taste,) and boil for at least half an hour. tak ing care to keep it all stirred all the time to prevent its barning. When not stirring keep it covered to prevent the accumulation of dust, &c. Also keep it covered when removed from the fire to prevent a scum from arising on it. To give the linen a fine smooth, glossy appearance, and prevent the iron front sticking, add a little spermaceti, (a piece as large as a nutmeg.) to the starch when onling, and half a teaspoonful of the finest table salt. If you have no spermaceti, (to be had cheap of any druggist,) take a pice of the purest, whitest bog's lard or tallow, (mutton is the best,) about as large as a nutmeg, or twice this quantity of the refined lost sugar, and boil with the starch. In iconing linen collars, shirt bosoms, their appearance will be much improved by rubbing them before croning with a clean white towel dampened in soft-water. The bosom of a shirt should be the last part ironed, as this will prevent its being soiled. All starch should be strained before using. To Clear Starch Laces, fre .. -- Starch for laces should

be thicker and used hotter than for timens. After your lace shave been well washed and dried. dip them into the thick hot starch in such a way as to have every part properly statched. Then wring all

MADAME BEAVELT'S SYSTEM OF will be dry enough to: iron. Laces should never be clapped between the hands as it injures them.-Cambrics do not require so thick starch as net or lace. Some people prefer cold or raw starch for book-muslin, as some of this kind of muslin has a thick clammy appearance it starched in boiled starch; Fine laces are sometimes wound around a

Iron be ironed by the soul process of smoothing or sad iron. The faces cannot, M. Beave't irons fine laces thus :- When her lace has been starched and dried ready for ironing, she spreads it out as smooth as possible on her ironing cloth, and passes over it back and forth, as quickly as she cana smooth round glass bottle containing hot water, giving the bottle such pressure as may be required to smooth the lace. Sometimes she passes the la-Put your clothes to south in soft water, (just | ces over the bottle, taking care to keep it smooth. Either way is much better than to iron faces withan iron. In filling the boule with hot water, care must be taken norto pour it in too fast as the bottle will break.

To Clain Kid Gloves .- Lay the gloves on a clean towel, and rub them with a piece of white flanner, dipped in a strong lather or sads made of white soap, till the dirt is removed. The less water the better, and the faster they are rubbed the better .-Hang them up a distance from the fire to div and (burning fluid,) rub them with a cotton cloth dipp. ed in either, and dry as above. To take out the or stretched, and roll them up in a cloth or hand-

Grease Spots on Woolen Cloth, Silk, Linen or Cutton.-May be removed by rubbing on the spot a little moistened magnesia, and when dry brush it off. Another method is to wash and neel off the ottons in a bag before placing in the boiler; Ma- skin of a potato and cut in alices and rub the spot

Faint may be removed by rubbing with woolen rags dipped in tarpentine, and afterwards in strong

Ink Stains and Iron Moulds can be removed by as clean and white as driven snow, and all without To Wash and Clean Silk Dresses, &c .- Many persons suppose that silks cannot be washed, and unaces, cambrics, &c. can be readily and easily der this impression have lain uside or given away cleansed. Woolens are not to be washed by this such dresses as nearly worthless. Silks can be method. Madame B can safely assert that her washed without injury by Madame Beavelt's sysplan is the easiest mode of washing ever discover- tem. To succeed best if may be necessary to take ed. By it one person can do the washing of a the dress to pieces, or partly so, if very full. The family of twenty persons before breakfast, have the silk should be laid on perfectly smooth board, and clothes out to dry, and the house kept in good or rubbed one way with a fine flannel well sorped der, and the gentlemen of the family, as well as with pure soap, and wet in soft, milkwarm water, all about the house, free from washing day and rub in this way till the dirt is removed, then take a noyances. Should the clothes to be washed re- sponge weited in cold water. (whiskey or alfohol in always procuring fresh lime, a liquor can be silk ribbons may thus be made as clean as new -made from it which will keep for years, if corked | Silk stockings may be washed in a weak soop suds and dried by rubbing them with dry. flanner, Madame B. wound advise her patrons to divide or ironed with a warm (not hot) iron, placing a heir clothes into two or more parcels before boil- blanket between the stocking and the icon: Silks ing, as the coarest, dirtiest and most greasy ones should never be wrung after washing, but hung up

in soak before washing the clothes should be sepa- Black Luce Veils are cleaned by passing themthrough warm gall (beefs) water and rinsing in cold water, and dried on a frame or by pinning

Cashmere Showls and Merinos may be cleaned by passing them through cold water having in it a suds made of soap and alcohol and purified ox gall without soap. After this water ruse the clothes in and rinsed in alum water, and dried on frames, or

Stains from Fruit, de -May be removed by rub-By this system of washing calicoes seldom or ever | bing on spirits of ammonia. If the stains are quite recent they may be removed by soap and whiting mixed together, and then bleached. Sour buttershade if possible. Beel's gall mixed with the wash milk often removes such stains. If the stains on linen are old rub each side with hard soap, then put on a thick cold water starch and rub it well in;

and expose to the sun and air for three or four days. To Remove Mildew from Linen .- Moisten a pieco of hard soap and tub on the parts affected. Then rub over the spots with whiting, lay it on the grass to dry and bleach, and as it becomes dry moisten it

To Raise the Pile of Velvet when pressed down .-Warm a smoothing fron moderately & cover it with a wet cloth, and lay it or hold it under the velvet on the wrong side; the steam from this will penethe velvet, and you can raise the pile with a common broom brush and make it appear as good as

To Clean Silks, Stuffs, Merinos, Printed Cottons, Chindses, etc., by the use of Potatoes, without injuring the Colors. Grate raw potatoes washed and peeled, to a fine pulp, add water in the proportion of a pint to a pound of potatoes, pass the liquid through a seive into a vessel where it is to remain until the fine white starch subsides to the bottom -Pour off the clear liquor, which is to be used for cleansing. To perform this process spread the article to be cleansed on a table covered with a linen reloth, dip a sponge into the potato liquor and rub on the cloth antil the dirt is removed, then wash the cloth inclear water of few times.

"You have broken the Sabbath, Johnny," said a good man to his son. "Yes," said the little sister, "and mother's line comb too, right in three

The best care for hard times, is to cheat the docthe starch out of them and spread them out smooth for by being temperate; the Jawyer, by keeping