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## Choice Poetry.

THE BENEDICT'S APPEAL.

BY JOHN G. SANE. Dear Charles, be persuaded to wed— For a sensible fellow like you, It's high time to think of a bed, And muffins and coffee for two, So have done with your doubts and delaying-With soul so adapted to mingle, No wonder the neighbors are saying 'Tis singular you should be single

Don't say that you havn't got time-That business demands your attention— There is not the least reason or rhyme In the wisest excuse you can mention. Don't tell me about "other fish"-Your duty is done when you buy 'em-And you never will relish the dish, Unless you have a woman to fry 'em!

You may dream of poetical fame, But your wishes may chance to miscarry— The best way of sending one's name To posterity, Charles, is to marry ! And here I am willing to own, After soberly thinking upon it, I'd very much rather be known
By a beautiful son than a sonnet!

Then, Charles, bid your doubting good-bye, And dismiss all fantastic alarms— I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye, 'Tis your duty to have in your arms Some trim little maiden of twenty, A beautiful azure-eyed elf, With virtues and graces in plenty,
And no failing but loving yourself!

Don't search for an "angel" a minute-For, granting you win in the sequel, The deuce, after all, would be in it, With a union so very unequal! The angels, it must be confessed, In this world are rather uncommon; And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest You'll be better content with a woman

Then there's the economy, dear, By poetical algebra shown-If your wife has a grief or a tear, One-half, by the laws, is your own! And as to the joys, by division
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said—
(Though I never could see the addition Quite plain in the item of bread.)

Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed-For a sensible fellow, like you, It's high time to think of a bed, And muffins, and coffee for two. So have done with your doubts and delaying-No wonder the neighbors are saying 'Tis singular you should live single

## For the Ladies.

From Ballou's Pictorial.

## PARTING IN ANGER.

BY EVA MILFORD.

bottom of your sleigh when he was harnessing Selim, and he added the melancholy fact that the sleigh will be at the door in five

"So soon! Ah yes, it is already ten, but I could have sworn we had not been ten minutes risen from our eight o'clock breakfast : all your fault, naughty one."

"Yes, sir, but the letter-" "O, yes, the letter; give it to me, please." "Not till you tell me, traitor, who it is from. The handwriting is extremely pretty, and the seal of rose-colored wax is stamped with the motto, 'Ever thine!' Ever thine, indeed! Come, tell me at once the name of this sentimental correspondent, or rather give

me leave to read the letter; shall I?" "Indeed no. What! betray the secrets of one fair lady to the scrutiny of another, especially when both are young, beautiful, unmarried, and fond of the same unworthy

"Then she is all that!" "All what?"

"Why, young, beautiful, unmarried, and -and fond of you."

"All-especially the last." "Now you shall give me the letter, sir;"

and, although the young lady still smiled, there was an angry color beginning to deepen the rose of her cheek, and an angry light | joy at coming home and seeing you again I kindling in her hazel eyes. Ralph Morton saw these symptoms, and

just the least shade of sternness and determination peeped over the smile upon his lips,

"Shall, Margie! That isn't a pretty word for such rosy lips, child; and to punish you, this unfortunate letter shall at once be condemned to an uato-da-fe, and its contents at once be lost to mortal ken."

As the young man spoke, he snatched the letter from the young girl's hand, and cast it into the midst of a fiery see of blazing coal which filled the ample grate.

Hot words rose to Margaret's lips as she devoted letter, and that which till now had been only a playful wish now rose to vital importance.'

"I will never forgive him," was the first thought, but she bit her lips and walked to never been denied anything. 'It is the first the window before she spoke, and then she time Emma and James have been to see us,

turned, and said calmly and politely : "Your sleigh is at the door, Mr. Morton, | you will be home to dinner at two." and I have the honor to wish you good morn-

ing;" and she moved to the door of the library, where her father sat. "Stop, Margie, one minute! It was rude

of me to snatch the letter from your hand, and for that I beg your pardon. Kiss me, love, before I go, wont you?"

"I will forgive you, when you tell me who wrote the letter, and what it was a-

"Have you not yet learned, Margaret, that demands do not succeed with me so well as requests? Kiss me, and be my own sweet Margie, and I will repeat the letter verba-

"Repeat the letter first, and then we will speak of the other proposition."

"No, Margaret, not if you never kiss me own way as to make the promise." again." And now the look of stern determination was unmistakable, and the proud lips | you think about it, that you have said that.' instead of smiling, pressed hard against each

ton." And the angry rose and the angry lieve, withheld me, and I answered very

light burned bright on cheek and eye. "Farewell, Miss Leslie! And in another minute the jingling sleigh-bells made music which Margaret did not hear, for her bright head was buried in the cushions of the couch, and the voice of her own weeping filled her

"What! Ralph gone without bidding us society?" good-by?" said a cheery voice, as the door opened ten minutes after, and a face beaming with love and geniality looked into the room; but when Mrs. Murry saw the lithe figure lying so crushed and forlorn upon the couch, and heard the stifled sobs, she came quickly in, and, shutting the door, approached her niece with a face so full of sympathy and grief, that one could well see that "she, too, had wept."

"Margie, darling, what is the matter?-These are not the light tears which Ralph's departure might cause. Is it anything which you may tell me, dear?"

"O, aunt!" sobbed Margie, without lifting her head. "It was a hateful letter, and -and he called me Miss Leslie, and said farewell and so-"

"Margie, Margie, you have not parted in anger! Do not tell me that."

The low voice, usually so calm and sweet, had in it such a tremor of apprehension and agitation that the girl involuntarily looked up and saw with alarm that every vestiege of color had faded from her aunt's face, and that her eyes were full of anguish and alarm. "Aunty, darling, what is it? Why do you look at me so? You do not think he will never-" A fresh burst of sobs choked Margie's voice, and her head went down again upon the cushions.

"Child, if you knew what I know, if you felt what I have and do, you would not ask why it fills my heart with sorrow and dismay to know that you and your noble lover have parted in anger. Listen, my darling, and I will tell you what I had thought never could pass my lips; but I believe there is no sacrifice, dear child, dear daughter, that I would not make to save you from treading the dark and bitter path through which my steps lay for so many years."

"You, dear aunt? I thought you had always been as happy as you have made every one about you ever since I can remember.' "When you were born, my darling, my prow was many years old, as men count

though new and ever young to me. "Time was, Margaret, when I too was young and gay and fair, and I too loved and I was again gasping out : was beloved. Every one that knew him praised and admired Henry Murray, and those whom he loved loved back again with a passion that was almost adoration. My Ralph, here is a letter which John just father and mother gave me to him more brought me, saying that he found it in the willingly than they had thought they could yield their only child to any one, for they felt sure I should be happy. And so we were married, and went to Henry's mother's for our bridal tour. O, those few weeks! what promise of a long life of Lappiness was bound up in them! and then we came home, to our own wedded home. That fairy cottage-I see it now, nestling among the trees and shrubs which quite hid it from the road. Often, between sleeping and waking, I distinctly perceive that delicious aromatic perfume which constantly filled the air around it, from the millions of flowers that were in their glory that balmy month of June.

"It was the second month-O, my God! only the second month of our marriage, when one delicious morning Henry came to give me the kiss and embrace without which he had never yet left me, even for a few minutes. His horse stood saddled at the gate, his hat and gloves were in his hand as he entered the room. O, how handsome, how beaming he looked! how my whole heart went out to him, and thanked God for making me his

"'My darling,' he said, 'I must entreat your pardon for my forgetfulness; here is a note which was left by a footman at my counting-room yesterday for you, and which in my

quite forgot.' "He handed me the note, which I took with a look assuring him of pardon. I found it was from an intimate friend of mine, who had been married upon the same day that we were, and whose husband was dear to both Henry and me. It announced their intention of coming out to dine and spend the day and told me to beg Henry to come home early, as James had something in particular to

say to him. "You will come home to dinner, love, won't you !' said I, after reading the note to

" ·I don't know, petite, said he: 'I would saw the flames wrap themselves around the like it, of course, but I have an engagement for three o'clock, which I am afraid cannot

be postponed.' " But it must be postponed," said I, with the wilfulness of a petted child, who has and you must give me a positive promise that

" 'Don't ask me to do that, Mary dear, for perhaps I shall find it impossible. You know t won't answer for a young merchant like | per. me, just starting in business, to be negligent; and unless Mr. Monroe can see me this morning, I must wait in town till afternoon." "And so this Mr. Monroe is more impor-

tant to you than the wishes of your wife! said I. pouting. "Don't talk so, Mary, for you know it is

"Promise, then, to come home to dinner. "I have told you, Mary, that I cannot properly give you a promise. I will certain-

" 'I'm sure I don't care whether you come or not, if you won't give up so much of your

" 'Mary, I know you will be sorry, when

"I do not think I shall ever regret so true an expression of my feelings.'

" 'Do you mean, Mary,' said my husband, in a deeply-wounded voice, that unless I will conform exactly to your wishes, or rather commands, that you do not care for my

"Exactly. "Henry did not speak again, nor did l turn my head; but as I still gazed from the window, I saw him mount his beautiful black horse, Sultan, and ride away. The expression of that noble face haunts me to this very moment-so deeply pained and wounded, so justly displeased. Had he looked around, I would have recalled him, and made peace on any terms; but his looks were to the ground, and his movements so rapid that before I made up my mind to call him he was gone.

"As he disappeared, a terrible feeling of despair and wretchedness came over me. I would have given the world, had it been in my grasp, to recall him, to humble myself. and ask his forgiveness; but the moment had passed; no tears, had they been of blood, no prayers, had they been an agony of supplication, could ever recall it. 'Ah well,' murniured I, 'it will be but a few hours, and he will be at home.' Even as I spoke, a deadly shudder shook my frame. A few

"My friends arrived, and I strove to greet them gaily and cordially; but my thoughts, my attention, were not with them; my ear was constantly strained to catch the hollow sound of horses' feet upon the little bridge ust below our cottage. At last I heard them in the distance-a furious clatter over the bridge and up the little avenue; but I knew it was not him I longed for. A nameless dread crept over me, and I seemed frozen to

my chair. " 'Heavens ! Mary, what is the matter?" eried Emma; and at the same instant a sharp peal from the door bell rang through the house, and in a moment the servant said at the open door:

"A gentleman would like to speak a few words with you in the hall, Mrs. Murray.' "I rose and went out as if in a dream. A stranger stood there, looking at once embarrassed and sympathetic. Before he could speak, I said, in a strange, muffled voice:

" 'Is he dead?" ".Then you have heard, stranger, somewhat relieved : he said something clse, I believe, but I heard it not, for

" 'Is he dead ? "No, Mrs. Murray, he still breathed when I left, but if you would see him alive. I think you should come at ouce. I left word at the little tavern in the village for a chaise

and driver to be sent up, and here they are.'

"By this time Emma and her husband, hearing something of our conversation, had come out; and it was her kind hands which arrayed me for this terrible ride, and her husband placed me in the chaise, and silently, after a few directions from the stranger, took the reins, and drove rapidly through the village, and about a mile beyond. We stopped at a common sort of a house, in the yard of which Sultan stood tied to a tree.

" 'Come rightin,' said a woman who seemed to be watching for us at the door. 'But I'm most afraid he's gone. He was sinking fast when I came out to look for you.' My friend led or rather carried me into the room -that room where lay my darling, my noble, gallant husband-where he lay dying. O my God! I did not know till then how keen an anguish the heart may bear, and yet sur-

"The sight of that dearly-loved form, that morning so replete with manly grace and strength, now so crushed and helpless, aroused me from the stupor into which I had fallen. I rushed forward, exclaiming :

"'Henry, Henry! don't you know your own Emma, your wife?' "He smiled faintly, and opened his eyes,

but he could not see me, and in another minute they closed gently, the smile faded from his face, and I was alone-alone with my great sorrow.

"I heard long afterward, for it was months ere I could hear his name spoken, that he had exerted himself that morning to find Mr. Monroe, had transacted his business with him, and was riding at a quick pace towards home, when, in passing a heavilyloaded country wagon, Sultan shied violently, throwing him among the wheels, which, before the horses could be stopped, passed over him, cruelly mangling his limbs, and injuring him internally so severely that death was the only relief to which be could have look-

"My child, do you know now why I left so agitated when I found that Rulph and you had parted in anger?"

Mrs. Murray rose, with a countenance sadly moved from her usual serenity, and left the room; nor did she leave her chamber for

Margie raised herself from the couch with the look of a sudden resolution in her eyes. She walked steadily into the library, where her father still sat reading his morning pa-

"Father, can John be spared to go into the city for me this morning?

"Why, I don't know, you hussy; what do you want now—ribbons—gewgaws—eh?"
"No, papa, but a note—"

"A note-and who is it for?" "For Ralph, papa."

"For Ralph! Why, it isn't an hour since he left here. Well, well, you puss, don't look as if you were going to cry, and send John to the world's end, if you like." The note was sent, and was worded as fol-

"Can a kiss be sent in a letter?-MAR-

The answer was as follows:

beautiful, and unmarried?" RALPH." so true, that I could have cast myself weep
"Good morning—no farewell, Mr. Moring on his breast; but an evil spirit, I being on his breast; but an evi

"It can. May a man have a sister, 'young,

THE BEAUTY OF WOMAN. BY W. WALMSLEY BILBY.

"Beauty is but skin deep." -Old Proverb.

Ah, let all the sages coldly speak
Of raven curl and dimpled check;
Say that beauty lies not beneath the skin,
Proves no worth the heart within;
Tell us it fades, and withers, and dies As the bubble bursts and the shadow flies Against it all their wisdom set;— We need them not, and we love it yet. Glorious beauty! By God 'twas given First, as a signet mark of heaven; And stained though it be with sin or care,

We trace some mark of its bright birth there. Beauty of womand ling or on

When every charm of earth is gone, And the glorious woman that Adam met In Paradise-preserve us vet. The eye its dearest tale will tell, The sweet lip bear its mission well; The blood will come in tell-tale checks When beauty smiles or beauty speaks. We are growing weary, and harsh and cold, But the sense of the beautiful ne'er grows old; That morning sun will never set, And in life's last day we shall love it yet.

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN. "I believe Eugenie de Montijo is the happiest woman in the world!" said a friend to us the other day; "Gifted with youth, beauty and accomplishments; sharing the throne of a powerful empire; with a child, born to a brilliant destiny, and a husband, who, they say, is devotedly attached to her; with all France, bowing in homage at her shrine, and shouting lastily, "Vive l'Imperatrice;" with every wish gratified, nay, anticipatedwhat can she ask more? Certainly she must be the happiest woman in the wide world !" Do you believe it, dear reader? Tell us, fair lady of the cloudless brow, on whose check blush the roses of dawning womanhood, in whose soft blue eyes shines the light

hear the echo of the pleasant thoughts within-do you believe this? To-day as you busy yourself about the preparations for your bridal on the morrow. now flitting into the pantry to lift the spotless napkins, and peep at the 'wedding cake,' so temptingly arranged beneath; now picking up here and there some trifle of your own and laying it in your already closely packed trunks; now stealing into the garden to see if the white flowers will blossom for your robe and veil, and smiling as you mark the | moral and intellectual perfection. crimson that breaks over your cheek, neck, name, that will be yours-do you believe in the world? We fancy we hear the "no,"

"Surely I am happier!" Young mother, whom we saw not long ago, ral cottage, we ask you the same question.

can boast of no fretted dome; no long vistas our ladies. of spleudor, opening on every hand, till the eye is weary of gazing; no broad palacegardens whose glories rival those of Babylon, the fallen. You have but a lowly cot, with bright-hued flowers.

royal robes, no jeweled crown. He comes with our personal happiness, and a knowl- well. Wash the cullender clean. Put the in from his toil in his coarse garments, with his sleeves rolled up, and his straw hat set form the duties of life are carelessly disre- fresh pan of warm water, working it lightly jauntily on his damp locks. To him you garded, and disease and insanity are the re- up and down, till the steam has rinsed off might fitly apply this description of Long- sult. fellow's "Village Blacksmith"-

"His hair is crisp and dark, and long His cheek is like the tan; His brow is wet with honest sweat, He earns what'er he can; And looks the whole world in the face,

He never raised you to a seat on a monarch's throne, but he sits with you at eventide, in the cool shadows which gather about your cottage door, and talks to you so tenderly, that you forget your weariness and your of his noble heart, and you know that if sor-

be raised for your support. The boy who lies in vonder cradle, has no pillow of down, no cloud of Valenciennes his upper lip or under lip. Rather ask the it is done working, which will be in seven or sweeping against his brow, no velvet drapery following questions: Has he any heredita- eight days. Cork it tight and keep it in a folded over him. He has no high-sounding title, no sceptre but the rattle, which pleases his childish fancy. There were no pompous or scrofula? Has he lived a temperate life? in each bottle. Cork and seal close. If the you don't know anything about it. Oh, no! ceremonies at his christening, but the old Has he any self-respect? Is he industrious? wine is kept for twelve months, it will still Can't, for the soul of you, tell why he nevpastor said with solemn carnestness, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son. and the Holy Ghost," and loving hearts reverently responded 'Amen!' to the simple and forgiving, or petulent and malicious? Does touching prayer for God's blessing, which followed the rite. The world does not know | the Deity? that there is such a child as your little pet,

But if by some magic, you could exchange places with Eugenie, would you give up your lot and take hers? "No," we think you answer with strong emphasis, and we are not at a loss to "guess" why. You like your humble home better than the palaces of France, your simple pleasures better than you would not barter your kind, honest husband for Louis Napoleon, lucky man as he seems to be, nor your baby for the Imperial infant, whose birth has set all France crazy

Perhaps you remember reading in some from her, and whose graceful head was doom- aim. ed to the "busy guillotine." It may be that you also remember how Josephine, the di-

ing of these things, you cannot believe Eugenie the happiest woman in the world, however brilliant her lot may seem. You too declare, "I am happier than she."

To you, good, old mother in Israel far on ter. your pilgrimage to a better land, we would now turn. Do you believe the Empress of ticles with a sponge and cold water (without France happier than anybody else in the world? soap,) dredge while damp with flour, and You have few outward joys; those whom you once loved and trusted are widely scattered, and many of the names you used to speak so fondly, are chiselled now on gray tombet nes | scalding hot, is excellent to restore rusty Iin the church-yard. The buoyancy of youth, the strength and courage of middle line, are like muslin, it will look as good as new. gone forever; you are feeble and infirm; your earthly riches have taken to themselves wings, and you are poor -do you not sigh ling water, then fasten a bit of sponge to the for Eugenie's youth, and beauty, and wealth | end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and and honor? "No," we hear you reply; "I wash the brush. Next pour some hot water have drank of the fountain of eternal youth, and have only to put off his worn-out frame to be young again, I have 'a house not made | half an ounce; prepared chalk, two ounces; with hands' in yonder sky; a promise of cuttle-fish-bone (powdered,) half an ounce; 'peace like a river,' where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest !-"I am happier than Eugenie."

Ah! from many a northern-fireside; from the pioneer's hut in the far West; from pleasant southern homes, where the Olive Branch is a weekly visitor, we hear this reply to our tions. question-"No! Eugenie of France is by no means the happiest woman in the world." Olive Branch.

MATRIMONY.

To be serious; matrimony is a serious matter, and every young lady should ask herself a few serious questions before seriously engaging in this important relation .-Questions of a personal character should specting the second person might freely be bake it in a hot oven. of joy, in whose clear and silvery laugh we discussed.

The general way, however, is for each one to examine the other, and to forget to examine themselves. Nothing is more common than for a young lady to make numerous in- The proprietor of one of the oldest silver esquiries, respecting the character of her anticipated, or intended husband (all of which we do not object to), without asking one solitary question respecting herself. A profitable question might be asked in reference to the perfection or imperfection of the physical system; for on the perfection of the bridal boquet; now "trying on" the snowy physique depends, to a great extent, the

and forchead, while gazing at yourself in the | had a host of superior suitors (all of which | not subject the articles to so much wear and old mirror; and now looking over the neat were unsuccessful), on being asked the quescards, and half timidly repeating the new tion why she so tenaciously held to the sin- linen, and then tack the lace or collar gle state, remarked, 'That she was too well that Eugenie of France is the happiest woman acquainted with her physical imperfections, er it with calico. Boil it thus for twenty so firmly spoken by your sweet lips, and the to make another being miserable, or to en- and the lace will be found ready for use. If mighty voice of an omnipotent God. Oh! words breathed in a softer tone perhaps, tail constitutional defects on the race of hu- a long piece of lace is to be washed, it must be saved from much physical and mental edge of each round a little above (or below) moving so cheerfully around your quiet, ru- suffering, if ladies in similar conditions the last: a few stitches at the beginning and Your home has not the magnificence of sorry to say there is a great deal too much lar requires more tacking to keep it firm. Versailles, St. Cloud, or the Tuilleries; it false modesty on subjects of this kind among

The piano forte is studied much more than physiology or the laws of life and health, which are of paramount importance. It vines weaving their green drapery over its ence of ladies to listen to a lecture on phys- soiled, wash it as follows: Steep it in warm walls in summer, and trees rising tall and | iology or phrenology, however chaste or credgraceful around it. Your garden is only a itable, while exhibitions of a frivolous and it out lightly, and soap it well with the best small enclosure, where there are plenty of degrading nature, such as Magic and Negro | white soap. Lay the rigolette, loosely, in a useful vegetables, and a few beds, rich in tomfoolery, will be patronized to their full Your husband has no proud heritage, no matter, which are inseparably connected cool. Then squeeze it out, and shake it edge of which seem indispensable to per-

This inquiry respecting the physical qual- dry it fast in the sun. ifications for matrimony on the part of ladies, is not a matter to be trifled with, and of berries add one quart of water; suffer it what ever might be said of other qualifica- to stand twenty-four hours; strain first tions, we hold this as one vitally important. through a cullender then through a jelly Morals and intellect are always expected in bag; and to every gallon of the juice add ladies, so that it is not essential to urge the three pounds of good brown sugar, the

necessity of their possession. We will now glance in a very brief man- piece of isinglass (three inches square will ner on the questions a young lady should be be enough for three gallons) dissolved in the satisfied on, respecting the person she in- juice a little spice, one nutmeg, one dozen cares. He loves you with all the devotion tends to make the partner of her hopes and cloves; the spice should be beaten and put fears. In the first place don't allow things in a small linen bag, then dropped in. Afrow should come, his strong right arm would of no consequence to blind you in reference ter all are well mixed, put it into a stone to things of great importance. Don't marry | jug filled up and kept full with some of the a man because he has or has not not hair on same juice reserved for that purpose, until ry disease? Is he predisposed to consump- cold place for three or four months; then man who daresn't say "I love you," though tion? Is he inclined to appeplexy, dropsy | pour it off in bottles, with a little loaf sugar | his eyes told the story long ago! Of course Does he appreciate the arts and sciences?-Does he know anything, or does he want to with age. know anything? Is he magnanimous and he respect religion, and venerate old age and

The majority of these questions will be and wise men have not yet begun to prophesy found of vast importance for a young lady being woven with the woof of chilhood, to understand. Other questions respecting the person's ability to support a wife, &c., might be asked with equal confidence. The those who have made it a particular study. royal pageants. We will venture to say that Above all things don't suppose that beauty of years, and outlive the maturer but less is a substitute for brains. Beauty is very desirable when accompanied with intelligence, and by it beauty is made more beautiful, but monotonous indeed will that face soon become that has nothing to commend its own regularity and ornamental trimmings. by gone hour, as you sat rocking your boy to Again: Wait not for riches nor reject them sleep, about the beautiful but ill-fated Marie when other things are equal. A wise poor gotten waste. You have, perhaps, seen an spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was Antoinette, whose hair bleached in one night man is better than a rich fool. Let worth old and half obliterated portrait and in the then, ne'er before occurred, when the ratfrom intense agony, whose children were torn and right, not wealth and might, be your attempt to have it cleaned and restored you tling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I

vorced wife of Napoleon, the conqueror, sor- not tell your mother, is a dangerous secret, drawn upon the canvass, is an apt illustra- And a sudden shower made my eyes blind, rowed in her latter years, and how Louis and one that will be likely to bring you sor- tion of youth, and though it may be conceal- I neither saw nor stirred, but the rattling Mrs. Sigourney.

USEFUL RECIPES.

GLASS.-Glass should be washed in cold water; which gives a brighter and clearer appearance to it than when washed in warm wa-

PAPIER MACHE. - Wash papier mache arpolish with a piece of flannel.

To RESTORE CRAPE.—Skimmed milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made talian crape. If clapped and pulled dry,

HAIR BRUSHES .- To clean hair-brushes, put a spoonful of pearlash into a pint of boiover it, and dry before the fire. CAMPHORATED TOOTH-PASTE. - Camphor,

rose pink half an ounce; honey in sufficient proportion to make the whole into a paste. The "Rose Toothpaste" is made by the mere substitution of otto of roses for camphor; and the same paste is sold under various names and appearances by similar substitu-

CORN BREAD .- Take seven pints yellow corn meal, three pints wheat flour and mix them well together, then six eggs, well broken, two cups of melted butter and a little salt and sugar to suit the taste. Put this mass together, and mix with milk to make a batter about the consistency or stiffness of paste prepared for drop-cake. Then dissolve three tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, and the same of soda, pour it upon the mass, stir first occupy the attention, then questions re- it thoroughly, and dip at once into pans, and

WASHING SILVER WARE.—It seems that | quered. housekeepers who wash their silver ware with soap and water, as the common practice is, do not know what they are about .tablishments in the city of Philadelphia, says that "housekeepers ruin thier silver by washing it in soap suds; it makes it look like pewter. Never put a particle of soap about your silver; then it will retain its original lustre. When it wants polish take a peice

of soft leather and whiting, and rub it hard." To WASH LACE.—The following method of washing lace, lace collars, and crotchet humble Christian, and looked back to my A maiden lady of rank and wealth, who collars, will be found excellent, while it does miserable unbelief with horror. tear. Cover a glass bottle with calico or smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and covand her duty toward God and her country, | minutes in soft water; let all dry together, man beings. We opine that the world would be wound round and round the bottle, the would act with similar judgment. We are end will be enough to keep it firm. A col-

To WASH A RIGOLETTE. - A rigolette is a hood netted or knitted of fine white wool or zephyr yarn, and ornamented with little fringe balls of the same. Ladies wear them as covering for their heads when going to would be scarcely possible to get an audi- plays or concerts. When a rigolette becomes water till the water becomes cool; squeeze clean cullender. Set the cullender over a extent. Thus the great laws of mind and pan of boiling water, and let it steam until rigolette again into it, and place it over a the soap. Then open it out; shake it, and

white of two eggs, beaten to a froth, with a

THE FIRESIDE. The fireside is a seminary of infinite im-

portance. It's important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of peculiar physical temperament and mental the earth. The learning of the university organizations that are the most congenial to may fade from the recollection, its classic each other, and constituted to live happily lore may moulder in the halls of the memotogether, might be known by consulting ry, but the simple lessons of home enameled upon the heart in childhood, defy the rust vivid pictures of after days.

pressions of early life, that you often see a o'er the pan, and neither spoke a word, but man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the in his recollection the events of his child- sound we heard. The auburn curls hung hood, while all the wide space between that down, Kate, and kissed thy lily ceek; thy and the present hour, is a blasted and for- azure eyes, half filled with tears, bespoke a have seen it fade away, while a brighter and heard. I thought it was not wrong, Kate, still more perfect picture, painted beneath, so learning o'er the dish, as you snatched up To DAUGHTERS.—The secret you dare is revealed to view. This portrait, first a lot of beans, I snatched a nectared kiss. ed by some after design, still the original of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I traits will shine through the outward picture, heard.

giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fire-side-the great

institution furnished for our education.

HER SILENCE SAVED ME. "I remember," said a young man, "being n company with several thoughtless girls. Among them, however, there was one exception; a serious, quiet and beautiful woman, whose religious opinions were well known, and whose pen had for a long time spoken eloquently in the cause of truth and virtue through the columns of our village paper .-Suddenly I conceived the thought of bantering upon her religious subjects, and with the fool-hardiness of youth and the recklessness of impiety, I launched forth with some stale infidel objection that none but 'the fool who saith in his heart there is no God,' would venture to reiterate. The flock of silly goslings about me laughed and tittered. and, I, encouraged by their mirth, grew bold, and repeatead my inunendoes, occasionally glancing slyly towards the principal butt of all my fun. She did not seem to notice me at all; she did not smile, did not look

away, did not look at me. Still I continued my impious harangue, thinking she must refute something, that she would not surely hear her own faith held up to ridicule by a beardless boy. The snickerers around me gradually began to glance towards her. Her face was so quiet, so even solemn in its quiet, that seriousness stole over them, and I stood alone, striving, by my own senseless laughter, to buoy up

my fast sinking courage. Still she never spoke, nor smiled-scarcely moved; her immobility grew awful; I began to stutter-to pause-to feel cold and strange-I could not tell how. My courage oozed off; my heart grew faint-I was con-

That night after I went home, in reflecting over my fool-hardy adventure, I could have scourged myself. The sweet angelic countenance of my mute accuser, came up before me even in the visions of the night; I could not sleep. Nor did I rest, till, some days after, I went to the home of the lady I had insulted and asked her pardon. Then she spoke to me, how mild ! how Christian-

ly! how sweetly! I was subdued; melted down; and it was not long after that I became, I trust, an

with warmth, with sneer, or with rebuke, I should have grown stronger in my bantering and more determined in my opposition. But she was silent, and I felt as if my voice was striving to make itself heard against the how often would it be better, if, instead of vain argument or hot dispute, the Christian would use the magic of silence, utter silence. -Olive Branch.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION .- That mysterious influence exercised by the mind over the body, is well illustrated in the following case, contained in Dr. Warren's excellent treatise on the "Preservation of

Health :" "Sometime since a female presented herself to me, with a tumor, or swelling of the sub-maxillary gland of the neck. It was about the size of an egg, has lasted two years, and was so very hard that I considered any effort to dissipate it by medicine to be vair,

and advised its removal by an operation. "To this, the patient could not bring her mind; therefore, to satisfy her wish, some applications of considerable activity were directed to be made to the part, and these she pursued a number of weeks without any change. After this she called on me, and with some hesitation, begged to know whether an application recommended to her would BLACKBERRY WINE.—To every 3 pints in my opinion, be safe. This consisted in applying the hand of a dead man three times to the diseased part. One of her neighbors now lay dead, and she had an opportunity of trying the experiment, if not thought dangerous. At first I was disposed to divert her from it, but recollecting the power of the imagination, gravely assured her that she might make the trial, without apprehension of serious consequences. Awhile after she presented herself once more, and, with a smiling countenance, informed me she had used this remedy, and no other; and on examining for the tumor, it had disappeared."

To Young Ladies .- If there's anything in the world that is quite interesting, it's a be better; and it will continue to improve er comes near you without a tremor, or what possesses him to say "yes" instead of "no," or to kiss your little brother so often, and give him so much sugar-candy! Have no idea why he looks so embarrassed when you take another gentleman's arm or smile at him. Don't see him pick up a rosebud that you dropped from your girdle and hide it in his vest! You don't notice how long he takes putting your shawl on. You haven't the slightest suspicion where the mate of your little kid glove went, the last time you went for a walk; you are not at all magnetically affected yourself! Oh, no! not a bit of it!

POETRY SOBERED DOWN .- I'm thinking of the time. Kate, when sitting by thy side, and shelling beans I gazed on thee, and felt So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the im- a wondrous pride. In silence leaned we