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POETRY.

WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Of all amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very cheap diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to fatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel
As only gold can break it.

I wish that sympathically
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion—
That scorn and jealousy and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep,
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed the pious teacher,
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching.

I wish that modern worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were lovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth,
To be the glorious real.
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supreme blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

HISTORICAL.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

April 19th of the present year was the fifty-third anniversary of the battle of Lexington, the initiatory fight from which have sprung such vast events in the history of the world.

At a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, Hon. George Bancroft read a paper on the battle of Lexington, being in substance a chapter of his forthcoming History of the Revolution. The learned historian has narrated the story in eloquent sentences and in a charming style.

On the afternoon, he says, of the 18th of April, the day on which the provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept, and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of the troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communications. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of the party who observed their departure.
"What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, despatched Wm. Daves through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles river. All was still as suited the hour. The ship was winding with

the young flood, the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon, while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel.

A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback, but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Melford. As he passed on, he waked the Captain of the minute men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of 12 and 1, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divided at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Daves, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty," from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Daves were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a peal from the bell of the meeting house, called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock, that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms proved his sincerity, and strengthened their sense of duty.

From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and valleys from minute men spread the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of sleep by the cries! How wives, with heaving breasts, bravely seconded their husbands; how the country men, fencible suddenly to arms, without guides or counselors, took instant counsel of their courage! The night chorus of voices rose from the scattered farm houses, and as it were from the very ashes of the town. "Come forth, O ye sons of liberty, now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and homesteads; rescue the houses of the God of your fathers, the franchises handed down to your ancestors. Now all is at stake; the battle is for all."

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clarke, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representatives to demand a "radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted to increase their stock of ammunition, "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defence against their enemies."

In December they distributed to the "strain hand and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved to supply the training soldiers with bayonets.

At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with the old also, who were exempt, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed, with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their homes, some to the tavern near the southeast corner of the Common.

Adams and Hancock, whose prescription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pickens a major of marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and the drums beat, not a call to village husbands only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy—perhaps less than sixty obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting house.

How often in that building had they, with reverent professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers, and the protector of their liberties. How often on that village green, hard by the burial place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of freedom. There they stood, side by side under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspecting of immediate danger. The ground on which they stood was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load. The remaining companies came up; and, at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out—"Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?"

The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker therefore ordered his men to disperse. Then and not till then, did a few of them on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the 10th light infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops, and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was prepared to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stifled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning drum beat. So perished Robert Munroe, the same who had been seized at Louisburgh, so fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Jonathan Harrington, jr., who was struck in front of his own house on the north side of the Common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, as he rose in her sight, he tottered, fell again, then crawled on his hands and knees towards his dwelling, she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on the threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed, after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British on the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding, the grass growing rankly a full month before the time, the blue bird and the robin claddening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer, but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green, lay in death, the gray haired and the young; the grassy field was red with the innocent blood of their brethren slain; crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

Seven men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded, a greater part of them severely. Arms on the green. Those are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle they had begun. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from the accidental impulse of a moment; their action was the slowly ripened fruit of Providence and of time. The light that led them on was combined of rays from the whole history of the race: from the traditions of the Hebrews in the gray of the world's morning; from the heroes and sages of republican Greece and Rome; from the example of Him who had laid down his life on the cross for the life of humanity; from the religious creed which proclaimed the divine presence in man, and on this truth, as in a life boat floated the liberties of nations over the dark flood of the middle ages; from the customs of the Germans transacted out of their forest to the councils of Saxa England; from the burning faith and courage of Martin Luther; from trust in the universality of God's sovereignty as taught by Paul of Tarsus and Augustine, through Calvin and the divines of New England; from avenging fierceness of the Puritans who dashed down the nitre on the ruins of the throne; from the bold dissent and creative self assertion of the early emigrants to Massachusetts; from the statesman who made and the philosopher who expounded the revolution of England; from the liberal spirit and analyzing inquisitiveness of the eighteenth century; from the cloud of witnesses to the reality and rightfulness of human freedom. All the centuries bowed themselves from the presence of a past deity to cheer in their sacrifice the lowly men who proved themselves worthy of their forefathers, and whose children rise up and call them blessed.

Headless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, "O! what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

A LEXINGTON GIANT.—A religious fanatic, of singular appearance, is in jail at Petersburg, Va. He was found wandering about the streets, carefully carrying two Bibles. He is of gigantic size, and the object of much curiosity and sympathy. He calls himself John Diak, and stands six feet and eight inches in his stockings—is very finely proportioned to his height, and is apparently a giant in strength. He has what physiologists would call a magnificent head, his forehead large, round, well developed, his eyes clear, brows open and commanding, and features regular, though not prepossessing.

A MURDER BY A MOB.—Iowa City was, on the 11th inst., the scene of a mob, and of a horrid murder. The facts as we gather them from the Reporter and the Dubuque Herald are as follows:—A personal animosity existed between two men named Wilkinson and Phillips. On Monday night Phillips' barn was burned, and his partisans suspected Wilkinson of setting it on fire. On this naked suspicion they went to the house of Wilkinson, tore him from his wife and children, bound his hands behind his back, and cast him headlong into the Iowa river, and drowned him. Over thirty residents of Iowa City were concerned in this horrible act.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

Oh give us back the days of old,
The days of honest labor,
When man to man was frank and free,
And would not wrong his neighbor.

When men were not ashamed to work,
And cultivate the soil,
Seeking no other boon than that,
Which follows earnest toil.

When truth and right, and honest zeal,
Gave all their proper station;
And justice weighed in truthful scales,
And wisdom ruled the nation.

Our soldiers they were brave and true,
And neither crest or shield,
Were needed then to make them men,
In bivouac or field.

But let us not forget to pay
The tribute due to others,
And while we sing the men of old,
God bless our ancient mothers,

And let us pray that come they may,
The charming days of old,
When right was might, and honor bright,
Was valued more than gold.

Humorous.

"PATCH CHUWLY."

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends put up, are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosyncrasy of servant girls to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and his friend Robert were very careful of their respective toilets, and being in a courteous way, had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair oil cress was empty, they took the bottle which contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a whispering conversation with a laughing clerk, and mixing various articles into one bottle, and the following was the prescription handed as the contents.

Of Lard Asafetida, which for the information of our readers we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this one oz.

Of Lipitor Putasse, (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair off a dog in three seconds.) 1/2 oz.

Of Balsam of Fir, (the stickiest and gummiest article known.) one oz.

Of Honey one oz.

Of Alcohol, to make the ingredients fluid, 1 pint.

This was well "shook," and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil. The next day, (Sunday) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church, and after finishing, traveled down stairs. But they came another way in a few minutes, and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where, from a couple of pans of glass over the door, they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came in Dave's room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large red-headed one, "Mister Dave has some more of the ole, and my hair's as dry as powder; let's have a regular fix up wid the folks all away." This was agreed to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish with the fluid, which was quite thin in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red head says:

"Where, what smells so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure, it's the perfume," interrupted a short and dumpy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume, indeed," says red head,—"that's not perfume—it's the rafe bad smell."

"Mebbe," says the dumpy, "it's Patch Chuwly." I've heard folks say that Patch Chuwly smells dreadful at first; a person must get used to the smell before they like it. Sure it's a perfume used by the quality.

This satisfied red-head, and after a thorough oiling, they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious, what is it! Bless my soul Mr. G. I shall faint!" in the room! and a thousand other expressions were heard as the boarders got a pinch of the Patch Chuwly, when they entered the house. The master and mistress of the house, were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and vainly endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time, there were not half a dozen boarders at the table; and those who were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls who "oiled" were waiting on them.

Finally dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately breathed and suffocated. The day was a dry one to them, but it soon wore away. At night the girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of fir and honey, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that red head made, her comb caught, and through the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of the front hair came off red head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of the hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock to ornament with feathers, in Indian style. The other two girls met the same fate, and about ten o'clock that night they might have been seen wrapping their lost Patch Chuwly locks in pieces of paper. The

next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls, and with their "scissors" they departed in almost a scalded condition. The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles since then have been as sacred from touch as the tomb of Palestine.

A SPEECH IN OLD TIMES.

We find in one of our exchanges the following address delivered by Col. Cleveland to his men, when getting into action at King's Mountain. It is brief and to the point. Our brave ancestors were not given to much speaking in those days:

"My brave fellows," said the gallant old North Carolinian, "we have beat the Tories, and we can beat them. They are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men they would join with their fellow citizens in supporting the independence of their country. When engaged, you are not to wait for the word of command from me. I will show you by my example how to fight. I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself as an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can, and stand your ground as long as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees or retreat; but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us make a point to return, and renew the fight. Perhaps you may have better luck in the second attempt than the first. If any of you are afraid, such have leave to retire, and they are requested, immediately to take themselves off."

HORSE CHEWING TOBACCO.—The anti-tobacco men have paraded in triumph that man is the only animal which chews the weed. The following, from the Danville (Virginia) News, will be welcomed as a complete refutation:—"One of the physicians of our town owns a riding horse which loves tobacco to any good old eastern North Carolinian that ever rolled a quid under his tongue. The horse will take a quarter of a plug at a time, and chew it with avidity and apparent delight. But the strangest feature of the matter is, he swallows the price without becoming sick at the stomach or head."

The Dime Savings Bank in Baltimore, appears to have demonstrated the practicability of such institutions, and shown how large their annual report that the amount deposited during the financial year just closed, was \$93,503,47, making a total of \$177,668,64. Of this there has been drawn by deposits \$67,729,90, leaving on hand \$109,938,74. This exhibits an increase during the year of \$25,873,57, notwithstanding the pressure of the times has evidently caused the withdrawal of so large an amount as nearly \$68,000. The increase of deposits during the year has been 300, making in all at the present time 357.

A couple of idle fellows stepped into the colored church at Hartford, a few evenings since to enjoy the fun; but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked slowly around on his congregation. "Dredden," says he, at length, "May de Lor' have mercy on all de scoffers." (Long pause.) "May de Lor' have mercy on all de laughers." (Solemn pause.) "May de Lor' have mercy on the two pennut wabers down by de door." The two young men did not wait for the benediction.

An Irishman had been sick a long time and while in the condition, would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time; when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick said to him:

"An' how'd ye know, Jemmy, when you're dead? Ye're after waking up every time!"

"Bring me a glass of grog," said Jemmy, and say to me, here's till ye Jemmy, and if I don't rise and drink then bury me."

An exchange paper tells the story of a man who was found on a Sunday morning without a hat, sitting on a block of granite, with his bare feet in a brook, trying to catch a bad cold, so as to be able to sing bass at church.

"I have no fear that the devil will ever come for me," said a young man of questionable morals. "He will not be silly enough to take the trouble," said a bystander, "for you are going straight to him."

"Mr. President," said a member of a school committee: "I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the course of education. Had it not been for education I might have been as ignorant as yourself, Mr. President."

The Sunday Atlas in a fit of Revolutionary enthusiasm, says:

"Hurray for the girls of '76!"

"Thunder, that's too darned old. No, no—hurray for the girls of 18!"

Great men never affect anything. It is your three cent folks that put on airs, swells, and pomp.

"Father," said a boy in a theatre, "ain't that a bad box where the musicians are?"

Cotton soaked in alum and salt, it is said, will cure the torments of a hollow and aching tooth.

An Irishman yesterday morning went into the squad room of the Mayor's Police, and inquired of Officer Squad was in."

Kitchen girls are now termed "young ladies of the other parlor."

"My heart is thin," as the cabbage said to the cook-maid.

IK. MARVEL'S ADDRESS TO FARMERS.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, (Ik. Marvel) recently delivered the annual address before the Connecticut State Agricultural Society. From a condensed report in the Hartford papers, we select the following admirable closing paragraphs:—"But there is something worth living for besides money. That is very good, but it is not all. With the rest, let us raise good crops of ideas. While you are farmers, remember also, that you are men with duties and responsibilities. Live down the old brute notion that a farmer must be uncouth, uneducated and unthinking—a mere pioneer.

You are brought into immediate contact with the great heart of civilization. You cannot get out of the reach of the buzz of the toiling world. The lines of the wonder bearing wires and the rumble of the locomotive (the thunder tread of nations) come to your once secluded hill-side.

Move towards a better life. Do not keep your boys shelling corn all the long winter evenings. Make your farms a place that your sons and daughters cannot help loving. Cultivate the trees—they are God's messengers.—Don't say you care nothing for looks. You do care, else why did you build that two story white house with green blinds; and a cupola into which you never go? Or why did you years ago, carefully brush your coat and pluck up your shirt collar when you were starting on a Sunday evening, to visit that good woman who shares your home?

Care much more for looks and pictures. Don't keep a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month with a parson, or gossips of a sewing society. Hang around your walls, pictures which shall tell of stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lonely waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come across the waters of desolation, bringing always light, hope and love.

rooms you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

Don't teach your daughters French, before they can weed a flower bed or cling to a side saddle; and, daughters! do not be ashamed of the trowel and pruning knife. Bring to your doors the richest flowers from the woods, cultivate the friendship of birds; scorn the scamp who levels his murderous gun at the blue bird or the robin. Study botany, learn to love nature and seek a better and higher cultivation than the fashionable world would give you."

CULTIVATION OF CUCUMBERS.

Last spring a friend of mine and myself were planting cucumbers at the same time. I was planting mine, as is usual, in gardens by mixing a small portion of stable manure with the earth, and raising the hill an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Observing it, he jeocosely remarked: "Let me show you how to raise cucumbers." Never having much luck in raising them, I cheerfully agreed to his proposition. He commenced by making holes in the earth, at the distance intended for the hill, that would hold about a peck, he then filled them with dry leached ashes, covering the ashes with a very small quantity of earth. The seeds were then planted on a level with the surface of the ground. I was willing to see the experiment tried, but had no expectation but a loss of seed, labor and soil. But imagine my astonishment, (notwithstanding a dryer season was never known, and almost a universal failure of garden vegetables,) when I beheld vines remarkably thrifty, and as fine a crop of cucumbers as any one could wish to raise, and they continued to bear for an unusually long time. I will not philosophize on the subject—but say to all, try it; and instead of throwing your ashes away, apply them where they will be of use, and you will reap a rich reward.

A REMEDY FOR RATS.—When a house is infested by rats which refuse to nibble at the usual baits, a few drops of the highly scented oil of rhodium, poured on the bottom of a caged trap, will almost invariably attract it full of the "mischivous varmin'ts." We have known this to be tried with extraordinary success.—Where a trap baited with all manner of edibles had failed to attract a single rat, the oil of rhodium caused it to be completely crowded night after night, until the house was cleared of them.—Exchange.

TO CLEAN SILK.—Pare and slice thin three potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water, and add an equal quantity of alcohol.—Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry, iron it on the wrong side. The slightest colored silk may be cleaned and brightened by this process; also cloth, velvet or crape.

A cultivated mind and good heart will give an intellectual and even beautiful expression to the face.