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WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

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Political and Miscellaneous.

DEMOCRATIC RALLYING SONG.

Onward now! the day is breaking—
Forward to the noble strife!
Shout aloud—the echoes waking,
Songs of joy and gladness rife.

Onward now! the light is streaming
Over hill, and vale, and plain;
As its searching rays are beaming,
Midnight plotters hide in vain.

Onward now! behold them stealing,
In their pale and guilty flight—
Shrinking from that dread revealing,
Praying for the shades of night.

Onward now! for they are flying,
With their lanterns quenched and dim—
Their base hearts within them dying—
Trembling, faint in every limb.

Onward now! with hearts united—
Fell disunion is no more;
Forward by the faith we've plighted,
And the name we've proudly bore.

Onward now! the day is breaking—
Forward to the noble strife;
Shout aloud! the echoes waking
Songs with joy and gladness rife.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. B. REED,

Delivered at the Democratic Ratification Meeting in Philadelphia on the 10th ult.

FELLOW CITIZENS—I am here this evening by the kind invitation of your committee. I am here under the generous and comprehensive call of your meeting,—and I am here with as strong a wish as animates any one within the sound of my voice that the ticket nominated at Cincinnati may be successful. In coming here, I am conscious of no seperation from ancient friends or from existing political organizations, for the great party with which I have solely acted is practically extinct. No one stood by it longer than I did. Those who would now prostitute its name for others uses, (and even that is hardly pretended,) have no claim on my fidelity, and those who, without a change of feeling or opinion on any great principle of government, think there is something more sacred than a traditionary party name—they—and there are thousands such around us and amongst us—will, on the great question as to whose hands the trust of our Executive government shall be confided for the next four years, will come with me and vote with you. I am glad to be among the first of the great conservative party of this city, thus publicly to avow adhesion to the candidates of National Democracy. It may be, I am taking a hazardous step. It may be a sacrifice.—But, be it what it may, no one shall say it is a half-way, timid hesitating step—or that now, after a life of very decisive politics, I hesitate to do that which every sentiment of loyalty to the Constitution, of clear duty to my native State and to my native city prompts. Thus feeling, thus speaking, thus very willing to act—coming too as a private and undistinguished citizen, with no ends to gain, no aspiration to gratify, I consider I I shall be welcome.

But I have a special and a local object in being here to-night; and wish that what I say could reach every man of business in the community, for, on the ground of mere local interest, I can demonstrate which side Philadelphia ought to take in the issue now before the people. Shall the capital of Pennsylvania, this metropolis so often postponed, so much overshadowed, cast its influence and throw its vote—is it wise, is it patriotic, is it politic for it to throw its vote against a Pennsylvania candidate for the Presidency?—Especially is it wise to do so when the vote would, in all human probability, be cast in favor of a principle of sectionalism against which Philadelphia has always arrayed itself? With aggresive sectionalism in any form, this City of the Constitution never has had, and never can have communion, and I cherish the hope that, if Philadelphia hereafter finds herself obliged to choose between a merely Abolition cause in any form or guise, and the National party which knows no higher law than the Constitution, and makes its principles conservative of the Union, her citizens will come forward to the support of Mr. Buchanan with as zealous and hearty a will, as I feel it my duty to do now. Temporary and national excitements may have their influence of delay, but the ultimate result is certain. When Mr. Buchanan was last here, returning from public service to his home, the politicians barred the door against him. No welcome greeted him from official lips. But the men of business, the merchants of Philadelphia took the duty in their own hands. They thanked him for maintaining their honor abroad.—They thanked him for his effort to maintain peace, and with it the interests of commerce and peaceful industry. To them he spoke words of genial gratitude and of conservative counsel—and they now feel, differing as they may from him politically, that the interests of the Nation are safe in his hands. He stands before us too a man of irreproachable private character. If during the canvass about to begin, Mr. Buchanan maintains, as I am sure he will, his attitude of dignified moderation, of admonitory reserve to all who from any quarter urge a contra-ultraism,—if he continues to stand as he now does before the nation the type of conservative statesmanship, with no abatement of fidelity to the great party who in honoring him, honors itself, I, as one of its humblest citizens, invite him back to Philadelphia to a new and heartier welcome. I shall be glad to see a Pennsylvania President welcomed in Indedendence Hall.

This matter of State pride, this local exultation in honors rendered to our own public men, must not be looked on as an illusory sentiment. Your distinguished guests to-night, from other States, will not think the worse of us for indulging it. It is that which has made Virginia the Mother of Presidents. She nurses her children like a lovely mother, and does not bind them out or cast them off without care as to what becomes of them. It was that which made Massachusetts cling to Mr. Webster; North Carolina to William Gaston; and South Carolina to Mr. Calhoun and her other honored son, William Lowndes, (a representative from Carolina, whom it was her pride to send to the Halls of Congress, men of peaceful, gentle chivalry,) and which bound Kentucky, by devotion that never abated, to Mr. Clay. And now, when for the first time for seventy years, a Pennsylvania Statesman is named for the highest honor in the Nation's gift, have we not a right, nay, is it not our duty to avow the throbbing of the same pure sentiment in our heart? If the habit of easy self-sacrifice, the readiness to be content with small honors and subordinate offices which has been so long the discredit and shame of Pennsylvania, if all this have not chilled to absolute indifference every natural emotion of honest pride in our bosom, this commonwealth will speak out for her honored son in tones which will not soon die away in silence—and from no part, if her feelings and opinions on points of public policy be moderately respected, will there be a stronger and heartier utterance from this her Whig metropolis.

But there is an actual political significancy in these nominations, that of Mr. Breckenridge, as well as that of the President, as respects locality, that cannot be overlooked. It is no extreme of territory that furnishes the candidates. They come from the Middle States, from the very centre of the Union, for Kentucky, strictly speaking, is no longer a Western State. They are the representatives of that central band which encircles the Union, and which, if ever the Union is severed, must break asunder in ragged edges to tear and wound by the animosity of frontier warfare. Kentucky and Pennsylvania, though with different social institutions, are of the same political parallel of moderation on all national questions, and of unwavering fidelity to the Constitution and the Union.—Pennsylvania is one of the Old Thirteen, and Kentucky is their oldest child—at least their first-born beyond the Alleghany mountains. The beautiful river which washes the shores of Kentucky and on which floats the friendly commerce of so many *united States*, is formed of Pennsylvania streams. Fanaticism has not, and never has had, a foot-hold in Pennsylvania, except, perhaps, near the New York line, or on the edge of the Western Reserve, and Kentucky has never sent a child of her honored soil into the councils of the nation, whose acts or words gave pain, or alienated the hearts of patriotic men, however sensitive, either from the South or the North. The candidates thus selected have a high mission. They have immediate constituencies who have trained them in the school of Constitutional loyalty; and that mission, as I religiously hope, (and for this I look to Mr. Buchanan's election with unbounded confidence,) is to put an end, by wise and decisive counsel, and by administrative discretion, once and forever, to that sectional agitation which has so long afflicted and perplexed this nation. What a priceless blessing it will be to have an administration for four years, during which, by the mere force of example, no word of acrimony shall be uttered on the subject of domestic slavery, and the nation's evil passions may be at rest.

These, my fellow citizens, are some of the reasons which influence my judgment and conduct now. They are not meant to be obtrusively uttered anywhere, or to be offensively urged on those who may think differently from me. There are other topics rather relating to the past than to the future I should be glad to speak of, but this is not the fit occasion. On them, and especially on the anti-republicanism of secret political organization, my views are well known, for I spoke them long ago, when, as now, timid counsellors advised silence. On all public matters, I am apt to feel strongly and to speak decisively; but I have sought in what I have said to-night, to utter no word to give pain or excite unpleasant feeling anywhere. I have tried to feel and speak, on a great question of political interest, as an American public man should think and speak, and from the bottom of my heart, Mr. President and fellow citizens, I thank you for the opportunity you have just given me of speaking out what I really believe will be, if it is not now, the true policy of Philadelphia.

Speech of Hon. John L. Dawson.

We publish below the speech made by Mr. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, in the National Convention when the nomination of Mr. Buchanan was announced. It was received with enthusiastic applause, and will be pronounced by all, when read, most admirably adapted to the place and occasion. It was fit and proper that he should speak for our State when success was achieved. He did so as follows:

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN L. DAWSON.

The Hon. John L. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, said:—Mr. President: The venerable Chairman of our delegation, Gov. Porter, not much accustomed to public speaking, has devolved upon me the duty of expressing our high appreciation of the honor conferred upon our State in the selection of its distinguished citizen as the nominee of this Convention.—[Great applause.] We are more than gratified that the time has arrived in the deliberations of this body when the sacrifice of personal preferences and predilections becomes a virtue. Ardent attachment to distinguished, able and well tried leaders is a noble characteristic of our people, and is only to be waived at the call of patriotism and necessity. [Cheers.] In this case that harmony and unanimity which are essential to our action and the surest harbingers of success, have generously secured this surrender. The chiefs of the Democracy present many honored names, either of whom would worthily have supported the banner upon which are inscribed the principles to which we own allegiance. That banner now reared to be borne by the distinguished son of our own State, [cheers,] the far beaming effulgence of its legend will penetrate the remotest retreats of the land, and quickly rally around it an invincible host filled with the high enthusiasm inspired by a great cause, and by the memory of former triumphs and glories. [Great cheering.]

Mr. Buchanan is a man upon whom all can unite, and in doing so there is no expectation that there will be any withdrawal of the confidence or admiration of those whom we pass by. There is not a heart in this Convention that does not glow with full and grateful recognition of the eminent services to the Democratic party of Cass, Hunter, Douglas, Bright, Pierce and others, whose names have been mentioned. The first is indeed a mighty name which was long since voluntarily withdrawn from the contest, and whose brilliant efforts in patriotic devotion to the national interest will forever brighten the pages of our country's history. Tremendous applause.] In Mr. Hunter we recognize the model Senator, the distinguished statesman, chivalric son of old Virginia; he has been nurtured in the school of her sages, who laid the foundation and shaped the superstructure of the confederacy. [Applause.] The clear-sighted boldness, the skillful battle for the right that has marked the public career of Douglas, would have made him a gallent leader in the contest, whom we should all have delighted to follow; [renewed applause,] while in Bright we recognize those high qualities that mark the rising statesmen of the west, and see in him the true representative of her gigantic and advancing power. [Deafening shouts of applause.]

The administration of Gen. Pierce requires no eulogium from me. True to the Constitution, to the principles and policy of the Democratic party, we say in a spirit of justice, "well done good and faithful servant." As Pennsylvanians, the representatives on this floor of a State which in all the elements of greatness we claim, in a spirit of patriotic attachment, as inferior to none in the Union; one of the old Thirteen, we are proud that the towering greatness of her son has secured to her the well merited and distinguished honor. His nomination is a guaranty to the country of an administration of the Constitution in its purity with a just regard to all sections, and without partial and modern constructions of its spirit and provisions. [Renewed shouts of applause.]—His election will restore confidence, secure peace to a restless people, and kindle anew the fires of patriotism and love of the Union in bosoms where those sentiments had begun to smoulder. He will receive a large and overwhelming majority in the Keystone State; a majority demanded by her numerical power—consistent with the integrity of her people and their loyalty to the Constitution and the Union of the States. Her gallant sons will rally from the Delaware to the Ohio; on the loftiest summit of her mountain range they will fling our banner to the breeze, bearing upon it the inscription of the honored name of James Buchanan, our country and the Constitution: and victory as certain as that which attended the American arms upon the immortal battle field of our national history, will brighten in letters of living light upon its broad and ample folds, as it will wave so gracefully and gallantly in triumph over the land. Hearty and long continued applause.]

From the Chambersburg Valley Spirit.

Monument to James Buchanan.

Already a few of the most shameless and licentious opposition presses have raised the cry of "ten cent wages." They have done this to prejudice laboring men against the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.—The Democratic party has always been the guardian of the interests of the poor. It was to preserve the liberties and protect the rights of the poor, that Gen. JACKSON battled with the rich aristocrats of the country for the overthrow of the United States Bank. In that memorable and glorious struggle, the Hero of New Orleans was ably supported by JAMES BUCHANAN. Will any one believe that a co-laborer with JACKSON in that great *battle for the poor* subsequently advocated "ten cent wages?" The thing is impossible. None are stupid enough to believe it, though there are a few so knavish as to assert it.

But we did not mean to write about wages, either high or low, when we penned the caption of this article. We meant to write about a Monument which JAMES BUCHANAN raised to himself a number of years ago, and which is a crushing refutation of the "low wages" slander. Would that men of wealth would stud the whole country over with just such Monuments as that which JAMES BUCHANAN has raised to himself. How much suffering would be alleviated—how many stricken hearts would be made glad—how the poor would rejoice!

In every community there are indigent females who eke out a scanty livelihood by the labor of their hands. Many are widows with small children dependent upon them for bread. Their lot is hard at any season of the year, and when the rigors of winter come upon them, their sufferings are frequently severe. Poorly fed and poorly clad, and living in uncomfortable tenements, in extremest misery they shivered through the long and dreary winter, without fuel to keep them warm—with scarce enough to cook their scanty meal.

Lancaster city had her proportion of destitute women and children. JAMES BUCHANAN saw their sufferings, and he resolved to do something to alleviate them. He gave in trust to the Councils of the City the sum of *Five Thousand Dollars*, requiring them to safely invest the same and annually forever thereafter apply the interest to the purchase of fuel for the destitute females of Lancaster. The trust was accepted, and the very next autumn an enormous pile of Wood rose in the public square. From that pile of Wood the poor were supplied with fuel; and when the first disappeared, another was reared in its place. If the spring finds it exhausted, the autumn sees it replaced. And thus it will go on till the last trump shall sound!

That pile of Wood, reared by his munificence, is JAMES BUCHANAN'S Monument. It is rough and unpolished, and no pompous inscription is wrought upon its side. Its architect lives to receive the thanks of the recipients of his bounty, and when he dies his epitaph will be written in their hearts. Generation after generation will grow up and pass away, and still the widow and the orphan will bless the noble charity of JAMES BUCHANAN. The proud monuments of conquerors who have deluged the world with blood will fall to the ground and crumble to dust, but the unpretending Monument erected by JAMES BUCHANAN will endure till the End of Time!

Poor Man, if a malicious opponent of the Democratic party endeavors to prejudice you against the Democratic candidate by crying "low wages," ask him whether he has ever given five thousand dollars to keep those who are compelled to work at low wages from freezing. Tell him you know where to find a Monument to JAMES BUCHANAN'S Charity, and *ask him to point to his.*

"LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE."—Along our principal railways, at the crossings of turnpikes, and common roads, huge signboards are erected, bearing in large letters the caution, "Look out for the Locomotive." Taking a hint from the railway signboards, and having a care for the safety of our political opponents, we reiterate the caution, "Look out for the Locomotive." The Buchanan train is motion, and our Know-Nothing friends had better keep off the track if they don't want to be crushed. They need not try to get on board. It's a "through train" and won't stop to take up passengers.

A QUARTETTE.—It is a fact worth noticing that three of the most popular Democratic Presidents have been called James—James Madison, James Monroe and James K. Polk—James Buchanan will make the fourth of the series. The name appears to be a lucky one. The Johns seem to have had a somewhat similar run. Two Presidents and three Vice Presidents have been Johns. It is somewhat probable that we shall have John C. Breckinridge and John C. Fremont on the track together. But we are ready to stake our little pile on James and John united.

☞We copy the following from an exchange paper. The reader is under no obligations to believe it unless he is disposed to do so gratuitously:

PROGRESS.—There is at present in operation near Boston, a jumping locomotive which only touches the ground once in a mile. It is perfectly round, the machinery in the centre, and is coated externally with India rubber. So soon as the patent has been secured, its proprietor supposes that thousands of them will be seen "bobbin around" the world, so that to the man in the moon, the earth will look like a big cheese covered with 'skippers.' Who denies that this is really "a fast age?"

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.—The Mount of Olives near Jerusalem, has been purchased by a Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy banker of the Hebrew persuasion at Konigsburg, in Prusisa. This lady intends to beautify the place, and improve the whole neighborhood at her sole expense. The first thing she did was to plant the whole area with a grove of olive trees, and thus restore it to the original state from which it derives its name.

☞DUTY.—Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of valuable service: Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will already have become clearer.—*Carlyle.*

BLEEDING AT THE LUNGS.—M. Aran condemns the employment of bleeding in this affection, and considers the essence of turpentine, in 10 to 30 drops every hour, a valuable remedy. He speaks highly of gallic acid, in doses of two grains every hour, or every alternate hour.

☞It is very rare to find ground which produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, with fruit trees, and grains, it produces briars and pines. It is the same with man; if he is not virtuous he becomes vicious.—*La Brugere.*

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—A writer in the Harrisburg (Republican) *Telegraph* has made the astonishing discovery that there is some chance of success for the friends of Mr. BUCHANAN in Pennsylvania. Astonishing—very!

☞It is to the virtues and errors of our conversation and ordinary deportment that we owe both our enemies and our freinds, our good or bad character abroad, our domestic peace or troubles, and in a high degree the improvement of our minds.

☞The following scene occurred at a hotel out West about noon time:

Traveller—"How much do you charge for dinner?" Hotel-keeper—"One dollar, sir." Traveller—"Very cheap! How much for supper?" Hotel-keeper—"Twenty-five cents." Traveller—"Well, bring me a supper, sir."

☞Some wise man, years ago, said: "If you want to learn human nature, get married to a spunky girl, move in the house with another family, and slap one of the young ones, and then you'll learn it."

☞"Sam, why you no tell your Massa to lay him up treasure in Hebbin?" "Why for, Cuff? What de use ob him lay up treasure dere, where he nebber no more see um again; eh, nigger."

☞An old lady in Pennsylvania had a great aversion to Rye, and never could eat it in any form. "Till of late," she said, "they have got to making it into whiskey, and I find that I now and then can worry down a little."

☞The bosom of America is open, not only to receive the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of all nations and religions, whom we shall welcome to a participation in all our rights and privileges."—*George Washington.*

☞The greatest misfortune of all, is not to be able to bear misfortune.—*Bias.*

☞Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

For the Farmer.

THE MONTH'S WORK.—As the season is backward much can be done towards having a full supply of vegetables, by the exercise of judicious forethought in the selections of of such varieties of seed as arrive earliest at maturity. This action must, however, receive the aid of clean and careful culture.

The weeds must be kept down—the enemies exterminated, and nourishment for the plants supplied bountifully and at all times when needed. Should the weather come to exhibit any of the peculiarities of the "heated term", it is advisable to apply this food in the liquid form.

Beets sown this month will ripen by winter. They will be found more tender and less stringy than those planted earlier. If there are vacancies in the rows already up transplant or deposit fresh seed.

The transplanting of cabbages, cauliflowers, tomatoes, etc., cabbages can now be performed quite readily. It will be found advantageous to dip their roots in mud as soon as they are moved—the moisture thus obtained enabling them to better withstand heat. The ground in which all vegetables are to be replanted, should receive a thorough stirring, provided, it is dry enough to pulverize freely through the agency of a spade.

Cucumber and melon vines need care and watering lest the buds foreclose, and these luxuries take the form of invisibility. At the close of the month the plants will need hoeing and thinning; if the ground is rich, three or four are sufficient for the hill.

Look over the orchards and destroy the worm nests—eradicate the grass and weeds that may be growing around the roots of young trees and your reward shall be "fruit in due season." Watchfulness is required until the fruit ripens.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.—The best time for a general pruning is at the close of the first growth of the summer, which is from the 15th of June to the 15th of July. Then the leaves will take care of the flowing sap, and all small wounds may be closed by a coating of tar thickened with brick-dust, applied warm. Gum shellac is good, but is more liable to peal off than the tar mixture.

Never cut a limb for the sake of using your tools. The tops of apple trees do not require severe thinning in our hot summers. Nature understands the wants of the trees often much better than the gardener who has had his training under the dripping skies of England. The thick limbs and foliage are needed to protect the trunk, the larger branches and the fruit. You will find your fairest specimens in the top of the tree, and partially shielded from the sun's rays by leaves. Very small limbs, a half inch through, that cross each other, or that interfere with the symmetry of the top, may now be removed, but no general pruning should be attempted.—*Agriculturist.*

COWS:—The Farmers' Magazine says of a prime milch cow:

The head should be small, but rather long and narrow at the muzzle; the eye small, but quick and lively; the horns small, clear bended, and their roots at considerable distance from each other; neck long and slender, and tapering towards the head, with little loose skin hanging below, shoulders thin, hind quarters large and capacious; back straight, broad behind, and joints of the chine rather loose and open—carcass deep, and the pelvis capacious, and well over the hips, with fleshy buttocks; tail long and small; legs small and short, with firm joints; udder capacious, broad and square, stretching forward, and neither fleshy, low hung nor loose; hair soft and woolly; the head, bones, and all parts of least value small, and the general figure compact and well proportioned.

This is such a picture as most would draw of a well-shaped cow, and yet who has ever seen one combining all these points? How many of them are necessary to constitute a deep milker? and do we not often find a deep milker who has very few of them? We believe many a cow is spoiled for the dairy by having been stunted and kept on too scanty food *when a calf.* Calves should receive as ample a supply accordingly, and as succulent and nutritious character of food, as a cow in milk. This enlarges and gives full size to the lacteal vessels, strength and vigor to the constitution, and we are confident materially aids to make the full grown cow what we want her to be.

Gubbin's tests for a good cow, as shown by the escutcheon, we find are much and increasingly relied on by dairymen. Without being able to understand how they are connected, or what they have to do with the lacteal secretions, (and which may be like many other matters which we do not understand, but cannot help believing) there is abundant evidence that they generally accompany, and have been fully proved by thousands of farmers to be a sign of deep milking. From our own observations, we know of no tests so reliable, and would advise every dairyman to procure a copy of the work.

The value of a dairy cow does not depend entirely on the amount of her yield, but also on the times she will go dry.

ANIMALS BECOME PARENTS TOO EARLY.—Victor Gilbert never allowed ewes to have lambs until they had passed their third year; and the bucks were not used until they had arrived at full maturity. He, as well as many other sagacious stock-raisers, that we might name, are probably conversant with the fact, that during the period of growth and development, up to maturity, the reproductive organs are dormant, while at the same time the nutritive function was wholly engaged in elaborating *chyle* and blood for the development of bone, muscle, and nerve; and that by calling into requisition the reproductive or generative organs, before the animal had attained full growth, must necessarily divert the elements of matter, intended for nutrition, from their legitimate channel, and direct them to the reproductive organs. This is precisely what takes place. A too early use of the purely animal function, induces weakness and stunted growth. —*Am. Vet. Journal.*

Domestic Economy.

Valuable Receipts.

HUNTING PUDDING—One loaf baker's bread, half pound English currants, four eggs, teacupful brown sugar, half a pound of beef suet, put in a bag and boil 3 hours. The bag should not be entirely filled.

TO TELL GOOD EGGS.—If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water. If the butts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

WHITE CUP CAKE.—Take four cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one of sour cream or milk; nutmeg, cinnamon, or lemon, with five beaten eggs, and a tea-spoonful of saleratus; bake in cups or tins twenty-five minutes.

NOTHING CAKE—One egg, a piece of butter same size, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Divide the milk, and dissolve the cream of tartar and soda separately, then pour them together.

TO MAKE SNOWBALLS—Swell rice in milk; strain it and lay it around some apples, previously pared and cored; put a bit of cinnamon, lemon-peel, and a clove in each, then tie them in a cloth, and boil them well; they are eaten with melted butter and sugar.

GERMAN TOAST.—Take a small loaf baker's bread a day old, and cut in slices an inch in thickness; make a custard of four eggs, well beaten, to a quart of milk, adding four tablespoonfuls of sugar; soak the bread in the custard until it becomes saturated; then fry the bread in fresh butter till nearly brown. Serve with lemon sauce.

TO MAKE JOHNNY-CAKE.—Having seen many valuable receipts in your paper, I will take the liberty to send you one that I have used for some years:—1 quart of milk, 2 eggs, 4 table-spoonfuls of wheat flour, 1 tablespoonful of saleratus. Indian meal enough to make a thick batter. Butter and bake on a long tin, half an hour. Serve hot for tea with butter and sugar.

EGG AND MILK—Take a fresh egg, break it in a saucer, and with a three-pronged fork beat it until it is as thick as batter. Have ready half a pint of boiling milk, sweetened with white sugar, stir the egg into the milk, and serve it with a piece of sponge cake or slice of toast. It is considered very light, nourishing food for an invalid. Some prefer the yolk and white of the egg beaten separately.

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.—Take full-grown gooseberries before they are ripe, pick them, and put them into wide-mouthed bottles, cork them gently with new soft corks, and put them in an oven from which the bread has been drawn, let them stand till they have shrunk nearly a quarter; then take them out and beat the corks in tight, cut them off level with the bottle, and rosin them down close. Keep them in a dry place.

GREEN GOOSEBERRY WINE.—To every pound of fruit, one quart of cold water: let it stand three days. To every gallon of juice, when strained, add three pounds of common loaf sugar. To every twenty quarts of liquor, one bottle of brandy. Hang some isinglass in a bag in the cask. When it has stood half a year, plug it, and, if the sweetness is gone off sufficiently, bottle it. The gooseberries should be quite green though full grown.

SOUSE.—Boil it until it is tender and will slip off the bone. If designed to pickle and keep on hand, throw it into cold water and take out the bones;—then pack it into a jar and boil with the jelly liquor an equal quantity of vinegar, salt enough to season; cloves, cinnamon, pepper enough to make it pleasant, and pour it on the souse scalding hot, and when wanted for use, warm it in the liquor, or make a batter and dip each piece in, and fry in hot butter. This way is usually preferred, and it is as nice as tripe.

HOME-MADE DRINKS FOR THE FIELD.—*Molasses Beer.*—Six quarts of water, two quarts of molasses, half a pint of yeast, two spoonfuls of cream tartar. Stir all together. Add the grated peel of a lemon; and the juice may be substituted for the cream tartar. Bottle after standing ten or twelve hours, with a raisin in each.

Harvest Drink.—Mix with five gallons of good water, half a gallon of molasses, one quart of vinegar, and two ounces of powdered ginger. This is not only a very pleasant beverage, but one highly invigorating and healthful.

HOW TO COOK SHAD.—Shad are excellent when baked, either on a board, which is the best, or by the following mode:—Stuff them with a seasoning made of bread crumbs, butter, salt, pepper, and, (if agreeable) parsley and spices. Put the fish in a baking-dish, with a cupful of water and a lump of butter. Bake from three quarters of an hour to an hour. Shad *broiled* is also excellent, but is spoiled by *frying*, as it loses nearly all its fine flavor.—This being a moist fish, it should never be *boiled.* Those who never eat a baked or boiled shad, know nothing of that excellence which we claim for this fish *over all others.*

HASTY PUDDING OF BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—Set a pan of sweet milk, water will do, if milk cannot be had, over the fire, and let it boil. Have ready a paste made of cold milk, or water, and buckwheat flour, sufficient to make the pudding as thick as it can be stirred. Let it cook slowly fifteen or twenty minutes. Eat it with sauce, made by heating together, a half a pint of molasses, a quarter of a pint of water and vinegar, or lemon juice enough to give it a pleasant acid. When it comes to a boil, stir in a heaping table-spoonful of flour, mixed smoothly with cold water. This is a very cheap and excellent dish.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES WHOLE.—Make a syrup boiling hot, and having picked fine, large strawberries free from hulls, (or, if preferred, leave them and half an inch of the stem on,) pour it over them; let it remain until the next day, then drain it off, and boil again: return it hot to the fruit;—let them remain for another night; then put them into the kettle, and boil gently for half an hour; cut one in two; if it is done through, take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool: boil the syrup until thick and rich: then put the fruit into glass jars; let the syrup cool and settle; then pour it carefully off from the sediment over the fruit.

☞A stranger is received according to his dress, and taken leave of according to his merit.