American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 37. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1851. NO. 46.

Poetical.

From the Boston Waverly Magazine.

STANZAS.

BY W. W. HERBARD.

Back through the vista of the past
Oh spirit-wings, far, far away,
My thoughts are flying thick and fast,
And cluster round a child at play;
A child at play among the flowers,
While songs of birds, and breeze, and streams,
Are blending with the sunny hours
That pass in boyhood's golden dreams.

Be home again, embodied in
That careless, dreaming, laughing boy,
With every gleesome soul a twin,
While every pulse beats wild with joy;
While fancy's dreamy, fairy creatures
My bounding heart is giving birth,
And men are angel's forms and features,
And paradise is all the earth.

Within my breast the syren sings,
So loving, trusting, proud and gay;
Awake the lyre of many strings,
Nor let one note of joy decay;
The syren sings, and "to her tongue
A tone of melody is given.
As if her magic voice were strung
With impyreal fire of heaven."

And love awakes! fair as the forms
We fancy those above the sky,
As powerful as the God of storms,
Yet gentle as the zephy's sigh.
Within my heart, with artist skill,
He rears a temple half divine,
And holds me captive at his will,
To bow before his gleaming shrine.

Fresh as a flowret bathed in dew,
And joying in the sunbeam's kiss,
My captive heart is thrilling through,
Is throbbing, every pulse, with bliss!
It hath no words, a magic spell
Hath bound them with its silken ties,
As adamant immovable,
Till all the truth is told in sighs!

The still-pale smile, serene and bland,
The starting tear, the glance of flame,
The pressure of the yielding hand,
One softly spoken word—her name—
The signs by which all love is told,
Are pleading now; alas, how vain
Are that cannot be controll'd
Will sever every hope in twain.

We meet no more, adieu! adieu!
One little hour the fates have smiled,
While fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments—sweet as fleet and wild!
But give me back my captive heart,
Its doom is sealed! a higher power
Hath bade it from its shrine depart,
To wither as a blighted flower.

Thy stream of life will smoothly flow,
Thy rising star ascendant shine,
Till both have seen their course below,
And sparkle in the realms divine!
Joy's sunshine shall encircle thee,
And dissipate the storm and gloom;
But what has life in store for me?
"The darkness of a nameless tomb!"

Romance and Reality.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE; OR A ROMANTIC WILL CASE.

The final decision of a "Will Case," involving facts, or issues and circumstances of a most romantic nature, was recently been given in Dublin, by Mr. Justice Crampton. The case was so complicated and puzzling, that it occupied the time and attention of the legal tribunals for several years—sometimes perplexing or pronouncing victory for respondent, and occasionally opening up vistas of hope for appellant.

In delivering the judgment of the Court of Delegates, or of *final* appeal, Chief Justice Crampton recapitulated a full bill of particulars, evolving such a history of crime, licentiousness, female fascination and intrigue, professional perfidy, mental imbecility and infatuation, as but seldom transpires in a contested family claim for the subdivision of property.

A Dublin attorney, named Hugh Kelly, through great ability in his calling, and by indefatigable industry and unusual probity in early life, accumulated a large fortune—amounting to $10,000 per annum of real estate income, and over $125,000 of personal property. He did not marry in early life, but contracted an intimacy which produced an illegitimate daughter, on whose care and culture he lavished an abundance of paternal love. In the year 1822, he happened to be at Bath, in England, where his daughter's education was being completed. In that gay and fashionable resort, he met a young lady of beautiful person and fascinating manners, named Edgecomb, to whom, according to testimony given on the trial, he made proposals of marriage, which were then rejected. In the year 1827, this lady came over to Dublin, where she again encountered and renewed her acquaintance with Mr. Kelly. Her extreme beauty, and irresistible attractions of manner and accomplishments, procured her many devoted admirers; but, either from impure associations, a perverted taste, training, or a radically corrupt inclination, her morals were not guided by the principles or practices of virtue. She lived under the protection of several gallants—at one time as Mrs. Meredith, at another as Mrs. Cue, and so forth. In the language of the poet,

"When once sunk in,
Let her woman's soul could know
No pause in sin."

In the Irish metropolis she fell so low, and became so degraded, as, in the summer of womanhood, educated and beautiful, to become mistress of a disreputable establishment in Danzille street, immediately at the rear of Mr. Kelly's splendid mansion in Merrion Square. The millionaire soon found his old acquaintance out, and became a permanent visitor at her notorious residence. And here, too, in this haunt of fashionable and upper-ten vice and profligacy, the least old than (for his years were in the mid winter of existence,) became so infatuated by this English woman's elegant manners and fascinating person, that he prostrated his mind and judgment beneath her influence and control. Mr. Kelly not only took her from her infamous abode, but became united to her by some private and questionable ceremony of marriage. Having a magnificent seat in the county of Roscommon, named Kiltoon, the old man was so fond of his prize, that he lost no time in taking her down to show her off to his country neighbors. So desperate was he touching all antecedents of her life, and so reckless did her influence render him, that he took his beautiful fallen angel to a ball in the town of Roscommon, where she appeared in a blaze of pearls and diamonds before the proud descendants of some of the oldest and proudest blood of time-honored Milesian race of the West of Ireland. The high-toned, aristocratic ladies present on the occasion were not only affronted that a vulgar attorney's wife, a forward and impudent parvenu, should force her wealthy pretensions on them, but some of the gentlemen for hunter's recognized in the person of Mrs. Kelly the notorious courtezan, Mrs. Cue, of Danzille street.

An instant storm was the consequence. Kelly was kicked down stairs, while his lovely but frail partner was allowed to decamp with a 'tiger,' in which those ladies, whose pedigrees dated from before the flood, heartily joined.

This incident so galled the subject of it, that she appealed touchingly to, and worked upon the sympathies of, the unhappy man she had rendered her slave. Through the agency of wiles and machinations, of which she was perfect mistress, she contrived to separate Mr. Kelly from all his relatives, connections and friends, thereby preventing them benefitting by his wealth, either during his life or after his death.

Shortly after this, the millionaire's health began to break down; his spirits became depressed, nervousness and irritability supervening to a great extent. The young and charming wife became indispensable to his being, to sooth his ruffled temper and satisfy his whims and eccentricities. Finding his health declining, and ideas of death occasionally flitting across his mental wanderings, he resolved to make a will, in which he rendered certain dispositions of property to his relatives and charitable institutions, which were by no means agreeable to his better half. The event of this testamentary document and other misgivings, created uneasiness and alarm in the mind of the cormorant with whom the miserable old idiot associated his fate. Born of a good family in Lancashire, England, and possessed of a decidedly superior education, this woman knew that the most undoubted *security of the law* was necessary to *inure* her the possession of the vast personal and real estate accumulated by her victim, in the event of his death. With this view she formed a species of semi-criminal association with an unscrupulous and unprincipled attorney, named Malone, with whom she pretended to be smitten, and to whom she promised her hand and fortune immediately after the old man's demise. By the advice of this "Oily Gammon," and in obedience to certain instincts in reference to her marriage, she plotted for the performance of a second ceremony with her liege, which she convinced him was necessary to her social standing and personal happiness. Accordingly, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Shultz, at Werburgh's Church, Dublin, in the year 1833—the only marriage, (fortunately for the lady) recognizable by law in delivering the decision. After this, Mr. Kelly was mesmerized into making a new will, in which he revoked the former bequests—only leaving to his daughter, whom he formerly so fondly loved, only £100 ($600) a year, and appointing his wife whole and sole legatee to the bulk of his enormous estates.

One of the romantic incidents of this case was this: His daughter, on whose education he had expended so much pain and money, having been totally neglected, was thrown upon the kindness of some friends in the neighborhood of her father's princely mansion of Kiltoon. She was actually reduced to poverty, when a Mrs. Manchoon, the kind-hearted postmistress of the village of Athleague, contrived to establish an interview between the father and the daughter, trusting to the influence of natural emotion in causing some change favorable to her protege in the breast of the infatuated and unnatural parent.—The millionaire and his lone child met in the back parlor of the little village post office. The old man's feelings were deeply wrought upon. Memory dawned upon his intellect; and many endearing reminiscences obtruded themselves upon his distempered mind. Tears rolled down hi swan and faded cheeks, and he fondly embraced her he loved so intently in former years.

Mrs. Kelly, having been informed of her lord and master's visit to the little sequestered village, collected her myrmidons and went in search of the strayed sheep. They made an excursion on the premises, found the ancient truant in the act of his tears and embraces, forced him from the premises, and made him believe that his daughter planned his death by poison or assassination. * * * * *

The lady adventurer, having used Malone for all necessary purposes, to answer the requirements of the law, conceived the idea of throwing off so disreputable a tool, who did not hesitate to perform the dirty work she required of him for a consideration.

The wealthy parvenue was finally induced to purchase a property in England, in Warwickshire, where he lived but a short time previous to his dissolution, in 1845, when his relict came into possession of all his property and effects. When Malone saw that no chance remained for him of grasping the object of his double passion—avarice and lust—he became furious, and vowed vengeance. One claimant to the Kelly estate was silenced by a bribe of $30,000. But Malone was not satisfied with a trifle. He gave to a Mr. Greer, a most respectable solicitor, a package of letters of a most criminal and flagitious character, in which Mrs. Kelly laid open her tissue of audacious and vagabond plans, and which, under Providence, led to the development of the entangled net-work by which the case was wound up and surrounded.

It eventually turned out that there was no proper and legal marriage in 1827; that Mr. Kelly made in 1835 a *bona fide* will and testament, which was destroyed by the "partner of his soul;" that when he was doting, and mentally incapable, she induced him to make a new will in her favor; and that Malone was cognizant of, and a party to, all these facts.

Grounded on these developments, and reviewing the history of the lives of both man and wife, incased as they were in a robe of the most singular romance, Justice Crampton, on behalf of his brother delegates of final appeal on the merits, declared the second will null and void, and pronounced the decision to be against Mrs. Kelly, with costs; thereby saddling her with expenses amounting to $45,000, and only leaving her a wife's share—one third of the real and personal estate, amounting in the whole to nearly a million and a half of dollars!

The poor girl, who was an outcast and a wanderer, in poverty and obscurity, for several years, the heroine of the back parlor scene of the little post office of Athleague, county Roscommon, is now an heiress, worth her half million of dollars. In winding up our bundle of facts, which are but the barest outlines of the singular picture, we would express a hope that the good Mrs. Manchoon, the post-mistress, will not be forgotten in the re-distribution of the old man's estate.

Misplaced Confidence.

We may have published the following rich story before, but we are confident that any one who has not read it will thank us for giving it again. It originally appeared, under the head of "Misplaced Confidence," in the New York Evening Post:

Jones is in general a good husband and a domestic man. Occasionally, however, his convivial tastes betray him into excesses which have subjected him more than once to the discipline of Mrs. Jones. A few nights since he was invited to "participate" with a few friends at Florence's, by way of celebrating a piece of good luck which had befallen one of his neighbor's. He did "participate," and to his utter astonishment, when he rose to take his leave, at the "wee short hour ayont the twal," he found the largest brick in his hat he ever saw. Indeed, he was heard to remark soliloquently, "I think, Mr. Jones, you were never quite so tight before."

He reached his home finally, but by a route which was anything but the shortest distance between points, not, however, without having experienced very considerable anxiety about the reception which awaited him from Mrs. Jones. He was in luck that night, was Mr. Jones, barring always his primal transgression; he got into his house, found his way to his chamber without "waking a creature—not even a mouse." After closing his door, he cautiously paused, to give thanks for the "consolence undefiled" which secured to Mrs. Jones the sound and refreshing slumbers which had prevented her taking notice of his arrival. Being satisfied that all was right, he proceeded to remove his integuments with as much despatch and quiet as circumstances would permit, and in the course of time sought the vacant place beside his slumbering consort. After resting a moment, and congratulating himself that he was in bed, and that his wife would not know how long he had been there, it occurred to him that if he did not change his position Mrs. Jones might detect from his breath that he had been indulging. To prevent such a catastrophe, he resolved to turn over. He had about half accomplished this—we are now obliged to use the idiomatic language of Mr. Jones himself, from whom we receive this chapter of his domestic trials—"When Mrs. Jones riz right up in the bed, and, said she, in tones that scraped the marrow all out of my bones, said she, '*Jones, you needn't turn over—you're drunk clean through!*'"

PLANT WHOLE POTATOES.—We always prefer to plant whole potatoes in preference to cuttings or parings, though pieces of potato often produce well. Some farmers cut out the eyes and plant them instead of the whole potato, but they run a greater risk by this practice than by planting whole ones. Sometimes not half a crop is obtained from eyes or parings.—*Massachusetts Plough.*

OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the chilly night,
When bed clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when we had plenty;
Each linen sheet,
So white and neat,
The quilts that I paraded;
The blankets white,
Now thin and slight,
The comforts old and faded;
Thus in the chilly night,
When bed clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when I had plenty.
When I remember all
The bed clothes brought from mother's,
I've seen around me fall,
And couldn't purchase others;
I feel like one,
Who had been "done,"
By wedding in a hurry,
Whose youth was flown,
Whose beaux were gone,
And she was left to worry;
Thus in the chilly night,
When bed-clothes seemed too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when I had plenty.

Bedouin Agility.

I lately met with an esteemed friend whom I had not seen for some years, and who had not long before returned from the East Indies. He went by the "overland route," and came back the same way. In going, he had an opportunity of remaining a couple of days at Cairo, and while there he devoted one day to the pyramids, one of which he entered and also ascended to its summit. The huge masses of stone, of which they are constructed, are so arranged as to form layers, up which, as on so many stairs, the traveller mounts to the top. That which my friend ascended, was the great pyramid of Cheops, about three hundred feet distant from which is the smaller one explored by Belzoni. The steps of the former, he said, are, on the average, about two feet broad, and three or four feet high, and Arabs are constantly waiting to assist travellers in the arduous task of ascent. Let the reader think of this vast structure, higher than the top of St. Paul's, and whose base would more than fill Lincoln's Inn Fields in London. The summit being gained, his *dragoman* (attendant and interpreter) told him that one of the Bedouin Arabs who had accompanied him, would, for what would be to a European a trifling gratuity, run swiftly down the declivity of steps, cross the sandy interval between the base and the next pyramid, and rapidly ascend it, performing the feat in less time than any one not acquainted with the suleness of the Arab's limbs, and their muscular agility and power could suppose. The man said he would do it in ten minutes, for a shilling, which he was not to have if he did not stand on the summit of the other pyramid within the limited time. My friend agreed, and the man prepared for his task by laying some of his clothing on one side, and adjusting the rest properly, thus "girding his loins." Holding his watch in his mind, my friend gave the word, and the man started, running down the steep and rugged descent at the top of his speed, as though he had been racing down a smooth and gentle hill-side. My friend said it really was frightful, as the man soon acquired such a descending velocity, that there was nothing for him but go on he must, while a false step would have flung him forward in such a manner that he must have rolled to the bottom and been killed. But, reaching the ground in safety, he ran on through the loose sand, often above his ankles, crossed the interval with unabated speed, ran up the other. He stood at the top, waving his hand in triumph, in eight minutes and a half, a minute and a half under the time allowed.—*London Youth's Instructor.*

A recent number of the *Boston Post* contains the following common-sense remarks on gossip and scandal. Whatever may be thought of such an exhibition of the weaknesses of even the wisest and best of our species, but few will deny its truthfulness:

What an old poet says of nonsense (translating Horace's *dulce desiperc*) is undoubtedly true, in about the same degree, of gossip and scandal:

"A little scandal now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

It is not unpleasant to talk or to hear about the faults and follies of our neighbors. Almost every body likes personalities, provided somebody else is the subject of them, and provided, also, that they are given with piquancy and spirit—for dull scandal has so much the look of slander and malice that none can endure it but the wicked and vindictive. Dangerous and improper as the practice of scandal-talking must be considered in friendly circles, (where it most prevails,) its magnitude and heinousness is often much exaggerated by the homily-writers. We think it may be set down as a matter of course, that every man has a certain number of faults, foibles, or deformities, that are well known to his acquaintances, and that are freely spoken of not less by his friends than his enemies. Now this state of things does no great harm—in many cases none at all—unless some officious fool turns tale-bearer. Every sensible man takes it for granted that he is, more or less, "talked about;" but no sensible man cares a fig for the matter, unless he has occasion to resent the obvious ill-manners or malice which bring him acquainted with what has been said.

THE MAN WHO FIDDLED HIMSELF INTO CONGRESS.—Major Cochran who is now, or was quite recently, living in Oswego, New York, and was a member of the House of Representatives during the administration of the elder Adams, used to say that he fiddled himself into Congress. A short time previous to his election, a vessel was to be launched in Seneca Lake, at Geneva, and, it being an unusual event, people came from afar to see it. The young folks gathered there determined to have a dance at night. A fiddle was procured, but a fiddler was wanting. Major Cochran, then quite a young man, was an amateur performer, and his services were demanded on the occasion. He gratified the joyous company, and at the supper table one of the gentlemen remarked, in commendation of his talents, that he was "fit for Congress." The hint was favorably received by the company, the matter was "talked up," and he was nominated and elected to Congress for the district then comprising the whole State of New York west of Schenectady. The incident is related in Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution.

FEMALE PURITY.—All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value, is wilfully to remove the broadest corner stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

A DUTCHMAN'S REASON.—Some ten years since an old dutchman purchased, in the vicinity of Brooklyn, a snug little farm for nine thousand dollars. Last week a lot of land speculators called on him to buy him out. On asking his price he said he would take "sixty thousand dollars—no less." "And how much may remain on bond and mortgage?" "Nine tousand dollars." "And why not more?" asked the would-be purchaser. "Because, der place aint worth any more."

LITTLEFIELD RETIRED.—Mr. Ephraim Littlefield has retired from his post as Janitor at the Boston Medical College; and removed to Vermont, to live upon a farm which he has purchased.

THE LONDON FAIR.

The London correspondent of the *North American*, writing under date of March 28th, alludes to the deep interest which is beginning to be manifested to the forthcoming Industrial Exhibition, to be held in May. He states that articles from foreign nations are daily arriving in London, and are forthwith conducted to the Crystal Palace.—there is some doubt expressed whether the building will be entirely finished at the appointed time; and a serious obstacle to the rapid termination of the gigantic labors of the contractors is the leakage of the roof of the building. Rain has fallen almost incessantly during the last six or eight days, and has fallen upon the valuable goods in the Crystal Palace, damaging them to a great extent.

The correspondent further states that the American exhibitors now in London, held a meeting on the 26th ult., to discuss several questions connected with the fair. A series of resolutions, prepared at a previous meeting, were submitted and discussed. It was complained that there was no protection for articles which required a patent, and a resolution was agreed to that a deputation should be appointed to wait on Sir George Grey and intimate to him that, till some protection be given to such articles, the packages containing them should not be opened. It was complained, too, that various charges had been made at the Crystal Palace, for transmitting and opening packages, and for counters, fittings, &c.; whereas it was understood by the American exhibitors that their goods would not be subject to any expense whatever.

Gen. Hugh Brady.

Traitors are the veterans of our gallant little army dropping into the grave; but a few days since we chronicled the death of the brave Gen. Brooke, Col. of the 5th Infantry, and now the wires bring the sad intelligence of Gen. Brady's demise.—Gen. Brady was killed by a fall from his carriage. Of the particulars we are still ignorant. He was, at the time of his death, Col. of the 2d regiment of Infantry, Brigadier and Major General by brevet, and in command of a military Department or Division. Gen. Brady's commission was the oldest in the service—bearing date in 1792, when he entered the army as a Lieutenant under Mad Anthony Wayne, with whose command he made the celebrated campaign which restored Ohio and Kentucky to the whites, after the defeat of St. Clair. He was distinguished for his gallantry in the late war with Great Britain, and in 1812 was promoted to the Colonelcy of the 22d regiment of Infantry. When the army was reduced in 1819, he was made Col. of the 2d Infantry, of which regiment Gen. Bennett Riley was until very recently Lieut. Colonel.

Gen. Brady was at the battle of Lundy's Lane, where he was severely wounded in the groin. We have seen his sword and belt worn on that occasion, and we have counted 13 marks upon them, of shot received in that action.

Gen. Brady has been a citizen of Detroit for nearly twenty-five years, and has, by his urbanity, politeness, and unpretending gentlemanly conduct, won his way to the hearts and good feelings of its citizens. He leaves four children—Mr. P. Brady, Merchant, Detroit; the wives of Judge Witherell, Detroit, Capt. Thompson, late of the Army, and Major Electus Backus, 6th Infantry.

His death was sudden, but he was doubtless prepared—for a few years since, when suffering illness, his physician informed him that he had probably but a few hours to live—"Well," said the veteran, "let the drums beat, my knapsack is slung." He was 82 years of age, but his step was firm and form erect.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A DUEL IN THE CLOUDS.—Two celebrated French aeronauts, M. de Grandpree and M. Le Pique, having quarrelled about a fashionable opera dancer, who, though the mistress of the former, was discovered in an intrigue with the latter, a challenge was the consequence. Being both men of elevated minds, they agreed to fight in balloons; and in order to give time for their preparation, it was agreed upon that their duel should take place that day a month. Accordingly, on the 3d of May, 1808, the parties met in a field adjoining the Tuilleries, where their respective balloons were ready to receive them. Each party ascended in his car. The weapons to be used, by mutual consent, were blunderbusses, as pistols it was supposed, would be altogether inefficient in their probable situations. A vast multitude attended, hearing of the ascent, but little dreaming of the hostile intentions of the aeronauts, being merely attracted to the spot by the then unprecedented novelty of a balloon race. At nine o'clock the chords were cut, and the balloons ascended majestically, amidst the shouts of admiring thousands. The wind was moderate from the NNW., and they kept, as well as could be judged, between ninety and one hundred yards of each other. When they had arrived at the height of about nine hundred yards M. Le Pique fired, but without effect; almost immediately after, his fire was returned by M. de Grandpree; the contents of his blunderbuss penetrated his adversary's balloon, the consequence was the rapid descent of the machine, and M. Le Pique was dashed to pieces on a house-top, on which his shattered and collapsed balloon fell. The victorious Grandpree then mounted aloft in the grandest style, and descended safe about seven leagues from the spot of ascension.

BABY TALK.—It is a fact which must have been noticed that almost every child has a foolish and very babyish dialect till it is six or seven years old. Almost every word it utters, is spoken either in a lisping or affected manner. This is not the proper way of talking, and there must be some universal cause or else the effect would not be so universal.

The cause, it appears to me, is very obvious. Almost every mother instructs her infant to speak baby-talk, as the saying is. When a baby first begins to lisp "pa, and ma," instead of endeavoring to instruct in pure English, the parents think it necessary to simplify the language by speaking in a sappy manner. "Itle onytonny Kitty dear," "walk along," "kisser mama," "stand a staidy," &c. Every mother knows a thousand of the baby expressions. Now, as a mother, I protest against this practice. It is all nonsense to teach children bad habits merely to have them corrected by school-teachers when they arrive at a more mature age. Will parents think of this, and teach their children pure English at first?

A Mother.

DRESS.—Be either delicately pale or richly dark; beware of blue; red, and yellow—the favorites of savages—unless your red be deepened with black, or contrasted with green; your blue animated with orange; and your yellow illuminated with purple. Let the brilliant colors be small, like the light in a picture; and the main body of the dress of a mixed color, or pure white, which is all colors. Beware of eclipsing yourself, by making your dress so beautiful that you will not be seen.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.—"Julius, did you ever speak in public?"

"In course I did."

"What?"

"In de perlice."

"And what did you say, Julius?"

"Not guilty, Mr. Snow—what else could a gemman say under de pwesshn ob de circumstances?"

THE POTATO.

The Pittsburg *Post* says that this very valuable article of food is a native of this country; its existence being entirely unknown to Europeans until it was brought to Ireland by the celebrated navigator Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1610. An amusing anecdote attended its first introduction. Sir Walter having planted in his garden the specimen which he had brought from Peru, awaited anxiously for its growth and maturity. By-and-by the plant sprung up, flowers appeared upon the stems, and finally these died and were succeeded by little apples which he mistook for the potatoes. At length the stems began to wither, and the little apples at their extremities began to wither likewise. On examining these he found them small, unpalatable, and by no means resembling the specimen which he had planted. Believing his experiment unsuccessful, and in despair of succeeding in any future experiments with the article, he ordered his gardener to pull up the pernicious weed and throw it from his premises. In fulfilling this command the gardener found a bushel of potatoes adhering to the roots of the plant. From this time the potato began to be cultivated in that Island, and it has long since formed the two-thirds or three-fourths of the entire food of its inhabitants.

The Potato was introduced into Sweden in 1720, into Scotland in 1728, and into France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and other countries of Europe about the same time.

In some parts of Europe the cultivation of this useful vegetable met with violent opposition by the more prejudiced part of the people. In Scotland the people were opposed to its cultivation and use because it was not mentioned in the Bible. In France a nobleman was defeated in his election on account of his benevolent exertions to foster its culture. In the Ionian Islands the priests and people rose in arms against the introduction of the Potato into their dominions on the grounds that it was the forbidden fruit mentioned in the Bible—the cause of man's fall. In most other countries it required acts of Parliament to encourage its cultivation, before the prejudices of the masses against it would yield. At length, however, its extensive cultivation and general use extended throughout all Europe, and the European Provinces in America; and in most of these countries it still maintains its character as the most useful, nutritous, and, in fact, the best vegetable we possess.

Some sixty years ago the Potato was introduced into India, and it now forms a common article of food in Bengal, the Madras Provinces, China, Java, and the Phillipine Islands.

In the United States this esculent is raised in every State from Maine to Texas; but especially in the north-eastern and middle States. In the year 1840 one hundred millions bushels potatoes were raised in the United States alone; of these New York yielded thirty millions, Maine above ten millions, Pennsylvania nine millions and a half, Vermont more than eight millions, and New Hampshire six millions.

The countries of Europe in which this article is most extensively cultivated, are Ireland, Scotland, Poland and Switzerland.

In Mexico and South America the potato is much used as an article of diet, and grows with a luxuriance unknown in most parts of the world. Travellers tell us that it grows wild and in great abundance along the coast and in the extensive plains of Chill and Peru.

We thus see that the potato flourishes in almost every latitude and every variety of climate. It grows to greater perfection, however, and is most extensively cultivated in the more Northern countries enjoying a temperate climate. In the tropical countries it does not come to the same perfection unless it grows at an elevation of three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea. As an article of food it is more extensively used at this time than any other vegetable.

From experiments and calculations made for determining the comparative nutritive properties of the potato, it appears that one acre of good potatoes will support six adult persons, just double the number that can be supported by an acre of wheat.

The potato is composed almost entirely of water and starch, with a small quantity of gum, albumen, fat, saline matters, &c. Its nutritive properties depend almost entirely upon the starch it contains. One hundred pounds of potatoes yield thirty of starch.

For general consumption they are cooked in various ways, mostly boiled, roasted or baked. According to the experiments of Dr. Beaumont, it appears that baked or roasted potatoes digest in the human stomach in two hours and a half, whilst boiled ones require three hours and a half to undergo the same process. It thus appears that baked or roasted potatoes are more digestible than boiled ones, and consequently the two former methods of cooking them should be preferred in most cases to the latter.

As a preventive of scurvy, a disease which so often occurs in the ships upon the ocean, and with which portions of our fleet in the Gulf of Mexico suffered so severely during the late war, the potato, either boiled or raw, is a valuable article. At this time no ship ventures upon the ocean without being plentifully supplied with potatoes, hence scurvy does not occur near so frequently among the crews and passengers as it did in former times.

TRUE NOBILITY.—In some of the French provinces are families of laborers, who can reckon more than five hundred years of succession from father to son, in the exercise of the most useful toil, and whose traditionary lore might be comprehended in this one phrase, "All were devoted to agriculture, and were alike laborious and virtuous." This nobility is well worth that of many a higher parentage, whose descendants are not unfrequently as proud of their uselessness as of their ancestors.

A BEAU OF FORMER TIMES.—Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body of a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat, a large ruby and pearl-drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk of breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes with white ribbon.—On great court days, his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6600; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

PROFESSORS.—In speaking of the professors attached to our seminaries of learning, Dickens says that their knowledge is as inversely as their ages—that is, the most recently elected generally know the most. The great fault with our learned men is, that when they enter a college they leave the world, and become so immersed in Greek and Hebrew, that they can't see common sense through the dust they kick up.—We conversed the other day with a classical scholar, who was perfectly acquainted with every fiscal operation that ever took place in Athens, and yet that same scholar could not tell whether the rate of interest in this State was seven per cent. or fourteen.—*Albany Dutchman.*

Odds and Ends.

FLIRTATION, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to a woman as well as exceedingly unbecoming in her. It is a broad, unblushing confession, which the individual makes, of her desire to attract the notice of men.

WE LIKE the "new pill" which a distinguished physician has just invented. This valuable remedy for melancholy, is made of "fun and fresh air in equal portions, and is to be taken with cold water three times a day."

☞If women know their power and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.

☞No person who has once yielded up the government of his mind, and given a loose rein to his desires and passions, can tell how far they may carry him.

A PHYSICIAN in France claims to have discovered an almost instantaneous cure for neuralgic affections of the head, which, if true, will be considered a great benefit to the human race, as this class of diseases are difficult to be reached by treatment.

"WORDS, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords—there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life!

☞A vicious habit—an indulged little sin—a neglected duty—how easily are they taken care of, if we are in season with them, but how stubborn and ruinous they become, if let alone!

☞Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work.

☞A man too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

AN ANTIDOTE.—Lard, or lard oil, is an antidote for the poison of strichnine, nux-vomica, or any poisonous effect of wild cherry, or the peach tree, fox glove, or the deadly night shade.

COUGH IN HORSES.—It is said that the small twigs of cedar, chopped fine and mixed with their grain, will cure a cough; and that it has been used with complete success.

THE poisoning cases, now constantly occurring in England, seem to be on the increase. Thousands of children have perished within the last few years.—Some counties in England are known by the infamous designation of "poisoning counties."

THE Prince of Wales is of age from his birth, and a chair of state is placed for him on the right of the throne in the House of Lords. The present prince is the ninth who has received the title in infancy.

A PERSON passing along the streets of London, was accosted by a stranger with the question, "Did you ever thank God for the use of your reason?" "No," was the reply, "I never thought of doing it." "Well, do it quickly," rejoined the lunatic, "for I have lost mine."

☞Sir Charles Lyell, in speaking of our Western States, says, there are only two articles for which the merchants appear to pay cash, viz: "flaxseed" and "old rags."

IT HAS been calculated that more than three hundred pounds of blood pass through a man's heart during every hour of his life. The average quantity of blood in an adult male, is about 36 pounds; so that the same blood, we might say, passes through the heart ten times an hour.

WE ARE not to suppose that the oak wants stability because its light and changeable leaves dance to the music of the breezes; nor are we to conclude that a man wants solidity and strength of mind, because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity.

THE Caffre race is one of the finest on the African continent. They far surpass all the other savage races, except the New Zealanders and the American Indians. The name of Caffre, or Kafir, signifies Infidel, and is a Mahometan word.

THE Emperor of Russia has presented to the King of Prussia the chain of brilliants belonging to the order of St. Andrew. The order itself the Emperor retains. The chain is worth a million thalers ($720,000.)

A BOY who fell asleep in the Tabernacle, at St. Louis, rose in his sleep, walked to the pulpit, and shook hands with the preacher. An enterprising youth that.

ELIZA COOK says, truly, in her *Journal*, that "those who are honest, because it is the best policy, are half way to being rogues."

ROYER says a man should take measure for a fortune, before his merits have had time to raise him up enemies. The very moment that your friends discover that you are worthy of "bread," that moment they commence pelting you with "stones."

THERE is a man in Indiana so thin, that when the sheriff is after him, he crawls into his rifle, and watches his adversary through the touch hole.

TO ATTEMPT to introduce female clerks into our dry goods stores, don't pay. The women won't trade with them because they won't stand bothering.

CON.—Why is a schoolmaster, who chastises a refractory scholar, without getting in a passion, like a vessel bound on a whaling voyage to the Pacific?—Because he is a *pacific whaler*.

ANOTHER CON.—Why is an ill-made coach wheel like a band of blackguards playing cards? Because it is composed of a circle of fellows—very rough spoken—with a knave in the centre.

JEFF says that women are called the "softer sex," because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, he says, ninety-five would prefer contentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

FEW MEN can make better use of their eyes than a coxcomb. While his opera glass gives him an insight into other people, his looking-glass helps him to some knowledge of himself.

IT WAS not until the reign of Henry VIII., that carrots, salads, turnips, or other edible roots, were generally produced in England. When Queen Catharine wanted a salad, she despatched a messenger to Holland for it.

DELICIOUS MADNESS—Going crazy after calico.—Its promonitory symptoms are standing collars, and a passionate desire to blow the bowels out of a flute. Cure—a piece of bed cord applied to the neck, or sixpence worth of arsenic, taken internally.

THE hardest people to reason with are topers. Tell a patron of gin and sugar that a laboref of your acquaintance lived ninety years without touching liquor, and all the response he will make to your remarks, will be a strong belief that all such a man wanted to make him live for ever, was a taste of beer now and then.

☞The colder the weather, the more you should eat. According to Liebig, a plate of roast turkey will keep out as much frost as two pair of breeches and a flannel overcoat.

☞When you go to church, go to sleep; for philosophers say that shutting the eyes, makes the sense of hearing more acute.

☞To stop a runaway horse, throw tin pans at him; which will so increase his speed, that in a short time he will fall to the ground from sheer exhaustion. If tin pans are not convenient, a green cotton umbrella will be found nearly as serviceable.

☞The editor that never lied, has turned his attention to raising Phœnixes. He is coming to the young man that hollored watch the other night, because a girl met him in the street, and put her arms around him.