American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM

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Poetical.

AGE.

There's a chastened spirit that folds its wings,
Musing between earth and holy things:
Still gliding on in its noiseless flight,
Like the snow thro' the clouds of a winter's night.
'Tis the spirit of age.

There's a passionless eye, that looks above,
With a ray of faith and a tear of love:
That regards the stars, as they nightly glow,
As the home of some friend who was once below.
'Tis the eye of age.

There's a faded lip, that but faintly smiles,
And with tales of bygone years beguiles
The laughing child; and with holy kiss
Mingles a prayer for its future bliss.
'Tis the lip of age,

There's a withered hand, that in youth was wed
To its kindred hand—but that hand is dead;
And the withered hand, tho' it gave and lend,
Now wants the aid of some kindly friend.
'Tis the hand of age.

But the chastened spirit, which folds its wings,
Will take its flight anon where the seraph sings
And the passionless eye with its tear of love,
Will behold all it lost in the realms above.
Then farewell, age!

Miscellaneous.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. EFFIE FORREST.

So truly are we children of Hope, that even now, a though Winter has by no means relinquished his authority, and laid down his rigid sceptre, still we are dreaming of the time, when we can say with the Poet:

"There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee:
The sick come forth for the healing South,
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry
That is told by golden hours."

He who opens his understanding to the wisdom of Nature, will find that all her changes are pleasing and beautiful. But at no time of year are we so thrillingly alive to these ever pleasing ministrations, as in the vernal season; for them it would seem that the spirit of perfume, music, bloom, sunny days, and green meadows, is a universal instinct! Who does not remember seasons, when a simple tuft of grass, which the melting snows had revealed in the freshness of its early green, has been hailed with emotions which no after bloom, no perfection of summer beauty, could excite! Who does not welcome the first violet, as the Patriarch did the olive branch, accepting it as a sign that the storms are passing away, and the earth is beginning to put on her garments of joy!

And if at this pleasant season one could have some knowledge of the natural sciences, what a deep and inexhaustible source of happiness would be unfolded! If one could but analyze a flower, the external world would awake, as if with the magic of a new creation; for to the more deeply seeing eye would be revealed a more exquisite beauty, a profounder wisdom, which is not elaborated in the surface, but which penetrates and pervades the essence of the soul of things. The importance of these studies, as the best means of expanding and strengthening the intellect, of refining the taste, and cultivating the moral affections, is beginning to be apprehended, but is by no means truly appreciated, or thoroughly understood. Let not my fair readers start, or wonder, or frown, when I say that no woman should be a mother, who has not at least a sufficient acquaintance with the natural sciences to give her children the rudiments of them, and assist them in forming Cabinets, Herbariums, and other collections.

If these sciences were made the basis of education, if they were understood and appreciated at home, and taught in our common schools, we should not see our young men dissolute and depraved as they too frequently are, nor our young women wearing away their lives in the miserable fripperies of Fashion and false show. And for this reason, that they cannot be truly studied without that perception of Truth and Beauty, which, while it inevitably excites the affections, opens the mind by the most agreeable methods, to a comprehension of that Divine Intelligence which

"inspires, informs, and animates the whole,"

and thus not only expands the intellect, but calls forth, and purifies, and exalts the moral and religious affections.—*N. Y. Organ.*

How Murat met his Fate.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, equally without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He advanced of his own accord towards the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade, lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers with loaded muskets awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit them to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive death of a part of his horror. Murat, in stepping over the threshhold of his chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged, and looked at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, 'My friends,' said he, 'do not make me suffer by taking bad aim.' The narrow space naturally compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble, do not strike me in the face—aim at the heart, here it is.' As he spoke thus he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a medallion, which contained in one focus of love, the image of his wife and of his four children, as if he thus wished to make them witnesses of his last hour, or to have their image in his last look, as in his last thought. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death blow without feeling it, absorbed in contemplation of all he loved upon earth! His body, pierced at so short a distance by twelve balls, fell with the arms open and his face to the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom which he had at once possessed, and which he had come to reconquer for his tomb. They threw his cloak upon the body, which was buried in the cathedral of Pizzo. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch; not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the companions of the new Alexander.—*Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.*

The Panama Star says that the largest pearl in the world is in possession of Victor Pilse, Esq., of Panama. The pearl is much the shape of an egg, without a single flaw in its entire formation, in color it is what judges consider perfection, and it weighs 155 grains. It is valued at $5,000.

HINTS TO PARENTS.—Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make a companion of his child, converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation, awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things—and all this in an easy playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he himself, will be astonished at the progress which will be made. The experiment is so simple that none hesitate about its performance.

A Peacock would be a beautiful bird if it would only keep its mouth shut. So would some angels we know, if they would follow the same precept.

JUDGE NOT IN HASTE.

Ne'er be hasty in your judgement—
Never formost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend.
Of two reasons for an action
Choose the better, not the worst;
Oft, with some, the meaner motive
Ever strikes the fancy first!
Then be gentle with misfortune—
Never formost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend!

Judge not with detracting spirit,
Speak not with disdaneful tongue;
Nor, with hard and hasty feeling,
Do one human creature wrong!
Words there are, that, sharp as winter,
Strip the little left to cheer;
Oh, be yours a kinder mission,
Prone to sooth, not cause a tear!
Then be gentle with misfortune—
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend!

The Fat Man and Blake the Actor.

Who does not know William Rufus Blake, formerly acting manager of the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, now of Walpeck's Lyceum, New York, the greatest *Sir Harcourt Courtley off* the stage with a tinge of Dazzle's peculiarities? Mr. Blake is apt to plume himself upon his good looks and irresistible exterior, treating the fairer portion of creation to a view of his fascinations, weather and asthma permitting. Touching the peculiarity of Mr. Blake, we have a story to relate of him, which is an apt illustration, and at the same time, rather funny.

A lady living in one of the streets of New York, not far from Broadway Theatre, had in her employ an Irish servant girl, who was not a particularly remarkable specimen of feminine acumen at any time, and who was especially dumb as to the idiomatical phrases peculiar to the latitude of Gotham. Thus a soap fat scavenger, is, in New York, "for short," called a "fat man," And it is not to be wondered at, that on the occasion of which we purpose speaking, Biddy, when told by her mistress to go forth and bring a "fat man" to the house, should have slightly mistaken the meaning intended to be conveyed.

But off Biddy walked down Broadway, in search of the "fat man" as she had been commanded.—Now it happened that Mr. Blake, who was exceedingly rotund in person, chanced to be standing in company with several others belonging to the theatrical profession. Biddy came down near the theatre, and seeing Mr. Blake, at once concluded him to be the very man she was in search of, so she approached him with a countenance of joy, and touched his elbow, in order to attract his attention.

"Av ye plaze sur," said she, with a curtsey, "av ye plaze, sur, me mistress told me to come and get ye."

"What," demanded Blake, not exactly understanding the business.

"Sure, sir," said Biddy, "me misthress who lives around the corner beyant there, jist tould me to come and brink ye to her immediately."

"Who is she? what does she want with me?" asked Blake, pulling up his collar, and setting his chin in his cravat.

"Faith sure," returned the girl, "divil a wan o' me knows what she wants, at all, but she tould me to bring ye, an' ye must go."

"Is she a lady, and young?"

"To be sure she is."

"Pretty?"

"Paix ye may say *that*," answered Biddy.

Blake turned round to his companions with an air of depreciation, or as much as to say, "You see what a killing fellow I am among the ladies.—They don't give me a moment's peace." After which he turned to the girl, and signified his readiness to follow her.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Blake was forthwith ushered into the presence of Biddy's mistress, who looked at him, wondering *who* the mischief he was, and *what* the mischief he wanted.

Mr. Blake bowed in the politest manner, and thought the lady who had evinced such a flattering predilection for his society was very charming.

"You see I've brought him, ma'am," said Biddy, seeing some explanation necessary.

"Who?" asked her mistress.

"The fat man, ma'am, as ye tould me."

The lady burst into a laugh, and then, fearing an unpleasant termination, turned to the astonished Blake, and said, "I see, sir, you have been the victim of an error on the part of the servant. I desired her to bring me a 'fat man'—meaning some one to remove the waste of the kitchen—and she, thinking my words implied what they literally expressed, has brought *you*! I regret——"

But Blake waited to hear no more. He was off with an agility which, considering his weight and years, was really wonderful.

Exciting Incident Among the Rocky Mountains.

On one occasion, while J. W. Jones, with a few of his artist companions, were stopping in the rear of their main company, for the purpose of daguerreotyping for his Pantescope some remarkably strange rocks, a war party of Indians suddenly sprang from behind the rocks, and, giving a frightful yell, advanced with lances poised, ready for battle, when the artist, with great coolness, turned upon them his "camera," and, somewhat mystically waving over the instrument the black cloths in which his pictures were enwrapped, held his lighted cigar in somewhat frightful proximity to the instrument. The savages had heard strange stories of "thunder on wheels," which had, in one terrific burst, swept away whole parties of red skins. Panic-stricken, they paused a moment, then veered to the right, with eyes fixed upon the dreaded instrument.

But the strange *mortar* followed them; its dangerous point ever keeping them in direct line.—Pop! pop! pop! went a revolver from beneath the instrument! This was but the prelude of the death-waging storm about to burst upon them!—They could no longer stand this, but with a simultaneous yell broke away towards the rocks.—Bang! bang! went the artists guns after them.—Strange, terrific sounds were reverberated through the mountain gorges and echoed back by the cavernous rocks—yells and shrieks, and rumbling thunders. The smoke cleared away, and the artists were alone. No time was lost in rejoining the caravan, and the danger being over, it became often the subject of merriment around the campfires—Jones' charge upon the Indians with the *daguerreotype instrument*—*Boston Transcript.*

A credulous fellow went to the clergyman of his parish, and told him with great consternation, that he had seen a ghost.

"Where did you see it?"

"Why," said Diggory, "as I war going, an' please your reverence, by the church, right up against the wall I sees the ghost."

"In what shape did it appear?"

"For all the world like a great ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue," replied the clergyman; "you are a timid creature, and have been frightened at your own shadow."

SALLY STRICKLAND'S CASE;

SHOWING HOW THE

Doctor Cured her of the Blue Devils.

A REAL INCIDENT TOLD BY A VERMONT CORRESPONDENT.

Miss Strickland was a maiden lady of five-and-forty, who had wearied the doctor's patience by her reiterated attempt at dying at most unreasonable hours—at least so far as regarded the comfort of her medical attendant. One cold stormy night the doctor had been called to see Miss Sally, and had succeeded as usual in pacifying her fears, and left her enjoying a sound and refreshing sleep. He had hardly arrived at home, drenched through with the rain which was falling in torrents, and got into a warm and comfortable bed, when he was awakened by a loud rap at the door, and a voice without begging him to get up in a moment, as one of his neighbors was dying and needed his assistance. Half asleep and half awake, he sprung from the bed, and ran to the door to inquire which of his neighbors was in so dangerous a condition. On opening the window he was surprised and chagrined to find that his dying neighbor was Miss Sally Strickland—that after he had left her, an hour or two before she was taken suddenly down again, and had sent a messenger to hasten his return and to tell him that if he did not come quick he would not find her alive.—The messenger urged him to get ready as soon as possible, and in the mean time he would get his horse and sulky up and have them at the door. The doctor, worn out with the repeated calls, and fatigued with his previous visit, hesitated; but finally decided on going, determined to make an end of the job by either killing or coring.

On his arrival he put on a gloomy and ghastly countenance, said but very little and very gloomily, and in all respects appeared more like a stranger from another world than the humorous and agreeable physician. On his entering the room of Sally, she noticed the countenance of the doctor, and discovered that something was preying upon his spirits, as he did not appear with his wonted cheerfulness.—She inqired of him the cause of his gloom and begged him to unbosom his mind fully and freely, as it would probably be the last opportunity he would have.

He told her it would be improper under existing circumstances—that as the time of her dissolution was approaching, it might terrify her, and hasten her departure. She entreated him to keep nothing from her, though it might relate to herself, for she was desirous of knowing the worst of her case, and was prepared to meet it, be it what it might. He still declined disclosing the cause of his melancholy, and insisted that her remaining strength was insufficient to sustain the shock which it must necessarily produce; and begged her to turn her thoughts to other and more appropriate subjects. Though Sally supposed herself dying, yet she was unwilling to die without having her curiosity gratified, and she therefore the more strongly importuned the doctor to keep her no longer in suspense. After getting her curiosity and imagination on tip toe, he consented. He said when the messenger came last for him he was in a sound sleep, and was dreaming that he was in the land of woe—that Beelzebub was conducting him to the various rooms of the prison of despair, for the purpose of showing him their arrangement—that in passing the door of a room in which some young Satans lodged, he saw them jumping and skipping about, apparently in high glee—that Beelzebub noticing it told them to go to bed and be quiet—that on their not obeying his orders cheerfully and readily, he stamped tremendously on the floor adding with true satanic emphasis "Go to bed, I say, and get some sleep, for old Sal Strickland is coming to-morrow, and there will be no sleep in h—l for a fortnight!" Miss Sally sprang for the broom, but the doctor, catching up his saddle bags, made his escape. The cure was effectual.

The End of "Great Men."

Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed page of Minature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places, were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensation arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of *countless nations*, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—after having put to flight the armies of "this mistress of the world," and made her very foundation quake—fled *from the country, being hated by those who once* exultingly united his name to that of their god and called *him Hanni Bal*—and died *at last by poison* administered by his own hands, unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death *the only rival he had on earth*, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, or could not bring him aid!

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of those whom the world called *great*—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one a lonely exile!—"How are the mighty fallen?"

HOME.

Home, the home of childhood and of youth, how dear must it ever be to the heart of manhood!—Years may have elapsed since we looked upon its venerable form or crossed its threshold, worn by the tread of generations; but it can never fade from memory, or be displaced from our recollection by any other we have since learned to call our home.

The love of home, like the love of country, is confined to no class; it is not to be bounded by the landmarks of nobility, or limited in its universal sovereignty by the restraint of rank. The lordly mansion and the splendid palace may have little of home to *bless* their magnificence, while the lowly hut reposing beneath their shade may make good a title to the endearing name. The traveler may have gazed on many a sunny landscape, and many a noble shore. The heaving forest or the waving prairie may have spread their loveliness before him; majestic rivers may have courted his admiration, or the soft murmurings of some blue lake have wooed him to repose—but these, though they may charm for a while cannot win his heart from home. He may have wandered beneath the glowing sky of Italy, or climed the rocky heights grand in their towering ruggedness, of Switzerland. His footsteps may have echoed amid the ruins of Greece, or trod in paths hallowed by the feet of Him who trod earth, *no home in which to lay His head.* But the glories of Italian scenery, the mournful associations of lovely Greece, or the still more tender recollections of Holy Palestine, may not tempt him to do more than linger for a moment by the way, and then pass on to that less favored, it may be, but far dearer land where is his home.

The sailor, as in the lonely night-watch he paces the deck of his gallant vessel, bounding long over some distant sea, while the moaning wind whistles through the cordage, dreams it is the voices of spirits, whispering of home—the home quitted so readily, but which he now longs for as the tempest-driven bird for the nest it has too rashly forsaken.—Many a strange vicissitude has he undergone since he left that peaceful spot. At one time the scented isles of Araby have flung their fragrance around him, as his bark glided gracefully through the rippling waters, of the blue Mediterranean; at another the rude blast of the tempest has struck his reeling ship, and sent her leaping and quivering over the mountain waves of the boundless Atlantic. But, alike in sunshine and in storm, the silken zephyr could not woo, nor the roaring hurricane drive, from his breast, the sweet hope of one day revisiting the home now so far away.

The thought of home is that which infuses its greatest vigor into the arm of the warrior, rendering him, on the battle field, indifferent to the tramp of the war-horse, the flash of the bayonet, or the roar of the cannon, and which, on the bed of sickness, breathes consolation into his wounds, and robs them of half their pain, by reminding him of their reward.

It matters not whether that home be in the deep recesses of snow-crowned Norway, or in the beaming plains of laughing France—under the burning sun of Africa's scorched up deserts, or by some glistening stream in forest glade of dear old England—by Niagara's foaming precipice, or Geneva's peaceful lake—home is everywhere. "Home, sweet, sweet home," is the song in which all nations may join for truly, "there is no place like home."

Bancroft, the Historian.

He was the son of the most distinguished Unitarian divine of the last half century. Brought up in an atmosphere of grave and humane catholicity, his constant lesson was the supremest liberty of moral investigation. At the age of seventeen he went to Germany, and studied at Gottingen.—While there, though a mere youth, he often preached to the quiet German congregation in the vicinity, in their native tongue. Pursuing his studies with ardour, and stirred by a singular intellectual restlessness, his mind darted through the fields of scholastic culture, hiving the sweets, quite ignorant of their future use. In Berlin he became acquainted with Schleirmacher, Wolff and Savigny. He first saw Goethe in Jena. The old man was walking in his garden, clad with German carelessness, in heavy loose coat and trousers, without a waistcoat. He talked pleasantly of many things as they strolled. Inquiring about Lord Byron, who was then at the height of his fame, he remarked, though without passion or ill feeling, that the English poet had modelled his Manfred upon Faust. The young student afterwards met Lord Byron in Italy, and visited him at his villa, near Leghorn. Byron denied the charge of Goethe about Manfred, and said that he had never read Faust. It was in the year 1821, while he was writing Don Juan. When his visitor rose to take leave, the poet took down a volume containing the last cantos he had then written of the poem, and wrote his name on them as a remembrance from Noel Byron. The career of the historian, after returning to this country is a matter of public record.

It is said that there is a lady at Frostville, in France, 101 years of age, who has not been out of mourning once during the last 70 years. She has successively lost her father, mother, two husbands, seven uncles, eight aunts, four brothers, five sisters, six brothers-in-law, three sisters in-law, three sons, four daughters, and thirty-two grand-children. Spite of these continued afflictions she is in full enjoyment of all her faculties. She has but one relation left—a grand-daughter aged 72 The old lady lives with great economy, for she says a reason that she must lay something by for a rainy day; she may get old.

"Papa, what does the Editor lick the Price Current with?"

"Whip it! he don't whip it, my child!"

"Then he lies, Pa."

"Hush! Tom, that is a very naughty word."

"Well, by Golly! this ere paper says 'Price Currents carefully corrected'"—and when I gets corrected I gets licked—hey—don't I?"

LAUGHTER.—A hearty laugh occasionally is an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brain, and the hypochondria out of ribs far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills. One of the Emperors of Japan is said to have killed himself by immoderately laughing on being told that the Americans were governed without a king.

☞ We don't know who uttered the following little sermon, but there is a whole nutshell of truth in it:

"*There is a large and fertile space in every life*, to which might be planted the oak and the fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habit, which yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory and a shade.

☞ A gentleman was accosted by a poor loafer, who asked for charity.

'I will remember you the next time,' replied the gentleman.

'Please your honor,' said the loafer, 'I don't credit I deal on the cash principle.'

A hot iron held on the spotted parts of the letters damaged by salt water, will assist very much to bring back the writing.

For Housekeepers.

To Fry or Broil Fish Properly.

After the fish is well cleansed, lay it on a folded towel and dry out all the water. When well wiped and dry, roll it in wheat flour, rolled crackers, grated stale bread, or Indian meal, whichever may be preferred. Wheat flour will generally be liked—Have a thick bottomed frying pan or spider, with plenty of sweet lard salted; a table spoonful of salt to each pound of lard, for fresh fish which have not been previously salted; let it become boiling hot, then lay the fish in and let it fry gently, until one side is a fine delicate brown, then turn the other.—When both are done take it up carefully and serve quickly, or keep it covered with a tin cover, and set the dish where it will keep hot.

Foam Sauce.

One tea cup of sugar—two thirds do. of butter, and a tablespoonful of flour, beaten together till smooth, then place over the fire, and stir in rapidly three gills of boiling water, and season with nutmeg.

A very rich and delicious sauce for pudding is made by this receipt.—*Farmer and Artizan.*

Home-Made Furniture.

The simplest and cheapest kind of furniture, by which an air of taste may be given to a cottage, consists of a plain box or bench made of boards by *the hands of* the master of the dwelling, stuffed with hay, corn husks, moss or hair, held in place by a covering of coarse canvass, and covered with chintz by the mistress of the cottage. Seats of all kinds are made at a very trifling cost in this way.

Ruta Baga Pudding.

One and a half pints of pulped Ruta Bags, two spoonfuls of wheat flour, four eggs, half a pint of milk, and one tablespoonful of butter. The pan greased and floured, and baked with a quick fire.—*Prairie Farmer.*

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The Agriculturist.

HINTS ON BUTTER-MAKING.

Although everybody knows how to make butter, everybody does not take that care and pains with it which they ought, and everybody does not look into the philosophy of the business as they ought; and, indeed, the whole philosophy of it is not yet so perfectly ascertained that everybody can be sure he knows all the 'whys and wherefores' connected with the business. The first requisite is to have cows that give milk producing large quantities of cream. There is a great difference, as everybody knows, in the quality of milk from different cows. The milk of some cows contains a large portion of butter particles, or cream, and comparatively little of cheese particles, or *caseine*, as it is now called. On the other hand, you will find cows that produce comparatively little cream, but a large portion of caseine. The next requisite is to have good food for your cows. There have been no very exact and definite experiments tried with the different grasses, by which their value as food to cows for the production of butter or cheese has been ascertained, yet there is a great difference in the several varieties. A writer in the Rural New Yorker states that feeding cows with green corn stalks will cause them to yield butter of a harder and more solid texture than is afforded by them before they are so fed. It is thought by Liebig, that feeding cows with oat and pea meal would increase the cheese or caseine, of their milk. The next requisite for obtaining butter easily, is to scald the milk as soon as it is brought in from milking. Those who have followed this practice, have found it productive of wonderful saving, not only in the increased amount of cream that rises, but in the facility with which the cream is changed to butter while churning. The mode of scalding it is to set the pan, as soon as strained, on the stove, and let it heat until a bubble or two rises to the surface by the heat—then set it away. This should be done both summer and winter, as it causes the cream to rise more completely, and prevents the milk from souring so soon as it otherwise would.

Mr. Wm. P. Fogg has given some valuable knowledge on the chemical properties of milk and butter, which every dairyman or woman should read. We will give a few extracts of his remarks:

"The ordinary temperature of new milk is from 65 to 70 deg. To the naked eye it seems a pure white liquid; but when viewed through a microscope an infinite number of minute globules appear, which contain the oily part, or butter. When the milk is set away in the dairy, these oily particles, being the lightest, gradually rises to the surface and form the cream. But when milk is exposed to the atmosphere, the oxygen absorbed by it, slowly changes the milk sugar into what is called *lactic acid*. This acid causes the caseine or curd to coagulate, prevents the further separation of the cream, and milk becomes sour. The curd of sour milk is always found to contain more or less butter; sometimes as much as two per cent., or one half the whole quantity contained in the milk; (the best milk seldom contains five per cent.) This arises from the fact that the lactic acid is formed before all the buttery particles have had time to rise to the surface. Hence, the longer we can keep milk sweet, the more cream we can obtain.

Mr. Fogg gives the following process for preventing milk from becoming sour, based upon the chemical principle of adding an alkali which shall combine with the acid as fast as it forms, and neutralize it:

"Carbonate of soda is the substance which experience has proved best adapted for this purpose. It is useful to ingenuous and thrifty housewives to know the agreeable fact that one table or tea spoonful of soda, will keep it sweet four or five days. In very warm weather more than the above quantity of soda is required.—*Maine Farmer.*

SEASONABLE HINTS.

GRAPE CUTTINGS.—These should be taken from the present vines early in the spring. I have found by experiment that the longer they are, the more likely they are to succeed. It is a bad practice to cut them into short pieces, as some recommend, for no one can expect that their success can be so certain, even where the cuttings are vigorous, and in every respect capacified to grow. By leaving them a good length say four or five feet, and allowing them two buds instead of one, to remain above the surface on planting, cutting from healthy and vigorous vines, if planted on good soil, will rarely, if ever, fail. They will advance rapidly the first season, and very often produce grapes the next. No fermentable manure should be allowed. The best stimulous that can be applied, is compo-it formed of forest leaves and scrapings, with old plaster, gypsum, and well decomposed animal excrement, from the stables and cattle yards. Mulching, or covering the surface with a stratum of straw or tanner's bark, will have a tendency to keep the soil moist, and to prevent the growth of weeds.

CURRANTS.—Those who cannot conveniently obtain bushes, may easily procure cuttings, and these, by the next year will be as valuable, or even more so, than the former. Good soil is requisite in order to secure a thrifty and good plantation, and no spurious vegetation should be allowed to infest the beds at any season. To prevent this, it is a good plan to set the cuttings in double rows, say about six inches apart, and from eight to ten inches in the row, and cover the interstitial space with straw. This will effectually obviate the unpleasant consequences resulting both from drought, by arresting the escent of moisture, and its evaporation, and the germination of seeds, which it will also her and destroy. And here it may be observed, that in transplanting all descriptions of vines, plants and bushes, whether merely ornamental or fruitiferious, mulching with some appropriate material, ought never to be neglected. Straw or tanner's bark, or dry leaves from the forest, answer well for this purpose. Gooseberries may also be propagated in this manner, and to any extent desired. Those who have soil for the purpose, ought by no means to neglect their cultivation. The fruit is valuable.

Gooseberry bushes should not be allowed to make too much new wood. Closeness in the tops often promote, if it does not produce disease. If you have new bushes to set out, select a place for them where they will have the advantage of a free circulation of air, and not be in the shade. The frequent application of salt about the roots, has been found very advantageous to this species of shrub—causing it to fruit well and thickly, and acting as a preventative of the mould or mildew.

Raspberry and Blackberry bushes are to be manured with a compost of forest mould, muck, and house ashes, during the first two years after they are transplanted. The soil should be kept light and mellow, and above all, free from the solution of weeds. Excessive pruning should be avoided. If the shoots run high, which they generally will when good varieties and set in a rich soil, you will do well to supply them with supporters.

Asparagus beds require attention, and to be profitable, should be frequently stimulated by the application of salt. As much of this article as would kill any other vegetable, will be of benefit to the plants, not only in producing their immediate growth, but in destroying the weeds by which they are too often suffered to become infested.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO FATTEN FOWLS.—The best food for fattening fowls is potatoes mixed with meal. Boil the potatoes and mash them fine while they are hot, and mix the meal with them just before it is prepared. They fatten on this diet in less than half the time ordinarily required to bring them to the same condition of excellence on corn or even meal itself.

MRS. Partington, upon reading in the *Post* that the Boston Light Guard appeared in undress uniform, said: "Well, if soldiers will go naked, I am glad they don't train in the day time, so I am."

Odds and Ends.

Trust a few.

Love thyself last.

Do wrong to none.

Fickle—the weather.

Prevalant—bad colds.

By industry we thrive.

A *plane* man—the carpenter.

Harrisburg is in debt $154,261.

Better than diamonds—charity.

Deride not any man's infirmities.

Cherish those hearts that hate thee.

A newspaper is a library for the poor.

A spirit level—a drunken man in the gutter.

He who deserves well needs not another's praise.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.

India rubber horse shoes are now manufactured.

Wrong—to snore in church, or hit your father *when he is down.*

A late writer of the anti-Garrisonian school asserts that it is a negro's nature to "suffer and be *strong.*

Somebody has discovered a morsel of meat on "the bone of contention."

Recently robbed—the trunk of a tree. The robber might have been accured, but he stole its bark.

It is generally considered that a man has a right to steal a kiss or an umbrella whenever he has a chance.

Why is a four quart jug like a lady's side saddle? Because it holds a gall-on.

Confront improper conduct, not by retaliation, but by example.

Modesty is a handsome dish cover that makes us fancy there must be something very good underneath.

Crime sometimes shocks us too much; vice too little.

Santa Anna is reported to have returned to Mexico.

There are in Washington county, Md., 2,769 slaves, assessed at $317,000.

The mind that is truly noble descends not to mean resentment.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, the people, this winter enjoyed 100 consecutive days of good sleighing.

Advice to young ladies—do not too soon pronounce your lover a duck, lest you should afterwards discover him to be a goose.

Col. Benton, it is said in Missouri, will be in the field for re-election to the Senate of the United States at the next regular session.

Mr. Fuller, who was recently shot down in the streets of Washington, is in a fair way of recovery, and Schlumberg has been admitted to bail.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

The bill to abolish capital punishment was indefinitely postponed in the House at Harrisburg on Friday last, by a vote of [illegible] to [illegible], thus killing the bill.

One of the most interesting relics in Philadelphia may be seen in North Second Street, viz: the first lightning rod erected by Dr. Franklin, which still stretches its attenuated fingers towards the heavens.

Great preparations are making in various cities of the South, for the public reception of our ex President Fillmore, who intends making a somewhat extensive tour in the Southern States before returning to Buffalo.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming furiously with a cowhide in hand.

Gov. Bigler has signed the death warrant of James Green, (colored,) convicted recently in Adams county of the murder of Samuel Mars. He is to be executed on Friday, the 15th day of April next.

Rev. Samuel Griffith, who has been on trial before the Methodist Conference, sitting at Hagerstown Md., charged with a breach of promise of marriage, *has been expelled from the Conference and ex-communicated from the church.*

The prettiest design we ever saw on the tombstone of a child was a lark soaring upward with a rosebud in its mouth. What could be more sweetly emblematic of infant innocence winging it way to heaven under the care of its guardian angel.

A Dutchman having a friend hung in this country, wrote to his friends informing them that, after addressing a large meeting of citizens, the scaffold on which he stood gave way, owing to which he fell and broke his neck.

'Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?'—'How did ye know me name was Pat?' 'Oh, I guessed it.' 'Thin, be the powers, if ye are so good at guessing, ye'd better guess the way to Burlington!'

A London journal says it may be safely said that the British people relish a disgusting subject now and then as keenly as the Chinese epicure does his rotten eggs or his fine game rats.

LUSUS NATURÆ.—A negro woman in Bowling Green, Kentucky, was delivered a few days since of twins, one of whom was perfectly white and the other a pure African.

The Allentown papers state that a good article of coal has been discovered near that Borough.

A traveller informed the proprietor of one of the New York hotels, that his room was so high up he could not hear the gong rung on earth, though he could hear angels whisper in Heaven!

VERDANT.—People who think they can make a fortune without advertising.

The difference between a leg of mutton and ballet dancer's legs, is this—one you cut capers to dress, while the other dresses to cut capers.

Phrenology—An Irishman operating on a man's head with his shillelah.

A man has a perfect right to stamp or hiss in a theatre, as he pleases. It is one of the privileges accompanying the purchase of his ticket.

A Wall street Banker asserts in the New York Courier of Saturday, that a crisis is fast coming on under the present working *of the General Banking Law of that State.*

It is said that *Gen. Scott has determined* to transfer the head quarters of his army from Washington to New York.

Kentucky is erecting the most significant State House in the Union. When finished it will cost $1,000,000.

Barnabas Bates, Esq., the venerable champion and untiring advocate of cheap postage, is seriously ill in Boston.

There are frequently not more than six persons present at the week day services in Trinity Church, New York!

The Free Masons of Philadelphia intend laying the corner stone of a new Temple in that city on the 24th of June next, on which occasion they will have a grand procession.