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. 39. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1853. NO. 45.

Poetical.

From the Louisville Journal.

PLATONIC LOVE.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

O! tell me, maiden, some sweet name,
For that sweet tie which binds us;
That, kindred to love's ardent flame,
Yet of no pain reminds us;
A love, but not of passion born—
The rose of love without the thorn.

It is a fresh and rosy dawn,
The dull noon ne'er attaining;
A dew, aye sparkling o'er the lawn;
A young moon never waning;
A flower that blooms a hundred years,
Yet sweeter, brighter still appears.

A tide that never ebbs, but flows
With melody unceasing;
A star no culminating knows,
Yet still its light increasing—
Ah! tell me, maiden, whence it came,
A love so sweet without the name.

We parted, and no bitter tears
From tortured hearts were flowing—
No thwarted hopes, no anxious fears,
Our calmness overthrowing.
Each knew no rival heart could win
The love each fondly trusted in.

Through years of absence, far away,
Thy presence, near me beaming,
Inspired my sweetest thoughts by day,
By night my sweetest dreaming;
And well I know that memory
Kept bright thy loving thoughts of me.

We met, and from thy proffered lips
Mine found a blissful greeting;
The lover's joy could scarce eclipse
The rapture of that meeting;
Yet might he all my bliss have seen,
Not fell one jealous pang, I ween.

The sun may love the Parsee most,
Nor scorn the adoration
Of any wanderer ocean-tossed,
Who brings a pure oblation—
And thou art evermore as free
To smile with loving beams on me.

Thy kindness, when not all were kind,
Thy faith, when some believed not,
Thy truth, which, though the false maligned,
My trusting heart deceived not—
These were that blessed tie of yore,
Which can be sundered never more.

Miscellaneous.

CHEMISTRY FOR LADIES.

A professor of chemistry gives the following instances in which a knowledge of that science may be useful to ladies:

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among his neighbors, enter a cabinet shop and find a saucer of *aqua fortis* (nitric acid) upon the work bench, and in his sport suddenly seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives the child is a corpse. Now, as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest or drawer was some calcined magnesia, which if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy! Oh, what are all the boquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge!

Take another case. A husband, returning home one summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening accidentally the case of bottles labelled "salts of lemon," and, making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distressed, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she had procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees, upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used by domestics to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is left upon the chamber floor in a teacup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs at play; the infant crawls to the teacup and drinks. Now, what think you would be the mother's joy if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called into recollection the well-ascertained fact that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison! She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites (albumen.) Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk not to her of novels. One little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case.—A physician in a hurry leaves an over dose of tartar emetic (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever) and pursues his way to see another patient ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned.—When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is despatched for the doctor, another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in the canister in your cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from the threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar emetic into an innocuous compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moistere be present, and its surface becomes lined with a green substance—carbonate or the peroxide of copper, a poisonous compound.

It has somewhere happened that a mother has, for want of this knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkrout, which has been permitted to stand in a copper vessel, produced death in a few hours.—Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison. Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and many have died, in some instances without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if, under such circumstances, she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris are poisonous, and that Orfila has proved albumen to be the proper antidote to them.

Lead (often used for drinking vessels and conduits,) if, when in contact with water, it is exposed to the air, yields carbonate of lead (the white lead of the shops.) It is surprising that the neutral salts in water retard this process, and that some salts seem to prevent it entirely; hence, the water of Edinburg may be safely used, though kept in leaden cisterns; and the water of the Ohio is conveyed to inhabitants of Cincinnati with impunity in leaden pipes. Nevertheless salts of lead may be formed under circumstances not unlikely to occur. Moreover, the acetate of lead is often used to sweeten wine; and the lady acquainted with affinities of the metal, and the properties and antidotes of its compounds, may have occasion for her information. She will be able, by means of various always at hand—such as Epsom salts, or glauber salts—to render the salts of lead inert.—For the soluble sulphates brought in contact with them will always give rise to the formation of the sulphate of lead, which is insoluble, and without any pernicious properties.

Illustrations might be multiplied; but our space forbids. We conclude by saying that poisons always produce secondary effects, which antidotes, however perfect, do not prevent. In all cases of poisoning, therefore, the administration of antidotes should not prevent the calling of a doctor.—*Ladies' Repository.*

THE SHINING EYES.

Flint's "Life of Boone" contains the following account of his first meeting with his future wife, referred to as authentic by other biographers:

"Young Boone was, one night, engaged in a fire-hunt with a young friend. Their course led them to the deeply timbered bottom which skirted the stream that wound round Byran's pleasant plantation. That the reader may have an idea what sort of a pursuit it was that young Boone was engaged in, durin an event so decisive of his future fortunes, we present a brief sketch of a night fire hunt.

"Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes, bears on his shoulders what is called a *fire pan*, full of blazing pine knots, which cast a bright and flickering glare far through the forest. The second follows, at some distance, with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle is more impressive than this of pairs of hunters thus kindling the forest into a glare. The deer reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade, and instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it, as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. This cruel mode of securing a fatal shot is called in a hunters' phrase—*shining the eyes.*

"The two young men reached a corner of the farmer's field after early hour in the evening. Young Boone gave the customery signal, to his mounted companion preceding him, to stop—an indication that he had *shined the eyes of a deer*, Boone dismounted and fastened his horse to a tree. Ascertaining that his rifle was in order, he advanced cautiously behind a covert of bushes, to rest the right distance for a shot.

"The deer is remarkable for the beauty of its eyes when thus shined. The mild brilliancy of the two orbs were distinctly visible. Whether warned by a presentiment, or arrested by a palpitation and strange feeling within, at noting a new expression in the blue and dewy lights that gleamed to his heart, we say not. But the unerring rifle fell, and a rustling told him the game had fled.

"Something whispered him it was not a deer, and yet the fleet step, as the game bounded away, might easily be mistaken for that of the light-footed animal. A second thought impelled him to pursue the rapidly retreating game, and he sprang away in the direction of the sound, leaving his companion to occupy himself as he might. The fugitive had the advantage of a considerable advance of him, and apparently a better knowledge of the localities of the place. But the hunter was perfect in all his field exercises, and scarcely less fleet-footed than a deer, and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, which advanced a little distance parallel with the field fence, and then as if endowed with the utmost accomplishment of gymnastics, cleared the fence at a leap.

"The hunter, embarrassed with his rifle and accoutrements, was driven to the slow and humiliating expedient of climbing it. But an outline of the form of the fugitive, fleeing from the shades in the direction of the house, assured him that he had mistaken the nature of the game. His heart throbbed from an hundred sensations, among them an apprehension of the consequences of what would have resulted from displaying his rifle when he had first smiled from the fence.

"Seeing that the fleet game made straight in the direction of the house, he said to himself—

"'I will see the pot door in his hair,' and he directed his steps to the same place.

"Half a score of dogs opened their barking upon him as he approached the house, and advertised to the master of the house that a stranger was approaching. Having hushed the dogs and learned the name of his visitant, he introduced him to his family, as the son of their neighbor Boone.

"Scarce had the first words of introduction been uttered, before the opposite door opened, and a boy apparently of seven, and a girl of sixteen, rushed in, panting for breath, and seeming affright.

"Sister went down to the river, and a *painter* chased her, and she is almost scared to death,' exclaimed the boy.

"The ruddy, flaxen-haired girl stood in full view of her terrible pursuer, leaning upon his rifle, and surveying her with the most eager admiration.

"Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbor, was the laconic introduction.

"Both were young, beautiful, and at the period when the affections exercise their most energetic influence.

The circumstances of the introduction were favorable to the result, and the young hunter felt that the eyes had *shined his bosom*, as fatally as his rifle shot had ever the innocent deer of the thickets.

"She, too, when she saw the light, open, bold forehead, the clear, keen, yet gentle and affectionate eye, the firm front, and the visible impress of decision and fearlessness of the hunter—when she interpreted a look which said as distinctly as looks could say it, 'how terrible it would have been to have fired!' can hardly be supposed to have regarded him with indifference.

"Nor can it be wondered at that she saw in him her beau ideal of excellence and beauty. The inhabitants of cities, who live in mansions, and read novels stored with unreal pictures of life and the heart, are apt to imagine that love, with all its golden illusions, is reserved exclusively for them. It is a most egregious mistake. A model of ideal beauty and perfection is woven in almost every youthful heart, of the brightest and most brilliant threads that compose the web of existence. It may not be said that this forest maid was deeply and foolishly smitten at first sight. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maidenly modesty.

"As for Boone, he was remarkable for the backwoods attributes of never being beaten out of his track, and he ceased not to woo, until he gained the heart of Rebecca Ryan. In a word, he courted her successfully, and they were married."

A Baby Pay Day.

A profligate young fellow, a son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, and engaged to pay for it on the next inspection.

When the inspection day had come, and the farmer unsuspicious of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call on him before the note was out.

"But it is out," said the farmer; "you promised to pay me the next inspection day; the time is come and I want my money."

"If you will look at the note again," said the young man coolly, "you will find it has a very long while to run yet."

The farmer was sure the note was due or ought to be, but on spelling over carefully he found to his astonishment that it was not due till the next election day. He remonstrated with the young scape grace, but all to no purpose, and he finally laid the case before his father, the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the claim at once.

"For," said he; "though the pay day is far distant, you are in a fair way to have business enough on your hands that day without having your notes to settle." The advice was taken.

There is no occasion to trample upon the meanest reptile, nor to speak to the greatest prince.—Insolence and baseness are equally unmanly.

"THE RULE OF LIFE."

We are indebted to the kindness of its author, Hon. R. M. Charlton, for the copy of an address delivered by him at the request of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Lecture Room of the Smithsonian Institue. Its theme is the "Rule of Life." We need hardly say that it is characterized by the lofty religious tone which pervades most of its author's publications. Strange as it may seem in a professed Christian country, it demands no small measure of moral heroism on the part of a Senator or Representative, thrown amid the fashionable and political circles of Washington, to enable him to appear before a Christian Association, in advocacy of the Chritian's "*rule of life*."

The following extract, with which the lecture concludes, may be taken as a fair indication of the tone and talent which it exhibits:

"What rule of life shall we follow to insure our happiness?" What is the rule?

It belongs to no profession in particular; the monarch upon his throne can secure it; the captive in his loathsome cell may retain it. There is no station, there is no condition, where it is not to be found; *and it is this:* It is the faithful and conscientious discharge of every duty which may be allotted to you, no matter how minute, for if the little things of life are the terrible, they are also the beautiful—the unwavering attention to the suggestions of the monitor within your breast. No man, though surrounded by fame, by wealth, by science, by love, can be happy, who feels that he has turned a deaf ear to his bosom's lord. No one, however degraded, trodden down, athirst, hungry, wounded, can be miserable, who knows that he has been earnest in his search after truth, and unfaltering in his devotion to principle.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies!"

It is the memory of our past life to which we must look for comfort, or for reproach; the present we are too busy with; the future has too much of Hope's brightest hues. It is the stern reality of the past, that must be our treasurehouse of grateful recolection, or our charnelhouse of perished joys, and perverted hours. Memory is the most prominent attribute of the mind; it is the golden thread that connects the jewelry together, and if it break, the gems will to the ground and lie scattered in a useless profusion. It is said, and I have no doubt of it, that what we have once learned we can never forget. The trifling incident of our boyhood's years, the passing event, which seemed to float by upon the stream of time almost unobserved, will, in our mature life, flash back upon our mental vision with a startling vividness; it may be true, that we apparently forget much that we have witnessed; it may be, that we cannot recall each scene at pleasure; but in the lodgments of the brain they are hidden, and memory, when we least expect it, will reproduce them, and oft times make our cheek grow pale, or our brow crimson, at the unwished for recollection. And time is like the skillful workman, who is about to take down some ancient mansion; he begins with the roof, and after he has demolished that, then he takes down the higher story, and so on in an inverse order to their erection, until he reaches the foundation, which, last of all, he removes; and such is Time's attack upon the memory. He begins upon the last event, the top stone of our decaying tabernacle. The old man, tottering in the second childhood, will forget the scene he has just witnessed—and yet remember well the incident of a score of years ago; and as he advances nearer and nearer to the grave of all his faculties, and as a gloom more horrible than death is settling upon his worn-out mind, whilst the present is dark before him, his garrulous tongue will still prate to you of his childhood's visions, and tell you truly the events of his early life. What a warning does this give us; we up layers of wrath, each deed we commit, thought we now harbor, whether it be evil or of good, we are putting up in store for the retrospection of life's last hours! Oh, let us see to it, that when we draw nigh to our final rest, when the damps of death are gathering upon our brow, and the hand of the destroyer is uplifted to strike us down, we may look back upon the long avenues of years through which we have trodden, and see there the smiling countenances of those whose hearts we have gladdened, whose lives we have cheered, beaming upon us their gratitude, and that we may look forward with joy, and humble hope, to those bright and beautiful mansion prepared for us in Heaven, whose maker and builder is God!

Drowning the Squirrel.

When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran in its hole in the road, as they like to dig holes in places where they can put out their head, to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole until it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said:

"Ah, my little fellow, I'll soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me:

"Well my boy, what have you got there?"

I turned, and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters.

"Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day, just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man, like me, came along, and said to me, "You are a little boy; now if you were down in a narrow hole, like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would you not think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?"

Said he, "I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this; and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the old man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since. Now, you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet.—How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death, I cannot tell; but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now I want all the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind, and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing, or hunting their food, not to hurt them. Your Heavenly Father made them, and he never intended them to be killed for fun. I don't think when the blessed Jesus was a boy, he would have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as much like Jesus as he can. The bible says, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."—*Child's Paper.*

A LARGE FARM.—Uncle Sam's farm is now a pretty widely extended "neck of woods." He thinks the good time has come, and is now desirous to sell all out. He offers one billion three hundred and eighty seven million five hundred and thirty four acres of land. He asks $1,25 per acre the amount of $1,734,418,500. Some people are urging him to be liberal, and give it away, but he says he has no poor relations.

Simple Division.

We heard a story the other night on the subject of "Division," that we thought "some" at the time, and never having seen it in print, we are tempted to give our readers the benefit of it:

A Southern planter named P., pretty well to do in the world *now*, was some twenty years ago a poor boy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. One of the strongest and most marked traits of his character, was an inordinate love of money. This, however, is characteristic of the people in "them diggins." Where they practice skinning strangers during brisk seasons, and skinning one another during dull times. In due course of time, P. was of age, and thought it about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village and in the course of events was introduced to a daughter of Judge B.

"Dang fine gal!" said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the *elite*.

"Very."

"How much might Judge B. be worth?"

"Why, about ten thousand dollars, was the reply."

"And how many children has Judge B.?" continued the inquirer.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," mentally cyphered P. Here was a chance—a glorious chance—and he improved it too.—He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the Judge with all the variations.—Strange to say, for he was as uncouth a cub as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered, and they were married.

The honeymoon passed off as all other honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and often made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled at a number of names, he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said—

"My dear, I thought there were only three of you?"

"So there are by ma, but pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten *no times and nary one over*," said the astonished P., who jumped up and kicked over the chair, and groaned in perfect agony.

"I'm sold! I'm sold, and—and—a sight cheaper than an old bell weather sheep at that!"

Advice to Young Ladies.

BY FANNY FERN.

When the spirit moves you to amuse yourself with "shopping," be sure to ask the clerk for a thousand and one articles you have no intention of buying. Never mind about the trouble you cause him; that is part of the trade. Pull the fingers of the gloves you are examining, quite out of shape; enquire for some nondescript color or some scarce number, and when it is found, think you won't take any this morning; then keep him an hour hunting for your sun-shade; which you at length recollect you "left at home," and depart without having invested a single cent.

When you enter a crowded lecture room, and a gentleman rises politely, (American gentlemen always do,) and offers to give up his seat, (that he came an hour ago to secure for himself,) take it as a matter of course; and don't trouble yourself to thank him even with a nod of your head. As to feeling uneasy about accepting it, that's ridiculous! because if he don't fancy standing during the service, he's at perfect liberty to go home.

When solicited to sing at a party, decline until you have drawn around you the proper number of entreating swains; then yield gracefully, as if it were a great sacrifice of your timidity.

Flirt with an admirer till the last end of the chapter; and then be "so taken by surprise" when he makes the declaration you are driving at. As "practice makes perfect" every attempt of this nature will render you more expert in angling for hearts, besides exerting a beneficial effect upon your character.

As to cultivating your mind, that's all waste powder—you have better ammunition to attact the enemy; and as to cultivating your heart, there's no use talking about a thing that is unfashionable. So always bear in mind, that all a pretty woman is sent into the world for is to display fashions as they come out—waltz, flirt, dance, sing, and play the old Harry generally.

Territory of Washington.

The new Territory organized at the recent session of Congress, comprises all that portion of Oregon Territory lying, and between south of the 49th degree of north latitude, and north of the middle of the main channel of the Columbia river, from its mouth to where the 46th degree of north latitude crosses said river near Fort Wallawalla, thence north of 46 degree of latitude to the Rocky Mountains.—The title to the lands within these limits, not exceeding 640 acres, occupied as missionary stations among the Indians, or which were occupied before Oregon was organized into a Territory, is confirmed to the religious societies to which the missionaries belong. The President of the U. S. appoints the governor, secretary, and judicial authorities. The Legislature is to consist of a Council of nine members elected for three years, and a House of Representatives of eighteen members elected for one year. The number of the representatives may be increased to thirty by an act of Legislature. Every white inhabitant above 21 years of age, who was a resident of the Territory on the 2d ult., not belonging to the army or navy, and who, if not a citizen of the U. States has declared on oath his intention to be come such, is entitled to vote at the first election, of which the Governor to appoint time and places; but the Legislature is to prescribe the qualifications of voters at subsequent elections. United States property cannot be taxed; nor can any higher tax be levied on the property of non-residents than of residents. Congress has a veto on all laws passed by the Legislature. The Territorial Legislature is expressly prohibited from granting banking powers or privileges, and from issuing scrip or other evidences of debt. The territory is to be represented, like other territories, by a delegate in Congress. Sections sixteen and thirty six of the Public Lands, when surveyed, are to be reserved for the support of Common Schools in the Territory.

Impudent Questions.

To ask an unmarried lady exactly how old she is.

To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.

To ask a doctor how many persons he has ever killed.

To ask a minister if he ever did anything which was wrong.

To ask a merchant if he ever cheated a customer.

To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents.

Granny, why do the railroad men make tunnels in the mountains?

"Keep they want to let the water out of them are rivers to ride over dry shod, as Moses and the bulrushes did."

"Well, granny, what is them locomotives, they talk about?

"Why, child, it is the motives of them wicked locos that turned your pa out of office, and he has to go to tax the people what their motives is to elect him into office."

"Well, granny, I will never go for them are locomotives again."

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED CITY.

Letters by the Ripon Indian steamer mention the discovery of a buried city in Egypt named Saccarah. It appears to be situated about five hour's journey from Cairo, near the first cataract. An Arab having observed what appeared to be the head of a sphynx appearing above the ground near this spot, drew the attention of a French gentleman to the circumstance, who commenced excavating, and laid open a long buried street, which contained thirty eight granite sarcophagi, each of which weighed about sixty eight tons, and which formerly held the ashes of sacred animals. The French gentleman has got a grant of the Egyptian Pachs, and has exhumed great quantities of curiosities, some of them ancient earthern vessels of a diminutive size. This street, when lit up at night, forms a magnificent sight. It is upwards of 1600 yards in length.—Many of the curiosities dug out have to be kept buried in sand to preserve them from perishing.

At Alexandria, just above the square, and near the Greek Church, there has also been laid open very recently, the foundation of what is believed to be the once famous Alexandria Library, destroyed by [illegible] which consists principally of bricks, are being sold for ordinary purposes. During the stay of the mail steamer Ripon at Alexandria, at the beginning of her, Lieutenant Newenham, visited this spot, and he states that he saw there large quantities of calcined blackened bricks, the effects of fire. Lieutenant Newenham, brought away with him, and has it now at Southampton, a drawing from a handsome sculptured blue graphite stone, and found amongst the rubbish on this spot. The drawing represents a winged scraph, underneath which is a figure like a baboon in a sitting posture, with uplifted hands. Below this are the figurers of what are believed to be kings, over the the head of which are a quantity of hieroglyphics, seemingly a record of their names and titles.

Great complaint is made that the Protestant church at Alexandria is not progressing towards completion, owing to a want of funds. The Greek churches in the city is being finished rapidly, and the Roman Catholic church is complete; but the Protestant church lags for want of zeal and money. The design of the church is very beautiful, but the stone of which it has been built is brought from Malta, and is not of a durable nature.

"Madame," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory."

"And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

EXAMINATION OF A LOCOMOTIVE DRIVER.—"What is short division?

"Reducing a man's length by cutting off his legs."

"What is compound division?"

"Cutting off both his legs and splitting his head open."

"Right, call next witness."

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—*The jail at Chesterfield, S. C., was destroyed by fire on the 26th ult., and eight prisoners perished in the flames.*

For Housekeepers.

Receipts for Fish.

FRIED ROCK.—Clean and score your fish; wash and wipe them dry; season well with cayenne pepper and salt; dredge flour over your fish, put *them* in the pan and fry them slowly that they may be done through. They should be a handsome brown on both sides.—All pan fish are fried in the same way.

BOILED COD.—Soak a dried cod for three hours in cold water, scrape and wash it very clean, then put it on to boil in as much cold water as will cover it. Let it boil half an hour. Drain it on your fish dish, and serve it with mashed potatoes, drawn butter, or egg sauce, and eggs boiled hard. The sauce should contain cayenne pepper, mustard, sweet oil, pepper, vinegar and catsup.

COD FISH CAKES.—Boil a piece of salt cod, take out all the bones, and mash with it equal quantities of mashed potatoes. Season it with pepper and salt to your taste; then add as much beaten egg as will form it into a paste. Make it out into thin cakes, flour them and fry them to a light brown.

SPICED SHAD.—One large shad, two tablespoonful of salt, three teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice, as much vinegar as will cover it. Split the shade open, rub over it two tablespoonfuls of salt, and let it stand several hours. Have ready a pot with boiling water in it sufficient to cover the shad, allowing a teaspoonful of salt to every quart of water. Boil it twenty minutes. Take it out of the water, drain it, braise your allspice just as to crack the grains. Sprinkle over your shad the allspice and pepper, and cover it over with cold vinegar.—*National Cook Book.*

Carving.

The art of carving is a very requisite branch of domestic management; it not only belongs to the honors of the table, but is important in an economical point of view; for a joint of meat ill-carved will not serve so many persons as it would if it were properly carved. Ladies ought especially to make carving a study, and should be enabled to perform the task allotted to them with sufficient skill to prevent remark, or the calling forth of eager proffers of assistance from good natured visiters near, who probably would not present any better claim to a non-performance.

Potato and Beef Hash.

Mince some cold beef, a little fat with the lean, put to it as much cold boiled potatoes as you like, the quantity as of meat or twice as much; season with pepper and salt, and as much gravy or warm water as will make it moist, then put in a stew pan over a gentle fire; dredge in a small quantity of wheat flour, stir it about with a spoon, cover the stew pan, and let it simmer for half an hour—take care that it does not burn. Dish it with or without a slice of toast under it. For breakfast, this hash may be made without potatoes. If water is used instead of gravy, a bit of butter may be added, more or less according to the proportion of fat with the lean meat.

To Preserve Eggs.

If you take the eggs as soon as the hen has laid them, and smear the shells with lard or butter, they will keep as good as new laid eggs for some time; but if you rub the shells with butter at any time it will keep them for months, and will prevent their being hatched.

To Boil a Leg of Lamb.

A leg of lamb is a delicate dish when nicely boiled. If whiteness is desirable, wrap it in a clean cloth; only the liquor will be spoiled for broth. Boil one of five pounds gently for about an hour and a half. When you dish it, cut the loin into chops, fry them, and lay round it. Sauce—plain melted butter, or parsely and butter.

To Boil a Chump of Veal.

Wrap the joint in a cloth in order to have it white and delicate; put it into a pot with a little salt and cover it with water; let it simmer gently for about an hour and a half.

Chapped Hands.

A correspondent informs us, that to prevent chapped hands, rub them well, daily, with soap and hot hand to keep the skin thin.

Odds and Ends.

A silver mine has been discovered in Izard county, Arkansas.

There are 2,800 idiots in the State of New York.

In all Cuba there is not a glazed window sash.

Pens of excellent quality are now made of glass.

The population of Italy is 3,000,000 greater than that of the United States.

In Kentucky, a strong demand is being made for the Maine Law.

In America, there are 350 daily newspapers, while in England there are only 10.

An aged capitalist remarked with a sigh, "I take no more interest in this world than ten per cent."

The snow storms in Scotland have been unusually severe. The snow is ten or twelve feet in the northern districts.

The weather for the last few days has been quite warm.

The University at Lowisburg, has lately received endowments to the amount of $50,000.

The trees are begining to bud. In a few weeks they will be clothed in their robes of green foliage.

It is a fact, that 200,000 people daily arrive in and quit London by railroad.

It is stated that there 2,000 Cuban youths in the schools of the United States.

President Pierce holds regular Cabinet meetings from an early hour until noon every day.

A chap down east has invented a patent for making pumpking pies. It will be driven by the force of circumstances.

We had a sweet dream the other night, when all around was still, we dreamed we saw a host of folks pay up their printer's bill.

The man who got drunk on small beer, and then tried to cut his throat with a red herring has had his sentence commuted.

A late German writer says the people in the United States can burst more steamboats and chew more tobacco than any other five nations in the world.

A young man in Pittsburg, last week, ran two miles in five minutes on a wager of ten dollars.—He won.

There are 120 vessels advertised in the English papers for Australia. The emigration is on the increase.

The journeyman carpenters and shoemakers of Pittsburg have struck and obtained an advance of wages.

After the first of June, it is expected that it will require only 36 hours to travel from Philadelphia to Louisville.

The gross receipts of the thirty operas given by Madame Sontang at New York are said to have been $104,000.

The Army appropriation bill amounts to $9,616,046. It includes $500,000 for defence of San Francisco.

The Boston Post says that the price of ice in that city, will be higher this year than for several years previous.

The planing mill of Mercer & Pechin, at Philadelphia, amounts to one million of dollars.

The amount of gold dust arrived at Philadelphia from this country, nearly equals the amount received from California.

The Detroit Tribune puts down the amount of flour now in store and awaiting shipment at Detroit, at 93,000 barrels.

Honor and riches are the two wheels upon which the whole world is moved; these are the two springs for our discontent.

Altered notes on the Bank of Baltimore changed from $1 to $20, are in circulation. Also notes on the City Bank of Baltimore.

Riding on a rail is a Scotch invention, that being the punishment formerly inflicted upon husbands who ill treated their wives.

At a funeral of an aged and faithful slave, which recently took place in Lynchburg, Va., five hundred colored persons attended.

The Lunatic Asylums in the East are filling up with men and women who have become insane by the spirit rapping humbug.

"What's the secret of your success in business, sir?"—Querist.

"Ha! ha! Printer's Ink!"—*P. T. Barnum.*

A live sea tiger, weighing 145 pounds and measuring 6 feet 3 inches in length, was caught in Long Island Sound, on the 14th ult.

The block of marble from Iowa for the Washington Monument has reached St. Louis on the Kate Kearney. It weighs 2,200 pounds.

The salaries of the various offices within the gift of the President of the United States amount to upwards of fifty millions of dollars a year.

D. A. Gould, of the United States Coast Survey, is at New York, making experiments to ascertain the velocity of the electric current over telegraphic wires.

There is a sycamore tree in Jackson county, Indiana, which is eighty nine feet in circumference, and has a cavity in it twenty three feet in diameter.

Alexander Noave of Spring Dale, Hamilton county, Ohio, from the milk of seventeen cows, not of any improved breed, cleared a profit last year of $1087 57.

The grand jury of Philadelphia have presented the impropriety of reporters being allowed to publish evidence taken in preliminary examinations in murder cases.

A young lady with $10,000, advertises in the New York Tribune for a Presbyterian or Dutch Reformed husband. She might purchase the exclusive right of a Mormon.

The Bible on which Gen. Washington was sworn into office is now in possession of St. John's Lodge of Masons, in New York; and was used at the Inauguration of Gen. Pierce.

It is stated in one of our exchanges, that among the applicants for office under the national administration at the present time, there are no less than thirty three ex-Governors of various States.

A subscription has been started in Cincinnati for a statue from the chisel of Hiram Powers. $8,000 have been raised, to be increased to about $20,000, and the work will be always open to the public.

Reputation, honor, and preferment are gained, retained, and maintained by humility, discretion, and sincerity, with which, till a man be accommodated and accomplished, he is not esteemed as a worthy member in a Commonwealth.

The Sandy Hill Herald says, the celebrated true near Fort Edward, under which Jane McCrae was assassinated by a party of Indians during the Revolution, is to be cut down and made into snuff boxes, and sold to the lovers of ancient relics.

If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember the duller the caper the more you out yourself.

Willis says that if a man takes an hour's tramp along the levee at New Orleans, he will find a sufficient quantity of sugared mud adhering to his boots to keep a family in molasses for a week.