American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

HUMBLE LIFE.

Tell me not that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare,
Tell me not his daily pittance
Is a workman's scanty fare;
Tell me not his birth is humble,
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his actions?
That is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no blame?
Then I care not if he's low born—
Then I care not whence his name.
Would he from an unjust action
Turn away with scornful eye?
Would he then defraud another,
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard gained earnings
On a brother in distress?
Would he succor the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrong redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem,
And I care not what his birthplace
In the eye of many seem.

Let it be a low thatched hovel—
Let it be a clay built cot—
Let it be a parish work-house—
In my eye it matters not,
And if others will disown him,
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do it—I'll befriend him
As a brother to the last.

Miscellaneous.

Editorial Correspondence of the New York Express.

THINGS AT HAVANA.

THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY—SPANIARDS—CREOLES—CHINESE, &C.

HAVANA, April 11, 1853.

Cuba improves upon acquaintance. Nature has been so bountiful and beautiful here that a stranger forgets the exactions and oppressions of government in the freedom and luxuriance of the earth. We have our coffee or fruit at 6 or 7 in the morning, though this is not the season for the best pines or oranges; fruit at breakfast, if we wish, at nine or half-past, at which hour the merchant has been at his store, and a vast amount of business has been done on the Keys and in the warehouses; and fruit at dinner, which is from 3 to 5 o'clock. Early in the morning the sable sons of Africa come in from the country with the backs of their horses covered with huge straw baskets filled with oranges, melons, cocoas, and other fruits of the Island, and they make day light hideous with their street cries. The negro, at home, often has melody in his voice, but here he is boisterous, noisy, full of zeal and activity, and without anything like "the concord of sweet sounds" in his external nature; out at sunrise he is often a very hard worker through the long hours of the long days.

The heat and sun which makes an American pant and fly for shelter to the volante, the shady side of the narrow streets, or wherever he can find it, the negro seems to revel in. He is the most vociferous little body in town, is merry as the smiling morning, works hard, has his plays and friendships; if a slave, he hopes to be free, if free, he hopes to be rich, but, in reality, not very frequently reaches the one or the other condition.—There are reasons for this which I will note here, after, but one of which, let me say now, is his passion for holiday show, his love for gambling, and the general knavery of those around him, and in the exercise of which he does not seem to be at all deficient. The bulk of the heavy out-door labor is performed by the negro. He literally strips to the work, and a straw hat and thin pantaloons are very often his only clothing. 'Tis pleasant to hear them hoisting in and out the ships' cargoes, but more from the novelty of the songs, and the seemingly hearty good will of the laborers, than from any other cause. As I write, scores of them are under my windows, bearing from the warehouse below, immense quantities of sugar on oddly constructed drays, with very small wheels, over which are spread board platforms, and on which each horse drags his little load of two boxes of sugar. The negro porters bear enormous burdens on their heads, and would hardly stagger under a box of sugar, judging from the loads I have seen them carry for very long distances, and with a skill of balance quite astonishing.

A new experiment in Labor is being made here under a contract to deliver six thousand Chinese Laborers upon the Island of Cuba. Twelve hundred men of the 6,000 have arrived last month, but by the contract one-third of the number are to be women, though I believe it is in direct contravention of Chinese law, as of Chinese custom, for women to leave their own country. Nevertheless, the bargain has been made, and upon the following terms: The contractors, the principal of which is an English house here, have agreed to deliver these six thousand persons to the purchasers here for $125 each. The employer contracts to pay them four dollars a month for eight years, and the Chinese are to be fed plentifully, but in a specified quantity, upon bread and meat. To distinguish them from the slaves of the Island, they are not to be beaten with a whip, nor to be compelled to work in a field. They will mostly be employed in the sugar-houses and upon in-door labor. If these laborers are wise and saving, they may be free from all engagements at the end of eight years; but it will be the policy of the masters to get them in debt, and thus keep them longer than the prescribed period, or to persuade them to renew their engagements.

I have seen many of these Chinese. They are mostly stalwart and able bodied men, many of them with very intelligent faces, very cleanly, and all of them dressed after the peculiar fashion of their country. For several evenings past, in the vicinity of the city, purchasers of these men have been selecting them from the droves and pens, cabins, and enclosures in which they have been confined since their arrival. Is not this a species of the slave trade, and a very bad one for Englishmen, who boast of so much humanity, to be engaged in?

This morning I have been to the Cerro, or Mountain of Jesus, and for a few miles beyond, to see the Island from its hills and knolls of land.—The views are magnificent, and a true artist, even if he had travelled the world over with his eye for beauty, would recognize in all his voyages but few scenes more imposing. The air is fragrant with the aroma of delicious fruits and flowers, and the eye gazes upon an uninterrupted sea of green. The Palms and Cocoa trees rise from the valleys and swells of land like masts from the ships on the blue ocean. Noble groves of trees appear in the distance, with green corn and vegetable plants all around. The number of flowers seems to be endless, and in all the extremes of variety and beauty. One's eyes do not weary in looking upon the Palms, nor would they, it seems, if they watched the gradual spreading and circle marks that tells you of their age, and the upward progress of every year. A botanist, fond of his art, would revel in such a climate. The florist would almost find flowers ready made at his hand, while the New England Farmer would gaze first in wonder at the deep, rich soil, which needs no human refreshment, and secondly at the products of such a soil. The skies, too, are brighter and clearer than with us, while the clouds, when the sky is not all clear, are tinged in all the prisms of the rainbow. I miss the long and pleasant twilights of home, but the stars beam brighter here, and in early April the night atmosphere is as genial and safe as in our summers. An evening on the Plaza, with the music from fifty performers there, each evening from eight to nine o'clock, with hundreds on the walk, and as many more on the outside of the circle—the ladies all in summer dress, and bonnetless, and the men all in thin apparel, speaks practically of what the climate of Cuba really is, and I do not think it possible to exaggerate it.

In the country, as in the city, the houses are, like Joseph's coat, of many colors. Blue and yellow, however, predominate. No people could possibly show a greater passion for gay colors, and even in the country, where the face of all nature is so rich and imposing, you see the rudest imitation of trees and plants painted on the walls. Almost every great house has its frescoes, and where there is wealth and taste some of these are very beautiful, but in such cases the work is mainly from the hands of foreign artists. The substantial dwellings, in their structure, frequently remind me of what I have seen in Northern Europe, where the outside show is rather after the fashion of the dwellings in the city of St. Petersburg or Moscow. The hot sun spreads upon all this mass of paint, gives it a peculiar appearance. But within doors, novelty and strength are the main features of all you see. The buildings seem to be bomb-proof, fire-proof, and as strong as fortresses. The floors of any really good house I have seen would cost more than the walls of any house in New York, and the walls of a large and fine house more than a handsome building, well finished, in the States. The floors are marble or brick, cemented, and built to last for a thousand years. The walls are double and triple the strength of our own, and are also mostly of stone filled in with brick and mortar, strongly cemented. The ceilings are from twenty to thirty feet high, and one floor is about all that is usually used for the family, and on this floor there is often the volante, the horse, the carriages, and frequently the shop. There are no fire places or chimnies, or at most but one, charcoal being the only house fuel. There is, however, but little finish or furniture, fitting up or beauty, within doors. The marble or brick floors, without carpets, a table or two, and half-a-dozen rocking chairs, now and then a piano, almost always a spittoon, make up the usual indoor comforts. The bed-room has its very thin mattrass or perhaps a quilt spread upon a plain cot bed, its one or two cotton sheets for a covering, the mosquito netting, which is a necessity here, always acceptable, glass, washstand and wardrobe. Nothing beyond, and nothing more is desirable in such a climate as this. My chamber window is six and a half feet high, and is nearly as long. It has two huge inside shutters, one of which has only two panes of glass and the other none; but glass is not needed here, and I rejoice even in all the night air I can coax through my iron grates. And such houses are very costly, and upon some of them, owned by the rich Spanish merchants and mechanics, one, two, three, and even four and five hundred thousand dollars have been expended. In such cases they fill up nearly a whole square.

All the windows look out upon the streets, and within, some of the best rooms, built upon a line with the street, look far less comfortable than our barbers' shops at home. The very best people here, Spanish or Creole, seem to me fifty or a hundred years behind us in the comforts of living, and in humble life, and often with the wealthy, the mode of living is shocking for its exposure, filth and parsimony.

The fortunes of many have grown as rapidly here as in the States, and some have sprung from as humble life. Some of this class started life in an humble way, lived in their shops, spread their table and cot, as is very common here, in the very doorway leading to the streets, spreading their beds at night where there wares are sold during the day. The floors of earth, or stone, or brick, the swarthy skins of the inmates, the mixture of race and color, the palpable dirt that meets the eye every where—makes the spectacle a most uninviting one; but the Spaniard may grow rich in his snug quarters, and if close enough and laborious enough, he is sure to grow rich in the end. The Catalans who come here from old Spain are often among the most industrious; but some of the richest men of the Island, I am told, are Creoles.—The prejudices of the old Spaniards against the natives, and especially of the Spanish soldiers, are marked and obvious enough to be observed even by a stranger; but all grades of the white race seem to keep the African in what is called his true place, except that there is much less prejudice against those sable skins here than in the non-slaveholding States. The African and Spaniard labor harmoniously in the same shop, upon the same work bench, and behind the same counter. In the tobacco shops, of which there are more than a thousand here, they are often thus mixed. So on the tailor's bench, they cross their legs together, and in a proximity which would shock the nerves of some of our Northern Abolitionists.—Upon the Island I believe the black and white races are about equal, but in the city, as on the plantation, you see very many more of blacks than whites. In town, beyond the city walls, on the coast, and in the country, they follow you like dark clouds along the clear sky; and should they ever know or feel their strength, and desire more freedom than they possess, they would prove powerful for revenge or defence. Infinitely worse is the condition of slavery here than in the United States—not from any disposition to be cruel or unkind, but from a want of knowledge as to the true, proper domestic treatment of slaves. E. B.

A CURIOUS PRAYER.—The Syracuse Star is responsible for the following:

"In the State of Ohio there resided a family consisting of an old man by the name of Beaver and his three sons, all of whom are hard "pets," who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious though very eccentric Minister who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake and was expected to die, when the Minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival he found the young man very penitent and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, kneeled down and prayed in this wise:

"'O, Lord, we thank thee for rattlesnakes; we thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray thee send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill, and one to bite Sam; and, O, Lord, send one of the biggest kind of rattlesnakes to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance!'"

☞ 'My dear,' said an anxious father to his bashful daughter of sixteen, 'I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any wild worthless boy of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age; one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?

The timid, meek, blue eyed little daughter looked in the man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, 'I think two of twenty five would be better, pa.'

POOR MAN'S SONG.

WINTER NIGHT.

There's a cold that cannot pierce us;
There's a frown each heart may brave;
There's a woe that cannot reach us—
They are thine, O dreamy grave!

There are loves that weary never;
There are ties ne'er coldly riv'a;
There are souls that never wrong us—
They are thine alone, sweet Heaven

Earthly scorn is changed to kindness;
Earthly want to boundless store;
Earthly moans are turned to music—
On a not far distant shore!

Ne'er a traveller's lip confirmed it;
Yet 'tis writ, in promise fair;
Staff and scrip have long been ready—
I've the heart to journey there!

A NEW MACHINE.

Purser Ramsey, of the navy, is one of the best companions and at the same time greatest quizzes that was ever instituted or imported. Though small he is powerful—in fact, in the way of fun, he is, to use an expressive phrase, 'a whole team and several over.'

It is not many years since that a number of wild blades, college students on a 'river bend,' were carrying on a general crusade of frolic in New York.—One evening, after a turn around the city and having pretty thoroughly exhausted the amusement resources of the village, they assembled in a well known saloon where any quantity of people like themselves were gathered. Everybody appeared to be busy except one plainly dressed, quiet looking individual, who sat alone and appeared to be ruminating on the vanity of human affairs. Our youngsters, at the instance of their leader, instantly surrounded the stranger and commenced to quiz him. He listened quietly to their jokes, entering into the spirit of the entertainment heartily, and appearing to be what his tormentors took him for, an innocent, unsuspicious person from the country.

Presently, as they stood at the counter taking some refreshment not wholly approved of by Father Matthew, the country gentleman, loosening his tongue under the influence of 'whi-key straight' began to communicate his private affairs and objects in visiting the city.

'You hain't none o'you heern tell of my sister Sally's sweetheart, hev you?'

'No!' shouted they all.

'Ramsey's his name. He's in the naval vessels, he is. He takes keare of their rocks, you know.—Wale, he's sister Sally's sweetheart and mine is Sue Nobbins.'

'Gentlemen, Miss Nobbins's health!'

'Thank you kindly. I'll take mine 'whiskey straight and spring water. Well, Sue and I wants to get hitched tarnation bad, but you see we haint got not no tin. Old dad Nobbins he says tin and matrimony works together like mashed turnips, and says, 'Zebediah'—that's my name'—

'Gentlemen, Rev. Mr. Zebediah's health!'

'Thank you kindly. I'll take whiskey straight and spring water. 'Zebediah,' says he, 'you aint got no tin; you can't have Sue. When you git a purty smart lot o' tin you can get Sue.'

'Gentlemen, old Mr. Nobbins's health!'

'Thank you kindly. [illegible] to work, and you know we aint fools up our way. I studied and worked, and thought, and I got an idee at last. Its mighty hard work this thinking, aint it. It don't hurt you any, gents.—No? Wale, I thought so. So I just come down here with my machine to show it to sister Sall's sweetheart Ramsey, who is in the naval ships, you know, and I calkilate he'll sell it for me right away.'

'What is it? A machine to make psalms?'

'No, it aint, nor himes neither. I don't mind telling you—you are such simple looking chaps—you would'nt hurt a fly, you would'nt, would you?—No—I thought so. Wale, you see, I've got up a machine to make bank notes out of this fuz you see growing on rail fences, and I've got another machine to travel by itself, in and out, bewriggling along the fence, you know, and it just picks off the fuz and packs it away as clean as a scraped shoat.'

'Gentlemen, the fuz picking machine and the fuz bank notes!'

'Thank you kindly. Straight this time, if you please. If you chaps 'll call at my stappin' place tomorrow I'll show you the machine, and if you have any fence rails for sale, with fuz on 'em, why maybe I'll bargain for 'em. There's my keard. Good night, gents—I'm bound to turn in. Don't forget. If you see sister Sall's sweetheart Ramsey, who is in the naval ships you know, just tell him I've waxed, will you?'

Amid a chorus of laughter and noisy salutations, the inventor of the fuz bank note and rail fence picking machines departed.

'Where's his card? Let's see it!' said the crowd, gathering eagerly around their leader.

'Sold, by the Gods!' he exclaimed, holding the card up.

It was passed around. The crowd broke up instanter, looking remarkably down in the mouth.

The words on the card were:

"Purser Ramsey, 'U. S. Navy.'—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Thackeray upon Female Society.

Mr. Thackeray is, by no means, a universal favorite among ladies; yet no writer is more their champion than he. In one of the Messrs. Appleton's late republications of his former works, occurs the following passage:

"One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society, is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your mortal man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves; we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-dinners for ourselves; we yawn for ourselves, and light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive or respectful. Certainly, I don't want my dear Bob to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect; that is worse than billiards—worse than tavern brandy-and-water; worse than smoking selfishness at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of Miss Fiddlecombe's music book all night, than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three."

ONE VOTE.—Within the last dozen years the Governor of Massachusetts was twice elected by a majority of one. A recent paper says that a single vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the Long Parliament, Charles Stuart to the scaffold, revolutionized England and made Great Britain free. One vote gave us the tariff of 1842, and one vote made the tariff of 1846. One vote gave us Texas, and made war with Mexico, and purchased California, turned thither the tide of emigration, and will change the destiny of the world. Those who are in the habit of excusing themselves from attending elections, in the belief that one vote will not make much difference, will do well to treasure up these facts, and act under their influences.

A BOROUGH WITHOUT OFFICERS.—The good people of Sunbury seem to be in a queer predicament. Last Monday was the day for the election of borough officers. But on account of neglect in giving the requisite notice no election was held. Consequently they will have no regularly elected authorities for one year. This will be a very awkward state of affairs.

Soliloquy of a Pleasure Seeker.

BY F. H. GOOKE.

"Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies,
Suffices man's just destinies."
MILNES.

Six in the morning, and a beautiful sunshine!—Does the sun shine so early? I have seldom had an opportunity of observing, but such appears to be the fact. There is no sunshine in my heart, however, Pshaw! that is sentimental.

And yet, in veritable earnest, what is the human heart? Mine, if I have one, has never been much occupied. Love, with me, has evaporated in a succession of fancies, and friendship has been the mere gregarious instinct. I have known many beautiful women, for each of whom I have professed a personal interest that passed almost with the words. What remains of all that glittering frost work of sentiment? Nothing. Not even a drop of cold water to appease the undying thirst. Last and least of that graceful band was Ella—the Ella of the last evening. How charming she looked in her exquisitely arranged costume! With what a queen-like dignity she carried her jewelled head? And yet her character is a blank. She has no positive quality, unless a gift of flattery can be termed such. What does she mean by saying mine was a glorious manhood? It must have been some pretty phrase that she picked up accidentally.

What constitutes the true glory of manhood?—Purpose achievement, developement. And I have had a purpose—to kill time. I have achieved it, too. My past life lies behind me—manhood—dead. A ghastly grin is on its skeleton jaws. Its vacant eye sockets glare ominously upon my path. There is no gift in its hand, no vigor in its muscles, no pulsation in its heart. It is dead, but not buried. That would be too great a blessing. The lesson it failed to teach me in passing, it utters now; waxing eloquent in its mute worthlessness, in its empty and unpitying silence. And that cadaverous deformity is in manhood, my glorious manhood? Poor Ella! Yet it is a mate to thy womanhood, perhaps.

Womanhood! That word is the embodiment of a beautiful truth; yet what do I know of it? Nothing, except through my mother, and Mary, sweet, cousin Mary, who had the nobility to reject me.—How well I remember the time!, I thought her words were bitter, and I said, half sneeringly, "You should ere this time have unlearned contempt."

"I have no contempt for you," she earnestly replied; "I think your capabilities are the noblest, the loftiest; but forgive me if I say they are misdirected—perverted."

Dear, blessed Mary! She was poor, and I had the effrontery to remind her of the advantages my wealth might furnish her. I shall never forget the quiet sadness with which she answered, 'Dear Frank, I think much more of you than your possessions, and yet—good bye!'

I saw her but seldom afterwards. I do not think she was happy. I have the authority of one of her intimate friends for believing that her whole life was a struggle, which death alone crowned with victory. But it is so. That is past. She is now a bright angel before the throne of the Eternal. She has drank of the satisfying fountain. She has now no lingering heart ache, no life long aspirations to meet sympathise with a loftier humanity. God bless her! Her delicate intuition was in the capacity for much that was more generous and noble. Is that capacity wholly destroyed? Is there not within the influence that shall yet [illegible] me? What I might have been, that shall restore to me some portion of my nobler and purer self? The lost angel of my youth seems even yet to whisper hope. The dead past points with its shadowy finger to a living future.—It shall not point in vain.

Mrs. Smith's Philosophy.

Dear me! how expensive it is to be poor. Every time I go out my best bib and tucker has to go on. If Mr. Smith was worth a cool million, I might wear a coal hod on my head, if I choose, with perfect impunity. There was that old nabob's wife at the lecture the other night, in a dress that might have been made for old Noah's great grandmother. She can afford it. Now if it rains knives and forks I must sport a ten dollar hat, a forty dollar dress, and a hundred dollar shawl. If I go to a concert I must take the highest priced seat, and ride there and back, just to let "Tom, Dick and Harry" see that I can afford it. Then we must hire the most expensive pew in the broad aisle of a tip top church, and give orders to the sexton not to admit any strangers into it who look snobbish. Then my little children, Napoleon Bonaparte and Donna Maria Smith, can't go to a public school, because, you know we shouldn't have to pay anything.

Then if I go shopping, to buy a paper of needles, I have to get a little chap to bring them home, because it wouldn't do for me to be seen carrying a bundle through the street. We have to keep three servants where one might do; and Mr. Smith's coats have to be sent to the tailor when they need a button sewed on, for the looks of the thing.

Then if I go to the sea shore in summer, I can't take my comfort as rich people do, in gingham dresses, loose shoes, and cambric sun bonnets. My senses, no! I have to be screwed up by ten o'clock in a Swiss muslin dress, a French cap, and the contents of an entire jeweler's shop showered over my person; and my Napoleon Bonaparte and Donna Maria can't go off the piazza, because the big rocks and little pebbles cut their toes so badly through their patent kid slippers.

Then if Mr. Smith goes a fishing, he would not for the life of him dare to put on a linen coat. It would cost him his reputation. Why he never goes to the barn yard without drawing on his white kids. Then he orders the most ruinous wines and dinners, and feeds those white jackets, till his purse is as empty as an egg shell. I declare it is abominably expensive. I don't believe rich people have an idea how much it costs poor people to live.

FANNY FERN.

Character for the Young.

Character is everything to the young, as it is the surest means of success in life. It is better than the most ample fortune; it is better than honorable parentage; it is better than the parentage of rich and powerful friends. A young person of established character, of virtuous principles, of good conduct though he be poor, and left to his own unaided efforts, will rarely fail to make a way for himself in the world. He may be assailed by misfortune, he may lose his health or fall into adverse circumstances, and so be embarrassed and oppressed in his course; but as a general rule, it cannot be questioned, that a fair character, a character for intelligence, virtue and worth, is the surest pledge of success in life. For many years I have been accustomed to watch, with great interest, the fortunes of the young in their progress in life, and long since have I come to the settled conclusion, that in so far as success is concerned, whether in the learned professions, or in the ordinary business of men, character, virtue, intelligence, a well regulated mind and heart, is of higher value than heirship to the richest estate, than all outward advantages whatever. Such an estate, such advantages are apt to inflate with pride, to lead to imprudence, to idleness and vice, and where this is the case, it takes but a short time to squander a fortune and bar every door to respectability and happiness. But character, I repeat, never fails. It makes friends and subdues enemies, creates funds, opens the gates of opportunity, draws around its possessor patronage and support, makes him a sure and easy way to wealth, to honor and happiness.

The Norwegian Colony in Potter county, Pa., established by Ole Bull, already contains 700 inhabitants, and owns 140,000 acres. Ole Bull has a superb Norwegian cottage there, and proposes to establish a polytechnic school for the advancement of the arts and sciences.

Richard Smith, a journeyman cabinet maker, at Leicester, England, has 26 children!

A Chapter on House-Keeping.

I never could see the reason why our smart house keepers must, of necessity, be Xantippes. I once had the misfortune to be domesticated during the summer months with one of this genius.

I should like to have seen the adventurous spider that would have dared to ply his cunning trade in Mrs. Carrott's premises. Nobody allowed to sleep after daylight beneath her roof. Even her old rooster crowed an hour earlier than the rest of her neighbors'. 'Go ahead' was written on every broomstick about the establishment.

She gave her husband his breakfast, buttoned him up in his overcoat, and put him out of the front door with his face toward the store, in less time than I have taken to tell it. Then she snatches up the six little Carrotts, scrubs their faces up and down, without regard to their feelings, till they shine like a row of milk pans.

'Clear the track' was her motto on washing and ironing days. She never drew a long breath till the [illegible] were turned bottom upwards again, and every article of wearing apparel, sprinkled, folded, ironed, and replaced on the backs of their respective owners. It gave me a stich in the side to look at her!

As to her 'cleaning days,' I never had the courage to witness one. I used to lie under an apple tree in the orchard, till she was through. A whole platoon of soldiers would not have frightened me so much as that virago and her mop.

You should have seen her in her glory on 'baking days;' her sleeves rolled up to her arm pits, and a long check apron swathed around her bolster-like figure, the great oven glowing, blazing and sparkling, in a manner very suggestive to a lazy sinner like myself. The interminable row of greased pie plates, the pans of 'Rough and Ready' gingerbread, and pots of pork and beans in an edifying state of progression; and the immense embryo loaves of brown and wheat bread. To the innocent inquiry whether she thought the latter would 'rise,' she set her shining arms akimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, cocked her head on one side and asked "If I thought she looked like a woman to be trifled with by a loaf of bread?" The way I settled down in my slippers without a reply, probably convinced her that I was no longer skeptical on that point.

Saturday evening was employed in winding up everything that was unwound in the house, the old entry clock included. From that time till Monday morning, she was devoted to her husband and her Sabbathical exercises. All I have to say is, it is hoped that she carried some of the fervor of her peculiar employments into those halcyon hours.

FANNY FERN.

For Housekeepers.

To Dress Fish.

Fish must be put into cold or boiling water, according to its firmness of flesh; for instance, turbot, salmon, mackerel, &c., should be put into cold water, while plaice, whitings, haddocks, and such soft fleshed as well as crimped fished, should be put into boiling water. The reason is obvious: by putting flaccid and watery fish into the water cold, it is rendered still more soft and watery; but the boiling water sets it and renders it firmer, on the other hand, the cold water penetrates and softens the fish that is of a firmer texture, and makes it eat more tender and delicate. Keep the water skimmed while the fish is cooked enough when it leaves the bone easily. Be sure to wash and clean your fish well.—In frying fish, having washed it, dry it thoroughly in a clean cloth, then flour it well, or whisk it over with egg, and dip it into bread crumbs before frying it. Be sure your pan is very clean, and that your fat (of which there should be enough to cover the fish) boils before you put the fish in. Fry fish quickly, of a light brown. Some like fish fried in batter—as good a batter as any, is a little ale and flour beaten up just as you are ready for it—then dip the fish in before frying it. Put plenty of salt in the water in which you boil fish, and a stick of horseradish, excepting mackerel, with which you boil salt, mint, parsley, and fennel.

Sugar Cakes---German Fashion.

Work one lb of flour with six oz. butter, into crumbs, add a little salt, one pound powdered sugar, one tablespoonful powdered cinnamon, one teaspoonful allspice or cloves, two or three grated lemon rinds, five yolks of eggs, four tablespoonfuls of white wine, add a little cream if necessary to mix, and make the whole into a mass. Roll out balls in the hands and flatten them to about three quarters of an inch thick, and bake in a moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes, on the sheets previously floured—loosen and turn over, and let them cool on the tin. When cold, they will keep for any length of time.

Lamb Soup.

Take a neck and breast of lamb, wash it, and to each pound of meat add a quart of water and a teaspoonful of salt. Pare and slice two onions, two carrots, four turnips, two or three potatoes and a bunch of sweet herbs. Add all these to the meat after it has boiled one hour. If in the proper season add three or four tomatoes or half a dozen ochras.—When the vegetables are done, take out the meat, and add some flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Noodles or dumplings may be added, as for beef soup. Some thicken lamb soup with a little rice put in the pot with the lamb.

To Boil Fresh Salmon.

Scale and clean, cutting open no more than is necessary. Place it in a kettle of cold water, with a handful of salt. Let it boil slowly, but it should be well cooked, about a quarter of an hour to a pound of fish. Skim it well, and as soon as done, lift it carefully into a napkin to absorb the moisture, and wrap it close. Send to table on a hot dish, garnish with horseradish and curled parsley, or boiled eggs cut in rings, laid round the dish.

Indian Meal Doughnuts.

A tea-cup and a half of boiling milk, poured on two tea cups of sifted Indian meal. When it is cool add two tea cups of white flour, one tea cup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one of yeast, and two eggs, with a tablespoonful of cinnamon or a grated nutmeg.

If not sufficiently stiff, add equal portions of wheat and Indian meal. Let it rise till very light. Roll it about half an inch thick, and cut it into small diamond shaped cakes, and boil them in lard.

Boiled Bread Pudding.

FRIEND EDITOR.—Observing a number of valuable receipts in the *Volunteer*, if thou thinks this worthy of thy notice, it is at thy disposal:

Boil about one pint and a half of milk, put the broad in a pan, pour the boiling milk on, and cover it closely to keep in the steam; when cool, mash it very fine, beat three eggs light, add also a large tea cup of raisins; boil as plum pudding serve up with good cream, or any fancy sauce.

Indian Meal Short Cakes.

Stir into a pint of sweet milk, three well beaten eggs, add a little salt, and half a cup of butter, with enough sifted Indian meal to make a thick batter.—Drop it from a large spoon, upon buttered tins. Bake them in a quick oven—when they are lightly browned they are done. Send them to the table hot, and eat them with butter.

Indian Meal Waffles.

Boil two cups of hominy very soft, add an equal quantity of sifted Indian meal, a teaspoonful of salt, half a tea-cup of butter, and three eggs, with milk sufficient to make a thin batter. Beat all well together, and bake in waffle irons. When eggs cannot be procured, yeast is a good substitute,—put a spoonful in the batter, and let it stand an hour to rise.

Odds and Ends.

The bed chamber of Napoleon, at St. Helena, is now a stable, and the room in which he breathed his last is used for threshing and winnowing wheat.

Thomas Neary and Patrick Fitzgerald, convicted in New York of having murdered their wives, have been sentenced to be hung on the 17th June.

A gentleman in Cincinnati has given the same trustees of that city and Covington one thousand dollars to aid them in maintaining their recent demand for higher prices.

Mr. Robert Gardiner died at Lowell, Mass., last week, from taking forty grains of powdered opium, given by apothecary's boy in mistake for rhubarb.

Drops of water constitute the ocean. Grains of sand make the mountain. Good actions in small, as well as large matters, constitute the gentleman. Small amounts add the printer, when collected together, would make his pocket book collapse with joy. He needs it. Send your share.

The 'hen fever' is raging extensively in England. Punch has a portrait of a Shanghai rooster, looking down with contempt upon a full grown camelleopard!

'I had rather not take a horn with you,' said a loafer to a ball, but he insisted on treating him to two, and the loafer got quite *high!*

Several vessels have recently arrived in N. York from foreign countries, laden with articles for the New York Exhibition of the industry of all Nations.

Praise is so pleasing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almost all our actions.

Some of the public houses at Niagara Falls open for the season on Monday next.

Com. Stockton has been elected President of the West Jersey railroad company.

Theodore Parker calls New Hampshire "the land of poor relations and cheap tomb stones."

At Charleston S. C., on Saturday, the thermometer stood at 87 in the shade.

Jas. M. Porter gave a party to the Easton bar, lately, in celebration of the 40th anniversary of his admission as an attorney.

Judge Bragg, of Mobile, declines a re-election to Congress.

Madame Alboni, it is said, goes back to Europe in a few weeks.

The Mount Holly jail at this time contains but six inmates.

When does a lady wish to win more than seven beaux at once? When she tries to fascinate, (fascinate.)

Some men have neither eyes nor ears for anything beyond the sphere of their own comfort and interests.

The overland emigration from the Western States to California and Oregon, during the present season, is expected to exceed that of any previous year. It is estimated that at least one hundred thousand head of cattle will accompany the emigrants.

Professor Leibig, says the Augsburg Gazette, made a narrow escape from death, recently, while lecturing before the "Royal Family." A bottle of Oxygen exploded.

Mrs. Meagher, wife of the distinguished Irish exile, it is said will leave Liverpool in the latter part of this month, for New York. She will be accompanied by Thomas Meagher, Esq., M. P., father of the exile.

HONEST.—It is stated that Horace Greely has lately paid about seven hundred dollars, being the principal and compound interest of a debt owed by his father, who died many years ago in poor circumstances.

THE STATE CANAL.—The amount of tonnage cleared at Pittsburg this season, on the canal, is over 43,000,000 of pounds, and an increase of toll of $20,278—a very satisfactory increase.

A little girl died in New York, on Tuesday, whose death was caused by the unnatural exertion of jumping the rope two hundred times without stopping.

Guano—is now scarce and high, consequence little will be used by our farmers. It is said to rate as high as $60 per ton for the best quality.

The New York Times boldly avows that several merchants and monied men in New York are engaged (secretly, of course,) in the slave trade.

John Deal, a man of intemperate habits, was found dead on a farm in Adams county the other day. An empty flask was by his side.

Citizens of St. Louis who spent the season in Minnesota, in the Summers of 1851-52, state that within a range of twenty miles of St. Paul, they counted not less than from fifty to seventy five lakes, while others from there state the number to be much larger. These lakes abound in fish, and are filled with water as clear as a crystal.

Judge Thomas, an old and respectable citizen of Mount Vernon, Ohio, committed suicide on the 2d inst., while laboring under mental excitement. He was the first U. S. Senator from Indiana, and the author of the celebrated Compromise law which Henry Clay carried through Congress.

The Wilmington Politician says there is a cat belonging to a lady living in that city, over forty years old. It cannot bear its mistress to be out of its sight for a moment.

It is stated that the grand jury of Tazewell county, Virginia, have presented the Legislature of that State as a nuisance! This is returning the law "to plague the inventors," in a most extraordinary manner.

St. Paul, Minesota, which five years since was but a small trading post, has now over 4,000 inhabitants.

A few days ago, 30 Choctaw Indians, men and women, sailed from Mobile for Boston, en route for the Crystal Palace exhibition.

THE LAST ACT OF RUSSIAN DESPOTISM.—The young Countess Teleki, arrested in 1851, as being concerned in the Hungarian revolution, has recently been privately executed in her prison.

MAN KILLED BY HIS BROTHER.—A fatal affray occurred a few days ago in Greenwich township, Berks county, a short distance from the Lehigh county line, in which Gottlieb Kressly killed his brother Gideon.

CROPS IN VIRGINIA.—The Fredericksburg Herald states that the effects of Guano are quite visible on several crops of wheat between that city and Spotsylvania Court House. Land that heretofore was scarcely worth the seeding, looks as though twenty or twenty five bushels might be gathered the approaching harvest.

ENORMOUS FEES.—According to the report of Comptroller Flagg, of New York city, the amount of fees paid to the Corporation Attorney and counsel for the year 1852, besides certain prequisites not included, amounted to the enormous sum of seventy one thousand two hundred and ninety six dollars and three cents. The sum exceeds the aggregate salaries of the Governors of thirty States.

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—Besides the damages this corporation will have to pay on account of the late disaster, it will suffer from the loss of business, as the number of passengers through from New York to Boston has fallen off from the average of two hundred a train down to twenty! But one lady came through in the train day before yesterday. An engine has been thrown from the track since the late calamity, by the gross negligence of a switch tender, who left his post to light a segar!—*Boston Transcript.*