American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

ANTI-STAY-AT HOME SOCIETY.

MONDAY NIGHT.

WIFE.

Oh! love, I am glad you've come,
The supper's almost cold;
But here's a nice warm bit for you,
I don't intend to scold.
Your office closed, all business done,
Your books laid on the shelves,
How pleasant it will be to pass,
This evening by ourselves.

HUSBAND.

My love, my dearest love, you know
How happy I should be,
If I could pass my leisure hours
In sweet commune with thee;
But (here he sighs) you know we must
Obey stern duty's call,
And this night, dearest, just this one,
I must be at the hall.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

WIFE.

My love, Miss Cricket takes to-night,
Her benefit, and so,
As she is one I much admire,
I'd really like to go.

HUSBAND.

You shall my love. Stop, I forgot,
'Tis Tuesday night, I swear;
A special meeting's called to-night,
I really must be there.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

WIFE.

Dear Charles, it's been so dull to-day
Without you, I confess,
Let's draw the table to the fire
And have a game of chess.

HUSBAND.

I would accept your challenge, love,
And grant your sweet demand,
But Wednesday is our *Lodge*, you know,
And I must be on hand.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WIFE.

Well, love, what shall we do to-night,
Read or attend the play?
Or have a little private talk,
The first for many a day?

HUSBAND.

Just as you please, I'll soon be back;
Business of very great
Importance, love, comes off to-night;
I must not let them wait.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

WIFE.

My love, just clasp this pin for me,
And, *Charles*, pray hand my shawl;
You know you promised me to-day
To take me to the ball.

HUSBAND.

I know I did; but really, love,
I had forgot it all,
And promised I would go to-night
Some members to install.
I hate to disappoint you, dear,
I know it is provoking,
But when you spoke of it to-day
I really thought you joking.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

WIFE.

Here, take the baby, *Charles*; all day
He's lain upon my lap;
This evening you can watch him while
I take a little nap.

HUSBAND.

Poor little thing, how pale he looks;
I hope he won't get worse
There's an election held to-night,
Else I'd stay at home and nurse.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

WIFE.

Dear Charles, here are your cloak and hat,
And overshoes, all warm;
I hope you won't stay late to-night,
There's such a dreadful storm.

HUSBAND.

Not stay out late! you don't suppose
I really could intend
To leave my dearest wife alone
Her evening hours to spend.
Just place my slippers by the fire,
And wheel the cheerful light
Right by my cosy rocking-chair,
We'll stay at home to-night!

Miscellaneous.

HAPPY KITTY MILLER.

"That child is growing as wild as a colt," was the remark I heard from my Aunt Lucy's lips, as I looked up at her from the lowest step of the piazza, where I was frolicking with two big dogs.

"Yes, and I'm afraid her mother won't thank us for it," was Uncle John's reply, "she's racing and romping from morning till night, and I think the best thing we can do is to send her to school."

"Oh, Uncle John!" I began to remonstrate, but Hector and Bounce rushed at me simultaneously and overpowered me with their caresses, so that I could not finish my sentence, how I had been sent into the country that summer, so that I might get strong and hearty, in view of the long winter school months in store, and to be thus suddenly deprived of my lawful rights, seemed to me the most unjust thing in the world. I pouted, I frowned, and I cried, but all to no purpose; my uncle and aunt speedily made up their minds that I needed a little training, and decided that I should go to school one half of every day at least; so the next Monday morning, Kitty Miller, a neighbor's daughter, called for me, and with a new reading book and geography, and a very sullen face, I started off for the little school house. It seemed to me a miserably plain building, with the roughest kind of seats and desks, but when the lessons were given out, if it had not been for my sulky mood, I should have laughed outright. They were not half as long as those I had to learn at the city school, and I had gone over them all before, but I would not say so, and I purposely missed and blundered at first, because I could not bear to be tied down to books and a hard seat, when I wanted to be playing in the open air. I was cross and unamiable, and I knew the girls all disliked me, besides which, I was such a trial to the poor school mistress, that I came very near being dismissed altogether, even from that little country school.

Kitty Miller was the great favorite, and homely and unprepossessing as she looked to me, she was welcomed more heartily when she made her appearance in the morning, than any other girl in school. She had a freckled, sunburnt face, and always wore the cheapest calico dresses, so I was sure that neither beauty nor riches made her attractive, but after a while I discovered what my willful blindness prevented my seeing before, that it was her contented, happy disposition, her universal good nature, which made everybody love her. She never complained of anything, was always ready to be of service to others, and she even persuaded herself into my good graces, by joining me in the tearing race home one day with Hector and Bounce.

I began to like Kitty, and think that with her school was endurable, and when one day Aunt Lucy told me that she and Uncle John were going away for a day or two, and that I might stay at Mrs. Miller's, I was quite delighted at the prospect. Aunt Lucy's last words, as she left me at her neighbor's gate, were,

"Now, try and learn Kitty's secret of being happy."

It was Thursday evening, and I expected to stay until Saturday afternoon, so that night we went to bed early, in anticipation of a school day, and longer lessons than usual on the morrow. I feel asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow, and I did not hear a sound until early in the morning, when on opening my eyes, I saw Kitty dressing and learning her spelling lessons. I was about to jump out of bed, when she turned around, and seeing my movement, said, "O, you need not stir for half an hour; I have some things to attend to, and must be up early."

I closed my eyes for another nap, and the next thing that roused me, was a child's voice in the adjoining room; the partition was thin, and by the talking, I ascertained that Kitty was dressing her little brother. I could hear her cheerful, pleasant voice, saying, "Now be a man, Robbie, and have your face washed—that's it," as a splash and a laugh followed, "only we mustn't make a noise, for we have company this morning, and Robbie is going to have a clean frock and apron, and better than that, a clean face, if anybody should want to kiss him."

It was her winning, coaxing manner, that made Robbie so willing to be dressed, and when that was over, I heard her skip down stairs, and his little feet pattering along after her. I thought it must be time for me to rise, but I had hardly commenced dressing, when I heard a voice under the window calling "Chick, chick," followed by the tapping of a spoon against a tin pan, and looking out, I saw my little friend again, feeding a whole score of feathered creatures, while she turned her head to exchange a pleasant "good morning" with Jarvis, their hired man.

My toilet was made in a hurry, for I feared I was the laziest one in the house—so when I had tied my apron strings, I went down into the kitchen, where Robbie was already installed, with a basket of clothes pins before him, which he was dexterously fastening around the rim of a wash basin. Mrs. Miller's hands were in a bowl of meal, but she had a cheerful word for me, and told me if I would come and sit by the dresser, she would show me how to make johnnie cake. I had often seen the process at Aunt Lucy's, but it was the baking it this morning that particularly interested me. Mrs. Miller took a small, smooth board, and spread the mealy batter over it, patted it down with her hand, and then stood it up endwise before the wood-fire, with a flat-iron against it to keep it from falling backward. I expected to see it tumble down every moment, but for a wonder it stood upright, and in all its various turnings, neither slipped off nor fell down.

I am sure no breakfast ever tasted half so good to me as that one at Mrs. Miller's with her hot coffee and fresh bread, and the johnnie-cake baked on a board.

After the meal was over, there remained two-hours to school-time, yet Kitty was occupied every moment; she helped her mother wash the dishes, fed her little white kitten, and then disappeared mysteriously for about fifteen minutes. I had not thought what she might be doing, but a little while after, when I went up stairs for the purpose of tidying our room, I found it already swept, the bed nicely made, and everything in readiness for another night's rest.

"I suppose we can play now," said I to Kitty, as I went down stairs, for I could see nothing to be done. Kitty laughed—a merry, happy laugh—and shaking her head, answered, "O, I never get time to play in the morning."

That seemed very hard to me, who had so many idle moments on my hands, but I did not say so to her, but offered to help her in whatever she had to do. She took a large basket, and as we were going to the garden to gather the vegetables for dinner, I asked her when she found time to learn her lessons.

"O, I learn them by snatches," said she:—"a little here, a little there, though I never can tell when I study them."

"But don't you get tired," I inquired, "of having something to do all the time?"

"Yes, once in a while," said Kitty, "but if I played whenever I wanted to, mother would have to work a great deal harder to make up for it, and I should not be so happy."

It was a pretty long walk to the schoolhouse from Mrs. Miller's, and of course Kitty was busy with her lessons, excepting at recess, until one o'clock, when we both went home, she like myself attending for only half a day.

Her fingers flew then until tea time, hemming towels, mending Robbie's torn frock, and gathering currants from the garden for the evening meal; but never once did an impatient look cross her face, nor a hasty word escape her lips. She went about everything with as much pleasure as if it had been real pastime, while I, who had nothing to do but go to school a part of the day, had even grumbled at that. Truly, I was learning a lesson, and I was glad that my aunt Lucy sent me to find out Kitty's secret. As the next day was Saturday, she had a little more of a holiday, but all the morning and a part of the afternoon, she was busy in household arrangements.

When it came three o'clock, she said to me, "Now, when I finish darning these stockings, we can go and swing in the barn, or play out of doors;" but as her task was accomplished, there came patters of rain on the windows, and we had to give up going out. So we went up into the garret, where all kinds of old and dilapidated things were kept, and we rummaged out frocks and hoods, in which we dressed ourselves, and imagined we looked like our grandmothers. Then we took the press-board and slid down the garret stairs, but this made such a clatter that we had to give it up; and then for about half an hour we were as quiet as we had been noisy just before, for we discovered three little blind kittens in the crown of an old hat, over which Tabby "kept a zealous watch," but we each took turns in holding the kittens, and when we finally gave them up to their anxious mother, we still kept our seats listening silently to the patter of rain, that came down on the shingle roof, until Robbie's voice at the foot of the stairs interrupted us, and by his prattle we found out that a lady had come. It proved to be my Aunt Lucy, who was looking for me, and after thanking them all for their care of me, we went back together to Uncle John's big farm.

Kitty's industry had shamed me, and I went to work with a good will to do something for others, and I did not complain after that of having to go to school. Her secret is mine now, and when I went home after that summer in the country, I felt much better satisfied than I should have done had I romped it all away. My acquaintance with Kitty has been a benefit to me all my life, for she proved to me that if I would be happy myself, I could not find a surer way than in giving pleasure to others.

Early Vegetables.

Many farmers are deterred from attempting to produce very early vegetables by an erroneous idea that the making of a hot bed is a complicated and difficult operation, while it is just as simple as making a hill of corn. Every man who has a garden of whatever size, if he will once try the experiment of making a hot-bed, will, we venture to predict, find the task so easy, and the result so satisfactory, that he will never forego the luxury afterwards. All that is necessary is to make a pile of horse manure two and a half feet deep, with the top level or sloping a little to the south, then set a rough frame made of four boards nailed together at the corners, upon the bed of manure, fill the frame with six inches of garden soil and cover with a window of glass. Any old window will answer the purpose, but it is better to have the bars of the sash run only one way, and to have the glass laid in the manner of shingles.

The best plants to force are tomatoes and cabbages, which may be transplanted from the hot bed to the open air without any trouble. We have removed tomatoes when they were in blossom, and had them all live. If melons or cucumbers are forced, they should be planted in flower pots, and in transplanting them you turn the pot over upon your open hand and give it a gentle thump, when the earth comes out in a solid lump and the roots are not disturbed in the least. While the plants are growing, they should be watered frequently, and in warm days the sash should be raised to give the plants air. We have found the growing of plants under glass, from a small hot-bed, four feet by six, up to a large grapery for raising the Black Hamburg and Frontignac grapes, the most satisfactory of all horticultural operations. Having the control of the climate both in heat and moisture, the plants can be made to grow with a vigor which they rarely if ever exhibit in the open air. A hot-bed should be made from four to six weeks before the time of planting corn.—*Scientific American.*

ROMANCE OF A WHITE SLAVE.—According to the Cario *Gazette*, a fugitive, named Henry Lee, alias Henry Jones, the property of W. C. Faulkner, of Tippah county, Mississippi, was arrested on the 7th in Mound City, and delivered over to the custody of his master. Mr. Lee, alias Mr. Jones, thinks he is a white man; and if the matter were to be determined wholly by color and appearance, some folks might join him in the conclusion. He says that his parents were white; that they, dying when he was very young, left him in charge of a slaveholder in Alabama, who raised him in slavery, and taught him to believe that he was a mulatto. He further claims that his name was changed, so that his relatives might never seek to reclaim him from bondage. He arrived at Mound City six or eight weeks ago, and secured employment at the marine ways. He was generally recognized as a white man, and by some was thought a "magnificent fellow."

VALUE OF AN EXPLANATION.—A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying: "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"

The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied:

"I have not got one, and if I had—"

On which weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which had formed the ground of the quarrel.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, by saying, "send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color."

"But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had?—'?"

"Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it!" an explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

WESTERN POLITICS.—Do you support Abe Lincoln? No, sir! Do you support Douglas? No, sir! Do you support Bell, then? No, sir! What! do you support Breckinridge? No, sir! shouted the screamer, I "supports" Betsey and the children, and it's mighty hard screwin' to git along at that, with corn at 60 cents a bushel.

☞ A fellow on the race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry.

"Hallo! what is the matter now?" said a chap, whom the inebriated individual had just ran against.

"Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

MOUNTANEOUS.—Old Burdy lived in Allegheny county, and being down in the city, some one said to him:

"It is quite a mountainous country, where you live, Mr. Burdy, is it not?"

"Why, no," said the old man, "it ain't exactly mountaineous, but its rather a hilltaneous country, that's a fact."

Scene at the Patent Office--A Down-Easter in Search of a Berth.

The Washington *States and Union* relates the following amusing incident:

As the time for the new administration approaches, the crowds who throng to Washington increase. Those who make them are not altogether disinterested. Some are on office bent. Curious ways some of them have of finding out where best to drive their stakes—that's so; what post would best suit their genius. It has even come to this; that some have gone as far as to look into the different departments in advance, and to make inquiry of the incumbent clerk as to the probable time, &c., of his decease as such. An instance of this kind happened the other day at the Patent Office. A long, slab-sided, rickety, carroty-topped individual from 'Neiew England,' with the richest Yankee *patois*, walked into the Library of the Patent Office, presided over by Professor Jillson, late of Columbian College, an urbane gentleman, fine scholar, no politician, but with a sense of humor.

'Wa'al, stranger, kin I look at books here? 'Spose they're public property?'

'Certainly,' said the Professor. 'What book would you desire?'

And the Professor marched towards the cases of heavy French and German tomes, which he has to sift for the benefit of our inventors.

'Wa'al, I'd like to see the book they call the Blue Book.'

'Ah, sir, I'm sorry we hav'nt it here. You are at liberty to read any of the books which we have.'

'Fact is, I want to find out the best berth I can, expectin' Mr. Linkin to put me in when he comes into peower. I rayther like this berth stranger; 'spose you don't 'spect to stay, hey? What's the salary? could'nt you let me know as to the dooties?'

'I am sorry, friend, to say the salary hardly pays for the duties. It is only what you would earn by close labor in a corn-field out West.'

'Never mind that; what's the dooties? Think I can do 'em.'

'I am not well enough acquainted with your acquisitions to answer. First, I have to keep an eye to all the books here.'

'Well, that's not so hard; guess could do that as well as any.'

'Next, have to make indexes and read proof of Patent Reports.'

'That would come, I guess, by a little practice.'

'Then,' said the Professor, with a merry twinkle, 'I have to translate for the use of the office from these books, most of which I have to commit to memory, and from the various ancient and modern languages, including Sancrit, Hebrew, Hindoo, Swedish, French, German, Choctaw, Kickapoo'—

Before the suave Professor had finished his inventory, his office-seeking interlocutor had his hat on, and precipitated himself into the corridor, with a hasty:

'That'l do stranger. Good day.'

A Roadside Colloquy.

"And so, 'Squire, you don't take a country paper?"

'No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms, so I take a couple of them.'

'But, 'Squire, the country papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better the editor can afford to make them.'

'Why, I don't know of any convenience they are to me.'

'The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?'

'Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it.'

'And you made more than three hundred dollars by it. Now, if your neighbors had not maintained the press and kept it ready for use, you would have been without the means to advertise the property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers, did that cost you anything?'

'No, but—'

'And your brother's death with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of Mr. Rigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right.'

'O, true, but—'

'And when your cousin, Splash, was up for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his defense—which cost him nothing.'

'Yes, yes; but these things are news to the readers. They cause the people to take the papers.'

'No, 'Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now, I tell you, the day will surely come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave is dug for a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such things will be spoken of; but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the type to these sayings, will remark of you—'Poor man devil, he is even sponging an obituary!' Good morning, 'Squire!'

HEART CHERRIES AT THE WEST.—Some years ago strong hopes were entertained that the Mahaleb would prove a valuable stock for all the heart cherries where grown in the western states, and prevent that failure which has so generally attended their culture. This hope has not been realized to much extent. The editor of the *Ohio Farmer* expresses the following opinion in relation to another stock, the common Morello. We hope to see the experiment thoroughly tried.

"We have strong faith in the success of the sweet cherry on the rich soil of the West, whenever it shall come to be worked on the Morello stocks and near the ground. Unlike the Mahaleb, it does not force the first year's growth so rank, and if any thing it tends to permanent dwarfing more perfectly than the Mahaleb."

He also makes the following remarks in relation to two late varieties originated by Dr. Kirtland.

"Downer's Late bears no comparison in quality or size to Red Jacket or Kennicott, and as a market cherry will not be grown when these and some others become better and more generally known."—[*Country Gentleman.*

MUST HAVE MARRIED YOUNG.—In the Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady by no means young, advanced coquettishly to the witness stand to give her testimony. What is your name? Virginie Loustatot. Your age? Twenty five. [Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.] The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling, and the next witness was introduced. This one was a full-grown young man. Your name? said the Judge. Isadore Loustatot. Your age?—Twenty seven years. Are you a relative of the last witness? I am her son. Thunder! murmured the Magistrate; your mother must have married very young.

☞ The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

"Jones and Serefeener."

We hev said it was night. And onet for all we say agin:

It was night.

In the fore room of widder Tuttle's house sat widder Tuttle's only darter—Serefeener. To say that Serefeener Tuttle—such was her name likewise her natur—was a lovely gal, would be several rows of apple trees away from her case. Her raven tresses were redder than her nose, expressible eyes, teeth—grinders, tothers being out—probably ivory. Add to these the form of a syrup, and you hev one of them gals kalkerlated to make a man strike his father and kick his grandmother, break the ten commandments, and pretty much everything else.

Leastwise, so thought Jemes Perkins, as he knelt at her feet that cold, cold, cold night.

"Fairest of the fair sects," implored the youth, "heer me swar?"

She said she would.

And he sword.

"May I be whittled inter kindling wood," swore Jemes, "may I be used stuffing sarsiges if I ever—"

Here the strain caused by kneeling was too much for Jemes' onmentionables. Thar war a rip, then a tear, and Jemes kerflumuxed.

A deadly palor surfused the classic countenance of the lovely Serefeener.

"Oh, grashus!" she cried and then swooned.

And then Jemes he swooned too.

Then—as if this had been the signal—thunder bellowed, lightning flashed, and the wind roared in the chimbly.

"Jemes—Jemes," at length called Serefeener, in the gossamer tone of an expirin treetode, "this are the lyin gale."

Then life once more returned to the dyin' youth. For a single moment he sat on the hairth; gracefully as a Roman soniter a foldin his toggy did gather his cote tails round his tored trowsis—sorrowfully did he gaze upon the face of his beloved—and solemnly he replied:

"It kaint be so—it's too airly!"

Hardly had he seesed speakin'—or more properly speakin, skasely had he dried up when the door opened, and——!!!******—!!!

An Amusing Law Case.

Some years ago in Newcastle county, Delaware, an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery, and in due time the case came to trial. The Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-examined after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of the keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

"You say the prisoner at the bar is the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Was it by moonlight when the occurrence took place?"

"Divil a bit iv it."

"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not have seen your hand before you."

"Was there any light shining from any house near by?"

"Divil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about."

"Well, then, if there was no moon, stars, nor light from any house, and so dark that you couldn't see your hand before you how are you able to swear that the prisoner was the man? How could you see him?"

"Why, yer honor, when the spalpeen struck me, the fire flew out iv me eyes so bright you might have seen to pick up a pin, you could."

The court, jury, counsel and spectators exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, and the prisoner was directly after declared not guilty.

ANIMAL ECONOMY.—As a Yankee pedlar of the genuine Connecticut breed, was one day in front of a country tavern, watering a raw-boned horse, whose ribs might be as easily counted as marbles in a boy's pocket; a roguish looking horse-jockey accosted the pedlar, thinking to have some fun with him, as follows:

"I say, I rather imagine it don't cost much to keep that ere critter in feed, does it?"

"Wal now, what would you give to know? I make it a rule never to trade for nothing."

"Well," said the jockey, "If you can feed him on anything cheaper than laths and brickbats, and support life, I'll treat."

"Done!" said Jonathan, putting both hands into his pockets and looking up into the jockey's face. "I'll take yer up! stranger. I just gets a lot of shavings and a pair of green spectacles on the animal's nose, and the foolish creature thinks its grass! At that rate he eats a barrel a day! Now, stranger, I'll take a sweetner, if you please."

ONE DROP AT A TIME.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun, if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming—one little thought, or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

☞ Two little niggers were playing in a cornfield when one of them exclaimed:

"Lordee! Pete, I sees a whoppin' big toad!"

"Whar 'um 'e? Sam, I can't see 'im."

"Why thar—right thar! Whar am yer eyes, nigger?"

"Don hit 'im wid de hoe."

Sam whaled away and brought Pete all up standing on one leg.

"Why, you dratted fool nigger, dant was my foot, and I seed 'im all de time."

☞ A young man having lost his watch key, and being weary of looking for it, remarked that he supposed it had gone to h—ll by this time.

"Well," observed his father, who was near by, "be contented, for you will be quite likely to find it again."

☞ English travelers complain that they are so much hurried in our hotels, and so little in our stage coaches. An Irish traveler took a different view of the case. Honest Pat came in at 1 o'clock, and was called up in half an hour. "And what will ye charge for the lodging?" "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "An' sure twas kind of ye to call me so airly, if I'd slept until the morning I'd not had the money to pay the bill."

☞ With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless, and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent, every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

General Cass at Home.

From the Detroit Free Press, March 2.

The return of General Cass to his home in Detroit was made yesterday the occasion of a large and enthusiastic demonstration on the part of citizens of all classes, who united in a cordial display of the respect and esteem in which they hold his services and character; the demonstration was of a kind seldom accorded to men in public life; the weight and position of the principal participants belonging to a standard which constitutes in itself a compliment of the highest order. We feel assured that never on any similar occasion has a body of our citizens comprised so much of solidity, wealth and respectability, as that which yesterday morning took the cars to meet and escort homeward the venerable statesman, whose close of office has, probably for the last time, found its close.

At the close of an address of welcome by Mr. Emmons, General Cass replied in the following words:—

"Sir: The kind reception which my fellow citizens of Detroit have given me, on this my return amongst them, has impressed me with profound emotions of gratitude. The recollections and associations which press upon me, render it impossible for me to do little more than acknowledge their kindness. My political career is ended, and I am warned that in the course of nature my life approaches its termination I come back to the scene of my early labors, and cares, and exertions, endeared to me by many an interesting association, to remain among you till, in the providence of God, I shall be called to meet that final change that sooner or later must come to all. A young adventurer in this great region of the Northwest, it has proved to me, as to many others, not only a land of promise, but a land also of performance. You have been pleased to refer in terms of commendation to the service I have been called upon to render to this section of our common country. I have indeed seen it advance from a weak and exposed colonial condition to its present position, possessed of all the elements of human power and prosperity.

"I have but one regret to encounter in resuming my place among you, and that arises from the perilous crisis in which our country is involved. You do me but justice in attributing to me an earnest desire for the preservation of this Union and of the Constitution, the great work of our fathers, and which has secured to their sons a greater measure of freedom and prosperity than any nation ever enjoyed before us. I can scarcely persuade myself that I am not oppressed by some fearful dream, when I reflect upon all that is passing in our country, and upon the position in which this great republic is placed; suddenly struck from the summit of its prosperity, and with a future before us which no man can contemplate without the most serious alarm. In all history there is nothing like it. With no external enemy to trouble us, with no internal oppression, with none of those visitations of pestilence or famine or other evils by which nations are often punished for their offences, we have recklessly put to hazard our inestimable blessings, and are entering that path of discord, and division and border disputes, which, if there is any truth in history, must lead to most disastrous consequences. I do not allude to this fearful subject in any partisan spirit. I do not seek to investigate the causes which led to the present state of things.

"But I indulge in the hope that, before it is too late, there will be a determination through the whole country—a firm determination—to cultivate feelings of friendship and harmony, accompanied by the manifestation of a spirit of conciliation and compromise, of justice, indeed, which may lead to the hope that, if the work is earnestly and promptly undertaken, we may succeed, under Providence, in re establishing the integrity and the blessings of the Constitution, with the patriotic co-operation of the whole American people."

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—M. Noel, a French agriculturalist, speaking of the introduction of the potato says: This vegtable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it but without success. In vain did Louis XVI wear its flower in his button hole, and in vain were tubercles distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use them for themselves. At last Parmentier, the chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was most anxious to see it in general use, hit upon the following ingenious plan: He planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablons, close to Paris, and paid great attention to their cultivation. When the roots were nearly ripe, he put notices around the field that all persons who stole any of the potatoes would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and *gens d'armes* were employed to watch the field day and night, and arrest all trespassers. No sooner were the roots thus forbidden, as it were, by authority, then all persons seemed eager to eat them, and in a fortnight, notwithstanding the *gens d'armes*, the whole crop was stolen, and without doubt, eaten. The new vegetable having been found to be excellent food, was soon after cultivated in every part of the kingdom.

HOW TO MEET SLANDER.—A black smith having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom, "I shall never sue anybody for slander. I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court-house in a year."

☞ Some graceless scamp has presumed to say that "it is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be redressed! The fellow ought to suffer the torment of being invited out to tea, or to a sewing circle.

☞ A Widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire, in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out; 'Poor fellow, how he did like a good fire! I hope he is gone where they keep good fires!'

☞ Deliver us from temptation is a petition less dwelt upon than give us our daily bread, and yet, without such deliverence, the bread is not worth praying for.

☞ Good morning, Mr. Henpeck, have you any daughters that would make good type setters?

Not exactly, but I have got a wife that would make a first rate devil.

☞ One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it it.

☞ There is a man in Greenbush—says the Troy *News*—who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing; the next year weeds.

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

BACKED BEANS—Few people, says the *Germantown Telegraph*, know the luxury of baked beans, simply because few cooks properly prepare them. Beans, generally, are not cooked half long enough. This is our method: Two quarts of middling-sized white beans, two pounds of salt pork, and one spoonful of molasses. Pick the beans over carefully, wash and add a gallon of boiling hot soft water; let them soak in it over night; in the morning put them in fresh water, and boil gently till the skin is very tender and about to break, adding a teaspoonful of saleratus. Take them up dry and put them in your dish; stir in the molasses, gash the pork and put it down in the dish, so as to have the beans cover all but the upper surface; turn in boiling water till the top is just covered; bake with a steady fire four or five hours. Watch them, and add more water from time to time as it dries away.

TO ROAST BEEF.—Choose that which has a fine, smooth grain, rather fat, and that of a whitish color. The first three ribs are good—the sirloin the best. Wipe it clean, but do not wash it. Put a little salt on it and place in an oven to bake; baste it often. It should supply its own grease. A piece of seven pounds should take about an hour, or an hour and a half, to roast, allowing that it is preferred a little rare. To make good gravy, pour off carefully the grease, stopping with a spoon any floating gravy. Then add a little water and boil, and pour over the roast or in tureen, as desired. Horse-radish is considered the epicure's relish with roast beef. Some prefer mustard, or both.

LUNCHEON CAKE.—Mix well together one teacupful of butter, and two cups of powdered sugar. Add the yolks of three eggs and one cup of milk, and one teaspoonful of cream tartar, or one teacup of sour milk. Sift to this enough flour to make it such a consistency as will allow it to be poured into the baking tins. After the, add one half teaspoonful of soda, previously mixed in one tablespoonful of warm water, and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. A few currants or raisins added are an improvement. It may be seasoned with lemon or vanilla. Bake half an hour. You may look at it in ten minutes after putting in the oven.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Beat well together one coffee-cup of butter and one pound of pulverized sugar. Mix thoroughly. To four cups of flour add two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, and sift gently over the cake, stirring all the time. Add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of warm water. Mix it well. Stir in gently the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff foam. You may flavor with lemon. Bake slowly. It should be put in the oven as soon as possible after putting in the soda and whites of eggs.

TO MAKE SAVORY BALLS.—Mince any kind of cold meat very fine; add an equal quantity of bread crumbs; season with salt, pepper and sweet herbs; beat up two or three eggs; mix the whole in a mass and make up in balls. Bake them till they are nicely brown and serve them hot. They may be fried in butter.

TO RESTORE FADED PARASOLS.—Sponge the faded silk with warm water and soap, then rub them with a dry cloth, afterward iron them on the inside with a dry cloth, afterward iron them on the inside with a smoothing iron. If the silk be old it may be improved by smoking with spirits, in which case the ironing should be done on the right side; thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and core the apples, and cover each with biscuit-dough or pastry. Have ready a tin basin with hot molasses and water—three parts water and one part molasses. Bake them about three-quarters of an hour.

TO MAKE YEAST.—One quart flour; one tablespoonful of sugar; ditto salt. Boil six potatoes in three quarts of water till quite soft; strain them through a seive; when milk warm add a pint of yeast to rise it.

CHEAP CAKE.—One table-spoonful of butter, one egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Flavor with lemon.

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—More may be learned by devoting a few moments daily to reading than is commonly supposed. Five pages may be read in fifteen minutes, at which rate any one person may peruse twenty six volumes of two hundred pages each in a year. You may say you have none to guide you. The best scholars and men of science will tell you by far the most valuable part of their education is that which they have given themselves. Volumes have been filled with the autobiography of self taught men. Think of Franklin, the printer; of Linne the shoemaker; of John Hunter, the cabinet maker; of Herschel, the musician; of Donald, the weaver; of Turner the printer; of Burritt, the blacksmith. Love learning and you will be learned. Where there is a will there is a way.

Begin at once, take time by the forelock and remember that it is only the first step that costs, and having begun; resolved to learn something every day. Strike the blow, and avoid the weakness of those who spend half of life thinking what they will do next. Always have a volume near you which you may catch up at such odd minutes as are your own. It is incredible, until trial is made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in these broken fragments of time, which are like the dust of gold and diamonds.

NEXT THING TO AN ANGEL UPON EARTH.—A gentleman walking through Knigtsbridge on Sunday overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country:—Woman—"Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, and now that I am born I wish myself dead again." Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer I am as miserable as a rat?" Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk on Monday, and you was drunk again on Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you hav'n't had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't enough of pleasure for yer I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth."—*English paper.*

☞ "Mind your own business," is an old, a somewhat homely maxim; but nevertheless one that contains a deal of useful instruction. Men who attend to their own affairs usually find themselves profitably employed, and in the end avoid much vexation that is inseperably connected with an officious, meddlesome nature.

☞ Did you ever know a woman that would not think you intelligent, if you said her children were pretty?