

American Volunteer.

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

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

A LAST FAREWELL.

BY LILLIE LINWOOD.
Thou art going! thou art going!
I shall never see thee more;
For ever thou'rt cast thy drifting
Sails to the wind's caprice;
For the last time I'll gazing
On those features loved so well;
Oh, the anguish of this parting,
Wounds of mine are vain to tell!
Once again thy radiant gleams
For a moment on my face
Once again my thoughts are
By thy tender clasps are traced.
Oh! those dear, familiar accents,
Sweetest music to mine ear,
Thrilling through my heart so wildly,
Ne'er again on earth I'll hear.
Fare thee well! when thou hast left me
Earth is but a desert plain;
And my spirit is unanchored,
Hath no tie to bind it here.
Soon thy flight it wingeth upward,
Freedom from thy prisoning day,
Fondly I'll follow thee o'er
Where'er thy footsteps stray.
Often in the silent midnight,
When thou seem'st thyself alone,
Stealing noiselessly upon me,
Will my mystic presence come.
Ne'er a single word I'll utter,
But my breath upon thy cheek,
And a rustling of my white robes
To thy listening heart will speak.
When thou sittest sad and lonely,
How beneath a weight of grief,
Thou wilt waste my loving prayer,
Bringing to thy soul relief.
I will press my shadowy fingers
On thy hot and throbbing brow,
And thou'lt feel my spirit kiss
Falling softly as a feather.
Thou'lt think that I am near thee,
And a sweet and holy calm,
Will come to thy soul, while I whisper
To thine spirit words of balm.
Fare thee well! we'll meet in heaven,
"Fare thee well" on earth and bid;
Though in life thou'rt far from me,
Death will bring thee to my side.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

A roselike blossom in my bow,
A bird sang in my garden;
The roselike blossom in my bow,
This bird its gentlest notes,
And a child beside the linden tree
Sang "Think no more of sorrow;
But let us smile and to-day,
For we must weep to-morrow."
I asked the bird, "Oh didst thou hear
The song that she would sing to thee?
And can it be that thou shouldst fear
"What she will sing to thee?"
He answered with triumphant strain,
"Saying, 'I know not sorrow;
But I must sing my to-day,
For I may die to-morrow."
I asked the rose, "Oh, tell me true,
In thy first beauty's dawn,
Thou canst not fear, from this sweet
The coming of the morning?
Sue thee for fragrance and apart,
The lover for her sorrow,
Saying, 'I must bloom to-day,
For I may droop to-morrow."
I said, "The bloom upon my cheek
Is fading as the morning's dew,
My voice no more shall sing or speak,
When dust in dust I repose;
And from these sad and gloomy
One lesson I must borrow:
That we should smile and sing to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow."

Miscellaneous.

Some of the Institutions of a Printing Office.
The "Devil" is an institution by and of himself. He inhabits the type, or the "lays on the sheets." (Other people sometimes do the latter.) If it were not for him the paper would not "come out." He sweeps out the office—the builds the fire—an appropriate work for a fiend—sees to it that some one has "hooked the press." He does the "chores at the house." He "quits the baby." Yet his most important duty is to keep watch on the street corner so as to inform the editor when the *sheriff is after him!*
With all this, the "Devil" shoulders all the bad or smutty jokes of the editor. When the mighty man of the pen is ashamed of an expression, and still desires to utter it, he says, "Our Devil says thus and so," and the devil has to stand it!
Nevertheless, the "Devil" is an important personage in society. He attends lectures.—He frequents concerts, shows, and the opera;—but I say it more in sorrow than in anger—he seldom attends church! He respects himself at the ticket office of the "show." With his "line" reversed by way of change, (for he seldom possesses more than a single shirt,) he is a member of the Press, and so presses his claims that he is admitted without the accustomed quarter. But our printing friend is not alone. He is too much of a gulland for that. His "woman" is with him, and he and his "woman" pass in and enjoy the entertainment, which, whatever it may be, is taken down in doses alternated with penicillins and tobacco. For the "Devil" chews as well as smokes and spits profusely upon carpets when he gets within reach of them.
I never heard of a Printer's Devil who had "risen in life," but I do do the justice to say that, to my knowledge, none of them have fallen very low. Some of these "Devils" have descended to be mayors of cities.—Some of them have even let themselves down into Congressmen. But I never knew one to degrade himself so low as to become a President of the United States.
So much for the "Devil." I know the "devil" I've been there myself. "Bully for him,"—*Arcemus Ward.*

Barnum Sold.

[From the New York Tribune.]
Bold Attempt at Bank Robbery in New York.

A bold and daring attempt to rob the New York Exchange Bank came to light yesterday morning. The bank was about to be opened for the usual business of the day, when the cashier tried to enter the apartment at the rear of the counting-room, where the vault and safe are located. His efforts to do so, however, proved unavailing, and a blacksmith was sent for, who, after removing a portion of the stone-work around the lock, succeeded in opening the door. A curious sight at once met the eyes of the spectators. A large hole yawned in the middle of the floor, and a mass of dirt was piled around it. It was evident that burglars had entered the most valuable locality of the whole building. Beneath the feet of the cashier, and the astonished clerks who crowded around him, was the aperture, which apparently led to some unknown subterranean region. The bank books, which had always occupied a position on the top of the safe, had mysteriously disappeared, while the safe itself exhibited marks of violent usage at the hands of burglars. It was now twelve o'clock, and three hours had been spent in opening the door. A messenger was immediately sent to give notice to the police of the attempted robbery, and the valiant blacksmith at once threw himself into the hole for the purpose of making explorations. He stumbled almost immediately upon the bank books, which the burglars had thrown there for the purpose of expediting their operations with the safe. Without stopping to remove them, however, he crawled along the passage, hardly two feet in height, the bottom of which was floored with rag carpet, and at length, after crawling nearly seventy feet, he emerged in a dark basement, piled up in all directions with rolls of rag carpet. Here his view was greeted with a large and select assortment of burglar's tools, such as crowbars, jemmy bars, and various other requisites material for excavation. He groped around for a moment, and at last came in contact with the door, which he found unfastened. Opening it, and ascending several steps, he emerged into the street, in view of the police, who were waiting with a squad of his men. He at once related his discoveries to that officer, and, accompanied by him, returned to the bank vault of the underground passage. The bank books were now removed from the tunnel, and found to be complete. The only thing missing, so far as discovered, is a box, the property of Mr. A. L. Peck, a broker doing business on the corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, the contents of which were \$200 in gold and \$800 in uncurrent bank notes. Mr. Peck has been accustomed to send this box, with various sums of money therein, to the bank, for safe keeping, for upward of twelve years past. Owing to its size, it has never been placed in the safe, but simply laid in the vault.

Peter Cartwright.

A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if ever he had to ferry the preacher across, and he knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognised, said to the ferryman:

"Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation, and strictures upon Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now, I'll put you across."
On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.
"What for?" asked the ferryman.
"Well, you've just been using my name improperly like; and said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now, you've got a chance."
"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.
"My name is Peter Cartwright."
Instantly the ferryman seized the preacher by the collar, and, with a look of rage, he for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nap of his trousers, and plunging him into the water saying—
"I baptize thee in the name of the devil, which christenest art!"
The lifting up, he added:
"Did you ever pray?"
"No."
"Then it is time you did."
"No never will," answered the ferryman, in the depths of despair.
"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.
The praying victim shouted:
"I will do anything you bid me."
"Then follow me."—Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.
Now let me go."
"Not yet," said Peter, "you must make three promises: First, that you will repeat that prayer morning and evening as long as you live; secondly, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"
"I promise," said the ferryman.
A stroke of lightning that man afterwards became a shining light.

Prevention of a Murderer.

A man named M'Hugh was charged a few days ago in Cincinnati, for the murder of his wife, and the day before his execution he told Mr. Shockey, an officer of the prison, that he had a presentiment of the murder and his own death on the gallows for thirty years. His remarkable hallucination is related as follows:

One day he was ascending a dark stairway to his room. He was sober and in good health. Suddenly it seemed to him as if his right arm had been infused with Sansonian strength. Just then he reached the door, and he was tempted to test his newly acquired strength upon it. He gave his right arm a vigorous slight tap, for he scarcely felt the blow upon the knuckles. The door, however, quivered under its force, and parts of plastering on the wall fell down. He looked to his arm to see what had increased in size. Just then his head became transfixed, and he could move it neither one way nor the other.
While he was in that position, a strange voice spoke terrible words to him. When he died, his right arm and hand, but no one was near him. Again he glanced at his arm, again his head became transfixed, and again were the terrible words spoken. As soon as he regained power to move, he fled to his room, and in vain forgot what he had passed, but the words continued to ring in his ears. Often in after years, he heard it.
"I'll not tell you what the words were," said he to Mr. Shockey; "for they go with me to my grave. You know what I have said, but I must kill my wife, and die for the crime, he perpetrated the atrocious deed, and willingly surrendered himself to the gallows."
He should have been secured carefully in an insane retreat.

The Coolest Thing on Record.

As General Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the city of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on the eminence at the right, and advanced with slow and measured tread until they met the army at right angles.—The guild of monks of the procession was a venerable priest, whose hair was whitened with the frosts of many winters. He held in both hands a contribution box, upon which there was a lighted candle, and when within a few feet of the army, the procession halted. As the army passed, a man in a blue coat, in St. Patrick dropped some small coin or other into the old priest's box. And when it was observed that a soldier was searching in his pockets for something to bestow, the old priest would step forward and hold his box to receive the donation. Ultimately there came along a tall, gaunt, limb-sided, gaund-looking Yankee, who, on seeing the poor priest, thrust his hands into the very depth of his breeches pockets, as if in search for a dime, and, having found one, he handed it to the old priest, who, with a grateful nod, and a prayer, placed the piece of dirty paper, until at length he found a piece of twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hands into another pocket, and drew forth a clay pipe, which he lit, and inhaled a puff of the tobacco. When this was done, having replaced his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stooped forward and lit his pipe by the old priest's candle, and making an awkward inclination of his head, (intended, perhaps, for a bow,) he said, "Much obliged to you, Squire," and proceeded on.

Indignation in Kansas.

An indignation protest against the outrageous misrepresentation of Army and Postroy is swelling in loud and fierce murmurs from every quarter of Kansas. The people are just beginning to realize the extent to which their condition has been belied, and the injury which the infamous proceedings will certainly bring about. The effect of the late sensation despatches has been to create the general impression in the East, that not only are we suffering from a famine, but a verge of starvation, but also that Kansas is a desert of perpetual drought, and subject to repeated famines similar to that of last season. Several leading journals have advanced this view, and it is feared the effect will be far more disastrous than we are aware of. It is intelligent persons from the East say that Kansas will be retarded at least five years by the false reports which have been spread over the country concerning her distressed condition and unimproved condition. Her people have now discovered the cheat practiced in their name, and hold Pomeroy and Army responsible.

Odds and Ends.

The small pot is raging at West Troy. No less than \$1,200,000 are invested in bee culture in Ohio.
The Louisiana sugar crop for 1860 is valued at about \$25,000,000.
The volunteer rifle corps of England now numbers 140,000 men.
Prentiss defines what man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.
Mrs. Lincoln retains the White House domestics of the late incumbent for the present.
Hon. Henry Elliot, of Mississippi, Postmaster General of the Confederate States, is a native of Salem, N. J.
Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, last week had his arm broken at the socket by the upsetting of a stage coach.
A firm in St. Louis has commenced the manufacture of billiard tables—the first ever made in the West.
The total expenses of the New York Fire Department for the past year foot up the handsome sum of \$265,000.
Mr. Seaward has written a letter to the Southern Commissioners, in which he proposes a national Convention to settle our difficulties.
A German chemist asserts that he has found out how to manufacture pure silver by artificial means, at a cost of seventy-five cents an ounce.
The Government has received information of a plot to revolutionize California and Oregon. Gen. Johnson and other officers are implicated.
We seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often regret having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.
Mr. Beecher says "no man is a perfect man in Christ Jesus who does not know, under appropriate circumstances, how to ward off and how to give a blow."
The Cleveland Plaindealer thinks it possible that a whistle may be made out of a pig's tail, but that of a debatable question whether or not a great man can be made out of a Colonel Ellsworth.
A Miss Robinson, of Franklin, Wisconsin, who will oppose the law being recently thrown up by oily reptiles, looking like huge, overgrown leeches. She is rapidly recovering her health.
In the town of Concord, Mass.; there are annually manufactured 100,000 pairs, and 75,000 tubs, worth \$94,000; 2,000 gross of pencils, worth \$20,000; 2,000 pairs of gold leaf, worth \$14,000.
It is reported that in Liverpool, England, a wealthy merchant, long being afflicted with the cholera of Andy, the son of a Father Kemp's "Old Polks" troupe, and proposes to marry her.
A cargo is now loading at the Arsenal dock, West Troy, with ammunition and gun cartridges for Fort Pickens. About two hundred tons of warlike implements will go down upon it.
There is a strong party in South Carolina who will oppose the ratification of the Montgomery Constitution. It is more than doubtful whether that instrument will be accepted by the seceding States.
Benjamin Robertson, Esq., of Kentucky, has presented to Yancey, the terrible doctor of the South, a splendid pair of horses. The team is said to be handsome a turnout ever caused to glisten the eyes of a connoisseur.
A gentleman was congratulating the fact that so many office-seekers were leaving "Oh no," says Mr. Lincoln, "don't you know that when the flies commencing leaving in the fall the few remaining ones begin to bite all the worse?"
A greenhorn standing by a sewing machine at which a young lady was at work, looking alternately at the machine and its air operator, at length gave vent to his admiration with:
"By golly, it's purty, especially the part covered with calico."
At Ketchen, Saxony, recently, a gentleman, engaged in play at a fair table, died in his seat. His death was not discovered until his money, by being left on the table all the while, had won a heavy sum. A law suit resulted between the banker and the dead player's heirs, which was decided in favor of the latter.
A Parliamentary return just issued gives the number of vessels added in the British Navy. Of steamships, there are 300 screw and 113 paddle—a total of 413; then 37 more are building or converting, and of effective sailing ships 150 are now afloat—making the enormous number of 688 fighting ships in New Jersey with no friends!
Missie was one day talking to her little girl not for years old, answered quick ly, "all women!"
It is pretty certain that the President will call an extra session of Congress. If he does, the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland and North Carolina, will have to call extra sessions of their Legislatures, in order to have their States represented in the Congress. The Legislatures will change the term of choosing their members from August to May.
Susan Donin, the notorious actress, has just passed the trials at Detroit. The critic of one of the newspapers did not have a very high appreciation of her capabilities, and wrote as much in a notice of her performance, whereupon the supposed husband of the lady written upon the critic and pointed out the errors of his criticism. Susan stood by anxious to lend her hand. The lovely pair made tracks for Canada as soon as they had thus vindicated their honor.

How an Old Sailor Talked to a Child.

We clip the following from Mrs. Stow's Story, now being published in the New York Independent. It is an old sailor talking to his grand-daughter:
"Father," said Sally, "how many things there must be at the bottom of the sea—so many ships are sunk with their fine things on board? Why don't people contrive some way to get down there?"
"They do, child," said Captain Kittridge, "they have diving bells, and men go down in them with caps over their faces, and long tubes to get air through, and they walk about on the bottom of the ocean."
"Did you ever go down in one, father?"
"Why yes, child, to be sure; and strange enough it was, to be sure. There you could see great big sea serpents, with ever so many eyes, and long arms, and you could catch 'em; and all you could do would be to catch the water on the bottom, so they could not see you."
"I never heard of that, Capt. Kittridge," said his wife, drawing herself up with a respectful comeliness. "What a terrible creature, and how you could catch it, and carry it off!"
"Well Miss Kittridge, you haven't heard of every thing that ever happened, though you do know a sight."
"And how does the bottom of the ocean look, father?"
"Laws, child! why trees and bushes grow there just as they grow on land; and great plants—blue, and purple, and green, and yellow, and pearls. I've seen them as big as chippin' birds' eggs."
"Cap'n Kittridge," said his wife, "I have heard of big sea serpents; but them was of that kind of Ceylon and Malabar, and way round under the Equator," said the Captain, prudently resolved to throw his romance to a sufficient distance.
"I've seen 'em," said his wife, with an indignant appearance of scorn.
"I did get lots on 'em and traded 'em off to the Nabobs in the interior for Cashmere shawls and India silks and such," said the Captain composedly, "and brought 'em home and sold 'em for a good figure. I could be 'Oh, father!" said Sally, earnestly, "I wish you had saved just one or two for us!"
"Laws, child, I wish now I had," said the Captain, good-naturedly. "Why, when I was in India, I went up to Lucknow, and Benares, and saw all the Nabobs and Big-guns—why, they don't make no more of gold and silver and precious stones than we do of the shells we find on the beach. Why, I've seen one of them with a diamond in his turban as big as my fist."
"Cap'n Kittridge, what are you telling?"
"Fact—as big as my fist," said the Captain, obediently; "and all the clothes he wore was just a stiff, and he had pearls and precious stones all over him. What a real New Jerusalem look he had."
"I call that a talk wicked, Cap'n Kittridge, usin' Scripture, like a way," said his wife.
"Why, don't it tell all about all sorts of good and precious stones in the Revelation?" said the Captain; "that's all I mean. Them are countries off Asia ain't like our's—stands to reason they shouldn't be them's Scripture countries, and every thing is different there."
"Father did you ever get any of those splendid things?" said Sally.
"Laws, yes, child, why, I had a great green ring, an emerald, that one of the princies was, and ever so many pearls and diamonds. I used to go with 'em rattlin' loose in my vest pocket, and was young and gay in them days, and thought of bringin' 'em off home for the gals, but somehow I always got opportunities for swappin' 'em off for goods and such. That ar shawl your mother keeps in her canfore chest was what I got for one of 'em."
"Well, well," said Mrs. Kittridge, "there's never any catchin' you, cause you've been where we haven't."
"A family knitting machine has recently been invented. It is not larger than a sewing machine, not liable to get out of order, can be operated by a child, will knit home spun yarn, and weaves a handsome stocking. Its ordinary movement is at the speed of five thousand stitches in a minute.
"Jenny," said a Scotch minister stooping from the pulpit, "have ye got a preon? Yes, minister." Then stick it into that sloping brute by your side."

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.

Cotopaxi, in 1738 threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1744, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, poured so thick its aversing flames, that the sky was covered for 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tutuaca, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of a hundred feet wide made deposits of six hundred feet deep. The stratum of Tutuaca, which in 1737 passed through Torro del Greco, contained 33,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torro del Greco was the scene of a volcanic eruption, it amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1676, Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scorie formed the Monte Rosso near Catania, a distance of more than 100 miles. The stratum of Vesuvius, which in 1737 passed through Torro del Greco, contained 33,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torro del Greco was the scene of a volcanic eruption, it amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1676, Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scorie formed the Monte Rosso near Catania, a distance of more than 100 miles. The stratum of Vesuvius, which in 1737 passed through Torro del Greco, contained 33,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torro del Greco was the scene of a volcanic eruption, it amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1676, Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scorie formed the Monte Rosso near Catania, a distance of more than 100 miles.

A VIRGINIAN BEATEN BY HIS OWN SLAVE.

The Petersburg Express of the 19th gives the following particulars of a savage assault made upon Mr. F. Mallory Sutherland, of Albemarle county, Va., on Friday last by one of his own slaves. Mr. Sutherland was out on his plantation superintending the clearing of a patch of new ground, and directed Ned, a robust fellow, to lift a log to a pile of burning brush. The negro did not feel able to lift the log, and stooped to do so himself. While stooping, Ned seized a big stick, and striking his master's head with it, he hurled the log and struck a powerful blow over the back, felled him to the earth, and he lay motionless until the stick was broken in many pieces, and Mr. Sutherland lay apparently lifeless. Thinking he had accomplished his purpose, he started off, and had proceeded about fifty yards when he heard a hoarse cry. Seizing another stick, he returned and striking Mr. Sutherland another severe blow across the face, he struck his nose flat to the face, and then continued to beat him across the arms, breast and legs, until the flesh was pummeled to the consistency of jelly. Some small negroes were present upon the hearing commenced, but they were mere children, and dreaded the ferocity of Ned as though he had been a tiger, and were therefore prevented from offering assistance. As soon as they got to the house, the intelligence was communicated to some of the neighbors, and all turned out en masse to hunt up the fiend, Sutherland, and conveying him to his residence. Upon reaching the house, he manifested indications of returning consciousness, and at last, on Sunday, was alive, though in a very precarious condition. The search of the neighbors for Ned proved unavailing, but the account of the outrage reached at Plymouth, Va., where a Mr. George Alsop, who knew the negro, was engaged in arresting him at the depot of the South-Side Railroad in this city, and lodged him in jail. He will be transferred to the county of Dinwiddie for trial.

STRANGER YU-KIN KUM IS.

A worthy friend from the farming districts, who occasionally drops in upon us to get the latest news, narrates the following: "A traveler passing through his neighborhood on horse-back, stopped at a modest cottage on the roadside, and asked for shelter, as it was quite dark and raining. The head of the family came to the door and accosted the traveler with the question, 'What are you?' 'I am a stranger,' was the reply. 'What are you?' 'This interrogatory was not fully understood by the traveler, and he asked an explanation. 'I mean, what's your politics?' rejoined the former. 'Air yer fur this Union, or agin it?' 'This was a poser, as the traveler was not certain whether the man of the house was a Union man or a secessionist, and he was anxious to put up for the night—so he made up his mind and said: 'My friend, I am fur the Union and Constitution.' 'Stranger, ye-oo-oo kin kum is.' 'It is needless to remark that the traveler did not hear the noisy rhyme sung by their mothers while rocking the cradle:

EGG ONSET.

Light, the whites and yolks of twelve eggs, separately, stir well together with a tablespoonful of cold water, season with pepper and salt. Heat upon an ounce of butter boiling hot in a frying pan, pour in the mixture, shaking the pan as it browns, to prevent it sticking, and turn up the edges all round with a bread-bladed knife, and continue to turn until the whole is brown. Lift on to a meat dish with an egg-slice, without breaking, and serve hot for breakfast.
ANOTHER.—To the above quantity of eggs, add a handful of fine curled parsley, and twelve fresh nasturtium flowers, chopped fine.

OPENING OF THE CANALS.

The navigation is now open on the Western division of the main line of the Pennsylvania Canal. The water is now being let on the eastern division, and the canal will be in operation at the close of the week. The opening of the Susquehanna, from Havre de Grace, Md., to Wilkesbarre, Pa., will be open. The repairs on the Juniata canal will prevent their opening until early in April.
A Western paper, announcing the death of a gentleman in Iowa, says:—"He was a great admirer of Horace Greely, but otherwise a respectable man."