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From the Western Literary Messenger.

A LYRIC FOR THE TIMES.

Too long, too long has darkness swept
Adown the vale of time;
Too long, too long, the world has slept,
Thus wasting all its prime.
But, joy to earth! A morning breaks,
Which brings the glorious day,
When man from iron slumber wakes
To fling his chains away.

There's clashing in the field of life,
Where tyrants long have reigned;
And shouts from Right, amid the strife,
Go up for victories gained.
Viewing, with mien of self respect,
The bright and beckoning sky,
The crushed and fallen stand erect
And raise a joyful cry.

The light of knowledge, free to all,
Elastic mind expands,
And nations, late in error's thrall,
Now burst the direful bands.
Each thirsty soul, with wing sublime,
May mount the heights of Truth,
And drinking light from Heaven's own clime,
Enjoy eternal youth.

Too long, too long has darkness swept
Adown the vale of time;
Too long, too long the world has slept,
Thus wasting all its prime.
Yet, joy to earth! A morning breaks,
Which brings the glorious day,
When man from iron slumber wakes
To fling his chains away.

SONG.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

There is a voice in every breeze,
A language all around;
We hear it in the stirring trees,
And from the verdant ground.
That still small voice is every where,
Like music from above:
Earth, air, or sea, the voice is there—
It whispers, "God is love."

With worship in its perfumed heart,
The blossom lifts its eye:
The insect trumps his little part—
The brook goes singing by;
With plumed wing, the little bird
Sings in the sheltering grove;
And with them all the voice is heard—
It says, "Our God is love."

Oh! may that voice in childhood's days
Within our hearts be found!
Oh, may we join that song of praise
Breathed forth from all around!
And thus on earth begin the song
Now heard in heaven above—
Where ever bow the white-robed throng,
Who sing, "Our God is love."

The Governor and the Madman.

One of the oldest inhabitants in our city has furnished me with the following (and several more) anecdote of the old Governor Leverett, as an illustration of the force of courage and ingenuity upon a madman.

One morning, many years ago, a stout, burly built maniac, in a paroxysm of insanity, burst out of the Asylum, and in his way, a musket, heavily loaded, fell into his hands. With this formidable weapon, mounted with the terrible bayonet, the madman rushed out into the city and pretty effectually cleared the street he was "marching along." Turning a corner, he suddenly came upon Gov. Leverett, and was one the point of making a point blank charge upon the vitals of the old Governor, who comprehended his danger, in a single glance at the fellow, when the Governor, suddenly drawing himself up square and firmly before his dreadful antagonist, he hailed him thus:—

"Ho! brother soldier, have you learned your exercise?"

"Yes, I have!" said the fellow with a great oath.

"Then, brother," said the Governor, "stand to your arms, like a valiant soldier, while I give the word of command."

The madman seemed pleased, and stood bolt upright, with his musket fitted close to his shoulder, in regular drill order.

"Poise your firelock!" the fellow did so; "Rest your firelock!" the fellow obeyed; "Ground your firelock!" this he did; "Face the right about—MARCH!"—says the Governor; and as the madman wheeled and stepped away; the Governor, quickly ran up behind, seized the powerful fellow and the musket, and held him until several lookers-on—standing at safe distance and watching this curious scene—came to the Governor's assistance, and the madman was secured and carried back, in an awful rage to his quarters.

This anecdote reminds me of a similar one, that happened to the famous Dr. Physic, an eminent medical man, now dead and gone, in Philadelphia. The Dr. was a visiting physician at the Lunatic Asylum, near that city, and one morning after going his rounds among the patients of the Institution, the Dr. strolled up stairs into the top gallery of the large rotunda of the building, to take a view of the city and surrounding country. While absorbed in the view from his high elevation, a robust madman, who had eluded his keepers, comes suddenly upon the Dr., to his no little astonishment and bodily fear! But keeping perfectly cool, the Dr. bid the maniac "good day," and was turning about to go down stairs.

"No, you don't!" says the madman, clutching the Dr. firmly as a vice. "I want you, doctor, to show me something; they say you can do everything—cut off heads, legs and arms—put them together—take a man all apart, and then mend him up as good as ever; and I know you can too, but I want you to just jump down this hole, (opening of the rotunda, surrounded by the long spiral stairway!) away down on the pavement!—Come on, do it, you must!" And the fellow exerted himself to drag the Doctor up to the railing, to which the poor Doctor clung with the tenacity of a tick. The moment was one of peril to the Doctor, but his presence of mind completely floored his antagonist.

"It would not be very hard for me to jump *down* there, sir," said the Doctor, "but I can do a greater feat than that for you, if you wish to see me try!"

"Can you, eh! Well, try; what is it!"

"Why, sir, I will go down there to the bottom, and with one good spring, sir, *I'll jump clear up here!*"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the madman, "that would be worth seeing; very well, go down, Doctor, and jump up. *I'll catch you when you come up!*"

The Doctor lost no time to go down, and send up the Keepers, who nabbed the poor deluded maniac.

The moral of the anecdotes is: It is evidently far better to manage maniacs, by acts of kindness and innocent stratagem, than by violence and force; and it is hoped that such a system is not only well understood in all Lunatic Asylums, but practised also.

A SAD STORY.

A friend has related to us the facts detailed below. We lay them before the public, because they convey an impressive warning. For obvious reasons the name of the young man is withheld. About six years ago, W——T——, a son of one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of a neighboring State, graduated with decided credit, at Yale College. He attained his majority about the same time, and came into possession of $17,000 in ready money. Thus, all the advantages that wealth, talents and friends can secure, were at his command.

With the laudable desire of obtaining a practical knowledge of men and things in Europe, before commencing the profession he had selected, he made the tour of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, France, &c.—Unfortunately, while in Paris he formed associations which led him into all the vices and extravagances of that gay and dissolute city. Spell bound, he lingered there until habits of dissipation and vice were confirmed, and his funds nearly exhausted.

After an absence of some years he returned to his native land. In the meantime misfortune and reverses had overtaken his father, under the weight of which the old man sunk into the grave. Young T—— was thus left to his own resources. These, alas, had been perverted and corrupted and there was nothing left to influence him for good; and from this time his downward course was rapid and without a moment's halt. Step by step he went on, until money, character, friends, all were gone, and he was reduced to the utmost destitution.

The other day this young man came to Covington, poorly clad and without a cent of money. He begged the privilege of sawing a load of wood to obtain a meal's victual. On the previous night, he said, he had pawned a pocket-knife for the privilege of sleeping on a pallet of straw in that lowest haunt of the most degraded—"Sausage Row" in Cincinnatti. Such a change had intemperance wrought in a few short years!

We need not enlarge. The bare recital of the facts teaches a moral and proclaims a warning that all may understand.

The case we have detailed is marked and peculiar in the rapid stride from wealth and honor to poverty and degradation; but in other respects it is the history of thousands. The beginning with all is the same—idleness, bad associations and loose principles. And the end is the same—poverty, disgrace, and wretchedness!—*Covington* (Ky.) *Journal.*

THE BENEFIT OF APPRENTICESHIP. There is an important feature in the regulations of a master-mechanic, which is frightful to some kind parents' hearts; and that is the five to seven years apprenticeship the boy who learns a trade must submit to. But it is an excellent discipline. It takes the lad at a critical period of life—when he perhaps has a disposition averse to steady employment—when he is inclined to roam at large, amid the contaminating influences about him—and puts him to a steady round of duties—severe, at first, but soon becoming, from habit, agreeable; and, when his minority expires, his steady habits and industry are established, and he comes forth a man, the master of trade, of fixed principles and good habits, a blessing to himself and the community.

If parents would but look at it aright, they would declare that, had they many sons, they should learn trades. Contrast the youth just alluded to with him who, having a horror of an apprenticeship, is allowed to run at large. At the most critical period of life for forming habits, he is those that are the reverse of industry.—He is not fitting himself to be a man, but wearing away his boyhood in idleness.—The partial parent sees this, yet has not fortitude to avert it. At twenty-one years of age, when the first-named lad comes out a good mechanic, it is wonderful if the other has not fastened habits upon him that will be his ruin if he is not ruined already. More than one excellent man in our community can say with thankfulness, that it turned out so that, to his half dozen years apprenticeship, he is indebted for the habits of industry and sobriety he has obtained, that, when he was put to a trade, he was on a pivot as it were. Had it not been for the firmness of his parents, he likely would have been a ruined lad ere his minority expired. This was the turning point.

PAT AND THE DOCTOR—OR THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S JOKE.

The "Spirit of the Times" vouches for the truth of the following laughable joke.

"Come, Patrick," said a medical student in one of our city institutions, to the honest porter therein employed, "as I'm going to treat, step in the corner and take a drop with us."

"Sure, and are ye in arnest, Doctor, dear?" inquired Pat with a grin.

"Certainly, come along."

Pat didn't want coaxing, and he therefore accepted the invitation and followed the Doctor. Arrived at the public house, the Doctor poured out half a tumbler full of the ruby liquid, and under pretence of adding a little sugar he slily slipped in the contents of a box of cayenne pepper which stood behind the bar. "Drink quick, Pat, for I see Prof. B—— coming across the square," said the Doctor, stirring the fiery mixture and handing it to Pat, who quaffed it off without taking breath; scarce had he taken his lips from the tumbler, ere his countenance began to undergo the most ludicrous contortions. "*Wather!* for the sake o' mercy, wather!" gasped he, his mouth raw with the burning draught.

Just at this moment one of the Doctor's friends happening *accidentally* to walk near the two, and seeing the bottle from which the liquor had been poured standing on the counter, in front of Pat, he exclaimed with an anxious look, "Why, Doctor, you didn'nt let the man drink from *that* bottle?"

"Yes I did," was the reply.

"Then you're a dead man!" said the other, turning to Pat, "for I prepared that bottle of *poison* to kill cock-roaches, for the barkeeper here."

Pat turned ghastly pale; he gasped for breath. "O, murther! I'm dead! Run for a doctor! O, I'll be dead afore you come back! Holy mother of Moses, why did I taste the dirty brandy! O, the pison burns the inside of me! For the love o' heaven, fetch a doctor! I'm dyin'—Lord have mercy on my soul!" and like exclamations did Pat pour forth with astonishing rapidity.

"What's to be done for the poor man?" said the doctor.

"I'll run and get him a dose of Tincture Hokeepokee," said his friend, "it is the thing that'll save his life; and away he went and shortly returned with the Tincture Hokeepokee, as he called it, which was nothing more or less than a rochelle powder. Almost every one knows, or ought to know, that a rochelle powder is put up in two papers, one blue and one white, and in taking it, the contents of the blue paper are dissolved in about a gill of pure water in one tumbler, and that of the white paper in another; the two are then poured together, when a lively effervescence takes place, making a foaming and sparkling drink.

Well, two tumblers were arranged, the rochelle powder dissolved in them, and Pat was told to drink first one then the other immediately after it; he followed these directions implicitly, and the result was that the two doses met mid-way in his throat; the effervescence took place, and for a moment or two he was a perfect living fountain: he literally *foamed at the mouth!*

The bystanders could keep silent no longer, but gave vent to their feelings in a laugh, long, loud and hearty. Patrick started off from his persecutors without his hat, his hands clasped over his abdominal regions, and his hair streaming in the wind.

The next day one of the students seeing him, inquired respecting the occurrence. "O, bad luck to that scamp of a doctor," said Pat, "he gave me such red hot brandy, it set my insides afire, and when I drank cowld wather it biled over!"

A THIEF TAKEN BY THE BUTTON.—A clue to some burglars in New York, who had been committing heavy depredations, was obtained by the slight circumstance that one lost a button from his coat while robbing a store, which being found, was discovered to agree with the buttons upon the coat of an individual at the theatre, who afterwards proved to be the robber. On another fellow was discovered a pair of flash suspenders, matching others in the same store.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS FANNY GAREY.

Our old home homestead stood beside the walks
From the way side dust aloof,
Where the apple boughs could almost cast
Their frolicsome sport on its roof.
And the cherry trees so near it grew,
That, when awake I've lain
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane.
And those orchard trees—O, those orchard trees,
I've seen by little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.
The sweet-brier under the window sill,
Which the early bird made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That in other eyes were lovelier,
But not to me so fair:
For those roses bright, those roses bright,
I have twined them with my sister's locks,
That are lain the dust from sight.
We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly.
And there never was water half so sweet
As that in my little cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
Which my father's hand set up:
And that deep old well—O, that deep old well,
I remember yet the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.
Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet:
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair—
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light—Oh, that broad hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night!

[From Scott's Weekly Paper.

The "Great Mysteries" of the Sons of Temperance found out!

"I've jest found it all out 'bout you Sons of Temperance," exclaimed old Mrs. Credulous, in an ecstacy of ill concealed delight. "You Sonnies can't cheat *me*, I'm 'little tow cunnen for you. No use for you to tell *me* 'bout your Love for your Brethern and all that sort of stuff, and put on your mysterious airs and keep your tongues under lock and all that. I've found it all out. I know the hull on't from beginnin' to eend." And she looked very knowingly as she tossed her head proudly, Her eyes sparkling like coals of fire.—The old lady had just returned from a tea-party given by Mrs. Jones; where a young man, not a member of the Order, but who affected to be one, and well acquainted with all the "mysteries of the Order," and every thing pertaining to it, had quietly fallen in with the whimsical objections the dear old creatures had wisely made against the Sons of Temperance, and to fix them in their opinions, and superstitious conjectures, had amused himself by favoing them with a pretended development of the secrets of the Order, and a full description of the ceremonies of intiation.

Her son-in-law, to whom she made the triumphant exclamation above quoted, was a member of the Order, who had long ago ceased from what he saw a vain attempt to eradicate the good old lady's objections, and now suffered her to enjoy her opinions to her heart's content. But on this occasion her triumphant and emphatic manner excited his curiosity, and he quietly asked her to explain herself.

"Oh! Johnny," said she "you wouldn't ax me to 'splain myself ef you kow'd what I could tell you, ef I was a minctew. But I won't gratify you so much, hat I won't."

"Well!" said Johnny, as he took up his hat, and stepped towards the door.

"You remember that no persuasion was powerful enough to induce Jack to his supper on a particular occasion, don't you."

"What do you mean!" cried Johny.

This raised the ire of the old lady, and she declared she *would* tell it now 'cat out of spite." She was dying all the while to make her revelation, but hoped Johnny would coax her to unfold her tale.

"Well," said Johnny, "I'm all attention."

"In the first place," began the old lady, "the feller that's to be took in, has gotto go with a passel of fellers into dark room, and, when they git him there, they lock him up in a big iron chest, with a hole in one end for him to breathe through. An there he's kept three hours, then he's yanked out of that and rubbed all over wit soft soap, and down a big holler pipe that he hollers like a loon. Then he's take out and tied up in a sack, and a passel of them heathenish fellers carry him into the room where they hold their meetin'. Then the lights is all put out, and whe the room's as dark as Egypt he is take out of the sack and put in a coffin. The lid is screwed down, and he is lugged round the room nigh a half an hour."

"How does he breathe, mother?"

"Yew needn't make so strange 'bout them holes bored in the top on't; about half an hour, as I was sayin', and then the coffin is set up on an eend, and a dead march is sung, and he's axed in an awful solemn voice, that sounds jest for all the world like a ghost, if he's willin' to proceed. Ef he says he is, then the lid is onscrew'd, and he finds himself standin' with six sharp pynted swords held close tew his breast and neck, by fellers dressed like evil spirits. Oh! massy on us! it's enuff to make a body's blood run cold tew think on't. And he's told ef he ever tells a word about the secrets of the Order, he'll be made away with jest as sartin' as the death."

"Do you believe they would murder him if he should tell, mother?"

"To *beshure* I do; I *know* they would."

"How did Tom Smith escape to tell you this?"

"Poor creeter!" exclaimed the good old lady. "I'm the first one he ever told and 'spect ev'ry minit to hear that he's missin'. But don't interrupt me so—you put me out. Wall, he promises faithfully—I'm blessed if I don't b'lieve he dassent for his life do any other way than promise that he'll never tell no livin' creeter. Then he's told ef he dux that he's tongue'll be chopped off, and his mouth sew'd up, his eyes put out, and his hands tied behind him, and in that distressed condition he'll be put in a coffin and buried alive in less than no time.

"Well, the miserable critter is then let out of the coffin and walked about the room on his hands and knees, and ordered to thank them heathenish fellers for pinchin', kickin', and punchin' him, pullin' his hair, ringin' his nose, and treaden' on his corns. You needn't laff. It's all true as the Gospel an' you know it. It's shameful to treat human natur' that way, and not to be laffed at nurthir."

"Then he's ordered tew set on a plank covered all over with Burgundy pitch, and made tew smoke opium, and sneezin' snuff till he's half ded, and then they give him the grip and—"

"Why mother they have no grip."

"No use for you tew try to deceive me, I know the whole on't from top to bottom."

"Well, then, what is the grip, mother?"

"Why, one on 'em grabs him by the neck, and he graps 'tother, and then they give each other an all chokin' squeeze.—Then they whisper the secret word in his left ear."

"What's the word, mother?"

"Bellymashazzar, to be shure; you know as well as I do. You needn't to laff. 'Twont do. Then they give him the sign—that great secret sign you make so much fuss about."

"How's that made," cried Johnny, half convulsed with laughter, at the form of initiation.

"This way," promptly replied the old lady. "By shutting your left eye, and takin the eend of your nose in your right hand."

"Well, then he's marched up and down the room dressed in a red gown and lookin' for all the world like a witch, and after he's taken an oath, awful enough to make one's hair stand on an eend every which way, he's told to take a seat among the rest of 'em, and welcomed as a Son of Temperance."

"There you see the hull on't and I'll tell every body. I won't do nothin' else, for I think—as I allers said, it is a heathenish, barbarous, mummery, that makes heathens and infidels of christian men, and shud orter be put down to smash. How d'ye feel now, Johnny, you begin to find the old woman's 'bout right, don't you?" triumphantly exclaimed the old lady, as she took an enormous pinch of snuff, drew her spectacles over her eyes and turned to her son-in-law.

Johnny was in a convulsion of laughter, but contrived to gasp his conviction that the Order was all blown to pieces.

Mrs. Credulous believes to this day, that all this mad wag Smith told her is true to a letter. Nor is she alone in her strange belief. There are thousands like Mrs. Credulous, everywhere, whose prejudices are nursed and kept alive with nameless surmises, terrible suspicions, and out-landish stories relative to the character and "secrets" of the Order, not a whit less ridiculous, and as far removed from the truth as the veracious development made by this good old lady.

AN OLD PASTOR.—The venerable Dr. Nott, of Franklin, Connecticut, received the visits of his flock on the 22d ult. to congratulate him on his having reached his *ninety-sixth* birth day. Dr. Nott was installed over his present charge on the 3d of March, 1782, and has consequently exercised the pastoral office during a period of 67 years.

THE PRESENT WINTER.—Dr. Robbins, librarian of the Hartford Athenæum, who is now over 80 years old, and has kept a record of the weather from his youth up, says the present winter beats all former ones in his record, for the extent of its coldness, as indicated by the thermometer. The cold has been more remarkable for continuance than intensity.

SWORD TO GEN. SCOTT.—In the Senate of N. Jersey, on Wednesday, resolutions were introduced to procure a suitable sword, to be presented to Major Gen. Scott.—They will undoubtedly pass.

GENERAL TAYLOR IN WASHINGTON.

General Taylor, the President Elect, with a large company of other invited guests, was hospitably entertained at Dinner on Thursday, at the Presidential Mansion, by the President of the United States. This interchange of courtesies between the outgoing and incoming Chief Magistrates must be regarded as highly honorable to all concerned.

Mr. Speaker Winthrop entertained Gen. Taylor very handsomely on Tuesday evening last, in company with a large number of the Members of both Houses of Congress, and other distinguished persons. The General remained till near 11 o'clock, in frank and social converse with the numerous company.

Streams of visitors, of both sexes, continue to throng the quarters of Gen. Taylor, to be presented to him, and take him by the hand.

The Corporate Authorities of the City of Washington waited on President Polk on Thursday, at 12 o'clock, by appointment, to offer him their respects and good wishes on his retirement from office.—The gentlemen of the Corporation were received with great cordiality by the President, who replied to a brief address from the Mayor, in some remarks both feeling and complimentary, which we hope to obtain a report of for a future paper.

After leaving President Polk, the Members of the Corporation repaired to the quarters of General Taylor, and were received and greeted by the President Elect with his accustomed courtesy and warmth.—*Nat. Int. of March 3d.*

ST. PAUL.—The character of St. Paul, as we learn from his biographer, St. Luke, and from his own correspondence, is one of the most complete in history, and affords to "bishops, priests and deacons," as fine a pattern of manners, as it does to men of honor. His courtly bearing has often commanded respect, where his arguments have failed to convert. Some one asked the late Mr. Joe Dennie, who was not particularly conversant with religious matters, "what he thought of St. Paul?" "St. Paul!" quoth Dennie; "oh! a gentleman! a thorough gentleman! a cavalier, sir! none of your stupid roundheads!" Coleridge said the only difference between Luther and St. Paul was, that the former "was not quite so great a gentleman;" and Collins, a noted infidel, declared that if St. Paul had related any miracle on his own authority, he would unhesitatingly have believed him; "such a perfect gentleman was St. Paul."

THE LEGISLATURE OF DELAWARE has passed an act, directing Magistrates to arrest all free negroes who have no apparent means of support, and who are of idle and dissolute habits, and hire them out to service for a term not exceeding one year at a time.

THE TEXAN BOUNDARY.—The Texans are to have the boundary question up before the national tribunals. A citizen of Louisiana sued a citizen of the county of Santa Fe, as a citizen of the State of Texas. The defendant has pleaded, in abatement of the suit, that Santa Fe forms no part of the State of Texas. To this plea the plaintiff has demurred, and the question was to be argued immediately, and decided in a week or two, and taken to the Supreme Court at Washington for revision, however it may be determined.—Ovid F. Johnson is one of the counsel for plaintiff.

BRIDGING THE OHIO.—Mr. ELLET proposes to build a suspension bridge over the Ohio, between Cincinnati and Covington, to cost $300,000, and not to interfere with the navigation. The gigantic arch is to be 120 feet above the centre of the river at low water, or fifty-two feet above the great flood of 1832; the towers for the suspension of the wire cables 230 feet high; 20 cables, 4 inches in diameter, capable of sustaining a weight of seven thousand tons.

[For the "Star and Banner."

HINTS ON GASTRONOMY.—NO. II.

BY "BACHELOR."

SIRLOIN OF BEEF.—So named from the royal honor which this handsome dish, received from the merry monarch, who conferred upon it the honor of Kinghthood, Good Sir Loin, which title it has ever since retained, (previously only bearing the cognomen of loin,) and most likely will retain until the latest period: as a joint it claims precedence of all others. In roasting, the fillet and fat below keep the other part moist, and when well roasted, such is the quantity of gravy, that after a few slices have been cut, it may be taken from it with a spoon.

Procure a fine square piece of sirloin; weighing about twenty pounds, (which has been hung at least three weeks in winter, and eight or ten days, if possible, in summer, observing that the older the meat is the longer it will require keeping before the cooking, and this remark applies to all kinds of meat, especially beef and mutton,) trim nicely, leaving the fat about an inch and a half in thickness over the fillet, out a slice slantwise from the flap, which turn under, fixing it with skewers, thus giving the joint an oblong slape; with a sharp knife cut through the skew (running along the chine-bones) in four or five places, or the meat would contract in roasting; make an incision in the centre of the chine-bones, lengthwise, with a choppé, through which pass a spit an inch wide and half an inch in thickness, bringing it out at the flap keeping the centre, and avoiding the fillet. If the joint is not over-roasted, the mark of the spit will not be perceived, as the cavity closes immediately upon the spit leaving it. Tie half a sheet of buttered fool's-cap paper upon each side of the beef, and place to roast, keeping it two feet from very clear fire; let remain twenty minutes, then rub the top over with a piece of batter placed in the bowl of a large wooden spoon, (made with a very long handle, by which means you can rub it over the joint while turning, without approaching too near the fire,) and place the beef back to the distance of three or four feet from the fire, allowing it two hours and a half to three hours to roast; take it from the spit, let remain a few minutes upon a dish until no more fat runs from it, when place it upon the dish you intend serving it on (previously taking out the piece of rump-bone affixed to the side to facilitate the carving; but in choosing a piece of sirloin obtain it if possible without any of that bone attached, or, at any rate, with but a very small piece, as the joint looks so much handsomer without it,) pouring half a pint of good gravy (see *Gravy* below) under; you will then perceive our object is not basting meat; the fat and the skin will be of a very light gold color, which would have been quite the contrary, if continually basted. By placing the meat too near the fire the fat quickly melts and falls into the dripping-pan, whilst by keeping it a tolerable distance it cooks gradually, and as the meat revolves runs over its surface, keeping it continually moist; and, again, by placing it too near the fire it is liable to catch, causing many persons to think that it has not been well basted; another evil in basting is, that by continually pouring hot fot over you cause that beautiful light fat attached to the joint to become heavy, and the gravy which invariably falls from the joint with the fat remaining upon it, burns, and causes it to be very indigestible.

The above description is applied for the kitchen of the wealthy, but we must confess, we do not object to a small piece of beef at Ma's and Pa's table at home; we should proceed precisely as above, only procuring a piece of not more than eight or ten pounds in weight; put a little water in the dripping-pan, place the beef upon a spit papered as before, put it very near the fire for a few minutes, rub over with butter, then put it back at the distance of two feet; let roast, if weighing from ten to twelve pounds, an hour and a half to two hours, depending much upon the fire, of which any person may judge with or without practice; take it up, dress upon your dish, then have the contents of your dripping-pan in a basin, from which extract the whole of the fat, and pour the gravy over the chine-bones; it will be very good, and save the trouble and expense of making gravy.

GRAVY FOR ROASTS.—To make a gravy for roasts, well butter the bottom of a convenient sized stew-pan, upon which lay three onions in thick slices, over which lay a few slices of lean bacon and three pounds of lean beef; place it over a good fire and add two cloves and six peppercorns, with a few sprigs of parsley; when the onions begin to brown, stir the meat round with a wooden spoon, keeping the onions still at the bottom, stir occasionally until the onions are well browned but not burnt, then fill up with two quarts of water and half an ounce of salt; when boiling place it at the corner of the fire, skim and let it simmer an hour, skim again, pass it through a cloth into a basin and use when required.

No. III.—OYSTERS.—The English green oysters are the best that are known, the American oysters are much larger in size; the latter end of August is about the time an epicure would begin to eat them; the small ones are the best for table, and the large ones for culinary purposes; to blanch them, open them with care, and put them into a stew-pan with their own liquor; let them set, but they must not boil; beard them, strain their own liquor over them in a basin, put them by for use.

No. IV.—ESCALOPED OYSTERS.—Put two dozen of oysters with their liquor into a stewpan, place over a fire, and when a little firm drain them upon a seive, catching the liquor in another stewpan; detach the beard from the oysters, and throw them again into their liquor; add half a blade of mace, place again upon the fire, and when boiling add a piece of butter, the size of a walnut, with which you have mixed a teaspoonful of flour; shake round over the fire until becoming very thick, season with a little cayenne, and salt if required; have an escalop-shell well buttered, and bread-crumbed, place the oysters in, sprinkle bread-crumbs over, put in the oven a quarter of an hour, pass the salamander over and serve.