CARLISLE HERALD.

A Family Newspaper,----Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON; WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—*Bishop Hall.*

E. BEATTY *Proprietor.* CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH, 22 1854. VOL. LIV NO 24

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office in the room formerly occupied by William Penne, Esq., North Hanover St, Carlisle. April 20, 1852.

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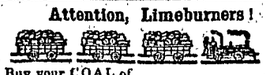

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AT the New and Cheap Store of WEISE & CAMPBELL. We are selling off a large assortment of Cashmeres and Mous de Lains at greatly reduced prices. Call and see!

Jan 25, 1854.

Poetry.

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.

Take the world as it is! there are good and bad in it,
And good and bad will be from now to the end;
And they who expect to make saints in a minute,
Are in danger of marring more hearts than they'll mend.
If you wish to be happy, ne'er seek for the faults,
Or you're sure to find something or other amiss;
'Mid much that debases, and much that exalts,
The world's not a bad one—if left as it is!

Take the world as it is! if the surface be shining,
No'er stir up the sediment hidden below!
There's wisdom in this, but there's none in repining
O'er things which can rarely be mended, we know!
There's beauty around us, which let us enjoy;
And chide not, unless it may be with a kiss;
Though Earth's not the Heaven we thought when a boy,
There's something to live for, if taken as it is.

Take the world as it is! with its smiles and its sorrow—
Its love and its friendship—its falsehood and truth—
Its schemes, that depend on the breath of to-morrow!
Its homes, which pass by like the dreams of our youth.
Yet oh! whilst the light of affection may shine,
The heart in itself hath a fountain of bliss!
In the worst there's some spark of a Nature Divine,
And the wisest and best take the world as it is.

A Capital Story.

From the Lady's Book.

MRS. MUDLAW'S RECIPE FOR POTATO PUDDING; Or, Gossip from our Town.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BEDOTT PAPERS."

Mr. John Darling, a worthy and intelligent mechanic, who has been, for two years past, a resident of our town, was somewhat surprised and considerably gratified one day last fall, at receiving an invitation to dine with Colonel Philpot, one of the aristocracy.

Mr. Darling enjoys that respect in our community which mechanical ingenuity and integrity united are always sure to command everywhere. These qualities, and a more than ordinary degree of information, acquired by the employment of much of his leisure time in reading, have given him an almost unbounded influence amongst his own class.

Though the invitation to Colonel P.'s created some surprise in his mind, he felt more disposed to be pleased at the honor than to question the motives which prompted it; for his nature is wholly free from suspicion and the petty feeling of jealousy which those in his station sometics indulge towards the 'upper ten'—feelings with which, we are sorry to say, the bosom of his better half was frequently agitated.

'We have been neighbors for some time, Mr. Darling,' said Colonel Philpot; 'it is time we were better acquainted. You must come and dine socially with me to-morrow. Mrs. Philpot and the children are out of town, and I am going to have a few friends to enliven my solitude.'

So John Darling 'saved his appetite,' dressed himself in his best clothes, and, at the appointed hour—a somewhat later one than his customary time for dining—repaired to Col. Philipot's.

He met there several of his associates—had a fine time and a grand dinner,—the utmost hilarity and good feeling prevailed; and Mr. Darling entertained his wife with an account of it at every meal for several weeks.

'Hester,' said he one day, as they were seated at a codfish dinner, 'did you ever taste a potato pudding?'

'Potato pudding! No; I never heard of such a thing.'

'Well, I wish you could, for 'tis delicious! We had one when I dined at Colonel Philpot's.'

'I wonder what you didn't have at Colonel Philpot's,' said Mrs. Darling. 'I declare, I'm tired hearing about it.'

'Well, I'll tell you one thing we didn't have—we didn't have codfish. But, that pudding I wish you'd learn how to make it; it was superb!'

'I presume so; and I guess, if I had half a dozen servants at my heels, and a thorough-trained cook into the bargain, I could have things superb, too. But, as long as I have everything to do myself, and very little to do it with, I don't see how I'm to get up things in style. I wonder you can expect me to.'

'I don't expect you to, Hester. You always do things to suit my taste. But that pudding was excellent; and, being made of potatoes, I thought, of course, it must be economical, and'—

'Economical! That's all you know about it. What gumps men are! I'll warrant it had forty different things in it, and less potatoes than anything else. I'm no hand to fuss up. I like plain cookery, for my part.'

'So do I, as a general thing. But, then, you know, it's well to have something a little better than ordinary once in a while.'

'Well, if you're not satisfied with my way of doing things, you must hire a cook, or go and board out.' And Mrs. Darling put on her injured look, and remained silent during the rest of the dinner.

But, after all, she was not an ill natured woman really; and, after her husband had gone to his shop, she began to feel a little pricked in her conscience for having been cross at dinner. She wished she had not gone on at such a rate. But, then, John bored her so about that dinner at Colonel Philpot's—she was out of patience with it. Yet what right had she to be out of patience with John? He never was out of patience with her, and she could but acknowledge that he often had reason to be so. So she resolved to make it up as soon as possible.

'John,' said she, as she handed him a cup of tea, 'I've a great notion to try that potato pudding. I believe I could make one.'

'No doubt of it, Hester,' said her husband; 'you can do almost anything you try to.'

'I suppose it takes butter, and sugar, and eggs, and spices, and so forth; but I wish I knew the proportions.'

'It's very easy to find out all about it by calling at Colonel Philpot's. He said his wife would be delighted to get acquainted with you.'

'So you've told me a dozen times; but I think that, if she wanted to get acquainted with me, she might call upon me. She's lived here longer than I have, and it isn't my place to call first; and I don't believe the Colonel tells the truth when he says she wants to get acquainted with me.'

'Well, I always think people mean as they say, and I wish you would, too, Hester.'

'But it's very evident that she holds herself a great deal above me She has no reason to, certainly, for her family wasn't half as respectable as mine. Mrs. David Potter knows all about them root and branch, and she says Mrs. Philpot's father kept a very low tavern in Norridge, and Mrs. Philpot herself tended the bar when she was a girl. But, somehow, Colonel Philpot happened to fall in love with her, and she sent her away to school, and then married her.'

'Well, that's nothing against her, is it?'

'No, of course it would'nt be, if she didn't carry her head so high now. But it's always the way with such persons—they never know how to bear prosperity. There wouldn't be anything said about her origin, if she didn't put on such airs; but, as long as she feels so lifted up, folks will talk, you know.'

'Perhaps you don't do her justice, Hester. You know nothing about her except what you've heard. At any rate, it would do no harm to call upon her.'

After repeated conversations and discussions of this sort, Mrs. Darling concluded to pay Mrs. Philpot a visit. She could make the potato pudding an excuse, and be governed by Mrs. P.'s reception in regard to farther intercourse. Mrs. Philpot had been, for several years past, to use her own phrase, 'very unfortunate in her domestics.' With the exception of her cook—up to the time of Mrs. Darling's call—she had seldom kept one above a month, and sometimes not as long as that.—This frequent change of servants was not so much owing to any unkindness on Mrs. Philpot's part, as to the fact that Mrs. Mudlaw, her cook, could never agree with them. This functionary had been, for several years, a fixture in Colonel P.'s establishment; indeed, Mrs. P. declared she could not possibly get along without her. Mrs. Mudlaw was, in fact, a good cook, and so entirely relieved that lady from all care in that department, that, rather than part with her, she was willing to submit to her petty tyranny in everything. The cook actually 'ruled the roast' at Col. P.'s in more than one sense. And she did not often find the subalterns of the household as submissive to her wishes as Mrs. Philpot herself was.—She contrived to quarrel them away in a short time, for she had only to say to Mrs. P., 'Well, either Bridget or I must quit, so you may take your choice;' and the offending servant was dismissed forthwith, there being no appeal from Mrs. Mudlaw's decision.

A scene of this kind had just occurred when Mrs. Darling made her visit, and a new raw Irish girl had that morning been installed in place of the one discharged. The duty of this girl was to answer the door-bell, and help Mrs. Mudlaw. In fact, the hardest and most disagreeable of the kitchen-work came upon her. When Mrs. Darling run, Mrs. Philpot was in the kitchen giving instructions to Peggy, or rather acquiescing in those which Mrs. Mudlaw was laying down.

'There goes the bell,' said that important personage, and Mrs. Philpot hastened to an upper window to see who it was. Having satisfied herself, she came back and told Peggy to go and admit the lady.

'Why don't you start, you?' said Mrs. Mudlaw.

'Well, what'll I do now?' said Peggy, whirling round in that bewildered way peculiar to Irish girls.

'Do!' roared Mudlaw. 'Don't you know nothin'? Hain't we jest tellin' yo 'twas your duty to tend to the door-bell? Run to the front door and let 'em in, and show 'em into the drawin'-room. You know where that is, don't you?'

'Faith, I know that,' answered Peggy, and away she ran, thanking her stars that there was at least one thing that she knew.

'It's no one that I know, I'm sure,' said Mrs. Philpot, after Peggy had gone; 'at least the bonnet and shawl are not familiar to me. I presume it is somebody I don't care about seeing.'

'I shouldn't wonder,' said Mudlaw. 'But I 'spose you couldn't do otherways, as the Curnel has given orders that nobody ain't to be refused till after *'lection.*'

With much confusion and toe-stubbing, the unfortunate Peggy ushered Mrs. Darling into the nursery, which was also Mrs. Philpot's ordinary sitting-room. It was directly over the kitchen, and heated from the cooking-stove by means of a drum, or dummy, as Mrs Mudlaw called it. Every word that was said in the kitchen could easily be heard in the nursery—quite a convenience to Mudlaw, as it enabled her often to communicate with Mrs. Philpot without the trouble of going up stairs. Many an interesting account of what she did when Mr. Mudlaw was living, and how they managed at General K.'s when she was staying there, had gone up that stove-pipe.

The nursery was in the state of the greatest disorder, as was usually the case, though the children were all out just then. Sukey, the nurse-girl, had taken the baby out to ride, and Philip Augustus had gone with them; and Zoe Matilda was at school. Playthings of every description, carts, horses, dolls, as well as children's books and clothes, were scattered about the room in what Mrs. Darling called 'awful confusion.' But she had not time for inward comments upon this state of things, before her attention was called to the conversation below.

'It's Mrs. Darling as wishes to see ye, mum,' said Peggy.

'*That* Mrs. Darling! Did you ever?' exclaimed Mrs. Philpot.

'She ain't nobody, is she?' said Mrs. Mudlaw.

'Nobody at all. Her husband is a cabinet-maker; but the Colonel has charged it upon me to be polite to her just now. He wished me to call upon her; but I wouldn't condescend to stoop so low as that, though he made me promise to treat her with attention if she called.'

'Well, I wouldn't do it, if I was you,' said the cook. 'I'd be mistress in my own house, any how.'

'But, you know, it's for his interest now. He says that Darling has a great influence among mechanics—can command a good many votes.'

'Oh, I remember, now! he's one of them codgers that dined here while you was away, that the Curnel was laughin 'bout afterwards, and tellin' you how awkward they handled the silver forks.

'Yes; isn't it provoking to have to be polite to such people? Well, I shall be glad when 'lection's over, for the Colonel says I may out them all then, and I think it won't be long before they sink back to their own level.' And Mrs. Philpot arose with a sigh, and ascended to the drawing-room, arranging her features into a gracious and patronizing expression as she went.

Mrs. Darling's feeling's during this conversation 'can be better imagined than described,' as the novels would say. Her first impulse was to leave the house without waiting for Mrs. Philpot's appearance, and she rose and made a few steps with that intention; but, on second thought, she resolved to remain, and let her know that she only came on an errand, and resumed her seat.

When Mrs. Philpot found no one in the drawing-room, she returned to the kitchen, supposing that her visitor had gone.

'She's gone,' said she, 'without waiting for me. She doesn't know enough about good society to understand that a lady doesn't make her appearance the moment she's called for.'

'I should'nt wonder if she was in the nursery all the time,' said Mudlaw; 'for I heard a stepping up there a while ago, and the children hain't got home yet. Where did you take her to, you?'

'Why, I tuck her in the drawin'-room, sure, as you tould me, right 'overhid,' said Peggy, in some alarm.

'You blunderin' Irish gumphead! Don't you know the drawin'-room from the nursery?'

'Och! but I thought it was the drawin'-room; for didn't I see the young masther a drawin' his cart, and wasn's Shukey a drawin' the baby about the flour by its feet, when I went up to take the wather this mornin'?'

'There, I told you she was a born fool!' said Mudlaw, in a rage. 'She'll never know nothing—she'll never learn nothing—you may as well send her off at first as at last.'

'Hush! don't speak so loud,' said Mrs. Philpot, in a whisper. 'She can hear all you say—she *has* heard enough already. Dear me, what *shall* I do? The Colonel will be so provoked! How could you be so dumb, Peggy? Run right up and take her into the drawing-room. Stop! you needn't; you will make some other mistake. I'll go myself.'

In a state of mind not be envied, Mrs. Philpot hastened to the nursery. But, as she entertained a faint hope that the conversation below had not penetrated through Mrs. Darling's bonnet, she endeavored to hide her embarrassment under an affable smile, extended her hand gracefully, and drawled out a genteel welcome to her visitor.

'Delighted to see you, Mrs. Darling; but very sorry you should have been brought into the nursery!—no wonder she's sorry, thought Mrs. Darling—'these raw Irish girls are so stupid! Walk into the parlor, if you please.'

'No, I thank you, Mrs. Philpot, I'd as soon sit here,' returned Mrs. Darling. 'I can only stay a moment. I called to ask for a receipt for potato pudding. Mr. Darling tasted one when he dined with Colonel Philpot, and liked it so much that he wished me to get directions for making it.'

'Potato pudding! Ah, yes, I recollect.—Mudlaw, my cook, does make a very good plain thing that she calls a potato pudding; but I know nothing about her manner of preparing it. I will call her, however, and she shall tell you herself.' Thereupon she pulled the bell, and Peggy shortly appeared, looking more frightened and bewildered than ever.

'Send Mudlaw here,' said Mrs. Philpot.

She would not have dared to address her 'chief-cook and bottle washer' without the respectful title of *Mrs.*; but it was rather more grand to omit it, and she always did so when not in her hearing.

'The missus said I was to send you there, said Peggy.

'*You* send *me!*' exclaimed the indignant cook. 'I guess when I go for *your* sending, it'll be after this.'

Mrs. Philpot, although conversing in a condescending manner with Mrs. Darling, caught something of the cook's reply to her summons, and asked to be excused for a moment, saying that Peggy was so stupid, she feared that Mudlaw might not understand her, and she would go herself and send her. So she hastened down to the kitchen where she found that functionary standing on her dignity.

'Pretty well,' said she, 'if I am to be ordered round by an Irish scullion!'

'Mrs. Mudlaw, step here a moment, if you please,' said Mrs. Philpot, meekly, opening the door of an adjoining room.

The offended lady vouchsafed to comply with the request, and, with a stern aspect, entered the room with Mrs. Philpot. The latter closed the door for fear of being heard overhead, and began—

'What do you think, Mrs. Mudlaw? That Mrs. Darling has come to learn how to make a potato pudding, and you'll have to go up and tell her.'

'I shan't do it. I make it a point never to give my receipts to nobody.'

'I know it; and, I'm sure, I don't blame you. But, in this case—just now—I really don't see how we can refuse.'

'Well, I shan't do it, and that's the hull on't.'

'Oh, do Mrs. Mudlaw, just this once. The Colonel is so anxious to secure Darling, and he will be so angry if we offend them in any way.'

'But he needn't know it, need he?'

'He certainly will find it out by some means. I know it is real vexatious to you, and I wouldn't ask it if election was over; but now it is very important—it may save us all trouble. The Colonel is so decided, you know.'

These last words of Mrs. Philpot had an effect upon Mudlaw which no wish or entreaty of that lady would have ever produced, for they suggested to her selfish mind the possibility of a dismissal from her snug berth at Colonel P.'s where she carried it with a high hand; so she gave in.

'Well, jest to please you and the Curnel, I'll do it; but I wish 'lection was over.'

Mrs. Philpot returned to the nursery, and Mrs. Mudlaw took off her apron, changed her cap for one trimmed with pink ribbons and blue roses, gave numerous orders to Peggy, and followed. She was a short, fat woman, with a broad, red face—such a person as a stranger would call the very personification of good-nature; though I have never found fat people any more amiable than lean ones. Certainly Mrs. Mudlaw was not a very sweet tempered woman. On this occasion, she felt rather more cross than usual, forced, as she was, to give one of her receipts to a nobody. She however, knew the necessity of assuming a pleasant demeanor at that time, and accordingly entered the nursery with an encouraging grin on her blazing countenance. Mrs. Philpot, fearing lest her cook's familiarity might belittle her mistress in the eyes of Mrs. Darling, and again asking to be excused for a short time, went into the library, a nondescript apartment, dignified by that name, which communicated with the nursery. The moment she left her seat, a large rocking-chair, Mudlaw dumped herself down in it, exclaiming—

'Mrs. Philpot says you want to get my receipt for potato puddin'?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Darling. 'I would be obliged to you for the directions.' And she took out of her pocket a pencil and paper to write it down.

'Well, 'tis an excellent puddin',' said Mudlaw, complacently; 'for my part, I like it about as well as any puddin' I make, and that's sayin' a good deal, I can tell you, for I understand makin' a great variety. 'Taint so awful rich as some, to be sure. Now, there's the Cardinelle puddin', and the Washington puddin', and the Lay Fayette puddin', and the—'

'Yes. Mr. Darling liked it very much—how do you make it?'

'Wal, I peel my potaters and bile 'em in fair water. I always let the water bile before I put 'em in. Some folks let their potaters lie and sog in the water ever so long, before it biles 'em. I always make it a pint to have the water bile—'

'How many potatoes?'

'Wal, I always take about as many potaters as I think I shall want. I'm generally governed by the size of the puddin' I want to make. If it's a large puddin', why I take quite a number, but if's a small one, why, then I don't take as many. As quick as they're done I take 'em up and mash 'em as fine as I can get 'em. I'm always very particular about *that*—some folks ain't; they'll let their potaters be full o' lumps. I never do; if there's anything I hate, it's lumps in potaters. I *won't* have 'em. Whether I'm mashin' potaters for puddin's or for vegotable use, I mash it till there ain't the size of a lump in it. If I can't git it fine without sifting, why I *sift* it. Once in a while, when I'm otherwise engaged, I set the girl to mashin' on't. Wal, she'll give it three or four jams, and come along, 'Miss Mudlaw, is the potater fine enough?' Jubiter Rammin! that's the time I come as near gittin' mad as I ever allow myself to come, for I make it a pint never to have lumps—'

'Yes, I know it is very important. What next?'

'Wal, then I put in my butter; in winter time I melt it a little, not enough to make it ily, but jest go's to soften it.'

'How much butter does it require?'

'Wal, I always take butter accordin' to the size of the puddin'; a large puddin needs a good sized lump of butter, but not *too* much. And I'm always partic'lar to have my butter fresh and sweet. Some folks think it's no matter what sort of butter they use for cookin', but I don't. Of all things, I do despise strong, frowsy, rancid butter. For pity's sake have your butter fresh.'

'How much butter did you say?'

'Wal, that depends, as I said before, on the size of your puddin'. And another thing that regulates the quantity of butter I use, is the 'mount o' cream I take. I always put in more or less cream; when I have abundance o' cream, I put in considerable, and when it's scarce, why, I use more butter than I otherways should. But you must be partic'lar not to put in too much cream. There is a great deal in havin' jest the right quantity; and so 'tis with all the ingrediences. There ain't a better puddin' in the world than a potater puddin', when its made *right*, but tain't everybody that makes 'em right. I remember when I lived in Tuckertown, I was a visitin' to Squire Humphrey's one time—I went in the first company in Tuckertown—dear me! this is a changeable world. Wal, they had what they called a potater puddin' for dinner. Good land! Of all the puddins'! I've often occurred to that puddin' since, and wondered what the Squire's wife was a thinkin' on when she made it. I wa'nt obleeged to do no such things in them days, and didn't know how to do anything as well as I do now. Necessity's the mother of invention. Experience is the best teacher after all—'

'Do you sweeten it?'

'Oh, yes, to be sure it needs sugar, the best o' sugar, too; not the wet, soggy, brown sugar. Some folks never think o' usin' good sugar to cook with, but for my part I won't have no other.'

'How much sugar do you take?'

'Wal, that depends altogether upon whether you calculate to have sass for it—some like sass, you know, and then some agin don't.—So, when I calculate for sass, I don't take so much sugar, and when I don't calculate for sass, I make it sweet enough to eat without sass? Poor Mr. Mudlaw was a great hand for puddin' sass. I always made it for him—good, rich sass, too. I could afford to have things rich before he was unfortunate in business.' (Mudlaw went to State's prison for horse-stealing. 'I like sass myself, too; and the Curnel and the children are all great sass hands; and so I generally calculate for sass, though Miss Philpot prefers puddin' without sass, and perhaps *you'd* prefer it without. If so, you must put sugar in accordingly. I always make it a pint to have 'em sweet enough when they're to be eat without sass.'

'And don't you use eggs?'

'Certainly, eggs is one o' the principal ingrejiences.'

'How many does it require?'

'Wal, when eggs is plenty, I always use a plenty; and when they're scarce, why I can do with less, though I'd rather have enough; and be sure to beat 'em well. It does distress me the way some folks beat eggs. I always want to have 'em thoroughly beat for everything I use 'em in. It tries my patience most awfully to have anybody round me that won't beat eggs enough. A spell ago we had a darkey to help me in the kitchen. One day I was makin' sponge cake, and havin' occasion to go up stairs after something, I sott her to beatin' the eggs. Wal, what do you think the critter done? Why she whisked 'em around a few times, and turned 'em right into the other ingrejiences that I'd got weighed out. When I come back and saw what she'd done, my gracious! I came as nigh to losin' my temper as I ever allow myself to come. 'Twas awful provokin'! I always want the kitchen help to do things as I want to have 'em done. But I never saw a darkey yet that ever done anything right. They're a lazy, slaughterin set. To think o' her spilin' that cake so, when I told her over and over agin that I always made it a pint to have my eggs thoroughly beat!'

'Yes, it was too bad.— Do you use fruit in the pudding?'

'Wal, that's jest as you please. You'd better be governed by your own judgment as to *that*. Some like currants and some like raisons, but for pity's sake pick out the stuns. It's awful to have a body's teeth come grindin' on to a raisin stun. I'd rather have my ears boxt any time.'

'How many raisins must I take?'

'Wal, not too many—it's apt to make it heavy, you know; and when it's heavy, it ain't so light and good. I'm a great hand—'

'Yes, what do you use for flavoring?'

'There agin you'll have to exercise your own judgment. Some likes one thing, and some another, you know. If you go the hull figger on temperance, why some other kind o' flavorin' 'll do as well as wine or brandy. I s'pose. But whatever you make up your mind to use, be partic'lar to git in a sufficiency, or else your puddin' 'll be flat. I always make it a pint—'

'How long must it bake?'

'There's the great thing after all. The bakin's the main pint. A potater puddin', of all puddins' has got to be baked just right.—For if it bakes a little too much, it's apt to dry up; and then agin if it don't bake quite enough, it's sure to taste potatery—and that spiles it, you know.'

'How long should you think?'

'Wal, that depends a good deal on the heat o' your oven. If you have a very hot oven, twont do to leave it in too long; and if your oven hin't so very hot, why you'll be necessitated to leave it in longer.'

'Well, how can I tell anything about it?'

'Why, I always let 'em bake till I think they're done—that's the safest way. I make it a pint to have 'em baked exactly right. It's very important in all kinds o' bakin'—cake, pies, bread, puddin's and everything—to have 'em baked precisely long enough, and jest right. Some folks don't seem to have no system at all about their bakin'. One time they'll burn their bread to a crisp, and then agin it'll be so slack tain't fit to eat. Nothin' hurts my feelin's so much as to see things overdone or slack-baked. Here only t'other day, Lorry, the girl that Mrs. Philpot dismissed yesterday, come within an ace o' lettin' my bread burn up. My back was turned a minit, and what should she do but go to stuffin wood into the stove at the awfuliest rate? If I hadn't found it out jest when I did, my bread would have been spilt as sure as I'm a live woman. Jubiter Rammin! I was about as much decomposed as I ever allow myself to git! I told Miss Philpot I wouldn't stand it no longer—one of us must quit—either Lorry or me must walk.'

'So you've no rule about baking this pudding?'

'No rule!' said Mudlaw, with a look of intense surprise.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Darling, 'you seem to have no rule for anything about it.'

'No rule!' screamed the indignant cook, starting up, while her red face grew ten times redder, and her little black eyes snapped with rage. 'No rules!' and she planted herself in front of Mr. Darling, erecting her fleshy figure to its full height of majestic dumpiness, and extending the forefinger of her right hand till it reached an alarming propinquity to that lady's nose. 'No rules! do *you* tell *me* I've no rules! Me! that's cooked in the first families for fifteen years, and always gin satisfaction, to be told by such as *you* that I hadn't no rules!'

Thus far had Mudlaw proceeded, and I know not what length she would have 'allowed herself' to go, had not the sudden entrance of Col Philpot interrupted her. He being a person of whom she was somewhat in awe, particularly 'jest at this time,' she broke off in the midst of her tirade, and, casting a look of ineffable disgust at Mrs. Darling, retreated to her own dominions to vent her fury upon poor Peggy, who had done every thing wrong during her absence.

While Col. Philpot was expressing his extreme satisfaction at seeing Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Philpot emerged from the library, where she had been shaking in her shoes during the interview between that lady and Mudlaw.

'Matilda, my dear,' said the Colonel, 'this is quite an unexpected pleasure, for really, Mrs. Darling, we began to fear that you did not intend to cultivate us.'

'I did not come for that purpose,' replied Mrs. Darling, who, now that she saw through Col. Philpot, despised him thoroughly, and was not afraid to let him know it, notwithstanding he belonged to the aristocracy of our town. 'I came on an errand, and your cook has got very angry with me for some reason, I scarcely know what.'

'Poor Mudlaw,' said Mrs. Philpot, anxious to screen her main stay from the Colonels displeasure, yet feeling the necessity of some apology to Mrs Darling. 'Poor Mudlaw! I don't think she intended to be rude.'

'What! has the cook been rude to Mrs. Darling?' exclaimed Col. P.

'Not rude exactly, dear; but you know she is so sensitive about everything connected with her department, and she fancied that Mrs. Darling called her skill in question, and became somewhat excited.'

'*Quite* excited, I should call it,' said Mrs. D., with a smile.

'And she has dared to treat Mrs. Darling rudely!' said Col. P., apparently much agitated. 'Shameful! disgraceful! the wretch shall suffer for it! to think that a lady like Mrs. Darling should be insulted by a *cook!*—in my house too!'

'And just before *c'ection*, too; it is a pity!' said Mrs. Darling quietly, as she rose, and wishing them good morning, departed, leaving Col. Philpot lost in astonishment. Her last remark rendered necessary some explanation rom Mrs. P. She was compelled to repeat some part of the conversation that had taken place in the kitchen, which, though softened down as much as possible, was sufficient to rouse the colonel's indignation to the highest pitch, for he saw at once that Darling was lost. He gave his silly wife a hearty blowing up, but upon Mudlaw his wrath fell heaviest.—No entreaties of her mistress could save her; she was commanded to quit the premises, to *troop forthwith* for being rude to visitors.'—But Mudlaw knew well enough the real reason of dismissal, and when she went forth in rage and sorrow, she found some consolation in spreading it far and wide, thereby making Col. Philpot very ridiculous in the eyes of the community.

'Well I am surprised, Hester,' said John Darling, after his wife had given him a circumstantial account of her visit. 'And I am right sorry, too, to have my good opinion of a man knocked in the head so, for I did think well of Col. Philpot. I really believed we couldn't send a better man to congress.—But it won't do. A man that can stoop to such conduct is'nt fit to go there. I cant vote for him, and my influence, what little I have, must go against him. If he gets there it must be without any help from John Darling.'

Col. Philpot did, *not* go to Congress, and what made his defeat the more aggravating was the fact that his opponent was elected by the small majority of three votes. And so Col. Philpot lost his election; and Mrs Philpot lost her cook; and Mr. Darling lost his esteem for Col. Philpot, and all through the over-politeness of the latter.

And was there nothing gained? Oh, yes—Mrs Darling gained something. Not much information in regard to the potato pudding, certainly; but she gained some knowledge of the internal arangements of Mrs Philpot's household, which proved of great service to her, for she confesses to John that she was never so contented with her own home and her own husband as she has been since she made that memorable call at Col. Philpot's

GOING TO THE WEST.

The New York *Tribune* gives the following sensible advice to a correspondent who enquires of the editor of that paper, how and where to emigrate:

If he wants to live where his children can attend school, and would like to get within sight of a church once a month or so, he must not expect to buy land for ten shillings per acre. All the land that lies within reach of Civilization is already snatched up by settlers or speculators; if he buys Government land he must expect to live thirty miles from stores or mills, and wait some years for schools and churches to reach him. And as to 'glowing accounts,' we can tell him that more money was made last year at farming—yes, even by poor men—within twenty miles of this City, Boston or Philadelphia, than in any locality west of the Wabash. Good farming will pay anywhere, bad nowhere; but a man can live easier where land is cheap than where it is relatively dear; and it is easier to *grow* into a competence at the West than at the East. We apprehend that a man who knows how to grow the largest crop per acre, and is willing to work constantly, can become rich by farming faster in New Jersey or Massachusetts than he could in Illinois or Wisconsin. And there are privations especially for women, to be encountered in a new country that are not felt in an old one. It is well to look the whole subject in the face, and not to be whimpering next year that you wer deceived and misled. There is already in the West rather an overstock, especially of wives, whose ruling topics are the company they enjoyed, the prospects they exulted in, the refinements they cherished, before they were duped and cajoled into migration from the seaboard to the West.

☞All that nature has described must be good; and as death is natural to us, it is absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and should draw a resolution to meet it, from the impossibility to escape it.

☞The mild air gives birth to pestilence; and the whirlwind, though it uproots trees, and destroys the devouring locust, God blesses in a blow and punishes in a gift. To hasten the ripening of a fig, we pierce it; and so sweet as the wounded pulp?

☞The guillotine was the first attempt at shaving by machinery. It took off the beard very cleanly. But there was a slight objection to this invention; it invariably took off the head and beard together.

☞The Indian name of Cumberland was Cucuobetuo. It was probably a Shawnee village, as was Oldtown, which was originally called Shawnee Old Town.

☞The German mode of remedying cracks in stoves, is to fill the cracks with a composition of equal parts of salt and wood ashes, mixed to a proper consistency with water.

☞"Punch" speaks of venison as the "dear departed."