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SELECT POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WALL-FLOWER,

BY DE[illegible]

The Wall-flower—the Wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time.
To beauty give the flaming rose,
The Wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Gray ruin's golden crown,
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in war's stormy day,
Percy or Douglass ranged of yore
Their ranks in grim array;
The clang of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red,
But thou art blooming still!

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the Abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
Over many a level grave.
In the belfry's crevices, the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
While thou, lone flower! dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip-cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze;
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet Wall-flower—sweet Wall-flower!
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee;
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue,
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the queen of flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents, as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay
Of flowers—first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But Wall-flower—lovel Wall-flower,
Thou art the flower for me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

"LOGWOOD" AND A CALIFORNIA WIDOW.

A MINING RECOLLECTION OF '49-'50.

Yes, the boys would always call him 'Logwood,' notwithstanding all his protestations to the contrary. When the name was first applied to him he swore, threatened, and even went so far as to pretty roughly handle one little fellow in our mess; but he gradually became reconciled, like a true philosopher, to that which he had not the power to remedy, and soon answered to that name as well as to the one which his parents bequeathed him—and it was about all they did to start him into the world with—Logan Woods. He was a tough, untutored specimen of the backwoodsman, stood six-feet-six in his socks, and emigrated from Iowa early in 1849. Although the extent of his erudition went no further than a very limited knowledge of the first elements of an English education, and was as uncouth in speech as in person, yet he was a man of as fine feelings and as good a heart as ever shared (without snatching) the pork and beans of Blunderbuss.

To accident alone did he owe his name of 'Logwood;' and although he countenanced with unfeigned displeasure the first attempt to fasten it upon him, yet it stuck to him like pitch and charcoal to the head of a mourning digger—Owing to his height he was called Long Woods, until it was perverted to Logwood by an *hombre* whose defective nasal organ defied with entire success the proper articulation of the letters 'n' and 'g' as combined in the word 'long;' he was compelled to pronounce it 'log' uttered in conjunction with Woods, made a very near approach to logwood, and to humor the joke and enjoy the victim's confusion at having his name thus burlesqued, Logwood was adopted by the boys, until finally he was known by no other.

Although Logwood was as peaceable and inoffensive as an infant, he was the last man to turn his back to danger, let it come in what shape it might. He had been raised in the backwoods, had been on several hunting excursions to the Rocky Mountains, and had once accompanied a government train from Independence to Santa Fe; consequently, the sight of a hostile Indian had only the effect of creating within him a consciousness that he was still Logan Woods, a man who feared neither *bars* or *injins*, and who could swim the Mississippi, and single handed whale his weight in wild-cats before breakfast. Yet Logwood had a weakness; he was excessively timid in the society of females. He adored the whole sex indiscriminately; but he seemed to look upon them as objects entirely beyond his reach—to be admired but not approached. I do not know to what to attribute it, unless, indeed, it was a consciousness of his want of personal attractions and accomplishments; but in early times the sight of a white female completely unmanned him. It is not to be wondered at, then, when it is told that Logwood's heart heavily thumped his ribs upon making the discovery that a family had suddenly settled on the Bar, within two hundred yards of his cabin, in the fall 1851—especially when it is made known that one of the females of that household was a widow of some thirty-five years, whose husband had died on the plains early in the Springs. Logwood saw her, and in that case, to see was but to admire, at least on his part; whether or no the widow was similarly affected we will endeavor to make the sequel show.

Yes, in mountain parlance, Logwood 'weakened' to the charms of the widow, and the consequence was that after one week, he could occasionally be seen sneaking round the cabin of his adored with a 'tiled' shirt peeping up stiffly around his throat. For thus outrageously habitiating himself, he was called to account by the boys, and as such singular conduct required an explanation of some kind, Logwood was compelled to point to the widow as the cause.

Of course every encouragement was given to him; the comforts of a home, and the pleasure of married life were pictured to him in their most glowing colors by the entire mess, and no occasion was from that time henceforth sighted by any of them when in company with the widow, of exalting Logwood's excellence. The widow, doubtless, was shrewd enough to suspect everything of that sort, and laughed at the effect; but she could not be insensible to Logwood's *tin* if she was to his honest devotion. The fact was, the widow was a woman who had seen considerable of the world, and knew from a fifteen years' experience of matrimonial life that love and poverty might possibly exist together under the same roof, yet it was rather inconsistent; and, having out-grown all girlish fancies of love and romance, like a sensible woman, she looked upon another matrimonial alliance strictly with an eye to business.

Logwood was pretty well supplied with lucre; this the widow had ascertained beyond a doubt, and the smiles which she had bestowed upon him during the two or three occasions on which they had met, made Logwood doubt, like Richard, whether he had not always mistook his person. But smitten he was there was no reason to doubt, for never had he been known to exercise so great care in his dress as during the month which elapsed previous to his first attempt to pay the lady a regular visit. Several times had he attempted it, but as often had his courage failed him, until at last, from indications quite unmistakable, we were made confident that he had determined upon the time to carry out his resolution which was to be the Sunday evening following. Early Saturday afternoon, he stopped his labors and commenced preparing himself for it by washing and drying one of the waist-shirts with which the presence of the lady on the bar had induced him to provide himself, and putting the remainder of his wardrobe in repair, and the next morning saw him arrayed in the very choicest suit that it had probably ever been his lot to appear in. He walked round quite abstractedly during the day, apparently unmanned at the thought of the trial to which he was about subjecting himself.

The boys winked at each other, but said nothing. Evening came, and at length eight o'clock, and Logwood was still in his cabin; but in fifteen minutes after, the necessary courage was summoned, and he sauntered slowly towards the cabin of the widow. How matters would have terminated I am unable to say, had not accident stepped to the aid of the bashful lover.—As he was passing the door for the tenth time, the father of the lady in question, an old man of about sixty, happened to discover him, and invited him in. He at first refused, but subsequently agreed to 'step in for a moment,' and the next minute he was in the presence of his charmer. The cabin was divided into two appartments, one of which was occupied as a sleeping room or rooms, and the other answered for the purposes of dining and setting room. He found the lady and her mother at home, and, with the aid of the presence of the old gentleman, Logwood, managed to make himself quite easy for the time being. In the course of an hour the old lady retired to bed, in the adjoining room, and in a few minutes after, without giving him a moment's reflection, the old man bid Logwood good night and followed suit. It was then that the horrors of his situation began forcing themselves upon the mind of the timid lover, as he saw himself alone in the presence of the widow. He would have snatched his hat and departed, but a kind of fascination fixed him to his seat, and there the poor fellow sat, until the sweat started from every pore of his huge body. The lady was very agreeble, felt very much at home, and, sympathizing with her timid admirer, did everything in her power to relieve his embarrassment. He attempted to converse with his companion; but he scarcely knew what he said, or how to act.—The widow pitied him, and finding that there was no hope of his moving in proximity nearer her than ten feet, took occasion, while applying a little more fuel to the fire, to lessen that uncomfortable distance by taking a seat within three feet of him. This was indeed trying to the courage of unfortunate Logwood, and now the combined warmth of a blazing fire, from the heart of which he had not the courage to move, and the excitement of his situation otherwise, huge drops of perspiration began to gather upon his forehead and course down his face. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and commenced mopping the sweat from his eyes; but the mustard with which it had been well dusted by the boys was not calculated to give much relief to his watery optics by the application, and two of the rogues who were watching the operations within through a displaced chinking, saw that all things worked as desired.

Of course, the more his eyes became affected by the mustard, the more he rubbed them; and the more they were rubbed, the more he forced into them. There could be but one result; he became as blind as a bat; the pain was perfectly maddening. He snatched his hat from the bench beside him, and relying solely on chance in making it, made a rush for the door. But he was sadly in error regarding its point of compass from the spot where he was standing for instead of jumping *out* of the door he jumped *into* the arms of the widow, who, unable to account for his strange conduct, had risen to her feet and was standing in front of the bench upon which she had been setting. Widow, Logwood, and bench were in an instant piled upon the floor together. The lady screamed and Logwood made another plunge for the door, which he succeeded in reaching and getting through in some way, just as the old man made his appearance. But his troubles were not ended; the boys had placed a barrel in front of the door, and over it he rolled just in time to receive a bucket of cold water in his face and eyes, completely drenching him. Now enabled to see a little better, he raised to his feet, perfectly boiling with wrath, and the first object which met his imperfect vision was the old man who was completely bewildered. Logwood, without knowing or caring who he was, but believing him in some way connected with the trick played upon him, knocked him sprawling, and then started for the river to bathe his eyes.

In about an hour Logwood returned home, finding all the boys in bed, and not caring about discovering to them his situation, 'turned in' without a light. The next morning he attributed the inflamed appearance of his eyes to a bad cold, nor did any one deem it advisable to let him understand that he knew to the contrary. The lady and the family wisely kept the circumstance to themselves, although they never could exactly explain it; and it was not until after Logwood left the bar, that the mystery was solved to the widow. He always believed the lady was concerned in the plot in some way,—and the opinion of the fair sex, and of widows in particular, underwent a great change in consequence. He never called upon her again, but the next day of the evening of his last visit he gave his white shirts to an Indian, and from that day to this has never troubled himself about matrimony.—*Golden Era.*

THE FORTUNE OF A FRENCH DRUMMER IN RUSSIA.

There dwelt at Orleans, in France some forty or fifty years ago, a worthy young couple named Jean and Marie Lejeune. They were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the joyousness of youthful life. As time went on, they became wealthy in sons also; but these were not destined to be the stay of their parents in advancing life, for as each one of them grew up to manhood, he found himself, either from choice or necessity, enrolled in the service of Napoleon the Great. One only boy remained to cheer the parental home: he was still a child, and the darling of his mother, who fondly hoped to keep him always by her side, and with this view she labored hard to instil into his mind a love of peace and hatred of war. Vain, however, were poor Marie's endeavors, for Francois, even in his earliest boyhood, listened with avidity to tales of war and glory; and when the note of preparation sounded throughout France for the great Russian campaign, his imagination became so inflamed by a love of military adventure, that he flung himself into the vortex of that gigantic enterprise, and soon found himself in the midst of the Grand Armee, serving as drummer in a distinguished regiment. The position of Francois was not, truly a very distinguished one, but he already regarded himself as a hero; for did he not serve 'l'Empereur,' and was he not one of the Grande Armee, by whom Russia was to be overrun and conquered? Now and then a thought or a sigh would be given to his good mother, who had wept so bitterly at his departure, but he was a gay, light-hearted boy, and soon became the favorite of his comrades, so that each graver thought quickly vanished from his mind, and he dreamt only of the glories that lay before him.

On the entry of the French into Moscow, no one held his head higher than Francois Lejune, and he beat his drum with an air of as much importance as if the success of the whole expedition depended on the flourish of his drumsticks. But now a new leaf in the pages of his life was about to be opened. Moscow was burnt, and the French army began its disastrous retreat, amid all the inclemencies of a Russian winter. Francois was obliged, like his comrades, to set out on his homeward way amid the combined miseries of war, famine and ice. His fingers soon lost their power; his drum became silent; and before he reached Smolensk, this favorite companion of his march had dropped from his hands, and sunk into the wintry snow.

At Smolensk, our hero's strength failed him, and pinched alike with cold and hunger, he fell out of the ranks, and was made prisoner by some Russian serfs, who shut him up in a dreary mill, where he lay more dead than alive during a night of intense cold. He was aroused from this state of torpor on the following morning, by finding himself once more in the clutches of his barbarous captors, who dragged him along a causeway, one side of which was bordered by a frozen river. Some of the party began to dig a hole in the ice, while others gave him to understand by very intelligible signs, that it was intended for his accommodation. The terrified youth besought them to spare him, and asked their pity for his mother's sake—'so tender a mother, that she would break her heart if he did not return to her.' This piteous appeal had no effect upon the peasants, who, of course, did not understand a single word of what he was saying. Some laughed at the strangeness of his language; some mimicked his impassioned gestures; and one of them had just collared the unhappy Francois, with the intention of plunging him into the river, when suddenly was heard the merry tinkling of bells, and there came dashing along the causeway a large and handsome sleigh, drawn by three beautiful little Viatkin horses. Seated in the sleigh, wrapt up in costly furs, was a stout, hale-looking gentleman.

"What are you about there, my children?' inquired he of the serfs.

'We are only drowning a Frenchman.'

'Oh! is that all?' rejoined he.

'Monsieur, monsieur!' cried the unhappy drummer, as he struggled to free himself from the hands of the serfs.

'Very fine, indeed?' muttered the fur-clad gentleman in an angry and supercilious tone. 'Very fine, indeed! Here is a fellow who comes among us to do all the mischief he can—sets fire to Moscow, tears down the cross from the cupola of Ivan the Great; and now, forsooth, he is *Mossie—Monsieur*—see Louise turn her ashy face! Come, let us go on Filka, [illegible] protection addressing his coachman, and throwing himself back in his comfortable seat.

A touch of the whip is given, and the fiery little steeds are darting forward, when suddenly some new thought seems to have occurred to the nobleman, who calls out: 'stop Filka.'

'Pray, sir, do you understand music?' inquired he in Russian of the trembling drummer. 'Sauvez moi, mon bon monsieur, sauvez moi!' 'Save me, my good sir, save me!' cried out Lejune in an agony of terror, as he felt that his existence was hanging by a slender thread upon the good offices of the stranger.

'Good heavens! what a strange people these Frenchmen!' observed the nobleman. 'Half a million of them have come into Russia, and not one of them can, I believe, speak a word of our language—the barbarians!' And then turning with an air of self complacency and conscious superiority to Lejeune: 'Meousique, meousique, save meousique, vous? Eh bienn, repondez moi vous, francee! sur forte-piano, joue, save? (Music, music, do you understand music? Ah, well, answer me in French!, on the piano-forte, do you understand?)

At any other time, Francois would have smiled at the jargon, but at the present moment it sounded like the sweetest music in his ears, for it gave him hope. He quickly perceived the drift of the inquiry, and immediately replied: 'Yes sir, I am a musician, and if you only save my life, I will play all day, and all night too for you, if you please.'

'Well, you may thank your stars for it,' said the gentleman laughing. 'Come, children, let him go. There! I give you twenty kopecks to drink.'

'Thank you, sir; there he is for you.'

So saying, they loosed their hold upon poor Lejune, who, on finding himself safe in the sleigh, was so bewildered with joy, that he laughed and cried, and bowed and smiled to all around him. His gratitude was so expansive, that he not only thanked the nobleman, but also the coachman, and the very moujikgs, too, who had been on the point of drowning him five minutes before. A moment more, and he found himself whirling along by the side of his preserver, who, observing that he was quite blue and shrivelled with cold, kindly wrapped a fur mantle round him. In a short time, they drew up before a large house, and were received at the door by several servants, to whose care Franc is was consigned. They conducted him into a warm apartment, chafed his half-frozen limbs, and clothed in a suit of comfortable garments. Then they set food before him, of which the poor boy gladly partook, as he was quite exhausted with hunger. His benefactor now appeared, and addressing him in his own peculiar dialect of French, 'Mossie, mossie, vene—vene,' beckoning the youth at the same time to follow him.

Lejune obeyed, and soon found himself in the presence of two young ladies, who were seated at work in a large drawing-room. 'Here, my children,' said the father, 'is a gentleman who will instruct you in music and French.—He will teach you the true Parisian account.—You have long been teaching me for a master, and I have just been so lucky as to pick up one for you at Smolensk.' Then advancing toward the old spinnet, that stood at one end of the apartment, he turned to Lejeune: 'Allonn, allonn, fese, yours a nous voir, votre talent; joue, joue; soye pas hontee.' (Equivalent to 'Come let us see a specimen of your talent.'

Poor Francois was nearly at his wits' end, on receiving this command; for the drum was his only instrument, and never in his life had he even touched a pianoforte. However, he felt that his life was probably hanging on the result of this moment; and so, assuming an air of confidence, and bowing low to the ladies, he seated himself before the instrument. At first, he placed his hands gently upon it, and moving his fingers like drum sticks in time with some favorite regimental air, he began to hum the tune, while he swayed his head and body from left to right, and right to left, with all the importance of a first-rate professor. He was wont in after life to describe the whole scene very humorously. 'I expected every moment,' said he, 'that my preservers would have called in a couple of lackeys, and ordered them to pitch me out into the snow; but on casting a furtive glance towards him, I perceived that he was nodding significantly towards his daughters, as if to make them remark what a treasure he had procured for them; so I took courage, struck the instrument more boldly, sang my song more emphatically, and took still greater airs upon myself; whereupon the worthy gentleman clapped his hands with delight, cried out bravo, and in a few minutes came over, and clapped me amicably on the shoulder, saying: 'Tre bienn, tre bienn, j-vois que vous save; vous allez couche, alle.' (Very well, very wel, I see you understand; now go to bed!)

'Never was an order more readily obeyed; for poor Francois was worn out with fatigue and excitement, so that he needed not to 'woo soft slumbers to his drooping lids.'

About a fortnight afterwards, Lejeune's patron received a visit from a nobleman of higher rank than himself, a man of talent and education, who took so great a fancy to the young drummer, that he asked his host if he would consent to yield to him his protection. This was granted; and Lejeune now found himself placed under very favorable circumstances, for [illegible] not only treated him kindly, but [illegible] married him to a young lady, a protegee of his wife, and the marriage proved a prosperous and a happy one. Lejeune, in accordance with the desire, of his patron, entered the Russian service, and through the influence of this nobleman he acquired personal, and subsequently hereditary, nobility. In after-life, he became allied by the marriage of his only daughter with a distinguished nobleman, named Lelysanoff, who was high in power in the government of Orel; and for the sake of being near his child, whom he tenderly loved, Francois Lejeune—or, as he was now called, Frantz Ivanovitch Lejeune—came to reside in that part of the country. It was here we first met him, and made his acquaintance. We remember him well—a lively, courteous little man, with dark eyes and grey hair. His usual attire was a black velvet surtout.

Most probably the former French drummer still dwells in the far east of Russia, among his adopted countrymen; but when he hears of the gallant deeds of his true *compatriotes* upon the heights of Sebastopol, who knows but that his spirit may be chafing beneath the bondage of Russian despotism, and that he may long to find himself once more serving under a name he had once revered and idolized—L'Empereur Napoleon!

FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW MUCH SHOULD A COW EAT?

Since the drought has become severe, the milkmaids bring in light pails of milk, and the butter and cheese diminish in quantity in proportion to the number of cows milked. The reason, as every one knows, is because the cows do not obtain food as succulent and nutritious as heretofore, and also because they do not obtain enough of what there is to eat.

How much should a cow have to eat? According to a series of experiments, carefully by persons well versed in the principles of feeding, in Bavaria, a translation of the report on which we find in the *country gentleman*, of the 17th ult., furnished that paper by S. W. Johnson, who is at present in that country, it should be one-thirtieth of the cow's live weight. Thus, if the cow weighs 500 pounds, she should have 20 pounds.

The following is an extract from the report; "Our trials have confirmed the view that cows, to give the greatest possible quantity of milk, must daily receive and consume one-thirtieth of their live weight in hay, or an equivalent therefor. If more feed be given, the excess goes to the formation of flesh and fat, without occasioning a correspondigg increase in the yield of milk; but if, on the contrary, less feed be furnished, the amount and value of the milk will be immediately and considerably diminished."

We cannot now say what number of pounds of green grass would, as a general thing, be equivalent to one pound of one hundred pounds of good hay, but it is pretty evident that the most of the milch cows in our vicinity do not attain it now, in common pastures.

The same experimenters also lay it down that in order that cows may yield abundant and good milk in winter, they must receive a certain quantity of concentrated food, such as bran, meal, or tape cake, [the substance left after expressing the oil from rape seed—similar to oil cake.] One pound [illegible] of rape cake could not be replaced by two pounds of hay. When the attempt was made, there was found especially a decrease in the amount of butter contained in milk. The quantity of cake may be increased to two pounds daily, per head, and [illegible] remaining fodder, the amount of beets, carriots, potatoes and straw is liberal, a bad taste in the butter, will be less perceived.—*Maine Farmer.*

MAPLE SUGAR

The following is an account of the process adopted by Mr. Woodard, who obtained the premium from the State Agricultural Society, in 1847, for the best article of maple sugar:

"In the first place, I make my buckets, tubs and kettles all perfectly clean. I boil the sap in a potash kettle, set in an arch in such a manner that the edge of the kettle is defended all around from the fire. This is continued through the day, taking care not to have anything in the kettle that will give color to the sap, and to keep it well skimmed. At night I leave fire enough under the kettle to boil the sap nearly or quite to syrup by the next morning. I then take it out of the kettle and strain it through a flannel cloth into a tub, if it is sweet enough; if not, I put it in a chaldron kettle, which I have hung on a pole in such a manner that I can swing it on and off the fire at pleasure, and finish boiling, then strain into the tub, and let it stand till the next morning. I then take this and the syrup in the kettle, and put it altogether in the chaldron, and sugar it off. To clarify 100 lbs. of sugar, I use the whites of five or six eggs, well beaten, about one quart of new milk, and a spoonful of saleratus, as well mixed with syrup before it is scalding hot. I keep a moderate fire directly under the chaldron until the scum is all raised; then skim it off clean, taking care not to let it boil so as to rise in the kettle before I have done skimming it; when it is sugared off, leaving it so damp that it will drain a little. I let it remain in the kettle until it is well granulated; I then put it into boxes made smallest at the bottom, that will hold from fifty to seventy pounds, having a thin piece of board fitted in two or three inches above the bottom, which is bored full of small holes [illegible] through the bottom. I put on the top of the sugar in the box, two or three thicknesses of clean, damp cloth, and over that, a board well fitted in, so as to exclude the air from the sugar. After it has nearly done draining, I dissolve it, and sugar it off again, going through the same process in clarifying and draining as before."

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Every gentleman farmer ought to be somewhat acquainted with the origin and history of all ordinary plants and trees, so as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being a great source of pleasure, and very desirable, will often enable him to explain phenomena in the habits of many plants that otherwise would appear inexplicable.

Wheat, although considered by some as a native of Sicily, originally came from the central table-land of Thibet, where it yet exists as a *grass*, with small, mealy seeds.

Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya.

Oats were brought from North Africa.

Millet, one species is a native of India, another Egypt and Abyssinia.

Maize, Indian corn, is of native growth in America.

Rice was brought from South Africa, whence to Europe and America.

Peas are of unknown origin.

Vetches are natives of Germany.

The Garden Bean, from the East Indies.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Turkey.

Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples.

The Poppy was brought from the East.

The Sunflower from Peru.

Hops came to perfection as a wild flower in Germany.

Saffron came from Egypt.

The Onion is also a native of Egypt.

Horseradish from South Europe.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia.

The Grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the Clovers, except Lucerne, which is a native of Sicily.

The Gourd is an Eastern plant.

The Potato is a well known native of Peru and Mexico.

Koriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.

Anise was brought from the Grecian Archipelago.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

FRUIT TREES.—It is a theory among fruit growers that the peach is destroyed by cold when the thermometer reaches 10 degrees below zero, and that this tree cannot live when the temperature is at that point; but, an examination of the trees in the western part of New York State, fail's to show that any injury has yet been received.

ONE PAIR OF PIGS, according to Allnutt, will increase in six years to one hundred and nineteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine—taking the increase at fourteen times per annum.—A pair of sheep in the same time would be but sixty-four.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

MILK IN BREAD.—I have more objections than one to milk in bread, but the most serious is, that persons of advanced age, who are in the daily use of milk-made bread, will be expected to suffer from an over supply of osseous or bony matter, and to miserably, if their kidneys be affected. Bread should be always made with water, and when so made it is suitable for the aged and the young, the sick and the well. And as for sour milk, a microscopic view would, I presume, present additional arguments against its use.—*Water Cure Journal.*

TO MAKE FRUIT PIES.—No under crust should be made to apple or any fruit pie. It is always heavy and not fit to eat. Place a narrow rim of paste around the edge of the plate, and fill it with the fruit, either raw or stewed, and cover it. The juices will be retained much better, and it will save a sight of flour and butter, which is no trifling consideration in these days, and what is of more consequence save dyspepsia, which costs more. After cutting they are taken out with a spoon.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES OF ANY COLOR.—Take white soap and make a very thick lather, with a soft brush, such as gentlemen use in shaving, and put the glove upon the hand; cover it with the lather and rub it off quickly with a clean flannel till it is dry. Repeat the process, until the glove is clean, being careful that it is done so quickly as not to saturate the kid, and "it will look as nice as new."

TO MAKE FINE PANCAKES, FRIED WITHOUT BUTTER OR LARD.—Take a pint of cream and six new laid eggs; beat them well together; put in a quarter of a pound of sugar and one nutmeg or a little beaten mace—which you please, and so much as will thicken—almost as much as ordinary pancake flour batter; your pan must be heated reasonably hot, and wiped with a clean cloth; this done, spread your batter thin over it, and fry.

TO KEEP WORMS FROM DRIED FRUIT.—Place your fruit in a steamer, over a pot of boiling water covered tightly. When thoroughly heated, tie them up immediately in a clean cotton or linen bag, and hang them up. This method is preferable to heating in an oven, as that is apt to render them hard, even if you are so fortunate as not to burn them.

TO DRESS A COLD FOWL.—Peel off the skin, and pull off the flesh from the bones in as large pieces as possible; then dredge it with a little flour, and fry to a nice brown in butter, serve it up with rich gravy, well seasoned, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Just before you serve it up squeeze in half the juice of one lemon.

THE MOST PROFITABLE KINDS OF POULTRY.

The inexperienced lover of poultry is likely to be bewildered with the extravagant and contradictory recommendations of new kinds of poultry, which are everywhere forced on his notice; and in his natural anxiety to secure the best, he will sometimes gain wisdom at considerable cost. The sellers of fancy-poultry are not the worst men, nor are they on the other hand free from the temptation to sell as well, and as soon as possible. Besides they are often deceived in their purchase, and quite as innocently repeat the deception when they sell.

The question then, how to select ones stock, is interesting and important to one who is going into the business. A few hints may prevent loss and discouragement.

Buy of a responsible and conscientious dealer. You can find such near by, or farther off, and the difference of a few shillings in cost and transportation, will be more than overpaid in the certainty that you are getting the thing you order. Then if you are deceived, the mistake can be corrected more easily.

Buy, if possible, those kinds only, whose merits have been tested in the climate in which you live. This may not always be possible; but when it is so, much loss may be avoided by observing this caution, Novices should not try costly experiments.

Buy young birds rather than old ones. From six months to a year and a half old are the best ages.

Use the judgement of an impartial and experienced friend, if possible, in your purchases. Among the kinds whose merits for profitable rearing have been best tested in Ohio, are the Cochin Chinas and Shanghais for size and rapid growth, the Dorkings for fineness of fibre and delicacy of flavor, and the Black Polanders and Black Spanish for layers. With these kinds, especially the Dorkings and Black Spanish, the young polander may be sure that he is by no means poorly furnished.

If he is disposed to indulge his taste at the expense of his purse, he may buy some Seabright Bantams Sumatra Games, Golden Pheasants, and some others. But if he wishes to make his investments pay, he will be chary in respect to them all. He will make the solid returns in the weight of the bird and in the number of eggs, the rule by which to test the merits of all the offers that are made to them.—*Ohio Farmer.*

GALLS FROM THE HARNESS OR SADDLE.—Major Long, in his valuable account of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, says, that his party found white lead moistened with milk to succeed better than anything elese in preventing the bad effects of the galls on the horses' back in their march over the plains that border the mountains. Its effect in smoothing or sothing the irritated and inflamed surface was admirable.—*American Farmer.*