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THE  
LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER

AND

HOUSEWIFE'S MEMORANDUM-BOOK,

For 1838.

*1006 Y*

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BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

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BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY T. H. CARTER,  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is the design of the LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER to furnish a useful remembrancer to accompany the American housekeeper through the several months of the year, and by timely suggestions to aid her in her various duties — to present a record of all improvements and useful inventions in cookery, cooking apparatus, &c., — in short, of whatever may be particularly interesting to housekeepers, — to furnish a convenient receptacle for such recipes and memorandums as it is desirable to preserve — and by judicious and well written articles (mostly original) intended both for amusement and instruction, to render the work an agreeable as well as useful companion in every house.

PUBLISHER.



THE LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER.

#### NOTICE.

It is recommended to the owners of the LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER for 1838, to keep the copy to bind in a series hereafter; and whenever they meet with a valuable recipe or direction, to attach it to the blank leaves. This will furnish, in time, a useful book of reference.





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THE  
LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER.  
AND  
HOUSEWIFE'S MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

---

THE FEAST OF THE MONTHS.

THE months, who had been from each other estranged  
While over the wide earth on duty they ranged,  
Resolved, from the north, from the south, west and east,  
To unite in a full and harmonious feast.

The Seasons as stewards stood forth in their stations,  
And the swiftly-winged Hours were to bear invitations.

I fancy that never on earth was there given  
A party, where all things went smoothly and even ;  
Without painful affronts and offensive mistakes,  
Without spilling of syllabubs — burning of cakes ;  
The very best beaux by some accident slighted,  
The most stupid and vulgar politely invited ;

Six sisters accept, who sit silent in rows,  
Unfortunate creatures, whom 'nobody knows';  
The guest most distinguished placed wrongly at table,  
With the only tough turkey — as tough as a cable, —  
While tittering girls and a dandified minion  
Cut up and throw by tender sidebone and pinion.  
A stripling gets hold of your number one wine,  
With a smacking of lips as if racy and fine,  
While a connoisseur lights on a come-by-chance bottle,  
With grimaces as though every swallow would throttle.

Yes, even the *planning* a dinner or rout,  
Brings temper and prejudice fearfully out,  
While the kindest of friends in an every-day life,  
In this field of temptation break forth into strife.

'T was thus that the months, who in amity met,  
Ere an hour's discussion broke out in a pet.  
There was scoffing and jeering, while home-truths were told,  
Some were slighted as young, and some taunted as old;  
Miss APRIL was vexed that DECEMBER should come,  
Even JUNE and OCTOBER looked pouting and glum;  
Wild MARCH stamped about, rooting up the young flowers.  
And APRIL dashed o'er him an urn full of showers;  
Dark AUGUST was wrought to a tropical fever,  
And stigmatized MAY as coquette and deceiver;  
JULY roll'd a thunder-bolt suddenly out,  
And SEPTEMBER a hurricane hurtled about;  
While *old* JANUARY took up a huge snow-ball,  
And vowed he would pelt all who voted for no ball.

How long might have lasted this mode of discussing,  
 With minor objections 'mid flouting and fussing,  
 I cannot decide ; but stern Time fixed the matter,  
 For the feast-day approached 'mid the wrangling and clatter.

'But the *place* of the meeting!' one suddenly cried—  
 'The place, aye the place!' echoed loudly and wide.

The Autumn months called for a far prairied field,  
 Where bright *Western* wilds native luxuries yield,  
 Where giant-like blossoms unfold into bloom,  
 And the breezes go laden with wealth of perfume.

The Winter months voted Niagara Falls,  
 Where the deep to the deep through the ice-season calls,  
 Where the snow-crested rocks and the rainbow-tinged spray  
 Seem listening to shouts of the waters at play.

The daughters of Spring asked the South's balmy land,  
 Its sunshiny sky and its breezes so bland ;  
 They would hold their fair feast 'neath the orange-tree's  
 Or seek the recess the dark cypress had made. [shade,

But JUNE's voice was heard, and its silvery chime  
 Pleaded sweetly the charms of *her* favorite clime,  
 Where the Hudson glides onward in graceful repose,  
 And nature her mantle of emerald throws ;  
 Where the mountain and vale dwell in exquisite rest,  
 Where the fleecy clouds hover still blessing and blest,  
 Where the streamlet and blossom, the rainbow and bird,  
 Bid the heart with unuttered emotions be stirred.

Her wishes prevailed, and a magical bower  
 By Hudson's fair current arose in that hour ;

And many a traveler gazed in surprise,  
For a softness more lovely beamed down from the skies ;  
The trees bent their branches in gracefuller play,  
The grass was more green, and the flowers more gay,  
While deep choruses swelled on their listening ears,  
Like songs that roll out from the swift-moving spheres.





**January.**

The Feast of the Months continued.

But, lo! buttoned up with his furs to his chin,  
 With a herald of sleigh-bells, January came in!  
 His eyebrows were frosty, and just at his nose  
 A drop like a gem to an icicle froze.  
 Yet merry was he, and his jests flew about;  
 Wherever he moved you might know by the shout,  
 Gold pippins he threw at the feet of the guests,  
 And filberts and walnuts were cracked with his jests.

Day of month and week.	Memoranda.
1 Monday,	
2 Tuesday,	
3 Wednesday,	
4 Thursday,	
5 Friday,	
6 Saturday,	
7 SUNDAY,	
8 Monday,	
9 Tuesday,	
10 Wednesday,	
11 Thursday,	
12 Friday,	
13 Saturday,	
14 SUNDAY,	
15 Monday,	
16 Tuesday,	
17 Wednesday,	
18 Thursday,	
19 Friday,	
20 Saturday,	
21 SUNDAY,	
22 Monday,	
23 Tuesday,	
24 Wednesday,	
25 Thursday,	
26 Friday,	
27 Saturday,	
28 SUNDAY,	
29 Monday,	
30 Tuesday,	
31 Wednesday,	

## February.

The Feast of the Months continued.

Then, swift as a messenger sent by the fates,  
 February came gracefully darting on skates.  
 Gray fringes of moss his white ermine array'd,  
 With the verdant Bartramia richly inlaid.  
 Nor were mental resources for pleasure forsook,  
 For there peeped from his mantle a new-published book,  
 His elegant literature wiled off the time,  
 'Mid the treasures of prose, and the glories of rhyme.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	Thursday,
2	Friday,
3	Saturday,
4	SUNDAY,
5	Monday,
6	Tuesday,
7	Wednesday,
8	Thursday,
9	Friday,
10	Saturday,
11	SUNDAY,
12	Monday,
13	Tuesday,
14	Wednesday,
15	Thursday,
16	Friday,
17	Saturday,
18	SUNDAY,
19	Monday,
20	Tuesday,
21	Wednesday,
22	Thursday,
23	Friday,
24	Saturday,
25	SUNDAY,
26	Monday,
27	Tuesday,
28	Wednesday,

## March.

The Feast of the Months continued.

Stern March was announced by a drear, whistling blast  
 That shook the smooth locks of the girls as he passed.  
 "He might have been graceful," 't was whispering said,  
 "But for struggling to fasten his hat on his head."  
 A mingled expression appear'd on his face,  
 That gave it a tone between scorn and grimace,  
 And when he attempted to bow to a belle,  
 One would think that an ague-fit over her fell.

Day of month and week.	Memoranda.
1	Thursday,
2	Friday,
3	Saturday,
4	SUNDAY,
5	Monday,
6	Tuesday,
7	Wednesday,
8	Thursday,
9	Friday,
10	Saturday,
11	SUNDAY,
12	Monday,
13	Tuesday,
14	Wednesday,
15	Thursday,
16	Friday,
17	Saturday,
18	SUNDAY,
19	Monday,
20	Tuesday,
21	Wednesday,
22	Thursday,
23	Friday,
24	Saturday,
25	SUNDAY,
26	Monday,
27	Tuesday,
28	Wednesday,
29	Thursday,
30	Friday,
31	Saturday,

## April.

The Feast of the Months continued.

Then followed young April, the daughter of Spring,  
 While a few scatter'd songsters attempted to sing,  
 And the frogs breaking in lent a few comic notes,  
 From a badly-tuned instrument wedged in their throats.  
 Her garments were dripping, as wet from a shower,  
 And her fingers clasped lightly a half-blossom'd flower;  
 And where the light print of her foot-step was seen,  
 Sprang up the faint line of a beautiful green.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	SUNDAY,
2	Monday,
3	Tuesday,
4	Wednesday,
5	Thursday,
6	Friday,
7	Saturday,
8	SUNDAY,
9	Monday,
10	Tuesday,
11	Wednesday,
12	Thursday,
13	Friday,
14	Saturday,
15	SUNDAY,
16	Monday,
17	Tuesday,
18	Wednesday,
19	Thursday,
20	Friday,
21	Saturday,
22	SUNDAY,
23	Monday,
24	Tuesday,
25	Wednesday,
26	Thursday,
27	Friday,
28	Saturday,
29	SUNDAY,
30	Monday,

## MAY.

The Feast of the Months continued.

Then came gentle May, and a delicate doubt  
 From her eyes in bewildering sweetness looked out ;  
 Nor found she her place, though, in order to know it,  
 She had studied the praises of many a poet.  
 A few petals oped as she glided along,  
 And a few April birds warbled louder in song ;  
 But March was too near, and he chilled her again,  
 And hushed into silence the sweet songster's strain.

Day of month and week.	Memoranda.
1 Tuesday,	
2 Wednesday,	
3 Thursday,	
4 Friday,	
5 Saturday,	
6 SUNDAY,	
7 Monday,	
8 Tuesday,	
9 Wednesday,	
10 Thursday,	
11 Friday,	
12 Saturday,	
13 SUNDAY,	
14 Monday,	
15 Tuesday,	
16 Wednesday,	
17 Thursday,	
18 Friday,	
19 Saturday,	
20 SUNDAY,	
21 Monday,	
22 Tuesday,	
23 Wednesday,	
24 Thursday,	
25 Friday,	
26 Saturday,	
27 SUNDAY,	
28 Monday,	
29 Tuesday,	
30 Wednesday,	
31 Thursday,	

## June.

The Feast of the Months continued.

But list, through the air what a musical shout!  
 And see how the roses come clustering out!  
 And glance at the skies, where a heavenly blue  
 Peeps through the white clouds with their soft fleecy hue.  
 She comes, lovely June, and with light flowing curls  
 Trips cheerfully on with her flower-crown'd girls;  
 The meadows in verdure look up at her tread,  
 And the wings of the south-wind in beauty are spread.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	Friday,
2	Saturday,
3	SUNDAY,
4	Monday,
5	Tuesday,
6	Wednesday,
7	Thursday,
8	Friday,
9	Saturday,
10	SUNDAY,
11	Monday,
12	Tuesday,
13	Wednesday,
14	Thursday,
15	Friday,
16	Saturday,
17	SUNDAY,
18	Monday,
19	Tuesday,
20	Wednesday,
21	Thursday,
22	Friday,
23	Saturday,
24	SUNDAY,
25	Monday,
26	Tuesday,
27	Wednesday,
28	Thursday,
29	Friday,
30	Saturday,

## July.

The Feast of the Months continued.

Now languidly drooping her full, drowsy eye,  
 With graceful luxuriance, approaches July.  
 The frail summer insect is glad as she passes,  
 And sets up a note shrill as musical glasses.  
 A tremulous glance at the heavens she throws,  
 Till the wild thunder-peal murmurs into repose,  
 And the rainbow encircles her elegant head,  
 While the turf bends in diamonds that glow at her tread.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	SUNDAY,
2	Monday,
3	Tuesday,
4	Wednesday,
5	Thursday,
6	Friday,
7	Saturday,
8	SUNDAY,
9	Monday,
10	Tuesday,
11	Wednesday,
12	Thursday,
13	Friday,
14	Saturday,
15	SUNDAY,
16	Monday,
17	Tuesday,
18	Wednesday,
19	Thursday,
20	Friday,
21	Saturday,
22	SUNDAY,
23	Monday,
24	Tuesday,
25	Wednesday,
26	Thursday,
27	Friday,
28	Saturday,
29	SUNDAY,
30	Monday,
31	Tuesday,



## August.

The Feast of the Months continued.

Now noble-browed August steps featly along,  
 With a train of young reapers, 'mid dances and song.  
 Full laden with presents of fruits and of flowers,  
 He gladdens the months in their festival hours.  
 His scythe is at rest, and the laboring sun  
 Looks calmly athwart the long work he has done ;  
 In his golden-skied twilight birds chant their late strain,  
 And bright fire-flies float o'er his star-lighted plain.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	Wednesday,
2	Thursday,
3	Friday,
4	Saturday,
5	SUNDAY,
6	Monday,
7	Tuesday,
8	Wednesday,
9	Thursday,
10	Friday,
11	Saturday,
12	SUNDAY,
13	Monday,
14	Tuesday,
15	Wednesday,
16	Thursday,
17	Friday,
18	Saturday,
19	SUNDAY,
20	Monday,
21	Tuesday,
22	Wednesday,
23	Thursday,
24	Friday,
25	Saturday,
26	SUNDAY,
27	Monday,
28	Tuesday,
29	Wednesday,
30	Thursday,
31	Friday,

## September.

The Feast of the Months continued.

September soon follows, the wealthiest child  
 That Nature has nourished by garden or wild ;  
 With still ampler presents of fruitage and grain,  
 The produce of hill-side, and meadow, and plain.  
 His full hazel eye seems in fondness to melt,  
 And his bronz'd cheek is flushed where the sun-beam has  
 And he stands like a tree in its ripeness and glow, [dwelt ;  
 When the breezes and sunshine all over it go.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	Saturday,
2	SUNDAY,
3	Monday,
4	Tuesday,
5	Wednesday,
6	Thursday,
7	Friday,
8	Saturday,
9	SUNDAY,
10	Monday,
11	Tuesday,
12	Wednesday,
13	Thursday,
14	Friday,
15	Saturday,
16	SUNDAY,
17	Monday,
18	Tuesday,
19	Wednesday,
20	Thursday,
21	Friday,
22	Saturday,
23	SUNDAY,
24	Monday,
25	Tuesday,
26	Wednesday,
27	Thursday,
28	Friday,
29	Saturday,
30	SUNDAY,

## October.

The Feast of the Months continued.

But October, October, so queenly and bold,  
 With richly-wrought mantle of crimson and gold,  
 Comes gracefully forward, her bountiful hand  
 Still painting with beauty and bliss all the land.  
 Her late blossoms linger and brilliantly glow,  
 As if daring the blast, and the gathering snow,  
 That lingers afar over mountain and hill,  
 To check the low song of the summer-lov'd rill.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	Monday,
2	Tuesday,
3	Wednesday,
4	Thursday,
5	Friday,
6	Saturday,
7	SUNDAY,
8	Monday,
9	Tuesday,
10	Wednesday,
11	Thursday,
12	Friday,
13	Saturday,
14	SUNDAY,
15	Monday,
16	Tuesday,
17	Wednesday,
18	Thursday,
19	Friday,
20	Saturday,
21	SUNDAY,
22	Monday,
23	Tuesday,
24	Wednesday,
25	Thursday,
26	Friday,
27	Saturday,
28	SUNDAY,
29	Monday,
30	Tuesday,
31	Wednesday,

## November.

The Feast of the Months continued.

November, the gentle misanthrope, is here,  
 To whom the first sigh of the Autumn is dear.  
 He loves the lone wood, where the strong-mingled dies  
 Of the frost-tinted leaf flutters bright, and he lies  
 In musing abstraction by river and grove,  
 To whisper to Nature his breathings of love,  
 And to take his last gaze at the funeral pyres,  
 Where 'mid glory and beauty she nobly expires.

Day of month and week.	Memoranda.
1	Thursday,
2	Friday,
3	Saturday,
4	SUNDAY,
5	Monday,
6	Tuesday,
7	Wednesday,
8	Thursday,
9	Friday,
10	Saturday,
11	SUNDAY,
12	Monday,
13	Tuesday,
14	Wednesday,
15	Thursday,
16	Friday,
17	Saturday,
18	SUNDAY,
19	Monday,
20	Tuesday,
21	Wednesday,
22	Thursday,
23	Friday,
24	Saturday,
25	SUNDAY,
26	Monday,
27	Tuesday,
28	Wednesday,
29	Thursday,
30	Friday,

## December.

The Feast of the Months continued.

Last comes Miss December, who sometime delayed  
 To call her cosmetics and charms to her aid —  
 The rouge to her cheek, and the curls to her hair,  
 And the powder laid on with a vigilant care.  
 In vain, Miss December! A natural face,  
 The soft waving line of a natural grace  
 Will touch with its magical force every heart,  
 While you with cosmetics are barbing your dart.

Day of month and week.

Memoranda.

1	Saturday,
2	SUNDAY,
3	Monday,
4	Tuesday,
5	Wednesday,
6	Thursday,
7	Friday,
8	Saturday,
9	SUNDAY,
10	Monday,
11	Tuesday,
12	Wednesday,
13	Thursday,
14	Friday,
15	Saturday,
16	SUNDAY,
17	Monday,
18	Tuesday,
19	Wednesday,
20	Thursday,
21	Friday,
22	Saturday,
23	SUNDAY,
24	Monday,
25	Tuesday,
26	Wednesday,
27	Thursday,
28	Friday,
29	Saturday,
30	SUNDAY,
31	Monday,

The Feast of the Months concluded.

The gala passed off with an elegant *gout*,  
 With speeches and toasting, and songs not a few ;  
 Good-humor prevailed through the festival greeting,  
 And I learn'd from a guest 't was a TEMPERANCE MEETING.

---

JANUARY.



Northern Garden Calendar.

The flowers and fruits of *mind* must be cultivated this month. It were indeed a shame, while Nature works in silence under her snow covering, that man should be idle. But something can be done by the lover of plants, even at this dreary season, to enliven the domestic scene with natural productions. If bulbs have been planted in November, they will afford blossoms for the winter, if taken in before the severe frosts, and turned to the sunshine at the windows. The pretty iris *Persica*, hyacinths, and the common jonquil will give a brightness to your parlor. Strew rice, oats, flax,

or any grain of this description, on cotton, in a glass vase or tumbler, and the effect, as they grow, will be very agreeable in contrast to the leafless trees without. Be prepared for the blight of delicate green-house plants, which you have nursed at your fireside; and do not be disconcerted. Remember that the loss of a plant is a slight evil compared with the absence of your cheerful smile at this dreary season. It is well to keep choice carnations housed.

---

#### Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* This is a busy time for the southern gardener, and trouble is well repaid by judicious management. A kitchen-garden often falls under the direction of a housewife. Sow early hotspur peas in a warm spot. Sow charleton, golden, and Essex, ditto; also, marrowfat, which will succeed in bearing as the others go off. The mazagon, long-podded, and Windsor bean, if planted together, will succeed one another in bearing. Any time this month, sow early York, sugar-loaf, and drum-head cabbage-seed, for summer use, in a warm border under a fence. Cover up with straw, if severe weather set in. Transplant those sown in October and November, if not not already done. Cauliflowers: protect from frost, and transplant in a warm situation. Broccoli: hoe it. End of the month, sow a few Dutch turnips; beets, ditto. Latter end of the month, sow a few early carrots. Hoe onions, Sow a little spinage for early use. Sow parsley; the curled leaf is prettier and best. Transplant lettuce. On a dry day, earth up your celery. Endive: prepare for blanching, for sallads, soups, &c. If garlic or shallots are not



planted, see to it. Sow radishes any time this month. If the weather prove frosty, spread straw or litter over the surface of the beds. If artichokes are not dressed, let it be done; also, asparagus. Set out horseradish cuttings.

*Fruit Garden, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Prune peach, nectarine, and apricot trees, flowers, &c. Transplant any kind of fruit trees, except orange and fig. Plant out rose trees and flowering shrubs. Prune and plant raspberries. Geraniums are propagated from cuttings, all but the apple, which grows from the seed only. They may be cut and planted in pots from September to June. If planted in gardens, they will die to the roots in winter, and spring up luxuriantly in spring.

*The Kitchen.* Let us look into the kitchen; we need not be ashamed of the place to which Franklin has led the way. What a contrast between the kitchen of modern times and that of the period when King Alfred baked his cake on a wooden board! Kitchen utensils have fast accumulated, and dressers and closets are crowded with forms that would puzzle a mathematician. This was the natural consequence of the restless ingenuity of civilized life until the present philosophy of mechanics was attained, by which cooking and washing are reduced to the most simple forms. Among the most admirable inventions for cooking are the cooking-stoves of Dutcher, Rathburn, Whitney, James, and the Rotary stove—the prices of which vary from twenty to forty dollars, according to the size, and extent of apparatus; they can be obtained in any of the principal cities;—and for washing, the invention of Davidson is the best we have seen—the price of which is about ten dollars; to be had at the agricultural warehouse, Boston. With either of these

cooking-stoves, even the mother of a family in delicate health need not fear the overwhelming warmth which has heretofore driven her from the kitchen; and her fair daughters can prepare the most elaborate cookery without injuring their complexions. One of the great charms of these inventions is the air of neatness they throw around a kitchen; yet the housekeeper must daily carefully inspect the vessels in the cooking-stove, because their very compactness will render them liable to be more offensive if unclean.

Let the first walk of the housewife after breakfast be — not to her boudoir or to her library, but — to the *kitchen*. The certain recurrence of this visit, will stimulate her cook to neatness and activity. She must look under dressers, into closets, overhaul soiled towels, enter into the mysteries of wash-tubs and the gloomy caverns of iron pots and kettles. In the northern States, this is comparatively easy — the kitchen being under the same roof. At the south, it requires great energy, as she is exposed to cold and heat in passing through the open air to the servants' apartments; but the southern lady, who would be sure that all is well, must not shrink from this duty.

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*Mrs. Child's Recipe for Chicken Pie.* — A nice way of serving up cold chicken, or pieces of cold fresh meat, is to make them into a meat pie. The gizzards, livers, and necks of poultry parboiled, are good for the same purpose. But many people prefer parboiling the liver and gizzard, and cutting it up very fine to be put into the gravy while the fowls are cooking; in this case, the water they are boiled in should be used to make the gravy. If you wish to bake your meat pie, line a deep earthen or tin pan with paste made of flour, cold water, and lard; use but little lard, for

the fat of the meat will shorten the crust. Lay in your bits of meat, or chicken, with two or three slices of salt pork ; place a few thin slices of your paste here and there ; drop in an egg, if you have plenty. Fill the pan with flour and water, seasoned with a little pepper and salt. If the meat be very lean, put in a piece of butter, or such sweet gravies as you may happen to have. Cover the top with crust, and put it in the oven, or bake-kettle, to cook from twenty minutes to one hour, according to the size of the pie. Some people think this the nicest way of cooking whole chickens. When thus cooked, they should be parboiled before they are put into the pan, and the water they are boiled in should be added. They need to be baked fifteen minutes longer than meat previously cooked.

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A N E C D O T E S .

A very plain man was acting the character of Mithridates in a French theatre, when Monima said to him, 'My lord, you change countenance ;' a young fellow in the pit cried, 'For heaven's sake let him.'

A gentleman seeing a woman skinning some eels, said to her, 'how can you bear to be so cruel ? do n't you think you put them to a great deal of pain ?' 'Why, I might, sir,' she replied, 'when I first began the business ; but I have dealt in them twenty years, and by this time they must be quite used to it.'

A gentleman who had been desired by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being invited by a friend on his return to call in, begged to be excused from stopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid the fashion would alter before he got home.

A stone mason was employed to engrave the following

epitaph on a tradesman's wife: 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.' The stone, however, being narrow, he contracted the sentence in the following manner: 'A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband.'

A bricklayer fell through the rafters of an unfinished house, and nearly killed himself; a bystander declared that he ought to be employed, as he went through his work.

Dr. Brown courted a lady for many years unsuccessfully; during which time he had always accustomed himself to propose her health, whenever he was called upon for a lady. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his favorite lady. 'Why, indeed,' said the doctor, 'I find it all in vain; I have toasted her so many years, and cannot make her Brown, that I am determined to toast her no longer.'



### THE MERCHANT'S BRIDE.

A Ballad. — By Caroline Gilman.

#### PART I.

Before the priest young Julia stood  
 A bright and buoyant maid,  
 Scarce conscious of the winning charm  
 Each act and look betrayed.

Her pure white robe, with graceful fold,  
 And floating veil descend,  
 While costly flowers from distant climes  
 With costly jewels blend.

Pearls tremble on her lovely brow,  
 And clasp her swan-like neck,  
 And glittering diamonds, rich and rare,  
 Her slender fingers deck.

And he who gave this lavish store,  
Gazes upon his prize,  
Forgetful of the diamond's blaze  
While looking in her eyes.

For there, confiding tenderness  
And maiden sweetness dwell,  
Blent with a soft unconsciousness,  
To man the fondest spell.

And freely now her hand in his  
She lays — a wedded wife ;  
And cheerfully the promise gives  
To be his own for life.

Oh, sweetly hath he deck'd her bower,  
And gorgeously her halls :  
Here treads her foot on springing buds,  
And there on velvet falls.

The massy curtain's graceful flow,  
The vase — the painting warm —  
Those household echoes — mirrors bright,  
Revealing her light form, —

Exotics that perfume the air  
With odors sweet and strange,  
And shells that far in distant climes  
'Mid ocean-wonders range, —

With countless gifts of taste and art,  
In classic beauty rife,  
Are laid upon affection's shrine  
Before that youthful wife.

The ocean deep, the circling air,  
The earth for her is sought,  
And ere she breathes a prayer or wish,  
Possession follows thought.

Nor scarcely on her silken cheek  
 May glance the summer ray ;  
 And costly furs enfold her form  
 When winter holds his sway.

Why should he toil at early morn,  
 And freight the frequent sail,  
 While still unsated, gathering night  
 Finds him with vigil pale ?

Alas ! each day subtracts some tint  
 From home's delicious bloom.  
 How soon neglect destroys that plant  
 Of delicate perfume !

And lonely walks she in her bower,  
 And lonely in her hall,  
 And thinks one day-caress from him  
 Were fairly worth them all.

She pauses at the mirror now,  
 Still speaks its flattering tone, —  
 But with a sigh she droops her head,  
 And feels herself *alone*.

Her fingers on the ivory keys  
 Run on in listless play, —  
 'What care I for the foolish song ?'  
 She asks, and turns away.

Yet still he labors. When within  
 The whirlpool-stream of *gain*,  
 Man strives to reach the table-land  
 Of calm content in vain.

Amid his leger's crowded leaves  
 Once thought he but of her,  
 Alas ! for mammon now he toils,  
 His hourly worshipper.

The silent meal, the hurried walk,  
The news conn'd o'er and o'er,  
Betray a mind that beats to home's  
Fresh sympathies no more.

And when he hears the fretful word,  
Or sees the struggling tear,  
He looks around his rich abode,  
And asks, 'What want is here?'

Who does not know that one kind tone  
Is more to woman's heart  
Than all the gauds of wealth and power  
Mere riches can impart?

Yet often to some wild abyss  
The coursing streamlet tends,  
And 'mid the rays of gorgeous clouds  
The lightning's flash descends.

One morn the merchant counts his gains —  
In conscious wealth he trod —  
The next he stood a beggar'd man,  
Nor owned his burial sod.

Dizzy he turned — and as a ship  
Its guiding rudder lost,  
Drifts on the sea, so wandered he,  
By rushing eddies tost.

And where is Julia, where the flower  
So delicately bred,  
When this rough storm of fortune's gale  
Came bursting on her head?

Strangers were seen in those gay halls, —  
And idle loungers there,  
In careless wonder, curious gazed  
On objects loved and rare.



The auctioneer rang out his jest,  
 The hammer's stroke was heard,  
 And laugh on laugh went grating round,  
 As fell each idle word.

The mirrors which had multiplied  
 So oft her loveliness,  
 The vases which with clustering flowers  
 Her hands had joyed to dress, —

Books, which her jewelled fingers turned  
 With gay or studious eye,  
 Sofas where oft luxuriously  
 Her form was wont to lie, —

Sweet monuments of taste and love —  
 All broke like ocean's foam ;  
 She turned in sorrow from the spot  
 To seek another home.

## PART II.

Who sits beside yon cozy fire,  
 A babe upon her knee ?  
 And who is clasping that sweet pair  
 Fondly and cheerfully ?

The space is small, but there is room  
 For Rover at their feet,  
 The tea-urn gives its hissing sound,  
 The bread is white and sweet.

Methinks I've seen that full clear eye  
 Less brilliant in its beams,  
 And that elastic, graceful step,  
 Graver than now it seems.

List to that laugh of heartfelt mirth,  
 List to that tender word,



And see the frequent chaste caress  
From sympathy new-stirr'd !

Oh, Julia, in misfortune's scale  
Thy worth has well been tried,  
And thou art happy, for thy lord  
Is happy at thy side.

Awakened from his worldly dream  
Absorbing, selfish, vain,  
He finds the path to happiness  
Lies not in ceaseless gain.

In unaspiring *competence*  
He seeks the golden mean,  
Contented in life's calmer fields  
His needful wants to glean.

And Julia walks in dignity,  
A heaven-relying mind  
Enkindling up a latent power  
Scarcely before defined.

More beautiful the merchant's bride  
Thus school'd to self-control,  
Than when light winds of pleasure flew  
Across her passive soul.

Oh, who shall call adversity  
A dark and cheerless night,  
When on her brow such stars appear  
Of calm and lovely light ?



## THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

From Georgia Scenes. — By a native Georgian.

Whence comes the gibberish which is almost invariably used by mothers and nurses to infants? Take for example the following, which will answer the two-fold purpose of illustrating my idea, and of exhibiting one of the peculiarities of the age.

A few days ago, I called to spend an hour in the afternoon with Mr. Slang, whose wife was the mother of a child about eight months old.

While I was there, the child in the nurse's arms, in an adjoining room, began to cry.

'You Rose,' said Mrs. Slang, 'quiet that child!' Rose walked it, and sang to it; but it did not hush.

'You Rose! if you do not quiet that child, I lay I make you.'

'I is tried, ma'am,' said Rose, 'an' he would n't get hush'd.' (*Child cries louder.*)

'Fetch him here to me, you good-for-nothing hussey, you. What's the matter with him!' reaching out her arms to receive him.

'I dun know, ma'am.'

'Nhei — nhun — nho — nha'am!' (*mocking and grinning at Rose.*)

As Rose delivered the child, she gave visible signs of dodging, just as the child left her arms; and, that she might not be disappointed, Mrs. Slang gave her a box: in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all; and which Rose received as a matter of course, without even changing countenance under it.

'Da den!' said Mrs. Slang; 'come along e muddy,

(mother.) Did nassy Yosey (Rose) pague muddy thsweety chilluns?' (children) — pressing the child to her bosom, and rocking it backward and forward, tenderly. 'Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey. Ah! you old uggy Yosey,' (*knocking at Rose, playfully.*) 'Da den; muddy did whip bad Yosey.'

(*Child continues crying.*)

'Why, what upon earth ails the child? Rose, you've hurt this child, somehow.'

'No m'm, 'cla' I did n't; I was jis sitt'n down dar in the rock'n chair long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an' want doin' nothin' 't all to him, jis playin' wid him, an' he jis 'gin to cry heself, when nobody wa'n't doin' nothin' 't all to him, and nobody wa'n't in dar nuther 'cept jis me an' him, an' I was' —

'Nhing — nhing — nhing — and I expect you hit his head against the bureau.'

'Let muddy see where ole bad Yosey knocky heady 'gin de bureaus. Muddy *will* see,' taking off the child's cap, and finding nothing.

(*Child cries on.*)

'Muddy's baby was hungry. Dat was what ails muddy's darling thsweety ones. Was cho hungry, an' nobody would givy litty darling any sings to eaty!' (*loosing her frock bosom.*) 'No, nobody would gim tshweety ones any sings for eat 't all' — (*offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, rolls over, kicks, and screams worse than ever.*)

'Hush! you little brat! I believe it's nothing in the world but crossness. Hush! (*shaking it*) hush, I tell you.' (*Child cries to the NE PLUS ULTRA.*)

'Why, surely a pin must stick the child. Yes, was e bad pin did ticky chilluns? Let muddy see where de uggy pin did ticky dear precious creter,' — (*examining.*) 'Why

no, it isn't a pin. Why, what can be the matter with the child! It must have the choleric, surely. Rose, go bring me the paregoric off the mantelpiece. Yes, muddy's baby did hab e tolic. Dat was what did ail muddy's precious darly baby.' (*Pressing it to her bosom and rocking it. Child cries on.*)

Rose brought the paregoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

'Now go bring me the sugar and some water.'

Rose brought them, and delivered both without the customary reward; for at that instant the child being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paregoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up, and it began to cry.

'Why, Lord help my soul! what's the matter with the child? what have you done to him, you little hussy?' (*rising and walking towards Rose.*)

'Cla' Missis, I eint done nothin' 'tall—was jis sittin' down da by Miss Nancy's bu——'

'You lie, you slut,' (*hitting her a passing slap;*) 'I know you have hurt him. Hush, my baby,' (*singing the Coquet*) 'don't you cry, your sweet-heart will come by'm'by; da, de dum dum dum da, da de dum diddle dum da.' (*Child cries on.*) 'Lord help my soul! what can be the matter with my baby!' (*tears coming in her own eyes.*) 'Something's the matter with it; (*laying the child on her lap, and feeling its arms to see whether it flinched at the touch of any particular part.*) But the child cried less while she was feeling it than before.

'Yes, dat was it; wanted litty arms yubb'd. Mud will yub its sweet yitty arms.'

(*Child begins again.*)

‘What upon earth can make my baby cry so!’ rising and walking to the window. (*Stops at the window, and the child hushes.*)

‘Yes, dat was it; did want to look out ’e windys. See the petty chickens. O-o-o-h! Look at the beauty rooster! Yonder ’s old aunt Betty! See old aunt Betty, pickin’ up chips. Yes, ole aunt Betty, pickin’ up chip fo’ bake bicky (biscuit) fo’ good chilluns. Good aunt Betty, fo’ make bicky fo’ sweet baby’s supper.’

(*Child begins again.*)

‘Hoo-o-o! see de windy!’ (*knocking on the window; child screams.*)

‘You Rose, what have you done to this child? You little hussy you, if you don’t tell me how you hurt him, I’ll whip you as long as I can find you.’

‘Missis, I ’cla’ I never done noth’n ’tall to him. I was jis sett’n’ down da by Miss Nancy’s bu——’

‘If you say *Miss Nancy’s bureau* to me again, I’ll stuff Miss Nancy’s bureau down your throat, you lying slut. I’m just as sure you have hurt him, as if I’d seen you. How did you hurt him?’

Here Rose was reduced to a *non plus*; for, upon the peril of having a bureau stuffed down her throat, she dared not repeat the oft-told tale, and she knew no other. She therefore stood mute.

‘Julia,’ said Mr. Slang, ‘bring the child to me, and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying.’

Mr. Slang took the child, and commenced a careful examination of it. He removed the cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, extended the search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far in this way, before he discovered in the right ear of the child a small feather, the

cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than Rose.

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#### THE NEW YEAR.

‘The solemn and melancholy truth of the shortness of time, is pressed upon us by a vast variety of experience. We find ourselves rapidly and imperceptibly hurried along from period to period, as by some invisible, irresistible power. The year, to which we once looked forward as to some strange, far-off, unapproachable limit of time, at length comes round, and we write and pronounce its name with all the familiarity and ease that we have shown to those gone by. The age of twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, was once anticipated by our youthful imaginations as something that could hardly happen to *us*; but before we are aware of it, we find ourselves at those several landing-places, and sailing again forward on the trackless stream to reach the next, the next, and the next, as soon. Thus, in the several dates through which we are borne, it is but too lamentable that *the time is short*. Equally so is it in the changes which take place in our bodily and mental frames. The vivacity of youth gives way to the steady strength of middle age; and the strength of middle age is displaced by the tottering infirmities of decline. The rose that paints the cheek fades soon away; the eye which was bright and alive, grows speedily dim; the hand which was nerved with energy, unexpectedly trembles; the lungs that were free and strong, now pant with exertion. Nothing stays; nothing is ours; we hardly know ourselves; our characters change; we have gained views, and feelings, and habits, which we scarcely know how we have acquired;



what we ardently hoped and longed for, has come, and is gone; strange and unthought-of experiences have passed over our heads; our memories turn back upon great chasms, where they find nothing remaining of those hopes and fears, those pains and enjoyments, those thoughts and sensations, which in their turns have filled and agitated our bosoms. We cannot say what we have done, and where we have been. We cannot tell how we came here. Great God! what is it that has thrown us all so unexpectedly down at this point of time, in the midst of so many dangers and fatalities that press upon every side of us? When we recover from our confusion and astonishment, and think where we are, we can only make one reflection before we rush forward again on another career. One reflection — the time is short — the time is mysteriously, unaccountably, and fearfully short!

‘The time is short; but eternity is long! Yet we have time enough to prepare for eternity. Let us faithfully drop the seed, and water it, and nourish it here. It is true that darkness hovers over the result. Yet hope, and faith, and reason, and the promises of God, shall carry our confident expectations forward to skies where the sun goes not down, and to years which never decay.’

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IT SNOWS.

By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

‘It snows!’ cried the school-boy — ‘hurrah!’ and his shout  
Is ringing through parlor and hall,  
While swift, as the wing of a swallow, he’s out,  
And his playmates have answered his call:  
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy —  
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,

Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy;  
 As he gathers his treasures of snow ;  
 Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,  
 While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

‘It snows!’ sighs the imbecile — ‘Ah!’ and his breath  
 Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight ;  
 While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,  
 He turns to the blaze of his grate ;  
 And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair  
 Is wheeled tow’rds the life-giving flame —  
 He dreads the chill puff of the snow-burdened air,  
 Lest it wither his delicate frame :  
 O! small is the pleasure existence can give,  
 When the fear we shall die only proves that we live !

‘It snows!’ cries the traveller — ‘Ho!’ and the word  
 Has quickened his steed’s lagging pace ;  
 The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard —  
 Unfelt the sharp drift in his face :  
 For bright through the tempest his own home upreared,  
 Ay, though leagues intervene, he can see ;  
 There ’s the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,  
 And his wife with their babes at her knee.  
 Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,  
 That those we love best are still safe from its power.

‘It snows!’ cries the belle — ‘Dear, how lucky!’ and turns  
 From her mirror to watch the flakes fall :  
 Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns  
 While musing on sleigh-ride and ball :  
 There are visions of conquests, of spendor, and mirth,  
 Floating over each drear winter’s day ;  
 But the tintings of hope, on this snow-beaten earth,  
 Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away :  
 Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,  
 That world has a pure fount ne’er opened in this.



'It snows!' cries the widow — 'Oh, God!' and her sighs  
 Have stifled the voice of her prayer;  
 Its burthen ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,  
 On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.  
 'Tis night — and her fatherless ask her for bread —  
 But 'He gives e'en the ravens their food,'  
 And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,  
 And she lays on her last chip of wood.  
 Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows —  
 'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

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EDWARD, EDWARD.

An old Scotch Ballad.

Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid,  
 Edward, Edward?

Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid?  
 And quhy sae sad gang see, O?

O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
 Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:  
 And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
 Edward, Edward.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
 My deir son I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
 Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
 That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
 Edward, Edward:

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
 Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
 Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
 Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,  
 Edward, Edward?

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,  
 My deir son, now tell me, O.

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
 Mither, mither:

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
 And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
 Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
 That were sae fair to see, O?

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
 Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
 For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
 Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
 Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?

The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,  
 Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let them beg throw life,  
 For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,  
 Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?  
 My deir son, now tell me, O.

The curse of hell frae me shall ze beir,  
 Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,  
 Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

## FEBRUARY.

**Northern Garden Calendar.**

There is still a blank over the face of nature without; but you can ornament your in-door plants with beautiful mosses. On some sunny day, the woods, though apparently barren, will yield you a soft, green gift, bright as summer verdure.

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**Southern Garden Calendar.**

*Kitchen Garden.* Plant beans of any kind. Sow peas, of various kinds, once a fortnight, and you will have a constant succession for your table. Transplant cabbage-plants of all kinds, if not already done. If your cauliflowers sown in October are not planted out, attend to it now. Transplant lettuce, and plant for a general crop at times, through the month. Sow spinage every fortnight or three weeks. Onions and leeks—sow for a general crop; hoe those which

are transplanted. Sow radish seeds, and water early crops. Sow carrots and parsnips; they will be fit for use from May to August. Cresses, mustard, radish, rape, &c.: sow once a fortnight or less; also chervil and coriander. Sow parsley, if not attended to; also basil. Pot and medicinal herbs, as dill, fennel, borage, burnet, bugloss, sorrel, marigold, oracle, clarey, &c., may be sown any time this month. Hyssop, thyme, savory, and sweet marjoram, rather at the beginning. Plant slips of sage, hyssop, thyme, and savory. Plant slips of rosemary, rue, wormwood, and lavender, six inches asunder, in shade. All these plants must come from the last year's stock. Now is the time for planting mint. Plant asparagus roots all this month, and sow seed. Dress artichokes, and sow seed. Plant Irish potatoes any time this month. Sow turnips for full crop.

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Prune plum and cherry trees, if not done before; also peach, nectarine, and apricot. Vines must not be neglected any longer, nor raspberries. Give strawberries their spring dressing. You *may* plant, but September and October are a better time. Fruit trees, of all sorts, may be planted this month. About the middle of this month, prune fig trees. Transplant orange trees; also lemon and lime. Prune, also. Head down young trees. Plant hops. Sow china-asters and lupines, and shelter them. Sow snail flowers in a box. Sow hollyhocks in the garden. Plant geraniums as in January.

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*Ironing.* There are few families, rich or poor, who do not use flat (smoothing) irons; and it is odd to see the expedients resorted to in order to get up the apparatus where there is not a proper system. Miss Sarah Clewloch runs to

her bed, and draws off a rose-blanket, worth several dollars, to iron a piece of old muslin or faded ribbon; and for want of a ring on which to rest her iron, leaves its triangular scorches in divers places. Mrs. M'Kimblock performs the same exploit on a good flannel petticoat. The Misses Rudgill have spoiled a set of their mother's cup-towels, by snatching them up for iron-holders. Miss Liddon left the smooch of her soiled iron on a French cape worth fifteen dollars, for want of a wiper; and her father, who never swore before, came out with an oath as he took seven neck-cloths out of his drawer, with corresponding insignia, on the same account. Miss Angelina Fairfax was reduced to placing one of her mother's best sheets on a kitchen table, used for pastry, when about to iron a silk dress in haste; the consequence was, that the grease oozed through abundantly, and in her agitation she broke a French gilt saucer, on which she had rested her iron. Miss Alkali never gives a direction or lends a hand to the sweeping of the hearth before ironing. The ashes adhere to the iron-holder and strewed in unseemly quantities over the damp clothes. One fearful consequence of this carelessness was, that an enamored youth, peeping one day into the window to get a glance of her on the way from his store, saw the white starched plaits of her brother's shirts discolored by the iron she was wielding. Shocked to the heart by this carelessness, he laid his hand on his breast, or rather on his shirt-bosom, and protested that thereafter his attention should be given to her opposite neighbor.

Very different is the deportment of Mrs. Caststeel, who, by a little forethought, goes along in this department as smoothly as one of her own irons. Her kitchen ironing establishment is entirely distinct from that used in occasional jobs by the family. She provides a large clean board to fit

on the table that stands in the kitchen, which is placed out of the way when not in use. Her ironing-cloth is of double white plains, or a coarse blanket with white cloth over it. Her holders are of old cloth folded and stitched to the proper size; even her wipers she thinks it expedient to sew in a form which may show that they are not rags. She has an iron ring to rest her hot iron on, and a piece of beeswax, which will cleanse a hot iron admirably, if just touched to it and instantly rubbed off. These articles are kept in a bag and hung up in some convenient place. Each of her grown-up daughters (I think there are seven) keeps an establishment of her own; a bag, with the articles described, and a small board to lie in the lap or place on a table for pressing out muslins, &c.; therefore are the Misses Cast-steel never seen in undignified anxiety about these necessary articles, and therefore is it probable that they will not lose an incipient sweetheart by their carelessness.

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From the New-England Farmer.

*Raising Chickens.*—I keep my hens warm under cover during the winter, and feed them on ‘Brewer’s Grains,’ placed in an open box or tub, that they may eat when they please, occasionally giving them oats, corn, and oyster shells pounded fine, and plenty of water; by keeping them warm and well fed, they begin laying earlier in the season. I prefer spring chickens, as they lay earlier than old hens; and the old hens to set, as they make the best mothers. I take care the eggs do not get chilled with cold, and keep them in a warm place in my house. When three or four hens want to set, I put from thirteen to fifteen eggs under each of them, according to size—the day of the month marked on each egg—and after the hen has set a week or ten days, I examine them by holding the eggs to a crack or knot-hole in a board when the sun shines through, and if I discover any rotten ones, I take them away and replace them with fresh ones marked as before mentioned. When the chickens are all hatched, I



put two or three broods to one hen, in a coop with an opening against an empty barrel placed on the bilge; and with a little care, when put in the coop, the hen may be made to brood them at the further end of the barrel. In that way, the chickens that are not covered by the hen huddle together around her and keep each other warm. The hens from which the chickens are taken I put into another coop, and in about a fortnight they will begin to lay again. The hen being confined in the coop, will leave her chickens much earlier than if left to run at large with them; and the chickens will become so accustomed to going into the barrel and huddling together, as to be quite contented to give up the hen's brooding them. After the chickens are two or three weeks old, I remove them with the coops into my garden, where they feed upon insects, so as to require but little food — but do not keep them there until they are large enough to injure the garden.

I feel persuaded that in the way I have proceeded, our market could be supplied with an abundance of poultry; and I recommend it with confidence, if managed with care and attention, as profitable to those who may engage in such business.

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#### SIMPLE REMEDIES.

From Mrs. Child, and other sources.

Mustard mixed in the usual way, and taken into the stomach, is the speediest emetic; and is of singular use in ejecting poisonous substances from the stomach, if resorted to immediately. So simple a remedy ought to be known by every one.

Cotton wet with sweet oil and paragoric, relieves the earache very soon. The negroes, at the south, consider a cockroach, cut in two and applied to the ear, the most certain cure for the earache.

A good quantity of old cheese is the best thing to eat when distressed by eating too much fruit, or oppressed with any kind of food. Physicians have given it in cases of extreme danger.

Honey and milk is very good for worms; so is strong salt water; likewise powdered sage and molasses, taken freely.

For a sudden attack of quincy, or croup, bathe the neck with bear's

grease, and pour it down the throat. A linen rag soaked in sweet oil, butter, or lard, and sprinkled with yellow Scotch snuff, is said to have performed wonderful cures in cases of croup: it should be placed where the distress is greatest.

Cotton and oil, are the best things for a burn.

A poultice of wheat-bran, or rye-bran, and vinegar, very soon takes down the inflammation occasioned by a sprain.

A rind of pork bound upon a wound occasioned by a needle, pin, or nail, prevents the lock-jaw. It should be always applied.

If you happen to cut yourself slightly while cooking, bind on some fine salt. Molasses is likewise good.

Black or green tea, steeped in boiling milk, is excellent for the dysentery. Cork, burnt to charcoal, about as big as a hazle-nut, macerated, and put in a teaspoonful of brandy, with a little loaf-sugar and nutmeg, is very efficacious in cases of dysentery and cholera-morbus. If nutmeg be wanting, peppermint may be used. Flannel, wet with brandy, powdered with cayenne pepper, and laid upon the bowels, affords great relief in cases of extreme distress.

Whortleberries, commonly called huckleberries, dried, are a useful medicine for children. Made into tea and sweetened with molasses, they are very beneficial when the system is in a restricted state, and the digestive powers out of order.

In case of any scratch or wound, from which the lockjaw is apprehended, bathe the injured part freely with lye, or pearlash and water.

Loaf-sugar and brandy relieve a sore throat; when very bad, it is good to inhale the steam of scalding hot vinegar through the tube of a tunnel.

An ointment made from the common ground-worms, which boys dig to bait fishes, rubbed on with the hand, is said to be excellent, when the sinews are drawn up by any disease or accident.

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#### A N E C D O T E S .

Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, (pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried) said, 'There is a great rogue at



the end of my cane.' The man to whom he pointed, looked at him and said, 'Which end, my lord?'

REBUKE.—A buck, with a cigar (a *longnine*, of course) in his mouth, entered Mr. Cross's menagerie recently in Philadelphia, when Mr. Cross requested the visiter to take the 'weed' from his mouth, lest he should learn the monkeys bad habits.

An Irish sergeant, on a march, being attacked by a dog, pierced the animal with his halbert. On the complaint of the owner, the superior officer said to the offender, 'Murphy, you were wrong in this. You should have struck the dog with the butt end of your halbert, and not with your blade.' 'Plaise your honor,' says Murphy, 'and I would have been glad for to save myself the trouble of claining my iron, if he had only been so kind as to bite me with his tail instead of his teeth.'

JONATAHAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A STEAMBOAT.—'It's got a saw-mill on one side, and a grist-mill on t' other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle; and down cellar there's a tarnation great pot boilin' all the time.

A COWARD.—'You're a coward,' said a low Londoner to a poor countryman, who had refused to fight. 'No I heant,' said the countryman, 'I have nothing to do with cows, I am a shepherd.'

An Irish gentleman, on going to the post-office, inquired if there were any letters for him, as he had caused them to lie till called for. 'Your name, sir?' inquired the clerk. 'There is a good one, now!' replied the honest Hibernian; 'why, will you not see it on the back of the letter?'

CORRECT ANSWER.—'Might your name be Smith, said a lout to that oddest of odd fellows, —, after a rap at his door loud enough to disturb the occupants of a church-yard. 'Yes, it might — but it aint, by a long chalk.'

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PROPER NAMES INTERPRETED.

Aaron, a Mountain. <i>Heb.</i>	Alexander, help of men. <i>Gr.</i>
Abel, Vanity. <i>Heb.</i>	Alfred, all peace. <i>Sax.</i>
Abraham, the father of many. <i>Heb.</i>	Ambrose, immortal. <i>Gr.</i>
Adam, red earth. <i>Heb.</i>	Andrew, courageous. <i>Gr.</i>

Arthur, a strong man. <i>Brit.</i>	Humphrey, domestic peace. <i>Germ.</i>
Basil, kindly. <i>Gr.</i>	Jacob, a supplanter. <i>Heb.</i>
Bennet, blessed. <i>Lat.</i>	John, the Grace of God. <i>Heb.</i>
Cæsar, adorned with hair. <i>Lat.</i>	Jonathan, the Gift of the Lord. <i>Heb.</i>
Caleb, a dog. <i>Heb.</i>	Joseph, addition. <i>Heb.</i>
Cecil, dim. <i>Lat.</i>	Isaac, laughter. <i>Heb.</i>
Charles, noble spirit. <i>Germ.</i>	Lawrence, crowned with Laurel. <i>Heb.</i>
Christopher, bearing Christ. <i>Gr.</i>	Lewis, the defender of the people. <i>Lat.</i>
Constantine, resolute. <i>Lat.</i>	Luke, a wood or grove. <i>Lat.</i>
Cyril, a little Cyrus.	Mark, a hammer. <i>Lat.</i>
Daniel, God is judge. <i>Heb.</i>	Matthew, a gift. <i>Heb.</i>
David, beloved. <i>Heb.</i>	Owen, well descended. <i>Brit.</i>
Edmund, happy peace. <i>Sax.</i>	Patrick, a nobleman. <i>Lat.</i>
Edwin, happy, courageous. <i>Sax.</i>	Paul, little, small. <i>Lat.</i>
Eugene, nobly descended. <i>Gr.</i>	Philip, a lover of horses. <i>Gr.</i>
Eustace, standing firm. <i>Gr.</i>	Richard, powerful. <i>Sax.</i>
Francis, free. <i>Germ.</i>	Robert, famous in counsel. <i>Ger.</i>
Frederick, rich peace. <i>Germ.</i>	Stephen, a garland. <i>Gr.</i>
Geoffrey, joyful. <i>Germ.</i>	Thomas, a twin. <i>Heb.</i>
Gilbert, bright as gold. <i>Sax.</i>	Walter, a wood master.
Gregory, watchful. <i>Gr.</i>	William, defending many. <i>Ger.</i>
Guy, the misletoe herb. <i>Fr.</i>	
Henry, rich lord. <i>Ger.</i>	
Hugh, high, lofty. <i>Dutch.</i>	

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THE BETROTHED.

By Caroline Gilman.

(SCENE.—*A Southern Plantation — Noon.*)

MOTHER.

Why linger near me, Emma, with that cheek  
Which colors up in flushings like the sky  
Lit by the sinking sun? Why from thine hand  
Falls the small needle, as e'en that were weight

Too large? What mean these broken words, and sighs,  
 Now passionate, then sinking down so low  
 That I must bend mine ear to catch the tone?  
 Hark—is that Edgar's Step?

EMMA.

O, mother, dear—

MOTHER.

My child, my simple child, it needs not words  
 To tell me now—indeed, I've known it long.  
 Think'st thou that I could see the lily's leaves  
 Floating like living things upon the wave,  
 And guess not that the *tide* did move them thus?  
 Think'st thou that when the rose's bloom is stirr'd,  
 I know not that the *breeze*, with waving breath,  
 Is sweeping o'er its rich and blushing leaves?  
 Or when the wind-harp wakes with thrilling tones,  
 I know not the same *breeze*, kissing its strings,  
 Doth call its murmurs? Just as plain to me  
 Is it, that *love*, my child, hath touch'd thy soul!  
 Nay, start not, Emma, 't is no sin to love.—  
 But come, and lay thy head upon my breast,  
 And tell me all. I will not seek thine eyes,  
 Nor pierce their sable fringe, but clasp thy hand,  
 Thy fair, soft hand, whose tender pressure shall  
 Speak half thy tale.

EMMA.

My gentle mother, how  
 Can I for any other love neglect  
 Thy love? nor did I, nor did Edgar thus;  
 And when this morn he urged his eager suit,  
 Thy name was blent in fondness with my own.

Rememberest thou—oh yes, thou never canst  
 Forget the day—when, but a thoughtless girl,  
 With springing step and floating hair, I sought  
 The river-bank whereon my brothers sat,  
 Throwing the line to lure their watery prey;

Eager to see their prisoner caught, I lean'd  
 On a young sapling with unconscious weight,  
 And fell — when Edgar saw — he sprang — impetuous,  
 Leap'd to the wave, and with sustaining strength  
 Upbore me till assistance came. How quick  
 Is thought! Though reeling, dizzy, just upon  
 The brink of dark futurity, this hope  
 Came lighting like a torch my youthful heart,  
 Edgar will be my *friend!* I knew not love,  
 Or then perchance I might have said, my *love!*

Ere long he left us for more classic bowers ;  
 But tidings often came of one, who stood  
 Before his classmates with a laurel'd brow,  
 Winning with graceful ease the frequent prize.  
 Nor this alone ; I heard of generous deeds  
 Where the kind heart outshone the sparkling mind,  
 As yon white blossoms grace the laurel-tree.

And tokens sometimes came rememberingly,  
 (Thou knowest them, mother, well) — a drawing once,  
 Of a young girl just rescued from the waves,  
 With eyes seal'd up like blossoms in rude storms ;  
 He had not sketched her young *deliverer* ;  
 For modesty is nature in him ; but  
 My vision fancied there the ardent boy,  
 His chestnut curls crushed by the sweeping stream,  
 His panting chest, his opening lips, his eyes  
 Starting in fear, and doubt, and growing joy,  
 When I unfolded mine. — Sometimes a flower  
 Was sent, or leaf, gathered perchance in some  
 Lone, musing hour, — or colored sea-shell, which  
 In whispers to mine ear, told a soft tale  
 I whisper'd not again.

Time roll'd, and he,  
 That distant one, crown'd with collegiate fame,  
 Returned. He sought me, mother, and this morn,  
 Where the clematis-bower shuts out the sun,  
 He ask'd me for my heart. — I answer'd not ;  
 But, mother, it was his, on that far morn

When shuddering from the river's depth I woke  
Within his arms.

MOTHER.

Thanks, love, for this fond trust.

Oh, never should a daughter's thoughts find rest  
On kinder pillow than a mother's heart.  
But Edgar comes.—Look up and meet his smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, take her hand, and with it a young heart  
Full of love's first devotion. 'Tis a charge,  
My son, most precious! When she errs, reprove, —  
Spare not deserv'd reproof; she has been train'd  
In Christ's high school, and knows that she is frail,  
And she can bear the probe when brought by *love*.  
But of *neglect*, beware! Cherish her well;  
For should the breath of coldness fall on her,  
Thou would'st hear no complaint, but thou would'st see  
Her sink into the grave, as the green leaves  
Shrivel and fade beneath autumnal winds.

It is a struggle hard to bear, my son,  
When a fond mother's cherished flower is borne,  
Gently transplanted, to a happy home;  
But deeper far than death's the withering pang,  
To see her sought a few short months of pride,  
Her beauties cherished and her odors prized,  
And then thrown by as lightly as the weed,  
The trampled weed, along the traveller's path.

And, oh, bethink thee, Edgar, of her *soul*,  
And lead her in the heavenly road to God.  
In that great day, when mortal hearts are bare,  
Motives and deeds, before the Eternal throne,  
Beware lest I, with earnest pleading, sue  
To thee for this sweet child! Bring her to me  
A blessed spirit, wrapt in robes of grace,  
And if there's gratitude in heavenly bowers,  
Oh, thou shalt hear its full and gushing tones  
Rise in thanksgiving from a mother's soul!

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

By Caroline Gilman.

Mark yon rich cloud, its hues so bright,  
 Tinged with the warm sun's setting ray ;  
 Soon will the sable brow of night  
 Scowl all those golden hues away.

Mark yon soft sea, its placid rest,  
 The gentle curling of that wave ;  
 Soon shall the pond'rous billow's breast  
 Raise on that sea a gloomy grave.

Like these, alas, are mortal joys !  
 When in those joys we rest secure,  
 Some stroke of fate the charm destroys, —  
 That stroke is Heaven's — oh, hush ! endure.

—

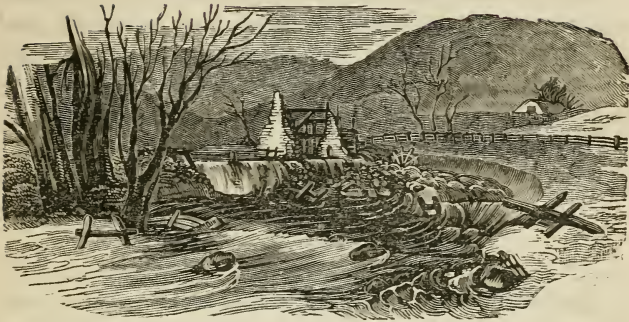
## THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

By Caroline Gilman.

The whole broad earth is beautiful  
 To minds attuned aright,  
 And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,  
 A smile has met my sight ;  
 The city, with its bustling walk,  
 Its splendor, wealth, and power,  
 A ramble by the river-side,  
 A passing summer flower,  
 The meadow green, the ocean's swell,  
 The forest waving free, —  
 Are gifts of God, and speak in tones  
 Of kindness to me.  
 And oh ! where'er my lot is cast,  
 Where'er my footsteps roam,  
 If those I love are near to me,  
 That spot is still my *home*.



## MARCH.



Northern Garden Calendar.

Now is the time to be overlooking garden tools, and making arrangements for the coming planting season, pruning trees, &c. If your seeds were all properly arranged and labeled, you will have little difficulty, especially if the proper time for planting is written on each paper. Box borders may be trimmed, and your beds prepared for seeds. This is a doubtful month, and the weather must be consulted; but it will be well to get out early peas, radishes, &c., as soon as possible. Sow your sallads, cresses, &c., when you begin, once a fortnight, to have a regular succession. Look down cellar at cabbages, and pick out sound ones for seed and greens; trim them them off to the stump in planting for greens. Sow tomatoes in hot-beds.

Seeds that are long in vegetating, as the parsnip, celery, mulberry, &c., should be sown tolerably deep, to guard against injury from a long dry time, else they must be watered in

dry weather. But seeds that vegetate in a short time, as the turnip, cabbage, mustard, &c., will generally vegetate with a light covering.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* It is said if you fill flower-pots about half full of quick-lime, and cover over this a good mould, the flowers may thus be obtained in a very short time, and during the whole season. The earth should be kept slightly moistened, and pressed down whenever it rises by the swelling of the lime.

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### Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Continue to plant beans and peas every fortnight. Transplant cabbage-plants, if not done in February. Water early in the morning. Plant map beans end of the month. Onions and leeks neglected, should now be sown. Hoe young plants. Do not delay turnips any longer. The sooner your Irish potatoes are down the better. Carrots and parsnips may still be sown. Thin radishes, and sow two crops this month. Transplant lettuces. Sow small salads once a fortnight. If a morning frost lies on your salad, pour cold water on before the sun comes on it. If parsley has not been sown, attend to it now. Sow tomato seed about the middle of the month; also peppers of all sorts; also water and musk-melons for first crop. Choose a sheltered place, and plant cucumbers. Orach in low rich land. Squashes and pumpkins about the middle of the month may thrive. Thin beets, but not transplant. Sow celery middle of the month, and spinage. Hoe spinage of last month, and thin it. Dress asparagus-beds, if not done. Artichokes may succeed if you plant soon this month.

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* About the beginning of



this month, you may with safety transplant orange, lemon, and lime trees, and prune them if not done before. This is a good time for removing fig trees. The first week of this month is the latest for trimming peach, nectarine, and apricot trees; also other fruit trees. You have still a chance to plant fruit trees. Look well to the strawberry beds. Sow china pink, and amaranthus. Geraniums as in January.

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#### THE CELLAR AND THE STORE-ROOM.

Come, Miss Elvina, lay aside that novel, and walk down cellar with me. You must aid your mother, who has cares enough in her household. Nay, never look with dismay at your wrought slippers and white morning gown. They are easily changed. If your cellar is damp and dirty, all that bright bloom may vanish from your cheeks in the autumn. A dirty cellar to a fine house, is like an uncleanly person under gay clothes. In a northern cellar, great dampness gathers through the winter from vegetables, cider barrels, apples, milk, &c. &c.; and there should be a thorough inspection twice a year, beside the daily cleaning. People are very apt to think a cellar too much out of the way to require neat and careful observance. The store-room generally gains more attention, as it is usually light and cheerful. Once a year change the position of your barrels, &c. It is said that wild myrtle will keep the weavils out of rice, if stuck about the hoops, &c. N. B. It drives away fleas, if worn about the person. Lard, at the south, cannot well be kept in anything but stone or china vessels, in warm weather. It is said that a large stone put in the middle of a barrel of meal, or grist, will help to keep it cool. They must be occasionally stirred.

Eggs will keep in lime-water, one pint of coarse salt, and one pint of unslacked lime, to a pailful of water. If there be too much lime, it will eat the shells from the eggs; if there is a single cracked egg, it will spoil the whole. Mrs. Child says she has seen eggs thus kept perfectly sweet and fresh at the end of three years.

Look to your pickles often — and if soft, drain off the old vinegar, and put in more, fresh and scalding hot. Season as at first. Mrs. Child recommends a piece of alum to be added. Salt-fish must be changed from a cellar to a garret alternately in the northern States. At the south, a store-room is usually the right temperature.

See to the butter, which will soon be in danger from the approach of warm weather; and do not buy now in quantities, especially at the south. Keep a heavy stone on your salt-pork, to keep it under the brine. Keep a broom in the cellar, and one in your store-room. It is a bad plan to be running about for a broom or brush; and it is better economy to have one for each story and each locked-up room, as they are not injured by keeping. N. B. If there *is* a broom, do not be afraid to use it.

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#### COOKING RECIPES.

*Icing.* One pound of sugar, half a pint of water; boil them until they are quite clear; then beat them until they are blood-warm; beat the whites of five eggs very light, and add them to the luke-warm syrup, and then pour it over the cake. Stir the eggs into the syrup, and *not* pour the syrup over the eggs. This icing is not affected by damp weather.

*Salt-rising, for Bread.* A stiff batter of flower and milk-warm water, and a little salt, to be set into milk-warm water until it rises to the top of the vessel — (a pint of batter to be put into a quart ves-

sel,) the flour to be made up with the rising about as stiff as common dough; put into the oven, and allowed to rise again. The bread made in this manner will be perfectly sweet, and free from acidity.

*Chowder.* Four or five slices pickled pork fried dry and a little brown, put at the bottom of the pot, with alternate layers of sliced potatoes, cracker, and fish — season with salt, pepper, and small onions, and as much water as will nearly cover the whole, to be stewed steadily for about fifteen minutes. The fish must be laid in salt and water a short time previously, in order to make it firm.

*Loaf Cake.* Half a pound flour, quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, half a pound of currants, half a pint of molasses, ten eggs, a small lump of pearlsh dissolved in a table-spoonful of cream — clove, cinnamon to your taste; one glass of wine.

*A rich Loaf Cake.* Six pounds of flower, four of butter, four of sugar, three dozen of eggs, six pounds of currants, half a pint of brandy, a pint of wine, one ounce of nutmegs, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of mace, one ounce of cloves, citron to your taste.

*Yellow Pickle, or Axe-jar.* One pound race ginger, one garlic, one horseradish, half a pound white mustard-seed, half a pound white pepper, three ounces turmeric, two ounces cloves, one ounce mace. Bruise the ginger, garlic and turmeric, and half of the pepper a little; put them into a stone jar, with two gallons of white vinegar. Shake it about very often for two weeks, keeping it constantly in the sun. Take cabbage, cauliflower, asparagus, &c., keep them in salt and water two days, scald them in fresh water, and put them to dry in the sun for a few hours; then throw them into the pickle. Cucumbers, beans, young corn, or any vegetable you fancy, may be done in the same way.

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#### A N E C D O T E S .

A lawyer, in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect till the opposite lawyer asked, what made him cry? 'He pinched me!' answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

At a late court, a man and his wife brought cross actions, each charging the other with having committed assault and battery. On

investigation, it appeared that the husband had pushed the door against the wife, and the wife in turn pushed the door against the husband. A gentleman of the bar remarked that he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife *a-dore-ing* each other.

A pedantic fellow called for a bottle of hock at a tavern, which the waiter, not hearing distinctly, asked him to repeat. 'A bottle of hock — hic, hæc, hoc,' replied the visiter. After sitting, however, a long time, and no wine appearing, he ventured to ring again, and inquire into the cause of the delay. 'Did I not order some hock, sir? why is it not brought in?' 'Because,' answered the waiter, (who had been taught Latin grammar) 'you afterwards *declined* it.'

A man was observed, on a cold evening, sitting on a small bridge, with his naked feet immersed in the running stream. Being asked the reason of so singular a measure, he replied that he was to sing bass, in concert, the following day, and was endeavoring to take cold to prepare his voice.

A person asking another, while viewing the front of Covent-garden theatre, of what order the pillars at the entrance were, received the answer, 'Why, sir, I am not very conversant in the orders of architecture; but from their being at the entrance of the house, I take it for granted, it must be the Dor-ic.'

A Yankee, speaking of his children, said he had seven sons, none of whom looked alike but Jonathan, and Jonathan did look just alike.

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## H Y M N S F O R C H I L D R E N .

### MORNING HYMN.

This is the morning hour,  
 And beautiful to see ;  
 The sun beams out with glorious power  
 And kindling majesty.

Oh, what have I to do  
 With slothful visions now ?  
 Let me my early prayers renew.  
 With bright and happy brow.

For God has blessed my night,  
And nerved my youthful frame,  
And I will seek him with delight,  
Through Jesus's blessed name.

## EVENING HYMN.

'T is evening, and the skies  
With starry lights are spread ;  
How very fair the moonbeams rise,  
And silver radiance shed !

I will retire to rest  
'Neath Nature's lovely eye,  
And feel my nightly slumber blest,  
For God is watching by.

And if the wing of death  
Should sweep o'er my repose,  
Resigned I'll yield to Him my breath,  
And rise as Jesus rose.

## INFANT'S HYMN.

When all the pretty flowers I see,  
So brightly blooming, fresh and new ;  
I wonder where the hand can be  
Which plants them out, and sheds the dew.

When through the air each little bird  
So lightly waves its downy wing ;  
I long to know who spoke the word  
That bade them live, and fly, and sing.

When all the stars are spangled out,  
Like diamonds in the evening sky,  
My infant mind is all in doubt  
Who hung these glorious things so high.

But when I think upon myself,  
 My hands and fingers, mouth and eyes,  
 With heart to feel, and tongue to speak !  
 Oh — then, new doubts and wonders rise.

How great, how glorious is our God !  
 Who made the treasures he unfolds !  
 Who plants with trees and flowers the sod,  
 And blesses all that he beholds.

To thee, my heavenly Father, still  
 To thee my grateful song shall rise ;  
 My highest joy to do thy will,  
 Till thou, in death, shall close my eyes.



#### A WORLD OF BOYS.

If all were youth, and this a world of boys,  
 Think, what a scene of trifles, tricks, and toys !  
 How would each minute of the livelong day,  
 In wild, obstreperous frolic waste away !  
 A world of boys ! defend us from a brood  
 So wanton, rash, improvident, and rude ;  
 Truants from duty, and in arts unskill'd,  
 Their minds and manners, like their fields, untill'd ;  
 Their furniture, of gaudy trinkets made ;  
 Sweetmeats the staple article of trade :  
 No fruit allowed to ripen on the tree,  
 And not a bird's nest from invasion free.  
 In public life, there still would meet your sight,  
 The same neglect of duty and of right.  
 Pray, for a sample, take a stripling court,  
 And see which there would triumph, law or sport.  
 'Adjourn, Adjourn,' some beardless judge would say,  
 'I'll hear the trial — when I've done my play ;'  
 Or, if the judge sat faithful to the laws,  
 Hear how the counsel might defend his cause.



'May't please your honor, 't is your turn to stop,  
 I'll spin my speech, when I have spun my top.'  
 Meanwhile, the jury pluck each others' hair,  
 The bar toss notes and dockets into air,  
 The sheriff, order 'd to keep silence, cries,  
 'Oh, yes! oh, yes! when I have caught these flies.'  
 Such were the revellings of this giddy sphere,  
 If youth alone enjoyed dominion here;  
 Their glory, mischief, and their business, play,  
 And life itself a misspent holiday.



## THE POOR WOMAN'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

You took me, Colin, when a girl, unto your home and heart,  
 To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part;  
 And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego —  
 Or pined there was not joy for me, when you were sunk in wo?  
 No — I would rather share *your* grief than any other's glee,  
 For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me;  
 You make a palace of my shed — this rough-hewn bench a throne,  
 There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.  
 I look upon you when you sleep, my eyes with tears grow dim,  
 I cry 'O Parent of the poor, look down from Heaven on him:  
 Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul —  
 Look down with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him  
 whole!'

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,  
 How oft are they forbid to close in slumber, by my child;  
 I take the little murmurer, that spoils my span of rest,  
 And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.  
 There's only one return I crave, — I may not need it long,  
 And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong!  
 I ask not for a kinder tone — for thou wert ever kind;  
 I ask not for less frugal fare — my fare I do not mind;  
 I ask not for more gay attire — if such as I have got  
 Suffice to make me fair to *thee*, for more I murmur not;  
 But I would ask some share of hours that you at clubs bestow —



Of knowledge that *you* prize so much, may *I* not something know?  
 Subtract from meetings among men, each eve, an hour for me —  
 Make me companion of your *soul*, as I may surely be!  
 If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away —  
 Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Colin, of your stay.  
 A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your *studious* hours, —  
 And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;  
 And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind;  
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

—

## THE HOUSEHOLD WOMAN.

By Caroline Gilman.

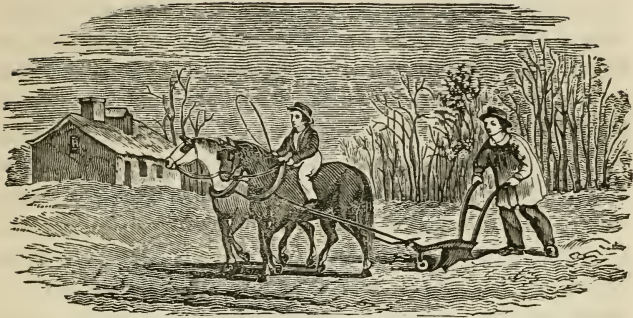
Graceful may seem the fairy form,  
 With youth and health and beauty warm,  
 Gliding along the airy dance,  
 Imparting joy at every glance.

And lovely too, when o'er the strings  
 Her hand of music woman flings,  
 While dewy eyes are upward thrown,  
 As if from Heaven to claim the tone.

And fair is she when mental flowers  
 Engage her soul's devoted powers,  
 And wreaths — unfading wreaths of mind,  
 Around her temples are entwined.

But never in her varied sphere  
 Is woman to the heart more dear,  
 Than when her homely task she plies,  
 With cheerful duty in her eyes;  
 And every *lowly* path well trod,  
 Looks meekly upward to her God.

A P R I L .



Northern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* The artichoke can be cultivated in some northern soils; it is a favorite vegetable in the southern States. The most common mode of cooking it, is boiling. It is raised from seeds sown three-fourths of an inch deep, in this month or in May; or from offset suckers, separated in April, and planted in rows four feet apart, and in hills two feet asunder. It requires a deep rich soil. (The vegetable called Jerusalem artichoke, and used for pickles, is not properly an artichoke.) Clear your ground of all insects and reptiles, except earth-worms, which are useful to soil. Prepare asparagus beds. Sow early beans and peas. Plant potatoes for early use. Sow beets, cabbages, carrots, cresses, and celery, towards the last of the month. See if your cabbage plants are large enough to set out. Sow fennel, marjoram, savory, sage, parsley, lettuce, onions, parsnips, radishes, and salsafy. Sow cucumbers in pots, under glass. Sow cauliflowers, cardoons, and coleworts. Sow round-

leaved spinage. Plant potatoes: this is the latest time for success with most kinds.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* It is recommended, by the Genessee Farmer, to scrape off the scaly particles of the dead bark of fruit and forest trees in the spring, while the sap is forcing up, and wash with soapsuds and other alkalis. Put cinders, bones, or stones, about the roots of pear trees. Plant shrubs and roses. Begin to sow flower seeds towards the last of the month, and vines for shade. The vine commonly known as the mock-orange, with its large grape-like leaves, the convolvulus, scarlet bean, &c., will refresh you and beautify porches, windows, &c. Bury dahlias in light earth, and keep in a warm room. The hydrangea—a showy and ornamental plant—is seldom successfully cultivated in this section, although there is nothing in its culture that should exclude them from the cultivation of any individual. Many of these plants are killed by persons who wish to enrich the soil; manure is added, and manure to the hydrangea is sure death. The plant may be propagated by layers and by cuttings. In the latter case, the shoots should be taken off in the spring, about a fortnight previous to the breaking of the buds, just as they begin to swell, or in the fall, two or three weeks after they have finished their summer's growth, and the wood begins to harden. Cut the shoots off below a bud, with from one to three inches of the wood, and insert in a small pot, to be shaded from the rays of the hot sun. As they increase in size, they should be shifted to larger pots. The soil most suited to the hydrangea, and in which it delights, is peat or bog earth, in the place of which, if these cannot be obtained, you may use leaf mould. Give a good drainage to the pots, and when the plants come in bloom, keep them well saturated with water, and allow them only a few hours sun, in the morning.

*Southern Garden Calendar.*

*Kitchen Garden.* You may venture to plant beans, for a last crop in the country; also peas. Your spring-sown cabbages will now be fit for transplanting. Plant early York and sugar-loaf, next battersea and drumhead, and last, late cabbages and savoy, for autumn crop. Sow cauliflowers and broccoli. Sow full crops snap and bush beans. Clear carrots and parsnips of weeds, and thin them. Sow for winter crop. Pull out seed-heads from autumn onions as soon as they appear. Sow leeks for winter use. Hoe and thin turnips. Begin culling asparagus-shoots for eating when they are about three or four inches in height. Hoe potatoes, and draw earth round them. Sow more radishes. Transplant lettuces of last month; and sow twice in April. Continue to sow small salads, if wanted. Sow celery for general crop. Mint may be planted; shoots from the old roots. Sow cucumbers and melons, for full crop; also squashes and pumpkins. The sooner you get okra into the ground, (if it has been neglected) the better. Thin February beets, if not done. Do not let weeds get ahead of you; they grow quicker than your plants.

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* If two shoots put out from one eye on your vines, take away the weakest with the finger and thumb. Take the runners from strawberries, unless you want plants for another bed next year. Water newly planted trees well once a week. Put out china-asters. Sow carnations in a cool situation; water them sparingly; shade them during summer, and do not remove until November. Sow sweet-williams in a cool situation. Geraniums as in January. Set out hydrangeas in open air in shady places.

## UP STAIRS.

Housewives must be as busy up stairs as down. Chamber-maids are liable to neglect their business. Why should *they* care if bugs are in your bedsteads, and your windows require cleaning? Will they examine closets and garrets? You must not expect it of them. If they make beds, and sweep, and fill the pitchers with water, they are satisfied. A walk up a few pair of stairs, will be useful every way to you or your elder girls.

If you are a mother, visit your children's rooms (grown-up ones, also) almost daily. Sit a little while with your sons and daughters, not as a spy, but to gain their confidence and to find out their wants. A word of advice will come to them with more power, as they sit apart from the family, than in the social circle.

Change the places of your bed-room furniture spring and fall. It gives a pleasant variety to a house; and removing from one side of a room to another, promotes cleanliness. Many a cobweb and bunch of lint will be developed in these movements.

It is almost impossible (quite, in warm climates) to keep bedsteads entirely free from bugs, unless they are taken down and cleansed once a year. Beat up two whites of eggs with an ounce of quicksilver, and rub in every crevice. If your feather-beds smell badly or become heavy, empty them, and wash the feathers in soap-suds; spread them in a garret or dry out-house, and they will freshen up as if new.

At the south, millers begin to appear in April. Begin to look out for your woollens. The northerners may be quiet on that subject until May. Provide abundantly basins, tubs, &c., for the use of your families in their bed-rooms; and a bathing-room for all.



## RECIPES FOR COOKING, &amp; C.

*To keep Milk sweet.* The following facts may be of service to those who are in the habit of purchasing milk in quantities, and do not wish it to become sour. Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, in giving an account in Silliman's Journal, of his experiments upon the essential oils, seems to think that the acrid ones will resist putrefaction better than the mild ones. Among other experiments, he states that he found 'the essential oil of cloves and cinnamon possessed of an antiseptic power quite equal to that of kreosote.'

'On the second of July, he added two drops of oil of cinnamon to an ounce measure of fresh milk; it remained liquid on the eleventh, and though it finally coagulated, it continued free from bad taste or smell, till September, although other portions of the same milk had become putrid.' Now it may be possible, two drops to the ounce of milk, may render it a little too spicy for common purposes; but this fact may lead to the discovery of some substance that may be added, and while it does not injure the taste or qualities of the milk, preserves it a long time from becoming sour, or from putrefying. A small quantity of pearlash or soda thrown into a basin of milk, will prevent it from becoming sour, and even restore it after it has become slightly soured. One tea-spoonful is generally sufficient for a pan containing one gallon of milk. Soda is preferable to either pearlash or cinnamon oil.

*Dairy Secret.* Have ready two pans in boiling water; and on the new milk's coming to the dairy, take the hot pans out of the water, put the milk into one of them, and cover it with the other. This will occasion great augmentation in the thickness and quality of the cream.

*Mock Turtle of Calf's Head.* Have the head nicely cleaned, divide the chop from the skull, take out the brains and tongue, and boil the other parts till tender; take them out of the water and put into it a knuckle of veal or four pounds of lean beef, three onions chopped, thyme, parsley, a teaspoonful of pounded cloves, the same of mace; salt and cayenne pepper to taste; boil these things together till reduced to a pint, strain it and add two gills of red wine, one of mushroom and one of walnut catsup; thicken it with butter and brown

flower ; the head must be cut in small pieces and stewed a few minutes in the gravy ; put a paste round the edge of a deep dish, three folds one on the other, but none on the bottom ; pour in the meat and gravy, and bake it till the paste is done ; pick all the strings from the brains, pound them and add grated bread, pepper, and salt, make them in little cakes with the yolk of an egg ; fry them a nice brown ; boil six eggs hard ; leave one whole, and divide the others exactly in two ; have some bits of paste nicely baked. When the head is taken from the oven, lay the whole egg in the middle, and dispose the others, with the brain-cakes and bits of paste tastily around it. If it be wanted as soup, do not reduce the gravy so much ; and after stewing the head, serve it in a tureen, with the brain-cakes and forcemeat-balls fried, in place of the eggs and paste. The tongue should be salted and put in brine : they are very delicate ; and four of them boiled and peeled, and served with four small chickens boiled, make a handsome dish, either cold or hot, with parsley and butter poured over them.

*Extract from an old Almanac.* The men who are farmers by book, are no farmers for me. They make much talk and parade about their compost and their non-compost, and all that ; but give me the man who prefers his hands to books, and with a little will fetch a great deal to pass. Let those who follow husbandry for amusement, try experiments. Poh, nonsense ! Why, my wife, the other day — silly woman — undertook to bake a pudding by the book. And she book'd it and book'd it, and after all never cook'd it. Zounds ! said I — Sarah, this never will do for *working* farmers ; if we undertake to make puddings and sow turnips by the book, we shall get to the last page of our business before we are half ready. Let learned men attend to cases, genders, moods, and tenses ; you and I will see to our dairies, flocks, and fields and fences. Come, where are the boys ? Here is business enough for an army of us ! Now is the time, you know, to clear out the ditches, and to carry the mud into the barnyard. We must also be about ploughing ; and there is the garden matters. Now let us see that the cucumbers are picked. Gather the seeds as they ripen.



## ANECDOTES.

A humorous divine, visiting a gentleman whose wife was none of the most amiable, overheard his friend say, 'If it were not for the stranger in the next room, I would kick you out of doors. Upon which the clergyman stepped in and said, 'Pray sir, make no stranger of me.'

An honest clergyman in the country was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions, seeing they were both one. 'Both one!' cried the husband; 'were you to come by our door sometimes when we quarrel, you would swear we were twenty.'

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family in Ireland. Yes, said a bystander, I have seen some of the same family so high that their feet could not touch the ground.

An Irish sailor, as he was riding, made a pause; the horse, in beating off the flies, caught his hind foot in the stirrup. The sailor observing it, exclaimed, 'How now, Dobbin, if you are going to get on, I will get off; for, by the powers, I will not ride double with you.'

A Hibernian, seeing an old man and woman in the stocks, said that they put him in mind of 'the babes in the wood.'

An Irishman, some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons. The flute-player informed him that he generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. 'Then, by my sowl,' replied the cunning Hibernian, 'I'll come the second month.'

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 THE DELAY OF SPRING.

Oh, balmy Spring, why ling'rest thou  
 In distant climes, where Winter's brow  
 Long since has fled, and not a bough  
 Implores thy verdant livery now  
 The sighing groves to cheer?

Do sweeter warblers hail thee there ?  
 Do richer flowers perfume thine air ?  
 More garlands do thine altars bear,  
 Or are they decked by hands more fair  
     Than those which greet thee here ?

But thou would'st find, O season bland !  
 Even *here* a thousand votaries stand  
 Around thy shrine with willing hand,  
 And anxious wait thy soft command,  
     To pour their off'rings pure ;  
 And oft some lonely warbler's power  
 Tries to revive the leafless bower ;  
 And here and there some peeping flower,  
 Impatient for thy genial hour,  
     Sheds odors premature.

Oh, hasten then, and reillumine  
 Thy mourning votaries' anxious gloom ;  
 Let bower and grove and vale assume  
 The riches of their native bloom,  
     The riches thou canst give ;  
 Come then, and let thy breezes bring  
 Their sweetly varied murmuring ;  
 And raise the raptured warbler's wing,  
 And make unnumbered flowerets spring,  
     And bid all nature live !

For joy and health are thine ! and oh,  
 The elastic nerve — the vivid glow —  
 Th' elated spirits' rapturous flow —  
 And every balm for every wo,  
 With thy soft breath are given :  
 Nor these alone ; blest Spring, 't is thine  
 To yield *the mind's* sweet anodyne ;  
 Th' ethereal sense — the feeling fine —  
 The firm resolve — the high design —  
     And thought that lifts to Heaven !

MAY.



Northern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* It is said that London gardeners sprinkle plants copiously with cold water, before sunrise, that have been touched by the frost. This may be a good hint for the New-Englander, in May. Sow tomatoes in a warm situation. Let potatoes lie in the sun, or in a warm room, before they are planted. Plant cucumbers, melons, squashes, and gourds. Plant bean crop; weed and thin radishes; plant corn for table use; sow carrots; weed April plants; sow turneps and peas; transplant early lettuce. Throw lime into the hole with potatoes, when planting.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Now is the last opportunity for scions of fruit trees for grafting. Spade carefully round the roots of gooseberries; prune branches, and prevent their crossing. The best form for a well-trained gooseberry or currant bush, is that of a wine-glass. When your parlor bulbs begin to look decayed, give them no more water, but

turn the jars on their sides until the earth is dry; then take out the bulbs and put them in a dry place, for replanting in the fall. Set out dahlias in warm spots. Sow annual flower seeds this month in pots for transplanting, or in borders in the garden.

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### Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Snap-beans may be planted. Sow cabbage seed, if heretofore neglected; also cauliflowers, carrots, and parsneps. Sow lettuce. There is no use in transplanting now. Mustard, cress, &c., may be sowed. Salmon turnep radishes will succeed any time this month; also spinage. Sow celery for a late crop. Sow a succession of crops of cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c. Be careful to water, if dry. Transplant peppers and tomatoes planted last month. Plant winter beets, if not done. Gather mint, balm, sage, &c., if nearly at full growth. Gather such medicinal herbs as are in flower. Do not dry herbs in the sun.

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Thin fruit from your trees, if crowded. Give summer pruning to peach, nectarine, and apricot trees. Look to unnecessary shoots on your vines. Take away suckers from the bottom of fig trees, and cut off shoots carefully from the old wood. Keep hydrangeas in cool, moist, but not rich earth. It is propagated by layers and cuttings.

*Garden and House Flowers.* If you have room for a garden, it can be a source of great delight to your family. It will be a refreshing spot for the gentlemen of your household when wearied with the bustle of a business life. Your children will love to gather flowers there; and the exercise will be healthful. Give each of them a small patch of

ground, and let them show their taste in arranging it. You will yourself find it a pleasant luxury, particularly if circumstances lead you to sedentary habits. Have a convenient shelter for your tools, and see that the young gardeners are careful in returning them to their places. If you have not a gardening spot, train up a few vines about your premises, with a flower-pot here and there, to give a pretty effect to your home. I recollect one day, in a crowded street in a city, entering a confined shop, and not feeling very well, I requested a seat. One was offered me in an inner apartment; and I could not but look with surprise and delight on the prospect that lay by the little parlor door. There was a small enclosure, not more than five feet wide, nor fifteen long, cultivated with perfect taste. Flowers, of the sweetest hue and perfume, were trained with the most admirable regard to space; and in the confined yard adjoining, a rich peach tree was bending with fruit. The woman who tended the shop stepped out to speak with me; and I discovered from her remarks, that she *cultivated* her garden at *night* when the shop was closed, and *enjoyed* it by moonlight.

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#### USEFUL NOTICES.

*Washing Silks.* Lay the piece of silk upon a clean board; soap a piece of flannel wet, and with this rub the silk carefully and evenly one way; after having thus cleansed one side of the silk, take a wet sponge and wash off the soap; proceed in the same manner to clean the other side, and then wipe the water off of each with a clean dry cloth; after which hang the silk in the air to dry; do not wring it, but hang it as single as possible upon a linen horse, and let it dry gradually. When very nearly dry, iron it with a cool box. In this manner we last summer washed a slate-colored dress, which was so dirty, with the constant wear of a winter, that we did not like to use

it, even for linings, without endeavoring to remove some of the spots, and we were quite hopeless of its being fit for anything except linings, even when washed; but its brightness was completely restored, and its texture softer than when new.'

*Cheap and easy method to preserve Pelts covered with Fur, from injury by vermin, during summer months.* Sprinkle tobacco on them, roll and compress them together, and secure them with a small ligature. Then enclose them in a linen or cotton bag, and place them in a dark closet. Buffalo robes, muffs, caps, boas, &c., treated in this way, will not fade nor be at all injured by moths or other vermin during the warm season.

*Recipe for coloring Flannel.* Take black alder bark, boil it well, then skim or strain the liquor. Wet the cloth in a pretty strong lye, and dip it into the alder liquor; let it remain till cool enough to wring, and you have an indelible orange color. The better the cloth, the better the color.

*A method of preventing Iron and Steel from rusting after being newly ground.* A blacksmith, who was formerly engaged in the manufacture of sickles, says that the method he adopted to prevent his sickles from rusting after grinding, was to immerse them for an hour in water strongly impregnated with lime. This had the desired effect.

*To make Plate look new.* Take unslacked lime and alum, a pound each; of aquavitæ and vinegar, each a pint; and of beer-grounds, two quarts; boil the plate in these, and they will set a beautiful gloss upon it.

*Preserved Flowers and Plants.* You may dry plants and herbs, and retain the whole of the volatile oil, aroma, and color of the plant. Place the specimens in a close dark room; when the plants are nearly dry, press them in small quantities, enveloped in paper, until the oil appears on the surface, which you will know by its discoloring the paper; then do them up in clean paper bags, and they will retain their fragrance and medicinal properties for years.

*Remedies against Rats and Mice.* Take a spoonful of flour, mixed with some scrapings of old cheese and seeds of hemlock, (*cicuta*) made as fine as possible. Set it where the mice haunt. If it be set in a house, let it not be in the same apartment with anything which is used as food by the family. This mixture, according to Deane's New-England Farmer, will destroy all the mice which have access to it; and the same poison will destroy rats.



*Poison by ivy* is said to be of an acid nature, and alkalies are recommended as remedies for it. Lime-water, lye obtained from wood ashes, or weak solutions of pot or pearlash, will therefore be good applications in cases of poison by ivy. Soft soap and cold water are likewise useful in such cases.

## HINTS FROM MRS. CHILD.

Brass andirons should be cleaned, done up in papers, and put in a dry place during the summer season.

If you have a large family, it is well to keep white rags separate from colored ones, and cotton separate from woolen; they bring a higher price. Paper brings a cent a pound, and if you have plenty of room, it is well to save it. 'A penny saved is a penny earned.'

Always have plenty of dish-water, and have it hot. There is no need of asking the character of a domestic, if you have ever seen her wash dishes in a little greasy water.

When molasses is used in cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as nice as sugar. Where molasses is used much for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

In winter, always set the handle of your pump as high as possible before you go to bed. This keeps the handle from freezing. When there is reason to apprehend extreme cold, do not forget to throw a rug or horse-blanket over your pump; a frozen pump is a comfortless preparation for a winter's breakfast.

Never allow ashes to be taken up in wood, or put into wood. Always have your tinder-box and lantern ready for use, in case of sudden alarm. Have important papers all together, where you can lay your hand on them at once, in case of fire.

## IMPROVEMENTS WANTED.

*Cleaning Knives and Forks.* We seem to be in the dark ages still, about cleaning knives and forks; the present process is tedious and dangerous. It is a little remarkable that no machine has been constructed to save labor and fretting in this business.

*Carriage for Invalids.* Why has it never been the custom for persons who cannot use sufficient exercise in walking, to be provided with conveyances for locomotion, by which they could go about indepen-



dently? something on the plan of a go-cart for children, or a small neat vehicle, the wheels of which should turn with a crank. How delightful these would be on beaches, or a level road, or even at the sides of streets in populous cities, for those who cannot afford or dislike horses.

*The Churn.* The churn is an unwieldy article, and something should be devised to save the labor which is called in requisition in 'making butter come.'

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A N E C D O T E S .

A man driving a number of cattle to Boston, one of his cows went into a barn-yard, where there stood a young lad. The drover calls to the boy, 'Stop that cow, my lad, stop that cow.' 'I am no constable, sir.' 'Turn her, then.' 'She is right side out now, sir.' 'Well, speak to her then.' The boy took off his hat, and very handsomely addressed the cow, with 'Your servant, madam.' The drover rode into the yard, and drove the cow out himself.

'You are always yawning,' said a woman to her husband. 'My dear friend,' replied he, 'the husband and wife are *one*; and when I am *alone*, I grow weary.'

A witty knave bargained with a seller of lace in London for as much as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, it appeared that one of his ears was nailed at the pillory in Bristol.

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. 'They are such works,' says the Paddy, 'as a man writes after he is dead.'

A whimsical mistake was made by a country schoolmaster, who was employed to pen a petitionary address to a chief magistrate, whose circumference was at least six feet seven inches in the girth. Thus was the petition to this very great man addressed: 'To the mare and boddy corpulent.'

Two friends, who had not seen each other for a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did. He replied that he was not very well, and had married since they last met.' 'That is good news, indeed.' 'Nay, not so very good, neither, for I have

married a shrew.' 'That is bad, too.' 'Not so bad, neither, for I had two thousand pounds with her.' 'That is well again.' 'Not so well, neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot.' 'That was hard, in truth.' 'Not so hard, neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me.' 'Aye, that made you amends.' 'Not so much amends, neither, for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burned.' 'That was a great loss, indeed.' 'Not so great a loss, for my wife was burned in it.'

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## A JUDICIOUS WOMAN.

Not long since a lady wished to purchase a shawl, but found it difficult to get one which exactly suited her taste. At length she found one which seemed to unite all the requisites. Alas! on inquiry, the price was higher than her prudence told her she ought to give. Still the article was so exactly suited to her wishes, that she hesitated and looked at it. The shopman availed himself of her indecision to extol the beauty and advantage of this shawl over every other shawl in the store, or even in the city. He named two ladies of fashion who had purchased the others; and these (a crowning argument) were the only ones beside which had been imported. It was a new pattern, a new fabric, and there would be no more shawls like it until spring, and she had better not lose the present opportunity. She wavered—she asked a friend's advice—her friend urged her to take it, and said she knew her husband would not refuse to indulge her taste.

After a little deliberation, she said, 'I know my husband would like to gratify me, but it may be inconvenient to him to pay so much at this time, and I will consult with him about it.' She concluded her remarks with this judicious observation: that she 'had rather her husband should make an objection before she should purchase an expensive article, than complain of an extravagance after she had obtained it.'

Would all women reason in this way, half the evils of married life would be avoided. How many kind-hearted but inconsiderate wives would be spared from the reproach of extravagance and bad management, if they would first consult their husbands' convenience.

## SONG.

By Mrs. Wells.

New-England, New-England, my home o'er the sea!  
 My heart, as I wander, turns fondly to thee;  
 For bright rests the sun on thy clear winding streams,  
 And soft o'er thy meadows the moon pours her beams.  
 New-England, New-England, my home o'er the sea!  
 The wanderer's heart turns in fondness to thee.

Thy breezes are healthful, and clear are thy rills,  
 And the harvest waves proudly and rich on thy hills.  
 Thy maidens are fair, and thy yeomen are strong,  
 And thy rivers run blithely thy valleys among.  
 New-England, New-England, my home o'er the sea!  
 The wanderer's heart turns in fondness to thee.

There's a home in New-England, where dear ones of mine  
 Are thinking of me and the days of lang syne;  
 And blest be the hour when, my pilgrimage o'er,  
 I shall sit by that hearth-stone and leave it no more.  
 New-England, New-England, my home o'er the sea!  
 My heart, as I wander, turns fondly to thee.

## TO A FRIEND.

By Caroline Gilman.

The moon that proudly treads the sky,  
 Were doubly bright if thou wert nigh;  
 The breeze that murmurs on mine ear,  
 Were softer still, if thou wert here;  
 The sky would beam a lovelier blue,  
 If thou couldst whisper, 'I am true';  
 And thoughts of Heaven bear firmer sway,  
 If thou shouldst point, and lead the way.

JUNE.



## Northern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Late crops may be raised of oats, ruta bage, beans, peas, potatoes, and mangel wurtzel or field beet. Sow turneps among corn. About the last of the month, sow crops of melons and cucumbers, for pickling. Thin melon plants. Look for the cut-worm at the roots of plants. Transplant tomatoes. It is very necessary to soak such seeds as are slow in vegetating, such as beet, onion, carrot, parsnep, martynia, watermelon, asparagus, parsley, celery, and many others; and it will not injure them to soak them thirty or forty hours. It is not so necessary to soak some other seeds; or if they are soaked, a less time will suffice — such as turnep, cabbage, cucumber, squash, pumpkin, and some others.

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Early in June is about the safest time to set out dahlia plants: put a neat stake down by the plants, as they are brittle. Transplant annuals, such as blue amethyst, scarlet tassel flower, double balsams, asters,

globe amaranthus, ice plant, marigold, chrysanthemum, eternal flower, coxcomb, ten-weeks-stock, &c.

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**Southern Garden Calendar.**

*Kitchen Garden.* Continue to plant snap beans. April cabbage plants may be transplanted. Cauliflowers may still succeed. Transplant April growth. Sow carrots and parsneps in showery weather, for winter use. Hoe and thin. Still sow cabbage. Hoe and thin lettuce. Sow radishes and small salads in a shady part of the garden. Water seeds as well as plants. Put out celery, if not done before. Pull onions, and keep in a dry open apartment; also garlic and shallots. It is not too late for cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c.; thin those of last month's growth to three or four on a hill. Thin okra, and hoe often. Support tomatoes with sticks; put one stick in the middle, and three or four round each bush.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* It is very important that neglected trees should be trimmed. Thin crowded fruit. Water twice a week, if dry.

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**YOUR PREMISES. YOUR NEIGHBORS.**

Be as ambitious for neatness *about* your dwelling as *in* it; and look with a jealous scrutiny at your pump. Is it not the height of ingratitude, that dirt should be allowed to collect around the spot which is the very fountain of purity? If the water is hard, keep a tub or barrel half full of ashes, and fill up with water as you want it. A gallon of strong lye put into a large kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain-water.

Do not be afraid of going into stables, wood-houses, &c. Your husband has enough to do to provide the means of filling them, without the care of keeping them in order. You, being constantly on the spot, can see when articles want repairing. A nail driven in at the right moment, or a lock repaired on an out-house, may save many dollars and much fretting. Keep the front of your house clean, by daily sweeping.

Do not annoy your neighbors by noisy pets or anything else; but treat the poorest among them with consideration. It is pleasant to look out of one's windows upon friends. I once knew a gentleman who was annoyed by a hen of his neighbor's, which flew over the fence into his garden. Instead of catching the hen, cutting its wings, and sending the culprit home with a kind message, he wrung its neck and threw it over the fence. Now this I call *not* neighborly.

The system of borrowing too frequently, is apt to destroy kind neighborhood. Why is there such an absence of step-ladders, wheelbarrows, bed-keys, in the world? It would be amusing to count the number of these articles, as compared with the number of affluent families who have every other luxury. There is a good college joke of a great borrower, who was constantly sending to his classmates for their bellows. One of them being somewhat tired of lending, told him one day that he was sorry he could not let them go out of the room, but that he might sit by *his* fire and blow.

Let your premises show as much taste as your means will permit. If you cannot paint, you can whitewash; and if you cannot whitewash, you can plant pretty vines to cover your fences. It will inspire your servants with a love of neatness, should you cultivate it in their sight; and if you



feel as I do, you will love to see them sitting in a clean yard, after the labor of the day is over, with the pleasant moonlight flickering through the leaves of the shade you have planted.

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#### COOKING.

*Time for boiling certain Meats.* Neat's tongue should be boiled full three hours. If it has been in salt long, it is well to soak it over night in cold water. Put it in to boil when the water is cold. If you boil it in a small pot, it is well to change the water when it has boiled an hour and a half; the fresh water should boil before the half-cooked tongue is put in again. It is nicer for being kept in a cool place a day or two after being boiled.

Nearly the same rules apply to salt beef. A six-pound piece of corned beef should boil full three hours; and salt beef should be boiled four hours. The salter meat is, the longer it should be boiled. If very salt, it is well to put it in soak over night: change the water while cooking; and observe the same rules as in boiling tongue. If it is intended to be eaten when cold, it is a good plan to put it between clean boards, and press it down with heavy weights for a day or two.

A small leg of bacon should be boiled three hours; ten pounds, four hours; twelve pounds, five hours.

All meat should boil moderately; furious boiling injures the flavor.

Fresh meat should never be put in to cook till the water boils; and it should be boiled in as little water as possible: otherwise the flavor is injured.

Mutton, enough for a family of five or six, should boil an hour and a half.

A leg of lamb should boil an hour, or little more than an hour, perhaps.

Mrs. Child.



## A LAMENT, OVER A FAILING MUSICAL VOICE.

By Caroline Gilman.

Where art thou, friend of former years,  
Thou pleasant voice of song,  
That gushed from out my inmost heart  
In carol soft or strong?

Oh, I remember still thy lays,  
Trilled off with thoughtless glee,  
Amid my toys or garden walks,  
Or 'neath the spreading tree.

I can recall the nursery song  
That soothed my kitten's cries,  
And that low note that sought to shut  
My dolly's staring eyes.

And I remember, as a dream,  
My mother's tender pride,  
When calling *her* young singing-bird  
To warble by her side.

With head erect, hands clasped before,  
And courtesy fitly train'd,  
I gave the shrill, ambitious song  
With voice unduly strain'd.

And humbler, holier notes than these,  
Come back through distant years,  
The hymning at that mother's knee,  
Who bless'd me through her tears.

Then higher feeling rose and grew  
With strong, profound control,  
Till rich romance swept o'er my life,  
And lent my voice a soul.

On sunny hills, in woodland depths,  
 The silver stream along,  
 'Mid meadow flowers and orchard fruits  
 I poured the dreamy song.

And when the moon, with chastened smile,  
 Look'd downward on mine eye,  
 And her soft radiance thrilled my frame,  
 It rose in ecstasy.

Next *Friendship* woke my heart's young tune,  
 As, hand by hand still prest,  
 Her eyes, like eyes of cherubim,  
 Look'd deep within my breast.

And *Love* stole near, and as he stirr'd  
 That heart's unruffled sea,  
 Tears, smiles, and sighs alternate rose,  
 Struggling for melody.

Who hath been young, nor owned that love  
 Is like the fabled ray,  
 Waking the spirit into song  
 As breaks life's sunny day?

Who hath been young, nor felt the heart  
 Thrill like a breeze-touch'd lyre,  
 When love has swept its sleeping chords,  
 Awaking new desire?

Then came the carol here and there,  
 Heard from the busy wife,—  
 Snatches of song that lighten up  
 The toils and cares of life.

And then the gentle lullaby  
 That sooth'd the babe to rest,  
 As, sinking like a twilight flower,  
 He nestled on my breast,

Unconscious of the eyes that gazed  
With fond devotion there,  
Unconscious of the broken song  
That formed itself to prayer.

Nor be thy *sacred* notes forgot,  
Voice of the bygone days !  
The lay of evening penitence,  
The morning hymn of praise.

Nor yet th' inspiring, holy swell  
Of sabbath's blessed chime,  
Which bore, upon its upward wing,  
The cares of earth and time.

Oh, truant voice of former song,  
Return, return again !  
My heart is young — awake once more  
Thy glad and solemn strain.

The bright round hills are standing still,  
The woodland depths are green,  
The orchards glow with autumn fruit,  
And streamlets glide between :

The lovely moon still mounts her car  
Flooding the earth and sea, —  
Voice of my youth, on that bright ray  
Why glid'st thou not to me ?

Friendship is true, and love still warm,  
And Sabbath hymns are sung ;  
With passionate appeal I ask,  
Why leave thy lyre unstrung ?

How silent ! — but methinks I hear  
A whisper from afar,  
That tells me we shall meet again  
Where *new-cloth'd voices are !*

And mine, *mine own*, will sound once more  
 Amid the eternal choir,  
 And swell in loftier, sweeter strains,  
 To some celestial lyre.

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A N E C D O T E S .

A certain gentleman, not well skilled in orthography, requested his friend to send him *too* monkies. The *t* not being distinctly written, the friend concluded his *too* was intended for 100. With difficulty, he procured fifty, which he sent; adding, 'the other fifty, agreeable to your order, will be forwarded as soon as possible.'

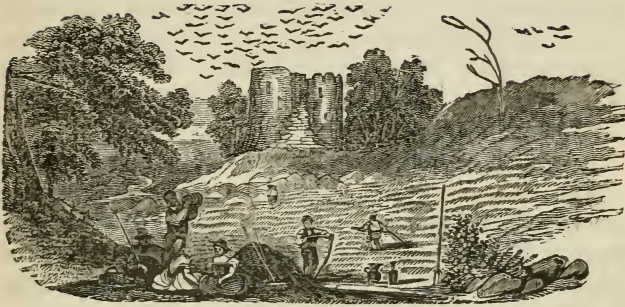
A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*, as 'press that gentleman to take some refreshment,' 'press him to stay to-night,' thought he would shew his talents by using a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple, one evening, to cry out in company, 'Pray, *squeeze* that lady to sing.'

A gentleman once observing that a person famous in the musical line led a very abandoned life, 'Aye,' replied a wag, 'the whole tenor of his life has been base.'

A person remarkable for his stupidity and indolence, was desired by his wife not to be gone so much, as she was afraid to be left alone. 'Poh!' said he; 'Nought is never in danger.' 'I know that,' said she; 'but Nought's wife is.'

A gentleman having put out a candle by accident one night, ordered his waiting-man (who was a simple being) to light it again in the kitchen. 'But take care, John,' added he, 'that you do not hit yourself against anything in the dark.' Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him; but unluckily a door, which stood half open, passed between his hands and struck him a woful blow upon the nose. 'Dickens!' muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little, 'I always heard that I had a plaguy long nose, but I vow I never have thought before that it was longer than my arm.'

JULY.



Northern Garden Calendar.

Gather garden seeds as they ripen, and arrange them systematically for the next year, observing that they are well dried. Dig up the ground ready for new seed. Sow cabbages, &c. Thin lettuce, &c. Pull up dry pea-vines. Sow turneps. Let those cucumbers remain for seed, which are nearest the root. Cress is sown from April to September — of easy culture, and well known for its uses as a garnish and with salads. Leek (a species of onion) should be sown from April to August, and treated generally like onions — in light, rich soil: as the plants grow strong, draw the earth up around them, by which means the bulbs will be blanched, and become much sweeter. Parsley is sown from April to August; the seed seldom vegetates in a less time than five weeks after sowing; and it is recommended to soak the seed twelve hours in water mixed with sulphur; this process, with attentive watering, will cause the seeds to vegetate in

less than a fortnight: it is sometimes used in field culture, and is a well known valuable seasoning herb.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* House plants must be well watered, and supported with sticks, when you carry them into the air.

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### Southern Garden Calendar.

Do not plant, unless in a shady place, and give plenty of water. You may plant snap-beans, but soak them in water six hours before planting; and water earth before you plant. Put out May cabbage plants, and sow more seed. Transplant cauliflower, if not done. Sow, if wanted. Transplant leeks; take up onions, and dry. Carrots and parsneps may succeed, if it should be showery. At the close of the month, sow endive, for first crop; also, turneps. Sow lettuce twice this month. Middle of the month, plant out first crop celery. The chance for radishes is small. Sow small salads every week, where they are daily wanted. Sow spinage. Nothing will now thrive without water.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Examine trees, and see if any straggling branches are to be removed.

*Sweet Potatoes.* In Louisiana the planters raise their sweet potatoes thus. They make a bed of fresh stable manure, as you would a hot-bed for forcing other vegetables: on this bed they lay their sweet potatoes, without cutting, about eight or ten inches apart, and cover them with well rotted manure, or compost made very fine, to the depth of six inches. The potato will soon sprout and come up. When two or three inches high, they draw the sprouts, by running the finger down to the potato, and breaking them off there. These sprouts they transplant in a hill with a dibble; and if



the earth is not sufficiently wet, water the plants two or three times. A gill of water to a plant will be sufficient for a watering; and in five or six days the plants will have taken root. Care must be taken to insert the plants as deep in the hill as they were in the bed when drawn. By this mode of bedding and transplanting, larger and more abundant crops are obtained. A bushel thus bedded, will plant five acres of ground.

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#### CHILDREN.

Few families in the United States can afford room and attendance for a nursery. Our little ones may be seen on all parts of our premises tottling about in their visits of curiosity, from object to object, partially under the mother's eye; while their 'hair-breadth escapes' show how Providence has adjusted circumstances to their helplessness. Dr. Alcott has written an admirable book called 'The Young Mother;' but except those whom wealth has raised above the business of life, how few can avail themselves of it. Most mothers have not the time to use the excellent precautions it recommends. Young and inexperienced, they go on under the simple direction of common-sense and a kind of necessity. To those who can read and act upon Dr. Alcott's book, it will prove a treasure.

One simple charge may be given to mothers. Dispense with ceremonious company altogether, unless you have a separate apartment for your children. The two objects of entertaining visitors and taking care of the little ones, cannot be attained without wearing down your soul and body, and making you either irritated against your children or cold to your guests. Some little *automaton* may be induced, perhaps, to sit still in a chair and do penance; but children



will generally take advantage of your engagedness with others to perpetrate some extra mischief. Bobby will climb up the back of a chair and lose his balance; Lucy's hand will clutch Sally's ringlets; Tim will get at the bellows and puff at the ashes — Sue thrust her fingers into the sugar-bowl — Dick maltreats Fanny's doll, and Fanny a bore; Dick drums with a fork — while mama keeps up a rattling thunder of 'Be still! — do n't you dear — let alone,' &c.



#### MAKE YOUR OWN BEDS, YOUNG LADIES.

'When you leave school, take care of your own chamber. It is a good plan to strip the clothes off your bed and shake it up as soon as you rise from it; by doing it then, your cap protects your hair from lint and feathers; and being lightly clothed, your movements are perfectly free, and the glow occasioned by exercise, makes you on a cold morning feel less dread of cold water. You can finish making your bed and dust your furniture after you are dressed, and before breakfast, if there is time; but if not, return and do it as soon as possible after that meal is over.'

Mrs. Farrar

This is good advice; but many persons become so chilled as not to be able to use their hands in dressing, after so cold an operation; to such, a pair of warm gloves and fur shoes would be a great comfort. It is not every young person who knows how to make a bed, and much of the comfort of life depends upon it.

*Directions for making a Bed.* Place a chair at the foot of the bed. Then take hold of the spread at the top, and draw it down, and turn it over the chair; the same with the blankets and sheets: by this means you will always know

which is the upper sheet and which part has been to the head. (Many persons draw the bed-clothes off together, and throw them on a chair or trunk to any part of the room, which produces confusion in returning them.) Beat up the pillows and bolster, and place them in the air while you beat up the bed. When ready to shake the bed, take hold of one corner at a time with both hands, and get the feathers in the centre; then take hold of the tick in the centre, and shake the feathers back again; then insert both hands under the bed at the side, and with a firm hold turn it quickly over. Spread on each article, and tuck under the bed separately. Then, with a good conscience, you will have pleasant dreams.

N. B. It is economy of time for two persons to make a bed together. Perhaps the best plan is to have no feather-bed.

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#### RECIPES.

*Sponge Cake.* The nicest way to make sponge-cake or diet bread, is the weight of six eggs in sugar, the weight of four eggs in flour, a little rose-water. The whites and yolks should be beaten thoroughly and separately. The eggs and sugar should be well beaten together; but after the flour is sprinkled, it should not be stirred a moment longer than is necessary to mix it well; it should be poured into the pan, and got into the oven with all possible expedition. Twenty minutes is about long enough to bake. Not to be put in till some other articles have taken off the first few minutes of furious heat.

*Dough-nuts.* One pint of flour, half a pint of sugar, three eggs, a piece of butter as big as an egg, and a tea-spoonful of dissolved pearlsh. When you have no eggs, a gill of lively yeast will do; but in that case they must be made over night. Cinnamon, rose-water, or lemon brandy if you have it. If you use part lard instead of butter, add a little salt. Not put in till the fat is very hot. The more fat they are fried in, the less they will soak fat.

*Common Wedding Cake.* Four pounds of flour, three pounds of

butter, three pounds of sugar, four pounds of currants or raisins, twenty-four eggs, half a pint of brandy or lemon brandy, one ounce of mace, and three nutmegs. A little molasses makes it dark colored, which is desirable. Half a pound of citron improves it; but it is not necessary. To be baked from two and a half to three hours. After the oven is cleared, it is well to shut the door for eight or ten minutes, to let the violence of the heat subside before cake or bread is put in.

*Hard Gingerbread.* One pound of flour, half a pound of butter and sugar rubbed into it; half a pound of sugar; a great spoonful of ginger, or more, according to its strength; a spoonful of rose-water, and a handful of caraway seed. Well beat up. Kneaded stiff enough to roll out and bake on flat pans. Bake twenty or thirty minutes.

*Cup Cake.* This is about as good as pound cake, and is cheaper. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, and four eggs, well beat together, and baked in pans, or cups. Bake twenty minutes, and no more.

*Tea Cake.* There is a kind of tea-cake still cheaper. Three cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, a spoonful of dissolved pearlash, and four cups of flour, well beat up. If it is so stiff that it will not stir easily, add a little more milk.

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#### ANECDOTES.

‘I will give you,’ said Lord Orford, ‘what I call the king of bulls. An Irish baronet walking out with a gentlemen, who told me the story, was met by his nurse, who asked charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently, I will give you nothing; you played me a scandalous trick in my infancy. The old woman, in amazement, asked him what injury she had done him. He answered, ‘I was a fine boy, and you changed me.’ In this bull, even personal identity is confounded.’

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who resided in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. ‘Oh! by no means,’ replied the doctor;

'I have another patient in the neighborhood, and I always set out hoping to kill two birds with one stone.'

A schoolmaster in a neighboring town, wishing to discover the talents of his scholars for geography, asked one of the youngest of them, what State he lived in? to which the boy replied, 'a state of sin and misery.'

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GENTLENESS.

By Anna Maria Wells.

It is the bright autumnal moon,  
Walking her nightly way ;  
Unveiled is seen  
Her face serene,  
Unclouded as the day.

Her tranquil eye is on the earth,  
And on the slumbering deep :  
Her quiet smile, —  
It doth beguile  
Like an infant in its sleep.

The tempest rises in its wrath ;  
Red lightning rides the cloud ;  
The waves up-leap  
From their troubled sleep,  
And the winds are strong and loud.

They bid the forests bow their heads ;  
They tear the giant tree ;  
They rush and roar  
Along the shore  
And cross the heaving sea.

The beauteous moon looks calmly on,  
And her brow is meekly bent  
Behind the shroud  
Of each passing cloud,  
Till the raging storm is spent.

She veils that pale but placid brow  
 Till the strife is heard no more ;  
     And then, serene,  
     With vestal mien  
 Walks lovely as before.

'T is thus I've seen, where *Passion* holds  
 His dark tempestuous sway,  
     Sweet GENTLENESS  
     With power to bless,  
 Calm all the clouds away.

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G O D O U R F A T H E R .

By Caroline Gilman.

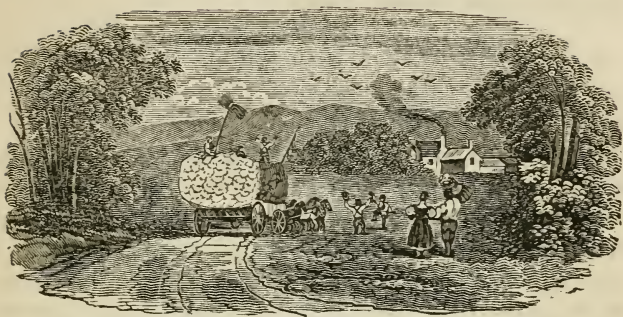
Is there a lone and dreary hour  
 When worldly pleasures lose their power? —  
 My Father! let me turn to thee,  
 And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,  
 Which scorns the prospect of relief? —  
 My Father! break the cheerless gloom,  
 And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,  
 When hope is all my soul's employ? —  
 My Father! still my hopes will roam,  
 Until they rest with thee their home.

The noon-tide blaze, the midnight scene,  
 The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,  
 The glow of life, the dying hour,  
 Shall own my Father's grace and power.

AUGUST.



Northern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Take care of choice seeds. Look to your vines for pickles; and while enjoying the fruits of the garden, do not let weeds get ahead. A cheap method of preserving cucumber plants from the small fly or bug which attacks them frequently soon after the leaf appears, and sometimes later, and leaves little more than the skeleton of the leaf, is to break off the stalks of the onion which have been set out in the spring, and stick down five or six of them in each hill of cucumbers; and the bug will immediately leave them: it would be well, after a few days, to renew them; but one application has frequently been found to be completely effectual.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Save the stones of fine peaches, plums, &c., if not for yourself, for others. Water dahlias, and other plants. 'Every merchant, mechanic, or professional man, should have some garden spot, in which he can spend an hour of every summer's morning. In that



hour he may not gain as much money perhaps as he would at his desk; but he will find what is better—pure air, sweet flowers, gentle exercise, and in the result of the whole, good spirits and renewed health.’

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### Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Sow peas for autumn crop; charleton and golden hotspur are best. If the weather is dry, soak them eight or ten hours in soft water. Plant bush or snap beans, for fall crop. They will come in for pickling. Any time this month, sow cabbage seed; but there is no use in it, unless you shade and water. Sow onions at the end of the month, to transplant in October. Sow spinage, for November crop. Transplant more celery. Sow turneps for winter use. Hoe turneps before they get the size of a cent. Plant potatoes, lettuce, and radishes; but water every evening.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Sow lupine and hollyhocks, as in February. Stock July Flowers. Plant tulips; they must be taken up every year. Sow poppies. Use strong soap-suds, with a syringe, on grapes, to prevent mildew.—*Fruit-trees from seed:* The seeds of old trees should by no means be used; at least there will be no advantage in using them, however excellent their fruit. The important point is, not merely to use the seeds of a *seedling* but to use its *first* seeds. ‘It is in the seminary of the *first* seeds of the *newest* varieties of fruit trees, that we should expect to find the more perfect fruits.’ ‘Seeds from an ancient variety tend toward a wild state,’ and ‘have less chance of becoming perfect.’



## NEEDLE - WORK.

Cultivate a love of needle-work in your family. Whatever may be the mental improvement of a woman, she is made happier by this occupation. A young lady who superintends her own or her mother's clothing, will have sweet, cheerful thoughts spring up in her mind, unless she is diseased, or actually courts gloomy ideas. It is an odious sight to witness a family idle of a winter evening; and no less beautiful a spectacle, when a circle surround a table, employing their needles while one reads aloud. Let one of the party provide a map and dictionary for reference, and the knowledge obtained in an evening will be surprising. Looking out the meaning of words, makes a good pause and stimulates thought and criticism.

It is not probable that sewing ever checks the bright and thinking faculties. The dull will be dull still, whether they read libraries or ply the needle; and this employment certainly gives a zest to after reading, to those who really love books. 'How should women bless their needle for rescuing them from the temptations which assail the other sex. Bright and innocent little implement, whether plied over tasteful luxuries, or gaining the poor pittance of a day, thou art equally the friend of her whose visions tend to wander amid the regions of higher abstractions, and of her whose thoughts are pinned down to the tread-mill of thy minute progress. Quiet rescuer from clubs and midnight revels, amid the minor blessings of woman's lot, thou shalt not be forgotten! Still come, and let thy fairy wand shine on her; still lend an ambitious joy to the playthings of the girl; still move unconsciously under the glittering smile of the maiden planning thy triumphant results; still beguile the mother, whose

thought roves to her boy on the distant ocean, or the daughter, watching by the sick bed of one who has heretofore toiled for her; still soothe the long, dreary moments of faithful love, and though a tear sometimes fall on thy shining point, it shall not gather the rust of despair, since *employment* is thy dower.'

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RECIPES.

*Alamode Beef.* Tie up a round of beef, so as to keep it in shape; make a stuffing of grated bread, suet, sweet herbs, quarter of an ounce of nutmeg, a few cloves pounded, yolk of an egg. Cut holes in the beef and put in the stuffing, leaving about half the stuffing to be made into balls. Tie the beef up in a cloth, just cover it with water, let it boil an hour and a half; then turn it, and let it boil an hour and a half more. Turn out the liquor, and put some skewers across the bottom of the pot, and lay the beef upon them to brown; turn it, that it may brown on both sides. Put a pint of claret and some allspice and cloves into the liquor, and boil some balls, made of the stuffing, in it.

*Something that will not lie heavy on the stomach.* If people wish to be economical, they should take some pains to ascertain what are the cheapest pieces of meat to buy; not merely those which are cheapest in price, but those which go farthest when cooked. That part of mutton called the rack, which consists of the neck and a few of the rib bones below, is cheap food. Four pounds will make a dinner for six people. The neck cut into pieces, and boiled slowly an hour and a quarter, in little more than water enough to cover it, makes very nice broth. A great-spoonful of rice should be washed and thrown in with the meat. About twenty minutes before it is done, put in a little thickening, and season with salt, pepper, and sifted summer-savory, or sage. The bones below the neck, broiled, make a nice mutton-chop. If your family is small, a rack of mutton will make you two dinners, — broth once, and mutton-chop with a few nice slices of salt pork, for another; if your family consist of six or seven, you can have two dishes for a dinner. If you boil the whole rack for broth, there will be some left for mince-meat.

Mrs. Child.

## ANECDOTES, &amp; C.

A country girl, riding by a turnpike-road without paying toll, the gate-keeper hailed her and demanded his fee. On her demanding his authority, he referred her to his sign, where she read, 'A man and horse, six cents.' 'Well,' says she, 'you can demand nothing of me, as this is but a woman and a mare.'

Miss \*\*\*\*\* was of a large party, when a gentleman of the name of Homer suddenly withdrew himself from the company. Homer's odd,-I-see, said one of the company. Upon which, Miss \*\*\*\*\* replied, 'Homer's ill,-I-add.'

An Irish gentleman, in company, observing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out lustily, 'Here, waiter, let me have a couple of dacent candles, that I may see how those others burn.'

A poor fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, 'Sawney, hoot, hoot, mon, where are you ganging?' 'Bock agen,' says Sawney.

As a number of persons were lately relating to each other the various extraordinary incidents which had fallen within their observation, a traveller attracted their attention by the following. 'As I was passing through a forest, I heart a rustling noise in the bushes near the road: and being impelled by curiosity, I was determined to know what it was. When I arrived at the spot, I found it was occasioned by a large stick of wood, which was so very crooked that it would not lie still.'

## A DANDY'S RESOLUTIONS FOR CONDUCT IN LIFE.

Resolved not to wait upon my sisters. Sisters are a great bore.

Resolved not to *see* certain people whom I may meet. They are not the ton.

Resolved to dress in season, and go to the church-door to see the pretty girls.

Resolved to make the corners of streets my Sunday exchange. Meet a great many fellows there as clever as myself.

*Mem.* It is not worth while to pick my nails before church — can do it as well in sermon time.

*Mem.* Must not forget to carry my tooth-pick.

Resolved to sit with my back to the minister. Certain he cannot mean to preach at *me*.

Resolved to stay out of church during prayers. It is a great loss of time to go in so early.

Resolved to get acquainted with —, and be invited to his Sunday dinners. Young men very fond of —. Best wine brought on just as the bells are tolling.

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H Y M N .

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

By Caroline Gilman.

My soul, the storm is near ;  
 Temptation 's on the wave,  
 And passion's surges dashing here,  
 In threatening fury rave.

Look on — fear not — a power  
 Stronger than these is nigh,  
 And in this overwhelming hour,  
 Its wrestling strength will try.

And if thou seek'st for aid,  
 Religion's ark shall rest,  
 In fair proportions, fitly laid,  
 Upon thy harass'd breast.

Each pure and holy thought,  
 In earth's wild deluge driven,  
 Shall to this ark of peace be brought,  
 With pinions plumed for Heaven.

And Hope to that shall spring,  
 And Faith with eyes so fair,  
 Shaking earth's waters from their wing,  
 And come and nestle there.

Look now, — the storm has passed ;  
And see, o'er yonder sky,  
An arch of peaceful glory cast,  
While clouds and darkness fly.

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## THE SABBATH.

By Caroline Gilman.

We bless thee for this sacred day,  
Thou who hast every blessing given,  
Which sends the dreams of earth away  
And yields a glimpse of opening Heaven.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,  
May we improve thy calm repose,  
And in God's service heal'd and bless'd,  
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

Lord, may thy truth upon the heart  
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,  
And flowers of grace in freshness start  
Where once the weeds of error grew.

May prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone,  
Which bears her to the King of kings,  
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

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## SUMMER CLOUDS.

By Mary E. Lee.

Summer clouds, summer clouds, that hurry away,  
In your loose flowing robes ; I pray ye yet stay !  
Oh ! stay for a moment, for I too would know  
From what land ye have come, and whither ye go ?

In your beautiful barks, too quickly ye glide,  
With your light tinted sails, through ether's blue tide.

We have roam'd, we have roam'd, all reckless and free,  
O'er earth's boundless regions, its treasures to see ;  
We have hover'd afar o'er the wide western main,  
To the land where the forests in free grandeur reign :  
We have shadow'd the spot where the glassy lake gleams,  
And hung our dark spells o'er the flood's thousand streams.

We have knelt, we have knelt, to the mountain's proud crest ;  
And spread our white shroud o'er the valley's pure breast ;  
We have kiss'd the wet cheek of the lone waterfall,  
And cared not to stay, although ceaseless its call ;  
Then cheer'd the frail flower, sick of Phœbus' bright face,  
And wak'd with our presence a magical grace.

Summer clouds, summer clouds, why hurry away ?  
Still wreathe with your garlands the brow of the day :  
Pass not yet, pass not yet on your feathery flight,  
But rest in your beauty, ye children of light !  
Still hover around us, and stir your soft wings ;  
Nor long to glide from us, like earth's lovely things.

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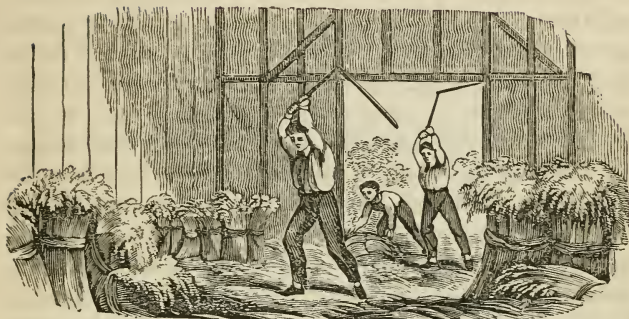
A T H O U G H T ,

From the German of Goethe.

Like stars in Heaven,  
Never hasting,  
Yet never resting,  
So should man be found,  
Winding still through duty's round.



## SEPTEMBER.



Northern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Earth up celery, and do not bruise the plants. This must be done on a dry day. Gather cucumbers for pickling. Cauliflowers should be sown late in August and September, for early ones next spring; in April or May, for late; treated generally like cabbages; should be transplanted three feet apart, in a very rich and rather a moist loam; a rich soil is indispensable for their successful culture. In order to blanch them handsomely, the leaves must be closed together at the top, and tied gently. This delicious vegetable, as well as the broccoli, is deserving of more general cultivation. The heads or flowers of the plant, when boiled in a clean linen cloth, and served up with melted butter, form a most delicate vegetable dish. It is a great favorite in Europe. Dr. Johnson observed, 'Of all the flowers of the garden, give me the cauliflower.'

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Tie up delicate shrubs and



flowers against the wind. The close of this month is the time to begin to transplant biennials and perennials; moist weather is the best for this object. The proper season for transplanting most bulbous roots, is in August, September, and October. The only advantage to be gained by taking up bulbs after blooming, (tulips excepted) is either to divide the roots when too numerous, or to renew a worn-out soil; neither of which can occur oftener than once in three or four years. Tulips and hyacinths, when taken up after blooming, and after the foliage is decayed, may be kept from the ground till the middle of October. Delicate and tender bulbs, as the *feraria tigrida*, &c., may be planted in pots in November, or they may be kept in dry sand until April, (which is best) and then planted in pots or open ground. In either case they must be secured from frost. As to tulips and hyacinths, in order to preserve their beauty in perfection, the nicer varieties should be taken up, air-dried, and replanted annually.

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#### Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Draw up earth round last month's peas. Hoe bush beans. You may still plant. Transplant cabbages. You may sow for Christmas cabbages. But seed, as well as plants, must be watered and shaded. Some persons prefer seeds from Europe at this late season. Sow cauliflowers; they may live through the winter and serve you in May. Sow onions, turneps, (if not already done) radishes, &c., and water in the evening.

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Plant out strawberries in

beds or borders, and water faithfully. Sow lupins, and carnations, as in April. Sow china pink, hollyhock. Plant hyacinths a span deep; tulips, as in August; sweet-williams, as in April.

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#### THE OFFICE, STUDY, AND SHOP.

If your husband's business apartment is under the same roof with you, you may have some temptations to annoy him, which it would be well to guard against. Be careful how you intrude on his time. Keep children away. Do not permit servants to carry messages which you can possibly attend to; and beware of showing any influence over him by personal visits in business hours, unless at his request.

But you can do something by a quiet and general supervision for his comfort. Give up the service of one of your attendants cheerfully when required, and show yourself ready to aid him in any pressure of care.

There is one point, however, to which married women should hold tenaciously; the attendance of their husbands at meals. A lady may arrange those for his convenience; but being so arranged, let her mildly, but firmly, insist on his presence. Nothing can be more pernicious to all parties than for families to be separated day after day. The father of a family has much to be responsible for, who does not in the daily progress of his household see their bodies and minds expand and develop; and how can he do that, if he snatches only a few moments a day or on the Sabbath for this purpose? By and by he will wonder at the little influence he has over them, and regret that the office, the plantation, the

study, the farm, or the shop, has withdrawn him from interests higher than any other.

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#### PUDDINGS AND CAKES.

The salt should always be washed from butter, when it is to be used in anything that has sugar for an ingredient, and also from that which is melted to grease any kind of mould for baking; otherwise, there will be a disagreeable salt taste on the outside of the article baked. Raisins should be stoned and cut in two, and have some flour sifted over them; stir them gently in the flour, and take them out free from lumps; the small quantity that adheres to them will prevent their sticking together, or falling in a mass to the bottom. Eggs must be fresh, or they will not beat well; it is better to separate the yolks from the whites always, though it is a more troublesome process; but for some things it is essential to do so: when they are to be mixed with milk, let it cool after boiling, or the eggs will poach; and only set it on the fire a few minutes to take off the raw taste of the eggs, stirring it all the time. Currants require washing in many waters to cleanse them; they must be picked and well dried, or they will stick together. Almonds should be put in hot water till the skins will slip off, which is called blanching; they must always be pounded with rose or orange-flower water, to prevent their oiling. When cream is used, put it in just before the mixture is ready; much beating will decompose it. Before a pudding or cake is begun, every ingredient necessary for it must be ready; when the process is retarded by neglecting to have them prepared, the article is injured. The oven must be in a proper state, and the paste in the dishes or moulds ready for such things as require it. Promptitude is necessary in all our actions, but never more so than when engaged in making cakes and puddings. When only one or two eggs are to be used, cooks generally think it needless to beat them; it is an error: eggs injure everything, unless they are made light before they are used. Cloths for boiling puddings should be made of German sheeting, or some article equally thick.

## LADIES' SOCIETIES.

One of the peculiar features of the age, is the combination of women into associations for charitable, literary, and social purposes; even patriotism has not been overlooked, as the tea-drinkings in some portions of New-England on the fourth of July will testify. These are probably the leading-strings which the sex will use until education assimilates them more closely with the stronger minds of men. The charitable societies are too widely spread and well known, to require any description. There is, however, in Cambridge (Mass.) a very pleasant association of ladies and gentlemen, called the Book Club, which unites a literary and social character unexceptionably. It is composed of twenty families; and a meeting of the members takes place the first Thursday evening of each month, at their respective houses, in regular order. A subscription of five dollars per annum is paid by every family; and this amount is laid out in the purchase of recent publications of any value. These books are circulated in regular succession to all the members of the club. A certain number of days are allowed for the reading of a book; at the expiration of the time, it is forwarded to another member, and thus they are kept in circulation through the year. If the book is kept over the time allowed, a fine is laid at five cents per day, as long as it may be retained. This regulation has a tendency to make the members punctual. At the annual meeting, the members have a sale of the books on hand, by an auction among themselves; and the proceeds of the sale are appropriated to the purchase of new books for the following year. This association has existed several years, and it has been found to exercise a very happy influence on society. The evening on which they meet, passes in agreeable conversation; and as the refreshments are simple, and give little trouble in the preparation, there is less of formality and ceremony than in most parties. Strangers are invited, and it affords them an opportunity of seeing the refined and literary society of Cambridge. The members are chosen by ballot, and the choice must be unanimous; by this arrangement, great harmony prevails; and it preserves the character of a select society. The circumstance that the same books are read and enjoyed by so many, gives an interest to the members, affords

topics of conversation of a cheerful nature, and a knowledge of the passing literature of the day, at little expense of time or money.

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#### A HUSBAND'S AND FATHER'S TRIALS.

My wife is one of the smartest and best women in the world ; and her faults are of such a trifling nature, that it seems almost childish to mention them ; and yet they are so annoying to me, as very much to diminish the sum of my matrimonial happiness. She does not consider that I am rather 'set in my way,' and like to keep all my affairs in order. But from her extreme good nature and easy disposition, she is constantly interfering with my habits. She allows the children to take my combs, and my hair-brush, and my sponge, instead of providing some for their own use. My clothes-brush is never to be found in its place ; my ink-stand is taken out of my desk, and when I inquired for it the other day, I was told by my wife, she had lent it to the cook, and it was in the upper chamber. My newspaper is often torn up, to singe a chicken, before I have half read it through. If I lay my gloves down, they vanish. My horse-whip I can never find, because the boys are excessively fond of riding on a stick, and they have no pleasure in riding unless they can have a *real* whip.

When these things are missing, and I begin to fret, the whole family are put in motion. Such an opening of closets and drawers, such a scrambling up stairs and down, such an overturn in the whole house, that you would imagine me a perfect tyrant. My wife (a gentle creature usually) seizing little James and giving him a smart shake, will say, 'You little trial, why did you not put your father's whip in its place when you had done playing with it ?'

'I forgot to, mama.'

'Well, never take anything belonging to your father ; see, he is obliged to go without his whip.'

James looks serious a moment ; but as soon as I have left the house, while his mother is 'putting things to rights,' after the commotion, he catches up the ramrod of my fowling-piece, and rides away on it to school, and it is forgotten.

Yesterday being a fine autumn day, I hurried through my business for the purpose of going out a shooting with a gentleman who is one

of the punctual sort, and who never varies a moment from the time appointed.

My gun wanted a little cleaning, and my ramrod was gone. I called out in a hurried tone, 'Wife, where is my ramrod gone?'

She could not tell — had not seen it.

'Well,' said I, 'what is to be done now?'

Nobody could give any account of it. At last James came in from school.

'James,' said I, 'have you had my ramrod?'

Yes, sir. I rode on it to school on Monday, and forgot it.'

Away he scampered, as well to get out of my reach, as to bring the ramrod.

Sometimes I undertake to lock up my peculiar property, but it often happens that my wife wants the key for some purpose — forgets to return it, and it is lost, and then I have to break open the lock.

My wife feels very badly when these things happen; and to do her justice, she tries very hard to keep things in order. If she could bear to have me point out her defects, and put her in the right way, she would soon have a systematic arrangement of her household affairs. If she could only be made to realize how much it would diminish her own care, and prevent those outbreaks of temper in us both which put the whole family in a state of agitation, I should be a happy man. But she has so much sensibility that she cannot endure the least word of reproof or censure; it mortifies her so much as to make her miserable; and I would rather have everything in the house at 'sixes and sevens,' than to see her in tears.

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#### ANECDOTES.

A minikin three-and-a-half-feet colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper, of six feet four. 'Come, fellow, hold up your head; higher, fellow!' 'Yes, sir.' Higher, fellow—higher.' 'What—so, sir?' 'Yes, fellow.' 'And am I always to remain so!' 'Yes, fellow, certainly.' 'Why then, good bye, colonel, for I never shall see you again.'

A Gascon was vaunting one day, that in his travels he had been



caressed wherever he went, and had seen all the great men throughout Europe. 'Have you seen the Dardanelles?' inquired one of the company. 'Parbleu!' says he; 'I most surely have seen them, when I dined with them several times.'

A stuttering coxcomb asked a barber's boy, 'Did you ever shave a monkey?' 'No, sir; but if you will please to sit, I'll t-t-t-try.'

'Why, Mr. ——,' said a tall fellow to a little person, who was in company with five or six huge men, 'I protest, you are so small, I did not see you before.' 'Very likely,' replied the little gentleman; 'I am like a four-pence-ha'-penny among six cents, not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them.'

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PARTING.

By William Crafts.

The sky be bright above,  
 The ocean smooth below,  
 And the wind be fair, my love,  
 When o'er the seas you go!

The buoyant wave, in pride  
 Its lovely charge shall bear:  
 And guardian Heaven provide  
 A passport for the fair.

The joyous earth once more  
 Thy beauteous form shall bless;  
 And friends upon the shore  
 Await thy sweet caress.

When hearts and hands entwine,  
 In lands beyond the sea,  
 Let one sweet thought be mine—  
 Oh! then remember me.



OCTOBER.



## Northern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Gather in garden roots, such as beets, carrots, parsneps, &c. &c. Look to your garret and cellar, where your herbs and vegetables are placed, as carefully as to your parlor.

*Fruits, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Take care of bulbs; take some good earth, and mix in a third of sand, a third of old manure, and put in flower jars or vases; put in the roots, and leave out of doors until a frost,—then water them and put them in a warm room, for winter. Hyacinths, narcissuses and jonquils, are pretty. The calla Ethiopica, daphne odora, and camellia, are very beautiful for parlor plants. Pick off the buds of japonicas, when too thick. Prepare garden for bulbs of various kinds.

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## Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Sow cabbages, spinage, and radishes. Plant cabbages, onions, lettuces, cauliflowers, and oats. Hoe

cauliflowers, beans and carrots. Dress artichokes and asparagus ; give them a thorough examination for winter.

*Trees and Shrubs.* Plant strawberries, raspberries, wild roses, monthly, box, evergreens, ranunculus, hydrangeas, and oleanders ; put out cuttings, with two buds above and two below ground — mellow earth, and no manure. Sow larkspurs.

*Preparation of Soil for Seeds.* The ground for the reception of fine seeds of vegetables, should be broken up in the preceding year, and well manured in autumn, and rendered fine in spring by repeated ploughing and harrowing or raking. Plough and manure deep for deep-rooted vegetables ; but manure near the surface for all others. Potatoes and Indian corn answer well and produce large crops in ground newly broken up. Very fine seeds should be sown in a newly-prepared fresh soil, and covered only a quarter of an inch deep ; larger seeds deeper, in proportion to their size ; and the ground to be immediately trodden hard, or rolled with a heavy roller. This enables the earth to preserve its moisture at its surface, where at the same time the seeds may receive the necessary degree of heat from the sun, and vegetate at once, striking root downwards. Fine seeds, if sown too deep, are liable to perish.

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#### THE CLOTHES-PRESS.

Do not allow too many sheets, pillow-cases, towels, &c., to be about in daily use. Keep just enough, and count them every week, locking up the remainder for visitors, sickness, or accidents. Hem and mark knife cloths, and even lamp cloths, and let the latter be washed stately.

Let each person in the family, even children, own towels

marked with their names. Any one who will try this plan, will find how pleasant it is. It is advisable to extend this habit even to sheets and pillow-cases. Have enough table-cloths: it is better to see them coarse and clean, than fine and soiled.

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#### CLEANING LAMPS.

Servants are often reproached for not being thorough in this work, when the fault is in the apparatus. Give them sharp scissors. I scarcely know a family where old, dull scissors are not appropriated to cutting lamp-wicks, which are of a tough material. Throw the lamp-cloths into lye-water once a week, and boil them. Keep two sets of cloths, and two good towels, marked '*Lamp*,' for cleaning shades, &c.

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#### SCHOOLS.

Seminaries for young ladies are about being established under the natural progress of experience, which will produce an important effect over the whole country. The ephemeral character of schools heretofore, has been a tremendous evil. Our institutions should be on such a footing that a *system* may go on in case of the death or removal of a principal. Any information which may be received through the year relative to such institutions, will receive due notice in the Lady's Register, which will endeavor to furnish a complete list of established seminaries for girls throughout the United States, hereafter.

In the meantime, let those who are obliged to submit to the changes and chances of fluctuating schools, pay due respect to the mental guardians of their children, and aid them in their toilsome way by considerate attention and sympathy. Never take a child away from school *abruptly*, without notice. If you think there are grounds for dissatisfaction, express them candidly, but with all delicacy. Parents and guardians perhaps are not aware of how much importance to a teacher's feelings is a little courtesy, and how wounded they are by the sudden and unexpected withdrawal of a pupil to whom they have been probably conscientious instructors, even when mistaken.

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#### HINTS ABOUT PICKLES.

Muskmelons should be picked for mangoes when they are green and hard. They should be cut open after they have been in salt-water ten days, the inside scraped out clean, and filled with mustard-seed, allspice, horse-radish, small onions, &c. and sewed up again. Scalding vinegar poured upon them.

When walnuts are so ripe that a pin will go into them easily, they are ready for pickling. They should be soaked twelve days in very strong cold salt and water, which has been boiled and skimmed. A quantity of vinegar, enough to cover them well, should be boiled with whole pepper, mustard-seed, small onions, or garlic, cloves, ginger, and horseradish; this should not be poured upon them till it is cold. They should be pickled a few months before they are eaten. To be kept close covered, for the air softens them. The liquor is an excellent ketchup, to be eaten on fish.

Cucumbers should be in weak brine three or four days after they are picked; then they should be put in a tin or wooden pail of clean water, and kept slightly warm in the kitchen corner for two or three days. Then take as much vinegar as you think your pickle jar will hold, scald it with pepper, allspice, mustard-seed, flag-root, horserad-

ish, &c., if you happen to have them ; half of them will spice the pickles very well. Throw in a bit of alum as big as a walnut ; this serves to make pickles hard. Skim the vinegar clean, and pour it scalding hot upon the cucumbers. Brass vessels are not healthy for preparing anything acid. Red cabbages need no other pickling than scalding spiced vinegar poured upon them, and suffered to remain eight or ten days before you eat them. Some people think it improves them to keep them in salt and water twenty-four hours before they are pickled.

A good mode of preparing green cucumbers, is to let them lie awhile in cold water immediately after being gathered ; then cut off the rind, and throw them into iced water ; then slice ; then sprinkle salt and pepper over them ; then pour on them a little vinegar, then (if you have the dyspepsia) throw them out of the window.

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#### AN E C D O T E S .

A lady who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, 'I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere.' 'Very likely you may,' replied the gentleman, with equal sang froid, 'as I have been there very often.'

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father-confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. 'That is of no consequence,' replied the peasant ; 'you may set it down a wagon-load ; for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder soon.'

The late Dr. \*\*\*\*\* , walking down Broadway, during an illumination, observed a boy breaking every window that had not a light in it. The doctor asked him how he dared to destroy people's property in that manner? 'O,' said the urchin, 'it is all for the good of the trade : I am a glazier.' 'All for the good of the trade, is it?' said the Doctor, raising his cane and bringing it down rather heavily upon the boy's head ; 'there, you young rascal, that is good for my trade : I am a surgeon.'

A fop, introducing his friend (a plain man) into company, said,

'Gentlemen, I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems.'  
'No,' replied the gentleman; 'that's the difference between me and my friend.'

A country 'squire introduced his baboon, in clerical habits, to say grace. A clergyman, who was present, immediately left the table, and asked ten thousand pardons for not remembering that his lordship's nearest relation was in orders.

Two brothers having been sentenced to death, one was executed first. 'See,' the other brother said, 'what a lamentable spectacle my brother makes! in a few minutes I shall be turned off; and then you will see a pair of spectacles.'

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H Y M N . — T H E S A B B A T H .

By Caroline Gilman.

We would not slight our heaven-born dower,  
On this resplendent day;  
Resplendent, though dark clouds may lower  
Above our earthly way.

Resplendent — for the Saviour flies,  
With 'healing on his wings,'  
And o'er the depth where sorrow lies,  
An arch of glory flings.

Resplendent; for this truth is taught  
From morn to twilight's close —  
A truth, with life eternal fraught —  
*This day, the Saviour rose.*

Resplendent; for he reigns above,  
Beneath the eternal eye,  
And, dressed in robes of folding love,  
Awaits our flight on high.



Oh! can our hearts be languid now,  
 Beneath these beams divine?  
 Forbid it, Heaven! — receive our vow,  
 And make us wholly thine.

—

## CITY CLOUDS AND STARS.

By Caroline Gilman.

‘I was rear’d  
 In the great city —  
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.’

*Coleridge.*

Ye bless’d me in my childish hour,  
 White clouds, that, sailing by,  
 Early awoke a spell of power,  
 And won my gazing eye.

And stars, ye glittering toys of Heaven,  
 When on my couch I wept,  
 To you my youthful thoughts were given,  
 And thinking thus, I slept.

Still blessingly ye look below;  
 When to the world’s cold bourne  
 Instinctively my footsteps go,  
 My eyes to you upturn.

The friends I’ve lost, the lov’d, the fair,  
 On those white foldings laid,  
 Come floating on the parting air,  
 In breezy light array’d.

What though the city’s serried wall  
 Hides nature from my sight?  
 Upward I look, and there ye all  
 Beam forth in lovely light.



Oh, I forget forgetting friends,  
Nor weep at envious foes ;  
Your silent gaze a ray extends  
That heals me as it flows.

Beautiful ministers of love,  
Take, take me upward too ;  
I ask a resting place above,  
To shine and bless with you !

Like you look down on aching eyes  
Tired with earth's fitful glare,  
And kindly float o'er bursting sighs,  
And hover o'er despair.

Oh stars, and clouds, and azure ray,  
Day-dawn, and evening-glow,  
Still o'er my fading fancy play,  
Still to my being grow !

And when death's winding-sheet shall fold  
Coldly my fading form,  
Thus glitter in the wintry cold,  
Or struggle through the storm,

Or through the sultry summer day,  
Your fleecy mantle weave,  
Or stud with gems and colors gay,  
The sober brow of eve —

Oh stars, and sky, and fleecy cloud,  
Wait ye, and silent wave  
Your standards 'mid the city's crowd,  
Above my trodden grave.

## NOVEMBER.



Northern Garden Calendar.

If efficient gentlemen are not of your household, look to the cellars, and see if the cabbages, &c., now gathering or entered, are protected from frost.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* The best time for planting acorns and walnuts, as well as peaches, cherries, and other stone fruits, is in the fall of the year, as soon as they are ripe: if they are kept long after becoming thoroughly ripe, they are apt to lose their vegetative principle. Cut the stalks from dahlias, and put the roots in a dry place. Continue planting bulbous roots, before frosts, and cover them with straw or litter. Get advice about best compost for your garden. Give each child a little gardening-spot, if you have room.

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## Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Sow peas, radishes, mustard, cresses, radish and rape. Plant beans, cabbages, onions, lettuces, and oats. Dress artichokes and asparagus.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Flowers are divided into *annuals*, which flower and die the year they are sown ; *biennials*, which flower the second year, and then die ; and *perennials*, which do not generally flower the first year, but die down to the ground annually and spring up again every succeeding spring for a number of years. Prune apple, pear, peach, nectarine, and apricot trees. Plant peach, nectarine, apricot, apple, pear, plum, cherry, grape vines, strawberries, and raspberries. Sow china-asters, lupins, double larkspur, and geraniums. Set out carnations ; trim monthly roses.

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PARLOR AND DRAWING-ROOM.

Let your parlor be attractive, by its air of comfort as well as neatness. Neatness is not always comfort. If some member of your family *will* leave his hat on the table, or sit on two chairs at a time, bear it patiently ; or if you have a sister or daughter who throws her work about carelessly, remember that it is the general air of a room that gives it its character, and not a few articles out of place ; and keep your temper. A neat room is a good thing ; but a pleasant countenance is better. Still, be careful that your parlor shall be fit for the introduction of accidental company. Never ask your acquaintance into a cold drawing-room. Depend upon it, their criticism of your character will be much less charitable than if you are in some confusion by a warm fire. If you cannot afford two fires, it is better to say you are engaged, than to make your guests uncomfortable. When will it be considered the height of impoliteness, as it is unkindness, to ask visitors into a chilled room, though ever so

splendidly furnished? What is there in the vapid intercourse of a call, to compensate for looking on a grate, with its clean fixtures, without a spark of fire.



### HERBS.

By Mrs. Child.

Herbs should be gathered while in blossom. If left till they have gone to seed, the strength goes into the seed. Those who have a little patch of ground, will do well to raise the most important herbs; and those who have not, will do well to get them in quantities from some friend in the country; for apothecaries make very great profits upon them.

Sage is very useful both as a medicine for the headache, when made into tea — and for all kinds of stuffing, when dried and rubbed into powder. It should be kept tight from the air.

Summer-savory is excellent to season soup, broth, and sausages. As a medicine, it relieves the cholic; penny-royal and tansy are good for the same medicinal purpose.

Green wormwood bruised is excellent for a fresh wound of any kind. In winter when wormwood is dry, it is necessary to soften it in warm vinegar or spirit before it is bruised, and applied to the wound.

Hyssop tea is good for sudden colds, and disorders on the lungs. It is necessary to be very careful about exposure after taking it; it is peculiarly opening to the pores.

Tea made of colt's-foot and flax-seed, sweetened with honey, is a cure for inveterate coughs. Consumptions have been prevented by it. It should be drank when going to bed; though it does good to drink it at any time. Hoarhound is useful in consumptive complaints.

Motherwort tea is very quieting to the nerves. Students, and people troubled with wakefulness, find it useful.

Thoroughwort is excellent for dyspepsy, and every disorder occasioned by indigestion. If the stomach be foul, it operates like a gentle emetic.

Sweet-balm tea is cooling when one is in a feverish state.

Catnip, particularly the blossoms, made into tea, is good to prevent a threatened fever. It produces a fine perspiration. It should be taken in bed, and the patient kept warm.

The common dark blue violet makes a slimy tea, which is excellent for the canker. Leaves and blossoms are both good. Those who have families should take some pains to dry these flowers.

When people have a sore mouth, from taking calomel, or any other cause, tea made of low blackberry leaves is extremely beneficial.

Tea made of slippery-elm is good for the piles, and for humors in the blood. To be drank plentifully. Winter evergreen is considered good for all humors, particularly scrofula. Some call it rheumatism-weed; because a tea made from it is supposed to check that painful disorder.

A poultice made of common chickweed, that grows about one's door in the country, has given great relief to the toothache, when applied frequently to the cheek.

Housekeepers should always dry leaves of the burdock and horseradish. Burdock warmed in vinegar, with the hard stalky parts cut out, are very soothing applied to the feet; they produce a sweet and gentle perspiration. Horseradish is more powerful. It is excellent in cases of the ague, placed on the part affected. Warmed in vinegar and clapped.

Succory is a very valuable herb. The tea sweetened with molasses is good for the piles. It is a gentle and healthy physic, — a preventive of dyspepsy, humors, inflammation, and all the evils resulting from a restricted state of the system.

Elder-blow tea has a similar effect. It is cool and soothing; and peculiarly efficacious either for babes or grown people, when the digestive powers are out of order.

Lungwort, maiden-hair, hyssop, elecampane and hoar-hound steeped together is an almost certain cure for a cough. A wine-glass full to be taken when going to bed.

Few people know how to keep the flavor of sweet-marjoram; the best of all herbs for broth, and stuffing. It should be gathered in bud, or blossom, and dried in a tin-kitchen at a moderate distance from the fire; when dry it should be immediately corked in a bottle, and kept carefully from the air.

An ointment of sweet lard, sulphur, and cream-of-tartar, simmered together, is excellent for the piles.

## VISITING IN THE CITY.

I live in the country, in a delightful situation, just far enough from town to make it a pleasant drive for invalids, and not too long a walk for persons fond of exercise. I was not much known in the fashionable circle, until it was discovered that our house was in the vicinity of a delightful pond, on which we had a pleasure boat, and that we had an abundance of fruit and flowers in our garden. It was discovered also that Mrs. Fredland was extremely hospitable and that she always gave a ready welcome to her visitors, (friends, as they were called) with plenty of cake and ice-cream.

It was the invariable practice, when these friends went away, for them to say to me, 'Now my dear Mrs. Fredland, you perceive that I come and see you without ceremony, and I wish you would return my visits in the same way. Come any time when you have shopping in the city, and dine with me in a social manner, and bring your children. I hope you will not wait for a ceremonious invitation.'

I am rather diffident, but still such kind of assurances, so often repeated, had an influence, and I promised I would certainly avail myself of their friendly invitations.

In the autumn, when our visitors had ceased to come into the country, and I supposed they were all comfortably established for the winter, I thought I would cultivate a sociable disposition, and go into the city and pass a day with some of my summer friends, as they had been so urgent; and as my husband was called into town on business which would occupy him all day, I accompanied him.

Mrs. Brown had been out in the strawberry season, with all her six children and nursery maid, and stayed a week; and as it was early, I concluded to go first to her house, and leave my riding cloak; and after making a few calls, return and dine with her. The fire was just kindling in the grate, and everything looked stiff and cold. Mrs. Brown came down with a bonnet and shawl on — a practice which is sometimes adopted when a lady wishes to cut a visit short.

'How do you do, my dear Mrs. Fredland? I am really delighted to see you. I am so sorry I cannot ask you to stay and spend the day *socially*. But I am just going out to buy my children's winter clothes, and I have two women up stairs waiting for the materials. But *you*



*can come in any day, it is such a delightful drive, and we shall be so glad to see you.'*

As I had many other friends to visit I was not much disturbed, but merely said I would not detain her, as she was going out.

I had to walk half a mile before I could reach another friend. My cloak began to be very warm, and I was glad to find myself at Mrs. Clark's door. This lady had been very attentive to me all summer, and had been very kind in bringing out her friends and her children. She had urged me to come to town, and bring my children in return, and said they could play in the nursery with her little family, and it would be no trouble. Here I was sure of a cordial welcome. It was about twelve o'clock, and a fine sunny morning; the exercise of walking, and my heavy cloak, made me very warm. The drawing-room door was thrown open by a stylish looking servant. I sent up my name, and he brought down word that Mrs. Clark was very sorry she could not see me, as she was particularly engaged, and hoped I would take an early opportunity to come in and pass a day socially. As the drawing-room looked as if visitors were expected, I could not resist asking the servant if Mrs. Clark did not see any company that day. 'Yes, ma'am, company to dine, but not morning calls.'

I began to feel a little disheartened, but recollecting that I had very recently promised positively to spend one day socially with Mrs. Capen, I resolved to direct my steps to her house. I had another half mile to walk, and my cloak became heavier and hotter every step I took. The streets were filled with ladies elegantly arrayed in shawls, and silks, and flowers, improving the fine weather to shew their new and fashionable dresses. I had a handsome shawl under my cloak; but alas! at the present time it only added to my discomfort, by increasing the heat.

I was rejoiced when I reached Mrs. Capen's door. My name was announced, and I was conducted into the drawing-room, which was absolutely filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen making morning calls. Mrs. Capen rose and received me in the most cordial manner. She begged me to take a seat by the fire, as she was sure I must be cold: — but I was almost melted. A large anthracite coal fire was glowing in the grate; the bright sun was shining through the spacious windows; and the embarrassment I felt at being surrounded with strangers, made my face the color of crimson. But there seemed but one vacant seat, and that was *near the fire*. Mrs.



Capen was very affable ; she inquired after the children, and after the poultry, and after the pigs ; she expatiated on the beauty and convenience of our country residence, and more particularly on its being such a delightful drive in summer. But she did not ask me to take off my cloak, or observe how uncomfortably I was situated. I have remarked that I was very diffident, and I had not courage to pass under the observation of her visiters a second time. I therefore kept my seat, although the perspiration stood in large drops on my face. She chatted with all the company in turn, and then turning suddenly to me, she said, 'Mrs. Fredland, when are you coming to pass a 'social day' with me? You must not put it off till winter. but improve some fine day like this, and come without ceremony.' I saw that this remark was intended to cut off any hope I might have had of being invited to dine this day. A flush of anger added to the already crimson hue of my face, and at the same time gave me energy enough to retire.

When I again found myself in the street I was perplexed where to go, as my husband could not return home with me until evening. I walked along, almost forgetting in my discomfort the names and abodes of my *friends*. On looking across the street, I saw a lady with whom I *thought* I was very intimate. I knew she saw me, and I tried to catch her eye, but she avoided looking at me, and I saw by her determined manner, that she had made up her mind not to ask me home to dinner.

The clock struck two, and found me still in the street ; but I had now become desperate ; and when I came to Mrs. Jones's house, I told her at once I had come to dine with her. At this intimation dismay was depicted on her countenance, for she was one of those persons who would starve six days in the week for the sake of making a display on the seventh—and this was one of her starving days. She endeavored to conceal her embarrassment, and said she was delighted to see me, but if she had *known* of my coming, if it were only a half an hour, she should have been prepared to see me. I told her not to trouble herself ; a comfortable seat and a piece of bread would be sufficient, for that I was almost worn out. But it was in vain for her to endeavor to appear easy.

Her husband came in to dinner. 'What! Mrs. Fredland! My dear, you did not tell me you expected Mrs. Fredland to dine with us!'

‘It is an *unexpected pleasure*,’ said Mrs. Jones, with a look of agony. ‘But you know we are never ceremonious with our friends.’

Mrs. Jones had a decent family dinner, but she was so annoyed that I should find her unprepared, that she could hardly be hospitable to her forlorn guest. Mr. Jones was very easy and unconcerned, but he did not show much tact in getting his wife out of her trouble. ‘Now,’ said Mr. Jones, ‘I tell my wife not to worry so much about trifles. I tell her always to have enough, and then she need not fear the king. But she won’t get over it for a week, because she did not know you were coming. My wife likes to show off her silver forks, and her French china, to appear as if she used them every day.’

‘I am sure, Mr. Jones, I am very happy to see Mrs. Fredland at any time, but it is one of my peculiarities to like to know when I am to have company to dine.’

‘But, my dear,’ said her husband, ‘we cannot expect our friend from the country to stand on ceremony; and if Mrs. Fredland likes a plain family dinner, (Mrs. J. gave a rueful glance at the table,) it will always give me very great satisfaction to have her drop in upon us just as we are sitting down to dine.’

I did not think that Mrs. Jones intended to be uncivil, but she could not recover her equanimity, and she forgot how many times she had urged my coming ‘without ceremony.’

When I returned home to my cheerful family and well arranged household, I converted my troubles into amusement, by relating the experiences of the day to my husband and children. He was quite delighted with the account, because it confirmed his previous opinions about fashionable acquaintances.

One day he came into the parlor, and told me he was going to the city to pass the day, and that if I would like to go in and see Mrs. Jackson, he did not think there would be any danger of finding her either ‘engaged’ or ‘unprepared.’ ‘It is the only fashionable house in the city,’ said he, ‘where I would advise you to go without a particular invitation.’

My reception by Mrs. Jackson was just such as I had anticipated; it was cordial and sincere. She said that she was glad I had come into town, for that the Bingham, whom she had brought out to dine with us last summer, were coming; and she knew they would be very glad to meet me. Here I felt on sure ground, and that I could in no way be an annoyance. Everything in this establishment was man-

aged on a liberal plan ; but if there was a fault, comfort was sometimes sacrificed to elegance. Mr. Jackson's notions about his dinner arrangements were extremely precise. It is not considered *genteel* to have more than twelve persons at a dinner party, and his table would of course admit no more without crowding—a thing not to be allowed.

When we began to arrange ourselves round the table, he said in a whisper, but which I unfortunately overheard, 'Good heavens! Mrs. Jackson, we have *thirteen* persons here! How could you make such a mistake?' The consciousness that I was the additional one sent the blood into my face, and I was covered with an overwhelming crimson blush. Did you ever blush so that you felt it at the crown of your head, and at the tips of your fingers? Not a suffusion which soon passes away, but a deep, glowing, burning sensation, which brings the tears into your eyes? Mrs. Jackson tried to make things easy, but in the moment she had for doing it, she could produce no impression on his *disturbed* mind. It was impossible for me to bear up under this mortification, particularly as I felt myself crushing the dresses of invited guests. I whispered to Mrs. Jackson, as I passed her, and said I was suddenly indisposed; then I rushed up stairs for my bonnet and shawl, and hurried out of the house.

These ladies all gave elegant balls in the winter, for which they sent me cards enveloped in a whole sheet of the finest letter paper. These invitations frequently came by mail, for which I had to pay double, and sometimes treble postage. My husband would hand them to me, with one of his provoking smiles, and say—'We must not object to the postage on account of the honor of being remembered in the fashionable world.' As it was well known that we did not go into the city to evening parties, the attention was superfluous.

With great respect,

JANE FREDLAND.

## ANECDOTES.

'I say, Pat, what are you writing there, in such a large hand?' 'Arrah, honey, an' isn't it to my poor mother, who is very deaf, that I'm writing a loud letter?'

'La, me, good old neighbor,' cried Mrs. Poppo, 'what are you going to do with that great ugly crow?' 'Why, you see we hear as how they live a hundred years; so husband and I got one to try.'

A smart Yankee old lady, being called into court as a witness, grew impatient at the questions put to her, and told the judge that she would quit the stand, for he was 'rally one of the most inquisitive old gentlemen she ever see.'

A lady being so unfortunate as to have her husband hang himself on an apple-tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of the tree for grafting; 'for who knows,' said she, 'but it may bear the same kind of fruit?'

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 SENSIBLE REMARKS.

From the Young Lady's Friend.

When friends come to see you uninvited, do the best you can to entertain them well, but make no comment or apology; for that always sounds to your guests like a reproach for taking you unawares.

Whatever economy it is right for you to practice, you should never be ashamed of.

The greatest hospitality is generally found among persons of small incomes, who are contented to live according to their means, and who never give great dinners.

It is better to keep clean than to make clean.

Who that sees a young lady very carefully arranged at a ball, and finds her, when at home and not expecting company, in a torn or soiled dress, can fail to draw conclusions unfavorable to her character?

If the hearts of young people are right towards their parents, they will behave with proper respect and consideration towards their guests.

## D E C E M B E R .



Northern Garden Calendar.

Still look to your cellar; that is the housewife's winter garden.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Preserve fruit trees against canker-worms by the following mixture, used as a substitute for tar. White varnish, soft soap and whale oil, one third of each, mixed and applied as tar is usually. This mixture is not soon hardened by the weather, and does not injure the trees. Another simple mode of preventing the ascent of the insects, is to wind a band of refuse flax, or swingle-tow, round the trunk of the tree, and stick on the band burdock or chestnut burs so thick that worms cannot pass between them. — The carnation (*dianthus caryophyllus*) is a superb plant, and is biennial and perennial. There are various kinds, distinguished by names like those of the auricula, and what was said of the seed of that plant, applies to this. It is best propagated by layers. While it is in flower, it sends out several side shoots near the root. These are

pinned down in August a little under the earth, leaving the extreme part erect. In a little time they take root ; and the new plant must be severed from the old, and transplanted. The old plant does not always stand another winter ; therefore its branches are thus used to continue the species. Carnations are rather tender as to frost, and must be covered, as far north as Massachusetts, to live through the winter. It is best to put them in large pots, and to keep them in a greenhouse or parlor, or in some place where they can have air and light, during the winter.



#### Southern Garden Calendar.

*Kitchen Garden.* Sow peas, lettuces, radishes, mustard, cresses, rape and carrots. Plant cabbages, cauliflowers, onions, and oats. Hoe broccoli and spinage. Tie up endive. Protect celery from frost. Dress asparagus and artichokes.

*Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers.* Prune peach trees, nectarine, apricot, apple, pear, plum, cherry, and vines. Plant apple trees, pear, peach, nectarine, apricot, plumb, cherry, vines, &c. If you have a place large enough, let every young child in your family plant a tree or vine. — *Duration of roots :* Roots, with respect to duration, are, annual, biennial, or perennial. Annual roots are such as live but one year. They come from the seed in the spring, and die in autumn, including such as are raised from the seed every year ; as peas, beans, cucumbers, &c. Biennial roots are such as live two years. They do not produce any flowers the first season ; the next summer they blossom, the seeds mature, and the roots die. The roots of cabbages are often, after the first season, preserved in cellars during the winter :



in the spring they are set out in gardens, and produce flowers; the petals of which, in time, fall off, and the germ grows into a pod or silique, which contains the seed. The root, having performed this office, then dies, and no process can restore it to life; the flowering is thought to exhaust the vital energy or living principle. The onion, beet, and carrot, are biennial plants. Perennial roots are those whose existence is prolonged a number of years to an indefinite period; as the asparagus, geranium, and rose; also trees and shrubs. Climate and cultivation affect the duration of the roots of vegetables. Many perennial plants become annual by transplanting them into cold climates; the garden nasturtion, originally a perennial shrub in South America, has become in our latitude an annual plant.



## TABLES FOR MEALS.

A limited fortune is no excuse for deficiency in neatness. Every woman can wash her cups, and rub her silver, and lay her table-cloth even. Perhaps there are no articles so much slighted, or which so well repay a little care, as salt-cellars. Fine salt is nearly as cheap as coarse, quite as cheap for table purposes. It is a beautiful article. Pure as snow and sparkling as crystal, it makes the plainest vessel appear to advantage; but dark, dingy, damp salt, if it be placed in ever so rich cut-glass, looks dismally, dolefully, dolorously dirty!

Now little Lucy, it is a rainy day, and as you are not going to school, I should like to see if you can lay a table neatly. It is true we have no silver forks, nor venison blazes, nor cut-glass finger-bowls, nor damask napkins,



nor champagne glasses. But you can make our common plates feel smooth to the touch ; the plain tumblers can be transparent ; and the knives and forks, by rubbing, look polished. Look to the butter, especially. See the difference between that smooth mass, nicely stamped, which Aunt Jemima has just sent in on a plate carefully wiped at the edges, and this daubed and oily-looking butter bowl, with a knife inserted in the midst. Lucy, let me beg you to keep a jar of pure water and a wooden butter-stick ready, that you may arrange the butter for meals on perfectly clean plates or butter-bowls. Look to the sugar-bowl ; it requires emptying and washing, within as well as outside. A piece of bread and butter, with a well-set table, is better than many dishes amid dirt and disorder.

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#### EXPENSES OF DRESS

##### UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES.

A lady lately asked some friends what would be the probable expense of dress per year for a young lady and gentleman, in good society, without pretensions to extravagance. Some of them answered a hundred dollars each ; some a hundred and fifty ; some two hundred. One said twenty-five dollars for a young lady, and a hundred for a gentleman ; another said eighty for a gentleman, and a hundred and twenty-five for a lady. Another lady and gentleman drew up the following estimate. It may be interesting to compare these with one's experience and observation, although it is probable no two persons would exactly agree.

FOR A LADY.		FOR A GENTLEMAN.	
Shoes, . . . . .	\$10 00	Coats, . . . . .	\$30 00
Hose, . . . . .	8 00	Surtout or cloak . . . . .	40 00
Linen and cotton, . . . . .	8 00	Stocks, . . . . .	5 00
Gloves, . . . . .	7 00	Linen, . . . . .	18 00
Flannel, . . . . .	3 50	Shoes and boots, . . . . .	20 00
Petticoats . . . . .	2 00	Vests, . . . . .	25 00
Night dresses, . . . . .	3 00	Hose, . . . . .	10 00
Night-caps, . . . . .	1 12	Gloves, . . . . .	5 00
Small shawls, . . . . .	4 00	Under-clothes, . . . . .	6 00
Winter out-door garment, . . . . .	15 00	Combs, &c., . . . . .	2 00
Bonnets, . . . . .	16 00	Pantaloons, . . . . .	39 00
Pocket-handkerchiefs, . . . . .	10 00		
Best frock, . . . . .	15 00		
Common frocks, . . . . .	20 00		
Capes, . . . . .	14 00		
Combs, . . . . .	1 00		
Ribbons, . . . . .	5 00		
Corsets, . . . . .	4 00		
Sundries, . . . . .	5 00		
TOTAL, . . . . .	<u>\$161 62</u>	TOTAL, . . . . .	<u>\$200 00</u>

## RECIPES FOR COOKING.

*Potatoes.* We every day hear complaints about watery potatoes. Put into the pot a piece of lime as large as a hen's egg; and how watery soever the potatoes may have been, when the water is poured off, the potatoes will be perfectly dry and mealy. Some persons use salt — which only hardens potatoes.

Wine made of parsnep root approaches nearer to the Malmsey of Madeira and the Canaries than any other.

*Puff Paste.* To a pound and a quarter of sifted flour, rub gently in with the hand half a pound of fresh butter; mix up with half a pint of spring water; knead it well, and set it by for a quarter of an

hour ; then roll it out thin ; lay on it, in small pieces, three quarters of a pound more of butter ; throw on it a little flour ; double it up in folds and roll it out thin three times, and set it by for about an hour in a cold place ; roll it of moderate thickness, put on pattepanes to bake, with such fruit as you have ; lay pieces across the top, of any shape as suits your fancy. In small pans fill up with preserves after they are done ; bake of a light brown.

*Cottage Potatoe Pudding.* Parboil and mash two pounds of potatoes ; beat them up into a smooth batter, with about three quarters of a pint of milk, two ounces of moist sugar, and three beaten eggs. Bake it about three-quarters of an hour. Three ounces of currants or raisins may be added. Leave out the milk, and add three ounces of butter. Bake in pattepanes, with tart paste at the bottom, or add a little flour, and it will make a nice cake.

*Batter Pudding.* Common flour pudding, or batter pudding, is easily made. Those who live in the country can beat up five or six eggs with a quart of milk, a little salt, with flour enough to make it just thick enough to pour without difficulty. Those who live in the city, and are obliged to buy eggs, can do with three eggs to a quart, and more flour in proportion. Boil about three quarters of an hour.

*Nottingham Pudding.* Peel six good apples—take out the core with the point of a small knife, or an apple-corer if you have one—but be sure to leave the apples whole ; fill up with sugar ; place them in a pie-dish, and pour over them a nice light batter, prepared as for batter pudding ; and bake an hour in a moderate oven.

*Bread Pudding.* Make a pint of bread crumbs ; put them in a stew-pan, with as much milk as will cover them—the peel of a lemon, a little grated nutmeg, and a small piece of cinnamon ; boil about ten minutes ; sweeten with brown or powdered loaf sugar ; take out the cinnamon, and put in four eggs ; beat all well together ; and bake half an hour, or boil rather more than an hour.

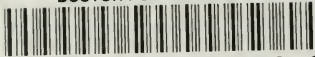
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The following books should be found in every domestic library : the American Frugal Housewife, by Mrs. Child ; the Young Lady's Friend, by a lady ; the Young Mother, by Dr. Alcott. c. e.

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*Recipes and Memorandums.*

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