

and gold—says: "All that is most graceful and charming in this way owes its existence to female hands. \* \* \* They are naturally mistresses of the art of embellishment. Men are so stupid in the main about these matters, that if the majority of them had their own way there would neither be a ringlet nor a ruffle, a wreath nor a nosegay left in the world."

Without entirely assenting to the truth of the above, we would say that the ladies have ever been considered, the world over, the almost exclusive patrons of flowers. And we know of no employment—to exercise or recreation—so conducive to health and happiness—none that will bring so effectually the glow of health to the cheek, and of joy to the heart, as GARDENING. It not only furnishes exercise, but exercise in the open air, and that regularly. While riding and other modes of exercise are attended with expense, and inconvenience, and loss of time, and are seldom attended to regularly, even by those most favored: yet she who cultivates a flower garden, and loves flowers, will seldom neglect her daily task. The ever encroaching weeds, the necessities of her plants, call daily for her attentions—and seldom call in vain.

The healthy appearance of English ladies is noticed by all American travellers. And for this they are in a great measure indebted to their passion for gardening. All English ladies work in their flower gardens, from the proudest princess to the poorest cottager.

When the hoe and the spade were almost the only garden implements in use, ladies had some excuse for neglecting to cultivate their gardens with their own hands; but now, implements are made so light and convenient, especially for ladies' use, that there would seem to be no excuse. The *Ladies' Garden Fork* is one of the most useful of these, either in the garden, or among plants in pots. The *Transplanting Trowel* is a light and convenient implement for preparing the ground for small plants, and for removing them to the desired place, without disturbing their roots or checking their growth. We see advertised in the eastern papers *Ladies' Gardening Gloves*; but we would not advise our fair readers to be particular about the *mittens*.

The architect may design, and the builder erect, the stately mansion or the simple cottage; it may be faultless both in design and execution, yet it stands stiff, unmeaning and lonesome;—but let some fair hand surround it with the drapery of nature—leaf and blossom—and it is changed as if by magic; its deformities, if any, are hid, its beauties heightened, and it becomes at once the abode of grace and beauty.—[Genesee Farmer.

### SALT OF LEMONS.

In reference to an article in the March number of the "Agriculturist," on removing ink stains, it may be well to remark, that the substance almost universally sold at apothecaries' shops under the name of salt of lemons is nothing more than salt of sorrel. This latter is a very poisonous substance; while the principle contained in the juice of the lemon, which

removes ink stains, is perfectly harmless. Accidents might possibly arise from persons being ignorant of this fact, and employing the so called salt of lemons on an emergency, instead of pure lemon juice. H. C.

### HOW TO COOK VEGETABLE MARROWS.

The true vegetable marrow, which does not seem to be much cultivated in this country, does not grow large, and should always be gathered when from six to ten inches in length. The true kind is oblong, and of a creamy white colour; while the excellent Spanish squash, which is perhaps equal to it, is rounder, and mottled green. The full, fresh flavour of the vegetable is obtained much better than by mashing, if the marrow be boiled whole, from twenty minutes to three-quarters of an hour, according to the size. If small, it may be served whole, or, if large, cut up in pieces, the seeds scraped out, and served with melted butter, and pepper and salt. They should always be used young, for when old they are apt to taste woody, like the coarse kinds of squash. H. C.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy I was too much like the self-willed, excitable Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she re-proved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh nor indulgent towards me; I cherish his memory with respect and love. But I have different feelings when I think of my mother. I often feel, even now, as if she was near me—as if her cheek was laid to mine. My father would *place his hand upon my head*, caressingly, but my mother would *lay her cheek against mine*. I did not expect my father to do more—I do not know that I would have loved him better had he done more; for him it was a natural expression of affection. But no act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace, are all felt now, and the older I grow, the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood.—["The Mother," by T. S. Arthur.

HENS EATING THEIR EGGS.—(T. R. S., Omar, N. Y.) We know of no other preventive for hens eating their eggs, than to keep them supplied with lime and gravel in some other shape, and not feeding them the shells, except very finely broken; and by making their nests in a box so deep and small that they cannot reach them while standing on the edge. Hens that are confined are much more apt to commit this fault, than those running at large.—[Genesee Farmer.