

POETRY.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have made the earth bring forth,
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar too,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours
For luxury, medicine, and tea;
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor does it need the lotus flowers
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The mighty dews might fall,
And the herb that keeps life in man,
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supernal grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in vallies green and low
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where go man passes by.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his face is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him.

MISCELLANY.

BREAD MADE FROM WOOD.

Much skilful manipulation and delicacy of experiment were required to establish the nutritive property of the woody fibre—in short, that a tolerably good quarter loaf can be made out of a dead board—has been proved by the recent labours of a German Professor, and may be verified by any one who will take the trouble to repeat them:—

"The following, (says Dr Prout,) was the method he employed for this purpose. In the first place, every thing soluble in water was removed by frequent maceration and boiling, the wood was then reduced to a minute state of division, that is to say not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, was ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn-flour. It is, however, never quite white, but always of a yellowish colour. It also agrees with corn-flour in this respect, that it does not ferment without the addition of leaven, and, in this case, sour leaven of corn-flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked, and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in times of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood-flour, also boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, like that of wheat-starch, and which is very nutritious."—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1827, part ii. page 318.

To make wood flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenrieth, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed transversely into disks of about an inch

in diameter. The saw dust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres in a pounding-mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of every thing harsh and bitter, which is soluble in water, by boiling them, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a long time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by inclosing them in a strong sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun or by the fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour-mill. The ground wood is next to be baked into small, flat cakes, with water rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marsh-mallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and serve to form four pounds and a half of wood-flour into cakes. These cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this they are broken into pieces, and again ground, until the flour pass through a fine sifting cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a hard wood, such as beech, requires the process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood-flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten flour; but the Professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat-leaven and two pounds of wheat flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of very good bread. The Professor tried the nutritious properties of wood-flour, in the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruels or soup, dumplings and pan-cakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible; and found them palatable and quite wholesome. Are we then instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance and consider, henceforth, the common phrase, "bed and board" as compounded of synonymous terms?

The Laplanders of Trysil, and the mountainous part of Osterluden, are said by Von Buch, in his Travels through Norway and Lapland, 1806-7-8, to make a bread, called by them *Bake Brod*, in the following manner.—"When the young and vigorous fir trees are felled, to the great injury of the woods, the tree is stripped of its bark for its whole length, the outer part is peeled from the wood; the deeper interior covering is then shaven off, and nothing remains but the innermost rind, which is extremely soft and white. It is then hung up several days in the air to dry, and afterwards baked in an oven; it next be beaten on wooden blocks; and then pounded as finely as possible in wooden vessels. But all this is not enough. the mass is yet to be carried to the mill, and ground into coarse meal like barley or oats. This meal is mixed up with threshed oat-cars, or with a few moss-seeds, and a bread of about an inch thickness is formed of this composition."

[The information contained in this article, furnishes the consoling truth, that if our seasons become so cold that all other means of obtaining bread should fail, we can cut down our forest trees and try the experiment of subsisting upon saw-dust.]—Ed. Bee.

SMALL CHANCE.—A lady lately expressed her surprise at seeing two doctors alight from the chaise to go into a house opposite. "I had heard," said she, "that Mrs B—was better,

and now the family physician has brought another with him." "Very good reason," returned her husband—"the family doctor found he could not kill her, and has therefore brought another to help him."

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.—The mention of broken necks reminds me of an anecdote of a hard riding Leicester-shire grazier, in the days of the renowned Meynell. Getting a bad fall one day, and being picked up apparently lifeless by some of the field, to whom he was unknown, they began to pull him violently by his heels and his head, supposing by the unnatural position of the latter, that his neck was dislocated. Coming to himself however, during the operation, he thus addressed the good Samaritans who had stopped to afford him relief—a thing not always to be looked for when hounds are going the pace—"Don't ye pull gentlemen, I was born so."

HORRIBLE EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.—On Monday morning, a woman named Susan Connolly, alias Keef, who resides in Dutch street, was brought to the Police, charged with habitual intemperance. The case of this unfortunate woman affords a sad illustration of the evils arising from drunkenness. About a year back she was in comfortable circumstances, and with a fair prospect of getting on in the world. Her husband about this time died, and the unfortunate woman abandoned herself to the propensity for drinking ardent spirits, which she indulged in to so great a degree as to frequently set her mad. As might be expected, she soon dissipated the greater part of the property left her by her husband, and about a fortnight back, in order to mend her condition she married a man named Connolly.

Since her marriage she still continued her career of drunkenness, and on Monday morning while in a state of madness caused by the previous night's drinking, she was heard screaming frightfully in her room and saying that she was now ready to go to the Lunatic Asylum. Simultaneously with her screaming, smoke was seen issuing from her room and on some persons entering it, the room was found on fire, all the furniture broken to pieces and the woman raving like a bedlamite. She was immediately secured, and the fire extinguished, and when her drunken phrenzy had passed away, she confessed that she had set fire to the premises. She was then brought to the Police Office and committed to prison until yesterday evening, when she was set at liberty by the intercession of some of her friends, and on the solemn promise to abandon her intemperate habits.—*Journal of Commerce*.

'Alack a day!' cried an old sawyer, upon hearing of the loss of a sloop load of grindstones. 'The times were dull before but I suppose they will be duller than ever.'—*Pearl and Galaxy*.

'John,' said a careful father, 'don't give cousin Simmon's horse too many oats, you know they have hay.' 'Yes, thur,' said John, moving towards the barn 'And hark ye John, don't give them too much hay, you know they have oats.'

It is now considered ungenteel, in Bangor, for a man to flog his wife with a rope larger than a common cod-line.—*Yankee Paper*.

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