

Remarks on Horticulture and Rural Taste.

BY ELIZABETH.

Nature has been bountiful with her gifts to our beautiful State, and should not all feel anxious to improve what has been so abundantly bestowed? We often see large farms with extensive fields under a high cultivation, and seemingly every effort made to get as many dollars as possible from every acre of land. This is all right. But when we turn to the house, perhaps we see a newly painted mansion with its green shutters exposed to the burning rays of the sun, without a shade tree or a shrub to give freshness to the scene, or impart loveliness to the spot; and the yard filled with dock, thistles, and other weeds! Can it be that the inmates of such a mansion have no taste for plants and flowers? Do they think the hours thrown away that are devoted to the culture of "nature's loveliest gem." I do not envy them their feelings.

"I love the flowers, the fair young flowers,
Where'er their dwelling be,
Though springing on the mountain side,
Or 'neath the greenwood tree."

There is a power in scenes of rural beauty which affects our social and moral feelings. One may judge with a good degree of confidence, of the taste and intelligence of a family, by the external appearance of their dwelling. A habitation, however spacious and costly, with nothing ornamental or interesting around it, indicates a want of delicate and kindly sentiment among its inmates, their books are generally few, ill chosen, and seldom read.

When we see a house however humble, which is apparently as comfortable as its owner has means to make it, with the delicious grape or some other vine climbing up the porch, the yard neat and tasty, we feel assured that this is the abode of quiet and rational enjoyment. A fondness for scenes like this is seldom blended with coarseness of sentiment or rudeness of manners. Why should we devote so much attention to the external ornaments of our house, while we never seem to think of displaying our skill in our domestic improvements? What is more delightful than the balmy breath of morn, rendered doubly grateful by the perfumes of flowers?

How sweet to inhale the fragrance of the opening rose, or pink, which our own hands have planned and cultivated! Cannot some of those

delicate young ladies who seem to fear that a little exercise in the yard or garden will injure their beauty, be induced to try the experiment and see if they do not both look and feel better? How many there are that spend half of their precious time in reading the "last work," looking after some new fashion, making a few fashionable visits, and then pretend to think that they have performed a vast amount of useful labor! When will the human mind expand enough to see and feel that health, and beauty, and usefulness are enhanced by spending a few scraps of time in the culture of those external ornaments at home than throw around it such an air of contentment, that the attachment which families have for that sacred spot, will cause them to look back with the most endearing recollection, when far away.

But I must stop, I do not deem myself capable of writing for others, but wish to elicit the mind and pen of those competent to instruct in this and every other good work. Much is to be done for many of us in erasing our erroneous ideas and prejudices in a relation to the dignity of labor in preparing our minds for enjoyment in the works of nature, in inspiring a love for natural beauty everywhere, and for all that is lovely and delightful in the works of our Creator. The inhabitants of the country should rise above the mere drudgery of life, become familiar with nature in her charming aspects, and take pleasure in viewing God's every varying works.

"There comes from every fading flower
A lesson for the heart."

What are the richest fruits or the brightest adornments of earth, without the intellectual nature, the moral fruits of the heart and mind.

Willow Cottage,

Ross County, June 1847.

—Ohio Cultivator.

Good Indian Cake.—One pint of buttermilk or sour milk, in which dissolve two teaspoonful of saleratus, (a little less if your milk is not much sour); take one spoonful of butter or lard, with a salt spoonful of salt, and two spoonful of sugar, rub them together, and add three well beaten eggs; then put the mix and add Indian meal till about the consistency of thin batter; turn into common cake pans; bake in a quick but not furiously hot oven. It will be done in half or three quarters of an hour. If your baking is not well done, your cake is spoiled.