

*Recipe for making Buckwheat Cakes.*

Do, dear Jane, mix up the cakes ;  
 Just one quart of meal it takes ;  
 Pour the water in the pot,  
 Be careful that its not too hot ;  
 Sift the meal well through your hand ;  
 Thicken well—don't let it stand ;  
 Stir it quick—clash—clatter—  
 Oh ! what light delicious batter.  
 Now listen to the next command :  
 On the dresser let it stand  
 Just three quarters of an hour,  
 To feel the gentle rising power  
 Of powders melted into yeast,  
 To lighten well this precious feast.  
 See, now it rises to the brim—  
 Quick—take the ladle, dip it in ;  
 So let it rise until the fire  
 The griddle heats as you desire.  
 Be careful that the coals are glowing,  
 No smoke around its white curls throwing,  
 Apply the suet softly, lightly—  
 The griddle's face shines more brightly.  
 Now pour the batter on—delicious !  
 (Don't, dear Jane, think me too officious,)  
 But lift the tender edges slightly—  
 Now turn it over quickly, sprightly.  
 'Tis done—now on the white plate lay it,  
 Smoking hot, with butter spread,  
 'Tis quite enough to turn our head.  
 Now I have eaten—thank the farmer  
 That grows this luscious mealy charmer—  
 Yes, thanks to all—the cook that makes  
 These light, delicious buckwheat cakes.

*Important To Housekeepers.*—A lady in *Batavia, New York*, has discovered a new method of washing clothes, which she highly recommends. We copy it from the *New York Tribune* :—

“*Washing Clothes.*—I have lately found a new way of washing, which I think is a great help, although I never saw it in print. It consists in using turpentine. My mode of using it, is to take the men's week shirts Saturday evening, and put them in cold water to soak until Monday, when I place them in a chaldron kettle, with good suds, and add the turpentine, say one hour. I then take them into a barrel and pound them hard ; rub them on a washboard ; soap them, and lay them by till their time comes to boil again, and spread them on the grass. I use two table-spoonsful turpentine to three or four pails of water.”

*Luck.*—Rev. H. W. Beecher says in one of his lectures: “I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of good and bad luck. There are men, who, supposing providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of the lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments ; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing ; by sanguine speculations ; by trusting fraudulent men ; and by dishonest gains. A man has never good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.”

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