

Domestic.

In this department of the *Agriculturist* we shall endeavor to furnish instruction and entertainment for our female readers. By the latter expression we would not be understood to mean the trifling nonsense and sickly sentimentalism which fills so many of the *Magazines* of the day devoted to their reading. In all our selections for this department we shall study the *useful*. We shall be very glad to receive contributions from the pens of some of our fair patrons. We are aware that it is not an easy thing for persons unaccustomed to the practice of recording their thoughts on paper, to write for publication. But we know also that there are many women among the wives and daughters of our country, who have had the advantage of education and enlarged experience, and who could easily find the leisure to communicate useful hints and advice to their less favored sisters. Will not some of them try? We shall be happy to afford the medium, and every assistance in our power.

LINES AT MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

BY MAJOR G. W. PATTEN.

Beside thy dewy grave I pass,
(A fresh and flowery mound,) *Sunlight* is glancing on the grass,
And the red-breast chirps around;
While from afar the city's hum
Steals gently on the ear:
And yet for me is Nature dumb!
Thy voice I cannot hear.

Thou told'st me from a distant land,
I ne'er should be forgot;
I come—e'en at thy side I stand—
And yet thou heed'st me not.

Where are those accents which were heard
So soft on music's breath?
Sister!—I hear no answering word.
Is this?—Yea! *THIS* is death!

Beside my Father's aged form
They've laid thee breast to breast:
Too bitter was the world's bleak storm;
But *both* are now at rest.

In life united—Oh! with such
Affection undefil'd!
In death 't is well, their coffins touch—
The Father and the Child.

Thou, sister, had'st but little strength
To tread life's thorny track:
So calmly dost thou sleep at length,
"Twere sin to wish thee back;
'The music of thy gentle tone
Tho' to my bosom dear,
And tho' my heart is sad and lone,
I would not have thee here.

For me is still life's stirring tide—
The battle and the storm—
The wave where warring navies ride—
The field where squadrons form!
But *thou* with no long watch to keep—
No dream at morn to tell—
Freed one!—Thine is an envied sleep!
Sweet Sister! Fare thee well!

ITEMS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—The following items may appear insignificant. But they are not. Could I have had them in a written form some years ago, and not have been under the necessity of learning nearly all by experience, which is slow and dear work, it would have been quite an advantage to me. A novice will need them all; an adept may find something new.

To sweep the floor, in winter, of a room without fire or carpet, sprinkle snow upon it; 'tis the best preventive of dust.

When cleaning a room used for company, it is best to place the wood in fireplace or stove, with plenty of kindlings all ready, so that a bright, blazing fire can be had at any time, in two minutes. Try this but once, and you will not again want the dirt, trouble and sometimes confusion, consequent upon carrying wood and fire after company arrives.

A large house, especially with a large family to make dirt and clean it, should not be without three or four brooms. One for each room would not be superfluous.

If you buy a broom, lopsided, with long ends extending out, nothing is more easy than to clip it with the axe; while nothing is more *foolish*, than to sweep with it so until worn out, complaining all the while of the mean brooms, broom-makers and store keepers.

It is well to have a button or other fastening to the door of each room. Sickness, dressing or some other cause will bring them into requisition.

Paint, washed with a solution of saleratus in water, will not rub off. A brush, such as the common blacking brush, is often preferable to a cloth, in the cleaning of doors, &c.

Varnished furniture may be washed, and yet retain its gloss, by following the wet cloth immediately with a dry one, and rubbing until the moisture is all evaporated.

Every woman having broom corn, can manufacture the best of kitchen brushes. Place together a few pieces neatly, clip the top and bottom, scald the upper part until quite soft, then wrap and tie tightly with strong cord. Work is considerably facilitated by having a kitchen furnished with three or four of these simply made articles. One for sink—hanging on a nail over it—one for stove—hanging near it also—one for cupboard and shelves, and perhaps one for brushing around the feet of, and under the stove, benches, &c.

These are equally useful for cleaning rooms. For scouring, some use cobs, in preference to rags.

Brick-dust or some other scouring material should always be in readiness.

By all means, spend *five* minutes in washing your brass candlesticks in strong vinegar, instead of *thirty*, in rubbing them with brick-dust.

For heating the white of eggs, use a peachtree switch doubled, instead of a knife, and the work will be done in one-fourth of the time.

Spreads, made of glazed calico for the purpose, and used in place of white counterpanes and light quilts, save a great amount of that severest of all labor—washing.

Bolster slips should be made open at each end, so that when the one on the front side becomes somewhat soiled, the other can be turned. It is unnecessary to make them longer than usual—the bolster can be turned and the slip drawn over.

Every woman at all in the habit of writing—and there are very few who do not sometimes write memorandums of business or goods, social or business notes—should have a stand drawer in some unfrequented corner, furnished all the while with pen, pencil, paper, &c., unless a daughter or sister in the family keeps