

hock flowers, gives the bees an opportunity to make a second season for collecting their sweets; and after a wet or cold summer, these autumnal flowers would afford them relief, give them strength to endure the winter, and shorten it to them, by preventing their falling on their store too early. We have frequently remarked that where the hive has been seen in the cottage garden, the inhabitants seem possessed of more domestic comforts than those who have neglected to secure a swarm of bees; and we have known several industrious families entirely clothed by the profits obtained from the sale of their honey and wax. A good strong cloth may be made from the fibrous bark of the flower-stalks of the hollyhock. In 1821, about 280 acres of land near Flint, in Wales, were planted with the common hollyhock, in order to convert the fibres into thread similar to that of hemp or flax. In the process of manufacture it was discovered that the plant yields a blue dye, equal in beauty and permanence to the finest indigo. The seed cases should be collected, when ripe, in dry weather, and kept dry, sown in April in beds of light earth, and the young plants removed when they have six or eight leaves each, into nursery beds about twelve inches from each other, and watered, if the season be dry, until they have taken root; then kept free from weeds, and planted out, where they are to remain, until October. Seeds sown as soon as ripe in autumn, and planted out early in spring, will sometimes flower a year sooner than could have been obtained from spring sowing. When not wanted for seed, the choice varieties should have the flower stalks cut down to the ground when the flowers are decayed, for if suffered to ripen the seed it frequently weakens the plant so much that they decay during the winter. A single flower-stalk will furnish enough seed for a large garden.

RHETORICAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE REPARTEE.

It is a fine day.—It generally is when a wiper is abroad.

Madam; my lord is dying for you.—I wish he was; and that he may never again importune me on the subject of love.

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Aristotle, observed, that he was fearful he was obtruding on his ear.—No, no, replied Aristotle, I have not been listening.

A quaker, in a stage-coach with an officer, observed that his sword was very troublesome.—All my enemies are of the same opinion, replied the captain.

A link-boy, one very dark evening, asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light? No replied the doctor, I am one of the lights of the world. I wish then, rejoined the boy, that you were hung at the end of the alley where I live, for it is very dark.

THE ANTHROPRISMUS.

A figure, by which a person renders the proposition of another of counter effect?

Turpin took my mare from the stable, and rode to York, without my knowledge and consent: which I term a felony.—It is true, he did so; but it was no theft; for he rode her to your yard again, and tied her to the rack.

Charlotte, it is my duty as a parent to inform you that you are sitting by a man of very profligate character, who will mar your reputation.—Papa; Vice placed near Virtue, makes Virtue more lovely, strong, and clear.

You might have had a deal more wit, papa, had you been governed by my mamma.—Child! he who is governed by his wife, has no wit at all.

THE BON MOT.

Brackley Kennet, who was lord mayor of London in 1780, was originally a waiter; and when summoned to attend the privy council, to answer for his pusillanimous conduct during the riots, his arrival was announced to the council-chamber. *Ring the bell*, said Lord North, and let him attend us.

In a recent duel between two lawyers, one of them had hot away the skirt of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a client, he would very probably have hit his pocket.

THE DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

Two vivacious girls entering the pump-room at Bath, met a short, fat, ruddy, coarse lady retiring. Here is beef a-la-mode coming out, said one of the girls.—This is usual, replied the dowager, to make room for the game!

The roses on your cheek were never made
To bless the eye alone, and then to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,
To please no other sense than that of seeing.

SADNESS.

THERE is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and, like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.