

TO MAKE GINGER POUND CAKE.—Cut up in a pan three-fourths lbs. of butter, and a tea cup of brown sugar, mix with a pint of West India molasses; then stir them well together. Sift into a pan a pound of flour; in another pan beat five eggs; add gradually the eggs and flour to the mixture of butter, sugar and molasses, with two large table-spoonfuls of ground ginger and flour of ground cinnamon. Then stir in a glass of brandy, and a small teaspoonful of saleratus melted in a very little milk. Stir the whole for some time. Then add a pound of raisins dredged with flour. Transfer the mixture to a buttered tin pan and bake from two to three hours.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Mechi and the Hounds.

For the last two months nothing has been heard in the agricultural world but a perfect storm of abuse against Mr. Mechi. Go where you like, you hear the foulest aspersions made upon his motives and his character, and our agricultural papers fill column after column with sarcasm levelled at his statements. We have Mr. Bond, for instance, shrewd enough, we imagine, to know that Mr. Mechi's self-respect forbids him to accept his insulting challenge, making a gratuitous show of his philanthropic generosity. I think by this time the public are sufficiently aware that Mr. Bond has £300 to devote to charitable purposes. Any one not acquainted with the true nature of this tempest would naturally think that poor Mr. Mechi has singularly disgraced himself, and rendered himself guilty of a very heinous offence. But, after all, what is Mr. Mechi's crime? He has merely directed the extraordinary gifts of his mind and his devotedness to the cause of progress towards agricultural improvements. He has waged a war to the knife with the most inveterate of prejudices—those of the agricultural classes. He has shown that by a judicious application of capital employed in removing old uses and abuses, and establishing means suggested and corroborated by the discoveries of modern science, twice as much profit could be realised by agricultural enterprise as the upholders of routine are wont to get. For many years he opened to all comers the treasures of his hospitality, he showed his crops to all, opened his books for their inspection, published his balance sheets, did, in fact, everything that the most inquisitive can demand short of impertinence, to prove the soundness of his views. The fact that his detractors came smiling to his hall with fore-sworn but concealed enmity, quaffed his wines and drank his health, and then skulked back to their abodes to forge shafts of abuse, leads to this inevitable conclusion—that all the opposition raised professedly against Mr. Mechi's agricultural theories is intended against the man.

He, forsooth, a city merchant, a "razor gr," has dared to intrude into the time-hallowed and venerable precincts of the agricultural interest, and not content with spending his money as he lists, he has been so bold as to tell the Mistresses Gamp of agriculture that their estates were not what they ought to be, that they had too many wooded hedges on their farms, too much water in their clays, too many weeds in their stubbles, too much waste in their cattle heaps, too much foulness in their byres, too little brains in their skulls, and, consequently, too little money in their pockets. And for all this, all these wholesome truths, certainly not covered by him, he is placed upon the ground of bitter persecution and abuse which is the lot of bigotry. Are we, then, to conclude that money cannot be gained by agricultural suits? Have no fortunes been realised by farming? Are the tenant farmers of this country such a state of poverty and want as to warrant the assertion that when Mr. Mechi says he has realised in his two-fold position of landlord and tenant a net return of a little more than one shilling per acre, the statement is incredible? Mr. Mechi the only man that has ever obtained it? Really, Mr. Editor, I have no objection to continue the consideration of this truly difficult subject and I venture to express the hope that this ungenerous persecution of an amiable and estimable man will at last come to an end, and remove from the character of the English agriculturist that stain of bitterness and which certain busy bodies would fain afflict her hitherto glorious and honourable face.

LOVER OF FAIR PLAY, in *Gardener's Chronicle*.

Can't Cook.

It is a sad defect when young ladies are incapable of directing their own servants. Without soles, or wristbands without a sole, is not more useless than one of these. A young lady shortly after his marriage, a young man went home, and seeing no dinner ready, his wife appearing anxious and confused, asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chambermaid no more about cooking a dinner than I am in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired the husband, very coolly.

"Under my direction? I should like to see dinner cooked under my direction."

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise.

"You certainly do not mean that you can cook a dinner?"

"I certainly do, then," replied the young man.

"How should I know anything about it?"

The husband was silent, but his astonishment perplexed and worried him.

"You look very much surprised," said the wife, after a moment or two had elapsed.