

city cooks." Honest woman, verily you speak the truth; pie-ology is a science that no two study alike. Thy tea, however, I will drink—excuse me if I decline a second draught, I never take but one cup. Thy dough-nuts I will try to masticate, and the pie, if there is no opportunity to pocket, I will make it disappear otherwise; but, good old soul, reward me for my martyrdom; air well my bed-linen, and don't compel me to nightly sing, "Oh, mother, where's your darling now?" I believe some enthusiastic Irishman advised pouring spirits down to keep the spirits up. Pity the poor unfortunate who, in Canadian back country villages, undertakes to prove the value of the recipe. The pouring down part of the business may be got through with if your wind-pipe is warranted fire-proof, and a very limited quantity of "tangle-leg," will produce a very respectable drunk; but the melancholy reflections of the succeeding morning are such as fearfully overshadow any benefit derived from the artificial hilarity of the previous night. Some, grown desperate in the suffering, go in for a hair of the dog that bit so sharp. Prophets recommend this as a good cure; well, if the patient is copper-lined and bullet-proof, he may stand the treatment for a limited time; but I defy the New Jersey cast iron steam man to stand the treatment for any lengthened period without a fatal termination. This domestic tinkering with liquor, already more than sufficiently tinkered when purchased from the wholesale dealer, is a disgraceful practice, and cannot be too severely exposed. Country tavern keepers may thoroughly understand the manufacture of a "bran mash," yet not be competent to properly distil a healthy sample of "old rye." Cayenne pepper is a useful article of household consumption; but for humanity's sake, don't fill an old woollen stocking with the fiery powder, and drop the same in the bung hole of a forty-gallon barrel of corn whiskey, and swear the same to be genuine "old rye." Spirits of turpentine is a useful mixing medium in the paint trade; but I object on business principles to paint the interior of my domicile with any such inflammable material. Shun as you would the plague, whiskey at two pence a glass. Fight shy of "Old Tom," Holland's and Hennessys brandy at five cents. The drink, if imbibe you must, call for beer, and trust to luck that no fatal consequences will ensue.