

PUMPKIN PIES.

BY A VERMONTIER.

(From the New York Tribune)

Let some folks boast of spicy mince,
Care not a fig for such do I;
Or largely talk of sweetened quince,
Fine as the luscious grape of Linz,
Plums doubly dipped in Syrian dye—
I deem them tasteless all as flints,
Compared with one good pumpkin pie.

I know our pumpkins do not claim.
The honored growth of foreign soil;
They never felt the torrid flame,
And surely they are not to blame,
Though reared not by the bondman's toil,
Incline where man, to burden tame,
Unpaid consents to tug and broil.

Talk not of vineyards broken down,
And fields that droop with oil and wine;
Where burning suns with ripeness crown
The sweets that man's best manhood drown,
By lying poets sworn divine.
I'd rather have than all—don't frown—
The product of my pumpkin vine.

See, on you melon covered height,
My chosen fruit, like globes of gold,
Lies ripening in the sunbeam light;
Ah, 'tis a stomach-staying sight.
And soon to house them from the cold
Shall freemen with strong hands unite,
Paid laborers and freemen bold.

And then the girls who make our pies,
Bless them! all other maids outshine;
Their raven locks, and hazel eyes,
And cheeks, whose ever changing dyes
The lilly and the rose combine,
Make mad the hearts that love the prize
Of all this loveliness divine.

Vermont! thou art a glorious State,
Though small in acres and in skies;
But 'tis not length that makes one great,
Nor breadth that gives a nation size
Thy mountains and thy mountain air
Have reared a noble race of men,
And women, fairest of the fair,
Their labors and their love to share;
Where shall we see thy like again?
I love them all, which most I shan't advise,
Thy mountains, maidens, or thy pumpkin pies.



GOLD DUG FROM AN ONION PATCH.—Robert Smith, at the San Jose Mission, California, has raised two acres of onions, which yielded 2,500 sacks, averaging 42 pounds each, and the average of the whole is 24 ounces each! He was selling them at 29 cents per pound. If he gets but 15 cents per pound for his entire crop, it will amount to the snug sum of \$30,750! This will do pretty well for two acres of wild land. This is said to be but the average yield of the onion crop throughout the Santa Clara valley. It eclipses famous old Wethersfield entirely, and shows that an onion patch is by no means a despicable gold placer. Neither indeed is a potato patch, nor a hay-field, in that most wonderful country. Dr. Basham

of Santa Clare, raised 800 bushels of potatoes to the acre there, and sold them at from six to seven cents per pound. Gen. Vallejo sold his standing grass for \$15,000. The party purchasing it, expended \$20,000 to cut and cure the same, and afterwards realized \$100,000 profit in the sale of hay! The market price for hay is somewhere between \$30 and \$50 per ton. —*Albany Register.*

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

- Of wheat, sixty pounds.
- Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
- Of corn in the cob, seventy pounds.
- Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
- Of oats, thirty-six pounds.
- Of barley, forty pounds.
- Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
- Of bran, twenty pounds.
- Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
- Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
- Of flax seed, forty-five pounds.
- Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
- Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
- Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
- Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.
- Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
- Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
- Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
- Of salt, fifty pounds.

Mr. Thomas Park, of Pickering, brought us a turnip the other day, which measured two feet eleven inches and a-half in circumference, and twelve inches in depth.—*Ontario Reporter.*

RATS.—The following, from the *Buffalo Republic*, is worth trying: "Rats may be expelled from your cellars and granaries simply by scattering a few stalks and leaves of *mullen* in their paths. There is something very annoying in this plant, to the rat. It affords, therefore, a very easy remedy for a most perplexing evil, and much more economical and less troublesome than gunpowder, 'rat exterminator,' cats or traps. The mullen is a very common production, and may be found in almost every field as well as in pastures, and by the sides of the highways."

VINEGAR.—Many families purchase their vinegar at a very considerable expense; some "make do" with a very indifferent article; and others, for want of a little knowledge and less industry, go without. It is an easy matter, however, to be at all times supplied with good vinegar, and that without much expense. The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise without cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made of cider or wine. Grate the beets, having first washed them, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in many other ways which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into an empty barrel; cover the bung with gauze, and set it in the sun, and in twelve or fifteen days it will be fit for use.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

An old Scottish proverb says "Muck is the mother of the meal-chest."

MACE is the second coat of the kernel of the nutmeg.