

The Household.

Items for Housekeepers.

Do every thing at the proper time.
Keep every thing in its place.
Always mend clothes before washing them.
Alum or vinegar is good to set colours, red, green, or yellow.

Sal-soda will bleach; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for the garden and plants or to harden yards when sandy.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold suds, and not rinsed.

If flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent them from creaking.

Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets run will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of the stove and smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing colour for bed hangings and window drapery.

Future Housekeepers.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives? We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging, but boasting, of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the estimation of their friends, as the confession of an ability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollections, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eye, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experience, that most people live on cooked or other food, and that the house is kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. For all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to sit and gaze at his wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil, or put the smallest piece of food therein.

A Yorkshire Pie.

First of all a receptacle is built of the shape and size of a good large cheese-box, composed of "scall crust," (that is, made with boiling water) about an inch thick; put no butter in the crust but in its place fresh beef suet, chopped as fine as possible, so that, when kneaded together, the walls of the receptacle stand firm and erect.

Now for the inside: take a fine mellow ham (a Yorkshire one if you can get it; if not a sugar-cured Virginian) a fine turkey, a goose, a couple of chickens, a couple of ducks, a couple of rabbits, a hare, a brace of pheasants, a few slices of venison, half a dozen pigeons, a dozen quail or woodcock, two or three pounds of sausage meat, some sweet herbs, and seasoning, and having deprived the foregoing of all their bones, proceed to stow them away in layers in your crust receptacle, just as tight as over you can get them, until all the interstices are filled up; then put a top-crust of the same thickness as the other on, place the pie on a piece of sheet-iron in a quick cool oven, and let it slowly bake for three or four hours; take it out very gently, and let it stand until the next day, and then when you cut it you will find it will come out quite solid, like a piece of variegated marble, tasting of everything in general but nothing in particular; a dish that would "raise an appetite beneath the ribs of death."

It will be a beautiful big pie, too; but there is no fear of its spoiling, for it will keep a couple of months, if needful, or you can manage any how to keep it. Don't talk any more of boned-turkey with truffler, or *pate de fois gras* from Strasburg, for neither are to be named with the Yorkshire pie.—*Wilkes' Spirit*.

Bride and Groom a Century Ago.

To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a show of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom were folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off and was disended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully be-floured, while his queue projected like the skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and tie of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.—*Ex.*

SYDNEY SMITH'S RECIPE FOR A SALAD DRESSING.—

The following may be useful to such of our friends as wish to put up fancy bottles of salad dressing for sale during the summer months. We have given it a long trial at our table, and can recommend it as the best mixture of the kind. It should be sold in capped or sealed bottles.

Two large potatoes pass d thro' kitchen sieve
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Disturb the condiment that bites too soon.
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town.
True flavour needs it, and the poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
And lastly, in the flavoured compound to-a
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce—
"Oh, great and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!"
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his finger in the salad bowl. (Grocer.

He who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's foot had the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not bootless.

DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.—Wives who are always blowing-up their husbands, or vice versa husbands who are always blowing-up the wives.

REFINEMENT.—A dealer in ready-made linen advertises his shirts and chemises under the mellifluous appellation of "male and female envelopes."

TO CURE PILES.—Ira F. Scudder writes the *Rural*: "Wild turnips will cure the piles. Prevention is better than cure. Let the afflicted carry it in their pockets. A very simple thing will make a man sick, why not a simple thing cure him?"

People who are resolved always to please, at all events, frequently overshoot the mark and render themselves ridiculous. A lady of this sort, going to a friend's house one morning, ran to the cradle, as soon as she came in, to see the "fine boy." Unfortunately, the cat was occupying the babe's place; but, before she could give herself time to see her mistake, she exclaimed with uplifted eyes and hands, "Oh, what a sweet child!—the very picture of his father."

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Boil the head until quite tender in salt and water. Take the meat from the bones and cut it in small pieces. Strain the water, and then put in the meat with a teaspoonful of cloves two pounded nutmegs a little black pepper, and as much red pepper as will lay on a five cent piece. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and one pint of browned flour, rubbed up in cold water. Boil all together for half an hour, then add two chopped eggs. A whole head, liver and lights make about three gallons of soup. The liver should only boil half an hour. A skinned head, with the bones of a leg of veal will make about as much. This soup, if well made, cannot be surpassed; but any soup, poorly made, of which there is so much—is the least palatable of all dishes.

Miscellaneous.

Conservatism and Particularity of the British Farmer.

In Canada, where land is cheap and plentiful, we do not adhere so rigidly to custom, nor lay so much stress on apparent trifles as they do in Britain. There, owing to high rents, tithes, poor rates, assessed and other taxes, every foot of land must tell, and must be made to produce its required quota. There but few dare to leave the beaten path. The British tenant-farmer knows that by certain manipulations he can produce given results; and he will not vary from what he has been originally taught. Now plans and new methods are universally (and with great difficulty) introduced by those who have the means to dare the risk. For many years the farmers in the neighbourhood of experimental farms, such as "Meehi's" or "Coke's," or other great improvers, continued to conduct their operations in the same manner as had been done for ages on their farms; they dared not alter. There was a kind of traditional knowledge handed down from father to son, often through the old farm labourer who had been born on, and was likely to die on the farm. These people have a great opinion of the value of what has gone before, and although they do not presume to dictate, often strongly influence their employers by advice offered in a peculiar manner. All recognize certain rules and maxims, most of which are founded in truth, but none in advancement, and few know why such a course as they recommend has been successful. They all have a dread of certain agricultural sins, one of which is, leaving the smallest bit of land in ploughing unmoved. The path of rectitude of the British ploughman is the straight, unbroken furrow; a badly-going team or a moment's inattention will sometimes cause a deviation in this respect. When such is the case, the ploughman's strict duty is to back up and mend the mischief; but laziness or wilfulness will sometimes cause this to be omitted. One of the traditions of the farm there is, that on such an occasion, where the ploughman had passed over such a blunder, and was so absorbed in covering it with the next slice of land that he did not notice the approach of his master, who, walking up the furrow after the slow team, observed the defalcation, and hurrying up to point it out, arrived behind the man just as he had successfully covered the error—it had been done by a considerable exertion—and calling to the horses to stop whilst he paused in triumph over his achievement, he cried—"Well, that's covered." The farmer was by this time close at hand, his step all unheard on the soft ground; he had discovered the offence; indeed, it had been committed in his own presence; his temper was up, and snatching off the man's hat, he dealt him a good crack over the crown with his stick, and then popping on the hat again, cried out—"Yes, and that's covered too!" When so trifling a matter as this becomes legendary, it may be easily imagined how great a crime (agriculturally speaking) such a deception is there considered, and what particularity, as well as conservatism, characterizes the British farmer.

EARTHQUAKE IN OTTAWA.—"On Monday night" says the *Pembroke Observer*, "the inhabitants of the city of Ottawa were awoken from their slumbers by the noise and shock of an earthquake."

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll,
Before they reach the sea.

HORSE THE TOOLS.—Many farmers, especially laborers of the irresponsible sort, have a shiftless habit of leaving their tools and implements wherever they used them last. We have had constant difficulty, on our own farm, in having these things kept in their place, and find the habit so inveterate among farm hands that it is hard to eradicate it. Nothing is more indicative of bad farming, for a carelessness which commences with the tools will extend through all the ramifications of the season's work. "A place for everything and everything in its place," is, and ought to be the motto of every good farmer and mechanic. It is only by this practice sedulously pursued, that tools can be kept in fit condition for use, proper economy insured in the expenses of the farm, and all its operations performed with the requisite facility. Without good tools work will be ill done and always behind time.—*Working Farmer*.