

and a piece of butter as large as an egg. Salt to suit the taste, and then stir in the meal, making the mixture about as stiff as for pound cake. Now comes the great secret of its goodness. Bake quick—to the color of a rich, light-brown. Eat it moderately warm, with butter, cheese, honey, or sugar-house molasses, as most agreeable to the palate

Remarks on Horticulture and Rural Taste.

Nature has been bountiful with her gifts to our beautiful State, and should not all feel ambitious to improve what has been so abundantly bestowed? We often see large farms, with extensive fields under a high state of cultivation, and seemingly every effort made to get as many dollars as possible from every acre of land. This is all right. But when we turn to the house, perhaps we see a newly painted mansion with its green shutters, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, without a shade tree or a shrub to give freshness to the scene, or to impart loveliness to the spot; and the yards filled with dock, thistles, and other weeds! Can it be that the inmates of such a mansion, have no taste for plants and flowers? Do they think the hours thrown away that are devoted to the culture of "nature's loveliest gems?" I do not envy them their feelings,

"I love the flowers, the fair young flowers,
Wher'er their dwelling be,
Though springing on the mountain side—
Or 'neath greenwood tree."

There is a power in scenes of rural beauty which affects our social and moral feelings. One may judge with a good degree of confidence, of the taste and intelligence of a family by the external appearance of their dwelling. A habitation, however spacious or costly, with nothing ornamental or interesting around it, indicates a want of delicate and kindly sentiment among its inmates, their books are generally few, ill chosen, and seldom read.

When we see a house, however humble, which is apparently as comfortable as its owner has means to make it, with the delicious grape or some other vine climbing up the porch, the yard neat and tasty, we feel assured that this is the abode of quiet and rational enjoyment. A fondness for scenes like this is seldom blended with coarseness of sentiment or rudeness of manners. Why should we devote so much attention to the internal ornaments of our house, while we never seem to think of displaying our skill in out door improvements? What is more delightful than the balmy breath of morn, rendered doubly fragrant by the perfumes of flowers?

How sweet to inhale the fragrance of the opening rose, or pink, which our hands have planted and cultivated? Cannot some of those delicate young ladies, who seem to fear that a little exercise in the yard or garden will injure their beauty, be induced to try the experiment and see if they do not both look and feel better? How many there are that spend most of their precious time, reading "the last work," looking after some new fashion, making

a few fashionable visits, and then pretend to think that they have performed a vast amount of useful labor! When will the female mind expand enough to see and feel that health, beauty and usefulness will be enhanced by spending a few scraps of time in the culture of those external ornaments, that attachment which families have for the sacred soil, will cause them to look back with the most endearing recollection, when far away!

But I must stop, I do not deem myself capable of writing for others, but wish to excite the pen and pen of those competent to instruct in this every other good work. Much is to be done by many of us, in erasing our erroneous ideas and prejudices in relation to the dignity of labor, preparing our minds for enjoyment in the works of nature, in inspiring a love for natural beauty everywhere, and for all that is lovely and beautiful the works of our Creator. The inhabitants of our country should rise above the mere drudgery of life, become familiar with nature in her charming aspects, take pleasure in viewing God's ever varying works.

"There comes from every fading flower
A lesson for the heart."

What are the richest fruits or the brightest adornments of earth, without the intellectual nature, moral fruits of the heart and mind.

ELIZABETH

Willow Cottage, Ross county, June, 1847.
—Ohio Cult.

Training of Children.—The instruction your children cannot commence too early. Every mother is capable of teaching her child obedience, humility, cleanliness, and propriety of behaviour; and it is a delightful circumstance if the first instruction should thus be communicated by so tender a teacher. It is by combining affectionate gentleness in granting what is right, with judicious firmness in refusing what is improper, that the happiness of children is promoted, and good and orderly habits are established. If children are early trained to be docile and obedient, the future task of guiding them aright will be comparatively easy.—Nicholls.

Cranberry Tart.—Take and wash a quart of cranberries in several waters; put them into a baking dish, with the juice of half a lemon and a quarter of a pound of moist or powdered lump sugar. Cover them with puff paste, and bake three quarters of an hour. Five minutes before done, ice and return it to the oven.

Rhubarb Tart.—If the rhubarb has a green spotted surface, it is a kind that may be cut without peeling; if the red sort the peel must be torn off before it is cut up in pieces of an inch length. Fill a dish with these, adding sugar and lemon peel, and, after covering it with a puff paste, bake it for three quarters of an hour.
Am Ag.