RUSSIAN STORMS.

A traveller in Russia says that the storms of that country are divided into three classes, the first and mildest kind is called the Miaisel; the second, more severe, the Sanjots, and the third, which is absolutely terrific, the Winga. In a conversation between himself and a priest, the latter is thus described:

"What, then," cried I, "is the Winga?"

"A prelude to the last day," answered the priest. "Fortunately, unmistakable indications announce its coming for some days beforehand. Then nobody sets out upon a journey, not even to the next village, though it be but a verst or two off. Precautions are taken for the safety of the house, by protecting it, on the north side, with heavy stones, and by propping it up, as well as barns and stables, on the south side. The tabunen (troops of wild horses) scamper in all haste to the nearest forest; droves of cattle and flocks of sheep seek shelter wherever it is to be found. Whatever the storm overtakes upon the open plain, man or beast, caravans drawn by oxen, or caravans drawn by horses, is lost without a chance of rescue.

"An icy shower of snow is the forerunner of the terrible blast; it falls so thick, and drives so horizontally through the air, that to withstand it is impossible, whilst it avails little to suffer one's self to be driven before it. For if one escapes for a while this prelude to the hurricane, he is infallibly overtaken by the formidable blast and circling whirlwinds which succeed it, and which gather up from the earth, like chaff from the threshing floor, the objects exposed to their violence, and hurl them to and fro in the air. And yet the rage of the unfettered element is not here at its height for when the storm seems to have exhausted its fury in the manner I have described—often raging thus during a period of several days—then first begins the real tempest, a blast which nothing can resist. It uproots whole forests, tosses the loftiest fir trees into the air like blades of straw, and often conveys them high above the earth, whole verstsaway. It levels stables and barns, uproofs houses and throws down church towers, so that the district it has visited looks, after its destructive passage, and for distances of several days' journey, lie a land ravaged by fire and sword. On all sides are seen heards of dead cattle, trees uprooted, villages overthrown. In exposed situations, this wind has been known to tear up isolated stables, to transport through the air their fragments and the cattle they contained, and far, far from the spot, to hurl these down shattered upon fields and roads. With varying fury the monster rages for some days, leaving behind him, on his departure, death, destruction, and lamentations. Happily he comes but seldom; his visits are not for every generations; but when he does come, all that his icy breath touches is devoted to annihilation.

"That is the Russian Winga!"

A GREEN ROSE.—At an exhibition of flowers which took place at the beginning of May at Mannheim, Germany, a prize was awarded for a very extraordinary floral curoisity, a green rose. The petals of the flower were green, and had somewhat the form of leaves.

"CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE."—This true saying receives an illustration in the fact that residents at Hong Kong have been known to send to London for tea. Such is the effect of European demand in withdrawing the best teas from China, that, on the spot, it is often difficult to get a good article. Hence the novel course to which we refer.

GLOVES.—Belgium is the great glove manufactory of the world. It is stated that from one establishment last year 100 000 dozen pairs were exported to England and America. There are three thousand hands employed there.

A WIFE INDEED.—A man who had been admitted to hospital at Newcastle for a rheumatic affection, was dismissed as incurable; he wished to return home to Haverton Hill, fifty miles away; but, from lack of funds and from the mode of transit being the easiest to the patient, his strong and willing wife carried him on her back the fifty miles, in fourteen hours resting once at Durham!

APPLES WITHOUT SEEDS.—A writer in The Life Illustrated, gives the process as follows:—"Extraordinary as this may appear, it can be successfully done, and by a very simple process—by merely reversing the usual order of growth in the tree, and causing the sap to flow in an opposite direction, and the limbs to grow where the roots usualy do, and vice versa. In illustration, I saw a few years ago, in the Saturday Evening Post, an account where some mischievous students at a country school, one day in a freak, dug up an old apple tree that did not bear, and the roots where that ought to be. To their surprise, it put out limbs from the roots, which bore apples without cores or seeds. Shortly afterwards I saw a letter in the same paper from a gentleman in Ohio, who stated that he had several such trees in his orchard, and that his method of producing was to bury the ends of the limbs low enough to reach the ground in it, (or turn down the top of a scion,) let a scion or scions spring up from it, then cut away the limb, and take up and plant the scion afterwards. In this way he had pro duced them, and in this way they may be produced from any tree where the limbs can be made to reach the ground."

ARCTIC GAIETIES.—The searching expedition under command of Lieut. Hartstene left a very and merry time of it at the Upernavik town of Disco. They found it contained about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, a few of whom were Danes, and the remainder Esquimaux or of mixed race. All were boundless in polite, hospitable, and honest. Two of the daughters of the governor, Moses Sophia and Maria Rosberg, visited the Release, where, after having regaled themselves most heartily on "butter and cranberry sauce" for which they exhibited an extravagant fondness, they joined the officers in the dance, and under the frozen sky of the north our gallant tars revived their recollections of the gay saloons of their far away and sunny home by going through the steps of the polka, mazurka and redowa with the fascinating Danish belles. It is said that the ladies danced with great elegance and grace, and succeeded to winning so completely the hearts of their American beaux as they had those of some British gentlemen who had visited them the year before.

There is a burden of care in getting rich; fear in keeping them, temptation in using them; guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—*Matthew Henry.*

"Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness," says Franklin, "are houses without windows; gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners."

THERE is never a day upon which I do not open my eyes at morning, with an instant thankfulness that I am alive upon God's earth; that I shall behold the blessed faces of my fellow-creatures; that my full heart is beaming; that the veins are warm and glowing with the cheerful tide of life! I looked out this morning upon the trees stripped of their foliage—their summer dew and song; upon their place amidst the grass, and stillness over the waters, and the brooding sorrow of a wet November day pervading earth and air. Yet my spirit nowise hindered, spread her unscorched pinions, and I blessed the hour that was and sees me living!—*Anon.*

HUMAN LIFE.

Youth, with a thousand-masted vessel,
Ploughs the sea at morning light;
Age, with shattered skiff crawls
Calmly drifts to port at night.
—*Schiller.*

The strong point of those in this country who denounce the war, consists in a certain use of the word "Russians," as if without this epithet on weak and cowardly minds. The Russians, we are told, will never get in. The Russians will never consent to any limitation of their maritime power. It is out of the question to think of beating the Russians in their own territory. The Russians are invincible, and they have only to call in their hordes from the Asiatic provinces, and all Europe will be crushed by the very weight of the Orient. Then, the Russians are devoted to their Czar, and regard him both as the head of their religion and as destined to drive out the Turs and conquer the world. We have been told by an actual flesh and blood statesman in this country that it is vain to think of resisting the paramount destiny of the Russians. These are some of the shapes in which the bugbear has been grandished before our eyes and rattled in our ears: and that the artifice is not without success in some quarters, appears from the manner in which people open their eyes when one ventures to intimate that the Russians are in the process of extermination. However, that is the plain fact of the case. Doubtless, these "Russian"—this terrible man of multitude—are obstinate, and brave, and religious after a fashion, and devoted to their Czar, and determined to conquer the earth, and resolved to die before they will abate one title of their pretensions, and rather clever fellows besides; but, meanwhile, the people who are so formidable, so implacable, and the rest of it, are ceasing to exist. A man may be very terrible indeed, but when he is dead, his terror dies with him, and the survivors are at rest. By and by, all these awful qualities, will be predicated of the Russians, but in the past tense, as they may be of the Huns, and of some other races that are no more to be found. Even a living Turk may be better than a dead Russian. The greatest resolution, the most savage zeal, the most infatuated loyalty, the most reckless courage, the largest scheme, the utmost confidence in destiny, the profoundest contempt for all other races, are qualities only formidable in proportion to the number of those who possess them; and if they were ever so formidable, when possessed by a million fighting men, they cease to be so when the possessors are mustered to a few thousands, or consist only of old men and children, invalids, cripples, and stunted town artisans. There is something very imposing indeed in great sound and fury. When a wild beast is roaring and lashing his tail and gnashing his teeth, and preparing for a deadly spring, he expands into the infinite, and it is difficult to realize that in a few seconds he may be only a lump of carrion, covered with a hearth rug or a winter cloak. Some Englishmen, who ought to have a little more sense in their heads, are equally incapable of perceiving the hollowness of this talk about "the Russians."

We have gone over the figures several times before, and therefore will only now repeat, that the population of All the Russias, is not greater than that of France and the British Isles, and is nothing like so valuable. Siberia, instead of supplying "hordes," is a drain upon Russia, and the Polish provinces most always look up a great part of her army. Of the troops marched to the seat of war, a very large proportion never reach their destination, and once there, few indeed ever return; indeed, there is good ground for the calculation that the 61,000,000 of all Russia, cannot send so great and so constant a supply of soldiers to the theatre of war as the 40,000,000 of France alone, not to speak of the British, Turks, and Sardinians. These estimates are now receiving the most authentic corroboration in the rapidity with which the Russian conscription succeed one another. Our correspondent at Vienna quotes from the *Augsburg Gazette* a calculation of the levies made in February, May, September, and December, 1854, and February, May, August, and October of the present year, and they amount to 52 men per 1,000 for the eastern half of the empire, and 64 men per 1,000 in the western half. It is assumed that there are 25) in every 1,000 of an age to bear arms and liable to conscription, but that only a third of them are really capable. This gives 83 per 1,000 as the whole fighting strength of the empire. If we deduct from this the 52 per 1,000 already levied in the eastern provinces, and the 64 in the western, it follows that there only remain 30 per 1,000 in the former, and 20 per 1,000 in the latter. Hence, it is evident that if the war goes on for the next ten months as it has for the last twenty—that is, if Russia makes the same efforts, with the same losses, she will literally have levied the whole of her fighting population, and will thenceforward have to carry on the war as best she can with her existing army. The only addition that can be made to this estimate comes within very definite rules. While war is making this havoc with the men from seventeen to forty-five, the gap is not slowly filled up by those of a lower age. The pace of destruction sets at nought all the resources of nature, and even if Russia were to proscribe all the resources of nature, and even if Russia were to proscribe all the unnecessary arts and annul every exemption in order to augment the levies, the supply would still proceed at the slowest walking pace to overtake a galloping demand. There is no evading the force of these figures. All the fulsome stuff we have heard about the hordes of Russia and her inexhaustible resources is reduced to its proper level of stump oratory on the simplest calculation, and on the confessions of the imperial ukases. Whence indeed, are these hordes to come? From Finland—an icy desert, fringed with a few fishing villages, and wandered over by a few wretched breeders of cattle or reindeer. From the Baltic or Western provinces? There Russia's best soldiers await in gloomy idleness, the attack of our Baltic fleet, the fickleness of the Prussian, and the unextinguishable hatred of the Pole. From the southern provinces—mercifully spared from levies, from their paucity of population and their sufferings by the war? No. The "inexhaustible resources" of Russia are a delusion. We have only to press on the war for a year or two, and the nightmare will be found to be nothing more than a dream.

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.—I am a farmer's wife, and have been a housekeeper for more then twenty years; raised a family of children, and the greater part of that time have personally presided over my household affairs. I have therefore not much time for publication, but seeing in your excellent paper several articles on bread making, and believing I am pretty well posted up in that department, I will give you and the readers of the Cultivator the benefit of my experience; truth will bear twice telling. In order to have good bread, a necessary ingredient is good yeast. My mode of making yeast is as follows:—To three pints of water add one handful of hops, boil well together, strain, and put the liquor into the pot again, then take three large sized potatoes, wash, pare, and grate them, and stir into the liquor while boiling, then add one tablespoonful of salt, one teacupful of sugar or molasses, and thicken with a spoonful of flour; pour it out and when cool add yeast sufficient to rise it; when light, set it in a cool place for use. To make bread, pare and cut two quarts of potatoes, boil them in water, enough to run one gallon of sponge; when boiled, wash and strain through a cullender, stir in flour while hot, when cool enough, stir in a teacupful of yeast, then set to rise, and next morning make up your bread in the usual way; when it is light, mould it into loaves, and let it stand until fit to put in the oven.

This is my way of making good bread, and I know of none better.—Aunt Debby in O. Cultivator.

BY NO MEANS.—It must not be concluded that because a man is possessed of a good stock in trade that it is always combined of a stocking(g) trade! [The ideas of this contributor—if he ever had any—seem not to be *worsted*, or at all events his brains have *been wool gathering*]