

certain established rules, some of which have been framed in ignorance of the laws of nature, and are only known to be right or wrong by their effects.

To be continued.

Agriculture.

A correspondent has written to us, requesting us to give "a recipe for the manufacture of potash, from the standing tree to the having it ready for market." We should like to have this supplied by some of our agricultural friends. Something written by a thorough, practical farmer, would be very acceptable. Even since the last book was written, there may be some improvement in the mode. Saving is a great matter now-a-days, and if any one can point out how to save money and time, which is often money, he would do the incipient farmer and potash maker a favour.

EMBELLISHMENTS FOR FARM HOUSES.

Talk not to me of the suburban residences. With their windows decorated with geraniums and heaths, with hyacinths and irises. I would always have the windows of our farm-houses adorned with flowers, not in rusty tin measures, and old black glazed spoutless teapots, and glass bottles with their necks broken off, but in whole and handsome flowerpots, or neatly painted wooden boxes, for they really cost little or nothing. I would have the piazzas or porches trellised with vines, even with scarlet runners, if nothing else could be had. I would have the door yard filled with flowers and shrubbery, and the roadside lined with trees; here a clump, and there a single line, mingling the varieties as nature mingles them, cultivating them for fruit, and cultivating them also for ornament and beauty; but this is all, you will tell me, for mere appearance sake. Well, I will reply, is appearance nothing? Do you think nothing of appearance when you choose your wives, and nothing of your own appearance when you wish them to confirm the selection? But why should the pleasure of sight be so lightly esteemed? Why should they be spoken of in language of disdain or indifference? Are they not as rational, as respectable, as valuable, as abundant, and as innocent as the other senses? Are they not, indeed, the very elements of some of the most refined pleasures of the mind and heart? Has God given us the sense of sight, so wonderful, so capacious, so infinitely varied in its resources and objects, for no purpose? Is appearance nothing, even though it be the window of a farm-house? What is more studied than appearance throughout the work of the Creator? What object is their in nature, from the highest to the lowest, animate or inanimate, swimming in the sea, or in the air, or the surface of the earth, or buried beneath it, which is not upon examination, found to be as beautiful as if it were finished for no other purpose than to be looked at! Take the shell that lies at the bottom of the ocean, the bird that bathes his wings in heaven's purest light, the flowers that carpet the earth with their varied splendour, the glittering stars that light up the deep arches of the skies with an eternal

glory—take the combination of the countless elements of beauty, when the morning slowly lifts up the veil of night, and as the dawn of the creation reveals the glories of the visible world, or when spring breathes upon the earth and recalls the dead to life, and myriads of forms of new things come forth at her voice—take the descending sun as he reclines upon his western throne, and wraps around him the gorgeous robe of unrivalled majesty—take the perfection of beauty as seen in a nearer but more transcendent form in man himself, in his symmetrical stature, in his well-turned limbs, in the web of unmelted softness and texture which covers him, in the tints of his complexion, in the grace of his movements, in the melody of his voice, in the eloquence of his eye, pouring out the fires of genius, or radiant with the charms of the affections that speak so powerfully to the soul—and will, then, men say that appearance is nothing, and that the pleasures of the sight are not to be valued and cultivated. I say, that appearance is always to be regarded, and that we cannot render our homes too beautiful and attractive. Home is the paradise of human life, and poor and wretched, indeed, must that creature be who, looking round the habitable world, cannot point to one nook of earth, and say, "there is my home!"—Our first object should be to make our homes as convenient and comfortable as we can make them, and our second object should be to render them to an equal extent, tasteful and elegant.—*London Gardener & Florist.*

News.

CANADA.

A foolish rumour is prevalent respecting the instability of the Provident and Savings' Bank of Montreal, which has caused a run upon its funds. The Directors issued an Address stating the Bank to be in a sound and satisfactory state, but warned the depositors that if the run was continued, it would prove alike disastrous to the institution and depositors.

The Governor General went down to Grosse Isle on the 19th ultimo.

Several incendiary attempts have been made in Montreal lately, and, in some cases, the perpetrators have been successful as far as the destruction of valuable property is concerned.

The steamer *Dawn* in descending the Lachine Rapids on the 20th ult., went on the rocks. The accident would not have occurred but for a raft which was coming down at the same time. She is a complete wreck.

The new large bell which arrived last fall from England, was consecrated on the 18th June. The Hon. Mr. Lafontaine and some others were god-fathers to it on the occasion of its baptism.

All the political exiles of 1839, with the exception of one, who has settled at Sydney, have quitted the penal colonies.

The reports of the crops, generally, throughout the country, are promising.

Dr. Dill, of Dundas, is in gaol there, charged with murder. Small pox prevails at present among the poorer classes in London, C. W.

Sixteen caleches loaded with farmers came into Montreal lately, from the parish of L'Assomption, to have masses said in the church for the destruction of the grasshoppers in their fields.—*Courier.*

A destructive fire, by which about twenty-five houses were burned, took place on the morning of the 17th, in Sorel.