

"I would have them feel that the serene delight with which we contemplate the bursting rose, in its unrivalled loveliness and matchless perfume, is a link in that great chain of sympathies, which binds us in strong communion with external nature. The voice, half pensive, half joy, which whispers to the heart from that exquisite and blushing flower, is the same which is heard fearfully in the murmurs of the mighty ocean, or the deep roar of the cataract. It bursts in thunder from the cloud—it speaks from the smiling face of mountain and valley—of rich woodland and waving corn field—of sunny knoll and rippling stream. The song of the little birds sends it forth, and so does the majestic firmament of heaven. It speaks from the setting sun, as he sinks amid his gorgeous pavilion of purple and gold. It sighs softly in the dreamy hour of summer twilight; and then the silver moon, with the innumerable far-off twinkling stars, take up the wondrous tale. It is the universal voice of creation, which ever changing in its infinite variety of tones, is still the same; and thrills upon the soul of man with emotions and thoughts so deep, yet so indistinct—so little connected with the business of this world, and so mysteriously wandering, struggling, onward, upward, to another, we might almost believe that amid the ruin of our race, one chord of the glorious instrument was left unbroken by its Almighty Maker, to answer, in sweet but mournful and imperfect music, to the harmonies of all his works. Let it not be said that in all this there is nothing real, substantial, useful; that it is the mere exaggeration of a vivid fancy; for it is possible that these moral instincts are a more essential and enduring part of our being than the passions which now impel and govern the course of human affairs. There is a meaning in these high aspirations, called up by the eloquent appeals of the material world around us; and it may happen that when unnumbered ages shall have rolled over the buried hopes and fears, the ambitions, jealousies, triumphs and defeats, which make up life, this longing after the idea of beauty—this dim half-consciousness of the reality of things unseen, will be remembered and comprehended by an enlarged sense, and higher intelligence, when time shall be no more.

"Upon this ground, then, of its tendency to improve our moral and intellectual nature, would I persuade our fellow-citizens to aid us in our endeavour to establish and maintain the Society, which is the object of the present meeting. If the observations I have had the honour to submit to you have any foundation in truth, then our project must interest all classes, as being of a character to conduce to the enjoyment of all. It proposes nothing beyond the reach of the poor man, nothing beneath the notice of the wealthy. Its charms are such as address themselves to the educated and refuted, and no dignity of rank, by extending to it a kindly sympathy, or an active participation.

"To our fair friends, upon whom we rely for much and zealous support, I address no solicitations, for I am not using the language of compliment but that of sober truth, when I say that woman's sensibility—her quick perception of the beautiful and excellent, in the moral as in the natural world; her purer aspirations, her more simple and quiet tastes—in all of which she far excels man's grosser nature—are a pledge that on her part no effort will be wanting to secure a vigorous and active existence to an institution, the objects of which accord so well with the essential tone and texture of her own character."

VALUE OF LEAVES.—What shall I do with my leaves? Are they good for anything? asks a correspondent. Do with them! good for anything! Why treasure them to be sure, as if they were coin of the realm; they are good for everything which a gardener has to do. They are the best of all materials for bottom-heat,

the best of all soil, the best of all drainage, the best of all manure. It is true they contain little or no nitrogen, but they rot quickly, are full of saline matters, on which everything that bears the name of plant will feed gluttonously, and from their peculiar structure allow air to pass in and water to pass out with perfect freedom.

If we wish to know what leaves are good for, we have only to burn them and see what a quantity of ash they leave behind. All that ash is as much food for other plants as beef and mutton are for us. It is the material which Nature is perpetually restoring to the soil in order to compensate for the waste which is produced by the formation of timber. In wild land, trees are annually thus manured; were it otherwise a wood would be a roof of life overshadowing a floor of death. If we can remove the leaves from our plantations, it is only because of the artificial richness of the soil in which they grow. This sufficiently indicates the value of leaves, which are in truth hardly less important in their death than they were in their life, though in a different way.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

CHEAP FOOD.—At a meeting of the Academie des Sciences, on the 16th ultimo, a paper was read by M. Payne, on the part of the author, M. Flandin, who exhibited some specimens of horse chestnut fecula, entirely deprived of bitterness, and other specimens of bread and biscuits prepared with one part of this fecula and three parts of wheat flour. The author declares that a horse chestnut is worth as much as a potatoe, and that two trees bearing this fruit at the door of every cottage in the country are equivalent to several acres of potatoe fields, the more so, as the horse chestnut almost always yields a good crop and requires hardly any care.

SLUGS.—The most effectual remedy against the depredation of slugs and snails is to strew fine sifted ashes with a little soot and lime, well incorporated together, over the ground directly the seed is sown, and again when the plants are coming up; the lime and soot will form a coat over the stems and leaves of the tender plants, until they are strong enough to resist the injury, and the sharp rough particles of coke or coal ashes, will prevent their passing over it. The best time to sprinkle is when the dew is on the ground, or after a shower.—*Gardiner's Chronicle*.

SWEET POTATOES.—A small parcel of this root has been received by Messrs. Keeling and Hunt from Madeira. The cultivation of sweet potatoes, as well as other kinds from English seed, is being increased to supply this market; and as the voyage is now made from Madeira to Southampton on an average of from 11 to 12 days; they arrive in sound condition. Oranges and Bananas are also being cultivated to a considerable extent for consumption in England, and a parcel of them arrived by the same ship.

SEA SAND.—It is a fact not a little interesting (says Sir H. De La Beche) that sand thrown by the sea upon the coast of Cornwall is very extensively employed in the interior of the country for agricultural purposes.—Vast quantities of this sand (estimated at 10,000 tons) are annually taken from Badstone harbour to the interior, and this cannot be considered more than one-fourth part of the whole quantity removed. Between five and six millions of cubic feet of sand are thus annually conveyed from the coast, and spread over the land in the interior as mineral manure. In this case, however, the sand is not silicious, but consists almost entirely of comminuted sea shells, and thus affords the requisite supply of carbonate of lime to the clayed lands of the interior.