

fragment of genuine Gothic often reconciles to the painter its admission into the landscape; even although the great mass of the building may offend the eye of the antiquary, or man of correct taste, by its occasional departure from the true Gothic style."

CARROT BUTTER.

A correspondent of the Dollar Newspaper gives a mode of coloring butter yellow, consisting substantially of the application of a liquid at churning, made by grating yellow carrots, and after soaking in half their bulk of milk or water over night, straining through a cloth. This, we are assured, will make it as yellow as October butter, and with an agreeable flavor. Customers who buy butter of the manufacturer who furnishes the communication, much prefer this to any other. Some of our readers may think this method worthy of trial; others will prefer a modification, which we have often tried with great success. This modification differs in one particular only, yet has several advantages. The point of difference is in the time of applying the carrots;—that is, instead of doing it at the commencement of the churning, by introducing them into the *churn*, we apply them about two or three days sooner by introducing them into the *cow*. This modification has several advantages, namely, saving the labor of grating the carrots; furnishing animal instead of vegetable butter; and nourishing the cow into the bargain.

PLASTER FOR PEAS.

At the request of some of my friends, I send you the result of an experiment I made last season in the use of plaster.

I have used plaster for fifteen years, on all sorts of grain, potatoes, &c., upon all the kinds of soil I possess. But thinking that I derived no benefit from its use on grains, for the last ten years I have only applied it to grass and peas.

I belong to an Agricultural Society, as every farmer should do, and of course intend my crops for premiums. When the committee examined them, I called their attention to the difference in the different ridges of my pea crop—the parts where plaster was sown, exhibiting a dark green and thrifty appearance, while those ridges without plaster, were pale and unthrifty. In harvesting, I cut two ridges of equal size—one plastered, the other not—and threshed them separately. The one plastered yielded one bushel and eighteen quarts, while the unplastered one produced two quarts less than a bushel.

LAIRD.—Noo, Doctor, for pity sake, take the taste o' the carrot butter oot o' my mouth, I see ye hae a sang lying afore ye, suppose ye gie it to us.

MAJOR.—Not so fast, "place aux dames,"

if you please; where are the gatherings; send for Mrs. Grundy.

DOCTOR.—This sudden change in the weather has compelled me to forbid her leaving the bedroom, so I will read her gatherings.

LAIRD.—The sang first.

MAJOR.—No, the account of the last concert first—then a sketch of what is before the Musical World, either present or prospective.

DOCTOR.—Well, well; know then that the last concert was a bumper, and must have been profitable.

LAIRD.—Save us, is that a ye're to tell us about it?

DOCTOR.—Really I have very little more to tell. There was some pretty fair singing on the part of all the gentlemen, a very fine trumpet obligato by Mr. Harkness to a song of Mr. Atkins, and "Adeste Fideles" was very well sung by some of the College boys, (I do not mean University College,) but the Upper Canada.

LAIRD.—Wul, but whaur was our young friend Miss Paige?

DOCTOR.—I am sorry to say she was very unwell, and an excuse was made for her non-appearance in the second part of the concert—so much for the past, now, for the present. Your are aware, perhaps, that a concert is to be given on the 6th April for the benefit of the poor.

MAJOR.—You mean to supply them with fuel.

DOCTOR.—Exactly so—Some of the most distinguished amateurs of the city have consented to lend their services, and a lady amateur, who has never yet sang in public will make her debut on that occasion, I expect that the room will be crowded. And now for the song, which is from Mozart.

LAIRD.—Bide a wee—can you no tell us some o the sangs that are to be given.

DOCTOR.—Scarcely with any certainty, "Eva's" parting is spoken of for one lady, who will also take a prominent part in Dr. McCaul's anthem—Novello's ora pro nobis and the Laudate pueri are mentioned for another lady. Mr. Hecht will be asked to repeat the Hymn which he gave with such effect on a late occasion. There is something good for each performer, and the band and Philharmonic have their full share allotted to them—now for the song.