

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY C. B.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return, to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither toil nor spin,
Yet, lo! what godly raiment they're all apparell'd in!
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than even brood of Eastern Queen, endiadem'd with light

The young, rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never fall,
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all;
The dew, the shower, the sunshine, the balmy blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy, careless creatures! of time they take no heed,
Nor weary at his creeping, or tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, or wish the night away,
And when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, Would God that it were
day!

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom on holy Nature's breast:
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

POLISH HONEY.—Poland is perhaps the greatest honey producing country in Europe. In the provinces of Podolia, Ukraine, and Volhynia, in particular, the cultivation of the honey-bee has long formed an object of national importance, and these bee-gardens are not only very numerous and extensive, but they are also common in other parts of the kingdom. There are cottages in Poland with a very small portion of land attached to them, on which was to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives! There are some farmers who collect annually more than 200 barrels of fine honey, each barrel weighing from 400 to 500 lbs., exclusive of the wax. A tenant is often in this way enabled to pay his rent and taxes, to defray other domestic expenses, and often to accumulate handsome dowries for his daughters.—*The Journal of Agriculture.*

TREATMENT OF LITERARY MEN.—The soldier, the sailor, the architect, the painter, are all within sight of the most lavish prizes of public liberality. Parliament has just given titles and superb pensions to the conquerors of the Sikhs. The India Company has followed its example. We applaud this magnificent liberality in both instances. Two general Officers have thus obtained a peerage, with £7,000 and £5,000 a year. They deserved those rewards. But the whole literary encouragement of the British empire, with a revenue of fifty two millions sterling, is £1,200—little more than the tenth part of the pension allotted to those two gallant men. There can be no greater scandal to the intellectual honour of the country. The pettiest German principality scarcely limits its literary encouragement to this sum. We doubt whether Weimar, between literary offices and pensions, did not give twice the sum annually. But named in competition with the liberality of the leading sovereigns, it is utterly mean. Louis the Fourteenth, two hundred years ago, allotted 80,000 francs a year to his forty

members of the Academy—a sum equivalent in that day, and in France, to no less than £5,000 a year in our day, and in England. Frederic II. gave pensions and appointments to a whole corps of literary men. At this moment there is scarcely a man of any literary distinction in Paris who has not a share in the liberal and wise policy of government, either in office or public pension. But if we are to be answered by a class plethoric with wealth and rank, that literature ought to be content with living on its own means, must not the obvious answer be—Is the author to be an author down to his grave? Is there to be no allowance for the exhaustion of his over worked faculties?—for the natural infirmities of years?—for the vexation of a noble spirit compelled to submit to the caprices of public change?—and with its full share of the common calamities of life, increasing their pressure at once by an inevitable sense of wrong, and by a feeling that the delight of his youth must be the drudgery of his age? When the great Dryden, in his seventieth year, was forced, in the bitterness of his heart, to exclaim, "Must I die in the harness?" his language was a brand on the common sense, as well as on the just generosity, of his country.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The Austrian government has just issued an ordinance, declaring that every engine driver on the Rail-roads of the state who shall have for the space of one year, performed his duties without having caused any accident shall be entitled to a reward of one hundred florins (260l) and that every engine driver whose trains have met with no accident for ten consecutive years, shall receive 1,000 florins; (2,260l.) and a gold medal. It is hoped that this regulation which appears to us to be well worthy of imitation, will tend to diminish the frequency of rail road accidents.—*Herold.*

Sensibility is like the stars, that can lead one only when the sky is clear. Reason is the magnetic needle which guides the ship when the stars are wrapt in darkness.—*Herder.*

A FEW VOLUMES OF

The Canadian Agricultural Journal,
Price, Five Shillings, Bound,
TO BE HAD OF THE PROPRIETOR.

The Canadian Agricultural Journal,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Any Post Master or other individual who obtains six subscribers, to be entitled to one copy, gratis.

As the object of this Journal is to improve Canadian Husbandry, by the dissemination of the best and cheapest Agricultural information, the charge for it will be simply sufficient to cover the necessary expense. The subscription price will therefore be Five Shillings per annum, to single Subscribers. Societies or clubs will be furnished at the following rates:—

50 copies for.....	\$30
20 copies for.....	15
10 copies for.....	8

Payable always in advance.

WILLIAM EVANS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

LOVELL AND GIBSON, PRINTERS.