

relics have hitherto been discovered—whether mammoth, sarvian, Misourium or ignmanodon. The Skeleton of the latter, presents, we believe, a length of seventy feet or thereabouts; but the hydrargos goes nearly fifty feet beyond. It is by far the *greatest* curiosity we ever saw.

REMARKABLE DURATION OF VEGETABLE LIFE.—We extract from the *London Morning Chronicle* of the 30th Dec., the following almost incredible account of a successful experiment in growing peas from seed found in an Egyptian sarcophagus:—"Sir Gardner Wilkinson brought to England a mummy and vase which had been in an Egyptian sarcophagus for 2,844 years. They were forwarded to the British Museum, and, on examining the vase, which was supposed to have contained valuable relics, only a few grains of wheat, vetches, and peas, were discovered, with a large quantity of dust, supposed to have been the decomposition of similar substances. Three of the peas were presented by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., to Mr. Grimston, of the Herbarry, Highgate; but it was not till last year that Mr. Grimston resolved to ascertain whether they still retained the powers of vegetation; and in the month of June he accordingly planted them in a compost, resembling as nearly as possible the alluvial soil of the Nile, and placed them in a forcing frame; and in a short time he was most agreeably surprised to find them sprouting, and they ultimately produced nineteen pods, from which fifty-five peas were preserved. Part of these were this year planted on the 23rd April, and the rest on the 4th June, but in the open air, though with a similar compost; and all are now of a most luxuriant growth, full of pods as well as blossoms; the latter are white, with green stripes, of a bell shape, but, contrary to the British pea, producing the pod from the centre; the pod, in shape, resembles the scymetar, or marrowfat pea. There is no doubt that they are fit for table, but they have not yet been tried; when they shall have been, Mr. Grimston intends to select a portion and forward them for the acceptance of her Majesty.

MODERN SAMRONS.—Hon. J. S. Buckingham, member of parliament, says, that "the finest and strongest men he ever saw in his life, were a tribe residing upon the Hymmalaya Mountains. They came to Calcutta as Athletes; to show their skill in wrestling, boxing, throwing the quoit, and other athletic exercises; they were pitted against British grenadiers and sailors, the strongest that could be found; the result was, that one of them was found a match for three; and yet these men never tasted any drink stronger than milk and water, from their infancy upwards. He had himself travelled from Diarbekir to Bagdad, a distance of 800 miles, on horseback, in ten days, with the thermometer ranging from 100 at sunrise to 125 or 130 degrees in the afternoon, without drinking any thing but water, and he was as fresh and strong at the end of his journey as when he set out."

THE AGRICULTURE COLLEGE AT GIRENCESTER.—At the annual meeting of the Farringdon Agricultural Society, held some time since, Lord Radnor said there were at the present time between 30 and 40 pupils at the above college pursuing the study of agriculture in its scientific and practical bearings, and amongst that number there was only one son of an agricultural gentleman, the rest being the sons of shopkeepers and tradesmen from various parts of the country. He was himself a shareholder, and had the power of nominating any young man who wished to belong to it. The expense was not very considerable, and he should feel much pleasure in recommending any of their sons, if they wished them to receive a good education in the science of agriculture. He would impress on them the importance of sending those sons whom they intended to bring up to agriculture pursuits to the college, and not to the universities of the country. *Advertiser.*

not born of agricultural fathers. In consequence of the loss of the privileges of Buckland, in which they would be able to obtain an education in the science of farming, and, probably having money to embark in agricultural speculation, they would eventually become the cultivator of the soil; and what landlords could be blamed for letting their farms to young men of knowledge and science?

THE HARVEST APROOD.—[Extract of a letter from Gottenburg, Nov. 24.—Indeed the harvest seems to have failed over the greater part of Europe. In the north of Sweden the poor people are in a lamentable state, the crops both of corn and potatoes have failed entirely; and in a letter I had lately from a large landed proprietor not far from Stockholm, he says, that the 400 tenants on his estate have bread enough to last till Christmas, but after that they will be without provisions till the next harvest time comes round again. This presents a very gloomy prospect. Subscriptions are raising everywhere for the relief of the poor sufferers. We have, so far, had unusually mild weather; there has been no frost yet; but torrents of rain during the whole autumn have rendered the roads nearly impassable.

FALLING LEAVES.

BY JOHN CLARKE, THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

Hail, falling leaves! that patter round,
Admonishers and friends;
Reflection wakens at the sound—
So, Life, thy pleasure ends.

How frail the bloom, how short the stay,
That terminates us all!
To-day we flourish green and gay,
Like leaves to-morrow fall.

Alas! how short is fourscore years,
Life's utmost stretch—a span;
And shorter still, when past, appears
The vain, vain life of man.

These falling leaves once flaunted high,
O pride! how vain to trust;
Now wither'd on the ground they lie,
And mingled with the dust.

So Death serves all—and wealth and pride
Must all their pomp resign;
E'en kings shall lay their crowns aside,
To mix their dust with mine.

The leaves, how once they cloth'd the trees,
None's left behind to tell;
The branch is naked to the breeze;
We know not whence they fell.

A few more years, and I the same
As they are now shall be,
With nothing left to tell my name,
Or answer, "Who was he?"

Green turf's allow'd forgotten heap
Is all that I shall have,
Save that the little daisies creep
To deck my humble grave.

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