

## SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that! 'Tis summer's farewell,  
 In the breath of the night wind sighing.  
 The chill breeze comes, like a sorrowful dirge.  
 That wails o'er the dead and the dying.  
 The sapless leaves are eddying round,  
 On the path where they lately shaded;  
 The oak of the forest is wearing a robe,  
 The flowers are fallen and faded.  
 All that I look on but saddens my heart,  
 To think that the lovely so soon shall depart.

Yet why should I sigh? Other summers will come,  
 Joys like the past one bringing;  
 Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit.  
 Again will the birds be singing.  
 The forest will put forth its "honors," again.  
 The rose be as sweet in its breathing,  
 The woodbine will climb round the lattice pane  
 As wild and as rich in its wreathing.  
 The hives will have honey, the bees will hum.  
 Other flowers will spring, other summers will come.

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell  
 Whether I may live on earth till their coming!  
 This spirit may sleep too soundly then,  
 To wake with the warbling or humming.  
 This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,  
 When the summer sun next is glowing;  
 The cherishing ray may gild with the light,  
 The grass on my grave-turf growing;  
 The earth may be glad, but the worms and gloom.  
 May dwell with me in the silent tomb!

And few would weep in the beautiful world,  
 For the fameless one that had left it,  
 Few would remember the form cut off  
 And mourn the stroke that cleft it.  
 Many may keep my name on their lip,  
 Pleased while that name degrading;  
 My follies and sins alone would live,  
 A theme for their cold upbraiding.  
 Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream  
 May there be ere the summer sun next shall beam.

**GREAT SIZE AND LONGEVITY OF TREES.**—We learn from a late number of the *North American Review*, that there are cypresses in Mexico, whose ages vary from 2,390 to 4,024 years, at the minimum estimate of scientific calculations; at the maximum, from 3,480 to 5,124 years, or almost coeval with the creation. These calculations are based upon inspection of the layers of the wood as compared with the known age and relative layers of smaller trees of the same species. The girth of the cypress of Montezuma is 45 feet. That of the giant cypress of Santa Maria del Thule, the Nestor of the race, is near the base 122 feet or 40 feet in diameter. Its height is not given; but the tree as yet bears no signs of decay.

M. Arago, the French astronomer, says it is impossible to foretell, with certainty, what the weather will be a year, a month or even a single day in advance; and repudiates the weather predictions periodically made in his name.

**DEATH OF CHILDREN.**—A writer in an English Magazine, speaking of the death of very young children, thus beautifully remarks: "The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as also of the many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called death. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature, too pure for earthly stay," to make one of that bright band of cherubim which encompasses in glory and in joy, the throne of the living God."

But, glorious as may be the change to the little one, it is hard for the mother to part thus early with her fair haired innocent—to break off all the delightful ties of budding tenderness that had bound her, even in a few months, to that gentle form forever.

**THE LONGEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.**—The Boston Transcript says, the land of the Celestials boasts the largest bridge in the world, and this, according to travellers, is the bridge of Layang; over an arm of the sea in China. It is built in a similar way as the bridge of Babylon, but entirely of stone. Its length is said to be 26,000 Paris feet, and comprises 3000 arches, or rather openings of pillars. These are not overspread by arches, but there are placed above them large slabs of stone which form the roadway, 70 feet broad. The distance of the pillars is nearly 74 high feet, the latter being 70 high, and 15 broad, and strengthened with stone facings of the form of triangular prisms, which extend over the whole height of the pillars, up to the transverse slabs. The latter (of course more than 70 feet long) extend in breadth to 15 feet, and have 9 feet in thickness. The parapet is a balustrade, and every pillar supports a pedestal on which a lion, 21 feet long, and made of one block of marble, is placed.

**CHARITY.**—How noiselessly the snow comes down. You may see it but never hear it! Such is true charity.

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