

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Oh! magic spell, that rulest o'er the hearts
Of old and young—of ignorant and wise—
Spirit that liest hidden in the chords,
From which no winged form is seen to rise—

Whence art thou? Wherefore canst thou soothe or rouse,
Enchant to rapture, or subdue to grief?
Whence the faint pining for vague melodies,
To give the sad and burning soul relief?

The old man heareth suddenly by chance
Some air familiar in his vanished years—
Dim falls the shadow 'neath his drooping lids,
And all his melting soul dissolves in tears!

The Switzer serving in a foreign land,
Under the milder glow of southern skies—
The mountain music of his childhood hears,
And straightway sickens, pines away and dies.

Quick grows the beating of the lover's heart—
A woman's pulse sinks fainting in the throng:
The one has heard a ballad that he knows—
The other listens to a cradle song!

The one beholds a visionary face
Uplifted to his own for loving praise—
The other sees a curly head, upreared
Low buried, long ago, in hopeful days.

And many a heart, though firmly nerved to bear,
Will open to that key of magic sound;
When tones that never more can thrill with life,
Come with pale ghosts of memory crowding round,

When, while the unknown echoes wander by,
Which strangers, in our own sad breast appear
We look on things around with vacant eye,
Dreaming of those who dwell in silent rest.

A LADY'S OPINION OF THE QUALITIES OF A HORSE
—Juliana Berners, sister of Richard Lord Berners and prioress of the Nunery of Stopwell, about the year 1481, wrote three treatises on Hunting, Hawking, and Armory or Heraldry, which soon afterwards were first printed in the neighbouring monastery of St. Alban's, in which she maintained "that a good horse should always have XV good propyrtes and condicions. That is to whyte, thre of a Man, thre of a woman, thre of a Fox, thre of a Hare, and thre of an Asse. Of a Man, bolde, pryde, and hardye. Of a woman fayrebreasted, fair of heere, and easy to move. Of a Fox, a fayre taylle, short eeres, with a good trotte. Of an Hare, a grete eye, a dry heed, and well rennyng. Of an Asse, a big chynn, a flat legge, and a good hove" (hoof.)

VIRTUOUS PEACE.—If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious and the hearts of the ambitious.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

LONGEVITY EXTRAORDINARY.—There is now residing in the parish of Beguildy, adjoining to the borough of Knucklas, Radnorshire, a person of the name of William Matthews, whose lengthened age seldom finds a parallel. He is now in his 113th year, and retains the full power of his natural faculties, being competent to recount with the most scrupulous exactness transactions which otherwise the long space of a century would have buried in oblivion. His bodily strength, considering his many years, is almost incredible. He walks at the rate of three miles an hour, and commonly performs a journey of 20 miles in the day. He is strongly tinctured with the enthusiasm and folly of his junior days—a strong and prejudiced belief in wizardism and witchcraft.—*Hereford Journal.*

COBBETT.—On the occasion of one of my visits, the celebrated radical, Cobbett, happened to speak. I looked at him with great interest, of course. He was a tall, well-built, portly man, with a good-humoured face, a keen gray eye, and white hair. He was dressed in nankeen trousers, and had on a coat and waistcoat of some light material. On the bench, beside him, was his famous white hat. He spoke unaffectedly, and to the point, using no effort, and without any apparent attempt at display. No one, who was unacquainted with him, would have supposed him to be the bitter and vigorous political writer; and I believe it is generally acknowledged that he failed as a Parliamentary speaker.—*Sketches of Poets, Painters, and Politicians.*

THE ENGLISH MOB.—Whatever may be said of English mobs and English demagogues, I never met a people more open to reason, more considerate in their tempers, more tractable by argument, in their roughest times, than the English. They are by nature and habit methodical and orderly: and they feel the value of all that is regular and respectable.—*Washington Irving.*

CHIMNEYS.—Instead of plastering the inside of chimneys in the usual way, take mortar made with one peck of salt to each bushel of lime, adding as much sand and loam as will render it fit to work, and then lay on a thick coat. If the chimney has no offsets for the soot to lodge on, it will continue perfectly clean, and free from all danger of taking fire. A trial of three years warrants this assertion.

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