

POETRY.

'TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS THAT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A peacock came, with his plumage gay,  
Strutting in regal pride one day,  
Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,  
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage;  
The bird sang on while the peacock stood,  
Vaunting his plumes in the neighborhood,  
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright  
Than the birds that basked in his golden light;  
But the small bird sang in his own sweet words  
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds!"

The peacock strutted; a bird so fair  
Never before had ventured there.  
While the small bird sang at the cottage door,  
And what could a people wish for more;  
Alas! the bud of the rainbow wing,  
He wasn't contented for he tried to sing,  
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,  
Scared by his screaming took to flight;  
While the small bird sang in his own sweet words,  
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds!"

Then pruthee take warning, maiden fair,  
And still of the peacock's fate beware;  
Beauty and wealth won't win your way,  
Though they're sure d in plumage gay,  
Something to charm you all must know,  
Apart from fine feathers and outward show;  
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind  
Or else poor beauty is left behind!  
While the small bird sang in their own sweet words,  
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds!"

**SOCIETY.**—In the beginning of the world, the common Creator of all vouchsafed to the brute herd only the principle of vitality; to us he gave souls also, that an instinct of affection, reciprocally shared, might urge us to seek for, and to give, assistance; to unite in one people, those before widely scattered; to emerge from the ancient wood, and abandon the forests where our fathers dwelt; to build houses, to join another's dwelling to our own homes; that the confidence mutually engendered by a neighbour's threshold might add security to our slumbers; to cover with our arms a fellow citizen when fallen or staggering from a ghastly wound; to sound the battle signal from a common clarion; to be defended by the same ramparts, and closed in by the key of a common portal.

**THINGS WONDERFUL AND TRUE**—With a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth is estimated at 700,000,000, the annual loss by death 18,000,000. Now, the weight of animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 635,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 3,999,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of change has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and the seed of plants, which, in due time, become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again passes into the atmosphere, and is ready once more to be assimilated by plants the earth or bony substance alone remaining sufficiently deep in soil to be out of the absorbent reach of the roots of plants and herbs. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed, have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animals and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves.—*Working Man's Friend.*

Will you have the gold, or the man? Why, have the man. What boots the gold?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. F., Woodstock.—Communication received too late for insertion this number; will appear in our next.

TORONTO RETAIL MARKETS.

January 2, 1854.

Flour—Millers' extra superfine, per barrel...	0	0	α	32	6
do Superfine do	0	0	α	31	3
Farmers', per 196 lbs.	27	6	α	28	9
Wheat—Fall per bushel, 60 lbs.	6	0	α	6	3
Spring, per bushel, 60 lbs.	0	0	α	0	0
Oatmeal, per barrel.	0	0	α	35	0
Rye, per bushel, 56 lbs.	4	0	α	4	3
Barley, per bushel, 48 lbs.	2	9	α	3	6
Oats, per bushel 34 lbs.	2	6	α	3	0
Peas, per bushel.	2	6	α	4	0
Potatoes, per bushel.	2	9	α	3	4
Apples, per bushel.	1	6	α	2	6
Grass Seed, per bushel, 48 lbs.	7	5	α	0	0
Clover Seed, per bushel.	27	6	α	28	6
Hay, per ton.	60	0	α	75	0
Straw, per ton.	50	0	α	80	0
Omons, per bushel.	5	0	α	7	6
Butter—Pub, per lb.	0	8	α	0	9
Fresh, per lb.	0	10	α	1	0
Lard, per lb.	0	6	α	0	7
Tinkies, each.	2	6	α	3	6
Geese, each.	2	9	α	3	3
Ducks, per couple.	1	6	α	1	9
Fowls, per pair.	1	0	α	1	6
Cheese, per lb.	0	5	α	0	6
Pork, per 100 lbs.	22	6	α	25	0
Fresh, per lb.	0	0	α	0	5
Beef, per 100 lbs.	22	6	α	27	6
Beef, per lb.	0	3	α	0	9
Lams, per 100 lbs.	45	0	α	50	0
Bacon, per 100 lbs.	35	0	α	40	0
Wool, per lb.	1	2	α	1	7
Sheep-skins, fresh slaughtered.	5	0	α	5	8
Cat-skins, fresh, per lb.	0	0	α	0	6
Hides, per 100 lbs.	22	6	α	25	0
Eggs, per dozen.	1	0	α	1	3
Veal, per lb, by the quarter.	0	3	α	0	4
Mutton per lb, by the quarter.	0	3	α	0	5
Cod, per ton.	37	6	α	40	0
Firewood, per Cord.	20	0	α	22	6

The quotations for flour are retail prices. The outside quotations for beef, are for choice Christmas pieces.

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