

## Poetry.

## BUTTERFLY.

Child of the Sun I pursue thy rapturous flight  
Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light  
And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,  
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold  
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky  
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!  
Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.  
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay  
To burst a scruple in the blaze of day.

## WISDOM.

Ah! when did wisdom covet length of days?  
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?  
No; wisdom views, with an indif'rent eye,  
All finite joys, all blessings born to die,  
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,  
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast;  
A spark that upward tends by nature's force,  
A stream diverted from its parent source:  
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea,  
A moment parted from eternity!  
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come;  
An exile anxious for his native home.

MRS. H. MOORE.

GUILT, though it may attain temporal splendor,  
can never counter real happiness.

It is stated that winter has not set in so early in the season in Iowa during the last twelve years as it has this year. Snow has covered the ground since the 10th day of November.

A Lecturer addressing an audience contended with tire-some proximity, that art could not improve nature, when one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "how would you look without a wig?"

A new society, says an exchange paper, is in formation, to be called the "Total Abstinence from Physic Society," whose motto is to be "Be-ly, Water, and Benevolence." All its members are expected to grow fat and facetious.

PRECIOUSNESS OF TIME.—Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass: fear, at least I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it: but alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this loss outrig; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but in me. "Teach me to number my days." Art hour-glass to turn me, "that I may apply my heart to wisdom."—*Fuller's Good Thoughts.*

A CHRISTIAN BURIAL PLACE.—We will not call it, with the Egyptians, a place of "Eternal Habitations," because the Christian's only everlasting tabernacles are those "not built with hands eternal in the heavens."—"The prophetic faith even of the half-instructed Hebrews, catching a beam of truth from the later revelation they waited for, named their burial places, 'homes of the living.'" I like the name chosen by the Moravian brethren, "Fields of peace;" fit designation for the final halting ground of their quiet, affectionate lives:—and that of the German's "Good's Harvest Field." Our own word "Cemetery," is Christian; for it means literally a sleeping place,—and is so justified by that touching announcement from Jesus, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."—*Huntington.*

## EDITOR'S NOTICES.

## RECEIVED.

"Baron de Longueill, on Bone Manure."

"Mr. Knowlson's Address."

"Mr. W. H. Lotham."

"THE OXFORD GAZETTEER;" by T. S. Shenston, of Woodstock.

We are indebted to the Warden of the County of Oxford, for a copy of this work, which appears to have been compiled with much care, industry and judgment. From the hasty glance we have been able to take of it, it appears to contain in a systematic form, all that is of importance to know respecting the County of Oxford, and we think the example is well worth following by other counties. The agricultural census and other valuable statistical information seems very complete. It seems a pity that so much of this kind of information, which is obtained by much labour and cost to the country, should be comparatively useless for want of publicity. In this respect alone the author of this Report is entitled to the thanks and encouragement of the public. The *Oxford Gazetteer* consists of upwards of 200 pages, neatly bound in cloth, containing a well executed map on a large scale of the county, with a good likeness of the Hon. Francis Hincks, the Member for the county; and may be had, *postage free*, by enclosing *one dollar* to the author, at Woodstock. We shall probably hereafter notice more in detail some portions of this work. In the meantime we cordially recommend it to the attention and support of the public.

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FOR 1851.

We are indebted to B. P. Johnson, Esq., for another Annual Report of this important Society. Its contents are varied, and embrace many subjects of the greatest moment to the farmer. A cursory glance, which as yet we have only been able to give, convinces us that the present volume is in no way inferior to its predecessors, and that it will be read with both pleasure and profit by all who take an interest in the progress of theoretical and practical Agriculture. It consists of nearly 800 pages, with a number of illustrations, and has appended to it a very excellent report on the Great London Exhibition, by the able Secretary, Mr. Johnson, who was deputed by the State of New York, as an agent to the World's Exhibition. Mr. Johnson's performance occupies another two hundred pages, and contains several en-