

WIREWORM.—The following circumstance connected with this pest may be possibly turned to a good account. In February last I planted three gallons of early Cornish kidney potatoes in good soil, under a wall having a southern aspect; to my surprise, only one or two had made their appearance up to the middle of May, and by the 2nd of June three or four more, without the smallest indication of any further vegetation over the whole border. On examining the rows, to my surprise, the remainder of the sets were nearly filled with live wireworms, the potatoes having the appearance of being drilled all through with an auger of the size of a quill. Now, does not this tend to show, that by leaving a few refuse turnips, potatoes, carrots, &c., in the fields in autumn, covered with soil, that these destructive insects may be destroyed in great numbers in the spring by stocking out the roots, and carrying them to a heap of quicklime?—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

RAILWAY WITHOUT STEAM OR FIRE.—The proposed railway from Callao to Lima, in Peru, will neither require the agency of steam, or the aid of fire. The ground has a gradual and unbroken rise the whole way. Above Lima flows the river Rimac, which passes through a part of the city on its way to the sea near Callao. This river, though not navigable, affords at all seasons of the year a hundred times the water power necessary to work any traffic that can possibly come up on the rail. The saving of the usual expense of fuel is thus effected; and the cost of the steam engines, and, what is no small item in railway expenditure, the charges for their after management, are entirely avoided.—*Times*.

CHURCH BELLS—There's something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful! They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there's a sound in them that should scarp pride and envy and meanness of all sorts, from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears rightly to understand it. There is a preacher in every belfry that cries, Poor weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your weekday craft, your heartburnings. And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colours, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. "Come away, come!" cries the church bell, "and learn to be humble; learn, that however daubed, and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come; and be taught to at all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven as the sores of uncompromising Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come!" cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—"come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk among the wickedness, the cruelty of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."—*Douglas Jerrold*.

FROGS IN STONES.—We have several apparently well authenticated instances on record of frogs and toads having been found enclosed in masses of rock, to the interior of which there was no perceptible means of ingress. It has been the fashion, however, with naturalists to dismiss all such cases on the assumption that there must have been some cleft or opening by which the animal was admitted while in embryo, or while in a very young state; no one, so far as we are aware, believing that the sperm or young animal may have been enclosed when the rock was in the process of formation at the bottom of the shallow waters. Whatever may be the true theory regarding animals so enclosed,

their history is certainly one of the highest interest; and without attempting to solve the problem, we present our readers with an instance taken from the *Mining Journal* of January 18, 1845:—A few days since, as a miner, named W. Ellis, was working in the Penydraran Mine Works, at forty-five feet depth, he struck his mandril into a piece of shale, and to the surprise of the workmen, a frog leaped out of the cleft. When first observed it appeared very weak, and, though of large size, could crawl only with difficulty. On closer examination several peculiarities were observed; its eyes were full sized, though it could not see, and does not now see, as, upon touching the eye, it evinces no feeling. There is a line indicating where the mouth would have been, had it not been confined; but the mouth has never been opened. Several deformities were also observable; and the spine, which has been forced to develop itself in an angular form, appears a sufficient proof of its having grown in very confined space, even if the hollow in the piece of shale, by corresponding to the shape of the back, did not place the matter beyond a reasonable doubt. The frog continues to increase in size and weight, though no food can be given to it; and its vitality is preserved only by breathing through the thin skin covering the lower jaw. Mr. W. Ellis, with a view of giving his prize as much publicity as possible, has deposited it at the New Inn, Merthyr, where it is exhibited as "the greatest wonder in the world; a frog found in a stone forty-five feet from the surface of the earth, where it has been living without food for the last 5,000 years!"—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

THE SONG OF THE SPADE.

All honour be paid to the homely spade—

The sword and the spear are idle things:

To the King in his pride, and his subjects beside,

Its tribute the spade of the husbandman brings.

A bright thought from heaven to the tiller was given,

Who first turned to light the soil richly brown:

God told in the blast how the seed should be cast—

See the first yellow grains by the husbandman sown!

See the first harvest morn, and the ripe yellow corn,

And the first crooked sickle thrust into the grain!

With dancing and singing the valleys are ringing,

For all that the spade has raised out of the plain.

Then all honour be paid to the conquering spade—

The sword and the spear are idle things:

To the king in his pride, and his subjects beside,

Its bounties the spade of the husbandman brings.

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