

with a slight tinge of dusky yellow on the tip of the nose and the bull. Their horns are remarkably large, and stand out straight from the head. Although these cattle are generally much larger than the domestic cattle, they are more fleet and nimble, and when pursued, often outstrip horses that easily outrun the buffalo; they seldom venture far out into the prairies, but are generally found in or near the forests that skirt the streams in that section. Their meat is of an excellent flavour, and is preferred by the settlers to the meat of the domestic cattle. It is said that their fat is so hard and compact that it will not melt in the hottest days in summer, and the candles formed with it are far superior to those that are formed with the tallow of other cattle. Some persons have supposed that it is possible these cattle are a distinct race, indigenous to America; and the immense skeletons of a species of fossil ox, with straight horns, that are often found in the beds of the Brazos and Colorado would seem to strengthen this opinion. But as these cattle are now found only in the vicinity of the old missions, it is much more probable that they are the descendants of the cattle introduced by the early Spanish adventurers. It is said that a species of wild cattle, differing from all the domestic breeds of the Eastern continent, is found in the Sandwich Islands; but it is well ascertained that this breed is derived from the domestic cattle that were left on those islands by Vancouver. These cattle are so wild that they can only be caught alive by entrapping them in disguised pits. The celebrated botanist, Douglas, while on a tour in one of those islands, fell into one of these pits, and was gored to death by a wild bull, who had been thus entrapped. Several attempts have been made by the settlers on the San Gabriel to domesticate the wild cattle in that section, but they have been thus far unsuccessful. As they are far superior to the domestic cattle of the country, not only in size, strength, and agility, but also in the flavour of their meat and the density of their fat, they might, if once domesticated, become a valuable acquisition to the agriculturists of the country.—*Houston Telegraph.*

THINK.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, you will never know what you are capable of. At first, your ideas may come out in lumps—homely and shapeless; but no matter—time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will soon learn to write—and the more you think, the better will you express your ideas.—*Selected.*

THE BŒUF GRAS AT PARIS.—The cattle-show at which the fat ox destined to perambulate the streets of Paris during carnival was to be chosen, took place at Poissy, on Thursday. The jury consisted of the members of the corporation of Parisian butchers. At noon, 1,607 oxen were drawn up on the space marked out for the purpose. The jury went round, and selected the oxen of the most remarkable appearance, which were afterwards conducted into the court-yard of the administration of the Caisse de Poissy, where the jury proceeded to make the choice. The ox called Dagobert, five years and a half old, belonging to M. Cornet, of Caen, was unanimously fixed upon. The Dagobert, for size, has no rival in France, except the elephant of the Garden of Plants. Its length from the horns to the tail is 2 mètres, 85 centimètres (nearly nine feet); its height, 1 mètre 74 centimètres; its circumference, at the sternum, 3 mètres 2 centimètres, and its weight 1,975 kilogrammes (3,950 lb.), or five kilograms more than père Goriot, the fat ox of 1845. Independently of the Dagobert, M. Cornet presented six other oxen not less remarkable. One of them, Fleur des Bois, weighed only 200 kilogrammes less than the Dagobert; another, much smaller, of the Durham breed, would be admired even in England, for the symmetry of its proportions and its size. Dagobert was to arrive at Paris on Friday, by the Rouen Railroad.

NORTH CORNWALL EXPERIMENTAL CLUB.—The monthly meeting of the members of this club took place on Thursday, the 27th ult., at Stratton, when a large body of the clergy and yeomanry attended. On the removal of the cloth, the agricultural proceedings of the month, and the current prices of grain and cattle, were discussed. Beef, in this district, was proved to be worth 56s. per cwt.; mutton, 6d. per lb.; wheat, 14s.; barley, 7s. 6d.; oats, 4s. 6d. to 5s. for two imperial bushels. After the prices were fixed, and the discussions ended, the president, G. Gurney, Esq., delivered a very instructive lecture on draining. He had exhibited many experiments at the previous meeting with the air-pump, and he now explained how they might be introduced, with their modes of action in the soil. He stated that, as far as his own experience went, he was perfectly satisfied of its utility, and was certain that he had drained lands, which in their original state, were not worth 5s. per acre, and, by draining, the value of the ground was increased to 35s. He stated that Sir James Graham told him that he (Sir James) had drained land to a considerable extent, and the results were quite as satisfactory as his own. On the conclusion of the lecture, many lively discussions took place, in which the Rev. Messrs. Kingdon, White, and other gentlemen, took part. The meeting separated, with a conviction that draining was the foundation and first step to be taken in agriculture. The next meeting will take place the last week in February.

EXTREMES.—We are told that extremes never last long, but it would be well if it could be said that extreme poverty did not last long.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

(From the Poems, by T. H. Bayley.)

Never look sad—nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but peep
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'll find is often most kind
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow;
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wrecked, pause and reflect
If error occasioned your sadness;
If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbour of gladness.

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