

second man in the jail for the last six months, has worked on the railroad."

Perhaps not less than two-thirds of the whole number of "navvies" in the kingdom have passed through the pits since the cessation of railway labour. Yet the wages of these men to the number of 240,306 averaged £40 a-year each, in the aggregate £10,260,366 a-year, but when the railways were done their money was done, their character was done, their good habits were done, and themselves done in every way—*Rev. J. B. Owen M. A., in Meliora, by Viscount Ingestre.*



## Agriculture.

### INDIAN SUMMER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

By the wall lean the ragged weeds,  
Like plebians at a poor-house door,  
While on their downy pinions spreads,  
Above them the young seeds they bore,  
Up through the golden air they sail,  
Like splendid fops in silk balloons,  
Changing their course to suit the gale  
That drives them to the wall of stones.

Unmindful of the last night's frost,  
The butterfly has left its bower,  
And will not stop to count the cost,  
Of vain displaying for one short hour;  
Vain lady butterfly behold!  
Thy neighbor, the industrious bee,  
He has a city full of gold,  
Is there no nectar left for thee?

A sad heart in a sobbing breast,  
Where hopes have fled that used to be,  
Is the gay hang-bird's lonely nest,  
That swings in silence on the tree,  
Near where the gentle water flows,  
And yellow corn is bound in sheaves,  
Like cinders, drop the thieving crows,  
From the tall tree-top's blazing leaves.

No bud to bloom—no beak to sing,  
No flower to greet the eager eye,  
No Oriole with sunny wing  
No song between us and the sky,  
There stands the serene storm-stricken bhar,  
No berries on its faded stem,  
Its leaves are red as flakes of fire,  
And hectic cheeks are red like them.

Its radiant crown of fragrant bloom,  
The winds have stolen from the bee,  
Soon winter's winding sheet will come  
To Mary and the wild-rose tree.  
The woods are robed in rain-bow dyes,  
A veil hangs over all the scene,  
How calm the lake, how bland the skies,  
Where the incendiary sun has been.

—Cryuga Chief.

FACTS IN AGRICULTURE.—Since our last issue the weather has been very fine in Canada—what is called beautiful Indian Summer weather—many days have been very warm. The forests look very gay, and in some places are still green. The grass in the fields is growing well. The frosts as yet have been very light, and so ice on the water. Blue birds in flocks, robins, chick-birds, crows in flocks, and fall birds are still common. Insects and flies are still common. Fall wheat looks well, and the roads are good. Prices of all farm

produce very high in Toronto—butter sells well at 9d to 10d. We see it is very scarce in the United States. Over a million pounds have been ordered for California. Poultry is very high in all our Canadian markets, and farmers should raise more. Pork is coming in and also wheat in abundance. Bouding in Toronto is quite brisk. The whistling of the iron horse is heard every day on the northern railroad for ten miles. Canada is one of the healthiest and best agricultural countries in America. It is well watered and well wooded, and we have plenty of salt stone and iron. We want the Maine Law and an honest common sense government, determined to carry out the peoples reasonable desires. Our people have now a very commendable emulation to excel in agriculture.

CLEAN BRASS KETTLES.—Often do tidy housekeepers complain over the severe and long-continued scouring, polishing, and boiling with soap, sand, and suds, elbow-grease and patience, which are required to remove the coating on the inside of new kettles. The oxidized surface of the brass stubbornly resists all their enchantments. To all such we recommend a table-spoonful of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), diluted in about three or four times as much water. If the rust does not come off add a little more acid. Rub it on with a rag, and the kettle will shine like a new pin in less time than we have been writing this paragraph. Care should be taken not to have the acid too strong, or there will be burnt fingers in the kettle.

THE QUEEN AND THE SHEPHERD BOY.—It is said, on the authority of the *Northern Warder*, that, one day last summer, her Majesty was sketching on a public road, when a flock of sheep came up, driven by a boy, who, seeing some one in the way, shouted with stentorian voice, "Stan' out o' the road, 'oman, and let the sheep gae by," and no heed being paid to him, he exclaimed, still more rudely, "Fat are you stannin' there for? Gang out o' that, an' let the sheep pass." In answer to one of her Majesty's attendants, who asked him if he knew whom he was addressing, he said, "Na, I neither ken nor care, but be fa she likes, she shudna be j' the sheep's road." "That's the Queen," said the official. "The Queen 'Od fat way disna she put on claes that foulk can ken her, then."

WATER.—Some four-fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucous, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft, solid parts of the frame may be considered as ever temporary precipitates, or crystallizations (to use the word but loosely) from the blood, that mother-liquor to the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only a varnishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed, that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of the little world, the body of a man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapour is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dews and rains,

hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, it is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, pronounced it the mother-liquid of the universe. In the latter systems of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being only one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but water was the highest in rank.—*Westminster Review.*

### BACKWOODS BALLAD.

Up, up, up, up, up and away,  
We must start for the bee by break of day,  
Come Jack, yoke up old Buck and Bright,  
We must log up an acre before the night.

Then we quietly jog through the gay green wood,  
Ourselves and our oxen in cheerful mood,  
Till glimpses we get of the stirring scene,  
And the noise spreads far through the forest green.

Well neighbour, how goes it! a lovely day,  
How much do you hope to log to-day?  
Oh, twenty good acres before the night,  
If oxen and men should all keep right.

Come Jack, haul in another good stick,  
We'll hoist him up, be quick, be quick,  
Heave with a will, that's it, well done,  
Hurrah for another big log, my son.

Thus we cheerily toil, till the well known sound  
Of the dinner horn is heard through the ground,  
And oxen and men repair to the feast,  
Which refreshes the heart of both man and beast.

Then at it again till the coming night,  
Is scared away by the bright red light,  
From a thousand heaps which crackle and spark,  
Illuming the shades of the forest dark.

Though labor and toil are the woodman's lot,  
Though hard be his fare and humble his cot,  
Yet at length with success all his efforts are crowned,  
And abundance and peace in his mansion are found.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—The Paris correspondent of a St. Louis paper says:

"And now let me tell you of a most beautiful discovery, which has lately been made by a celebrated Parisian horticulturist, by the name of Herbert. I was persuaded to go to his rooms a few days since, and I assure you I had not reason to regret the long walk I had taken. Beneath a large case, four or five feet in height, and as many in circumference, were placed pots of roses, japonicas, pinks, dahlias, china asters, &c., all in bud. By means of a certain gas invented by himself, and which is made to pass by a gutta percha tube to any pot required, Mr. Herbert causes the instantaneous blooming of the flowers. The ladies in the room asked successively for roses, dahlias, and japonicas, and saw them burst into full bloom in a second. It was really wonderful.

Mr. Herbert is now trying to improve on his discovery, and to make the gas more portable, and its application less visible. The secret is, of course, his, and his rooms are crowded every day with the most delighted spectators. I wish I could send you the lovely camelia which I received, which, when asked for was so tightly enveloped in the green leaves of its calyx, that the color of its flower could not even be guessed at; and yet the request was hardly out of my lips when the beautiful white camelia was in my hand. When he has made a little more progress, Mr. Herbert intends to get out a patent and deliver his discovery to his friends and the public."