

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY G. I.

Tune: "Ye Mariners of England,"

These fine old halls of England,
How nobly do they stand,
Embosomed 'mid their spreading oaks—
The glory of our land!
While from their ample hearths beneath
The curling smoke ascends—
A pledge for hospitable board,
A welcome to all friends.

The good old English manor-house,
The hall of ancient times—
Its semblance in vain is sought,
Unknown in sunnier climes
It is the home of Englishmen,
A word we hold most dear;
How much is centered in that thought,
Our fathers they dwelt here!

Those fair green meads and upland slopes,
Those sunny lawns and trees,
Those fields where golden harvests wave
Before the autumn breeze;
Those natural riches of the land,
The good which God bestows,
We will defend with heart and hand
'Gainst perjured friends and foes.

Nor shall the iron hand of trade,
The Moloch of our day,
Through lust of power, our fields invade,
And make our lands a prey.
Her noble, yeoman, peasant sons,
Who longer fields have trod
Together, shall together stand
For country, home and God.

Dorset Chronicle.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S EMPIRE.—The Queen of England is now sovereign over one continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. She waves her hand, and five hundred thousand warriors march to battle to conquer or to die. She bends her head, and at the signal a thousand ships of war, and a hundred thousand sailors, perform her bidding on the ocean. Come, all ye conquerors! and kneel before the Queen of England, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empires. The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy. The Roman empire was not so populous. The Persian Empire was not so extensive. The Arabian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. We have overrun a greater extent of country than Attila, that scourge of God, ever ruled! We have subdued empires, and dethroned more kings than Alexander of Macedon! We have conquered more nations than Napoleon in the plenitude of his power ever subdued! We have acquired a larger extent of territory than Tamerlane the Tartar, ever spurred his horse's hoof across."—*Finch's Boundary of Empires.*

THE TAKELY HEN.—We some time since mentioned the doings of this little prodigy in the egg-laying line, though we confess with some incredulity; but the fact now comes to us with such strong vouchers that there is no doubt of its correctness. Her feats have been tested by some who were sceptical, and it was found that in three days in one week she laid 10, 17, 12 eggs; after five weeks of unexampled laying, during which she deposited nearly 80 eggs, she is now sitting comfortably upon 17, and if all her progeny possess her prolific properties, we may expect a decline in the price of eggs. The owner of this golden bird (Mrs. Marshall) has been offered £7 for her, but has refused to part with her, "unless a more acceptable offer be tendered."—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

MONSTER PIG.—The Smithfield Club Cattle Show has often exhibited some very large prize cattle, fatted up for the purpose of astonishing the people at Christmas, but all their productions have been surpassed by a huge animal of the porcine species, lately exhibited in Stepney fair. This most extraordinary pig has been fed in the ordinary manner, and weighs rather more than 140 stone, and is much larger than any bullock ever brought to Smithfield. The weight of a good fat ox of ordinary dimensions is about 100 stone. It is two years and a half old, and was bred by Mr. Parish, a farmer of Nasing, Hertfordshire.

COLTSFOOT.—Coltsfoot increases by root and seed: no tillage will destroy the root except it be brought to the surface by scarifying in dry weather, nor prevent it seeding when in bloom unless covered by the plough. If the bloom is cut off and left on the ground, it will produce seed in a few days; or if the bloom is gathered and laid in a heap even under cover on a dry floor, it will become as white as a fleece of wool: hence it is evident that the only mode of preventing its increase by seed is to gather the bloom, and burn, bury and rot it.

March is the proper season to go over the land to gather the first heads: from three to five blossoms grow on each stem commonly. A short narrow hoe is the best tool to cut off the heads—a bag apron the best to stow and carry the heads in. The land should be gone over again in a week or two to gather the second heads, and a third time if seeded heads appear above the clover or other seeds, &c. Each head gathered when seeded should be deposited in the bag separately, lest by filling the hand, much seed be scattered.—*Charles Poppy, Winesham, Ipswich, November 17th, 1845.*

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