

the chagrin and melancholy of human life, and a sort of counterbalance for the dull, the sour and the gloomy parts of the animal creation. What eye is not struck with those lovely nations of singers! What ear is not ravished with charms of their melody! We say, after the French, that he who has no taste for music, has no soul. I must confess, I think he has a very strange one, or that it is hampered under a strange sort of organization, who is not sensible to the melody of the feathered nations; and can people have a relish for the music of those beautiful warblers, and not a curiosity to look into their history; and not a desire to know their make, their instincts and their economy; the knowledge of which is both profitable and entertaining? The variety of their abodes, habits and instincts, their various make, music and embellishments, are matters of the most delightful amusement. Nor are the preying, the mute or the unmusical part of them unprovided with matter of very noble and very useful contemplation." What writer in modern times, has so earnestly and enthusiastically set forth the claims of birds upon our attention, as did this old author, more than a century and a quarter ago?—*New England Farmer*.

THE IRISH POTATO.

How sweet to the taste is the Irish potato,
As memory awakens the thought of the plant!
Its dark verdant vine-top and beautiful blossom,
In pleasing transition my memory haunt.
Aye! thought of the root in profusion once growing
On the broad sunny hill slope adjoining the mill;
At the homestead, how many we raised there is no knowing,
For some were but small ones, and few in the hill.
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

That delectable plant I would praise while I'm able;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it superior to all on the table,
The best-flavored edible nature could yield.
With what eager appetite, sharpened by labour;
I plied knife and fork with a hearty good will!
Alas! there are none of the old-fashioned flavour—
None like the "real Simons" that grew on the hill.
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

How prime from the full-heaven dish to receive it,
As, poised on my fork, it ascends to my mouth!
No appeal to the palate could tempt me to leave it,
Though affected by "rot" or a long summer's drouth.
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
Where I used to partake of the root to my fill,
Fancy fain would revert to my father's plantation,
And sigh for the "kidneys" that grew on the hill.
The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
The thin-skinned potato that grew on the hill.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.—The *Leader* announces that the Grand Trunk Railway Company have entered into a contract with a new firm, to be established in Toronto, for the re-manufacture, for a term of years, of all their old rails. There is, we believe, only one establishment of the kind in America, and that which is to carry on its operations there will probably expend in wages a larger amount than any existing manufactory in the Province. The capital necessary to start this new establishment, will not be less than \$4,000,000; and it is calculated that it will give regular employment to 400 or 500 hands, and pay from \$800 to 1,000 a day in wages. It will be the first large manufactory ever established in Toronto, at the same time that it will be one of the largest, if not the largest, in the Province.