

earthly "coil," and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which as it slowly gapes wider a pale silky-looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light red eyes, has descended itself, and in the process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown legs are pulled off like boots, and a pale cream-coloured, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from its former self, which remains standing entire, like a coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad look of "speculation" in them. On the back of the new born creature lie two small bits of membrane doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell; these now begin to unfold themselves, and gradually spread smoothly out in two large opal-coloured wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark colour: and when placed on a tree, the happy thing soon begins its whirring creaking chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless happy life.—*Meredith.*

EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION UPON A COW.—A very singular operation, which may be denominated a purely surgical one, was performed upon a cow belonging to Mr. Edward Tyler, of Nerquis, near Mold, some two or three weeks back. The cow had an obstruction of the wind-pipe; and so effectual was the impediment to her breathing, it was supposed that in an hour or two, or less, it would have terminated her existence by suffocation. Mr. Chamberlain Tyler, a respectable farmer residing in the neighbourhood, was immediately sent for, and attended without loss of time. He made an incision between the fifth and sixth ring, about two inches long, and instantaneously the cow was relieved from her pain. The wound was left open from Monday to Wednesday, during which time the animal gradually improved; the wound was sewed up carefully by the operator, and since then, with care and attention, Mr. Tyler, the owner, is satisfied that in a very short time she will be perfectly well again.—*Liverpool Mail.*

WHEAT ENEMIES IN THE FAR WEST.—According to the Prairie Farmer they are not except in that section from enemies to the wheat crop any more than we are up East. Besides the Hessian fly, which sometimes makes sad havoc with their crops, they have a *chop* called the chinch bug, which burrows at the roots of the wheat, and destroys the crop. A writer in that paper gives a description of it, and the Editor obtained an engraving of it. It is represented as a small bug, with silver colored wings with brown spots; and the same writer stated that he had to quit harvesting his corn on account of the multitude of them on the stalks, which emitted an odour like the double distilled essence of hed bugs. Another scourge is described as a small miller, which creeps into the wheat bin and spins a web around some twenty or thirty kernels, where he and his progeny live fat upon the flour they find. This is probably a species of genuine weevil. It is very different from the weevil which destroys our wheat. Ours takes the wheat before it is filled, theirs after it is put into the bin. They are both small in their size, but mighty in mischief.—*Maine Farmer.*

The capital of Great Britain has a population estimated at 2,000,000 of souls exclusive of strangers. The population of Paris now exceeds 900,000; the population of Vienna is 330,000 souls; Berlin, 336,000; and St. Petersburg, 476,000.

The universal custom of mourning was white over the whole world, until about the year 1430.

Glass may be beautifully frosted with Epsom salts, dissolved in hot water, and applied with a brush while hot.

In any adversity that happens to us in this world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.

THE BEAUTY OF WINTER.

(For the *Mark Lane Express*)

They speak of summer's brilliant day, and warm, unclouded night.
They speak of summer's glowing sky so deeply blue and bright,
They speak of summer's woodland walks so wild and green and sweet.
With arching trees above our heads, and flowers beneath our feet;
Yet Winter, too, has beauty, joy, and comfort in its path,
In its calm and quiet evenings, and its bright and cheerful heart;
When shutters have been closed at night, and friends draw round the blaze,
To ponder o'er the latest news, or speak of other days,
There's beauty even in hours like this, so still, and grey, and cold;
There's music, even *music*, in the sheep-bell from the fold,
In the light and careless whistle of the shepherd's hardy boy,
For something even in these rude sounds, to my heart breathes of joy.
There's beauty in its midnight scenes so beautifully clear,
Though forest wastes are leafless now, and fields look bare and drear,
There's beauty when the cold bright moon is gleaming on the snow,
Lighting the starry sky above—the silent wood below.
'Tis joy, too, when the chilly winds are whistling o'er the earth,
To hear *within* the cheerful song, the laugh of glee and mirth;
To watch the shepherd's lantern, or the cottager's lone light,
Like some lost, wandering planet, gleaming out upon the night.
And joy in bright and frosty days to hear the singing snow,
The laugh of merry children, as the snowballs fly about;
To watch the shipping-hut of ice their hands have just begun,
Or the misshapen snow-man, as he glitters in the sun.
Thou canst not boast of summer's skies, or summer's fragrant flowers:
Yet Winter, thou hast crystal halls, and palaces and bowers.
Thou hast no green and quivering leaves to shade the beach's bough;
But still, thy heavy mass of snow has much of beauty now.

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