

ceived for answer that "it was done already."
 "Then," said the farmer you may go to plough."
 "Been already, master," said Giles, "Already!"
 said the farmer, "what does the fellow mean?"
 "Aye," rejoined Giles; "could'nt rest, measter;
 must go and try the *zoul*, and a rare good one it
 is; and if you'll go to the field, you'll find the
 day's work all done!" And so in truth he found
 it, and done in first rate style, although it was a
 nocturnal job.—*North Devon Journal.*

SONG.

I'LL FARM LIKE MY FATHERS BEFORE ME.

[FROM THE DUMERIES AND GALLOWAY COURIER.]

When my landlord says, "John,
 You must really get on,
 Just see how your neighbours are striving;
 We must be improving,
 And onward keep moving;
 Depend, that's the right road to thriving."
 "Sir, I pay when I can;
 I'm a hard-working man;
 At elections you know you get o'er me;
 Let them do as they may,
 I prefer the old way,—
 I'll farm like my fathers before me.

"There is Berwickshire Dick—
 Of the fellow I'm sick—
 They say that his crops are so charming;
 And there's East Lothian Will,
 He is worse and worse still;
 They boast,—*how* they boast of his farming!
 Every thing is so good,
 And so well understood;
 It's all just to chase and to bore me:
 But I care not a jot,
 For I value them not,—
 I'll farm like my fathers before me.

"There's nothing but toiling
 At draining, subsoiling,
 And grubbing old hedgerows and fences;
 It is all very neat,
 When the thing is complete,
 But dreadful to think what expenses!
 Should I spend on the land,
 I cannot understand
 How cash it again would restore me:
 I shall therefore take care
 Aught that I get to spare,
 I'll keep like my fathers before me.

"To the market they ride,
 In the flush of their pride,
 As if they were pinks of creation;
 On the best they will dine,
 And sit over their wine,
 And talk about crops and rotation;
 But how they do contrive
 To get rich,—man alive!
 That certainly RATHER gets o'er me!
 But I care not a jot,
 For I envy them not,—
 I'll farm like my fathers before me.

"There's such newfangled ways
 About dung now-a-days,
 Whole islands have gone to destruction,
 It's absurd to suppose
 That so tiny a dose
 Can greatly increase the production.
 About liquid manure
 I am not quite so sure;
 But *trouble* and *tunks*, I abhor ye!
 'Twas my old father's song—
 'Jack, thou'lt never do wrong
 To farm like thy fathers before thee.'

"Improvements in breeding;
 And new modes of feeding;
 'Bout science they'll preach you a sermon;
 They may boast of Liebig,
 But I care not a fig,
 He's nought but some cunning old German.
 They talk about gases
 Like thundering asses,
 Such nonsense shall never get o'er me;
 I have just this to say—
 I prefer the old way,
 I'll farm like my fathers before me."
 JOHN PALMER.
 Annan, Nov. 1, 1847.

Agents for the Agricultural Journal.

Messrs. J. B. Bourque.....	St. Damas.
Dr. Conoquy.....	St. Cesaire.
Dr. De'la Bruere.....	St. Hyacinthe.
Mr. Cadeaux.....	St. Simon.
Mr. T. Dwyer.....	St. Pauls, Abbotsford.
Mr. Gendreau, J.P.....	St. Pie.
Mr. Blanchet.....	La Presentation.
Paul Bertrand, Esq., N.P.....	St. Matthias.
Charles Schoffer, Esq., N. P ..	Chambly.
M. Cordillier, Esq.....	St. Hilaire.
Thos. Cary, Esq., (Mercury)...	Quebec.
Dr. Smallwood.....	St. Martin, Isle Jesus.
Robt. Ritchie, Esq.....	Bytown.
Major Barron.....	Lachute.
The Editor of the Star.....	Woodstock, C. W.

All communications connected with this Journal,
 to be addressed, post paid, to the Secretary of the
 Society—WILLIAM EVANS, Montreal.

Annual Subscriptions for the Journal, five shillings.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY LOVELL AND GIBSON,

SAINT NICHOLAS STREET.