

## THE OLD ENGLISH FARMER.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

The old English farmer—Oh! where is the theme,  
Of all that hath lit the enthusiast's dream,  
Inspired at love's altar affection's warm vow,  
Or planted fair Poesy's wreath round the brow,  
Can bring to the bosom one touch of delight.  
Like that which now hallows our meeting to-night,  
When, together in friendship's strong sympathies bound,  
The toast of the farmer goes joyously round?

Then fill up your glass and the toast it shall be—  
"The old English farmer, so honest and free."

He's king of the soil as he's lord of the fields,  
Nor treads he a clod but allegiance it yields;  
And dearer to him is his own native sward  
Than all that the city's grand pomp can afford.  
With content for his motto, and virtue his guide,  
Though the world all around him be warring beside,  
Still he labours in peace, which is nature's best creed,  
And trusts to his Maker in trouble or need.

Then fill up your glass, &c.

Go watch him at sunrise, bestriding the ground  
When beauty and plenty are beaming around.  
The young cattle grazing—the flowers on the plain,  
Beggan with the dew or refreshed by the rain—  
While the lark and the linnet go forth with their song,  
As sweet as the first lisp from infancy's tongue,  
And creation looks up with an eloquent eye,  
To greet him with smiles as he passes her by.

Then fill up your glass, &c.

His roof may be humble, and homely his fare,  
The rich and the noble no frequenters there—  
Yet open alike are his heart and his hand,  
And truer than those who have place in the land.  
He mocks not at fortune, nor wrangles with fate,  
But feedeth the beggar who comes to his gate.  
Leaves others in climes of the stranger to roam,  
And clings with delight to the blessings of home.

Then fill up your glass, &c.

Then here's to the farmer, in whose rosy face  
A frank honest heart, and good-nature we trace;  
With smiles ever cheerful he stands at his door,  
To welcome the weary, and shelter the poor.  
He cares not for party, or faction's loud rant,  
When God has so kindly considered each want;  
But to Queen and to country still faithful and true,  
He lives and he dies as a Briton should do.

Then fill up your glass, &c.

**EARLY RISING ON A FINE MORNING.**—We will here add that life never perhaps feels with a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of because he does not feel it the first morning.—*Leigh Hunt.*

The surface of the earth is 196,863,166 square miles, and its solidity 257,726,934,416 miles. Not more than one fifth of the whole earth is inhabited by man.

**ECCENTRICITIES OF A DOG.**—My attention was recently taken up by reading in that excellent work, "Chamber's Miscellany," a very interesting article, entitled "Anecdotes of dogs; and the instances adduced by the writer, of the personal attachment, fidelity, educability, sagacity, benevolence, and eccentricities of dogs are highly amusing and surprising. I was particularly struck with an account given of a dog which a few years ago attended all the fires that occurred in London, as forming a very close resemblance to a dog which I knew a few years ago, belonging to Mr. Henderson, late Postmaster, Fort William, which attended every funeral that took place in that village and neighbourhood. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. He was a rough, thick-set, stout little animal, a cross between a cocker, and a terrier. His master taught him nothing, nor seemed to take much notice of him. Gilliemor was his name; and a sulky, surly little fellow he was, as all the little urchins that used to play about the Post Office could testify; for he had a mortal hatred to their noise, as he had also to beggars, at whom he would snap and bark furiously. He did not seem to be particularly attached to any person, nor did he care much about being caressed, neither did he associate with other dogs. The only remarkable feature in his character, was his predilection for attending funerals. Whenever a funeral happened, although it were ten miles distant; and although he had to cross ferries, rivers, and often arms of the sea, the moment the coffin appeared Gilliemor appeared also, and never left its side until it reached the burying ground. There he would look anxiously on, while the body was being interred; and that melancholy duty over, he would immediately trot away home, or set off to attend another funeral. He has been known to attend many funerals in different parts of the country in one day. When any person died near his master's residence, on the day of the funeral, Gilliemor employed himself in driving the noisy children and beggars, till within a few minutes of the time specified in the funeral letters, when he would shake himself as if dressing, and trudge awry to join in the funeral procession. This was so well known in the place, and people became so much accustomed to it, that it excited very little surprise, and scarcely any notice was taken of Gilliemor unless among the ignorant and superstitious, who looked upon him as an indispensable chief mourner, and always wished the favour of his company to the place of interment.—*Courant.*

Silver may be beaten into plates, 110,000 of which make one inch in thickness.

A silver wire, the thirteenth of an inch in diameter, will sustain 137 lbs. A wire of lead, of the same size, sustains 28 lbs., and tin 36lbs.

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