

meaning of the word. Need I say that I resigned my position as cook, and informed the party it might "suit itself" as early as possible.

I have nothing to say against snakes; in their place (preserved in spirit) they are interesting to students of natural history, but out of place and in bed with the undersigned they are a mistake in creation. FRITZ says so, too.

Black ants, too, in your boots, are philosophically speaking "black ants and nothing more," but I have prejudices against this sort of thing which no kind of experience will remove.

And yet, as I said before, it was rural in the extreme, and after another night's sleep with the stump of a tree in the small of my back, black ants holding steeple chases up my legs, beetles prospecting down my neck and "panning out" whenever they saw a chance, the gentle mosquito all the while finding the music for the circus. I was fully convinced that what I had sought for so long and so diligently, "the glories of the primeval forest," I had found at last.

The third day was more convincing than the other two had been, and on the fourth, I wasn't quite certain whether I wasn't enjoying myself too much.

On the fifth I thought that a little more self-denial was really called for, and that I ought not to go on enjoying myself in a manner which my friends in town were not in a position to share.

And on the morning of the sixth day, after falling into the water twice; being rained on incessantly through the night; having swallowed more ants and flies than even rural felicity made desirable, having in fact so thoroughly exhausted the communion business that I was as silent as Nature itself, my self-denial got the better of me, and mindful of a note to meet ere the bank closed, I tore myself away.

I met that funny man next morning, of whom I spoke at the commencement of my letter, and he congratulated me on my "improved appearance."

Great CESAR! and this with my face like an animated nutmeg-grater and blisters on every spot where the skin was not off.

Never mind! that man will die some time and I shall attend his funeral with alacrity, if I am not in the same line of business myself.

SMIRK.

## Toronto Adaptations.

12th July.

THE MARSHAL.

I saw him on the glorious Twelfth,  
When like a king he bore him;  
He rode upon a snow-white horse,  
Like WILLIAM REX before him;  
The Boyne—the gallant SCHOMBERG's deeds,  
Inflamed his noble heart—their needs  
Of glory were shed o'er him.  
He looked around, and from his eye  
Defiance flashed on Popery.

As he reached a corner, crowds there pressed  
In orange colors neat;  
And from the east and from the west  
The bannered lodges met.  
While tavern, shop, and tall lamp-post  
Shook with the wild cries of that host,  
And thunder of their feet;  
He heard the imperial echoes ring,  
He heard—and dreamed himself a king.

I saw him next alone—no stamp  
Of any lodge attended;  
Nor banners blaze; nor coursers tramp,  
With party music blended.  
He sat alone, whom twelfth July  
Had almost seemed to deify,  
And calmly brogans mended.  
And as he pegged, no loyal stave,  
Like that of yesterday, he gave.

He sat—horse, badges, weapon, gone—  
And cobbled in repair,  
While still his wife jawed ruthless on  
For she was marshal there.  
As leader in that loyal lark,  
Kept up till too long after dark,  
He had forgot all care;  
And now—the hero sunk from bliss—  
From such a height as that to this.



SANGSTERISM WORKED OUT; OR, INTELLECT BEFORE CONDUCT.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Schoolteachers of South Perth.)

SCHOOLMASTER (who endorses the Perth County Convention idea).—"John Smith, the Monitor says you behaved badly in my absence. Now, sir, I must punish you!"

JOHNNY SMITH.—"Hold on, ole man; I did cut up, you bet; but I know'd my lesson, though!"

SCHOOLMASTER, (who endorses, etc.).—"Ah! that makes all the difference! Intellect before conduct any day! You may retire, sir!"

## The Model Farmer.

BY OUR OWN ARCHIBALD.

I AM always ready to instruct the public. All the emigrants who come out to this country with the intention of farming cannot enjoy the advantages offered by the Model Farm, and even among those who have passed their lives in Canada, there are many to whom these hints, gathered from long experience of Canadian farming, may not be without value.

To be able to follow my advice it is first necessary to have a farm of your own. Employers are apt to be prejudiced against what the Conservative idiots term innovations. Therefore, first get your farm. Get a free grant, if you can. Muskoka is the best location, it gives most scope for ingenuity. The greater part of the surface will be covered with trees, rocks or water. In the first case, cut them down. In the second, take them up. In the third, fill it in. CLARKE told me the another plan the other day for the rocks and rivers. It sounded like swea ring, but he told me it didn't mean that *He* said—No, I don't like to repeat what he said.

Now, when you come into the country, you will, like everyone else, think how untidy the stumps of trees look on cleared land, and what a lot of space they waste. It will look like this on your farm when you have cut down your trees. Now don't bother about digging up your stumps, but heap the earth up to the tops of them, so as to get them well out of sight. This will not take you above one season's work, and your farm will look quite elegant by comparison with your neighbours'. The little hillocks thus formed will be an agreeable relief to the monotonous occupation of ploughing on a dead flat. But I shall come to ploughing operations presently.

As regards the rocks, you can blast them, as CLARKE says, or you can carry them away. If there are others underneath, don't be discouraged. You must get to the bottom some day or other. And then, bliss!

If you can't fill the water up, drain it off, or dam it—do something. (LARKE again.)

It may be as well to premise that clearing land, especially felling trees, requires some acquaintance with the use of an axe. If a novice, you had better begin with a blunt one at first, as you won't hurt yourself so much if you hit your own head instead of a tree. It is as well to practise by splitting kindling-wood in the first instance, and in this to adopt the plan of a gentleman, now sheriff of a western county, who in his early days always stood in a tub to split wood, thereby protecting his toes.

Now, let us suppose your land tolerably clear, or that you have bought a cleared farm. What is to be done now? The plough. If not sufficient of a machinist to make one, or capitalist to buy one, borrow one, or better still, steal one. To this you attach your horses or oxen. At the Model Farm, we prefer cows in the latter capacity. They give much more milk than bullocks, though they do not make such good beef. Arm yourself with a stout whip and go forth to the field. At first you will find it difficult to draw a straight furrow.