## THE FARMER'S SONG.

BY MOSES FOSTER, JUN.

I prize it, I prize it, my verse shall flow
In praise of the honored and good old plough;
I've followed it many a wearisome mile,
And marked now neatly it turned up the soil;
We've labored together both hand in hand,
For many a year in tilling the land;
'Tis endeared to me and my verse shall flow
In praise of the honored and good old plough.

In childhood's season from morning till night, The ploughboy's vocation was my delight, With a little light goad the team to guide, While whistling gaily I walked by its side; Anon in triumph turning aback To view how even and smooth was the track, 'Twas long, long ago, yet memory now Delighteth to dwell on that good old plough.

I remember the day how conceited and proud, When to manage the plough by my father allowed; I thought of the glory my youth had won, While viewing my furrows in the setting sun; How my heart with joy triumphantly beat When my father pronounced the work "complete." And I'm not ashamed to confess it now, I dreamed all night of that good old plough.

'Tis old and worn and soon to decay,
'Twill weaken and crumble and moulder away,
Its tenons are weak and its joints are loose,
And there hardly remains enough strength for use;
But tho' it is old it possesses a charm,
'Tis the crowning implement used on the farm;
It has served me well and my verse shall flow
In praise of the honored and good old plough.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

The delicious pleasures of innocence are a chimera only for the wicked.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue. Raillery is the lightning of slander.

There are no just punishments except for crime; and no just rewards except for virtue.

The safest inheritance is that of virtue.

Man may bend to virtue; but virtue cannot stoop to man.

Benevolence is allied to few vices; selfishness to fewer virtues.

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter—yet, perchance, he is the only one that deserves to be laughed at.

A false friend is like the shadow on a dial, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.

Courage to think is infinitely more rare than courage to

The arrows of calumny fall harmlessly at the feet of

## MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

CORRECTED BY THE CLERK OF THE MARKET.

New Market, November 1.

New Market, November	r I.
Wheat,per minot, 4/9	@ 5/0
Onts, do	@ 1/3
Barley, do	@ 2/6
Peas, do	@ 2/9.
Buckwheat, do 1/8	@ 2/0
Rye, do	@ 2/9.
Flaxsced, do	@ 5/O·
Potatoes, New, do 1/3	@ 1/6:
Beans, American, per bushel 4/0	@ 4/6
Do. Canada, do 6/0 (	@ 6/8.
Honey, per ib, 0/4 (	@ 0J5·
Beef, do 0/13 (	@ 0/4∙
1	@ 4/0
Lamb, do	@ 2 6
	<u>ම</u> 10/
•	⊕ 0/4∮
1	@ /10
	@ 0/6≱
, ,	@ 0/4}.
1 '	@ 0 6
	@ 0/5 <u>\$</u>
, 00 -	@ 0 7 <del>2</del>
,	@ 6/0.
, 0,	@ 4/0
	@ 5/0
	@ 2/6
1 .	@ 1/8
Chickens, do	•
	@ 2/0
Hares, do 0/4 @	
,	@ 8/0
	@ 12/6
,	@ 12/0
	9 22/6
•	@ 27/6
	27/6
,	9 17/6
1 -	@ 1/8
Peaches, half barrels,	<u>w</u> 24/6

## The Canadian Agricultural Journal,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Any Post Master or other individual who obtains six subscribers, to be entitled to one copy, gratis.

As the object of this Journal is to improve Canadian Husbandry, by the dissemination of the best and cheapest Agricultural information, the charge for it will be simply sufficient to cover the necessary expense. The subscription price will therefore be Five Shillings per annum, to single Subscribers. Societies or clubs will be furnished at the following rates:—

WILLIAM EVANS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

LOVELL AND GIBSON, PUBLISHERS.