

Poetry.

The Farmer's Harvest Song

The rosy morn with gleesome smile
Comes o'er the eastern hill;
The calm lake gleams a sheet of gold,
And sparkles every rill.
The crystal dew drops, flashing bright,
Hang glittering on each spray,
The feathered choirs with tuneful throats
Now greet the opening day
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the farmer's life,
There's none so happy as he,
As he drives a field with his good stout team,
To turn the fallow lea.

Up, up, and meet the blushing morn,
With heart all light and gay,
Away to the fields of waving corn,
Or meads of fragrant hay;
The reapers come with shout and song,
The flashing blade to wield,
And soon in shining swath is laid
The harvest's golden yield
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the farmer's life,
There's none so happy as he,
As he gathers the golden harvest in,
Or turns the fallow lea

Though his cheek is brown with summer's sun,
Or winter's pelting storm,
Though his hand is hard with honest toil,
Its clasp is kind and warm;
Health glows in every throbbing pulse,
His arm is stout and strong,
And he huffs, as he swings the glittering axe,
Till the old woods ring with its song
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the farmer's life,
With joy his pulses bound—
As the giant oak, beneath his sturdy stroke
Comes crashing to the ground

When winter's tempests loudly rave
Hoarse through the leafless trees,
And eddy eddies are wildly borne
Along the hating breeze,
Then pile the crackling wood fire high,
He heeds not wind nor snow,
Each staling face around the hearth
Is lit with a ruddy glow
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the farmer's life,
Let the tempest howl in its ire,
He heeds not the roar of the wintry blast
As he sits by his cheering fire.

And should our land e'er bear the tread
Of an invading foe,
With willing hand he'll grasp the sword
To strike the traitor low,
The lion courage in his heart
Will nerve his strong right arm,
In danger's threatening hour to shield
His home and hearth from harm.
Then hurrah! for the farmer staunch and true,
Whose heart ne'er failed when tried,
Whose toil is the wealth of our smiling land,
Our country's boast and pride.

CALMAR.

KINGSTOWN, Aug 6, 1867.

Miscellaneous.

Lily-Ponds.

THE following extracts are taken from a communication by Wilson Flagg, in the *American Journal of Horticulture*. The length of the article alone, prevents us giving it entire.

All the beauty of nature and all the life of the forest gather spontaneously about a lily-pond. Here assemble the water-birds of various plume, attracted by the fishes, the insects, and the plants that are abundant near the shore. The singing birds also make here their tuneful haunts, where vegetation is fully stocked with insect-life. Nowhere is there so much animation, apart from human abodes, as on the grassy banks and wooded eminences that surround the pond; nowhere is there so much beauty outside of human art. The variegated summer-duck finds seclusion here in the umbrage of trees and rushes, and subsistence in the shallows abounding with lemma, water-cresses, and other edible plants, and the youthful angler, standing on the shore, watches with delight the little spotted tattler, as it runs nimbly upon the lily pads, then casts his line over beds of aquatic flowers as sweet as a garden of hyacinths.

These beautiful ponds are fast becoming appropriated by dealers in ice, or spoiled by improvers who substitute the beauty of cultivation for that of spontaneity, and destroy most effectually their peculiar and delightful features. But there are thousands of them still quietly sleeping in the forest, unshorn of their original attractions. On the boundaries of these virgin waters, nature is still the presiding deity; and the nymphs that do homage to her have not been exiled from their abodes. There the rhodora still harbinger the summer, while shedding its rosy light in

tufted profusion upon the shore; and the small kalmia, with more retiring habits and deeper blushing tints, attends her, and wreaths her brows with crimson. The rose, that has dwelt here ever since the hills were raised above the plain, glows with the "purple light of love," of which it is the emblem; and the mountain laurel hangs its evergreen boughs over the outer portals and inner sanctuary of this, her temple and her paradise.

Our lily-ponds, for the most part, are surrounded by hills, that form a basin for their waters, and become the principal source of their replenishment. Every pond has an outlet that commonly leads to a level field; and it is in the shallows near this point, and in the various inlets, not in the deep waters, nor immediately under the steep banks, that the water-lilies congregate, fixing their roots in the alluvium, and extending their long stems upward to the length required for raising the bud to the surface. As soon as it has gained this height, it is ready to become a flower. The flowers expand about the third or fourth hour after sunrise, and remain open until the rays of the sun begin to fall obliquely in the afternoon, and cast upon them the shadows of the hills and woods. If at any hour the sky is veiled with clouds, they fold themselves in sleep, and leave the day to the more humble yellow lily, the nodding sarracenia, the arethusa upon the shore, and the dark-blue pond-tedera.

Almost all productions of the region are gathered around these waters; almost every animate thing of the bird and insect host dwells here in a lively and tuneful assemblage. The reflecting and inquisitive mind can never tire of its researches in this studious solitude. For all the seasons have garnered here a portion of their stores; and both to the naturalist who is familiar with the forms and habits of animate and inanimate objects, and to him who studies only nature's beautiful aspects, the lily-pond is a page written over and over with myriads of lines, letters, and pictures, yet without any confusion, and perfectly legible to those, who, shunning the frivolous pleasures of artificial life, resort here to live nearer to nature and to happiness.

A grindstone should not be exposed to the weather, as it not only injures the woodwork, but the sun's rays harden the stone so much as, in time, to render it useless. Neither should it stand in the water in which it runs, as the part remaining in water softens so much that it wears unequally. "out of true."—*Ex.*

PRE-HISTORIC LAKE EMBANKMENT.—A lake has been discovered in the State of Iowa, in America, occupying a surface of 2,800 acres, which is between two feet and three feet higher than the surrounding country, and surrounded by a carefully-built wall, ten feet or fifteen feet wide. When or by whom the wall, which is very old, was built none can discover. The stones of the wall vary in weight from a hundred pounds to three tons. There are no stones on the land within ten miles around the lake.—*Builder.*

WORSE THAN A VULPECIDE.—On Monday, Mr. Donald Macfarlane, gamekeeper to Mr. Patrick Small Keir, of Kindrogan, set a large trap to catch a fox on the hill of Blaveliga, on the estate of Kindrogan. On going to the trap, some time after he had set it Mr. Macfarlane, to his great surprise, found that instead of Reynard a splendid golden eagle had been trapped. The weight of the bird is fully 12 lbs. From tip to tip of the wings it measured 7 feet 5 inches, the girth was 2 feet 4 inches, and from the crown of the head to the tip of the tail the measurement was 3 feet 5 inches. The head measured 9 inches round, and the bill was 3 inches in length and 2½ inches round. The bird is one of the finest specimens of its kind ever seen in the district.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

EXTRAORDINARY CATCH BY A FISHERMAN.—A novel piscatorial incident occurred in Dovedale on Monday afternoon. A gentleman angling on the Staffordshire side of the Dove threw his line across the stream; the bait was taken, and from the force of the pull he anticipated a splendid catch. In an instant the rod was dragged out of the fisherman's hand, and casting his eyes across the stream he saw a cow rushing up the bank on the Derbyshire side of the river, with the line and rod dangling at her tail. He forthwith forded the river breast high, and succeeded in recovering his fishing tackle. It seems that at the moment the gentleman threw the line the cow was returning from the stream after drinking, and the hooks of the artificial minnow caught in her tail. The scampering of the affrighted cow and the pursuit of the fisherman excited mirth amongst the few persons who happened to be in the Dale at the time.—*Staffordshire Advertiser.*

IRISH NOTION OF HOSPITALITY.—An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, answered, "Oh! yes, too much; I was in the hospital nearly all the time I was there."

FARMERS' CLUBS.—X. A. Willard, Esq., gives the following description of the manner in which the members of the Little Falls Farmers' Club, of New York, conduct their discussions:—Near the close of every meeting a subject is chosen for the next meeting, and some person or persons appointed to open the discussion. The opening speeches are made in the way most agreeable to the speakers; either by written essays, or extemporaneously. After the opening speeches members carry on the discussion in a conversational way—asking questions, or giving their experience, without any attempt at speech-making. All that is sought to be obtained are the facts. Generally, members keep their seats, and talk in a familiar way, precisely as they would if meeting friends on the street, or at their homes. Under this system, it has been found that much more knowledge is obtained than would be obtained if speakers were required to rise and deliver their experience, etc., in a set speech, since many who are willing to talk and answer questions could not be prevailed upon to rise and make a speech.

THE MOSQUITO QUESTION.—Josh Billings makes the following remarks appropriate to the season: "We are told that there want enee thing made in vain. That is sum so, but I have thought the time spent in manufacturing musketoze must hev been wasted, if the musketoze want. How they ware put together, I never could tell, and there is one commerehall peculiarity about the musketeer trade, and that is, 'he supply always exceeds the demand, and yet the production is not diminished; I kant understand this, no how. They are born of poor, but industrious parents, and are brought up under the auspices of some of our best families. They have also consummate courage; I have known a single musketeer to site a man and his wife awl night long, and draw the first blood. It is very easy to kill musketoze—when you can; but in striking them, you are very apt to hit the exact place where they wuz. They are cheerful little cusses, singing as they toil."

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N.B.—This is the only queen in Canada imported from Italy. Persons who desire to secure queens bred from her this season, would do well to send in their orders at once. Price of queens bred from her, and ordered to be shipped in July, \$7; after that \$5. Queens bred from last year's importations and guaranteed pure, \$5. Orders for Stocks, Queens, Hives, Books, &c., will receive prompt and careful attention, addressed to

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V4-12-17