

ence to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty." Energy of mind, like strength of body, must be acquired by exercise, and that the consciousness of desert in encountering difficulties, must be felt to enable us to accomplish any great work. All our eminent men have been distinguished by fixing upon some great object, and possessing themselves with such a lively conception of it that has led them on through years of toil.

Correspondence.

A Wet Day, No. 2.

DEAR SIR,—

The highly complimentary manner in which you noticed my former communication, has induced me to take up my pen a second time, to offer a few remarks for your consideration; and if you think them worthy a column in your paper, they are at your service. I had intended writing you some two months ago, but having an unusually large harvest to attend to, my time has been so much taken up, that I have had little inclination for writing. I make this remark, lest you might think this the only wet day that has elapsed since I last wrote you.

My feelings are still deeply interested in aiding and forwarding the cause of Agriculture and raising our farmers to that standard which their calling and station demands; and that which I think to be the most effectual means of increasing their prosperity and improving their social condition, is, an earnest appeal to their intellect for improvement. Not that a man should go to a book to learn to hold a plough, but to understand the nature and foundation of his soils, their component parts, their susceptibilities of varied culture, and what crops are suited to their varied character—all these things, and they are essential to the profitable occupation of our soils, should be perfectly understood, and yet how few do understand them. I am fully satisfied that our farmers do not read enough on such subjects as relate to their own personal interest. I am often amused with the prejudice which exists against innovations, and blush for my calling, when I hear men possessing an ordinary share of common sense, talking of killing pork in the new 'of the moon, planting potatoes in another stage, sowing peas in a third stage of it, and a hundred other equally ridiculous and absurd assertions. If you ask them the reason of all this, they say, my father did or said so,

and I always did so; whereas two hours' attentive reading of a common-sense author, and an hour or two of abstract thought, would convince them of the error and folly of the prejudices they act upon.

"The business of husbandry," says an author in drawing a comparison, may be likened to the healing art; the farmer, as well as the physician, may plod on mechanically without the aid of study or of science, happy, if you please, in his own conceit, and in his ignorance; both may have tolerable success, by adopting the example of enlightened neighbors, or following the impulse of their own discriminating minds, yet, both would do better, were they to understand perfectly the organization and properties of the subjects upon which they are to operate or are to employ. Generations have been engaged in investigating the business of both professions, and have handed down to us the result of their observations and experience; these lessons of wisdom are considered indispensable to the student of medicine—they are no less beneficial to the student of agriculture.

A farmer can be, and when he understands his rights and privilege, is one of the most independent men on earth. The wife of a farmer is one of labor, it is true, but labor, unless carried to excess, is far from being prejudicial to the body or mind; vigorous exercise, such is the law of our nature, is necessary to the full development of either our bodily or mental powers; and unless the necessity is forced upon us in part, we are apt to evade it. I trust you will bear with me, Mr. Editor, if my remarks are verbose, when I tell you, that the subject of mental culture deeply interests me, and it affords me a secret satisfaction in giving an expression to some of my ideas upon it. I sincerely wish that more of our farmers knew the calm satisfaction of taking an improving volume by the peaceful fire-side, or the luxury of improving the mind. How few men who love their homes and their book, that are vicious! Employment, roused by some noble object, is the secret road to happiness, and of all employments, mental labor lasts the longest. The body soon wearies, but the mind is immortal.

"The fawn," says Robert Hall, "who has gained a taste for books, will in all likelihood become thoughtful; and when you have given him a habit of thinking, you have conferred a much greater favor than by the gift of a large sum