

It is sometimes objected against the higher priced cattle, that they require more care than the inferior kinds. There is little force in this objection, because all cattle require shade and shelter, food and drink regularly, and the best cattle require no more. It is true that if a cow that cost \$200, is lost by want of care, it is a greater loss than that of one that cost \$25; but it is natural for men to take care of their better article in which they take pride, than that of the inferior; therefore the keeping of the valuable stock has a tendency to make farmers more careful and constant in attending to their business. This improvement is much wanted, as most farmers know more of their occupation, than they are attentive to in the practice.

All improvement in the knowledge and practice of farming is promoted by the well directed energies of agricultural societies. Their annual competitions are the means of conveniently congregating under one view, the farm implements, cattle and products in possession for competition and general information. And although some farmers decline, what they consider the sacrifice of time and a dollar cash to support them, as they receive no direct returns, this is a most unprofitable calculation for the mind that entertains it, and it is to be hoped will soon be renounced by every one who has the smallest idea of the beauties and advantages of a reciprocity of good fellowship with his neighbors.

The office bearers of these societies have very arduous duties to perform, and deserve the support and assistance of all classes in the community, and it is pleasing to see how much this is given to them in these flourishing and fertile townships, and to witness the interest taken by the ladies in the praiseworthy exertions of this society, in the dissemination of a spirit of general improvement.

The great variety of useful and ornamental articles of home manufactured woollens, needlework and painting produced at the exhibition yesterday, is highly creditable to them as samples of their industry and taste, and together with their own personal attendance, greatly enhanced the interesting display.

All who witnessed it must have admired the exhibition of yesterday, both as to the quantity and quality of the stock and the various articles exhibited in this beautiful grove; and the unanimity of good feeling which prevailed undisturbed by even one harsh expression, with the good natured jocularity of the com. editors towards each other, formed altogether a complete picture of happiness; yet all this, without the daily exertions of the ladies at their homes, and their presence here, the most powerful incentive to order, sobriety and perseverance in all that is praiseworthy in the character of man, would be wanting.

With so successful a termination to this year's competition, it is to be hoped there will be no hesitation on the part of any farmer within its territorial limits to contribute his mite, and give his personal attendance to the next annual meeting. The society having the appointment of its managers, and the forming of such rules as to re-

gulations as may appear most suitable to give general satisfaction, the just and equitable enforcement of these rules should form matter for universal approval and satisfaction, and as soon as they are found, in practice, to be unsuitable, should be changed or amended. Farmers should never forget that they are the bone and sinew of the nation; that, by being united, their power in the State, both morally and politically, would be irresistible.

In conclusion, may every one cultivate his soil so as to maintain and improve its fertility; may this society increase in members, and be fruitful in the work of improvement. Permit me to return thanks for your attention, and to apologize for presuming, even at your kind invitation, to attempt the performance of so honorable a task as you have this day assigned to me, and for which I feel so little qualified.

Poetry.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"Here, take this world" cried Jove from his high throne
Addressing man: "the earthly sphere be thine;
I grant it thee, a free perpetual loan—
Divide it—brother—feeling mark the line."

All has-tuned to establish each his claim.
Busy both young and old assiduous strove;
The farmer tried to seize the fields of grain,
The noble's son in forest chase to rove.

Whatever his warehouse holds, the merchant sweeps;
The sailor chooses rare and costly wine;
Kings barricade the bridges and the streets,
With voice potent, cry: "The tenth is mine."

The spoil all meted out—alas! too late
Arrives the poet for some distant place;
"Ah! nothing left, how luckless is my fate!
Each worldly chattel could his master trace.

"Wo's me! shall I alone of all be sent
Unappointed from thee? I, thy truest son?"
Thus ventured he his loud complaint to vent,
And prostrate fell before the heavenly throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou didst delay,
Pursued the god, 'told mortal blame not me;
Where wert thou on the world's division day?"
The poet answered: "Lord, I was with thee!"

"Mine eye was doting on thy godly sight,
Mine ear on thy celestial harmony;
Pardon that spirit, which, with thy rich light,
Inebriate, forsook all its chance, through thee."

What remedy is left? The world is given:
Nor harvest, chase, nor commerce flows from me,
Thou dost wish to breathe the air of heaven,
As oft thou canst, so oft shall welcome be.

A RUSTIC PLAINT.

Since thou my dove, didst level thy wild wings
To goodlier shelter than my cabin makes,
I work with heavy hands, as one who breaks
The flax to spin a shroud of April rags.

With silvery showers—smiles light the face of May,
The thistle's prickly leaves are lined with wool;
And their gray tops of purple burs set fall
Quails through the stubble run. From day to day

Through these good seasons I have sadly mused,
The very stars, thou knowest, sweet, for what,
Draw their flames together, standing not
About the mossy gables as they used.

No more I dread the winds, though never so rough,
Nor the withered oak should prostrate lie;
Only the ravens in its black limbs cry,
And better birds will find green boughs enough.