

them the worst of vices. Children are strangers to all we are acquainted with, and all the things we meet with are at first unknown to them, as they once were to us; and happy are those young aspirants after truth, who chance to meet with civil people, who comply with their ignorance, and help them to get rid of it.

**HOME.**—There is a world where no storms intrude, a heaven of safety against the tempests of life. A little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embraceth it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a man entereth it, he forgetteth his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasure not mingled with remorse. This world is the well ordered home of a virtuous and amiable woman.

**ADVANTAGES OF CULTIVATING INTELLECTUAL PLEASURES.**—As the senses in the lowest state of nature are necessary to direct us to our support, so when once secure there is danger in following them farther; to him who has no rule of action but the gratification of the senses, plenty is always dangerous; it is therefore necessary to the security of society that the mind should be elevated to the idea of general beauty, and the contemplation of general truth; by this pursuit the mind is always carried forward in search of something more excellent than it finds, and obtains its proper superiority over the common senses of life by learning to feel itself capable of higher aims and nobler enjoyments. In this gradual exaltation of human nature every art contributes its contingent towards the general supply of mental pleasures. Whatever abstracts the thoughts from sensual gratifications—whatever teaches us to look for happiness within ourselves—must advance in some measure the dignity of our nature. Perhaps there is no higher proof of the excellency of man than this,—that to a mind properly cultivated, whatever is bounded is little. The mind is continually laboring to advance, step by step, through successive gradations of excellence to perfection, which is dimly seen at a great though hopeless distance, and which we must always follow because we never can attain, but the pursuit rewards itself: one truth teaches another, and our store is always increasing though nature never can be exhausted.—*Sir Josh. Reynold's Discourses.*

## Agriculture.

### ADDRESS

*Before the New York State Agricultural Society in Albany, 19th Jan. 1842. By J. B. Nott, Esq., President of the Society.*

"Young men after having finished their academic course, are embarrassed in the choice of their future professions, for they find the professions crowded to excess; so crowded that men of fair talents and respectable industry are rewarded only by a mediocre success. Hence it is, that we unfortunately find many, too many

otherwise respectable men of all political creeds, who are ready at any fortunate crisis to abandon their professions, and seek, instead, the rewards of office. I do not speak of those whose ambition prompts them, regardless of the cost to climb that bold eminence which has always been found, it is said, too "narrow for friendship, and too slippery for safety," for this is a legitimate, though alas, a dazzling object of pursuit. But I speak of those who make political pursuit a mere question of profit and loss. To such men we can point out a field of exertion, where at least "for a portion of their life, their powers would be employed in a manner less revolting to conscience; and with results quite as useful to their country and to the world."

It is important, therefore, to do away the erroneous impression that there is no other pursuit worthy the attention of an educated man, than the so-called learned professions, and that a liberal education is thrown away if bestowed upon a farmer. If the farmer must of necessity be a mere rustic, and any one who engages in the pursuit, will allow himself to sink to this inglorious level, then will a very humble education fit him for his untoward destiny. But if a farmer is desirous of taking rank with the Gaylords and the Phinneys, of our land, and with men of kindred spirits in other lands, then will his calling give abundant occupation to his talents, however gifted, and his attainments, however profound. This is not all; a farmer may be even a man of refined taste and exquisite genius. A good farm should not be characterized alone by its trim fence, and its straight furrows, but it should also be an object of beauty. "Man made the town, God made the farm;" and it ought to bear the impress of his beautiful workmanship. There are farms too, where by the skilful disposition of wood and of shrubbery, there is, as it were, grouped into a scene of surpassing loveliness, the beelling cliff, the smiling meadow, and the meandering river. And shall the claims to taste and genius be denied to a farmer who can create such a scene, and be awarded solely to him who can transfer it to the living canvass? "It may be said that these higher accomplishments constitute no part of practical farming, because it contributes nothing directly to a farmer's prosperity. "To such men," as Cheever says, "God himself, as the Creator of the universe, cannot appear as an architect of practical wisdom, for he has covered the earth with objects, the sky and the clouds with tints, whose surpassing beauty is their only utility. This beauty is eminently useful, because man who beholds it is a moral" as well as a thrifty "being—because it awakens the soul to moral contemplations, excites the imagination, softens the sensibilities of the heart; because it tells him of his mortality and his immortality, giving him symbols of both, and holding with him a perpetual conversation of the glory and wisdom and goodness of God."

"To some, the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

If I am asked whether the pursuits of literature are incompatible with the practice of husbandry, I answer that they are at all events incompatible with the practice of a profession. Whoever would woo the muses,