

been regarded necessary to a farmer. I believe, and rejoice in the conviction, that a new era is commencing, or rather has already commenced in earnestness, in several countries of the Eastern hemisphere, and that to us here of the West, especially, a high and important trust has been committed, which, if faithfully executed, will be pregnant with untold blessings to all coming generations. To thoughtful minds the truth is beginning everywhere to be more or less distinctly recognized, that it is not every man who can, by the old routine of mere muscular toil, be made a prosperous and improving farmer, but that a good general education in the first place, supplemented by special study and training, with the acquisition of sound business habits, are the essential elements of success. The fact is, that farming, intelligently pursued, is quite as much an affair of the mind as of the body. Indeed, muscular force, as is well known in all other matters, spends itself for naught when not directed by mental power; and most assuredly the practice of husbandry is no exception to this great, general law; and he who successfully labors to base the art of culture on the facts and principles of science, dissipates the darkness and uncertainties of empiricism, and becomes in the highest sense, the improver and benefactor of his race.

"HONEST POVERTY."

A valued friend and correspondent, who has rendered us much good service at various times during our career as an agricultural editor, and whose views are entitled to the greatest respect, is much exercised at our having published Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" in our last issue, because it contains flings at the moral character of the "virtuous poor." He has been at the trouble to compose and transmit to us a number of stanzas in defence and eulogy of that class of people, in one of which, he affirms, what we are very sure cannot be demonstrated:

"The toiling, labouring virtuous poor man,
Never from his duty flies."

We would publish our friend's versification in full, and let it speak for itself, but unfortunately, like the rhymes in "The Farm" department of our last issue on "Rotation of Crops," it is "remarkably bad poetry," and would appear to very poor advantage as a rejoinder to Tennyson. Moreover, it is intended as an "antidote" to Tennyson's piece, which is really quite needless, as the Northern Farmer comprises within itself both bane and antidote. Our esteemed correspondent mistakes the whole drift and purport of Tennyson's lines, if he supposes, as he appears to do, that they are meant, in sober, serious, earnest, to advocate and disseminate the sentiments, into the adoption of which, the sordid, mean-souled Yorkshire clod-hopper tries to school

his son. Some ideas are so obviously and glaringly erroneous, that their utterance only suffices for their confutation. Is it possible for any one with the least vestige of a heart to read without loathing the old farmer's recital of his own matrimonial experience? And who doubts that the effect of the whole thing upon "Sam," was to make him sweeter than ever "upo' parson's lass," and more thoroughly determined to "marry fur luvv," spite of the contemptuous estimate formed of him so unanimously by his parents, and vulgarly expressed in the frank declaration, "boath on us thinks tha an ass?" "Sam" married the "parson's lass," like a sensible fellow that he was we have no doubt. The days he had spent at home had not been passed in blindness and deafness. He had seen enough of marriage without love in the dreary scenes of domestic life with which he had been familiar from childhood, and heard enough of rasping and friction of loveless matrimony at home, to convert his father's counsel into idle words, and make him feel that it was infinitely better to take his pretty sweetheart, poverty and all than to hunt up a second edition of another, "Wi' lots o' munny laaid by, and a nicetish bit of land." For palpable hollowness and wretchedness—for earnest, eloquent pleading against the reproduction of itself, there are few things in this world so truthful and honest as loveless marriage. It is ever saying to all beholders, "Be watchful and beware!

As to the slants against "honest poverty," contained in the old farmer's heartless rignarole, it must be observed that it is not honest but *dishonest* poverty against which he declaims. Who can deny that there is a great deal of this in the world? Who can deny that dishonesty is one of the temptations peculiar to a state of poverty? "Lest I be poor and steal," is the argument against poverty in the prayer of Agur contained in Holy Writ. The petitioner wisely asks for a condition of competence, equally removed from the straitness of poverty and the luxuriousness or wealth, that he may be saved from the temptations peculiar to both extremes of human life.

Poverty is often greatly lauded as though it had peculiar blessings and benefits associated with it, but nobody ever had fair trial of it without feeling as the desolate man all alone on the island of Juan Fernandez did about solitude, and finding his exclamation, varied in a single word most appropriate:

"O 'poverty' where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face."

We have a deep, true sympathy with the poor, and abominate the contempt with which as a class they are treated by the proud. Poverty when honest, as it often is and always may be, is worthy of all honour. Nevertheless we are not enamoured