

THE FARMERS' FAIR.

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne.

Ye husbandmen, both far and near,
Up, up, stir around, prepare
With sons, and wives and daughters, too,
To attend the Farmers' Fair.

Bring wheat and corn of various kinds,
Bring all that's new and rare.
And barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, millet,
All to the Farmers' Fair.

Bring pumpkins, squashes, carrots, beets,
Quince, apple, peach, and pear,
Potatoes, turnips, cabbage, peas
And beans to the Farmers' Fair.

Bring "sheep and oxen," large and fine,
And cows, and horse and mare,
And pairs of horses, asses, mules—
Bring all to the Farmers' Fair.

Bring heifers, steers, and stately calves,
Let "bulls and goats" be there,
Bring natives, short horns, long horns, no horns,
All to the Farmers' Fair.

Bring porkers spotted, porkers white,
Suit every connoisseur—
Let Berkshire, Byfield, China, Leicester,
Meet at the Farmers' Fair.

Ye wives and daughters bring your best.
And best with good compare;
Bring something that your hands have wrought,
And come to the Farmers' Fair.

Bring golden butter, melting cheese,
Bring nick-nacks, rich and rare;
Let woollens, cottons, linnens, silks—
Bring praises on the Fair.

Mechanics too and artists come,
Bring samples of your ware;
Display the products of your skill,
And crowd the Farmers' Fair.

Bring cultivators, harrows, ploughs,
All made for wear and tear;
Corn planters, drills, yokes, shovels, hoes,
And rakes to the Farmers' Fair.

Machines for thrashing, fanning mills,
Horse-power and smaller ware,
Straw-cutter, corn-mill, cheese-press, churn—
Bring all to the Farmers' Fair.

One word to him of generous soul,
Who loves thus to prepare—
Oh, let that "Farmers' coat of arms,"
Be here at the Farmers' Fair.

Ye clergy, teachers, students, come,
Come taste the bright blue air;
Pale, sorrow, sickly, "feeble folk,"
Turn out to the Farmers' Fair.

Ye Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants too,
Come gather round—for where
Shall non-producers learn their place?
Save at the Farmers' Fair.

Come men and women, old and young—
Let boys and girls be there;
Come rich, come poor, come mute and blind—
Come all to the Farmers' Fair.

Bring smiling faces, cheerful hearts—
At home leave gloom and care—
Let a right good hearty shake of the hand,
Go round at the Farmers' Fair.

The Farmers' Fair—that glorious day—
May U and I be there;
And friendship, joy, and peace unite,
To bless the Farmers' Fair.

The Farmers' Fair—oh glorious day,
Loved here and everywhere;
Now all in chorus join and raise
Three cheers for the FARMERS' FAIR.

(From the Tennessee Agriculturist.)

TO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

It has been sometime since I talked to the girls. This evening I will give them a few lines, letting them know that I think of them yet. As usual, I am dwelling on the common, every day affairs of life, and feeling more and more the importance of young females being well acquainted with all the minutiae thereof. The reason for my writing as I do at present, I will give you.

A few days since, I heard a gentleman, who wished a domestic, industrious, and contented wife, speaking of a pretty, interesting girl, praising her modest deportment and engaging manners: but at last, wound up with "She does not know how to do any thing useful; she could not even make her own dresses; she would be of very little use in this world of hard labour." Now I had nearly the same opinion myself, though I would not tell him you know; but I thought I would tell you, and let you profit by it, if you choose. He spoke also of some young ladies who studied mental and moral philosophy, chemistry, and other branches, and wanted to know what use it would finally be. He was certain, from his own observations, they did not have enough of philosophy to govern their temper and general conduct; and as to chemistry all their study of it had not given them a knowledge of bread-making, which he considered a very important item, his mother having been successful in that line of business, and he had been accustomed to the best sort of bread. He thought if their studies were not of some practical utility, they might as well be let alone.

I was really amused, to hear views so much in opposition to the prevailing notions of the day; and to tell the truth, I thought there was some good common sense in them, though I informed him the girls would laugh most heartily at such nonsensical stuff, in these days of improvement, when many considered it polite and sensible, to be perfectly ignorant of common affairs. My advice was, that he should go away out in the country, and look for the daughter of some good farmer, who had taught his family that it is honorable to engage in all the useful employments in which the greater part of the duty of woman consists—one who could sit down happily at home, and study household good, without sighing for the excitement of fine dress, fashionable furniture, fashionable visits, and all these fashionable things that disturb the peace of young housekeepers, and render home a scene of misery and strife, instead of the gathering place of the heart's best affections.

If girls had any idea of what would promote their future happiness and interest, more of their precious time would be spent in the acquisition of useful and necessary knowledge, rather than frittering it away to gain a few (generally useless) accomplishments. The first is of great importance, in every situation of life: the latter are almost always given up, as soon as their professor takes her station at the head of a family. I was led to consider what should be the character of a lady who has finished her education, or who at least has left school, and also of the training necessary to form that character. Nothing preventing, I will tell you my cogitations at some future time, although some of you will think I am altogether to old-fashioned to be writing in those days of light and knowledge.

LUCK.

It has been truly said, that the humble man is like a good tree—the more full of fruit the branches are the lower they bend.