

and labyrinths woven by litigation, and in the excitement of forensic efforts and doubtful success, may feel a thrill of pleasure, or enjoy a gleam of satisfaction. But it cannot be denied that his most eloquent appeals are bought with a price,—that his talents and legal lore are frequently prostituted from necessity to the defence of men to whom he would not speak should he meet them in any other place than the dungeon or the prisoner's dock, and from whose presence he would fly as from a pestilence. Stripping the profession of the law of the empty honors conferred by Statute, and the privileges and immunities incident thereto, and the man would sink beneath the drudgery of form, his mind would sicken at the crimes of every dye that are continually arrayed before him. All the better feelings of his nature would revolt at the prospect of defending from justice the midnight assassin, the incendiary and the seducer, the wretch who would break down every barrier of virtue, and pluck up every bright flower that blooms in the pure and spotless mind of youth and innocence: yes, the man who would desecrate the altar or betray his country, must be defended by those who have consumed the "midnight oil" in patient and untiring study!

Too many of our youth are rushing into the profession of the Law. The peaceful and innocent pursuits of Agriculture never caused virtue to shed a tear, or robbed Justice of her victim. Cunning and artifice are never employed by the Agriculturist in the pursuit of his avocation. He breathes the pure air of Heaven, uncontaminated by the damps of dungeons. The music of the birds,—the verdure of the fields, and the thousand sights and sounds that animate and render vocal the landscape, cheer him on his way, and he sows the seed in hope, and the blessing of Providence gives the increase.

By common consent the profession of Arms is honorable. Ages have given it their sanction. From the earliest dawn of History, Conquerors have risen up from time to time, upon whose track desolation and want; grief and misery have followed. They have gathered what the world calls *laurels* upon the ensanguined field. They have astonished the world by the greatness of their deeds, if we judge them by their violence and injustice. Earth's fairest scenes have been desolated; the brightest prospects of her children blasted by cruel, vindictive *War*; and in the sack of Cities and the desolation of Provinces, the historian records the work, not of men, but of demons. But the "pomp and circumstance," the tinsel ornament and the gorgeous pageantry of an army are peculiarly attractive to unphilosophic eyes. I can imagine the profession of arms honorable in a Leonidas struggling with the proud Persian upon the

threshold of his country; a Kosicuseko or a Kossuth! Though defeat was the bitter portion of them all, yet theirs were the honor and the glory.

The Profession of *Agriculture* is unsullied by violence or crime. The tears of the widow, and the lamentation of the orphan appeal not to Heaven against it. Instead of desolating Provinces, it makes the wilderness beautiful—instead of destroying Cities, it gives food to their vast population, and *originates* Commerce by providing a surplus for export. More than all this, the maxims of War are declining, and soon the din of battle and the clash of arms will be heard no more, while Agriculture is beginning to be aided and patronized by all civilized nations.

Agriculture is truly innocent and peaceful; the day is spent in healthful labor, and when the curtain of night overshadows the earth, the *countryside* is silent and at rest. Not so the city—the abodes of prostitution and of crime exhibit evidences that deeds are being committed which will not bear the light of day—the thief is at his work, and the incendiary expects, in the conflagration which he causes, to reap his reward in plundering the goods of his victims!

The life of the farmer, then, is a life of honesty, of innocence, of peace, and consequently one of *happiness*; the great end and aim of all our efforts and all our desires.

Secondly,—It is an independent pursuit. There is no condition of life so desirable as independence, and a pursuit that places a man nearest this grand desideratum is certainly most advantageous. It is, I believe, impossible in this present state, or in that of any other which is revealed to us, to be entirely independent. The poet very truly expresses this sentiment when he says—

"God never made an independent man,
'Twould mar the concord of his general plan."

But there are some avocations that alleviate more of the wants and "ills to which man is heir" than others, and I will endeavor to show that the pursuit of Agriculture stands pre-eminently above all others in this respect.

The labor of the world is directed towards the accomplishment of two objects; providing for the necessaries of life, and the accumulation of riches. The first is immediately necessary; the other is laudable only as a provision against old age or misfortune. The agriculturist provides immediately by his labor for the necessaries of life; and an interest in the soil, confirmed as it is in this country by the patent of the Government, provides, with ordinary foresight on the part of the owner, against the latter contingency. So that the farmer has within his grasp that