

[From the Journal of Commerce.]

Parting Words.

away—my fading home,
adieu to thee—
sunny gales and rifted rocks,
blue streams dancing free;
where other scenes than thine
other skies are spanned,
other eyes less kind will meet my own
in my native land:

gale that wafts our vessel on,
sweeps across the sea,
me away from hearts I love,
and hearts that throbb for me:
that breeze with which my brow
so coolly is fanned,
swoops to kiss while hurrying me
far from my native land.

sun in his deep sea grave,
down beneath the west,
bright marshals up her shades
Along the ocean's breast;
with unrelaxed, straining eye,
I gaze upon the mist
That shrouds my native land.

light fades—and evening leads
Her spirit up the sky,
by the gleam that gilds the wave
From yon star's beaming eye;—
star—it has the same sweet glance—
smiles as blessed and bland,
on this sweltering waste of waves,
As on my native land.

hearts are beating warm and high,
That I have left behind,
those deep affections with my own,
Are like young tendrils twined;
we have breathed the last sad word,
And pressed the parting hand,
they are happy round their hearts
in my dear native land.

ly the gathering shades of night
keep o'er the ocean's brow,
around my lonely heart
dark thoughts are crowding now;
still though clouds upon my sky,
I see Hope radiant stand,
where my soul although I part
from thee, my native land.

one more sigh before I break
From all I yet hold dear—
winds have caught it—and the wave
has drunk my burning tear
—I cannot catch a glimpse
of the receding strand;—
look across the foam-wreathed waste—
farewell my native land.

Recollections of Childhood.

light they gleam in memory's rays,
sweet the thought they bring—
of my childhood days,
life was one long spring;
from every waving tree,
every flow'ret's cup,
stains of low voiced minstrelsy
a blue arch went up.

days seem half so fair
as those of earlier days—
when my childish voice of prayer
with Nature's song of praise,
they hang above me yet,
as in a blue,
from out their depths
inspiration drew.

of the moon's pale light
falls within my bow—
upon the tendrilled vine,
o'er the flower;
those vines are torn away,
trees are lowly laid—
to earth the cherished flowers
grew beneath their shade.

they've spared the aged thorn
grew beside the brink—
shining leaves and awny buds
tinged with pink;
upon the summer air,
fragrant breath at even;
each blossom seemed an urn
whose incense rose to heaven!

in thought I seem to rove
to the pebbly shore,
to the late-like tones,
shall list no more!
the light upon that sea,
the silvery voices come—
its low-breathed melody,
the waters borne!

my love! forever dear!
and yet again,
sometimes come my heart to cheer,
some familiar strain,
brings sweet thoughts of love and home
pilgrim's spirit o'er,
the shadows flit away,
veiled his path before!

Address of George Bancroft Esq.

Delivered at the State Agricultural Fair, at Poughkeepsie, Sept. 19, 1844.

Farmers of New York.—The hour of separation for this dazzling array of beauty, this vast multitude of men, is at hand. Fruits richer than ever graced the gardens of Pomona—a paradise of flowers—needle work the most exact, delicate and even—ingenious farming implements and manufactures of all sorts—cloths of the finest quality, from your own looms, and from looms in Massachusetts—horses, fit to win prizes at Olympia—cattle such as never fell in a hetacomb to Jove, and never were dreamed of by the highest genius of the Dutch painters—all these and more have arrested our gaze and filled us with wonder and delight. And now I am commissioned to summon you, and through you the population of this mighty commonwealth, to come up and join us, as, under the auspices of the State, honor and distinction are awarded to agricultural industry and genius.

A spectacle like this around me, of culture, order, and the peaceful virtues, cannot be surpassed in the world. In this hour, hushed be the spirit of party; be it utterly exorcised and banished from this enclosure, which is consecrated to the peaceful triumphs of the agriculture and the industry of New York. [Applause.] We yield on this occasion to no narrower sentiments than the love of country, and of collective man, and we invoke the blessed influence of that universal Providence, which watches over the seed-time, and matures harvest. [Applause.]

The theme for this occasion is the agriculture of New York. But what need of words to speak its praise?—Look around you. The cultivated earth is its own eulogist. The teeming wealth that gushes from its bosom—the returns of its industry in every form; that present themselves in their abundance and perfection to our never wearied eyes—are the evidences of its magnificence. The trees in your market-place, and on your hill-tops, are old than the settlement of civilized man in our America; they are older than the presence of the plough on the soil of New York: they are witnesses of the quite recent day, when your forests stepped down to your river's bank, and the glades and prairies of your west were covered with useless luxuriance. And behold the change which little more than two centuries have wrought: the earth subdued; the forest glades adorned with the white spires of churches, and gleaming with the light of villages; towns nestling in every valley; crowded cities, competing with the largest of the earth—profusely supplied with every article of food. And by whom has this miracle been wrought? By the farmers of New York. [Applause.]

As I turn my eye northward, along the banks of the Hudson, my mind reverts to the memory of one of your ancient landholders, who died before our Independence. Join with me, farmers of New York, in recalling the gentle and humane Robert R. Livingston, the elder, the father of the chancellor.—His home was in your vicinity; his mind was greatly and firmly, though not passionately, devoted to your service. An only son, husband of an only daughter; father of those whom the world will not soon forget; he was of so lovely a nature, that it seemed as if the fragrant atmosphere of spring, and the melody of its sweetest birds, and the softened reflection in your tranquil river of its grandest scenes, had blended together and melted themselves into his soul. Peace to his memory; let it not perish among you. Let the lines on his monument be refreshed and deepened.

Nor let me limit the achievements of the farmers of New York to the subjection and beautiful adornment of its soil. The great works of internal communication, making this State a wonder to the world, were commenced by the enterprise of yourselves—were undertaken when farmers held power.—Call to mind the immense structures which make this State the astonishment of the world; its channels for inward communication carried upwards to the waters of the St. Lawrence, stepping aside to the Ontario, and united at the northwest with the illimitable wilderness of our inland seas; and then join me in paying tribute to those who were the servants of the public mind in commencing this gigantic system. To De Witt Clinton, whose capacious mind grasped in advance the sum of infinite benefits—whose energetic, vehement and commanding will, was to the en-

terprise like a powerful mill-stream, as it dashes on an overshot wheel of vast dimensions. [Applause.] To Van Buren, who, when the bill for the construction of the canal had almost been abandoned by its earliest friends, put forth those noble-spirited, well-remembered exertions, which resuscitated it when all seemed lost, and restored it to the approbation of your legislature. [Applause.] Well might those chiefs in the world of opinions embrace each other in the hours of their success. If in action they were often divided, in this great service they share a common glory. [Applause.]

But the farmers of New York are not content with improvements in the material world alone. From their generous impulses springs your system of free schools. They have proved themselves the liberal benefactors of academies and colleges. They, too, have been careful for the means of their own special culture, and have founded and nurtured societies for promoting agriculture. For an example of the virtues of private life, I name to you the farmer of Westchester county, the pure and spotless Jay, who assisted to frame our first treaty of peace, which added Ohio and the lovely West to our agriculture. Side by side with him, I name the friend of his youth, Robert R. Livingston, the younger, the enlightened statesman of our Revolution, whose expansive mind succeeded in negotiating for our country a world beyond the Mississippi and gaining access for our flag to the gulf of Mexico. Here, on the banks of the Hudson, he is celebrated as it were by every steamboat, and remembered on your farms through his experimental zeal. On this day be remembered the virtues of Stephen Van Rensselaer, who first brought Durham cattle in this State, and liberally diffused the breed.

Join with me also in a tribute to Mitchell, the faithful advocate, and perhaps institutor, of one of the earliest agricultural societies; to Jesse Buel, who connected science with fact, taught how the most barren soil may be made vastly productive, diffused his acquisition by the press, and by life and by precept was the farmer's friend, [applause.] to Willis Gaylord, whose agricultural essays are standard authorities, honorable to the man and to the State; to Le Ray de Chaumont, who kept alive an agricultural society in Jefferson county, when all others had expired, and gave the impulse to the formation of the State society, of which he was the first president; to James Wadsworth, for his skill as a cultivator, and still more for his liberal exertions, pouring out thousands after thousands, at the impulse of a generous mind, as if from a well-spring of good will, to promote agricultural science in primary schools. [Great applause.] And I should be wanting on the occasion, did I not tender the expression of your regard to the present president of the State society, to the influence of that institution of which he is the honored head; to its Journal of Agriculture, to its annual fairs. But let me also treat its friendly wishes to his purpose of establishing an agricultural school; and to that other more diffusive design of introducing, through its secretary, scientific works on agriculture into school libraries. I am happy also to announce that efforts are now making to constitute agriculture, as it deserves to be a branch of instruction in one, at least, of your Universities. [Loud cheers.]

I have named to you some of the benefactors of Agriculture in New York. Their benefits endure. The pursuits of the farmer bind him to home. Others may cross continents and vex oceans; the farmer must dwell near the soil which he subdues and fertilizes. His fortunes are fixed and unmovable. The scene of his youthful labors is the scene of his declining years; he enjoys his own plantations, and takes his rest beneath his contemporary trees.

But the farmer is not limited to the narrow circumference of his own domain; he stands in relation with all ages and all climes. Your society has done wisely to urge on those who bear the Gospel to untaught nations, to study their agriculture, and report for comparison every variety of tillage. All ages and all climes contribute to your improvement. For you are gathered the fruits and seeds which centuries of the existence of the human race have discovered and rendered useful. Tell me if you can, in what age and in what land the cereal grasses were first found to produce bread? Who taught to employ the use of a cow to furnish food for man? When was the horse first

tamed to proud obedience? The pear, the apple, the cherry, where were these first improved from their wilderness in the original fruit? And whose efforts led the way in changing the rough skin of the almond to the luscious sweetness of the peach? All ages have paid their tribute to your pursuit. And for you the sons of science are now scouring every heath, and prairie, and wilderness, to see if some new grass lies hidden in an unexplored glade; if some rude stock of the forests can offer a new fruit to the hand of culture. For you the earth reveals the innumerable beds of marl; its mineral wealth, the gypsum and the lime, have remained in store for your use from the days of creation. For you Africa and the isles of the Pacific open their magazines of guano; for you (turning to John A. King and some other gentlemen from Long Island,) Old Ocean heaves up its fertilizing weeds. [Great applause.]

And as the farmer receives aid from every part of the material world, so also his door is open to all intelligence. What truth is not welcomed as an inmate under his roof? To what pure and generous feeling does he fail to give a home? The great poets and authors of all times are cherished as his guests. Milton and Shakespeare, and their noble peers, cross his threshold to keep him company. For him, too, the harp of Israel's minstrel monarch was strung; for him the lips of Isaiah still move, all touched with fire; [applause.] and the apostles of the new covenant are his daily teachers. No occupation is nearer heaven. The social angel, when he descended to converse with men, broke bread with the husbandmen beneath the tree.

[At this moment, Mr. Van Buren appeared and took his seat with the officers and other gentlemen upon the platform. He was received with the warmest enthusiasm, and it was some time before silence was restored so as to enable Mr. Bancroft to proceed.]

Thus the farmer's mind is exalted; his principles are as firm as your own Highlands! his good seeds flow like self-moving waters. Yet in his connection with the human race, the farmer never loses his patriotism. He loves America—is the depository of her glory and the guardian of her freedom. He builds monuments to greatness, and when destiny permits, he also achieves heroic deeds in the eyes of his race. The soil of New York, which he has beautified by his culture, is consecrated by the victories in which he shared. Earth! bow in reverence, for my eyes behold the ground wet with the blood of rustic martyrs, and hallowed by the tombs of former heroes! Where is the land to which their fame has not been borne? Who does not know the tale of the hundred battle fields of New York? Not a rock juts out from the highlands, but the mind's eye sees inscribed upon it a record of deeds of glory. Not a blade of grass springs at Saratoga, but takes to itself a tongue to proclaim the successful valor of patriot husbandmen. [Applause.]

Here the name of Schuyler, the brave, the generous, the unshaken patriot, shall long be remembered, the zealous, reliable George Clinton; a man of soundest heart, a soul of honesty and honor, a dear lover of his country, and of freedom. Nor do we forget him—the gallant Montgomery—twin martyr with Warren—who left his farm on the Hudson, not as it proved, to conquer Quebec, but to win a mightier victory over death itself. [Cheers.]

I renew that theme once more, to recount how the farmers of New York have served their country and mankind. They were invested with sovereignty, and they abdicated. Glorious example! Highest triumph of disinterested justice! They themselves peacefully and publicly renounced their exclusive authority, and transferred power in this republic from its territory to its men.—[Applause.] May your institutions, under the spirit of improvement, be perpetual. May every pure influence gather round your legislation. May your illustrious example show to the world the dignity of labor; the share that lights on idleness; the honor that belongs to toil. To the end of time, be happiness the companion of your busy homes, and the plough ever be found in the hands of its owner. [Loud cheers.]

The farmer is independent. With the mechanic and manufacturer as his allies, he makes our country safe against foreign foes, or it becomes perfect by its own resources. All America, thanks to New York, is united in the bonds of internal commerce; our exchanges at home exceed our foreign traffic; and were our ships driven from the ocean

highways of the world, America has become competent to sustain herself.—She has less to fear from war than any nation in the world. She may pursue her career and vindicate her rights, and call forth all her energies in conscious strength. [Applause.] But why do I say this? To foster a spirit of defiance? Far otherwise. Let us rejoice in our strength, but temper it with the gentleness and spirit of love for all mankind—a love that shall perpetuate tranquility, and leave the boundless and rapidly increasing resources of the country at liberty for its further development.

Forests of New York! under the hands of skill, shape yourselves into models of Naval Architecture, and go forth upon the seas to reconcile inequalities of climate, and confirm the brotherhood of nations. American ideas shall travel on your bows, and the genius of humanity guide your helm; while we who remain at home will water the tree of peace, so that its roots shall strike to the very heart of the earth, and its branches tower to the heavens; we will so nurture and protect it, that its verdure shall be perennial that no spirit of animosity shall sway its branches, that not even a whisper of discord shall rustle in its topmost boughs. [Enthusiastic applause.]

One word more, and I have done.—But with that last word, I am about to address, though but in imagination, the assembled people of New York. It is a tale often repeated, that to do honor to agriculture, the Emperor of China is, himself accustomed in the spring-time of every year, to hold the plough and turn a furrow. Under our republican institutions, far more is achieved. The State itself includes, and is in the greatest measure constituted by its farmers. They themselves are the kings that hold the plough and drive the team every day in the year. [Applause.]—The whole commonwealth watches over the farmer. This Society performs its office as the agent of the people. They are assembled at our fair, to view with honest exultation the products of the farms and workshops, and single out this occasion alone, an agricultural pursuit to award public honors to exalted merit. It is right, therefore, to assume that the empire State itself is present in your midst.

[At this moment a sudden alarm was created by the settling of the stage, which was closely crowded. There was a crashing sound, and the whole appeared to be giving way. Mr. Van Buren was the first to spring up, and beg all to be quiet, as there was no danger. Mr. Bancroft immediately turned it off very happily.—“Yes,” he repeated, “the Empire State is in your midst, and when she is here with the broad shield of her parental affection over our heads, no evil and no danger can befall any of us—no, not even to hurt a hair on the head of the youngest, and weakest; and tenderest among us”—stooping, as he spoke, to lay his hand kindly on the head of a little child which had been seated by its mother on the platform immediately at his feet, which little incident elicited great applause, after which Mr. Bancroft proceeded.]

And has it occurred that this great commonwealth—the most numerous people ever united under a popular form of government—is emphatically a commonwealth of the living? Go to the Old World, and your daily walk is over catacombs; your travel among the tombs. Here the living of the present day outnumber the dead of all the generations since your land was discovered. All, all who sleep beneath the soil of New York, are fewer in number than you who move above their graves.—Look about you and see what the men of the west have accomplished.

Concentrate in your mind all that they have achieved; the beauty of their farms, the length and grandeur of their canals and rail-roads, the countless fleets of canal boats they have constructed; their ships that have visited every continent and discovered a new one; their towns enlivening the public plains, their villages that gem the valleys, the imperial magnificence of their cities; and when you have collected all these things in your thoughts, then hear me when I say to you, that you of this living generation as you outnumber all the dead—are bound, before your eyes are sealed in death, to accomplish for New York more than has been accomplished for New York thus far in all time. Well have you taken the device on your banners; the sun as he emerges gloriously above the horizon and comes rejoicing in the East: Well have you chosen your motto; “Excelsior,” upwards, still upwards. Mighty commonwealth! lift up your heart; let your sun ascend with increasing splen-

dor towards its zenith. You shall be a light to humanity; a joy to the nations—the glory of the world.

That “British Gold”—and those “Free Trade Tracts.”

The bug-bear story started by the Evening Journal, of the British Gold to be sent among us to print free-trade tracts, grows, as it rolls on, in the proportion of the story of the Three Black Crows. The subscription which the London Times states, was “recently opened,” according to some of the whig organs has already been completed, and the money sent over, and the Times said were to be printed in New York, according to the same organs, have already been printed, boxed-up, and sent out into the interior! The Rochester (whig) Democrat, of Tuesday, says: “We are told that a box of the tracts paid for by the British gold sent to this country has been sent on to this city. When our locofoco friends read them, we hope they will remember this fact.”

You are overdoing this matter, gentlemen whigs. It is rather quick work, simultaneously with an announcement of tracts to be printed; to advertise a box of them already printed, packed, and sent off for distribution. It does appear to us that the “locofocos” would have managed the story much better. Our whig friends are evidently in too much of a hurry to have the thing done which they affect to have such a horror of. It would no doubt be a godsend, in these days of their adversity.

Another thing: They should be particular in their ciphering, not to carry so many, if they expect to have one-half of their story believed. They make out 20,000 pounds sterling raised in Manchester alone, toward this free-trade printing fund, whereas the subscription list which they publish, with “the Hon. the Lord Provost” at the head of it, does not foot up within 18,000 pounds of that sum. It does not reach 2,000.

But we have heard a story worth two of theirs. It is rumored that a whig printing establishment in New York has got the contract for this country, having underbid the other printers in that city. It is moreover rumored that the first “free trade tract” sent out for publication in this country, is a long argumentative pamphlet against the annexation of Texas—a tract taking precisely Mr. Clay's first position on that subject, that it would be better for Canada, the United States, Texas, and England to boot, that all should remain independent of each other; and that Texas should be at liberty to carry on a “free trade” with England, if she thinks fit.

The next tract is said to be an argument in favor of the direct assumption of the State debts—which Mr. Clay indirectly favors—as a measure calculated to promote freedom in the contraction of debt, and at the same time put money into the pocket of the foreign bond holders.

The next tract, is to be against the termination of the copartnership with Great Britain in the occupation of Oregon—a position which the whigs in Congress assumed and persisted in, against the utmost efforts of the democrats to get through a notice to the British “to quit.”

With the Rochester Democrat be good enough to ascertain and inform the public whether the tracts sent on to that city, (if any) are not British free trade tracts against the annexation of Texas with the imprint of the publisher, and all about it.—Albany Argus.

RATHER CROWDED.—The New Haven Register has this “notice to correspondents.”

Our friends must not feel slighted, if we are somewhat tardy in acknowledging favors. We have now on our table waiting notice, a string of onions, four of the latest Magazines, an early mammoth cabbage, two sermons, three loaves of wedding cake, five pieces of original poetry, a Siamese egg, Gregory's Life of Clay, a specimen of pickled tomatoes, and a pathetic story, entitled “A young Lady's Dream,” (which we shall hand over to a bachelor friend.) We expect to dig out during the season. So patience, friends.

Too Civil.—Two attorneys wishing to compliment a certain judge, one of them began—

“Your honor knows how to manage these rapscallions equal to clock work.”

“Yes,” replied the other, “when your honor gets a parcel of these rag-muffins around you, your honor is perfectly at home!”