

1862  
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AGRICULTURAL POEM

BY J. BOWDISH.

ALSO

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

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P O E M

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MONTGOMERY COUNTY

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

AT

FONDA, OCTOBER 9TH, 1861,

BY JOHN BOWDISH, ESQ.

Honor waits, o'er all the earth,  
Through endless generations,  
The art that calls her harvests forth  
And feeds expectant nations.—BRYANT.



ALBANY :  
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.  
1862.

TO  
THE DESCENDANTS  
OF THE  
EARLY SETTLERS OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY,  
THIS POEM  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

## P O E M .

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GOD framed the earth, by right decreed the plan  
Of agriculture, first great work of man ;  
Since his expulsion from the Holy Eden,  
Supplies have flowed from agriculture's garden ;  
This grand achievement — it has ever been  
Well carried on, in varied forms, by men.

Descriptive thus, you heard the classic PAIGE,  
Twelve months ago, proclaiming from this stage  
A prose oration, theme like poet's song,  
Whose promptings bade true genius speed along :  
Proud effort — bright reflex of master mind,  
Imparting knowledge — lit'rature refined :  
He treads the forum, you the rural field,  
While *we*, behind the counter stand concealed.  
But ARKELL'S\* vivid teachings oft inspire  
The listener with bright streams of mental fire ;  
His morrow effort, on this honored stage,  
Will prove him fitted for some riper age ;

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\* Editor of *Cunajoharie Rudiü*, a weekly journal, published by L. S. Backus (a deaf mute).

His native gift, like jewels wreathed in flame,  
Illumes the RADII press of *speechless* fame ;  
Through journal mute he talks to "deaf and dumb,"  
While he himself makes up a Lyceum.  
Though tilling fields he cons long columns o'er,  
Through mercantile *we* wade, its rills our lore.  
This fond pursuit, yet costs us rounds of toil ;  
More honored yours, who cultivate the soil.  
The proofs here offered from earth's varied bounty,  
Show rich productions from our honored County.  
Mechanics here have well displayed their part,  
While woman's genius high develops art.  
This exhibition, effort of your powers,  
Persuasive leads us to exhibit ours ;  
In tumbled form, diag'nal, rude unrolled,  
Our mental goods and wares we now unfold ;  
These, scatt'ring round where once sublimely stood,  
On river's margin, wide majestic wood,  
Whose em'rald branches formed the cooling shade,  
In pristine beauty spread o'er native glade,  
Untutored where the Redman free might roam,  
And long enjoy the forest as his home ;  
But art, despoiler of the woody bower,  
The forest marred, where wildly grew the flower,  
Whose laurel twinings formed the myrtle wreath,  
Where Mohawk Indians long had dwelt beneath.  
Like twilight's fading glory these have gone,  
Yet, pure, yon placid river still rolls on ;  
There calm and gentle, the unconscious stream,  
In smiling ripples, sleeps in joyous dream ;  
Though oft redundant with unmeasured sway,  
The rushing waters rude are made to play,  
While bark canoe, equipped with Indian oar,  
No longer rides the wave along its shore.

Once mossy beds o'erspread the primal brow,  
Where red men roamed, now speeds the white man's  
plow ;

Its polished share has long sub-soiled the glade,  
Wrought fertile fields where Indian's trail was made  
Through "God's first temples,"—groves that lofty  
stood

In primal grandeur — nature's quietude —  
Where savage hunter, with his bended bow,  
Swift arrows flung, well aimed, at bounding roe ;  
Whose circuit often measured far around  
The forest, Indian's wide-spread hunting ground.

Embowered here, uncouth the wigwam stood,  
Ungraceful castle, reared in clustering wood ;  
Whose humble inmates through religious fear,  
Their idols worshiped, solemn and sincere ;  
Full oft around the bower of prayer they trod,  
"Through nature, looking up to nature's God."

Yet mid the cruel sports of savage life,  
Around their council fire with scalping knife,  
In rage, the loud war whoop was made to roll,  
As savage madness seized each frantic soul,  
Like thunders booming through the vaulted skies,  
Their horrid yells alarmed with dread surprise.  
But wild, these men no longer lurk around,  
Where forests stood, are hills with culture crowned.

Here Mohawk rangers ne'er will come again,  
A tomb of nations, holds this race of men.  
No crumbling marble, but historic trust,  
Now speaks of them, a race that sleep in dust.  
Though they are gone, yon crystal stream will  
reign,  
Forever winding through the valley plain ;

Unblended with the forest — nature's wild —  
Whose empire once in beauty waving smiled ;  
When leafy bower, the wide ambrosial shade  
With charms adorning, filled the blooming glade ;  
But woodman's lev'ling axe has been applied,  
The forest felling, making prairies wide,  
Enchantment like, improving nature's field,  
That agriculture may her bounties yield.  
The hardy tiller's ceaseless daily toil  
Rich treasure brings, produced from teeming soil,  
While art has beautified each chosen spot  
With modern villa, humble rural cot ;  
These charming gladsome altars, free from strife,  
Are vast essentials to domestic life.  
Here towns and villages, as empires rise,  
True links of free commercial enterprise ;  
Extended over space, here once was heard,  
The savage yell, affrighting beast and bird ;  
But active life quick throbb'd the business vein,  
And commerce found a pioneer — 'twas KANE.  
He oped the mart, out-post of western trade,  
Where enterprise her speculations made ;  
Extensive traffic, then immense in bloom,  
Now moulders in reaction's slumb'ring tomb.  
No longer walls and arbors interlace,  
That central point, once great commercial place.  
'Mid changes swift on moves the car of time,  
Unfurls the rude, where all appeared sublime ;  
The old stone mansion, with deserted halls,  
Decaying roof, dilapidated walls,  
Antique, still stands beneath the craggy ledge,  
Near where bateaux once played on water's edge.  
In aid of commerce these were laden there,  
Designed for traffic in some other sphere.



Demands of commerce oped the turnpike way,  
 And western forests fell to man a prey ;  
 This great achievement, wide-spread enterprise,  
 Still marks the vale and plain where cities rise.  
 No longer "pent up," man's unfolding powers,  
 Full wide has made the boundless prairie ours,  
 For him still greater blessings are in store,  
 When other fields the million shall explore.  
 From ocean's brink — and round the mountain's base,  
 For culture made was every fertile place.  
 Great monarch, offspring of CREATOR's will,  
 Peculiar formed of dust, *this* doth he till.

Civilization guides with lofty aim,  
 Ascends to fortune, elevates to fame ;  
 Commands with power unyielding in its sway,  
 Responsive moving onward in its way ;  
 Till mental genius and the potent hand,  
 Have magic-like, spread glory o'er the land.

Wise CLINTON's great conception wide unfurled  
 The plan, that made the fertile western world ;  
 His artificial conduit, utile way,  
 Still stands the proudest triumph of his day —  
 Uniting Hudson's grand majestic stream  
 With Erie's lake, whose waters roll supreme ;  
 These wander on, till gently made to lave  
 Their rolling surges in the ocean's wave.  
 Like chiseled marble stands this enterprise,  
 A work of art, in which great wisdom lies ;  
 Acquired, the author has extended fame,  
 To commerce giving well directed aim,  
 Through which the growing west secures supplies,  
 From eastern marts, whose bales of merchandise

Float o'er the placid way, while piles appear,  
 From fields and forests of our own frontier.  
 As in the depths of commerce men engage,  
 Thus progress leaps extensive with the age.  
 This pow'r capacious, eager wrought the plan,  
 Improvements making, work of agent man ;  
 The stage and wagon, once revolving here  
 In numbers vast, were made to disappear—  
 Now oaken tie and endless iron rail  
 Supply their place, while FULTON'S magic sail  
 Is moving millions with unbounded sway,  
 In rushing villas rolling either way ;  
 While num'rous trains and full commercial loads  
 Have crowned the Central-way, the King of Roads ;  
 With speed of lightning, on the engine flies—  
 Approach of danger, loud the whistle cries—  
 While endless commerce, onward like the breeze,  
 Full moves in transit, as on broadest seas ;  
 Wealth, westward wafting like the prairie gales,  
 Thus winding 'long our hills and through our  
 dales.

From orient, how vast the treasures flown,  
 Upbuilding other regions, not our own.  
 The lib'ral east has crowned the growing west,  
 Made rugged fields compare with nature's best ;  
 While Mohawk's native soil that skirts her river,  
 Productive it has stood "EXCELSIOR," ever.

True art and science have been wisely given,  
 For use of man by an indulgent Heav'n ;  
 Our vast improvements have no limit found,  
 Like "Alps on Alps," full often these are crowned.  
 Whene'er succession opes the dormant way,  
 The latent pool then adds true light to day.

When reason rules, it measures rude realms o'er,  
 From chaos bringing things unknown before ;  
 Through application, energy of thought,  
 What mighty wonders time alone hath wrought.  
 Extended o'er the vale, where tow'ring trees  
 Stood wildly reeling, howling in the breeze,  
 Now harp of intellect, diffusive strung,  
 Aerial its cords are lofty hung ;  
 By use of FRANKLIN'S pure electric fire,  
 Thus insulating MORSE'S magic wire,  
 Unfurling mental power, pulsating ray,  
 That sends our thoughts as flashing lightnings play.  
 Like beams of light, news swift out-speeds the gale,  
 Unconscious, flying onward through the vale.  
 The message sent o'er first enchanted wire,  
 Miss ELLSWORTH gave, her dictum all admire ;  
 Like book of nature in perfection read,  
 It speaks a volume o'er creation spread,  
 Makes Infinite fill Ocean, Earth and Sky,  
 Preëminent exalting man most high.  
 This great idea conceived, with crowning thought,  
 Her ready genius gave, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"\*

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\* THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.—Professor Morse, when he conceived the idea of the Telegraph, was too indigent to make the experiment, and applied to Congress for aid. A bill appropriating \$30,000 passed the lower House, went to the other branch, there slumbering on its files till the eve of adjournment. In attendance—Prof. M. remained till late in the evening, and left without the slightest hope of its passage. The next morning, at his hotel, one of the waiters informed him that a young lady wished to see him. On meeting her, he found that she was the daughter of Mr. Ellsworth, the Commissioner of Patents. "I come," said she "to congratulate you." "For what?" said Prof. M. "On the passage of your bill," she replied. "Oh no, you must be mistaken," said he. "I remained in the Senate till a late hour, and there was no prospect of its being reached." "Am I the first then," she exclaimed, "to tell you?

Commensurate the answer broad unfurled,  
 Jehovah into being spoke a world,  
 Unfolding every scientific plan,  
 Imparting skillful pow'r to active man ;  
 How lofty stands the giver, whose declaim  
 Exhibits talent — gifted mental flame ;  
 Like marble pillars may her name long live,  
 With that of MORSE, to whom all honor give.  
 Electric span — as o'er our country seen —  
 Successful may it soon lay submarine ;  
 Proud trophy, over FIELD's first trial wire,  
 That failed to pass, through ocean, lightning's fire,  
 When language ambulates old Neptune's bed,  
 Then London news may here be daily read ;  
 Exploit of man, development of skill,  
 True genius, guiding germ of maker's will.

The Printer FRANKLIN — philosophic man,  
 A trio sheet proposed for world to scan ;  
 A step thought doubtful, made was the decree,  
 That all of these could not supported be ;\*

Yes, it is really so, my father was present when it had its final reading and passed." Prof. M., with much emotion, said to her, "Miss Ellsworth, the first message that is sent from Washington to Baltimore, shall be dictated by you." "Well," said she, "I shall keep you to your word." When the Telegraph line was completed, he sent her a note, that he was ready to fulfill his promise, asking her what message he should send. In reply he received the following :  
 "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT ?"

\* When Franklin first proposed to establish the publication of a Newspaper, his friends doubted his success, and especially the mother of a certain young lady to whom he was soon to be affianced. Her argument was, that there were two papers already published in this country, and that a third could not pay its way and support a family.

But fleeting time has rushed with onward sway,  
Till presses stand like stars of mental day.  
In Mohawk's vale, in numbers they abound,  
Where news and lit'rature spread widely round,  
Like streams of inspiration, full of light,  
In all things guiding man in ways of right.

Prudential rules are inexhaustless here,  
Like "*veni, vidi, vici's*," bright career,  
Protection ample, cordial, these will save,  
Where statute laws our halls of justice gave.  
Triumphal pow'r well wrought in wisdom's mould,  
The purity of morals to uphold.  
Though our great jurist\* gone, left bright career,  
On canvas penciled, still we have him here.  
His silent arguments are full of force,  
To you of law, they are addressed of course ;  
Take him, a worthy model for your guide,  
His rule was that of justice on his side ;  
Defensive, always like the mighty giant,  
His labored aim to save his luckless client.  
Finesse alluring, this ne'er known to draw  
His clients into meshes of the law ;  
Auspicious may it be your happy lot,  
To shun the tie that ties such " Gordian knot."

Retreats of Learning stand here local round,  
Where youthful minds full bend with knowledge  
crowned,  
As mental stars, these blaze like midnight oil,  
Reflecting genius through ambitious toil.  
The mind's whole fabric often gleaming, flies,  
Surmounting cliffs, where fame, 'mid learning, lies ;

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\* Judge Cady.

A boon so faultless, seems like heav'n's behest,  
 Where wisdom triumphs, and her sons are blest.  
 Here altars reared announce the place of prayer,  
 True adoration tells that GOD is there ;  
 Where red men wildly worshiped idols, free —  
 White men adore God as the Deity,  
 Whose teachings gave the universal plan,  
 Of Heav'n's eternal destiny to man,  
 In whom are centered gifts full well defined,  
 To practice these men oft are disinclined ;  
 Such think it degradation of their birth  
 To cultivate the soil — till mother earth —  
 Hence, choose the counter, spread with fancy wares,  
 Unskilled in which, soon learn finale of theirs.  
 While those who claim great tact for legal wit,  
 Read BLACKSTONE, find themselves without a bit.  
 When vain men study physic — doubtful chance,  
 If Esculapius makes great advance.  
 Full oft the sacred desk has sullied been,  
 When "pious fiction," high exalts such men ;  
 But when devoted "PIETHO" takes the stand,  
 Development wide waves on every hand ;  
 He seeks true knowledge, wisdom's polar star —  
 Whose beacon light, reflected, shines afar.  
 Fame's mighty monarch, — *science, genius, art,*  
 Its ruling sway bids slumbering secrets start ;  
 This triple pow'r, so deep, so well combined,  
 Full measures each man's mission by his mind.

True agriculture, this a classic grace,  
 An honest calling, worthy man's embrace.  
 The rural class in numbers every where,  
 Of country's honors, full have won their share ;

A MAGISTRATE-IN-CHIEF, the first in trust,  
 Once tilled Mount Vernon, where he sleeps in dust ;  
 The PENMAN, drafting decalogue of hope,  
 Was Monticello's son, he tilled its slope.  
 That mighty hero — proudly honored sage —  
 He tilled the soil, where stands the "Hermitage."  
 Among great names enrolled, will ever stand  
 The noble Statesman, "Farmer of Ashland."  
 A nation's Senate filled with mental flame,  
 Full oft from "Marshfield's farmer," brilliant came ;  
 While Canton's son, once GUARDIAN of State,  
 This "WRIGHT" good farmer all should imitate.

Through agriculture, commerce holds wide sway,  
 The arts demanding useful in their way ;  
 While science has been constant scatt'ring round,  
 Those useful aids, by which man tills the ground.  
 MONTGOMERY COUNTY, her INGENIOUS SON,  
 The REAPER gave, much prized by every one.  
 From Lethe we should save Inventor's name,  
 Whose genius gave McCORMICK borrowed fame —  
 Our AMBLER\* should the lofty pageant wear,  
 To him belongs it, honors let him bear —  
 The scale of justice then will tribute pay,  
 Restoring that which others took away.  
 Professed inventors have their reapers brought,  
 Quite modeled after that which AMBLER wrought ;  
 Among first rudiments, by him unfurled,  
 Propelling pow'r, by which machine is whirled ;  
 Crank motion, guards that horizontal lay,  
 Protecting blade, that cuts the grain and hay ;

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\* Inventor of the first Mowing Machine combining all the main principles now in use, patented Dec. 1834.

From chaos deep obscured, *his* first the plan,  
 Reducing harvest toil, relieving man ;  
 The lab'ring farmer should his plaudits bring,  
 Awarding *him* a Reaper's Offering.  
 Decreases labor, when from chaos brought ;  
 Applied, true mechanism, through genius wrought,  
 Still man must toil with body and with mind,  
 Revolve the business wheel to bless mankind.  
 Requirement, upon every class and grade,  
 Is toil in field, or labor at some trade ;  
 When industry excites him to excel,  
 Then every task will be performed full well,  
 Of this peculiar class, hosts deck life's page,  
 Bright shining lights illuming passing age.

Your interest, manifest in blood and breed,  
 Presents the sturdy ox and noble steed ;  
 Of these, you have attractive models here,  
 Though some may be improved another year.  
 To gain this goal, ne'er should your labors cease,  
 True symmetry will beautify increase.

Benignant Heav'n, for aid in divers ways,  
 Demands of us deep gratitude and praise.  
 Full gen'rous, CERES hath her bounties spread,  
 Made earth produce the golden grain, our bread.  
 POMONA scants her yield, the present year,  
 Though last, resultant full supplies were here ;  
 While FLORA, with her gentle charming pow'rs,  
 Has tinted cottage-haunts with buds and flow'rs ;  
 Where woman's gentle hand has been displayed,  
 On graceful trellis — ornamental shade —  
 The green clad arbor — pleasure's charming bow'r —  
 Where friends oft " while away " the passing hour.



The household duties, well should woman fill,  
 Achieving glories, ranking higher still;  
 Her sublunary sphere is that of wife,  
 Vocation fitting her for social life.  
 As mistress over Kitchen, Parlor, Hall,  
 Her ruling sway should guide and govern all.  
 The task performed, when ample in display,  
 She triumphs life long, her's a useful way;  
 As mirrors vivid paint the human face —  
 So WOMAN'S virtue full reflects her grace.  
 Though blithe, the youthful lass should ever be  
 Unsullied, spotless, from all vices free;  
 When triumphal — partaking of divine —  
 Her virtues live, and all her graces shine.

Full well hath nature fixed her secret plan,  
 In varied forms, developing the man;  
 Like gleamings, shining from some lofty peak,  
 In volumed truths, full oft the mirthful speak.  
 A gifted wit,\* deep orb'd in native strain,  
 Declared that central, here is place domain;  
 Combined, where art and nature have unfurled  
 The three great wonders of created world;  
 First, "Mohawk River," — placid winding stream —  
 Its native charms the work of Great Supreme;  
 Next, "Mohawk Turnpike," opening rugged way,  
 Where western enterprise first smiled with day;  
 And "Clinton's model dike," the liquid glade,  
 Wide floating commerce, aiding endless trade.  
 Still, progress onward roamed with steady aim,  
 Soon adding "Central link" to Mohawk's fame.  
 When slow a plodding trav'ler on his way,  
 Full weary, stopped to rest his limbs one day;

\* Jost Spraker.

Well entertained, he found "mine host" the wit,  
 Producing mirth, with much applauding hit.  
 When "laggard guest," inquiring, fain would know,  
 How long 'twould take, by artful mode, to go  
 O'er certain length of space, most prompt and best,  
 To some great central city in the west.  
 The answer — thus long, taking "Turnpike" way,  
 While "Clinton's Ditch" will claim till morrow day;  
 Then, further his reply with common vow, [now."  
 You "take the \* \* \* \* \* smoke-wagon, you're there  
 Like inspiration dashing through the vale,  
 Here lightnings talk, here millions "ride on rail;"  
 No more flat boat on river, or the stage  
 Plies here, these vanquished by a faster age;  
 Like magnet, the Canal and Central way,  
 Control home commerce with unbounded sway;  
 These great commercial trails, so wisely laid,  
 Have opened endless avenues of trade  
 Through noble valley, nature's avenue;  
 Grand agent, moving wealth in retinue,  
 Fixed art'ry to and from the Empire mart,  
 Whose swift vibrations swell the business heart,  
 From common centre wide diverging round,  
 Full prompt returning with additions crowned;  
 Where streets are ambulated full of people,  
 'Mid piles of brick and marble dome and steeple,  
 While laden car, the omnibus and cart,  
 Bid each vocation into being start;  
 Where poised flotillas crowd the spacious bay,  
 There safe at anchor, these securely lay,  
 Supplies awaiting for some inland zone,  
 Or those contingent, alien from our own.  
 As crown of cities on this hemisphere,  
 New York, our London, stands the pioneer.

As recollection winds along the vale,  
 In gentle whispers, roving on the gale,  
 Recalling spreading forest, bright in smile,  
 E'er woodman's axe decreed its fun'ral pile ;  
 Then river's plain was spread with native green,  
 Now wreck of time has interposed between.  
 Here, change has made the contrast vastly great,  
 Comparing present, with primeval state ;  
 Since hardy sons, the pioneers of toil,  
 First felled the forest, tilling well the soil.  
 Though early fathers here no more appear,  
 Their offspring, moving round, still linger here.  
 Thus constant nature's law peculiar gives,  
 Through reproduction man successive lives ;  
 His lineage the link in mem'ries chain,  
 Will end when generations cease to reign.

The " Border Wars " \* record the names of men,  
 Whose labors early settled Mohawk's glen.  
 This corps of heroes, though swept all away,  
 Their lineals still move in full array ;  
 Like groves they stand, tho' some are scattered  
 round,  
 Full bathed in light, their names are lofty crowned.  
 How grand the galaxy, it well combines  
 A noble tableau, grouped with Wilsons, Klines,  
 Newkirks, Vanhorns, Schuylers, Stewarts, Fondas,  
 Ziellies, Sprakers, Wemples, Starins, Enders,  
 Sammons, Clements, Degraffs, Vischers, Veeders,  
 Cromwells, Putnams, Wetmores, Mabees, Snyders,  
 Dievendorfs, Doxtaders, Walraths, Stollers,  
 Argersingers, Wagners, Vroomans, Colyers,

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\* Simms's History.

Pettingills, Gardiniers, Groats, Smiths, Conynes,  
 Countrymans, Van Dusens, Van Epps, and Prynes.  
 When beat of drum, loud wafted on the gale,  
 Of these some fought that freedom might prevail;  
 Omnipotent, the effort full did save  
 Our country from the doom of freedom's grave.

A HERKIMER, amid the frowns of fate,  
 Shed crimson, country to emancipate;  
 His valor prompted great heroic deeds,  
 In midst of which, his life in death recedes;  
 His honored name, it ne'er will be forgot,  
 While sculptured marble marks the sacred spot,  
 Entombed, where gallant hero's mortal lies,  
 Undying spirit, dwelling in the skies.

Our fathers boldly wielded homestead steel,  
 'Mid battle's havoc made their foemen feel  
 The potent arm of that eventful hour,  
 Avenging wrongs, the prey of tyrant's power;  
 Ambitious Britain still would monarch be,  
 Assuming right of search, the chief on sea;  
 Impressments making, false pretended right,  
 Men seizing from our ships by power of might.  
 With marshaled navy, we dominion swayed,  
 When Briton's legions trembled and obeyed.  
 The fields of Cortes, though by right acquired,  
 This, battle steel of SANTA ANNA fired;  
 In regal wrath, he led his braves in vain,  
 When gates of glory, these were ours again;  
 On Montezuma's plains we met the foe,  
 Won every battle waged in Mexico.

Our nation's starry dome long plumed in smile,  
 Like broken pillars, seems a shattered pile;

The *foe external* driven from our land,  
Its martyr, now the work of civil hand ;  
Full marshaled, traitors, mad exulting, gaze  
O'er southern climes, where treason spreads ablaze ;  
Their angry bolts in vengeance, cruel, strike  
A nation's fame, whose ills we share alike.

May wicked factions nobler functions fill,  
The clouds disperse, and all be glory still ;  
May civil war its blood and carnage cease,  
A nation's invocation echoes peace ;  
Where stars and stripes have been so long unfurled,  
With eagle soaring o'er Columbia's world ;  
By these we stand, 'mid lightnings and the storm,  
Our flag to save, external, full in form ;  
Though thunders shake its base, and howl in air,  
Where whirlwinds rage, preserve it ever there ;  
When thus secure full vocal o'er our plains,  
The cheering echo, " Country still remains ; "  
And may our floating Eagle towering rise,  
'Till earth shall fail, and flame illumine the skies ;  
Thus linked and joined within one common band,  
Our onward march to promise, **HAND IN HAND.**

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

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[The recollection of early associations reminds us of the incidents of the past. The following lines, describing the habits and customs of fifty years ago, can not fail to renew in the minds of many the scenes of their childhood. The present generation may learn from them the advantages and blessings *now* afforded, over those early enjoyed by their ancestors, teaching all more fully to appreciate present blessings.

As the subject seems intimately connected with the Agricultural Poem, we have thought proper to append the lines for the perusal of those who may care to read so humble an effusion.]

The gentle echo on time's rolling wave —  
'Tis speaking language which the homestead gave;  
It calls to mind the wreck of changing time,  
Revives the mem'ry — paints each faded line,  
Like fixed attraction cent'ring all its powers;  
There nature charmed with her sweet-tinted flowers,  
That grew on banks with margins winding o'er  
The gentle slopes that form the valley shore  
Of that sequestered spot, where humble rose  
The cottage rude, long lost in deep repose,  
Whose walls unhewn, of timber roughly made,  
No more adorn the hillock near the glade;  
Where stood the clust'ring maple, tow'ring pine,  
The fleur de lis, wild rose, and climbing vine;

There nature smiled and widely spread the grove —  
An em'rald wreath, for youth, in beauty wove.  
Where dew drops cluster'd like the gentle show'r,  
There scattered round was seen the op'ning flow'r,  
Perfuming grassy mead and forest shade,  
Where streams ran winding through the gentle glade ;  
Whose jetteau, rapid rushing, rolled the wheel,—  
Where waters foaming, rude were made to reel.  
In concert, art and nature there combined,  
Attraction's twinings,—magnet holding mind.  
The pebbled dykes were often rambled o'er,  
With hook and line, the water to explore :  
Far down the glade, quite distant from the mill,  
The finny tribes were caught from limpid rill ;  
Where herbage green on mossy banks grew wild,  
There rolling hills with nature's charms beguiled.  
The waving wood and music of the rill,  
The lark, the bobolink and whippowil,  
Like viol's voice of nature on the gale,  
All sung in harmony along the vale.  
Sweet genial pow'r, like dews distilling round,  
Diffusing pleasures o'er the homestead ground.

The harp of mem'ry, recollection's lyre,  
With other scenes our graphic thoughts inspire ;  
When sports surrounded life in homestead cot,  
Whose joys and sorrows ne'er can be forgot ;  
These steal on meditation's holy hour,  
Like magic charms possessing silent pow'r,  
As crystal drops rich clust'ring round the soul,  
There, pleasures, central, waveless had control  
Of social hearth, where legendary lore,  
In treasured tales was oft repeated o'er ;

Then fam'ly group, in union, circled round  
 The blazing hearth, with pile of fagots crowned ;  
 While frosts and snows were glittering on the gale,  
 So wildly bleaching forest, hill and dale ;  
 Submerging heav'ns with rayless, trembling cloud,  
 O'erspreading azure sky with fleecy shroud.  
 Then did the breezes through the attic blow,  
 Where fond ones slumbered under piles of snow,  
 Whose drifted, alpine form, on midnight air,  
 In snowy columns day-dawn measured there.  
 Where chilling waters formed the ice-bound shore,  
 The glassy surface often skated o'er ;  
 Delightful spot, enraptured sporting place,  
 An obelisk that time can ne'er deface.  
 With pencil dipt, portrait-like, gen'rous gives  
 A vivid dash, in mem'ry mused it lives ;  
 Where groups were gathered on the sunny slope,  
 With joy extatic, beaming bright with hope ;  
 With sled in hand, well poised in full array,  
 Like moving orbits circling o'er the way ;  
 Their notes reverberating 'long the hill,  
 In chants were heard, unclassic, rude and shrill ;  
 Memorials of pleasure, pageant muse,  
 Like whirlwinds, youthful voices did diffuse  
 Loud shouts of "*clear the track,*" the warning cry,  
 As down the hill was met each passer-by.

Around the hearth, the chanting serenade  
 On spinning wheel was often useful played ;  
 With energetic, female motive pow'r,  
 Its morning twirlings chimed at evening hour ;  
 With distaff, graceful as the iv'ry key,  
 The waving cord vibrating minstrelsy.



Then youthful maidens fondly learned to play  
 The lab'ring minstrel's oft repeated lay,  
 On "Fam'ly harp," whose lengthened fiber strings  
 Supplied the humble home with useful things ;  
 An occupation to which all inclined,  
 "Othello like," tho' long it's been resigned.  
 The sabbath melodies, once full of song,  
 In symphony, time echoes these along ;  
 Awaking thought, restoring dormant pow'r,  
 In meditation's pleasure-seeking bow'r.  
 The cabin rude and campfires burning bright,  
 Their 'fulgence shining, mingled with delight ;  
 Where snowy paths amid the wild retreats,  
 There oft we revel'd in the maple sweets ;  
 An ambuscade surrounded with decoys,  
 That formed the crowning arch of sweet'ning joys.  
 The flow'r-bed, poppy, pink and violet ;  
 These formed bouquets in childhood's coronet ;  
 The garden paths, the well and laundry green,  
 There all is rude where these have graceful been.

The wreck of time engulphs each rolling hour,  
 Still, shades of mem'ry link with orchard bow'r ;  
 Through whose green groves with rival steps we run,  
 Where mellow fruits in choicest clusters hung ;  
 Though ne'er was found the luscious peach or pear,  
 POMONA had a place denied them there.  
 The lib'ral goddess CERES here did bring  
 The harvest, nature's bounteous off'ring ;  
 From fair auspicious fields, productive soil,  
 Rewarding labor — agricultural toil.  
 From hillsides reaping, gathering from the plain,  
 The meadow grass and sheaves of golden grain ;

Effusive, spreading peace and plenty round,  
Tho' plain the comforts, these the homestead crowned ;  
Such common bounties daily spread the board,  
As humble pioneers could then afford.

The Hall of Learning, bright'ning buds of mind,  
To ashes torch of flame its walls consigned ;  
Yet time can ne'er dissolve the effort made,  
Where learning's fixed substratum first was laid.  
Then simple classics unadorned were caught,  
From humble Speller, elemental taught :  
Thus aiding intellect, when full inclined,  
With useful Knowledge, scintillating mind.  
The contrast vastly wide it sweeps amain —  
The past, its changes ne'er will come again ;  
Yet grassy meads, expanding flow'ry dales,  
With odor still perfume the gentle gales.  
But parents' aged forms no more are seen,  
With children, clust'ring on the spreading green ;  
The fam'ly hearth, with bending pleasures crowned,  
Now broken into fragments scattered round ;  
The brightest links in all the household chain,  
First left the homestead ne'er to come again ;  
Their mortal in the tomb unconscious lies,  
While angels caught their spirits for the skies.  
An admonition solemn telling round,  
Narrates that life in death at last is crowned.



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