LIGHT.

The following exquisite poem, by William Pitt Palmer, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent European critics to be the finest production of the length in our language:

From the quickening womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the loud vent of the firmament
Arose on its airy steeps,
I pencilled the bow of its matchless hue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Edenbowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And none wept till dry on the soilless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen.
And when the [illegible] heart
I [illegible] tear,

[illegible]

I weaved the flowers of the [illegible]
And [illegible] again,
And [illegible]
I wrapped me with the [illegible]
In [illegible]

From my window I [illegible] deep,
I gave [illegible]
When the [illegible]
As [illegible]
Though [illegible]
He [illegible]

I waken the flowers [illegible]
And [illegible] again,
O, I [illegible]
Though [illegible]
When [illegible]
Ere I [illegible]

AGRICULTURAL.

AN ADDRESS

[illegible]

FRANKLIN MINOR.

[illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] and [illegible]

handman needed for those little, but had to do much. When the forest was cleared of its immense growth, the *magnum opus* of husbandry was accomplished.—The Indian squaw was the farmer's tutor in tillage, and for many years, he required no better. The soil was of such giant strength, that it scorned the aid of art—the handmaid of Nature. To clear, to dig, to plant, to reap, where the sum total of farming operations. The bounteous earth needed no courteous wooing to win her smiles. Unasked, she poured abundance into the laps of her children. She fed them of her riches, and claimed no nursing at their hand. 'Tis strange, yet was it near to human nature, that those sturdy sons should be ungrateful, and oftimes dig too deep, and draw too hard, and deem too lightly of the wounds their feasting made on the fruitful breast which fed them plentously. But it was their mission, and well they wrought it. The primeval forest, with its monarchs of a thousand years, fell beneath their axes; the frightened savage fled before their rifles; the bosom of our great mother, the Earth, was opened to her sons, and they waxed strong and mighty on its exuberant fatness. This was their work of the body; long it claimed their toil, and long they gave it. Their work of the mind was not yet come, nor came to them at last, as it cometh now to us. But it came at length; and it was a noble work—and nobly, most nobly, they wrought it. It was a mighty work—the mightiest that ever fell to human hands and heads and hearts to design and rear, in the land which their hands had subdued, a Temple of Freedom, whose lofty spires the world might see, and whose ever open doors should welcome the down trodden and oppressed of other lands to come and partake freely of the blessings their wisdom had won.

Sons of Virginia! I need not tell you how your fathers wrought their work of the mind. Your throbbing hearts proclaim the glory of your sires; your grateful memories have embalmed their deeds in undying love. If, while they did their work, no music of the spheres was heard—if the morning stars did not sing together as when God laid the foundations of the earth—it matters not: far sweeter music swells the breasts of their sons as they pay the homage of their praise to the wisdom, the valour, the patriotism of their god-like fathers. What though they had scarred the earth with many wounds: hath not the temple which they builded hid them all? They gave us the heritage of freedom with all its blessings: nor head nor hand could have given us more. If we but do our appointed work of the mind as our sires did theirs, gullied hills and worn-out fields will soon grow green and blossom like the rose.

The generation which succeeded the revolutionary era had the choice between emigration to fancied El Dorados of wealth and the renovation of the worn-out lands of their native State. Many chose the former alternative, and voluntary exiles, planted the manners, customs, feelings and institutions of Virginia in the South and West. For them who remained a new work was opened—to repair the ravages of former injudicious culture, and to heal the bleeding wounds inflicted upon the earth. How they discharged the filial task I shall not now stop to inquire; suffice it to say, that, however much has been done, much remains to do. The work is still unfinished, and is become our work. We must accomplish it, or put it in the way of early accomplishment, else fail to win that dignity and regard which is the meed of those who do well their appointed work.

Our work, then, brethren of the plough, is not with stretched out arm to subdue the earth, but with patient toil, wise judgment, and all the lights of science and experience, to improve it—to husband its exhausted strength—to develope its unexplored energies—to call into action new and untried resources—and to repair waste of powers. This is a work which demands every energy of the body, it is true; but it is pre-eminently an intellectual work—a work in which the thinking part is the chief part. In the [illegible] becomes a fool with muscular arms and [illegible] as another. Each [illegible] farmer's gone. The well-tilled mind, experience, good judgment and scientific knowledge of men of the highest order of mental powers, are all called for, and will find a field large enough for their largest operations in the work which now lies before the Farmers of Virginia.

What are the obstacles which obstruct the way; what the advantages which encourage us in our work? These are the questions with which I wish to commune with you. It were well for me to discuss [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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