

The Leisure Hour.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE
Address of the Hon. Edward Everett,
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"There is a temptation, when men assemble on occasions of this kind, to exaggerate the importance of the pursuit in which they are engaged, in comparison with the other callings of life. When farmers, or merchants, or manufacturers, or teachers, or professional men, come together to celebrate an anniversary, or an important event, or to do honor to some distinguished individual, it is almost a matter of course that their particular occupation or profession should be represented by those on whom the duty of speaking for their associates devolves as the most important profession or calling. No great harm is done by these rhetorical exaggerations, which, in the long run, must correct each other; and which, if they have the effect of making men more content with their own pursuit, are not very pernicious, even if they remain uncorrected.

Although these claims which men set up, each for the paramount importance of his own occupation, can not, of course, be all well founded, it may be maintained that each of the great pursuits of life is indispensable to the prosperity of all the rest. Without agriculture and manufactures, the merchant would have nothing to transport or exchange. Without commerce, the farmer and the manufacturer would be confined to a barter trade, in a limited home circle of demand and supply. In this respect, all the great pursuits of life in a civilized community may be deemed of equal importance, because they have each and all for their object to supply some one of the great wants of our nature; because each is necessary, to some extent at least, to the prosperity of every other; and because they are all brought by the natural sympathies of our being into a harmonious system, and form that noble and beautiful whole which we call civilized society.

But, without derogating from the importance of any of the other pursuits and occupations, we may safely, I think, claim for agriculture in some respects a certain precedence before them all. It has been said to be the great and final object of government to get twelve impartial and intelligent men into the jury-box; by which, of course, is meant that the administration of equal justice between man and man is the primary object of civilized and social life. But the teacher, secular or spiritual, might plausibly urge that it is of prior importance that the community should have the elements, at least, of mental and moral culture, and be taught the obligations of an oath, before any twelve of its members should take part in the administration of justice. The physician might contend that health is of greater importance than the trial by jury; and with greater reason it might be claimed for agriculture that it supplies the first want of man for his daily bread—the call that must be answered before the work of life, high or low, can begin. Plaintiff and defendant, judge and jury, and if the word of a witty poet can be taken, certain very important consequences sometimes happens to culprits, in order that jurymen may get to their dinners.

But, to speak in a more fitting and serious strain, I must confess that there has always seemed to me something approaching the sublime in this view of agriculture, which (such is the effect of familiarity) does not produce an impression on our minds in proportion to the grandeur of the idea. We seem, on the contrary, to take for granted, that we live by a kind of mechanical necessity, and that our frames are like watches made, if such a thing were possible, to go without winding up, in virtue of some innate principle of subsistence independent of our wills, which is, indeed, in other respects true. But it is not less true that our existence, as individuals or communities, must be kept up by a daily supply of food, directly or indirectly furnished by agriculture; and that, if this supply should wholly fail for ten days, all this multitudinous, striving, ambitious humanity, these nations and kindred and tribes of men, would perish from the face of the earth, by the most ghastly form of dissolution. Strike out of existence at once ten days' supply of eight or ten articles, such as Indian corn, wheat, rye, potatoes, rice, millet, the date, the banana, and the bread-fruit; with a half-dozen others which serve as the forage of the domestic animals, and the human race would be extinct. The houses we inhabit, the monuments we erect, the trees we plant, stand in some cases for ages; but our own frames—the stout limbs, the skillful hands that build the houses, and set up the monuments, and plant the trees—have to be built up, recreated, every day; and this must be done from the fruits of the earth gathered by agriculture. Every thing else is luxury, convenience, comfort—food is indispensable.

Then consider the bewildering extent of this daily demand and supply, which you will allow me to place before you in a somewhat coarse mechanical illustration. The human race is usually estimated at about one thousand mil-

lions of individuals. If the sustenance of a portion of these multitudinous millions is derived from other sources than agriculture, this circumstance is balanced by the fact that there is a great deal of agricultural produce raised in excess of the total demand for food. Let, then, the thoughtful husbandman, who desires to form a just idea of the importance of his pursuit, reflect, when he gathers his little flock about him to partake the morning's meal, that one thousand millions of fellow-men have awakened from sleep that morning craving their daily bread with the same appetite which reigns at his family board; and that, if, by a superior power, they could be gathered together at the same hour for the same meal, they would fill both sides of five tables reaching all round the globe where it is broadest, seated side by side, and allowing eighteen inches to each individual; and that these tables are to be renewed twice or three every day. Then let him consider that, in addition to the food of the human race, that all the humble partners of man's toil—the lower animals—is to be provided in like manner. These all wait upon agriculture, as the agent of that Providence which giveth them their meat in due season; and they probably consume in the aggregate an equal amount of produce; and, finally, let him add in imagination to this untold amount of daily food for man and beast the various articles which are furnished directly or indirectly from the soil for building materials, furniture, clothing, and fuel.

The grand total will illustrate the primary importance of agriculture, considered as the steward—the commissary—charged with supplying this almost inconceivable daily demand of the human race and the subject animals for their daily bread; a want so imperative and uncompromising, that death in its most agonizing form is the penalty of a failure in the supply.

But although agriculture is clothed with an importance which rests upon the primitive constitution of our nature, it is very far from being the simple concern we are apt to think it. On the contrary, there is no pursuit in life which not only admits, but requires, for its full development, more of the resources of science and art—none which would better repay the pains bestowed upon an appropriate education. There is, I believe, no exaggeration in stating that as great an amount and variety of scientific, physical, and mechanical knowledge is required for the most successful conduct of the various operations of husbandry, as for any of the arts, trades, or professions. I conceive, therefore, that the Legislature and the citizens of the great State over which, you, sir, (Governor King,) so worthily preside, have acted most wisely in making provision for the establishment of an institution expressly for agricultural education. There is a demand for systematic scientific instruction, from the very first steps we take, not in the play-farming of gentlemen of leisure, but in the pursuit of husbandry as the serious business of life.

In the first place, the earth which is to be cultivated, instead of being either a uniform or a homogeneous mass, is made up of a variety of materials, differing in different places, and possessing different chemical and agricultural properties and qualities. A few of these elements, and especially clay, lime, and sand, predominate, usually intermixed to some extent by nature, and capable of being so mingled and treated by art, as to produce a vastly increased fertility. The late Lord Leicester in England, better known as Mr. Coke, first carried out this idea on a large scale, and more than doubled the productive value of his great estates in Norfolk by claying his light soils. To conduct operations of this kind, some knowledge of geology, mineralogy, and chemistry, is required. The enrichment of the earth by decaying animal and vegetable substances is the most familiar operation perhaps in husbandry; but it is only since its scientific principles have been explored by Davy and Liebig, that the great practical improvements in this branch of agriculture have taken place. It is true that the almost boundless natural fertility of the soil supercedes for the present, in some parts of our country, the importance of artificial enrichment. I inquired last spring of a friend living in a region of this kind, on the banks of the Ohio, how they contrived to get rid of the accumulation of the farm-yard, (a strange question it will seem to farmers in this part of the world,) and he answered: "By carting it into the stream." In another portion of the western country, where I had seen hemp growing vigorously about thirty years ago, I found that wheat was now the prevailing crop; I was informed that the land was originally so rich as to be adapted only for hemp, but had now become poor enough for wheat.

These, however, are not instances of a permanent and normal condition of things. In the greater part of the Union, especially in those portions which have been for some time under cultivation, the annual exhaustion must be restored by the annual renovation of the soil. To accomplish this object, of late years every branch of science, every resource of the laboratory, every kingdom of nature, has been placed under contribution. Battle-fields have been dug over

for the bones of their victims; geology has furnished lime, gypsum, and marl; commerce has explored the remotest seas for guano, and has called loudly on diplomacy to assist her efforts; chemistry has been tasked for the production of compounds, which, in the progress of science, may supersede those of animal or vegetable origin which are prepared by nature. The nutritive principles developed by decaying animal and vegetable organizations are universally diffused throughout the material world, and the problem to be solved is to produce them artificially on a large scale, cheap enough for general use. In the mean time, the most simple and familiar processes of enrichment, with the aid of mechanical power and a moderate application of capital, are producing the most astonishing results. The success which has attended Mr. Mechi's operations in England is familiar to us all. By the application of natural fertilizing liquids sprinkled by a steam-engine over his fields, they have been made to produce, it is said, seven annual crops of heavy grass.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the London Athenæum.
Douglas Jerrold.

DEATH has taken from among us a man of vast and peculiar force. Heroes dwarf in the eyes of their valet; distance lends enchantment to the view; but Douglas Jerrold was the greatest marvel to those who knew him best. His reading was wide, and his memory for what he read prodigious. He knew the whole of Shakespeare by heart, and every noble line or beautiful image in Faust and the Inferno slept within his lips like the charge of a gun. He delighted in Eddas and Zendavestas, in the lore of the Rabbis, in science, and in the mysteries of the school-men. Lightfoot was familiar to him as Rabelais and Montaigne, Bacon, as Fuller and Donne. Yet the powers which made his fame were native. He was most widely known, perhaps, by his wit; for wit catches the sense like a torch in a ravine, even though the cold mines may lie unnoticed close by. Prophets who bear torches through the streets will draw a crowd sponger than those who teach the wisdom of Solomon. And his wit was very nimble, crackling, and original. No man could resist its spontaneity and sparkle, and it wrote its daily story in London life as a thing apart and institutional. But his wit, however brilliant, was not his finest gift. Indeed, in his serious moments, he would laugh at his own repartees as tricks—as a mere habit of mind—which he could teach any dull fellow in two lessons! His wit made only one side of his genius—sprung indeed from a central characteristic—the extraordinary rapidity of his apprehension. He saw into the heart of things. He perceived analogies invisible to other men. These analogies sometimes made him merry, sometimes indignant. And as he never hung fire, dull people often saw his wrath before they understood his reason; and they blamed him, not in truth because he was wrong, but because they were slow.

His wit was so prodigious, and he prized it so little, save as a delight to others, that he threw it away like dust, never caring for the bright children of his brain, and smiling with complacent kindness at people who repeated to him his jests—as their own! At the least demur, too, he would surrender his most happy allusions and his most trenchant hits. In one of his plays an old sailor, trying to snatch a kiss from a pretty girl—as old sailors will—got a box on the ear. "There," exclaimed Blue-jacket, "like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs!" The manager when the play was read in the greenroom, could not see the fun, and Jerrold struck it out. A friend made a captious remark on a very characteristic touch in a manuscript comedy—and the touch went out: a cynical dog, in wrangle with his much better-half, said to her: "My notion of a wife of forty is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

The best part of many years of his life was given up freely to these theatrical tasks—for his genius was dramatic—his family belonged to the stage—and his own pulpit, as he thought, stood behind the foot-lights. His father, his mother, and his two sisters, all adorned the stage; his sisters older than himself, had married two managers—one, the late Mr. Hammond, an eccentric humorist and unsuccessful manager of Drury Lane—the other Mr. Copeland, of the Liverpool Theatre Royal. He himself for a moment retraced the stage, playing in his own exquisite drama, "The Painter of Ghent." But the effort of mechanical repetition wearied a brain so fertile in invention; and he happily returned to literature and journalism, and he to appear as an actor in the plays performed by the amateurs at St. James's Theatre and Devonshire House.

Contemporaneously, he had worked his way into notice as a prose-writer of a very brilliant and original type—chiefly through the periodicals. His passion was periodicity—the power of being able to throw his emotions daily, or weekly, into the common reservoirs of thought. Silence was to him a pain like hunger. He must talk—act upon men—briefly, rapidly, irresistibly. For many years he brooded over

the thought of *Punch*. He even found a publisher—and a wood engraver—and a suitable *Punch* appeared—but the publisher was less rich in funds than he in epigrams, and after five or six numbers the handstand died. Some time later, his son-in-law, Mr. Mayhew, revived the thought—and our merry companion, now of wide-world fame—appeared. All the chief writings of our author—except "A Man made of Money"—saw the light in magazines, and were written with the devil at the door. "Men of Character" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*—"The Chronicles of Cloverbrook" in the *Illuminated Magazine*, of which he was founder and editor—"St. Giles and St. James" in the *Shilling Magazine*, of which he was founder and editor—and the "Story of a Father," "Punch's Letters to his Son," and the "Cadle Lectures," in *Punch*. The exquisite gallery of "Fireside Saints," which appear in *Punch's Almanac* for the present year, is from his hand. Most of these works bear the magazine mark upon them—the broad arrow of their origin; but the magazine brand in this case, like the brands of famous vintages, testifying to certain accidents of carriage, attests also the vigor and richness of the soil from which they came.

For several years past, he had devoted himself more exclusively than before to politics. Politics, indeed, had always attracted him as they attract the strong and the susceptible. In the dear old days, when Leigh Hunt was sunning himself in Horsemerger Lane for calling George the Fourth a fat Adonis of forty, and the like crimes, he composed a political work, in a spirit which would probably, in those days, have sent him to Newgate. The book was printed, but the publishers lacked courage, and it was only to be had in secret. Only a few copies are extant. Of late years he had returned to politics, as a writer for the *Balloo*, under Mr. Wakley, and as sub-editor of the *Examiner*, under Mr. Fobblaque; returned to find his opinions popular in the country, and triumphant in the House of Commons. Of his efforts as a journalist, we need not speak. He found *Lloyd's Newspaper*, as it were, in the street, and he annexed it to literature. He found it comparatively low in rank, and he spread it abroad on the wings of his genius, until its circulation became a marvel of the press.

We have neither time nor heart at this moment to draw the portrait of the deceased. An ampler biographer will not long be wanting; in which those who knew and loved him—and those who knew him best loved him most—will be able to paint him as the index and interpretation of his work. Yet even at a glance, the depth of his insight, the subtlety of his analysis, the vividness of his presentation must strike every one who reads. His place among the wits of our own time is clear enough. He had less frolic than Theodore Hook, less elaborate humor than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood. But he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points, and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humor. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman, who, after scraping the door for an hour with his latch-key, leans back, and exclaims: "By Jove; some scoundrel has stolen—stolen—the key-hole!" comes as near farce as any of his illustrations. His celebrated definition of Dogmatism as "Pappyism come to maturity," looks like a happy pun—but is something far more deep and philosophic. Between this, however, and such fancies as his description of Australia—"A land so fat, that if you tickle it with a straw, it laughs with a harvest"—the distance is not great. In his earlier time, before age and success had mellowed him to his best, he was sometimes accused of ill nature, a charge which he vehemently resented, and which seemed only ludicrous to those privileged with his friendship. To folly, pretense, and assumption, he gave no quarter, though in fair fight; and some of those who tried lances with him long remembered his home-thrust. We may give two instances without offense, for the combatants are all gone from the scene. One of those playwrights who occupied Old Drury, under the French, against whom he waged ceaseless war of epigram, was describing himself as suffering from fever of the brain. "Courage! my good fellow," says Jerrold, "there is no foundation for the fact." When the flight of Guizot and Louis Philippe from Paris, was the fresh talk of London, a writer of no great parts was abusing the Revolution; and pitying Guizot. "You see," he observed, "Guizot and I are both historians—we row in the same boat." "Ay, ay," says Jerrold, "but not with the same sculls." Yet such personal encounters were but the play of the panther. No man ever used such powers with greater gentleness. Indeed, to speak the plain truth, his fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say no. His purse—when he had a purse—was at every man's service, as were also his time, his pen, and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling, some body would get sixpence of it

from him. He had a lending look, of which many took advantage. The first time he ever saw Tom Dibdin, that worthy gentleman and song-writer said to him: "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh! yes," said the author of "Black-Eyed Susan," "I have all the confidence, but I haven't a guinea." A generosity which knew no limit—not even the limit at his banker's—led him into trials which a colder man would have easily escaped. To give all that he possessed to relieve a brother from immediate trouble was nothing; he as willingly mortgaged his future for a friend as another man would bestow his advice or his blessing. And yet this man was accused of ill-nature! If every one who received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower on his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise on the last resting place of Douglas Jerrold.

The deceased died after a few days' illness, from disease of the heart, at his residence, Greville place, Hiltown Priory, on Monday last, the 8th of June.

The Four Piles of Gold Rings; or, The Voice of Old Time.

It was with mingled feelings that Marion Ellesmere retired to her room the night before her wedding. A light cloud of self-reproach rested on her mind; a cloud so light that she scarcely knew whence it arose, or would have been aware of its presence but for the shadow which it cast over her spirits. Her sister's smile, as she bade her good night, had been all brightness—why should there be less joy in the heart of the bride of Atherton? With her long fair hair over her shoulders, and her eyes shaded by her hand, Marion sat in her own arm-chair, and gave herself up to thought.

"To-morrow day long hoped for, and yet half dreaded! I am at last indeed on the eve of that great change which must alter the whole current of my life! What new duties; what responsibilities! But he will ever be near, to guide, to encourage, to make the path of duty delightful to me. I shall lean on him and trust him. I am indeed the most blest of women in his love. I would not change my lot, no, not to be empress of the world. And yet—Marion heaved a deep sigh, then almost started at the sound of that sigh, alone as she was, with the still night around her; the color rose to her cheek, as if in indignation at herself—"and yet I am not worthy to be his wife! He, whose spirit is so pure, so lofty, so far above the world and its vanities, could titles, or riches, or any thing raise him? When I am beside him, how deeply I feel his! I seem to breathe a purer atmosphere, to see things as they really are; but when I am surrounded by others, then—I know not how it is—but there is an influence which they exercise, an almost insensible power—trifles move me; I know them to be folly and vanity; yet I can not despise them as I ought to do. Oh! how weak I am, how worldly; how unworthy of him!" Marion sank back on her chair, and her long lashes were moist with her tears.

She sat long, her light burned low, every sound in the house was stilled. Presently the walls of her apartment seemed to recede around her, with the strange indistinctness of a dissolving view; marble pillars on either side, gradually assuming form and size, while the carpet upon which Marion's feet had rested spread into a wide pavement of mosaic. And Marion was no longer alone; a strange form was beside her, of more than human stature, and mien unlike that of mortal man. His long silver hair gave to him the appearance of age, but an unearthly fire glowed in his deep-set eyes, from beneath the white eyebrows which overhung them. His dress was dim and indistinct, ever changing in form and hue; now dark as the lowering thunder-cloud, now like the white mist which curls round the mountain, anon tinged as with the dying tints of the rainbow. In his hand the old man grasped a scythe, sharp and glittering; Marion felt that she was in the presence of old Time.

"Look there!" he exclaimed; and the strange tones of his voice sounded like the wind through the arches of a ruin. Marion beheld before her what appeared a white altar of marble, sculptured and festooned with many-colored flowers, of a fragrance not like those of earth.

"What see you before you?" said Time, "what glitters on yonder marble?"

"I see nothing but piles of bright golden rings, like that which I shall wear to-morrow," replied Marion. It was strange that in the presence of such a companion, she felt neither wonder nor fear.

"And are they all alike?" said old Time.

"All are alike, save that they are divided into four different heaps,"

The old man laughed; how wild and unearthly sounded that laugh! "They have been framed by different makers," said he; "I carry the touch-stone to prove them. See the first heap—a goodly array, I trow; they are Folly's workmanship; while passionate lovers choose from thence, who would barter life for a flower or a smile? Flatterers and the flattered draw from that pile. Folly gives, and Vanity receives. Poets string their fancies on rings

such as these, and lay them at the feet of romance-loving damsels, who look upon life as a drama, of which they themselves are the heroes. Stand back—Althea approaches—she must have a ring from that pile."

Then Marion beheld advancing towards them a youthful couple, radiant with happiness and love. The maiden was surpassing fair; her white veil half concealed her blushing countenance, but her soft eyes were fixed upon her companion, whose every look and tone expressed love the most ardent and devoted. He kissed the white trembling hand upon which he placed the ring, and Marion watched the wedded pair as they slowly retired to a more remote part of the temple. "Surely they are happy," thought she. She was roused by the voice of old Time.

"Mark you the second heap?" said he, pointing with his scythe. "Those rings have been fashioned by Worldliness, ever since my comrade, the Earth, was young. Those who seek money, those who seek rãfik, who sell themselves for a title or an estate, maidens who dread to become old maids, the fortune-hunter, the ambitious, the proud—these choose from the second heap. Of such is Julia, whose bridal procession is drawing near. Jewels upon her brow, no love within her heart, she gives herself away to a carriage and a mansion, and strives to forget that a fool is their master."

Marion sighed as the procession passed; it is a sickening sight to behold beauty sacrificing to mammon.

"And who formed the rings that shine in the third heap?" said Marion to her mysterious companion.

"They are framed by Self-will, and the Evil One has breathed a spell over them. When the fifth commandment is broken, when a parent's will is despised, when there is clandestine wooing, and the wedded ones dare not ask God's blessing upon them—then those rings are worn."

Even as he spoke, with fearful, hesitating step a maiden approached the pile, led on, half reluctant, by one of graceful form, who was whispering soft words in her ear. Oh! could it be love that led him to act the part of tempter to the woman who trusted him, or did he fondly hope to find the faithful wife in the unfaithful daughter?

"And what is the neglected cluster of rings which no finger yet has touched?" said Marion.

The voice of Time sank to the soft whisper of the western breeze, and milder light shone in his eyes, as he replied: "They are for those whose marriages have been made in heaven; every circlet of gold has been formed by Esteem. When two devoted to one service meet, heirs of one hope, followers of one Lord; when loving and beloved, they would share each other's joys, nor shrink from the burden of each other's sorrows; when, helping each other on a heavenward road, they would press on in the same strength, to the same bright goal above, then those rings unite them here, emblems of that eternity which will unite them in bliss never ending!"

A voice behind Marion seemed to echo the last words; she knew that voice, it thrilled to her heart; and she knew the hand that pressed upon hers the pledge of conjugal love. Could all the diamonds of Golconda make it more precious to the heart of the youthful bride?

Then, again, the tones of old Time rose, as the rushing sound of the angry blast. "I come—I come!" he cried. "Thrones melt as snow before me; the peopled city, the obscure village, the home of the peasant, the palace of the monarch, bear the marks of the deep footsteps of Time! And mine is the touchstone that tries the gold, it is my hand that draws back the veil of Truth; I touch the bubbles of Folly, and they break, and leave but a tear behind."

Marion watched, as with stealthily but rapid lines appeared on the fair smooth brow, the glassy ringlets were streaked with gray; the fairy form had lost all its grace. And the ardent lover, how cold was his look—how changed from the bridegroom was the husband!—Time laid his heavy hand upon the ring which still glittered on the finger of Althea; at once the circlet lost all its brightness, the color changed, the gilding vanished; naught remained but the dull, worthless metal beneath; the ring had never been gold!

Haughty Julia! amid thy wealth and thy state, Time also is stealing on thee. Bars of gold will not bolt him out—he tramples earth's treasures beneath his feet. He touches the ring on the wedding's hand, and the dull, heavy fall of iron is heard. Man may see naught but the loop of gold, but the wearer feels the galling chain. Hopeless and unpitied must she drag its weight; she has chosen her fate, and she must bear it; her ring has never been gold.

With mournful interest Marion watched the steps of the wedded pair, who had sacrificed duty to love. There were looks of suspicion, and words of reproach, as the shadow of Time fell across their path; but when his cold hand touched the fatal ring, a faint cry escaped from the wife's pallid lips; a viper was coiling where the circlet had rested; her ring had never been gold.