

The Leisure Hour.

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If we are not mistaken, the reader will agree with us that the following poem is musical in its versification, and poetical in its sentiment.—Ed.

The Evening Star.

The brilliant evening Star to night,
"Gleams thro' the dusky air,"
As tho' some seraph in his flight—
Through the unclouded "realm of light"
Had paused an instant there—
Had paused, and silently surveyed
The dreaming world below;
Then down away to Eden's shade
Where living waters flow:
Methinks, some bright, unearthly gem
Fell from his flashing diadem,
For when he winged his flight afar
Thro' the enchanted air,
A light remained—The Evening Star
Shone forth serenely there.

"Tis thus the great—the good depart
And leave a beacon light,
To cheer the pilgrim's drooping heart
And guide his feet aright.

Hence we revere—the Sage—the Seer
Of every age and clime;
Whose golden gems still sparkle here
Upon the strand of time!

EXTRACTS FROM THE
Address of the Hon. Edward Everett,
DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 9, 1857.

CONCLUDED.

"A celebrated skeptical philosopher of the last century—the historian Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation, by the concise argument: "It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false."

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstruction; and, after week upon week, and month upon month have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature's sepulcher; when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows, did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth, and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leadlets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest; and then the meadow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand, buried but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distill from the clouds, and gentler dews, siring their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk, and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature—the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness—the great Father's farm—where he "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated, with his own hand, his merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature—the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky; the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life—has he seen all this—does he see it every year, and month, and day—does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fiber and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt—and does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clouds of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness!

Our religious poets are but seldom read and many ask "why is this?" The question is one quite easy of solution. All religious poems are in a greater or less degree paraphrases; and hence are only truly poetical when they cease to be paraphrastic. Every intelligent reader of sacred song sees and acknowledges at once the immeasurable superiority of the poetry of the Bible, over that of any bard, however gifted, whose inspiration is not in its strictest sense divine. To the same cause, in part, we may trace the doctrine of what we paradoxically term "didactic poetry," which is poetical only

where no obtrusive didacticism is visible. The aim of the true poet is not immediately "to teach." His sole purpose is either the creation or manifestation of "the beautiful" for beauty's sake alone, and thus to enkindle a love of the beautiful in others.

Never has a true poet arisen, who has not, however imperceptibly, thus, and only thus, exerted an elevating, ennobling and refining influence upon our race. I was led into this digression by the involuntary regret, which every lover of poetry will feel upon reading this volume, that the poet had not strictly confined himself to more congenial themes. I say congenial because in the two quotations that follow, he evinces a thorough consciousness of the character and extent of his poetic endowments, and truly indicates their proper sphere of action. On page 80, the poet, eulogizing some nobler bard, concludes his tribute with these modest, graceful lines:

"Meaning, not emulous of highest praise,
At sweet Parnassus' flowery foot I lie,
And drink enraptured the descending lays,
Or in short flights my tender pinions try:
So in the humble vale the linnet flies,
While the stoutr eagle sails along the skies."

Again, on page 62.

"I am only fit to sing
On a softlyspeaking string,
Golden harvest of the plains,
Bleating flocks, and sporting swains,
Blushing roses—violets blue,
Bathing in the morning dew;
Or the stream, whose purring maze
O'er the thirsty meadow plays.

After reading the passages I cite below, none will deny, had Gibbons acted upon the conviction here explained, that he might have attained with ease, an enviable position among the rural poets of England. I quote at random.

"And May, with Pink and Rose perfumed,
In every garden blushed and bloomed.

"For here in childhoods dawning day,
I passed the live-long hours away,
Now searched the mazy shades among
For nests or fledged, or fresh with young;
Or round the streams unfaithful brink,
Where linnets dropt their flight to drink,
Stretched the long limy rush to snare
The winged music of the air."

"But soon the spring
Soft-gliding on a zephyr's wing,
Comes blooming, young and gay."

"Here paused the Angel: as when vernal gales
(Waked by the deep footsteps of the dawn),
That all the morning wandered o'er the mead,
And dip their wings in every choice perfume,
At noon-day's beam hush every murmuring
breath,
And not a motion stirs thro' earth or skies—

"Stay, sweetest Philomel, and cheer
The solitary Pilgrim's ear,
Till Morn, in orient gold arrayed
Awakes the tenants of the shade."

The poet in another place aptly styles the Nightingale "Daughter of Harmony and Night."

"Now on the grassy turf he springs,
Poises and plays his quivering wings,
Eyes the blue track, and from his throat
Redundant pours his warbled note."

"From the soft scenes of rural joys
I fly to hurry, spoke and noise;
But still one thought relieves my pain,
That summers will return again."

Leaving unnoticed an admirable translation of one of Virgil's Georgics. I quote entire lines written, "on the Singing of a Robin" Sept. 1747:

"Now to some tree's aspiring bough
That drops its faded leaves below,
Or to some barn's straw-covered height—
The Red-breast wings his evening flight—

Pleased I attend his tuneful throat,
While Winter shivers in his note,
Prophetic of long months of gloom,
Tempests, and sleet, and snows to come.

Stay, feathered Innocent, and sing,
Till Nature wakes the blooming Spring;
And, while the lark denys his song:
Do thou thy living strains prolong.

How glad, sweet Warbler, should I be,
Could I but mingle joys with thee;
And, while life's wintry state remains,
Charm the dull shades, and sooth my pains!"

The line italicized is highly poetical. I will conclude these extracts, by quoting a passage of even remarkable beauty from a poem entitled—"A View from Hay Cliff near Dover:"

"The heaving waves that with eternal roar
In restless conflict tumble to the shore,
Now faintly break upon the listening ear;
As when the Bee, when verdure crowns the year,
Ranging the meads to sip the dew of morn,
With lonely pleasure blows his murmuring horn,
Small as a feather in the boundless space
The wanton sea-grill wings its airy race;
Now lightly shoots along the liquid plain,
And now exulting seems to rise again."

That ship, with canvas-wings expanded wide,
Which seems a floating castle on the tide,
Shrinks to a feeble bark. The men that tread
The shore, with ocean's countless pebbles spread,
Appear like Phœnix thro' some sanded way
Homeward returning at the glimpse of day;
While we must seem to their uplifted eyes
Dim as the birds that roosting thro' the skies
On some aerial battlement alight—
And almost melt the dazzled search of sight,
Maker Supreme! at whose omnific call
Obedient, rose this sea-surrounded ball,
How great art Thou! whose all-surveying eye

Extends its beams through vast immensity,
And, hid within the hollow of whose hand,
Seas are a drop, and these proud mounds, a sand!

Slightly modified this poem would do honor to any poet living or dead. The first line in italics is an admirable echo of sound to sense. I look in vain for another passage in the volume, its equal in melody, or one so deeply imbued with the spirit of poetry. I will shortly present the reader a few selections from those poems which may be strictly termed, *devotional and elegiac*.

For the Leisure Hour.
Guano.

All classes are subject to prejudices. Farmers not less so than others. And in this section, at this time, they seem to be laboring under quite an extensive one towards a fertilizer, which if properly used, must continue to be, as it has been in times past, of great service to our country. I allude to *guano*.

Many of our farmers seem to have no definite idea of what it really is. They call it a stimulant—an excitor, &c.,—and seem to think that it has the same effect on land that alcohol has on man; that it calls forth for a short time an unusual amount of strength—and then leaves it in a similar weakened and depressed condition. They speak as though the inorganic world was under the same influences, that rule the organic; but they do not push the figure. They do not carry out the analogy—if there be any. For they will have it, that the land, which has been intoxicated by this stimulant for five or six years, does not recover, but ever afterwards remains in an impoverished and ruined state.

They, therefore, with a pious regard for posterity, abstain from the use of this "poison."—And, finding they cannot raise at home, manure in sufficient quantity for a tobacco crop with their axe wage eternal war against our noble forest—slay the trees and exhaust the land, as did their fathers before them. Doubtless, thinking by this means to lay their descendants under never ending obligation.

But it is now getting to be time for our forest to be spared. What we have is not much more than adequate to the supply of timber and fuel. Our object should be, not to increase the barren and desolate appearance of our country; but to improve and beautify the waste lands. If we do this we have enough already opened up for our present, and even a much denser population. Now how is this to be done? There is but one way; and that is by returning to the soil those ingredients which we have withdrawn and the rains have washed away. And these are the ingredients of grains, plants and grasses, which, in a decomposed state—after having served their proper and necessary uses,—are found more completely in the farm, pen and stables than elsewhere. If, therefore, becomes our interest to raise and save all that we possibly can in this way. But frequently after we have saved all we possibly can, it is found to be insufficient. Then and then only is the time to buy these ingredients, or in other words manures. And not then unless they clearly repay. Those will produce the finest growth which contain the ingredients of the plants grown. In selecting them we should buy such as will not even prospectively injure the land. And if there be any (!) that will exhaust the vigor of the land, as alcohol does that of man, we should not touch it.

Now such is thought to be the case with Guano, by a large number of our farmers. But that that is true, is both contrary to experience and to science. Even in North Carolina it has been used in several counties and more especially in Warren, for twelve or fifteen years, with no such effect. I speak this from personal observation.

It has been used in Peru since long before this continent was discovered. It was used in the time of the Incas. When Pizarro landed in that country he found an edict, attaching capital punishment to any one found destroying the fowl on the Guano islands. And for their further protection ever afterwards were appointed over each province, so highly was their manure esteemed at that time. And since the twelfth century, the period when it was first used in Peru, its history will be searched in vain for those deleterious influences confidently predicted to befall our country from its use.

Now it is not to be expected that the same crops will grow better and better every year on the same land under the constant and exclusive use of this manure, nor will such be as a general thing, the case under any other manure, whether obtained from the stable or farm pen. A rotation of crops is found necessary on ordinary lands under all manures.

It may be granted that Guano is less permanent in its effects, under one application, than stable or farm-pen manure under the same; but this is readily accounted for. It is in a more concentrated state; more finely powdered state, and therefore more quickly and more perfectly appropriated by the plant.

But before saying more, let me ask what is Guano? It is nothing more nor less than the excrement of the sea-fowl, whose food is fish.

Now would any one expect his land to be injured by the scrapings of his chicken house? Does the fish offal, esteemed so highly, as a manure, by our eastern farmers, injure their land?—There is very little difference between Guano and these two manures. All abound in phosphatic and amoniacal salts, which are the most necessary ingredients of good soil—the best food for plants and therefore capital manures. But, scientifically, what is Guano? Here is an analysis from Leibig's Chemistry, the highest authority on all such subjects.

Water of Amonia,	9 0
Oxalate of Amonia,	10 0
Oxalate of Lime,	7 0
Phosphate of Amonia,	6 0
Phosphate of Magnesia and Lime	2 6
Sulphate of Lime,	5 5
Sulphate of Soda,	3 8
Sal Amoniac,	4 2
Phosphate of Lime,	14 3
Clay and Sand,	4 7
	66 7

Organic matter not estimated
containing 12 per cent. of matters insoluble in water. Soluble salts of iron in small quantities. Water.

The amoniacal form a large proportion, and the soluble materials form at least one-half of the ingredients. This still further explains why it tells with such power and rapidly on vegetation and so quickly disappears from the soil. The influence of stable manure, without repeated application, as I mentioned, disappears after a few years under constant cultivation. Could we expect more, or even as much from Guano? Manures are not stimulants, but the food of plants. Add those which are the most soluble are the most easily appropriated and assimilated by the plant, and are therefore beyond all question the first as a natural consequence to disappear from the soil.

But not only is Guano, as a whole, a most excellent and powerful fertilizer, but also every single ingredient of which it is composed would make a desirable application to land. Then who would fear to use it after its clear profits have been fully established? and what then more evident than the absurdity of calling such a composition a mere stimulant? As well might you call meat and bread, so necessary to the sustenance of man a stimulant. For there is not a ear of corn or a stalk of tobacco that does not contain at least half of the articles contained in the above analysis. And every single soluble ingredient, in some shape, enters into some of our products.

It seems to me that a little examination of these facts must remove a prejudice existing in the minds of many, towards Guano; for it must have its origin alone, in ignorance of its true composition.

It may be said, moreover, that those heaps of manures, found upon the Peruvian coast, are but another form in which nature has anticipated the wants of man. This among several others is an instance of her provision for their supply ages before they were felt. Thus on the same great plan, were stored away beneath the earth's crusts, the fossil remains of an extinct animal, and vegetable kingdom, which are now dug up to supply man with fuel, in the place of that great forest which he has consumed, and to renovate those lands which he has exhausted by cultivation. In England, at this time, there are hid beneath her surface the bones of an animal world, sufficient, not only to restore the phosphates to her soil, which have been removed in the form of grain, but to become an important article of commerce.

It is most astonishingly beautiful to behold how things travel as in a circle, and how nature restores the equilibrium in her processes, which have been once disturbed.—The organic world is ever in a state of decay—restoring to the inorganic what it has taken away. The plant takes up from mother earth its food; the animal consumes the plant; and another earth, to assert her supremacy and collect her debts, quietly receives them both into her lap.

The ingredients of the hills are dissolved out by the rains, and then hurry along the rills, down the creeks; thence to be transferred to the rivers; thence to mingle with others that have preceded them in the bosom of old ocean. There they all unite in feeding the sea-plants, which in their turn, perhaps, after some transformations, are yielded up food to the fishes. And these last are not permitted to escape but fall captives to carnivorous birds and descend to the earth in the form of Guano. This also obeying a law of nature, actually returns to the hills whence it proceeded, to clothe them with their primitive beauty and fertility. R.

Judge Edmonds is both a wit and a poet. The courts in New-York are interminably tedious. Judge Davies, who has more of Young America in him than any judge on the Bench, does all he can to make the tardy advocates of justice hurry up their march. To allow the long-winded to know how the time passes, the judge has placed an hour-glass before the bar. The other day, a gentleman, known as Mr. Bliss, was on the floor. He talked and talked, and it seemed that he would never stop. Judge Edmonds was anxious to leave, but could not

go till Mr. Bliss had ended his "argument." Breaking out in a poetic spirit, Judge Edmonds committed the following couplet:—
"And while the glass holds out to run,
Endless Bliss has just begun."

Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D.
"Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D., one of the most remarkable men I have ever known, is hard at work on his new volume of History of North-Carolina. I repeat it, Dr. Hawks is most certainly, a remarkable man. How he can possibly find time to write anything in the shape of solid history is surprising to all who know him. Imagine an author seated at his table in the deep seclusion of his study, remote from the accustomed walk of the house, and secure from intrusion, engaged through his family servants, deeply occupied in an intricate and difficult point, which has probably puzzled the brains of many before him. In the very midst of his profoundest study, a call comes, which will take no excuse, no evasion, no put-off.—In less than an hour, another comes; in five minutes, another; in half an hour, still another, and so goes the day. And as goes this day, so goes to-morrow, and the next, and the next! They are his parishioners, and will not be put off!—What can any man do under such circumstances? Dr. Hawks is eminently a literary man; he is a close student, and profound thinker, or he could never accomplish one-twentieth part of that which he does so well. His Japan Expedition is a colossal monument to his name. I saw him the other day, an hour before he went to administer the last sad offices to his departed friend, the late Com. Perry. He spoke eloquently and impressively of his association with, and admiration of, the man. I regard Dr. Hawks, as altogether the most profound student in American History, that this, or any other country, has ever produced. If it were not robbing the Church, I would rejoice to see this eminent divine transplanted into an appropriate Chair of History, in either the University of Virginia, whether my heart yearningly turns, or to old Yale, or Harvard. This would be a field fitted to the display of his splendid acquisitions. By the way, is it not discreditable that we have not a single Chair of American History in all our Universities and Colleges, combined?"

N. Y. Correspondent of Richmond Whig.

Letter of a Dying Wife.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband (says the Nashville Gazette) was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:—
"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day, when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall bid forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all besides my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has formed itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley! "But I know in whom I have believed," and, leaning on His arm, "I fear no evil." Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you! I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and, pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thoughts, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion until, gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unending glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the grave, and as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glaced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought