

The Leisure Hour.

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"Harvest Morning"—A Poem.

BY THOMAS GIBSONS. 1750.

The day is now dawning—
No cloud's to be seen—
Behold! the gray morning—
How sweetly serene!

Up Matron!—up Maiden!—
Up!—up! with the dawn
With fragrance is laden—
The breath of the morn.

Wouldst wear the fresh bloom—
Of health on your cheek?
Now, fly the close room—
The open air seek!

The moon in her beauty—
The lovely night-queen—
Is still upon duty—
Tho' pale is her sheen.

One star is yet beaming—
Last yet of the night,
The East is now streaming—
With soft rays of light.

The dew drops resemble
The costliest gems—
That sparkle and tremble—
In king's diadems.

The "listener" now catches—
The sweet mellow strain—
Of the "lark" that hatches—
Her brood on the plain.

The woodland's and hedges,
Resound with their notes—
Of nature's "wee" songsters—
Now "splitting their throats!"

The "quail" too is calling—
Her lover—"Bob White!"
It may be, her darling—
Was absent all night.

The "bees" commence humming
For lo! 'tis broad day—
"Hard Winter" is coming—
Now, hie! hie! away!

"Their work" is their pleasure—
They waste not their hours—
But "hoard up" their treasures—
Whilst kissing sweet flowers.

Dost wish to be healthy—
From "blue devils" free?
Aye! wouldst thou be wealthy?
Go! work like the bee!

How pleasing! the prospect
The fields now present—
How plentiful! the harvest
Kind Heaven hath sent!

Oh! give me the soil
Where "Ceres" presides—
Where good honest toil
Abundance provides!

Where the "ploughman" doth plow
His fallow so deep,
That the "sower" may sow
With promise to reap—
Where revels the farmer
O'er "heaps of the slain"
But where his good armor,
Can show no blood-stain.

"Our Yeoman" with pleasure—
The scene now surveys—
And to reap his rich harvest—
No longer delays—
But marshals his forces—
Bright sickles in hand,
And thus his discourses—
To his gallant band!

"Prepare! for the slaughter
Be valiant and strong!
Drink nothing but water!
Keep time with the song!"

Hie! now, to your toils,
See who will strike best!
When safe are "our spoils"
We'll take a day's rest.

Lo! here are our neighbors—
How timely their aid!
When finished their labors—
Their kindness repaid!

We will crown our joys—
With a "toast" on that day
We will tilt with the boys—
And with the girls play.

A "piper" we'll get—
Our mirth to enhance,
And then we will set
To the "heart-thrilling dance!"

"These brogues" we will take off
To give us "fair play"
Our cares we will "shake off"
In "old fashioned way."

WITHIN THE VEIL.

BY PAUL D. HAYNE.

"War nicht das Auge sonnenhaft,
Wie konnten wir zur Sonne blicken?
War nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft,
Wie konnt' uns Gottliches entzucken?"

In the course of a voyage from England to this country, some years ago, I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman whose eccentricities of manner were so remarkable, that some of our fellow passengers did not hesitate to pronounce him insane.

His name was Smith—a name redeemed from its common-place since the advent of the great "Alexander," and he was returning to his family in New York after a residence—so he informed us—of fifteen prosperous years in India.—His manner, I have said, was peculiar. When I first saw him, he was walking the

quarter deck with long, regular strides, his face—a manly and expressive one—lifted up in the moonlight, and full of a meaning I found it impossible to decipher.—Subsequently, a mutual acquaintance introduced us, and in a very short time, we grew wonderfully sociable and communicative. In one respect, however, Mr. Smith proved an enigma; I could never divine from what perennial sources of cheerfulness, and spiritual activity, there flowed such an exhaustless tide of humor, sentiment, eloquence, and poetry as seldom failed to charm his listeners. The man seemed to be inspired; so that not unfrequently he became the centre of an eager audience, who regarded him with significant wonder, and hung upon his words with a sort of rapture it was curious to witness.

Gradually, the report spread that Mr. Smith was mad, that all his eloquence, and fluent beauty of expression sprung from a diseased condition of the brain. With some reluctance, I myself adopted this conclusion. My comrade (we were eternally together,) was fond of hinting at some great discovery which he had made in the East; he spoke of the Philosopher's stone, of the Arabian Nights, and Haroun-Al-Raschid, of the occult powers of nature, of the Rosicrucians, the "Old Man of the Mountain," the shroud-bearing Moslem of Mecca, Madame Guyon, Angelus Silesius, and Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Then, he would discourse of the eternity of the spirit, and of radiant glimpses vouchsafed to him alone, of verities such as the heart of man has ever yearned to comprehend, and the Poets and Metaphysicians have struggled to grasp, and body forth in tangible shape and method, from Plato to Paracelsus, from Paracelsus to the Cambridge Neo-Platonists of yesterday. But the strangest portion of my experience with regard to Mr. Smith is yet to come. I met him six months after we had parted on a New York wharf, upon which occasion, he shed tears of anguish, and expressed himself as utterly bereaved and broken-hearted, at a large Northern watering-place. I scarcely knew him. He was transformed to a degree that startled me. The individual who had been wont to discourse of heavenly and supernal things, who quoted the "Cherubic Worshipper," and attempted to expound the *Calaba*, now talked of Wall Street stocks, and the price of Cotton in Manchester. Even his countenance, before so expressive of deep thought, and a sort of introspective enthusiasm, seemed to have woefully deteriorated; the features looked pinched, and insignificant, and about the eyes particularly, formerly a glow with intellect, earnestness, passion, I fancied that a cunning leer was discernible, which impressed me uncomfortably. "Poor creature!" I said to myself, "his madness has taken a new and much lower turn!"

I went up to my old acquaintance, and addressed him with a great show of cordiality. Would you believe it? the ungrateful fellow hardly appeared to recognize me; our conversation was cold and formal, and we parted I am sure, thoroughly disgusted with each other.—Only recently has the mystery been cleared up. The Editors of *Russell's Magazine* will probably be surprised to hear, that I owe the solution of the enigma to them!—"How!" those worthy gentlemen may exclaim, "pray honored contributor! are you altogether *compos* just now? come, explain; if thou hast a "Tale," unfold it!"—"That is my purpose, Messrs. Editors, only favor me with your attention, and all will be made clear to you."

Among your *Literary Notices* published in the January number, the review of a late work called "The Hasheesh-Eater" happened to attract me. I read it through.—"None," said I, "the matter is explained"—Mr. Smith had been using the *Cannabis Indica*, and hence his marvellous exaltation of fancy; when I last saw him, the drug had ceased to work its magic spells, and hence the revelation of the opposite pole of his nature, the pole whereto I suspect that Mr. Smith's existence mainly revolves.

The more I thought of it, the more firm the conviction grew that my conjecture was correct. I wrote to Mr. Smith, and respectfully asked for enlightenment. He replied hurriedly, and in evident trepidation, that he had been so foolish as to acquire the habit while in India, of hasheesh-eating, but that now he was married, and had conquered his weakness forever. The letter went on to say that the writer deemed it due to his character, and present responsible position to make the confession, but that he trusted to my honor not to reveal it; "Should Mrs. S.— discover the fact, I know not," he declared, "what would become of me!"

Only five weeks ago, however, the parties were divorced; Smith to console himself for a matrimonial "flare up," and determined to "assert his manhood" against the despotic temper of his consort, took two enormous boluses of Hasheesh, under the delirious excitement of which, he threw Mrs. Smith out of the second story window. The good lady's hooped dress saved her from destruction, but of course, she immediately went back to her Papa.

The ultimate consequence was, as we have said, a divorce, and tremendous damages. During the painful proceedings pending the trial of the case, Mr. Smith became more vio-

lently addicted to *Cannabis Indica* than ever. He has communicated his feelings to me, in his former glowing and impressive style; the very paper which bears his communications, looks vivid, and burning with almost sentient life. I need scarcely say that he has released me from all obligation to secrecy.

These letters were more than frail human nature, (my special frailty at least,) could withstand. I determined to invoke the genius of Hasheesh, and personally to test its powers. Long had I been pining to surrender myself to the glamour of some potent spell which might lift me, were it but for a moment, from the dull actualities of a plodding round of cares and duties—up into the sunshine of a brighter sphere, and an experience more strong, vivid, and immaterial. I know that my desire will be pronounced by the moral reader, (who never groaned probably under the burden of which I speak, and who finds the earth and its legitimate flesh pots a sufficient satisfaction for all needs present, and potential,) weak, if not wicked. No matter, my moral friend! Weakness and wickedness are quite in the line of every-day human business; you may have your little peccadilloes also, were it worth our while to search them out; therefore be moderate in your censures!

I betook myself to an Apothecary with whom I was accustomed to deal—a man "jolly and sleek and joind," who might be taken as the type of his class in these modern times, when Apothecaries are a power in the land, and might well resent a comparison with the "necro-look" wight in Romeo and Juliet, "With tattered weeds, and overwhelming brows, Culling of simples"—as a comparison equally impertinent and *mal appropos*! I begged to be supplied with a half dozen pills of the genuine *Cannabis Indica*, stating that I desired to experiment, but upon what, or whom, I prudently left the good Doctor to surmise for himself.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of one of those delicious days, which until very recently, have caused our Charleston winter to appear like a spring season in the Tropics; I valiantly swallowed a fifteen grain bolus of the magical Eastern drug—the "insane root," as Mr. Bayard Taylor irreverently calls it. I then commanded a broad bottomed, luxurious iron chair, an heirloom of the family—to be rolled out into the spacious piazza, and having carefully adjusted myself therein, awaited with anxious, thrilling expectation, the pleasure of the weird enchanter, to whose hands I had incontinently committed my spirit. The scene about, and above me, was glorious in the eye of its perfect beauty. Not a cloud, save one solitary band of white, transparent vapors, changed momentarily into "something new and strange," by the golden alchemy of sunlight—could be seen throughout the wide spaces of the Heavens; the winds were soft and balmy; here and there a sprightly robin chirped its pleasant song among the green trees, and glancing beyond the tops of the evergreens, and the roofs of the tall houses which formed their not inappropriate background, the eye rested with delight upon the sky so inexpressibly blue, and the stately birds that swept in majestic circle higher, and still higher towards the zenith.

It needed no repentance, no philtre, no artificial stimulant in the midst of such a scene, to steep the soul in that "divine languor," compounded of the sensuous, and the spiritual, which is the atmosphere of Elysium. The happy moments passed unconsciously away; the sun neared the horizon, lingered as it were, lovingly upon its boundary, and then dipped, waned, and at length wholly disappeared. The tall form of a young laurel tree, surrounded with a halo in the flush of evening, stood out against the luminous West, and the breeze scarcely perceptible before, having utterly died away, it seemed as if its dark green leaves, had been awed into stillness by some mysterious influence of the hour. My eyes were riveted upon this tree. Gradually, a vital motion crept thrillingly along the branches, the dark green leaves changed to transparent emerald, tipped with ruby dew, and the single white blossom which hung from an upper stem, assumed the appearance of a Crown of Pearl wreathed with fringes of the most delicate purple. Then, although not a breath of wind could be heard or felt, the Laurel bent its graceful head, and a murmur of voices, multitudinous, and of perfect harmony, yet each plainly distinguishable by itself—flowed from its thousand leaves—among them the tones strangely familiar, yet intensified to the utterance of the Spirit, of those who had hidden me farewell with broken voices, and left me desolate in the bitter past. But the tones that now reached me, expressed the concord of peace and love; no words they uttered, but a meaning deep as the life of the Eterities came with them, and the profoundest forces of the soul were moved, and stirred within me!

They surely said: "we have left you, oh! Beloved! among the shadows, and in the dark—"
*We suppose, of course, that our contributor alludes to the Turkey Buzzard, a species of bird which however awkward and disgusting when seen upon the ground, might at any height in the air be almost mistaken for the Eagle himself.

ness of the Valley of Death, but the love we bore you lives here without blight or discord, we chant it in a perfect song, waiting for the time when the shadows shall fall off about you, and the Star of the True Life shall rise."

So murmured the leaves, but as I still continued to gaze upon them, and drink in their music, the whole landscape widened; the glories of the sunset streamed through incalculable distances, and by a *strange confounding of space with time*, I fancied myself the witness of a Grecian sunset in the age of Pericles. I stood upon the heights of the Acropolis, near to the world-renowned statue of Athene, below me the Propylæa, and the grand avenues issuing from its gate; upon my right, the gleaming walls of the Parthenon; in the distance the roofs and porticoes of the city, whilst further still the billows of the *Ægean*, and beautiful villages with scarce a shore line between them, and the surf, lay radiant in the gorgeous atmosphere, which sparkled with emerald, and sapphire.—And still, the prospect widened, until all the great cities of ancient fame, were presented to my view—Persepolis, and Palmyra, and Babylon—and Nenevah, and Alexandria, the mystic capital of the Aztecs, and finally, the tall spires of immemorial temples rising amidst the throng of strange houses, and antique pagodas, and monstrous idols on the banks of the Indus, and Ganges, or far off amongst the untracked wildernesses of Thibet.—And each city I looked upon, was in the pride of its greatness and prosperity; a hum of unknown tongues, not clamorous, but measured and distinct, rose upon the air; philosophy flowed from the lips of Athenian sages, and the spell of the Soplhist was vanquished by his calm authority; the hymns of choristers celebrating the deeds of heathen Divinities, were mingled with the rush of great rivers, and the stir of countless multitudes of men; the Olive, and the Palm tree separated by thousands of leagues, yet seemed, under the influence of some occult law, to waive, in sympathy, and not a sound in that mighty swell of life contributing to the general, and ultimate result, but possessed an individuality of its own!

But as I gazed and listened, thick vapors gathered in the dells of Hymettus, which forming into a huge mass of clouds, swept out to meet a corresponding mass from the East. They were slowly united, and darkness covered the scene.

For a brief period, Reason resumed her sway. The conviction that what I had seen was phantasmal, and illusory, the deceptive offspring of a little brown colored pill which I had swallowed an hour before, no sooner became clear to my mind, than I felt that I approached some other illusion, as complete, perhaps as the one that had just vanished.

By a strenuous exercise of the will, however, I managed to preserve a lucid condition of the judgment, until I had walked into the parlor, where the family, together with some visitors from the neighborhood, were assembled. I soon had reason to regret my appearance among them, for I was fully under the law of *Hasheesh*, and my sensations immediately after, grew so anomalous, and confounding, that I could not but dread an exposure, the consequences of which would have been painful in the extreme.

Here let me pause to comment upon the testimony of *Hasheesh* Eaters—a testimony almost universal—which declares that when a necessity arises for concealment, it is always, (excepting in the extreme cases,) possible so far to subdue the effects of the drug, as to retain a conventional composure of manner in the midst of the intensest excitement. As a general truth, I bear witness to the correctness of the assertion. By what appeared to me, a superhuman effort, I now conversed with the people about me, in a quiet tone, upon ordinary topics, although I knew—and the belief momentarily gained strength, and consistency—what my condition was infinitely removed from theirs, and that no possible sympathy could ever be established between us. It is hard to embody in words the feelings which so powerfully possessed me.

Conceive, if you can, the position of one who has suddenly entered into the experience of two distinct lives, each perfect per se, but with a mysterious force of repulsion striving as it were, completely and forever, to rend them asunder. And conceive further of these two lives—the spiritual, and the merely animal—with the instinct of mutual antagonism—and yet bound together by some inexplicable third Power, which is continually whispering that a final divorce of the dual existences, is death.

In such a condition of mind and body, but retaining the Will still unclouded, and triumphant, I continued to talk unconcernedly with several members of the company. I spoke to a young lady of the last night's opera, of Miss H.—'s debut at Madame B.—'s ball, of the Rev. Mr. Humdrum's style of preaching, and of the latest fashion-plate in "Godey."

Such were a few of the topics which employed my lips, and which were discussed in a purely mechanical way, but the spirit was absent in other regions, and absorbed by matters of infinitely greater moment. I—that is, the psychical portion of my individuality—marvelled more and more at the wonderful domain into

which it had been ushered. The conviction was overpowering that I moved, and thought wholly as a spirit unincarnated, that such, and no otherwise would be my state hereafter, when the rudimental* or mortal body should have given place to the complete, immortal, spiritual body.

The influence of the terrible spell which bound me, became rapidly intensified. The Will which had been for some moments sensibly relaxing its sway, at this point of my experience, almost succumbed to the flood of strange sensations, which rushed in, and possessed my whole being. I deemed it expedient to make a hasty retreat, and therefore bowing to my companion, I left the room. Now, for the first time, one of the most ordinary and universal of *Hasheesh* illusions seized upon me. Upon leaving the seat I had occupied, and advancing towards the door, it seemed as if each flowery figure in the pattern of the carpet, (these figures were large and very brilliant,) had been suddenly endowed with a mystic life; they were indefinitely multiplied, and spread out into measureless prairies thronged with scarlet blooms uniform in shape and color, and all steadily inclined in the direction of a moon-like lustre which bordered the distant horizon. Through interminable plains of dazzling color, and confronted by a magnificence so invariable, and resplendent as to bewilder, nay, oppress the vision, I traversed with eager step, hundreds, and thousands, and tens of thousands of leagues, and still the garden of *Eden* stretched unbroken around me, and the lustre on the distant horizon had not broadened into the definite rising either of sun or moon. At last, after a century's travel I emerged from the territory of flowers into the mild blaze of what ordinary people in their ordinary condition of literalness would have called, an astral lamp, but what to me was a great globe of purest flame suspended by chains of porphyry and gold from the centre of a dome of alabaster.

I have said that up to this period, the struggle between the two Principles of Life thrown into partially different spheres of action, although fierce and continual, had been moderated by a *third* conservative Principle. Suddenly, the latter was overcome. The forces which bound the spirit to its corporal tenement, resolved themselves into unnumbered delicate chords, or conduits of feeling, and vital consciousness, and these, as if severed in one circling sweep of the shears of Atropos, parted utterly; the body sunk into a shapeless, inert mass, whilst the soul in the exultant joy of absolute freedom, "Shone in the Empyrean, like a star."

(I found out after my recovery from this overdose of *Cannabis Indica*, (for an overdose it was,) that the illusion here referred to, proceeded from the circumstance that I had actually fallen in the passage-way, where I remained until the frightened family discovered my condition, and had me conveyed to my chamber.)

The period during which I lay in this helpless state, occupied just two minutes, and yet I seemed in that brief space of time to have experienced the lapse of ages, let me say more boldly, and truly, an Eternity!

I shrink from attempting a description of the visions—let me rather call them, the revelations that followed. Up through the beautiful spaces of a realm of ineffable peace, I floated in the stillness of the sunlight that has never known a cloud. "I have done with the earth, and the things of the earth, the body, and the things of the body," the soul whispered to itself; "the cumbance of flesh and of pain has been rent, and cast into darkness, and lo! the eternal Father out of the exceeding fullness of the fountains of His mercy, has given it unto me, even unto me

"To bring the great Life that no Death can overtake,
And to dream the great dream that no twilight can break!"

I dare not go into the detail of the circumstances of what I saw, and heard, and felt, but reader! the solemn twilight of those august experiences is around me still, never wholly to depart, until indeed I shall have entered within the veil!

Ten out of a dozen persons who peruse the foregoing account, will dismiss it in a sentence, "the man was drunk! and is probably not yet recovered from his debauch!" My good friends, with you, drunk or sober, it is more than probable that no dreams but dreams of men servants and of maid servants, of asses, and of oxen, would ever abide; you I never designed to address, or to consult; go to your ledgers and your money-rolls, your musty mortgages, and your ten per cents; it is to the two earnest-eyed Thinkers, whom you have rudely jostled on their way, that I make my appeal. They stand ready to catch every note, however low, every glimpse, however faint of their "father land."

Brought back into the shadows of the present existence, but with the remembrance of the glory that was, and is to be, pervading every

*There are two bodies—the rudimental, and the complete; corresponding with the worm and the butterfly; what we call "death" is but the painful metamorphosis.
Our present incarnation is progressive, preparatory, temporary. Our future is perfected, ultimate, immortal. The ultimate life is the full design.—*Revelations of a Slow Walker.*

higher avenue of thought, and being, I can sympathize with the aspirations and trembling hopes of the *Parvus* described in the following poem:

"In vigils lone she hears the chimes
Of voices from diviner climes,
And sees entranced the states grand
That throng her lofty father land,
Unwonted odours strange and rare
Float round her on the midnight air,
From gardens where her youth was spent
Beyond the dark blue firmament.

The fleshy walls are white and thin,
Which close her yearning spirit in—
Celestial footfalls she can hear
Inaudible to grosser ear;
She mourns her lot like one exiled,
Her songs are filled with longings wild
For home, and that serene day
Which lights the angels far away."

[From *Eden-land, and other Poems*, by Benjamin West Hall, Munroe & Co., Boston, 1851.]

From the Southern Literary Messenger.
Aaron Burr.

In surveying this career, so unsubstantial in its materials for intellectual fame, so destitute of tangible results, yet so indicative of will, self-possession and a certain outward and casual success, we do not find in the liberalism, Mexican intrigue, or duel with which the name of Burr is chiefly associated,—an adequate explanation of the social ban under which he so long suffered nor of the meagre fruits of a mind claimed by his admirers to be of a superior order, and of a life of extraordinary vicissitude and opportunities. The question inevitably suggests itself—for what was Aaron Burr, considered as a man and independently of the fatal errors which darken his memory—fit? For what had nature especially endowed him? wherein could his peculiar ability and disposition have found scope to the best advantage? The answer is obvious. Aaron Burr should have been all his life a soldier. In an active military career his remarkable powers of endurance, his mental alertness and moral hardihood might have won for him the consideration and the arena he needed. The recuperative powers of his constitution, the perseverance of his antagonism, the indifference to the pleasures of the table, the vigilant, patient, cheerful habit of his nature, the French philosophy and lightness of his creed, his magnetic influence over inferiors and his courtly address to equals, his bravery, coolness, sagacious eye for weak points, and firmness of purpose in conflict—these are a few of the qualities which would have made him an eminent and efficient *militaire*. And in such a vocation the worst points of his character might have found less baneful development; the intriguing instinct, so long exercised to the detriment of social honor, and political magnanimity, might have expended itself with comparative harmlessness in the stratagems of war and the *ruse of the tactician*; and profligacy, as a social evil, is less obvious and corrosive in the vagrant range of the camp than in the sweet securities of domestic and civil life. The necessity of self-respect in one whose business it is to command others, and whose example is therefore essentially a personal interest, must have tended, in such a sphere, to modify the prevalent habits of Burr in regard to circumventing one sex and leading astray the other. Ambition in military life, the moral restraints incident to official authority, in a degree, would have taken the place of conscience in such a man.

But we are not left to conjecture in this regard. The finest portion of Burr's life was that of his soldiery, when he accompanied Arnold to Quebec; young and far from robust as he was, not a man in the expedition bore privation more cheerfully, was quicker with expedients, or more brave in action; and while entrusted with the outposts in Westchester county, during the early part of the revolutionary war his vigilance, humanity, skill and courage were proverbial. The military aspirations of his first youth, are among the few noble glimpses of a nature early cramped and blasted by false and heartless theories and reckless habits; and, if these had been fully gratified and a permanent career of arms legitimate and inspiring, have then opened and been followed, we can easily imagine that Aaron Burr might have fallen, after successive triumphs, with no blot on his name which the fame of a brave and faithful soldier could not eclipse. Through life there was in his habits the spirit of the camp. He prided himself on freedom from luxurious tastes; he preferred to sleep on a sofa in his office and to broil a slice of ham for his supper, to the more costly arrangements which, at intervals, he enjoyed.—He loved a judicial skirmish, to spring a mine upon his legal adversary, to lay deep political schemes and engage in logical combats. For more than half a century he waged a hard battle with Society and with Fortune,—walking the midnight streets like a sentinel, outrenching himself in isolated lodgings, peering at his fellow-men from under suspicious eyelids, carrying a bold front and a determined heart through years of baffled hope and an age of contumely and bereavement. A soldier of fortune, an adventurer was Aaron Burr during the greater part of his life; there have been