his legs, and wished to free Miss Gurney from Yorick!" her engagement to him, she refused the offer and married him. The correspondent of the Paris Presse seems to have considerable powers of invention, and I advise you to set all his stories

THE LEISURE HOUR

" They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless, Those invincible brothers, the Pen and the Press.

OXFORD, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1858.

R. R. HEDNALL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions from those who may desire to take The Leisure Hour.

CLUBS.

As we are very anxious to make our paper four columns larger at the expiration of the first six months, we have concluded to offer the follow ing inducements to Clubs :

5 copies of The Leisure Hour for one year,

The money to be paid invariably in ad-This arrangement is to go into effect after this date. April 27d, 1858.

The Approaching 4th July.

From many of our exchanges we are glad to learn, that preparations are being made in various portions of our State, to celebrate the approaching Anniversary of our Independence. We say, we are pleased to see this. It evidences that the fire of a true patriotism still burns in the breasts of many of our citizens. It exhibits to the world the pleasing fact, that at least among a portion of the descendants of the fathers of the Revolution, a feeling of deep gratitude fills their hearts for the untold blessings which have been bequeathed them. Nothing speaks so badly for a people, as to see them indifferent to the glories of the past, and careless to commemorate the days of National rejoicing. But we do not purpose to write a long nalizing our Declaration of Independence. It is only some six weeks ago since we wrote two long articles, in which we appealed to our citizens to celebrate the 20th May. Our invocation fell upon senseless ears and indifferent hearts. So far as any effect was concerned, we might have accomplished quite as much by talking to stocks and stones. The result of our effort was to merely convince us of what we had tremblingly feared. It forced us to adopt the opinion, that of all ungrateful people, of all indifferent callous people on this earth, North Carolinians can take the lead. We verily believe, that ours are the only people under heavens blue vault who would neglect to celebrate in a grateful manner, a day every way so important in their history as the 20th of May. Any other State in the confederacy, boasting in her annals an event of such vast and profound importance-an event which casts a balo of refulgent glory over her history-would cele brate its annual recurrence with acclamations of joy and with every patriotic demonstration. We await to see, if our citizens have enough public spirit left to notice the approaching 4th of July. Perhaps they will emulate the example of "old Rip," and quietly slumber until the day is past. Or will a few of those persons. upon whom invariably devolves such pleasant duties, take the initiatory step, and let our town

Henry Wm. Herbert.

be the scene of national jubilation.

The reader will find on our first page a very touching and painful letter from this highly gifted person, written just before he perpetrated the fatal act of taking his own life. On the 18th inst., in a hotel in N. Y., he shot himself in the left breast, which soon terminated fatally. He was married to a very beautiful woman in February last, and domestic unhappiness is assigned as the cause for his adopting the terrible purpose which he carried out with so much resolution. Mr. Herbert was air admirable scholar, and a writer of very decided elegance and originality. He was born in England in 1807, and was the grand son of the Earl Carnaryon. He was educated at Eton and at Caius College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in his 22nd year. He soon after removed to the United States, and from that time until his death, resided in the city of New York and in Newark, New Jersey. He was passionately fond of field sports, and was perhaps the most accomplished huntsman in this country. At any rate, no man has written so many readable, upon the subject of hunting generally. His nomme de plume, FRANK FORRESTER, is known ceedingly entertaining works. The latter contains a full account of the habits and "charac-

a writer of historical romances. His first work was published by the Harpers, and was entitled The Brothers, a Tule of the France. His next was Cromwell, his third was Marmaduke Wuril. and his last was The Roman Traitor a story tou. based upon the conspiracy of Cataline: He has written a large number of stories and tales for Magazines, mostly of a historical character, and singuished uniformly for warmth of coloring and felicity of diction. The style of this lamented author is classical and finished, a certain poetical spirit purvading his sentences. But he will never write another sentence. That brain once so productive has ceased to throb—that heart which was once animal with such high hopes and noble purposes, is

that when Cap'ain Sir Thomas Troubridge, of gentleman has asked for silence, and we forbear the Guards, returned from the Crimea without to pursue the subject any farther. "Alas! poor

Great Men in Southern History.

lished in abolition New England, with candor sult in their being pitched head foremost into error or two in the article which we will here take occassion to correct. The Post places Gen. Harrison's name among the Northern President, he was residing in Ohio, but he was North, but he was not a native. He was born in St. Kitts one of the West India Islands, in the year 1757. So take away the name of this jurist and statesman and of President Harrison, from the records of the North, and the vast pre-emin-

"If we look at the character of those disinguished persons of the nation who may be semed historical, there are names that certainy will live as long in history and in marble in he South as in the North. Yea, there is one Southern name with which there is none to compare, either in the North or in the world. We can speak of the "incomparable Washing-TON," that the Northern colonies were so ready of the revolution worth naming after Washingto have as commander-in-chief of the American forces in the war of the Revolution, and who was unanimously elected the first President of civil heroes were the John Jays, the Fisher the United States of America. Of the fifteen Presidents of the United States, eight of them were Southern men. And where is the Northern man that will not agree with us, that the names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Polk, and Taylor, are quite as illustrious as those of the Adamses, Van Buren, article upon the propriety and necessity of sig- Harrison, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan? If the North has produced a Samuel Adams, Hamilton, a Story, and a Webster, the South LESLIE GILLIAM, who had filled for twelve years has given birth to a Patrick Henry, a Pinkney, a Marshall, a Calhoun, and a Clay. If the North has given to the country more distinguished scholars and authors, the South has yielded more than its share of the most distinguished life, a high character for honesty, frankness, generals, statesmen, and politicians."

Bancroft.

Is the reader familiar with the six volume of Bancroft's History of the United States already published? If so, he must have been impressed with one fact. Abolitionist as he is the superlative extract of Baneroft's work as thus far given to the world, is his description of the Huguenots in South Carolina. Tainted, thoroughly imbued as he is with an utter hatred to the South and its "peculiar institutions" his historical Muse seems capable of pluming herself for a higher and bolder and more sublime flight, whenever she soars over Southern terri tory. The subjoined, from his seventh volume, is an eloquent and impassioned extract, and clearly shows that no where else does he write so well, as in picturing the sublime and sacrifizing and patriotic energy of us dispised Southerners. The extract referred to, concerns us as a people—as North Carolinians:

[From Bancroft's "History of the U. S. Vol VII. Effects of the Day of Lexington and Con-

Darkness closed upon the country and up the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heral on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village: the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the high lands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne north, and south, and east, and west throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud revillee broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle-notes from peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the

responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told one to another the tale. As the summons hurried to the more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis, Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It noved onwards and still onwards through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day" wrote Cornelius Harnett by

Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and dispatched it to Charleston, labor in the earthly Lodge to refreshment in the entertaining and instructive books as he has and through pines and palmettoes and moss- Lodge above, our worthy and well beloved clad live oaks, still further to the south, till it Brother, Leslie Gillian, who died May 29th resounded among the New England settlements 1858, aged 79 years; and as we desire to pay beyond the Savannah. Hillsborough and the the last sad tribute of respect to the memory My shooting Box, The Warwick Woodlands, triumph, now that their wearisom uncertainty and Field Sports of the United States, are exand made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the " lo teristics of the fish, flesh and fowl" peculiar to call" might pass through to the hardy refle-this wide domain of ours. Mr. Herbert has won a fair name besides, as French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed in its in piring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment at Lexing-

With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other 'to be ready for the extreme event."
With one heart the continent cried "Liberty or

The Wilmington Journal.

There is no paper in North Carolina that is days. so uniformly independent in its criticism as the paper which heads this article. We are unacquainted with the Editor, but we must say, that we admire his frankness, his honesty, and now stilled in death. But this fine scholar, and the very decided ability which he invariably

displays. He does not emulate the spirit of Southern-or perhaps Northern-criticism. But he says honestly and calmly and unmistakably on Friday the 21st May 1858: On motion of the exercise of the highest and noblest powers exactly what he thinks. The following extract Dr. Wm. R. Hicks, the following resolutions Even Millow, whose sublime genius on mighty from the Journal is somewhat "down" upon The following is from the Boston Post, and Dr. Hawks. We think the criticism just, if the we are glad that there is even one paper pub- learned speaker was as neglectful as he is represented. You are right Mr. Fulton, in thus and magnanimity enough to tell the plain truth honestly expressing yourself. No intelligent in a matter directly referring to the South. It citizen will think the less of you. "To the is a hopeful sign, but it is not an example that contrary, quite the reverse," as our old acquaintis likely to be imitated by many of the Post's ance Sam Weller phrases it. We at least will contemporaries. We should suppose as truth- stand by you, for we are as long as we are assoful a statement as the extract contains, would ciated with the press, determined to say in a cause the Editors to be ostracised, or would re- plain and fearless way, just what we think about all matters that appertain to literature the sea from the toe of Cape Cod. There is an and literary men. Our paper will not be quite so popular, but it will nevertheless be quite as respectable. It will not suit the taste of an ignorant and flatulent Magazine Editor, nor will men. It is true at the time he was elected it please the notions of a superficial, unlearned, smattering Editor of a literary or political paa native of Virginia. so prolific of Presidents, per. Plus apud nos vera ratio valeat, quam she having contributed no less than six names vulgi opinio. We have a friend who lives on to the list. The Post numbers Hamilton among Tar River who says we puzzle him with our the Northern men. He was a citizen of the "lingo." The above in italics we use for his especial benefit:

"All who heard Dr. Hawks, felt that they were enjoying a rich treat. His enunciation is so distinct—his delivery so perfect that no word or syllable failed of its full force and emphasis, and it was a pleasure to listen to the rich rythm ence of the South in mind and statesman-ship, of his flowing periods. The lecture was eloquwill be the more strikingly exhibited. But to ent and impressive, and fully sustained the Doctor's high reputation. This much we feel it our duty to say, and the

same sense of duty compels us to add, that from much of the tone of the lecture we feel compelled to dissent. We do not have the unbound-

ed admiration for the aristocratic social system of England that Dr. Hawks professed in his lecture. We cannot understand how a gentleman born at the South, addressing a Southern audience, could fail to find one single Statesman ton, who did not hail from the extreme North. But not one did Doctor Hawks name. His Ameses, the Alexander Hamiltons, and the

Death of an Aged and Good Citizen.

John Adamses."

On the afternoon of Thursday last, the oldest and one of the most venerated and respected citizens of Oxford went to sleep forever. CoL. in the traditionary mines, struck a happy and the office of High Sheriff of Granville, with devotion of true enthusiasts, at last resulted in credit to himself and with usefulness to the giving to the world much that is charming and country; who had sustained throughout a long excellent. The gleaners in the grand domains sincerity and worth; who had discharged faithfully all the duties that belong to a good citizen and a Christian gentleman, departed this life in the 79th year of his age. The high estimate in which he was held, was manifested during his last illness, by the constant attendance and unwearied and tender care of very many of our best citizens. All seemed anxious to contribute to his comfort and to ease the bed of sickness. His mortal remains were deposited in their last place of rest by the Masons of Tuscarora Lodge. A very large concourse of citizens -the largest we remember to have ever seen in Oxford on such an occassion, were in attendance, thus exhibiting the high regard they entertained for the patriarch whose body they were arts and sciences, such names as these: She about to commit to the dust of which it was made. The funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas U. Faucett, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this place, of which the deceased had been an active and zealous member for more than twenty seven years.

The deceased leaves two sons (the Hon. R. B. Gilliam, of this place and Dr. James T. Gilliam, of Fayetteville,) and a large circle of Estelle Lewis, E. C. Pinckney and others in friends and relations to mourn his loss. This years since, that Thomas Blount Littlejohn, closed his eyes for the last time, upon the things Gilliam, the friend and associate of these two venerable men, has followed them to that unseen world, where all is harmony, and peace and love They were surely three honest and honorable men, if such noble works are to be found on earth. But more fitting and abler pens will do honor to the memory of the deceased. We could not say less without doing violence to our own feelings. May the recollection of his worth be long cherished among us!

At a meeting of Tuscarora Lodge, No. 122, of Free and Accepted Masons, held at the Masonic Hall in Oxford, N. C., May 21st 1858, the following preamble and resolutions were

unanimously adopted: WHEREAS, in the dispensation of an All-wise and tenevolent Providence, it has pleased the Grand Architect of the Universe to call from him whom we shall no more see on earth, be it

Resolved, That we have heard with deep regret and sorrow the intelligence of the death of our worthy Brother.

and that in him society has lost a most valuable citizen, and the Order an estimable and worthy member, and we a faithful and devoted friend As a Mason, he was pure zealous and faithful and ever devoted to the Order.

with them would mingle our tears to the memory of our departed Brother. Resolved, That the members of this Lodge

attend in the proper uniform at 4 o'clock P. M. the foneral of our Brother. Resolved, That the members of this Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relations of the deceased, and beublished in the Leisure Hour.

R. I. DEVIN, J. H. STRUM, R. W. LASSITER.

At a meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the town of Oxford, held at the Court House were unanimously adopted:

our esteemed fellow citizen Cot. LESLIE GILLIAM has been communicated to us, and feelng it our duty to express our deep sorrow at this sad event, as well as our hearty sympathies old, and blind, and melancholy, sought expreswith his bereaved family, therefore be it

ret of the death of Col. LESLIE GILLEAN our esteemed fellow townsman, a man of unquestioned honesty and high character.

Resolved, That we sympathise with his bereaved family in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That the merchants and business men of the town be requested to close their net requires that some grave and novel thought places of business during the buriel services as should be expressed in lofty and pure language

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the members of the tamily, and published in the Leisure Hour.

R. H. KINGSBURY, Magistrate Police. A. LANDIS, Clerk.

CRITICAL. .

Sonnets; and Other Poems by Paul H. Hayne.

CHARESTON: HARPER & Calvo, 1857.

That the South is gradually awakening from a long deep sleep, and becoming conscious of the necessity of having a literature of her own, must be quite apparent to every observant person. Indifference and inertness have hitherto palsied her limbs. She has been for the m st part willing to be indebted to the North for much of her alimentary food of knowledge, and for much of that entertaining information to be ordinarially found in periodical publications. She has been reposing lazily in the shade as if the busy world of thought were not in full activity elsewhere. But most fortenately, to this there was some exception. She had a few sons -devoted, honest-hearted, noble-thoughted sons, who despite her indifference, determined long years ago, to labor in the rich and unexplored mines of Southern traditionary story, and to glean well the fields, rich in historic events, as all-important, who believe in the vulgar in leaving no part of them fallow. Those working terpretation of the term "inspiration," and to successful vein, which following up with the of history have but just commenced, as it were, their great labors, but from the hardy energy which marks their first efforts, we may expect much that is valuable and imperishable to result one perfect poem of this class has been suffifrom them. Already has the South accomplish ed considerable in the richest departments of learning and imagination, but comparatively she has but commenced her career in the race for immortality-she has but just now "girded up her loins," panting for the contest, a feeling of conscious strength nerving and animating her heart, and a firm, unswerving will urging her on to the achievement of further and greater, and more complete success. She boasts among her sons, children who have distinguished them. her Hart and Barbee in sculpture; her Calhoun in pure, cempact, sinewy robust logic; her Legare in the department of essays; her Clay, Jefferson and many others in Statesmanship; her

selves in the various walks of belles lettres, and all. He very wisely, we think, adopted the has her Washington Allston in painting, and It showed much confidence in his own ability W. Gilmore Simms, John P. Kennedy and John Esten Cook in the flowery field of fiction, her ging in unrestrained flights, for it places upon Edgar Poe, Wilde, Louisa McCorde, Anna the wings of the writer the "heaviest fetters of verse; her Maury and other bright names in is the third one of our most aged citizens, who science, and in the ambitious and potential are of the Sonnet through which to commune with familiarity with versification, a spirit much na of eloquence, those of her children who have the world. He like a skilful workman, first won the palm are almost numberless. But we found out what he was able to do, and he then are not mentioning a fractional portion scarceof this world. A year afterwards, Dr. James ly, of those who have made their mark; to do sible the duties which lay before him. And well knows what his vernacular was made for, so, would require an entire article; suffice it, well as he has written in other poems than his and what he is willing to let the world have, is she has produced authors who have sought fame favorite sonnet, he has no where risen in so very apt to be of excellent flavor and complete. have obtained it. And yet with the many bright altitude as in the "strictest bonds of rhyme and but we shall watch with deep interest his furnames in the past, which she could point to as rule," which are the necessities of this species ther progress, and shall hail with great pleasure "her jewels" as did the mother of the Graechi to her chilbren, still there was a general lethar to give the reader a few samples of our authors we have said, has been the result of a careful gy-a chilling, freezing, indifference, which hung as leaden weights to the pinions of her which we have betowed upon him. The judi- est, and frank expression to our feelings, and sons of genius. But as we said a brighter day cious reader will find that the English of his conscious as we are of his real merits as poet is dawning—a bow of promise is spanding the verse breathes Sounds of the sweetest melody. we feel sure that no one will fail to coincid son of the South, as a North Carolinian, "native months ago, in alluding to our author, "the and to the manor born," that rich fruits-lus- reader, if animated with a true poetic taste and We should have mentioned, that our author has cious in their purpling maturity, may be antici- sympathy, will agree with us that his sonnets pated from the golden promises which hang over are among the best in our language. They re- Sonnets, but we were limited in space, and preour Southern sky. Among those who are strug- mind us of Wordsworth and Mrs. Browning, fered treating him as we have—as one of the gling with zeal, ability, and success in the cause and indicate that his is that to ne of mind that of Southern letters, is PAUL H. HAYNE; perhaps the most successful woer of the Muses that. Whether the prevailing emotion be patriotic we can now lay claim to, especially if we esti enthusiam-devotion to home affections and mate him according to his performances in that home institutions; whether it relates to the throughout this country and his native England. | beyond the Savannan. Introduced the last sad thoughout the memory of our departed Brother, and to call to mind the has principally directed his attention—we mean, influences of beautiful scenery; whether it be peculiar species of poetical writing to which he awful mysteries of life and death, or the tender as a writer of Sonnets. He has done a vast burning judignation at the parsimony of a State deal already, to win for himself a wreath which in refusing to raise a monument to a distinwill not wither in very many years to come, guished Statesman, or whether it be to speak of though he should never add another leaf sleep, "twin-sister of death," be never fails to to it. If reading people were more generally give that unity of feeling, that gradual swell of Resolved, That we deeply deplore his death informed as to the nature of the Sonnet, and gentle harmony-rising, like a summers wave, were consequently more appreciative, we would till it softly breaks into melody in the last line; not hesitate to say, that the wreath which encir- which is the peculiar charm and merit of this value of Lieut Maury's services as an American cles his brow would be perennial and fadeless. most difficult and ungrateful kind of composi- navy officer, towards the advancement of sci-Hence, people being generally very ignorant of tion. And now for our selections. We are at Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with or indifferent to the rare and exquisite beauties a loss which to choose. It were easier to enter his relatives in this the r sad bereavement, and of the Sonnet, we were perhaps prudent in lim- a garden of roses and to pluck the one which iting his fame, based upon what he has thus far gave out the sweetest odor, and to the eye seem. accomplished. But we look forward to other ed most lovely, than to select those particular and still more glorious achievements. The true Sonnets which are best, from out this little vol-

poetic fire is his ;--so also,

are his. He is yet in manhood's early prime, being not yet twenty-seven, we believe-he understands thoroughly the melody and flexibility and litheness of verse; he has learning, and last and noblest and highest of all, he has genius-the genius of a poet

Perhaps the most difficult of all writing is the Sonnet. To write a good Sonnet demands and tireless pinions, soured into the "unshad-WHEREAS, the sad intelligence of the death owed glory" of Heaven's eternal atmosphere, and penetrated the "gloom that veiled the more than the human agonies of the cross," when sion of his feelings in the majestic and severe Resolved, That we have heard with deep re- beauty of the Sonnet, and in the one on his own blindness, gave expression "to doctrines," to quote the laguage of Sir Egerton Brydges. at once so sublime and consolatory, as to gild the gloomy paths of our existence here with a new and singular light." To write a good Sontestimony of respect to the memory of the de- and with extreme elaboration and finish. The poet is bound down to the limit of fourteen lines, and these lines are divided into "four arbitrary parts," and the thoughts should be distinguished as Coleridge says "for their weight, number and expression." Hence very few of our greatest poets have been successful sonneteers. But our author in his lucid and admirable prefrace has stated the difficulties in so very felicitous a manner that we cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph or two. He says:

> For the expression of a single cardinal thought -its elaboration and "flower like unfoldingleaf by leaf,"-human ingenuity could not have invented a system more beautiful and effective. Even its brevity, to which many inconsiderately object, may be viewed as a grace. It necessitates a certain degree of finish and completeness. The faults of the Epic, the Drama, or the Ode, unless particularly conspicuous, are apt to escape our notice; but the contracted limits of the Sonnet preclude the possibility of the slightest artistic error passing undetected. Thus we are anabled to understand why Petrarch spent months even years in the composition of a single Sonnet, why Bembo kept a desk "with forty divisions, through which his Sonnets passed in succession before they were published, at each transition receiving some correction," and why the English Poets, who have gained celebrity in this department of verse, are almost without an exception, known to have been conscientious workers - authors who advocated and practiced the labor limae, shom the "gush of genius" conveys some idea more definite than that of mere alliteration, the

Sonnet can never be a favorite. It is unquestionably an artificial structure. The nicest balance and adjustment of phrases, a fastidious deference to language, and rhythm are essential to guard against epigrammaticism on the one hand, and superfluity on the other, A successful sonnet is among the most unique of imaginative creations In Italy cient to secure for the author permanent reputation, and there is a singular instance in our own literature where the name of a noble Poet, (Edward, Lord Thurlow) has been rescued from unmitigated ridicule by the chance existence among his works of a beau iful Sonnet addressed to a Bird "that haunted the waters of Laken in

We remember no American author who has surpassed Mr. HAYNE as a writer of Sonnets. Indeed with one exception, that of George H. Boken, and he stands immeasuably above them Sonnet as the peculiar vehicle of his thoughts. to thus voluntarily fetter his powers, for the very nature of Sonnet, (its shortness, and the fact that the rhymes are adjused by a particular rule there being two stanzas of four verses each, and two of three each), precluded the idea of induleternal form." We say then, that our author went to work to accomplish in the best way pos glaring defect. Mr. HAYNE is an artist-he "voluntarily moves hermonious numbers."ume, so uniformly excellent and beautiful. The "The elegancy; facility and golden cadence of following Sonnet which the poet Dedicates to his Mother is full of tender harmony and duti-

Faw are the cultured souls these delicate Lays, May to the mood of loftier strains inspire;
Who dares to touch this small elaborate Lyre,
Sings for his own deep heart, not others' praise;
Yet Ove I know in whom the intricate meze

Of these fine numbers hath not wrought

fence,
The instincts of whose quick harmonious sense
Thrill to the subtlest notes quaint Fancy plays:
herefore, whate'er of worthiest melody Dwells in the fairy compass of my song, Mother, and Friend! I dedicate to the irst through they loving lips in youthful days. The Poets wooed me; first, beside thy knee

Caught I the Poet's rapture, pure and strong, And here follows a couple, which are con sected by a predominant key note, and are cortainly extremely beautiful:

Beloved! in this holy hush of night, I know that thou art looking to the South, Thy alabaster brow bathed in the light O tender Heavens, ando'er thy delicate mouth dewy gladness from thy dark eyes shed; O! eloquent eyes that on the evening spread The glory of a radiant world of dreams,

(The inner moonlight of the soul that dims This moonlight of the sense), and o'er thy head Thrown back as listening to a voice of bymas Perchance in thine own spirit, violet gleams From modest flowers that deck the window bars. While the winds sigh, and sing the far-off

streams. And a faint blist seems dropping from the

O! pour thine inmost soul upon the Air, And trust to Heaven the secrets that recline In the sweet nunnery of thy virgin breast; Speak to the winds that wander everywhere,-And sure must wander hither—the divine Contentment, and the infinite, deep rest That sway thy passionate being, and lift high To the calm realm of Love's eternity The passive ocean of thy charmed thought; And tell the Ariel elements to bear The burden of thy whispered heart to me,

By Fairy alchemy of distance wrought To something sacred as a saintly prayer, A spell to set my nobler nature free, The subjoined is very grand; the thoughts

seems to float in waving lines of beauty; The passionate Summer's dead !-- the sky's With roscate flushes of matured desire, The Winds at eve are musical, and low

As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre, ar up among the pillared clouds of fire. Whose pomp of strange procession upwards With gorgeous blazonry of pictured folds To celebrate the Summer's past renown; h me! How regally the Heavens look down

O'er shadowing beautiful autumnal woods, And harvest fields with hoarded increase brown, And deep toned majesty of golden floods, That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,

To swell the purple pomp that floateth by. We give one more specimen and close our selections, with a feeling of regret, for it is impossible to do justice to so true a poet in the circumscribed limits to which we are necessarily bound. Our last is one of the grandest and most majestic poems in our language. You may take Sidney, and Milton and Wordsworth and Drummond and Mrs. Browning and you

will find scarcely anything nobler. O! God! what glorious seasons bless thy world! See ! the tranced Winds are nestling on the

The guardian Heavens unclouded virgil keep O'er the mute Earth; the beach birds wings are furled

Ghost-like and grey, where the dim billows curled Lazily up the sea-strand, sink in sleep, Save when the random fish with lightning

Flashes above them-the far sky's impearled pland, with lines of silvery smoke that gleam Upward from quiet homeste. ds, thin, and slow; The sunset girds me like a gorgeous dream Pregnant with splendors, by whose marvellous

Senses, and soul are flushed to one deep glow, A purple-vestured Mood more grand than words may tell.

We have not endeavored to exercise any ingenuity that we may possess, in picking out a flaw or a defect here and there. It would require a much nicer judgment, a much more acted wisely and well in selecting the medium acutely and finely attuned car, a much greater more imbued with the true poetic element than we can for a moment aspire to, to find any real, spirited a style, nor maintained so steady an ness. We for the present take leave of him, of poetical writing. We will hasten, presently, any new developement of his genius. What performances, which will fully justify any praise study of his writings. We have given an hon-To borrow the language we employed some two with us, whose reading has been directed to the best Sonnet writers in the world.

PERSONAL.

It is reported that the Rev. Dr. Walker will probably resign the Presidency of Harvard University before many months.

Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, and Professor DANIEL READ, of the Wisconsin State University, have been elected as the Western lecturers before the National Teachers' Association, which meets at Cincinnati in August.

The Emperor of Austria has pre-sented to Lieut. Maury the great gold medal for ence and the improvement of navigation.

The Richmond Enquirer says that the cause of the second postponement of Mr. Evererr's tour at the South, was the ill-health of his son in-law, Lieutenaut Henry A. Wise, of the naval service, who is about to sail for Germany on account of his health. Mr. Everett will return to Virginia in the present month.

Colonel Arago, brother of the late famed astronomer, who has been thirty years in the Mexican service, has been conveyed to Vers Cruz a prisoner, and thrown into San Juan de Ulloa. His offence has been, that he was detected in treaty with Echeagaray, in the interests of Zuloaga, to deliver over the castle of Perote, of which he (Arago) has been the governor for many years. governor for many years.