

# The Leisure Hour.

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For the Leisure Hour.  
Flora McDonald.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

Few names upon the scroll of fame  
Are higher placed than thine,  
Fair daughter of the classic land  
Of Nith and Ayr and Tyne—  
For all the radiant virtues which  
In woman's breast unfold,  
In thy romantic history  
Admiring we behold.

Each flower that springs by rock and rill  
Reminds us of thy name—  
Aye, every blossom that unfolds  
Perpetuates thy fame,  
And long as flowers shall bud and bloom,  
And long as birds shall sing,  
Thy name shall be a household word—  
Thy fame a sacred thing.

On Scotia's wild and heathery hills,  
And o'er the ocean blue,  
Wherever noble thoughts are born  
And hearts are warm and true,  
Wherever virtue, fortitude,  
And truth and hope are most,  
Thy name, as it hath ever stood,  
Must stand among the first.

Sweet be thy slumber in the land  
So honored by thy birth—  
While we preserve thy memory  
And emulate thy worth.  
The record of thy faithful heart—  
The legend of thy grace,  
The waves that wash the shores of time  
Can never quite efface.

We copy the following thoughtful, discrimi-  
natory and just critique from the June number  
of *Russell's Magazine*.—Ed.

Wordsworth.

For none of the Poets of modern England  
may we so confidently predict a great rever-  
sionary fame as for Wm. Wordsworth. His  
claims are not yet settled. True, the storm  
of denunciation and scorn which greeted his  
first appearance has died away. But it has  
been succeeded by a species of attack, which  
in being more subtle and logical, is, of course,  
more effective. This, in many instances, has  
been met by a blustering laudation quite as  
unofficial in spirit, and injudicious in assertion  
as were the tirades of Jeffrey, and the "Edin-  
burgh" clique. On one side, we see the man-  
euvering caution of a repulsed, but not utterly  
defeated party, on the other, the haste and  
recklessness which belong to a premature con-  
viction of victory. If either the Critics or the  
Public were content calmly to study the works  
of the Poet whose genius they are so ready to  
discuss, we should soon arrive at satisfactory  
conclusions, but unfortunately, all questions  
connected with Wordsworth and his writings,  
have, from the first, assumed a controversial  
tone, and truth, as usual in these cases, has  
often been sacrificed to the mere pomp and cir-  
cumstance of argument.

Our object at present is not so much to col-  
late the objections, and retort the sneers of  
Wordsworth's detractors, as briefly, and of  
course, most superficially, to glance at the  
characteristics of his genius. To those ultraists  
who refuse to concede that he was a man of  
great and peculiar genius, we do not address  
ourselves. They occupy a position of antag-  
onism which we look upon as equally hopeless  
and irrational. Echoes only of that self-suffi-  
cient criticism with which, during the first quar-  
ter of the present century, the Scotch Review-  
ers dazzled to blindness the public judgment,  
they must soon cease to exercise any influence  
upon thinking men. But to those who, ac-  
knowledging Wordsworth's genius, maintain  
that it was rendered in a great measure ineffic-  
ent by an obstinate adherence to absurd theo-  
retical dicta—who think that his passion for  
Nature was frequently carried to the verge of  
affectation, and that the Poet degenerated at  
times into the mechanical verse-maker—we  
would offer a few suggestions growing naturally  
out of the analysis proposed.

Wordsworth's nature was pre-eminently  
subjective. All his intellectual operations were  
allied to intense self-consciousness. The forms  
and hues of Nature presented themselves to his  
mental eye under every variety of modification,  
resulting from the sway of individual moods.  
So far he resembled Byron, but the individuality  
of the latter was morbid, capricious, unwhole-  
some, and continually running into a vicious  
egotism, whereas the distinctive feature of  
Wordsworth's was, its normal activity, and un-  
sullied freshness of temper.—Hence the breadth  
and universality of his sympathy with the  
material world. It was with a pleasure equally  
intense, however different its springs, that he  
gazed upon the sunset splendor of Ben Nevis  
or the modest beauty of "a prim-rose by the  
river's brink." Stripped of the metaphysical  
obscure which he himself has thrown around  
it, his theory of poetic art is true and noble.  
It is founded upon a belief in the general  
dignity of humanity; in the inherent, ineradic-  
able beauty both of the spiritual and material  
worlds! And if he carried his views to extreme,  
descending, as in some of his Ballads, to what  
was puerile and low, this was but the fanaticism  
of a great Reformer—of one who brought the  
forces of a clear imagination and unequalled  
insight, to carry on, and well nigh to complete

that process of purification, not only in the  
diction, but the essential spirit of Poetry, which  
Cowper, his immediate predecessor, had begun.  
Let it be remembered that for nearly a century,  
that is, from the reign of the popular wits of  
Charles the Second's time, to about a decade  
after the death of Pope, there had grown up,  
and prevailed, what De Quincy aptly calls,  
"a scrofulous taint in our diction," the result,  
we think, of an artificial tone of sentiment which  
originally took its rise from the frivolities of  
Court Society, and the flippant and unstable  
elements of a false convention. This "taint"  
did not confine itself to the "diction" of poetry.  
It gradually spread until its essential spirit be-  
came so weakened, and inane, that poetry which  
is properly synonymous with passion, invention,  
originality, and the boldest imagination, took  
the form of *Della Cruscaism*. We ask our-  
selves how it is possible that the country which  
produced Ben Jonson, and Marlowe, should not  
only have produced, but tolerated such versifiers  
as Mr. Hayley? But it did tolerate, and to a  
certain extent, admire them. Unnatural im-  
agery, excruciating sentiment, imbecile com-  
monplace delivered between a yawn and a convul-  
sion, were the characteristics of the Poets who  
affected to belong to a "guild" of which the  
manly, clear-toned Chaucer was the Father, and  
Wm. Cowper the only (legitimate) living rep-  
resentative! They loudly proclaimed that  
Pope was their Master, and yet we examine  
their works vainly to discover a single trace  
of his profound common sense, his penetrative  
wit, his vigorous, though conventional system  
of Art. In a word, the poetry of England was  
rapidly degenerating into the drivell of dotage.  
Fortunately, about this time, the greatest Revo-  
lution which has ever shaken the institutions  
of modern society to their foundation, intro-  
duced new elements of thought and speculation  
not only into the politics, but the literature of  
Europe.—The old order of things passed away  
in flame and tumult, and society, no less than  
philosophy, appeared to be re-created upon a  
wholly novel basis.

The influence of the French Revolution upon  
the government, the law, the literature, the en-  
tire mode of thinking in Great Britain, cannot,  
even now, be adequately estimated. But, it  
was immense, and all-pervading. Another  
agent, specially affecting poetry and its votaries,  
became simultaneously active. We refer to  
the revival of "what is vaguely called the  
*transcendental philosophy*." "Between the French  
Revolution," says an acute writer on this sub-  
ject, "which was the child of French Atheism,  
and this philosophy, which reacted against it,  
there seems, on the first glance, to be little  
connection; yet, no one can examine the poetry  
of the time, without perceiving that these two  
influences almost interpenetrate each other  
in their effect upon the national mind. They  
are seen in all high imaginative literature which  
at all reflects the spirit of the age."

Upon none of the Poets of the nineteenth  
century did the causes, to which we have allu-  
ded, work so powerfully as upon Wm. Words-  
worth. The utter defeat of his hopes—at first  
passionately nourished—that the consummation  
of the great movement across the channel,  
would result in ameliorating the condition of  
man everywhere, only led to the more com-  
plete development of the spiritual forces of his  
nature.

He came early to look upon POETRY as a  
more subtle and permanent reformer than any  
material agencies, however imposing and power-  
ful. And he seems to have thought that its in-  
fluence might be so directed, as to act with  
*universal efficiency*. *Everything*, Wordsworth  
argued, has its poetical or imaginative side,  
and there is no human soul destitute of some chord  
of feeling which will not give forth music, if  
touched by the hand of the true Diviner! Who  
will deny that these are grand and wholesome  
truths, elevating to the Poet, and doubly elevat-  
ing to humanity? It was not in his *creed* that  
Wordsworth failed, but in his *application* of  
the *creed*. He brought a general truth, and the  
positive formula expressing it, together, and  
instead of acting in accordance with the former,  
he set out to demonstrate the literal applica-  
bility and truth of the latter! When a man  
has said that "everything has its poetical side,"  
he certainly does not commit himself to the task  
of proving that there is a hidden imaginative  
significance in the prongs of a roasting-fork, in  
a battered garden-wheelbarrow, or in the tattered  
breaches of some dirty sheep-boy! Such,  
however, is the precise obligation which Words-  
worth virtually admitted, and hence the prepara-  
tion of those dreary Ballads and nursery  
rhymes, (for they are no better,) which were  
hailed with such shouts of derision by Jeffrey,  
and his critical compeers! This, as we said  
before, was but the fanaticism of the Reformer.  
Let us study the works which really represent  
him, and analyze the impression they produce.  
In our own case—and we claim to speak the  
sentiments of a large class of careful readers—  
this impression may be thus summed up:  
Wordsworth is pre-eminently the Interpreter of  
the Spirit, not in its passion and activities, but  
its serene contemplation, and holy trust, through  
the medium of natural forms which above all  
other recent Poets, he possesses the genius to  
invest with the loftiest spiritual meanings. Ho

is the High Priest of Nature. He stands amid  
the sublimities of "God's revelation of the  
universe," and with a deep sense of the sacred-  
ness of his mission, delivers his oracles to man-  
kind!

Nothing which God's hand has touched, and  
formed, and which has not been mutilated by  
the malignity of man, appears to him low, or  
mean. The Universe is a grand hieroglyphical  
book, and by fervent contemplation, he has  
learned to decipher it. His poetry ministers to  
the aspiration for "a more ample greatness and  
exact goodness," by transporting us to the  
very brink of the fountain of what is great and  
good. If in his less exalted moods, he dwells  
too minutely upon things which are deemed trivial,  
let us remember that he is the chief worshipper  
in a temple, to which we have been admitted, as  
it were, only in the capacity of spectators, and  
that the humblest flower whose cup bears the  
incense of the dew, is as dear to him as that  
gorgeous "City in the clouds," which in the  
very flush and pomp of his inspiration he thus  
impressively describes:

"The appearance instantaneously disclosed  
Was of a mighty City—boldly say  
A wilderness of building sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth  
Far sinking into splendor—without end!  
Fabric it seemed of diamond, and of gold,  
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
Uplifted, here, serene pavilions bright,  
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt  
With battlements on their restless fronts  
Bore stars."

Elsewhere, he speaks of having found in  
Nature,

"A Presence that disturbs him with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion, and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things—all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things."

Now, as one of Wordsworth's profoundest  
critics has remarked, "in this sense of something  
far more deeply interfused," in the feeling that  
behind the forms and hues, and sounds of the  
material universe, there is something more than  
meets the external senses, something which de-  
fies analysis, undefined, and ineffable, which  
must be felt and perceived by the soul—in this  
instinctive *spiritualism*, mingled with the mildest  
and sweetest humanity, we see the influence  
and acknowledge the power of Wordsworth."  
Indeed, he may be said to have inaugurated a  
new era in philosophy as well as in poetry. The  
disposition "to look beneath the forms to the  
spirit, not only of Nature, but of institutions,  
and modes of faith, is now everywhere observ-  
able." We do not pretend to affirm that this  
spirit would not have manifested itself, had  
Wordsworth never lived, but we say that he  
contributed in a large measure to give it motion  
and intensity.

When our Poet leaves Nature to mingle  
among men, and to discuss the themes connect-  
ed with the life of society, he brings the hale  
vigor, and the keen sharp clearness of the  
mountain atmosphere with him. Look at the  
SONNETS dedicated to LIBERTY! They are the  
indignant utterances of a man who accustomed  
himself to the largest freedom of thought, and  
action, regards the enslavement of subjugated  
or dependent nations with an amazement, at  
first akin to pity, but soon intensified into con-  
tempt. The notes with which he would arouse  
them to the assertion of their violated rights,  
ring clear as the sound of silver trumpets, stirring  
the blood into burning and rebellious turmoil!

It is as if some old Roman of the age of  
the first Brutus should re-appear in all the strength  
of his will, and the dignity of his unflinching  
manhood in the midst of his degenerate coun-  
trymen. Astonishment gives place to indignation,  
indignation to a sudden, mighty call to  
battle! We may imagine that in the case of  
the Roman, the discovery that his call was un-  
heeded, would strike him with a sort of anni-  
hilating shame. He would sink into the im-  
potence of despair! Not so with the Poet. His  
summons is for all time. Nations may decay,  
but Liberty is immortal. And so, when he en-  
counters a People unworthy of her inestimable  
boon, the poet invokes, not her absence, but  
her departure. If however the faith in Freedom  
is not dead, but sleeping, are not the bugle  
bursts of patriot-music which peal through  
many of these SONNETS to LIBERTY, calculated  
to re-awaken and re-animate it?

Were we to lose the "Excursion," and every  
other work dramatic, and lyrical, which emanat-  
ed from the genius of Wordsworth, his *Sonnets*,  
(and especially those to Liberty,) would form  
an imperishable monument to his fame. We  
begin this paper by remarking that his claims  
in several respects were not as yet completely  
settled. Let us qualify it now by saying that  
we refer solely to *America*. In Great Britain  
the reputation of Wordsworth is hardly open to  
cavil or question! But even there, it is daily  
accumulating the materials of consistency and  
strength. How could it be otherwise? For  
half a century he labored in "the full assurance  
that his works would be unpopular, and in the  
full assurance that they would be immortal." Did  
the Poet deceive himself? We cannot think so.  
"As we pause," to borrow the elo-

quent language of the critic before quoted: "as  
we pause thoughtfully before some of the ma-  
jestic fabrics of his genius, they seem to wear  
the look of Eternity. And when we consider  
the vast depth of delight we owe him, the new  
inspiration he poured into poetry, and his deliv-  
ery of it from the bondage of a hundred and fifty  
years; when we think of the consecrations he  
has shed on our present existence, and the  
splendor of the vistas he has opened beyond the  
grave—his desire to bring the harsh domains of  
the ACTUAL in closer vicinity to the sunny land  
of the IDEAL, his kindling strains for freedom  
and right, his warm sympathy with all that  
elevates and ennobles our being, and the way  
he has displayed over its holiest and tenderest  
affections, and the many images of beauty and  
grace with which he has brightened our daily  
life; when we consider these, his faults and  
errors seem to dwindle into absolute insignif-  
icance; reverence and love leap to our lips, and  
warm from the heart and brain springs the  
benison—

"Blessings be on Him, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares!"

Selections from the Works of the old  
English Authors.

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

I.  
"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a flying;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow may be dying!"

II.  
The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting!"

III.  
That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former!"

IV.  
Then he not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry!  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may forever tarry."

HERRICK.  
"THE CAPTIVE BEE, OR THE LITTLE FLYCHER."  
As Julia once a slumbering lay,  
It chanced a bee did fly that way,  
After a dew, or dew-like shower,  
To tinkle freely in a flower;  
For some rich flower he took the lip  
Of Julia, and began to sip;  
But when he felt he suck'd it from thence  
Honey, and in the quintessence,  
He drank so much he scarce could stir;  
So Julia took the puffer:  
And thus surprised, as flychers use,  
He thus began himself to excuse:  
Sweet lady-flower! I never brought  
Hither the least one thieving thought;  
But taking those rare lips of yours  
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,  
I thought I might there take a taste,  
Where so much syrup ran at waste:  
Besides, know this, I never sting  
The flower that gives me nourishing;  
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay  
For honey that I bear away.  
This said, he laid his little scrip  
Of honey fore her ladyship;  
And told her, as some tears did fall  
That, that he took, and that was all.  
At which she smiled; and bade him go  
And take his bag; but thus much know  
When next he came a piffing so,  
He should find from her full lips derive  
Honey enough to fill his hive."

HERRICK.

The first Governor of North Carolina.

BY SEATON GALES.

Wm. Drummond was appointed by Sir Wm.  
Berkely, Governor of the county of Alber-  
marle, in the Province of Carolina, in the Sep-  
tember following the settlement of Durant's  
Neck, (the oldest in the State,) which event  
took place in April 1693. He was an emigrant  
to Virginia from Scotland, and, judging from  
the scattering and vague descriptions we have  
of him, seems even in that dark age, when the  
usurping disposition of the Stuart family in-  
fected even the New World with its fatal mias-  
ma, to have cherished within his bosom the germ  
of an independent spirit. Bancroft remarks of  
him, that "that he was a Presbyterian, a man  
of prudence and sagacity, and deeply imbued  
with the passion of popular liberty."—and Camp-  
bell terms him "a sedate Scotch gentleman, of  
estimable character." The circumstances under  
which he entered upon his administration are  
peculiarly worthy of note. The Constitutions  
of Shaftsbury and Lovke had just been devised;  
the people were immersed, completely lost sight  
of, amid the prerogative of landed proprietors  
and the titled nobility; trial by jury was but a  
nominal concession, and "popular enfranchis-  
ement was made an impossibility." How gloomy  
then the era—how utterly unpropitious the age  
to the development of principles such as Drum-  
mond entertained! And here we may consider  
that it cannot fail of proving a source of benefit  
and of pleasure, to trace a retrospect of the be-  
ginnings of any country. Reflection gratefully  
springs from the contemplation—man feels his  
ideas regarding his capacity for self-government  
enlarged, after the analysis and contrast.—  
History, you know, has been defined to be  
philosophy teaching by example, and the de-  
finition is a most correct one, for a proper  
study of the past is the only road to future

improvement. But we are digressing from the  
thread of our narrative.

Nothing explicit is handed down to us of the  
acts of Governor Drummond's authority, and  
we are consequently compelled to leave a blank  
of the interval that transpired between his in-  
stallation as governor and the period when we  
again recognize him no longer as governor, but  
as an active, ardent, and enthusiastic partici-  
pator in Bacon's celebrated rebellion in Virginia.  
Secret causes had been long co-operating to  
produce an explosion, which was to burst with  
terrific and unexpected violence upon the heads  
of Berkely and his official compeers. The con-  
stitution had been vehemently rejected by the  
people, the onerous taxation imposed upon  
the people resisted, the arrogance of the nobil-  
ity contemned—matters were approaching a  
crisis. Drummond was one of the main springs,  
which directed every movement of the insur-  
gent party. Naturally imbued, as we have said,  
with a loftiness of purpose, he "knew his  
rights, and, knowing, dared maintain them."—  
Deeply prejudiced against the assumptions of  
royalty, he was ever ready and anxious to im-  
pede the progress of its rising innovations. His  
actions were prompted by no cold, sordid, cal-  
culating spirit of ultimate personal advantage  
—rather, by that pure, disinterested, active  
philanthropy, which would sacrifice selfish con-  
siderations upon the sullied altar of the com-  
mon good. He kindled with his own hands the  
devouring element that was to consume to ashes  
of the home of his joy, that it might not afford  
shelter and protection to them who were wick-  
edly warring against the rights of us all.—In-  
deed, his whole career forms one of those anom-  
alous, in human existence, when every day is  
fraught with teeming wonders and strange de-  
signs. It is "an o'er-true tale," full of the  
startling romance of reality, the daring of hero-  
ism, and the vicissitude of fortune. And, as there  
can be no story, at the present day, calculated  
to allure the popular sense, unless some fair  
heroine is a conspicuous character, so, in this  
instance can the prevailing appetite be gratified.  
The annals of chivalry, may be ransacked, and  
there can be found no display of female pride  
and independence superior to that which man-  
ifested itself in Sarah Drummond, the wife of  
our first governor. Warmly espousing the  
cause of her husband, she exhibited an unwar-  
ring constancy of purpose, and affectionate  
regard for her "liege lord," as admirable in  
herself as it was creditable to her sex. She  
was emphatically one of those,

With devotion as humble as that which brings  
To his idols the Indian's offerings;  
Yet proud as that which the priestess feels,  
When she nurses the flame at the shrine where  
she kneels.

In every scene of that violent commotion,  
Drummond was a zealous actor—in every phase  
of its agitation, he was the genius who "rode  
on the whirlwind and directed the storm."—  
All are acquainted with the issue of that rebel-  
lion. But Governor Drummond's life was de-  
signed to meet with an ignominious termina-  
tion. After the close of the rebellion, he was ap-  
prehended and brought before Berkely, who, in  
the language of lacerated pride bade him wel-  
come to death. The patriot proudly avowed the  
part he had acted—was tried at one o'clock on  
the twelfth of May, 1679, and hung at four  
o'clock on the same day. Thus, this brave and  
extraordinary man breathed his last in mid-air  
suspended. Shameful and unmerited fate of a  
wonderful man! The tyrant Berkely was so  
far-like odious Caligula of old, inasmuch as by  
a single blow he cut off the hopes of a large  
majority of the Ancient Dominion.

Such is an epitome of what is known of Gov-  
ernor Drummond. As will be observed the sketch  
is necessarily very imperfect—so contracted is our  
knowledge of the early history of the common-  
wealth. Those who are better versed in our  
fasti, can supply deficiencies—while to those  
unacquainted altogether with this subject, this  
incomplete outline may convey somewhat of  
interest. Yet, though his name is so indis-  
tinguishedly impressed upon the historic page, there  
remains one memento of him, stamped by Na-  
ture's hand, which even the hard hand of time  
cannot obliterate. There is a beautiful lake in  
the Dismal Swamp—beautiful in contrast with  
the drear, dark scenery that environs it—which  
yet boasts his name. It is the same romantic  
lakelet which forms the theme of one of Moore's  
most chaste and affecting poems, which we  
subjoin. The subject of the poem is as fol-  
lows:—They tell of a young man who lost his  
mind on the death of a girl he loved, and  
who, suddenly disappearing from his friends,  
was never heard of afterwards. As he had  
frequently said, in his ravings, that she was not  
dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is sup-  
posed he had wandered into that dreary wilder-  
ness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in  
some of its dreadful morasses.

They made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true;  
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp  
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
She paddles her white canoe.

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
And her paddle I soon shall hear;  
Long and loving her life shall be,  
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
When the footstep of death is heard!

Away to the Dismal Swamy he speeds—  
His path was rugged and sore;  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before.

And when on earth he sank to sleep,  
If slumber his eyelids knew,  
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep  
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stir'd the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear;  
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear!"

He saw on the lake, a meteor bright  
Quick over its surface play—  
"W'atome," he said, "my dear one's light!"  
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,  
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark;  
Which carried him off from the shore;  
For he followed the meteor spark;  
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,  
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
This lover and maid so true  
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,  
To cross the lake with a fire-fly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe!

Immortalized as is this clear lake by this  
heart-affecting association, it is doubly so in  
retaining the honored name of North Carolina's  
first Governor. A polished mirror, it will ever  
reflect his fame in rays as bright as the dew-  
drops that weep on its own crystal bosom; and  
long after quarto and folio shall have been can-  
cered by the consuming worm, will that still  
water murmur gentle cadence in echo to the as-  
sociations of the past.

For the Leisure Hour.

Commencement Exercises.

This communication was received last week,  
but too late for publication. It affords us  
pleasure to now insert it, for we know from the  
critical taste and ability of the author, that he  
but speaks justly, although his account of the  
proceedings to those not in attendance, might  
appear somewhat *color de rose*.—Ed.

Mr. Editor:—During the past week our  
town has been more than usually alive with  
entertainment. I do not remember to have  
been more pleased on any similar occasion, than  
while attending the closing exercises of the  
last Session of the Oxford Female College. On  
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, a large  
and attentive audience was in attendance at the  
College Chapel to hear read the compositions  
of the young ladies. Many of the productions  
would have reflected credit upon scholars of  
far riper years. I have ever regarded good  
reading as one of the highest accomplishments  
of an educated young lady, and one which, by  
too many, we regret to say, is shamefully neg-  
lected. To this branch of instruction I would  
suppose that special care had been given, were  
I not assured by the chaste and ornate style  
together with the extensive information and  
thorough scholarship which was evinced in each  
composition, that equal care had been bestowed  
on the solid as on the ornamental branches. I  
would like to speak more particularly of some  
which impressed me as being very superior; but,  
forbear to make distinctions. I therefore men-  
tion only two, simply because the one was the  
first and the other the last that we heard read.  
The first, on "Children's Rights," was read by  
Miss E. A. Cooper, of Oxford, a little girl hardly  
higher than the table at which she stood. It  
was both piquant and amusing. The other on  
"Leaves," was read by Miss J. E. Ellis, of  
Johnson county. The subject was treated in a  
scientific manner, showing the excellence and  
beauty of the Creator's works as manifested in  
the vegetable department of Nature. It was  
handled with an ease and familiarity, which,  
themselves would have proved the fair authen-  
tices to have been thoroughly conversant with  
the various branches of Natural Science.

On Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, the Olio  
Society was addressed by Rev. W. M. Wingate.  
The address, we learn, will be published. To  
those who were present at its delivery, or to  
those who have otherwise become acquainted  
with the ability of this gentleman, it is a need-  
less task for me to say anything. Those, how-  
ever, who were not present, I advise to procure  
a copy of the address as early as published,  
and give it an attentive perusal. The subject,  
"Self Culture," I think was happily chosen,  
and the large and intelligent audience seemed  
charmed and delighted with the lucid, eloquent  
and masterly style with which the speaker trav-  
ersed the field of metaphysics, and impressed  
upon his fair hearers the responsibility which  
devolved upon themselves, of cultivating the will  
the reason, the imagination, and the conscience.

At 8 o'clock, P. M., the sermon to the Gradu-  
ating Class was preached by the Rev. Thomas  
E. Skinner. His text, taken from the 6th chap.  
11th verse of Nehemiah—"I will not go in,"  
afforded a fruitful and interesting theme for the  
occasion and the ability and eloquence with  
which it was developed, and the importance  
enforced, of firmness of purpose, and integrity  
of character, as illustrated in the person of the  
brave old prophet, was highly interesting and  
instructive to all; but was calculated despi-