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a bittebut and family news journal.

T. B. KINGSBURY, Editor. F K. STROTHER, Proprieter.

OXFORD, N. C. MAY 13, 1858.

VOL. 1_NO. 14.

This rare but exquisite poem is from the per of that genial man, now dead, Horace Smith. It is one of the most universally admired poems in our language.-Ep.

Hymn to the Flowers.

Day stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation, And dew drops on her lonely altars sprinkle As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye, Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics !! that with storied beauty, The floor of Nathre's temple tesselate, What numerous emblems of instructive duty Your forms create!

Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth And tolls its perfume on the passing air, Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and Attest the feebleness of mortal hand, But to that fane, most catholic and solemn, Which God hath planned:

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder, Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon

Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander Through the green aisles, or stretched upon Awed by the silence, reverently ponder

The ways of God, Your voiceless lips, O Flowers ! are living Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,

Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor "Weep without woe, and blush without O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory, Arrayed," the lilies cry-"in robes like ours How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory Are human flowers !"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist! With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread

What a delightful lesson thou impartest Of love to all I

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and

From every source your sanction bids me treasure Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary For such a world of thought could furnish

Each fading calyx a memento mori, Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection ! Ufraised from seed or bulb in erred in earth Ye are to me a type of resurrection,

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining, Far from all voice of teachers and divines, My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordain

Priests, sermons, shrines!

"ONE TOO MANY." A TALE OF THE EQUINOX.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE,

CONCLUDED.

Just then a strange grating sound, succeeded by several violent thumps against the side of tion. The thumping seemed to proceed from some solid body-possibly the trunk of a tree uprooted by the gale, or a fragment of broken

I stepped to the window, and carefully pushed back the shutter. The room we now occupled was, as intimated before, in the least exposed quarter of the building, so that I was enabled, by the exercise of the necessary cauhad hitherto been possible, the condition of things without. The sea was still rising rapidly, but the portion below me, somewhat sheltered from the action of the wind, presented a comparatively calm appearance. The sky had considerably lightened, and the influence of the moon's rays, still struggling and imperfect, imparted to the objects around a duil and ghastly vitality. By the aid of its partial gleams I saw directly beneath the window-sill a small skiff. very sharp in the bows, which had become entangled by some means with the lightning rod, and produced the grating and thumping sounds previously referred to. My heart leaped up at the sight. Here, at last, was a chance of escape-alight, indeed, but definite, and immediately all my constitutional energy and hopefulness revived. The little craft was evidently minjured; she floated with the buoyancy of a bird, and, what was yet more encouraging, I perceived that neither of her oars (she was a two-oared boat) had been washed away.

with the window, I seized a portion of loose rope which had somehow formed a running knot about the lightning rod, and by which and death struggle-which was close at hand. alone she was detained, wound it firmly around I cannot dwell upon the horrid particulars of one of the low rafters in the roof, and then proceeded to assist Julia and Col. Richardson into here. We were not a whit too hasty. The sea, for several minutes past, had been rushing dying throes of the tempest, I grappled with in irregular streams from the front entrance, and the whole party, excepting Julia, whom we had enthroned upon a pile of chairs placed crosswise against the walls, were waist deep in water.

at the same moment. The storm had perceptibly moderated. The solid mass of cloud disruptured, and broken into gigantic fragments, rolled heavily down towards the west. But the same ghostly light enveloped the scene, and like a mighty shroud hung over the face of

Col. Richardson took the helm, whilst I and the Italian assumed each an oar. I severed the rope, and we swung slowly out into the open

We had rowed scarcely fifty yards from the lated both as to the strength of the boat and were in the 'midst of what is called a "chopp-

the one I had undertaken to manage, knocking did not oppress me, me senseless across the thwarts.

state of unconsciousness, for upon recovery, never suspected) had past, we were married, the last vestige of land had disappeared, and the boat was laboring far out upon the ocean. Both wind and waves had astonishingly calmed heard me speak. There, I spent one year of time-generals, statesmen, philosophers, poets. down, and a sickly glimmer eastward proved the purest happiness ever granted by heaven to There is the brave and handsome Cimon, whom the approach of morning. Our poor craft was a mortal. But, suddenly, from the serene sky his impulsive countrymen have just recalled a third full of water, and seemed to be in imminent danger of foundering.

Having noted these things, I glanced towards branch. Physically, my wife seemed to have my companions. Julia, in a fainting condition, reclined in the stern; Col. Richardson and the Italian were busily bailing with their hats. As | but the mind had been fatally stricken. Upon soon as my eye fell upon them, I was struck by something peculiar in Buonarotti's motions. While with one hand he continued bailing with | ance. frantic haste, he fumbled with the other in the folds of his coat, as if seeking something for which there was instant need.

Thus occupied, he approached Coi. Richardson, whose back was turned, lifted his arm rapidly, and struck the old man a fierce blow in the side. The victim fell overboard with a slight grean, rose once more to the surface, presenting a countenance contorted by the death agony, and then disappeared forever, a few dark bubbles on the face of the sea showing where the corpse had sank. The deed was done with the quiet skill and celerity of the practiced Bravo. Julia, thank heaven! saw it not. Under the pressure of terror and fatigue, she had become wholly insensible. The cold sweat broke out upon me, and I shuddered in every limb upon witnessing this atrocious murder. But no leisure was granted me to deplore the fate of another. The villain turned slowly round, and seeing that I was not dead, stared at first in blank amazement, and then, with the same malignant smile which I had once before observed upon his features, deliberately advanced to the boat's bow, where, almost | left you still-your daughter-" helpless from the blow of the oar. I could with the house recalled me to a sense of our posi- difficulty support myself by clinging to a seat me, with a strange smile, "she is a comfort

> paused about half way between Julia and my- eighteen months. The truth is-it is very looking me all the while full in the face:

> the Colonel, (self-sacrificing man the Colonel!) -let us talk of something else." left the boat for our benefit. He was a gentle man of weight, you know-carried a hundred and ninety pounds at least, and although we to wean Brantly, if possible, from his dark may regret his absence, the boat, you see, does thoughts, and the moody solitude of his prenot. Why, the little creature is quite jolly sent mode of life. since he took leave of her. But there's some extra weight in her still; more than we need for ballast: the fact is, my dear friend, our force is too strong-we are ONE-JUST ONE TOO

Presuming upon my perfect helplessness, the fiend proceeded in the same vein of diabolical sarcasm, to comment upon the superior chances had been disposed of-congratulated me upon the opportunity which was offered to display my devotion, and heroism in the cause of loves and concluded by promising to write my epitaph, and to take the best possible care of la bella Signora, for whom it appeared to him that I entertained a manly passion! But God strengthened me in that hour of trial. A fiery When the tide had lifted her nearly to a level a penetrating cordial, invigorated the will, en-

ergized the relaxed sinews, and braced up the whole system for the terrific contest-the life the strife, but there in the dull gray dawn, on the foothold of a sinking skiff, alone on a waste of sea yet swollen and tumultuous, from the the murderer, his hot breath upon my brow, and his great wolfish eyes glaring into mine with the glare of hell. Twice I felt the cold steel cut into my flesh, and twice the arms of the foe, lithe and sinewy, were twined round Buonarotti and myself stepped into the skiff me in a deadly embrace, but I conquered-conquered in might of a holy fury, for the air was thick with the old man's blood, and the one groan he uttered in falling pleaded trumpettongued for retribution. I conquered-and as the wretch, riddled with wounds from his own poniard, followed his victim to the deep, another ghastly face looked out upon me from the leaden waters, and the prophecy of the phan- are covered with gayly-decked vessels from the

tom-mirror was fulfilled, tell me that we were rescued by a homeward bound merchantman, and brought in the next house before I felt that I had utterly miscalcu- day to C-. We had both been taken on board-insensible, and for many days Julia's life the degree of subsidence in the gale. We was despaired of. During this period she wandered in delirium, or relapsed into condiing sea," and already the skiff had sprung a- tions of appalling weakness. But the resiliency leak. She could not loug live in such a sea -of of youth triumphed, and when next we met, although her step was unelastic, and her look However, it was our last chance, and so I languid, her glorious beauty was not dimmed. worked away with a will, and Buonarotti, Her eyes, large, brilliant, and expressive as though an unskillful oarsman, did the same. before, shone with even an intenser light, All at once, the wind veered suddenly, and There was something, however, about her sharply round; Col. Richardson lost for an in- whole appearance and manner which created stant the command of the rudder, and both the within me undefined apprehensions. But in oars were whirled out of our hands, the shaft of the sunshine of our mutual love and hope they

When the allotted period of mourning for I must have remained for some time in a her father (the manner of whose death she and soon after I removed to that delightful home among the mountains of which you have of our joy, there fell a bolt which struck our household peace, and withered it root and wholly recovered from the illness engendered by the horrors and the exposure of the storm, the birth of her daughter, the seeds of the latent disease blossomed into dreadful luxuri-

translated her to that country where, we are told, "love becomes immortal," I might for a while-have murmured and repined, but the conviction that to her had come "that peace of God which passeth all understanding," would gradually have subdued me to resignation and the quiet of a sacred trust,

Brantly paused, and then broke forth wildly: to yourself the desolation of a wretch who, in is the chief object of Phidias in that city. There the moment of his greatest security, sees his bliss shattered, annihilated-cast like ashes upon the winds! who is forced to behold a being dearer to him than health, youth, life, his in eager conversation with a young man about second and purer self fall from the heights of a manuscript which he carries in his hand, and reason into such abysses of distorting madness, which the latter intends to read at the approachthat he dares not look upon the change. They ing festival. That manuscript is the first fasay that the Deity is merciful-merciful-thet mous Grecian history which has been written, we only pay the penalty of sin. I have been wild, and wicked, and disobedient, I know, but, oh! God! do I deserve this ?"

It was now my duty to soothe him. I at tempted to do so: "There is some consolation

"Yes! my daughter!" he said, interrupting truly! and yet she has not crossed the thresh-There could be no mistaking his intent. He old of this house for-let me see-aye! for self, and spoke in a peculiarly low, sweet voice, natural, I do not blame her-she prefers her mother's society. They live together in a cer-"Well! my excellent friend, what do you tain charming public establishment-no matter think of our chances now? Slim! are they where and I have no doubt are very comfortnot? but improved, certainly improved, since able and happy. But, Philip, I am boring you

> I was inexpressibly shocked, and could not trust myself to reply. However, I determined

The experiment was tried, but failed utterly. which it is the province of the psychologist to explain, Brantly had sought the scene, above memories-had purchased and re-built the son, and there, year after year, continues to

more alienated from the world.

I finally abandoned him to his sortow, which depths of that we into which our poor humanity | bration. The wrestler has thrice thrown his tailor.

lish philosopher:-" Death we CAN face, but, knowing as some of us do what is human life, which of us is it that without shuddering could (if consciously he were summoned) face the hour

Students in History. HERODITUS.

The summer sun beats down on the towers and domes of Peloponnesian Elis, and from that city heralds have gone forth to proclaim a sacred truce throughout Greece during the cele- himself. bration of the Olympic games. Soon every approach to the capital is thronged with men eager for the spectacle. The warlike Macedonian, the rugged Thessalian, the dull Boeotian, the stately Athenian, the peaceful Arcadian, and the keen-witted Spartan, have alike one common object. The Ægean and Ionian seas many islands of Greece. Lemnos, darkened What transpired after this, I know not. They by the huge shadow of Mount Athos, sends up its representatives, on whose false hearts a still darker shadow rests. Chios, not unmindful of that blind old man who, more than four hundred years before, had left its rocky shores to sing of the siege of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses, appoints debuties well skilled in commemorating the noble deeds of noble men. Naxos, whose purple grapes the rich Athenian loves, and whose strength the Persian felt at the battle of Platea, has trained a study race who can as easily win a chaplet as trend a winepress. Paros has bidden its sculptors make ready their blocks and chisels, for the victors will have their statues of no other marble than that which is hewn from their quarries, which is of so white a hue and so close a grain.-Whilst the bowmen and singers of Crete, the dyers of Cythera, the inhospitable Ithacan, and the sea-faring Coreyrian, bend their sails to the sacred city of Olympia.

those that have made themselves a name for all from that banishment to which their ingratitude had hurried him. He is tall and majestic, and his hair falls in clustering curls upon his shoulders. By his side, and no longer at enmity with him, is Pericles, distinguished by a vigorous frame, grave aspect, and simple costume. His head, carefully covered, is of unusual length and the comic poets, in allusion to this defect style him onion-headed. That venerable look-Ah! my friend, had she died-had the angels | iug man, a few paces from him, is Anaxagoras, who, poor and friendless, has had to remind his former pupil that those who have need of a lamp must take care to supply it with oil.-Near the philosopher is a sculptor whom Pericles has befriended, and whose works are of wonderful merit; for all Greece has admired the ivory and gold statue of Jupiter which stands in the temple of that deity at Olympia "Think of it, Philip! think of it? Picture and to compare this with his last masterpiece too, is one of noble bearing, in the prime of manhood, the greatest tragic poet then living the wise and accomplished Sophocles. He is and that young man is Herodotus.

He is about twenty-eight years of age, and was born at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, B. C. 484. The name of his father is Lyxes; of his mother, Dyro; and he had an uncle who possessed of considerable poetical powers, named Panvasis, but who was cruelly put to death by Lygdamis, the tyrant of Halicarnassus. At the age of twenty-five, Herodotus leaves the home of his fathers and the study of his favorite authors, Homer, Hesiod, Simonides, and Æschylus, for the observation of men and manners in other countries. He travels in Scythia, where he hears strange stories of goat-footed men, of men who slept six months at a time, who fed on serpents and screached like bats; into Egypt, and measures two of the pyramids, inquires concerning the course of the Nile, and sees the sacred crocodiles, with their crystal and gold ear-rings and bracelets on their fore-paws. He Herodotus' fame is won. also visits Syria and Palestine, the northern parts of Africa, Ebatana, and Babylon. After other triumphs he acchieved, what other couna while, however, he gets tired of a wanderer's tries he visited-little is recorded. We know, Under the influence of a painful fascination, life, and his heart yearns towards his native however, that he traveled through the Grecian place. But Lygdamis still lives. The lover of provinces for the purpose of improving his liberty cannot breathe the same air as the op- great work; that he again recited it at one of all others, fraught with terrible and mournful pressor; so he turns aside to the friendly isle the Athenian festivals; that he was presented of Samos, and carries on a secret communica- by the assembly with ten talents of the public house which formerly belonged to Col. Richard- tion with his adherents. At length the tyrant money; that he at length settled in Italy, and is dethroned, and the blood of Panyasis is died, full of days, sometime subsequent to the of escape for himself and Julia so soon as I brood over the past—a lonely and broken avenged. Yet Halicarnassus is not free. The year 408 B.C. His monument, placed outside nobles, fonder of power than justice, seize the one of the gates of Athens, soon fell into decay: Every season the little community in which the helm of government; and, finding that he but there is one, raised in the heart of every he lives increases. But among them, not of cannot prove a second time the deliverer of his lover of heroism, liberty, and learning, which Lames Seymour. them, the victim of a cruel fatality moves in his country, he leaves it forever, and now seeks at will endure; own sombre sphere of grief, and is more and the Olymphian festival, the honor which he is denied at home.

is sometimes plunged, I exclaim with the Eng- hardy fce. The rapid runner has reached the appointed goal. The boxer has dealt his antagonist a final blow. High into the air has hissed the heavy quoit. The javelin has sped a life, and lived through many a so-called histor wondrous length. Twelve times has the chariot | ical event, but I never saw anything come up circled the course. Already the victor wears to the emotion caused by that trial and executhe crown of sacred olive, and hears his name proclaimed aloud by the herald. Already he sees the triumphal car which is to bear him to his native city, the banquets given in his bonor, tion to his country's enuse. the statue raised in the market place, and his name handed down to a remote posterity by the immortal verse of the hoary headed Pindar in the end, a privy council was called the day

And now begin the contests in eloquence, in poetry, and music. The Arcadian pipers meet not their fellows in the soothing strain. The harpers of Bolia win the guerdon from the cunning players of Rhodes. The rhapsodists of Corinth bear the palm from the minstrels of Argos. The poets of Athens find in those of M. Pietri, came to General Espinasse, the Mir Lesbos and Teos not unworthy successors to Sappho and Anacreon. Anop Sophocles mo- know my reasoning is a purely selfish one tions to Herodotus to rise. And the young am not a political man, I am simply anxious to man, roused by the greatness of the occasion, recites in stirring tones the history of his researches-the river Alphæus, which flows at no longer undertake to answer for the Emp his feet, presenting an emblem of his career awhile running on in obscurity, but at length | said that, as for him, he should do everything in emerging into light, life, and liberty:

He tells how, after the Athenians had burnt

Sardis, Darius took bow and arrows, and, like srael's monarch, shot towards heaven say So may I be avenged on my enemies." How he commanded one of his attendants, every time dinner was set before him, to repeat thrise: "Sire, remember the Athenians." How, when he sent heralds into Greece to demand earth and water, in token of subjection, the men of Athens cast them into a deep pit, and the Spartans threw them into a deep well, and bade them carry earth and water to the king from thence. How Xerxes, his son and successor, in a vision of the night saw himself crowned But among the number of the journeyers are with the sprig of an olive tree, the branches of which covered the whole carth; and how, in obedience to the vision, he prepared to invade Greece, with an immense army gathered from many nations and tribes. How bravely the Persians were equipped, with their tiaras, breastplates, and bucklers; the Indians with their colored tunies, bows of cane, and iron-tipped arrows; the Caspians with their goat skin mantles and bright flashing cimeters: the Ethiopian with their panthers' and lions' skins, and bows four cubits long; the Paphlagonians with their plaited helmets, the Colchians with their shields of raw hides, the Thracians with their cloaks of many colors. How seated on a lofty throne of white marble, Xerxes beheld the whole host and how he wept at the thought that not one of that countless number would survive to the

> and his eyes glisten and his voice trembles .-He tells of the reply of the Spartan ambassadors to the Persian general who advised them to submit to his sovereign: "You know well," said they, "what it is to be a slave, but you know not what it is to be free; for had tried liberty, you would advise us to fight for it, not with spears but with hatchets." He upon the Emperor's life? Will these continue? tells of the saying of the Lacedsemonian soldier, who, when a faint hearted ally declared swered, slowly and very gravely: 'I can have that the number of the Median arrows would no reason for not answering you, and for not darken the sun, answered; "We will fight in speaking the perfect truth; it is impossible he the shade." He tells of the intrepid Spartans should escape he is lost! - (Il est perdu.) at Thermopylæ, performing their exercise and combing their hair according to their custom when about to fight for life and home. He tells of one of their heroes who, being dismissed from his post on account of sudden blindness. ordered his slave to lead him to the battle, and, rushing headlong on the foe perished on the field of conflict. He tells of the fall of Leonidas and the Three Hundred, of the stone lion raised to his memory at the entrance to the pass, and of the inscription placed over all "Stranger, go tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here, obedient to their commands."

When he premounced these words, there went up a shout from the assembled multitude which rent the air. The marines in charge of the vessels catch up the cheer. The neighboring islanders echo it back. The Ionian sea rings again.

"Mr. D-, if you'll get my coat done by The games have commenced when that good- | Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you."was irremediable, and reflecting now upon the ly company arrive at the scene of their cele- "If that's your game, it won't be done," said the

"The sensation produced has been some thing indescribable. I have lived here half my tion of Orsini. His crime seemed to be oblitrated from every memory, and the impression only left of his dauntless courage and his devo-

As I told you, the difficulty of either exe cuting or pardoning him was so immense, that after the Court of Usssation had refused to quash the sentence-there being no legal renson for doing so-and the question of the post sibility of a commutation of punishment was lengthily discussed—the Emperor trying every means to avoid the execution. The day before (on the Thursday) the Prefect de Police ister of the Interior, and said :- 'Now, von preserve the Emperor's life, and it is my dety to declare that, if the head of Orsini falls. I can ror's safety.' General Espinasse waxed wroth the world to insure the execution; but at last, impressed by M. Pietri's energetic expressions helended by saying !- 'Well, you had best soo the Emperor and talk over the matter with him. M. Pietri did so, and, by the Emperor's desireout of all usage-present at the cabinet council of Friday. There to all the persons assembled, he repeated what he had said all along :-'I bespech the council to think well over what it is about to do; it is not a political question. and I know nothing of politics-but the question is: How shall the Emperor's life be best preserved? As Prefect de Police, I can, for my part, only declare that, should Orsini be exequied, I can no longer conscientiously regard myself as capable of protecting the Em peror's existence, and shall, therefore, beg to offer my resignation.'

"The majority of the council, however, bar ing Frenchmen, instead of Corsicans, and never having in their lives been the sworn associates of Carbonari, could not be brought to see the danger of the execution, and held the danger of the impression that would be made by the commutation of punishment, far the greater of the two, as at once revealing the intensity of the alarm felt by his Imperial Majesty.

A curious anecdote, for which I can vouch is the following: One of the magistrates. highest placed on the bench, and who was foremost in conducting the prosecution against the prisoner, (you will easily see why I cannot give his name publicly,) had, both personally and by letter, held communication with Orsini since the trial, and, Orsini having written to thank Then the historian tells of Grecian courage, him for various good offices, the magistrate I speak of paid him a last visit at the prison of La Roquette. Upon this occasion, he addressed Orsini thus:- 'I have no right to ask you what I am about to ask, and you have every right to refuse me an answer. Consequently, if my question be indiscreet, remain silent; What is your belief with regard to further attempts "Orsini looked him full in the face, and an-

"Orsini left a will, appointing as his execu-

tor. Count Camischi, one of the most famous of the Italian refugees, and who has for some time been lucratively placed in the bureau of the Credit Mobilier. The London Times say that Orsini's sister is here, but the friends of Orsini say it is his wife. Their version is, that a few years back he secretly married an Italian lady, by whom he has two infant children, and that three years ago he left her, saying: 'I have the deliverance of Italy before me; that is what I consecrate all my energies to and my fate is to die on the scaffold."

The Peer and the Painter.

The Duke of Somerest (a Seymour); moply called "the proud duke," employed Seymonr the artist to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth. One day, at dinner, the But of the succeeding years of his life-what | duke filled his glass, and saying with a sneer-"Cousin Seymour, your health," drank it

> "My lord," said the artist, "I believe I have the honor of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from the table, ordered his steward to dismiss the presump

ous painter; and employ an humbler brother of This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his pre-

decessor, he shook his head, and retired, saving "No man in the world can compete with The duke now condescended to recall his dis

"My lord," was the answer of Seymour, "I

will now prove to the world that I am of you blood-I won't come!" Upon receiving this laconic reply, the duk