

The Leisure Hour.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

OXFORD, N. C. MAY 27, 1858.

VOL. 1—NO. 16.

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For the Leisure Hour.

The following little poem, which I copy from the University Magazine of September 1844, is not devoid of merit.—It is entitled

A Complaint.

I cannot love nor be beloved;
I move not others nor am moved;
For when I come no soft heart gladdens,
And when I go no spirit saddens.
My presence no emotion kindles,
No passion in my bosom kindles,
In beauty's eye no tear-drop glistens
At my departure; no ear listens
To catch the sound of coming feet,
Till she can hear her own heart beat.
On maiden's cheek no warm blush brightens,
No smile along a rose lip lightens—
No quickened footsteps come to meet me,
And there is no kind word to greet me.
To mine no white hand is extended;
No smile or sigh with mine is blended,
But like an erring spirit hurried
To this from some far brighter world,
From bliss to bale, from weal to woe,
Unfelt I come, unmissed I go.

Sonnet.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

"I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and w's red, for
years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young;
And, as I mused it, in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was woe,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said, in mastery while I strove:
'Gone now who holds thee? 'Death!' I said.
But there,
The silver answer rang: 'Not Death, but
Love.'"

Bulwer on the Destruction of Jerusalem.

A few weeks ago Sir E. Bulwer Lytton delivered a lecture in Lincoln, which city he has for a number of years represented in Parliament, on the early history of Eastern nations. He gave an outline of the history of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek and Jewish nations, and closed with the following powerful and dramatic description of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus:

Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judea and Samaria became a Roman province, under subordinate governors, the most famous of whom was Pontius Pilate. These governors became so oppressive that the Jews broke out into rebellion; and seventy years after Christ Jerusalem was finally besieged by Titus, afterwards Emperor of Rome. No tragedy on the stage has the same scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in the history of this siege. The city itself was rent by factions at the deadliest war with each other—all the elements of civil hatred had broke loose—the streets were slippery with the blood of citizens—brother slew brother—the granaries were set on fire—famine wasted those whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of these civil massacres, the Roman armies appeared before the walls of Jerusalem. Then for a short time the rival factions united against the common foe; they were again the gallant countrymen of David and Joshua—they sailed forth and scattered the eagles of Rome. But this triumph was brief; the ferocity of the ill-fated Jews soon again wasted itself on each other. And Titus marched on—encamped his armies close by the walls—gazed from the heights the Roman general gazed with awe on the strength and splendor of the city of Jehovah.

Let us here pause—and take, ourselves, a mournful glance at Jerusalem, as it then was. The city was fortified by a triple wall, save on one side, where it was protected by deep and impassable ravines. These walls, of the most solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers; opposite to the loftiest of these towers Titus had encamped. From the height of that tower the sentinel might have seen stretched before the whole of that fair Territory of Judea, about to pass from the countrymen of David. Within these walls was the palace of the kings—its roof of cedar, its doors of the rarest marbles, its chambers filled with the costliest tapestries, and vessels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself. But high above all upon a precipitous rock, rose the temple, fortified and adorned by Solomon. The temple was as strong without as a citadel—within more adorned than a palace. On entering you beheld porticoes of numberless columns of porphyry, marble and sabbaster; gates adorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful. Further on, through the vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself—all shrouded over with gold and overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple, even on the outside, was set over with golden spikes, to prevent the birds settling there and defiling the holy dome. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles. But, alas, the veil of that temple had been already rent asunder by an inextinguishable crime, and

the Lord of Hosts did not fight with Israel. But the enemy is thundering at the wall. All around the city arose immense machines, from which Titus poured down mighty fragments of rock, and showers of fire. The walls gave way—the city was entered—the temple itself was stormed. Famine in the meantime had made such havoc, that the besieged were more like spectres than living men; they devoured the belts to their swords, the sandals to their feet. Even nature itself so perished away, that a mother devoured her own infant; fulfilling the awful words of the warlike prophet who had first led the Jews towards the land of promise—"The tender and delicate woman amongst you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness—her eyes shall be evil toward her young one and the children that she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straits wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates." Still, as if the foe and the famine was not scourge enough, citizens smote and murdered each other as they met in the way—false prophets ran howling through the streets—every image of despair completes the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem. And now the temple was set on fire, the Jews rushing through the flames to perish amidst its ruins. It was a calm summer night—the 10th of August; the whole hill on which stood the temple was one gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs of cedar crashed—the golden pinnacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame. Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks and yells rang back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount of Olives. Amongst the smoking ruins, and over piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome. Thus were fulfilled the last avenging prophecies—thus perished Jerusalem. In that dreadful day men still were living who might have heard the warning voice of Him they crucified—Verily, I say unto you all, these things shall come upon this generation. * * * O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee, * * * I hold your house is left unto you desolate!" And thus were the Hebrew people scattered over the face of the earth, still retaining to this hour their mysterious identity—still a living proof of the truth of those prophecies they had scorned or slain—still, vainly awaiting that Messiah, whose divine mission was fulfilled eighteen centuries ago, upon the Mount of Calvary.

Edward Everett's Style Analyzed.

We take the following from the Editor's Table of *Russell* for May. It is an admirable specimen of critical dissecting, and is written with more than the usual elegance of the author. We must beg 'though, to demur somewhat to the conclusions of the writer. His estimate is just in the main we admit, but we think he has not done full justice to the splendid qualities of this unequalled cis-Atlantic rhetorician.—Ed. LEISURE HOUR.

"Let us first consider him as an Orator. Personally, few men have been more highly gifted. To a commanding presence, and naturally graceful carriage, he unites a voice of great power, and sweetness. It has, besides, been elaborately cultivated. Knowing the charm, little short of magic, which resides in human tones rightly graduated to the character of the sentiment expressed, Mr. Everett has spared no pains in perfecting to the minutest details the grand Organ of speech with which he is endowed; equal labour has been bestowed upon all other points essential to impressive elocution; every minutest gesture has a purpose, and is productive of a special effect, long before determined upon. He is emphatically an Orator made, and not born; for despite the personal labors to which we have referred, Mr. Everett labours under the disadvantage of being somewhat of a Phlegmatic. Through the deep, organ-like music of his utterance, through all his impressive declamation, and graceful action, there runs an under current of native coldness of temperament which even the force of supreme Art, is unable wholly to overcome. He does not thrill us with lightning phrases, hot and swift from the depths of the soul; he does not electrify us by a single word pregnant with passion and meaning; his influence consists rather in the sustained unity of his all but perfect elocution;—the same criticism, may, in our opinion, be passed upon his style as a writer. Even in his great Washington Oration, incomparably the noblest of his public performances, we listened vainly to catch the true ring of the profoundest originality, or, the boldest imagination in thought.

Correct, polished, beautiful as the notes of the Dorian flute, his sentences were rhythmical, as harmonious as Art and study could make them, but they lacked that Promethian fire, that energy divine, which can only be imparted to language by the inner workings of the spirit, by the inspiration born of passion, and winged with enthusiasm.

He does not, as Patrick Henry may have done—awe, master, and bind down his audience by the force of a spell vigorous as the grasp of a Cyclops, and burning as the core of Etna; on the contrary, the general disposition of his

hearers is, to exclaim, as each pleasing period is rounded off by his sonorous voice: "how charming! how delightful! what a genial sentiment, or happy simile!" They are perfectly self-possessed, nay! even critical in the very midst of the sily shower of his eloquence: they are seldom made for a moment to forget their surroundings, to forget themselves; to stand silent, hushed, quivering, before the terrible majesty of genius, thoroughly possessed with the grandeur of some stirring theme, conscious that for the time, it is indeed the 'Oracle of God,' the chosen channel where through the streams of heavenly truth or of heavenly beauty, must be communicated to humanity.

We therefore deny that Mr. Everett can be ranked among the greatest of Orators, nor yet, in its true philosophical sense, among the really original, the permanent, Catholic, suggestive immortal thinkers of the Land. His Addresses—that on Washington especially—will live, but how! as specimens of exquisite purity of diction, of the most winning grace and beauty of style, these being their pre-eminent merits, far more than as substantial contributions to the original or imaginative eloquence of the country. The expression of Daniel Webster, so often quoted, which designates Mr. Everett as "the Corinthian pillar of Massachusetts" that pillar which from the pediment to the volutes of the capital has ever been considered the embodiment of the graceful in form, and of the graceful aloof, is significant as a comparison, and truthful as an illustration.

His mind, wholly unlike that of Calhoun, partakes not of the stern sublimity of the Doric order, nor, like Webster's does it present a union of Doric simplicity with Ionic richness; it is simply as the latter well termed it *Corinthian* in mould, and Corinthian in culture.

We may even carry the comparison further, and say, that as the noblest age of Greek liberty, and of Greek Art had passed away, when this third, and last style of architecture came into vogue, and that there is something of florid superfluity incorporated with its very beauty—so, in Mr. Everett's style of eloquence, we feel that more importance is given to the body, the environments, the rhetoric of a subject than is altogether consistent with the clear elucidation of its direct and vigorous exposition of its essential spirit. We have entered into this criticism, or rather, we have made these suggestive remarks, in no dogmatic, or supercilious temper. We have simply given utterance to our convictions. Whether they be right or wrong, the Future will determine."

Dickens's Story of the Origin of Pickwick.

Mr. Dickens has lately been issuing what is called a popular edition of his works, in which he treats us to that little account of the origin of Pickwick, and how eagerly we rush behind the scenes to see how they contrived the thunder:

"I was a young man of three and twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper, (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cruikshank,) waited upon me to propose something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form which used to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed unnumbered tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which memorable occasion—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall and turned into it for half an hour because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business.

"The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion either on the part of that admirable humorist or of my visitor (I forget which) that a Nimrod Club, the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, &c., and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity would, be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard to all kinds of locomotion; but that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, a free range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any

case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation, the number became one of thirty-two pages, with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows.

"Boz," my signature in the Morning Chronicle, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards was the nickname of a pet child, a young brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

A Splendid Extract.

The following has long appeared to us as one of the most marvellously excellent pieces of descriptive writing in our language. The author has thrown over the dry details of science the refulgent gurb of true poetic beauty. [Ed. LEISURE HOUR.

"The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries. We know the difference in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fullness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration—that difference between the district of the gentian which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us for a moment try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray, stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but the most part a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten-work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their gray-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and the ledges of pophyry sloping under lucent sand. The let us pass farther towards the north, until we see the orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians, Volga, seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands; and then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of laden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands, amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-draft, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fall from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, death-like, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight. And having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life; the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air or sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone; striped zebras, and spotted leopards, glistering serpents and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of color and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of Paradise with the osprey; and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes

of the land which gave him birth. Let us watch him with burning reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smoothes with soft sculp the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky; but not with less reverence let us stand by him when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation of the rocks which has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with work of imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creations of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them."

JOHN RUSKIN.

The Suicide of Herbert.

TO THE PRESS OF AMERICA.

The Tribune, Times, Courier and Enquirer, with a request to copy.

To the Press of the United States of America:

Before going to my account I would say a few words to the Press of America, and to its conductors, as to men among whom I have for many years been more or less associated.

I have my faults, my failings; I have done my share of evil in my life, as all men have done perhaps I have done my share of good likewise.

Of my private history, few men know anything, fewer still know me—no one knows the whole; it cannot concern the public know anything. As a writer let me be judged; as a man let my God judge me.

I implore not, praise, not a favorable construction—I implore silence. For what I have to account with God, let me account with God, and not with man, who may uncertainly perceive and distinguish facts, but certainly cannot perceive causes or divine notions or intentions. I do not now ask charity—I only implore silence.

Let the good that I have done, if any, be interred with my bones; let the evil, also—for the evil, I can say positively, is such as can do no evil after me. I have taught, I have incited, I have set forth nothing which I did believe to be false or evil, or anything which I did not believe to be good and true. In all my writings I have wrote no line of which I am ashamed, no word which I desire to blot.

I have done many things wrongly, many things of which I am ashamed, many things of which I have sincerely repented, many things under the pressure of temptation of poverty and necessity, to which I am not accustomed by my condition, which I hope I should not do again under any temptation.

I am very sorry I have been weak at times and have fallen—who has not done so?

For justice sake, for charity's sake, for God's sake, let me rest. I bear an honorable name. I have striven hard, in great trials, in great temptations, in a foreign country, in a false position among men who did not, perhaps could not, sympathize with me, to keep it honorable—as you would have your names honored and your sons preserve them to you, I charge you do not dishonor mine. Few will miss me when I am gone; probably none lament me—so be it! Only, I implore you, do not misinterpret and malign me.

Having said this, I have said nearly all—one word more only—if, as I presume will be the case, my earnest and hopeful appeal for repose be disregarded—if the vultures of the press pounce upon my cold remains, to tear through them, the heart strings of my living relatives—to blazon forth all my misdeeds, in unblushing colors to the sun—let none of my friends—if I have a friend—stand forth to defend me. Defence only provokes bitter attack and gives a keener tooth to scandal.

I die, forgiving every man who has wronged me, asking forgiveness of every man whom I have wronged. I have atoned, so far as I know or can atone, for every wrong I have ever done.

I have the means, I believe, if they be carefully managed, to pay everything that I owe, and, perhaps, to leave a surplus.

I never shrank, while I was alive, from meeting the consequences of my deeds face to face. I never said a word to a man's back which I would not or did not say to his face.

Remember now, all you that would assail me, that my back is turned forever; that henceforth I can disprove no slander that is spoken of me; that with me no witness can be evermore confronted; that from no accusation, how false soever, can I prove myself not guilty. Of all cowardice, the most base and cruel is to strike the dead, who can make no defence or answer.

I ask no praise. Do not praise me—probably I deserve none. I deserve reproach, doubtless, for I am mortal, and have sinned. Say so, then, of me, if you say anything, and let my mortality to His judgment, who can tell not only when and where, but why they were committed, how far they have palliation—how far they deserve pardon.

Remember, also, when you judge me, that of all lives, mine has been the most unhappy.

No counsellor, no friends, no country have been mine for six and twenty dreary years; every hope has broken down under my foot as

soon as it is touched; every spark of happiness has been quenched as soon as it has been kindled.

If I have sinned much and sorrowed much, have also loved much more perhaps than I have either sinned or sorrowed. It is the last drop that overflows the golden bowl, the last tension that breaks the silver chord. My last hope is gone—my last love and my life go together—and so, good night to
May 18, 1858.

HENRY HERBERT.

Brave and Pious Von Zieten.

Joachim von Zieten was one of the bravest of the generals who stood by Frederick the Great in victory or defeat. He was the son of a poor gentleman, and had little education save what he could pick up in barracks, camps, and battle fields, in all of which he figured in early youth. If his head was not over-balloasted with learning, his heart was well freighted with that love of God, of which some portion, as the dismissed lecturer on Ecclesiastical History in King's College tells us, is in almost every individual without exception, and forms the sheet anchor which shall enable him to ride through the storms which keep him from his desired haven of rest. He became the terror of the foe of Prussia; but among his comrades, he was known only as "good father Zieten." He was remarkable for his swiftness at once of resolve and execution, and in remembrance as well as illustration thereof, a sudden surprise is spoken of by an astonished Prussian as "falling on one like Zieten from an Ambush."

Now, old Zieten, after the triumph achieved in the Seven Year's War, was always a welcome guest at the table of Frederick the Second. His place was ever by the side of the royal master whose cause he had more than once saved from ruin; and he only sat lower at table when there happened to be present some foreign royal mediocrity, illustriously obscure.—On one occasion, he received a command to dine with the king on Good Friday. Zieten sent a messenger to his sovereign, stating that it was impossible for him to wait on his majesty inasmuch as that he made a point of never omitting to take the sacrament on that day, and of always spending the subsequent portion of the day in private meditation.

A week elapsed before the scrupulous old soldier was again invited to the royal dinner-table. At length he appeared in his old place, and merry were the guests, the king himself setting an example of uproarious hilarity. The fun was running fast and furious—it was at its very loudest, when Frederick, turning to Zieten, smacked him familiarly on the back, and exclaimed, "Well, brave old Zieten? how did the supper of Good Friday agree with your sanctimonious stomach? Have you properly digested the veritable body and blood?" At this blasphemy, and amid the thunders of pealing laughter, the saluting artillery of the delighted guests, Zieten leaped to his feet, and after shaking his grey hairs with indignation, and silencing the revellers with a cry, as though they had been dogs, he turned to the godless master of the realm, and said—words, if not precisely these, certainly and exactly to this effect:

"I shun no danger; your majesty knows it. My life has been always ready for sacrifice, when my country and the throne required it. What I was, that I am; and my head I would place on the block at this moment, if the striking of it off could purchase happiness for my king. But there is One who is greater than I, or any one here; and he is a greater sovereign than you who mock Him from the throne in Berlin. He it is whose precious blood was shed for the salvation of all mankind. On Him, that Holy One, my faith reposes: He is my consolator in life, my hope in preces of death; and I will not suffer his name to be derided and attacked where I am by, and have voice to protest against it. Sir, if your soldiers had not been firm in this faith, they would not have gained victories for you. If you mock this faith, and jeer at those who cling to it, you only lend a hand to bury yourself and the state in ruin." After a pause he added, looking the while on the mute king:—"What I have spoken is God's truth; receive it graciously."

Jessie Brown at Lucknow.—The Calcutta correspondent of the Nonconformist says:—"We have read with some surprise and amazement that wonderful story published in the English papers about Jessie Brown and the slogan of the Highlanders, in Havelock's relief of Lucknow. I have been assured by one of the garrison that it is a pure invention. I. No letter of the date mentioned could have reached Calcutta when the story is said to have arrived. 2. There was no Jessie Brown in Lucknow. 3. The 78th neither played their pipes nor howled the slogan as they came in; they had something else to do. 4. They never marched round the dinner table with their pipes the same evening at all.—Another story by the same writer has just come out, about a Miss Jamieson, an heiress, whose handsome lover had his eyes and cheeks blown away, and who would marry him in spite of the deficiency. The fact is, there was no Miss Jamieson in Lucknow. Probably this story is only a copy of the real fact,