

The Leisure Hour.

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T. B. KINGSBURY, Editor.
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Address to a Mummy.

BY HORACE SMITH.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dum-
my,
Thou hast a Tongue—come—let us hear its
tone;
Thou art standing on thy legs, above-ground,
Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and
features—

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenus architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Ho-
mer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps thy very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has, hob-nobbed with Pharaoh's glass to
glaze,
Or dropped a half penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed this tunic to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs had
seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and
young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green—
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prattle tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou has slum-
bered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures
numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have above ground seen some strange
mutations,
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old na-
tions,
And countless kingdoms have into dust been
humbled.

While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled,
Didst thou not hear the pother over thy head,
When the great Persian Conquerer, Camby-
ses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering
trout,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell aunder?

If the tombs secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfolded,
A heart has throbbled beneath that leather
breast,
And tears about that dusty cheek have roll-
ed—
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed
that face?

What was thy name and station, age and race?
Etage of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescences!
Posthumous man, who quitted thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment mor-
ning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying soul be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the dust embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

Small Men.

[The following Composition, composed and
read by Miss BETTIE D. GOOCH, at the Com-
mencement of Oxford Female College, in June
1857, is published at the earnest request of
some who heard it.]

Man is a superior being; he has been truly
called the "noblest work of creation," for he
has ever been an august, grand, and imposing
creature. Yes! he certainly is great, and power-
ful and deserves the name of the supreme
work of creation. He can sit upon the mountain
tops, and play with the fleecy clouds, which
float over a sky of cerulean blue, or dive into old
ocean's depths, there to pluck and gather the
"gems of purest ray serene," which lay con-
cealed, and imbedded in its "dark, unfathom-
able caves." The whole of Nature groans at his
approach. The mighty and giant oaks of the
forest, which stand as so many sentinels, and
which have withstood the crashing thunderbolts,
and the lightning's fiery play, bow and are laid
low by his potent stroke—rocks, which are of
diluvial birth, and which seem to defy the hand
of time, are cleft asunder, and moulded into any
form to please the fancy. He grasps the "light-

ning's fiery wings," and employs it as a means
of transmission to the most distant quarters of
the globe. He turns rivers out of their ancient
channels, and instead of allowing them, to me-
ander as they list, bids them flow where he
will. He transforms the dense and benighted
forest into a peopled city, and causes the barren
desert to be converted into an entire oasis. He
can cause the many worlds of the universe
which, are "too vast, too boundless, for our
narrow minds; to approach so near him that, he
is able to make observations upon their surface.
He can even cause the gentle rain to descend,
to water our earth, whenever it needs the re-
freshing shower, and also cause the mighty,
and portentous winds of Aeolus, to rise and
rage with fury, and tumult, and can quell the
roarings, and ragings of a bolterous, and tem-
pestuous sea—in a word what can he not per-
form? Nature is entirely subject to his sway,
he has but to command, and she is ready and
willing to obey! Though man possesses this
greatness, and power, when considered with
reference to mankind, yet, if his sex be consid-
ered individually, it will be found divided into
two classes; the great and small. The small
class is that of which I here intend to treat;
but in order to better understand what is meant,
let us first imagine "Who are the great men?"
In what does their greatness consist? Is it in
genius, and talent alone? No! though men
possess but a mediocre genius, yet, if they will
exert themselves, improve every opportunity,
and circumstance they can and will become
great. Yes! a sufficient degree of self-exertion
will cause any man to reach the highest pinna-
cle of eminence and superiority. The celebra-
ted Buxton has remarked, that, "any man may
become what he wishes, by studying, working,
and struggling;" and as there is not the least
vestige of doubt but that all wish to be great,
the inference drawn from it is, that all men can
wear the crown of greatness. So it is plain
that greatness does not consist in genius alone;
(for a genius unexerted, is like the moth which
flutters around the candle till it scorches itself
to death), but in self-exertion, a fixed purpose,
and an indomitable perseverance. Yes! these
constitute greatness, and the men who possess
them, are the great men. But who and what
are small men? What is the difference between
them and their great brothers? The greatest
and principal difference is energy, invincible de-
termination, a settled purpose, and then detri-
ment or victory. This being the characteristic of
the great, is found entirely deficient in small men.
The small men are never incited to action by
any stimulant whatever, however powerful it
may be; they are what may be termed perfect
sluggards; they appear to be in a state of lethargy,
so completely are they enveloped in the
folds of lassitude; they lounge about and spend
their time in idleness and dissipation, and the
frivolities of the day. They never make an at-
tempt to arrive at the summit of greatness, for
fear that it would require some exertion and that
obstacles would present themselves to impede
their progress. They survey the paths trod by
great men, and behold difficulties at every step;
and thus they remain quietly and undisturbed,
to pursue the course which will procure them
the greatest amount of present enjoyment, and
to breathe out their lives, having gained for
themselves nothing but the epithet of small
men; a small reward to recompense the labors
and toils of a lifetime. Small men never de-
voted any time or attention to any subject that
will develop their mental faculties. They know
nothing of the beautiful harmony, which pre-
vails in the laws of nature. They know not
that these bodies, which seem as mere specks
in boundless space, are governed by undeviating
laws! No! they know nothing of these; in
truth what do they know? What do they know
of their own bodies and souls, and their respec-
tive powers? What do they know of the earth
upon which they "move and have their being?"
What do they know of the broad and blue ex-
panse, so thickly bedusted with stars as bright
and effulgent as the diamond; and of the many
worlds which so far exceed the magnitude of
our earth? What do they know of former ages
and their great men? What do they know of
morals, and that which has respect to immor-
tality? Nothing, nothing at all! Their minds
are entirely enshrouded in gloom, a thick mist
conceals these from their mental view! There
is no chord in them that is awakened or vibrates
at the mention of Howard or Davy! They are
entirely indifferent to the works of science, both
of the past ages, and of the present day! They
behold not its beauties; they know not that it
never grows old, but is ever appearing decked
in more and more beautiful garments! They
know not that many have become martyrs to it,
and to fathom its depths, have been engulfed,
either in volcano's bosom or the ocean's caress;
They know not that it is man's peculiar care-
negative to seek for knowledge, that he should
never remain contented until he has quenched
that thirst, with the pure and refreshing waters
which gush from that fountain! How can they
have any knowledge of these, when the time
which should be devoted to them is addicted to
low and trivial novels, or some other worthless
works! There is another class of small men,
distinct in some respects from these treated of
above! This class consider it a great amuse-

ment, and take much delight imposing upon the
credulity of the opposite sex. They consider
that they have attained a great degree of emi-
nence, if they can succeed in what is termed
"flirting with a lady." Yes! they consider
that they have achieved a great victory, and
that their names should be enrolled upon the
lists of the great men of our day. But why
should they regard it as a conquest to triumph
over her weakness? Because they are weak
themselves! Yes! weaker than woman, and
certainly deserve to bear the title of small men!
These, these are the truly small men, and I fear
that we have too great a number of them, even
in this our age of improvements! Have we
many small men at the present day? Would
that I could answer in the negative, but verily
demands the affirmative. Yes! we have many
small men at the present day, more than in the
ages of antiquity! Why is this? Have not
we as many facilities as those of former ages?
Have not our youth as strong minds? Why is
it then? Because the youth of our day are
never taught self-reliance, and self-exertion—
They are indulged in every pleasure; every
desire is gratified; they have no end in
view to accomplish; they have no aspirations;
hope bids them not to look for future emi-
nence and happiness; they are perfectly indif-
ferent to these, and thus their faculties remain
dormant and inactive. The youth are now
placed at college by the time they can translate
a phrase in Latin! There they learn if they wish
to be ranked among the great (or rather first
men) of the day; that their time must not be
spent poring over text-books, but that a watch
and massive chain is more essential than any
book of mathematics; that they must devote
more time to the obscene novels of the day,
than to Newton's Principia; that their hair must
ever be redolent with Pomatum; that they never
appear more becoming, or present a more im-
posing spectacle, than when watching the curls
and wreaths of smoke which issues from the
only hole in their smoky heads, that they must
flourish a cane whose head is considerably hard-
er than their own; that the adjustment of their
cravat deserves more attention than the works
of a Shakespeare or Milton; that they must be-
come victims to fashion (that blind goddess
whom none but the weak and effeminate follow);
that is, their boots must be of the exact length,
their hat of the latest style; and

Then to set off all
Must have a fancy shawl.

This is what causes so many small men at
the present day. Yes, all who pursue this
course may be certain of arriving at the distinc-
tion (if such it can be called) of being small
men. These never toil to reach the pinnacle of
fame, there to write their names, so that they
shall be as a bright and effulgent light to all
around; they never desire to drink deep at the
Pierian spring; they never sigh to rove 'mid
Ereuthion's bowers, there to pluck and weave
for themselves a garland of knowledge; they
never thirst for science; and hence they dis-
regard every thing that will tend to render them
a literati. "The career of the youth foresa-
dows that of the man." If this be true, I fear
that our number of small men is rapidly increas-
ing; for young America may be seen ere he has
learned his alphabet, visiting saloons, and other
fashionable halls of dissipation, there, engaging
his time with billiards, or some other game,
which will neither increase his knowledge, nor
contribute to his good; there he learns to
blaspheme his God; there he remains until
midnight has wrapt the earth with its sable
mantle; and in truth there to remain until
every vice has united to render him a wicked
and small man. Would that all small men
could be made to behold their condition; and
then take hold, hold on, and resolve that they
will either find, or make a way, and allow nothing
to cause them to digress from the path
which they have marked out, and they would
no longer remain small men. If it required
but little exertion, there is no doubt but that
many small men would have become distinguish-
ed for their greatness; but it requires much
exertion and an invincible determination, for
has not the poet said that:

"The heights by great men reached, and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night."

Small men are never excited by any work of
literature, their libraries are found to contain
nothing pure and sublime, but abound in novels,
newspapers, with perhaps a dream book or
two. They generally consider themselves ex-
ceedingly wise. They may be heard comment-
ing upon their own knowledge, as though they
possessed the wisdom of a Plato, and they scarcely
Newton and Franklin as their "equals
deem." Small men are pests and nuisances
to society, and should be entirely eradicated.
Could they be transformed into such as New-
ton and Franklin, we should have a return of
the golden age; but as it is, it is the brazen
age, or (as it should be more properly termed),
the age of small men. Though small men may
be found on every portion of the globe, yet
North Carolina cannot be said to abound in
them. No! her sons are generally great, and
though she has some small men, yet they are
very, very few in number. Yes! her sons are

great, they have labored, they have toiled, and
now they are seated upon the highest summit
of eminence, crowned with the garland of
liberty and freedom, which they have so glori-
ously won by their own skill and determination.
As North Carolina is a great State herself, her
sons must of course inherit her greatness, while
the greater portion of small men, belong to her
small sisters. She is such a strict parent, that
she will not be pleased, unless her sons are
ever "up and doing" and waving aloft their
banners with the inscription "onward and up-
ward." She is ever leading her sons in the
path to glory, honor and fame; and if they
will only follow her like obedient children, she
will place upon their brows the wreath of
greatness; but if they refuse to obey her com-
mands, they will certainly have to wear the
garland, and bear the title of small men. Yet
blame her not! for she deserves that all her
sons be ranked among the great, and not one,
no! not one have their names registered upon
the annals of the small men of the present day.
She desires to train her sons in the path in
which they should go, and to direct them, to the
hill of Parnassus, where they pluck flowers,
which will remain green and fresh, long after
their bodies are consigned to the tomb; and
for this purpose she has erected a University,
where all of her sons (and those of her sister's
too) may drink deep at the fountain of knowl-
edge and science. She is striving to abolish
all small men, and may she continue until she
either entirely abolishes them or transforms
them into great and good men. Yes, may the
time soon come, when all small men may attain
such eminence, that they may "pluck bright
honors from the pale faced moon," and "tower
to the stars with their sublime and exalted
heads."

From Reynolds's Miscellany. How I had my Fortune Told.

I had been rambling, on a lovely morning in
the month of May, among the green lanes of
Surrey, with their bosky dells, their odoriferous
hedges all alive with snowy hawthorn-buds,
coming, ever and anon, into little villages, and
then passing through copse and woodland, when,
emerging out of a leafy copse, the sounds of a
merry fife, and the laughter of a number of
young peasant boys and little maidens, met my
ears; and presently I was on the skirt of a
pretty village green, with its "pound," and
"stocks," and velvet sward, and a little may-
pole, built in front of a rampanant "Red Lion,"
swinging before an old-fashioned, rambling old
tavern—some hundred yards across, the pond,
all alive with ducks and gabbling geese; and
the scene was as perfect a pastoral—as lovely,
and as thoroughly English—as anything I ever
came by chance across in the course of my life.
All at once, while I was leaning on my stout
stick, and gazing at my dusty shoes, and then
across the green "all pied with daisies," to the
merry throng at the maypole, and listened to
the laughter of the young ones, and the shrill
but rejoicing "merris" of the fife, a voice by
my side startled me with its deep, rich, con-
tralto tones, saying, "Cross but the gipsy's
hand with a piece of silver, my pretty gentle-
man, and have your fortune told!"

I turned, and looked upon a face whose fasci-
nation took away my breath. I have ever
been sensible to facial beauty, and had seen
many a pretty face in my rambles, both
"British" and "foreign"—"home growth and
colonia!"—but not so attractive, so startling as
this.

The hue was of a dusky olive, in which the
rich blood mantled as in rapid pulses. The
eyes were large and lamber, deep and dark,
and flashing like wells of light out of brown,
fathomless depths. The lips were full, ruddy,
and of a moist, vermeil hue, which is not to
be discovered in painting, unless Morland may
have hit their warmth of tone.

The hair was black and glossy, stealing in
long, sinuous curls beneath a white coil, covered
by a broad-leaved "buckle" hat, and, with the
red cloak and the russet bodice, there stood
before me the loveliest ideal of a gipsy of
eighteen the eye of reality ever rested upon.

"Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty gentle-
man!"

But now came a procession of at least a score
of gipsies—male and female, old and young,
sturdy manhood, rich, mature matronhood, in-
fancy, in its donkey panniers, and old age, in
its light car—all going, as I guessed, to a
festive mirth, as the gipsy halted, and held me
still by the witchery of her glorious eyes.

On they passed along the winding road, and
we were still together. For a time I gazed
dreamily after them, and then fell on her. The
eyes had ceased to be bold—they drooped be-
fore mine.

"Your fortune, my pretty gentleman?" still
echoed in my ears.

I was a handsome fellow enough—so my sister
said. I was a strapping youth—five feet
ten in my stockings—could pull, and fence, and
wrestle, and had carried a "double first"—so
she might not have been so much mistaken in
her "pretty gentleman," after all.

One man—a strong-built carl, a six-footer,
at least, having in his arms a splendid game-

cock, going to make a main, I doubted not—
turned upon me with something evil in his
glance, in which I read a passion that, in the
unknown nature of the gipsy, I had never dream-
ed of before. He spoke to her in a voice half
of command, half of entreaty.

"Prance it, Judith, after the Rotm and
Juwaw," he said, in Romany dialect. "The
Bunsee blood is cold, and his cly smaller than
his hand, and less to hold."

I did not understand his jargon, save that it
was something deprecatory. The gipsy moved
not; her smile, her exquisite face, was yet bent
full upon mine. Jealous!—jealous of me! I
don't know to this hour what stirred my blood,
but I never felt such a thrill of exultation as I
felt at that moment.

I took out a piece of silver, and giving it to
her, held out my hand.

"Speak it, Judith," I said. "Read me my
future, for it is very dark to me, and I would
know it."

She followed the lines of life and death, doom
and fate. Her look grew grave, and she lingered
over her task with a certain troubled aspect
which interested me.

"Strange!" she murmured; "for I see my-
self mixed in this tangle of destiny. There is
trouble—there is peril—there is much of evil
menace; and yet, stranger, I see it writ here,
ay, as plain as the stars are written down in the
sky, that the Romany girl will meet the Bunsee
again, and help him in the moment when life
and fate, and all his future, are quivering in the
balance!"

"So be it, Judith," I murmured; "so be it!
Come what may, only let me meet with thee
again!"

"I see trouble, and reverses, and sorrow, like
to heart-break; I see clouds and darkness, bil-
lows and tropic storms, and a far land; I see a
new home, the dawn of another day; and yet,
oh! master of the seal and reader of the dark
secret, I see myself there—there!"

"Where, Judith—where?" I cried, impatiently.

"Hush!" she said; "I may say, no more!
They call me! Hope, work, and wait! The
years are as full of promise as the fields which
ripen for the harvest, and time is full of revela-
tions; but it is not the zingari that can read it!
Farewell—farewell!" And, lifting my hand,
as if in homage, to her lips, she bounded off
like a doe, and left me amazed, troubled, en-
raptured. Did I read her half-hidden revelation
truly? We shall see.

A week after, I was in a gallant vessel, cross-
ing the wide, wide seas, seeking for a home and
sources of living—here exhausted and hopeless
—in Australia.

A year after, I was in the heart of far Aus-
tralian wilds, working like a peasant, toiling
like a slave; but my heart was light—hope was
before me—success certain.

At home, all had been loss, decay, ruin—my
father dead, my mother and sisters portionless.
Fate pointed out to me that there, yonder, be-
yond the heaving ocean, my new world now
lay. It was dawning upon me at last.

Then came reverses, illness, sickness next to
death. I was all but ruined—well-nigh dead.
One day a haggard bushranger came crawling
to my door. I sheltered, fed, protected him,
and I at last recognised the gipsy whose look
once menaced me. He was of the Cooper fam-
ily, and had been transported for sheep-steal-
ing. He became my slave, my faithful right
hand—true as steel to me. I saved, protected
him. He never left me more. "Judith will
come!" he said, significantly.

"But, Judith—where was Judith?" my
yearning heart cried. "Patience, patience!"
I said. "We shall meet; it is decreed we
shall meet!" And at last, at last we did meet;
but how?

I was at Port Phillip once, seeking for some
laborers to hire, for my farm had increased, my
stores multiplied, and I required more men to
aid me. A vessel had lately landed there a
remnant of emigrants, who, stricken down by
the plague, lay helpless on the beach, in canvas
tents, and praying for death, from the tardy
help the frightened people dared scarcely bring
them.

Tottering to meet me came a wan, worn
figure, with the rich olive of her wasted face
almost faded, but the eyes were like glowing
opals. I knew her at once.

"Judith! Judith!" I cried aloud.

"It is he—it is he!" she half shrieked, and
fainted in my arms.

I did not tarry long at Port Phillip, but hast-
ened my return.
Judith, the magnificent, the matchless, has
been my wife, the mother of my children—a
finer, nobler race eyes never looked upon. She
has been mine—mine own—my beloved—my
devoted for years passed now; and truly did
she say our horoscopes were equal, our "houses"
one, our destinies intertwined.

Those so dear to me, whom I left in old Eng-
land, have long had a home here with me; and
while we have cattle on a thousand hills, I am
a master, a prince, a monarch in the rich benig-
nant wilds that have been pastures, fields,
vineyards, gardens—all mine, and theirs to in-
herit after me.

"That's how I had my fortune told," says

my friend in a letter to me ten years ago; and
this is how I have sketched it for the readers of
the Miscellany.

A True Story of a Robin.

We doubt if the records of ornithology fur-
nish a more striking instance of affection and
sensitivity than is displayed in the following
story of a robin, which we can vouch to be au-
thentic—"The servant of a lady residing at
the north part of Brighton, whilst occupied one
day in the scullery, was startled by a noise,
which, at first, was supposed to be occasioned
by a mouse; but, on examination of the vari-
ous pots and pans in the place, she at length
discovered the true origin of the disturbance.
It was a young robin, which had found its way
into a bright copper coal-scuttle. She succeed-
ed in capturing it, and took it into the parlor to
her mistress, where it soon made itself quite at
home, and ate the spoon bread which was
placed on its little beak. In a short time it was
quite happy in its comfortable quarters; but as
some of its habits were not consistent with the
cleanliness of a lady's sitting room, and the lady
had no wish to confine it to a cage, full oppor-
tunity was given to the little stranger to recover
its liberty, by the window being thrown open.
Of this opportunity, however, the robin avail-
ed itself to a certain extent—that is, it
would fly out, but invariably return of a certain
hour of the day; and its practice was then to
perch upon a certain frounce of the lady's dress,
and then, looking into its mistress's face, it
would pour forth its cheerful little song. This
went on for some time, until one afternoon,
when the robin was in its accustomed place, a
friend called who wished the lady to accompany
her for a walk, and then came the question,
what was to be done with the robin? There it
was, on its favorite frounce, and the lady was a
prisoner until it flew off. It had not yet sung
its song, but its mistress, anxious to join her
visitor, at last took up a handkerchief, and, waiv-
ing it said, "You must go now, Bobby. Good-
bye!" The bird took the hint immediately, and
flew out of the window. On the following day
his coming was looked for at the accustomed
hour as a matter of course; and the window
was left open as usual. But no robin came—
Another and another day passed, and no robin,
until at last it was given up for lost to the in-
finite regret of the lady, and the great indigna-
tion of the old servant, who sympathizing with
the bird, said, "Of course Missus couldn't
expect Bobby to return after being treated in
such a manner! There was, however, no help
for it. Every reparation would have been made,
and apology offered, that could heal the wound
inflicted upon the bird's feelings; but, like a
slighted lover or injured friend, he kept aloof."

"And now comes the most singular story—
One day the lady who had owned the robin was
walking by herself along Rose-hill terrace, when
suddenly she was alarmed and almost blinded
by something striking against her face. She
thought at first it was a stone thrown by some
careless boy; but on recovering from the con-
fusion of the moment, to her utter astonishment
she perceived the true perpetrator of the assault.
There, on a paling close by, sat the robin—her
own Bobby, singing his old song as loudly as
ever; and having finished it, he again took
flight. And from that moment the lady has
never seen the bird. We can vouch for these
facts, singular as they may appear, and afford-
ing as they do such powerful evidence, not only
of the intelligence and affection of the robin,
but of the acute sensibility of the bird; its al-
most human power of taking to heart and re-
senting what had the appearance of an unkind-
ness."—Brighton Guard.

Col. BENTON'S OPINION OF THE AUTHORITY
OF "JUNIAS"—In the forthcoming volume VII
of Benton's "Abridgment" there is the follow-
ing note to a speech of Mr. Randolph, in which
Mr. R. spoke of a reputation by "Junias" as a
repeal of Lord Chatham. If the puzzle is not
resolved of the authorship of "Junias," this
 terse and vigorous summing-up of one of the
Thirty Years' Senator, and not unworthy of
either the real or here supposed author of the
celebrated letters:

"When the author of this Abridgment (says
Colonel Benton) was ten years old, which was
in the last decade (borrowing Livy's division
of time in the expression) of the last century, and
before enlightened writers had thrown darkness
on the authorship of Junius, it was well con-
ceded that there was but one man in England, or
in the world, who united in himself all the quali-
ties of head, heart, and temper, all the incidents
of political and personal life, which the writing
of those letters required; but one man who had
such power to drive the English language, such
knowledge of men and things, such amplitude
of information, such lofty and daring spirit,
such inducement to publish his thoughts and
cooperate his name, an oratorical fame already so
great as to set him above the assumption of that
of Junius, great as it was. That one man was
Lord Chatham, then old, and out of favor with
the king and dominant parties; relegated (by his
peevage) to that "Hospital of Incurables," the
House of Lords, whither no patriot voice could
reach the Commons of England; retired to his