

The Leisure Hour.

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For the Leisure Hour. The Combatants.

There Light and Shadow meet
And mingle and retreat;
Beautiful Hope and wan Despair
Wage a fearful conflict there
For an empty throne:
There is no Night, there is no Day
Nor have they, alternate sway,
One must reign alone,
But neither of the twin
Wear yet
The coronet,
Or rule the proud domain.

Faith and Mercy—Truth and Hope
With the "powers of Darkness" cope,
All the pure and all the bright
From the radiant "realms of light"
Serried stand upon "the right."
On "the left" in grim array
See! the bannered host of Hell
Rushing to the dread affray
Marched by the Fiend who fell;
By that gloom, a gloryer
Why by foul ambition first
Lost his estate and fell—
Him—the Outlawed—the Accursed;
Who darest still
And ever will
Vainly—madly to rebel.

O'er the legions of the Lost
By each wave of battle tossed
The oriflame of Hell,
Roses—alternate roses and fell:
Hither—thither wildly driven
With the ebb and flow of tide,
Streamed the holy flag of Heaven
Emblem of the Crucified!
Brighter than the morning Star
Beamed that sweet sign afar
On the scowling front of War!

Half light—half cloud the sky that stood
Abye that fearful field of blood;
Forth from the cloud flashed the red levins,
Stars gamed the other half of heaven;
But where the beams with shadows meet
As the some pallid sun had set
A livid—lurid—ghastly glare
Or lit, or gloomed upper air!
Whop hark! a wild, despair yell
Of baffled rage—of deadly fear
Bursts from the frantic fiends of Hell
Upon the universal ear.

Their crested leader calls in vain
His clansmen to the charge again,
Death, Destruction, Pain and Woe
Struggling, battling to and fro
Fruitlessly urge their ruinous ranks
To form, once more the proud phalanx.

The Cross more brightly gleams on high!
They fly—hey fly—the Demons fly!
Like lightning, riven
Storm clouds driven
Athwart a midnight sky—
They fly—they fly—they fly!
Like the shifting sand of the desert plain
Or the feathery foam of the angry main,
When uplifted—
Winnowed—sifted—
Swept in frantic fury on
By those harvesters of Doom—
By those reapers for the tomb—
Tempestuous Euroclydon!

The Holy Babe of Bethlehem—
The Lamb of God—the Crucified—
The Bridegroom of the ready Bride
Hath won and wears the diadem! *****

From the London Family Herald. Married Twice.

"Well, sir, I am glad it has come out what you married me for. It is charming to the bride of a month to find herself despised by her husband because she did not bring him a mine of gold—truly it is!"

"It is not for want of the 'mine of gold,' Mrs. Maybury, but I protest against being so deceived. I hate deception—you know it."

"Who deceived you, pray? Not I; for the idea that you were merely seeking a fortune never entered my mind, nor would I have believed it, had any one told me so. If you chose to imagine that because my sister was an heiress, I was one also; and because she endowed a poor man with riches, I should do the same by you—adopted Adelia when we were left orphans, and dying two years ago, bequeathed her the whole of her fortune. It was my lot to become the ward of one in humbler circumstances, who used such resources as there were to give me a complete education, which was the only fortune I ever had to anticipate. I thought till now that that was something; but, of course, it is nothing! Arthur Maybury, the high-minded, makes this decision."

"You are like all the rest of your sex from the beginning," said Mr. Maybury; "I have no more to say."

"Nevertheless, he did say more, and his speech waxed none the less bitter and acerbatory, while his wife, Annie, retorted in turn in the same spirit she had already displayed. Strange words, and more strange tones, were yet to be exchanged between the young bridegroom and bride. The scene had opened, with Arthur's coming into the little parlor and sitting down in the twilight, and Annie beside him, saying, rejoicingly, "At last we are to have an evening by ourselves, I hope;" to which he responded, "At last, I hope." It ended, however, with his seizing his hat with a world of

will, and shutting the street-door emphatically behind him.

Mrs. Maybury was alone, leaning an arm on the centre table beneath the yet unlighted chandelier. The flush faded on her cheek faster than it had from the autumn sunset sky; the light of her soul passed rapidly into midnight. Her frame quivered and shook with the tempest of emotion within, whose forked lightnings pierced her brain. Thus she sat long, yet no fears relieved the aching of the surcharged eyes, nor moistened the lashes with the rigidly clasped fingers before them.

Two wretched days went by, and Arthur Maybury and his wife had not looked in each other's face, nor spoken together save in the briefest and coldest manner. To spirits like theirs a quarrel was all that the world implies. Both regretted it bitterly, very bitterly; yet, so far, both were too proud to begin concessions. Annie thought and knew herself injured; and dwelling on this side mostly, overlooked the sarcastic and offensive language she had uttered—a thing her husband did not. He felt abased and peculiarly vexed at having exposed to himself and her that money could influence him in the choice of a wife. It would never have happened, had she prayed rich, as he and others expected.

Once, about the time of his marriage, when a friend spoke rallyingly to him of his having drawn a golden prize, he replied that Annie Clyde without a penny would be the same to him as Annie Clyde with a million; and he would have been much hurt had the other seemed to discredit the assertion. Till pressed hard by circumstances, he had continued in the happy delusion; but his finances were now in a state seldom known to soothe a man's mind, or improve his temper.

He had finished the study of medicine only a very short time, and his patients were yet to fall sick when he first met Miss Clyde. Within three months he proposed, was accepted, and the marriage took place. The son of a poor man, Arthur had of necessity contracted debts in his course, which he trusted to success in his profession for discharging.

He was presented to Miss Clyde at the house of her sister, who was recently married, and came to reside in his native town. His eyes beheld in her a marvel of beauty and accomplishments. Her many engaging qualities were the admiration of the acquaintances she made. "And then," some one would not unfrequently be heard to remark, "there is the fortune;" for somehow the unquestioned supposition was that Adelia inherited her money from her father, and that the sisters had shared equally in his estate.

After a brilliant wedding, Arthur and his bride set off on a tour, which was condensed into three weeks; at the end of which time they returned to their own house, now ready for occupation on their arrival. It was a house of elegance, suited to their taste, if not to their means. Then immediately followed a great party—and now, as ever, the cost of all these indulgences had to be met. It is but just to Arthur to say that the orders he had given, and his lavish expenditure, were all for the sake of his bride, and as being appropriate to her imaginary position; and all were enjoyed by Annie with the inconsiderateness to be expected of her years and situation.

For a time it had appeared a beautiful delicacy on the part of Mrs. Maybury, considering the contrast of her husband's poverty, that she refrained from any reference to her fortune; but after that, his sentiments on the subject varied, and he became secretly anxious to know where an amount of the readiest money was accessible. Those ghosts of dead pleasures, debts, were narrowing their circle around him. They could not be laid except by a chinking sound in bank vaults, and a substance, which looked like the consolidation of sunshine, having passage from hand to hand.

Mere intimations touching the state of affairs sufficed not at all for the reason that they were not understood; so, shortly, Arthur was fain to apply to his wife, in distinct terms, for permission to use the resources which were theirs jointly now, he supposed. The surprise and chagrin awaiting both, when it came to this, need no description beyond what is included in the mutual recriminations, with which the interview closed.

The two days that followed, Arthur kept himself from home as much as possible, on visits to real and imaginary patients, while Annie shut herself in, and, through the servants, shut every one else out. The house and everything it contained was the bitterest mockery to the sight of the young and so lately happy master and mistress.

Time enough there had been for passion to subside, and reason to exercise her vocation. Mr. and Mrs. Maybury sat at their table once more, and alone. She had come from her chamber partly at the suggestion of pride, afraid that an indisposition, which demanded less than usual attention from her husband, might not serve her as a plea more permanently, and prevent scandal among the servants.

But, beyond this, the unforgiving spirit had passed from her bosom, and a tender longing for reconciliation taken its place. Her husband

traced in the tremulous hand that gave him his cup of tea, and in the meeker expression of her downcast eyes, when he ventured to look in them. He traced it with pity and remorse, for the fondness in his heart was waking from its terrible trance, and that moment the cry of his soul was for the impossible boon of living over again the last two days.

In some natural way, the fact was at length rumored abroad that his wife was portionless; and one had that evening, without much stress of delicacy, appealed to him for either confirmation or denial. He had replied with haughty evasion, and springing to his brougham, driven homeward. "Portionless!—and if so, is she the worse for it?" was the question, that had risen to his lips before his inquisitor; but he turned it upon himself, and the sequence was that riches and virtue appeared in their true relative value.

Arthur attempted some conversation on incidents of the day, and Annie seconded his efforts as well as she was able. "As soon as the tea things were removed, and the room more secure against intruders, they put off restraint with unanimity, and, amid weeping and retractions, sought to revive the withered wreath of wedded affection.

But, alas, for human pride and passion! alas, alas, for them! Arthur Maybury and his wife destined themselves to suffer the unmitigated penalty of departing from the vows so recently spoken at the altar. Demons might have gloated in triumph over that scene, begun with promise, but relapsing into only elements of discord. The estrangement between the pair was wider than on the evening when their honeymoon had so suddenly set in gloom; and there, after it seemed as though, seek as they would, no time of repentance could be found by them.

Weeks lingered away, and the sweets of love in that dwelling had turned to wormwood and gall. Annie had gone with her griefs to her sister, and Adelia and her husband had, in their indignation against Arthur, mistaken their advice to his wife. It was wind for oil to the troubled waters, caustic for balm to the open wound. And their prescriptions were but too faithfully followed. Arthur likewise had had advisers, who checked his better impulses, and (wise and generous souls!) furnished him a separate magnifying glass, through which to criticize every one of Annie's faults.

The establishment it was not possible to maintain, nor was there longer occasion—its unhappy mistress having at length taken formal leave, and returned to a home at her sister's. So the domestics were discharged—the upholsterer reclaimed his effects, for want of a prospect of anything better; and auctioneer's bills were posted on either side of the door which had opened so hopefully to the train of guests at the bridal party.

One day, a petition for divorce, "Arthur Maybury versus Annie Maybury," was filed according to law; the case came duly before the court, and the uncontested petition was granted. What God had joined together, man had lightly sundered. Had death so soon parted the young and gifted couple, how loud a lamentation would it have created! The judge did it, and society saved its sympathy, regarding it as all very comfortable—the most agreeable thing under the circumstances.

Annie Clyde—for her brother-in-law, with a kind of congratulating smile, addressed her by that name the very moment he could hurry home after the decision—passed one night of misery so intense, that next morning she almost expected to see in her mirror her hair turned gray. It seemed as though her very sight might have washed away, in the torrent of tears she had shed over her disappointment, her desolation. Then carefully locking her sensibilities from other eyes, she may have appeared happier for release from the ties which had so briefly bound her.

Herself and Arthur could not always avoid meeting as months went by. One evening, at an entertainment which she attended along with her sister and her husband, Annie found herself suddenly thrilled by the tones of a voice she once had not dreamed could ever be less than music to her ears. She had not known of Mr. Maybury's presence sooner; but determined on preserving not merely an external composure, but an impenetrable indifference also, she continued where she was, admiring a flowering moss-rose from the conservatory, which had brought her to the spot.

Arthur was attempting to sustain himself in a bantering conversation respecting the style of wearing the beard. His challenger was a school-day acquaintance, albeit never esteemed a prize in that way, who, having been abroad for some years, only re-entering port that day, was not familiar with Arthur's history during the interval.

"Pon my honor, now, my dear fellow," said the traveller, affecting a Parisian swell, "this disguising yourself from an old friend with a mask of hair, is what I call—objectionable, very—quite ungenerous. Besides, I do assure you, you are out of the mode."

Arthur was looking away, not appearing to share any deep feeling on the subject, and the other went on.

"The imperial," said he, caressing his own

with his ring-finger, "is decidedly all the go in all the—ah—principal—I may say, fashionable cities. The Marchioness d'Avona (fascinating creature!) declared in my presence—speaking of another individual you know—that a gentleman was unfurnished without an imperial. Non finit—those were her words. Why, faith! to wear the entire beard is awfully hideous. I can invent no excuse for you, my dear Maybury, except it be that in your profession you are afraid to trust yourself among the fair ones without this muzzel—ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you know," said Arthur, answering him according to his folly, "the way in which all the various styles of mutilated beard came into vogue?"

"Pon my honor, no. How?"

"Another Beau Brummell," said Arthur, "of a date when the beard was universally worn as nature designed it, conceived the project of astonishing the nation by appearing shaven. He repaired to a barber's, accordingly; but the latter, knowing his man, before his task was fully completed laid down the razor and demanded his fee. The fashionable had not a sous in his pocket, having parted with the last for a glass of brandy as he came to the shop. He promised, but promises were not current there; he raved, he implored, but the operator was inexorable. No pay, no more work. Mad with the humiliation it involved, the acknowledged leader of the *ton* went forth never so barefaced, save a patch on his lower lip. What then? Why the whole retinue of apes ape him, and he soon found that short funds had helped him to make the bit of a lifetime. No, to me, half shaving is always more suggestive of stringency in small coin, than of making one's self agreeable to the gentler sex; and I confess that my finances must be improved before I shall think of changing my present hideous custom."

"Ah, truly," the exquisite rejoined, "I perceive how it is. You do not believe in the—ah—predilection which the fair ladies have for the imperial. Come now, let us refer the case. Here is Miss Clyde—a beautiful creature! He whisked in Arthur's ear, "perfectly beautiful. I obtained an introduction the first moment;" (he might have added that she openly rid herself of him the moment after.) "She shall be our—ah—umpire. You have heard our discussion, Miss Clyde; pray put me under the exceeding obligation of hearing your opinion respecting imperials."

As he spoke, with his arm through that of Arthur, he wheeled the latter by a movement which brought him face to face with Annie. "I think, sir, the imperial may be peculiarly suited to your style of beauty," the lady replied, with a smile and air so markedly bland, that even the concerted questioner saw beneath them irony and contempt, and changed his time and place abruptly.

The next moment Annie's sister drew her from the room for air, with a face white as a snow-wreath. It was a momentary faintness, she said, from standing there so long in the perfume of the flowers. It was quite over now; and she hastened back, as though fearful that some one else should notice the vacillation.

Re-entering the festal scene, her eye involuntarily sought around till it fell upon Arthur. He was in another part of the room, addressing with the grace for which he was eminent a beautiful young lady, the belle of the evening. Annie observed that the young lady blushed, and her luminous eyes softened beneath the look that was upon them; and a pang of jealousy, a sensation of injury swept her bosom. It was difficult in that moment to feel herself only a divorced wife; but she roused her self-command, rallied her spirits, and was gayer and more brilliant for the rest of the evening.

There was a lonely, wooded dell close by the river side, a quarter of a mile from the family country seat, whose carpet of moss, when summer time came, yielded often to a mournful tread. Its wild flowers were wet with nightly dews, but more by daily tears. Oh! Annie Clyde was in secret very wretched.

So the season waxed and waned, and the household prepared to return to town. Annie dreading the removal for the change in her habits which it must demand, despising society now more than she had ever esteemed it, paid a farewell visit to the spot where she had hidden her anguish as one might hide a thing coveted.

It was a sombre afternoon; filful winds rent handfuls of faded leaves from the boughs; flocks of birds sent forth a wailing chirp, hovering over flower-stalks dead and rustling; the river flowed back to the frowning clouds, coursing on between its sere banks. Annie took her familiar seat at the foot of a giant tree, which seemed deep rooted like her sorrow, and there for hours enjoyed the sympathy which nature offered.

At last she heard (did she not hear a sound?) a sound like a near footstep. She had sometimes thought she heard the same when here on other days; but, listening to the stillness, had thought it mere fancy—or, if more, still but the bounding of a hare or a squirrel among the leaves. This time, however, the sounds were repeated, and there was a sudden agitation of the encircling shrubs densely festooned with wild grape, whose burdening clusters had fallen

to the ground unplucked. Adelia, anxious lest she was exposing her health, had sought her out.

Thus thought Annie, but with a tremor of her unstrung nerves, and a gasping of the breath that was more and more drawn in painful sighs. She had risen, with a hasty putting back of her dishevelled hair, and taken up the mantle which had fallen from her shoulders unheeded. The vines and branches were cleft asunder by a strong hand, and to her feet advanced Arthur Maybury!

Annie sank into her seat faint and bewildered, without the power of articulating a syllable. Speechless as herself, Arthur knelt before her, took both her hands in his own, bowed his forehead to her knees, and rested it there. She bent her head upon his; and thus their humbled spirits communioned together, baptizing themselves with contrition before heaven, and rising to newness of purpose and a higher appreciation of the mortal mission.

Stars lighted their pathway out of the grove, and seemed an alphabet of love which they had never learned rightly till now. A few days later the broken band of Hymen was reunited with deeper significance, with better hopes and holier aspirations on the part of those whose experience apart had been so rife with unhappiness.

It was on the anniversary of their divorce that Arthur and Annie chose their seats on the deck of the Golden Petrel, about to weigh anchor for the shining shores of California—their chosen future home.

"One year," said the wife, softly, "since our hopes perished so violently. Our hearts' term of mourning is over, for those hopes have burst their cements, and come forth as by a miracle."

"Again and again," returned the husband, "did I follow you, Annie, to your wildwood retreat, watching (oh, how earnestly!) to read your heart in secret as I had never been able to do in public, and see if it shared anything of the regret which was consuming my life. Words cannot describe the joy of that moment, when at last I dared to woo you to be my bride a second time."

There was a murmured interchange of endearing words, and an interval of silence.

"Do you remember," said Arthur again, "the evening in the gay company when we so suddenly met eye to eye? What an impulse I felt to revenge myself on the miserable fop who referred to you with such bold admiration!"

Annie smiled as she recalled her own emotions on the occasion, and compared them with those just now confessed. Then, forgetting the things that were behind, they talked, hopefully of what was before. And when evening came and the panorama was waters with only a belt of land fast declining beyond it, while the new moon cast oblique shadows over the deck and behind the flight of the Golden Petrel, their rich voices mingled in a song whose burden was of affection which is all unmeasured by ocean, and which, though suns set and moons wane, ever increases more and more. Then amid the echoes of their fellow-passengers, their hearts responded—"Eureka!—we have found it!"

Where west winds bear the Pacific spray like rainbow clouds, is a little Eden home, with the tree of love, zealously guarded, growing in the midst. Two cherub children of twin birth toddle forth, hand in hand, to gather bright flowers that cover the landscape as a robe of costly splendor the person of some eastern monarch.

I cannot ask the reader, Do you find this a pleasant fiction?—for it is no fiction. It is a sketch from real life, which some who peruse it will surely recognize, and say, "Here are old friends, only with new names." L. S. G.

Bulwer's Dedication of a Book.

"MY DEAR MOTHER.—In inscribing with your beloved and honored name this collection of my works, I could wish that the first fruits of my manhood were worthy of the tender and anxious pains bestowed upon my education in youth.

Left yet young, and with no ordinary accomplishments and gifts, the sole guardian of your sons, to whom you devoted the best years of your useful and spotless life; and any success it may be their fate to attain in the paths they have severally chosen, would have its principal sweetness in the thought that such success was the reward of one whose hand aided every struggle, and whose heart sympathized in every care.

"From your graceful and accomplished tastes, I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you were my first guide—were my earliest critic. Do you remember the summer days, which seemed to me as short, when you repeated to me those old ballads with which Percy revived the decaying spirit of our national muse, or the smooth couplets of Pope, or those gentle and polished verses, with the composition of which you had beguiled your own earlier leisure? It was those easy lessons, far more than the harder rudiments learned subsequently in schools, that taught me to admire and to imitate; and in them I

recognize the germ of the flowers, however perishable they be, that I now bide up and lay upon a shrine hallowed by a thousand memories of unspeakable affection. Happy, while borrowed from your taste, could I have found it not more difficult to imitate your virtues—your spirit of active and extended benevolence, your cheerful piety, your considerate justice, your kindly charity—and all the qualities that brighten a nature more free from the thought of self, than any it has been my lot to meet with. Never more than at this moment did I wish that my writings were possessed of a merit which might outlive my time, so that least these lines might remain, a record of the excellence of the mother and the gratitude of the son."

From the London Journal.

Doctor Johnson.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of the brightest literary ornaments of the eighteenth century. He was born at Litchfield in Staffordshire, in September, 1709, and died in December, 1784, at the advanced age of nearly seventy-six years. His father was a bookseller, and from him he inherited political prejudices and a morbid melancholy, which had a baneful influence on his life. He was troubled with scrofula, which disfigured his face, and deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes. Notwithstanding these natural and constitutional defects, he rose to the highest eminence in the world of literature, by the patient and dogged industry, which, it is not in reality genius, is one of the best substitutes for it that can be found. He was companion at Oxford for three years, and was driven from his studies there through extreme poverty. His first literary attempt was a translation, for which he received five guineas. In his twenty-sixth year he married a widow nearly double his own age, whose fortune was less than eight hundred pounds sterling. He was a schoolmaster for a year and a half, and during this period he wrote the most of his tragedy called *Lucius*.

In 1737, he came to London, with one of his pupils, the celebrated David Garrick. His tragedy was refused by the managers of the theatres in London, and for some years he was wholly dependent for support on his employment as a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The most remarkable part of Dr. Johnson's career was certainly that of his contributions to this magazine, consisting of the fabrication of the speeches of the most eminent members of both Houses of Parliament. Those imaginary orations induced Voltaire to compare the British eloquence of the senate with the eloquence of the ancient orators of Greece and Rome; but they were the creations of Dr. Johnson's mind. They were hastily sketched by him at a period when he was barely thirty-two years of age, but little acquainted with the world, and struggling, not for distinction or literary fame, but for existence. These speeches, which he put into the mouths of the members of both Houses, were composed from scanty notes taken by seditious reporters; and sometimes he had nothing given to him but the names of the speakers, and the part they took in the debate.

About this period, several publications of Dr. Johnson attracted the notice of the public; particularly a poem entitled "London," in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, which received the approbation of Pope. His friendship with the poet Savage was a curious part of his literary history, and his life of that unfortunate man has been both admired and condemned. As a literary production, it ranks very high. In 1749, he wrote his celebrated prologue for his pupil Garrick, who had undertaken the management of Drury Lane Theatre; and he commenced his immortal work, "The Dictionary of the English Language." His conduct towards his pretended patron, Lord Chesterfield, on the completion of this great work, is worthy of admiration, notwithstanding the polished assent with which it was accompanied. He rejected his lordship's advances after the work had received the approbation of the public, letting him know, in very polite terms, that he was unwilling that the public should consider him to be owing to a patron that which Providence had enabled him to do for himself.

His wife, whom, notwithstanding the disparity of years, he appears to have sincerely loved, died in 1752, and he lamented her loss as long as he lived. While the dictionary was advancing to completion, he had published "The Rambler," a periodical of wonderful merit, and the "Adventurer," a similar work; the latter with the assistance of friends. In 1758, he published the "Idler," another periodical, but of inferior merit to the former. In the following year he wrote his celebrated novel, entitled "Rasselas; or, the Prince of Abyssinia," in order to defray, by its sale, the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to liquidate some debts she had left unpaid—an example to thousands who pretend to greater charity than the doctor.

In 1762, he obtained from Government a pension of three hundred pounds per annum for his past labors. In 1764, he instituted "The Literary Club," which met at the Turk's Head, in Gerard street, Soho; and, in 1765, gave to the world his edition of Shakespeare. In 1773, he