

# The Leisure Hour.

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## For the Leisure Hour. Ode to Sleep.

Come gentle Sleep! and bring along with thee;  
The beauteous dream—the buzzing of the bee—  
All slumberous sounds which silence loves to hear—  
Which steal like balm into the drowsy ear—  
Let summer-rain fall softly from the eaves,  
While fragrant zephyrs whisper thro' the leaves;  
To every grief some sweet reprieve bring,  
Benumb each sense—Bid sorrow cease to sting;  
From dreamless rest let me awake no more;  
Nor longer live existence to deplore.  
Haste! Siren, haste! low lullabies to sing!  
Until I die beneath the shadow of the wing!

## The Tempter in the House.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The sky is dark with a cloudy pall  
And the earth is dim with rain,  
And the ghostly pine trees toss and moan  
By the side of the moaning main,  
And around the eaves of the desolate Hall  
The shrill March winds complain.

But a darker pall has shrouded the light  
Of the Household Hopes within,  
For the shuddering verge of sin,  
Are sorely beat by the Tempter's might,  
And the Devil is sure to win!

## From Chambers's Journal.

### The King's Word.

Never had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect as that of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1456, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the posts and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—those were the circumstances in which Charles found himself, when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With the defection of these troops, under the command of the Count de Biemont, Constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favorite, the Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked: "What are they all gone?"

"All, sire,"

"Well, Giac, that is a good joke," said the King, laughing and turning to his favorite.

"Yes, sire," answered Giac; "and the misfortune could not have befallen your Majesty at a luckier moment."

"Why so?"

"The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the treasury is empty." At this moment a page announced the Comte de Biemont, Constable of France; and the countenance of the Marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gaiety, instantly to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

"My cousin is welcome!" cried the King, at the same time looking towards the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

"Well, Giac," said Charles in a tone of wonderment, as his favorite, whilst expecting the entrance of the Constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him; "the throw is with you."

"Sire," stammered Giac, as he arose in embarrassment from the table.

"What is the matter?"

"Your Majesty is aware that the Constable is not friendly towards me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged."

"Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you."

"But circumstances might occur, your Majesty," said the Marquis, trembling.

"There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Constable.

"Welcome, good cousin, to Bourges!" cried Charles. "I have already heard what has taken place at St. Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors!—But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?"

"I am come, sire," answered the Count, "to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France."

"Not so hasty, cousin!" cried Charles, knitting his brows. "It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us."

"It is not mine, sire," answered the Constable, proudly and with emphasis.

"I know, I know," said the king. "You are a faithful servant." The Count bowed coldly.

"When I received the constable's sword from your Majesty," said he, "and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition: I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your Majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Very true, cousin."

"Four months have elapsed since then; I have kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The troops refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated and threatened, but without avail; the traitors deserted secretly. It would not have happened, sire, if you had kept your word as well as I kept mine, and had sent the money as you promised."

"What!" cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage; "I did not send the money?"

"No, sire."

"No! And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose! . . . What has become of it?"

"Ask the Marquis de Giac, your Majesty; perhaps he knows," answered the Constable coldly.

The Marquis who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the king's question:

"Sir," said he, "out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier d'Ange was paid the bet he laid with your Majesty; and the rest I took in part payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy."

"So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!" cried the Constable, angrily turning to the Marquis: "you are truly an excellent treasurer!"

"Whether I am so or not," answered the Marquis scornfully, "it is not your business to decide." The Constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee before the king, and presented his sword.

"Here, sire," said he, "is my sword back again."

"No, my cousin, we will not accept of it," cried Charles; "for we know none more worthy to whom we can confide it." The Constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a side-glance at the Marquis:

"Since you command it, sire," said he, "I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honor of my King and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me."

"Most willingly, cousin."

"As Constable of France," continued the Count, "I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the province confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges."

"Right!"

"Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shown to me that would be shown to yourself." Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with a side look at his visibly anxious favorite: "It shall be so, cousin," said he, "but with one stipulation; you must answer to me with your honor for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac."

"I answer for his life, sire," said the Constable. Then turning to the Marquis:

"My Lord Marquis," said he, "you are my prisoner."

A few hours after the visit of the Constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges, on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This at least was the form under which the Constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the Marquis, for the long list of offences he had been for some time committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the special protection of the king. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the King, as well as that of the Constable, was undoubted security for his life—But are there not punishments infinitely more painful than death? Are there not tortures insufficient to destroy the thread of life, yet in comparison with which death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous king, at the time when the will of the Constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the Marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen under the displeasure of the Constable. It was, therefore, that same evening that same evening that the door of the prison opened, the Mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the Marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former announced to him that his fate was decided.

"My Lord Marquis de Giac," said the Mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, "draw near, and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you."

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul which enabled him to meet with fortitude inevitable evils, arose courageously, and walking up to the Mayor almost with an air of pride:

"Let me hear it!" said he. "But, pray, use not many words."

"As you command," replied the Mayor bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: "The supreme administrator of the laws for the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he accordingly attained of high treason, and condemned to suffer death by the sword."

"How? Death?" cried the prisoner, more in anger than in terror.

"Allow me to proceed, my Lord Marquis; I have not yet done," said the Mayor; and he read on: "In consideration, however, of its having pleased his Majesty, our most gracious king and master, to pardon with his own royal word the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant him his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance; which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned declaring in his own handwriting that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favor of the royal pardon offered him."

"And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?" asked the prisoner, turning pale.

"It is as follows," said the Mayor, reading further: "That Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword to-morrow morning before sunrise, in the open market-place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder."

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench in his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring Mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that act which the authorities of Bourges had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honorable race, and one who had long stood high in the favor of a crowned monarch.

At the dawn of day, on the 15th of June, 1456, an agitation began on the market place of Bourges, which announced that something, as unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets, and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled round a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market-place, the entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear sight of what was prepared upon the inclosed spot, still there was a general idea of what was to follow; and those that stood nearest could discern a lightly erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. This difference had its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice hitherto altogether without precedent. Besides this the unusual time of day, as well as the place, contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had been particularly beloved by the people, had at least lately been looked up to by them with respect.

As at length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable even from a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees, and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring, surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart, in which sat the executioner and by his side a haggard-looking man, who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor.

At a little distance from the cart, followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man, whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud, and his aspect imposing. His dress, richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting,

showed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he appeared, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the meantime five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from the opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after, the victims appeared upon the place of execution—The clergyman drew near to the culprit who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time, and then led him to the fatal seat; after which, the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud, first the sentence of the murderer, and then that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words—

"I demand of you, Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?"

"No," answered the marquis, in a firm voice.

"Then," continued the officer of justice, "you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of headsman."

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword, which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety was depicted on every countenance. After a short pause, the Marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared his right arm, and—A shriek of horror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning the sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said: "Go, tell the Constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no hand with which to perform the duty of executioner."

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood.

Before the expiration of an hour, the Marquis received the pardon of the Constable, who admired courage still more than he hated political crime."

**Sir Walter Raleigh's Letter to his Wife.**

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with an heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me; which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help the miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child. Your mourning cannot avail me that am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand, that my lands were conveyed *bona fide* to my child; the writings were drawn at midsummer was twelve months, as divers can witness; and I trust my blood will quench their malice who desired my slaughter, that they will not seek also to kill you and yours with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct you I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry am I, that, being thus surprised by death, I can leave you no better estate; God hath prevented all my determinations,—that great God which worketh all in all; and if you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but a vanity: love God, and begin betimes—in him you shall find true, everlasting, and endless comfort; when you have travelled and wearied yourself with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be an husband to you, and a father to him—an husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

Baylie oweth me a thousand pounds, and Aryan six hundred; in Jersey also I have much owing me. Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt you shall be much sought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich; have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey unto the world, and then to be despised. I speak (God knows) not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine.

death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but God knows it was for you and yours that I desired it: for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who in his own respect despiseth death and his misshapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much; God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherbourne, or Exeter church by my father and mother. I can say no more; time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell, bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Yours that was, but now not mine own.  
WALTER RALEIGH.

**Walter Savage Landor.**

He inherited a large patrimony, (eighty thousand pounds sterling,) and his style of living has been princely. But he owes far more to nature than to fortune. If he is rich in what Pope calls "yellow dust," he is still richer in the treasures of the mind. He is truly one of nature's noblemen. He does not, as Scott and Byron did, affect to look down upon the literary profession. On the contrary, he has elevated it above all other human avocations, and no literary man in distress has ever appealed to him in vain. Though accustomed from his childhood to the luxuries and refinements of high life, no man has a more generous sympathy and respect for honest poverty in the humblest classes; or thinks less of mere conventional distinctions of all sorts. He is an enthusiast for liberty, and would readily shed his last drop of blood or spend his last guinea in that holy cause. In 1808, on the first insurrection in Spain, he raised a body of troops there at his own expense. The rank of colonel in the Spanish army was conferred upon him. On the extinction of the Constitution by Ferdinand, he resigned his commission, and told Don Cavallos that though willing to aid the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties, "he would have nothing to do with a perjurer and traitor." Napoleon the third was once on friendly terms with Landor, and presented him with a copy of his works, with autograph compliments on the fly-leaves. But when the Emperor sent his troops against the Italians, Landor returned the volumes in disgust. Landor's intellectual tastes are not confined to the library. He is never more happy than when he is in some magnificent gallery of pictures, or meditating the marvels of the gifted sculptor or the skillful architect. The walls of his own apartments—even the bed-rooms, passages, and staircases, from the ceilings to the floor—glow with the rich life of art. The paintings are even fixed on the doors. Landor is full of anecdote, and has seen so much of human life in all its phases, both in England and on the continent, that his autobiography would assuredly be one of the most interesting works imaginable. But no one can persuade him to undertake it. Colburn once offered him a large sum for a small volume of his personal recollections. A friend said to him one day, "Landor, you must write your autobiography." "Never!" was the emphatic reply. "Oh, you'll think better of it." "No—I may think worse of it." Mr. Foster wished for Landor's portrait for the large edition of his works, but he declined to give it. His friends have several photographic portraits of him, and there is a bust by Baily.—*Statesman.*

**George Washington and Washington Irving.**

"We have been told that, when Mr. Irving was a child five or six years old, he was walking one day, with a favorite Scotch servant-woman, in Broadway; not the Broadway of our times in which Presidents and Generals are lost in the crowd, but that quiet little thoroughfare, which, starting from the Battery as its court-end, ran on, through rows of modest dwellings, and still more modest shops, to the fields and gardens around the Park. In one of these shops there was a little more stir than usual, with a little bustle, too, of curiosity about the door, which attracted the good woman's attention; and, on looking in for the cause, she saw that General Washington was there. Seizing her young companion by the hand, she drew him forward, and led him right up to the General, exclaiming: 'Look here, sir; here is a bairn that is named for ye.' Washington laid his hand upon the child's head, and from that day to this, the blessing of the 'Father of his Country' has rested upon it. It is impossible to recall this little incident without reflecting, how mysteriously is the web of life woven! To Washington it was a trifle, dwelt upon, perhaps, with pleasure for a moment—told, it may be, to his wife, on his return home—and then forgotten, amid the thousand anxieties of his position. . . . had just entered upon his duties as President under the new Constitution. Grave cares, intricate questions of state, were weighing upon him, and what time had he to bestow anything more than a smile and a caress on this child of a stranger, even though bearing his own name? What would have been his sensations, could he have foreseen the future career of this child! How would his cares have been lightened, what a thrill would have shot to his heart, what a fervor would have glowed in his benediction, could some friendly voice have whispered in his ear, 'This boy will one day bear his part in the great work of raising his country to the first place among the nations; he will compel her reluctant kindred beyond the sea to recognize her genius, as you have compelled them to recognize her power; he will fill public stations with dignity, and adorn private life with all the gentler virtues; and when, at last, after many wanderings and many labors, he shall come and make his home upon the banks of that stream which was the scene of some of your greatest trials and noblest achievements, he will devote the mature wisdom and temperate eloquence of a green old age to the story of your life, and indissolubly unite his name with yours in a work which shall be the guide and the delight of the remotest posterity!'"

**Winter and Spring.**

An old man was sitting in his lodge, by the side of a frozen stream. It was the close of winter, and his fire was almost out. He appeared very old and very desolate. His locks were white with age, and he trembled in every joint. Day after day passed in solitude, and he heard nothing but the sounds of the tempest, sweeping before it the now-fallen snow.

One day, as his fire was just dying, a handsome young man approached, and entered his dwelling. His cheeks were red with the blood of youth, his eyes sparkled with animation, and a smile played upon his lips. He walked with a light and quick step. His forehead was bound with a wreath of sweet grass in place of a warrior's frontlet, and he carried a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"Ah, my son," said the old man, "I am happy to see you. Come in. Come, tell me of your adventures, and what strange lands you have been to see. Let us pass the night together. I will tell you of my prowess and exploits, and what I can perform. You shall do the same, and we will amuse ourselves."

He then drew from his sack a curiously wrought antique pipe, and, having filled it with tobacco, rendered mild by an admixture of certain leaves, handed it to his guest. When this ceremony was concluded, they began to speak.

"Blow my breath," said the old man, "and the streams stand still. The water becomes stiff and hard as clear stone."

"I breathe," said the young man, "and flowers spring up all over the plains."

"I shake my locks," retorted the old man, "and snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees at my command, and my breath blows them away. The birds get up from the water, and fly to a distant land. The animals hide themselves from my breath, and the very ground becomes as hard as flint."

"I shake my ringlets," rejoined the young man, "and warm showers of soft rain fall upon the earth. The plants lift up their heads out of the earth, like the eyes of children glistening with delight. My voice recalls the birds. The warmth of my breath unlocks the streams. Music fills the groves wherever I walk, and all nature rejoices."

At length the sun began to rise. A gentle warmth came over the place. The tongue of the old man became silent. The robin and bluebird began to sing on the top of the lodge. The stream began to murmur by the door, and the fragrance of growing herbs and flowers came softly on the vernal breeze.

Daylight fully revealed to the young man the character of his entertainer. When he looked upon him, he had the visage of Peboan, [Winter.] Streams began to flow from his eyes. As the sun increased, he grew less and less in stature, and upon him melted completely away. Nothing remained on the place of his lodge-fire but the misshapen, small white flower with a pink border.—*Henry R. Schoolcraft.*

**Signification of Ladies' Names.**—Mary, Maria, Marie, (French,) signify exalted. According to some, Mary means lady of the sea. Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies lovely; Julia and Julie, soft-haired; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Ellen—originally the Greek Helen—signifies alluring, though according to the Greek authors, it means one who pities. The interpretation of Caroline is regal; that of Charlotte, is a Queen; Elizabeth and Eliza signify true; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phoebe, light of life; Grace, favor; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amelia, Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Pauline, little one; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plump; Hannah, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are of the same original name, interpreted, mean