

The Leisure Hour.

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From the Home Journal.
The following sweet and touching lines are from the pen of an accomplished and beautiful woman, well known in the magic circle of good society. They refer to an actual scene, which she very pathetically narrates. Her little boy was dangerously ill of fever. At midnight he suddenly awoke from a troubled sleep, and called wildly for his mother. Perceiving that she sat near him, he became calm, and soon afterwards uttered a little prayer she had taught him in his cradle. The lady had already lost two children, to which affliction she alludes in her own supplication to heaven. This child recovered, and still lives. If our readers regard the lines as we do, they will thank us for giving them a place in the Home Journal. We are gratified to learn that our fair correspondent has yielded to the desire of her many friends to preserve what she has already written in a volume soon to be issued from the press of this city.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

"Mid the deep and stilling sadness, the stillness and the gloom,
That hung a veil of mourning round my dimly-lighted room,
I heard a voice at midnight, in strange tones of anguish, say,
"Come near me, dearest mother! Now, my God! Oh, let me pray."
And, soft as vesper music, wailing sadly through the air,
In plaintive utterance, then tolled forth his simple ev'ning prayer:
The same sweet hymn his lisping tongue so oft to me had said,
When, but an infant still, he knelt beside his cradle bed.

Methought the Almighty's love must bless that graceful little vine,
Whose budding tendrils I had taught around His throne to twine.
Methought an angel's gentle hand the silver chime did toll,
That called to prayer each thought within the temple of his soul.

And by the tearful beaming of his eyes I seemed to trace
The spiritual worshippers within that holy place,
As solemn light will sometimes through cathedral windows pour,
And reveal the pale nuns kneeling upon a marble floor.

A radiance seemed to gather o'er his mournful face the while,
Like sunlight stealing sadly down a consecrated aisle,
And, round his pale, high forehead, hung a halo soft and faint,
As falls from holy tapers on the image of a saint.

And that frail, suffering, patient child, so full of faith divine,
His soul lit up with holiness—that saint-like boy was mine:
And, like the broken chrysalis, my heart was only proved
To see its nursing heavenward spring, in shining verdure ruffled.

He prayed—and, dumb with anguish, did my trembling spirit wait,
Till that low wail had entered at the everlasting gate;
And then I cried, "Oh! Father, throng of angels dwell with thee,
And be it thine—but leave him yet a little while with me."

"Two buds has Azrael plucked from out the garden of his love,
And placed them in the living wreath that spans the throne above;
Twice o'er love's consecrated harp have swept his cold dark wings,
And when I touch it now, alas! there are two broken strings."

"Twice have his strong, sharp arrows pierced the bands within my fold,
And now in his unerring grasp another shaft behold!
Two prayers went up at midnight—and the last so full of woe,
That God did break the arrow set in Azrael's shining bow.

Canon Pace, February, 1857. Rosa.

RICHTER'S DREAM.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

"If we hear, in childhood, that the dead, about midnight, when our sleep reaches near the soul, and darkness even our dreams, awake out of their, and in the church mimic the worship of the living, we shudder at Death by reason of the dead, and in the night solitude turn away our eyes from the long silent windows of the church, and fear to search in their gleaming, whether it proceed from the moon.

Childhood, and rather its terrors than its raptures, take wings and radiance again in dreams, and sport like fire-flies in the little night of the soul. Crush not these flickering sparks!—Leave us even our dark painful dreams as higher hal-lushadows of reality! And where will you reduce to us those dreams, which bear us away from under the tumult of the waterfall into the still heights of childhood, where the stream of life yet ran silent in its little plain, and flowed towards its abysses, a mirror of the Heaven?"

"I was lying once, on a summer evening in the sunshine; and I fell asleep. Methought I awoke in the churchyard. The down-rolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awoke me. In the curried night-heaven I looked for the Sun; for I thought an eclipse was veiling him with the Moon. All the Graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swinging to and fro by invisible hands. On the walls, flitted shadows, which proceeded from no one, and other shadows stretched upwards in the pale air. In the open coffins none now lay sleeping, but the children. Over the whole heaven hung, in large folds, a gray sultry mist, which a giant shadow like vapour was drawing down, nearer, closer, and hotter: Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me the first step of a boundless earthquake. The Church wavered up and down with two infernal Dissonances, which struggled with each other in it; endeavoring in vain to mingle in unison. At times, a gray glimmer hovered along the windows, and under it the lead and iron fell down molten. The net of the mist, and the tottering Earth brought me into that hideous Temple; at the door of which, in two poison-bushes, two glittering Basilisks lay brooding. I passed through unknown Shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed.—All the Shadows were standing round the empty Altar; and in all, not the heart, but the breast quivered and pulsed. One dead man only, who had just been buried there, still lay on his coffin without quivering breast; and on his stilling countenance, stood a happy dream. But at the entrance of one Living, he awoke, and smiled no longer; he lifted his heavy eye-lids, but within was no eye; and in his beating breast there lay, instead of heart, a wound. He held up his hands, and folded them to pray; but the arms lengthened out, and dissolved; and the hands, still folded together, fell away. Above, on the Church-dome stood the dial plate of Eternity whereon no number appeared, and which was its own index: but a black finger pointed thereon, and the Dead sought to see the time by it.

"Now sank from aloft a noble, high Form, with a look of unfeignable sorrow, down to the Altar, and all the Dead cried out, 'Christ! is there no God?' He answered, 'There is none!' The whole Shadow of each then shuddered, not the breast alone; and one after the other, all, in this shuddering, shook into pieces. 'Christ continued: 'I went through the Worlds, I mounted into the Suns, and flew with the Galaxies through the wastes of Heaven; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being casts its shadow, and looked down into the Abyss and cried, Father, where art thou? But I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation hung without a Sun that made it, over the Abyss, and trickled down. And when I to led up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared on me with an empty, black, bottomless Eye-socket; and Eternity lay upon Chaos, eating it and ruminating it. Cry on, ye Dissonances; cry away the Shadows, for He is not!"

"I was still happy then; I had still my Infinite Father, and looked up cheerfully from the mountains, into the immeasurable Heaven, and pressed my mangled breast on his healing form, and said even in the bitterness of death; Father, take thy son from this bleeding hell, and lift him to thy heart!—Ah, ye too happy inhabitants of Earth, ye still believe in Him. Perhaps even now your Sun is going down, and ye kneel amid blossoms, and brightness, and tears, and lift trustful hands, and cry with joy-streaming eyes to the opened Heaven: 'Me too thou knowest, Omnipotent, and all my wounds; and at death thou receivest me, and closest them all?' Unhappy creatures, at death they will not be closed! Ah, when the sorrow-laden lays himself, with galled back, into the Earth, to sleep till a fairer Morning full of Truth, full of Virtue and Joy, he awakens in a stormy Chaos, in the everlasting Midnight, and there comes no Morning, and no soft healing hand, and no Infinite Father!—Mortal, beside me! if thou still livest, pray to Him; else hast thou lost him for ever!"

"And as I fell down, and looked into the sparkling Universe, I saw the upborne Rings of the Giant-Serpent, the Serpent of Eternity, which had coiled itself round the All of Worlds, and the Rings sank down, and encircled the All doubly;—and then it wound itself, innumerable ways, round Nature, and sweet the Worlds from their places, and crushing, squeezed the Temple of Immensity together, into the Church of a Burying-ground,—and all grew strait, dark, fearful,—and an immeasurably extended Hammer was to strike the last hour of Time, and shiver the Universe asunder. * * * WHEN I AWOKE.

"My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God; and the joy, and the weeping, and the faith on him were my prayer. And as I arose, the Sun was glowing deep behind the full purple corn-ears, and casting neckly the gleam of its twilight-red on the little Moon, which was rising in the East without an Aurora; and between the sky and the earth, a gay transient air-people was stretching out its short wings and living, as I did, before the Infinite Father; and from all Nature around me flowed peaceful tones as from distant evening-bells."

Without commenting on this singular piece, we must here for the present close our observations on Jean Paul. To delineate, with any correctness, the specific features of such a genius, and of its operations and results in the great variety of provinces where it dwelt and worked, were a long task; for which, perhaps, some groundwork may have been laid here, and which, as occasion serves, it will be pleasant for us to resume.

Probably enough, our readers, in considering these strange matters, will too often be-think them of that "Episode concerning Paul's Costume;" and conclude that, as in living, so in writing, he was a Mannerist, and man of continued Affectations. We will not quarrel with them on this point; we must not venture among the intricacies it would lead us into. At the same time, we hope, may well agree with us in honouring Richter, such as he was; and "in spite of his hundred real, and his ten thousand seeming faults," discern under this wondrous guise the spirit of a true Poet and Philosopher. A Poet, and among the highest of his time, we must reckon him, though he wrote no verses; a Philosopher, though he promulgated no systems: for on the whole, that "Divine Idea of the World" stood in clear ethereal light before his mind; he recognised the Invisible, even under the mean forms of these days, and with a high, strong, not unspirited heart, strove to represent it in the Visible; and published tidings of it to his fellow-men. This one virtue, the foundation of all other virtues, and which a long study more and more clearly reveals to us in Jean Paul, will cover far greater sins than his were. It raises him into quite another sphere than that of the thousand elegant sweet-singers, and cause-and-effect philosophers, in his own country, or in this; the million Novel-manufacturers, Sketchers, practical Discourers, and so forth, not once reckoned in. Such a man we can safely recommend to universal study; and for those who, in the actual state of matters, may the most blame him, repeat the old maxim: "What is extraordinary try to look at with your own eyes."

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

ANDALAH sat at his morning meal, when there alighted on the rim of his goblet a little fly. It sipped an atom of syrup, and was gone. But it came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew very bold. And lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger and yet larger, till there could be discerned, in the size, as of a locust, the appearance of a man. From a handbreadth, it reached the stature of a cubit; and still so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favor with this son of infatuation. It frisked like a satyr, and it sang like a peri, and like a miph of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and

like the king's gift, whithersoever it turned, it prospered. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he could not, in all that perceive the subtlety of an evil genius. Therefore the lying spirit waxed bolder and yet bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats, he freely took; and when the scholar waxed worth, and said, "This is my daily portion from the table of the mufi—there is not enough for thee and me," the dog-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile; until, in process of time, the scholar perceived that, as his guest grew stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

Now, also, there arose frequent strife betwixt the demon and his duke, and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore that he departed for a season. And when he was gone, Abdallah rejoiced, and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy, and whatsoever time it pleaseth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogether in mine own power?" But after not many days, the tempter came back again; and this time, he was arrayed in goodly garments, and he brought a present in his hand, and he spoke of the days of their first friendship, and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying, "Is he not a little one?" he received him again into his chamber.

On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mufi said, "Wherefore tarriest the son of Abdallah? Perchance he sleeth?" Therefore they repaired even to his chamber; but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore the mufi opened the door, and, lo! there lay on the divan the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the changes of raiment belonging to the hapless one, were gone, and in the soft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mufi measured one of the prints, and, behold! it was six cubits long.

Reader, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting book? Is it the billiard-table or the theatre? Is it smoking? Is it laziness? Is it novel-reading? But know that an evil habit is an evil constantly expanding. It may come in at the keyhole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. Know, also, that no evil habit can take the life of your soul, unless you yourself nourish it, and cherish it, and, by feeding it with your own vitality, give it a strength greater than your own.

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It is eminently proper that the first number of a Journal devoted to the cause of Education in North Carolina should contain a sketch of the professional life, character, and services of the late Professor Mitchell, who was for forty years one of the most prominent of our teachers. The preparation of such a sketch will be found no easy matter. Material there is in abundance. But it is difficult to select that which will render such an article as this piquant, and suggestive of a prompt and persevering imitation of his useful and self-denying example. The life of a secluded teacher and devotee of Science often lacks incidents which are unique, and likely to set off his portrait to advantage. The huge glacier as it presses over a country shapes its hills, and gives direction and volume to its streams. Still the marks of its action may be apparent to the eyes of the educated only. But few may be able to distinguish the ridges of drift, and detect the striated boulders that attest the moulding power of its quiet but irresistible course. Although our might not point out many brilliant passages in Dr. Mitchell's life, nor recite many single acts that were peculiar and decided in their effects, yet that he was no common man, that the marks he made on the various departments of our social life were frequent and widely felt is clearly attested by the wide spread astonishment, almost horror, that followed the publication of his unexpected loss. There is hardly a newspaper in the Union that has not announced his death to its readers.—Journals from New England to Louisiana have told about the great Professor, and expressed sympathy with the public of N. C. and with its University, under this afflictive dispensation.—Statesmen trusted with a Nation's secrets, Ministers of the Gospel who came to us ambassadors from the Court of Heaven, Cabinet Officers whose skill is sealed by the applause of millions, Teachers in every grade of the service whose secluded and often ill required labors form the strength and hope of our country, Farmers, Physicians, and Lawyers, Governors, Legislators and Judges, successful Merchants, and eminent politicians in all parts of our country, as his pupils gather round the bier of Dr. Mitchell and cry with the despairing prophet, "My Father! my Father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

Dr. Mitchell was born in Washington, Conn., and had lived until the 19th of August, 1857, would have been sixty-four years old. He graduated a Yale College in 1813, entered the

Christian ministry in 1817, and on his duties as our University in 1818. At first he was Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.—But when Prof. Olmstead returned to Yale College in 1825, Prof. M. filled his vacant chair because its duties were always most congenial to his tastes, and there he continued till the day of his death. How faithfully and successfully he rendered service in this chair, the public knows better than any one can describe.—It is sufficient here to say that no pupil of Dr. Mitchell's ever went from his laboratory without a fair chance of learning all that was newest and best in the departments he presided over.—Indeed whatever Dr. Mitchell undertook, he tried to do as well as it could then be done. His plans were generally drawn to a large scale and where he was permitted to finish what he began it rarely ever acquired amendment.—Perhaps there was an abundance of labor, mental and physical, in his undertakings that savoured of his prodigality. But Dr. Mitchell was rich in resources and strength. He wasted enough in his life to make the fortune of half-a-dozen common men. One who knew him well, on hearing that he was to deliver the address at our State Fair in 1856, exclaimed "I'll warrant that Dr. Mitchell begins with the garden of Eden." So he did, and by the time that he got down to his own recent visit to Chatham County he had, as usual, given to the public an essay full of rare learning and abounding in useful suggestions.

As a Preacher Dr. Mitchell was of a sound theology. He acknowledged most heartily that this Kosmos, with whose minute phenomena he was conversant, was created and controlled by a personal God, to whose power, wisdom, goodness, and awful holiness he directed his hearers with no little skill. For the redemption of mankind from the abyss of sin and misery into which the fall of Adam has thrown them, he looked to the mystery of the Cross received by faith into the heart of each individual. His philosophy led him to advocate the leavening of the mass by the subjection of each component soul to the law of God in Christ. So he never expected much permanent good to result from those efforts which have a different starting point. He saw during his eventful life so many associations for the reformation of the sins of Society skillfully organized and vehemently recommended, and yet superseded by their original projects, that while he never opposed any scheme which relied on the influence of an organization for the attainment of this great end, yet he never expected much permanent good to result from them. Dr. Mitchell believed that man was to be permanently raised above his natural condition only by help sent down from Heaven, and that this help could be expected by those only who were reconciled to God through a Divine and Priestly Mediator. Hence he constantly taught the necessity of a prompt and persevering attention to the claims of personal Religion.

As a man of extensive and varied knowledge, and of scientific skill in his investigations, it is well known that Dr. Mitchell had no superior in any equal in our country. He was always learning. The wonderful variety of subjects that is found among the books of his library irresistibly impresses one with the fact that their owner was of insatiable curiosity; while the quality of those books establishes that his knowledge was of a high order. He kept himself well posted up as to the current literature and science. He supplied himself liberally with the Reviews, Journals, Magazines, &c., of the day. Hence his library, which cost him a great deal of money, will not prove valuable to his heirs. Others wait until the proceedings of learned Societies, Scientific Journals, &c., are winnowed, until the trash that is in them has been eliminated, and the truth has been ascertained with a close approximation, or until the first and costly editions of good books have been sold, and the books are cheap. Such prudent and economical souls Dr. Mitchell allowed to pursue their own plans. He could not wait for stale bread, nor let his meat be cooked and then hashed. He liked to have his food fresh and then he wanted to do his own chewing besides. When a new idea, or a prolific principle well illustrated was to be obtained, dollars and cents rarely were hindrances to Dr. Mitchell.—Some may say that had he pursued a different plan his family might have been thousands of dollars richer. But then his own soul and those of his pupils and children would have been thousands of truths poorer, and Dr. Mitchell cared most for the meat that does not perish. No man ever deserved better the appellation of "a walking Encyclopedia." Besides an intimate acquaintance with the subjects of his own departments, his general reading was so extensive that there were few topics of conversation among scientific men of any profession whereon Dr. Mitchell was not an intelligent and interested listener or an interesting and instructive expounder. Some may judge that he might have done more for his fellow-men had he confined the attention of his powerful mind to a more limited range of subjects. So he might had such been his inclination. But Dr. Mitchell loved to "expatiate freely on all the world of man." He loved to realize the mightiness of

its nature, and to examine for himself in every direction the propriety of its plan. Besides we may say that just such varied acquirements were necessary for the proper discharge of his duties as Lecturer on Chemistry, and Mineralogy, and Geology. The bodily comforts of civilized man and his proper understanding of the phenomena in Nature around him depend so much on a proper apprehension of the truths in these sciences, that one can be a powerful expounder of them only by possessing the facts to be obtained by general reading. Dr. Mitchell's library made him a man of power in his laboratory.

But it was as a teacher, and as an officer of the University that Dr. Mitchell chiefly improved his talents committed to him. During the forty years he was connected with the University he never published or wrote as much as other professors and men of science have written and published. His large intellectual stores were for his pupils, and for others who might associate with him. After some experience at Yale College and elsewhere in Connecticut and Long Island, he began his career as a teacher in North Carolina when the Course of Instruction at the University contained but few subjects when compared with the number that now crowds its ample limits. In 1817 when Dr. Mitchell was appointed Professor of Mathematics, there was no Chemistry taught, the Seniors studied English Grammar—the Juniors Algebra and Geometry and the Freshmen ciphered in Arithmetic. But in 1818 there was a remarkable elevation of the Standard of acquisition at the University. Chemistry, &c., was introduced to the Seniors with Astronomy—the Juniors were admitted to the mysteries of Fluxions, now known as the Calculus; Algebra and Geometry did not rise higher than the Sophomore year, and the Freshmen quit studying *Euclid's* *Elements*. It would be interesting to compare that Course of Instruction with what appears in the Catalogus for 1857, to see what changes have been made in the order of studies, and what have been removed from the University to the preparatory course, and also to discuss the wisdom and determine the effects of these changes. But in all of them, many and great as they have been, Dr. Mitchell was a prominent and efficient agent. So that an extended memoir of him would present a fit opportunity for investigating the progress of education in North Carolina, and ascertaining how much the University is now benefiting by the reactions of its own early actions. But our space is so limited that we can but point out this fertile field for a future exploration.

Whatever Dr. Mitchell taught he taught thoroughly. He was always referring to first principles, and repeating them until they effected a permanent lodgment in each pupil's mind, if it had substance enough to retain anything. It was in the recitation room that he used most constantly and opportunely the knowledge he was constantly accumulating; and there information and suggestions, and speculations were constantly dropping from his lips that were not only very instructive, but could be met with no where else. Having become acquainted with his peculiar departments mainly as they were developing, and having seen so many assertions prove false, so many theories vanish, so many prophecies never become history, that he wisely became cautious respecting alleged discoveries, and slow of belief concerning new announcements. In such cases he was calm while others were excited, and patiently waited for the developments of the future, while others were crazy with the prognostications of the present. So then when others prophesied coal enough to "copper and copper-nasten" all creation, or gold enough to buy out Australia and California, or announced Aluminium as about to revolutionize our domestic economies, or promised to displace the Newtonian explanation of the Solar System, Dr. Mitchell taught his pupils that they must at times turn a deaf ear to the charmer, charm he ever so sweetly. The science that he thus disseminated through the country was remarkably free from dross, and the principles he inculcated such as are conservative while they are truly and permanently progressive. As a disciplinarian Dr. Mitchell acted according to the old maxim "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." But when his constant self-denying vigilance failed in its aim, he always went to the side of mercy even while most decided and firm. He was naturally of a quick temper and lively imagination, and so would often express himself to the subjects of college censure in very strong language. To the evildoers themselves he set forth the character and consequences of their conduct in their true light. Yet inflicting punishment he oftentimes recommended that which appealed to the gratitude and better feelings of the culprit, if he had any. Repentance and reformation was what he sought, not merely the getting rid of the offender, nor the striking terror into the hearts of all who should hear of him.

That Dr. Mitchell showed faults as well as great virtues, in all the relations he fulfilled to his fellow men, no one should deny. They were patent to all who associated with him. To those who did not associate with him it is not