

# The Leisure Hour.

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## What I Live For.

Live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me;  
For the task that God assigned me;  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story  
Who've suffered for my sake;  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,  
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to halt that season  
By gifted winds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted,  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE

Address of the Hon. Edward Everett,  
DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 9, 1857.

"But when science and art have done their best for the preparation of the soil, they have but commenced their operations in the lowest department of agriculture. They have dealt, thus far, only with what we call lifeless nature, though I apply that word with reluctance to the genial bosom of our mother earth, from which every thing that germinates draws its life and appropriate nourishment. Still, however, we take a great step upward, when, in pursuing the operations of husbandry, we ascend from mineral and inorganic substances to vegetable organization. We now enter a new world of agricultural research; the mysteries of assimilation, growth and decay; of seed-time and harvest; the life, the death, and the reproduction of the vegetable world. Here we still need the light of science, but rather to explore and reveal than to imitate the operations of nature. The skillful agricultural chemist can mingle soils and compound fertilizing phosphates; but with all his apparatus and all his re-agents, it is beyond his power to fabricate the humblest leaf. He can give you, to the thousandth part of a grain, the component elements of wheat; he can mingle those elements in due proportion in his laboratory—but to manufacture a single kernel, endowed with living, reproductive power, is as much beyond his skill as to create a whole world.

Vegetable life, therefore, requires a new course of study and instruction. The adaptation of peculiar plants to particular soils, and their treatment, on the one hand, and, on the other, their nutritive powers as food for man and the lower animals, the laws of germination and growth, the influences of climate, the possible range of improvability in cereal grains and fruits, are topics of vast importance. The knowledge—for the most part empirical—already possessed, upon these points, is the accumulation of the ages which have elapsed since the foundation of the world, each of which has added to the list its generous fruit, its nutritive grain, its esculent root, its textile fibre, its brilliant tincture, its spicy bark, its exhilarating juice, its aromatic essence, its fragrant gum, its inflammable oil; some so long ago that the simple gratitude of infant humanity ascribed them to the gift of the gods, while others have been brought to the knowledge of the civilized world in the historical period, and others have been presented to mankind by our own continent. No one can tell when wheat, barley, rye, oats, millet, apples, pears, and plums, were first cultivated in Europe; but cherries and peaches were brought from the Black Sea and Persia in the time of the Roman Republic; the culture of silk was introduced from the East in the reign of Justinian; cotton and sugar became extensively used in Europe in the middle ages; maize, the potato, tobacco, cocoa, and the Peruvian bark, are the indigenous growth of this country. Tea and coffee, though productions of the Old World, were first known in Western Europe about two centuries ago; and India-rubber and gutta percha, as useful as any but the cereals, in our own day.

But, without wandering so far for additions entirely novel which may be expected to our vegetable store, I can not but regard what may be called organic husbandry as one of the richest departments of science, and one which is yet almost wholly in its infancy. What wonders are revealed to us by the microscope in the structure and germination of the seed—the instinct, so to say, of radiole and plumule, which

bids one seek the ground, and the other shoot upward toward the air; the circulation of the sap, which, examined under a high magnifying power, in a succulent plant—the Calla, for instance—resembles flowing streams of liquid silver—a spectacle, in these days of "suspension," to make a man's mouth water; the curious confectionery, that secretes sugar, and gluten, and starch, and oil, and woody fibre, and flower, and fruit, and leaf, and bark, from the same elements in earth and air, differing in each differing plant, though standing side by side in the same soil; in a word, the wonders and beauties of this annual creation—for such it is—as miraculous as that by which sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and sea, and man, were first formed by the hand of Omnipotence!

And who shall limit the progress of science, and its application to the service of man, in this boundless field? The grafting of generous fruits on barren stocks is as old as Euphrates; but the artificial hybridization of flowers and fruits is a recent practice, which has already filled our conservatories with the most beautiful flowers, and our gardens and gardens with the choicest varieties of fruit. When reasoning man does with science and skill what has been hitherto left to the winds and the bees, the most important results may be anticipated. Modern chemistry has shown that the growth of the plant is not one simple operation, but that different ingredients in the soil, and different fertilizing substances, afford the appropriate nourishment to different portions of the plant. This discovery will, no doubt, be of great importance in the higher operations of horticulture and pomology.

The culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine have already become considerable branches of industry, and afford great scope for the application of chemical knowledge. The vineyards in the neighborhood of Cincinnati and St. Louis, though limited in extent, already bear, in other respects, a creditable comparison with those of Europe. All the processes of manufacture rival those of the Province of Champagne and the Rhine, both in integrity and skill—a remark which I venture to make from some opportunities of personal comparison. Time, no doubt, will eventually bring to light a belt of territory—probably in the interior, or in the western portion of the continent, (for we do not find wine in the eastern portion of Asia)—which will equal the most delicate vineyards of Burgundy, Bordeaux, or Xeres.

The insects and vermin injurious to vegetation present another curious and difficult path of inquiry. A very considerable part of every crop of grain and fruit is planted, not for the mouths of our children, but for the fly, the curculio, and the canker-worm, or some other of these pests of husbandry. Science has done something, and will no doubt do more, to alleviate the plague. It has already taught us not to wage equal war on the wheat-fly and the parasite which preys upon it; and it will, perhaps, eventually persuade those who need the lesson, that a few peans and cherries are well bestowed by way of dessert on the cheerful little warblers who turn our gardens into concert-rooms, and do so much to aid us in the warfare against the grubs and caterpillars which form their principal meal.

Agriculture is looking anxiously to science for information on the nature and remedies of the formidable disease which has of late years destroyed so large a portion of the potato crop. The naturalist who shall solve that problem will stand high among the benefactors of his race.

Closely connected with this department of Agriculture is another, in which the modern arts have made great progress, and in which inventive sagacity is still diligently and successfully employed—I refer to agricultural machinery, improved implements of husbandry. This is a field in which the creative powers of the mind seem to be at work with an activity never before equalled, and which is likely to produce more important results in this than in any other country. The supply of labor in the United States has not kept pace with the demand, as it can rarely do in a new country, where strong temptations exist for enterprising attempts in every branch of industry. The state of things has furnished very powerful inducements for the introduction of labor-saving machinery and implements, and the proverbial ingenuity of our countrymen has been turned with great success in that direction. Your exhibition grounds fully justify this remark. Even the good old plough has become almost a new machine in its various novel forms; and other implements of the most ingenious contrivance and efficient action have been invented. The cultivator, the horse-rake, the mowing-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine, are daily coming into use in Europe and America, and producing the most important economy of labor. Successful attempts are making to work them by steam. It was said long ago of the cotton-gin, by Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, that it had doubled the value of the lands in the cotton-growing region; and the mowing-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine are destined, almost to the same extent, to alleviate the severest

labors of the farmer's year. The fame of the reaper is not confined to this hemisphere. At the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in London, in 1851, it mainly contributed to enable American art to hold up her head in the face of the civilized world.

But there is still another department of agriculture which opens the door to research of a higher order, and deals with finer elements—I mean that which regards the domestic animals attached to the service of man, and which are of such inestimable importance as the direct partners of his labors, as furnishing one of the great articles of his food, and as a principal resource for restoring the exhausted fertility of the soil. In the remotest ages of antiquity, into which the torch of history throws not the faintest gleam of light, a small number, selected from the all but numberless races of the lower animals, were adopted by domestication into the family of man. So skillful and exhaustive was this selection, that 3000 years of experience, during which Europe and America have been settled by civilized races of men, have not added to the number. It is somewhat humbling to the pride of our rational nature to consider how much of our civilization rests on this partnership—how helpless we should be, deprived of the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, the swine, the goat, the ass, the reindeer, the dog, the cat, and the various kinds of poultry. In the warmer regions this list is enlarged by the lama, the elephant, and the camel—the latter of which, it is not unlikely, will be extensively introduced in our own southern region.

It may be said of this subject, as of that to which I have already alluded, that it is a science of itself. No branch of husbandry has, within the last century, engaged more of the attention of farmers, theoretical and practical, than the improvement of the breed of domestic animals, and in none perhaps has the attention thus bestowed been better repaid. By judicious selection and mixtures of the parent stock, and by intelligence and care in the training and nourishing of the young animals, the improved breeds of the present day differ probably almost as much from their predecessors a hundred years ago, as we may suppose the entire races of domesticated animals do from the wild stocks from which they are descended.

There is no reason to suppose that the utmost limit of improvement has been reached in this direction. Deriving our improved animals as we generally do from Europe—that is, from a climate differing materially from our own—it is not unlikely that, in the lapse of time, experience will lead to the production of a class of animals better adapted to the peculiarities of our seasons than any of the transatlantic varieties as they now exist. The bare repetition of the words, draft, speed, endurance, meat, milk, butter, cheese, and wool, will suggest the vast importance of continued experiments on this subject, guided by all the lights of physiological science.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Marvellous Story.

Orange township, in the south-western corner of Hancock county, joining Hardin on the north-west, some five miles from Johnstown, in this county, says the Kenton (Ohio) Republican of March 5th, has recently been made the favored locality of one of those remarkable visitations which the people have learned to regard as very "few and far between;" an angel's visit. Sometime in August last, a bright and intelligent little girl, aged five years, the daughter of Mr. Charles, who resides in the locality described, while playing near the well in the yard, about the noon of the day, seemed to discern something high up in the air, and descending toward her. The attention of the child was so much drawn to the object that her gaze became riveted upon it, and as it drew nearer, she was observed to make frequent attempts to reach it with her hands, and form a closer acquaintance with the strange visitant.

When the mother of the child was called to the scene, the little girl informed her that she was in the presence of an Angel; that she talked with it; that it had made communications to her; and furthermore, gave a description of it, according in every particular with the generally received impression of the appearance of these messengers from above. To satisfy herself that there could be no delusion in the matter, the mother entered into conversation with the stranger, and after being satisfied with the reality of the interview—after having seen and talked with the Angel face to face—and after receiving information from it of the precise time when her own death would occur—she retired from the spot, taking her little girl with her, and the Angel waved its bright wings, returned Heavenward.

Then the mother and the child were alone, they talked freely of what they had seen and heard, and the mother's madness was made deeper by the artless story of the child, who said that "the Angel told her she would die just two months from the time when she first saw it, precisely at twelve o'clock and twenty-five minutes; that she would be three days in dying; that her death would be unlike that of others; that her friends would suppose her to

be in a trance, that her eyes would not be closed; that her funeral would be preached in three weeks after, in the new school-house of the neighborhood, by a man whom, together with his horse and buggy, she described, and that her friends would have difficulty in procuring the house for the occasion."

The mother kept the sad secret to herself, and waited for the appointed time, hoping that all might yet go well with her and hers, and not caring to be reckoned as one who would attempt to revive the defunct doctrine of spiritualism. But with the time came the terrible blow. Three days before the time predicted for her death, the little girl fell upon the floor; from thence she was taken to bed, and at the hour and minute foretold, on the third day, breathed her last. Her eyes remained open after death, and could not be closed. Friends, supposing her to be entranced, made many and vain efforts to restore her to life. A few days after her burial, as Rev. H. P. Darst was passing by that way, a friend of Mrs. Charles called to him, and requested him to tarry awhile and preach the little girl's funeral sermon.

The Reverend gentleman excused himself on the ground of having prior engagements, but promised to do so in a short time. His person and equipments corresponded in the most minute particulars with the prophetic description, and when he did return to redeem his promise, the workmen who had built the new school house, having all ten upon it, refused to let it be opened for the funeral service; but subsequently they gave up the key, and the sermon was preached at the exact time and place predicted.

The bereaved mother intended that the knowledge of these prophecies and their fulfillments should go out of time with her, but recently, the secrecy bearing more crushingly upon her, she determined to reveal the whole matter, and in accordance with this determination, one day last week, she sent for John Latimore, Esq., and Samuel Wood, one of our County Commissioners, and to them gave the particulars, the most prominent of which we have given.

The gentlemen named are among the oldest, most respectable, and influential citizens of our county, and their known character is sufficient guaranty that they would not favor a wrong action, or in any way assist in giving publicity to a story, as to the truth of which they had a reasonable doubt. These gentlemen, we understand, have taken down the facts, as Mr. Charles related them, for the purpose of giving them to the public in pamphlet form. They both bear testimony to the good character and standing of the lady who makes the revelation, and would regard anything coming from her as entitled to credit.

## Thrilling Scene.

Mr. Thomas Kingston, who for several years has followed the business of putting up lightning rods, which, of course, requires steady nerves and a firm brain, met with an accident recently; but for the most singular presence of mind, or rather, supernatural instinct, he would have fallen from a dizzy height, and been dashed to pieces. He is compelled to climb roofs, over chimneys, and up spires, and fix a rod, with perfect coolness and precision, hundreds of feet above the level of the earth.

On the occasion to which we refer, Mr. K. had ascended St. Paul's Cathedral, whose spire is about two hundred and thirty-five feet high, near the head of Broadway, and gone to the very top, where, having left his ladder below, he clung by his arms and legs, fastened the last foot of the rod and attached its point—quite a heavy piece of metal—securely, as he supposed, to the cross surmounting the steeple. He had just completed this difficult and dangerous task, watched by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work and experiencing that satisfaction which results from hazard passed and labor accomplished, of a sudden something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold at once, as would seem to have been the natural and inevitable result, he clung with a power beyond himself and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire. He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused senses it appeared that the steeple was tumbling, or that some strange cause was about to bring the vast structure to the ground.

Some forty seconds—an age to him—must have elapsed before he sufficiently collected his scattered thoughts and subverted consciousness to know that the entire upper part of the rod had fallen upon his head, causing the blood to trickle over his forehead, and nearly blinding him. He was in a dreadful perplexity and most dangerous position. He feared, if he moved, he would go cleaving the air to a terrible death upon the stony street below—and at the same time he knew he could not, in the disordered state of his nerves, and his increasing weakness, retain his grasp, more the result of fate than of feeling, much longer. If he stirred he might fall; if he remained he certainly would; and so, determined to make at least an effort for his life, he put one foot forward very cautiously, then his arms and then moved the other foot; and after half a minute of exertion, and the

greatest danger, he touched the topmost round of the ladder, and in a few seconds more was inside of the steeple and safe.

Then it was that Mr. K.'s great courage and strength forsook him; his nerves and muscles relaxed; he grew sick unto death; his knees gave way; his vision swam, and he sank upon the platform motionless and insensible. "He must have lain there half an hour before he could rise and walk, and he did not recover from the shock for more than a fortnight afterward."

The people gazing up at him from the street describe the scene as painful and exciting in the extreme. When they observed the rod fall, a thrill of horror ran through their hearts, and two women swooned away, for they expected to behold him the next moment dashed to pieces at their feet. Destiny had ordered otherwise, and Mr. K. still pursues his dangerous avocation; but he says if he were to live a thousand years he never would forget the intense horror of those century-like moments, when he seemed to hang upon the air more than two hundred feet above the earth, and to be momentarily descending to a dreadful death.—*Civ. Eng.*

The following beautiful production, was written several years since by our friend and townsman Rev. L. K. Willie, and was first published in the Richmond Christian Advocate. It has since frequently appeared in the leading literary Journals of this country and Europe; but without doing its author the justice to affix his name. We again give it to our readers as one of those literary gems, the beauty and application of which, time does not abate.—*Ed. of LEISURE HOUR.*

## Once.

"Did you ever attend the theatre?" said a young man to a blue-eyed maiden, who hung on his arm as they promenade the streets of New York, one mild evening in October.—The girl's cheek crimsoned, as she answered the interrogatory in the negative, and added:

"My mother has taught me from childhood that it is wrong to attend such places."

"But your mother formed, perhaps, improper prejudices, from exaggerated accounts given by others; for I have often heard her say she never attended one in her life."

He spoke eloquently of the drama comedy, and tragedy, and dwelt with pathos on the important lessons there to be learned of human nature.

"Go with me once," said he, "and judge for yourself."

Persuasion and curiosity triumphed over maternal precept and example, as she hesitatingly replied:

"I'll go but once."

She went, and in that theatre a charm came over her like that which the serpent sent forth from his dove-like eye. She went again and from that house of mirth and laughter she was led to one, from the portals of which she never returned.

Around a centre-table where an astral lamp was shedding its mild light, sat three girls, one holding in her hand a pack of cards. At the back of her chair stood a young man who for years had successfully resisted every effort made by his companions to induce him to learn the characters of cards.

"Come," said she, "we want one to make our game. Play with us once, if you never play again."

Her eye, cheek and lip conspired to form an eloquent battery, which sent forth its attacks upon the fortress of good resolutions, in which he had long stood secure, until it fell like the walls of an ancient city when jarred by the fearful battering-ram. He learned the cards and played. A few weeks afterwards I was passing his door at a late hour, and a candle was shedding its dim light through the window. Since that time as looking from my chamber, nearly every hour of the night, from the close of day till early morn, I have seen the light faintly struggling through the curtains that screened the inmates of that room from every eye, save His who seeth alike in darkness and noonday. Gaming brought with it disease, and death came just as he had numbered the half of his three score years and ten. During his last hours I was sitting by his bedside when he fixed on me a look I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words.

"I might have been a different man from what I am; but it is now too late. I am convinced that there is a state of being beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a horror which language is inadequate to describe." These were among the last words he ever uttered.

The junior class of a Southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid the crowd was one who had never received a bad lesson since his matriculation. In his studies he was "head and shoulders" above the class.—That day he had failed. A shade of the deepest gloom came over him, and he was melancholy. But the wine and jessy passed round while he felt like Lucifer in Eden, where all was joy and gladness around him. Said a classmate— "Come, Bob, quaff this bumper, and it will make you feel bright as a hermit's lamp."

The tempter whispered in his ear, "Drink once, and forget the past." A powerful struggle seemed to be going on in his mind for a moment, but at last he silently shook his head, and, retiring from the room, gave vent to a flood of tears.

That boy never drank—not even once.—He took the valedictory, and is now president of a college.

Once! Oh! on this slender point hath turned the weal or woe the destiny of a deathless spirit. Caesar paused but once, in the banks of the Rubicon; but it was a pause like that which nature makes when gathering her elements for the dread tornado. Evaluate of the forbidden fruit but once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequences resulting from so rash an act. Reader, remember once.

## A Sad Honeymoon.

Charles Albaugh was recently tried, convicted and sentenced in Cleveland, Ohio, for robbing the mail. The Columbus (Ohio) Gazette says:

Charles Albaugh is only twenty years of age, and the events of the past few months will fill an important chapter in his life's history. On Christmas day he eloped with his landlord's daughter, a Miss German, in her sixteenth year, went to Alexandria, Pa., and was married. An effort was made to keep the affair secret, but it was discovered by the girl's parents, who were highly incensed at their daughter's imprudence.

On the 28th of January, Mr. Prentiss, U. S. mail agent, arrested Albaugh upon a charge of robbing the mail. He was taken to Cleveland, tried, convicted and sentenced before the U. S. Court, and upon reaching Cardington, on his way to the Penitentiary, the young wife came aboard the cars to bid farewell to her convict husband. The meeting was a painfully affecting one. She begged him to keep up his spirits, to make a firm resolve to do his whole duty while in prison. She vowed to stick to him, though all the rest of the world should forsake him, for, said she:—"Charley, we are both young; we have years of happiness in store for us, and when your time has expired, we can go to some other land, where the offence will not be known, where we can live happily together and earn an honest livelihood."

The poor girl heaved herself to the task, and as she wiped the tears away from the cheeks of her young husband she never whimpered.

The car was full of passengers, who witnessed the scene with tearful emotion. The conductor, who at the request of the officers, had kindly delayed a few moments to give the young couple an opportunity of meeting each other, at last notified them that he could delay no longer, and the whistle gave notice that the cars were about starting. "Keep up your courage like a man, Charley," said the fair heroine, and as she kissed his cheek, she turned to leave him, but overpowered by her feelings, that she had thus kept under control, she fell fainting in the arms of the bystanders, who carried her gently into the station house, and the cars rolled the rails with increased speed to make up for the detention.

## Lamartine on the Religion of Revolutionary Men.

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. Is it because the idea of God—which arises from all the evidences of nature, and from the depth of reflection—being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable, and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all European races, this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us? Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier nation, led by kings, heroes, and ambitious men, from battle-field to battle-field, making conquests and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming, and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought if she wishes to be free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiments, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of our country live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying; they live and die, looking at the spectator, or at most at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the martyrdoms, the great words of the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of dying—And compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, always in the name of God, for whom they died; and the Liberator of America died