

For the Ledger.
**SOME PLAIN TALK
TO THE PEOPLE
OF CHAPEL
HILL.**

BY AN OLD RESIDENT.

Since Chapel Hill was Chapel Hill for now a century or more past, I suppose no such spectacle has shamed and darkened our streets as was to be seen on Saturday, 10th inst., when the Sheriff conducted to the county jail two young white men raised among us, and two colored young men, their accomplices in dastardly crime. It was a scene to make every man, zealous for the good name of the place, hang his head in shame and disgust, and ask himself how can it be?—how has it happened?

I, for one, have always been rather proud of the good and honest bearing of our Chapel Hill people. Of the young folks who were raised here with me,—of the set preceding mine, and of the set who have succeeded,—how few, how very few have gone astray,—how few even have as the phrase is, "done badly" in life. Honest, temperate and industrious we have seen our citizens for the most part orderly, prosperous, respectable and church-going, and raising their children to be like them. How is it that we stand to day amazed by the disclosure of villainies and wickedness that would do no discredit to Sodom?—and what is the remedy? What steps shall be taken to prevent a recurrence of such crimes? Where does the fault lie?

Friends, these are serious questions, and to be answered seriously. There are plenty of young boys growing up here for whose future we may well be alarmed. There are young girls too;—I intend to write plainly, and appeal to parents by all that they hold dear to uphold the *first five years of life* settles the question of who is to be master, you or your child.

Let no prettiness of engaging infancy, or coaxing ways of your little darling seduce you from the requirement of implicit obedience and submission to your will. The child who does not obey its parents at once, who offers to struggle, or cajole, or deceive them is taking its first steps to ruin.

To teach our children to tell the truth is an old and commonplace maxim. But another thing quite as old and commonplace is that we allow ourselves (from laziness generally) to believe that they are truthful without taking the least pains to make sure of it. You ask your boy where he has been. He tells you. Are you sure he tells you right? Ask your girl who she has been walking with? She tells you. Are you quite sure you always know all about it?

In all my experience of friends and neighbors nothing has given more indelible offence, or led to more unpleasantness than any hint, (no matter how kindly done,) to a loving father or mother that their child is deceiving them—that they did not know all about them. I declare I know to-day *but one woman* who has stood this trial well, and acted wisely upon it.

Say you saw your neighbor's daughter in company that did her no credit,—or acting in some way imprudently. Tell her mother. She calls the girl up, who denies the whole thing out and out. Nine times out of ten the mother believes her child, and you have made half a dozen enemies, and are set down as a mischief-making, spiteful, old

I say it is every parent's duty to make sure by personal supervision of where son or daughter go;—who they associate with;—what their habits are. It is much easier, of course, to take your child's word, and sit back comfortably satisfied that "your child always tells you the exact truth."

Another thing you ought to be sure of and that is that you are always strictly truthful yourself. If your child hears you from time to time indulging in inaccuracies, exaggerations, and perversions or suppressions of the truth—and our children are critics of such things much sooner than most of us would believe)—how can you expect that he will not follow your example?

It is not enough to give good precepts, to warn your children against lying, disobedience, bad company, bad habits. *You must watch them.* I once heard a fond mother say indignantly, upon hearing such advice: "Watch my own child as if I thought him a liar or a thief! No, never! I trust my child, and he knows it."

You must watch your children. If you don't be sure the devil is doing it for you. You can and ought to do it without their being aware of it.

Sometimes parents feel satisfied if they know their children have been in the company of their elders:—"In Mr. So and So's shop or store"—"riding in old Mr. Such a one's wagon"—and so forth. The talk of old folks is not always suited for young folks' ears;—especially of ungodly and profane old men. A lad can be led to wicked ways by hearing jolly, dissolute talk from a gray-haired man even more quickly than by his own young comrades!

And the same thing is true of young girls. Look to your daughters, ye mothers, and be sure who they converse with, that their young minds are not poisoned with lewd conversation even before they are old enough to comprehend all they hear. Such tares take root and grow while you are sleeping. *Communications* are the last things that die out of the memory—and the devil generally gets his crop in early, taking possession of the mind before any other influence; so that the girl who sits in the Sunday school in her white dress and blue ribbon looking like purity itself may have already been corrupted in mind, and be revolving some impure discourse, while the teacher in vain strives to put good seed in that preoccupied soil.

We must watch for our children as they that must give account for their souls. Think of the young girls ruined and lost;—think of your neighbor's sons led off to jail with a chain around their necks;—alas! and alas! O, for a good old-fashioned revival of true religion among us such as the Wesleys and Whitfields, the Nettletons and the Bakers led, in years gone by! O, for a trumpet-tongued messenger sent from God not afraid to declare His whole counsel, not afraid to set our sins in order before our eyes, not afraid to expose the secret corruptions and vices of our society down to its lowest depths, and able and willing to lead us humbled and penitent to Him who is mighty to save. We ought to have a day of fasting and prayer appointed, and the whole village should unite in the humiliation, and in a vigorous resolve to set their families and houses in order, and to clear the town of evil deeds and evil-doers.

We shall look to the town commissioners for stricter police in the sufferance of lewd women and their establishments, white and black, in and around Chapel Hill. It is a gross shame that houses known to be on the road to hell should be suffered. Let public opinion and public indignation rise against them.

And we shall expect greater vigilance in detecting the purveyors and vendors in liquor. We need greater public spirit among our leading men of business. A man must do his duty to the community and not be afraid of losing custom,—profit,—popularity. That is the lowest spirit of trade—and as short-sighted as it is low. When did any man ever snuffer in the long run for a fearlessly upright and honorable and

public-spirited course of action? Have we not lived to see Mordecai advanced in these very days and Haman disgraced?

Chapel Hill is a "city set on a hill." The State University is here, and sends its light far abroad. We villagers should be very jealous of the good repute and good influence of the village. Fathers and mothers who send their sons here have always hitherto felt secure that there were fewer temptations to profligacy and crime here than in most towns. We have bragged on the number of our churches, the prosperity of our Sunday Schools—the general sobriety and good morals that prevail. Are we going to lose our good morals?—or are we going to rise up all together and make a clean sweep of dirt and dirt-eaters out of our streets, and set such watch on foot that they shall remain clean?

C. P. S.

* DOMESTIC.

RUSTIC TABLES.—Pretty rustic tables, for afternoon tea, made of basket work, with four or five branches, for bread and butter, cake, etc., look well on a lawn and are most convenient for the dispenser of the five o'clock meal. The tea-table cloths for lawntennis parties are frequently embroidered with the implements of the game. The balls and crossed rackets in the corners and the net and poles round the sides, make an effective design.

A HEALTHFUL PRACTICE.—Loosen the clothing, and, standing erect, throw the shoulders well back, then hands behind and the breast forward. In this position draw slowly as deep an inspiration as possible and retain it by an increased effort for a few seconds, then breathe it gradually forth. After a few natural breaths, repeat the long inspiration. Let this be done for ten or fifteen minutes every day and in six weeks' time a very perceptible increase in the diameter of the chest and its prominence will be evident.

NATURE'S REMEDY.—People who, without knowing that they were applying nature's remedy, have drawn in their breath hard when they had cut a finger or barked a shin on a coal scuttle, will be pleased to learn that they have employed respiratory analgesia in its simplest form. If any man will draw breath deeply and quickly for the space of three minutes or less he will thereby lose acute sensibility to pain, so that he can endure minor surgical operations without inconvenience. Eminent surgeons have found the process of great advantage when used alone, not only, but when anaesthetics also were employed, in which latter case the quantity of the drug to be used is greatly diminished.

A HARD TEST.—Ten or a dozen men were enjoying the hot weather which baked the shingles on a ferry dock saloon recently when a stranger stalked in and inquired of the bartender:

"Have you any mint?"
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"And you have sugar, lemons, gin, brandy, and so forth?"
"I have."

The stranger turned round to the crowd, noted the sudden increase of interest in each face and kindly said:
"Gentlemen, I'm going to treat every liar in this room. Let the liars—the monstrous liars—come forward."

Not a foot moved.
"Gentlemen," continued the stranger in a plaintive tone, "don't be backward. Juleps wait for all. Every one of you who is known as a liar will please stand up."

Not a man stood. The stranger's face betrayed keen disappointment, as he ordered a rousing big "mint" for himself and not a word was spoken in the place while he slowly sipped the cooling liquid through a straw. When he had finished he wiped off his mouth and said:
"Well, every truth-teller in the crowd now stand up."

Each man rose with the promptness of a soldier.
"And sit down again," softly said the man as he made for the door. They would have sat down on him, but truth-tellers are poor runners.

HINTS TO YOUNG FARMERS.

When commencing your agricultural life, remember that industry, economy and integrity, will insure success, and form the best capital that can be employed.

Plough deep. The wealth of the soil is not all within six inches of the surface.

Cultivate thoroughly if you wish to reap abundantly. Do not waste your means and fritter away your time by raising a crop of noxious weeds with your cane or cotton or corn.

Keep a watchful eye upon the farm and its surroundings. But it doesn't follow that you should imbibe "eye-openers" at public houses, beer shops or corner groceries.

Shear your sheep at the season when you shed your coat for the season. Then be careful that some smart "travelling agent" does not pull the wool over your eyes and shear you.

Dress your land with fertilizers rather than yourself with broad-cloth. The one reimburses the amount expended with interest, the other returns nothing, but continually clamors for further disbursements.

After your crop has been raised, it will be wisdom to raise any mortgage which may be resting upon the farm. This will raise a heavy load from your mind, and raise your courage and spirits beyond measure.

Do not curvy favors with the rich or great. If you must do something of the kind curvy your cattle and horses. This will do them good and benefit you also.

When, by reason of inclement weather, you cannot cultivate the soil, it will be wisdom on your part to cultivate the mind. A valuable harvest will reward all earnest and faithful culture.

Never allow yourself to be inveigled into "running into debt." When you are tempted to do so, go into your field and plant an extra acre with some edible crop.

The sheriff is an undesirable acquaintance. Avoid him as you would a pestilence. This can easily be done by paying cash on the spot for everything you purchase.

Remember that everything of value we honestly obtain is the result of diligence and intelligence. Do not, therefore, expect prosperity unless you are willing to work for it.

Make the collecting and composting of fertilizing materials a constant employment. The odor of your manure heap should be more attractive to you than the smell of the whisky shop.

Of course you will become the owner and raiser of stock. No farm is complete that ignores stock-raising. Get the best, which is always the cheapest in the end. Give scrubs a wide berth.

Never purchase farm utensils because they are cheap. Cheap tools are an unmitigated nuisance. The best workman in the world cannot make a good job with them. It is economy to buy the best, no matter what the price may be.

Do not unwisely imagine that you will be able to "get along" without books and papers relating to agriculture. Successful farmers read extensively and consider the money they spend for the purpose their best investment. Occasionally, some ignoramus gets rich by "main strength and awkwardness." This is an exception to the general rule, however. Read good agricultural books and subscribe for at least one agricultural journal, but it will pay to take several.

A Danbury man who went to a drug store to have a subscription prepared, seeing nobody but a clerk said:

"Young man, are you keeping company with a girl?"

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk with a blush.

"Do you think the world of her?"

"I do," said the clerk firmly, although blushing considerably.

"Is she in town?"

"No, sir, she is away on a visit."

"That will do," said the man, decisively. "You can't fool around any prescription for me." And he went away.

When you see a person hobbling around the corner in search of a chiropodist, you may be pretty sure there's something on foot.

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IT'S GIT UP AND GIT THAT MAKE MEN GREAT.

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