

Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXXVI.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1857.

No. 1872.

PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

IT HAS WORKED MIRACLES!
That all the bald and gray can be restored perfectly to original growth and color, so far as their locks are concerned, does not admit of doubt; besides it will cure every possible disease, of the scalp, whether developed as dandruff, itching, or in the shape of cutaneous eruptions—even scald-head—and in no possible case will it fail of curing as if by magic, nervous or periodical headache, and if used twice a week by the young, regularly, it will preserve the color, and keep the hair from falling, to any imaginable age. Read and judge.

Millford, Worcester Co., Mass., Nov. 1855.
Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in bearing voluntary testimony to the magic effects of your wonderful Hair Restorative. As far back as 1836, my hair commenced falling off, until the top of my scalp became bald and smooth as glass, and it has continued to fall for a great many years, notwithstanding I have used many celebrated preparations for restoration. Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to give your article a trial, and to my utter astonishment, found, after a few applications, that my hair became firmly set, and assumed a glossy and beautiful appearance; and by the time I had used a quart bottle, my bald head was covered over with a young and vigorous growth of hair, which is now from one to two inches in length, and growing fast. Yours, truly,
HENRY GOODRICH.

Charlestown, Mass., August 9, 1855.
Gents:—Nothing but a duty and sympathy that I feel to communicate to others that are afflicted as I have been, would induce me to give this public acknowledgment of the benefit I have received from Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative. When I first commenced using it, my hair was quite gray, and in spots entirely bald. I have now used the Restorative about five months, and my hair is entirely changed to its original color, brown, and the new hair is over three inches in length on the spots where it was bald. I have also been much gratified at the healthy moisture and vigor of the hair, which before was dry, and it has ceased to come out as formerly. Respectfully,
Mr. R. STODDARD.

[From Mrs. Ingalls, well known nurse in Boston.]
Boston, October 19th, 1855.

Gents:—At your request, and being so highly pleased with the effects of the Restorative, I am free to state that my hair has become quite thin and entirely white. I have for the last five years been in the habit of using dye, but hearing of the extraordinary effects of this article, I was induced to try it. My hair has been restored to its original thickness, and also to its former color, which is light brown. Yours respectfully,
MRS. INGALLS.

The following is from the Pastor of the Orthodox Church, Brookfield:

Brookfield, Mass., Jan. 12, 1855.
Prof. Wood—Dear Sir:—Having made a trial of your Hair Restorative, it gives me pleasure to say, that its effects have been excellent in removing inflammation, dandruff, and a constant tendency to itching, with which I have been troubled from my childhood, and has also restored the hair, which was becoming gray, to its original color. I have used no other article, with anything like the same pleasure and profit. Yours, truly,
J. K. BRAGG.

[From the Jersey City Telegraph.]
WHAT IS IT FOR?—THIS WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE—is a question asked daily by hundreds. We answer without hesitation or fear of contradiction, that it is the only article known which will do all it promises for the human hair. It will renew its growth—it will stop its falling—it will restore its natural color—it is not a Hair Dye, but a speedy and efficacious Restorative.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors,
315 Broadway, New York, and
114 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Sold Wholesale by Purcell, Ladd & Co. Richmond, Va. Sold also by Long & Cain, Hillsborough, N. C., and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.
December 10 68—

JAS. STOKLEY, ALIX. OLDHAM,
STOKLEY & OLDHAM,
Grocers & Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
September 8, 65—

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.
Raleigh & Gaston R.R. Office,
Raleigh, Feb. 8, 1856.

AS THE NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD is now completed to Charlotte, notice is hereby given, that goods or produce brought down that Road, intended for transportation over the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, will be received by this Company at the North Carolina Railroad Depot in Raleigh, (jointly owned by the two Companies,) and will be transported thence without delay or extra charge, and goods designed for the Western Merchants and others along that Road, will likewise be delivered at the same point.

All dues for freight must be paid at Petersburg or Portsmouth, except on way freight, which must be paid in advance or on delivery of the goods.
Every effort will be made by the officers and agents of the Company to give satisfaction in the transportation of goods and produce.
Owners and shippers of goods are requested to have them distinctly marked, so that their destination may be known.
R. A. HAMILTON, President.
February 18, 1856.

SOMETHING NEW
Ambrotypes and Photographs.

The latest and greatest Discovery of the Age.
E. HUNT would inform the public that he has opened a room permanently in Chapel Hill, where he is prepared to execute these beautiful pictures in the highest style of the art. The Ambrotype is taken on Glass, and, unlike Daguerreotypes, without being reversed. The superiority of this picture in point of beauty and durability, has placed it at the head of the Fine Arts. It can be seen in any light without reflection, as it is free from the polish of the silver plate; it cannot get dusty, and it is impervious to water, air or acids, and will last for ages.
Every lady and gentleman is particularly invited to call and examine his specimens. Cloudy weather as good as sunshine. Instructions given in the art of Ambrotyping, and Apparatus furnished.
E. HUNT.
March 11, 1857.

To Wool Growers.

MY Machines are now in order for Carding wool and making good rolls. Those bringing their wool will be prepared to get getting good rolls. Prices for carding, 75 cents per pound for unimbed, 125 cents per pound for mixing, or one fifth of the wool. Corn, wheat, faxseed, hewax, tallow, bacon and lard will be taken in payment for Carding, and even money will not be refused, as something will be expected in payment before the rolls are taken from the machines.
JOHN F. LYON,
F. NICHOLS.

My Grist Mills are in the best order, and can dispatch work at short notice. Barrels kept on hand for customers. The best prices paid for Wheat and Flax Seed.
JOHN F. LYON.
June 26, 1856.

SALT! SALT!!

2,600 Sacks of Liverpool Ground, daily expected direct from Liverpool.
500 Sacks Liverpool and Marshall's Fine, 5,000 Bushels Alum, for sale by
J. & J. L. HATHAWAY & CO.
Wilmington, July 10, 47—

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

September, 1856.
I AM now opening a very large Stock of almost every thing, including about \$1000 worth of READY MADE CLOTHING, which I have bought at low prices and will be pleased to show and sell on accommodating terms, either for Cash or to punctual dealers.
All kinds of hatter wanted for goods.
JAMES WEBB.
September 20, 68—

WANTED.

RIGHT AWAY, in exchange for new Goods 500 yards of Woolen Jeans.
300 " colored plain wool Linsey.
300 " white " " Do.
of Tow and Cotton Cloth.
400 " of Blue-striped Cotton Cloth.
200 pairs of Wool Stock.
200 lbs. home-spun Shoe Thread.
Dried Fruit, Corn, Meal, Flour, Flax Seed, Peas, &c.
JAMES WEBB.
October 20, 69—

Driscoll's Balm of a Thousand Flowers.

For purifying the Complexion, removing Pimples and Ringworms, and cleansing the Teeth.—Price 25 cents.

Rosemary and Castor Oil, for preventing the Hair from falling out, and for strengthening its growth.—Price 25 cents.

Driscoll's Coloring Fluid, for changing gray hair to its original color, without staining the skin or hands in its application.—Price 50 cents.

For sale by
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.
October 20, 61—

WANTED.

TOW and Cotton Cloth, Plain and Striped Linseys, Homespun Jeans, Drind Aprons, Flax Seed, Feathers, and all other kinds of Country Produce, in exchange for Goods.
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.
November 7, 61

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having engaged in the BOOT and SHOE Business, will endeavor to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. He has employed Mr. James Parks to conduct the same, as his Agent.
D. C. PARKS.
October 28, 62—

HOUSE AND LOT for Sale.

I offer for sale, on accommodating terms, that desirable House and Lot on Queen Street, now occupied by Mr. Washington.
THOMAS WEBB.
October 20, 61—

FOR SALE.

A LOT in the town of Graham, immediately in front of the Court House, on South Street, lying between the store houses of M-Lean & Hamner and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.
THOMAS WEBB.
January 28, 63—

For sale at the Drug Store.

6 DOZEN Cod Liver Oil,
6 doz. Holloway's Pills,
6 Holloway's Ointment,
1 gross Bardotie's Sugar Worm Drops,
1 doz. Clibbough's Tricopherous,
2 Wolfe's Shampoos,
2 Congress Water,
1 Balm of Thousand Flowers,
1 Durkee's East Powder,
Also, a large assortment of Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c. &c.
November 12, 65—

For sale at the Drug Store.

COLOGNE, Toilet Vinegar, Lavender Water, Verbenone, Germanum and Bay Water,
Fine Extracts, Balm & Hair-Beauteous Eau De Botot, a rition,
Chlorine Tooth Wash,
Pate for the Teeth,
Lyon's Katharion,
Hillier's Exquisite Furniture Polish,
Tripoli Polish,
Fancy Soaps,
Shaving Soaps,
Cold Cream,
Egyptian Hair Dye,
Fancy Letters & Note Paper, Pocket Inkstands, Envelopes,
Writing and Foolcap Paper, Ink,
Letter and Writing Desks,
Port Monies,
Work Boxes,
November 12, 65

JUST RECEIVED—24 cans Potash, for soap.

AT THE DRUG STORE.
December 16, 68—

JUST RECEIVED—1 lb. Lamp Oil.

2 doz. Thermometers.
AT THE DRUG STORE.
December 16, 68—

Valuable Land and Mills, in Orange, FOR SALE.

THE undersigned, wishing to engage in other business elsewhere, offer for sale this Land and Mills, situated on Eno River, about seven miles east from Hillsborough, and within one mile of the N. Carolina Railroad. The above tract is in a fine and perfectly healthy situation, having on it a Merchant Mill, (three sets of stones), with a good custom, New Mill, Work shops with water power attached, Store House, two good Dwellings, with first-rate Ice House and all necessary out-buildings, and three Tenant's Houses, with excellent springs at each. The houses, mills and shops are new and in complete order, the mills making as good flour as any in the State.
The land is suited to the cultivation of grain or tobacco, and contains about five hundred and fifty acres, about two-thirds of which are in woods and well-timbered. It also has on it a young orchard of choice fruit. As long time will be given for payment as may be desired by the purchaser.
J. C. & W. M'COWN.
October 28, 62—

RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

From the Plough, Loom and Anvil. CLOVER AND HERDS-GRASS.

Messrs. Editors:—In answer to some proper suggestions of yours, appended to our article on "Sheep and Farming," we can say that clover-seed, sown in favorable seasons, and where it takes a good root—"catches well"—it is one of our most profitable investments in the line of agricultural economy. But you know all countries are not adapted to it; that it will very frequently heave out; that roots are often seen in the spring of the year, nine or even fifteen inches in length, lying on the top of the ground; and that, therefore, seeding low, mucky lands with it, proves unprofitable; while, on the other hand, seeding sandy, chestnut soil with clover-seed, renders its use profitable in an eminent degree, as experience has very frequently shown. Now, when we sow herds-grass in this part of the State of New-York, say in Onondaga county, also in Seneca, and in that tier of counties, we are generally very certain of getting a growth of grass from our seed, or the seed almost invariably "catches"—it does not fail so often as clover-seed; and we regard timothy hay as of more value by at least sixty per cent. than that produced from the sowing of clover-seed. But notwithstanding this, clover has its absolute value; namely, it is of great consequence in making either clay or sandy lands rich; it furnishes them with manure, and thereby they are kept up, improved in value. The roots of clover penetrate deep into the soil, and hence bring out, or up, its latent properties. Herds-grass, we have noticed, seems to confine itself to the surface, and is very hardy. It will do well on almost any kind of land, though the soil must not be too wet for it; but its growth is always governed by the strength of the soil, as a matter of course. It makes excellent hay, as you well know, and is now extensively raised in the West, and in this country. We would rather have a ton of the hay than two and a quarter tons of coarse clover fodder. If you want to increase the power of your soil, sow clover-seed, by all means; but if your land is in tolerable condition, and if you have horses and milch-cows to feed, sow herds-grass, and when you feed the hay, you will be satisfied that you are drawing out a good deal of substance. Cattle will gain on it; so will sheep and horses. We are of the opinion that more and more of it is being sown every year, for farmers are becoming convinced of its value.

SAVE YOUR BACON.

A couple of years ago, we were entertained at the house of a friend, with a good, old-fashioned dinner of eggs and bacon. We complimented our host on the superior quality of his bacon, and were curious to learn the way to like success in the preparation of a dainty article of diet, though one that is better fitted for the palate of an epicure than for the stomach of a dyspeptic. That portion of our meal was cooked eight months before. Upon asking for an explanation, he stated that it was his practice to slice and fry his bacon immediately upon its being cured, and then pack it down in its own fat. When occasion came for using it, the slices, slightly re-fried, had all the freshness and flavor of new bacon just prepared. By this precaution, our friend has always succeeded in "saving his bacon" fresh and sweet through the hottest of weather.

THE CROP OF INDIAN CORN.

It is stated that recent investigations show that the Indian corn crop of the United States is of more value than any other agricultural production, not even excepting cotton. The culture of corn has wonderfully increased of late years—its ratio of increase being far greater than any other product. From 1839 to 1849, as per census returns, the increase was 58 per cent. Wool is the next highest, its increase being fifty per cent.; cotton twenty-four; oats twenty, and wheat sixteen. The cotton crop of 1851 was 927,000,000 of pounds, valued at \$112,000,000, while the corn crop of 1850 was 592,000,000 of bushels, which, at the lowest possible price at which it can be estimated, is of far greater value than the cotton crop.

CRANBERRIES.—Elias Needham, Esq., of West Danvers, has a lot of splendid, bordering upon the Danvers railroad, containing five-eighths of an acre. Upon this, some five or six years since, he set out cranberry plants, and has cultivated them with great care. This year he picked ninety-seven bushels of excellent cranberries, which he sold for four dollars per bushel; and besides these there were some ten bushels of damaged berries. From trees on the same land he picked fourteen barrels of apples, which he sold for four dollars per barrel; making the gross income, from five eighths of an acre, four hundred and forty-four dollars!

CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED is being distributed by the Commissioner of Patents of the United States, to the different State Agricultural Societies; enough being given to each to plant sixteen acres. It is said to thrive upon much poorer soil even than Indian corn, and to be unparalleled in the richness of flavor which it imparts to the milk of cows fed upon it. The liquorice plant is also spoken of as likely to be introduced with success in this country.

The cultivation of wheat and the manufacture of flour are constantly increasing in the State of Georgia. The Georgia brands are said to be highly approved of, and there is demand for Georgia flour for exportation to Spain.

MARBLE.—Some fine specimens of Alabama marble were exhibited at the late State Fair in Montgomery. Marble is also becoming one of the objects of trade and commerce in Missouri.

The number of sheep in the British Islands is estimated at 50,000,000, worth \$250,000,000, producing 237,000,000 pounds of wool worth \$50,000,000 annually.

THE WATCH OF NEW-YEAR WEEK.

From the New York Dispatch.
BY JOHN OF BURLEY.

The red thunderbolt suspended in the heavens is not more fearful than the hand of one we love raised in anger; and the lightning-flash not more surely severs the link of life in the bosom it strikes and rends, than a blow the love and confidence that has before existed. Years may dim the recollection, and after acts of kindness soothe the lacerated feeling; but yet, hidden away by the roseate beams of the present, will be the dark cloud of a bitter memory, charged with the wrong that may at any moment overcast the sky.

CORN MEAL FOR MILCH COWS.

In the fall of 1852, I began to feed three farrow cows for the purpose of supplying a milkman in this vicinity with milk for market. I had a few sugar beets and turnips with which I began, and, as I designed the farrow cows for the butcher in the spring, I commenced giving them meal from corn and barley, some ten bushels of old grain; then corn meal alone, increasing till they ate one peck each day. I tried it cooked and raw, wet and dry, mixed with cut fodder, composed of hay, straw and corn-stalks cut up together, varying the amount of each as convenience might suggest, as I think all animals require a variety.

Now for the result. The cows increased in milk, giving more on the above feed than they had done on grass during the summer. Contrary to my expectation they did not improve very fast on the food given, and I was obliged to day them up early in March, to get them fit for the shambles. My cows that were coming in in the spring had two quarts of corn meal each per day, and they also gave liberally. The milk being sold daily, gave an excellent opportunity for testing the amount given at the time. I made up my mind that corn meal was the best for milk of any food for the milch cow, and still think so, if good rich milk is wanted. It has been tried considerably in this vicinity, with the same results as here given. I fed cut feed, but I do not think that would vary the result; with me, if the cows get their daily allowance, I get the return. Exchange.

What fiend had entered into the paradise of love and trust? What evil influence had blighted all that three years before had been so bright and sunny in their lives? The answer is an easy one, and the demon will bring more victims at the last great day to a remorse eternal and unavailing, than any other of the fearful brotherhood who have haunted the steps of man and made him an accursed thing, since the first morning of creation. That fiend Self.

Alice Mapeisen had been reared in luxury, and shared in all the perils of an early life that had no want unprovided. Her dainty foot had trodden upon velvet carpets, cased in all the appointments of wealth and fashion; her fragile limbs were wrapped in the costliest products of the looms of two continents; her every wish being supplied at the moment it was uttered. The daughter of a millionaire, and prospective heir to one half of his wealth, what cause was there that the most lavish taste should not be satisfied; what necessity for any of the restraints being artificially supplied, which fortune and circumstance bring of themselves to so many others? Nay, what occasion was there that the proud young beauty should learn to remember the will, the happiness, the peace of any other before or beside her own?

Were there no clouds in the sky of human life, rising in the day that follows a sunny morning; were there no failures in the bright career; were there no life beyond the present, in which the discipline acquired in this may be necessary for an existence growing into the perfection of the love of God; then, indeed, might there have been no such necessity.

John DeForest—her elder by only five years—had studied life in a different school. His youth had been a struggle against want, and for the mastery of a position which he felt to be his own. The glories and falsehoods of life had been all stripped off from his vision long ago, and his strong, stern nature had grown by the very energy he expended. At twenty-five, he was a man of wealth, a future of ease before him, had he chosen to embrace it; but a knowledge that the charm of life lay in its activity, and all the growing plans and projects that may strengthen and increase, but never diminish with our years.

At twenty-five, he wooed and won Alice Mapeisen. He was noble looking, manly and energetic, and she was proud of him. She was beautiful, accomplished, kind, attractive, and he soon grew to regard her as one whom every circumstance pointed out as the proper mistress of his household and sharer of his heart. So far both knew, and inquired no further, and so they were married, with the envy of lookers-on, and the congratulations of friends. And so they entered upon a union that should be one not only of hand with hand, but of heart with heart, if the lips would shun the taste of bitterer apples than ever the Dead Sea gave to the hungry wanderer.

A few months revealed the hollowness of the hopes upon which their union had been founded. DeForest despised the world of fashion; and his beautiful young wife worshipped it with a wild idolatry. His friends were of his own nature, men and women who saw beneath the surface of society, and paid no court to the gilded nothings who floated upon it; her's were of the light, the giddy, the superficial. He had a well-stocked library, and revered the great names whose thoughts were there shrouded in immortality. She read little, and that little seldom went beyond the ephemeral literature of the day. He wished to converse of the world, with a blending of the romance of a warm heart and a grasping intellect. She was content to let her own noble gifts of soul lie dormant, and to live but in the present, and the enjoyments which wealth and luxury could bring her. They were unlike, un congenial; they had married without a knowledge of how far each in the marriage relation must give up something of individuality—of self—and seek to become moulded and fused into the other.

Estrangement was the result—but while wealth was theirs, it was an estrangement that brought only a negative misery. Each felt how much more of happiness might have been enjoyed, had the other held the same tastes, been governed by the same wishes and principles. But each had society of their own, and in its enjoyment each partially forgot the real claims of life and sat stolidly down to exist upon what remained—the husk of what should have been their daily bread of hope, and love, and happiness.

But even this negative unhappiness was to be replaced by a suffering more positive and more bitter. The aspiring man of business overreached himself and outwent his judgment.

ment. The fruit of years of toil with hand and brain shrivelled like wax in the flame of a commercial revulsion, and John DeForest was cast almost penniless upon the world.

Oh, then opened the noblest opportunity of life. Then was the time for two hearts properly knit by bonds of love and trust, to cling yet closer when the storm-wind blew. Then was the time for two whom God had joined and man might not put asunder, to stand amid the ruins of their worldly prosperity, and clasping hands and looking up to heaven swear to fill, each for the other, the place of the honor and the wealth that had been lost, and make a purer happiness rise from the ashes that had consumed the dross around them. A hand that seemed misfortune, but might have been a blessing in disguise, had swept away every earthly prop upon which they leaned, and each had only left—the other. It was theirs, then, to recognize the angel and embrace it; they slighted, and he went away and left them in their darkness and desolation.

The strong and iron heart of John DeForest bowed to no misfortune. He might be defaced more truly to live, when in the midst of struggles that would have been to some discouragement; and met, without a quivering lip, the story of his ruin. He asked no counsel, sought no aid, no sympathy—but stripping himself at once of every remembrance of his life of wealth, bent every energy to bear the present with calmness, and rise again in the future.

Not so with the young wife of two years of luxury. Alice DeForest had no such resources to fall back upon. So far her life had been one of sunshine and prosperity, and even the partial consciousness that followed her every hour, of something of happiness unattained, something of duty unfulfilled—had had no power to make her miserable. Now the foundations were indeed removed, and what remained for the fragile, weak and unrelent woman, but to bow and break before the storm?

Into the humble tenement to which the poor man and his wife removed, from the luxurious apartments where the first two years of their wedded life had passed, but few followed them. Alice's fashionable friends knew her no longer; and even her haughty family, once so proud of her marriage, considered her now as another victim of an unfortunate marriage, and visited her but seldom. Even the little cordiality that remained between the families, was cooled effectually by a word from DeForest—who to a patronizing offer of assistance from the father of his wife, re-decided.

Few lives, as well as few lines run parallel; and when two lives are not drawing nearer together, it is rare that they do not widen in their course day by day. John DeForest and his wife became still less and less companions for each other. Harassed now more than ever, by contact with the world and the discouragements of his reduced circumstances, DeForest needed more the sympathy and warm affection which should have made his home a refuge from everything that was bitter and discordant. And even while he needed it more, he met it less and less. His weak, untrained wife was surrounded by circumstances that almost precluded the possibility of her sympathizing with him, or bearing any part of his heavy burthen. Something was due her, of deference to her tastes, and self-denial in favor even of her foibles—something of meeting on a neutral ground where she, too, could be considered; but the stern, strong man bent now less than ever, and each repelling the other, they wandered away into a path that promised eternal ruin.

From this, the change to bitter words is but a little step. Between John DeForest and his wife, before many months more had crept over them, had grown a feeling so near to repugnance that every antagonistic passion was excited. Each felt sure that the wrong was all in the other, each confident that with any other their life might have been peaceful and happy, whether in wealth or poverty. Alas! how little either knew that we carry within us the spirits which tinge every circumstance in life, and that when our evil passions are excited the company of angels would be to us but the exhibition of our own deformed natures—they, to us, would be but fiends of darkness.

The fountain of bitter words, once opened, is seldom closed without a convulsion. Bitter and sullen words came from the sweet lips that once had breathed but thoughts of gentleness. Tones of contempt were heard, with a sick and peevish whining, and bitter tears fell where they fell to little purpose. To these came answering the rough and stern rebuke, the cutting, withering sarcasm from the husband's lips. How nearly was the demon hate peering out through the sickly and withered leaves that yet remained in their ruined Eden!

At last business no longer called John DeForest from his home alone. The smiles that should have met him there were necessary to his nature, and if they could no more be seen at home, they must be found in more questionable places. The strong man sometimes bowed beneath the pressure of his cares, and then a stimulant was the panacea of the world. Not yet to excess, (if every drop of poison that passes between the lips of any on earth be not excess,) drank John DeForest—but a little for excitement, until his manly cheek had a ruddy tinge, and his blue eye found an occasional flash that had no origin in his happiness.

And then Alice DeForest and her child—the sole pledge of their union—were left alone often for many weary hours. That turning point had been reached, in which the moment of crossing the threshold of home was the beginning of a presence, and the moment of stepping over it again the entrance upon a holiday. God help any who

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Into the humble tenement to which the poor man and his wife removed, from the luxurious apartments where the first two years of their wedded life had passed, but few followed them. Alice's fashionable friends knew her no longer; and even her haughty family, once so proud of her marriage, considered her now as another victim of an unfortunate marriage, and visited her but seldom. Even the little cordiality that remained between the families, was cooled effectually by a word from DeForest—who to a patronizing offer of assistance from the father of his wife, re-decided.

Few lives, as well as few lines run parallel; and when two lives are not drawing nearer together, it is rare that they do not widen in their course day by day. John DeForest and his wife became still less and less companions for each other. Harassed now more than ever, by contact with the world and the discouragements of his reduced circumstances, DeForest needed more the sympathy and warm affection which should have made his home a refuge from everything that was bitter and discordant. And even while he needed it more, he met it less and less. His weak, untrained wife was surrounded by circumstances that almost precluded the possibility of her sympathizing with him, or bearing any part of his heavy burthen. Something was due her, of deference to her tastes, and self-denial in favor even of her foibles—something of meeting on a neutral ground where she, too, could be considered; but the stern, strong man bent now less than ever, and each repelling the other, they wandered away into a path that promised eternal ruin.

From this, the change to bitter words is but a little step. Between John DeForest and his wife, before many months more had crept over them, had grown a feeling so near to repugnance that every antagonistic passion was excited. Each felt sure that the wrong was all in the other, each confident that with any other their life might have been peaceful and happy, whether in wealth or poverty. Alas! how little either knew that we carry within us the spirits which tinge every circumstance in life, and that when our evil passions are excited the company of angels would be to us but the exhibition of our own deformed natures—they, to us, would be but fiends of darkness.

The fountain of bitter words, once opened, is seldom closed without a convulsion. Bitter and sullen words came from the sweet lips that once had breathed but thoughts of gentleness. Tones of contempt were heard, with a sick and peevish whining, and bitter tears fell where they fell to little purpose. To these came answering the rough and stern rebuke, the cutting, withering sarcasm from the husband's lips. How nearly was the demon hate peering out through the sickly and withered leaves that yet remained in their ruined Eden!

At last business no longer called John DeForest from his home alone. The smiles that should have met him there were necessary to his nature, and if they could no more be seen at home, they must be found in more questionable places. The strong man sometimes bowed beneath the pressure of his cares, and then a stimulant was the panacea of the world. Not yet to excess, (if every drop of poison that passes between the lips of any on earth be not excess,) drank John DeForest—but a little for excitement, until his manly cheek had a ruddy tinge, and his blue eye found an occasional flash that had no origin in his happiness.

And then Alice DeForest and her child—the sole pledge of their union—were left alone often for many weary hours. That turning point had been reached, in which the moment of crossing the threshold of home was the beginning of a presence, and the moment of stepping over it again the entrance upon a holiday. God help any who