

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVI.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1857.

No. 1894.

PROSPECTUS OF THE North Carolina Presbyterian.

THE Presbyterian Church in North Carolina has long labored under a serious disadvantage from the want of a journal to advocate her claims and to present her interests. It is estimated that only one thousand Presbyterian Wreckers are taken in the bounds of our three Presbyteries. We have thirteen thousand communicants, and it is safe to infer that there are thirty thousand Presbyterians in principle in the State. Our Synod stands fifth in the Union in point of numbers, and her membership is greater than that of any Synod South or West of Pennsylvania. Our sister States to the North and South, neither of which has a membership so large as ours, publish the Central, and the Southern Presbyterian, for the benefit of their people. The time has come when the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina should likewise do her duty to her children. It is a conceded and important fact, that hundreds of our members will take a State paper who will take no other. The paper is needed to be the organ of our Synod and Presbyteries—to elevate and enlighten the piety of our membership by diffusing evangelical knowledge—to promote the cause of Education—to develop the talents of our Ministry, and to strengthen the attachment of our people to the soil and sanctuaries of their own State.

If our Church in other States, and other Churches in this State, can supply their members with a Religious Journal, why may not we? Are North Carolina Presbyterians inferior in talent, energy and patriotism to their neighbors to the North or South, or to Christians of other denominations at home? With the same or better opportunities of accomplishing this work, shall we leave it undone? In the language of one of our most able and useful Ministers, an adopted son of our State, "It ought to have been undertaken twenty years ago, but it is not too late to begin to do it."

In the last two or three months, a fund of about \$5,000 has been subscribed as a permanent capital. At a meeting of the contributors, held at Greensborough on the 14th of May, Rev. A. Baker, Chairman, under the name and title of the North Carolina Presbyterian, Rev. Wm. N. Melrose and Rev. George McNeill were elected Editors; Rev. Messrs. George McNeill, Wm. N. Melrose, A. Baker, and C. H. Wiley, and Messrs. George McNeill, Sr., John H. Cook and David Murphy were appointed an Executive Committee, to establish the paper and manage its business affairs.

It is our wish and design to make the North Carolina Presbyterian a journal of the first class, equal to the best in the country in typographical appearance and in adaptation to the wants of our Churches. Its columns will afford the latest intelligence, both foreign and domestic, and special care will be taken to give a full and accurate summary of State news. The name of the paper is designed to be an exponent of its character and contents. From conviction, it will advocate the conservative, orthodox, old school doctrines and order of the Church.

Our first appeal is to our own people—to North Carolina Presbyterians. Whilst we rely confidently upon their favor, we trust that the notice of some Carolina friends who have found homes in other States, and the aid of citizens of our State who form so important an element in our Ministry and membership, will take a deep interest in this enterprise and give it their hearty support.

TERMS.—\$2 per annum in advance, or on delivery of the first number; \$2 50 in six months; \$3 at the end of the year. To clubs of twenty-five or more, paying in advance and when the paper is sent to one address, a discount of ten per cent. will be allowed. Our Ministers and Elders are earnestly desired to act as Agents, and all others friendly to the cause will please assist in procuring as many subscribers as possible, and forward the names, by August 1st, to this Office. As soon as 1,500 subscribers are obtained, the first number will be issued. If a faithful and vigorous effort is made in the next two months by those who take a lively interest in this work, without doubt, we shall be able to begin the publication at the end of that time with a paying subscription list of at least 3,000.

Address, Editors of the North Carolina Presbyterian, Fayetteville, N. C.

June 10. 95-3w

AGENTS WANTED.

\$130.00 PER MONTH—Here is a rare chance for a few young men to make a large salary without investing a capital. The share is no "three cent extra per cent." Introduce Patent Medicines, Books, &c. For an outfit, enclose stamps for return postage. Address T. S. CARTER, Box No. 8, Lawrence, Mass.

June 10. 95-3m

Arthur's Celebrated Patent Air-Tight, Self-Sealing Cans and Jars, FOR PRESERVING FRESH FRUITS, TOMATOES &c. For sale at the DRUG STORE.

June 3. 91-

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. Linn & Hanner and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser. THOMAS WEBB.

January 28. 23-

HOUSE and LOT for Sale. I offer for sale, an accommodating terms, that desirable House and Lot on Queen Street, now occupied by Mr. Washington. THOMAS WEBB.

October 30. 61-

TO COTTON PLANTERS. The Cotton Planter's Manual; BEING a compilation of facts from the best authorities on the culture of Cotton, its natural history, chemical analysis, trade and consumption; and embracing a history of Cotton and the Cotton Gin. By J. A. Turner. Price \$1. Sent free of postage on receipt of price.

GARDENING FOR THE SOUTH. By W. N. White, of Athens, Georgia. A most complete manual for every department of Horticulture, embracing the Vegetable Garden, the Fruit Garden, the Flower Garden, and the Pleasure Grounds, adapted particularly to the Southern States. Price \$1 25.

To be obtained of all Booksellers, or sent by pre-paid to any part of the Union on receipt of price.

C. M. SAXTON & CO., Agricultural Book Publishers, 140 Fulton Street, New York.

March 1. 75-

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING TO THE LADIES.

MRS. F. H. COOLEY receives regularly from one of the most fashionable dressmaking establishments in New York, the latest Patterns for Bridal, Evening, Dinner, Home and Walking Dresses; also, from another house, Patterns for Riding Habits, Mantillas, Basques, &c., &c.

Mrs. C. will take the utmost pains to please all who may favor her with their patronage. A trial is all she asks to convince the most skeptical that her work is executed in a manner not to be surpassed, and that her prices are exceedingly moderate.

July 17. 93-

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, ORANGE COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, A. D. 1857.

Hardy Hurdle and Joseph W. McKee, vs. Green Taylor.

Justices Attachment levied on Land.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant, Green Taylor, has removed out of the county, or so absconds or conceals himself that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him; it is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Hillsborough Recorder, notifying the said Green Taylor that unless he appears at the next term of this Court, to be held at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, then and there to reply and plead, according to law, he will be proceeded against in the same manner as if he had been served with process and had failed to appear and plead.

Witness, George Laws, Clerk of said Court, at office, in Hillsborough, the 4th Monday in May, 1857.

GEO. LAWS, C. C. 93-6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, ORANGE COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, A. D. 1857.

Sallie Currie and others vs. Hugh Currie and another.

Petition for Partition of Land.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Eliza Currie, one of the defendants in this case, resides beyond the limits of this State; it is ordered by the Court that publication be made for the space of six successive weeks in the Hillsborough Recorder, notifying the said Eliza Currie of the filing of this petition, and that unless she appears at the next term of this Court, to be held at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the said petition, the same will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte as to her.

Witness, George Laws, Clerk of said Court, at office, in Hillsborough, the fourth Monday in May, A. D. 1857.

GEO. LAWS, C. C. 93-6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, ORANGE COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, A. D. 1857.

Hamilton Montgomery, Ex'r vs. Alexander Montgomery, and others.

Petition for Settlement.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Alexander Montgomery, Mary Potts, and the children of Lydia Woods, deceased, defendants in this case, reside beyond the limits of this State; it is ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for the space of six successive weeks, notifying the said defendants of the filing of this petition, and that unless they appear at the next term of this Court, to be held at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the said petition, the same will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, George Laws, Clerk of said Court, at office, in Hillsborough, the fourth Monday in May, A. D. 1857.

GEO. LAWS, C. C. 93-6w

GREAT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA!

Dr. Houghton's PEPSIN



THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID, OR GASTRIC JUICE, prepared from Rennet, after the directions of Baron Liebig, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. HOUGHTON, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

THIS IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY for an unhealthy Stomach. No art of man can equal its curative powers. It contains no Alcohol, Bitters, Acids or Nauseous Drugs. It is extremely agreeable to the taste, and may be taken by the most feeble patients who cannot eat a water cracker without acute distress. Beware of Drugged Imitations. Pepsin is not a drug. Call on the Agent and get a Descriptive Circular, gratis, giving a large amount of Scientific Evidence, from Liebig's Animal Chemistry; Dr. Comber's Physiology of Digestion; Dr. Prentiss on Food and Diet; Dr. John W. Draper, of New York University; Prof. Dugliss's Physiology; Prof. Stillman, of Yale College; Dr. Carpenter's Physiology; &c., together with reports of Cures from all parts of the United States.

Pepsin in Powder sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of One Dollar.

Sold wholesale and retail by Druggists generally, and by D. HEARTT, Hillsborough, N. C.

June 16. 92-12m

NOTICE.

THE subscriber most respectfully tenders his thanks for the liberal encouragement given him last year, and begs leave to inform the public, that having associated Dr. Hooker with him, the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm of JONES & HOOKER.

PRIDE JONES. 80-

DR. PRIDE JONES. DR. D. HOOKER.

Sash, Blinds, Doors, &c.

OUR machinery being now in complete order, our new engine fixed, and foundry established, we are prepared to do either wood or iron work at short notice, and on reasonable terms. We respectfully ask a trial for home manufactures.

PRICES:

Sash, 15 lumber, 8 by 10 at 75c. per light. " 8 by 12 at 85c. " " 10 by 12 at 85c. " " 12 by 16 at 10c. " " 12 by 18 at 10c. " " 14 by 20 at 11c. " " 16 by 20 at 12c.

Doors, 2, 4 or 6 panels, from \$3 to \$6 50.

Blinds, stationary or on gears, 40c. per square foot.

JONES & HOOKER, 80

March 19. 90



RURAL ECONOMY.

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

WHAT ARE WE TO DO FOR SUGAR!

A falling off in the sugar crop in Louisiana of two-thirds—a continued abandonment of sugar estates in the British West Indies—the unproductiveness of the Central American regions, in consequence of political troubles, and the largely increasing prosperity of the world of consumers, have led to a rise of nearly one hundred per cent. in the price of the most valued necessities of life. Nor is there the least prospect, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that this enormous rise will be followed by a corresponding fall for years to come.

The necessity will stimulate renewed attention to our Northern sugar—the maple. It is already more largely grown than is suspected. New York and Vermont are larger sugar producers than Louisiana. Canada makes seven pounds of sugar for every four that she imports. Scientific skill, applied perseveringly to our backwoods article, may enable it to supersede the produce of the cane.

But still higher expectations are formed from the experiments which have been made with the sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane. It has been grown successfully in thirteen States, from Vermont to Louisiana. It possesses marked advantages over the common sugar-cane, in ripening three months sooner, in growing readily from seed, and in opposing but little obstacle to the extraction of the saccharine matter. A careful agricultural chemist estimates that, with proper cultivation, it will yield 1,000 to 2,000 pounds of sugar to the acre; and another has himself obtained 468 gallons of sirup to the acre.

We advise farmers who want to make money to give a little thought to this sorghum, and also to the maple. There is a fine fortune for the man who shall supply our breakfast tables with a pleasant, wholesome article of Northern growth.

THE NEW SUGAR CANE.

Mr. Leonidas Wray, of London, the introducer into France and other countries of *Jupiaea*, or Chinese sugar-cane, (which, however, he obtained in Africa, and the discoverer of a process of crystallizing sugar from its juice, has just returned to this city from a visit to the Southern and Western States. We learn that he has planted upon the estate of ex-Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, 110 acres; upon that of Mr. Peters, near Atlanta, Georgia, 30 acres; and upon that of Mr. Cassius M. Clay, near Louisville, Kentucky, 7 acres. Mr. J. D. Browne, of the United States Patent Office, who introduced the Chinese sugar-cane into this country, and demonstrated to the public its great value, is understood, in common with Gov. Hammond and other gentlemen, to have urged Mr. Wray to visit the United States for the purposes herein named; and he is also aiding, by all means in his power, to induce the prompt and general attention of agriculturists to the adoption of these varieties of a novel plant.

This cane is profitable for many purposes besides the manufacture of sugar, such as the production of alcohol, of wine, of fodder, of a red dye for silks, &c. It will grow and prosper wherever Indian or broom corn may be cultivated to advantage; but its most abundant yield of sugar and most profitable culture will prove to be in the regions best adapted to the tropical sugar-cane now in general cultivation. Whether it will supercede the plant now prevalent there or not is a problem to be solved by experiment alone. We are assured that, from the ripened seeds of the crops now planted in South Carolina, Georgia, and Kentucky, a second crop may be produced this summer in the South.

Washington "States."

KEEP FRUIT TREES STRAIGHT.

Trees in an open exposure often acquire a leaning position from the prevailing winds. This should not be suffered. They should be set up erect, and, indeed, thrown into the wind at an angle of ten or fifteen degrees, in order to bring them ultimately into a straight position. This is best done by obtaining crooked limbs from the woods, eight to twelve feet long, and placing the butt end, which should be sharpened, on the ground, and the croch end either against the trunk, immediately beneath the branching point, or against a large outer limb, if more convenient, securing it from chafing in the crotch by a padding of straw, or litter, and setting the tree at once up to the desired angle of elevation. Loosen, also, the ground on the windward side of the root, so that it will not bind, and the work is accomplished. Let this be done when the tree begins to make its summer growth or soon after leaving out. One season, if the tree is thrifty, will be all that is required. If, however, it be obstinate, repeat the trial another year. The remedy is sure. Even large trees which have acquired a permanent lean, may be thrown into an erect posture, by loosening the earth at the root, and occasionally cutting off an obstinate large root, without injury to its growth, and thus be made slightly. An erect tree will be longer lived, and more fruitful, than a leaning one, and not half so subject to casualty as if left to its own guidance.

SUMMER MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.

In the Spring do not turn your sheep into the pasture until it is well up, or until it is ankle high, so as to have something to shade the ground; keep your sheep close, and feed them on hay and grain of some kind—they will eat it well if kept from grass. When put upon pasture, have three or more fields, and change them often, so that their pasture may be sweet. I have known a neighbor lose three hundred sheep out of six hundred in one summer. He divided them into three parts, and put them into three large fields, with no shade except what the fence on the south side of each field made. The sheep lay along the fence, and when the nose fly came, the sheep were to be seen running with their noses to the ground fighting the fly, and eating only just enough to keep life in them. The sheep did not go more than eight or ten rods from the fence, and this was eaten close to the ground when there was plenty of pasture on the north side of the field; as a consequence the sheep poisoned themselves in their own filth. The fly laid its eggs in the nostrils of the sheep, and they soon died in great numbers of "worm in the head."

Now, you would ask, how should he save his sheep? He should have put them all in one field, and forced them to go further from the fence; and about two or three days after the first shower, he should have changed them to another field. Whenever you see your sheep run with their noses down to the ground, drive them to your farthest pasture; the fly will stay about where the sheep have lain. Keep changing them from field to field, and you will not be troubled with "worm in the head." J. D. Chamberlain, in Gen. Far.

STIRRING THE SOIL IN DRY WEATHER.

That frequent stirring the soil is the cheapest and most effectual way of protecting crops against drouth, is proved by the fact that a soil plowed or cultivated often in dry time is moist almost to the surface, while land that is neglected, is dry to a great depth. Some farmers from false reasoning infer that if a new surface is continually exposed to the sun and air, the effect will be to dry the soil still more. But the atmosphere in the hottest and driest weather is more or less charged with moisture, to prove which we have only to present a cold surface to the atmosphere, as a pitcher of ice water for instance, when the moisture of the air will be condensed and form in large drops on the outside of the pitcher. By frequent stirring the soil it is kept loose and porous, the air can penetrate to a greater depth, and coming in contact with the cold earth is robbed of its moisture by condensation, in the same manner as in the example of the pitcher given above. The oftener the soil is stirred the more new surface will be presented for action in the same manner; but when land is suffered to remain idle, a crust is formed on the surface which is impenetrable to the atmosphere and no such effect can take place. *Genesee Farmer.*

WHEN DOES WOOL GROW?—I answer, when it is wanted to cover the sheep and keep it warm. From the time the sheep is sheared until the frost comes you can see the shape of every clip of the shears; when the frost and cold weather come, it grows out immediately. Now, if you wish for a heavy clip, feed when the wool is growing. If you have any extra feed, then is the time to use it. The wool draws very hard upon the carcass, and growing out fast deceives almost every farmer. They think their sheep are doing well when they are growing poor. I can make an additional pound of wool with one bushel of corn, and my sheep will afterwards winter one bushel of corn easier. Let your sheep get poor while the wool is growing, and you cannot recruit them until the next summer.

J. D. Chamberlain, in Genesee Farmer.

SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE.

We are forever prating about Southern Rights and Southern Independence, and are every day exemplifying our perfect, thorough and complete dependence upon the North. We have Southern Commercial Conventions, pass fine resolutions, chalk out on paper notable plans for Southern aggrandizement and prosperity; and then straightaway go home and import vegetables, axe-helves, almost everything in short which our appetites or tastes desire, from the North. We send our children elsewhere to be educated; we fail to encourage native talent, but let it languish and die. We buy when we ought to sell, and with all the means of independence around us we are too happy in being dependent upon our neighbors.

A painful instance of the effect of all this happened the other day at Petersburg. A gentleman by the name of Ross, author of the "Southern Speaker" and other class-books, attempted to commit suicide by taking chloroform, and stabbing himself in the region of the heart. When found he was lying on the floor in a pool of blood. On the bed were discovered letters addressed to his friends and wife, indicating disappointment and depression of spirits, and intimating and attributing the intention of taking his life to reverse of fortune, and the non-appreciation of his efforts in the furtherance of Southern literature.

If we would prate less and act more about Southern Rights and Southern Independence—if we would raise our own potatoes—make our own butter—educate our children at home—marry at home—pay more attention to home matters, encourage home talent, industry and labor, we should be vastly more independent, and would be taking better care of Southern Rights than in large Conventions or loud sounding resolutions which for the most part are forgotten with the occasion that brings them forth. *W. H. Hoell.*



CONTENTMENT.

Think'at thou the steed that restless roves, O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves, With wild, unbridled bound, Finds fresher pasture than the bee, On thymy bank or vernal tree, Intent to store her industry Within her waten round?

Think'at thou the fountain, forced to turn Through marble vase or sculptured urn, Affords a sweeter draught Than that which in its native sphere, Perennial, undisturbed and clear, Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer, And wake his grateful thought!

Think'at thou the man whose mansion hold The worldling's pomp and miser's gold, Obtains a richer prize Than he who in his cot at rest, Finds heavenly peace a willing guest, And bears the promise in his breast Of treasure in the skies!

From the American Union.

FRANK AND I.

"I hate you, Frank Earl!" I didn't mean to say it—I'm very sure I didn't. I was angry, excited, out of sorts, and the words slipped from my lips before I thought.

I was frightened. In all our quarrels I had never before said so many bitter things—never hazarded so unguarded, impulsive a speech. I covered my face with my hands, peeping through my fingers to see what effect my words had produced upon my lover. He stood looking right at me, his great blue eyes wide open with surprise, but he didn't turn pale, or grow, or rush towards me, as I partly expected he would. He did not stir.

I grew tired of watching him, at last, and took my hands down. He remained immovable. I looked up at him, half-defiantly, half-penitently, for I was to blame and I knew it—and my pride was oozing away at a rapid rate.

He smiled. It was the worst thing he could have done. My pride came back faster than it departed. I was not to be conquered in that tame manner—not I. I stamped my foot. He smiled again.

Aggravation of aggravations! I could think of nothing bad enough to do, as an expression of my feelings. I would leave the room. No, that would be beating an inglorious retreat, and I was determined to come off victorious, if it cost me—Frank! I would play a tune on the piano. No, with such internal commotion for my inspiration, the music would all come crooked, and I was proud of my playing—even before him!—the odious creature.

Finally I went to the window. Still he stood, motionless as a statue, in the middle of the room. I lowered the curtain between him and myself. No movement, on his part, rewarded me for my pains. He smiled again.

I curled myself up on the low window-seat, in a fit of desperation. I played with the curtain-fringe; I tapped on the window-panes with my fingers-tips; I even went so far as to hum a tune.

At last—O, relief! he started. I thought he would come to me, but he didn't. He marched right straight by, through the door, and up stairs, whistling as he went, an accompaniment to the tune I was humming.

If he hadn't been a guest in my father's house, I would have vowed never to see him again. As it was, however, I leaned my head and tried to cry; between thinking of Frank and Frank's coolness, and myself and my wicked temper, I actually succeeded in shedding a tear or two.

But it couldn't last long, even though my reflections were anything but delightful.—Back and forth, back and forth, in the chamber above, I could hear Frank walking; and, somehow, it made me uncomfortable. I wouldn't think of him any longer—I declared I wouldn't! What was the use of making one's self miserable for nothing? If he had a mind to be stubborn and ill-natured, or to take offence at what he ought to have known I didn't mean, I didn't see as I could help it. Here I tried hard to cry again, but the attempt resulted in a dead failure.

I pressed my face against the cold glass, and looked out. It was snowing furiously, and but few persons were abroad. The street lamps were lit, and I amused myself watching those few as they struggled along against the wind and snow. Here came a fat man, puffing and blowing, and there a little boy was running after his cap, which the wind had lifted from his head, and was carrying tantalizingly before him. After them followed a poor, decrepit old woman, thinly-dressed, and tottering as she walked. Then I remembered that, only the day before, I had seen Frank pick just such a poor, forlorn-looking creature up from the slippery pavement. He didn't know I saw him, though, and when I teased him about it, he blushed like a bashful school-boy.

"Frank is noble about some things, if he is stubborn!" I ejaculated, mentally. One thought suggested another, and Frank would be uppermost in my mind, in spite of every effort to the contrary. All the events of our acquaintance, from the first time we met, to that evening's engagement, came back vividly to my recollection. I couldn't remember a single naughty thing that he had ever done. I couldn't remember an ungentle rebuke, or an impatient look, or an unnerveful word, that he had ever given me. On

the other hand, I could remember a great many things to his credit. Hadn't he helped me more about my French lessons than all my teachers put together? Didn't he take a terrible flogging, in school once, rather than tell who put a dead snake in the master's hat—and that, too, after he had entreated me not to do it, and remonstrated with me upon my wildness? Didn't he bring me the ripest strawberries and freshest lilies to the riped, when I was sick? Hadn't he more than once coaxed me out of a fit of pouts, laughed me into a good nature if I was fretful—or, when my tigerish temper was up, borne with me so patiently, till I grew heartily ashamed of my termagant propensities? To be sure he had.

I curled myself from the window-seat, and drew a rocking-chair up before the rosy grate. The steps overhead had ceased. The whole house was still. Father and mother and little Susie had gone out to spend the evening. I was alone, and likely to be, until ten or eleven o'clock, for I knew Frank too well to imagine he would come back to me before I had abundant time to recover from my proxym of rage. "Dear Frank!" I said it over softly to myself, with a little choking in the throat, and then looked up, fearful lest the very ceiling should betray to him the softness of my heart.

I thought he must be awfully lonesome, up there in his chamber alone. I wondered if it wouldn't be pleasanter for him down in the parlor with me, before the shining fire? I didn't think I should be any happier—of course not.

Shouldn't I go and ask him to come down? I could be very cool about it—just as though it was a mere matter of politeness. I wouldn't apologize, though; I put my foot down on that. I was sure I hoped I had too much spirit to do such a thing, if I hadn't done just as I ought.

Well, I went. Creeping carefully upstairs, I tapped at his door. No answer. Surely, he couldn't have gone down without my hearing him, and it was much too early for him to think of retiring.

I tapped again, and then softly opened the door and peeped in. There he sat—his head upon the table—one hand thrown carelessly across his books and papers, and holding (couldn't I have kissed him when I saw it?) my daguerreotype, the very one I had given him six months before, because, as I told him, it wasn't fit for any anybody else. I began to think I *wasn't* apologize.

"Frank!" I called, in a whisper. He didn't move. I tiptoed up behind him and peered over into his face. His eyes were shut, and I thought he *wasn't* looking rather dead—but in vain. What if he were dead? I knew the physician told him, the last time he was ill, that there was a difficulty with his heart. What if my unkindness had seriously grieved him, and brought on a fatal crisis of his disease. I had heard of such things. The house was so unnaturally hushed and still and lonesome-like, that it seemed almost natural for death to come in some unexpected and startling shape to take up its abode within the walls. My very heart stood still with agony at the terrible suspicion.

I went along and touched his hand. It was cold as marble! With one wild scream I threw my arms around his neck, and poured a torrent of caressing epithets and passionate entreaties in his ear. I did not stop to think, or breathe, or reason with my absurd and sudden fear. I only thought that Frank was dead and I had killed him.

But what! Could a corpse move? Was it possible for the dead Frank to clasp me closer than the living Frank had ever dared to? Surely, the eyes that met mine were not glazed or dim, but open, blue, bright and gazed as ever; and the lips that raised such a shower of kisses upon my upturned face, were not clammy, but moist and warm.

"Why, Nell, how came you here!—and in my arms, too?" I won't tell you what I said. I won't tell that he was only asleep, and my impetuous hugging and screaming waked him up—not from death, but a comfortable nap. I won't tell how I shed tears—real genuine tears of mortification and shame and wounded vanity. And I won't tell how Frank comforted me, whether, would you?

Who'll come to the wedding?

THE WIFE OF A BRITISH LORD.—White Lord Napier, the English Minister was busy at Washington, his lady sojourned at the Gilmore House, Baltimore. The fashionable circles were agitated by the presence of the wife of a live lord, and her ladyship received numerous calls and party invitations. The American ladies of fashion, elaborately and gaudily attired in furbes and jewels, were surprised to find the English lady in excessively plain dress, totally free from all display, glitter and nonsense. Not a single jewel was visible upon her person. The wife of Lord Napier, however, is a woman of high birth, who can trace her descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors. She is, nevertheless, remarkable—though born and educated in the heart of European refinement and civilization—for the plainness of her apparel, the simplicity of her manners, and the entire lack of ostentatious pretensions.

A young man who was desirous of marrying a daughter of a well known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stammering manner said:

"Mr. H—, are you willing to let me have your daughter Jane?"

"Of course I am," gruffly and quickly replied the old man, "and I wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them."