

# Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1857.

No. 1896.

## PROSPECTUS

### 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 record her interests. It is estimated that only one thousand Presbyterian Weeklies 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 not in membership is greater than that of any Synod South or West of Pennsylvania. Our three States on 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. This time has come when the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina should likewise do her duty to her children. It is a remedied 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 on 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 right."

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, the Paper was unanimously located at Fayetteville, under the name and title of the *North Carolina Presbyterian*. Rev. Wm. N. Mebane and Rev. George McNeill were elected Editors; Rev. Messrs. George McNeill, Wm. N. Mebane, 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 doctrine 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 native sons of North Carolina who have found homes in other States, and the adopted 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 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 to address friendly letters to the Editor, 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, we will, without doubt, be able to begin the publication at the end of that time with a paying subscription list of at least 2,000.

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

June 10. 92-3w

## 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 above is no "three cent catch-penny," or humbug to introduce Patent Medicines, Books, &c. For an outfit, enclose stamps for return postage. Address: J. S. CARTER, Box No. 8, Lawrence, Mass. June 10. 92-3w

## 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 MeLean & Haaner and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser. THOMAS WEBB, January 29. 92-3w

## 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-

## 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 25¢. 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 Flower Grounds, adapted particularly to the Southern States. Price \$1 25. To be obtained of all Booksellers, or sent by mail to any part of the Union on receipt of price. C. M. SEXTON & CO., Agricultural Book Publishers, 140 Fulton Street, New York. March 4. 78-

## 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-

## NOTICE.

Office of the N. C. Railroad Company, June 8th, 1857.

THE next Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company will be held in Salisbury on Thursday the 9th day of July. Under a resolution of a former meeting, Messrs. D. A. Davis, J. H. Jenkins, Wm. Murphy and B. B. Roberts, were appointed to verify the Proxies for the next meeting. Proxies may be forwarded to either of the above named gentlemen as soon as prepared. None but a Stockholder can be a Proxy. Ordered by the Board of Directors, that publication be made for all delinquent Stockholders to pay the amounts due on their subscriptions by the 1st day of July, or the same will be advertised to be sold.

CYRUS P. MENDENHALL, Treasurer, 91-3w

## 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 absconded or concealed 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 our said Court, at office, in Hillsborough, the 4th Monday in May, 1857.

GEO. LAWS, C. C. C. Ju'y 17. [Price adv. \$1 50.] 93-3w

## 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 our said Court, at office, in Hillsborough, the 4th Monday in May, A. D. 1857.

GEO. LAWS, C. C. C. July 17. [Price adv. \$4 50.] 93-3w

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, ORANGE COUNTY.

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

Hamilton Montgomery, Ex' 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 of 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 our said Court, at office, in Hillsborough, the fourth Monday of May, A. D. 1857.

GEO. LAWS, C. C. C. July 17. [Price adv. \$4 50.] 93-3w

## 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 Narcotics. 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. Combe's Physiology of Digestion; Dr. Pereira on Food and Diet; Dr. John W. Draper, of New York University; Prof. Dugliou'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. HEARST, Hillsborough, N. C. June 10. 92-12w

## 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.

March 18. 90-

## 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, 14 lumber, 8 by 10 at 75¢ per light.
" 8 by 12 at 85¢ "
" 10 by 12 at 95¢ "
" 12 by 16 at 105¢ "
" 12 by 18 at 105¢ "
" 14 by 20 at 115¢ "
" 16 by 20 at 125¢ "

Doors, 2, 4 or 6 panels, from \$3 to \$6 50. Blinds, stationary or on pivots, 40¢ per square foot.

JONES & HOOKER, March 18. 90



## "A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME."

When will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come!  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come!  
The rosy lip,  
The lofty brow,  
The heart that beats  
So gaily now—  
Oh! where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's sigh,  
A hundred years to come!  
Who'll press for gold this crowded street  
A hundred years to come!  
Who'll tread your church with willing feet  
A hundred years to come!  
Pale trembling age  
And fiery youth,  
And childhood, with  
Its bow of truth,  
The rich and poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come!  
We all within our graves shall sleep  
A hundred years to come!  
No living soul for us will weep  
A hundred years to come!  
But other men  
Our lands will till,  
And others then  
Our streets will fill;  
While other birds will sing as gay,  
As bright the sunshine as today,  
A hundred years to come!  
Washington, June 26, 1857. R. G. T.

## HOME EDUCATION.

### A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

"Come, Kitty, you must stir about lively to-day—there's baking to do, the front to clean, and dinner to get, besides a host of other things, and after all is done, I want you to take the children to the square for a couple of hours this afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll try to get through in time, though I don't feel quite as smart as common this morning, I was up so late last night ironing."

"Now, Kitty," said Mrs. Makedoo, "that's the very time to work, when you don't feel like it, make that a rule through life, and you'll always find yourself doing something you don't like to do; it would be such a satisfaction for you to know how much you can accomplish in that way."

"The dear knows," replied Kitty, "I have had to practice that hard rule from necessity long enough; but what shall I do about bringing down the breakfast tray, as Miss Araminta has not yet breakfasted?"

"So she hasn't, Kitty, and I guess I might as well run up and wake her now, as it is ten o'clock. Poor thing, she came home so late last night, from the party, that I told her to sleep as long as she could, this morning; I really wonder if the dear girl ever does get really rested. I'll go and see if she wants her coffee and toast in her room."

With these remarks the doating mother ascends the staircase on her errand of inquiry.

In the meantime Kitty makes loud and impatient music with her pots and kettles, and such soliloquies:

"Yes, baking to do, dinner to get, and the front to clean; it's all mighty easy talking. Then, when my fine lady gets up, she's got to be waited on; very likely she'll send me to the milliner's, and when I come back, she will want a dress pressed in a minute, to walk out in. 'Yes, Kitty can do it—it is nothing for Kitty'; but I guess if she had Kitty's tired feet and weak back, she'd lay abed a week, and send for the Doctor."

"Kitty!" screamed the mistress at the top of her voice, from the head of the stairs.

"Ma'am."

"Are there any eggs in the house?"

"No, ma'am. There it is again; now I just wonder what they want with eggs at this time of day?"

"Step out somewhere, Kitty, and buy a few. Araminta thinks she could eat one on her toast."

"Yes, ma'am; but how can I leave the bread that's just ready to bake?"

"Oh, be right quick, Kitty, and the bread won't suffer."

Away went the distracted housemaid for the eggs, and on returning, she cooked and took them to the young lady's room, where she had the satisfaction of hearing from the individual that they were not half done, and more than that, that she had waited so long that her appetite was all gone, and she could not bear the sight of them.

Well, after much labor, the work was pretty near through with, and dinner served at the usual hour. Araminta managed to dress herself with the assistance of her mother, and thereby was enabled to make her appearance in the dining room, with her heavy blue eyes, and dress to match, at about the time of her father's entrance.

Her appetite being unusually good, she contrived to smell a bite of roast beef, and succeeded in eating three Lima beans, after gracefully taking the skin off of each.

"Pa," said she, very languidly, "I heard some one at the party last night speaking of a delightful ghost story—Hamlet, I believe, is the name of the man who saw the spectre, and I do wish you would get it for me, it is in two volumes, you needn't mind it, though, as I should never get time to read it. Who knows but what it is as interesting as *Dombeij*?"

"It would not be to you," replied her father very gravely.

"Then don't trouble yourself about it, Pa. You know my taste, and can easily judge; but I do wish another number of *Dombeij* would come—I'm so anxious to know if sweet Florence has heard from her beau, Walter Gray, and if he ever intends to come back again. Where was it he went to, Pa, Mexico?"

"Mexico; fiddlesticks, child; no, he went to the Indies, and I know where I have a notion to send you."

"Oh, where, pa? This is delightful weather for traveling."

"To school," replied her impatient father, "for you mortify me to death with your stupidity. However, your mother tells me tomorrow is your eighteenth birthday, and I suppose you will expect a handsome present. Now, as you have an idea of being married before a great while, 'tis quite time you undusted the practical part of house-keeping, and my gift to you shall either be a good sized broom, or a scrubbing brush, which I shall insist on your using."

But Araminta had fainted before the conclusion of his remarks.

"Only see what you have done!" exclaimed his wife, as she ran in haste to her daughter's assistance.

"Don't disturb yourself," said her husband, "she has only fainted, and I warrant she'll come to in time for the evening's concert. If she would take more healthful exercise she would hardly stop the circulation at so short a notice."

And with this consoling speech Mr. Makedoo went to his counting room.

Kitty was called again to bring the cologne bottle and fan from Araminta's room, besides other jobs, which left but little time for the kitchen department. By dint of hard labor and perseverance she found time to take the children out walking, and then hurried home to get supper.

At the tea-table, Mr. Makedoo said the bread was sour. The blame, as usual, rested with Kitty, who was immediately called to account for it. When she made her appearance she gave a piteous detail of the morning—how she had to do many errands, and that she could not help it.

Her mistress said that was no excuse whatever, that she might have hurried more than she did, and then the bread would have been sweet and good.

Mr. Makedoo looked frowningly at his wife.

"Susan," said he to the former, "Miss Araminta had at least been taught to wait on herself a little, and give some slight assistance in the house, Kitty would not thus be imposed upon. As it is, you have absolutely ruined your child. If you dressed her less foolishly and expensively, you would then find yourself able to keep more help on your own account."

His wife put her laced pocket handkerchief to her eyes, and his daughter was looking about for a convenient place to swoon; and for fear of another scene, the unhappy husband and father left the apartment.

Mrs. Makedoo went below to give that lazy Kitty, as she termed her, a complete blowing up.

"It seems to me, Kitty, you complain a great deal about nothing. Fray, where did you live before you came here?"

The poor girl, being fairly roused, replied, that she lived with Mrs. Harris, who was something of a lady, and never expected too much of her.

"I used to know her very well—say, why did you leave her?"

"Because her oldest daughter had left school and she said she wished her to learn to work, but while there was so much help in the house she had not half a chance, so as Nancy, the other girl, had been there longer than I had, she sent me away with kind words and useful presents."

"I cannot think," answered Mrs. Makedoo, "that Mrs. Harris would do so ungenerous a thing as to oblige her daughter to do housework, and I will call there soon and find out myself."

True to her word, Mrs. Makedoo called to see Mrs. Harris on the following Tuesday, and Lucy Harris, the eldest daughter answered the bell, which somewhat shocked her ideas of propriety.

"Why, Lucy dear," she said, "how flushed you look! Have you a fever, or what is the matter?"

Lucy, radiant with health and good humor, said she was entirely well, but had been ironing all the morning, and as Nancy was sweeping the third floor, she told her she would answer the bell in her absence.

Mrs. Harris now entered the parlor, and Lucy, after excusing herself, returned to her work.

"How do you do, my dear Susan," cordially shaking hands with her guest.

"I am very well, I thank you, Mary."

"And how is Araminta and the children?"

"Oh, dear, the children are all well, but troublesome as usual, though I don't know much about them. Araminta is often dull, and has no appetite at all. Poor thing, I fear she will never be able to make an effort. 'Tis hardly worth while to ask after Lucy, she looks so rosy, almost too much so to suit my taste; by the way, I heard from my Kitty, that you had put her to work, and one reason for my calling was to learn the truth of it—have you really done such an out of the way thing?"

"I am very happy to answer in the affirmative, Susan. When she left school, her occupation seemed to be gone; she became listless and languid, her appetite left her, and in our anxiety we consulted with a physician in regard to her health. He told us the best thing for her was daily and regular exercise, though moderately at first until her strength could bear more. So after Mr. Harris and

myself had talked the matter over, I dismissed one of the girls, and went hand to hand with Lucy for a while, to encourage her. She now makes up the beds in the house before breakfast, sweeps the rooms occasionally, always help iron the clothes, and frequently assists in cooking. You must take tea with us soon, and taste some of her bread, it is so delicious."

"But don't she dress herself in her best and walk out every day? Araminta could not exist without that."

"She is always neat in her dress, but seldom walks out merely for a promenade. She is interested in every household department, and has exercise enough in-doors for her health. Her appetite and spirits are both good, and we are glad to make her useful and thereby happy. Her needle, too, is not idle, as I am frequently obliged to her for assistance with the children's garments."

"What will Araminta think of all this?" said Mrs. Makedoo. "Why, Mary, we keep but one girl, though I often think there is work enough for two; but it never entered my head to call on my own daughter for help. Dear me, she is the one most waited on in the family."

"I hope you will be encouraged, Susan, to do as I have done, and bestow a little of the care on her that your mother bestowed on you. Fashionable as you have become, you cannot disguise the fact that you were taught to work as well as I. Do you remember when we were neighbors in the country, the many useful lessons our mothers used to give us; and when our present husbands courted our favor, do you think they thought less of us for being industrious?"

"It is different in a city, Mary."

"The difference, Susan, is only in our minds, and arises from false pride. I have chosen to adhere to first principles, believing it will save my child much uneasiness hereafter. The fate of nations depends in a great measure on the training of its mothers, and parents cannot be too much alive to their great responsibilities. I beg you will consider this subject, and pray for wisdom to direct you."

Mrs. Makedoo had listened in silence. Then her thoughts reverted to her childhood's home, beautiful and refreshing to her memory as to herself, when her innocent thoughts and childish sports had made an Eden of that spot. When the glad songs of the early birds awakened her from health-beaming slumbers, and she rose with the dawn, light-hearted and happy, to perform her daily

and regularly exacted by a mother anxious for her daughter's welfare, and ever watchful to direct her youthful footsteps in the way that brings peace and happiness. Alas, where stood she now. It seemed as though all those early lessons and sweet counsels had been buried in the grave of her departed mother. The rank weeds had come up and smothered the young bud of promise. "How," thought she, "have I fulfilled my trust toward the immortal soul committed to my care! The ways of high life in a fashion-bound city have blinded my judgment and better knowledge; my child has grown up beneath my eyes, ignorant of all that embodies our nature—vanity and the love of dress the only end of her existence."

"'Tis too late now, Mary," said she, as she arose in haste to take her departure; "it is too late to undo the great injury I have done my daughter. If she lives she will have plenty of trouble like the rest of us, and in her hours of trial, her husband will, perhaps, and justly too, blame her mother for not teaching her better how to meet and how to bear it. I will go home and talk to my husband; I know his heart will gladden at the prospect of reform in this matter; he will encourage me to do what is yet in my power for Araminta—and I promise you, my dear Mary, to try and take the rest of my children in good season for their improvement."

The moral is obvious. Mothers who read this, go ye and do likewise.

## A CRITICISING HUSBAND.

A contributor to the Independent gives a graphic picture of a very unpleasant and annoying phase of domestic life:

"Quite a dishfull of raw eggs," said Mr. Ellery, as he turned the third one from the shell into the egg-cup. The remark was made in no ill-humored tone. His face wore no sour, no fault-finding expression. Nevertheless, his poor wife, who had daily boiled eggs for him during the last twenty years, and always by the minute-hand, had never heard the expression since in all that time. "My dear, these eggs are just right."

Daily had Mrs. Ellery varied, and daily did objections vary. "You forgot your eggs this morning, didn't you?" Next morning: "Your eggs are pretty soft; but they'll do." Morning after: "Better save those eggs for bullets;" and thus the poor woman never pleased. Still he could manage to dispose of two, three, or four at a breakfast very well.

Misfortune never came alone; and Mr. Ellery's eggs were not his only mishaps. His shirts never fit right about the shoulders. The bosoms were stiff as a board, or loose as a hankerschief. His meals are always a little too late or a little too early, and the room forever too hot or too cold.

But we were not pretending to follow the poor man through all his trials; we have only to do with the eggs. Mr. Ellery is not an epicure or a gourmandizer; he is only, at his own table, a little particular; or, as he expresses it, he "cannot eat what is not fit to eat."

From home, he can relish whatever is before him, and is ever deemed a most pleasant guest. Perhaps, should the truth come out, it would appear that Mr. Ellery has fallen into a habit of home fault-finding—a sort of domestic criticism; and from this unconscious habit, his wife, the labor of whose life it is to

please him, is doomed to perpetual disappointment.

Mr. Ellery is an upright man. He values himself on being a good husband. A man of pure morals never lived. Down, away down in the bottom of his heart, his wife occupies a warm place; but it is so far down as to be a matter of faith, not of sight. Mrs. Ellery was naturally social. Her young days overflowed with cheerfulness and chat. In her father's house, if she cooked anything, "Why Bessie! what toast you make! give me another slice. And these eggs! it is something to have fresh eggs at this season; and it is more still to have a daughter that can cook them just right."

Bessie has faded young, as American women are wont to do. Her brown curly hair has given place to many a silvery thread, and her meals give few imitations of the gleesome board that Bessie Wolcott gladdened in her girlhood.

## THE ORIGINAL NICARAGUANS.

The Nicaraguans are supposed to have been a people of Mexican origin driven southwards by a great drought. Their language and mode of writing were similar to that of Mexico; their religion differed slightly; their architecture was more simple; they had a rough form of social polity; and their customs were in one respect unique. A young Nicaraguan beauty would have many favored lovers; but after a time, bethinking her that it would be well to marry and settle, she would ask her father to give her a portion of land near to where he lived. When he had appointed what land she should have, she would call her lovers together and tell them she wished to marry, and to take one of them as her husband, that she did not possess a house, but that she desired that they would build one on the land which her father had given her. The prudent dandel did not hesitate to enter into details as to the kind of house she wished to have built, and would add that if they loved her well, the house would be built by such a day, giving them a month or six weeks to complete it in. To one she would give the chance of furnishing the wood-work; to another, to provide the cordage; to another, to gather the straw for the roof; to another, to procure the dried fish to stock the house; to another, to get deer and pigs for her; to another, to collect maize. The work was usually put in hand with the utmost promptitude, nor was the least thing dispensed with that she had asked for. At last the house was ready. The provisions and the furniture were put in it, and the hearts of the overworked competitors beat rapidly as the fortunate or the fatal moment approached. A solemn feast was held in the new house. When supper was concluded the dandel rose, and made a short but gracious speech. She thanked them all heartily for the labor they had undergone on her behalf. She then said, that she wished it was in her power to make so many women as to provide a wife for each of her suitors. In times past they had seen what a loving mistress had been to each of them; but now she was going to be married and to belong to one alone—and this is the one, she said; whereupon she took the chosen suitor by the hand, and retired from the apartment. Her choice having been declared, the disappointed suitors and their respective factions went away amicably, and concluded the feast by dancing and drinking, until the senses of most of them were overcome. The rejected suitors, after that day, could never hope for a smile from the bride. Generally they bore their disappointment with meekness; but sometimes one or two of them, probably in a state of ambrosial delirium, committed suicide, and were found next morning hanging on a tree, in the neighborhood of the palace of love, built partially by their hands.

Helpy.

## EFFECTS OF COLORS ON HEALTH.

Important Suggestions.—From several years' observation in rooms of various sizes, used as manufacturing rooms and occupied by females for twelve hours per day, I found that the workers who occupied those rooms which had large windows with large panes of glass in the four sides of the room, so that the sun's rays penetrated through the room during the whole day, were much more healthy than the workers who occupied rooms lighted through very small panes of glass. I observed another very singular fact, viz: that workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the occupants of another similar room who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pains in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. Upon examining the rooms in question, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lighted. I could not discover anything about the drainage of the premises that could effect the one room any more than the other; but I observed that the room occupied by the healthy workers was wholly white-washed, and he room occupied by the melancholy workers was colored with yellow ochre.

I had the yellow ochre washed off, and the walls and ceilings whitewashed. The workers ever after felt more cheerful and healthy. After making this discovery, I extended my observation to a number of smaller rooms and garrets, and found, without exception, that the occupants of the white rooms were much more healthy than the occupants of the yellow or buff-colored rooms; and I succeeded in inducing occupants of the yellow rooms to change the color for whitewash. I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupants. From these observations, I would respectfully drop a hint to the authorities of schools, asylums and hospitals, to eschew yellow, buff, or anything approaching to yellow, as the grand color of the interior of their building.