

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1857.

No. 1901.

LOST,

ON the 24th of July, between J. W. Garrard's and the River, a small POCKET BOOK, containing a small sum of money and several valuable papers. The finder may retain as his reward the money contained in it, if he will deliver the Pocket Book and the other papers at the Printing Office.

JOHN GARRARD.



PRESERVATION OF FORESTS.

Where will coming generations get their supplies of timber? How will they lament the bleak and naked hills, and cry out against us for despoiling them of their chief beauty, and leaving behind us few or no traces of our forest scenery, except in the painted landscapes in our parlors! If our forests are so valuable now for timber and fuel, will they not be still more so in the next generation? Then why strip them off so remorselessly? Rather let them be husbanded. Let them be thinned out, but not utterly demolished. A careful calculation shows that sixty thousand acres of pine wood are cut every year in the State of New York, and that at this rate, in the year 1875, these trees will have disappeared from this part of the country. It is said, also, that "the produce of tilled lands carried to tide water by the Erie Canal, in one year, amounted to \$8,170,000 worth of property; that of farm stock for the same year is given at \$3,230,000, that of the forests, in lumber, staves, &c., at \$4,770,000. Thus the forest yielded more than the stock, and more than half as much as the farm lands." Shall we, then, utterly and forever exhaust this source of comfort and wealth? Let us beware, lest we kill the goose which lays the golden eggs!

Forest trees should be preserved, also, for their beneficial influence upon the climate. It is universally conceded that the winters of the northern States are colder now than they were thirty and forty years ago, and that the weather generally is more windy, fluctuating and disagreeable. We have greater extremes of heat and cold, and severer drouths. Peaches once grew in abundance throughout central New York; now, it is almost impossible to raise them. The wheat and some other crops are more uncertain. These things are ascribable, not so much to any deterioration of the soil, as to the destruction of our forests. Formerly, our farms had belts of wood land, which broke the force of the winter and spring winds; our hill tops were covered with battalions of trees which defended the slopes and valleys. The snow was not blown off from the tender grain crops in winter, nor were the fields laid bare to the blighting winds of early spring.

One of the greatest drawbacks to farm life on the western prairies is the absence of forest trees. Wood for lumber and fuel is scarce, and houses and lands are exposed to the rake of merciless winds in winter and spring. Almost every mail brings accounts of extreme suffering at the West, on the open prairies. To make those lands a paradise for the farmer, they need nothing so much as the kindly shelter of wood lands. In conclusion, we earnestly plead with the farmer for a more considerate use of his woods. Remove old trees, but touch the young with a sparing hand. Clear up your valleys, but do not strip bare your hill-tops. Leave groups and single trees here and there in your pastures, both for the comfort of your flocks and herds and for the beauty of the landscape. Plant belts along the north and west lines of your grain fields and of your houses. For purposes of shelter evergreens are best; but mingle with these such rapid growing trees as the larch, scarlet-flowered maple, Dutch elm, bass wood and yellow locust. The time is coming when they who exert themselves to save the remnant of our noble woodlands, and who plant trees for the benefit of posterity, will be considered wise men and public benefactors.

American Agriculturalist.

RAISING INDIAN CORN WITHOUT TILLAGE AFTER PLANTING.
Messrs. Editors:—By experiment I have arrived at some conclusions in regard to the culture of Indian corn, which I think of importance to farmers in the Southern States. I communicate them to the use of the public with great hesitation, because they are in direct variance with the received opinions on the subject.

Last spring I planted a small piece of poor ground—first breaking it up well. The rows were made three feet apart, and the stalks left about one foot apart in the drill. The ground had been very foul the previous year with crab grass. The corn was not well up before the grass began to appear. When the corn had about four blades, the young grass completely covered the ground, and the corn was turning yellow. I spread a small quantity of stable manure around the corn, and covered the whole ground three or four inches deep with leaves from the forest, taking care to do this when the ground was wet, and the leaves also, that they might not be blown away, and to leave the tops of the young corn uncovered. In ten days there was not a particle of living grass to be found, and the corn had put on that deep bluish green which always denotes a healthy condition of that plant.

From the day the corn was planted until after the fodder was pulled and the tops cut, nothing more was done with it; and the result is a product at the rate of forty-two bushels to the acre.

I noted in the course of the summer the following facts:—First, The corn treated thus was always ahead of some planted along

side of it, and treated in the usual way. Second, It ripened at least ten days sooner than other corn planted at the same time. Third, The hottest and driest days the blades never twisted up, as did other corn in the neighborhood. Fourth, In the driest weather, on removing the leaves, the ground was found to be moist to the surface, and loose as deep as it had been first broken up. Fifth, The heaviest rains had scarcely any effect in washing away the soil or making it hard.

N. CAROLINA GRAPES.—It gives us great pleasure to note the constantly increasing interest manifested in this State in the grape culture and the vintage of wines. Besides the Scuppernon wine, which is made all over the eastern part of the State, we have heretofore mentioned the champagne and still wines made in Columbus county, which are in much repute and command a high price.

We have the pleasure of stating that a company of gentlemen of this place last year bought a suitable tract of land, and have set over the eastern part of the State, we have heretofore mentioned the champagne and still wines made in Columbus county, which are in much repute and command a high price.

The Wilmington Herald understands that an association of gentlemen for a like purpose was recently formed there.



BROKEN TIES.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.
The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remembered dream!
Around us each discovered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand shall ne'er again
Unite these broken ties.

The parents of our youthful home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may roam,
To desert our loved ones,
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They, too, have gone or changed,
Or worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged,
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we keep their wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

O, who in a world like this
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Enfolded yet remain!
That hope the Sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns above the skies,
Hope that unites our souls to heaven
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth
And speed its flight above,
And every pang that wings the breast
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to higher ties.

HARD TIMES;

OR, THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"What makes you look so dull this morning, Ellen?" inquired Mr. Chester, a young merchant in a small way, of his wife.
"They had been married about a year, and thus far not an ill-natured word had been spoken by them. At his marriage, Chester had taken a small, but neat and convenient house, in the upper part of the city. He had been able to furnish it only in a plain manner; but since his marriage his business had added many articles of luxury to his small establishment.
The "times" had begun to tighten up, however, and business was dull. The notes were due, and he had to bestir himself to make his payments. Fortunately for him, however, as the stringency in the money market began to weigh most heavily, his father's administrator placed him in possession of two thousand dollars, which had been reserved to await the contingencies of a law suit, and which had now been satisfactorily adjusted.
With this sum he had been able to pay off his more pressing demands, and to lay by a surplus of five hundred dollars to meet a note which would fall due some two months hence. The receipt of this sum also induced him to increase the luxuries of his house. The parlor had been newly furnished, and the old parlor furniture placed in the sitting room. They had everything that was necessary for comfort, and for creditable appearance in the world.
"You look very dull," continued the husband, as he arose from the breakfast table.
Ellen looked up at him with a languid smile, but made no reply.
"What ails you?"
"I was thinking how lonesome I should be here all day," replied she.
"Lonesome! Why don't you go out, then, and take the air! Walk down Washington street, and round the Common—it will revive your spirits."

"How absurd you talk! Walk round the Common in the month of December! Why should I freeze to death?"
"Not so bad as that," replied the young husband, chucking his wife under the chin. "Go to the Athenaeum and see the pictures."
"I couldn't do that every day, and you don't know how lonesome I am!"
"Can't you read?"
"I don't want to read all the time."
"Read part of the time, then."
"But, Fred, I have been thinking of something," and a smile played upon the pretty lips of the young wife.
"What, Ellen?"
"I miss something in our house."
"Do you?"
"Oh, very much indeed."
"Well, Ellen, what is it?"
"A piano; it would be so nice to practice these long dreary days. I should be as happy as a princess if I only had a piano."
Mrs. Chester's father was in affluent circumstances, and before she was married had been accustomed to many luxuries, which her husband's limited means would not permit him to provide.
"But, Ellen, I can't afford a piano. The times have not been so hard before for ten years."
"You have got five hundred dollars in the bank."
"But I have reserved that to pay my note."
"Don't you expect to make enough to pay it?"
"It is very doubtful; my business hardly pays expenses."
"You will be able to do that, I know," continued the eloquent petitioner.
"Well, well, my dear, you shall have the piano."
"You are a dear husband! You will get me one of Chickering's?"
"Any kind you please, my dear."
And before dinner time the instrument came home, and Mrs. Chester was as happy as a piano could make her,—albeit she had little idea of the significance of "three per cent. a month," and protested notes.

Men said the times would be better, but the prophecy was vain. Merchants failed, brokers failed, banks and insurance companies failed. Business was duller than it had been for the last twenty years. Poor men lounged at the corners of the streets, vainly waiting for a job, while their wives and children shivered with the cold, and hungered even for a crust of bread. Ruin and disease were the order of the day, and men wondered where would be the end of it all.
Fred Chester's business did not pay his shop expenses, to say nothing of his household, and when that dreadful note fell due, he had not a dollar towards redeeming it. Ruin stared him in the face, and it was now his turn to look sad.
Five hundred dollars was a small sum, yet he could not raise it. Even three per cent. a month without "collateral" would not procure it. Something must be done. Some friend must get him out of the scrape or he must certainly fail. His wife's father was wealthy, but he had married his daughter against his wishes, and there was no hope in that quarter. But Ellen's uncle, a blunt, honest, master mason, had always looked kindly upon him, and perhaps he would open his purse strings.
The note was due on the following day, and he decided to make the application to Uncle Luke, as he was familiarly called. In course of the afternoon, however, he happened to call at the store, and Fred stated his position.
"Eh?" said the blunt mechanic, "I thought things were going on swimmingly with you."
"So they were, but the times are so deucedly hard that I cannot make enough to pay the expenses," replied Fred with a dolorous expression of the countenance.
"Where's the two thousand dollars which you received from your father's estate?"
"I paid my debts with it."
"But didn't you tell me that you didn't owe above three thousand dollars?"
"I paid off fifteen hundred."
"And the rest?"
"Well, that went in various ways."
"And your stock is all mortgaged?"
"Yes, for one thousand."
"You have done a good business?"
"Yes."
"Well, well, I am in a hurry just now, but I will go up and dine with you, and we will talk it over," and Uncle Luke went out of the shop.

Fred did not like his uncle's inquisitiveness, but he had strong hope that he would get him out of his present difficulties. Writing a hasty note he dispatched his boy to inform his wife that Uncle Luke would dine with them.
Dinner came and so did Uncle Luke. Ellen had a nice dinner ready, and her pretty face was covered with smiles, when she welcomed the honest old man to partake of the hospitality of her board.
Uncle Luke seated himself at the table. His accustomed smile had disappeared, and he looked rather stern.
"Fred," said he suddenly, as the young merchant inserted his fork in the breast of the nicely browned turkey, "you have not found the Philosopher's stone yet?"
Fred suspended the operation of carving the turkey, and gazed with a look of astonishment fall in the face of the speaker.
"What do you mean, Uncle Luke?" asked he.
"You don't know what the Philosopher's stone is, do you?"
"No."
"I found it out when I was quite a young man, and what prosperity has crowned me, I owe to that."
"Pray explain, Uncle Luke?"
"After dinner I will."
"Somehow in spite of the extraordinary

preparations Ellen had made for the reception of her uncle, the dinner did not pass off very pleasantly. There was a reserve on his part, which threw cold water on the whole affair. But it was finished at last to the relief of all.
"Now, uncle, come into the parlor, and Ellen shall play you a tune or two on her piano," said Fred, leading the way.
"On her piano?" said the old man, with a start of surprise.
"On her piano, of course."
"Then you keep a piano?"
"Certainly, we could not possibly get along without one, could we Ellen?"
"Oh, no, it's such a comfort."
"Such a luxury, you mean," answered Uncle Luke, with a cold sneer, "what did you give for it?"
"Five hundred."
"Is it paid for?"
"Certainly it is."
"And your note due to-morrow which you cannot meet?"
Fred glanced at Ellen, who looked as woe-begone as though she had lost every friend she had in the world.
"It is not his fault, uncle; I teased it out of him," said she.
"Then he is a bigger fool than I took him to be," replied Uncle Luke contemptuously. "And when he was not doing business enough to pay expenses, you dine on roast turkey, and all manner of fancy stuff."
Uncle Luke, though conscious that he was meddling with that which did not concern him, could not control his indignation at the wanton extravagance of the young people. He felt kindly towards them, as he always had, and though his words were harsh and cold, he intended to do them a kindness.
"Yes, and Ellen, you wear a silk gown for every day, and to crown all, you have got a piano. Don't you expect to pay your notes in this manner, Fred?" continued he, "here is the secret of hard times—extravagance—silk dresses, roast turkeys, ice creams, and pianos."
"Things were going on very well with me when I bought the piano," suggested Fred.
"No matter, you are a fool. Now I will tell you what the Philosopher's stone is."
Uncle Luke paused and looked directly into the eyes of the young merchant.
"Well, Uncle, what is it?"
"Live within your means. If you do not earn but a dollar spend but seventy-five cents, and Uncle Luke put on his great coat and edged towards the door, without even alluding to the important topic in which Fred felt so much interest.
"But, Uncle Luke, can you lend me the money I want?" asked Fred, dismayed at the thought of failure.
"No, I cannot."
"Then I must fail."
"You ought to have thought of that when you bought the piano," replied Uncle Luke sternly. "Do you know Waters?"
"The carpenter?"
"Yes. Apply to him, and he will lend you the money."
"But he is almost a stranger to me."
"No matter, go to him; and Uncle Luke left the house.
"Oh, Fred, this is all my fault," said Ellen, bursting into tears.
Fred applied to Waters.
"What security can you give?" asked the carpenter.
"I don't know," said Fred, doubtfully.
"My stock is mortgaged."
"Household furniture?"
"No."
"What have you got?"
"A piano, and—"
"That will do; give me a bill of sale of that. If not paid within thirty days, the piano is mine."
Fred assented and received the money. The papers were executed, and Fred got out of his difficulties.
During the succeeding thirty days he tried hard to raise the money to redeem the piano, without success. Waters took it at the appointed time, and seemed perfectly satisfied with his bargain.
A few days after, the young couple were surprised to receive an invitation to dine with Uncle Luke, and to their astonishment when they arrived, they found their piano in his little parlor.
"Did you buy this?" asked Fred.
But Uncle Luke would answer no questions, yet he promised to make him a present of it as soon as he paid all his debts.
The dinner consisted of corned beef and baked potatoes, with an apple pie for desert. Uncle Luke was in unusually good spirits, and never once apologized for the singular fare he had placed before his guests.
But they understood the meaning of it. It was intended as a lesson for them, and they profited by it.
They brought home the Philosopher's stone and began to live by a humbler system. The hired girl was discharged, and Ellen had so much to do in attending to her household duties, that she had no time to be lonesome, and they were much happier than when she moped all day in the parlor; and better than this, the times began to mend, and Fred's business prospered again. He paid off his mortgage, and the piano was duly returned to them.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Aunt Mary sat at her work-table, so busy with her needle and her thoughts, as to have quite forgotten that there was any living thing in the room beside. A fierce "mew, mew, mew," followed by the quick bound of a cat across the room, startled her, and turning sharply around, she saw poor puss drawn up to her full dignity, with bristling back, and eyes which darted venomous fires at her adversary, while she lashed her sides with her long tail, in true lion-like style. Her adver-

sary was no other than Aunt Mary's favorite nephew, who sat opposite in his little arm-chair, with one hand firmly grasped in the other, as was surveying the outraged animal from head to foot, and hurling back her indignant glances with looks of defiance and triumph.
It was some seconds before Aunt Mary quite comprehended the relations of the parties; but as the affair began to clear itself to her mind, she wisely judged that an indignant attack upon the little victor would not be the course most likely to assuage his wrath, or soften his heart. So she addressed him in her usual kind words and tones:
"What's the matter with you and 'Chub,' Johnnie?"

Johnnie did not say, as perhaps some little folks would have done, "Nothing;" for Johnnie had been carefully taught to speak the truth, but he did not answer in such a way as not to show how completely passion filled his heart.
"She's a good-for-nothing cat, and ought to be killed."
"Why, that's rather hard upon your little pet. What did she do to you?"
"Why, I had her in my lap, playing with her, tickling her, you know, when all at once she began to bite and scratch so hard that I boxed her ears. But she wouldn't stop then, so I pulled her tail. But she wouldn't let go of my hand, so I twitched it away, and just pounded her with my fist, and she flew across the room like a mad creature. And just see what she did to me." So saying, he came up to his aunt, and held up the torn hand, which showed marks of teeth and claws, one long scratch besides, reaching from the forefinger to the wrist, whose edges were sorely bleeding.

"Oh, that is a cruel scratch. Did you tickle Chub pretty hard?"
"I didn't at first; but then I thought I would see how hard I could tickle her, and she clawed me like that."
"Do you think if you had tickled pussy gently all the time, that she would have scratched you at all?"
"I don't know, perhaps she wouldn't."
"Do you really think that the first fault was your's or pussy's?" Johnnie did not answer.

"Don't you think," said his aunt again, "that pussy treated you pretty much as she found you treated her?" Johnnie nodded.

"Many years ago, Johnnie, there lived a famous people called the Greeks. They had among them some very wise men, who gave laws to the nation, and rules by which they should govern their daily conduct. The highest, best rule they could give was, 'Do unto others as they do unto you.' Don't you think Chub has followed that rule pretty faithfully?"

"Yes, ma'am."
"By-and-bye, there came a wiser man to the earth, and he gave another rule. What was it?" Johnnie shook his head.
"As you would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise."
"Oh, that was Jesus Christ."
"Yes, he gave the Golden Rule. Do you think you kept it just now?"

"Why, but—but it's for men, not for cats, and dogs, and such things."
"Then, I suppose it is perfectly right to let your heart be filled with angry passions towards dumb animals, and to fret and tease them until they get angry too, and then when they try to defend themselves, turn upon them and beat them until they flee from you in pain and hatred?"

"No, auntie, I don't think that is right. I think it would be very cruel," said Johnnie, whose feeling was beginning to right itself.
"Then you think we had better give up the old Greek rule, and follow Jesus's rule of kindness and love towards brutes as well as man?"

"Yes, ma'am. But, auntie, sometimes they are so cross and ugly, that we have to strike them, you know, or they would hurt us."
"And sometimes men, and even children, behave so that they have to be punished, or shut up, to keep them from injuring others. And this, too, when they have reason, a soul, which the poor brute has not. But to punish or correct an animal for being ugly, is one thing, and to whip it because they have put it into a passion, or to abuse it because it don't understand you, is quite another. The first is just and necessary, and the second is as cruel and wicked as can be. And, my little Johnnie, the creature knows it too,—not the sin, but the injustice. God gives it an instinct, as he has given you reason; and whenever you ill-treat it, you wound, you outrage, that sense, and so do violence to the work of God.

"A great amount of what you call ugliness in animals, has been caused by the ill-treatment they receive from men. They are very much what men make them. If a man is kind to his horse, his horse will be kind and obedient to him. If a little boy is kind to his dog and cat, they will be pleasant companions to him."
"But it will be very easy to make them cross and snappish, if he sets them a different example; for, as they cannot learn the Golden Rule, they will follow the Greek Rule. I have some stories I will tell you about this, but there is no time this morning. Another day you shall hear them, but you had better go now and make up with your 'Chub,' for she is looking quite discontented."

Johnnie sat down by her, and gently stroked her back. She opened and shut her eyes; as if in grateful acknowledgment, then laid back her ears, and lifted her nose towards him, and finally putting first one paw on his knee, and then another, crept carefully into his lap, and then, snuggling down, began softly to purr.

"You are not a bad cat, after all," said Johnnie to himself, "and I will never treat you so again."

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 McLean & Hanner and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.
THOMAS WEBB.
January 28.

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.

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 represent 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 this State. Our Synod stands fifth in the Union in point of numbers, and her membership is greater than that of any Synod South of West of Pennsylvania. Our sister 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. 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 educate 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? As 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 Greensboro 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. 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 B. 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—in 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, earn an important a claimant 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 assist in procuring as many subscribers as possible, and forward the names, by *Jozead* 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 3,000.

Address, Editors of the North Carolina Presbyterian, Fayetteville, N. C.
June 10.

BLANKS for sale at this Office.