

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1857.

No. 1904.

BACON,
FOR SALE, FOR CASH, by
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.
July 15. 97—

India Rubber Goods.
RUBBER DRESSING COMBS,
Rubber Fine Combs,
Rubber Pocket Combs,
Rubber Room Combs,
Rubber Sill Combs,
Rubber Puff Combs,
Rubber Hair Pins,
Also, Bonnet Combs, a new and excellent article,
at
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.
July 15.

CRINOLINE—Expressly for Shirts, Embroidered Skirts; also, Brass and Whalebone Hoops, and Elastic Belts, by
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

CHOICE CALF SKINS, Shoe Thread and Shoe Nails, by
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

DUTCH SCYTHES and Walloon's best Scythes,
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

BEST LONDON PORTER—6 doz. just received,
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

HOUSE PAPER—All grades; Window Shades, very pretty.
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

LAWNS AND MUSLINS, from 6 cents upward; Table Cloth; White Counters, for sale by
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.
July 1.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
ORANGE COUNTY.
In the Court of Equity, to September Term, 1857.
Umstead Mayo and others,
vs.
Catherine Mayo and others.
Petition to Sell Land, &c.
In this case it appearing according to law, that Catherine Mayo, one of the defendants, is not an inhabitant of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for six successive weeks, in the Hillsborough Recorder, for the said Catherine Mayo to appear at the next term of the Court of Equity, to be held for Orange County, at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the second Monday of September next, then and there to answer the said petition, &c.
Witness, Thomas Webb, Clerk and Master of said Court, this 29th day of July, 1857.
T. WEBB, C. M. E.
July 29. 99—6w

NOTICE.
THE subscriber most respectfully tenders his thanks for the liberal encouragement given him last year, and hereby 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. 80—

Sash, Blinds, Doors, &c.
OUR business being now in complete order, our new engine fixed, and factory 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, 1 1/2 lumber, 8 by 10 at 1 1/2 per light,
8 by 12 at 1 1/2 "
" 18 by 12 at 8/10 "
" 12 by 16 at 1 1/2 "
" 12 by 18 at 1 1/2 "
" 14 by 20 at 1 1/2 "
" 16 by 20 at 1 1/2 "
DOORS, 2, 4 & 6 panes, from \$3 to \$6.50.
Blinds, stationary or on pivots, 40c. per square foot.
JONES & HOOKER.
March 18. 99—

New Democratic Paper,
AT WASHINGTON, D. C.
DAILY, TRI WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.
THE undersigned will commence the publication of an independent National Democratic paper in the city of Washington, about the 16th of April, to be called **"THE STATES."**
It will represent the sound constitutional principles which have ever been upheld by the National Republic, but it will not be an entirely political paper, its columns will interest the politician exclusively, nor as a consequent to party as to betray principle as the command of power, or disguise its convictions as the suggestions of expediency.
In addition to the discussion of important political questions, its columns will be devoted to the proceedings of Congress, the current transactions of the government, its general news, and matters of interest appertaining to literature, agriculture and commerce.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
The Daily will be mailed to subscribers at \$4 per year. Two copies will be forwarded for \$7.
The Tri-Weekly, embracing all the leading matter which appears in the Daily, will be furnished to subscribers at 33 "
Two copies will be mailed for 55 "
THE WEEKLY "STATES."
The Cheapest Paper in the South.
The Weekly will be issued in large NUMBER SHEET form, and printed on superior paper, with handsome bold type, at the following rates:
Single copies 2¢ per year.
Two copies 37 "
Five copies 77 "
Ten copies, to one address, and any larger number, at the rate of \$1 per year. \$10 "
Ten copies, to the address of each subscriber, and any larger number, at \$1.25 per year.
\$14 "
Any postmaster, clerk, or other person, who may send five subscribers, with \$7 enclosed, will receive an extra copy.
Pay in all cases is required invariably in advance, and no papers will be forwarded until the receipt of the money.
The Weekly will contain all the important matter published during the week in the Daily.
The undersigned was one of the original proprietors of the Washington Union, and his long newspaper experience, before and since the establishment of that paper, justifies him in promising the public a paper well worthy of their patronage. The States will be the origin of any clique or faction, and with no partial purpose to serve, the paper will address itself to the honest judgment of the people, and for support will rely upon their appreciation. Address
J. F. REISS, Washington, D. C.
August 5. 98—3w

Desirable Information to Everybody.
FOR some time past I have been engaged in a business (known only to myself and comparatively few others) which has netted me an income of \$3,000 to \$5,000 per annum—and having made arrangements to go to the Eastern Continent next Fall, I am willing to give full instructions in the art to any person in the United States who will remit me the sum of Two Dollars. I am induced from the success I have been favored with, and the many happy acknowledgments I have received from those whom I have instructed in the art, and who are now clearing from \$8 to \$15 per day, to give every person a chance to come into possession of the valuable means of acquiring a small fortune. There is no Hercules about the business herein alluded to. References of the best class can be given as regards its character, and I can also refer to persons in Chicago and Detroit, as well as in this place, who have within three months embarked in the business, and who will testify that they are making from \$8 to \$15 per day at the same. It is a business in which either Ladies or Gentlemen can engage, and with perfect ease make a very handsome income. Several Ladies in various parts of Illinois and Missouri, whom I have instructed in the art, are now clearing from \$5 to \$15 per day. It is a general business and requires but a few shillings to commence it. Upon receipt of \$2 I will at once forward to the applicant a circular containing full instructions in the art, which will be perfectly understood upon being once read. Address
EDWIN TEMPLETON,
No. 37, Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo.
August 25. 03—6m

YEAST POWDERS,
Bull's Brand, best,
Sold in Schnapps,
Colonies associated,
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.
July 15. 93—

FOR SALE,
A LOT in the town of Graham, immediately in front of the Court House, on South Street, lying between the store houses of M'Lean & Hanter and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.
THOMAS WEBB.
January 28. 23—

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—

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 the 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 Pennsylvania. Our sister States on the North and South, neither of which has a member, are in a position to 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 country. It is a conceded and important fact, that hundreds of our members will take a State paper, which will take no other. The Paper is needed to be the organ of our Synod and Presbyteries—to elevate and enlighten the minds of our membership; by diffusing evangelical knowledge—to promote the cause of Education—to develop the talents of our Ministry, and to strengthen the attachments 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 we not? 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 \$3,000 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. Mebane and Rev. George McNeill, Wm. N. Mebane, A. Baker, and U. 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 desire 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 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 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 send in prospectus to many subscribers as possible. 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.
E. P. ABBOTT, Editors of the North Carolina Presbyterian, Fayetteville, N. C.
June 10. 93—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—

TEA AS A SUMMER DRINK—Frederick Sala, writing from Russia to the Household Words, mentions that on a table near him stands a "large tumbler filled with a steaming liquid of a golden color, in which floats a slice of lemon. It is tea—the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink you can have in summer time in Russia." Tea flavored with a slice of lemon we have never tried, neither are we prepared to recommend as a summer beverage, tea steaming hot, as Sala does. But tea made strong (as we like it, or as strong as you like it), well sweetened, with good milk, or better, cream in it, in sufficient quantity to give it a dark yellow color, with the whole mixture cooled in an ice chest to the temperature of ice water, is "the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink" we have ever treated ourselves or our friends to. We know of nothing to compare with it for deliciousness or refreshment. It cheers, but not intoxicates. Its stimulus is gentle, its flavor exquisite. Try it, good reader; make a note of this now, and when the summer fever visits you, and you feel, with Sidney Smith, that for the sake of coolness you could get out of your flesh and sit in your bones, try our specific of ice-cold tea. Ice cream is the only preparation fit to be mentioned with our cold tea.

MOLASSES—The Patent Office at Washington did a good thing in distributing through the country the seed of the "Sorgho Sacre," or Chinese Sugar Cane; for in view of the high price of molasses, it is likely, before many years, to be extensively cultivated for the saccharine juice with which it abounds and which by an easy process can be converted into very good syrup or molasses. Messrs. Joseph Sinton & Sons, of Henrico, obtained some of the seeds and raised a good crop of the cane, which is valuable as cattle feed even after the saccharine matter is pressed out. Saturday morning these gentlemen tried the cane for the first time as molasses producer, with the following result: One hundred and ten stalks were cut and pressed twice in a cider mill. The juice obtained, amounting to twenty-seven quarts, was then put into a large dinner pot and boiled one hour and forty-five minutes, making one gallon and a pint of molasses. The article is good and very enticing to those who like sweet things of the kind. Possibly the introduction of the Chinese Sugar Cane may be the era of a new order of things in the sugar line. If the culture is found to be profitable, hundreds will engage in it with zest. The "Sorgho Sacre," though a foreigner, grows and thrives like a native on American soil.
Richmond South.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES BY THE ACRE—The Boston Journal of Saturday last states that it is now stored on the Boston wharf, South Boston, in bond, over six acres of these two articles. There are also large quantities in other localities. What is to become of it all? There is a similarity large stock in all the principal cities of the United States, showing clearly that it was not a scarcity of these articles, now become a necessary of life, that has run up the price more than double within a year. There is now in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, more than three times the stock of sugar that there was a year since.

BIBLICAL ECONOMY.
"May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."
PULVERISE THE SOIL.
Voelcker, Professor of agricultural chemistry to the West of England Society, Etc., thus writes as to pulverization of soil:
"The efficacy of a manure or the practical effect of which it is capable, is greatly influenced by the mechanical condition of the land, and varies very much in this respect, and, as a matter of course, the same manures act differently on land of different descriptions. I may illustrate this by referring to experiments I have made on land attached to Cirencester College, where I used superphosphate on a piece of ground which did not yield so much as another piece where none had been used; but I took the precaution to try the manure in a third place, and here the yield was three times as much as on that which had not been manured. The fact is that on clay land superphosphates are of no use unless the land is properly pulverized. Some farmers imagine that by using in the land the best artificial manures, they do not require so much labor, or any additional labor. There can be no greater mistake; for the best artificial manures often fail, more or less, entirely for want of proper pulverization of the soil. It is of the greatest consequence that the land on which artificial manures are used should be in a high state of sub division. Artificial can only be used with advantage by farmers who have improved agricultural implements and methods of tillage, and paid a great deal more of attention to the mechanical condition of the land than many farmers of the old school. If a farmer has not sufficient skill to manage a farm on improved principles throughout, the mere use of artificial will help him comparatively little, and he will perhaps do better to stick to farm yard manure under such circumstances."
Canadian Agricultural.

THE PAIN IN THE CHEST.
BY ELLEN ASHTON.
"Here is a shirt-bosom I wish you to stitch, Emma," said Mrs. Harvey to her daughter, "it is for your father, and as he is in a hurry for his shirts, I must get you to help me."
"Oh! mother," said Emma, reluctantly taking the piece of linen, "you know sewing always gives me such a pain in the chest."
"But, my daughter, this is a case of necessity. Your father has to go South, next week, on business, and these shirts must be finished for him to take. I really cannot do them myself by that time."
Emma said no more. Ruefully sitting down, she began to stitch the shirt bosom; and for a while, worked with something like real industry. But this did not continue long. Soon she began to fidget; then to glance at the windows; and finally she laid down her task, under pretense of wanting some water. It took her a full quarter of an hour to satisfy her thirst; at least it was that period before she returned to her work. Several times, during the afternoon, she repeated this behavior. At ten she sat stopping over her plate, and when her father asked her what was the matter, she complained of a pain in the chest.
"What have you been doing?" he said.
"Oh! I thought I would stitch one of your new shirt-bosoms," replied Emma, hastening to answer before her mother could speak.
"But it has made me quite sick."
"Never mind the shirt bosoms," replied the fond father, with a look of concern. "I am sure I am as much obliged to you for trying, as if you had stitched me a dozen. You always are so delicate, my dear."
The mother gave a glance at silent Emma to Emma, and said, "I am afraid, unless Emma can assist me, I shall have to hire a seamstress; for I cannot, without help, finish the shirts by next week."
"Oh! then get a seamstress, by all means, I declare Emma looks quite pale. Poor thing, she can't stand what you can, my love."
Mrs. Harvey was on the point of saying, in reply, that Emma could stand as much, as she would; but on second thought, concluded to be silent. Yet she sighed, as many a mother has, to think how the inconsiderate fondness of the father was spoiling the daughter.
Mrs. Harvey sent for a seamstress that evening, and accordingly, the next day, Emma had nothing to do. In the morning she made calls, and then came home to read a novel, over which she stooped until dinner time. In the afternoon, having finished the novel, she had recourse to her worsted work, over which she stooped until it was too dark to see. All this time she made no complaint of the pain in the chest, though she had stooped for a period twice as long as on the preceding day. Her mother, who watched her with a meaning look, for some time, at last said:
"Emma, how long have you been engaged on that bit of work, my dear?"
"About six months, isn't it?" replied Emma, looking up for a second only, and resuming counting of her threads. "One, two, three; it was just after New Year's I began it; one, two; wasn't it?"
"And what do you expect to do with it?"
"Make a chair cover of it, to be sure.—Why you know that, mamma."
"Oh! it will come in use sometime, or, if it don't, I can give it away, you know."
"How much do you suppose your worsteds have cost?"
"Three dollars. I believe that was it. But you know as well as I do, ma, for you were with me when I bought them."
"I had forgotten," said Mrs. Harvey. And she mentally added, "ah! I have more important things to remember."
There was silence for a short period, when the mother quietly said,
"Don't it sometimes give you a pain in the breast, my dear, to stoop, hour after hour, over this sort of work?"
Emma looked up, crimson with shame. She was a sensible girl, and felt the home-thrust. Dropping her work, she said,
"Give me a shirt bosom, mamma, and I'll stitch it, indeed I will. I was wrong, last night to say what I did."
"Oh! no," said Mrs. Harvey, with a slight irony in her tone, for she wished to make Emma thoroughly ashamed. "You had better go on with your worsted work; for there is no hurry for that. And besides it is not for your father, nor even, it seems, for yourself, but for somebody, you don't exactly know who, or perhaps for nobody at all. No, my dear, I could not think of taking you away from your useful employment, and putting you to one so worthless as assisting to stitch shirt bosoms for your father."
"Now, mamma," said Emma, with the tears in her eyes, "don't, please don't. I have been very foolish. Oh! do let me help on pa's shirt bosoms."
"No, my dear," replied her mother, gently, but firmly, and dropping her tone of irony. "I have hired Susan for the week, and if you should help us now, there will not be enough for her. And I'm afraid, my child, that you would soon tire of this sort of work."
"You don't mean so, ma," humbly said Emma; "now do you?"
"Indeed I do, my daughter. I have noticed, ever since you came home from boarding-school, that you like no work which is real work, though you will labor all day at some trifling matter rather than useful. Now, while I don't mean to say that making worsted patterns is always a waste of time, I do say it is so when things more immediately useful claim our attention. Moreover, habits of industry and self-denial are to be acquired in youth, if ever; and if girls do only such work as they please, these habits they will never get. Young ladies don't like to do plain sewing, but are ready to stitch forever

at fancy work; yet when they become wives, they will find that they must do more or less of the former, unless they happen to marry very rich men. And so work becomes a real trial; because they are unused to it. For a husband to find that he has a wife, good for nothing except to spend money, one who can't even sew without having a pain in the chest, is one of the most disheartening things he can experience; and will go very much further than what would seem, at first, more important things, to undermine his love."
Emma was now fairly subdued. She had never thought of the subject seriously before. Just from school, and as yet undisciplined in household affairs, she had unintentionally allowed her indisposition to useful work to lead her into her late folly. She saw that her pain in the chest was mere fancy, and not reality, else it would have attacked her also when stooping over her novel, or her worsted. She felt that it was a willing mind she wanted, instead of bodily strength, of which she had enough.
Her mother continued inexorable. The shirts were made without her help, much as she desired to assist them. Her worsted-work had now really grown distasteful to her; but her mother would not permit her to be idle; and so she had to persevere until it was finished.
The lesson was not over yet, however. One day Emma wished a new ribbon. It was not absolutely necessary for her to have, though it would have been a gratification. But her mother gravely refused to allow the expenditure.
"No, my dear, you must go without the ribbon. I paid Susan for helping me make those shirts, just what this will cost; and as you lolly indicated that expense on your father, I think it but right you should make reparation. Here is an opportunity where, by a self-denial, you can do so. You know, my child, I have no faith in repentance without works."
"You are right, mamma, as you ever are," said Emma. "You don't know how ashamed I am of myself. But please don't say any more about it, and you shall have no cause to complain of me hereafter."
Were all daughters as sensible as Emma, and all mothers as judiciously severe as Mrs. Harvey, the world would have fewer idle young ladies and thriftless wives to show.
But alas! when there is anything useful to be done, anything that is real work, a great many females, married as well as unmarried, have a pain in the chest.

THE MARRIED MAN AFTER THE HONEYMOON.
Will wives always continue the same to their husbands as during their honeymoon? This is a serious question, but one which is rather out of place here, as we are writing of married men, and not of their better halves. But we shall merely remark *en passant*, that women do not grow weary of love and tenderness with the same rapidity as our noble selves; therefore it is not the wife who would hasten this most eventful of the changes of the moon.
When a man has been married some six weeks, it is astonishing how peculiarly pressing his business suddenly becomes. He no longer idles away the forenoon at home, in frivolous conversation with his *cara sposa*, but rarely allowing himself time to throw down his coffee, and bolt his buck-wheat, he is into his boots in a twinkling, and off like a rocket run mad. Perhaps his wife seeks to detain him an instant, but the man of business begs to be excused, saying:
"Mrs. Sneeves, business is business, and must be attended to. I'm half an hour behind my time now. I should like to stop to talk to you, but can't possibly; and off he goes to his favorite hotel to peruse the morning papers and regale himself with a cigar.
When Mr. Sneeves comes home to dinner, Mrs. Sneeves runs smiling to meet him, pats him on the cheek, and very likely salutes him; but all this is very annoying to our worthy married man.
"Let me alone, my love," he exclaims, pettishly. "I have no time for fooling. There, there—you're very pretty; but if you do wish to do me a pleasure, do go away, there's a dear!"
They sit at the table, and their pattern of a husband is no longer found, as in the early days of their marriage.
"Neglecting his dinner to gaze on her face," and if Mrs. Sneeves, in the fulness of her affection, tenders him a tit-bit from her own plate—a terrididdle, for instance—Mr. Sneeves pretends not to notice her, but to be intently occupied in thought; or perhaps he snappishly observes:
"Do stop your nonsense, Mrs. Sneeves, and don't annoy me. I don't like that part—it's too fat," as the case may be.
When Mrs. Sneeves buys a new bonnet, and comes to exhibit it to Sneeves, with an insane idea of affording him pleasure, saying:
"How do you like this, dear? Do you think it becomes me?"
Mr. Sneeves replies without imposing upon himself the fatigue of even casting his eyes upon his wife:
"Yes, yes; very pretty, very pretty; you're a charming creature, Mrs. Sneeves—charming; but, I'm reading—don't annoy me, there's a good dear!"
When Mrs. Sneeves becomes quite hurt, and inwardly resolves never in the least bit to put herself out endeavoring to please her husband again.
When Mr. Sneeves accompanies her to a party, he leaves her at the earliest opportunity in the corner of the drawing-room, to amuse herself as she may, and off he goes to do the amiable to a lady in blue; or perhaps to a dozen different ladies, in a dozen dif-

ferent colors. No matter who the lady is, provided she is not his wife. He dances—but not with his wife. His wife, indeed! the very idea is an absurdity.
After a while Mr. Sneeves takes a hand at whist—time passes; he is interested in the game, and never bestows a thought upon poor Mrs. Sneeves, who is "weary of dancing," and dying to go home. At length Mrs. Sneeves summons resolution to speak to her lord, and accordingly approaching the card table, she says, in a mild tone:
"My dear, isn't it time for us to think of returning?"
"Yes, yes, directly? Go, dance a little, and then we'll go. Let me see, what's trumps? Spades."
"I do not wish to dance any more. I'm fatigued out."
"Well, sit down and rest yourself; but don't bother me. Confound! you've made me lose that trick!"
Poor Mrs. Sneeves is silent, and retreating from the table, waits patiently for half an hour, and then returning to the whist players, coaxingly addresses the gentleman with:
"Come, Mr. Sneeves, it is very late; are you going to come?"
"Yes, yes, in five minutes; not more than five minutes, and then I am at your service."
And, miraculously to observe, these five minutes occupy five-and-thirty minutes in passing. At length our married man gets up from the table; and, unfortunately for Mrs. Sneeves, a loser. He snarles out, as he takes her arm—"Devilish annoying not to be able to do as one pleases—to have some one after you without cessation dinging you to go, when you would not go. Women are the most unreasonable beings! Ah! when I was a bachelor I did as I pleased. That a confounded fool I was to throw my neck into a halter!"
As they leave the house, Mrs. Sneeves ventures to remark: "My dear, don't you think we had better ride?"
"Poh, no, no!" he replied, "it's not far. Do you good to walk; fine bracing air; besides these are hard times; we must economize in everything."
Mr. Sneeves has lost ten dollars at whist, and Mr. Sneeves is out of humor; and well, the honeymoon can't last forever.

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE DANDY.
An old, plain-looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer, from the vicinity of the Helderberg, in pursuit of dinner, the other day, dropped in at a restaurant. Taking a seat alongside of a dandyissimo sort of a fellow—all perfume, moustaches and shirt collar—our honest Myrner ordered up his dinner.
"What will it be, sir?" asked white apron.
"You got corned beef, hey?" says Dutchy.
"Yes."
"You got sour kroat, too, hey?"
"Oh yes."
"Well, gif me some both."
Off started white apron on a keen jump, and presently returned with the desired fodder. The sour kroat was smoking hot, and sent forth its peculiar flavor, evidently satisfactory to Myrner's nasal organ, and *vice versa* to that of our dandy friend, who, after the dish had been deposited on the table, and Myrner was about commencing an attack upon it, exclaimed:
"I—say, my friend, are you going to eat that stuff?"
Myrner turned slowly around, and looking at his interrogator with astonishment, said:
"Eat it! vy, of course I eats it!"
"Well," said the dandy, "I—a—would as lief devour a plate of guano!"
"Ah, vell," replied Myrner, pitching into the sour kroat with an evident relish. "dat depends altogether on how von was brought up!"
Dandy looked kinder caved in, and we left with the opinion that Dutchy was one ahead.

POLYAMY.—From time to time evidence comes to us that polygamy is regarded as an abuse by the women who are its victims. One of the published sermons of Governor Young rebukes the dissipation of his wives, and offers them the alternate of submission or banishment from Utah. The system is one that is unpopular from the inequality and hardship of its operation. The proportion of the sexes is so nearly equal, that if one man has two wives another must go without any. Then, where there are more wives than one in a family, one will commonly be the favorite, and the others neglected drudges, unwilling workers for an estranged husband. Only "the labor that delighteth physics pain." The work that women do for an unfaithful lord, is the constrained labor of a slave. The disaffection now suppressed by fear, will find speedy expression when it is certain that the relief that it invokes, and is no longer in danger of incurring punishment for complaining of oppression. In this way, the action of the general government in discharging troops to Utah may be expected to undermine polygamy, and to set in motion causes that will ultimately effect its extinction. Thus the protection given to the people of Utah, will enable them to throw off a corruption of morals which had its origin in ecclesiastical fraud, intrigue and oppression. The exercise of popular sovereignty will extricate an abuse of power and a public shame, as tyrannous and degrading in its influence upon those who practice and permit it, as offensive to the civilization of the age. The principle of local freedom and independence, operating to relieve the territory of the odium which is falsely alleged to be a probable consequence of its maintenance, will at once vindicate its own beneficence, and silence the clamorous revivings of its calumniators.
Duffek Courier.

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