

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1857.

No. 1906.

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 15th of April, to be called "THE STATES."

It will represent the sound constitutional principles which have ever been upheld by the National Democracy, but it will not be so entirely political that its columns will interest the politician exclusively, nor so subservient to party as to betray principle at the command of power, or disguise its convictions at the suggestion 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, to 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 furnished for the \$7.
The Tri-Weekly, embracing all the reading matter which appears in the Daily, will be furnished to subscribers at - \$3 "
Two copies will be mailed for - \$5 "

THE WEEKLY "STATES,"

The Weekly will be issued in large novate sheet form, and printed on a superior paper, with handsome bold type, at the following rates:

Single copies - \$2 per year.
Two copies - \$3 "
Five copies - \$7 "
Ten copies, to one address, and any larger number, at the rate of \$1 per year. \$10 "

Five copies, to the address of each subscriber, and any larger number, at \$12 "

Any postmaster, clerk, or other person, who may send five subscribers, with \$7 enclosed, will receive an extra copy.

Payment 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 not be the organ 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. P. HEISS, Washington, D. C.
August 5. 00-20

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 disseminate its doctrines, and to promote its 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 or 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 advise and enlighten the people of our membership by disseminating practical 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 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 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 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 3,000.

Editor, Fayetteville, N. C.
June 10. 02-30

A New Treatise on Trigonometry.

A MANUAL of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with some of its applications. By Charles Phillips, Professor in the University of North Carolina. 205 pp., 12mo. WALLETT & CO., Chapel Hill, N. C. W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh.

June 17. 02-30

The Library of the Late Dr. Mitchell,

CONTAINING works on all the branches of science, is now offered for sale at his late residence. Those wishing to buy are requested to call and make a selection as soon as convenient.
August 26. 00-30

JOHN STEVENSON. JAMES WEDDELL.

1857. — Fall Trade. — 1857.

STEVENSON & WEDDELL,

Importers & Wholesale Dealers in Foreign & Domestic

DRY GOODS.

No. 78 and 80 Sycamore Street, PETERSBURG, VA.

ARE NOW RECEIVING, and will have in store ready for inspection by the 1st September, a large and commanding stock of

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,

to which they respectfully invite the attention of the

North Carolina Merchants.

Their stock will be kept full and complete during the season, by purchases at auction, and from first hands. Orders promptly attended to.
August 19. 00-30

India Rubber Goods.

RUBBER DRESSING COMBS, Rubber Fine Combs, Rubber Pocket Combs, Rubber Round Combs, Rubber Side Combs, Rubber Puff Combs, Rubber Hair Pins.

Also, Bonnet Combs, a new and excellent article, at

J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S, July 15. 00-30

CRINOLINE—Expressly for Skirts, 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.

HOUSE PAPER—All grades; Window Shades,

very pretty.

J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

YEAST POWDERS,

Bull's Brand, best, Schmeid Schupp's, Cologne assorted, at

J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S, July 15. 00-30

NOTICE.

THE subscriber most respectfully 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 by

PRIDE JONES, DR. PRIDE JONES. DR. O. HOOKER.

Sash, Blinds, Doors, &c.

OUR machinery being now in complete order, our new engine fitted, 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 some manufactures.

PRICES: Sash, 1 1/2 lumber, 8 by 10 at 7 1/2 cts. per light. " 8 by 12 at 8 1/2 cts. " " 10 by 12 at 8 1/2 cts. " 12 by 14 at 10 cts. " 12 by 18 at 10 1/2 cts. " 14 by 20 at 11 cts. " 16 by 20 at 12 cts.

Doors, 2, 4 or 6 panels, from \$3 to \$5 50. Blinds, stationary or on pivots, 40c. per square foot.

JONES & HOOKER. March 18. 00-30

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 & Hanner and Albright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.

THOMAS WEBB. January 28. 00-30

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. 00-30

Desirable Information to Everybody.

FOR some time past I have been engaged in a business (known only to myself and comparatively few others) which I have instructed for \$100 each, which has averaged me an income of from \$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 this valuable means of making a small fortune. There is no HURRY 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 \$12 per day. It is a genteel 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 26. 00-30

BLANKS for sale at this Office.



RURAL ECONOMY.

“May your rich soil, Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour O'er every laud.”

From the Plough, Loom and Anvil.

SEED WHEAT—MIXING OF VARIETIES.

As the season for putting in the wheat crop is near, farmers would do well to consider the importance of sowing only the best seed. They have been too much in the habit of threshing out a few shocks for sowing, without much consideration of the soil on which it grew, and without sufficient care to cleanse it perfectly of smut and of such foreign seeds as might injure the crop, as if they would say, “Wheat is wheat, the world round, and if we sow wheat we shall get wheat.”

We see it stated in the agricultural journals of some of our great wheat-growing States, that great advantage is derived from the exchanging of seed. It is recommended not to bring seed from a widely different climate, but to select with regard to variety of soils—to sow clay lands with seed from loamy soils, and the reverse. There may be something in this. We presume there is, or it would not be recommended from so high authorities as it does, as from the Michigan Farmer, for instance. Still we should look more at the perfection of the crop out of which the seed is taken, than at the character of the soil.

Suppose we had harvested but a small crop the past year, and that not of the best quality, and that a neighbor, no matter whether very near or not, for good seed is worth going after a considerable distance, had harvested a very perfect crop, say forty bushels to the acre, clean, not a particle of smut, no cockle, nothing but the unmingled gift of Ceres, and suppose he would sell it for a trifle more than the average price of wheat at the time, we would sow that seed in preference to our own, provided the variety were one we approved; and then we would cultivate with the same nicety and care that our neighbor had.

A new thought, at least new to us, about wheat, M. Lacien Rousseau, of Angerville, France, has broached the idea, or rather has stumbled on it by accident, that the mixing of varieties of seed is favorable to the wheat crop. In 1855, he experimented upon fifteen varieties of wheat, sowing each by itself, and noting the results, both in weight of wheat and straw. The disparity, on the same land and with the same cultivation, was remarkable. But what was more remarkable, and the only point to which we wish to call attention, was that after sowing the fifteen varieties, a little seed of each remained. These fifteen parcels he mixed together and sowed on a separate patch, and although the land was no better, was more shaded, and no better cultivated, the crop far surpassed either of the plots sown with a single variety.

M. Rousseau's reasons, which we copy below from the Michigan Farmer, appears hardly satisfactory to us, and yet there may be something in them. At any rate we would recommend a trial of the same experiment. It would be but little trouble to sow a field with five or six of the varieties accounted best for that region, keeping each variety separate, and then sow another part of the same field with a mixture of all, and note the results. The farmer who would make the trial for himself would have the advantage of knowing whether there is utility in the new idea, or whether it is to be ranked with the thousand and one humbugs of the day. M. Rousseau's reasons are as follows:

1. The several varieties do not head out at the same time, and therefore the period of flowering is lengthened, and the chances of fertilization are thus increased.

2. The several varieties are unequal in height, some being shorter than others at the time when the plants flower; the heads therefore are not so close, are more exposed to the air, and the florations is likely to be more perfect, and the fertilization more general. This theory seems to be confirmed by the fact that where wheat plants are most exposed, or are a little thin, other circumstances being equal, the fertilization is more general over the whole head, than where the wheat is thick.

3. The crop seems to ripen better from the same cause, namely, the inequality in the height of the varieties, and in proof of this it has been remarked that in mixtures of wheat and rye, often sown in Europe, and of barley and spring wheat, the grain is finer than that of the same grains grown separately, and under the same conditions. This is considered to arise from the more complete aeration afforded by the two kinds of plants, one of which grows high and leaves room for the sun and atmosphere to ripen the whole more perfectly, than when the surface is composed of one unbroken mass of heads of grain which shut out the light from the leaves and stems, and thus ripens one part of the plant before the other is matured.

4. Another advantage claimed by this mixture of seed is, that the crop does not depend altogether upon one variety, which of itself may be unsuitable for the soil where it is sown. The strong and healthy varieties will always fill up the spaces left by the decay of the more delicate or tender kinds, and thus in some degree be more likely to insure a crop.

We have often noticed that a kernel of wheat in a rye field fills wonderfully and produces remarkably well. Is it possible that the different kinds of wheat will produce a like effect on each other?

SAVING PEA VINE HAY—THE CHINA PRO-LIFIC PEA.

Editors Southern Cultivator.—In the October number of the Cultivator, I notice a communication from “T. C. C.,” in which he complains that he can find no substitute for fodder, much as he objects to the loss of time and corn involved in pulling it. He says he has found it impossible to gather and cure peas so that his horses would eat it, even after several days sunning. I think he would find it an advantage to pursue a plan introduced into our neighborhood by Dr. Gore, which is to plant the peas in ridges four or five feet apart, after he has taken off the habit of crop. Just before frosts he has the vines pulled up and thrown into “win-rows.” After it has taken one day's sun, and before the leaves get dry enough to crumble, he has the rows chopped in two every ten or twenty feet, (depending upon the amount of vine,) then loaded on a wagon, and driven to a convenient place for stacks, which are made by setting up posts fifteen or twenty feet in height, well imbedded, and having holes bored with a two inch auger every two feet, through which are thrust strong poles extending five or six feet on each side. On these are hung the vines, from bottom to top. The stack should be thatched with oat or other straw, and suffered to remain untouched for a month; when he will find a rich sweet food that will keep his horses and mules (unless at work) perfectly fat without the assistance of other food.

Another plan which we find successful, is to put the vines in rail pens, having after each load two or three rails thrust through from one side to the other, so that the next load may partially rest upon them; in this way, admitting a free circulation of air. “T. C. C.” will find by adopting this plan that his most fastidious horses will willingly eat pea-hay.

Mr. Wm. F. Douglas, of this county, is this year planting “China pea,” which I think should supersede the use of every other. I have noticed his crop from time to time during the season, and must say I have never seen anything to equal it. I shall plant no other next year, so well satisfied am I of its superiority. W. R.

South Bend, Ark., Oct., 1856.

POTATOES—THEY SHOULD BE KEPT IN THE DARK.

At the last meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, in New York City, there was an interesting discussion on potatoes: Solon Robinson—There are ten times as many potatoes spoiled in this city by light as are spoiled by frost. If possible, a potato never should see light. It should be taken direct from the dark cell where it grows to a dark cell for preservation, and, if possible, always keep it in the dark, and even temperature, until it is taken out to put in the pot.

Dr. Smith—I have often observed in Lancashire, England, what has assisted us the cottagers—many of whom are dependent upon their little crop of potatoes—cover their potatoes as soon as possible after they are dug. It is to keep them from the light, as these people know that nothing is more injurious, particularly if the sun is shining hot upon them when taken from the ground.

Prof. Nash.—The common practice of farmers leaving potatoes on the ground in a hot October sun, is one of the most injurious things that could be done to the crop. Some of them are half cooked, and all are injured by light and heat.

OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fire place therein, with its smooth old jambs of stone—smooth with many knives that had been sharpened there—smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, too—the old and-irons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been built, with spires and turrets of crimson.

There is a broad, worn hearth, by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made “beautiful,” and walked upon floors of tessellated gold. There are tongs in the corner, where with we grasped a coal, and blowing for a little life, lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, where with we drew forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams—the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many something that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair—a low, rush-bottom chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns, and samplers in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very providence of the old homestead—she who loved us all, and said she wished there was more of us to love, and took all the school in the hollow for grandchildren beside. A great, expansive heart was hers, beneath that open gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heir-loom of silken tumbazine.

We can see her to-day—those mild blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch or death do more than hide—those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through its fingers from the distaff's disheveled head, when a small voice cries, “Grandma” from the old red cradle, and “Grandma!” Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's un-availing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up, one by one, and look for the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor, lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world; and our petitions are granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so sweetly did she breathe the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us and apprehended harm! The rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the “turn-over” she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us—the offspring of her heart.

What treasure of stories fell from those old lips—of good fairs and evil, of the old times when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever—but she she could not be homesomer or dearer—but that she ever was “little.” And then, when we begged her to sing: “Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother, grandma.”

“Children, I can't sing,” she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart, that is neither chilled nor dead—and grandmother sang. To be sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert-room now-a-days; but then it was the old kitchen and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times; and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breath to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall, but then how sweet-toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweeter. What “joy of grief” it was to sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane, that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her thoughts were eaw, when the hall-door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore?—to sit there around the fire and weep over the woes of the “Babs in the Woods,” who lay down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin-redbreast covered them with leaves; and last of all, when the angels took them out of the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now; but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts, whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearth-stone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—her mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers and the firelight, and it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and of the voice that sung it, when a light-haired and light-hearted girl, she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the days to come. O! the days that are no more! What spell can we weave to bring them back again? What words can we unsay, what deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the ancient clock of time?

So all our little hearts were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead.

We thought we were men and women, but we were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form; and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the door-way, and she says, “Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear,

but whose is that other? It must be Jane's”—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. “Oh, no, not Jane, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?” and the old grandmother wandered and wept.

“It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought,” says some one, “for your blessing.”

“Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?” Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly lulling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand, “Here, my poor child, rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder.”

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed time of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told; it was bed-time at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER; GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

On a week day he walks out with his wife, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has “change” when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards. He is not above carrying a large brown paper parcel, or a cotton umbrella, or the clogs, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first to knock at the door when it is raining. He goes outside if the cab is full. He goes to the bed first in cold weather. He eats cold meat pies and puddings. The cheese is never too strong, or the beer too small, or the tea too weak for him. He believes in hysterics, and is instantly melted with a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a ride to Epsom, or a gig in the park on a Sunday. He goes to church regularly, and takes his wife to the opera once a year. He pays for her losses at cards, and gives her all his winnings. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains and never smokes in the house. He carries, but never secretes for himself the “brown.” He laces his wife's stays even in December, and never asks for a fire in the bedroom on the most wintry nights. He respects the fiction of his wife's age, and would as soon burn his fingers as touch the bright poker. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of blowing up any of the servants than of ordering dinner, or having the tray brought up after eleven. He is innocent of a latch key. He lets the family go out of town once every year, whilst he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown Holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a chairwoman to wait on him. He goes down on Saturday, and comes up on Monday, taking with him the clean linen, and bringing back the dirty clothes. He pays the house keeping money without a suspicion, and shuts his eyes to the “sundries.” It is very easy and affectionate—keeping the wedding anniversary punctually, never complaining if the dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself, if no one is down; letting his wife walk and drink porter before company. He runs all her errands, paying all her bills, and cries like a child at her death.

[Wonderful People, by Mayhew.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—He was

traveling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted. During the time he stopped a night at an inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine gentleman, and no doubt one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to set out, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:

“Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?”

“Sir?” said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

“I asked,” said the landlord, “which way are you travelling?”

“Have I paid you my bill?”

“Yes.”

“Do I owe you anything more?”

“No.”

“Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?”

“Yes.”