

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1857.

No. 1910.

NEW FALL GOODS.

A VARIETY of Cheap Fall Goods now coming in.
JAMES WEBB.
September 16. 06-

Clover and Lucerne.

FRESH SEED, just received. Now is the time to sow.
JAMES WEBB.
September 16. 06-

JUST AT HAND.

SHIRTINGS, -1, 7-8, and 4-4.
Cotton Omburgs and Jeans.
Kersey, Bonnet Cord.
Brass Springs for Skirts, &c., &c.
ALSO—An assortment of GROCERIES.
JAMES WEBB.
September 9. 05-

WRAPPING PAPER,

FROM the Raleigh paper mill, on hand, and for sale by
JAMES WEBB, Agent.
February 25. 97-

CASH FOR WHEAT.

I WISH to buy all the Wheat for sale. I will furnish bags and pay cash or trade. I must have pay for all accounts now due, out of the present wheat crop. Send in your Wheat and pay off. I cannot credit any one longer than one year.
JAMES WEBB.
July 29. 99-

Guano! Guano!

I SHALL have a supply of pure Peruvian Guano in time for Turnip, and will also have a supply for Wheat, at lowest cash prices.
JAMES WEBB.
July 1. 95-

Change in Business.

MY terms hereafter will be cash, barter, and credit to those who will pay once a year. The times demand shorter credit than heretofore.
JAMES WEBB.
February 18. 76-

IRON IRON!

I AM now receiving all sizes of King's Mountain Iron, which I will sell at low prices by the ton to Merchants and others, or by retail.
JAMES WEBB, Agent
for J. W. GARRARD.
October 14. 60-

Bible Depository.

MR. JAMES WEBB has been appointed agent of the American Bible Society, and will keep on hand a good assortment of Bibles and Testaments, to be disposed of to those who want at the Society's usual low prices, for cash.
August 5. 80-

Chinese Sugar Cane Seed.

I AM now ready to receive orders for the genuine article, which I shall have in a few days.
JAMES WEBB.
February 18. 76-

New Spring Goods.

THE largest and best stock I ever had, which were bought upon the best terms, early in the season, before the rise, consisting in part of—

300 yards sup' Hemp, Felt and Ingrain Carpets, 800 Hats, Bonnets, Hats, Goggles, &c.
2,500 yards Unbleached Cotton Cloth, Jeans, &c.
2,500 yards Bleached Cottons, Sheetings, &c.
3,100 Checked and Striped Cotton Cloths, &c.
2,000 yards Colored Jeans, Cottonades, Checks, Italian cloth, Drap d'Ete Ribbed Mouair, and other goods for boys and men's wear.
750 yards Linen Dills, &c., white and colored.
1,100 yards Galico.
1,200 yards Colored and Black Ginghams.
1,600 yards Lawns, Gingham Lawns, Organdies, Jacquets, Brillants, &c.
200 pairs Gloves.
270 dozen Spool Thread.
200 gross Buttons.
600 pairs Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes, beautiful shape and finish, including Corried Goat, Morocco and Kid Bussins; Congress Boots; Wells and Slippers; Plain, Foxed and Congress Gaiters; Velvet Slippers; Children's Colored and Plain, Racket-footed and Button Boots. Also Bronzed and Kid Shoes.
Mantles; Lace and Wrought Bands; Flouncings; Earrings and Insertings; Printed and Pierced Collars and Bands; Silk and Leather Belts; Summer Corsets; Sonnet, Cactus and Empress Skirts; Grass Cloth; Corded Cambric; Brillants; and other goods for making Skirts.
1,500 yards Ribbons of all kinds.
6,000 lbs. Rio, Lagunas and Java Coffee; Extract of Coffee.
4,000 lbs. Coffee Sugar, and Crushed and Powdered Sugars; Sugar House Syrup; Best Green and Black Teas; Fine Madeira Wine and French Brandy, for medicinal purposes; also Cooking Wine.
Sole and Upper Leather, &c. &c.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Having made this one branch of my business, I am now receiving a good assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, which I will sell as low as any other house in the place, consisting in part of the following—
Gen's Cassimere Coats, Marselles Pants,
" Brown Linen Coats, Linen Vests,
" White Linen Coats, White Antique Vests,
" Check Linen Coats, White Marselles Vests,
" Grass Linen Coats, Col'd Marselles Vests,
" Checked Marselles Black Figured Vests,
Coats, Colored and White Shirts,
" Black and Col'd M- Shirt Bosoms and Collars, paces Coats, Cravats, Stocks and Ties,
" Drap d'Ete Coats, White and Colored Linen Fancy Cassimere Pants, and Silk Pocket Hand-Black Cassimere Pants, kerchiefs, &c., &c., &c.
Persons in want of Clothing, or any other kind of Goods, would do well to call and look at my stock before making their purchases.
JAMES WEBB.
April 1. 83-

Turnip Seed.

A QUANTITY of the best kind for sale by
JAMES WEBB.
July 15. 97-

Fresh Garden Seed.

JUST RECEIVED, a fresh lot of Garden Seed; also genuine Chinese Sugar Cane and Lucerne Seed, for sale cheap by
JAMES WEBB.
March 11. 79-

TO INSURE A GOOD CROP OF VEGETABLES—The Maps' Improved Phosphate of Lime. A lot just received. I am now ready to receive orders for the Phosphate of Lime, from those who wish to use it on corn in the spring. As to its value, I refer to all who saw my last year's corn crop, and to my own corn now. Terms, cash only.
JAMES WEBB.
February 18. 76-

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY,
Wood's Hair Restorative,
Woodland's German Bitters,
Lyon's Katholon,
Davis's Pain Killer,
McMum's Elixir Opium,
Brown Windsor Soap,
Extract Vanilla,
Two Gallons Bell Cologne,
Blue Ink, in stands,
Letter Paper and Envelopes,
Visiting Cards,
Lily White, extra fine,
Emery, Nos. 1, 3 and 4,
Fly Stone, and many other articles in the Drug line, just received and for sale by
JAMES F. CAIN.
August 26. 03-

PAINTS! PAINTS! PAINTS!!!

1,000 LBS. WHITE ZINC, in oil,
500 lbs. Pure White Lead, in oil, just received at the
DRUG STORE.
August 26. 03-

GRASS SEEDS.

ORCHARD GRASS,
Herds Grass,
Lucerne,
Clover,
Timothy,
Kentucky Blue Grass, just received and for sale at the
DRUG STORE.
August 26. 03-

Turnip Seed.

EARLY PLAT DUTCH,
Red Topped,
Large Norfolk,
Dale's Hybrid,
Ruta Baga, just received at the
DRUG STORE.
August 19. 02-

Arthur's Celebrated Patent Air-Tight,

Self-Sealing Cans and Jars,
FOR PRESERVING FRESH FRUITS, TOMATOES &c. For sale at the
DRUG STORE.
June 3. 91-

Just Received at the Drug Store,

1 BBL. BURNING FLUID,
VARNISHES—White, Coach, Japan, Copal, &c.
SPERM OIL,
1 cask best GIN
March 18. 80-

Just Received at the Drug Store,

25 ozs. Quinine,
10 ozs. Chinoline,
4 doz. Rushton's Cod Liver Oil,
6 doz. Schiefelin, Haines & Co.'s C. Liver Oil,
6 doz. Sol. Cit. Magnesia,
2 doz. Balm of a Thousand Flowers (genuine),
1 gross Ayer's Pills,
1 gross Biddotte's Candy Vermifuge.
Also, a fresh supply of Mace, Black Pepper, Race Ginger, Allspice, Nutmegs, Red Pepper, Mustard Seed, &c., &c.
JAS. F. CAIN.
December 16. 68-

JUST RECEIVED—24 cans Potash, for soap,

AT THE DRUG STORE.
December 16. 68-

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

Orange, Lemon, Vanilla, Peach,
Celery, Parsley, &c.
For sale at the
DRUG STORE.
November 12. 65-

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.

PASTE Iceland Moss, Jugub Paste, Ginger Drops,
Lugozis, Sine's Cough Drops, Gum Drops, flavored with Sugar, Strawberry, Pine Apple, &c.
For sale at the
DRUG STORE.
November 11. 64-

DRUG STORE.

DR. CAIN will keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints,
Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Stationery,
Grass and Garden Seeds, Aromatics,
Vinegar, Pure Liquors, &c. &c.
and all other articles in his line of business, and with the special design of keeping only genuine articles. He hopes, by close attention and moderate prices, to merit and receive the patronage of the public.
November 11. 64-

For Sale,

FINE Chewing Tobacco,
Smoking Tobacco,
Snuff, and a large lot of Segars,
at the
DRUG STORE.
November 11. 64-

Soaps.

WHITE and Brown Castile Soap, Brown Windsor Soap, Turpentine Soap, Fancy Soaps, a large variety, at the
DRUG STORE.
November 11. 64-

BRUSHES.

Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Nail Brushes,
Fish Brushes, Paint Brushes, Shoe Brushes,
Long Brushes, for washing windows.
For sale at the
DRUG STORE.
November 11. 64-

TO PURCHASERS OF

Cabinet Furniture.

From 20 to 30 per cent. saved.

See the advertisement of

FOSTER & LEE,

35 Bowery, New York.

In all the principal newspapers of WILMINGTON,

RALEIGH, FAYETTEVILLE, &c.

Send free of postage, on application.

August 5. 60—conty

RURAL ECONOMY.

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

From the Plough, Loom and Anvil.

SMUT ON WHEAT.

Smut seems to be a parasitic fungus, of which there are several varieties, as on Indian corn, wheat, &c. The black dust of matured smut is to be regarded as its seeds, each particle of which, however light and evanescent, is capable of germinating and producing its kind when brought into favorable circumstances. It is difficult to say precisely how these seeds find their way into the receptacles of growing wheat. But it is probable that they adhere to the kernels of wheat when sown; and we know that in some way they are carried upward with the growing plant; and are developed at the base of the newly forming kernels, simultaneously with the bursting of the spike from its sheath, or perhaps a little before the head makes its appearance. From this time the fungus grows and develops itself more or less rapidly, as the weather favors or otherwise, drawing its nutriment from the plant, thus partially depriving the forming wheat of its appropriate food, as well as insinuating a hurtful ingredient.

Now, on the supposition that the smut in wheat comes from spores (smut seeds) distributed with the seed wheat, which we suppose to be correct, it follows, that if you could wash the seed before sowing, perfectly clean, there would be no smut in the crop, for however warm, damp and lowery the season, smut will not grow, unless there is seed for it to grow from. But it is impossible to secure perfect cleanliness from these spores or smut seeds. They are too minute to be all washed away; and their vitality is not destroyed by pure water. Hence the importance of washing seed wheat in some solution that will destroy the vitality of such of the spores as fail to be washed out.

Salt, plaster, quick-lime, arsenic, sulphate of copper and other things have been recommended. The first is always at hand, and the next two are seldom far absent from the farm; and we believe that these are sufficient. If the seed be first washed in pure water, then in a weak brine, of say one quart of salt to a full pail of water, and then dried in plaster or quick-lime, (the latter not to be used too fresh nor very freely, lest it injure the vitality of the wheat,) we think that there will be little danger from smut, and that the operation will be favorable rather than otherwise to the germination and early growth of the seed wheat.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

The following suggestions in the Country Gentlemen, by Mr. E. J. McCarthy, relating to cheap lightning rods, meets our approbation: "If one human life is saved through the means of this publication, those who are engaged in sale of conductors at such exorbitant prices that but few purchase, should not allow themselves to complain, but feel thankful for the timely hint. If the property contained in one barn even, is saved from destruction by this simple means, the writer will feel amply rewarded for his trouble.

There being no dispute about the perfect safety of conductors to life and property, the only questions to be considered are, which are the safest and cheapest? There is no person familiar with the subject who will not say that soft iron rods in continuous length, projecting to a sufficient height above the highest point of a building, and terminating in a well or cess-pool, or in damp earth, are the best electrical conductors known. Now, instead of erecting a single rod from the center of the building, and running over the roof, with fancy points and colored insulators, such as are hawked about and sold at high prices, put up as many as you have chimneys at least, and one at each gable end or high projecting point of every out-building. To do this cheaply, purchase a coil of quarter-inch iron wire, and as many small staples as may be required; saw off as many pieces of bone of proper length and size, with a hole of suitable dimensions for the wire to pass through, and with a ladder-and the help of one man, a person of ordinary ingenuity can put up a dozen rods in half a day, at a cost of one cent a foot. Who will run the risk of life and property, when perfectly safe conductors can be erected for less than a dollar a piece, including the cost of putting them up?

WHY IS CLOVER BENEFICIAL TO LAND?

Because it derives a vast amount of carbon from the air, which the clover supplies to the soil.—A dry stalk of clover consists almost entirely of carbon. If a crop of clover is turned under and decays, a large quantity of carbon is distributed in the soil. Even if the crop is not turned under, a large amount is deposited in the soil through the roots of the plant.

Carbon forms the basis of charcoal, and by agricultural writers is frequently used synonymously with that word. It is an excellent absorbent, and for this reason is valuable in soils, for the purpose of retaining manures and all fertilizing matters. In Europe, and in many places in this country where the soil is poor and manures costly, carbon (or charcoal) is frequently scattered over heaps of manure or other substances

emitting offensive odors, and the gas thus escaping will be absorbed by the charcoal. It is also an excellent absorbent of moisture, and is, therefore, very valuable in soils. It also renders the soil warmer, and, in fine, is one of our most valuable manures. It is not our purpose here to speak of all its excellent qualities, but we wish merely to say that in no way can it be so easily and cheaply combined with the soil as by raising clover. Farmers who have tried it and seen its effects upon their soil, consider it one of the best ways of keeping their land in a fertile state, by raising it as an alternate crop.

BEANS.—The prettiest way for a man who cultivates but little land, to raise his own dry beans for next winter's use, is, not to plant the bush kinds by themselves, for that would require too much land, as the product is small, but to raise white pole beans. The common case-knife beans are excellent for this purpose. Strike out a dozen circles in the ground as large as a cart-wheel. Put a wheelbarrow load of manure into each, and spade it up with the earth. Drop the seed in the circle, on the outer edge of the hill, say six inches apart. Then insert eight or ten poles just within the circle, equal distances from each other, and tie the tops of the whole together, forming a cone. Cover up the seed and await the result. Each of those hills will yield you a peck or half a bushel of dry beans next fall, which if you have but a dozen such hills, will give you perhaps half a dozen bushels. This will be enough for your purposes. By this course, but little land is occupied. Pole beans yield much more abundantly than bush beans, and occupy air, while the latter must occupy the surface of the earth.



THE LINES IN A SON'S BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave you this,
When other days shall come—
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home,
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.
That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest for her son;
And from the gift of God above,
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of life and light and joy.
And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In her eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet income to her memory.
And should the suffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?
A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—remember boy!

UNCLE JOLLEY.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Well, I declare! here it is, New Year's morning again, and cold as Greenland, too," said Uncle Jolley, as he poked his cotton night-cap out of bed; "frost an inch thick on the windows, water all frozen in the pitcher and I an old bachelor. Heigh-ho! nobody to give any presents to—no little feet to come putting up to my bed to wish me 'A happy New Year,' miserable piece of business! Wonder what ever became of that sister of mine who ran off with that poor artist? Wish she'd turn up somewhere with two or three children for me to love and pet. Heigh-ho! it's a miserable piece of business to be an old bachelor!"

And Uncle Jolley broke the ice with his frost-nipped fingers, and buttoned his dressing-gown tightly to his chin; then he went down stairs, swallowed a cup of coffee, an egg, and a slice of toast. Then he buttoned his surtout snugly over them, and went out of the front door into the street.

Such a crowd as there was buying New Year's presents! The toy-shops were filled with grandpas, grandmas, and aunts, uncles, and cousins. As to the shop-keepers, what with telling prices, answering forty questions in a minute, and doing up parcels, they were as crazy as a bachelor tending a crying baby.

Uncle Jolley slipped along over the july pavements, and finally halted in front of Tim Nonesuch's toy-shop. You should have seen his shop windows! Beautiful English dolls at five dollars a piece, dressed like Queen Vic's babies, with such plump little shoulders and arms one longed to pinch 'em; and tea sets and dinner sets, cunning enough for a fairy to keep house with. Then there were dancing Jacks and jumping Jennies, and "Topsies," and "Uncle Tom," as black as the chimney back, with wool made of a raveled black stocking. Then there were little work-boxes, with gold thimbles, and bodkins, scissors in crimson velvet cases, and snakes that squirmed so naturally as to make you hop on the table to get out of the way, and little innocent looking boxes containing a little spray mouse, that jumped into your face as soon as you raised the lid, and music-boxes to place under your pillows when you had drunk too strong a cup of green tea, and

vinaigrettes that you could hold to your nose to keep you from fainting when you saw a dandy. "O! I can tell you that Mr. Nonesuch understood keeping a toy-shop; there were plenty of carriages always in front of it, plenty of taper fingers pulling over his wares, and plenty of husbands and fathers who returned thanks that New Year don't come every day!"

"Don't stay here, dear Susy, if it makes you cry," said the elder of two little girls. "I thought you said it would make you happy to come out and look at the New Year's presents, though we couldn't have any."

"I did think so," said Susy; but it makes me think of last New Year, when you and I lay cuddled together in our little bed, and papa came creeping up in his slippers, thinking we were asleep, and laid our presents on the table, and then kissed us both, and said, 'God bless the little darlings!' O! Katy—all the little girls in that shop have their papas with them. I want my papa," and little Susy laid her head on Katy's shoulder, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

"Don't, dear Susy," said Katy, wiping away her own tears with her little pinafore; "don't cry—mamma will see how red your eyes are—poor sick, tried mamma; don't cry, Susy."

"Oh, Katy, I can't help it. See that tall man with the black whiskers (don't he look like papa?) kissing that little girl. Oh! Katy," and the tears flowed afresh.

Uncle Jolley couldn't stand it any longer. He rushed into the toy-shop, bought an armful of playthings, helter skelter, and ran after the two little girls.

"Here, Susy, here, Katy!" said he, "here are some New Year's presents from Uncle Jolley."

"Who is Uncle Jolley?"
"Well, he's uncle to all the poor little children who have no kind papa."

"Now, where do you live, little pigeons? got far to go? toes all out of your shoes? come in here, and let's see if we can find any thing to cover them. There, now, (fitting them both to a pair,) that's something like; it will ounce Jack Frost to find your toes now. Cotton clothes on? I don't wear cotton clothes; come in here and get some woolen shawls. Which do you like best—red, green, or blue? plaid or stripes, hey?"

"Mother won't like it; Don't talk to me; mothers don't generally scratch people's eyes out for being kind to their little ones. I'll take care of that, little puss. Uncle Jolley's going home with you. How do I know whether you have got any dinner or not? I've got a dinner—you shall have a dinner too. Pity if I can't have my own way—New Year's day, too."

"That your home? p-h-e-w! I don't know about trusting my old bones up those rickety stairs—old bones are hard to mend; did you know that?"

Little Susy opened the door, and uncle Jolley walked in. Their mamma turned her head, and then, with one wild cry of joy, threw her arms about his neck, while Susy and Katy stood in the doorway, uncertain whether to laugh or cry.

"Come here, come here," said Uncle Jolley; "I didn't know I was so near the truth this morning, when I called myself your Uncle Jolley. I didn't know what made my heart leap up so when I saw you there in the street. Come here, I say. I say, don't you ever shed another tear; you see I don't." And Jolley tried to smile, as he drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes.

Wasn't that a merry New Year's night in Uncle Jolley's little parlor? Wasn't the fire warm and bright? Were not the tea-cakes nice? Didn't Uncle Jolley make them eat till they had tightened their apron-strings? Were their toes ever out of their shoes again? Did their mamma landlords ever again make their mamma tremble and cry.

In the midst of all this plenty, did they forget "papa"? No, no! Whenever little Susy met in the street a tall, princely man, with large black whiskers, she'd look at Katy and nod her little curly head sorrowfully, as much as to say, "Oh, Katy, I never can forget my own dear papa!"

From the Cleveland Herald of August 17.

AN OLD BOOK AND ITS PRINTERS.

On the table before us lies a little square 16 mo. book, containing the ancient charter and laws of England. The book was "Imprinted at London in Paules Church Yard at the signe of the Maydenshead by Thomas Petyt, MDCLII." When this little book, three hundred and fifteen years old, was printed, the art of printing in England was only seventy-one years old; Crammer's Bible had just been translated and suffered to be set up in churches, fastened by coins to the pillars, and allowed to be read by certain classes of people, provided they did not read aloud for the instruction of others. The Monasteries had been suppressed, whilst at the same time the bloody "Six Articles" had just been issued, breathing fire and slaughter to all of who disputed the merest title of the Roman Catholic doctrines; the "fires of Smithfield" were burning fiercely; Henry VIII. had just butchered his fifth wife, and a law had been proclaimed forbidding the importation of books, as there were "books enough in England"—too many probably for the security of tyrants. The volume is neatly and correctly printed in "black letter," and is a quaint looking affair.

A rude wood cut, reproduced from a book nearly contemporary with the volume before us, exhibits the interior of a printing office in the time when Harry the Eighth was king. A compositor stands at his case. Opposite stands the proof reader busy examining and correcting. In the foreground the pressman is inkling the forms with a couple of dobbing balls. Another is taking a printed paper from the press, this machine being a rude hand

screw contrivance. On a neighboring table lie quires of printed sheets, and a mighty flagon of beer for the refreshment of the thirsty typers.

In the olden time, and even now in England, every printing house is called a "chapel." The term originated in the fact of Caxton, the first English printer, having his office in a chapel attached to Westminster Abbey. At certain times, or at any time, when matters connected with the office required discussion, the oldest printer, termed the father of the chapel, called a meeting of the printers at the imposing stone, and, after due discussion, the members gave judgment on the subject brought before the chapel. In cases where an offence was proved, the general punishment was "drink all around" at the expense of the offender. An antiquarian and heraldic writer, who flourished about two hundred years since, gives a long list of offences for which a solace or penalty must be exacted.

A great number of breaches of good government described would not be understood at the present day, as they were purely local and archaic, but we give as many as would be applicable to the present time. Swearing in the chapel, (i. e. printing office.) Fighting in the chapel, abusive language, or giving the lie in the chapel. To be drunk in the chapel. For any of the workmen to leave his candle burning in the night. If a compositor let fall his composing stick and another take it up. For three letters and a space to lie under the compositor's case. If a pressman let fall his ball and another take it up. If a pressman leave his blankets in the tympan at noon or night. For any workman to mention joining their penny or more apiece to send for drink. To mention spending chapel money till Saturday night, or any other before agreed time. To play quadrants, or excite others in the chapel to play for money or drinks. For a stranger to come to a compositor to inquire the news. The judges of these solaces, or forfeitures, and other controversies in the chapel, or any of its members, was by plurality of votes in the chapel. The amount of the fines was proportionate to the extent of the offence. If the delinquent would not pay, he was to be taken by force and laid over the correcting stone, face downward, whilst eleven hearty blows with a board were administered.

Rules for payment of money to the chapel in certain cases are also laid down. Every new workman must pay half a crown, or be no member of the chapel. If the journeyman had formerly worked in the same office, he pays half the fee. If a journeyman marries, he pays a crown to the chapel. When his wife comes to the chapel she pays sixpence, and then all the men join their twopence apiece to make her drink, and to welcome her. If a journeyman have a son born he pays a shilling; if a daughter, sixpence. If a master printer have a son born he pays 2s. 6d.; if a daughter, 1s. 6d. An apprentice, when he is bound, pays half a crown to the chapel; and when he is made free, another half crown; and if he continues to work in the same office, he pays another, and is made a member of the chapel.

The printers of the olden time were a jolly, rollicking set of fellows, and Saturday night and Sunday generally saw them at the accustomed tavern. They had certain privileges also, for in times and places when swords were forbidden to be worn, the printer was allowed to carry his weapon dangling at his side.

A CRUISING EXPEDITION.—A speechmaker, in the western part of the State of Virginia, during a Presidential canvass, has given us the following anecdote: "He was holding forth upon the merits of General Harrison, and especially upon his courage, tact and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, gaunt man—who was probably a schoolmaster in those parts—arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly, 'Mister, Mister! I want to ax you a question.' To this the orator assented, and the man went on as follows: 'We are told, fellow-citizens, that General Harrison is a mighty great general; but I say he's one of the very meanest sort of generals. We are told here to-night, that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion, he was guilty of the Small Tail Movement, and I challenge the orator here present to deny it!' The speaker declared his utter ignorance of what the intender meant by 'Small Tail Movement.' 'I'll tell you,' said the man; 'I've got it here in black and white. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States,' holding up the book, 'and I'll read what it says:—'At this critical moment, Gen. Harrison executed a novel movement. Does the gentleman deny that?' 'No; go on.' 'Well, he executed a novel movement. Now, here's Johnson's Dictionary,' taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up, 'and here it says: 'Novel—a small tale! And this was the kind of movement Gen. Harrison was guilty of. Now, I'm no sagger, and don't know much of military tactics—but this I do say, a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a Small Tail Movement, is not fit to be President of the United States, and he shan't get my vote!' The relator of the anecdote says it was quite impossible for him to overcome the effect of this speech, and we are left to conclude that the vote of that vicinity was given to Van Buren.—Recollection of a Lifetime. By S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley.)

A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency is as follows: A little child who rode fifty miles in a railroad train, then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, was asked, on her arrival, if she came by the cars? "We came a little way in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."