

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1857.

No. 1912.

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 Onaburgs and Jeans.
Kerseys, Dinner Cloth.
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. 77—

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 Turnips, 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. 60—

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, containing in part of the season, 300 yards say's Hens, Feels and Ingrain Carpetings, 800 Hats, Bonnets, Hats, Goggles, &c., 2,500 yards Unbleached Cotton Cloth, Jeans, &c., 2,500 yards Bleached Cottons, Sheetings, &c., 2,400 Checked and Striped Cotton Cloth, &c., 2,000 yards Colored Jeans, Cottonades, Checks, Italian cloth, Drap d'Ete Ribbed Mohair, and other goods for boys and men's wear.
750 yards Linen White, &c., white and colored.
4,100 yards Calico, 1,200 yards Colored and Black Ginghams, 1,000 yards Lawns, Ginghams, Laces, Organza, Jaconets, Brillantes, &c.
200 pairs Gloves, 270 dozen Spool Threads, 200 dozen Buttons, 500 pairs Ladies' Mince' and Children's Shoes, beautiful shapes and finish, including Curried Goat, Morocco and Kid Buckles; Congress Boots; Wells and Slippers; Plain, Faced and Congress Gaiters; Velvet Slippers; Children's Colored and Plain, Ruffled-floored and Button Boots. Also Bronzed and Kid Socks.
Mantles; Lace and Wrought Bands; Flouncings; Engings and Insertings; Printed and Pierced Collars and Bands; Silk and Leather Belts; Summer Garters; Sontags, Cactus and Empire Skirts; Grass Cloth; Corded Cambric, Brillantes, and other goods for making shirts.
4,500 yards Ribbons of all kinds.
4,000 lbs. Rio, Laguira and Java Coffee; Extract of Coffee.
4,000 lbs. Coffee Sugars, and Crushed and Powdered Sugars; Sugar House Syrup; Best French and Black Teas; Fine Madeira Wine and Green 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—
Gent's Casimere Coats, Marseilles Vests, " Brown Linen Coats, Linen Vests, " White Linen Coats, Merle Antique Vests, " Check Linen Coats, White Marseilles Vests, " Grass Linen Coats, Col'd Marseilles Vests, " Checked Marseilles Black Figured Vests, Coats, (Colored and White Shirts, " Black and Col'd A. Night Bonnets and Collars, " Fancy Casimere Pants, White and Colored Linen Fancy Casimere Pants, White and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs, &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. 92—

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—

INSURE A GOOD CROP OF VEGETABLES.—Use Mapes' 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 corn crib now. Terms, cash only.
JAMES WEBB.
February 18. 76—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, Wood's Hair Restorative, Hoodland's German Bitters, Lyon's Katholon, Davis's Pain Killer, McMur'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 25. 09—



RURAL ECONOMY.
"May your rich soil, Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour O'er every land."
CAUTION REQUIRED IN SELECTING SEEDS OF THE CHINESE SUGAR MILLET.
Within the last few days I learned from a more careful observer than myself, that there are plants growing among the Chinese Sugar Cane or Millet which have no saccharine juice, and yet are so similar that they would not be suspected to be different, without tasting the sap. All the crops observed to be thus mixed, are of the second year's growth, from seed supplied from the Patent Office. It may be that this seed (or intermixture?) is not general. But every cultivator will do well to examine his plants saved for seed, and to be sure that all such non saccharine plants are excluded. The counterfeiters may be readily known by tasting the sap of the green stalk. Even without this surest test one who has well compared the two plants, may distinguish them by the eye. The sweet or true plant has its seeds covered by a close fitting sheath or envelope, which when ripe, are perfectly black and glossy on the outside. Some of these sheaths, (but not generally,) have a fine and soft hair, less than a quarter of an inch long, extending from each. The other plants have most of the seed covers of a brownish black color, not glossy, except a few of the seeds, and with a hair about half an inch long, standing out from every seed cover. The pitch is white, comparatively sapless, and without sweetness. These plants are generally the tallest and strongest, and stand erect in many cases after all the surrounding true cans have been prostrated by wind. The heads of the worthless plant are usually larger, fuller, and more beautiful, and hang slightly and gracefully drooping to one side. Specimens of both plants have been placed in the office of the State Agricultural Society.
There are rules for selecting seeds of the true cane, whether African or Chinese, which it may be well to observe, or at least to test, but which I report upon information, without any personal experimental knowledge of the facts, from Mr. Leonard Wray, the introducer of the Natal Sugar Millet, (or "imphee") into France and this country. I lately heard the practice of the Kaffirs, [directed by long experience,] is to cut off the heads designed for seed when they are barely ripe enough for the seeds to germinate. The proper time is when the seed is still partly in the milky state, and when the solid and harder part of each seed may be mashed between the finger and the thumb. The theory is, that unripe seeds produce a growth that goes most to sugar, and [as I infer,] the most perfect or fully ripe seeds are more productive of seeds than sugar. Late as it now is, this notice may still enable many persons to test the opinion, by sowing, and next year trying their latest seeds, which otherwise would be rejected as unripe and of no value.
If this African practice is correct, and the opinion on which it is founded, the counterfeit Chinese Sugar Millet may be the result of successive plantings of well ripened seeds. Either this plant is a new production, [degenerated as to sugar, but improved as to grain,] owing to some cause, otherwise there must have been some few seeds of this different Sorghum not distinguishable among some of the true seeds of the Sugar Millet distributed from the Patent Office.
EDMUND RUFFIN.
September 28th, 1857.

PAINTS! PAINTS! PAINTS!!!
1,000 LBS. WHITE ZINC, in oil, just received at the
DRUG STORE.
August 25. 09—

GRASS SEEDS.
ORCHARD GRASS, Herds Grass, Lucerne, Clover, Timothy, Kentucky Blue Grass, just received and for sale at the
DRUG STORE.
August 25. 09—

Turnip Seed.
EARLY FLAT DUTCH, Red Topped, Large Norfolk, Dale's Hybrid, Ruta Uaga, 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,
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 lbs. Quinine, 15 doz. Chinoline, 4 doz. Rushton's Cod Liver Oil, 6 doz. Schiefelin, Haines & Co.'s Liver Oil, 6 doz. Sol. Cit. Magnesia, 2 doz. Balm of a Thousand Flowers, (genuine,) 1 gross Ayer's Pills, 1 gross Bardette's Candy Vermifuge. Also, a fresh supply of Maca, Black Pepper, Race Ginger, Allspice, Nutmegs, Red Pepper, Mustard Seed, &c., &c.
JAS. F. CAIN.
December 10. 68—

JUST RECEIVED—24 cans Potash, for soap,
AT THE DRUG STORE.
December 10. 68—

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

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.
PASTE Iced Moss, Jugub Paste, Ginger Drops, Lozenges, Sime's Cough Drops, Gum Drops, flavored with Sugar, Strawberry, Pine Apple, &c.
For sale at the
DRUG STORE.

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, Flesh 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.
[?] Catalogues containing List of Prices, will be sent free of postage, on application. 21
August 5. 09—contly

GRAPES.—Dr. Durfee, of Fall river, (Mass.) has in his green-house a bunch of grapes estimated to weigh fifteen pounds, and measuring four feet five inches in length.
By-the-way, we have mentioned to several friends the fact that we saw in the graperies of Capt. Lyons, of Columbia, a bunch of grapes, of the Palestine variety, measuring twenty-four inches long, and were almost laughed at. But Maj. Perry saw a few weeks since, in the same place, a bunch twenty-seven inches long. Modern travellers speak of bunches of these grapes in their native locality as growing in immense clusters and six feet long.
Spartanburg Spartan.

CHINESE SUGAR-CANE IN MAINE.—At a meeting of the Pomological Fair at Bangor, the subject of the Chinese sugar-cane was discussed, and many cultivators related their experience with it. They all agree in one thing—that, although the season just passed has been an unfavorable one, enough has been shown to convince them that the sorgho will be a valuable crop for Maine culture. Mr. Butman exhibited a quart of sirup, the product of ten quarts of juice, which was a very superior article, and equal to any description of sirup in the market.
A NEW WINE.—We have had the pleasure of testing a (to us) new wine, made from the juice of the tomato. We consider ourself a "good judge of wine," and pronounce this a first-rate article. It is made with no other ingredients than the pure juice of the tomato and sugar, and very much resembles champagne, a light transparent color, with a pleasant, palatable flavor. We believe it can be made equal to the best champagne.
East Tennesseean.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The New Orleans Bulletin says: "This plant seems to be everywhere winning golden opinions from our planters for its varied qualities. Mr. James Buys, in the Louisiana Baptist, says he has tried it, and from his experiments and those of other planters with whom he has conversed, it bids fair to be of more service to the country than any one article that has ever been introduced, for sirup, sugar, and forage; the yield of all which is large."

WHAT IS WOMAN?
What is woman? Man's sweet angel!
Gentle, tender, calm and kind—
Ever loving, ever faithful
In her soft and soothing mind.
A beautiful flower, born to bloom,
Giving gladness to the eye:
Half designed for man's fond bosom,
Half a creature of the sky!
What is woman? Ask her sorrow;
Know how deeply she can feel;
But when hope her heart would borrow,
Mark what joys she can reveal.
O'er her cheeks each pure emotion
Of her soul is seen to fly,
As fair clouds, with chaste devotion,
Fleet o'er Luna's face on high!
What is woman? All forbearing;
Patient, prudent, seeming gay,
Though soft inward thoughts are wearing,
All unspoken, life away.
Thus she is a flower's sweet blossom,
Giving gladness to the eye,
Half designed for man's fond bosom,
Half a creature of the sky!

THE BEGGAR.
A TRUE TALE.
One cold windy morning, the last Sunday of December, 1849, a half-naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he had learned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale haggard countenance.
The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a large comfortably furnished room, with its glowing grate of anthracite; before which was placed a luxuriously furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man, in a brocade dressing-gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft fauteuil, busily reading the morning papers. The beaming young wife had lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting her orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded it to be opened; but the young master of the mansion replied that it was quite

useless—being no one but some thievish beggar; but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.
"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsive, "before you perish!"
The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee—which, with abundant food, was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.
She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and passed before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table with his head resting on his hands, apparently in deep thought.
"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked so wretched, I could not bear to drive him away," and her sweet voice trembled as she added—"You know I take sacrament to-day."
"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands—that no beggar shall ever be permitted to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absence from home I shudder to think. The man that is now below may be but a burglar in disguise, and already in your absence taking impressions in wax of the different key-holes in the room so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience of city life makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to street beggars, it only encourages vice, dearest."
"It may be so," responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want even if the person has behaved badly—and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar into the house."
At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out the beggar was dying.
"Come, Edward, your skill can save him, I know," said his wife hastening from the room.
The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed his wife's flying footsteps as she descended to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him.
"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.
And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead; his closed eyelids were bordered by long lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose, and a square massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty.
"Is he dead?" asked the young wife anxiously.
"Oh, no! it is only a fainting fit, induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added, "He must be carried to a room without fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."
The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room in the chambers, where the doctor administered with his own hands strong doses of port wine sangaree. The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sunk quietly to sleep.
"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence give him beef tea and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor professionally, as he left the room.
In less than an hour afterwards Doctor Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of "the most Holy Trinity."
Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one rivalled in grace and beauty, the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall, graceful figure was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet, there was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that was the confidence of every beholder. The snowy ermine mantilla which protected her from the piercing wind, rivalled, but could not surpass, the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward, but generous man who had recently veiled her in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintance.
The stately organ had preled its last rich notes, which were still faint echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text the oft-quoted, but seldom applied words of the Apostle, "Be not forgetful to

entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity towards strangers, and wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw, from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application in his particular case. I have not space, nor indeed the power to give any synopsis of his sermon; but that it, combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers. So much so, that on the return of Dr. Maywood from church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the kind attentions he had received, which, without doubt, had saved his life. But I will not recount you well, for, thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost—for I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank awaiting my orders, but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could get neither food or rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years, and then, after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate.
"My name is Arthur Willett," added the stranger.
"Why, that is my wife's family name. She will be doubly pleased at her agency in your recovery."
"Of what state is she a native?" asked Arthur Willett eagerly.
"I married her in the town of B—, where she was born."
At this moment Mrs. Maywood entered the room, surprised at the long absence of her husband.
Arthur Willett gazed at her with a look of the wildest surprise, murmuring:
"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious to think so."
Mrs. Maywood gazed with little less astonishment, motionless as a statue.
"What painful mystery is this?" cried Doctor Maywood, excitedly, addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.
"Oh, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my long lost brother, Arthur." And Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room.
"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked if she recognised that relic?
"It is my father's gray hair, and you are—" "His son, Arthur Willett, and your brother."
Mary Willett Maywood fell upon the mendicant's breast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.
Doctor Maywood retired from the room and left sister and brother alone in that sacred hour of reunion, saying to himself:
"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

FALSE COURAGE.
George Washington Lafayette Bragg was a brave boy, of the tribe of Puff. He was never afraid of anything which could not hurt him. He could bear a lion in his den, or face a scare-crow in a corn-field, provided the lion was dead, and the scare-crow a man of straw. He was very fond of telling what he would have done if he had been Caesar, or Napoleon, or General Jackson, and how burglars and robbers would fare, if they should venture to attack him, or brake into his house. Yet strangely enough, he did not like to be left alone in the dark, and always wanted his doors double locked and bolted. When about twelve years old, he persuaded his cousin to go out shooting with him, promising to show him how a man would behave himself. He had not gone far before he tripped and fell, dropping his gun as he fell. The trigger was caught by a small twig, and the gun went off. As there was only a small charge of powder in it, it scorched his sleeve badly, and smoked his eyes. He screamed, "I am killed! I am killed!" and could not be persuaded to move from the spot till his father came and carried him home. It was soon found that he was only wounded in his sleeve, and that the fire had not touched his arm, nor singed his hair. His cousin laughed at him well, and so did his father and mother; and even his parrot, who was a great talker and mimic, took up the provoking strain, repeating, as often as the foolish boy came near, "Oh, I am killed! I am killed!"
Merry's Museum.

A very nice dodge was practiced in Chicago last week. A fellow was arrested for passing counterfeit money, but it was proven that he stole it, so he must have believed it to be genuine. There being therefore no guilty knowledge and no larceny, the thief and "shover" got free, as the law does not consider counterfeit bills as property.
SON OF THE TIMES.—In consequence of the severe financial crisis now upon us, D. L. Hough, auctioneer, will sell at auction on Tuesday and Wednesday the entire contents, from cellar to garret, of two magnificently furnished private places in the upper part of the city.
New York Tribune.

Orange Hotel
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.
BY
H. C. STROUD & CO.

Book Farming.—One of the most practical cases of 'book farming' that has come to our knowledge is told us by a friend. A young Maryland farmer, a reading man and a work-