

# Hillsborough Recorder.

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Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1858.

No. 1941.

Spring Trade, 1858.

**HAMILTON & GRAHAM,**  
Importers and Jobbers,  
WILL exhibit on and after the First of March, a  
FULL and WELL-SELECTED Stock of  
**Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,**  
which will be disposed of at the lowest prices. Mer-  
chants from the South and West are invited to call and  
examine at the old stand of Paul & M'Intire, No. 80  
Bancroft Street, Petersburg, Va.  
Strict attention given to orders.  
February 23. 27-12mo

**BACON! BACON!**  
A LARGE lot of Hams, Sides, Shoulders and Jowls,  
all well smoked and dried,  
A50, Herring in barrels,  
And every variety of Spring and Summer GOODS,  
to be sold very low for Cash.  
**JAMES WEBB.**  
April 12. 35-

**To Mule Raisers.**  
MY Jack Simon Pure, will stand the ensuing season,  
and include the Fall season, at his stable, seven  
miles north of Hillsborough. I do not intend to send  
him any where else. Price for insurance five dollars  
each, the money due when the fact is ascertained, or  
the property changed. All possible care will be taken  
to prevent accidents, but no responsibility for any that  
may happen.  
DESCRIPTION.—Simon Pure will be six years  
old in June; is a sure foal-getter, and is sure to come  
as good colts as any other Jack. He is very near fourteen  
hands high, and of excellent form. I have the certificate  
of John A. Vines, the gentleman of whom I obtained  
the Jack, who says he is from an fine family of Jacks  
as any in the eastern part of the State. His dam was the  
largest Jenny I ever saw, and as black as a crow.  
**TYRE B. RAY.**  
March 16. 31-p

**CAROLINA BLACK HAWK.**  
THE Season commenced the 10th of March, and  
will end the 15th of June.  
Terms—\$30, if paid in the season,  
\$35, if not paid within the season,  
\$40, if paid within the season, with priv-  
ilege of having the mare served the next season, if she  
proves not to be in foal. One dollar to the groom.  
**CAIN & STRUDWICK.**  
March 16. 31-2m

**New Fall and Winter Goods.**  
THE subscribers are now receiving from New York  
an entire stock of New Goods, embracing a general  
variety of all kinds of goods usually kept in this mar-  
ket, consisting of  
**Prints, Alpaca, English and French**  
**Merinos, Shawls, Hankerchiefs**  
**and Bonnets,**  
**Cloths, Cassimere and Vestings,**  
**Hardware, Glass and Queensware,**  
**HATS, CAPS,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
**BEADYMADE CLOTHING,**  
and many other articles not necessary to mention,  
which have been bought in New York very low, and  
retail for cash; all of which will be offered to cash  
buyers or partical dealers at small profits.  
We say to one and all, come and see us—we will  
take great pleasure in showing our goods if we do not  
sell. All kinds of Country Produce taken in ex-  
change for Goods.  
**W. F. & T. J. STRAYHORN.**  
October 14. 10-

**CHOICE CALF SKINS, Shoe Thread and Shoe**  
Nails,  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
December 2. 17-

**RAGS! RAGS!!! RAGS!!!**  
**RAGS WANTED,**  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
November 28. 17-

**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**  
HAVING made this a distinct branch of trade, we  
devote particular attention to it, and keeping a  
large stock of all kinds of  
Over Coats,  
Business Coats,  
Black Frock Coats,  
Vests and Pants,  
we are enabled generally to fit and please those who  
favor us with a call. We shall keep our stock renewed  
from time to time. Call and examine it.  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
October 21. 11-

**CRIVOLINE—Expressly for Skirts, Embroidered**  
Shawls, also, Brass and Whalebone Hoops, and  
Elastic Belts,  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
September 16. 06-

**TOW CLOTH!**  
**TOW CLOTH WANTED,**  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
September 16. 06-

**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. 97-

**YEAST POWDERS.**  
Bull's Brand, best,  
Mellin's Food,  
Cologne assorted, at  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.**  
July 15. 93-

**NOTICE.**  
HAVING at the late term of Orange County Court,  
qualified as Executors of the last will and testa-  
ment of William Cain, deceased, notice is hereby  
given to all persons owing said estate to come forward  
and make payment, and those having claims against it  
to present the same, properly authenticated, within  
the time prescribed by law, else their notice will be plead-  
ed in bar thereof. This 4th December, 1857.  
**JAMES F. CAIN,**  
**TODD R. CALDWELL.**  
December 7. 18-3m

**A Change in Business.**  
THE DRUG STORE, formerly owned by Dr. JAS.  
WEBB & CO., will hereafter be continued by J. C.  
WEBB & CO., who hope by strict attention to busi-  
ness, and moderate prices, to merit a liberal share of  
the public patronage.  
January 27. 34-

**DRUG STORE**  
**J. C. WEBB & CO.,** will keep constantly on hand,  
a complete assortment of  
**Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,**  
**Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Perfumery, Stationery,**  
**Grass and Garden Seeds, Aromatics,**  
**Vinegar, Pure Liquors, &c. &c.**  
and all other articles in their line of business, and with  
the special design of keeping only genuine articles.  
They hope, by close attention and moderate prices,  
to merit and receive the patronage of the public.  
January 27. 34-

**Vinegar! Vinegar!**  
JUST RECEIVED AT THE DRUG STORE—  
ONE BARREL, BEST CIDER VINEGAR.  
**J. C. WEBB & CO.**  
January 27. 34-

**Just Received at the Drug Store.**  
**2 DOZEN PAPERS CORN STARCH**  
12 dozen bottles Ink, assorted,  
1 dozen Bell Cologne, Quack and Pinta,  
1 dozen Helmhold's Extract Buchu,  
1 gross Burdett's Warm Candy,  
2 lbs. large Sponges,  
6 dozen Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative,  
3 dozen fine Sated Oil,  
72 lbs. Durkee's Potash, for Soaps,  
1 box Pearl Starch,  
1 dozen Batchelor's Hair Dye,  
2 dozen Bateman's Drops,  
1 dozen Macassar Oil,  
1 dozen Mitchell's Eye Salve,  
6 gross Steel Pens, assorted.  
January 20. 23-

**TOBACCO AND CIGARS.**  
**3 BOXES FINE CHEWING TOBACCO,**  
2,000 Extra Fine Cigars, just received and for sale  
at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
January 20. 23-

**BARRELS FOR SALE.**  
A LOT of Barrels and Iron-Bound Casks just re-  
ceived and for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 23. 20-

**Cheap Cooking Wines and Brandy.**  
**MALAGA WINES,**  
**SWEET WINES,**  
**FRENCH BRANDY,**  
for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 23. 20-

**For Coughs and Colds.**  
**LEMON GUM DROPS,**  
Vanilla Gum Drops,  
Orange Gum Drops,  
Rose Gum Drops,  
Also Compound Syrup Tolo,  
just received at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
**FLAVORING EXTRACTS.**  
Orange, Lemon, Vanilla, Peach,  
Celery Parsley, &c.  
For sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**

**Pocket Knives.**  
A LOT of extra fine Pocket Knives, just received  
and for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**

**GRASS SEEDS.**  
**ORCHARD GRASS,**  
Herds Grass,  
Lucerne,  
Clover,  
Timothy,  
Kentucky Blue Grass, just  
received and for sale at the  
**DRUG STORE.**  
December 16. 19-

**Notice to Smiths and Farmers.**  
THE subscriber, as the agent of the King's Moun-  
tain Iron Company, will supply all orders for a ton  
or upwards of iron at 6 cents per pound, cash. The  
money must invariably be paid on delivery, or the  
charge will be 7 cents; and in no case will I sell less  
than a ton for less than 7 cents.  
**P. B. RUFFIN.**  
October 14. 16-

**THOMAS WEBB**  
**ATTORNEY**  
**AND**  
**COUNSELLOR**  
**AT LAW,**  
HILLSBOROUGH,  
N. C.

**Fire and Life Insurance.**  
Is your Property insured?  
Is your Life insured?  
If not, call upon the subscriber, who is Agent for the  
Greenborough Companies.  
**THOMAS WEBB.**  
January 6. 21-5m

**FOR SALE,**  
A LOT in the town of Graham, immediately in front  
of the Court House, on South Street, lying be-  
tween the store houses of M-Lean & Hamner and Al-  
bright & 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-

**A CARD.**  
**JO. ROBERTSON, DENTIST,**  
HAVING located in Chapel Hill, respectfully offers  
his professional services to the citizens of the town  
and surrounding country. He can produce satisfactory  
testimonials of his skill in the profession.  
His office is at Dr. Moore's. When requested, families  
will be waited on at their residence. Charges re-  
duced.  
Dr. R. will be in Hillsborough the fourth week  
of each month, also Superior Court weeks, and other  
(without extra charge) if requested.  
August 19. 66

**RURAL ECONOMY.**  
"May your rich soil,  
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every land."  
From the North Carolina Farmer.  
**CLEARING UP NEW GROUND.**  
A little experience in clearing up new  
ground, has led the undersigned to the fol-  
lowing conclusions, which he recommends to  
the careful consideration of all persons about  
to engage in this business:  
In the first place, there is scarcely anything  
connected with it worthy of more serious at-  
tention than the manner of cutting down the  
trees. It certainly is not quite so easy to cut  
a tree down even with the earth's surface, or a  
very little above it, as it is to cut it about  
two feet above, the ordinary height at which  
stumps are suffered to stand. And yet, on fair  
trial, it will be found to require but very little  
more time or labor; in fact, nothing of either,  
worthy of being compared with the manifest  
disadvantages of leaving the stumps upon the  
ground, to render its appearance unsightly,  
obstruct the succeeding cultivation, occupy a  
large portion of the surface, break plows, har-  
rows, cultivators, and gearings; wear out the  
brute force employed, break down the strength,  
consume the time and exhaust the patience  
and temper of the laborer. A little more  
bending of the back, and a few more strokes  
of the axe, and your tree is down and out of  
the way forever; whereas, if cut in the usual  
manner, a part of it, in the shape of an ugly  
stump, remains a constant eye-sore and an-  
noyance for ten, fifteen, or twenty years;  
perhaps even ten added to that; especially if  
cut at the usual time of the year, which I  
now proceed to show is on all grounds of  
reason and common sense the wrong one.

The late fall, the winter, or the early spring  
is the time commonly selected for this pur-  
pose; and the reason assigned is that other  
work being at those parts of the year less  
pressing, this can be attended to with more  
convenience. But, observe, we are not here  
speaking of the whole work of clearing up new  
ground, but only of that part of it which con-  
sists in felling the trees. Chop your fallen tree  
up—roll your logs—pile and burn your brush  
—clean off and plow at whatever time you  
can, or please to do so; but if you are a man  
who studies the economy of labor, and the ad-  
vantages of taking time by the forelock, by  
all means cut down your trees during the  
month of August, or if that be inconvenient,  
be sure and attend to it from the middle  
of July to the middle of September; and for  
the following reasons:

In the first place you will thus have secured,  
to the convenience and comfort of your-  
self and family, an abundant supply of the  
very best kind of winter fuel—light, dry, easy  
to haul and handle.  
In the second place, when cut down at this  
season of the year, the stump of a tree does  
not require half the time to rot out; and if  
cut very low as above recommended, it does  
not require one third, if even one fourth of it.  
For some reason or other, probably because  
the sap is then fully up, the tree is well  
known to decay much faster when cut at this  
season; and if cut very low, the stump will  
naturally take on a hollow crown, which re-  
taining rain will cause it to be constantly moist  
and decompose with great rapidity.  
A third advantage of this plan is, that all  
sprouting, except from the few Saur-woods  
and Persimmons present, and even they will  
scarcely withstand this exterminating process,  
is utterly and forever at an end. The roots  
of every other species of tree cut down, or  
sappling grubbed up, will die dead in a few  
weeks, leaving nothing which the plow will  
not easily eradicate and subdue.

A further advantage of this course is, that  
the labor of rolling and burning the large logs  
will be greatly diminished. This is certainly  
a fact, and a most important one. The logs,  
having become dry and scarcely half the weight;  
they are therefore managed with much less  
expense of time and labor, and burn off with  
twice the facility.  
In the fifth place, any one, who adopts this  
course, will be surprised to observe the com-  
parative lightness and friability of the soil.  
Compared with that of lands cleared in the  
winter or spring, it is like a bed of ashes.  
And then again, on inserting his plow he will  
be equally pleased in observing the ease with  
which they are drawn. No tough roots are  
there to obstruct their progress. These roots  
are dead—rotten—and easily give away to the  
force of a single mule or horse. There is little  
jerkings or straining of the poor animal, no  
choking of the plowman under the chin by  
the upward tilting of the plow handles; no  
breaking of back-bands and traces; conse-  
quently less amount to pay to the tanner and  
blacksmith.  
A sixth reason. It is almost an axiom among  
those who plant new lands in corn, that a first  
crop is never more than a half crop. It may,  
therefore, with good reason, be considered as  
a sixth advantage of this plan, that the first year's  
produce will be greatly increased by it. The  
soil being more light and friable, the plow does  
its work much more thoroughly, and the roots  
of plants, in consequence, find free range.  
Besides, the process of decay is more advanced,  
and it is an decayed vegetable matter that all  
plants feed. In fact all manures, with a very  
few exceptions, are traceable to this source  
—they are decomposed vegetable matter, and  
it is mainly by accelerating this decomposi-  
tion that some of our most efficient mineral

fertilizers, lime for instance, become so val-  
uable an addition to the soil.  
More might be added, but enough. I give  
the main reasons only, which the experience  
of every one who tries this plan will be found  
to justify.

If it be objected, as probably it will, that  
this course must be attended by a great  
sacrifice of rail timber, because rails cut at  
the time named so soon decay and become  
worthless; we admit it freely; but this is a  
small matter, compared with the manifest ad-  
vantages, and is moreover easily set aside.  
To obviate it, cut rail timber at the proper  
season, on some other part of your land; or  
if it be so scarce with you as to make scoring  
an object, then reserve in your clearing such  
trees as are fit for rails, till the right season  
for cutting them comes around. They will  
be but few, and if cut low, though the roots of  
these will be longer rotting out than the other  
trees, the inconvenience will scarcely be felt,  
as there will at least be no stumps left to annoy  
you.

Let it be remembered, we speak here only  
of the time and manner of felling trees. Work  
out other parts of the clearing process as you  
please, but cut your trees by all means as near  
the surface as possible, and during the month  
of August, at all events from the 15th of July  
to the 15th of September. Depend upon it  
that is the most effectual season for killing  
out timber of any kind, and on observing  
these rules, you will find real economy of  
time and labor.

**T. S. W. MOTT.**  
Silverdale, N. C., March, 1858.

**ANGRY WORDS.**  
Angry words are lightly spoken,  
In a rash and thoughtless hour;  
Brightest links of love are broken  
By their deep insidious power;  
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,  
Ne'er before by anger stir'd,  
Oft are rent past human healing  
By a single angry word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,  
Bitter poison drops are they;  
Leaving for the coming morrow  
Subtlest memories of today.  
Angry words, O let them never  
From the tongue unbridled slip;  
May the heart's best impulse ever  
Check them ere they soil the lip.  
Love is much too pure and holy,  
Friendship is too sacred far,  
For a moment's reckless folly  
Thus to desolate and mar.  
Angry words are lightly spoken,  
Butest thoughts are rashly stir'd;  
Brightest links of love are broken  
By a single angry word.

**"MEET LIZZIE AT SIX."**  
That was all the dispatch contained. Four  
little words; yet what excitement they caused  
in the household at Maple Cottage; the  
quiet household, whose members at the  
moment of its reception were on the point of  
retiring to rest for the night.  
"Meet Lizzie at six!" Was our darling,  
indeed, so near it? Two years and three  
months had passed since our eyes had been  
gladdened by her girlish beauty, since her  
voice had mingled with the bird music that  
floated all the long Summer days among the  
maples. Two years and three months she  
had been buried among books, in a far away  
city, bowing her sunny curls over algebra and  
geometry, grammar and philosophy, astron-  
omy and botany, French and Latin; patiently  
at first, because her parents desired it; after-  
ward cheerfully, to please the teachers she  
had learned to love, and at last zealously,  
from pure thirst for the treasure these studies  
unlocked to her. But it was over now; these  
toilsome years, and she was on her way once  
more—our Lizzie—our pet and pride—we  
should "meet her at six."

She had left B. in the morning; had jour-  
neyed without stopping all day; this we  
guessed at once; and at eight in the morning,  
finding a hasty opportunity, she had tele-  
graphed to us the words above. At six, the  
Easter train arrived at our station; Lizzie  
was to ride all night, for the sake of reaching  
home thus early. It was like her; impulsive,  
warm-hearted child that she was!  
How little we slept that night! What  
sight sounds aroused us; how early we were  
all astir—even the baby, and the white-haired  
grandfather. "Meet Lizzie, eh!" he  
said; "aye, indeed will we!" And the old  
man's voice caught a youthful tone, and his  
crutches an elastic movement, as he hobbled  
about the house, giving orders, as if all the  
responsibility rested upon him, to be sure.  
There was Hannah, too, bewildering the  
mother about breakfast. "Did Lizzie make  
biscuit or waffles? And the mother smiling  
all the time, nodded her head to everything,  
and went hurrying about, with the gridiron  
in one hand and the egg boiler in the other,  
caring Fanny to curl the baby's hair, and  
looking at the clock every five minutes. But  
Fanny, with mysterious spoonfuls of some-  
thing, was flitting up stairs and down, leaving  
a book here, a flower there, a daggerreotype  
on the table, or a rosy cheeked fall apple in  
the window—something for Lizzie to see and  
smile at. Only the father seemed undisturb-  
ed. We noticed, to be sure, the dimples in  
his cheeks, which Lizzie always said she  
made with her fingers when she was a babe,  
looked deeper when he smiled, and that his  
voice was a trifle less steady when he told  
Thomas to bring the horses, but he did not  
like to be considered a demonstrative man, so

we looked significantly at each other, and said  
nothing. Still waters are sometimes very deep.  
At last the carriage came round, and we  
got in; two of us beside the other, who was  
to drive, there was room for more, but it was  
quite out of her line, the mother said, to go  
on a dashing drive before breakfast; so we  
left her on the piazza with a pickle-dish in  
her hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron.  
It was a half mile to the depot, and the sun  
not quite risen when we started. How busy  
the air was, that soft September morning.  
We thought, egotists that we were, in our  
happiness, that nature sympathized with us.  
It seemed as if there never had been so fair  
a sun rising before, and as if half the glory of  
the morning would have been wasted had Liz-  
zie not been coming home.

The cars had not arrived when we stopped  
at the station, but we heard the whistle of the  
locomotive, not very distant; and those few  
sweet waiting moments—what a world of  
blessed anticipation they held. The sun was  
rising—ah! Lizzie! Lizzie!  
At last the train came up—stopped. We  
looked at the windows; only a row of sad fac-  
es! Lizzie must have sat on the other side.  
A few passengers came out solemn-faced  
and silent. We pressed forward—so did  
those who were going out of the train. The  
conductor appeared and waved everybody  
back, then motioned to somebody in the car.  
Two men came out and slowly descended the  
steps, bearing a lifeless body—a woman; her  
features covered by a veil. They bore it into  
the saloon, and laid it reverently upon the  
sofa. Still the conductor waved the crowd  
back—except our party! He knew us, and  
turned away his face as we approached.  
"Turn we knew how it was; all except the  
father; he could not believe! Firmly he  
raised the veil from the dead face. Oh, God!  
All merciful! Is it thus we meet thee,  
Lizzie, darling, our best beloved, idol of our  
hearts!"

In a brief time we learned the story.  
Learned how the Angel of the Lord had met  
"Lizzie" before us, in the still twilight of the  
Autumn morning, and after one pang, terrible  
we knew, but brief, had wafted her gentle  
spirit to those who waited for her in the home  
of angels!  
At the very last stopping place Lizzie had  
left the car to procure some food for a little  
child that had fretted all night in the arms of  
a wearied mother. The train stopped but a  
moment; it was dusk, and none of the offi-  
cials had seen her leave it. She returned hap-  
pily, to find it moving; made a mis-step, fell  
forward—and the rest is a common tale, such  
as newspapers chronicle every week. The  
beautiful head with its sunny curls—was what  
we saw at the station house!

**THE BARGAIN FOR A WIFE.**  
A young Norfolk farmer, on beginning life  
with a limited capital, found that two things  
were wanting to do justice to a large farm  
which he rented on a long lease—namely, a  
wife to rule the house at home, and an addi-  
tional thousand pounds to invest upon the  
land. Like a sagacious man, he conceived  
that the two might be found combined, and  
he began to look about for a cheerful lass with  
a dowry to the desired amount. Accident  
threw him one day into company with the  
person of a neighboring parish, with whom,  
as he rode home while returning from mar-  
ket, he fell into conversation. Encouraged  
by the divine, the youth unburdened himself  
of his cares and plans, and mentioned the  
desire he had for marrying as soon as he could  
find an agreeable lass with a moderate dowry.  
"I tell you," said the parson, "I've got  
three daughters, and very nice girls they are,  
I assure you. Suppose you come and dine  
with me next market day—you will meet  
them at the table; and if any of them should  
prove to be the 'inevitable she' that you are  
in search of, I shall not be backward to do  
my part as far as I can."

"Agreed," said the youth. "I'll come  
as sure as you're alive, if you'll say nothing  
about it to the ladies."  
"That shall be a bargain. On Saturday  
next, then, we shall have you at dinner, at  
five."

And here their roads diverging, the two  
gentlemen separated.  
At the appointed hour on the following  
Saturday, the young farmer, in handsome  
trim, descended from his galloway at the  
parson's door. Dinner was served a few  
minutes after, and the young ladies, with  
their mother, graced the table with their  
presence. All three fully justified the encomi-  
ums of their father; but the youngest—a rosy-  
faced, roguish, cheerful lass just escaped  
from her teens—alone made a vivid impres-  
sion upon the young farmer. The repast  
progressed agreeably, and, when ended, the  
ladies withdrew, leaving the gentleman to  
chat over the wine.  
"Well," said the host, "what do you  
think of my girls?"  
"I think them all charming," said the  
youth; "but the youngest—you called her  
Nelly—really is most bewitching, and clever  
too; and if I am to have the honor of being  
allied to you, you must give me her."  
"That is against all rule," returned the  
host; "to take the youngest first, but of  
course, I cannot control your choice. What  
dowry do you expect?"  
"My capital," said the wooer, "is three  
thousand pounds, and I want a thousand more  
—and I must have it."  
"I will give a thousand with the eldest  
girl."  
"No; the charming Nelly and the thou-  
sand, or I am off."  
"That cannot be; five hundred with Nelly,  
if you like, the others are not half so  
handsome, and must have a fortune, or I shall  
never get them off."  
"No, my resolution is fixed, replied the  
young gentleman; and I shall not alter my  
mind."  
"Nor I mine," said the parson, "and the

affair is at end; but we will be good friends  
notwithstanding."  
The conversation which each speaker sup-  
posed to be strictly private, now fell into  
another channel. The ladies returned with  
the farmer. Evening came on, and towards  
sunset, the girls having strolled into the gar-  
den, the youth rose to take his leave. He found  
his nag in the stable, and having bid farewell  
to his host, took his way through the shrub-  
bery that led to the road. He was about  
alighting to open the gate, when the rosy-  
faced Nelly darted forward to save him the  
trouble. As she lifted the latch, she archly  
looked up into his face and said:  
"Can't you take my father's money?"  
"Yes, by Jove I will, if you wish it."  
"Then come over to the church to-mor-  
row morning, and tell him so after service;"  
and she vanished like an elfin sprite among  
the shrubbery.

Musing on the proverb which says, "walls  
have ears," the young farmer rode home. He  
did not fail—how could he?—of attending at  
the church the next morning, and after the  
sermon declared to the parson his altered  
resolution. He married the fair Nelly three  
months afterwards; and she brought, in due  
course of years, a row of goodly sons, than  
whom there are few at the present hour wiser  
in their generation, or more worthy or more  
wealthy, in the whole of broad England.  
*Chandler's Journal.*

**FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA.**  
The Paris correspondent of the New York  
Commercial Advertiser, under date of April  
22, writes to that paper as follows:  
"As already said, the acquittal of Bernard  
will not bring about any change in the official  
attitude of the French Government toward  
that of England; the Emperor knows the coun-  
try well enough not to confound its Govern-  
ment with the mob that hung around the Old  
Bailey during the trial. But more circum-  
spectively will be used, while they wait to see  
what England will do. Two vessels that were  
about to start for a cruise on the Irish coast  
received instructions at the last moment be-  
fore sailing to avoid showing themselves to  
the Irish people, in order not to create un-  
necessary alarm or irritation. The whole  
French army, on the other hand, is in a state  
of ebullition, and needs only to be let loose  
to attempt the long-talked-of chastisement of  
England.  
"I have heard it repeated, over and over  
again, this week, that with this event com-  
mences that interesting period in the history  
of the world where the English Channel forms  
the line between despotism and liberty; where  
the charge of defending liberty and free  
principles is thrown upon England and the  
United States; where, in fine, that long-  
talked-of union between the two great repre-  
sentatives of the Anglo-Saxon race is forced  
upon them by a common cause of which they  
are the natural defenders. It is continental  
despotism arrayed against free England and  
America. The attempt of France to violate  
on English soil a principle which the Eng-  
lish hold so dear, is the first stone in the edifice  
which is to make the new division be-  
tween the two great nations. And when the  
moment comes that England will be com-  
pelled to defend herself on this principle, who  
doubts that America will be at her side to  
form her left wing in the defence of liberty?"

**She That Took Hold.**—Over the mantle-  
piece in a drunkard's room hung one or two  
ornamental cards, each containing a few ver-  
ses of a hymn which his child had received in  
a ragged school, and which were fastened up  
by the little boy as a choice treasure. The  
father had seen them a hundred times over,  
and never heeded them; but he was laid upon a  
sick bed, and then a text from scripture quoted  
in one of these verses caught his eye, and  
found its way to his heart. He desired the  
child to bring his Bible, and see if the quota-  
tion was correct. He then read on; and a  
visit from the Scripture reader occurring soon  
afterward was received with gratitude, for his  
old companions had deserted him. It pleas-  
ed God to raise him once more to health, and  
he has now renounced infidelity, is an attend-  
ant at God's house, has prospered in the  
world, and has become the father of a happy  
family—all owing to the "text that took  
hold upon him."  
*Scripture Reader's Journal.*

**RIGHT LIVING.**—"To love and to labor is  
the sum of living, and yet how many think  
they live who neither labor nor love!"  
What a bright thought it is, set in this  
quaint old Saxon! The first part of the sen-  
tence is a beautiful text for one's life, while  
the other is an equally sad commentary on  
the "living" of a great portion of humanity!  
And are not these twain, the loving and the  
laboring, the one "royal law" of the Bible,  
and do they not bring with them their own  
exceeding great reward? Ye who seek after  
happiness, behold, here is the key! This  
sitting down, folding up one's hands, and  
moping away one's life in vain yearning af-  
ter affection, will never do you any good.  
Just step out of yourself, and live for and  
in others. Go out with a brave spirit into  
the world, and minister to the wants of hu-  
manity. Every where hands are reaching out  
to you for help, everywhere bleeding hearts  
are needing the balm of sympathy and ten-  
derness. The little children want your  
smile, the old people want some comforting  
word; and the strongest and the best have  
their hours of weakness and of need.  
So don't sit still, we pray you, for this is  
not living. But "whatsoever your hand  
findeth to do, do it with your might," with a  
true honest heart and purpose; and no mat-  
ter how heavy may be the darkness of the  
night through which you are walking, the  
morning will rise, the flowers will blossom,  
and the birds sing about you.  
*Arthur's Magazine.*