

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1858.

No. 1944.

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 & Millwain, No. 60
Bycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.
Strict attention given to orders.
February 23. 27-12m

BACON! BACON!
A LARGE lot of Ham, Sides, Shoulders and Jowls,
all well smoked and dried.
Also, 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 of 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 so to some as
good as any other Jack. He is very near fourteen
hands high, and of excellent form. I have the certi-
cate of John A. Vines, the gentleman of whom I obtained
the Jack, who says he is from a 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 privi-
lege 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
Merinoes, Shawls, Hankerchiefs
and Bonnets.**
**Cloths, Cassimere and Vestings,
Hardware, Glass and Queensware,**
HATS, CAPS,
**BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,**
and many other articles not necessary to mention,
which have been bought in New York very low, ex-
actly for cash; all of which will be offered to cash
buyers or punctual dealers at very low prices.
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!!!
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 stock renewed
from time to time. Call and examine it.
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.
October 21. 11-

CRISOLINE—Expressly for Skirts, Embroidered
Skirts; also, Brass and Whalene Hoops, and
Elastic Belts, by
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.
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.
July 18. 97-

YEAST POWDERS.
Bull's Brand, best,
Schmid's Schnappa,
Cologne assorted, at
J. C. TURRENTINE & SON'S.
July 18. 97-

NOTICE.
HAVING at the late term of Orange County Court,
qualified as Executor of the last will and testa-
ment of William Chin, deceased, notice is hereby
given to all persons owing said estate to come forward
to make payment, and those having claims against it
to present the same, properly authenticated, within
the time prescribed by law, viz this notice will be plead-
ed in bar thereof. This 4th December, 1857.
JAMES F. GAIN.
TODD R. CALDWELL.
December 9. 18-2m

A Change in Business.
THE DRUG STORE, formerly owned by Dr. JAR.
F. GAIN, 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. 24-

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 Liqueurs, &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. 24-

Vinegar! Vinegar!
JUST RECEIVED AT THE DRUG STORE—
ONE BARREL, BEST CIDER VINEGAR.
J. C. WEBB & CO.
January 27. 24-

Just Received at the Drug Store.
2 DOZEN PAPERS CORN STARCH
12 dozen bottles Ink, assorted,
1 dozen Bell Cologne, quarts and pints,
1 dozen Helmholtz's Extract Buchu,
1 gross Bardot's Worm Candy,
1 lb. large Sponges,
6 dozen Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative,
3 dozen fine Salsol 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-Band Casks just re-
ceived and for sale at the **DRUG STORE.**
December 23. 20-

Cheap Cooking Wines and Brandy.
MALAGA 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 Tolu.
just received at the **DRUG STORE.**
December 16. 19-

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.
Orange, Lemon, Vanilla, Peach,
Celery, Parsley, &c.
For sale at the **DRUG STORE.**
December 16. 19-

Pocket Knives.
A LOT of extra fine Pocket Knives, just received
and for sale at the **DRUG STORE.**
December 16. 19-

GRASS SEEDS.
Herds Grass,
Lucern,
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. 10-

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. 21-5w

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 & Hauger, 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 M.
Washington.
THOMAS WEBB.
October 20. 61-

A CARD.
D. 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, fami-
lies will be waited on at their residence. Charges re-
asonable.
Dr. R. will be in Hillsborough the fourth week
of each month, at the Superior Court weeks, and after
(without extra charge) if requested.
August 18. 02

BUNCOMBE COUNTY FARMING.
A letter from Nicholas W. Woodfin, Esq.,
a distinguished Lawyer, and an excellent
Farmer, of Buncombe County, N. C., is
published in the S. C. Farmer and Planter,
to show the advantage of Deep Plowing. Mr.
W. says:—
"I raised in 1835, on 72 acres of land, 853
bushels of corn, and on 20 acres, including
this, 1807 bushels, or 90 bushels to the acre,
being the best parts of a large field, not plan-
ted with a view of measuring. The best
grew on upland, a stiff, red clay, near the
base of the hill, and extending into a re-
claimed maple swamp, which had been 10 years
in timothy, without manure. The ridge land
had been worn out before I purchased it, in
1838. It had been manured and cropped in
corn, wheat, oats and clover, on a five years'
shift; had, however, been for four years in
clover, and generally fed off to stock. I had
enclosed several acres of it to fatten my hogs;
in two years about 80 were put on it, and
the corn cut and hauled in while green, and
leaves scattered over the ground abundantly,
so as to be rooted in by the stock. It had
been in corn the last year, '54—after being
subsoiled from 11 to 12 inches, was top-
dressed in February, '55, with barn yard ma-
nure—I suppose not more than 30 two-horse
loads per acre, and turned in pretty deeply.
The low-ground was well drained, and had
been in corn the year previous, '54, also. It
was subsoiled to about the same depth, with
a little manure. On the best of it none was
put—a portion was exhausted sandy land, on
the river's edge. That was well top dressed
with swamp muck, and about thirty loads of
barn yard manure, and plowed shallow. The
ground was well stirred before planting, a
single furrow run on a level surface, and the
corn dropped in it, and covered with a plow.
I drill, certainly. Placed these rows 3 feet
apart, except on the sandy land, where they
were 3 1/2, planted one grain of medium size,
at the distance of about 8 inches in the
strongest soil, and ranging it from that to 12
inches, according to the strength of the land.
Soon after the corn is up, the plow is run
near it, throwing the earth from the corn
and replanting. It is then cultivated in the
usual way, plowing, however, as shallow as
possible, and at farthest, once in two weeks.
This was worked about every 12 days, put-
ting a little earth to the corn. I should have
said that the roller was passed over the sandy
part at planting. The largest corn is not
the best for us, it requires too much dis-
tance."

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

DRAINING DEEPENS THE SOIL.
The effects of thorough draining in deep-
ening the soil, are readily seen in a compari-
son of the characteristics of those wet and
retentive, with those either naturally or arti-
ficially of a porous nature.
All heavy soils must be shallow from the
influence of stagnant water—of water which
saturates the surface, not being able to pass
away by filtration. Every fall of water gives
a mortar-like consistency to such a soil, and
as the moisture passes off by the slow process
of evaporation, it becomes baked and brick-
like, instead of light and friable.
If plowed when wet, it is entirely unfit for
the growth of crops; if stirred when dry, it
turns up in clods and lumps; in either case,
it is only after much labor that any finely
pulverized earth is obtained to support and
nourish vegetable growth, and an inferior
crop is ever the result. Saturation without
filtration, kills the productive power of any
soil—makes it hard, shallow and sterile, how-
ever rich in every element of fertility it may
be, when deferentially situated in the single
circumstance of drainage.
Porous or well-drained soils, on the con-
trary, never retain, even if they become sa-
turated with water. The surplus moisture
filtrates at once into the drains, leaving the
surface loose and friable. Such a soil can be
plowed at any seasonable time, and turns up
mellow earth, readily fitted as a seed-bed for
any crop.

Such a soil invites the roots of plants down,
offering them food instead of a stone-like
earth, and every year deepens the area of
vegetable growth, until the full depth is
reached to which it has been drained.
That draining deepens the soil, we will
bring a single instance to show—one which
confirms every point stated above.
It is condensed from a letter from that
pioneer drainer and pioneer of good farmers,
John Johnston, near Geneva, N. Y., and was
published in the Country Gentleman of Jan.
19, 1854. He says:
"Last Spring I concluded to plow a clayey
field, containing forty acres, only once for
wheat, and that after harvest. Previous to
draining it was one of my wettest fields, and
in dry weather, even in April and May, was
very hard to plow, often leaving to get the
colters and shares sharpened every day,
when we used wrought-iron shares. Owing
to the great drought before, during, and after
harvest, I got a large plow made, so that I
could put two or more yokes of cattle and a
pair of horses to it if necessary. Immediately
after harvest we started for the field, oxen
and drivers, plowmen and horses; and be-
sides, new shares on the plows, took other
new shares along, expecting to be obliged to
change every day.
When we got to the field, I had one man
put a pair of horses before the large plow,
and try to open the land with a shallow fur-
row.
He went seven rods away and back with-
out even a step, except when the clover
coked the plow. I then put the plow down
to eight inches, and after one round, to
nearly ten, and he went around without any
trouble.
His furrow was over nine inches deep, and
laid as perfect as could be. I then had one
yoke of oxen put behind my smallest horses,
and a pair of horses before each of my other
plows, and they plowed the field with per-
fect ease, only changing shares twice.
"Although the field was undoubtedly
plowed at the rate of nine inches deep, yet
the clover roots went deeper, and the land
plowed up as mellow as any loam; whereas,
had it not been drained, it would have broke
up in lumps as large as the heads of horses or
oxen. A few years ago, a neighbor broke up
a field about the same season, and similar
land, but not drained, and after cultivating,
rolling and harrowing, he had to employ men
and mallets to break the lumps, before he
could get mould to cover the seed; and after
all did not get the third of a crop of either
wheat or straw. My wheat looks as well as
any ever was, and I doubt not it will be a
good crop."

These farmers, and they are not few, who
have had experience in the cultivation of
clayey soils when dry, or in any state, will
not wonder that Mr. Johnston exclaimed, on
finding this great change in the depth and
friability of this clay bed, "I never was more
agreeably surprised in my life—in fact, had
my men been plowing in gold dust, as they
do in California, I should have been no more
pleased." This great change was the simple
effect of thorough drainage—the soil, no
longer compelled to remain saturated with
water, lost its brick and mortar character,
and became a live or at least an active and
productive soil, ready to reward the labor of
the farmer.
Country Gentleman.

CHINCH BUGS.
Mr. W. Turnball, Sup't of the Model Farm
of the Union Agricultural Society of Virginia,
has experimented much upon these pestifer-
ous insects. He says he has thoroughly and
repeatedly tried soap-suds, but finds it only
stuns the bugs for a few hours, when they
revive and vigorously re-commence their de-
predations. He used spirits of turpentine,
which killed both bugs and corn. Train oil
injured the stalks of the corn. Lamp oil
kills the bugs, and does not hurt the corn in
the least." He gives his mode of applying it,
as follows:
"Take a small syringe and squirt the oil
on the stalk of the corn: as it runs down
the stalk it kills every bug it touches instan-
tly. I have a lot that was treated in this manner
seven days ago, and as the bugs exhibited no
appearance of returning life, I take it for
granted they are thoroughly dead."

But as this is a costly oil, being worth \$1
50 per gallon, and it takes one gallon per
acre, where the bugs are numerous, he says,
"My friend Dr. John P. Goodwyn and
myself have arrived at the conclusion that
chinch bugs must be fed; we must provide
something for them until a kind and merciful
Providence sees fit to relieve us of their
presence. We have both been close observers;
we have tried to destroy them with various
fluids, snuff, &c.; we have also observed
what kind of vegetation they seem to be the
fondest of, with an eye to furnish them food.
Young corn is their favorite; I have seen
them leave green oats and wheat to go to
young corn. Corn sowed broadcast is their
delight.
We now propose that the best manner of
saving the corn crop from their ravages, is
the following: leave a space or belt of land
between the wheat, oat and corn fields, in
the months of April, May and June; sow
broadcast this strip of land, say in April 1-3d,
in May 1-3, and in June 1-3. Chinch bugs
will not leave the broadcast corn to go to the
cultivated field. I have an experiment that
will satisfy any one on this subject. Before
they can destroy the broadcast corn the cul-
tivated corn will be advanced and they can-
not hurt it. If, however, a few should go in
the cultivated field, use the lamp oil as soon as
you see them, and it will kill all it touches.
The chinch bug is an epicure, and is fond
of the luxury of young corn. I now have on
the Model and Experimental Farm millions
upon millions of chinch bugs upon a half acre
of broadcast corn. I have the same thing on
my own farm."
Mr. Wm. W. Tompkins, of Richmond,
Va., says he saved his corn last year by the
same plan, and made enough good corn stalk
hay from the broadcast strips, to pay for his
trouble.
N. C. Planter.

COLTS.—In handling colts, the same or
more care and good sense should be exercis-
ed. Always keep on good terms with the
colt, if you expect him to improve in your
hands; and do not arouse the devil in him,
thinking you can drive it out by violent hand-
ling; that is just the way to make bulky and
runaway horses, or broken down and mean
spirited ones. Cherish the pride and self-
esteem of the colt, but bring him gently to
know that you must always be promptly
obeyed. Accustom him to sudden noises and
movements, in such a way that he will see
they will not hurt him. We can almost in-
variably recognize a country horse in our
city streets, by his shying and snatching at
every unusual noise or sudden movement,
which our well trained steeds take no notice
of.

A TRAP FOR CATCHING SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.
—Make a pen of fence rails, beginning with
four, so as to have it square, and as you build
it draw in each rail as you would the sticks
of a partridge trap, until your pen is of suf-
ficient height, say five feet. In this way you
will construct a trap which, when finished,
will permit a dog to enter at the top with
pleasure, but out of which he will find it dif-
ficult to escape should he have the agility of an
sneleop. All that you have to do to catch the
dog that has killed your sheep is to construct
the trap where an attack has been made on
your flock, put a part or the whole of a sheep
that has been killed in it, and remove the bal-
ance to some other field. In a majority of
cases the rogue and murderer will return the
succeeding night, or perhaps the next, and
you will have the gratification next morning
of finding him securely imprisoned.
Southern Planter.

These words caused a great excitement
and filled the manager with terror, and soon
spread through the theatre. Talma offered to
go and examine this toilet, which was putting
the world into a revolution. "See," said
Mademoiselle Mars to him, "see how ridi-
culous I am. Do I not look like a canary
bird?" "Ridiculous, my dear friend; say
rather ravishing. Your toilet is in the best
taste; it suits admirably your face, your black
hair; yellow is becoming to brunettes. Ap-
pear as you are; you never looked hand-
somer."

Mars was decided by the opinion of the
great artist, and went upon the stage. A
flattering murmur received her. All the
ladies' glasses were turned to her, the house
resounded with applause, and everywhere
circulated the words—"What a delicious
toilet!"

The next day all Paris was talking of Ma-
demoiselle Mars's yellow dress. Before
eight days passed there was not a saloon
without similar ones. Dress-makers were
overrun with work, and from that moment
yellow has taken its place among the colors
used for dresses.

Some years after, when Mademoiselle
Mars returned to Lyons, the manufacturer,
whose fortune she had really made, gave her
a splendid fete at the pretty country-house he
had purchased on the borders of the Saone,
with the products of his yellow velvet, of
which the sale had been prodigious.

A HAIR'S BREDTH ESCAPE.
BY A VIRGINIA SETTLER.
It was about the year 1805 that I settled
in Virginia, near the falls of Kanawha. The
country at that time was an unbroken wilder-
ness. But few settlements had been made
then by the whites; and they were so far
apart as to render vain all hopes of assistance
in case of an attack from hostile Indians,
numbers of whom still infested the neigh-
borhood. I lived there alone with my wife
several months unmolested; and by dint of
perseverance, being then young and hardy,
had succeeded in making a large clearing in
the forests, which I had planted with corn,
and which promised an abundant yield.

One morning, after we had despatched our
humble meal, and I had just prepared to ven-
ture forth upon my regular routine of labor,
my attention was arrested by the tinkling of
a cow bell in the corn field.
"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the
corn field."
But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes
by education, very acute, especially so from
the fact that his safety often depends upon
the nice cultivation of that sense. I was not
so easily deceived. I listened; the sound was
repeated.
"That," said I, in reply to the remark of my
wife, "was not the tinkle of a bell upon the
neck of a cow. It is a decoy from some
Indian, who desires to draw me into am-
bush."
Believing this to be the case, I took down
my old musket, (I had no rifle,) and seeing
that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously
around the field towards the point from
which the sound seemed to proceed. As I
had suspected, there in a cluster of bushes,
crouched an Indian, waiting for me to appear
in answer to the decoy bell, that he might
send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approach-
ed without discovering myself to him, until
within shooting distance, then raised my piece
and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark,
and the Indian fell dead.

Not knowing but that he might be accom-
panied by others, I returned with all speed
to the cabin; and having firmly barricaded
the door, I watched all day from the portholes
in anticipation of an attack from the com-
panions of the Indian I had killed. To add
to the danger, and seeing the hopelessness of
my situation, I had but one charge of powder
left. I could make but one shot; and then,
if attacked by numbers, I should be complet-
ely in their power. Determined to do the
best with what I had, I poured out the last
charge of powder and put it into my musket,
and then waited in almost breathless anxiety
for the approach of the night, feeling confi-
dent of an attack.
Night came at last. A beautiful moonlight
night, it was, too; and this favored me
greatly, as I would thereby be able to observe
the movements of the enemy as they ap-
proached my cabin. It was some two hours
after night fall, and as yet I had neither heard
or seen a sign of the Indians, when suddenly
I was startled by the baying of my dog at
the stable. I knew that the Indians were
coming.
The stable stood a little to the west of the
cabin, and between the two was a patch of
cleared ground, upon which the light of the
full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from
the noise at the stable that they would advance
from that direction, I posted myself at the
port holes on that side of the cabin. I had
previously placed my wife on the cross pole
in the chimney, so that in case our enemies
effected an entrance into the cabin, she might
climb out through the low chimney and effect
her escape. For myself I entertained no
hope; but determined not to be taken alive,
I resolved to sell my life dearly.
With breathless anxiety I watched at the
port hole, at length I saw them emerge from
the shadow of the stable, and advance across
the vacant ground towards my cabin. One,
two, three, great Heaven! six stalwart In-
dians, armed to the teeth, and urged on by
hope of revenge; and I alone to oppose them,
with but one charge of powder! My case
was desperate indeed. With quick but
steady step, in close single file they approach-
ed, and were already within a few yards of
the house, when a slight change in the move-
ment of the forward Indian altered the posi-
tion of the entire six, so that a portion of the
left side of each was left uncovered. They
were in range—one aim would cover all,

being the best parts of a large field, not plan-
ted with a view of measuring. The best
grew on upland, a stiff, red clay, near the
base of the hill, and extending into a re-
claimed maple swamp, which had been 10 years
in timothy, without manure. The ridge land
had been worn out before I purchased it, in
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put—a portion was exhausted sandy land, on
the river's edge. That was well top dressed
with swamp muck, and about thirty loads of
barn yard manure, and plowed shallow. The
ground was well stirred before planting, a
single furrow run on a level surface, and the
corn dropped in it, and covered with a plow.
I drill, certainly. Placed these rows 3 feet
apart, except on the sandy land, where they
were 3 1/2, planted one grain of medium size,
at the distance of about 8 inches in the
strongest soil, and ranging it from that to 12
inches, according to the strength of the land.
Soon after the corn is up, the plow is run
near it, throwing the earth from the corn
and replanting. It is then cultivated in the
usual way, plowing, however, as shallow as
possible, and at farthest, once in two weeks.
This was worked about every 12 days, put-
ting a little earth to the corn. I should have
said that the roller was passed over the sandy
part at planting. The largest corn is not
the best for us, it requires too much dis-
tance."

Behold! an idle tale they tell.
And who shall blame their telling it?
The rogues have got their cant to sell,
The world pays well for selling it.
They say the world 's a desert drear;
Still plagued with Egypt's blindness;
That we are sent to suffer here—
What! for a God of kindness?
That since the world has gone astray,
It must be so forever;
And we should stand still and obey
Its desolations! Never!
We'll labor for the better time,
With all our might of Press and Pen;
Believe me—'tis a truth sublime—
God's world is worthy better men.
With Paradise the world began—
A world of love and gladness;
Its beauty may be mar'd by man,
With all his crime and madness.
Yet, 'tis a brave world still. Love brings
A sunshine for the dreary;
With all our strife, sweet rest hath wings
To fold o'er hearts a-weary.
The sun in glory, like a god,
To-day climbs up heaven's bosom;
The flowers upon the jewel'd sod
In sweet love-lessons blossom—
As radiant of immortal youth
And beauty as in Eden. Then
Believe me—'tis a noble truth—
God's world is worthy better men.
O! they are bold—knows ever bold—
Who say we're doom'd to anguish;
That man in God's own image mould,
Like hell-bound slaves must languish.
Probe Nature's heart to its red core,
There 's more of good than evil;
And man—down trampled man—is more
An angel than a devil.
Prepare to die! Prepare to live!
We know not what is living;
And let us for the world's good give,
As God is ever giving,
Give action, thought, love, wealth and time,
To win the primal age again.
Believe me—'tis a truth sublime—
God's world is worthy better men.
[From the Courier des Etats Unis]

**YELLOW DRESSES, HOW THEY CAME TO
BE FASHIONABLE.**
M. Audibert, in his charming book called
"Indiscretions and Confidences," tells the
following story, exemplifying the power pos-
sessed by Mademoiselle Mars, the famous
French actress, of imposing her own tastes on
the fashionable world of Paris:
The brilliant Celestine was playing at
Lyons. The day after her first appearance
she was not a little surprised to see arrive, in
the morning, at her hotel, one of the first
manufacturers of the city. "Mademoiselle,"
said he, "this is the object of my visit, will
you pardon me for it? You can make my
fortune." "I, sir; I should be very glad to
do it, but in what way?" "Please to accept
this piece of stuff."
And he displayed upon the table a rich
yellow velvet. Mademoiselle Mars thought
herself in the presence of an insane man.
"Good heavens!" said she, in an excited
tone, "what do you wish me to make of this
yellow velvet?"
"A dress, Mademoiselle. When you
have appeared in it, everybody will want
like it, and so my fortune will be made."
"But, sir, nobody has ever worn a yellow
dress." "That is it; I want to make it
fashionable. Do not, I pray you, refuse me
this favor." "No, sir, I will not refuse it,"
replied Mademoiselle Mars.
And she went to her secretary for her purse.
"Mademoiselle will spare me the insult of
paying me. In making my fortune, I shall
be largely recompensed. Only Mademoiselle
will have the goodness to give the address of
my manufactory, which, moreover, is in good
credit."
Mademoiselle promised everything. On her
return to Paris, talking to her dress
maker, she said, "I must show you a piece
of rich velvet I have brought from Lyons. It
has been given me for a dress." "Madame
can wear anything."
"A few days after the "Unexpected Wager"
was to follow "Nicomede" by Talma, Ma-
demoiselle Mars went early to her room and
dressed herself in the yellow velvet. The to-
ilet was used, Nicomede was nearly finished,
when looking at herself in all ways in her
glass, Mademoiselle Mars cried out, "It is
impossible for me to go upon the stage in
this dress; Caroline, send for the manager,
and let the "Unexpected Wager" be changed
for something else—some piece in which I do
not appear."

These words caused a great excitement
and filled the manager with terror, and soon
spread through the theatre. Talma offered to
go and examine this toilet, which was putting
the world into a revolution. "See," said
Mademoiselle Mars to him, "see how ridi-
culous I am. Do I not look like a canary
bird?" "Ridiculous, my dear friend; say
rather ravishing. Your toilet is in the best
taste; it suits admirably your face, your black
hair; yellow is becoming to brunettes. Ap-
pear as you are; you never looked hand-
somer."

Mars was decided by the opinion of the
great artist, and went upon the stage. A
flattering murmur received her. All the
ladies' glasses were turned to her, the house
resounded with applause, and everywhere
circulated the words—"What a delicious
toilet!"

The next day all Paris was talking of Ma-
demoiselle Mars's yellow dress. Before
eight days passed there was not a saloon
without similar ones. Dress-makers were
overrun with work, and from that moment
yellow has taken its place among the colors
used for dresses.

Some years after, when Mademoiselle
Mars returned to Lyons, the manufacturer,
whose fortune she had really made, gave her
a splendid fete at the pretty country-house he
had purchased on the borders of the Saone,
with the products of his yellow velvet, of
which the sale had been prodigious.

A HAIR'S BREDTH ESCAPE.
BY A VIRGINIA SETTLER.
It was about the year 1805 that I settled
in Virginia, near the falls of Kanawha. The
country at that time was an unbroken wilder-
ness. But few settlements had been made
then by the whites; and they were so far
apart as to render vain all hopes of assistance
in case of an attack from hostile Indians,
numbers of whom still infested the neigh-
borhood. I lived there alone with my wife
several months unmolested; and by dint of
perseverance, being then young and hardy,
had succeeded in making a large clearing in
the forests, which I had planted with corn,
and which promised an abundant yield.