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THE FAITHFUL MOTHER.

The mother of Daniel Webster was a woman of prayer. "Pray for my sons," said she to a friend and neighbor, "and I will pray for yours." She was not only a woman of strong intellect, but of devout heart. She longed for the education of her sons, but she desired still more earnestly their conversion to God. She taught them early to read and reverence the word of God. She prayed with them and for them, and sought for them the prayers of her christian friends. She taught them the beautiful hymns of Watts in their earliest years, and they could as easily have forgotten their native hills as those songs that were impressed on their minds.

Ezekiel Webster was no less remarkable than his brother Daniel for his love of Watts's hymns, and his familiarity with them. In the house of God his fine, rich voice was often heard uniting with the choir in singing those sacred songs; and in his own house on a sabbath evening he would often repeat them. His life was irreproachable. He was the peacemaker as well as the law-giver of the community in which he lived; the protector of the poor, the friend and counsellor of all. Few men have ever been more respected and beloved than he in the circle in which he moved; or have died more deeply mourned, more justly lamented. After his death, upon his office table was found a paper containing a creed and prayer, which had been recently written, expressive of his belief in the religion of Christ, and his humble trust in God.

However variously the political life of Daniel Webster may be regarded, all know the deep impression which the early instructions of his mother made upon his mind. We know too how earnestly he studied the Bible; so that many a professed theologian was scarcely more familiar with its pages. We know how frequently he conversed on religious subjects; how often he sought and how much he enjoyed the society of religious men; we have been told that his own thoughts were frequently upon religious subjects, while those about him were quite differently occupied.

We have, as a nation, been present in his chamber of death. We have heard his expressions of trust in Jesus Christ for pardon and salvation; we know his hope, that when this mortal should have put on immortality, he should exist in a world of "life and joy and blessedness."

Were not the prayers of this Christian mother heard and answered? Her own sphere in life was limited and obscure, yet how extensive has been her influence. How much reason for gratitude is there that the mother of these men was a religious mother. Is not here encouragement to the other mothers to labor and pray for their children?

American Messenger.

A HAPPY HOME.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, no overbearing spirit—there will be no peevishness, no fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time—of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words. The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarked to this effect, namely: That fretting and scolding seemed like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this than we have to curse, or swear or steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does the sweetness emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness contribute to render a happy home. How attracting, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother. How the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those

confiding smiles that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear. How it hastens the return of the father—lightens the care of the mother—renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation! and drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts to the parental roof.

O, that parents would lay this subject to heart, that by untiring efforts they would so far render home happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths.

Peace Speeches in the Yankee Congress.

It is manifest that the opponents of a further prosecution of the war have become so strong at the North that men do not fear now openly to express their views in the Yankee Congress. In the House two remarkable speeches, by Messrs. Long of Ohio and Harris of Maryland, and in the Senate another by Mr. Henderson, a black republican, from Missouri, have boldly taken the ground that the South cannot be conquered, and ought not to be conquered. In the cases of Long and Harris attempts were made to expel them, but no movement appears to have been made in the Senate against Mr. Henderson, which shows that the public mind is becoming familiarized with the idea, and probably satisfied with it.

Mr. Long argued that "there are but two sides on the question, The one is Union without Slavery; the other is the immediate and unconditional acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy." He had once said, "If the people of the seceded States were all united, they could never be conquered. History furnishes no example of such a thing. I thought, however, they could be conquered, because I did not believe they were united." And now he goes on to argue that they are deceiving themselves if they suppose the rebels are weaker now than they were three years ago. The newspapers he says will tell you so. But he says if you will add up the number of desertions of rebel troops stated in the newspapers, "it equals the original militia strength of the South. The same authority tells us (says he,) that the rebel armies are in a state of starvation, and in the same column reports the destruction of commissary stores on the outskirts of rebeldom sufficient to subsist their armies for three months. We are told by the reports of Chief Engineers and Major Generals in command that forts have been leveled by our artillery, have become a mass of shapeless ruins and unavailable for defence. These forts, for six months thereafter, have held in security Confederate garrisons, and yet frown defiance at our iron-clad navies."

Mr. Henderson says that they have expended two thousand millions of dollars and are daily expending three millions more, and daily property is destroyed well nigh equal to another three millions; that they have sacrificed a million of lives also; that the population of the border States is flying to the wilderness Territories to escape the war "the curses of what they call American civilization." And he comes to this conclusion: "Let the elements of opposition at once combine so that the friends of the Union may determine upon the best course to secure peace."

The Louisville Journal of the 18th inst., has a long commentary upon this speech, in which it says that the peace men and the abolitionists will unite in the support of Lincoln, as a disunion candidate, against McClellan, for the purpose of obtaining peace on the basis of a dissolution of the Union. It says that the abolitionists are opposed to the restoration of the Union, that they hate slavery more than they love the Union, and love power even more than they hate slavery; that "their most influential leaders were in favor of acknowledging the independence of the Southern Confederacy at the outbreak of the rebellion," and that this speech of Mr. Henderson's is but one of a thousand developments, all pointing to the same issue.

Fayetteville Observer.

THE WAKULLA SPRINGS;

The following beautiful description of the fountain of Wakulla in Florida:

Taking a narrow path, I crossed through some dense undergrowth, and all at once I stood on the bank of the Wakulla spring. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, most circular. The thick bushes were most growing to the water's edge, and their heads under the unrippled surface. I stepped into a skiff and pushed. Some immense fishes attracted my attention and I seized a spear to strike them. A boatman laughed and asked me how far beneath the surface I supposed they were. I answered about three feet. He said that they were at least twenty fathoms, and it was so. The water is of that marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in the water, forty feet down, and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we reached the centre I noticed a jagged, fish limestone rock beneath us pierced with holes; through these holes one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on, and now we were trembling over the edge of the sunken reef, and far below it lay a dark, yawning, unfathomable abyss. From its gorge pouring forth, with immense velocity, the Wakulla river.

Pushing on just behind its mouth I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which is there 190 feet deep, and I clearly saw it shining on the bottom. This seems incredible. I think the water possessed a magnifying power. I am confident that the piece could not so distinctly be seen from a tower 190 feet high. We rowed on toward the north, and suddenly we perceived in the water which were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots and the wide leiant grasses on the bottom, all arrayed in the most beautiful prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat led to the whole an undulating motion. Deathlike stillness reigned around, and more fairy scene I never beheld.

So great is the quantity of water here poured forth that it forms a river itself, large enough to float boats with cotton. The planter who lives here has thus transported his cotton to Marks. Near the fountain we saw some of the remains of a mastodon, which had been taken from it. The triangular bone below the knee measured six inches on each side. Almost the entire skeleton has been sent to Barnum's Museum.

The Indian name of the fountain is beautifully significant. Wakulla means "The Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers sprang into it with almost frantic joy, supposing they had discovered the long sought "Fons Juventutis," or the fountain of youth, which should rejuvenate them after their exhausting toils and battles.

Points on Red River.—From the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel we learn the following: Shreveport the capital of Caddo parish, Louisiana is situated in the northern part of the State, on Red River, 330 miles from its mouth. It is surrounded by an exceeding fertile planting region. Since the war Shreveport has been an extensive depot for Confederate supplies, vast quantities of commissary stores having been collected there. The military prison has at times, contained many Yankees. Alexandria, 160 miles from the mouth, is, we believe, the highest point on Red River visited by the enemy before the present expedition. Natchitoches, an old French town, settled in 1713, thirty miles above. It was formerly situated on Red River, but that stream by pursuing a new channel of thirty miles, leaves it four miles to the right. During high water the old channel is navigable. Natchitoches is a very insignificant place.

From Shreveport to Texas is a fine wagon road. Work on the railroad leading to Marshall, Texas, was stopped by the war. A railroad was completed from Vicksburg to as far west as the Onachita river, and would have extended to Shreveport, but it was destroyed by our forces, when

driven back. The Federals have repaired it.

Except during the spring freshet, the rivers of Louisiana are not navigable to steamers of any size.

HOW TO MEET HOTEL EXPENSES.

"Air you the keeper of this here tavern?" inquired a tall, lanky individual, belonging to the _____ regiment, North Carolina State troops, and now in the Confederate States service.

"I am the proprietor of this hotel," replied the bustling little hotel keeper of an establishment between this city and Richmond. "What can I do for you?"

"What do you ax for a bed?" asked the soldier.

"Seven dollars, sir," responded the gentleman addressed.

"Only seven dollars yer say; well, that is cheap; dog gone me ef it aint. Here's a Confederate five and there's a two; it's all right, ain't it mister?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Boniface, "it is all perfectly correct."

"You hearn him, didn't you Jeems" said the military gentleman, addressing one of his companions.

"I heern him," was the response.

"And you heern him, too, didn't yer like?" inquired he of another.

"In course I did," was the reply. "I spect it's all right between you."

"That's a blessin', any how," said the soldier. "And now, Mister, ef you'd only traveled as far as I hev, you would want to sleep mighty sudden."

"Certainly, sir, all right," exclaimed the landlord, as he proceeded to direct a servant to show the gentleman his apartment.

The soldier evidently slept soundly, but very early in the morning he might have been seen descending the stairs with the mattress upon which he had slept carefully tied up and slung over his shoulder. He had not proceeded far, however, before he was met by the astonished landlord, who indignantly demanded to know what he was doing with that bed.

"Gwaine to take it out for the reggiment," coolly remarked the soldier.

"You are, are you?" roared the exasperated landlord; how dare you carry off my property in that manner?"

"Your property! Well, I like that. Didn't I give you seven dollars for this here bed, only last night, and didn't two of our fellows hear the trade? Your property, eh?"

"The seven dollars you paid me, was for your lodging," said the proprietor, growing somewhat irate as he spoke.

"Nary lodging ef I know it," responded the soldier. "I axed you what you axed for a bed and paid yer own price, and accordin' to the natur of a trade the bed's mine."

"Well, sir," interrupted the angry host, "and what do you ask for your bed? I want it."

"Now yer talkin'," replied North Carolina, as he dumped the bed upon the floor and carelessly threw himself upon it. "I want to be reasonable, and being it's you, I'll let you have the bed for fifteen dollars."

"Fifteen dollars!" gasped the landlord.

"Jest so," quietly remarked the soldier, "if a man don't make at least one hundred per cent., dern me ef he can pay hotel expenses."

The landlord paid the money, and will probably avoid speculating in future with any of the North Carolina troops.

Montgomery Advertiser.

PLANT MUSTARD.—Every one who has a garden should plant mustard—white, if they can get it; any kind, if they cannot. It is very scarce and high, and unless something is done soon, it cannot be procured at all. The cultivation pays, and pays finely, too. We have heard of a gentleman who lives near Columbus, who, by mistake, planted mustard, instead of turnips. The crop yielded largely, and the gentleman has sold his mustard at three dollars per pound.

Columbus Sun.