

Hillsborough Recorder

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

Vol. XLVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1867.

No. 2403.

THE USE OF THE PISTOL.

The fearful frequency with which the pistol is appealed to in this country, now-a-days, for the settlement of personal disputes, or as a means of private revenge, is unquestionably owing a great deal to the prevailing looseness in the administration of justice. A man who feels himself irretrievably injured—and it appears to be a very common thing for men to feel thus—fancies the law to be inadequate to his case, either in its terms or its enforcement; and when he has decided to become judge and executioner on his own account, he feels assured that the law will, in turn, deal with him leniently enough. Thus, there is a twofold inducement, if we may so speak, to private vengeance. But if, on one hand, the laws to secure redress for personal grievances were adequate and were sure of enforcement, and if, on the other hand, the legal penalty for "taking the law into one's own hand" (as it is termed) were uniformly and rigidly enforced, there would not only be two inducements the less for private vengeance, but there would be two very effective reasons and solemn warnings against it.

We should like to see law dominant upon both sides of the case. In one word, we should like to see public justice executed upon all offenders and criminals, in order that the terrible tendency to crimes and offences which threaten to subvert the social order may be at last abated. We should like to see fewer attempts at palliating crime by the courts and by the public. We should like to see less eagerness to put in pleas and excuses in behalf of those who trench on the rights or the lives of their fellow-citizens, whether it be under one pretext or another—whether under the common pretexts of loose principled offenders, or under the pretext of redressing injuries which may have been suffered, or which are assumed to have been suffered.

We must assuredly, in course of time, come to some change in these things, as they are now carried on in the United States. There is no country in the world in which there is anything like the amount of personal vengeance—which usually takes the form of private assassination—than there is in this. We do not doubt—and we do not speak loosely or without means of judgment—that of late years there have been a thousand persons killed a year in the United States by means of weapons used upon them by the hands of those who, only in rare cases, have been treated as culprits and murderers. It is not as bad in this part of the country as it is in some parts of the Western States. In such States as Indiana and Missouri, for instance, the shooting of one man by another is an incident whose record is repeated in almost every newspaper that reaches us. In the Southern and Southwestern States crimes of this kind used to be common in other years, but since the termination of the war there has been a marked change in this respect. Among ourselves, however, it is very much more common than it was in a preceding generation; and the criminal records of this and adjacent States shows that it is fearfully increasing.

There is nothing easier than to find a pretext for it. An "irretrievable wrong" can at any time be conjured up by almost any man. If none has actually been suffered, it is not a whit less easy to get up one for the occasion, as a shield for the real motive of the criminal.

The worst of it is that judges and juries give more consideration to these wrongs, or pretexts of wrong, than they give to the enforcement of the law. It is a result of observation in this as well as other countries, that every failure to enforce the law against an offender, gives existence to ten other offences or offenders; and every failure to bring a criminal to justice or a murderer to the gallows, brings into being a score of criminals and murderers who are always ready to plead his example and demand that their fate be no worse than his.

N. Y. Times.

Turtle weighing 300 pounds was caught in the mouth of the Potomac last week.

SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean, awkward boy, came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school in England, and asked to see him. The servant looked at his shabby clothes, and taking him for a beggar, sent him round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was told, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Dr. —," said he. "You want your breakfast, more like," said the servant, "and I can give you that without troubling him." "Thank you," said the boy; "I have no objection to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Dr. — if he can see me." "Some old clothes, may be, you want," said the servant, again looking at the boy's patched trousers. "I expect he has none to spare, he gives them all away;" and without minding the boy's request, she went about her work.

"Can I see Dr. —?" asked the boy again, after eating his bread and butter. "Well, he's in the library, if he must be spoken to; but he does like some time to himself," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking lad into the doctor's presence; however, she wiped her hands and told him to follow her. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who much wishes to see you, and so I let him in."

We do not know how the poor boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but we know that after a while the principal laid aside the book he was reading, took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the doctor asked was readily answered. "You certainly do well," said the principal, looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much learning?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy. Here was a poor, hard-working boy; with few chances for schooling, yet nearly fitted for college by simply improving spare moments.

Another boy, who often passed a book-stall, stopped, when he had a few moments to spare, and looked with earnest eyes on a Greek Testament. A gentleman who noticed him said, "Why, you do not know Greek, my poor boy." "Yes I do, a little," was the reply. It was then found that the boy, though one of a poor family, had, under great difficulties, advanced himself some way in the Greek tongue. Such was his beginning. He grew up to be a learned bishop of the Church of England.

Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How should they be treasured! and yet how are we apt to spend them? What can you show for them? Look and see. These boys could tell you how much can be laid up by wisely improving them; and there are many other boys, I am afraid, jail, in the house of correction, in the gambling-house or tippling-shop, who, if you asked them when they began their evil courses might answer, "In my spare moments." "In my spare moments I gambled for money." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "In my spare moments I drifted away with bad companions."

Be careful how you spend your spare moments. Temptation always hunts us out in small seasons like these, when we are not busy. He gets into our hearts if possible, in just such gaps. There he hides, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care, then, we repeat, take care of your spare moments.

The Jews are about establishing a synagogue in Wilmington. They are in correspondence with several Rabbis, with the view to the location of one, and offer a salary of 2,500 per annum.

Three fin-back whales appeared in Seconnett river, Rhode Island, on Saturday and Sunday. Two of them were between thirty and forty feet long, and the other was a young one, and about fifteen feet long. After a long chase the young whale was captured on Monday.

THE GIRL THAT WOULD BE MARRIED.

Mr. Watts had, by industry and economy, accumulated a large property. He was a man of rather superior mind and acquirements, but unfortunately, became addicted to habits of intemperance. Naturally fond of company, and possessing superior conversational powers his company was much sought, and he became eventually a sot. His wife was a feeble woman, without much decision of character; but an only child was the reverse illustration of those singular laws of nature—that the females often take after the father in character and personal peculiarities, and the males after the mother.

Mary was well aware of the consequences that would inevitably follow her father's course, and had used every exertion of persuasion in her power to induce him to alter his habits, but without avail; his resolutions and promises could not withstand temptation, and he pursued his downward course, till the poor girl despaired of reform, and grievously realized what the end must result in.

John Dunn was a young man from the East, possessed of a good education, as all New England boys are, of their indomitable industry and perseverance, and was working on the farm of a neighbor by the month.

Mary, on going on some errand to the next house, met him in the road with the usual salutation,

"Good-morning, Mr. Dunn."

"Good-morning, Miss Watts. How is your health?"

"Well, I thank you, to tell the truth, sick at heart."

"Pray, what is the trouble?" said John. "What can affect a cheerful, lively girl like you, possessing everything that can make you happy?"

"On the contrary, to make me miserable. I am almost weary of life. But it is a subject I cannot explain to you; and yet I have, sometimes thought I might."

"Anything that I can do for you, Miss Watts, you may freely command."

"This is promising more than you would be willing to perform. But to break ice at once, do you want a wife?"

"A wife! Well I don't know. Do you want a husband?"

"Indeed I do, the worst way. I don't know but you think me bold and deficient in that maidenly modesty becoming a woman; but if you knew my situation, and the afflictions under which I suffer, I think it would be some excuse for my course."

"Have you thought of the consequence?" said John; my situation, I am poor, you are rich—I am a stranger—and—"

"Indeed I have; I am almost crazy. Let me explain; you and every one else know the unfortunate situation of my father. His habits are beyond amendment, and his property wasting like dew before the sun. A set of harpies are drinking his very heart's blood, and ruin and misery are staring us in the face. We are almost strangers, it is true, but I have observed you closely. Your habits, your industry, and the care and prudence with which you have managed your employer's business, have always interested me."

"And yet, my dear young lady, what can you know of me to warrant you in taking such an important step?"

"It is enough for me that I am satisfied with your character and habits—your person and manners. I am a woman and have eyes. We are about the same age; so if you know me and like me well enough to take me, there is my hand!"

"And my dear Mary, there's mine, with my heart in it. Now when do you desire it to be settled?"

"Now, this minute, give me your arm; we will go to Squire Benton's and have the bargain finished at once. I don't want to enter our house of distress again until I can have one on whom I can rely, to control and direct the affairs of my disconsolate home and to support me in my determination to turn over a new leaf in our domestic affairs."

"But not in this old hat, and in my shirt sleeves, Mary?"

"Yes; and in my old sun-bonnet and dirty apron. If you are content, let it be done at once. I hope you will not think that I am hard pushed as that comes to; but I want a master, I am willing to be mistress. I will then take you home and introduce you as my own dear husband signed, sealed and delivered."

"So be it; permit me to say that I have always admired you from the first minute I saw you, for your beauty and energy, and industrious, amiable deportment."

"Now, John, if that is sincere, this is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust our union will be long and happy, I am the only one my father hears to; but alas! his resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can manage him on all subjects; you must take charge of his business, and as I have sole control, there will be no difficulty; I am certain of the result."

They were married, and a more happy match never was consummated. Everything prospered, houses and barns were repaired, fences and gates were repaired, and the extensive fields smiled and flourished like an Eden. The unfortunate father, in a few years, sank into a drunkard's grave. Mary and John raised a large family, and they still live respected and wealthy—all from an energetic girl's resolution, fore-thought and courage.

A SECOND ULYSSES.

An old man of very accurate physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court. His clothes looked as if they had been bought in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than from the proprietor himself.

"What business do you follow, Wilmot?"

"Business! None, I am a traveler."

"A vagabond, I suppose."

"You are not far from right, travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is, that the latter travel without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the Continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

"Umph! What do you commend?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an elegant preacher that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine clothing, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and people who elect a drunkard or a jackass to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which has personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

He was dismissed.

The Rev. Mr. — had travelled far to preach to a congregation at —. After the sermon, he waited very patiently, expecting some one of the brethren, to invite him home to dinner. In this, he was disappointed. One after another departed until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly looking gentleman, and gravely said:

"Will you go home to dinner with me to-day, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this, sir."

"No," said the man, coloring, "but you must go with me."

"Thank you—I will, cheerfully."

After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price for a second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied: "Oh, I have got rid of my old Rugg for a good Price."