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HOW TO BECOME CONTENTED WITH ONE'S OWN HOUSE.

Not long since a gentleman who owns a country residence, became dissatisfied, and concluded that it was not the place that suited him at all. He talked with his wife and she gradually arrived at the conclusion that the lawn was not what it should be, that the trees were not sufficiently umbrageous, and that various details were wanting to make the place acceptable. The couple having reached this unhappy frame of mind became daily more dissatisfied, and it was finally concluded that the estate should be offered at private sale.

After some delay the owner accidentally met Mr. Samuel A. Walker, the well known auctioneer, and informed him of his intention, stipulating, however, that the advertisement should give a full description of the place.

"You know," he continued, "that I don't want Tom, Dick and Harry running down to inspect the place from mere curiosity, and as my wife says she will not consent to a public auction, I propose to sell it at private sale."

"I understand," said Mr. Walker. "I will announce it in such a way that, without naming the locality, it will attract the attention of any one in want of such a country seat, and then they can apply at my office."

"That is exactly what I want," replied the gentleman, "and you had better drop down and dine with me and look it over, so that you can give it a good description."

"No need of that," replied the auctioneer, "for you forget I sold it to you, and I described it then, and I never forget a place I have once seen; of course I shall allude to its present condition."

"Certainly," replied the gentleman, "and I leave it entirely in your hands, though there is no immediate hurry, for I cannot give possession at present."

In the course of a few days the gentleman took up a newspaper and read a description of a place which Mr. Walker had advertised. It was in the peculiar style of the auctioneer. After perusing it carefully, and making note of the "grassy slopes," the "splendid vistas," and the "conveniences which grace the country residence of a gentleman of wealth and refinement," he read it aloud to his wife.

"That is just the place we want," she said.

"My idea to a dot," added the husband, "of what a place should be. I will call in at Mr. Walker's and inquire about it this very day."

Mr. Walker, received his visitor, and, anticipating some congratulatory remarks, asked him to take a seat.

"Mr. Walker," said the gentleman, "you have advertised in to day's paper just the place I want."

"Just the place you want to sell," added Mr. W.

"No sir, the very place I want to purchase," replied the gentleman.

"Which one do you mean?" inquired Mr. W. handing him a paper.

"Why, this one, to be sure; don't you suppose I read it?"

The auctioneer adjusted his spectacles and looked broad at his latest literary production. His spectacles fell from their place to the tip of his nose, and peering at his visitor, he burst into a laugh, exclaiming, "Why, my dear man, that's your place."

"My place!" reiterated the astounded owner; "my place; let's see. 'Grassy slopes,' 'beautiful vistas,' 'conveniences of a gentleman of wealth,' &c."

"Why, yes; haven't you a charming view of the ocean, don't you look from your dining room window upon the most beautiful lawn you ever saw?" queried Mr. W.

"Well, so I do," added the surprised individual, and after a moment's hesitation he said: "Just make out your bill for advertising and expenses, for, by George, I couldn't sell the place for three times what gave for it."

Boston Journal.

THE POWER OF THE OLD BIBLE.

A Virginia banker who was the chairman of a noted infidel club, was once travelling on horse back through Kentucky, having with him bank bills of the value of twenty-five thousand dollars. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was soon "lost," by taking a wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and urging his horse onward he at length came to a wretched looking cabin. He knocked and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husband was out hunting, but would shortly return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman tied up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings which may be better imagined than described. Here he was, with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer skin hunting shirt, a bear skin cap, seemed much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pocket and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying that he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fears grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman rose, and reaching to a wooden shelf, he took down an old book and said:

"Well stranger, if you want go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of holy Scriptures before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind! Though avowing himself an infidel, he had now confidence in the Bible! He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knee in prayer, was no robber or murderer! He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the old Bible. He became a sincere christian, and often related the story of his journey to prove the folly of infidelity.

A DEAD LADY BROUGHT TO LIFE.—An interesting and astonishing event occurred on the 22d ult., at the house of Mr. George Chandler, a farmer living near the Lowell road, Mass. A physician, Dr. Stoinski, stopped on the afternoon of the day mentioned at Mr. C.'s house to feed his horse. On entering the house, Mrs. Chandler informed the Doctor that her daughter, Susan, died on Saturday, and that the body had been placed in the coffin for interment on Sunday. The Doctor on looking into the coffin, remarked that the girl was not dead, but only in a fit. He ordered a removal of the body and placed it in a warm bath. After a long struggle, the girl was brought to life. Leaving some medicine the Doctor took his departure. On the following day—the one assigned for the funeral—the resuscitated lady voided a tape worm measuring twenty eight feet in length; and instead of burying Miss Susan Chandler, the parent interred the cause of all her troubles.

The following anecdote of the war we have never met before:

"During the war a lady was distributing tracts through to the occupants of the ward of a hospital, and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She stopped to reprove the wretched patient, 'Why, ma'am,' says he, 'you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have got both legs shot off.'"

IS YOUR HUSBAND LIKE THAT.

There was a poor woman who had fallen into a melancholy and murmuring frame of mind. Her minister tried in vain to reason her out of it. She persisted that she had nothing to be thankful for. At last he spoke to her of her neighbor's husband, an intemperate man, who wasted his money when he was out, and ill-treated his wife when he came home.

"Now," he said, "is your husband like that?"

"No," was the reluctant answer.

"Well, then, should you not thank God that you have a kind husband?"

She was forced to admit this, and promised that she would thank God every night and morning for his mercy. Some days elapsed before the minister re-visited her dwelling; but when he did so, he was struck with her bright look, as she greeted him.

"Oh, Sir," she exclaimed, "I have longed to see you; I have so wished to thank you! For a morning or two I did as I promised, but I did not rightly feel what I said. But the next day when I was thanking God that I had a kind husband, I thought I should also thank him that I had healthy children; and when I was thanking Him for that, I thought I should thank Him that I had clothes for them to wear, and a house to cover their heads; and so, sir, when I was thanking God for one thing, another came into my head, and another still; and now I know not where to stop, or how to thank Him enough; and I feel so happy!"

So will it be with you, my reader, if you will only try the experiment. For gratitude increases with its use. The more thankful we are, the more thankful we shall become, and the more we shall have to be thankful for.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.—A touching scene was enacted upon the Market Square this morning, calculated to impress the beholder with a high estimation of a woman's patience and her unswerving affection. A staid couple, somewhat advanced in years, arrived from the rural districts with a load of some description of produce calculated to contribute to the sustenance of the city, and the old gentleman had wandered off to one of the numerous places of entertainment for man and beast surrounding the market, intrusting the mercantile interest entirely to the charge of the old lady.

After disposing of the load the good matron prepared to return home, and started in pursuit of her truant lord, whom she found near at hand, stretched at full length on a bench and under a total prostration of his mental and physical faculties, as if from a fit of apoplexy or sun stroke. Tenderly raising the inanimated form in her arms, the good wife conveyed him bodily to the farm wagon on the opposite side of the street, and tumbled him gently over the end board. Then mounting the vehicle herself, she seized him by the neck band of his shirt, and dragged him lengthwise of the box in the position in which dead bodies are usually stowed. Having accomplished her labor of love, the kind old lady wiped the perspiration from her brow with the corner of her apron, tenderly remarking to the unconscious sleeper: "Now lay there, you old fool, till I get yer home; won't I wallop the whisky out o' yer!" The spectators were deeply affected by the scene, and felt for the old man, as the establishment started off on a brisk trot over the stones.

Hamilton (W.) Times.

The Tarboro Southerner says that, on the 9th inst., Mr. James S. Long, of Edgecombe, on going to his hog pens to feed, just after a storm, found that twenty had been struck with lightning and killed.

There is an editor in Minnesota who weighs 642 pounds. His name is Frank Dagget, and he derives sustenance from the Wabashaw Herald.

Sergeant James Brown, company D, 8th U. S. infantry, confined at Wilmington for stealing from government, attempted to escape Monday night, and was shot and killed.

THE PURITAN'S WITCH-PINS.—Samuel Colt, the founder of the magnificent arms manufactory of Hartford, Conn., London, &c., and known all over the world, happened to be visiting that somewhat famous museum at Salem, Mass.—a vast *omnium gatherum* of all the ancient relics of Puritanism—when, among other curiosities, he was shown a large lot of crooked brass pins, dingy and green with age and verdigris, which had been vomited up by the poor victims of persecution, when the devil had been cast out of them by the good and holy exorcists of that period.

Colonel Colt examined the pins with great interest and close scrutiny. At length he said to the attendant:

"Is it certain that these pins were really thrown up by these poor women-devils at that remote time?"

"You'll find the date in the catalogue which you have in your hand," was the only reply.

"Yes, I see," responded the Colonel; "but I've been looking into those pins a little, and I find that the long part and the head of the pin are all in one piece! This makes it bad, you see, because that kind of pin was invented about a century and a half after the witches of New-England were executed for being 'possessed with the devil!' Take the idea, sir? These pins ought to have been old English pins, the heads and bodies separate; and I don't know how you are going to get 'em now; for our pins have run that kind out of the market years and years ago."

The exhibitor wilted, and those "crooked pins" have vanished from the museum.

CURING A NEW DISEASE.—As Dr. Forden was professing his ability to conquer disease in its most aggravative forms, by the medium of his wonderful curative, the "King of Pain," a darkey approached the carriage, in which the Doctor was seated, and exclaimed:

"Mighty good Doctor, I 'spect, but I bet dat he couldn't cure de disease wot I got."

"I can do it," confidently exclaimed the Doctor, "let me prescribe for your complaint. What is the matter with you?"

"Got an ole pocket book, and nuffin in it," responded the darkey with a broad grin, which spread through the crowd.

"Mighty bad complaint," remarked the Doctor, "I have had a touch of that disease myself, and know exactly how to cure it. Now, my colored friend, instead of loafing about Montgomery doing nothing, just you travel towards somebody's plantation, take off that old coat of yours and work hard, from sun up till sunset, as I have done since I left General Lee's command; and that old pocket book of yours will soon be full enough to get you all you want. If you have any other disease, I'll cure that besides, for I want to make a happy, contented man of you, while I am about it."

The darkey had no more to say, and the "King of Pain" sold faster than ever.

Mong. Mail.

THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Daniel Webster once remarked: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting in it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school should supply him with a newspaper. well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence."

Official reports show that from January to July there were 63,376 cases of cholera and 32,704 deaths in Italy. Sicily suffered most.

The Great Eastern has been chartered to lay a cable in May next between Brest and New York.