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Wayside Cleanings.

FOR THE TIMES.
The Sinner's Child.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Our cottage 'neath the yew, mother,
Why did we come away,
When Summer brought her tinted wreath,
To deck the green wood spray;
The bee was wandering 'mid the gold
Our bright laburnum flag;
The woodbine essay a gleamy fold
Above our lattice hung;
And there's my sister's grave, mother,
Away beneath the tree—
I wonder if she's lonely now,
When "no one comes to see."
Oh, tell your child to-day, mother,
Shall we go back again,
When May-blows, from the orchard tree,
Drop down like rosy rain?
I weary of this dusty room,
This stifled city air—
Shall we go back to our old home
And find my father there?
Ah, vain, sweet child, your longing words,
I cannot take you back,
To listen to the songs of birds
Along the dear home track;
A stranger has your mother's place—
Your father, where is he,
Alas! the wild waves leave no trace
Of those who sink at sea!
'Twas years ago your father's ship
Sailed from the pleasant shore,
She said it with a trembling lip,
I never saw him more;
Afar from home and me he died,
He sleeps 'neath ocean blue,—
"Mary," a dear voice near her cried,
"God gives me back to you!"
They went to dwell in their old home,
The bee was in the flowers,
And every spell of joy and bloom
Wreathed round the Summer hours;
Once more the child all gaily played
'Neath the accustomed tree,
And thankfully its mother prayed
To God who watched the sea!

FOR THE TIMES.
The Pure in Heart.

Man was created pure in heart, stamped with the image of his Creator, and blessed with that great intellectual faculty, which bound him both to earth and heaven. But, since the curse of Eden, that primal purity has been so blackened by the sting of vice and folly, that virtue is made to groan beneath the burden she so often bears; and if it were not for that principle, born of God and approved of man, which regenerates and purifies the heart and life, happiness would take its everlasting flight from our earth.
How beautiful are the lessons we learn from the actions of the good and pure, and they are doubly beautiful, because they come to us so gently and unconsciously. To all the world their influence is like the dew of heaven, slowly penetrating to the heart, then springing forth in great acts and loving deeds.
Society were not only its existence, but its improvement and strength, to the influence of pure-hearted, disinterested and noble-minded men. It is truly said, that virtue is the cement that binds all society together.
But the influence of the pure in heart is felt more in the home-circle, that sweet spot where kindred souls should be linked together, and angry words should never dare intrude. Father, mother, upon what does the sacred happiness of your homes depend? Is it the burning genius and glowing talent of that son who has in-

deed won a crown of applause, from the world, but scattered only its thorn in your midst? Is it the brilliant beauty of that daughter, upon whom you gaze so fondly, as the admiring multitude gives to her its homage of smiling delight? Nay, nay; your own hearts answer, "it springs from those household treasures who have, always, smiles and gentle words to greet you." One pure loving heart at the home-stead is better than eggnips or talent, better than riches or honor, for it is a light, which sheds its beams on all the little land, and makes for them a paradise of joys.

To be pure in heart does not require us to be perfect as angels, only perfect as mortals. The first and last great lesson of life is to "keep the heart with all diligence;" keep it from contact with evil minds, keep it from contact with evil books, and above all, keep out of it all those bad passions which belong to our own nature.—Clear and sparkling water never flows from a polluted fountain. EULALIA.

Going to Church in Old Times.

It is well known to all descendants of revolutionary sires, that in early times in this country, the stealth and audacity of the savage aborigines rendered it necessary for our forefathers to go armed to the house of God. But it is not so generally known that to do so was actually the law of the land. In 1675, the Puritans published an edict that every one who went to meeting on Lord's-day should go armed, and provided with at least six charges of powder and shot, under a penalty of two shillings for every omission. As if to mitigate the seeming scandalousness of the thing, it was further enacted that whoever "shall shoot off any gun on any unnecessary occasion, or at any game whatsoever, except at an Indian or a wolf, shall forfeit five shillings for every such shot, till further liberty shall be given." That they should have gone to church at all under such circumstances is worthy of remembrance, and calculated to rebuke the readiness with which we yield to any supposed obstacle which may lie in the way of our attending the worship of God upon the Sabbath. The picture of old men and matrons, young men, maidens, and children, walking, or at best riding on horseback, through the woods and over the fields to the house of prayer, when they knew that the path was full of dangers, and that any bush by the wayside might be the lurking-place of their deadly enemy, presents a suggestive contrast to the "softness and self-indulgence" which characterize American Christians now.

Yet in maintaining the public worship of God through such grave discouragements, our forefathers did nothing more than their duty; and there is room for serious doubt whether, while we have lost nearly every vestige of the heroism of their piety, we have gained much in the matter of decorum. We have reduced public worship to a science, arranging its routine into a rigid code of religious etiquette, discarding the naked simplicity and mere good sense of our ancestors. But how much more revolting are guns than fiddles in the house of God? and how much more incoherent were Puritan statutes than modern fashions in their prescriptions of a Sunday outfit?

One thing let us never forget: If our ancestors, without railroads, turnpikes, or pavements, perseveringly met together to "praise and pray," no amount of mere religious sentiment will excuse us, with our superior advantages, from rendering a corresponding service to God. If, with all their heroism and industry, they were bareheaded, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?—*Home Circle.*

From the N. C. Christian Advocate.

Dancing.

The time was, when Methodists had too much regard for the teachings of the Bible, and too much respect for those who ministered to them in spiritual things, to "shuffle the light fantastic toe." But times have changed. There are those in the church now who cannot see any harm in this innocent (?) amusement. Verily, we are advancing—backwards. Now, I just wish all such Christians (?) to read what the following heathen writers say on the subject.—Cicero, the great Roman orator says, "No one dances, whether in private, or convivial assemblies, unless he be intoxicated or a fool." The Pagans were so convinced of this, that to render the followers of Philip of Macedon odious, it was enough for Demosthenes to accuse them of having danced. Ovid, the poet, so voluptuous, and so regardless of morality, styled

dancing-houses, places of *ship-wrecks for modesty*, and the dance itself the seed of vice. Boyle, the impious philosopher, who even professed to disbelieve the existence of a God, says, "the dance can only serve to spoil the heart, and wage a war dangerous to sobriety." This is what Pagans say. Shall they rise in judgment with this generation, and condemn it?—Shall some members of the M. E. Church sink deeper in the pit of endless misery than some who never beheld their duty under the light of Divine Revelation?—Shall those children who are accomplished (?) at dancing schools, be "swift witnesses" against their parents at the bar of God? HYDE.

Worth of Woman.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight, Graceful and fair as a being of light; Scatters around her, wherever she strays, Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways; Roses of paradise, sent from above, To be gathered and twined in a garland of love! [Schiller.]

Literary.

WHICH WAS THE COWARD.

"Will you bear that Edward?"
The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also, a young man, had asked the question in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was a time for response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt:
"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words: and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"
Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added, "You will resent the insult."
"Why did he pause?" His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for a moment!
"We have been fast friends. James," said Wilson, calmly. "But, even if that were not so, I will not strike you."
"You're afraid."
"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."
"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other, contemptuously.
"You know me better than that, J. Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegations as false."
There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to repress.
"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to strike the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.
"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have called my friend."
At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relations of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.
"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.
"The latter whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly; he made no other response.
"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan. The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the part whose voice had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, continued motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that

little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of the misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and a half dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all the parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting, that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and moved slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable.—Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word "coward" from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.
Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above, in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of a milldam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards their companions on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succor.
Instant action was necessary, or all

would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the milldam, and that night at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But, the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party, on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:
"Quick Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and, with giant strength, born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out to the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprang forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not three feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-created waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But, not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.
And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all the circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks.—Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it was shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful leap was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight uninjured.
"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered, with the rest of the company, around Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved. Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.
"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excit-

ed and exhausted to speak. At last he said:

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."
Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan: "It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the mill-dam."
There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

Common Schools.

From the American Journal of Education.

MORAL EDUCATION.

THE BEST METHODS OF TEACHING MORALS IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY REV. CHAS. BROOKS, OF MEDFORD, MASS.

(Continued.)

My fourth and last method is this: to introduce voluntary discussions on moral topics. The head master should preside over, and direct them. Such discussions would incidentally teach children grammar, the art of expression before numbers, the laws of fair debate, the principles of just criticism, the laws of order, &c.; but, my plan is to use them for teaching moral truth with exceeding distinctness and power. A book of debatable questions, embracing history, biography, government, domestic life, play, work, virtue, vice, &c., should be prepared with special reference to such a school exercise. If such a book does not exist, let the teacher give out such a question from his own mind as he knows to be fitted to his pupils; such questions as the following:

1. Can a person be justified in telling a falsehood under any imaginable circumstances?
2. Is every citizen morally bound to vote in the election of town, state, and national officers?
3. Is every person, who owns property, morally bound to have a written will and testament?
4. How far is a good brother or sister morally bound to help a bad brother or sister?

All human life and human history would furnish the teacher with topics or suggestions. Almost every newspaper might contain records of demoniacal crime or godlike virtue, which could be made fertile in moral impressions. Let the teacher give out his question, and kindly ask each pupil to express his opinion upon it. This exercise, after a few trials, as I know from experience, gets to be very interesting to the pupils. Look at this matter closely. By this process a moral principle is brought palpably before each child's mind. A vote upon the question is to be taken at the end of the discussion; and each vote is secret, written on a scrap of paper, with the voter's name attached. Is it not plain, that each young mind in that school will listen to the question, dwell upon it, turn it over, and turn it round, and try to see where the truth lies? As different speakers give their opinions, the whole assembly waves with emotion, and thoughts are suggested to many minds which no common teaching could elude. Now, what is the effect of this exercise? Is it not to bring soberly before each mind an important moral principle, and then to apply that principle to actual life? Each child knows that he must write down his opinion in his vote; and how certainly will this lead each one to give the best judgment he can form. Is not this direct and powerful moral teaching in school? This mode makes use of the whole school, to teach that school, Christian morality. By this exercise the ideas of right and wrong are entertained by each pupil, and then brought to decide upon moral differences. This exercise, therefore, converts each mind from the passive to the active state; the only state in which a child learns. The young thoughts kindle as they dwell on the suspended question. The whole soul begins to move, the curiosity is wide awake, the feelers are all out, the reason compares, the judgment weighs, conscience decides, and open side is taken for the right. And I ask if this is not moral teaching? How easy, how natural, how persuasive is such an agency; and how perfectly free from all sectarian prejudice! Without suspecting the philosophy of the process, the child insensibly becomes imbued with spiritual ideas, moral truths, practical rules, and Christian motives. Without knowing it, he is lifted up, in company with his classmates, into the higher regions of a divine life, and

that life becomes the fashionable fact of the school. Thus this exercise gradually brings out the divine image in the young and moulds them into a resemblance to the "holy child Jesus."

I am now prepared to state a most important fact. By this easy and delightful process of self-culture, the children have set up in the midst of their school a common standard of right; a common conscience; a school conscience. By means of two such exercises in each week, they have created, in their midst, an intellectual moral empire to whose eternal principles they bow. To this they refer when they make nice and moral distinctions, and when they measure moral wrong with precision. Thus the government of the school is carried on by the scholars. Is not this securing spiritual development?

How natural and practicable is this method? But, I have one more which you may think better yet. It is this. To convert the whole school into an amiable jury for the purpose of trying imaginable cases of disobedience in the young.

Whenever a pupil commits an offense, let the master conceal his name and call him *Justus*, and then the whole school be called to see that justice is done to the unknown offender. Let *Justus* have a chance of explaining and vindicating himself by counsel. Let him be dealt with according to the equitable rules of our common courts; so, that if he is condemned he may know why. The master must be the final judge; and the offender is never to be punished in the presence of any one, except the master who administers the chastisement. The method of conducting such a moral lesson may vary according to circumstances; sometimes only a friendly consultation; sometimes a silent vote after the master has explained all the facts. Another mode might be this in extreme cases. Let the teacher select three boys or girls who are to act the part of accusers of *Justus*, and let the school select three who are to plead for him. Let the rest of the school be jurors, who are to give their vote or verdict on paper, each one writing his name under his verdict. Let witnesses be summoned and give in their testimonies, and let every thing be done which will bring a just verdict. If difficult points come up, so much the better; let the teacher expound them.

In a trial of this kind, there will be an intense interest awakened in every pupil's mind. Each one knows that he has to write his verdict; and he therefore is exceedingly desirous of understanding the case. He will listen to the evidence, follow the pleadings on each side, weigh the objections, balance the probabilities and feel his moral responsibility. He will desire to do what is right, and especially desire not to do wrong. In such a trial, how unconsciously would come up the principles of equity, the rules of morality, the commands of parents, and the will of God. Opportunities would occur, during a year, of teaching every ethical principle, and scrutinizing every department of human conduct. And be it noted also, that this teaching is in a form never to be forgotten. Here is a great result; these trials would show what? They would reveal the requirements of morality and furthermore reveal the direct application of its eternal principles to the every day conduct of life. During the whole trial, moral truth and Christian law would occupy the minds and move the hearts of the entire school. The rules of right and the maxims of virtue would not present themselves to the young minds there, as a theory or a guess, but as solemn, tangible, binding, immortal and practicable principles. Each child would get to understand that the principles of morality are omnipresent and almighty; that they are the rules of the divine government, and that they do not for a moment relax their benignant, all pervading requirements over the mind, any more than gravitation relaxes its power over the body. By such a trial each child comes to believe and feel that morality binds every thought, will, and act, thus connecting him with God and immortality, and thus bringing before him his future accountability. Now where a school exercise thus brings together moral principles and daily conduct, I ask if this is not the exact definition of teaching morals in common schools?

If you curtail your expenses, clip at the right corners; be sure you do not begin with the newspaper. One ounce less of sugar a day will furnish a newspaper in the family. Starve your stomach sooner than your brains. You will not miss the sugar as soon as the paper.