

THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY GAZETTE.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Without or with offence to friends or foes,
We sketch the world exactly as it goes.

IN ADVANCE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

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THE
CHAPEL HILL GAZETTE.

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BY

JAMES M. HENDERSON,

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sertion, and Twenty-five cents per square for
each subsequent insertion.Regular Advertisers will be required to settle
Quarterly; transient advertisements must
be paid for in advance.

OUR STORY TELLER.

"Now fiction's groves are tread where young romance
Lays the glad scenes in her sweetest trance."

THE SHADOWS

AND THE

SUNSHINE.

BY S. SIMON BARRET.

CHAPTER I.

"A letter for you, sir!"

I broke the seal and read with astonish-
ment.

"Mr. EDWARD WORTHINGTON—Sir—
Pardon these intrusive lines, and rest as-
sured that they are from one who shall ever
be proud to call himself your sincere friend.
Lucy Ames is not faithful to you? I do
not write this to you for any base purpose;
for since I know so well your generous
and noble nature, I cannot hesitate when I
see that nature become the innocent slave
of vile dissimulation. Nor have I been too
hasty in communicating to you this knowl-
edge. I only fear it is too late; but rest as-
sured that all I have said is true, and can
be attested by one who has an undoubted
personal knowledge of all the facts. Ar-
thur Wesley, our village schoolmaster, is
your too fortunate rival."

Years. A Friend.
This was not the first intimation I had
had of Lucy's inconstancy. I had seen
things with my own eyes that made me
doubt her sincerity. For a long time the
unwelcome suspicion had been preying up-
on me, and this fatal letter had come to
bring conviction—stern, irrevocable, hope-
less conviction.

I did not doubt the truth of it; and
yet how it writhed my soul with torture
to think of it, to admit it. It did not
could not crush me; I braved it to the
last; I had been less than man to do
otherwise. I pursued the letter calmly,
—no, not calmly—not indifferently, but
sternly, as though it were dross of fate
that I should not only drain the bitter
cup, but should swallow the very dregs.

And yet I loved the wayward girl, and
gladly, oh! how gladly would I have for-
given her imprudence. To her first of all
I went to seek an interview. "Lucy was
proud—too proud to be just to herself, yet
she was generous and noble, in spite of all
her fickleness."

Obstinately convinced that she had pre-
ferred another to me, I did not ask her ex-
pect any explanations from her; I showed
her without any hesitation the letter I had
just received, and requested her to return
me such letters as I had previously written
to her, and any other little keepsake which
might, in future, only prove annoying to
her. She bestowed on me a look I shall
never forget.

"And do you believe this, Edward?" she
said.

"I do!" I replied without hesitation.
"What unpeppable evidence!" she re-
torted, with the first impulse of pride.

"I do not rely on the information con-
tained in this letter. I have seen enough
myself without taking any person's advice
or opinion."

"She immediately left the room, and re-
turned in a few moments with a package
of letters and a small box of jewels, my
former presents, saying gaily as she placed
them in my hands."

"By these tokens, then, since it is your
will, I absolve you!"

In spite of the smile that played upon
her mouth, I thought I could detect traces
of repent tears, hastily brushed away
from her cheeks.

In a moment the thought flashed upon
my mind that she might, after all, be true.
Impulsively I was about to speak to her,
to ask her if it was not so; but what should
I say? I had gone too far, and it was too
late to retreat. But as the thought had
come upon me like a flash, it vanished as
it had come, leaving no alternative but to
pursue the course I had adopted.

"Farewell then!" I said with apparent in-
difference. "May your future life be ever
lighted by the sunshine of happiness."

"Thank you! I trust no act of my own
may ever bring misery upon me."

"Bon-soir, Miss Ames!"

"That will never reproach me!" she re-
plied.

"God grant it. The step that you have
taken may, in your opinion, be just, but
let me assure you that others do not think
so. We do not always see ourselves as oth-
ers see us."

"I have done nothing Mr. Worthing-
ton, to merit this—you are not only de-
ceived, but impertinent, sir; and caution-
sly avoid any questions that might lead to
an explanation."

"I ask no explanation," I hurriedly re-
plied, and immediately took my depart-
ure in no very amiable mood, nor did I
wish to humble myself sufficiently to ask
her any questions that might, as she had
suggested, lead to a satisfactory explana-
tion. What a victory pride had won!—
How perfect and complete had been its
ultimate success on both sides.

CHAPTER II.

I HURRIED from the door, as I turned my
steps homeward again. Instinctively I
took the usual course in returning to the
village, (for Lucy lived nearly a mile out
of town) so busy with my thoughts as to
be utterly unconscious of anything and ev-
erything else. There was a high bridge
that lay between me and the village, just
wide enough for the track, the middle of
which was planked over for the conveni-
ence of pedestrians. Outside the track it
was impossible to walk.

One of the planks, which was very thick
and heavy, had been partly raised for
some purpose, and left in that position. In
endeavoring to pass it, I struck my foot
against it, stumbled, and in recovering my-
self, forced one leg through the aperture,
and striking my other foot with all the
force required to regain my equilibrium,
replaced the plank in such a manner as
not only let my foot protruding through
the narrow crack, but promised to present
a difficulty in removing the plank to liber-
ate me.

I smiled to think how curiously I had
been "trapped," and stooped down to re-
move the plank and free myself from so
dangerous a position. The task was not so
easily performed as I had imagined.—
The plank was wedged in, in such a man-
ner that no effort of mine could remove
it. I strove with more than mortal power,
but it was in vain; nor could I extricate
my foot which was lacerated and smart-
ing with the pain in its close confinement.

At first I did not consider the extent of
my peril, but I soon began to perceive the
danger of my situation; and I shuddered
with horror to think that I should be ob-
liged to remain there and be crushed to
death by the cars! It was a cold day in
December, and yet the beaded drops burst
from every pore. A moment of phrenzied
delirium succeeded, and when I rallied a-
gain, I found myself sitting between the
rails, my foot still a prisoner, and no pros-
pect of delivery.

I looked at my watch; it was half-
past three. At five the down freight
would pass, or if that should be late, the
express would go up at half-past five; and
at half-past four it would be dark.

It was possible, very probable that some
one would pass by before it should be too
late. This way was nearer to the village
than the road, though always regarded as
more dangerous on account of the narrow-
ness of the bridge, from which there would
be no possibility of escape in case a train
should come in sight while passing over it.
Already one had been killed by endeavor-
ing to cross at a time when the train was
due; and should I be the second to perish
there? How the thought tortured me;—
and once again I tugged at the resisting
plank. With all my strength I tried to
withdraw my foot and leave the boot; but
impossible!

It was four o'clock—in half an hour it
would be dark—another half hour and
death would be certain! I shouted for
aid, but no habitation was within half a
mile, and no answer was returned to my
cries. Again and again I shrieked while
despairing echoes reverberated through
the distant wood, as though they would
mock me in my misery. And then with
all the accumulated strength of madness I
wrenched the plank, but could not move it
from its place. It could not be possible
that I should be obliged to sit there and
be crushed to death, when human aid was
so near. Had I been in some isolated for-
at, some depth of country, distant from

town or cottage, my doom might have
been more certain. Once again I shrieked
with agonizing fury; wildly, desperately
the sounds of my voice rung out on the
chilling air; while nothing but the mock-
ing echoes made reply.

The sun had set; and the darkness was
gathering fast over the valley below. Ah
ready the last reddening glow of sunshine
was gleaming on the tops of the forest
trees. My irrevocable destiny became ev-
ery moment more and more apparent.—
Hark! My God! the train! No, no! I
stretched forward and listened with breath-
less eagerness. There was not a sound
to break the silence; I must have been
deceived. But list! A voice! a voice!
Thank God!

"Help! help! help!" I cried, and each
time I shouted the words, I seemed, in
despair, nerved up to greater power of
speech, and called louder and louder each
time. Did he hear me? There was
no answer—all was still! Oh, merciful
heaven, was this last chance for life denied
me?

"Hall-o!"

The voice was distant, but oh, how my
blood leaped with joy at the sound!

Again I called with all the strength of
my lungs, and again I was answered. In
a little while a figure appeared advancing
toward me, but as it was growing already
so dark, I could not recognize him, nor
did I care to; but when he came close to
me one glance showed me it was Arthur
Wesley! I should let him pass by, nor ask
him to assist me? Would he do so? As
he approached he asked,

"Is this you Mr. Worthington? Bless
me, are you hurt?"

"No, thank you, I am not much hurt,
but see! I am so nicely trapped here, that
I could not free myself alone, and I think
it is nearly time for the down freight to be
due."

It was growing dark very fast; so dark
indeed was it that I found it impossible to
discover what time it was by my watch.
He never hesitated a moment, but seized
the dejected plank with both hands, and
at the same instant, I also imitated his
example. To accused thing resisted all
our efforts, and remained obstinately im-
movable. What should be done? In
half an hour the train would be due—
would there be time to go for assistance—
to bring an axe and liberate my foot? He
would try.

"For God's sake, Mr. Wesley," said I, "be
expeditions. It is too horrible to sit here
and face death unwillingly!"

I was alone again. The winds sighed
mournfully about me, but I felt relief. I
even forgot my danger, and turned my at-
tention once more to the thoughts with
which I had been occupied when I
unwittingly stumbled into my present un-
pleasant dilemma.

Nevertheless I was apprehensive that
he might be delayed until the train should
pass. In fact, I had no assurance that he
had time to go to Mr. Ames' and return
before it should be too late. Another
thought rushed upon my frantic brain—
had he deceived me? Would he not on-
ly be too happy in being thus easily rid-
of my unwelcome presence? I knew he
never would come to me again—he would
leave me to the mercy of such a cruel
fate! Heavens! There is no mistaking
that sound—the whistle at the P—Sta-
tion only five miles distant!

How well do I remember the thoughts
that passed through my mind, as I ap-
parently awaited the return of Arthur Wes-
ley; for, though I had every reason to be-
lieve he would not come, still I instinctively
awaited him, and hoped, oh, how I
hoped he would return. Hour after hour
had I sat there all day, and now I was still
hoping and vibrating between the hope of
dearly and the almost certain conviction
of destruction. The fearful chill of despair
was creeping over me; my trembling
limbs already announced that my nerves
were sinking in exhaustion. At every
moment I kept a watch for his returning
footsteps, but no welcome sound fell on my
ear.

Hark! it is the train! The low, distant
thunder cannot deceive me now. It will
here in a few minutes.

"Help! help!"

The wailing cry faded away, and there
was no answer. Louder and louder came
the thunder; nearer and nearer came the
train. The rising moon disclosed to me
the white column of smoke and steam, ris-
ing above the hill beyond the curve; and
now the regular beating puff and cough of
the engine struck my ear, like the gloat-
ing chuckle of some terrible monster regar-
ding his victim. How like a phrenzy the
thought came on me that it was now too

late for assistance! No human being
would venture on the bridge when the
train was in hearing distance, when it was
too dark to distinguish objects in time to
stop the impetuous fire horse; and yet, fu-
rious and frantic at the thought of such a
death, I stretched my trembling limbs to
their utmost, and shrieked again and a-
gain till I grew hoarse, and the thundering
train drowned feeble efforts of my voice.—
And now delirium seized me. I fancied
some giant fiend held down the plank
which I vainly tried to wrench from its
firm position—I could hear the chuckle
of satisfaction it gave to think it had me
there so safely in his power.

The loud roar that now reached my ear
announced that the train had struck the
bridge—there came an end to hope—oh,
God, no power could avert the death that
stared me in the face! For an instant I
saw countless demons hovering through
the air. Fire and smoke enveloped me—
there was a crushing blow, a convulsion, a
dim recollection of keen pains shooting
through my imprisoned limb, and all was
darkness. I knew no more.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I returned again to consciousness,
I was lying on an easy couch, in a room
dimly lighted, but neatly and tidily fur-
nished. While I lay, wondering where I
was, and trying to recall what had passed,
the door was slowly opened, and Lucy
Ames entered the room. In a moment
she was by my bedside, watching the mo-
tions and expressions of my countenance,
doubtless imagining that I was still deliri-
ous.

"Lucy—Miss Ames!"
She started back as I uttered the name,
as though unwilling I should discover her
real thoughts, but, in a moment, recover-
ing all self-possession, she took calmly to-
ward me, and asked, with a tone of affect-
ed indifference:

"Do you not feel easier, now?"

"Indeed I scarce know how I do feel,"
I replied, "but there is a pain and soreness
in my head, and in fact, in all my limbs
I must have been badly hurt."

I had a dim recollection of the occur-
rence narrated in the previous chapter;—
and I surely felt surprise that I should
have again awakened to life. The pain
which I felt, on regaining my reason, in-
creased now momentarily. A physician
was at hand, and every effort was made
by him as well as the members of Mr. Ames
family, (in whose house I was then lying)
in which, also, Lucy and Mr. Wesley join-
ed, to alleviate my sufferings.

In spite of their attentions my pains rap-
idly augmented, and in short time I was
again lost in the unconscious delirium of
fever. In my fitful dreamings I was again
on the narrow bridge, bending every effort
and straining every nerve to remove the
piece of wood that bound me there. Again
I was chained to a huge rock, in which
unconscious laborers were drilling holes
to blast the unseemly mass to atoms.—
Fiends, shapeless and hideous, flew about
me, chattering in glee—demons danced
on the sharp edges of the rock, chuckling
again like the measured puff of the engine
—and at intervals they stopped to bind
the chains closer, until the links fastened
into the flesh, and turned my blood to gall
with the poison in which they had been
dipped. Caverns yawned on every side
to receive me. All at once was heard the
long shrill whistle of the engine, and voices
that seemed the very agony of despair,
screamed on every side of me, "The train!
the train!"

But all this was past. I was well again,
and could walk about the house with the
aid of a crutch, for I had left one foot sus-
pended in the bridge where I had so mir-
aculously escaped death. Lucy had re-as-
sured me of her love; not indeed by words,
but by her actions. Long and patiently
she watched by my side; and to her
more than any other I owe the preserva-
tion of my life. No words had passed
between us in relation to the subject which
had so nearly separated us, yet there seem-
ed to be a tacit acknowledgment of the er-
ror on my part, and a cheerful forgiveness
on her's. But one day, when we chanced
to be alone, I recurred to the folly of which
I had been guilty, and asked her forgive-
ness.

"Freely do I forgive you, if indeed you
have been guilty of any act which would
seem to require it. You doubtless acted
according to your earnest inclination,—
which I would not wish to oppose. I sup-
posed your only object was to secure the
hand of another, in leaving me, and that
you—"

"Lucy, Lucy! It was not so—I was
mad; I was a fool! I believed too rash-

ly, but now I will believe nothing, I will
not even credit what I see; but tell me,—
Lucy, how it happened that on one or two
occasions, after excusing yourself from ac-
companying me to an evening's visit or
party, I should afterward meet you return-
ing home, at almost midnight, with Mr.
Wesley?"

"Still jealous, I see?"

"No, no!—but—"

"Listen then, and I will explain all which
I might have done sooner had you re-
quired it. I was anxious to learn French; and
as this was probably the only opportu-
nity I should ever have, I had engaged to
take private lessons of Mr. Wesley. I did
not think it necessary to tell every one why
I was so often seen in the company of that
gentleman, who, I must assure you, is
not only a very amiable young man,—
but is engaged to my cousin, with whom
no inducement could cause him to break
his compact."

But why did he delay so long to come
to my assistance?

"He did, indeed, make all the haste in
his power; but in company with my bro-
ther, arrived a moment too late, when, it
would have been madness to venture on
the bridge. In the dim light they saw
you fall into the water, which fortunately
was deep and rapid, and consequently free
from ice. They hastened to the bank of the
stream, and in a few moments succee-
ded in rescuing you from the second dan-
ger, and bore you to the house."

Friends! thank God! all friends! I could
not help but utter after listening to Lucy's
explanation of all that had transpired. I
was happy again, though maimed for life,
a fact which Lucy generously seemed to
quite overlook, as she did not hesitate to
become Mrs. Worthington in less than a
month after my perfect convalescence.

Church of England.

An Episcopalian requests us to publish
the following from a late English pa-
per.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy
Council has given its decision on the final
appeal, in the case of the churches of St.
Barabas, Pimlico and St. Paul's Knights-
bridge. This we understand it determines
finally the questions in controversy, which
related to church ornaments and the ar-
rangement of chancels for divine worship.
The decision turned upon the construction
to be given to sundry rubrics and acts of
Parliament.

The points decided are as follows.
I. Crosses may be used in the interior
as well as on the exterior of churches.—
The large wooden cross in the chancel of
St. Barabas is accordingly permitted to
remain.

II. Stone altars, fixed into the body of
the church and immovable, are prohibited.
Altars, communion tables must be of wood
and movable. The stone altar of St. Bar-
abas, which rests on the foundation of the
church, is to be removed.

III. The communion table must be ca-
pable of being covered. Changes of altar
cloths, as black for Lent, white for Easter
&c., are permitted.

IV. Super altars, or wooden ledges over
and behind the altars, are permitted.

V. The brazen chancel screen or gate
separating the chancel from the body of
the church, is permitted.

VI. Credence tables, or preparatory al-
tars or tables, on which the elements are
placed before consecration for the Holy
Communion, are permitted.

VII. The golden candlesticks standing
on the super-altar, at St. Paul's are per-
mitted.

This decision overrules the decision of
Dr. Lushington on all points but that of the
stone altar. On that point it coincides,
with the views of the Evangelical party.—
On the other points it sustains the practi-
ces of the Tractarians as rubrical.

Benefits of Partnership.

A nobleman residing in Italy, was about
to celebrate his marriage feast. All the
elements were propitious except the ocean,
which had been so boisterous as to deny
the very necessary appendage of fish. On
the very morning of the feast however, a
poor fisherman made his appearance with
a turbot, so large, that it seemed to have
been created for the occasion. Joy pervad-
ed the household, and the fisherman was
ushered with his prize into the saloon,—
where the nobleman, in the presence of his
visitors, requested him to put what price
he thought proper on the fish, and it should
be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes," said the fisher-

man, "on my bare back, is the price of my
fish and I will not bate one strand of
whipcord on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests were a
little astonished, but our chapman was re-
solute, and remonstrance was in vain.—
At length the nobleman exclaimed,

"Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and
the fish we must have, but lay on lightly,
and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been adminis-
tered the fisherman suddenly exclaimed:

"Hold! hold! I have a partner in this
business, and it is fitting he should receive
his share."

"What! are there too madcaps in the
world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name
him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go far for him," said the
fisherman; "you will find him at your gate
in the shape of your own porter, who would
not let me in until I promised that he
should have the half of whatever I receiv-
ed for my turbot."

"O, O," said the nobleman; "bring him
up instantly; he shall receive his stipu-
lated moiety with the strictest justice." This
ceremony being finished, he discharged the
porter, and amply rewarded the fisher-
man.

A Coincidence, if True.—The Cologne
Gazette of 9th April, states it as very
remarkable that, in this year, as may not
happen for many years again, all days
and dates correspond exactly with those
of 1849, as also all movable festivals with-
out exception, and even the quarter days,
so that the calendar of 1849 may be made
use of for this year.

The Richmond American announces
the distressing fact that Gov. Wise's fam-
ous Eagle kicked the bucket a few days
since; in other words, his spirit (immortal
or otherwise) winged its way to another
sphere of action, &c.

Secretary Marcy will reside in the city
of New York while, prior, to his visit to
Europe. He has sold his mansion in Al-
bany, which was occupied one year by Go-
vernor Seymour, and also by Governor
Clark.

ADDRESSES.—We see it announced that
the Rev. Dr. Deems, of Wilmington is to
deliver the Annual Address, and the Rev.
Thos. G. Lowe, of Halifax, the Annual
Sermon before the Goldsboro' Female
College at the commencement on the 27th
and 28th inst.

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.—The Pacific
Railroad.—The Southern Pacific Railroad
has been endowed by the State of Texas
with a grant of 8,017,000 acres of land
and six thousand dollars per mile towards
its construction. The road through Tex-
as will be 783 miles long. The land—tak-
ing those of the Illinois Company as a ba-
sis—with which Texas has thus endowed
this railroad, will be worth more than this
a hundred and twenty millions of dollars.
In amount it is nearly twice as great as the
whole State of Massachusetts and in qual-
ity, superior to the rich lands of the Illinois
Company, and said to be capable of pro-
ducing anything, from cotton and figs to
potatoes and oats.

What a Man Costs—Value of edu-
cation.

In a recent number of Hunts Merchants
Magazine, there is an interesting calcula-
tion on the subject of raising and educa-
tion men. It presents a new and striking
argument in favor of education. It is to
be regretted that there should be any ne-
cessity for using such an argument, but as
there are in the world a great many things
who measure all things—even their pro-
fessed religion, by the "almighty dollar,"
the article will do good. Aside from that
it is one of interest, from its calculation, and
will be read with pleasure. We have only
room for a brief extract, which goes to show
how much a man costs,—what he is worth
what is his real money, or commercial val-
ue,—and what per centage an education if
given him, pays on the original investment
Mr. Hunt says:

The average cost, with interest, of rais-
ing any person to the age of 21, will equal
\$1,000. This is invested—what is the in-
vestment worth? It will cost \$180 a year
to support him. To this add a mind, and
in what an extraordinary ratio has the per-
son's value been raised. We can now earn
suppose \$800 a year,—that equals \$400 a-
bove the value of the idiot, which is to be
set down to the credit of mind.

Now add education, perfecting him
from birth to maturity, and what can he
earn. Is \$1,000 a year too much to allow?
That is \$600 more than the uneducated

man is allowed; and how highly must we
raise the expense of education? It could
not average \$700, which therefore yields,
100 per cent. People usually count the
cost of growth and substance of the body
as part of the expense of education; but this
should never be done; a clear distinction
should always be made between the ex-
penses to be charged to the body and those
to be charged to the mind; and as clear a
distinction should be made in case of the
credits, for at once some very practical
truths would be exhibited. For has the
following table will present the truth in a
conspicuous manner.

Body costs up to 21 years,	\$1,000
Mind costs up to 21 years,	1,000
Education up to 21 years,	700
Body costs after that (per year)	100
Mind gains after that (per year)	300
Education gains after that (per year)	1,000.

It is also to be noticed, that the unedu-
cated man is more valuable in middle age
than in advanced years; but the educated
man grows more valuable as years increase
so that if he begins life with a sum repre-
senting the interest of \$10,000, he will
find his income to double quite as soon as
if his capital were in gold.

These figures are of course, a certainty
given for an uncertainty and merely for il-
lustration; they may be exchanged for any
other to please any caviller: but any fair
test of the truth will prove that education
will pay more than 100 per cent upon its
cost.

The Shadows of Childhood.

God bless the little children. We like
their bright eyes, their happy faces, their
winning ways, their rosy dreams. "Noth-
ing seems to weigh down their buoyant
spirits long. Misfortune may fall to their
lot, but the shadows it casts upon their life
path are fleeting as the clouds that come
and go in an April sky. Their future may
perchance appear dark to others, but to
their fearless gaze it looms up brilliant and
beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace.
There is no tear which a mother's gentle
hand cannot heal—no anguish which the
sweet murmuring of her soft low voice
cannot soothe. The warm generous im-
pulses of their nature have not been fet-
tered and cramped by the cold formalities
of the world; they have not yet learned to veil
a hollow heart with false smiles or hide
the bases of purposes beneath honeyed words.
Neither are they constantly on the alert to
search out our faults and foibles with Ar-
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