Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1881.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"A Happy New Year!"
From hearts sincere
Springs welcome wish, by loving won
This brightest one,
That e'er the sun
In ages past shone upon.

"A Happy New Year!"
What joy to hear,
From lips of those we love the best!
From hearts most dear
Those words of cheer
That breathe a blessing on the blest!

Ah, then we feel
Upon us steal
The sweet content of hearts so near,
That we alone
The secret own
To make their year a happy year.

The world might be
As glad as we,
If each would try to make it so,
So whose the shame,
And who's to blame
That years not always smoothly flow?

Would we success
Our lives should bless
Look not outside us, but within!
The world don't fail,
But we, who sail
With ships too frail and souls too thin.

Let each employ
Surprise of joy
His weary neighbor's life to cheer,
Till all en long
Take up the song
And hail each year a happy year.

Then all mankind
At last shall find
A very happy place on earth,
Content to stay
Till called away
When Heaven's glad New Year has birth.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Happy New Year, papa!" The sitting-room doors were thrown open, and a sweet little girl came bounding in. Her cheeks were all aglow—smiles played around her cherry lips—her eyes were dancing with sunny light.

"Happy New Year, dear papa!" And the next moment she was in her father's lap—her small arms clinging around his neck, and her rosy mouth pressed to his.

"Happy New Year, my sweet one!" responded Mr. Edgar, as he clasped the child fondly to his heart. "May all your New Years be happy," he added, in a low voice, and with a prayer in his heart.

Little Ellen laid her head in confiding love against her father's breast, and he bent down his manly cheek until it rested on the soft masses of her golden hair.

To her it was a happy New Year's morning, and the words that fell from her lips were heart-echoes. But it was not so with Mr. Edgar. The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, had, like evil weeds, found a rank growth in his spirit, while good seeds of truth, which, in earlier life, had sent forth their fresh, green blades, that lifted themselves in the bright, invigorating sunshine, gave now but feeble promise for the harvest time.

No, Mr. Edgar was not happy. There was a pressure on his feelings; an unsatisfied reaching out into the future; a vague consciousness of approaching evil. Very tenderly he loved his little one; and as she lay nestling against him, he could not help thinking of the time when he was a child, and when the New Years were happy ones. Ellen loved no place so well as her father's arms. When they were folded tightly around her she had nothing more to desire; so she lay very still and silent, while the thoughts of her father wandered away from the loving child on his bosom to his own unsatisfied state of mind.

"For years," he said within himself, "I have been in earnest pursuit of the means of happiness, yet happiness itself seems every year to be still farther in the distance. There is something wrong. I cannot be in the true path. My days are busy and restless, my nights burdened with schemes that rarely do more than cheat my glowing fancy. What is the meaning of this?"

And Mr. Edgar fell into a deep reverie, from which he was aroused by the voice of his wife, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"A happy New Year, and many joyful returns!" she said, in loving tones, as she pressed her lips to his forehead.

He did not answer. The tenderly-spoken good wishes of his wife fell very gratefully, like refreshing dew upon his heart; but he was distinctly conscious of not being happy.

So far as worldly condition was concerned, Mr. Edgar had no cause of mental depression. His business was prosperous under a careful management, and every year he saw himself better off by a few thousands of dollars. Always, however, it must be told, the number fell short of his expectations.

"There is something wrong." Mr. Edgar's thoughts were all running in one direction. A startling truth seemed suddenly to have been revealed to him, and he felt inclined to look at it in all possible aspects. "Why am I not happy?" That was urging the question home. But the answer was not given.

After breakfast Mr. Edgar left home and went to his store. As he passed along the street he saw at a window the face of a most lovely child. Her beauty, that had in it something of heavenly innocence, impressed him so deeply, that he turned to gain a second look, and in doing so his eyes saw on the door of the dwelling the name of Abraham James. There was an instant revulsion of feeling; and for the first time that morning Mr. Edgar remembered one of the causes of his uncomfortable state of mind. Abraham James was an unfortunate debtor who had failed to meet his obligations, among which were two notes of five hundred dollars each, given to Mr. Edgar. These had been placed by the latter in the hands of his lawyer, with directions to sue them out, and obtain the most that could be realized. Only the day before—the last day of the year—he had learned that there were two judgments that would take precedence of his, and sweep off a share of the debtor's property. The fact had chafed him considerably, causing him to indulge in harsh language toward his debtor. This language was not just, as he knew in his heart. But the loss of his money fretted him, and filled him with unkind feelings toward the individual who had occasioned the loss.

No wonder that Mr. Edgar was unhappy. As he continued on his way the angry impulse that quickened the blood in his veins subsided, and through the mist that obscured his mental vision, he saw the bright face of a child, the child of his unfortunate debtor. His own precious one was no lovelier—no purer; nor had her lips uttered on that morning in sweeter tones, the words—"A Happy New Year, papa!" How the thought thrilled him.

With his face bowed and his eyes upon the ground, Mr. Edgar walked on. He could not sweep aside the image of that child, at the window, nor keep back his thoughts from entering the dwelling where her presence might be the only sunbeam that gave light in its gloomy chambers.

"A happy New Year, papa!" Mr. Edgar almost started, for the words had so distinct an utterance to his inward ear, that they seemed as if spoken in the ambient air. In fancy he had seen the troubled debtor, over whom hung many suits, his own among the rest, leaving the chamber where he had passed an almost sleepless night, and coming with slow steps and sad face to the family sitting-room. There alone, with his face bowed upon his breast in gloomy reverie, Mr. Edgar had seen him; and while his heart was enlarged with pity and sympathy, the door opened—light footsteps moved across the room—a child sprang into his arms, and a glad voice exclaimed, "A happy New Year, papa!"

When Mr. Edgar arrived at his store his feelings toward Mr. James were very different from what they were on the day previous. All anger—all resentment—were gone, and kindness had taken their place. What if Mr. James did owe him a thousand dollars? What if he should lose the whole amount of this indebtedness? Was the condition of the former so much better than his own, that he would care to change places with him? The very idea caused a shudder to run along his nerves.

"Poor man!" he said to himself, pityingly. "What a terrible thing to be thus involved in debt—thus crippled, thus driven to the wall. It would kill me! Men are very cruel to each other, and I am cruel with the rest. What are a thousand dollars to me, or a thousand dollars to my well-to-do neighbor, compared with the ruin of a helpless fellow-man? James asked time; in two years he was sure he could recover himself and make all good. But, with a heartlessness that causes my cheek to burn as I think of it, I answered, 'The first loss is always the best loss. I will get what I can, and let the balance go.' The look he then gave me has troubled my conscience ever since. No wonder it is not a happy New Year."

Scarcely had Mr. Edgar passed the dwelling of his unfortunate debtor, when the latter, who had been walking the floor of his parlor in a troubled state of mind, came to the window and stood by his child, who was dear to him as a child could be to the heart of a father.

"Happy New Year, papa!" It was the third time since morning dawned that he had received this greeting from the same sweet lips—the third time that her kisses were given with the heart-warmth of childhood's unselfish love.

Mr. James tried to give back the same glad greeting, but the words seemed to choke him, and failed in the utterance. As the two stood by the window the wife and mother came up, and leaning against her husband, looked forth with a sad heart. Oh, no! it was not a happy New Year's morning to them. Long before the dawn of another year they must go forth from their pleasant home; and both their hearts shrunk back in fear from the dark beyond.

"Good morning, dear," said Mr. James, soon afterwards, as, with hat and coat and muffler on, he stood ready to go forth to meet the business trials of the day. His voice was depressed, and his countenance sad. Mrs. James did not say "Good morning" in turn. But her husband saw the motion of her lips and the tears in her eyes, and he knew what was in her heart.

The business assigned to that day was a painful one for Mr. James. The only creditor who had commenced a suit was Mr. Edgar, he having declined entering into any arrangement with the other creditors, coldly saying that, in his opinion, "the first loss was always the best loss," and that extensions were, in most cases, equivalent to the abandonment of a claim. He was willing to take what the law would give him. Pursuant to this view, a suit had been brought, and the debtor, to anticipate the result, confessed judgment to two of his largest creditors, who honorably bound themselves to see that a *pro rata* division was made of all his effects.

The business of this New Year's day was to draw up as complete a statement as possible of his affairs, and Mr. James went about the work with a heavy heart. He had been engaged in this way for over an hour when one of his clerks came to the desk where he was writing, and handed him a letter which a lad had just brought in. He broke the seal with a nervous foreboding of trouble; for, of late, these letters by the hands of the private messengers, had been frequent, and rarely of an agreeable character. From the envelope, as he commenced withdrawing the letter, there dropped upon the desk a narrow piece of paper folded like a bill. He took it up with almost reluctant fingers, and slowly pressed back the ends so as to read its face, and comprehend its import. Twice his eyes went over the brief lines, before he was clear as to their meaning. They were as follows:

"Received, January 1st, 18—, of Abraham James, One Thousand Dollars, in full of all demands.

"HIRAM EDGAR."

Hurriedly now did Mr. James unfold he letter that accompanied this receipt. Its language moved him deeply:

"ABRAHAM JAMES, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I was not in a right state of mind when I gave directions to have a suit brought against you. I have seen clearer since, and wish to act from a better principle. My own affairs are prosperous. During the year which has just closed my profits have been better than in any year since I started business. Your affairs, on the contrary, are unprosperous. Heavy losses instead of fair profits are the result of a year's tireless efforts, and you find yourself near the bottom of the wheel, while I am sweeping upwards. As I think of this and of my unfeeling conduct toward you in your misfortunes, I am mortified as well as pained. There is an element in my character which ought not to be there. I am self-convicted of cruelty. Accept, my dear sir, in the inclosed receipt, the best reparation in my power to make. In giving up this claim I do not abandon an item that goes to complete the sum of my happiness. Not a single comfort will be abridged. It will not shrink the dimensions of my house, nor withdraw from myself or family any portion of food or raiment. Accept, then, the New Year's gift I offer, and believe that I have a purer delight in giving than you in receiving. My best wishes are with you for the future, and if in anything I can aid you in your arrangements with creditors, do not fail to command my service.

Most truly yours,

"HIRAM EDGAR."

For the space of nearly five minutes Mr. James sat very still, the letter of Mr. Edgar before him. Then he folded it up, with the receipt inside, and placed it in his pocket; then he put away the inventories he had been examining and tore up several pieces of paper on which were sundry calculations; and then he put on his warm overcoat and buttoned it to the chin.

"Edward," said Mr. James, as he walked down the store, "I shall not return this afternoon. It is New Year's Day, and you can close up at two o'clock."

It cost Mr. Edgar a struggle to write the receipt in full. A thousand dollars was a large sum of money to give away by a single stroke of the pen. Love of gain and selfishness pleaded strongly for the last farthing; but the better reason and better feelings of the man prevailed, and the good deed was done. How light his heart felt—how suddenly the clouds were lifted from his sky and the strange pressure from his feelings! It was to him a new experience.

On the evening that closed the day—the first evening of the New Year—Mr. Edgar sat with his wife and children in his elegant home, happier by far than he was in the morning, and almost wondering at the change in his state of mind. Little Ellen was in his arms, and as he looked upon her cherub face he thought of a face as beautiful seen by him in the morning at the window of his unfortunate debtor. The face of an angel it had proved to him, for it prompted the good deed from which had sprung a double blessing. While he sat thus he heard the door-bell ring. In a few minutes the waiter handed in a letter. He broke the seal, and read:

"MY DEAR SIR: This morning my dear little Aggy, the light of our home, greeted me with a joyous 'Happy New Year.' I took her in my arms and kissed her, keeping my face close to hers that she might not see the sadness of mine. Ah, sir! The day broke in gloom. The words of my child found no echo in my heart. I could have wept over her, if the strength of manhood had not risen above the weakness of nature. But all is changed now. A few minutes ago the 'Happy New Year' was flowing to me from the sweet lips of my child, and the words went thrilling in gladness to my heart. May the day close as happily for you and yours as it is closing for me and mine. God bless you!

"ABRAHAM JAMES."

Mr. Edgar read this letter twice and then handed it, without a word, to his wife.

"What is the meaning of this? I do not understand it, Hiram." Mrs. Edgar looked wonderingly into her husband's face.

The story, to which she listened eagerly, was briefly told. When Mr. Edgar had finished his wife arose, and with tears of love and sympathy in her eyes, crossed over to where he was sitting and throwing her arms around his neck, said: "My good, my generous husband! I feel very proud of you this night. That was a noble deed; and I thank you for it in the name of our common humanity."

Never had words from the lips of his wife sounded so pleasantly in the ears of Mr. Edgar. Never had he known so happy a New Year's Day as the one which had just closed; and though it saw him poorer than he believed himself in the morning by nearly a thousand dollars, he was richer in feeling—richer in the heart's unwasting possessions—than he had ever been in his life.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

For the Journal.

Education of Girls.

It has puzzled the heads of the wise ones for ages to find out what peculiar kind of education is suited to the minds of males and what to the minds of females. We have heard so much about male education and female education, that in public estimation both mind and education have been divided into masculine and feminine; and these distinctions have been kept 'till one might suppose that woman belonged to a different order of beings—not the female sex of man, but a charming creature caught in a net to be caged for the gratification of man's curiosity; to sip from her own peculiar cup; nibble her own peculiar cake, and, like a bird of note, be admired more or less according to the number of airs she might have to sing; while the under sex are to be treated as rational beings, and to be educated for the purpose of utility.

But suppose God had created mind male and female, does it follow that each sex should be differently educated? What would you think of the father who, having both sons and daughters, should fall into the conceit that there was danger the former might dwindle into girls and the latter grow up into boys; and, to prevent such a disaster, should feed his sons on bread and beef to make them robust and his daughters on ice cream and candy to make them delicate? But no man is guilty of such folly as it regards physical education. Animal life is common to both sexes, and in each requires the same food to sustain it. Mind is as common to both sexes as life, and in each requires the same mental food to sustain its vigor and enhance its growth. Nature has pointed out the appropriate sphere of each sex too distinctly to be mistaken, and all the distinguishing characteristics which she ever intended would exist as completely, and more so, without the intermeddling of human theory. Shall we then attempt to make a difference which nature never intended, by feeding the minds of our daughters on fiction, and those of our sons on reality—by educating the former in nothing but what is superficial and the latter in all that is solid? In the vegetable world, each species retains its distinctive chaaacter from age to age. The oak and the ivy take root side by side, entwine their branches and interweave their foliage; they draw sustenance from the same soil, are watered by the same rains, warmed by the same sun, and fanned by the same breeze; yet one remains an oak and the other an ivy forever. What is true of the vegetable world in this respect is true also of the animal and intellectual. But we are told that women have not the same capacity for learning which men possess. Suppose this to be true, what then? Because their minds are dwarfish shall they be starved to make them more so? If you were about leaving an estate to two children, one poor and helpless, the other rich and provident, how would you divide it? Surely you would not leave all your wealth to that child who did not need it, and turn the needy one over to the buffetings of a selfish world.

But it is not true that women have less capacity than men. On the contrary, all experience shows that in childhood, the only period at which there is any fair competition, the sisters not only keep pace with the brothers, but often and almost always outstrip them in every branch of learning, whether it depends upon the memory or reasoning power.

But it is said they have not perseverance, and they soon give up the study of solid science and betake themselves to reading works of taste and fiction. This is true to a lamentable extent; but is it wonderful? The great wonder is that they do not become lunatics outright. They read fiction because the whole world insists that they have no capacity for anything else; because the whole world says it will make accomplished ladies of them; because it excites their nerves without requiring the painful labor of thought; because it is suited to the taste of their admirers of the other sex; because books of this character are put into their hands and they are compelled to read them out of compliment to the weak-headed young men who present them. But this means of impressing fiction on the minds of young ladies stops not with the gilded annual presents. Circulating libraries and periodical offices are ransacked by young gentlemen for the "latest novels" for young ladies to read,—so that they have scarcely a moment to think of anything else. Say not, then, that ladies have not perseverance in learning, rather acknowledge that you will not let them persevere, that human invention has been exhausted in the contrivance of means to obstruct their progress.

Connected with this branch of the subject is the cruel practice of parents in forcing their daughters into society at so tender an age that neither body nor mind can be matured—at an age when the other sex are regarded as mere children. Some mothers seem to concede that their daughters were created for transitory toys; that, like hot-bed plants, they are to be forced into dwarfish maturity while they are yet infants. Education finished and interesting young ladies at thirteen, two years to dance the rounds of fashion and make impressions, married at fifteen, broken down at twenty, old women at thirty when they ought to be in full vigor of youth and beauty.

Extravagance makes daughters a very unprofitable investment; and parents, rather than live within their means, and maintain them a few years in a manner becoming their futures, or tax their industry for a part of their support, they thrust them out into society and wheedle them into wedlock while they are mere children. There are thousands of young girls in our cities defrauded of their education, forced into immature womanhood, premature matrimony and untimely graves because parents are too poor to support them in splendor and too proud to do it in a manner suited to their means. If, then, these ladies are not scholars, do not attribute it to want of capacity or perseverence; when their passions, like fruit on a dying tree, are ripened into sickly maturity by reading love-sick novels and dancing the giddy round of fashion and singing sentimental songs with beardless lovers; and when their own parents drag them from their doll-babies to be crushed in infancy by the cares of a family. Give girls the same advantages, same chances, and they will prove to be not only man's equal, intellectually, but oft-times his superior.

INEZ.

"Snowed Up."

MR. MCMASTER'S GRAPHIC STORY OF HIS TRIP ON THE D. & C. R. W.

Mr. McMaster was an unhappy passenger on the Delaware and Chesapeake railroad last week on the day the train got "snowed in" near Goldsborough. He gave the following account of his experience to a Wilmington reporter:

"I left here Wednesday noon to go to Oxford with a splendid lot of samples I'll show them to you after a while. We don't have a trade there now, but I thought I'd run down there and then get home for New Years. Well, we got to Clayton and took the Delaware and Chesapeake cars, I think that's the name of the road, but that's no matter. We were due in Oxford at 9 o'clock that night, and I expected to fix things up and come back the next morning. We got there about 6 the next morning. I went out and got an agent for our goods, finished everything up in half an hour, and as the train to come back left about 8 o'clock to take it. The train started at 8 o'clock. Travel was awful hard. Sometimes we went and sometimes we didn't. You couldn't tell whether we were going or not unless you got out patiently waiting for the train to pass you. Slow! Why we didn't make two miles an hour on an average. We got to Easton at 11 o'clock, and then, by straining every nerve, crawled into Greensboro' at 3. There we dropped off all the cars but a mail car with a smoker in one end—a little bit of a miserable box and there we were, twenty-one of us crowded into it. At another station, Goldsborough, I think, they hitched on another engine and started off with a spurt. We hadn't gone a hundred 100 yards before the head machine jumped the track. Then we all got out and tried to get her on, but no go. We prepared to stay there all night in that—car, excuse my swearing, but the recollection is—unpleasant. Maybe it wasn't cold and we weren't hungry. Why, the wind whistled across county as if it hadn't struck any other place since it left the north pole. We burned up all the wood and then started on the furniture of the car. The brakemen objected, but it was no use. Stoner swore he'd throw him out if he said a word, and threatened to sue the company anyhow, and said he'd deduct the cost of the car from his damages. Well, we all huddled around the fire and nibbled sweet cakes—nice food for a man who hadn't had anything breakfast since but a drink of liquor.

"We had burned up the foot-rest and the blinds and were thinning out seats like fury when somebody discovered a barrel of oysters. I never saw a barrel of oysters disappear so quick. They were frozen as hard as ice but that made no odds. It was eat them or starve, and we ate. Then we burned the barrel and made ourselves as happy as we could till morning. Jenkins, of Gillen & Co., told lots of good stories, but I suppose you don't want them. They'd be good reading though, you can bet.

"The morning came at last and there we were as hungry as the night before. Just after, though, a man came around with sandwiches and coffee. How we welcomed him. The stuff was from Dr. Alexander Hardcastle, he said. I don't know the doctor, but I'd like to. He ranks way up in my opinion, and if we twenty-one men had been a political convention, Dr. Hardcastle would have got the nomination on the first ballot. I want to see him before I die, and so does Stoner, and he's as proud as Conkling himself. They tried to move the train but couldn't, and some of us got courage and went to Woodside and Wyoming and took the up Delaware train. Tired! well I should say so, and mad—well I guess I am. I would never go down that D. & C. road in winter for the whole road. The confounded train is still there; I hope she'll stay there."

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