

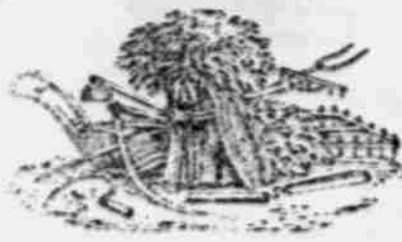
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BLIND HORSES.

May your rich soil,
Gladly, nature's better blessings pour
On every land.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.
BLIND HORSES.

Mr. Editor:—If you will be good enough to publish my observations on Blind Horses and Blind Bridles, you will greatly and in overhauling a folly which has fastened on the noble Horse, I subscribe to the great folly of using the Blind Bridle, which is exceedingly injurious to the Horse's eyes; because few persons are careful enough to see well to the condition of the bridle so as to have a proper care that they are pressed upon that the animal might see; and then, if this is not well done, by the motion of the Horse, they flap at every step the animal's nose. So, the faster he goes, the faster they flap on the eye, or otherwise irritate the eye, until a fever comes on and a drowsy appearance of the eyes have, which is a prelude to blindness. Many persons wrongfully insist that Blind Horses prevent a Horse from becoming frightened, particularly by a noise in the ear; yet they admit that he must see only in front, and the danger of a Horse running away comes from a noise in his rear, instead of from an alarm in front of him. To the noble Horses, they should see all around them, and on hearing a noise, if they could turn their heads and see it, unless it was extraordinary, they would soon become satisfied that no danger was near. But, hearing a noise, and the poor animal's eyes increased in a leather prison, they become alarmed at nothing and run away; at least nineteen out of twenty Horses become blind from the use of these blind bridles. They attract heat, prevent the dust from passing over the eyes, where it settles, and is rubbed in the eye by the blink of the destructive bridle. A wisdom could not be invented than the Blind Bridles. The Horses owned by many country people, who simply put on a rope bridle, with a bit, are never known to go blind, unless injured in their eyes by some other means. Riding Horses, used for the saddle, seldom go blind. This is easy of demonstration, as they are not used on the bridle. In France, it seems, and in the North, the old murderous bridles are going out of use, and it yet remains to reason an humanity to say how long this old, cruel system will prevail among those who admire the Horse.

reason of this is left to the scientific to judge, and also what becomes of the enormous amount of fresh water poured into it by three or four large rivers—Jordan, Heat and Weber—as there is no visible outlet.

Genius and Application.—It is related of the great Audubon, lately deceased, that he had no faith in genius; that a man could make himself what he pleased by labor; and that by a proper use of every moment of time, the mind might be kept improving to the end of life.



"What Flag Shall Wave."

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

What flag shall wave when from on high
Disunion draws our ensign down,
And where its stars now deck our sky,
The clouds of hate shall darkly frown?
What hand to rend that flag shall dare,
When all may claim the nation's sign?
And not a gleam of glory there,
But each proud State may say "Tis mine!"
"Tis mine!" 'tis thine, 'tis theirs, 'tis ours,
We all have trodden in its night;
And in the nation's darkest hours
Our fathers bore it to the fight.
The memories of the past are there,
Fast clinging to each swarden fold,
The pious hope, the vow, the prayer,
From hearts and lips in vow and cold.
Our steel, strong faith, their war-worn years,
Their dying groans; their conquering cry;
Their orphan's wail; their widow's tears;
Their martyr-blood, that never shall die.
Their sacred blood, in wild alarm,
Would call that traitor hand to stop,
As once God's angel stayed the arm
Of Abraham on the mountain top.
And vale to vale, and crag to crag,
The deep-toned curse would echo far,
On him who rends the Union's flag,
Or from the azure tears one star.
Then, patriots, since our flag alone
Belongs to all our father's land,
Still let that one which o'er them shone,
Shine on their sons—a brother hand.
Yes! let it shine! Its hues shall be
A bow of promise to our eyes;
O'erarching wide, from sea to sea,
The noblest land beneath the skies.
Detroit, March 15, 1851.

Written for the Western Continent.

WHO'S THE BRIDEGROOM.

BY FRANK L. WILSON.

The house of Capt. John Stanly is a spacious old building, and stands, imbedded in trees and flowers, in the suburbs of one of our Southern cities. The old Captain is one of those plain, upright, honest, good-natured, free-headed old fellows that every body loves, and that loves every body worthy of being loved. His wife was quite different in her nature. We say was, for the incident we are about relating, together with its consequences, effected a very happy change in her, and made her ideas more congenial with those of her husband. She had a hankering after fine carriages and equipage, costly furniture and magnificent living, and never could bear to think of any one with a less dignified title than that of Lawyer or Doctor, as a husband for her only daughter, the pretty Emma.
Emma Stanly was a sensible girl. Her father had taught her to despise the empty pageantry of "high life," and notwithstanding the counter-teachings of her mother, she leaned to her father's side, and readily imbibed his notions of things. She was pretty and accomplished; that is, she had a good solid education, and knew the art of house-keeping.
Now Emma had (as the world thought) two suitors. We will describe them: Walter Bostwell was a young mechanic, who had just served out his term of apprenticeship and set up business on his own hook. He was steady, attentive, and rapidly rising in the estimation of all that knew him. He was punctual to his promises, and although his capital was small, he had credit for any amount he wished. This was one of Emma's reputed suitors.
Dick Dunlap was a dashing young doctor, who had just commenced practice, and lived in "high style." He was quick and lively, had some wit, and a great deal of would-be wit, dressed fashionably, and kept servants. It is true that his professional services had been required in two or three "no danger" cases, but his conscience was not yet burdened with the weight of having killed a single patient, and consequently he had acquired but little distinction in the healing art. This was the other reputed suitor of Emma Stanly.
Doctor Dunlap was a frequent visitor at old Captain Stanly's, and so was Walter Bostwell.

The Doctor was courted by old mother Stanly about as assiduously as Emma was by Walter. He quoted poetry, and talked a great deal of sentiment, and was full of jokes and would-be witty sayings, and all such flummery. The old lady thought it was all very fine, and looked joyfully forward to a day, which she thought was not far distant, that would make Emma Mrs. Dunlap. She scarcely deigned to notice poor, honest, unpretending Walter, and would have been highly incensed at any person that would have dared to tell her that Emma preferred him to Dr. Dunlap. It is true that she thought it a little strange that he should continue his visits, and often hinted to her daughter that she ought not to suffer them. But Walter was encouraged by old father Stanly, and by the pretty Emma too; and but a short time had elapsed before the young folks understood one another. This "understanding one another" has a very peculiar meaning when applied to young persons in certain cases, which we do not deem it necessary to define or explain.
Walter's visits had become, to old Mrs. Stanly, alarming in frequency. She pretended to Emma, that she had no idea that she (Emma) would receive his attentions; and would frequently address her daughter in the following strain:
"If you do not stop that poor, low-bred Bostwell from coming here so much, people will begin to say that he is courting you. Yes, although it may seem to you impossible that looks should have such an idea, yet, you may depend upon it, they will. A pretty dish of scandal, truly, to be served up by some folks! I believe you may thank Doctor Dunlap for having escaped so far; he is a gentleman, and every body knows it—every one likes him—and because he visits you, folks will not talk about Walter Bostwell's visits as intrusions, and therefore takes no offense at them; but it is perfectly ridiculous!"
Emma generally pretended to listen to these talks, but seldom made any answer at all, and never any audible one. This puzzled the old lady still more, and increased her uneasiness; but she consoled herself with the reflection that Doctor Dunlap would soon propose and be accepted, and thus put an end to the whole business. She tried to attribute the still continued frequent visits of Bostwell to his dogged ignorance and perseverance. She supposed that Emma had given him all kinds of hints, but that he did not know enough to take them.
(She had given him some hints, and he had taken them too.)
"So it happened that Walter was at old Captain Stanly's on a certain Wednesday evening, and staid tolerably late—most of the time with Emma in the parlor. The next day Mrs. Stanly was more than usually alarmed, and omitted no opportunity for abusing Walter and praising Doctor Dunlap.
On the Friday evening following, the Doctor paid Emma a visit. The old lady was delighted. She crept softly to the parlor door, after they had been there some time, and peeped through the key-hole. The old lady was in perfect raptures, and went to sleep that night in the midst of golden waking dreams.
A few days after the visits above mentioned, Mr. Stanly came one morning into the family-room, and finding his wife alone, took a seat near her and said:
"Well, wife, I have had a gift-a-keed of me this morning."
"What was it?" said his wife.
"The hand of Emma!"
Mrs. Stanly had entirely forgotten the last visit of Walter, but perfectly recollect-ed that of the Doctor, as she replied:
"Of course, you granted it. I am sure Emma is capable of choosing well, and I think she ought to be allowed to have her own choice. I do not believe in crossing girls in their selections of husbands."
"Neither do I," said the old man, "and I believe Emma has made a good choice."
"Oh! she has," interrupted the old woman; "she never could have done better!"
"Bostwell is—"
"Now, husband, never mention that poor fellow again. I am truly glad that Doctor Dunlap had sense enough to know that his visits to Emma were forced, and therefore took no insult at them."
"Why, it is Bostwell that has asked for the hand of Emma," said the old man, looking surprised.
Mrs. Stanly was shot. She became furious and solemnly vowed that such a thing as a marriage between Emma and Bostwell should never take place. In vain did the old man tell her of Emma's capa-

bility of choosing for herself and of her own unwillingness to cross girls in their selections. She would listen to nothing—declared that Emma should be locked up until her senses returned—that it was unreasonable—madness—folly, and that there was scarcely any girl capable of choosing for herself."
The old man saw that stratagem must be resorted to; so he broke into a hearty laugh and told his wife that he was taking a great deal of trouble on herself for nothing. The old lady began to think that her husband had been joking with her, and that it was, in fact, Doctor Dunlap that had asked for the hand of Emma; and was easily persuaded that this was the case.
"Ha! ha!" said Mr. Stanly; "I only wanted to see how you would take it. You know I like to plague you sometimes, my dear, when I get mischievous. And so, when you said that you believed girls should be allowed to choose for themselves, I thought I would try you and see if you would stick to it."
"Well, husband, I do stick to it. I was a fool to believe you. I might have known Emma had better sense. I say, never cross a girl in her selection of a husband; that is, a girl that has been as well brought up as Emma has."
"I say so too," thought Mr. Stanly, but he said nothing and left his wife in high spirits.
Mr. Stanly now sought Emma and told her what had passed between him and her mother, and also acquainted her with the plan he had formed for getting her and Bostwell married. He then sought Dunlap and let him into the secret, and told him the part he wished him to act. He next went to Bostwell and acquainted him with his plan, and told him he must not visit his house again until the night of the wedding.
All things being now arranged, Mr. Stanly returned home to consult with his wife about appointing the time for the celebration of the nuptials, and that time was soon agreed upon, then about six weeks distant.
Dunlap's visits now became more frequent than ever at the house of Mr. Stanly, and much was he puffed by the good old deluded lady, who looked upon him as her son-in-law, and took great pride in him. It was generally understood, throughout the circle of acquaintance, that Dr. Dunlap was to be the husband of Emma, and no one contradicted it. Old mother Stanly took great delight in very confidentially telling several old women of the wedding which was soon to take place; and "know one woman by these presents, &c. &c."
On the evening previous to the one appointed for the wedding, Doctor Dunlap was on one of his usual visits. He talked a great deal about how he wanted things to look the next night; and insisted that Mrs. Stanly was naturally good looking, but that her spectacles were unbecoming, and begged her that she would leave them off the next evening—all the evening if she could, but certainly until the ceremony was over.
"I will do anything to oblige you, Doctor," said she, "but I shall not be able to see any of you distinctly. You know my sight is very bad."
"I know it," replied Dunlap, "but a man does not get married often, and when he does he likes to see everything look its best; and I know you look at least a hundred per cent better without spectacles than with them."
Mr. Stanly and Emma both joined Dunlap in the assertion, and the old lady promised that she would leave off the spectacles until the ceremony was performed at any rate—for any longer time she would not promise.
The wedding night arrived, and the guests were all assembled to witness the marriage of Emma Stanly and—whom? Some said Bostwell and some said Dunlap. Mrs. Stanly was carefully groping about without her spectacles, telling every body she met with that she had left them off according to the request of Doctor Dunlap, and declaring she would put them on as soon as the ceremony was over. The controversy among the guests, as to who was to be the bridegroom, had proceeded to some length; for it had some how leaked out that it was to be Bostwell instead of Dunlap. Mr. Stanly was hurrying matters all he could, for fear the old lady would discover the trick. She had already been appealed to by one old woman, who told her she had heard that Bostwell was to be her son-in-law. Mrs. Stanly declared it was an "arrant lie," raised by some one for the purpose of throwing contempt on her and her family, and said she believed she knew the very person. The happy man who was to receive the hand of Emma had arrived about dark, and had proceeded with his attendants at once to the room where Emma, with her maids, was awaiting him.
Mr. Stanly was now in a great hurry. The parson took his place, and the couple entered the room. There was a sudden movement of surprise among the guests, but there was no time for talking. Mr. Stanly had taken the precaution to place himself by his wife, at some distance from

the young couple, and the old lady strained her unaided eyes in vain. The parson knew whom he was to marry, and the ceremony was soon over.
Mrs. Stanly hastened to fix on her spectacles, at the same time advancing and extending her hand to her son-in-law. That son-in-law grasped it affectionately, and as she looked up into his face he was smiling very complacently upon her. Never was any person so perfectly astounded. She stepped back and gazed in wonder; the truth flashed upon her, and—but she didn't faint. The secret must be left to the imagination of the reader.
Walter Bostwell and his wife are now happy, and rapidly thriving in the world. Doctor Dunlap never had a dozen patients in his life, and had to take to the invention of "patent medicines" for a living. He never was sent for twice by one patient, but has made a "notorious living" by his inventions.
Mr. Stanly often laughs at his wife about the trick they played upon her, and tells her he does not believe in crossing girls in their selection of husbands. She does not much like to hear talk of it, but is very well satisfied with her "poor mechanic" son-in-law, and says she will stick to her assertion yet, that "girls should not be crossed."
From the Washington Union.
Frederick the Great.
Paganel's History of Frederick, which we believe has never been republished in this country, gives a much more attractive view of this warlike monarch than any we have heretofore seen. Contrary to the generally received opinion, it would appear that Frederick, with all his cynicism, possessed a kind and affectionate disposition, as well as a large fund both of good nature and good humor.
The King (says Paganel) professed to think that "a sovereign should carry his heart in his head;" hence his life was spent in one continual effort to bring his feelings into subordination to his reason; and so well did he succeed, that he was left behind him a very general impression that he was by nature cold, unfeeling, and despotic. Those who had an opportunity, however, of knowing him most intimately, and of observing his domestic habits and his deportment in private, could not fail to come to a very different conclusion. To his family he was kind, affectionate, and indulgent—to his friends, sincere, generous and loving. Few sisters were ever more tenderly cherished by a brother than was the Margravine of Bareith by the Great Frederick. Few subjects have ever received from their sovereign more touching marks of attachment and esteem than those bestowed by the King upon his faithful counselor, Jordan. While his friend was on his death bed, he insisted on sharing the duties of the sick-room with his family. "Go, and endeavor to get some sleep," said he to the care-worn wife; "leave your husband in my charge. I will watch and supply all his wants, as you would, with my own hand." Every day he walked to the house on foot, (leaving the noise of a carriage would disturb the invalid,) and spent some time with him. This he continued to do until Jordan breathed his last, when, after providing in a precisely manner for the bereaved, he had the portrait of the departed removed to his cabinet, and for a long time could never look upon it without tears. Jordan, it is true, well deserved these manifestations of the royal regard; for he loved the King, and served him disinterestedly and without flattery, as Frederick says of him in the eulogium which he wrote with his own hand.
Frederick possessed in an eminent degree the happy faculty of conferring a favor in an easy and agreeable manner. There was no oppressive condescension in his mode of giving. A colonel in his service, the father of a numerous family, had become embarrassed by his debts, and began to show it in his looks. Meeting him one day while off duty, pensive and abstracted as usual, the King (who took a fatherly interest in his officers, and kept himself generally acquainted with all that concerned them) accosted him thus: "What ails you, colonel? You are out of spirits, and have been so this long time. Now this is wrong; between friends there should be no secrets. You ought to let me know what troubles you." Seeing him confused, and hesitating, without waiting for him to answer, the King continued: "No matter; I'll tell you, then, for I always look after the affairs of my friends as well as my own. You owe two thousand crowns, (handing him a rouleau of ducats,) there's the money to pay it—(then handing him another)—and there is more to keep you out of debt for the future."
The poor widow of one of his officers, who was both aged and infirm, after a struggle with her pride, applied to the King for a pension. "I am sorry you did not let me know your situation before," replied Frederick, "both because you ought to have been relieved, and because, at present, my pension list is filled up, and all I can spare for that purpose is already appropriated. But your hus-

band was a brave man, with whom I should always have willingly shared my dinner. I will retract, then, one dish daily from my table; that will save a crown a day, and that you shall have, until I can do better for you. The next good pension which falls in shall be yours."
Who has not heard the frightful story of the officer condemned to death for the paltry offence of burning a candle in his tent during the hours when lights were prohibited, and whom it was said that Frederick forced to add as a postscript to his letter of advice to his wife the cruel words, when you receive this I shall have ceased to exist? The pencil, as well as the pen, has been put in requisition to illustrate this instance of the heartlessness of the Prussian despot. Now, not only is the anecdote false, but unfounded in any particular. It is pure fiction, for there is not and never was any regulation in the Prussian service punishing such an offence with death; and so far was Frederick from being capable of such cruelty of his own accord, that it was with the greatest reluctance he even issued a sentence of death when a criminal had been condemned by the tribunals of the country; and never, during his long reign, though always vested with the power of life and death, did he inflict that punishment without a judicial decision. Rigid and even severe in his discipline, he abhorred capital punishment, and never failed to substitute some lesser penalty in place of it whenever he thought the welfare of society would permit it.
Equally erroneous are those accounts which ascribe to this King a habit of inflicting personal chastisement upon those about him for offences against himself or his domestic regulations. In this particular he bore no resemblance to his father, who was notorious for his violence towards every member of his household—sparring not even his children in his paroxysms of rage. For some of these outbursts of passion Frederick has been unjustly credited. Not only, however, was he incapable of descending to such unbecoming demonstrations of displeasure against those who offended him, but on the contrary, if he noticed them at all, it was almost always in a good-humored and facetious way.
A certain clergyman in Berlin made the King the constant object of his attacks from the pulpit; he declaimed without ceasing against him as irreligious, profane, tyrannical, and poured forth upon his devoted head as Sabbath succeeded Sabbath, volumes of the most virulent abuse. He was reproved by the ministry, and repeatedly advised to be more circumspect by those who apprehended that his insolence and temerity would draw down upon him some terrible retribution, but all in vain; the ferocity of this clerical bulldog was not to be appeased. At last he was arrested, and brought before the King. "My reverend friend," said his Majesty archly, "you have evidently an ambition to be a martyr." Now understand me once for all; in that respect, I cannot oblige you. You may abuse me to the end of the chapter, but I shall not prosecute you in return. Permit me, then, to advise you to select hereafter some other topic for the edification of your audience. After hearing so much of the imperfections of an earthly king, I doubt not that it would be quite refreshing to them if you were to descend awhile upon the prerogatives of the King of Kings, whose glory and honor I fear you have quite lost sight of while devoting your attention to me." With this gentle reproof, which was administered in full court, the reverend gentleman was dismissed; but thenceforth a change was manifest in the style of his preaching, which was greatly to the advantage of his congregation.
Looking one day from a window in his palace, Frederick observed a crowd of people occupied in reading a placard which was posted at a most inconvenient height upon a neighboring wall. "See what that is that excites so much curiosity," said he to an attendant. The page went, and speedily returned with the information that the attractive object was a handbill abusive of the person and government of his majesty. "Go and have it placed lower down," said the King; "the people can hardly see to read it."
Being informed that a certain citizen of Berlin was a disaffected person, and had uttered the most atrocious threats against him; "How many hundred thousand men can he bring into the field?" said the King. "Eh?—none! Well, then, it is hardly worth while for us to make war upon him."
Notwithstanding the severity of his discipline, Frederick was loved as a father by his soldiers, and a father and a friend he proved himself to them upon all occasions. And old sergeant, on half pay, incapacitated by his wounds for active service, had for a long time been an applicant to the Minister of France for a small post, which would increase his slender income, and enable him to make some provision for the future. The Minister Werder, though a man of capacity, was haughty and inaccessible; he had his own family and favorites to provide for, and the poor sergeant's suit was too