

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAW—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1852.

No. 1636.

Medico-Dental Surgery.

DR. W. F. JASON, DENTIST,
NOW in Orange, hopes to have the pleasure of seeing his friends, and those who wish to be professionally attended, (in the mechanical branch of his art more particularly,) either at Chapel Hill or Hillsborough, at their earliest convenience, as his visit is necessarily limited.
April 6.

"Honey Saved is Honey Made."

THE undersigned, having formed a co-partnership in the Mercantile Business in the town of Hillsborough, under the style of

WILSON & PAUL,

ARE NOW RECEIVING AND OPENING THEIR

Stock of Spring and Summer

GOODS,

selected with great care in the Northern markets, and consisting of almost every article usually kept in a country store; all of which they offer for sale at very low rates.

All their debts of the public is to examine their assortment before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident they can please in quality and price.

Country-made Jams, and almost any country Produce, taken in exchange for Goods.

WM. NELSON,
WM. PAUL.

April 27, 1852.

BACON! BACON!!

A FINE lot of North Carolina Bacon for sale at the

THE DRUG STORE,

April 27, 1852.

NEW FIRM

THE subscribers, having purchased the entire stock of E. M. Holt & Co., respectfully inform the public that they will continue the business at the same well-known stand, where they will be pleased to see the old customers of the concern, and their friends generally. They have purchased the stock on terms which will enable them to sell Goods lower than they have heretofore been sold in this market, and they intend doing so. They will be receiving a new supply of fresh Goods in a few days, which will render their stock complete. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.

J. J. & C. J. FREELAND.

March 10, 1852.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter

OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The next Annual Meeting of this body will be held in

Wilmington on Monday the 7th day of June next. Subordinate Chapters are required to send Delegates and returns

to H. P. RUSSELL, Grand Sec'y.

March 24, 1852.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the subscribers for

Goods purchased of Mr. Wm. P. McDaniel, are requested to settle with him without delay, otherwise they will find their accounts and notes in other hands for collection.

E. M. HOLT & CO.

March 19, 1852.

WANTED.

1000 YARDS Wollen Cloths, of

all kinds. Also a quantity of Flax Seed.

Apply to

LONG & WEBB.

September 23, 1851.

Iron—A New Lot.

CONSISTING of Bar Iron for Tires, Horse

Shoes, &c.—square, round, oval and half

inch. Also, Cast Steel, Blister, German and Sheet

Steel. Also, a fresh lot of Molasses and Rice.

Apply to

LONG & WEBB.

March 23d, 1852.

Spring Supply, 1852.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving his Spring

and Summer supply of Goods, and has the pleasure of offering to his customers and friends

an elegant assortment, from which he is sure they can make selections that will please. His

stock embraces every article usually brought to this market, such as

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

Among the Dry Goods, are the most beautiful

patterns for Ladies' Dresses. He is determined to sell CHEAP, and the public have only to give him a trial to be fully satisfied on this point.

He also keeps on hand a good stock of Leather, which will be sold at the usual prices.

Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

J. M. PALMER.

P. S. Rags, Bee-wax, Tallow, Flaxseed, and Old Castings taken in exchange for Goods.

April 14, 1852.

WANTED.

AN Apprentice to the Tailoring Business, A

lad from 12 to 14 years of age, of industrious

habits and good morals, will be taken by the

subscriber, if application is made soon.

L. CARMICHAEL.

February 16, 1852.

BLANKS! BLANKS!!

BANK DEEDS and Attachments, single or

by the quire, Warrants, Executions, &c.,

printed on good paper, for sale at this Office.

September 6, 1851.

HORTON'S POEMS.

A FEW Copies of the Poems of George Hor-

ton, the colored Bard of Chapel Hill, con-

taining also a sketch of his life written by him-

self, may be had at this Office. Price 25 cents.

March 20, 1852.

W. A. D. SCHOOLFIELD,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

THE subscriber is now receiving his Spring

Stock of

Drugs, Medicines, and

Chemicals,

Paints, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery,

Fancy Articles, Combs and Brushes, and all the most popular Patent Medicines

of the day.

Old Brand and Cognac Brandy, and

Madeira, Port, Sherry, and Tenecif Wine, (for Medicinal

purposes only.)

Having selected the above stock in the Northern

Cities by personal inspection, he feels warranted in commending the articles to his friends

and the public as equal in quality to any offered

to them, and will sell the same at small profits

for cash, or on six months time to punctual

customers.

Thankful for past favors he hopes to merit a

continuance of the same.

S. D. SCHOOLFIELD.

April 20, 1852.

Alpha Woolen Mills,

ON ENOE,

Seven Miles East of Hillsborough.

THE community are informed that Card-

ing can now be done in good order, and in a

very short time Spinning and Weaving.

Those having Wool to card, will please

bring it to the mill, as we would prefer to

graze it ourselves, they furnishing the Land.

R. M. & J. C. SHIELDS.

April 10, 1852.

☐ Spirit of the Age copy.

A PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency DAVID S. REID, Governor

of the State of North Carolina.

WHEREAS, three-fifths of the whole num-

ber of members of each House of the General

Assembly did, at the last session, pass the

following Act:

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of

North-Carolina.

WHEREAS, The frehold qualification now

required for the electors for members of the Senate

conflicts with the fundamental principles of

liberty. Therefore,

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly

of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby

enacted by the authority of the same, three-fifths

of the whole number of members of each House

concurring, that the second clause of third section

of the first Article of the amended Constitution

ratified by the people of North Carolina on the

second Monday of November, A. D., 1835, be

amended by striking out the words "and possessed

of a freehold within the same district of fifty

acres of land for six months next before and at

the day of election," so that the said clause of

said section shall read as follows: All free white

men of the age of twenty-one years (except as is

EVERY DAY MYSTERIES.

"I believe nothing that I do not understand,"

is the favorite saying of Mr. Pettipo Dapperling,

a gentleman who very much prides himself on his

intellectual perspicacity. Yet ask Mr. Pettipo

if he understands how it is that he wags his

little finger, and he can give no reasonable account of it. He

will tell you—for he has read books and

studied anatomy—that the little finger consists

of so many jointed bones, that there are tendons

attached to them before and behind, which belong

to certain muscles, and that when these

muscles are made to contract, the finger

wags. And this is nearly all that Mr. Pettipo

knows about it. How it is that the volition acts

on the muscles, what volition is, what the will is

—Mr. Pettipo knows not. He knows quite

as little about the sensation which resides in the

skin of that little finger—how it is that it feels

and appreciates forms and surface—why it

detects heat and cold, in what way its papillae

erect themselves, and its pores open and close—

about all this he is entirely in the dark. And yet

Mr. Pettipo is under the necessity of believing

that his little finger wags and that it is endowed

with the gift of sensation, though he in fact

knows nothing whatever of the why or the wherefore.

We must believe a thousand things that

we cannot understand. Matter and its combinations

are a grand mystery—how much more so life

and its manifestations! Look at those far-off

worlds majestically wheeling in their appointed

orbits millions of miles off; or look on this earth

on which we live, performing its diurnal motion

upon its own axis, and its annual circle round

the sun!—What do we understand of the causes

of such motions? What can we ever know about

them, beyond the facts that such things are so?

To discover and apprehend facts is much, and it

is nearly our limit. To ultimate causes we can

never ascend. But to have an eye open to receive

facts and apprehend their relative value—that is

a great deal—that is our duty; and not to reject,

or refuse to accept them, because they happen to

clash with our preconceived notion, or like Mr. Pettipo

Dapperling because we "cannot understand" them.

"Oh! my dear Kepler," writes Galileo to his

friend, "how I wish that we could have one

heavily laugh together! Here at Padua is the

principal Professor of Philosophy, whom I have

repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the

moon and planets through my glass, which he

perpetually refuses to do. Why are you not

here? What shouts of laughter we should have

at this glorious folly! And to hear the Professor

of Pisa lecturing before the Grand Duke with

logical arguments, as if with magical incantations

to charm the new planets out of the sky!"

Rub a stick of wax against your coat

sleeve, and it emits sparks; hold it

near to light, fleecy particles of wool or

cotton, and it first attracts, then it repels

them. What do you understand about that, Mr.

Pettipo, except merely that it is so? Stroke the

cat's back before the fire and you will observe

the same phenomena. Your own body will

in like manner emit sparks in certain

states, but you know nothing about why it is

so.

Pour a solution of muriate of lime into

one of sulphate of potash—both clear fluids; but

no sooner are they mixed together than they

become nearly solid. How is that? You tell

me that an ingredient of the one solution

combines with an ingredient of the other, and

an insoluble sulphate of lime is produced. Well,

you tell me a fact; but you do not account for it

by saying that the lime has a greater attraction

for the sulphuric acid than the potash has; you

do not understand how it is—merely see that it

is so. You must believe it.

But when you come to life, and its

wonderful manifestations, you are more in the

dark than ever. You understand less about this

than you do even of dead matter. Take an

ordinary every day fact: you drop two seeds,

whose component parts are the same, into the

same soil. They grow up so close together that

their roots mingle and their stalks intertwine. The

one plant produces a long slender leaf, the other

a short flat leaf; the one brings forth a beautiful

flower, the other an ugly scurf; the one sheds

a delicious fragrance, the other is entirely

indolent. The hemlock, the wheatstalk and the

rose tree, out of the same chemical ingredients

contained in the soil, educe, the one deadly

poison, the other wholesome food, the third a

delicious consummate flower. Can you tell me,

Mr. Pettipo, how is this? Do you understand

the secret by which the roots of these plants

accomplish so much more than all your science

can do and so infinitely excel the most

skillful combinations of the philosopher? You

can only recognize the fact—but you cannot

unravel the mystery. Your saying that it is the

"nature" of the plant, does not in the slightest

degree clear up the difficulty. You cannot

get at the ultimate fact—only the proximate

one is seen by you.

But lo! here is a wonderful little

plant—touch it, and the leaves shrink on the

instant, one leaf seeming to be in intimate

sympathy with the rest, and all the leaves in

the neighborhood shrinking up at the touch of a

foreign object. Or, take the simple primrose

which closes its eye as the sun goes down, and

opens as he rises again—shrinks at the approach

of rain, and expands in fair weather. The hop

twines round the pole in the direction

of the sun, and

"The sunflower turns her god when he sets,

The same look that she turned when he rose."

Do we know anything about these things

further than that they are so?

A partridge chick breaks its shell

and steps forth into its new world. Instantly

it runs about and picks up the seed lying

about on the ground. It has never learned to

run, or to see, or to select its food; but it does

all these things on the instant. The lamb of a

few hours' old frisks about full of life, and

sucks its dam's teats with as much accuracy

as if it had studied the principles of the

air pump. Instinct comes full grown into the

world at once, and we know nothing about it,

neither does the Mr. Dapperling above

mentioned.

When we ascend to the higher orders