

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXXIII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1852.

No. 1639.

"Money Saved is Money Made."

THE undersigned, having turned a respectable in the Mercantile Business in the town of Hillsborough, under the style of **NELSON & 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 they desire 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.

Land Warrants Wanted.

THE Highest Cash Prices will be paid for Land Warrants. As the agent for a gentleman in Washington, I am authorized to pay more for them than has before been offered in this part of the country.

THOMAS WEBB.

May 4th, 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 replace their stock complete. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.

J. J. & C. J. FREELAND.

March 10.

WATTS'S

Nervous Antidote and Physical RESTORATIVE.
THE MEDICAL WONDER OF THE AGE.
THE most powerful and wonderful medicine ever discovered. Guaranteed to cure every Nervous or Spasmodic Disease, such as Neuralgia, Tic Dolorous, Convulsions, Fits, Rheumatism, &c. For sale at the **DRUG STORE.**

May 11.

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.

WANTED.

1,000 YARDS Wollen Cloths, of all kinds.
Also a quantity of **Flax Seed.**

LONG & WEBB.

September 23.

Iron—A New Lot.

CONSISTING of Bar Iron for Tires, Horse Shoes, &c—square, round, oval and half oval.
Also, Cast Steel, Blister, German and Shear Steel.
Also, a fresh lot of Molasses and Rice.

LONG & WEBB.

March 23d, 1852.

Spring Supply, 1852.

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, Outlery, &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, Beeswax, Tallow, Flaxseed, and Old Castings taken in exchange for Goods.

April 14.

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.

BLANKS! BLANKS!!

BLANK DEEDS and Attachments, single or by the quire, Warrants, Executions, &c., printed on good paper, for sale at this Office.

November 5.

HORTON'S POEMS.

A FEW Copies of the Poems of George Horton, the colored Bard of Chapel Hill, containing also a sketch of his life written by himself, may be had at this Office. Price 25 cents.

March 9th.

BACON! BACON!!

A FINE lot of North Carolina Bacon for sale at **THE DRUG STORE.**

April 27.

BLANKS for Sale at this Office.

DR. S. 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 Otard and Cogniac Brandy, and Madeira, Port, Sherry, and Tene-riff Wines; (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.

Alpha Woolen Mills,

OS 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 choose it good, but not grease it, as we would prefer to grease it ourselves, they furnishing the Land.

H. 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 number 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 freehold 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 hereinafter declared), who have been inhabitants of any one district within the State twelve months immediately preceding the day of any election and shall have paid public taxes, shall be entitled to vote for a member of the Senate.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That the Governor of the State be, and he is hereby directed, to issue his Proclamation to the people of North Carolina, at least six months before the next election for members of the General Assembly, setting forth the purpose of this Act and the amendment to the Constitution herein proposed, which Proclamation shall be accompanied by a true and perfect copy of the Act, authenticated by the certificate of the Secretary of State, and both the Proclamation and the copy of this Act, the Governor of the State shall cause to be published in all the newspapers of this State, and posted in the Court Houses of the respective Counties in this State, at least six months before the election of members to the next General Assembly.

Read three times and agreed to by three-fifths of the whole number of members of each House respectively, and ratified in General Assembly, this 24th day of January, 1851.

**J. C. DOBBIN, S. H. C.
W. N. EDWARDS, S. S.**

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Office of Secretary of State.

I, WILLIAM HILL, Secretary of State, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and perfect copy of an Act of the General Assembly of this State, drawn off from the original on file in this office. Given under my hand, this 31st day of December, 1851.

WM. HILL, Sec'y of State.

AND WHEREAS, the said Act provides for amending the Constitution of the State of North Carolina so as to confer on every qualified voter for the House of Commons the right to vote also for the Senate;

Now, therefore, to the end that it may be made known that if the aforesaid amendment to the Constitution shall be agreed to by two thirds of the whole representation in each house of the next General Assembly, it will then be submitted to the people for ratification, I have issued this my Proclamation in conformity with the provisions of the before recited Act.

In testimony whereof, DAVID S. REID, Governor of the State of North Carolina, hath hereunto set his hand and caused the Great Seal of the said State to be affixed.

Done at the City of Raleigh, on the thirty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty one, and in the seventy-sixth year of our Independence.

By the Governor, **DAVID S. REID.**

THOMAS SETTLE, Jr., Private Sec'y.

Persons into whose hands this Proclamation may fall, will please see that a copy of it is posted up in the Court House of their respective Counties.

January 17.

16—

Fresh Garden Seeds,

TO BE HAD

AT THE DRUG STORE.

March 22.



SPECIAL ECONOMY.
"May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

From the New Era.

Irish Potatoes.—We urged our readers last week to plant potatoes for seed. We submit the following by way of encouragement, in the hope that if they do not act on our suggestions this year, they will next. We copy from the Baltimore Sun:

POTATOES A PROFITABLE CROP.—Mr. Robert W. Lewis, near Charlottesville, Va., planted last year on a piece of land less than an acre, upon which he had put fifty loads of manure, six bushels of mercur potash, from which he raised three hundred bushels of very superior potatoes. Last week he sold a portion of them at \$1. per bushel.

From what follows it will also be seen that some men, in some places, are not blind to their interests, and that cultivating the Irish potato is with them a source of immense profit. It will prove so to the farmers of North Carolina, if they will turn their attention to it in the right way. Let them read and reflect:

RAISING POTATOES.—The farmers in the vicinity of Philadelphia are said to be planting an unusual quantity of potatoes this year. One individual, who last year had some thirty acres in potatoes, from which he sold three thousand bushels, netting over one dollar per bushel, has this spring put in one hundred acres, and his neighbors have increased their planting in about the same proportion.

SAVING MANURE.
The Michigan Farmer gives the practice of a Scotch Farmer, in the saving and management of his manure, which we regard as eminently economical of its fertilizing qualities and worthy of general adoption except in the depth of winter, when it may be decayed. To prevent dissipation by evaporation and washing, he draws it away as fast as it is thrown from the stable, piles it up in some convenient place on the farm, first placing a layer of the fresh manure to the depth of eight or ten inches, then a layer of common soil about four inches thick, which presses the course down to about the same thickness, then another layer of manure, which in like manner is followed by another layer of earth, and so on till the pile is completed. In this way the volatile portions are preserved, and he asserts the manure is of double value to what it would have been lying in the yard.

We have tried the above, and find it a most excellent plan. Let the dirt be the richest you can get from the swamp, from fence corners or rich deposits, and add as many weeds and as much trash as you can get; and it will be greatly improved by a liberal sprinkle of salt and water and strong ashes on every layer of the manure.

ED. STAR.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—The editor of the New England Farmer, an excellent agricultural paper, gives the following sensible and patriotic advice, which will apply equally to all classes of the community:—"Go to the ballot box, and there vote for those whom you honestly judge to be the best men for office. We can respect the manly opponent of our opinions—we can respect the zealous supporter of men and measures that we distrust; but the citizen who manifests indifference to our political institutions—the man who cares not to vote, we cannot consider a good citizen, or a fit subject to be favored with the blessings of a free government."

Washing made Easy.—The "crazy folks" in the asylum at Hartford, Ct., mix a gill of alcohol with a gallon of soft soap, just as they are going to rub it on the clothes, which they then soak two or three hours, and then merely rinse out in clean water, and all the dirt is out as effectually as good sense is out of a fellow after drinking the same quantity of the "poison stuff."

In washing stairs and passages, always use a sponge instead of a cloth, when washing the space between the carpet and wall, and you will not soil the edges. Sponges are cheap, and this information is cheap, but it is valuable to all house-keepers.

The Plow.

A small piece of linen, just moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservation against moths.

From Sartain's Magazine.
EASY WARREN.
BY WILLIAM T. COUGHSALL.

Raymond Warren was a "nice" man—every body's clever fellow, as I heard a public man once remark, "a very extensive officer," with numerous duties, never discharged. Raymond used to sit in the chimney-corner late, very late on a winter's night, because he was too shiftless to get ready for bed. But after a while the fire burned low,—the glow on the embers faded, and it grew cold in the chimney-corner; then Raymond became chilly, and he would sneak to rest where his wife perhaps had been for several hours, endeavoring to recover from the severe fatigue of a day's work, into which had been crowded the greater portion of her husband's legitimate duties. Raymond owned a large farm, left him by his father. It was a good land, but the fences were not in repair, and every body's cattle roamed through the fields, and Raymond's crops were not sufficient to yield the family a decent support. The farm had once been well stocked, but for want of proper attention the cattle became poor—the sheep were never shorn, even in the most rigorous weather, and many of them died. The wool was never shorn and washed, and when taken to market it would not bring the market price. Had it not been for Raymond's wife, who was a business woman, the family must often have suffered for the common necessities of life.

Raymond's chores were rarely attended by himself, but was a neighbor sick no man was more willing to work in his place. He was relied upon as the man who would always neglect his own interests, to look after those of somebody's else. He could never set himself at his farm-work, but he was considered an excellent hand, when to oblige a neighbor, he took a job in his field.

It was a bleak morning in mid-winter. Raymond Warren's wife was in the barnyard folding the cattle—Raymond was in bed. The light of a brisk fire which his wife had built, shone directly in his face. It awakened him—the room was warm, and Raymond was persuaded by its inviting appearance, to arise. He sat down by the fire-place in his slippers, and waited for his wife to come and get him some breakfast. As he warmed his feet he felt that he had reason to congratulate himself on his "happy situation, and he said to himself—

"'Taint every man's got such a wife as I have. Here she's made a good fire, and I'll bet the chores are all done."

The chores were done, and Raymond had scarcely finished his roll-call, when the useful wife hastened to the fire-place to warm her hands, which had become thoroughly chilled by the cold handle of the pitchfork, with which she had been throwing hay and straw to the cattle.

It might be supposed that these occurrences took place early in the morning—not so. It was ten o'clock when Raymond Warren left his bed. His wife had been sewing for two hours, before she prepared her breakfast; then she urged Raymond for an hour longer, to get up. He made fair promises but left them all unfulfilled. She waited until it was nine o'clock, and then knowing her husband's easy habits, and ashamed to have the cattle unfed at that hour of the day, she determined to attend to their wants herself.

Raymond's first salutation to her as she stood by the fire, was—

"I wish I had some tea, Sally—but never mind, you've put the things away—a little warm water, with a little milk and sugar in it, will do just as well, and while you're about it, you may get me a piece of bread; but just as you choose; no matter about it, anyhow. 'Taint every man's got such a woman for a wife."

She might have answered, "It is not every woman that has such a husband."

But she knew such remarks would only make bitter feelings, and though fatigued with the violent exercise she had taken, she carefully prepared her easy, good-natured husband a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and then asked if he would not cut some wood.

"To be sure I will," was his response. His breakfast over he took up his axe, mounted the wood-pile and cut half-a-dozen sticks, when along came a neighbor, who wanted Raymond to accompany him to a saw-mill, about two miles distant, and assist in loading upon a sled some boards which had been sawed for him—of course Raymond went, and his wife was compelled to cut wood enough to keep the house warm until the following day.

Mrs. Warren was in appearance, a feeble woman, but she had endured hardship which would have destroyed the constitution of one much more robust. Day after day her strength failed her, yet she made no complaint. Raymond saw that she grew pale, and was often disturbed with fears in regard to her, but he was too easy to mention the subject, and the useful wife became more and more feeble, until she was seized with a violent cough. Raymond was one day thoughtful enough to speak to the village doctor as he passed their house with his ponderous medi-

cine portmanteau on his arm, and the benevolent gentlemen, who had some knowledge of Raymond's peculiar failings, left the woman an innocent lecture, and forbade exposure to cold atmospheres under the circumstances, and also declared that her complaint was of a character very much aggravated by severe exercise.

For a few days Raymond remembered the Doctor's counsel, and as he had respect for the physician, he obeyed him as nearly as his constitutional feelings permitted, but soon the wife was again obliged to chop wood and feed cattle, and taking a severe cold, failed as would fade the summer rose in a frigid climate.

When Raymond Warren's house was desolate and his fireside cheerless, he saw what had been his great error during the two years of his married life, and he mourned his wife deeply, it must be said in his favor, both as a helpmate and as a companion. He rented his farm and managed to exist "easily" for one year; but he was not satisfied with a childless widow's solitary lot, and he began to look about him for a second helpmate and companion. In a few months he took to his home a woman, who he confidently felt would fill the place left vacant by his first wife. Sadly was Raymond disappointed. A few weeks elapsed and he fell into his old habits, with a complete abandon. Leaving his own work in a neglected state, he worked diligently one day to assist a neighbor in getting wood to his house, and he returned to his home, late at night, hungry and fatigued, expecting that his wife would have ready for his refreshment an inviting supper. In this hope he had refused to take supper with the neighbor whom he had assisted. Poor fellow! the kitchen, where was to have been his excellent supper, attended by a smiling wife, was cold and unoccupied. No frugal board was there, and Mrs. Warren was in bed. Raymond was much astonished, but was too good-natured to complain, and silently he ventured to explore the cupboard for a crust on which to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. Not a crumb was there. It was evident his wife had designed that he should go to bed supperless; and supperless to bed he did go, grieving seriously over his hard lot. He had never before been so badly treated, and he thought it indeed distressing, but yet his disappointment was not so bad enough to revolutionize his constitutional good-nature, and without a murmur he fell sound asleep.

Raymond Warren did not hear chanting salute the morning, as it dawned after the night of his grievous disappointment. It was spring-time, and the birds sang under his window, but he heard them not; yet he heard his wife, who had risen before the sun, call him—

"Mr. Warren, here I've been for an hour in the cold. The wood's all burned. It's time I had some cut. If you want any breakfast, you had better get up."

Was Raymond dreaming? Was this a voice of reproach, that came to him in his sleep, with recollections of the wife that had gone before him to the Spirit Land? Not so—it was a voice from the wife that dwelt with him in this sphere of existence, that came to remind him of his duties not discharged, upon performances of which depended the satisfaction of those desires which had intruded visions of seats upon his hours of rest. All this he felt, still he did not offer to leave his couch.

"Raymond Warren," again said the voice, "you left me yesterday without wood, to help a neighbor get wood for his wife, and you went to bed last night without your supper. You'll not get a bite to eat in this house till you bring me wood to cook it with."

"There's plenty of chips," said Raymond, in palliation, rising on his elbows as he spoke.

"Get up, then, and bring them into the house," said the resolute wife. "I didn't know you when we were married, but I know you now. I know what killed your first wife. You want to make a slave of me. I'll attend to my duties; but if you don't do your chores, the cattle may starve, and you'll never get a bite to eat in this house unless you take it uncooked, if you don't cut wood yourself or get somebody to do it for you."

Raymond started bolt upright, and it was not many minutes before he was at the wood-pile. Diligently did he work until he had cut an armful, which, like a dutiful husband, for the first time in his life he carried into the kitchen.

His wife made no allusion to what had passed between them, and Raymond, although burning with curiosity to know where she had learned what she had revealed to him, dared not commence conversation in relation to it. The train of ill it might revive was fearful to the easy man's mind. His breakfast over, forgetful of his lesson, careless Raymond wandered away from home, his necessary morning labors in his farm-yard unattended to, and his wood-pile unvisited. He returned home at noon, strong in the faith that he should sit down to a good dinner, because he was one of those men who think that a wife should always give her husband a good dinner, whether she have

anything to cook or not. Mrs. Warren had enough to cook, but nothing to cook with; however, much to Raymond's satisfaction, when he entered his home he found the table spread, and he knew he should soon be invited to take a seat near it.

When the invitation came, he hastened to his accustomed seat, lifted the cover from a dish that he supposed contained meat; and, truly, there was meat, but just as it came from the butcher's. Raymond was not a cannibal; he looked at his wife inquiringly; she appeared to be waiting patiently to be served. He lifted the cover of another dish; there were potatoes just as they had been dug from the earth. All the dishes that usually contained victuals were covered. Raymond grew suspicious, and he lifted the covers hastily. There was bread, as it came from the tray; there were turnips that had never been under the influence of fire; there were apples handsomely sliced for sauce, and there were numerous other edibles, but none of them could Raymond eat. He turned for consolation to a cup of tea his wife had deposited near his plate. There were tea-leaves floating in the cup, but the tea looked remarkably pale; nevertheless, Raymond by force of habit, blew vigorously to prepare it for his palate. But when he put it to his lips, he found that he had wasted his breath; for the water was as cold as when it came from the spring.

Raymond was not a hasty man. He pushed back his chair deliberately, and thought aloud:

"In the name of Heaven, what does this mean?"

Mrs. Warren, whose countenance during this scene had worn a sober aspect, now smiled pleasantly, and answered:

"The victuals were all on the stove the usual time."

"It's strange they were not cooked," said Raymond.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Warren; "there was no wood to cook them with."

In an instant Easy Warren then saw what a "moral" there was in his novel dinner, and with a keen appetite, he went to work on the wood-pile. He took his dinner and supper together that day, and he remembered that Mrs. Warren said:

"Now, Raymond, whenever you leave me without wood, you must eat victuals that has been cooked on a cold stove."

Many women would have stormed and scolded, but Mrs. Warren knew there was a better way to correct her easy husband's carelessness, or shiftiness, as the reader pleases.

One day, there was no flour in the house, and Raymond was about to go with some neighbors to a town meeting, when his wife hid his best coat and reminded him of the empty flour-barrel. Another day, his corn was to be gathered, when a neighbor desired him to assist him with his horses and wagon. It was a neighbor who often received favors, but seldom rendered them; yet Easy Warren could not refuse him. But when he went to hitch his horses before his wagon, he found that one of the wheels was missing. Of course, the neighbor was disappointed. In the afternoon, when Raymond expressed a wish to draw his corn, his wife told him where he could find the lost wagon-wheel.

This way was Easy Warren's household managed until he began to realize practically what the error of his life had been. People said: "Warren's farm looked much better than it did some years ago."

Mrs. Warren never interfered with Raymond's business except when he neglected it, and then she never found fault or scolded, but took occasion to show his neglect to him in a manner which impressed him with injustice to his own interests.

Raymond's cattle were all cared for, and were in good order. When his fences were down, if he didn't replace them his wife employed a neighbor to make the necessary repairs. His wife took the papers, and read; she knew the state of the market, and, to oblige her, Raymond had his grain in market when the price was highest. Some people said,

"Easy Warren is a hen-pecked husband."

But he knew better; and he often boasted that his wife was more of a "business man" than he was.

They lived together peaceably some years, when one day, Raymond was in a good humor thinking over his prosperous condition, and he told his wife; "I'm a woman's-rights man of the true grit. They may say you wear the breeches, for they please;—I'm satisfied to have you to do the thinking to our firm. And, now I see what a fool I have been, I must make up for my early shiftlessness."

He did make up for his early shiftlessness; and, under his judicious wife's training, he became industrious, instead of Easy Warren.

Mrs. Warren had the correct idea of woman's rights and woman's wrongs. We commend her management to those who have "easy husbands." Especially do we commend it to those unfortunate women who have earned for themselves the opprobrious title of "scolds."