

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXXIV.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1853.

No. 1691.

NOTICE To Country Merchants.

WE have been making large additions to our stock of

**STAPLE & FANCY
DRY GOODS,**

making our assortment as commanding as at any time during the season.

Merchants replenishing their stocks for the summer months, would find it to their interest to give us a call.

STEVENSON & WEDDELL,
Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.
N. B. Orders shall have our best attention.
S. & W.
May 13th, 1853.

BOOKS!

I SHALL keep a very pretty assortment of Books at Mr. James Watson's, among which are the following: Wiley's N. C. Farm Book; Wiley's N. C. Reader; Wheeler's History; an assortment of the American Tract Society's books; Religious, Historical and Temperance Books, in great variety. Cheap, very cheap. Call and see them. Any Books furnished to order.

SAMUEL PEARCE, Agent,
Hillsborough, May 10.

House & Lot for Sale.

Having removed to Chapel Hill, the subscriber offers his late residence in the town of Hillsborough for sale. The Dwelling House is large and roomy, and very conveniently arranged. There is a good Office on the lot, with two rooms, a Well, Barn and Stables, and every necessary Out House. The House is situated on King Street, convenient to the Court House. Apply to the subscriber, at Chapel Hill, N. C.

HUGH WADDELL,
April 12th, 1853.

Drugs! Drugs!

THE Subscribers are now receiving their Spring Stock of **DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS and SPICES,** embracing a larger Stock than has ever before been offered in this market, and which they are prepared to sell low for Cash, or on six months time to punctual dealers. Physicians and others are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock.

S. D. SCHOOLFIELD & Co.,
April 19.

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

WE have just received our SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. Please call and see them. They will be sold upon accommodating terms.

Superior FRENCH CLOTHS and CASIMERES, which have heretofore given great satisfaction.

LONG & WEBB,
April 12th, 1853.

ONE THOUSAND PIANO FORTES!

Upwards of one thousand Pianos sold, and never sold a bad one!!!

ALWAYS having had the Sole Agency of the Pianos of STRUBB & DENHAM in Virginia and North Carolina—together with the unparalleled number we have sold, (more than one thousand), enables us to assert with truth and confidence, from so long and well-tried experience that they are

UNSURPASSED IN TONE AND FINISH

embracing in the same Piano a

Most Mellow and Soft, as well as a Most Powerful and Superb Tone.

We keep always on hand a large and varied stock of the newest styles and the finest makes, so that purchasers can always find exactly the style, etc., they may want; the difference in price being occasioned only by the outward finish, enables those who wish to buy cheap instruments, the same advantages of a fine and beautiful tone as in a Piano of greater value.

A large number we now sell, are left entirely to our own taste and selection, by those who are not able to present themselves, and as it always gives much more responsibility upon us, all may be assured, that we want good Pianos, that with attention, caution and promptness to their orders, they shall have a Piano Forte at precisely the northern price, (as has been often tested), and an instrument from the best makers in the world.

Guaranteed, and allowed to be returned if not all they are represented to be.

E. P. NASH,

Piano Forte Ware Rooms,
Corner Sycamore and Bank Streets,
Petersburg, Va., April 15, 1853.

REMOVAL.

Boot and Shoe Business.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Shoe Shop to the house on King street, one door west of an excellent assortment of **BOOTS, SHOES, BROGANS, &c.,** which will be sold very low.

The superintendance of the business, as heretofore, will be entrusted to Mr. Thomas C. Hayes. The best workmen that can be procured, will be kept ready to execute all orders for work, and every pains will be taken to give satisfaction. Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

W. F. STRAYHORN,

January 3d, 1853.

MOLASSES.

JUST received, 10 Hog-heads of New Crop Molasses.

LONG & WEBB,
March 8, 1853.

BLANKS for Sale at this Office.



RURAL ECONOMY.

May your rich soil,
Erebrant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every field.

From the Raleigh Star.

State Fair.—It is now a "fixed fact,"

that a Fair will be held in this City on the 18th of October next, for the exhibition of improvements in all branches of industry, and especially in the agricultural and mechanical pursuits. The proceedings of the State Agricultural Society on this important subject, which we publish to-day's Star, will, therefore, be read with lively interest by all classes of readers, in every part of the State; and every citizen, who takes an interest in her welfare and advancement, will exert himself to give encouragement and success to the Fair.

As it is designed for the special benefit of the Farmers and Mechanics, we call upon them in every section of the State, to arouse and lay hold upon the matter with zeal and vigor,—to identify themselves at once with the friends of improvement, and give their hearty and active co-operation in all things necessary to insure an encouraging and profitable display,—to set about making improvements, to prepare something for exhibition, to contribute to the fund to be distributed in premiums, to join the State Agricultural Society, and to be ready to attend the Fair in person.

We are gratified to learn that preparations will be made for a respectable show for a beginning—that the Farmers and Mechanics in some sections are already preparing to enter the lists as competitors in various departments; that the spirit is spreading with encouraging rapidity in some sections of the State; and that it is already calculated that twenty or thirty thousand persons will attend. May we not expect more? In the times of high party excitement, we have seen many thousands brought together here, with gorgeous banners and badges and emblems, from every direction, at a much shorter notice. Will the people of North Carolina be less ready to move in a matter of infinitely more importance to every man, woman and child within her borders? What section, or county, or individual, will be so craven in spirit as to shrink from this noble contest? Who can still remain so cold and motionless, as to require coals of fire to be heaped upon their backs to drive them out of their shells? Are not all with their heads out, and crawling, at least, by this time? Will there not be a laudable rivalry manifested by every County Society? Will not every section resolve and strive not to be out done by another? And may we not expect such a stir as was never before witnessed by the present generation in North Carolina, in giving support to, and making due preparations for, the State Fair? And may we not expect to see foremost in this work of patriotism and progress, the best and noblest of our population—the Fair?

From the Farmer's Journal.

A Hint to the Farmer.—We may

send to England for Durham cows, and to Spain or Saxony for the choicest sheep; we may search the world over for cattle that please the eye; but unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding they will most assuredly deteriorate and eventually become as worthless and unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that now haunt our rich but neglected pastures. We remember an anecdote in point, and will relate it by way of illustration: A farmer having purchased a cow from a county abounding in the richest pasturage, upon taking her to his own inferior pastures, found that she fell short of the yield which he was informed she had been accustomed to give. He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased, that the cow was not the one he bargained for, or in other words, that she was "cracked up to be." "Why," said the seller, "I sold you my cow, but did not sell you my pasture, too."

The above, which we cut from an exchange, reminds us of the reply which a shrewd old farmer, whom we knew many years ago, made to one of his neighbors. The latter had obtained some pigs of a man residing some miles off, and who, because intelligent, was always very successful in his farming operations, particularly surpassing his neighbors in raising pork. Shortly af-

ter, meeting the old gentleman referred to, he says: "Well, Mr. Sweetser, I'm going to beat you in raising hogs this year. I have got some of J—M—'s breed." "A-a-ah," drawled out the old man, "you'd better get the breed of his hog-trough."

From the Southern Planter.

Blackberry Wine.

Mr. EORSE.—It may not be known to many of your subscribers that they possess in the blackberry, grown so unwillingly by them in their fields, the means, at once, of making an excellent wine and a valuable medicine for home use. To make a wine equal in value to Port, take ripe blackberries or dewberries and press them, let the juice stand thirty-six hours to ferment, skim off whatever rises to the top, then, to every gallon of the juice, add a quart of water and three pounds of sugar, (brown sugar will do) let this stand in open vessels for twenty-four hours, skim and strain it, then barrel it until March, when it should be carefully racked off and bottled.

Blackberry cordial is made by adding one pound of white sugar to three pounds of ripe blackberries, allowing them to stand for twelve hours, then pressing out the juice, staining it, adding one-third part of spirit, and putting a teaspoonful of finely powdered allspice in every quart of the cordial, it is at once fit for use.

The wine and cordial are very valuable medicines in the treatment of weakness of the stomach and bowels, and especially valuable in the summer complaints of children.

As this is the season of such disorders, and as the blackberry will soon be ripe, I have thought it necessary to make known these recipes. Yours, &c.,

ECONOMIST.

COWS HOLDING UP THEIR MILK.—A

few years ago I bought a young cow, which proved to be very wild, and when I took away her first calf she would not give her milk. I heard it remarked that putting a weight on the cow's back would make her give her milk down. I accordingly drove her into a stable, got a bushel of grain and put it on her back. While kept in this position she had no power to hold up her milk, for it came down freely. After doing this a few times, and afterwards putting my hand on the back of the cow, it would give way, and she would immediately give down her milk.

[Cultivator.]

From Gleason's Pictorial.

GOING DOWN HILL.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGLASS.

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fences, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed. "Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when every thing around his little place was trim and tidy."

"It is quite the contrary now," returned the farmer. House, out-buildings, and grounds all show the want of the master's care.

"I am afraid Thompson is in the downward path."

"No time to lose, I should say," remarked the farmer.

"Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust a man with my money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness which the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind hand a little, but still I must take care of number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation.

"Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself, then. I did intend to give him another month's credit, but on the whole, I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of his neighbor Thompson, and the probability of his going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village similar scenes were passing.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennet, the dress maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window whence she had been gazing on the passers-by.

"There is no Mr. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants to engage me to do her spring work, I suppose. But I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance I ever get my pay."

"She has always paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True, but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risks."

"Just so. The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer, the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

The butcher's account, as I live! exclaimed the astonished shoemaker.

"What is to be done, Mary? So much money is to be paid out, and very little coming in, for some of our best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims, but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability will send us still farther on the downward path."

"We must trust to Providence, and do our best," was the consolatory remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door announced the fact that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself.

Seating himself in the comfortable chair which Mary hastened to place for him, he said in a somewhat eccentric but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not go quite so well with you as formerly. What's the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble, sir," was the reply, if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortune, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around me were not determined to push me on the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Every body, or at least a greater part, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of being behind hand, and all will go well with you."

"Very true, but how is this to be done? Bills that I did not expect to meet for the next three months, are pouring in upon me. My customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the very brink of ruin, and naught but a miracle can save me."

"A miracle which is very easily wrought, then, my good friend. What is the amount of these debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon in the ordinary course of events, could you discharge them?"

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation were near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother, Ezekiel, had set a trap and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all future trouble from him, but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case. "Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be the judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck), and you shall be the counsel and plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and if he was suffered to live and go again at large, that he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. "Now, Daniel, it is your turn—I'll hear what you have to say." 'Twas his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; he made him to love, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God had not made him, or any thing, in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and the fox were; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had a plenty and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life, and that little food was as sweet to him, and necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table. God furnished their own food, he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did; but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hands of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he had a right, a right from God, to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute, but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them, and the just judgment they might expect, if, in selfish cruelty and cold-heartedness, they took the life they could not restore again, the life that God alone had given. During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks; every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair, while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case, and, turning to his older son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

From the Washington correspondent of the Commercial writes: "Major Donelson has been here lately and asked for some office for his son-in-law, Mr. Wilson, late member of Congress from Mississippi, who returned in deep distress from his mission at Nashville. He returned with a pocket-book containing a sum of money, and a claim upon his benevolence; whilst he was