

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXXIV.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1853.

No. 1695.

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. 85—

BOOKS!
I SHALL keep a very pretty assortment of Books at Mr. James Watson's, among which are the following: Wiley's N. C. Form 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. 85—

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. 81—

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. 82—

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.
WE have just received our SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. Please call and see them. They will be sold upon accommodating terms.
We would call particular attention to our Superior FRENCH CLOTHS and CASIMERES, which have heretofore given great satisfaction.
LONG & WEBB.
April 12th, 1853. 81—

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 **STUART & 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 latest rates, 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 cheaper 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 develops much more responsibility upon us, all may be assured, who 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. 82—

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, where he will keep on hand an excellent assortment of **BOOTS, SHOES, BROGANS, &c.,** which will be sold very low.
The superintendence 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. 67—

MOLASSES.
JUST received, 10 Hogheads of New Crop Molasses.
LONG & WEBB.
March 8, 1853. 76—

BLANKS for Sale at this Office.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
THE subscribers inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have entered into Copartnership under the firm of
MURRAY & GRANT,
for the purpose of transacting the **Grocery, Commission and Forwarding Business** in all its different branches, at the old stand of R. H. Grant, next door to the Custom House, on Water street, and would be glad to serve the public and their friends at any time.
E. MURRAY,
R. H. GRANT.
Wilmington, N. C., June 1st, 1853. 89—
* Greenborough Patriot copy 6 weeks and forward bill to M. & G.

Wool Carding.
THE subscriber's Machines, at Enos Mills, Orange county, will be in operation by the 10th of July; and customers are respectfully requested to bring their Wool in warm weather and well prepared, so that he can do work of that character which will not fail to please.
Flax Seed will be received in payment for Carding and for Wool Rolls.
WM. S. CLAYTOR.
June 7th, 1853. 89—

CLOTHING
FOR THE FALL OF 1853.
PURCHASERS OF CLOTHING are informed that we are manufacturing the **LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHING** (at wholesale only) suitable to the Country Trade, to be found in the State.
We do business on the
ONE PRICE SYSTEM.
Orders promptly filled. An examination of our stock is solicited.
HANFORD & BROTHER,
29 Park Row, (opposite the Astor House), N. Y.
N. B. We are the largest manufacturers of **OILED CLOTHING** in this country. RUBBER CLOTHING at the lowest market rates.
June 20, 1853. 91—

COMMON SCHOOLS.
THE Examining Committee for Orange county, will hold their second regular meeting at the Court House in Hillsborough, on Saturday the 30th of July. Persons wishing certificates are expected to apply at that time.
E. A. HEARTT, Secretary.
June 24, 1853. 89—

COPARTNERSHIP.
D. EDMUND STRUDWICK & SON have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine. They will promptly attend to calls for services in their profession.
June 3d, 1853. 89—

BROWN'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.
CAUTION.—Persons desiring an article that can be relied upon, prepared from pure **JAMAICA GINGER,** should be particular to ask for "Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger," which is warranted to be what it is represented, and is
Prepared only at **FREDK. BROWN'S**
Drug and Chemical Store,
N. E. corner Chestnut and Fifth Streets,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THIS Essence is warranted to possess, in a concentrated form, all the valuable properties of Jamaica Ginger, and will be found, on trial, an excellent Family Medicine. It is particularly recommended as a tonic, to persons recovering from fever or other diseases, a few drops imparting to the stomach a glow and vigor equal to a wine-glassful of brandy or other stimulant, without any of the debilitating effects which are sure to follow the use of liquor of any kind; and it is therefore especially serviceable to children and females. To the aged it will prove a great comfort (the dyspeptic, and those who are predisposed to gout or rheumatic affections, it gives great relief; and to the inebriate who wishes to reform, but whose stomach is constantly craving the noxious liquor, it is invaluable—giving tone to the digestive organs, and strength to resist temptation; and is consequently a great agent in the cause of temperance.
Dose.—For a grown person, one tea-spoonful; for a child 10 to 15 years old, half a tea-spoonful; and for a child 2 to 5 years old, 15 to 20 drops. To be given in Sugar and Water.
Dr. S. D. Schoolfield, Agt., Hillsborough; Mr. S. S. Lucas, agent, Chapel Hill.
June 1, 1853. 89—

THOMAS WEBB,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.
CONTINUES to practice in the Courts of Orange and Alamance. Due diligence will be given to the collection of claims. Applications for Pensions and Bounty Lands promptly attended to. The highest cash prices given for Land Warrants. \$500 in the Court House.
February 24, 1853. 73—

BOOTES.
LADIES' Thin-Sole Bootes, from J. Miles & Son, Philadelphia, just received by
LONG & WEBB.
June 15. 90—

Just to hand,
AT THE DRUG STORE,
BEATRICE, the great Novel of the age; **Daisy Burns;** Life in Earnest; **Happy Home;** **Cheever's Pilgrim's Progress;** **Startling Questions;** **Memoirs of Lady Calcehoun;** **Life in New York;** **The Young Maroon;** **Woman's Friend;** **Villette;** **Daniel Webster's Works,** complete; **Kittoe's Daily Readings of the Bible;** **Grace of Christ;** **Memoirs of Robert and J. A. Haldane;** **Prayer Books;** **Hymn Books;** a lot of **New Music,** &c.
June 8th, 1853. 89—

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.
A MOST charming volume, for sale at the Drug Store.
July 5. 93—



RURAL ECONOMY.
"May your rich soil,
Exuberant nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."
From the Ohio Farmer.

BOOK FARMING.
There is a class of men to be met with in almost every community, who cry out against "Book Farming." Go to this class and ask them to subscribe for any of the cheap Agricultural papers published in the country, and ten chances to one if they will not laugh you in the face, and call you a silly theorist. Undertake to hold an argument with them to show them the advantages of reading good Agricultural works, and self esteem will rise in a moment to such a prodigious height that they can coolly assert that they know already all that can be known about the art and science of Agriculture, and perhaps they may go so far as to claim that they are indeed wise above what is written. Such men have their hobby, and that is "Practical Agriculture." Do they not know how to hold the plow, ply the hoe, swing the scythe, and handle the sickle? Can they not make pork and beef, butter and cheese, as well as the subscribers to your Agricultural Journals?

Individuals who mount a hobby, so far as I have had the means of judging, are apt to be a little one-sided in their opinions. Once fairly mounted, they set spurs to their charger, be he of large or small dimensions, and so rush forward till they fancy a change would be for their interest and save the life of their poor jaded nag.

Practical Agriculture has long been the hobby of tens of thousands. It has been rade so long and so hard, that many have been forced to see that the old nag could not always hold out and do the highest justice to the parties who had been for long years spurring her on to the top of her speed.
For years all along the route, one and another have been hopping off, and bidding adieu to the jade with senseless exclusiveness, and have been anxiously casting about for a more correct theory and elevated practice.
But all the riders are not yet unhorsed. Notwithstanding the jade is old, and from long service is woefully galled, and is always getting fresh stabs from those who have been regenerated and made believers in a sounder and more wholesome doctrine in agriculture, who would gladly see supplanted in the bourse by a nag of improved blood, her still devoted riders, with their feet in the stirrups clear up to their heels, and both hands clutching the mane, are spurring her on, vainly supposing they are in advance of all the rest of the world, and are likely to remain so.

Practical Agriculture, rightly apprehended, is undoubtedly of much more importance than mere speculative "Book Farming." Men may write books on agriculture that shall be wholly destitute of practical principles, and therefore of no advantage to the practical farmer, or to any one else. There are, however, but few such works allowed to come before the public.
So thoroughly aroused has the scientific world become upon the subject of improvement in our Agriculture, that no work, destitute of real intrinsic worth, can long hope to survive the rigid ordeal to which it must be submitted upon its first appearance before the public.

The class of Agricultural works that find least favor in the eyes of the so called practical farmers, are those designed to elucidate the scientific principles applicable to Agriculture; such as Geology, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Chemistry, Botany, &c.
These sciences are all taught in the higher class of schools, and there is not one of them but is of more practical importance to the farmer than to any other class of men.

The practical farmer has before him every day the subject upon which they treat, and can be any less a practical farmer, if he understands clearly the principles upon which he works, and which, adhered to, crown his various manipulations with success?
If the practical farmer, one the most ultra in his denunciations of "Book Farming," were desirous of making his son a practical mathematician of the highest order, would he commence the work by forbidding him the use of books treating of the science of mathematics? Yet the son would be about as likely

to become a Euclid in mathematics without the study of mathematical works, as the father would be a good practical agriculturist without the study of works elucidating the principles upon which his business is based, and in accordance with which it must be conducted, to insure permanent success.

Those practical farmers who eschew books and teachings of a well conducted agricultural paper, are not so foolishly as to deny the advantages of books and papers in fitting men for the better discharge of the duties pertaining to other pursuits, and it is only because they take a one-sided and illiberal view of the matter that they heap denunciations upon "Book Farming."

In many instances this view is taken, because the early advantages of men were not such as to fit them to appreciate the voice and teachings of science somewhat abstruse; and early prejudices take deeper root and yield their most luxuriant growth in minds not sown in youth with better seed.
As I have before intimated, the number of the decryers of "Book Farming" is yearly growing less; and men need only to come to the light to have their short-sighted opinions and prejudices made manifest to themselves.
"Book Farming" as it is called, is fast becoming a simple record of successful experiments that have been made by practical men, with an equally simple explanation of the causes of that success.
Now, this is just what the agriculture of the country needs. Improved systems, and that rationale of them, nobody can find fault with, and everybody that adopts them with a clear understanding of their principles, will be benefitted. A clear understanding of their principles, and a diligent application of them, would be our ideal of a "Book Farmer," and of a
PRACTICAL FARMER.

The Two Daguerreotypes.

CHAPTER I.
Jim Scroggins, though in the main an honest, peaceable, quiet, harmless fellow, had a beastly habit of getting drunk whenever a fit opportunity presented itself; and, unfortunately, because "where there's a will there's a way," the opportunities were both fit and frequent.

Jim owned a comfortable homestead, that he had almost paid for. Mrs. Scroggins was a "real worker," and no doubt did her full share in buying the homestead. She was endowed with a great deal of energy, good judgment, and people were so malicious as to say she was the smartest man of the town.
Be this as it may, Mrs. Scroggins was an industrious woman, and took a good deal of pride in the little place which had been bought by their mutual industry—and the thought of having it wrested from them by a cold-hearted creditor was in the highest degree disagreeable; but to such a calamity, her husband's infirmity, as the good minister of the village called it, seemed to point.

The habit grew upon him, as it almost always does upon those who are in the habit of imbibing too freely. The miseries of the drunkard's wife had been too often presented to the good woman's understanding, to be regarded as simply creations of imagination, and she looked forward with alarm to the prospect of enduring them, and losing the little place.

But what could be done? She had exhausted her eloquence upon the infatuated man, without producing any thing but a temporary effect. She painted to him, kindly, the inevitable effect of his indulgence, and Jim promised to do better; but, alas for the vanity of human expectations! he got tipsy the very next day.

Then she appealed to his love of money—to his satisfaction in being the owner of a cottage and ten acres of land, and warming up with the importance of the subject, declared that she would not ensue herself any longer to pay for the place, and then have it taken away from them to pay a rum bill.

Jim listened patiently to the good dame's eloquence, and, as usual, promised to do better; but, also, as usual, he came into the house the very next day, tight as a fiddle string.

Mrs. Scroggins was in despair; "what to do she did not know," as she expressed it to Parson Allwise, who was a sympathizer in her distress. She had entreated, she had scolded, she had threatened, and all to no purpose. "What could a body do?"
Parson Allwise himself, though he made it a point not to interfere in the domestic affairs of his parishioners, was at last moved to try his powers of persuasion upon the poor fellow.

But Jim, unfortunately for the success of his appeal, had but a poor opinion of ministers in general, and of Parson Allwise in particular; and as

good as told the worthy Pastor that he had better mind his own business.

Mrs. Scroggins was shocked at the boldness of her spouse in answering a minister of the gospel in such a pointed manner, and was led to believe that the case was now hopeless indeed.

But woman's wits are equal to almost any emergency; and though she had confessedly given Jim to the tender mercies of the devil, she could not help thinking it would be a good thing if he could only be saved from himself.
One day circumstances seemed to conspire in favor of an experiment, which had suggested itself to her fertile brain, and she immediately carried it into effect, with the most happy success, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER II.

Jim had been cleaning out the pig pen, and as the operation was rather a disagreeable one, he had fortified his olfactory by drinking an inordinate quantity of vile New England rum.
The filthy stuff, happily, did not take effect on his brain till the job was done. The pig pen was cleaned out, but Jim was in a condition which better fitted him to occupy it, than the neat, white-floored kitchen of his cottage. But Jim did not realize this unpleasant truth, and leaving his shovel and hoe in the sty, staggered to the house.

"He was a sight to behold," as Mrs. Scroggins told the minister. The job he had just completed was essentially a dirty one, and Jim, as we have remarked, being prudent, he had prepared himself to perform it without any detriment to the neat garments he ordinarily wore. He was dressed in a ragged suit of clothes, and on his head rested a shocking bad hat with the crown stove in, and the brim half torn off. As the liquor began to fuddle him, he moved it over from its perpendicular position, so that it rested quite jauntily on one side of his head.

Jim settled himself heavily in the chair by the cooking stove, looked silly, and seemed disposed to address himself to slumber, his usual resort, when inebriated.
Mrs. Scroggins was mad at first, for it was only the day before that Jim, for the hundredth time, had promised never to drink another drop, not even in case of sickness.

But what was the use of getting mad with such a poor, silly, imbecile thing as he was at that moment. He was not in a condition to appreciate a regular matrimonial blow up, and she wisely resolved to reserve the vials of her wrath to be poured out at a more convenient season.

She looked at him and thought of losing the little place—of penury, of degradation, and the poor house. A lucky thought arose, like the Phoenix from the flames, out of the contemplation of the dark picture; and after a few moments' deliberation, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and hurried over to the village half a mile distant.

For a week previous, a young daguerreotypist, with a portable saloon—a kind of overgrown omnibus—had been delighting the villagers by giving them the semblance of their faces, at prices varying from nine shillings to three dollars a head, depending on the value of the case.

All the people in the town had been daguerreotyped, and the omnibus man was the most popular person in the village. All the dames and maids had been taken, and every Jonathan and Jehial who could boast of a Susan, a Ruth, or a Sally, was taken with her by his side in the picture, his arm thrown lovingly around her, and looking unutterably affectionate.

But Mrs. Scroggins was not sentimental; she had gotten over all that long before Jim took to drinking. She proposed to put the skill of the daguerreotypist to a more practical use than that of getting the good will of a lover.

She entered the saloon, and though her heart did beat a little at the degradation of exposing her domestic matters to an entire stranger, she demeaned herself with all the firmness becoming the trying occasion.

Fortunately for her all the people in the town had "been taken" and it was a dry time with the artist. In a few words as possible she stated the case to him, and the young gentleman readily promised co operation.

Taking his apparatus under his arm, he accompanied Mrs. Scroggins to the cottage where Jim was sleeping off the effects of the villainous New England.

The inebriate sat in precisely the same position in which his wife had left him. He was asleep in a high-backed chair, which kept his head up, so that every thing was favorable to the sitting.

In a trice, Jim Scroggins' old hat, ragged clothes, long beard, dozing, drunken expression, and all, were transferred to the plate.
But the picture did not suit the

tist; he thought one taken when the sitter was awake would be a more correct representation. Mrs. Scroggins thought so too, and, when the daguerreotypist had put in a new plate, she waked him up.

"What dy'e want?" asked Jim, with a yawn.
"Wake up;" and the lady gave him a smart pinch, which opened his eyes, giving out the true expression of the drunkard.

The artist was prompt, and in an instant, edition second of Jim Scroggins was on the plate.
The original, not being required for further use, was suffered to sink away, and complete his nap.

The pictures were put into a frame, and Mrs. Scroggins produced her money.

"Nothing, ma'am, I shall not charge you anything."

"But, sir, I am able to pay."

The artist shook his head, resolutely refusing to touch her money. Of course, Mrs. Scroggins was grateful, and gave the artist an invitation to take tea with her, which he accepted. In the course of the meal, the daguerreotypist told the story of his own life—how he had been brought up in the midst of intemperance, and knew all about it. His father had died drunk, and leaving his mother penniless, he had supported her from the profits of his portable saloon. Mrs. Scroggins of course sympathized with the young man, and readily understood why he would not take pay for the pictures.

But what was better than all, the young artist took quite a fancy to Jim's only daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen; and, after tea, insisted on taking her daguerreotype. And the sly rogue pretended that the first was not a good one, and took another—one of which he took away with him.

The tea things were cleared away, and when he did go, the poor girl's heart followed him, and half the night she laid awake to think of him.

CHAPTER III.

Jim Scroggins recovered from his debauch, but the first thing he saw when he came into the kitchen in the morning, was two daguerreotypes which lay upon the table.

He picked up one of them, and started back in confusion when he recognized his own distorted features.

He examined the other. It was the countenance of the first, with eyes open, and looking ten times more hideous than the sleeping picture.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed he, "did I ever look so infernal homely as that?" and he proceeded to scrutinize the picture a second time.

"Blame me! if I thought I ever looked so confounded mean as that, I'd go down and jump into the river."

"I have seen them, though, that looked just like that are," continued he; "but them was drunkards—now I aint a drunkard, though I sometimes get a little sizzled. I never lit my pipe at the pump, though. Howsoever, them was taken for me, though when or where I have no kind of notion. There's the old hat; and there's the old coat—no mistake."

The footsteps of his wife caused him to drop the pictures, and he hastened out of the house to avoid the tempest which he thought his wickedness would call down upon his head.

It is a notable fact that he omitted his morning dram on this occasion, and his wife took courage. Like a prudent woman, as she was, she did not say a word about the occurrence of yesterday, and permitted him to eat his breakfast in peace.

Hegot through the day without drinking a drop, but on the following day the old appetite clamored for the usual dram; and in the afternoon, while his wife was in the sitting room, he went to the closet where he kept the bottle.

But the first thing that met his gaze was the two daguerreotypes, resting against his black bottle. There was Jim Scroggins, drunk—asleep; and Jim Scroggins, drunk—awake.

"Them darn'd dogartypes!" muttered he, starting back in confusion at the miserable looking object they faithfully shadowed to him.

Jim stopped to think. He fully resolved never again to be the loathsome being they represented him to be. Taking the black bottle, he went to the door with it, and with right good will he hurled it on the door-stone, where it was dashed into a thousand fragments, and the delectable stuff irretrievably lost.

"Hallo, what are you about?" said a young man just entering the yard.
"Smashing my rum bottle," said Jim with admirable coolness. "You are the dogtype man, aint you?"
"I am."

"Walk in, if you please," said Jim, ushering Mr. Shadow into the sitting-room, where he sat for a while, and then he went to the door, and