

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXXVIII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1859.

No. 1977.

NOTICE.

THE papers of the estate of R. Nichols, deceased, have been placed in the hands of Dr. B. Strudwick, who is alone authorized to settle the same. All persons indebted to the estate will settle with him, and all persons having claims against said estate will produce them to him.

S. NICHOLS, Ex'r.
E. STRUDWICK, Ex'r.

December 22

HILLSBOROUGH MILITARY ACADEMY.

ON January 12th, 1859, the Institution above named will be opened at Hillsborough, N. C., to be conducted in chief by Capt. G. C. Tew, now Superintendent of the State Military Academy at Columbia, South Carolina, and Mr. W. D. Gaillard, a graduate of the South Carolina Military Academy, and an instructor of approved experience. The drill, discipline, and course of studies, will assimilate as nearly as practicable to those of the Virginia and South Carolina State Military Institutions. The studies of the first two years, or preparatory course, will be, Arithmetic, Algebra, English Grammar, History of the United States, Geography, French and Latin. The details of the advanced course will be announced hereafter.

The Academic year will continue uninterruptedly from January 12th to the fourth week in November. The charge will be \$300 per annum, payable as follows: \$100 at the commencement of the Academic year; \$100 on May 1st, and \$100 on August 1st, for which the Academy will provide instruction, text books, stationery, quarters, board, fuel, lights, washing, clothing, (except shirts, drawers, and socks,) and medical attendance.

No pupil will be admitted under 13 or over 18 years of age, or who cannot read and write with facility. Pupils will be received as day scholars for drill and instruction at the rate of \$100 per annum, payable in three equal instalments at the dates above mentioned. But in this case they will be provided with arms and accoutrements only, and no responsibility will rest upon the Academy except during the hours at which such pupils are actually engaged on drill or at recreation. For further information address the undersigned at Hillsborough, N. C., until January 1st, after that date at Hillsborough, N. C.

C. C. TEW, —5m.

KEROSENE OIL, Lamps, Shade, and Wicks, for sale by JAMES WEBB.

Sept. 29. 60—

Office Neuse Manufacturing Company, Raleigh, June 2d, 1858.

THIS Company continues to pay 34 Cents per pound for Cotton and Linen RAGS—delivered at Raleigh, or at their Mills six miles east of Raleigh. Address, H. W. HUSTED, Treasurer.

June 30. 46—3m

CHOICE CALF SKINS, Shoe Thread and Shoe Nails, by J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

December 2. 17—

RAGS! RAGS!!! RAGS!!!

WANTED, by J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

November 28. 17—

SUNDRIES.

EXTRACT of Pine Apple, Extract of Bananas, White Pepper, Frangipani Sachets, Frangipani Perfume, Jojoba's Hair Tonic, White and Colored Tissue Paper, for sale at the DRUG STORE.

September 1. 66—

CRIVOLINE—Expressly for Skirts, Embroidered and Elastic Belts, by J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

September 16. 66—

TOW CLOTH!

WANTED, by J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

September 15. 66—

Cheap Cooking Wines and Brandy.

MALAGA WINES, SWEET WINES, FRENCH BRANDY, DRUG STORE.

for sale at the December 22. 20—

THOMAS WEBB ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

March 12. 47—

Fire and Life Insurance.

Your property insured!

Is your life insured?

Is your Negro insured?

If not, call upon the subscriber, who is Agent for the Greenborough Companies.

THOMAS WEBB. 21—5w

January 6.

FOR SALE,

ALot in the town of Graham, immediately in front of the Court House, on South Street, lying between the store houses of M-Lean & Hamner and Al bright & Dixon. Terms to suit the purchaser.

THOMAS WEBB. 23—

January 28.

A CARD.

D. ROBERTSON, DENTIST,

HAVING located in Chapel Hill, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country. He can produce satisfactory testimonials of his skill in the profession.

His office is at Dr. Moore's. When requested, families will be attended at their residence. Charges reasonable.

Dr. R. will be in Hillsborough the fourth week in each month, also Superior Calf Wicks, and oftener (w. out extra charge) if requested.

Oct 19. 62

DRIED APPLES and Peaches wanted; the highest market price paid by J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.

August 18. 53—

50 GASKETS of LIME for sale low for Cash. Also COFFEE, Sugar's SUGAR, and many other reasonable articles.

JAMES WEBB. 84—

June 26.

JAS. STOKLEY, ALEX. OLDRAN, STOKLEY & OLDRAN,

Grocers & Commission Merchants, WILMINGTON, N. C.

September 8. 55—

GUANO FOR TURNIPS

now on hand. JAMES WEBB.

July 21 39—



From the Christian Intelligencer.

"PAST MERIDIAN."

Suggested by reading Mrs. Sigourney's Poem Work "Past Meridian."

"Past Meridian!" Solemn thought

To those who've "cross'd the line;"

Reflection brings its treasures, wrought

From past experience's mine.

"Past meridian!" Life's bright sun

Will now no higher rise;

The zenith pass'd, the race half run,

It sinks in western skies.

"Past meridian!" Hopes of youth,

Are they attain'd at last?

The soul's long thirsting after truth,

Found as life's noon is pass'd!

"Past meridian!" Canst thou trace

The paths thy feet have trod?

Hast found that "wisdom's path is peace,"

That lead thee to thy God?

"Past meridian!" Has thy life

In earnest toil been spent?

Hast thou been firm 'mid battle strife,

And pure in heart's intent?

"Past meridian!" Dost thou long

To lay thy armor down?

To leave the field 'mid shout and song,

And haste to wear thy crown?

"Past meridian!" But not yet

Is thy life's race quite run;

Thou may'st do much ere thy sun set,

Ere yet the victory's won.

"Past meridian!" Gird thy sword,

And burnish bright thy shield,

Till Christ, thy Captain, speaks the word

That calls thee from the field. BERNIA.

From the New York Ledger.

AN EVIL SPIRIT: AND HOW IT WAS EXORCISED.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Mark Edgarton was one of the unhappy

men that ever lived, and yet he was surrounded

by all those outward circumstances which,

in the eye of the world, go to make up the

chief source of human comfort. He was a

farmer, and well off in pecuniary affairs; he

not only owning one of the best farms in the

country, with an excellent stock, and spacious

buildings, but having money at interest.

And he had health of body, and a sound

constitution; and he had one of the best of

wives and some of the best children; and he

had many friends, and few enemies. What,

then, should make Mark Edgarton unhappy?

It was a spirit which he carried in his bosom—

an evil genius that often-times gained possession

of his soul. In short, he was cursed with a

high temper, and it was continually gaining

the mastery over him. Those who knew him

best, and had reason to like him for his

better qualities, could in a measure, overlook

his frequent outbursts of passion; and they

had become so used to them they seldom

suffered themselves to be annoyed by his

storms.

But there was one who was annoyed by them—

one who could not escape the storm—

one who could not smile the effects of the

passion away; and that was Mark Edgarton

himself. While others seemed to bow unharmed

beneath the torments of his wrath, he was

shaken and tossed upon the rebounding tide.

His wife suffered much, and so did his children;

but he loved them well, and his love was

manifested in so many ways, that they had

after all more occasion to bless than to

blame him.

One day Mr. Edgarton came into the kitchen,

and sat down by the window. His brow was

contracted, his lips bare and quivered,

his hands clenched, and his whole frame

under the tremor of some great excitement.

"Was that Mr. Lander who just went out

of the yard?" inquired Mrs. Edgarton, in a

careful tone. She had heard high words in

the shed, and she knew there had been trouble.

"Yes!" growled her husband, with a gnash

of the teeth. "It was Mister Tim Lander! But

I'll give him a lesson one of these days!"

"What has he done?"

"Done? You'd better ask what he hasn't

done! Confound him! I'd like to wring his

neck!"

"Why—I thought Mr. Lander was one of the most quiet and inoffensive men in town. What has he done, Mark?"

"Inoffensive!" gasped out Mr. Edgarton, with as much of concentrated sarcasm and wrath combined as he could command in a single expression. "I don't know what you mean by that; but I can inform Mister Timothy Lander, and the rest of his kindred, that I don't want any of their meddling!"

"Has he meddled with your affairs, Mark?"

"Yes!"

"How?"

"No matter! He's meddled enough for one day, and I guess you'd better attend to your own business now!"

Mrs. Edgarton said no more. She pitied her husband, and hence his harshness was borne the more easily. Shortly afterwards Mark went out, and one of the boys came in, and presently she heard her son telling to his sister the story of his father's interview with Tim Lander.

Mr. Edgarton had been putting up an open shed on one side of his barn-yard, for the sheep and cattle to run in; and Lander, as he stood looking at it, suggested that it would have been better to have placed it eight or ten inches higher. Mr. Edgarton

was just right as it was. Then Mr. Lander remarked, that when the snow and ice melted in the spring the water might flow into it; whereupon Edgarton said that he would venture that; to which Lander replied that it would be easier to raise it now than when it was all finished. Mr. Edgarton said that he should never raise it any higher. Mr. Lander smiled, and assured the builder that he would have to raise it. He said that he had been caught in just such a trap, and he knew. Mr. Edgarton then very warmly advised Lander to mind his own business. "Wait till you raise the sill of that shed!" was Lander's significant rejoinder. This was sufficient to make Edgarton boil over, and he did it with a vengeance; and he was the more angry and severe because he began to see that his neighbor was right. This was the hardest of all. And then Tim Lander took it so meekly, and went away with such a meaning shake of the head, that the angry man was forced to use the more powder in order to keep up the fire.

When Edgarton left the kitchen his feelings were not at all improved. He had given his wife a touch of his wrath, and that did not help him any. He went out and looked at the shed, and when he came to view it from the upper side of the yard, and consider the amount of snow which would be melted away in the Spring, he saw that it would have been much better had he set it some higher; but he would not alter it now—no, not had all the snow in Christendom melted and run through it. And this feeling did not help him any. He went into the barn, and got angry with his cattle, and even inanimate things he threw around as though he would vent some of his spleen upon them. At supper time he was not himself, but only a sort of incarnation of the evil spirit which had taken possession of him. If he had reflected he would have seen that his neighbor had not spoken even a single word that should have given offense; but that all the ill-feeling had been on his part, and also that all the real cause of such feeling had its rise and growth in its own bosom.

Such was one of the scenes in Mark Edgarton's life, and it was only a sample of those which were continually occurring. He contrived to keep himself angry and miserable the greater part of the time, and those who were brought into close contact with him had to suffer more or less. And he grew worse instead of better—he grew so fractious and fiery that his family found but little enjoyment in his society. His wife tried to show him how wicked and foolish he was, but he would not listen.—He only got angry at her "meddling," and bade her mind her own business.

There was only one individual in the world to whom he never spoke harshly if he could possibly govern himself, and that was Lottie—his only daughter. She was thirteen years of age—a blue-eyed, fair-faced, almost a fairy in form and feature—only too fragile and light for the hard battle of life. She had always clung to her father with a strange love; he had borne her in his arms as a precious burden, and breathed carefully upon her lest an untoward blast might wither the flower and blight it.

One day Mark Edgarton took Lottie in his arms, and carried her to her bed, and laid her upon it. She was not well, and she gave token of it in her looks, as well as in her speech. They sent for the doctor, and when he came, he said it was only a slight trouble, and that she would soon overcome it. But at the end of a week she was no better, and finally it was evident that the frail flower was withering away. Day after day, and week after week, she lay upon her couch fading, fading all the time. For a while there was hope of recovery, but this was cut off now, and those who watched by the sufferer's side looked hourly for the coming of the Angel.

Speech of Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky.

Delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 19th January, 1859.

EVENING SESSION.

The committee resumed its session at seven o'clock, P. M., (Mr. Barksdale in the chair.)

Mr. MARSHALL, of Kentucky. Mr. Chairman, when the member from Maine, who sits on my right, (Mr. Washburne,) finished his speech, a few days since, upon the mission and duty of the Republican party, I tried to obtain the floor to improvise a reply to it. Failing in that effort, I have waited the publication of the speech, and have given it an attentive perusal. It is a representative speech. It assumes a tone of suggestive advice, which denotes at once the solicitude of the counselor and the reserved authority of the commander. Replete with promises of reward to the faithful and of penalties to the obedient, the very style of that speech asserts the prerogative of leadership and discredits the equality of fellowship. It was written out in advance of its delivery, and was merely read *her pro forma*. It was pronounced with a deliberateness and precision of emphasis which made its general tone authoritative; indeed, the member spoke *ex cathedra*. His frequent use of the terms "oligarchy" and "oligarchic" served a different purpose than merely to string together unusual words; they pointed out the connection of this speech with one delivered at Auburn, somewhat more than a year since, by a distinguished leader of the Republican party, who represents the State of New York in the other wing of the Capitol. Both are minerals from the same mine; particles of the same system; music from two instruments, but composed by the same master; emanations from the intellect, only diversified in the effectiveness of the production, by being published through different channels.

Though the principle enunciated has been expressed heretofore, its repetition now by the member from Maine, serves to prove that his speech is a representative speech, duly studied and prepared; and that it was intended as the bugle note from certain leaders of the free States to another sectional effort in the next presidential election, to be made under the auspices of extremists who essay to lead and control the Republican organization, and to convert it to their own uses. I make no doubt, from this beginning, that we shall be hereafter entertained with new editions of the Rochester speech from the same distinguished author, reading as the second lesson, which treats on homogeneity of material as a necessity to the vitality of systems and States. Under this view it may be as well to reply at once to the whole theory of the Senator from New York, and to embrace in one speech all I have to say about the policy of maintaining a political organization upon the basis proposed by him, and offered here to public discussion by the members from Maine and Ohio. I confess that I am not discontented that the occasion has been presented for a public debate, in which the schools of American politics may be classified and arranged intelligently for popular examination; and the lines which divide them may be clearly defined, so that men, who have principles, may see policies which are suggested and the courses which are to be pursued. They may thus, at least, learn to stand by their principles, and come up to the patriotic discharge of their duty.

I shall offer no apology for any want of polish that may appear in the preparation of my remarks upon this occasion. I shall not stoop to antitheses, weigh phrases, or call poetry to adorn the presentation of my views. I want to reach the hearts of my countrymen; and I know the easiest way to my object, is to speak with the simplicity of truth and the directness of candor. My only aim is to bring their minds to the earnest contemplation of the future which awaits the country, and to urge them to avoid the calamities to which we shall be subjected if they lend willing ears to unwise counselors, who fail to present and do not promise to pursue any scheme of practical statesmanship.

I shall address myself in the first place to the people of the free States. I am not of the class the gentleman from Maine calls "the slavery propaganda." I am a citizen of a slaveholding State, was born and reared where the institution of slavery exists, and I have noted well the workings of the system upon the social and industrial habits of the people among whom I live. I am not exercised about the extension of slavery. I would not legislate affirmatively to compel its extension, any more than I would to prohibit it by legal enactments. I am one of those who believe that more harm than good has been done by agitation upon this subject, and that the continuance of such agitation, both North and South, can produce no other effect than to alienate from each other people who should be united, and to jeopardize institutions which secure to the people of this country a larger share of liberty, political equality, and freedom in the pursuit of happiness, than has been granted to any other community. I would not re-open the slave trade with Africa; on the contrary, I should oppose that proposition with whatever influence and talent I possess; and there does not live in the free States a citizen who would discountenance infractions of the policy which forbids that trade sooner than I would, or press the sanctions of legal penalties for a violation of the laws upon that subject farther than I would.

It were useless to discuss the oft-mooted question whether slavery is an evil. My observation of its effects upon society has brought my mind to the conclusion that benefits spring from it, and some evils follow in its train. But this speculative theorem has nothing in it of the practical with which the

When a stone was once thrown into the pulpit where John Murray was preaching, in Boston, he picked it up, and, holding it before his congregation, said, "This is a weighty argument, but neither rational nor convincing."

"But it does trouble me, father. I lay and think of it long hours together, and I