

# HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXVII.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1846.

No. 1242.

## Internal Improvement Convention at Oxford, N. C.

At the recent Convention held at Charlotte, N. C. House, Va., it was agreed by its friends that a Convention of those friendly to the improvement of the Navigation of the Roanoke, Dan and Staunton rivers, to be composed of delegates from the counties and towns in Virginia and North Carolina, interested in said improvement, will be held in the town of Oxford, Granville county, N. C., on Tuesday the 3rd of November next. It is hoped a numerous Delegation will be sent, and that the Stockholders in the Roanoke Navigation company will also attend.



## NEW Copper, Tin, & Sheet Iron ESTABLISHMENT, IN HILLSBOROUGH.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the public, that they have set up a complete Copper, Tin, and Sheet Iron Shop in the town of Hillsborough, at the stand formerly occupied by Mr. Lynch, silver-smith.

**STILLS, and TIN WARE,** of every variety for household use, manufactured in the most neat and durable style by experienced workmen, kept constantly on hand, or made to order, on the most reasonable terms. Repairing of Stills and Tin Ware done on the shortest notice.

They are also prepared to attend to all orders for **COVERING HOUSES WITH TIN,** and **GUTTERING,** which they engage to do in a style equal for excellence and neatness with that of any other workman in the State.

Tin Ware, assorted, furnished Wholesale to Merchants and others at a reasonable deduction.

**HAUGHWOUT & ELLIOTT,**  
May, 18.

## MEETING OF THE WARDENS.

THE next semi-annual meeting of the Wardens of the Poor for Orange county, will be held at the Poor House, on the first Monday in September, (the 7th,) and applications for aid can then be made. A Superintendent will be selected at that time for the ensuing year, and proposals will be received from persons desiring the appointment.

The Wardens of the Poor are requested to meet in Hillsborough on Tuesday of August Court.

**N. D. BAIN, Secretary.**  
July 28.

## JUST RECEIVED.

**SUPERIOR St. Croix, Porto Rico, and N. O. Sugar,** of different qualities.  
Tallow, and Adamantine Candles.  
Also, on hand, 12-4 Linen and Cotton Shirting, good Cider Vinegar, Salt, Lamp Oil, and Chocolate.

A large lot of **CIGARS,** all qualities, for sale low.

**LONG, WEBB, & CO.**  
August 4.

## GREAT BARGAINS IN HARDWARE.

IN contemplation of a change in our business on the 1st of January, and in order to reduce our stock as much as possible by that time, we now offer it at wholesale at a very small advance upon the IMPORTATION COST, for Cash, or approved Town acceptances.

Country Merchants are invited to examine our Stock, when they will be convinced that we are selling lower than the same articles can be bought in New York or elsewhere.

Our Stock is entirely new. Our English Goods are imported, and the greater part of them recently received, consisting of all articles usually kept in our line.

We have a fine lot of Single and Double Barrel GUNS, of our own importation, which we will offer at unprecedented low prices.

**E. LORRAINE, & CO.**  
Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.  
August 4.

## JUST RECEIVED.

**IRON Axes** at 1 Springs, Patent Dasher Lathes and Irons, Oil Carpet Cloths, Damask and other Linings, Pastings and Broad Lane Fringes, Coarse Sewing, Brass and Plated Bands.

**LONG, WEBB, & CO.**  
October 22.

From the Missouri News.

**THE BRANDRETH PILLS.**—This medicine has been made a subject of much meriment throughout the United States, while its utility has been extensively acknowledged. The impression seems to be gaining ground that Brandreth's medicine may be employed with safety and effect as a remedy for ordinary infirmities. There are many sensible persons in this city as well as other parts of this country, who with great propriety testify to the good effects of Brandreth's Pills, from frequent experiments; and no evil need be apprehended from the use of them, according to the directions. In directing public attention to the Brandreth medicine, we only express our honest convictions, that the Brandreth Pills have done more service to the present generation, than all the patent medicines which have ever been introduced into general use.

Other very numerous extracts from the most respectable newspapers could be inserted, but the above, must suffice for the present—so say, our space.

Agents for the sale of Brandreth's Pills—**D. Heart,** Hillsborough; **A. Torrence,** Pittsboro; **Wm. Foshee,** Postoffice store, Chatham; **J. B. McDade,** Chapel Hill; **Geo. A. Mebane,** Mason Hall; **E. & W. Smith,** Alamance; **J. & R. Sloan,** Greensboro; **James Johnson,** Wentworth; **Wood & Neal,** Madison; **Owens McAlister,** Yanceyville; **J. R. Colburn,** Witten.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

## THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Are you going out this evening, cousin George?" asked Ella Green, with an expression of painful anxiety.

"Yes," was the reply of the handsome boy, for they were children of fifteen and seventeen years. "I am going over to Mr. Maynard's; will you not be my company? You and Lucy are so very intimate, I thought you would like to walk over."

"I had rather not go out this evening," said Ella, deprecatingly. "I do not like Lucy as well as I used to; it seems to me that our tastes are becoming more dissimilar every day. Besides, George, I have got a new book, and I hoped that you would read to me this evening, for I have some work to do, which will prevent me from reading."

"Never mind the new book, Ella—I dare say it is some milk and water love story. Come, take your work, and go with me to Mr. Maynard's."

"No, cousin, I shall not go."

"Very well, coz, then I must go without you," and the lighthearted boy was soon threading the little footpath, across the green meadow.

Ella Green hurried to her own chamber, and wept long and passionately. She had been adopted into the family of Mr. Marshall on the death of her mother, which occurred almost before she could pronounce her name; and although she had no distinct recollection of that mother, she never ceased to remember, and to remind others, that she was motherless. Mrs. Green was Mr. Marshall's only sister, and he had loved her tenderly; and at her death he had persuaded her disconsolate husband to intrust the care of the little Ella to Mrs. Marshall; and they had nursed and reared her with the utmost tenderness, loving her, apparently, quite as dearly as their only child, the above mentioned cousin George. But Ella was of an unhappy temper, and the undue indulgence of her tender-hearted aunt, only seemed to foster the natural unsamiability of her exacting disposition. If ever her will was disputed, or her desires thwarted in any way, she always burst out into lamentations of her motherless state. Always asserting that if her mother had been spared to her, she would have been good and happy. It was in vain that her pious aunt represented to her, that in cherishing such feelings, she made herself unhappy, rebelled against the providence of her Heavenly Father, and wounded the hearts of those who had fostered her with parental tenderness. That she owed a debt of gratitude to those who had with earnest love assumed the cares, and fulfilled towards her the duties of the mother, whom God, and not they, had seen fit to remove from her infant charge. All such teachings seemed to fall upon her spiritlike vinegar upon nitre—causing a violent effervescence of un-reconciled feeling.

George Marshall, who was two years her senior, had been taught to regard her as a dear and only sister; and so he would have, had she not always reminded him of the difference, by saying whenever she chose to be displeased at him, "Ah! my own dear brother Edward, would not have behaved so." Of course he was never happy or at ease in her company; and many a bitter tear and heart ache did she occasion her kind and too indulgent aunt.

It is obvious that the complaining and selfish disposition which she indulged was not calculated to win esteem among her companions, and so she spoke truly when she lamented that she had no friends amongst them but Lucy Maynard, who, being a girl of superior mind, and gentle nature, was able to endure her faults, and pity her willful unhappiness. To her, therefore, she had always turned for sympathy, and Lucy generally succeeded, after a few sentences of condolence, in diverting her melancholy thoughts, and inducing her to be cheerful, in spite of herself. Of course, Lucy was her confidant, and dearest friend. But of late she had observed that George, her cousin George, was also an ardent admirer of her dearest Lucy, and this discovery awakened at once a crowd of cruel, because unnamable sensations. Her young heart now became acquainted with envy, jealousy, and revenge—for she persuaded herself that she had loved from infancy, and still regarded cousin George with a deep, fervent, and irradicable passion; that he had won her heart by a long series of tender attention; that he was fickle, and about to sacrifice her to the rivalry of a treacherous friend. Under this persuasion she became heartily miserable, and moped in moody melancholy, until she made herself really ill. Her friends with tender solicitude, sought to divert her mind, and Mrs. Marshall procured medical advice, and adopted such a regimen, as was judged most expedient for the restoration of her bodily health, so that her illness never amounted to more than an interesting delicacy of constitution. But this evening, when cousin George, regardless of her expressed desire for his society, had gone to pass the evening with Lucy Maynard, she resolved, in her heart, to die, if possible.

Lucy Maynard was now sixteen, and gave promise of great beauty, both of mind

and person; and George Marshall loved her, with the deathless love, which springing up with the first dawn of intellect, grows with the growth of the mind, becomes a part of every purpose, of every feeling, of every hope and aspiration; which, twining around its object, accommodates itself to every peculiarity of spirit and temperament, and thus, when it is mutual, forms a perfect and everlasting union.

But the time had arrived in which George was to leave home, and commence his collegiate studies. He parted with the friends of his childhood as boys usually part with such; and having settled a plan of correspondence with Lucy and Ella, he departed for a distant city. Time sped on. He made rapid progress in his allotted studies, and at the end of the year, came home to spend a vacation of a few weeks. He was very much improved, and Ella, as she looked upon him, felt her selfishness so much subdued, that she could have knelt down at his feet and offered him the homage of a worshipping heart. But although he greeted her with fraternal affection, she felt that there was no love in the kiss which he pressed upon her fair forehead; no passionate admiration in his eye, as he expressed his pleasure at finding her so very beautiful. But Lucy—he did not say what he thought of the change that a year had made in her, and he barely touched her hand when he met her, but there was a language in his eye and voice, not to be mistaken by the keen watch of jealousy. Ella saw and was miserable. George had determined to declare himself to Lucy before he returned to Yale—but as his departure drew near, he found no opportunity. Even the last evening of his stay at home, as she stole away quietly to go to Mr. Maynard's he saw Ella tripping along the footpath, and when he entered the parlor she was already there. He felt constrained and irritable, and after an hour, spent very unpleasantly, took his leave. He walked silently home by the side of his cousin; and before sunrise the next morning commenced his journey. Immediately upon his arrival, however, he wrote to Lucy, and poured out his whole soul, beseeching of her an immediate answer. But Ella has foreseen this, and the letter never reached her for whom it was intended. A second missive met the same fate; and the happy young man dreamed his love despised.

Meantime a stranger had arrived at the village in which our heroine dwelt, a young and elegant man, who had just come into possession of a large property, by the death of his father. Of course he was an object of intense interest to the young ladies of the vicinity, and during the first weeks of his sojourn, Ella Green boasted of being the object of his particular attention. But Lucy Maynard who seemed destined ever to come between her and the object of her wishes, became at length the acknowledged object of his fond idolatry. Ella concealed her rancor, and having suffered matters to proceed until she deemed that some hearts were so committed that they would write beneath the blow she mediated, she wrote to George Marshall, detailing in the most naive and innocent manner, the circumstances of Lucy's connection with the rich and handsome Mr. Elliot; taking care to insinuate that Lucy was deeply enamored, and that a speedy wedding was talked of. Then she turned to Elliot, warned him that he was worshipping at the shrine of the most consummate coquette; related the history of her cousin George, how he had loved her from his infancy, how, to her knowledge, she had professed to return his affection, how he had written to her the most impassioned letters, and how Lucy was indulging in cruel sport with one or both of her honorable suitors. The mischief sped. Mr. Elliot left the village suddenly, and went none knew whither;—and George Marshall, when his collegiate term was expired, went abroad, without visiting his parents; and after two years' absence, returned with a beautiful and amiable young bride. His excellent mother had died suddenly, just before his arrival; and he yielded to the entreaties of his sorrowing father, that he would take up his abode at the old homestead. The fair young Mrs. Marshall was delighted with the romantic beauty of the old-fashioned house, in its boveer of roses, and sweet-blossomed vines, amid a wilderness of fruit trees; while a clear brook danced to its own music, past the door, and along the foot of the rich garden. She had been reared in the heart of a dense city, and felt, in her new home, as we may suppose a blessed spirit feels, in the freedom and beauty of Paradise.

George did not ask for Lucy Maynard, but he soon learned that her father had removed with his family, to the West, to the great wonder of every body, who could not imagine why he had left his beautiful farm, to try the adventurous life of a first settler; especially as he had no child but Lucy. However, he had gone, and George Marshall breathed more freely when he learned that he was not likely to meet again her whom he had so loved. He feared that Ella might feel a prejudice against his young wife, and resolved

if such should be the case, to remove immediately from the house, into which she had been adopted. He was, however, pleased to perceive that she attached herself to the timid stranger, with all the warmth of sisterly affection. But Ella's attachments were like the poison vine, death to the object around which they entwined themselves. She soon made it apparent to the devoted wife, that her husband's heart was not with her, and finally, at a time when she was little able to endure affliction, put into her hands the two passionate letters, which had been addressed to Lucy, and which she said she had found, embosomed with rose leaves, in a port folio, which Lucy gave her as a keepsake, when they parted, having probably forgotten that they were in it. From that time the gentle creature pined away, and died on the second anniversary of her bridal, leaving a little girl of a few weeks old, earnestly commended to the care of her dear kind Ella Green.

Faithfully and earnestly did Ella apply herself to perform a mother's duties towards the bereaved infant, hoping and believing that she should one day fill the lost mother's place,—not only in the sight of the child, but in the heart and house of its father.

But five years rolled by, and still George Marshall wandered the woods of the widowhood, and Ella looked in vain for a word or glance of affection. But there was a stir in the village, Mrs. Maynard and her daughter Lucy arrived from their far sojourn, almost in a state of destitution. Mr. Maynard had, on his arrival at the place of his destination, beside the broad Ohio, purchased a large tract of land, handsomely and advantageously located for the site of a town; and expected to realize his purchase money a thousand fold. But sickness came upon him, his wife and daughter were also prostrated by the remittent fever, which withered the life springs in that apparently beautiful land; and after weary years of sufferings and adventures, the strong man died, and the weak growing women found their way back to their native place, to seek sympathy at least among those that knew them. Their former neighbors gathered round them, with that earnest sympathy, which, while it soothes affliction and ministers to necessity, does not degrade and wound the sufferer by the humiliating intemperance of worldly pity; and they soon found themselves comfortably established and provided for. It was with no enviable feeling that George Marshall met Lucy Maynard, but he soon became a frequent visitor at her mother's cottage, and when an explanation had taken place, and he was assured that Lucy had never seen his letters, (although at that length of time it was impossible to trace them, or to conjecture by whom or what accident they had been turned aside from their destination,) he felt the love of his boyhood burst into a glow of the most earnest and worshippful affection. Had not Lucy rejected several unexpensive offers of marriage, and remained unwedded, save in heart to him who had in careless jealousy taken another to his bosom! He now brought her to crown a love, which though it had been mistaken, had suffered rather than sinned against her; and so Lucy Maynard at the age of twenty-seven, became a widow's bride, and a step-mother.

Little Mary Marshall, the step-daughter, was a very pretty child, but cunning and uninteresting in her manners, much addicted to crying and complaining, and apparently of an unyielding temper. Ella assured the new Mrs. Marshall that she would find trouble with her step-daughter. But the child was too young to comprehend the odium of the prefix *step* which Ella always used in speaking to her of her new mother; and from some cause, possibly as Ella said from sheer contrariness, she became excessively devoted to her step-mother. Mrs. Marshall encouraged the love and confidence which the child seemed disposed to lavish upon her, so that the little girl soon learned to feel toward her the warm affection and earnest love of childhood. Lucy, or as we must now designate her, Mrs. Marshall, applied herself earnestly to the education of her step-daughter, and it was soon apparent that the child was making rapid improvement. Ella struggled long and angrily to maintain her ascendancy over little Mary, but she was not one of those whom children love instinctively, and though Mary had clung to her when she had no other to care for, she now turned from her with a carelessness which really hurt her who had nursed and fostered her from early infancy. This change in the child's demeanor she attributed to unfair arts, and insinuations of the step-mother, and her unhappy temper brooded over her imaginary wrong with vindictive bitterness. It is easy to divine how the spirit of the child was wrought upon under these circumstances; she instinctively perceived that her mother acted from pure motives, and that there was something of malice in the feelings with which Ella sought to counteract that maternal influence.

George Marshall, meantime, was perfectly happy. Lucy was one of those women in whom maturity is more beautiful

than girlhood. The blush and bloom of youth had yielded to an intellectuality of feature and expression, and a gentle dignity of the person from which emanated not only the heart but the whole soul. Mr. Marshall, therefore, had nothing to regret, and felt that life had nothing farther to bestow. But in the midst of his earthly felicity, the summons came, and he lay down to die. At first it seemed to him a grievous thing to go from this joyous world; but he became reconciled, and passed away rejoicing. Lucy mourned him with a meek deep grief, but it seemed for a while that Ella would sink beneath the weight of her agonizing sorrow. He was the only living being whom she had ever loved more than she loved herself; and she had always cherished a secret hope of being one day his wife. When the first wild over-whelming burst of grief had subsided, and she felt the full weight of his cold conviction of her loss, that he had gone from her forever, there came with it a bitter increase of the hatred which she had ever borne her who had stepped between her and her happiness; and her spirit thirsted to avenge itself upon the widow for the slight she had received from the departed.

The household now consisted of the widow, the aged and childless Mr. Marshall, Ella, and the orphan child. Yet these might have dwelt in peace, and felt the calm of pious resignation, but for the unrelenting spirit of Ella Green. She would not suffer any one to love her, and still murmured that she was not beloved. And so she wasted away her life in vain desires and useless regrets, embittered by envy, and feeling skia to hatred, overshadowed against those who loved or would have loved her, and toward whom, by a disimulation which must have been torture, she maintained a semblance of kindly affection.

Mary Marshall, in the meantime, went on improving in mind and person, until at the age of sixteen she was universally deemed the most beautiful and sweet tempered girl in that part of the country. She was in truth lovely, being finely formed and featured; naturally graceful as a rose on a breezy parterre, and expressing with a voice sweet and variable as that of the thrush, the pure and innocent feelings that stirred her heart, lived in her dark eyes, and shone out in her clear complexion. Her light-heartedness and buoyancy of spirits were beautifully subdued and held in check by the calm strength of right reason, and the sweet influence of true piety.

Her loving and considerate mother now deemed it right to send this sweet light of her dwelling to a school a few miles distant, which was under the control of an excellent and accomplished lady, and where Mary would acquire all those accomplishments which would render her solid and useful education perfect.

She went, and to those left in the quiet home, it seemed as if the sun had withdrawn his shining. The house was so still, the garden so desolate; the flowers opened, and there was none to hail their bloom with ecstasy; they faded on their stalks, and there was none to gather the fragrant leaves. There was no song of grateful happiness mingling with the morning beams in the echoing chambers; no sweet voice beguiling the evening hours with reading from the pages of wisdom or imagination. The old grand-father missed the bright creature, who had from her infancy hovered around him with assiduous love, anticipating his wishes, and fulfilling them with pleasure and alacrity. Cousin Ella missed the only creature in whom she now felt interested, and Mrs. Marshall longed for the return of the fair young creature, who was to her domestic world, the song bird, and the sweet flower of spring.

It is strange how one sweet child will become the idol of a household, a shrine to which all the different members bring their offerings; a point in which all their affections centre; a creature which unites the different and jarring spirits, by being the object of the love and sympathies of all; dwelling among them, an angel of peace, delighting them with her beauty, cheering them with her innocent gladness, constituting at once their joy, their pride, and their holiest earthly hope.

Mary, meantime, like other young spirits, looked forward with joyful hope, while she gathered gladly the roses that grew in the path, although she still held sweetly pensive converse with the shadows of the lovely past. She was an especial favorite with her instructress, and by permission of her guardians, frequently accompanied that lady on excursions and visits among her numerous and respectable friends. In some of these excursions she met an eminent artist, who had just returned to America after many years' sojourn in foreign lands. He was in the high prime of manly beauty, the soul had written itself legibly upon his noble features—and although in some thought had drawn her lines upon his ample forehead, and there was visible here and there a silver thread amid the dark locks above his forehead; still the brilliant beams of the eye, so true to all the feelings of

the soul, and the intense brightness of the smile that at times shone out upon his face, and wreathed his lips with a content, proved that the heart was yet young, and was warm and unsoftened. He was just the man to whom the female heart kneels down with a feeling akin to adoration, such an one as it can at once love and honor. And Mary Marshall loved the rich and celebrated artist before she was aware that her heart was capable of such an emotion. Her friends noticed with pleasure his particular attentions to her, and many surmises were uttered, although no word of affection had passed between the parties.

Mary had passed the summer vacation in visiting with her instructress, but when the winter holidays approached, she could not be persuaded to spend them anywhere but at home. And certainly beneath no other roof could she have found so true a welcome, or felt conscious of diffusing so much of happiness.

But even in the little Paradise lurked a demon like a canker worm in the bosom of a rose. Ella Green writhed with bitter envy as she marked the tender and confiding affection that existed between the daughter and widow of George Marshall. She could not bear to look upon it, and so watched an opportunity to attempt its destruction. "Mary," she said the first time she found herself alone with the young girl, "I am sure that you could not love your step-mother as you appear to if you knew her history as well as I do. But for her your own mother might have been living this day. These letters," and she produced those which she had so wickedly intercepted, and so maliciously used, "these letters, which your mother found one day, where I had carelessly left them, were, I do believe, the occasion of the malady which ended in her death."

Mary read the letters, looked at the dates, and then said, "These letters alone could not have produced such a fatal result, and I am sure there could have been nothing to aggravate their impression, for I have heard my mother say often, that she never saw my own mother, having been in Ohio several years. But why were not my father and his first love married then?"

"Because," replied the malicious woman, "Lucy Maynard was a coquette; and about this time had a flirtation with a gentleman of the name of Elliot, who sojourned a few weeks in our village. I do believe that Elliot and Lucy did sincerely love each other, but I know how she stood in relation to your father, and so gave Mr. Elliot timely warning; but some how your father took offence at that affair, went abroad, and came home with his young bride. Lucy had gone with her parents to the west, and she came back after the young mother's death quite a different creature from what she was in her days of young happiness."

Mary had kept her eye fixed upon the speaker, and during these few minutes read her heart's history; and a full explanation of a certain sweet pensiveness which seemed at times to awaken and breathe a tone or a sigh from the deepest recess of her mother's quiet but passive spirit. She turned from Ella Green with a feeling almost too bitter for the peace of her pure young heart, and retired to her own chamber.

"Can it be possible!" she said, as a thought connected with the name of him who had wooed her mother, quivered like an arrow through her heart; "It may be so, I will ascertain, and then, I trust, my Heavenly Father will give me strength to do my duty."

When she again left home for the seminary, she wore upon her bosom a beautiful miniature likeness of her step-mother, which had been presented to her by that kind friend, and which she valued so highly that she seldom exposed it to danger by wearing it. Soon after her return to school, she met the gentleman who had excited an interest in her young affections. With her well-balanced mind prepared for the result, she waited until he should notice the miniature. At length his eyes fell upon it. The blood rushed to his cheek, and then ebbed away, leaving his face pale as marble. There was a tremor perceptible in his frame, and he soon after withdrew from the company. Mary was convinced. The man to whom her young heart did homage as the first and most excellent of created beings, was the same of whom Miss Green had spoken, as an admirer of her step-mother. He had loved her with an unyielding affection, and that love had been reciprocated, and although subdued and hidden, she felt assured still lived in strength and beauty.

"I will see them happy," she cried, "and find a happiness in their felicity, superior to any selfish gratification. I owe this to my mother, for to her love and patience and devotion I am indebted for whatever is amiable in my heart, or lovable in my deportment, as well as for the sense of my duty to my fellow creatures, and reliance upon the sure mercies of my God. Oh, yes, I love her everything. I shall be most happy to show her that I too can forget self, in devotion to my loved ones."