

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXVII.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1846.

No. 1344.



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, Silvermith.

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.
HAUGHAWOUT & ELLIOTT.
May 18. 82—

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. 38—

JUST RECEIVED,

SUPERIOR St. Croix, Poto Rico, and N. O. Sugar.
Good Coffee, of different qualities.
Tallow, and Adamantine Candles.
Also, on hand, 12-4 Linen and Cotton Shirting, good Elder Vinegar, Salt, Lamp Oil, and Chocolate.
A large lot of CIGARS, all qualities, for sale low.

LONG, WEBB, & CO.

August 4. 39—

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 GREAT ADVANTAGE 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.

August 4. 40—

AGENCY IN RALEIGH.

AS the Bank of Cape Fear has discontinued its Agency in Hillsborough and transferred the business to Raleigh, the subscriber will attend to the Renewal of Notes, and other Bank Business, for the citizens of Orange, and others who may desire it, for the usual compensation. The Officers of the Bank will decline attending to business of this kind.

LEOPOLD E. HEART.

Raleigh, May 1. 26—

From the Missouri News.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS.—This medicine has been made a subject of much incense 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 experience; 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.

OVER FIVE HUNDRED extracts from the most respectable newspapers could be inserted, but the above, must suffice for the present—so says our experience.

Agents for the sale of Brandreth's Pills:—D. Hard, Hillsborough; A. Torrence, Pittboro'. Wm. Foshee, Foshee's store, Chatham; J. B. M. Dade, Chapel Hill; Geo. A. Mebane, Mason Hall; E. & W. Smith, Alamance; J. & R. Sloan, Greenborough; James Johnson, Wentworth; Wood & Neal, Madison; Owen M'Alister, Yanocville; J. R. Callum, Milton.

FLOWER CROCKETS.

WE have for sale 500 Flower Crockets and Saucers, in sets of three Crockets and a Saucer for 25 cents a set, or separate at 5 and 10 cents each.

Also another lot of Whitehead's Superior FLOUR.

LONG, WEBB, & CO.

March 24. 20—



SUN-FLOWER SEED.

From the New Orleans Times.

From experiments made by the Moravian Brethren at Bethlehem, who were the first to introduce its manufacture, it appears that a bushel of sunflower seed will yield, on expression, near a gallon of mild oil. The process is the same as that for making linseed oil. The oil-rake is believed to be quite as valuable for stock-feeding. The per centage of oil is not so great as that from many other seeds, being stated by Ure at fifteen per cent. But the number of bushels of seed per acre is great, being variously stated at from 50 to 150—the lowest estimate being, perhaps, the nearest the truth. Even at that rate, and as food for stock, this must be one of the most valuable crops. A letter, now before us, from our old friend, Thomas S. Hinde, of Mount Carmel, Illinois—one of the few pioneers who have kept a record of events during the early settling of the West; and which informs us, he is about giving to the world—states that "Mr. John Matthews, of Urbana, Ohio, informed me that he was offered 4,000 bushels of sunflower seed, to be delivered him, from the banks of the Scioto, forty or fifty miles distant, at twenty-five cents per bushel." Mr. H. makes the deduction that as it can be produced so cheap, and as the stock of all kinds are fond of it and thrive on it, it will prove a profitable crop of food for stock; the more as the leaves make capital fodder. Mr. H. promises us a supply of seed, of a superior variety, to test its growth thus far south.

Since writing the above, we found an article in the Western Farmer and Gardener (Indianapolis, Ia.) from the pen of the editor, from which we make the following extracts:

SUNFLOWER SEED.—To some extent this is likely to become a profitable crop. Mr. Clark Kitchener in this (Marion) county, tried about an acre of it this year. A part of it did not do well; but off from one-half acre he raised thirty five bushels; or seventy bushels to the acre. Medium lands will yield, on the average, fifty bushels; while first rate lands will yield from seventy to one hundred bushels.

Mode of Cultivation.—The ground is prepared in all respects as for a corn crop, and the seed sown in drills four feet apart—one plant to every eighteen inches in the drill. It is to be ploughed and tilled in all respects like a crop of corn.

Harvesting.—As the heads ripen, they are gathered, laid on a barn floor and thrashed with a flail. The seed shells very easily.

Use.—The seed may be employed in fattening hogs, feeding poultry, etc., and for the last purpose it is better than grain. But the seed is more valuable at the oil mill than elsewhere. It will yield a gallon to the bushel without trouble; and by careful working more than this. Hemp yields one and a fourth gallons to the bushel, and flax seed one and a half by ordinary pressure; but two gallons under the hydraulic press.

The oil has, as yet, no established market price. It will range from seventy cents to a dollar, according as its value shall be established as an article for lamps and for painters' use. But at seventy cents a gallon for oil, the seed would command fifty-five cents a bushel, which is a much higher price than can be had for corn.

It is stated, but upon how sufficient proof I know not, that sunflower oil is excellent for burning in lamps. It has also been tried by our painters to some extent; and for inside work, it is said to be as good as linseed oil. Mr. Hannaman, of this place, who has kindly put me in possession of these facts, says, that the oil resembles an animal, rather than a vegetable oil; that it has not the varnish properties of the linseed oil. We suppose by varnish is meant, the albumen and mucilage which are found in vegetable oils.

The existence of impurities in oil, such as mucilage, albumen, wax, gum, etc., which increase its value to the painter, diminish its value for the lamp, since these substances crust or clog the wick, and prevent a clear flame. All oils may, therefore, the less excellent they are for painting, be regarded as the more valuable for burning. Rape seed is extensively raised in Europe, chiefly in Flanders, for its oil, and is much used for burning. Ten quarts may be extracted from a bushel of seed. It is beginning to be raised in Ohio for this purpose.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY THE REV. BISHOP ANDREW.

(Continued.)

Or, if you please, take another case, which is not by any means a fancy picture. I have seen a young man, reared in respectability, nurtured in the lap of piety. During all his youth, he was industrious, sober, temperate, and entirely amiable. His parents regarded him with honest pride, and his sisters loved to call him brother. He was looked upon by his youthful associates, with respect and admiration; all loved him, and all praised him, and his friends supposed that he had earned his earthly bliss when he led to the altar a lovely and accomplished bride. But whence is it that he so early gives evidence that a strange change has come over the spirit of his dream? Why is it that his home has lost its charms? Why do his feet wander in the way of forbidden pleasures? Why is his eye red, and his countenance blanched? Why does the midnight hour find him so often the companion of bohemian revellers, and why so soon laid in a drunkard's grave? I answer, he was mistaken! He had wedded a lovely form, but it enshrined the temper of a demon. He had staked his all of hope and peace and comfort on this union, and all is lost, and his soul has perished in the wreck. In conclusion, on this point, we say to our young friends, be sure to marry, but take very special care whom you marry. Are you seeking a wife? Look well to her temper, her tastes, her habits. Let her be discreet, good-tempered, sober in her conversation, prudent in her associations, industrious in her habits, an obedient daughter, an affectionate sister, one who can find ample enjoyment at home, and is not dependent for happiness on company or fashion, either as to its wardrobe or public amusements; one who is not always seeking after, or delighted with, the flatteries of the other sex; one who is much more anxious to deserve commendation than to receive it. And finally, and above all, let her be unaffectedly and habitually pious. I would not (said one who was not himself pious) marry any woman who was not a Christian. I should feel it such an honour to share a heart in which God dwelt. It was a fine thought, and deserves to be specially remembered.

From the Columbian Magazine.

The Thorn in her Side.

BY ISABEL JOCKELYN.

Helen Maynell was the belle of Appleton, a village, where there were many beautiful. There were the minister's pale lily of a daughter. There were the blue eyed girls of the Widow Creamley. There were the young ladies at the "Lodge," just a mile from Mrs. Maynell's gate, who took their morning ride through the fair weather down the long street, or rather road, on such spirited horses, with their grooms behind them, while their sweeping skirts of dark cloth and plumed caps gave their handsome figures a romantic elegance. Then in the farm-houses about were scores of happy girls, famous as the Norman maids for thick, brown chestnut braids of soft hair, and complexions, dark indeed, but glowing "like something that is gilded by the sun."

There was no mystery in the fact that all these pretty ones yielded the palm to the lovely daughter of the widow lady, who occupied a small but tasteful dwelling among them. No one ever addressed this lady of noble bearing as "Widow" Maynell. That would have been too familiar, for she had once been very wealthy and a stylish city lady, and she preserved in her less fortunate days as much dignity and refinement as could be made compatible with a good heart and a somewhat indolent disposition. Helen was her mother's favorite child. She was beautiful as a peachy cheek, dark hair, with a burnish of gold, eyes that could light up radiantly or repose in languid sweetness in their depths of shadowy lash and blue veined lids, and a mouth as enticing as a cliff cherry, could make a happy young face. Her neat figure was always exquisitely habited. She was over at leisure in the bright, airy parlor; swinging in a rocking chair with a tiny play thing of a work basket, or drawing at her desk—she drew very well, for her tutor had been a skillful one—or following the flight of some romancing poet. It seemed no sin to interrupt such light tasks, so all the idle beaux of Appleton knew where to lounge away a morning, and as Mrs. Maynell was usually directing her maid Clara in the kitchen back or in the upper chambers, Miss Helen soon grew quite expert in entertaining her guests, and many a sentimental tete a tete and coquetish gossip whiffed away the hours which the other village girls devoted to their sewing or house affairs.

When nobody is willing to trust,—or brainless bar-room politicians. You want a friend, a protector, one who has a heart to appreciate you, and who will love you for your own sake, sympathize with you in your griefs and pleasures; who will bear with your weaknesses, and gently correct your errors; and, above all, one who will help you to heaven. In view of all these things should you not deliberate well before you bind yourself with cords which you can never loose, and which may become more galling than the chains of the galley-slave? When I look on woman, the loveliest of God's works, but feeble and helpless as she is lovely, I can but regard her with deep solicitude, and look to her future with painful anxiety, when I see her hastily, and without due caution, taking upon her vows which may consign her to disappointment and agony and heart-breaking. Man has strength and power, and these, if used legitimately, might be the strength and protection of the gentle sex; but if a base and corrupt heart give direction to such attributes, what may a feeble helpless woman expect under the wing of such protection? Alas! how many broken-hearted wives have gone down to an early grave, hurrying in the coffin the secret of their woe; and how many breaking hearts in this land are to-day struggling in hopeless despondency with a side of wretchedness, whose source and depth we know only to God! Let the man of your choice be intelligent, a high-minded, honourable man, who scorns the slightest approach to littleness or meanness. Let him be strictly temperate, industrious and economical in his habits, with heart and hand, and pocket, ready to promote every good work. In short, let him be a man of unimpeachable and consistent piety, or at any rate, one who reverences God's name, his book and the institutions of his house. Finally, let me say to you, marry no man upon a slight acquaintance; take time,—especially if you are an heiress,—to scrutinize him closely, before you consent to stand with him at the altar of God, and say—I will.

(To be continued.)

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But none of her admirers seemed to touch her heart. Once indeed there had been some talk of her returning the affection of a fine young man in the patronage of her father; but at Mr. Maynell's death his star had declined, and he was so poor that the office of village school-master was eagerly grasped at by him and his tedious duties performed as spiritedly as though it had been some more impor-

tant office. Francis Day seldom came to Mrs. Maynell's now. He was busy all day in the stone school house, and the children of the house where he boarded said he studied half the night. He never walked along the hawthorn hedge or rested in the trellised porch in the summer evenings. He left Helen at the close of the church service—left her to pass him without offering his arm, as one brought up like her brother might have done. In a word they seemed completely separate in interest, and the gossip said, when by chance the old story was brought on the carpet, "Pshaw! Helen, who could have her choice of the young gentlemen at the 'Lodge'—Helen, with whom all the gay sportsmen who came to fish and shoot in that dear old rural life fell so desperately in love—Helen, whose easy life was their idea of luxury—that idle, spoiled thing, to marry a poor school-master!" Sure enough they might well say "Pshaw!"

But though she was the village belle and her mother's pet, though all that was most delicate and pleasing was spread about her, and the wind that swelled the sky dared not play too roughly against her dainty cheek, she had her own troubles and the chiefest of these (allow a double superlative here) was her sturdy, mischievous, rhyming and punning younger brother, Wallace. She always called him "the thorn in her side." He was one of those provoking little scamps who see every thing you do and make their own remarks upon it. He was always haunting her with caustic sayings and witty insinuations. He had his own idea of justice, and he could not see why Helen did not do as the other girls of Appleton did. He didn't see why she should keep her hands so white and slim, and spend so much time in acquiring accomplishments, and making nets for unwary hearts that she did not care for when she got them. Why could she not learn "to brew and bake, and mend and make?" "Mother had so much consideration for Clara, who was growing old; why couldn't Helen help mother?" "Was she going across the ocean to marry a rich lord, or was she going to be a novel writer or a play actress?" Some of these freely spoken things gave Mrs. Maynell some twinges of conscience; but when he called his sister ugly nicknames—as "Lady Do Little"—and "Fanny Fier"—she was necessary to take him in hand and scold him severely; and though this had the effect of keeping him within bounds for a few half hours afterward she would hear him up in Helen's chamber mimicking one of her favorite beaux in such a manner that the attempt to stifle her laughter brought tears to her eyes.

But though Helen was idle, and as Wally said, "Had notions too funny for a girl without money," she had many kind feelings, and if properly excited would really take a great deal of trouble to do things well. It was curious how many acts that little "thorn in her side" would prompt her to. Though her mother feared the broom handle would blister her soft palms, she insisted on sweeping and dusting his closet and spreading his small cot bed, because he complained that Clara left such a muss about, and peeped into his portfolio and disturbed his flower press; he wished he had a sister that wasn't a wax baby. And when he came home with great tears in his hazel eyes, that burst out afresh when he tried to twist his mouth laughter-wise, and told his mother how in a mean hotel, across the mill stream bridge, where he had gone during his school recess, was a sick woman, so sick, so poor, with such surroundings of misery as might well make young hearts ache—he had given her his lunch, but what was that among her hungry children? "Would not mother go and see her?" and then he looked reproachfully and wishfully at his sister Helen, without saying a word; but she did not see, when he observed her face had taken a sympathetic cast and her lips quivered as his had at first done, how bright and handsome his countenance became, till he had to turn away to hide his triumph at the effect of his eloquence.

And such was his influence that though there followed a hot June afternoon, and though the way led by the school house, (which for reasons of her own she felt it disagreeable to pass,) she filled a basket with half worn clothing, and wholesome food, and instead of giving it in charge to Clara, who, fortunately for her habits, was a meek and attached mulatto woman reared in the family, she took it on her own arm and started on the leaf-shadowed way. It was hot enough; though there was a short strip of old forest, and there a thick orchard, and next the double line of lindens before a neighbor's palling; but after that came a corn-field of sunny, golden green, and she was glad to rest in the shadow of the hill side, on a flat-rock under a clump of tall bushes, before she went down the slope by the school house, on whose rough-hewn, square walls and sheltered doorway, she gazed earnestly and sadly. It was the afternoon recess. Of course she could not pass the noisy crowd. Well, no matter, behind that green rampart not even

her white dress could be discovered, and from her loop hole she could look on the merry groups and watch their pleasant sports. The adventurous boys that rushed to the stream, the girls that scampered like madcaps to their "play houses" under the elms, and the tender rosy children, that sat on the grass by the door playing with smooth pebble stones or each other's downy palms, amused her perhaps, for she watched them intently, but still she sighed. Then she half trembled and, ostrich like, bent her head and held her breath, for at one of the large open windows was seen a half length figure—a noble, massive head and graceful shoulders. She saw a pair of large, soft eyes look out, but they seemed not dwelling on the playful children, far less on her retreat. She fancied there was a look of deep thought upon the manly features and resignation rather than abiding happiness in the close curving of the mouth that parted to smile—an old, unforgetting habit—whichever the same passive expression remained on the brow. Perhaps that cloud of sadness hung heavily enough over those familiar features to affect her, for she rose slowly, after the tinkling of a hand-bell had called in all the rovers and the young master had returned to his desk, and with a more measured step descended the path and reached the angle of the lawn appropriated as a play ground.

"Miss Helen Meynell, you are quite a belle! It must be confessed you are very well dressed—a white frock, with a cape of the last devised shape; and that great Leghorn hat—what a cheese of a hat! Pity, where are you bent, and with what intent? Though you do look so sweet, I don't think you'll meet—"

"Wally! Wally! Do hush! Consider, you might be overheard!" entreated the flushed girl, looking up in a wide-branched tree where the malicious little rogue sat perched, with his book in his hand, like a mischievous sparrow.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? I'm going a-milking, sir, she said"—was the only reply she received; but she was sufficiently versed in the boy's style of conversation to inform him that she was going to visit the sick woman he had spoken of, and she pointed to her basket.

"Whew! Is it so? Well, you are a dear, good girl, for once; but when you are going to such a wretched place, why count you not wear a calico dress and sun-bonnet, as Jeanette Creamley does—a sensible girl she is. I thought that, maybe, you'd fixed like a doll-baby, and come down this way to see if Mr. Day would leave his ABC your humble squire to be."

"Wallace—that is too hard!" The naughty brother had before this sprung from his arbor seat, and was trudging beside her with her basket, which he quietly observed was really weighty, and he felt sorry to see her so warm and fatigued, though nothing was more distant from his intention than to loose any opportunity of teasing her about her former lover and his beloved teacher and friend; for he had a plan in his head which he was working out very skillfully. "What's the matter, sis?" he went on quite innocently to say; "Why, you look as if I had said some of my real cross things, that cut you up so."

She could not answer this, but as they had reached the bridge that spanned the loamy mill-stream, she reached for the basket, saying he must go back to his studies. He only declared that he would carry it on for her. "He won't scold me. If he says any thing about my being a way too long, I'll say I met you; and the minute I say sister Helen, he will turn around and tell some of the boys to be still, or say if they'll come up he will help them out with a hard sum."

Much to Helen's confusion, on her twilight return she met Francis Day and Wallace. It was evident the meeting was only concealed by Wallace, who was endeavoring to convince his tutor that some common violets by the road-side were uncommonly odorous, and with all his might he was provoking a discussion as to whether they were wild or naturalized. Mr. Day bowed coldly but politely to the beautiful girl, who returned a recognition much in the same spirit; but Wallace having bounded on before, he could not leave her to walk alone. Their conversation was common-place enough; on her side hurried and confused as if she were afraid to stop for words; and his replies were calm and cool, occasionally somewhat ironical. Still when they reached the gate, where Wallace was waiting to press him to enter, he offered to her the dusky violets, which instinctively he had relieved with some flower-spirits of the long grass and bound with a ribbon of the same.—She received his gift with a tremulous hand, and he refusing all invitations to come, seated herself alone in the porch.

"Humility! Submission to an humble fate!" she murmured, as if referring to the floral language that had once been taught her. "Sterner teachers than flowers must give me that lesson."

"Yes," thought an unseen listener, "You need a 'thorn in your side.'"—Then, in a very unconsidered tone, a voice was heard to say, "Sister, don't you think