

# HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XX / III.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

No. 1402.

## Cheap, Cheaper, Cheapest!

THE undersigned have just opened their stock of Fall and Winter Goods, embracing every variety usually brought to this market, which they intend selling very cheap for cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers. They invite their friends and the public to call and examine their assortment.

LAW & PALMER.

October 19. 01—3w

## Public Sale.

WILL be sold, at the late residence of John Smith, deceased, on the 5th day of November, next, on a credit of ten months, all his personal property, consisting of

Stock of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Wheat, Oats, Fodder, Hay, Household & Kitchen Furniture, and Farming Utensils, Wagon and Gear, and many other articles too tedious to mention.

One fairly young Negro Woman will also be sold on the same day, the purchaser giving bond and good firehold security.

JOHN REDING, Adm'r.

October 16. 01—3w

## Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a Deed in Trust, executed to the subscriber by the late John A. Faucett for certain purposes therein named, I will proceed to sell, before the court house door in the town of Hillsborough, on Tuesday the 23rd day of November next (being the second day of court week), the following tracts and parcels of Land, to wit: The tract containing 216 Acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Joseph Allison and Red Heister; One other tract containing 183 Acres, more or less, known as the Palmer place, adjoining Paul, Parrish and others; also the Lots next the river, whereon the Shop and stables are situated, and House and Lot whereon the said Faucett resided, adjoining Pride Jones; also one Lot adjoining Capt. Berry, No. 53, and one Lot on the west side of Henry Partin, known as No. 47.

A credit of nine months will be given, the purchaser giving bond with approved security, with interest from the date.

JOSEPH ALLISON, Trustee.

October 27. 02—3w

## Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a Deed in Trust, made by the late John A. Faucett to the undersigned, he will offer for sale, at the court house in Hillsborough, on the 23rd day of November next, (being the 2d day of court week), Two Negro Men, by the names of Walker and Frank; they are excellent carpenters, sober and steady. One of said boys will be sold for Cash, and the other on a credit of nine months, the purchaser giving bond and good security, with interest from date.

C. F. FAUCETT, Trustee.

October 27. 02—3w

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ORANGE COUNTY. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1847.

Petition for Dower.

Willis J. Vann, and others, vs. Petition for Dower.

Horatio Vann, Adm'r, &c. vs. Sale of Negroes.

Willis J. Vann, and others, vs. Sale of Negroes.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Willis J. Vann, one of the defendants in these cases, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that Publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks successively, for said defendant to appear at the next term of this Court, to be held for the county of Orange, at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in November next, to plead, answer or do anything to the aforesaid petitions, or they will be heard ex parte as to him.

Witness, Joseph Allison, Clerk of said Court, at office, the fourth Monday of August, 1847.

JOSEPH ALLISON, c. c. c.

Price adv. 6 00. 01—3w

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ORANGE COUNTY. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1847.

James H. Christie, Guardian, &c. vs. The Heirs at Law of Thomas McCracken deceased.

Justice's Judgment.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that William McCracken, Elizabeth McCracken, and the children of John McCracken, dec'd, viz: William H. McCracken, John H. McCracken, Thomas J. McCracken, and Elizabeth C. McCracken, the defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this State: It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks, that said defendants appear at the next term of our Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Orange, at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday of November next, to show cause wherefore the real estate of said deceased, descended to them, shall not be sold to satisfy said recovery.

Witness, Joseph Allison, Clerk of said Court, at office, the 4th Monday of August, 1847.

J. ALLISON, c. c. c.

Price adv. \$50.00. 01—3w

## Barter.

SHINGLES! Shingles! wanted in exchange for Goods.

PLANK and LUMBER, of all kinds, wanted in exchange for Goods.

We are now prepared to take all kinds of Country Produce, such as Corn, Oats, Fodder, Hay, &c. &c., in exchange for Goods.

Also, every kind of country-made Cloth, Beeswax, Feathers, Tallow, &c. &c.

LONG, WEBB & CO.

July 13. 87—

## WANTED.

ONE THOUSAND YARDS OF TOW and COTTON cloth.

LATIMER & JONES.

October 13. 01—

## From the Saturday Evening Post. NEVER TOO LATE.

BY RAYE SUTHERLAND.

"Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls! I would say to them—'Lift up your heads and confide in the future, and believe that it is never too late.'"—Miss BEXTER.

"Have faith in time, dear sister! Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith."

"Time may encrust our feelings. Time may throw over them the pall of insensibility. But is such a state to be desired? Do you call that happiness? Rather let my heart pulsate in agony until its last convulsive throes. I ask not this lethargy."

"Time has a higher mission than that, Edith. Time has a true healing power."

"But it is merely external, Agnes. Deep wounds of the spirit are not to be healed in time nor by time."

"They must be healed in time, sister, if ever healed at all. And this healing does not proceed from external to internal; but in true order, from intimate principles, by means of the most ultimate, even until health reigns throughout the entire empire of the mind, proceeding, first, from what is interior, and filling all, even to what is lowest and exterior. Lift up, then, your head, dear sister! and have faith in time. Believe me, it is never too late."

Thus spoke Agnes May to her younger sister, who was passing through deep waters. Agnes, who was older by many years, uttered no idle words in what she said. She had, herself, been a sufferer, and had come out from the glowing crucible, purified by affliction. She, therefore, could have faith in time. She knew that it was never too late to be happy. That time was the healer of wounds, the dryer of tears, the great restorer.

But Edith, poor suffering Edith! could not believe that time had power to dry her tears. Their fountain was in her heart, and she felt that the the spring was un-failing.

Agnes was older than her sister by more than ten years. They had been separated early in life, in consequence of the death of their parents. Agnes found a home with a widowed aunt in moderate circumstances, and Edith, who was a beautiful child, was adopted by her uncle on the father's side, and raised by him with affectionate care.

During the ten or fifteen years parents, Agnes and Edith met but seldom. They moved in different circles—one, as she emerged into womanhood amid the gay scenes of fashionable life; the other in a quiet, unobtrusive, humble sphere. Each had her peculiar experiences.

The aunt with whom Agnes found a home, had passed through many troubles; but out of them all she had come, better and wiser for her trials. Many lessons of wisdom were imparted to her niece, and, by example as well as precept, she led the opening and maturing mind of Agnes to perceive the true beauty and excellence of a patient, hopeful spirit, even under the darkest aspect of human affairs.

At the age of twenty-three, Agnes met with the severest trial a young heart ever endures, in the faithlessness of one into whose keeping she had entrusted her first and best affections. Many days of darkness succeeded, and she had little hope of ever seeing the clouds that hung over her so thickly disperse. A few years later, and while there was still a deep shadow upon her spirit, the best friend she had known since her mother's death, was removed by a like affliction. Her aunt changed her earthly for a Heavenly existence, and left her friendless, so far as all the means of support were concerned.

Her uncle, Mr. Greenleaf, with whom Edith had found a home, so far from taking any interest in Agnes, had always felt a prejudice against her, and discouraged all intercourse between the sisters. The consequence was, they seldom met.—When her aunt died, no notice was taken of her by Mr. Greenleaf. Edith visited her a few times, and sincerely condoled with her in her affliction. But there was little sympathy between the sisters—and their intercourse soon became as formal as before. It was a matter of self-respect on the part of Agnes, and had been so for some years, not to visit at her uncle's house. She, therefore, never saw Edith, unless by special visit from the latter; and as these visits were never very frequent, and always characterized by reserve, they rather separated from each other than drew together.

In order to sustain herself, Agnes, who had received from her aunt the advantages of a good education, sought employment as a music teacher. Her taste and ability soon procured her many scholars, and introduced her into wealth and fashion.—This fact soon became known to Edith, greatly to her astonishment and mortification.

She had called, one morning, upon a fashionable acquaintance, and was sitting in the parlor waiting for her to come down,

when Agnes came into the room, accompanied by two young ladies, sisters of her friend. They proceeded to the piano, Agnes not noticing the presence of her sister. Her business there was soon a problem to the mind of Edith. It was the first intimation she had received of the fact that Agnes had become a music teacher, and her chagrin at finding her in the family of one of her fashionable acquaintances, may well be imagined.

In a little while, Edith was joined by her friend. They withdrew into the next parlor, and closed the folding doors, the friend remarking, as they did so—

"The girls are taking their music lesson this morning, so we will go in here and be by ourselves."

There was nothing in the way this was said, which left Edith to infer that Agnes was known as her sister. But that the fact would become known, she felt to be inevitable. She did not stay long, and when she left the house of her friend, returned immediately home, and made known the mortifying fact she had encountered.

"Impossible!" said Mr. Greenleaf. "Impossible!" echoed the aunt.

"It is too true. I saw her with my own eyes," returned Edith, weeping with mortification.

"It must not be permitted," said Mr. Greenleaf. "You must go and see her, Edith, and tell her, that if she is under the necessity of doing this for a support, I will pay her boarding."

"I am afraid it will be of no use, uncle," returned Edith. "Agnes is proud, spirited, and independent. She will not accept your kindness."

"Not accept it?"

"I fear not. Giving music lessons cannot be so very pleasant an occupation that she will prefer it to ease and comfort at home. See her at any rate."

"I will, and use my best efforts to induce her to abandon what she is doing."

Edith called upon her sister, and made known the object of her visit, with her uncle's proposition.

"Tell Uncle Greenleaf," Agnes, replied, promptly, yet with great composure, "that I am obliged to him for his offer, but cannot accept it."

"He will be much displeased if you do not," said Edith.

"Why should he? He has no claim upon me for obedience."

"But something is due from you to his social standing. How will it look for you, his niece, to be employed as a music teacher?"

The sister looked into the fair young face of Edith, at first with a rising emotion of anger. But this she quickly stifled; and, in a low, quiet, yet firm voice, replied—

"Tell your uncle to forget that he has a niece named Agnes."

"Agnes—"

"Sister! let me once, and for all, tell you that I am not to be influenced by any considerations that you or Uncle Greenleaf can offer. I do not wish to trouble you in any way, and will not do so, intentionally. But it is my duty to use the ability I have for my own support."

"But uncle offers to—"

"I will not accept his offer!" Agnes replied, with an expression of indignant impatience that she could not suppress.

"What claim have I upon him? Shall I sit down, meanly, and fold my hands, as an idle pensioner upon his pride? It is useless to talk to me in this way, Edith. I am not to be moved from the doing of what my conscience tells me is right."

Edith went back and reported the result of her interview, much to the chagrin of Mr. Greenleaf, who felt angry at the independent girl, no further attempt was made to influence her; but she was never recognized by her sister when they chanced to meet at the houses of her fashionable acquaintances, among whom it happened that most of her lessons were given. Her relationship to Edith, however, was generally well known, and the fact made varied impressions, according to the modes of thinking and feeling of those who heard it.

It was something of a trial for Agnes to meet her sister and be passed by her as a stranger; but her mind, rising by the pain it had suffered, was coming into a clear region, and she was able to excuse, to some extent, the conduct of one who had been nurtured in a sickly atmosphere and among those who had false views of life.

In the course of a year or two, the more than common ability possessed by Agnes procured her extensive employment in her profession, and gave her an income that exceeded her wants. But this did not cause her to relax her efforts. She had seen more of life during that time than she had ever before seen, and had learned to think in a higher and clearer region of the mind. The necessity to do something for a subsistence, forced her out into the world to use the skill and knowledge she possessed, at a time when she was sinking, half-paralyzed by affliction, and suffering keenly the pangs of a wounded spirit. In doing what she felt

to be her duty, her mind had been sustained to a degree that filled her with surprise when she reflected upon it. Her thoughts flowed in a healthier channel, and her heart beat with a more even and calmer motion. There were many who pitied her lonely condition, and sympathized with her in the necessity that retarded her to devote herself so steadily to her profession; but, in most cases, she was happier than those who felt commiseration for her lot. Thus, as time progressed, the mind of Agnes became elevated, purified and filled with a religious trust.

Serently had the heart of Edith unfolded itself in the warm spring-time of young manhood, ere her sky became overcast. The worldly affairs of her uncle fell into disorder, and his family were compelled to take a lower place in society than the one they had occupied. This was a sad trial to the selfish pride of Edith. But a deeper grief awaited her.

The beauty of Edith, as well as her position, attracted many to her side, who sought to inspire her heart with more than a sentiment of friendship. Among the most favored of these, were a young man named Carson, and one named Percival. Both were unremitting in their attentions, but Carson first made her an offer of marriage, which was highly approved by her uncle and aunt. Had all the influences acting upon the young girl been equally balanced, Percival would have been the object of her choice. He was not so highly connected as Carson, nor were his external conditions and prospects in life so good. But there was a more manly impression in his character, and Edith felt that there was a more genuine warmth about his heart. But the ardor with which Carson pressed forward, secured him the maiden's consent to become his wife. A few weeks afterwards, Percival, unaware of what had taken place, declared the love that was in his heart, and received for answer that it was too late.

For some time after Edith had thus become advised of the fact that Percival was also a lover, she felt more than a passing regret that he had not told his lover before. But, in a little while, this feeling subsided. The closer intercourse which a betrothal warranted, soon hid the impression Percival had made upon her heart.

Two months before the time appointed for the marriage to take place, Mr. Greenleaf's embarrassments became known in business circles. None was more astounded than Edith. She was the adopted child of Mr. Greenleaf, and Mr. Greenleaf had been thought by every one to be a man of very considerable wealth. His niece would come in, eventually, for a large share of this, and he, as the husband of the niece, would be the real possessor of all that she might receive.

Carson was hardly aware that such thoughts had passed through his mind, or in any way influenced his feelings for Edith, until the news of the wreck of Mr. Greenleaf's affairs reached his ears. Then his real motives were so clearly apparent to himself, that he felt a momentary disgust at his own cupidity. But the new circumstance that had transpired, altered so materially the whole aspect of affairs, that the question of fulfilling his engagement with Edith came up immediately for serious discussion. Long was the debate continued. The love he really felt for her, seconded by shame and pride, argued for justice and right, but the voice of other and inordinately selfish considerations, was louder, and, in the end, it was deliberately determined to break the solemn contract that had been made. Pity for Edith was for a time felt; but that he called a weakness which must be overcome.

Very soon after the change in her uncle's circumstances had taken place, Edith noticed, with a thrill of alarm, that her lover's visits were fewer, and that his manner was not the same. She was not long kept in doubt; for, within a month of the time fixed for the wedding, Carson, under some pretence, not at all satisfactory to the mind of his betrothed, asked to have the marriage postponed.

Too well did Edith understand the meaning of this; for the very manner of her lover betrayed what was in his heart. Wounded pride inspired her with a momentary indignation, and enabled her to say, with a quivering lip, but flashing eye—

"Mr. Carson! You are free!"

The young man arose, bowed low, and hastily retired. They never met afterwards, except as strangers!

The reverses which had overtaken Mr. Greenleaf proved to be utterly disastrous. Within a year he was reduced to great extremity and died, leaving his wife and niece penniless and friendless.

Poor Edith! Into what a great deep of misery had she suddenly gone down. Two years had elapsed since her last meeting with her sister, towards whom she had never felt any real sympathy. Now her thoughts turned towards her from a kind of natural impulse, and she felt as if it would be some relief, to her wildly throbbing heart if she could lay her head upon

her bosom, feel her hand upon her forehead, and hear her voice speaking some words of comfort. But, in her sunny days, she had turned coldly from that sister, and she could not go to her now. But Agnes, so soon as she heard of her uncle's death, hastened to visit Edith. She found her mind in a sad state of depression. The deflection of her lover had almost broken her heart, and rendered her desperate and impious in her afflictions.

"Have faith in time, dear sister!" she said, as soon as she could begin to assume the office of comforter. "Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith."

The answer of the poor sufferer to this has already been given. Edith could not confide in the future—she could not believe that "It is never too late." But, at each interview, Agnes steadily sought to inspire her with confidence in the future.

"Our life," she would sometimes say, "is not made up of disjointed, unharmonious portions. An affliction is not a thing isolated as it were from every thing else, and having no bearing upon the whole development and perfection of our characters. Far from it, my sister! There is no circumstance of our lives that is not in a chain of circumstances all looking to our purification and consequent happiness. We must wait patiently, taking care to do our duty in the present, for the final result. Believe me, sister, that this is true, and take hope. I have proved that it is so. I have passed through deep waters, as deep, perhaps, as those through which you are now passing; but they did not overwhelm my taming, coward spirit."

The circumstances in which the death of Mr. Greenleaf left his widow and niece, were most trying. Alas! had they been reduced to extremity, and only subsisted upon a light salary which he was able to get as a clerk. His death cut off all income, the appalling sense of destitution.

"What are we to do! How are we to live!" were the ever recurring questions.

"You have health and ability, Edith," said Agnes to her one day. "The one will enable you to exercise the other.—For you to sit idle, now, is wrong, and only increases your unhappiness. You love your aunt, to whom you are indebted for all the affection and care of a mother. Does not this love prompt you to do something in return, and will your uncle furnish you the means of supplying all your wants? It does, Edith."

These words of her sister caused the unhappy girl to burst into tears. They gave her to see clearly her duty, while she felt a most bitter reluctance to enter upon that duty. The bare thought of it caused a cold shiver to pass through her frame.

"What can I do?" she forced herself to ask.

"What have I done, Edith! What am I now doing?"

Edith's only reply was another gush of tears. To expose herself in families where she had once been on terms of equality and intimacy as a music teacher! No! No! She could not endure the thought for a moment. Agnes saw what was in her mind, and asked—

"Is there anything wrong in learning music, drawing, or the languages?"

"Certainly not," replied Edith, in a tone expressive of surprise at the question.

"If none in learning, what makes the wrong in teaching them, sister?"

"I did not say there was anything wrong in teaching them."

"Why, then, should you feel so distressed at the thought of becoming a teacher, when, thereby, you may have the means of supporting your aunt and yourself comfortably? Should not the bare suggestion of the thing fill you rather with joy than grief?"

Edith laid her head down upon the breast of her sister and abandoned herself to a fresh burst of feeling. After this had subsided, she lifted herself up, and looking earnestly into the face of Agnes, said—

"I cannot do it! Indeed I cannot!"

"Do not say that, Edith," returned Agnes, in a cheerful voice, smiling as she spoke. "Do not say that you cannot do what your own heart tells you is right."

Edith remained silent.

"There is only one way to be happy in this life, sister," said Agnes. "Only one way to rise above the depressive power of grief—and that is in doing something. The old monk who said, 'Work is worship,' might also have said—'work is happiness'—for it is certain that without some kind of labor, either of the body or mind, resulting in benefit to others, no one can be happy. This is a truth that every one ought to nearly all have to practice, in proportion to his necessities. By a man who has been your vicarious your support."

Edith was deeply affected, for support. Can there be a question as to what it is your duty to do? Surely not! Can you hesitate

under the false suggestions of pride! My sister has certainly not reflected. Be brave, be true-hearted, Edith. Look to what is right and do it, and you will be sustained. Can you for a moment regard the opinions of those who know you no longer after fortune ceased to smile—who cared not for your personal quality, but only for your external condition? Look not back, sister. Let the past, with its history, be sealed up. But look forward in hope. Ask yourself, earnestly, what it is your duty to do, and that duty enter upon with a resolute spirit. Think of this, sister, and when I next see you, let me find you prepared to go forward, with a firm step, in the way that is now made plain before you."

What Agnes said, could not fail to have an effect upon the mind of her sister; seconded as it was by the peculiar nature of the circumstances by which she was surrounded. When Agnes called to see her again, she was better prepared to listen to her suggestions; and now the question as to what she could and ought to do, came up for consideration.

"I do not think I could give lessons in music with any success," she said.

"Good French teachers can always find employment. How are you in French?"

"I have been told by natives of France, that I speak it with great purity."

"Do you think you could teach it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. You need no longer despair. If a situation as French teacher in some school cannot be obtained, private classes may be formed."

But Edith could not see how this was to be done. She had arrived at the point of willingness to teach, if she could obtain employment. But how to get the employment passed her ability to comprehend. In Agnes, however, she had a ready prompter. Through her suggestions, and influence, she was able to get the situation of French teacher in a newly established seminary for young ladies, with a salary of four hundred dollars a year. This was better for her than giving lessons in private families; and was not so great a trial to her feelings as that would have been.

The purely disinterested conduct of Agnes opened the eyes of Mrs. Greenleaf to the genuine excellence of her character, and she could not help expressing to her what she felt, and regretting that she had not, long before, rightly appreciated her. She had felt the want of some one in whom she could confide—some one upon whom, in states of recurring weakness of spirit, she could lean. It did not take long for them all to understand each other better, and to draw closer together with reviving affection, the more intimate this knowledge became. In a little while, one home contained them all—and Agnes contributed as freely of her earnings, for the sustenance and comfort of that home, as her sister.

"I said it was never too late, Edith," Agnes remarked to her, some months after an arrangement, so agreeable to all, had been entered upon. This was said in the pause of a more than usually cheerful conversation. "Time works wonders."

"It does. I never could have believed it possible for me to feel as I have felt for some weeks past. I cannot say that I feel happy. I never expect that. But I am not unhappy. And how great a gain this is, I need not say."

"It is never too late to be happy, Edith," replied Agnes; "and this I hope to live to see you prove. Happiness, as I have often before said to you, comes from no external condition—but is the result of an internal, gradually progressing change, by which our minds, from disorder, are restored to order. The use of afflictive and disturbing circumstances, is to break up false and selfish states of mind, to the end that newer and better ones may be formed. It is but fair, then, to infer, that in the progress of time, external circumstances will conspire with internal changes, to give the spirit a higher degree of happiness than it ever did, or ever could know in former and more selfish states."

"I can understand you better than I did before, for I have a type of what you mean in the changes I have already experienced."

At the end of a year, Edith could speak with composure of the late-hearted, depressed, and feel thankful that she had herself saved from the miseries of her heart the one who did not love her heart of the alone. Time unmore and more close, three afflicted as they ceased to think of together and affliction.

Here is true as you said, Agnes. Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. I have been feeling and seeing this more and more clearly for a long time."

"And yet clearer and clearer will be its manifestation to your heart, Edith, I trust. The sudden storms that come in the spring-time of life, soon pass away. The darkening heavens fill us with gloom,