

HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

Vol. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1848.

No. 1420.

Confectionaries, &c.

MRS. VANSEUR

Has just received a very large and well selected assortment of articles in her line of business, to which she respectfully calls the attention of her friends and the public generally. Among them are the following, viz:

Assorted CANDIES, assorted NUTS, Cherries, Nougats, Currants, Raisins, Figs, Dates, Lemons, Prunes, Oranges, &c.
Sugars, Tapioca, Stuffs, and Pipes.
Baskets, assorted; Soap, assorted, and Shaving Cream, Perfumed, Balsamic Sand Balls; Toys, Optics, Fancy and Work Boxes, of all kinds and prices; improved Pink Snappers.
Preserved Ginger, Cocoa Nuts, Lemon Syrup, Perfumery, of all kinds, Marbles, assorted, and India-rubber Slates.
Essences of a very superior quality, viz: Paul de Vere & Co.'s Concentrated Extracts of Ralidis, Mace, Almonds, Cayenne, Cloves, Thyme, &c.; Scotch Herring, Blacking, Candies, Jayne's Hair Tonic, &c.
She has the pleasure of stating that Santa Clara, on his last annual visit, expressed his entire approbation of her good things, and carried off a large quantity for his favorites among the children.

January 1. 11—

The Graefenberg Company

HERBIVORE give notice, that their General Agent for the State of North Carolina is Capt. WILLIAM JONES, of Louisburg, Franklin county, North Carolina.

BULLETIN No. 1.

The Graefenberg Company has been welcomed in every section of the United States with the most unparalleled enthusiasm, and their medicines have reached an enormous circulation, will henceforward issue Monthly Bulletins, that they may the more perfectly inform the public of the principles of the AMERICO-GRAEFENBERG SYSTEM, and of the vast superiority of their Medicines over any others ever presented to the world. Each Bulletin will contain something of the greatest importance to the health of the community; and all classes of readers, the clergy, jurists, statesmen, and private individuals, should not fail of reading them, to say the least. One trial alone of the medicines will convince the most skeptical of their extraordinary efficacy.

In the present Bulletin we will only say that 1. The Graefenberg Medicines are purely Vegetable. 2. They have been tested in tens of thousands of cases with perfect success. 3. Of the vegetable Pills alone, 30,000 boxes are sold each and every week. 4. The demand is constantly increasing. 5. Every article purchased of the Company or any of its Agents is warranted, and if it does not give satisfaction the money will be refunded.

The Graefenberg Vegetable PILLS possess almost magical power in preventing and curing the ordinary diseases which affect humanity, (especially bilious). There are some facts connected with their preparation and use, which the limits of the present notice forbid us to name. Suffice it to say, that they are the product of the most extensive and philosophic research, aided by all the lights of modern science. All other patent pills are made from the recipes of less enlightened ages; these from the condensed wisdom of ancient and modern science. In fact they are a PERFECT FILL! worthy of the age and of the country.

The Graefenberg Company is prepared to show to the public the most unquestionable evidence that these celebrated Pills are every day curing all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Erysipelas, Green Sickness, and all diseases to which Females are subject, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache, &c., all Bilious Complaints, &c. Their wonderful efficacy arises from their power to open the pores; to cleanse and strengthen the stomach and bowels; to make the urine and monthly discharges flow healthy; and to give tone and vigor to the system. Price 25 cents a box.

No faculty should be without them. If they do not give satisfaction, the money will be promptly refunded; and every agent is hereby instructed to that effect.

The Graefenberg Health Bitters,

Entirely Vegetable, warranted to make you quarts of elegant Bitters. They are skillfully and ingeniously prepared by this Company from a number of the most purifying, invigorating and healing Roots, Bark, Herbs, and Vines, gathered on the wide domains of nature in both hemispheres. The use of these Bitters will prevent sickness at all seasons, and in every exposure. They will restore strength and vigor of body, give clearness to the most yellow complexion, and create a keen appetite. All persons who are afflicted with occasional ill health, low spirits, and loss of appetite, should procure them at once. Price 25 cents a package.

The Graefenberg Fever and Ague Pills.

This Pill is the great conqueror of Fever and Ague, and Fever of all other types and forms.

The Graefenberg Sarsaparilla Compound.

This is now the standard Sarsaparilla Preparation of the day; far surpassing all others before the public.

In addition to the princely Sarsaparilla, this preparation contains Guaiacum, Mandrake, Burdock, Elder, Yellow Dock, Queen's Delight, and three other roots. It is taking the place of all other Sarsaparillas, and should be tried by all who wish to use any thing of the kind. Price \$1.00 a bottle, which will make two quarts of the greatest possible strength.

The other Medicines are, The Graefenberg Eye Lotion, The Children's Panacea, The Green Mountain Ointment, The Consumptive's Balm, The Dysentery Syrup.

It is intended that there shall be a Graefenberg Depot in every neighborhood in the United States, at which the Company's Medicines may be found.

EDWARD BARTON, Secretary. The above Medicines are for sale by Long, Webb & Co., Hillsborough, and by Alexander Webb & Co., Clover Garden. January 1.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

To the same Music as "Never give up."
All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise:
All's for the best—if a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the poet or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!
All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wander'd,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove:
All's for the best!—be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail barque of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.
All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man:
All's for the best!—unbraid'd, unbound'd,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that—All's for the best.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
Mr. Wiley, a lawyer of some ability, was sitting in his office one day, when an elderly gentleman came in and asked to have a few words of conference with him. The stranger was politely handed a chair, and asked his business.
"You hold claims against Porterfield?" said the old gentleman, as he seated himself.
"I do," replied Wiley, whose manner instantly changed—his brow contracting and his eye becoming stern.
"Are you aware that there have been several meetings of creditors, and that there is a strong disposition manifested to give Porterfield a chance to recover himself?"
"But, now that you are aware of the fact I state, are you not willing to join with the rest of us in helping an unfortunate man to get upon his feet again?"
"No. I have my own interest to look after, not other people's."
"It is your intention, then, to push through the suits you have commenced?"
"Certainly. I am not a man of half-way measures."
"Notwithstanding you sacrifice the interests of others by what you do?"
"Let others take care of themselves. I have enough to do to take care of my own concerns, without meddling with the concerns of others."
"If you go on, there will be no hope for the unfortunate debtor."
"That is his look out, not mine," was coldly replied.
"Pardon me for suggesting, that an act like this concerns you as much, almost, as it concerns him. No man ever deliberately does injury to another without himself suffering therefrom, at some future day, as much as the party he has injured; although it may be, after a different fashion."
"I'll trust to all that, sir. Mr. Porterfield is in my power, and I mean to make him feel it."
"What object can you have in view, Mr. Wiley, in seeking to destroy a man in this way?"
"I do not know that you have any right to inquire into reasons for my conduct. I am at least sure that I never gave you any such right," replied Wiley.
"I claim no right but the common right of humanity," said the old gentleman.
"If you do not acknowledge that, my interference in this matter can only be viewed as impertinent."
"It is certainly not authorized by any relation existing between us, and therefore I cannot view it in any other light than the one you have intimated," was the haughty answer.
The old gentleman bowed and arose from his chair; but, before leaving the office of the lawyer, he said with a marked force of expression:
"Mr. Wiley, I am an old man. Nearly seventy years have I borne the burden of life; and in that time I have gained some experience. Like the rest, I have erred in many things, and for every error there has been an after visitation. Life has its seed time and its harvest. The one must follow the other. If the seed be good the fruit will be good; but if the seed be evil seed, harvest time will bring a plentiful supply of bitter fruits. It cannot be otherwise. Beware, then, of all acts inspired by malice, revenge, or selfish cupidities; for, rest assured, that at some late period—it may be when your

head is bowed with age and your heart yearning for peace and repose—the harvest of this seed time will be ready, and the sickle have to be taken in hand to reap it. The haunting ghosts of wrong and passion that come in old age, Mr. Wiley, when the mind most needs repose and a clear conscience, are the hardest to jockey of that disturb us in the whole journey of life."

The contemptuous expression that rested on the lawyer's countenance, showed too plainly to the visitor, that his words had failed to make any impression. He therefore turned and walked away. As he left the office, Wiley muttered to himself—

"Oh, yes. The lashed cur ran whine now; but his whine will rise into a cry ere long, or I am mistaken."

The cause of this evil determination on the part of Wiley arose as well from unfeeling cupidity, as from a settled dislike which he entertained for the individual now completely in his power. Some years before, Porterfield, who was a merchant, wounded the self-love of the lawyer, who ever after felt towards him as an enemy. Time did not soothe the irritation he at first experienced, for the merchant, who was successful in business, built himself an elegant house immediately opposite the more humble residence of the lawyer, and did it, Wiley was weak enough to think, by way of making him feel his inferiority in point of worldly wealth. Year after year the handsome dwelling of the merchant stood smiling in the warm sunshine, but was never looked upon by Wiley without his seeing in every part of it, from cornice to pavement, a leer of triumph. The face of Porterfield, too, when he bowed to him, was always an effort of expression, and it was always an effort for him to return the bow with anything more than the coldest civility.

At last Wiley began, as the saying is, to feel his feet under him. He had talents and shrewdness, combined with perseverance and industry, and these gradually obtained him business. From yearning an income barely sufficient for the ordinary wants of social life, his practice gave him something over, and he began to accumulate. As soon as he had a few thousand dollars to invest, he looked around him for the means of making it productive. With the mere interest of his little capital, he had no thought of being content. He expected it to yield a great deal more than that. So he became

engaged in the stock market, and through the aid and instruction of one of the knowing and secretly operating ones, a successful gambler. He rarely lost, and not unfrequently, doubled his investments. In this school he learned utterly to disregard the interests of others, and to grasp at money as common property, to be obtained by the shrewdest and held by the strongest. If his neighbor had ten thousand dollars, and he could get them transferred into his pocket by means of some sharp operation in the money market, he never stopped to trouble himself about the matter of equivalence. When, therefore, he once got a fair start in the race of wealth, he advanced with rapid strides. By associating with himself, in his profession, a young lawyer of equal industry but less grasping cupidity, Wiley managed not to have any part of his business suffer on account of the attention he had necessarily to pay to the stock market and his operations therein.

In the meantime, the large family of Porterfield was beginning to make heavy demands upon his income. His son had to be sent to college and his daughters to expensive boarding schools. Added to this, came along pressure in the money market, producing disturbances in trade, and sweeping hundreds of unsubstantial merchants from the arena of business. Like almost every one else who had anything to lose, Porterfield was a sufferer at various points. The loss of a few hundreds of dollars here, and a few thousands there, repeated with alarming frequency, loosened the foundation upon which his prosperity had been resting and threatened to overwhelm him in ruin.

With the coolness of a man who prepares himself for the worst, Porterfield withdrew his son from college ere he had half completed his education—and his daughters from their expensive schools. The former was placed in a store, and received a salary sufficient to furnish his wardrobe. But preparations for the threatened storm did not stop here. His elegant residence was sold, and the amount realized thereon thrown into his business, in order to give it relief; the family retiring into a smaller house, and diminishing all their expenses.

"With our sails reefed and our vessel lightened, I think we shall outlive the storm," the merchant said to his wife, after they were snugly settled in their new home. "Our expenses have been four thousand dollars a year; now they will range within fifteen hundred. Twenty-five hundred dollars saved here will be no small sum in my business."

"And we shall be as contented in our present as we were in our former style of living," said Mrs. Porterfield, who was a strong-minded woman, and just the one

to stand up bravely beside a man in the battle of life.

"I don't know," returned the merchant. "I'm afraid not. What most concerns me is the fact that our children are deprived of those educational advantages I so much desired to give them. It troubles me, whenever it crosses my mind, to think that Edward had to be taken from college just as his more important studies commenced. These can never be resumed, for ere I recover myself, he will be a man."

"There are always two things presented to us," replied Mrs. Porterfield—"what we desire, and what is. What we desire, we always think best; but what is, is of Providence, and, therefore, undoubtedly best. Thus I reason, and endeavor to feel satisfied with what is."

"And you are right," returned her husband. "But I cannot come into your better state of mind. I wish that I could."

"Think less about what you cannot help, and more about present daily duties, and you will come into this better state of mind much more easily than you suppose."

"No doubt you are right in that," said Mr. Porterfield, smiling. "The receipt is of the simplest kind, and I will try to use it."

Notwithstanding the reefed sails and lightened hull, the storm, when its violence increased, threatened to drive the vessel in which Porterfield's earthly goods were all ventured, beneath the waves. In order to keep afloat, if possible, resort was had to that most doubtful and desperate financial operation, the making of notes that do not represent a mercantile transaction, and throwing them in market for discount—or, rather, as it is vulgarly called, to be shaved.

This manufactured paper was, through the aid of friends, issued pretty extensively. But it availed not. Porterfield's barque went under, after he had diminished his actual property some thousands of dollars in the payment of enormous discounts.

"Have you heard the news?" asked a broker of Mr. Wiley, one morning.

"What is it? Who has failed now?"

"Porterfield."

"Good! I expected that," returned the lawyer. "Is it a bad failure?"

"I don't know. Some say it is, and some say it is not. His paper was dishonored yesterday, and there is a plenty of it in the market."

"Ah!—have you any of it?"

"Yes. About a thousand dollars, that I was fool enough to shave, when I saw by the face of it that it was only made paper."

"What do you expect to get for it?"

"I'll tell you what I'll take."

"What?"

"Fifty cents in the dollar."

"How long has it to run?"

"Five hundred are due to-day; and five hundred will mature in a week."

"Has a meeting of creditors been called?"

"I believe so."

"Do you know any of them?"

"Yes." And the broker named over half a dozen who were creditors.

The lawyer thought a moment, and then said,

"I'll buy your claim at fifty cents."

"Very well. So much saved at any rate."

"And I should like to have four or five thousand more at the same price, provided the paper has already matured, or will fall due in the course of a week."

"You can be accommodated, without doubt," said the broker.

"Will you try to get it for me?"

"I will."

On the next day, notes amounting to four thousand dollars were brought to the lawyer, who bought them at half the sum they demanded.

Such of these as were not already under protest for non-payment, were noted on the days they fell due, and immediately sued out. Wiley was rejoiced to find that his writs were the first issued, and that his judgments against the debtor's property would therefore take the precedence.

"Safe enough!" he said to himself, with much apparent pleasure, when clearly satisfied of this fact. "I shall make twenty-five hundred by that operation, and put Porterfield just where he ought to be."

At the third meeting of creditors, which convened for the purpose of final action, looking to the relief of the debtor by a liberal extension of time and abatement of claims, the fact that suits for five thousand dollars had been commenced was unexpectedly announced, and changed the whole aspect of things. One of the creditors an old merchant of liberal feelings, who was respected and esteemed by all who knew him, undertook the task of ascertaining from Wiley, who was known to be hesitating party, as to his intentions, and if they were directly adverse to the proposed measure of relief, to endeavor to change them. How fruitless was this effort, has been seen. It was then proposed to pay off his claim, but to this the majority of creditors objected. It ended in the debtor's making an assignment of

his property for the benefit of all. Wiley, at the final dividend, got fifty-five cents in the dollar, thus making about ten per cent. instead of a hundred per cent. as he had expected. But he was not content. He had not lost anything, and Porterfield was broken up, root and branch, and his family reduced to great extremity.

This took place when Porterfield was forty-five years of age, and Wiley forty.

Three or four months after the final breaking up took place, the lawyer met his victim in the street. It was the first time he had seen him since he had so heartlessly destroyed his business. The ruined merchant was walking slowly along, with his eyes upon the pavement, and his whole air, one of deep dejection. So deep, that even the cold and selfish heart of Wiley was touched.

For days the lawyer tried to thrust from his mind the image of his victim, but in vain. It was ever rising up and rebuking him, with its bowed head and aspect of deep despondency.

"I wish I'd had nothing to do in the matter," he said to himself, as he sat alone in his office one night, with this image distinctly before him. "It may be that I went too far. But it can't be helped now, and I'm a fool to trouble myself about it."

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the door of his office opened, and a young man, who seemed heated by passion or drink, advanced into the room, confronting him with a stern and angry countenance.

"Your name is Wiley, I believe," said the young man.

"It is," replied the lawyer, rising to his feet as he spoke.

"I have just learned," said the visitor, with something of fierceness in his manner, "that when my father's business became embarrassed, you stepped in and bought up claims against him, at a discount of one half, sued them out, thus preventing an amicable arrangement with his creditors and utterly destroying his business. And that when an appeal was made to you by one of the creditors denied for the purpose, you heartlessly, and with an expressive of ill will towards my father, expressed your determination to ruin him. Am I rightly informed, sir?"

"Leave my office instantly!" exclaimed Wiley, his face red with anger.

"Not yet, sir," returned the young man, more coolly, and with an air of resolution. "I came here for a certain purpose; when that is accomplished I will retire. Not before."

"I give you one minute. If you are not out of this room at the expiration of that time, upon your own head be the consequence."

"Answer my question!" said the intruder, sternly.

"There was a deep silence."

"Base, heartless villain!"

The minute had expired, and ere the young man could finish his sentence, or assume an attitude of defiance, the lawyer seized and threw him with great violence into the street; his head striking the curb stone. The young man lay perfectly motionless. It was dark, and no one happened to be passing at the moment. Wiley, with inextinguishable alarm, retired within his office, closed and locked the door, and extinguished his lamp. But a short time passed before voices were heard without.

He listened with a trembling anxiety. Then there came the sound of many feet and many voices. A small crowd had collected.

"Is he dead?"

"What's the matter?"

"Who did it?"

"The man is dead!"

These were the words among a multitude of sounds, that fell upon his anxious listening ear. After a while, the crowd moved away; and it was plain, had taken the injured man, dead or alive, away also.

Hours passed before Wiley ventured to steal forth from his office, and go home to his family, rendered anxious by his long absence. They were hours into which were crowded many bitter reflections; and many self-condemning thoughts arose spontaneously in his mind. The seed he had sown, was already springing from the ground with a rich promise of an abundant yield.

On the next morning, when he came in sight of his office, he found a small crowd assembled before it. His heart sunk in his bosom, and it was with difficulty that he could force himself to advance. When he arrived at the door, he saw that there were many marks of blood upon the pavement and curbstone. With an effort he was composed himself.

"There's been sad work here," said a legal friend who was standing by.

"So it seems," Wiley merely answered.

"I'm told the young man is dead."

"Indeed!" The lawyer with difficulty repressed his feelings.

"Yes. It must be a sad affliction to his family. It seems as if troubles never come alone. Heaven knows Porterfield has had enough to bear, without adding this, the death of his only son."

"How did it happen?" asked a third person coming up at the moment.

"No one can tell," was replied. "It is said that the young man was found lying upon the pavement, about nine o'clock last evening, with a frightful wound upon his head made by falling upon the curb. On examination, after he was removed, the skull proved to be badly fractured, and it appeared to be extinct when he was taken up."

"He may have fallen in a fit," suggested Wiley, greatly relieved by learning the fact that young Porterfield had been taken up insensible. There was, consequently, no evidence of his action in the matter, and it was possible that even a suspicion might never rest upon him.

"I am rather inclined to doubt that," was answered. "The simple fall of a man by his own gravitation, is hardly sufficient to fracture his skull. There must have been some violence in the case. What time did you leave your office, Mr. Wiley?"

"Early in the evening," replied the lawyer, promptly.

"Then, if there had been a rencontre just here, you could not have heard it?"

"No."

Relieved in mind, Mr. Wiley went into his office, but he was able to attend to very little business during the day. The dread that, in some way, suspicion would rest upon him, haunted him every moment.

A Coroner's jury was called and an inquest held over the body of the young man early in the morning. The verdict rendered, was "Death from violence by the hands of some person or persons unknown." When the tenor of this verdict reached the lawyer's ears, it, in no degree, added to his happiness. But time passed, and not the slightest whisper of a suspicion against him was breathed upon the air; nor could be breathed, for young Porterfield had mentioned to no one his design of calling upon Wiley. He had stepped into an eating house and called for oysters and some brandy punch.

While eating the oysters and drinking his punch, he overheard the broker, who had bought up his father's paper for Wiley, relating the circumstance to some one in an adjoining box, and commenting upon the cold-hearted manner in which Mr. Porterfield had been ruined. Inflamed by this intelligence, as well as by the strong glass of liquor he had taken, the young man instantly retired from the cellar, and went direct to the lawyer's office. The result is known.

The violent and mysterious death of his son, was a dreadful affliction to Mr. Porterfield, and bowed him, for a time, almost to the earth. But he recovered himself, forced into activity by the pressing wants of his family. After he was broken up, he made several attempts to get into business again; but, as heavy claims still rested against him, he found it impossible to get credit even from his best business friends. No attempt was made to get a full release from his creditors, because it was deemed fruitless to make the effort, in consequence of the balance still unpaid to Wiley, and some two or three others, from whom, after what had passed, he could not hope for any favor. The best thing that offered was the collection of small accounts for a newspaper establishment, which he undertook to do. He found it extremely fatiguing, and the returns small; in fact, inadequate to the maintenance of his family, with which he had retired into a very humble abode, dismissing all servants, and limiting every thing to the simple necessities of life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PROFANE SWEARING.

"To Swear—is neither brave, polite, nor wise; You would not swear upon the bed of death,— Reflect—your Maker now could stop your breath!"

Brother S— and my wife were entertained during the convalescent week, at the house of a medical gentleman, eminent in his profession, but addicted, it was said, to profanity in ordinary conversation. Without a premonition, no suspicion of an blame-worthy a practice could have arisen in our minds; for no real Christian ever showed guests greater courtesy, or seemed more free from profanity than our gentlemanly host. He did not even annoy us with lady-like mimings, putting forth the buildings of profanity in "Is me I—good gracious!" and the like.

But on Sabbath night, our conversation taking a religious turn, the subject of profane swearing was immediately named; when I could not resist the temptation of drawing a bow at a venture, and I said:

"Doctor, we leave you to-morrow; and be assured we are very grateful to Mrs. D. and yourself; but may I say, dear sir, we have been disappointed here?"

"Disappointed!"

"Yes, sir, but most agreeably."

"In what, Mr. C—?"

"Will you pardon me, if I say we were misinformed, and may I name it?"

"Certainly, sir, say what you wish."

"Well, my dear sir, we were told that Dr. D— was not guarded in his language—but surely you are misperceived."

"Sir," interrupted he, "I do honor you for candor; yet, sir, I regret to say, you have not been misinformed. I do, and