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Courtship.

From the Friends'ip Offering.

Oh! Lament will nothing bring thee
Ere soft as those birds of disdain
As the song of affection I sing thee
As I dream'd to be sung thee in vain
Of thee, fairest and dearest,
A rarer the richest I'm worth;
I love thee love the sincerest,
The warm as e'er glow'd upon earth;
But the maiden a haughty look fling,
Said, "Cease my compassion to move;
For I am not very partial to sighing;
And they're poor whose sole treasure is love!"

My name will be sound in story;
I offer thee dearest, my name;
I have fought in the proud field of glory!
Oh, Laura come with me in my famel
Bring thee a soul that adores a thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art,
Which dwells as its tribute it pours thee
Of tenderness from the heart."
But the maiden said, "Cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings;
Alas! I am a but a pitiful fortune—
And hearts are such a useless thing!"

Oh! Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
Too bold—say turn not away—
For my heart with affection is broken—
My uncle has died to day!
My uncle, the nabob—who teased
My youth with affectionate care,
My manhood who kindly befriended—
Has died—and has left me—his heir!"
And the maiden said, "Weep not, sweetest!
My heart has been yours all along;
Oh! hearts are of treasure the dearest—
Do, Edward, go on with your song."

FIRST LOVE.

There are moments in the life of all of us which are worth the rest of our existence; and, perhaps, it is one of them when the pure and guileless heart first discovers that it loves and is beloved; at least any one who saw Ellen Stanhope, the heroine of my simple tale, would have thought so.

She was sitting where her first lover had found her, reading and re-reading its contents, until every burning and passionate word was graven on her heart forever; the color mantling on her fair cheek, and the light of a young and buoyant spirit smiling over her face, until one might have almost fancied it the countenance of an angel, so little trace could be discerned of earthly care or sorrow. These deep and delightful feelings were interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"Have you heard from our dear Lydia?" inquired Mrs. Stanhope.

Helen timidly gave the letter to her mother, and eagerly watched her countenance as she perused it. There was nothing in its fond and gratified expression to check the warm and glowing stream of her own thoughts; and flinging herself into her mother's arms, she hid her blushing face in her bosom.

"There is one thing, my dear Helen," said Mrs. Stanhope, when they had both become somewhat composed, "there is one thing which gives me some little uneasiness; not that I entertain a single doubt of the honor and disinterested affection of Sir Harry Lawton, but it is possible, that from his having always met you here, moving in a style of elegance and affluence, he may be unconscious that your usual residence is a farm house, and that you are portionless and lowly born."

Helen looked up with a momentary expression of doubt, but it passed away in an instant, and she smiled in youthful confidence and trust, and said,

"Mother, will you see Harry Lawton when he comes this evening, and tell him every word? then if he repent him of one single word here traced, it shall be to me as if it had never been written. But should he remain unchanged—"

She paused in confusion, and deep blushes mantled over her face and neck. Mrs. Stanhope read and understood every feeling of her guileless heart, and promised to do as she wished.

It would be making Helen out more than woman if I were to deny, that between them and the hour appointed for the betrothal's visit, she never once feared, as well as hoped for its result, and recalled his high spirit and lofty bearing with forbidding sadness. But then he loved her! and love to the young is an almighty and all prevailing power, which will ultimately surmount and subdue every obstacle in its path.

Presently she heard his knock—his step on the stairs—and the tones of his voice reached her ears, probably for the first time—the drawing room door closed—the crisis of her fate was done, and she sat down by her little work table and buried her face in her hands.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before Mrs. Stanhope appeared, and one glance at her countenance was enough for Helen; her long restrained emotion gushed forth without control, and the tears she

shed were those of joy and thankfulness.

"I know how foolish it is to cry when I am so happy," she said, raising her dark eyes, still glittering through their dewy fingers; "but I could not help it, my heart felt bursting."

Mrs. Stanhope affectionately kissed her daughter's cheek, and led her to her impatient lover.

If there were moments when Sir Harry thought of his noble house, his proud aristocratic father, it was when far removed from the witchery of Helen's voice and smile. In her presence every thing was forgotten, but her sincere love and devotedness.

Mrs. Stanhope had come to town to receive a small legacy bequeathed to her by an aged relative, and that business at length concluded, she determined no longer to trespass on the hospitality of the kind friend, who had invited them to make her house their home, during their stay. An early day was therefore fixed for their return to the farm, where she resided with an only brother—loving after his household affairs, and supplying the place of a mother of the beautiful Lydia Dalton, his only child.

The change from their present mode of living to the bustles of home, would doubtless be felt by both mother and daughter; but it was not that that Helen dreaded, it was the separation from her lover. With her mother's permission, she promised to correspond with him, and it was agreed that the following summer he should come and claim his betrothed bride. Sir Harry accompanied them to the end of the first stage, and then quitting them with regret set off for the dwelling of his father, Lord Rivers, in Wales.

Mr. Dalton received his sister and niece with his usual kindness, and congratulated the latter on her conquest. Not so Lydia, she appeared sullen and reserved; visions of splendor had sprung up in her young mind, and their influence on her manners speedily became visible to Frank Egerton, her old lover, who marked the alteration with anger and regret. From the moment of Helen's return a reserve and coolness took the place of the warm sisterly affection with which the cousins had hitherto regarded each other; and when two months had elapsed without bringing any tidings of Sir Harry, Lydia was never tired of taunting her cousin with the desertion of her noble lover, until Helen might have exclaimed, in the words of an old Scotch ballad:

"That I am forsaken, I spare not to tell,
In tears of woe I'm weeping,
Both evening and morning,
Their joining gives all to my heart woe a knell."

But she was too happy and too trusting not to bear all this with indifference; and her meek and gentle replies often went to the heart of her thoughtless cousin, who, but for a bitter spirit of envy, would have fallen upon her neck and prayed to be forgiven.

The long and anxiously looked for epistle at length arrived, to gladden the heart of her to whom it was addressed. Its contents would be as uninteresting to the general reader as all love letters usually are, save to the parties concerned. Be it sufficient to know, that it contained "thoughts, that breathe and words that burn"—but it was quickly followed by another, from the father of her lover, which consisted only of a few brief and chilling sentences.

"He had heard of the engagement, he should rather say entanglement, of his son. Miss Stanhope must be aware that the alliance would be a most unequal one; and he relied on her honor and good feeling to break it off, and to return any letters Sir Harry might in future send to her, unanswered and unopened." He assured her that their union could only be consummated at the risk of his eternal infelicitation.

Long did the desolate girl sit with this letter in her hand, which had so rudely crushed every bright and fondly cherished hope. Mr. Stanhope offered no consolation, she well knew that in the first burst of human misery it was mockery. But she bent over and silently kissed the pale brow of the youthful sufferer, until roused by her expressions, poor Helen remembered that she had yet a mother, a fond, anxious mother; and for the sake of that beloved parent she strove to shake off the oppression which seemed weighing her spirit to the earth, and to reflect on what was proper to be done in this hour of painful trial.

She could not bear to part from Sir Harry, without one single word of explanation or adieu, and therefore enclosed a few lines to him in a letter addressed to Lord Rivers; in which she begged to assure his lordship, that his confidence had not been misplaced, and that, without his consent, Harry Lawton would never be more to her than a very dear friend. Her farewell was affectionate and womanly; a wish to spare his feelings caused the suppression of much of that tenderness which her breaking heart longed to pour out before him; and passing over what she felt in silence, she entrusted him to forget her, and called on Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on her who might be his future love.

Pure minded as Helen was, and un-

hackneyed in the world's ways, it never occurred to her to suspect that Lord Rivers would suppress the note entrusted to his care. This was actually the case. His lordship was himself too much moved by the touching appeal of the devoted girl, to suffer it to pass into the hands of his son; and Sir Harry remained in total ignorance of any correspondence having taken place between his father and betrothed.

Her long silence, however, surprised him, and when he found every letter returned, unopened, he soon ceased to humble his proud spirit before one who thus scorned and trifled with him. There was an mediating voice to whisper how often those precious epistles had been pressed to the lips and heart of her to whom they were addressed; and what bitter tears had been shed over them before she consigned them to her mother, to enclose and direct them to one whose loved name must never be traced by her again.

The morning Helen had received Lord Rivers' letter, she unclosed her eyes with a vague and dreamy recollection of the occurrence. Again she slumbered on her pillow, and prayed to be permitted to slumber on a little longer in forgetfulness; but her hand resting on a locket which she wore, all the vivid remembrance of lost happiness started up, and weighed on her heart like lead. She groaned in anguish and bitterness of spirit, and as she raised her eyes to heaven, she, for the first time, became aware that some one was sitting beside her bed, watching tenderly over her troubled repose. It was Lydia, her eyes swollen with crying, her countenance subdued by sorrow. She lifted the burning hand of the young sufferer to her lips, and wept over it; they were tears of penitence and regret.

"Forgive me! Oh, forgive me!" she sobbed out, "and let us love one another again, as we used to do."

Helen flung her arms around her cousin's neck, and laid her weary head upon her bosom. "I have at least regained a friend," she said, "and for the rest, thy will, oh God! not mine, be done. Teach me, I implore thee, to bear thy chastening meekly and with a thankful spirit."

Long did the two girls pray to him, who alone can send an answer of peace, and the calmness she sought once more gleamed upon Helen's open brow as she returned the fond kiss of her anxious mother and the affectionate smile of her warm-hearted uncle.

From that moment the name of Sir Harry Lawton became an unknown sound, and his very remembrance gradually passed away from the minds of all save one, who secretly cherished it in her heart. She often longed to speak of him to her mother; to ask her if she thought he could have obeyed his father's mandate and forgotten her; but the words died away upon her lips unuttered, and she continued to suffer in uncomplaining silence. Lydia, cured of her momentary thirst for splendor, returned to her former love, and her old habits. But her own recovered happiness did not render her unmindful of the total wreck of her cousin's, and she was continually forming little plans and parties of pleasure, to wear Helen from dwelling on the past, who was too grateful for her kindness not to endeavor to appear pleasant and happy. And she succeeded so well, that even her watchful mother was deceived. There is but one to whom the secret mysteries of the human heart are known, and He regardeth always its sorrows in love and mercy.

The following summer brought an addition to their little parties, in the person of a Mr. Ackhurst, who came down to L— for his health, and rented the next house to that occupied by Mr. Dalton. Helen met him first at the residence of a friend, and attracted by something in the demeanor of the feeble old man, exerted herself to please and amuse him; and, in spite of his stern and reserved manners, she succeeded. She was glad to take his arm during their evening walks, in preference to making that untalky number, a third, where two of the parties happen to be lovers. And when his feeble steps could no longer keep pace with the buoyant activity of Frank and Lydia, she would rest with him on a rustic seat, until the lovers felt inclined to return. On one of these occasions, Helen had gathered a profusion of wild flowers, and she sat at his feet wreathing them into garlands, and listening to his words, and replying to his remarks with the affectionate attention of a child.

"Bye the bye," said Mr. Ackhurst, abruptly, "I heard from a dear young friend of mine yesterday, Sir Harry Lawton."

The flowers dropt from the trembling hand of Helen, and looking eagerly up, she exclaimed, in a tone of wild and passionate tenderness, "Tell me—is he well? Is he happy?"

But sadder thoughts succeeded this burst of irrepresible emotion and she bent down in silence to collect the scattered flowers, while her tears fell on them like rain.

"Did you know him, then?" inquired the old man with a keen glance.

"Yes—he visited at the house where I was staying while in London."

"He is about to be married!" Helen wrong her hands, but no exclamation escaped her trembling lips.

"A report to the same effect reached me some time ago," continued Mr. Ackhurst, either un mindful or unconscious of the pain which he was inflicting. "But I believe that his father, Lord Rivers, acted very ill in that affair; sacrificing two young and fond hearts at the altar of his accursed pride and ambition."

Helen trembled at the vehemence with which he spoke. "His Lordship was not surely so much to blame," she said, in a soothing tone. "He probably had higher and nobler views for his only son, which an alliance with an unknown and portionless girl would have frustrated or destroyed."

"But did she love him? Did the girl love him?" said the old man.

"Dearest, far dearer than her own existence!" sobbed Helen wildly.

"Then woe to him who on any pretence has sought to divide them."

"Sull a father's ambition, and pride, may be urged in behalf of Lord Rivers," said Helen after a long and painful silence.

"Do you plead for him?" said the old man, parting away the bright curls from her forehead, and gazing sadly and tenderly on her face.

"Oh! God! this is too much. I cannot bear it."

In striving to soothe the anguish which shook his feeble frame, Helen forgot for a while her own cause of suffering; and this last, worst blow of all, Harry Lawton's inconstancy! Yet she had bade him forget her and be happy; vainly trusting in her own strength, and thinking that she should rejoice in such an event. The moment of bitter trial discovered to her her weakness and her all-enduring love.

They had both somewhat recovered their composure when the lovers returned; but Lydia's clear ringing laugh smote painfully on the ear of her unhappy cousin.

"You have not been idle, I see!" said Frank Egerton pointing to the flowers, and lifting up a wreath of white roses, he placed it on the brow of Helen, and asked Lydia, if she did not look very like a bride in it.

The allusion was too much for the almost broken-hearted girl, and uttering a low thrilling exclamation, she sank fainting at his feet—and in that state was borne home to her anxious and alarmed mother.

The following morning, at an early hour, Mr. Ackhurst called at the farm to inquire after the health of the invalid. His step was firmer than it had been for many weeks, and a self-satisfied smile played over his aged face! Helen was up, and sitting by the open casement; but she still looked pale and sorrowful. The old gentleman took her burning hand, and pressing it affectionately, bade her continue to place her trust in Providence, and prophesied that many happy days were yet in store for her.

Helen shook her head with a sad smile; but she felt grateful to him for his kindness and attention. Some days afterwards, (by the advice of her mother, who thought that the air would do her good,) Helen ventured out, leaning on the arm of Mr. Ackhurst and Lydia. The quiet beauty of a summer's evening shed its hazy influence over her calmed spirits; and her affectionate cousin marked with pleasure the kindling of her eyes, and the flushing of her hitherto pale cheeks. The sounds of an approaching vehicle were heard, and a travelling carriage, covered with dust, dashed by them with great rapidity; in another instant it stopped abruptly, and a young man alighted and advanced rapidly towards them. One glance at his noble and manly form was enough for Helen; she trembled violently; and clung convulsively to the arms of her companions for support.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sir Harry, as he approached near enough distinctly to recognise them. "My father and my Helen!"

His father! The whole truth burst suddenly on the mind of the bewildered girl as she heard these words; the whole blessed truth; and she felt that there were indeed happy days yet in store for her. The soothing voice of her lover did not serve to dispel the mists which were gathering over her mind. She felt like one in a dream. She was conscious that their hands were joined, and a father's blessing breathed upon them; then all was a blank, until the tears and caresses of Lydia recalled her again to life, to a new exaltation of hope and joy.

Lord Rivers was not naturally a bad hearted man, although selfish and ambitious, and the anguish which he saw his son daily enduring, while under the conviction that her he so passionately loved was false and unworthy of him, smote him to the heart. At first he trusted to the sophistry of those who assert that time, or change of scene, can eradicate a deeply rooted affection; but the wasting form of Sir Harry taught him the fallacy of such a trust; and at length he determined to see, and judge for himself, of the beauties and virtues of her who had so enthralled the mind of his son.

The quiet and touching sorrow which so strongly marked her countenance and manner, and the affectionate confidence

and attention which Helen bestowed on the destroyer of her peace, soon subdued and softened every proud and aristocratic prejudice; and he at length wrote that letter to Sir Harry, which had been the means of bringing him down to L—.

All this was explained in fewer words than I have taken to write it. And if Helen noticed that her lover looked paler, and somewhat graver and older than when they had last met, and he observed her fragile and delicate form, each remembered that it was love which had wrought the change.

There is but little more to tell, as I shall not attempt to describe or particularize their joyous and simple bridal, or the feelings of the beautiful bride when Frank Egerton held up the wreath of faded roses before her, and reminded her of his prophecy. They were of mingled happiness and gratitude to that God who had wrought so mercifully for her since then, changing her mourning into joy. And Lord Rivers, in his declining years, cheered by her smiles, or soothed by her affectionate tenderness, found no cause to wish that the wife of his son had been other than the gentle Helen. E. Y.

A MATHEMATICIAN.

A boy about fifteen years old once said to me, with an important air. "I went through Daboll's arithmetic three times last winter, sir, and I can do any sum in the hardest perplexing book you can bring."

I did not dispute nor doubt but what he could mechanically obtain the answer of almost any sum found in a book under any rule. But I thought he had, like many others, made figures without thinking, and I asked him the following question: "What will twenty pounds of beef come to at twelve cents per pound, provided the beef is two thirds fat?"

He hesitated a while, and then said, "if you will tell me what the fat comes to, I'll do the sum."

I laughed heartily, for I could not restrain myself. He soon said to me with considerable spirit:

"If you will tell me the rule it comes under, I will tell you what it comes to."

I still said nothing, for his ludicrous embarrassment prevented my speaking at the instant, when he with great vehemence said:

"It is an unfair sum—I never saw such a sum in the book, in my life."

He considered me an impertinent school master, and I put him down as a fair specimen of most of the children taught in our common schools. They make no application of their lessons to the practical business of life. They do not think. They are not taught that thinking has any thing to do in obtaining an education. This unfortunate lad had never brought the business of the world on to the slate, or into the school-room. No; that two thirds fat he could not understand—he could not put the fat under any rule—he had never seen a sum that had any fat in it before.

Satirical hints on the People's Education.

DON'T KILL YOUR BEES.

Mr. Cotton lately read before the Ashmole Society at Oxford, some notices on bees, and his first position was—"never kill a bee." The bee owner has in the fungus maximus or common puff ball, a powerful instrument ready to his hands, by which he is able to adopt a more humane mode of treatment. The smoke of fungus, when so dried as to hold the fire, has a supplying effect on bees, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does, without any of its deadly effects. By means of this, weak swarms, which would not live through the winter, may be united to strong stocks. Mr. Cotton stated it as a fact, borne out by experiment, that a hive thus doubled will not consume more honey in the winter than a stock in its natural state. This was discovered by a Swiss pastor, De Gellior. The additional heat seems to serve instead of additional food, to keep up the vitality of the half torpid bees. He recommends a cold, dry, dark room, the colder the better, as the best winter quarters for bees. They will consume less honey than if left on their summer stands, and will not be weakened by the loss of thousands, which out of the premature warmth of some early spring day, are caught by the cold winds, fall to the ground, and never rise again. Dryness, however, is essential; and he describes the process of ventilation, or proper airing of the hives in summer, as the most valuable improvement in bee keeping.

Every farmer should keep bees, a few swarms to furnish honey for his own use if no more. They cost little; forage, wherever the wild flower grows, have no ideas of distinction in loaded property, and furnish the individual who has a taste for studying the habits of insects or observing the wonders of that power we call instinct, an ample field of surprise and gratification.

Genesee Farmer.

The bitterest hatred in the world, is that which festers under a calm and amiable exterior. The passionate man is easily appeased, but the cold-blooded villain never forgives.

Rather set, than follow example.

VIRGINIA—GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The message of the Governor, presented at the opening of the present session of the Virginia Legislature, is a plain and sensible document, embracing subjects some of which are of paramount importance to the people of North Carolina, as well as of Virginia. We allude more particularly to the system of common schools, and the disposition of the public lands; both of which, at this time, deserve the most serious consideration.

In the former of these, it is matter of regret, that after a trial of twenty years, and with an annual expenditure of more than forty-five thousand dollars, the system has been found to be so defective and so imperfectly executed, that but little has been done toward the education of the poor children in that commonwealth.

It appears from statements procured by the Governor from five city and borough courts, and ninety-three of the county courts, that in the year 1817, being the year previous to the introduction of the system of popular instruction, the applicants for marriage licenses amounted to 4682, of whom 1127 were unable to write their names. In 1827, ten years after the introduction of the system, the number of applicants was 5048, of whom 1195 were unable to write; and in 1837, ten years later, of 4614 applicants, 1047 were unable to write. From these statements it appears that the deplorable extent of ignorance which now exists is not perceptibly less than it was twenty years ago, when the system was first adopted. In view of the many defects of the system now in operation, the Governor goes on to observe:

"A system of popular instruction, such as is needed by the state, and within its means to provide, should look as well to the class whose revenues are insufficient to educate their children without some assistance from the state, as to that which is more indigent; and to the gradual increase of the number of experienced and qualified teachers and of well organized schools. At present, the former class may be said to be wholly unprovided for, consisting of small landholders, and others, whose inconsiderable incomes will not admit of their taking upon themselves the whole charge of their children's education; but who are yet able, and might be relied upon, cheerfully to contribute to the support of a judicious and comprehensive system. Schools established and maintained by private and public contributions would be better managed and better attended, than if they were exclusively on state account; and their advantages would not be declined by any from reluctance to appear as applicants for assistance. The system which I propose, for the inefficient one now in use, is recommended by the experience of our sister states, and by that of other countries that have tried it with distinguished success. It would require not more than eight thousand schools, in order to place one in every convenient and proper location—the locations to be selected with reference to the accommodation of the greatest number. The number of schools to be allotted to the counties, and the sites which they should occupy, to be referred to the respective County Courts, under the restrictions and directions as to the territorial extent and population, that shall be entitled to one school, as may be ordained by law. It is presumed that such a plan would not involve the necessity of putting up any buildings for the purpose; at the charge of the state—as each district would consent or might be required to provide one at its own charge. For this number of schools four thousand teachers would probably be sufficient in the commencement, each undertaking the charge of two schools, and dividing his time between them as may be directed by law. The compensation of the teachers, which would constitute the material part of the charge of such a plan, to be made up by the united contributions of the public and of the districts within which the schools were situated; the first by an allowance from the income of the Literary Fund; the latter, that is, the share which each district shall contribute, by a levy on the inhabitants, ascertained and distributed among them as the law shall appoint, and made payable directly to the teachers. To ensure the requisite qualifications in the teachers, their diligence and fidelity in office, the systematic attendance of the children, and for other points of police and regulation, a local or county cognizance might be instituted."

The question of the disposition of the public lands, forms an interesting portion of the message of the Governor. A copy of a preamble and resolutions adopted by the legislature of Arkansas, claiming "the