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THE JEALOUS WIFE—A SKETCH.

Trides light as air,
As, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

Arthur W. had been married two years to Jane B., the belle of W. Place. He was young, rich, handsome, accomplished, and, in fact, all that a woman could desire. Jane B. was the only child of a wealthy widowed father—wealthy, haughty, and as proud as Lucifer, and one of the greatest boasts was, that no stain of dishonor had ever yet blotted his escutcheon. When Arthur W. sought his daughter's hand, his consent was fully given—for his character was above reproach, and his standing unexceptionable.

Well, they had been married at the time my tale commences two years, and had cause to wish for nothing but an heir, with which Providence had not seen fit to bless them,—with that exception, they were as their hearts could desire.

One dark, stormy night in September last, Arthur was out upon some urgent business, when his wife, who was just preparing to retire (the servants having all preceded her,) was startled by a violent rapping at the door of their house in Y. street. Thinking it might be Arthur, who had, perhaps, forgotten his night key, she ran down stairs, and opened the door, but saw no person. On looking around, she perceived something on the stoop, which she picked up, and retiring, closed the door. It was a basket, neatly tied down, and to the handle was fastened a note, addressed in a delicate female hand to Arthur W. She ran up to her room, and laying her burthen upon the table, examined the note more closely. It was certainly addressed in a female hand, and she handled it with all possible dexterity, trying to peep into its contents. All she could make out were the words "deluded"—"pledge"—"beloved."

What could this mean? She trembled in every limb, but not with curiosity—she trembled at her own imaginings; and for the first time since she first saw Arthur W. a pang of jealousy shot across her mind. While deeply engrossed with these feelings and thoughts, a faint cry as of a child, made her start from her reverie, and gaze about the room in terror. What could it be? Where did it come from? It was repeated more distinctly; it was a child's wail, and it proceeded from the basket before her.

It was the work of an instant to tear off the fastenings of the basket, and as she gazed within, she sank back in speechless horror—for there, with its innocent face upturned, lay a smiling cherub of some few months growth. Without hazarding another look, she tore open the note attached to the basket, and with feelings of indignation too strong to be here expressed, she read as follows:

"Beloved Arthur—for you are still first in my heart—your poor, ruined, lost Louise sends this pledge of our love and of my shame to you; treat it better than you have your DEVOTED LOUISE."

Horror, anger, vengeance, and jealousy were the feelings that tore the hitherto peaceful bosom of Jane. She seated herself mechanically. She could not sleep; but with the note in her hand, she gazed upon the basket with a vacant stare. How long thus occupied, I know not; but she was aroused by feeling an arm round her neck, from the touch of which she started as if a viper were there.

"Why Jane, what is the matter with you?" said Arthur; for it was he who had stealthily entered, intending to surprise her.

She stood from him one or two paces, and after gazing at him for a full minute, with a look that struck him dumb with horror, so wild, so unearthly was it, she slowly raised her hand to his face, and her form swelling with every conceivable emotion, she said in a voice that went to his very heart, "Villain—lying, perjured villain." And now the woman rose within her, superior to all, and, assuming a calmness which was perfectly terrible, she added, "Read that."

He took the note, hastily perused it, and looked into the basket; but he saw nothing there, to cause such dreadful feelings in him, as he had seen exhibited by his wife. "Why Jane! surely it is this that has disturbed you? Do you not know me too well to believe, for an instant, that this is aught but a contemptible trick to foist this brat upon me?"

"Oh, very well, sir, so be it; I shall not bandy words with you. I thought I knew you; but how have I been deceived! It is a very extraordinarily good trick—very laughable—ha! ha! ha!" and she laughed such a laugh as made his blood curdle. "I believe all you say—perhaps my father will too—at all events, he had better know it, had he not? You know he will enjoy the joke so much!" and here she laughed again, so long, and so loud, that Arthur, who feared she had gone insane, rose to lead her to a chair; but she waived him off, and with a look that was almost Medusean, she turned and left the room.

Arthur did not attempt to follow her, for he knew it was useless; so, seating himself, he re-read the note; and, after taking another peep at the little responsibility thus singularly thrust upon him, he seated himself, and thus communed with himself: "Well, this is a pretty predicament indeed! Who the devil can this Louise be? Jane certainly takes it in earnest. How the devil shall I get out of it—D—n the brat." At this moment the infant set up a regular squall, which so disturbed Arthur, that, rather than listen to it, he took up the child, which was really a beautiful one, and began to caress it, calling it by every endearing name that he had ever heard among his female acquaintances, and he succeeded in stopping its cries, and was about to deposit it in its wicker receptacle, when he heard his wife's voice at the door; and, on looking up, he there saw her gazing at him with a countenance fairly demoniacal as she said, "What a capital joke this will be to tell my father!" and with a hysterical laugh, she fell senseless on the floor. He rang up his servants, to some of whom he committed the care of his wife, and, pointing to the basket, into which he had deposited his burthen, he bade the old house-keeper to take charge of it for the night, and she very directly obeyed, without asking any questions. I must pass over the scene in the bed-room that night.

The next morning Jane did not appear at the breakfast table, and Arthur, knowing that in her present state of mind, it would be useless to say anything, forbore to trouble her with any message. The meal finished, he bade the house-keeper bring the child, and proceeded to the Alms House, where he gave up his little charge, just giving strict orders that he should be informed of its future fate. As he was leaving the room, the house-keeper, stopping him, handed him a gold locket with some braided hair in it, and on it were engraved the letters "A. W. to L. W.," which she said she had taken from the child's neck. Without making any reply, he proceeded to his business; but not with a mind at ease. Something seemed to hang over him; and, as he wended his way homewards, at dinner time, a foreboding crept over him, that something was wrong. On reaching his house, every thing was in the utmost confusion; and with a dreadful feeling at his heart, he rushed up to his wife's bed room, and he actually felt as if a load had been taken from his heart, when a glance told him it was deserted. He had dreaded the worst; and, bad as it now was, he was pleased to know that his fears had not been realized. He did not condescend to ask any questions of his servants. He had no idea of exciting their sympathies; but, merely saying he would dine out, he proceeded to the house of Jane's father. But he was here denied; and, knowing that it would be folly to parley with him, he turned away; and, with feelings which may be imagined but not described, he went to an eating house, and eat his solitary dinner.

In a few days, Arthur's furniture was sold off, the house closed, and he, with an aching heart and a clouded brow, sadly pursued his solitary, daily routine of business; and when any frivolous friend would bring up the subject, his countenance betrayed such intense agony, that the speaker forbore to press it further.

In this way had Arthur passed six months, occasionally hearing of Jane from a servant whom he had bribed—and hearing that she was fast fading away. He knew not what to do; he would have given all he possessed to have cleared the mystery, and every effort that he made proved unavailing.

One evening while seated at his solitary supper in W.'s eating house, he heard some person in the next box to whose conversation he had paid no attention, say—"I tell you, Arthur W., you have behaved like a d—d rascal to that girl."

It was enough—like a tiger he sprang into the box whence that voice proceeded, and in a voice low, but dreadful as the mutterings of the thunder, he asked, "Which of you answers to the name of Arthur W.?"

"I do," promptly responded a tall, slim and rather good looking young man, who seemed to be terrified at the appearance of Mr. W.

Mr. W. changed his tone at once, and in a voice of pleading tenderness, he asked—"Will you favor me with your address? I wish it for no bad purpose; you can make me the happiest mortal in existence: Will you do it?"

"Will I? That I will," replied Arthur W.—"but I can't see how."

"No matter now. I will call upon you to-morrow at 11 o'clock: do not fail to be at home, for perhaps a life hangs upon your words."

"I will not fail."

Mr. W. was gone. Springing into a hack, he was soon at Mr. B.'s door, and it was opened by that gentleman himself.

"How dare you, sir?" he began in a voice of thunder. But, clasping his hands, while the tears coursed down his manly cheeks, Mr. W. asked for his Jane.

"Oh! sir, happiness will be ours again; I have found him—the villain, the infamous villain—where, is Jane?"

"Go see her yourself," said Mr. B.,

softened by his manner, and in an instant he was in Jane's room. But it was not his Jane—his beautiful blooming Jane. There she sat, in a sick chair; pale, wan—faded and wasted till she was but a shadow of her former self. Waving the servant from the room, they were again alone. I will not intrude on that holy scene.

At 12 o'clock the next morning, young Arthur W., Mr. W., his faded wife, and her now happy father, were assembled in Mr. B.'s parlor.

Advancing to Arthur, Mr. W. without saying a word, produced from his pocket the gold locket given him by the house-keeper, on the day he gave up the child, and placed it in his hands. For an instant he gazed at it, and bursting into tears, he exclaimed "Poor—poor Louise."

It was enough: with a cry of joy Jane sank into her husband's arms, and all was forgotten and forgiven. He was indeed the father of the hapless infant. He confessed it, and asked in the most piteous tones for his dear Louise. In an instant she was in his arms. I will add no more now, except to state that at the time Arthur W. deserted Louise W., he was boarding in the very house afterwards occupied by his namesake, my unfortunate hero; and she not knowing that he had removed, left the infant there in the full faith that it would reach its sinful father. The story of Louise and Arthur must be reserved for a future day.

WOMAN AT THE FIRESIDE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

I have said of English women, that they are the best fireside companions, but I am afraid that my remark must apply to a very small portion of the community at large. The number of those who are wholly destitute of the highest charm belonging to social companionship is lamentably great, and these pages would never have been obtruded upon the notice of the public, if there were not strong symptoms of the number becoming greater still.

Women have the choice of many means of bringing their principles into exercise, and of obtaining influence both in their own domestic sphere and in society at large. Amongst the most important of these is conversation—an engine so powerful upon the minds and characters of mankind in general, that beauty fades before it, and wealth in comparison is but leaden coin. If matchmaking were indeed the great object of human life, I should scarcely dare to make this assertion, since few men choose women for their conversation where wealth or beauty are to be had. I must however think more nobly of the female sex, and believe them more solicitous to maintain affection after the match is made, than simply to be led to the altar, as wives whose influence will that day be laid aside with the wreaths of white roses, and to be laid aside forever.

If beauty or wealth have been the bait in this connexion, the bride may gather up the wreath of roses, and place them again upon her polished brow, nay, she may bestow the treasury of her wealth without reserve, and permit the husband of her choice to "spoil her goodly lands to gild his waste," she may do what she will—dress, bloom, or descend from affluence to poverty, but if she has no intellectual hold upon her husband's heart, she must inevitably become that most helpless and pitiable of earthly objects—a slighted wife.

How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass when a woman who can converse will thus beguile the time. But, on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dullness of his own fireside! who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there—the same in the deadening influence she has upon his spirits—to-day as yesterday, to-morrow, and next day, and the next—welcome, thrice welcome the often invited visitor who breaks the dismal dullness of the scene.

THE WAY TO SETTLE DIFFICULTIES.

Two neighbors (who were brothers by marriage) had a difficulty respecting their partition fence. Although they had mutually erected a substantial fence four and one half feet in height on the line separating the sheep pasture of one, from the grain field of the other, yet the lambs would creep through the crevices and destroy the grain.

Each asserted it to be the duty of the other to think the fence—after the usual preliminaries of demands, refusals, threats, challenges, and mutual recriminations, they resolved to try the "glorious uncertainty of the law"—they were however persuaded by their friends to the more amicable mode of submitting the difference to the final determination of a very worthy and intelligent neighbor, who was forthwith conducted to the scene of trouble, and in full view of the premises, each party in turn, in a speech of some length, urged his claim, asserted his rights, and set forth the law and the facts—at the conclusion of which the arbitrator very gravely remarked: "Gentlemen, the case involves questions of great nicety and importance

not only to the parties in interest, but to the community at large, and it is my desire to take suitable time for deliberation and also for advisement with those who are learned in the law and versed in the customs of good neighbors: in the mean time, however, I will just clap a billet or two of wood into the sheep holes," and in ten minutes time with his own hands he effectually closed every gap.

The parties silently retired, each evidently heartily ashamed of his own folly and obstinacy. The umpire has never been called upon to pronounce final judgment in the case—the law remains unsettled to this day. Vermont Pat.

THE NEWSPAPER.

You will find nearly as many definitions of what a newspaper ought to be as there are readers. This results from different tastes, different principles, and different interests. To please all, then, at the same time, it is readily seen, is out of the question. One would have it all foreign—another, all domestic news.—One would have it all politics,—another would almost wholly discard these wrangling matters. This one wants nothing but commercial intelligence—price current—marine news—state of stocks, &c. that, wonderful and strange events and things—awful disasters and horrible catastrophes, &c. One would have this cause and these principles advocated,—another brings forth another list for your support;—and so on with a long chapter.

A newspaper should be just what it sets out to be, what it purports to be; please who it may. Precious few, we are aware, fulfil this. If it be a political party paper, it should stick to its side and its creed; advocate and sustain both with all its might; keeping within the bounds of decency and truth, the while; but, unfortunately, very many overstep these important landmarks. If sectarian, let it be sectarian up to the hilt; remembering, at the same time, that the interests of a good cause are never promoted by falsehood and an unholly temper.

A newspaper should be what the general term imports; a medium for the promulgation of all news. Variety is the spice of life; so is the sprinkled seasoning of a newspaper. An Editor is closely identified with a newspaper; and there are various opinions in relation to what an Editor should be. One would have him a passive peaceable body; another, a sort of gladiator, for public amusement; ready to strip and fight at any time, for the pastime of his readers; a champion for all, in all sorts of quarrels; and then heal his broken bones at his own cost.

A newspaper should be open to all for the expression of opinions, and the advocacy of doctrines, if they be not decidedly immoral and indecent. If they inculcate error, there is understanding enough in the community to detect it, and the same medium is open for disproof and refutation. Free discussion should be always tolerated and encouraged in the columns of a newspaper; nor should an editor be held at all responsible for the opinions of others on general matters and things, which are communicated through his journal. There is no danger in this age: free discussion will ultimately end in the disclosure of truth. Different opinions will possess men's heads,—let them, then, give vent to them. Some men will talk nonsense and sophistry,—let those then, who cannot so well talk these things, be allowed to write them. Falsehood is always weakened by a defeat; and truth is always strengthened and brightened by a victory.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

It is not a subject of wonder to those who have carefully observed how the love of self, indulged for years, hardens the heart, and extinguishes in it all regard for the good of others, that those who make no profession of religion (which includes love to the neighbor) should be willing to get rich by selling intoxicating drinks to such as have become enervated to the vice of drunkenness.—But that any who did make such professions, and who even held places of responsibility in the church, should thus sell themselves to evil, is indeed surprising. They of course, can only be classed with hypocrites. The office of "deacon" in some of the eastern states, has been repeatedly scandalized in this particular. Most of our readers remember "Deacon Giles' Distillery," and sundry similar stories founded on actual occurrences. Pure fiction has also been called in to heighten the effect in some cases; the following, for instance, taken from a curious little book, lately published, called the "History of the Striped Pig," is an amusing instance.

"Good Brother M—, after a hard day's work in retailing liquor, washes his face and hands, puts on his sanctified manner and his go-to-meeting coat, and proceeds to the vestry of his church to exhort his brethren to good works and godly lives, and to make long prayers.

We remember the conversion of a pious deacon of this spiritual description from his delusions. It happened in this wise:

"Papa," said one of his boys to the deacon, "I had a funny dream last night!"

"Well Tommy, what was your funny dream?"

"Why I dreamed that the devil came into your store!"—

"The devil?"

"Yes, pa, the devil; and that he found you drawing a glass of gin for poor Ambo James, who has fits, and who broke his little baby's arm the other day, because she cried when he came home drunk. And I thought that the devil came up to the counter, and laid the end of his long tail down on a chair, and leaned over towards the barrel of gin where you were stooping to draw it out, and asked if you want a deacon. And I thought you didn't look up, but said you were, and then he grinned, and shook his tail like a cat that had a mouse, and says he to me—'That ere's the deacon for me!'—and ran out the shop laughing so loud that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up."

This dream was more than the father could stand; but it put an end to his delusion, and to his trade in ardent spirits. Balt. Athenæum.

Religion need not to be disjoined from the innocent pleasures of life. Its province is to heighten happiness, as well as to sustain toil, or to sanctify affliction. To confine it to seasons of lonely meditation, or to rob it of its Angel smile, is a monastic error. Give it place by the hearth stone, and in the walk among the flowers, where heart answers to heart. Let it have part in the music that cheers the domestic circle, and in the fond intercourse of sisterly and fraternal love.

Religion is humility,
The loveliest habit of the mind,
'Tis faith and hope and charity,
And gracious fruits of every kind.

ANON.

From the Hesperian, or Western Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON TEXAS.

Climate—Diseases—Medicines—Nights—Prevaling Winds—General Health of Texas.

The climate of Texas has been compared to that of Italy. As my experience has been confined to the former, I am not prepared to say how far the comparison is just. A part of the year, the climate of Texas, so far as regards a clear healthy atmosphere, soft, constant, and refreshing breezes, pleasant days and delightful nights, is equal to any in the world; and during other portions, owing to constant rains, cold winds, and scorching heat, it would be perhaps difficult to find another so oppressive and disagreeable. The whole country, during the months of April, May, and June, is fascinating beyond description. During those months the water on the prairies is absorbed, or carried off by evaporation; and the new grass having taken place of the old, covers the whole face of the country with Nature's richest and greenest livery. Flowers the most beautiful, of every shade of color, stand in clusters or are scattered over the plains in the most wasteful profusion of nature.

One can sometimes scarce resist the impression, as his eye dwells upon such prospects, that the whole country is inhabited by genii, who delight to beautify the earth, or that Flora herself preside over the scene. Every thing around and about seems to exert itself to harmonize with the beauty and splendor that covers the face of the country.

There is always a constant cool breeze from the ocean, which purifies the air and tempers the heat of the sun. There is a clearness in the whole atmosphere, and the heavens, that I never saw in any other country. It seems as if nature had selected her choicest beauties, and great excellencies, and blended them into one scene, that she might contemplate the effect of her collected charms; as some virgin, after she has adorned herself with her richest ornaments, surveys herself in a mirror. The heart and mind which are always under the influence of the scenes around, are particularly so here. Under the dominion of nature, both are bound up by a kind of spell, like that which the grove of Calypso threw around the heart of Ulysses.

At this season of the year, little or no sickness exists in the country. Towards the latter end of June, the heat becomes more intense. I had an opportunity of inspecting a thermometrical table, from the middle to the end of this month, which showed a range of temperature from 10 o'clock, A. M., between 85 and 93 deg., and, in some instances, the mercury rose to 100 deg. As you advance in the month of July, the heat becomes more oppressive and the atmosphere more sultry. The system under long continued heat, begins to lose its tone, and both mind and body sink into a state of debility and indifference. Many seek to overcome this languor by stimulating drinks, which, like most temporary expedients, only aggravate the disease, and often lead to the horrors, or settled melancholy, or delirium, and other morbid diseases, which indicate a deranged state of the system, and especially the brain. Sickness now begins to show itself in the shape of intermittents, which are marked with no parti-

cular violence, but as the system is, at this time, much overheated, and has lost much of its stamina, they are extremely difficult to eradicate. Those who are attacked in this month are extremely happy if they do not suffer during the whole summer, and even winter; and still more so if the disease, in the progress of the season, does not assume a more dangerous type, and end in death.

During the months of August, September, October and November, the poisonous principle of the atmosphere becomes more highly concentrated, and the diseases are of a much more malignant character. Remittents of the most dangerous types, cases of the scarlet fever, obstructions of the liver, neuralgia, every disease, indeed, dependent on miasmata, begins, at this time, to make its appearance. But generally speaking, they all come to a speedy crisis.

At this season, every now and then, there is a heavy fall of rain, but accompanied with much less thunder and lightning than is common at such times in the latitude of the Middle States, and even higher.

There is something peculiar in the thunder heard here, which cannot escape the attention of the most unobservant. A peal is broken into several swells, and rolls through the heavens like a park of artillery, discharging at regular intervals. Although the rains serve to cool the atmosphere for a short time, the moisture which they impart to the vegetable mould, increases the malaria under the action of the sun. I do not think that the heat at this period, as indicated by the thermometer, would vary much from the latter part of the month of July; but it is certainly more insufferable, as the powers of endurance in the system are much more reduced. If the unacclimated escape an attack at this time, they may regard themselves more fortunate than those who were in Texas for the first during the summer of 1837. Very few of such persons, so far as my knowledge extends, escaped.

During these four months great sickness prevailed in Houston, along the Buffalo Bayou, as low down the San Jacinto as New Washington, and along the whole course of the Brazos.

The inhabitants upon the Trinity, and in the eastern part of Texas, had also their full share of disease and suffering. Among the afflicted there was quite a number of deaths. In Houston there were many deaths, but some of them were owing to adventitious causes, such as exposure, and the want of attention. A person cannot be acclimated, until after a residence of three years; and if a writer who has written upon the Southern climate generally, is correct, there is quite as much danger of attack during the second and third years, as the first. Calomel, in enormous doses, is the main dependence, in the fevers of this country; and so fully has experience proved its superior efficacy over all other remedies, that less prejudice exists against its use among the uninformed, than is common in most other countries. Every old woman has her supply of this medicine, and has acquired great knowledge from experience in its proper use.

The use of the lancet is not so much relied upon, as one at first view would suppose, from the inflammatory character of the diseases. It will not do here, as it does no where else to deplete very freely, when miasm is the active principle of the disease. Dr. McCullough would find a fine field in this country to prove the truth of all he has written upon the diseases of malaria and their proper mode of treatment.

The remarks which are here made in relation to health, are not intended to apply to that portion of Texas, which lies so far west as the Colorado. The great scarcity of rain, and when we get still farther west, even the absence of dew, and extreme dryness of the atmosphere, admit of no animal or even vegetable decay.

I have spoken in another place of the great health of San Antonio de Bexar, from this cause, and what is there said will apply to all the western parts of the country. I should add that the lower country, from Rio del las Neugas to the Colorado, is more healthy than that along the coast, from the Sabine to the Trinity, and that the latter is more salubrious than the coast from the Trinity to the Colorado.

From December to April is a period of rains, high winds, cold weather, and of the most opposite and unpleasant vicissitudes. At this season the plains in the lower country, are covered with water, so as to be almost impassable. The weather is much colder, owing to the north-west winds which blow from the mountains, than would be supposed from the latitude of the country. The mercury frequently falls as low as 32 deg. of Fahrenheit. If the feelings were to be taken as the thermometer, it would be set down much colder than that; for the rapidity with which the temperature passes from 70 to 32 deg., as the wind shifts from the south to the north and north-west, is so great that the system is scarcely able to endure the reverse.—