Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XX. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1841. No. 1067.

HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isle, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of the soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to the pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of land supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend;
Here Woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Lesson.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY SKETCHER.

Three young ladies were seated in a richly furnished apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis, and their cousin Delilah Charleton. The latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing: the two former in discussing, critically, a ball at which all three had been present the preceding evening.

'I don't like that Mr. Barton, at all,' said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation.

'Nor me either,' responded Miss Emma, who was the eldest.

'And why not, cousins?' asked Delilah, 'I am sure he is handsome enough—is he not?'

'Yes, but—'

'But what, coz?' said she to Emma, who had spoken last. 'Surely his manners are pleasing, and his language polished—without affectation.'

'Yes, yes, but for all that, he is vulgar'—said Emma, pettishly, 'vulgar in his ideas.'

'Vulgar!' exclaimed Delilah, 'you must again allow me to differ with you, coz,' she continued, looking in her cousin's face with a winning smile, 'I think he is quite refined—more so than Mr. Price, or Mr. Brown, and many of the other gentlemen.'

'Only think of comparing Mr. Barton with Mr Price and Mr. Brown,—two *gentlemen!*' exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. 'Why Mr. Barton is a *mechanic!*'

'Well, suppose he is, dear,' said her cousin, 'does that make him vulgar, or less respectable? For my part I think a mechanic can be as much of a gentleman (in the true sense of the word) as a millionare.'

'Well I declare, cousin Lile, you do have some of the funniest notions,' said Miss Amanda, 'just for all the world like pa: he thinks one man just as good as another, even though he be a laborer.'

'Yes,' said Emma, 'I do wish he would be a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters, than mechanics. It is his fault that Mr. Barton comes here, he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants me, or you, Amanda. Wouldn't it make a fine paragraph for the papers! Miss Amanda (or Emma,) daughter of James Ellis, merchant, to Mr. Charles Barton, mechanic. Oh, dear!' and the spoiled beauty (for both sisters possessed great *personal* attractions) threw herself back upon the sofa and laughed heartily, as also did her sister.

'Well, well, girls,' said Mr. Ellis, who, hidden by the half open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room, 'you may laugh now, but you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband. Mark that,'—and the old gentleman, taking up his hat, left the apartment.

'Who would have thought that pa was listening!' said Miss Amanda, 'but I don't care.'

'I declare, if there is not Mr. Barton on the steps!' exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the blinds. 'Come, come,' she continued, addressing her sister, 'let us go up stairs into the other parlor, and leave cousin Lile to entertain him: it will be a pleasure to her, for she is partial to mechanics;' and the sisters left the room. The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr. Ellis had introduced to his daughters, and niece, some months before, as a master mechanic. But unlike their father, who valued a man for his character, and not for his money, the Misses Ellis were great sticklers for respectability—their standard for which was riches—and the consequence was, as we have seen, that Mr. Barton did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew this false estimate of respectability was a predominant fault in his daughters' characters, and he determined to give them a practical and salutary lesson. How he succeeded, the sequel of our story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the room, Mr. Barton entered. He was about the middle height, with a fine figure, regular features, and an intelligent countenance. His eyes were of deep blue—his eye-brows finely arched, and his forehead high and white, from which the jet black hair was pushed back, displaying its fine proportions. He was certainly a handsome man, which fact, even the Misses Ellis's did not attempt to deny, and the ease, and politeness, with which he greeted Miss Charleton, spoke his claim to that which that lady herself had awarded him—the title of gentleman.

He was soon seated, and in conversation with Delilah. Delilah Charleton was a charming girl. It was true she did not possess the exquisite proportions, and regular features of her two cousins, but then, there was ever a sunny smile upon her face, and a cheerful sparkle in her clear light blue eye, and she had such light and bounding spirits, that made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins, at least more bewitching; at least so thought Mr. Barton as he gazed upon her laughing countenance. How much better, thought he, would it be to possess her for a wife, dependant as she is upon her uncle, and dowerless as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis's, with their spoiled tempers, and their fortunes. Thinking thus, is it to be wondered at, that he left her with a half-formed determination to win her love if it lay within his power.

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loved habit of 'running' their cousin, they spoke.

'I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin,' said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

'A very interesting tete-a tete, was it not!' whispered Emma across the table.

'I spent the morning very pleasantly,' answered Delilah, blushing slightly.

'Oh! I dare say,' said Emma sarcastically, 'I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, coz!'

'Well, and suppose he did!' said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. 'Is it not better to listen to that, than to the senseless conversation, and sickly sentiments, drawled out in affected tones by the foplings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity!' and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.

'But never mind, Lile,' he continued in a softer voice, and patting his niece's rosy cheek, 'never mind, Mr. Barton is *worth* three or four such would be gentlemen as Mr. Price, and Mr. Brown, and in more ways than one. Mark that, girls!—*He is worth two or three such in more ways than one.*' The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and Mr. Barton had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellis's. It was very evident he was paying '*particular*' attention to Delilah Charleton, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacceptable. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father, whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertions, that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Barton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time. At length one morning, about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step, and sparkling eye.

'Well, girls, what do you think of it?' said he rubbing his hands in glee.

'What?' asked both the young ladies in a breath.

'The wedding!'

'What wedding?'

'Your cousin's.'

'Delilah's?'

'Yes. She is going to honor the *mechanic* with her hand. What do you think of it, eh?'

'I don't think *much* of it,' said Miss Emma, with a toss of her head.

'Nor I,' said Amanda.

'You don't, eh? Well suppose I was to tell you she is going to marry a man worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that *alter* your opinions?'

'Why what *do* you mean, pa?'

'Listen! and I will tell you, girls,' said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave, and somewhat stern look. "The father of Mr. Barton to whom your cousin is soon to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade about the same time I entered the counting-house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started in business for himself, and where he married. Being possessed of genius, and having a good education, from a master mechanic and builder, he soon became an architect; and subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son Charles a good architect, so that if ever the 'fickle dame' should desert him, he would have wherewith to earn honestly his daily bread. He succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving his son his whole fortune; his wife being already dead, and Charles being an only child. About six months ago Charles came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation I asked him why he was not married. He said that he had never yet met with a young lady that he thought worthy of calling his wife; that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his *money*, but, that such a one he would never marry. I told him that I would introduce him to some of *our* city ladies, and see if he could not find one among them to suit him. He required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master *mechanic*. I acquiesced, and knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a lesson, which I sincerely hope will have a salutary influence. I knew when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of your would be his chosen, because I was certain you could not *stoop* so low as to marry a master mechanic: but the event which will soon take place I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing whatever of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised, girls but did I not tell you that you would be sorry some day that you did not obtain him for a husband? And did I not tell you he was WORTH two or three such nionihammers as Mr. Price or Mr. Brown, in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be *respectable*, but that very often he who *earns* his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, is more of a *gentleman* than he who counts his thousands.'

And they did remember it. For in after years they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest old father's LESSON.

ACCUMULATION OF PROPERTY.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOT.

I suppose the progress and the delineation of family fortunes have been essentially the same in all parts of the world, if we expect those countries in which the laws of entail and primogeniture preserve the eldest son from the reverses which otherwise would enevitably ensue.

A young man comes into the city from his respectable home of industry in the country. He comes with energy of character, and industrious habits, and is enured to economy. He has nothing to depend upon but his own resources of diligence and fidelity.

After a few years he commences business for himself. His only capital is a good name and business talents. These guide him to wealth. In a few years he is found one of the most opulent and influential merchants in the city. And the country boy, who comes into Washington street, as he did, in search of a fortune, now looks up to him with reverence as one of the noblest of the land.

This is the history of many of the first merchants of Boston and New York. These poor country boys, with the virtues which are matured in an economical home, come into our great cities and take the lead in law, in politics, in merchandise.

There are some exceptions, but this is the general rule in all the principal cities in this country and in England. What is the subsequent history?

The sons and the daughters of this now rich man, find a very different cradle from that which their father found in his parental home. Profusion and splendor are all around them. Their father trod a painted floor, or perhaps eat his bread and milk from an earthen bowl or in the tin dipper. They move in apartments furnished with splendor, and take their coffee from cups of splendor. I am not saying this is wrong; but simply describing the process which I apprehend is general. Under these influences they have many imaginary wants, and the profusion around them destroys all habits of economy. The sons feel that they are not dependent upon their own exertions for support; that their father is rich; that he will set them up in business, and they think that property will flow in upon them as easily as it follows the well directed efforts of their father's strong mind. They form no habits of close application. They have received no instruction in the hard but useful school of adversity. The father has felt that in amassing property he was promoting the welfare of his family. He would be rich and he has 'fallen into a snare.'

The father dies. The property is divided. The sons are in business, their habits are such that they cannot avoid heavy expenditures, and they cannot endure the rigor of unwearied exertions. Their father commenced at the bottom of the ladder and ascended. He came from the farm house, and rose by degress to opulence and luxury. The sons commenced at the top of the ladder and go down. Year after year the property dwindles away, and the children are soon fairly down in the walks of obscurity and poverty. The son of the coachman and his master simply change places. The one with his wife and children on the inside seat, and the other with whip and rein mounts the box. It is thus that the wheel is continually revolving. And this is not through the caprices of blind fortune, but through the operation of clearly defined and natural causes.

Now here is the snare into which he falls who will be rich. He may be laboring all his life for the accumulation of property, and that very property be the cause of the ruin of his family. The exposure of the daughter's happiness may be still greater than that of the sons. When an affectionate hearted lady is awakened to the consciousness that her husband has taken her but as the necessary encumbrance to her father's property, the measure of her wretchedness is almost full. The danger of an unhappy marriage is under all circumstances great. Even when there is no allurement to the connection, but congeniality of taste and affection, the number of ill sorted and discordant unions is fearfully great. But chances of happiness which a young lady has with an independent fortune are very small indeed. The very fact that she has money will be regarded as an objection by many of the best names and hearts, while the frivolous and the heartless and profligate will flock around her. An ingenious young man shrinks from the imputation of marrying her for money, and he fears to take as a companion through life's hard pilgrimage one who has been nurtured in fashion and luxury. Thus does a man not unfrequently labor for his whole life to accumulate property which ruins his sons and daughters. He neglects God, gives himself no time for preparation for another world; and when age and infirmities press heavily upon him, he finds he has spent his strength for that which is not bread, and his labor for that which profiteth not.

"*Man never is, but always to be blest.*"

There is no human being who feels full satisfaction in his present enjoyments. The mind is forever on the wing, in the pursuit of new acquirements, of new objects, and, if possible, of higher degrees of felicity, than the present moment can afford. However exquisite any particular enjoyment may sometimes be found, it soon begins to loose its relish, and to pall the intellectual appetite. Hence, the voracious desire for a variety of amusements—hence the keen desire for novelty, for tales of wonder, for beautiful and splendid exhibitions, and for intelligence respecting the passing occurrencies of the day—hence the eagerness with which newspapers are read. However novel or interesting the events, which are detailed to-day, an appetite for fresh intelligence is excited before to-morrow. Hence too, the insatiable desire of the miser in heaping up riches, and the unremitting career of ambition, in its present pursuit of honors and of fame. And hence, too, the ardor with which the Philosopher prosecutes one discovery after another, without ever arriving at a resting point, or sitting down contented with his present attainments. When Newton ascertained the law of universal gravitation, and Franklin discovered the identity of lightning and the electric fluid, and felt the transports which such a discovery must have excited, did they slacken their pace in the road to scientific discovery and research? No. One discovery gave a stimulus to the pursuit of another, and their career of improvement only terminated with their lives. These unbounded desires agitate the breasts of all nations, and of all conditions in life. If we enter the palaces of the great—if we pry into the abodes of poverty and indigence—we shall find, in every situation, and among every class, that—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest."

Raleigh Register.

A worthy Example.—David O. Shattuck, formerly of the neighboring county of Sampson, is the Whig candidate for Governor in Mississippi. Mr. Shattuck affords another striking instance of honorable fame, acquired altogether by personal exertion. He is a native of New England, (that land of enterprize) and set out in life as a pedlar, which business he pursued in this State. Whilst engaged in that vocation he applied himself to books with assiduity. He afterwards entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the Virginia and North Carolina Conference, and travelled many years as a Preacher within its bounds, laboring with great acceptibility. In 1828 he removed to Mississippi, where he was in a few years elevated to the Bench, filling the station of Judge with credit. He is now in all probability about to receive the highest honors of the State, that of the Chief Magistracy. Judge Shattuck is represented to us by those who know him, as a man of uncommon mind, purity of character, and great energy of purpose. His success in the attainment of high aims offers one more powerful example to the many young men of the land, who, feeling within the promptings of a generous ambition, yet have about their necks the mill stones of poverty and obscurity. *Wilmington Chron.*

"I'LL TRY, SIR:"

An Incident of the Battle of Bridgewater.

On the 25th of July, 1814, the bloody battle of Bridgewater and Lundy's Lane took place near the banks of the Niagara. It was six o'clock, and a sultry evening, when the British forces under Gen. Drummond advanced to meet the American columns; and a more deadly contest never raged on the soil of our beloved country than that which then commenced; the roar of the neighboring cataract lost itself in the booming of the cannon—the voices of many waters and the voices of battle sang *bass* together—and the dead slept in sweet forgetfulness upon the moonlit hill. The first brigade under Gen. Scott, with Towson's artillery and a body of cavalry, sustained the attack of the British army for an hour unaided. Gen. Ripley with fresh troops now arrived, and relieved General Scott, while the latter, with his exhausted brigade, formed a reserve in the rear. The British artillery had taken post on an eminence at the head of Lundy's Lane, and were pouring forth a most deadly fire on the Americans. General Brown, the commander of the American forces, seeing the terrible havoc made by the enemy's cannon, concluded that it was necessary to dislodge them or retreat. It was a dreadful duty. The troops that were to march up Lundy's Lane might well say their prayers and make their wills before moving. It was certain death to every second man of the forlorn hope. As the commanding General rode along the foot of the hill, in thoughful mood, he saw the brave Col. Miller advancing at the head of his newly-raised regiment for further orders. He rode up to him. "Will you advance and capture that battery?" said the General. "I will try sir," said the modest Colonel. The General rode on, and the regiment gallantly wheeled and moved up Lundy's Lane. At every rod the artillery on the height sent its messengers of death through the dense column; but still there was no flinching. The voice of the noble Miller, as he waved his sword before the bloody gap, was heard uttering the short and expressive orders, "Steady men—close ranks—march!" Around him, the flower of his regiment fell like the withered leaves of autumn; but he heeded not his loss; he was ordered to take the battery on the hill, and he intended to do it. He advanced, therefore, coolly and steadily to his object. Amidst a tremendous blaze of artillery, and at the point of the bayonet he carried the height. It was a gallant deed. I have never heard of its equal except at the siege of San Sebastian. It was superior in temerity to Bonaparte's attack upon Little Gibraltar, at Toulon, because Miller had no covering for his troops in case of a retreat. It was a dead march to glory; yea, at every step the rear rank trod upon the dead and the dying; and the groans of suffering humanity mingled in with the hoarse rattle of the drum. When the conqueror, with his remnant of a regiment, trod upon the heights at the head of Lundy's Lane, and turned the cannon upon the astonished enemy, a death struggle ensued between the American and British armies. "These guns will decide the battle; they must be regained, or the army of Britain will be cut to pieces, and, if regained, the Americans will be conquered." Such were the thoughts of the General. Now came the iron gripe of war. A terrible conflict raged upon the height; and, when the morning sun arose upon Bridgewater, 1,600 soldiers, friends and foes, lay sleeping in gory death upon the hill side in Lundy's Lane. Surely, the battle of Bridgewater will never be forgotten by the patriot, the historian, or the poet; and, while the laurels of a Scott and a Ripley are green and unfading, let us not forget that the gallant Miller is alive, and that his country owes him a debt of gratitude which she can never repay. She, however, can say with her children when asked to aid him, as the hero said at Bridgewater to his commander when called upon to render him service, "I will try, sir." LET HER TRY, for the sake of her honor; and may the day never dawn when the hero of Lundy's Lane shall be forgotten by an American citizen. We glory in the services of the brave. May the laurel circle the victor's brow in life, and at last hang upon a broken column over a deathless tomb! Reader, the hero of Lundy's Lane is beside you!

D.

INDIAN MASSACRE.

We learn that a company (F) of the first regiment of dragoons, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, with Capt. Trenor commanding, and Dr. Kennedy, U. S. A. returned on the first instant from a visit to the Kanzas Indians, residing on the Kanzas river, in the agency of Maj. Cummins.

This detachment was sent out on the 17th ultimo on the requisition of Major Cummins, to assist him in making payment of the annuity due to the Kanzas Indians, and to take from them certain prisoners captured from the Pawnees (Republics) on a recent war excursion into the Pawnee country. They recovered all the prisoners, to the number of eleven, women and children, whom they brought to Fort Leavenworth, to be restored in due time to their own tribe. The history of the capture of the prisoners by the Kanzas is interesting, as showing the excessive cruelty and dastardly character of the Indian warfare.

It seems that some time in December last the Kanzas, or Caw Indians, hearing that an encampment of the Pawnees were on a buffalo hunt, at some distance from the remainder of their tribe, gave up their own anticipated hunt, and organized themselves into a war party, with their principal chief at their head. They entered the Pawnee country, and laid in ambush near the ill-fated encampment, until they saw the Pawnee warriors, numbering but 17, depart for their hunting grounds. The Kanzas warriors, 65 in all, then commenced a murderous fire upon the defenceless women and children, which they continued until they supposed all within the encampment had been killed. On entering the scene of carnage they tomahawked and scalped more than seventy of their victims: they found twelve (six women and as many children) unhurt, whom they decided to retain as prisoners. One of the women, however, determined not to be taken alive, and suddenly springing at the nearest warrior, she seized him with the grasp of a tigress by the throat, and bore him to the earth. It was only when her arms were severed from her body that she relinquished her grasp—she was then despatched, and her scalp added another bloody trophy to those yet reeking at their belts.

An act of more atrocious cruelty and shameless cowardice has seldom come to our notice—the murder of an entire village of defenceless women had children by a band of savages; and we are gratified to learn that the Kanzas Indians are living in constant dread of being attacked by the Pawnees. It is highly probable that before summer we shall hear of dire punishment having been inflicted upon these wretches by that fierce and warlike tribe.

On the 5th instant Lieut. Ruff, of the 1st regiment of dragoons, with a small detachment of men, left the fort to convey the Pawnee prisoners to Bellevue, where they will meet their missionaries and some members of their own tribe.

Missouri Republican.

Henry Clay.—Some of the Opposition papers (*we* are friends of the *administration* now) consider it strange that Mr. Clay does not accept an office under Gen. Harrision; and think there is more in it than meets the eye. Why should he take office? What distinction would any office confer upon Henry Clay? As was once well said by Mr. Leigh, of Va. in speaking of Kentucky's favorite son—"He has already secured a fame that will live as long as pure Government—a renown that will survive the marble monument that will cover his grave—a renown more valuable than any station, however exalted, could confer.

Raleigh Register.