Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1842 No. 1128.

MRS. BAILEY;
OR, THE LAST REMOVAL.
FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Amongst many acquaintances, there is one for whom I have a very particular respect, because he is not only an excellent fellow, but also a very great oddity. He has passed his entire life in going from one part of London to another: and not content, as most bachelors would be, with moving themselves, their wardrobe, and their dressing case, my friend John Bennett always takes with him the furniture for two very large rooms. He has every thing complete from a sofa to a bell rope—and, consequently, he has expended a fortune in repeated migrations. But what has John Bennett cared for all this? He has had his adventures—his insight into the most various characters, and he has at last——But I must tell his history regularly, as far at least as relates to his last *accident*, which it is to be hoped has settled him for life.

It is some time since my friend took unfurnished lodgings on the left hand side of Gower street, as you go from Montague street to Holborn. All, at least of those houses that I have seen, are fine, wide, lofty, spacious, and very o'd fashioned. The time for which he had taken the apartments was approaching its termination, and he was under "notice to quit." Of course Mr. Bennett set out on a new voyage of discovery for unfurnished lodgings; but he did so with an ill-luck that was very unusual to him—or his search did not give him that pleasure that it was wont to do in former years His good genius seemed to have abandoned him. He saw unpleasant landladies—he found doors that creaked upon hinges, and he perceived chimneys that smoked Was this fatality, or was it that he had become more sensitive to the little "ills of life?" He certainly ceased to see the smiles that used to greet him when he was a much younger man. Why was this? It was but too easily explained; f r John Bennett had been on the lookout for unfurnished lodgings for twenty five years, and twenty-five years ago he was a far prettier fellow than he is now.

"Well," said John Bennett, one evening, sitting very tired and lonesome, as he looked into the drawing-room fire, in search of some unfurnished castle. "Well! I certainly would remain three months longer in these apartments if I had not already served the landlord with notice, and if the rooms were not too large for me, and if the landlord had not threatened to increase the rent."

It unfortunately happened that the rooms were already engaged by another party, and there was no use in thinking of the matter.

"You need, sir," said the owner of the house to Mr. Bennett, "not incommode yourself at all as to the time of moving; for the lady who is about to succeed you in the lodgings will not be here before the end of the month. She will bring her furniture here on the 15th, and they can be placed in the two rooms that you do not make any use of."

This was an arrangement that was very convenient for Mr. Bennett, he being, as yet, without other rooms to move into.

"I may search a long time before I can find rooms at all comparable to these. It is a pleasant quarter of the town—so close, too, to the British Museum, only that I don't care for reading—and then the street is so quiet, the air so good, and within a stone's throw of the Birmingham Railway, only I always go to Southampton or Brighton—and the landlord is so very obliging, and there is no landlady—and in short I never felt so sorry for leaving any place as this. Really, if these apartments were vacant, I would make a sacrifice to have them. That, however, would be very great folly, for they are larger than becomes either my means or my furniture. They are not at all suited to a bachelor—whereas, if I were married—"

Having uttered this language, Mr. Bennett began to smile; for he had always considered marriage as one of the greatest obstacles to constant removals—and on this gound he had come to the resolution of ever remaining single. Now, that resolution which he had acted upon for such a long, long time, did not now appear to him to be so very good a one as he had hitherto thought it. He began to reflect seriously on the matter, and having viewed it in both ways, he came to this wise conclusion:—

"Well! if I should ever marry, I must certainly return and take my lodgings here."

The landlord was consulted as to the practicability of a return, and his reply was, that "it was impossible to say, as the lady had taken the lodgings for three years certain."

Disappointed in all his plans, but full of resignation and of courage, Mr. Bennett resumed the old paths of discovery, which he had so often trodden before. He had passed the entire day of the 15th in this occupation, and he was still plunged in all the torments of indecision, when upon his return home in the evening, he learned that the furniture of his successor had arrived that day, and had been disposed, as agreed upon, in the two unoccupied chambers.

"Well! here I am no longer alone in my own place," said John Bennett, with his usual exclamation of wonder. "Well! here I am half cleared out of this abode, in which, though I have not found much pleasure, still I *prefer* to any other, and yet I know not why—is it that I am becoming wise, and learning to be contented with what is—"

But a very natural curiosity tore the philosopher from his sad thoughts.

"Well! then," said he, "who can this disagreeable person be that is thus driving me out of my own home—and will never let me into it again for three years, at least? What a fool I was never to ask a question about her. But that does not matter much; a man like me, who has lived all his life in lodgings, ought to be able to tell a great deal of a person's character and situation in life from their furniture."

Behold, then, Mr. John Bennett, a very respectable man in Mark lane, entering with a lighted candle to inspect the moveables of the lady, who was sending her own goods again wandering over the world.

"Oh, oh!" said he, casting his eyes round him, "all this is right down comfortable, and in very excellent taste. There is here the value of four hundred pounds, at all events, and not a stick in it two years old. But all this belongs evidently to a lady—a married lady of course. Now, let me see, where's the husband?"

He continued his review with a close accuracy and due appreciation of the articles he inspected that an auctioneer would have envied, and a professional appraiser be astonished to behold.

"I do not find," said he, "a hat-box, a stick, an umbrella-case, nor anything that can betray a husband. There is, as I am alive, *no husband!* Well! the person who is putting me out is alone—let us find out whether she is a widow, or an unmarried lady."

The perspicacity of John Bennett was here a little at fault, for it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish between a maid and a widow—and particularly so when you have only furniture on which to found a guess. Not finding anything positive, Mr. Bennett had only to betake himself to probabilities.

"A single unmarried lady," he remarked, "would not take such apartments as these, and pay so high a rent for them; the furniture is evidently that of a lady settled in life—unless, indeed, it should be an old maid!"

Now, *why* did John Bennett begin to frown when this last idea crossed his mind? What interests had he in discovering that it was not an old maid that was the owner of furniture that he admired so much!

"An old maid!" continued he; "well! that *would* be really very disagreeable! But here is something to tell me news. Here is the only solution I can find to this riddle."

As the sly fellow said this, he pulled open the drawer of a dressing table There was a comb and in this comb there were intertwined two or three very long, glossy, and very black hairs.

"An old maid," said Bennett smilling, "never had hair like that. My unknown is, then, young—too young, perhaps—"

And here he frowned again. Assuredly it was very difficult to please him.

"Well, let us reason the matter," he observed. "First of all widows with handsome fortunes, as this lady evidently is, are very rare now-a-days; and then, a young girl would have furniture with more gilding on it than this—it would be rose wood, and not all the finest and most solid mahogany; there would, too, be more looking-glasses. The widow here, then, is not a very young woman; but is she a widow at all? Is her husband absent? or, is she a married woman separated from her husband?

Here was a mystery, that the profound talent of the observer could not penetrate.

"Well! well! well!" despairingly exclaimed Bennett, "I am distracted with doubt; but I must get at the secret in some manner."

He looked narrowly around, and he perceived a large picture with the back turned towards him and defended from him by a rampart of sofas, and a *chevaux de frise* of chairs.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, the picture was rescued from its position, and it was turned towards the eager look of its solitary spectator.

It was a portrait, the size of life, of a lady twenty years of age, and having at the for, in almost imperceptible characters, the date 1825

"What a noble head! What a charming creature!" cried Bennett in ecstacy; "but, as sure as fate, I have seen that lady before."

He thought for some minutes, and then he said, "Well—yes—I not only have seen her, but I was in love with her—*once*. Yes; this time ten years, when I lodged in Baker street; she then was a short time married to Mr. Bailey, who lived next door to me. Bailey, I know, is dead these four years—and he died worth money. Thus, I see, I have guessed right. She is a widow, and not too young; that will just suit me. What a providential thing it is that she should have come here just as I was on the point of being turned out. But how does she look now? If she was pretty at twenty, she ought to be admirable at thirty-six. Her face must have, at least, preserved the regularity of its expression—"

Here he pulled open another drawer, and discovered a shoe and a girdle.

"Well! *that* must be a sweet pretty foot! and then the girdle shows me, by the mark of the brooch, that it must be of a most agreeable roundness.—But then—she has dangerous attractions! May she not be a coquette? But no, or she would never have that picture of herself, which by the frame, I perceive, is intended for the drawing room, with the tell-tale date upon it. Well! but on the other hand, perhaps she is a saint—perhaps mad after the conversion of the nasty negroes, or sending out missionaries to Timbuctoo. Let me see, let me see—here's Byron, Moore, Tillotson, Voltaire, Paley, Shelley, Rollin, Rousseau, and not even a small controversial pamphlet, nor a blue looking report of some bye-gone meeting at Exeter Hall. She is, then, neither a coquette nor a saint—neither miserly nor avaricious—and her books prove to me that she is determined to make up her own mind, and not be led by others. Besides, she has continued four years a widow; and I know she was so well conducted as a wife, that though married to an old man, at a time when I was rather well-looking, she would not condescend to cast a glance at me."

Thus thinking, and thus arguing, marriage appeared to John Bennett as a most desirable matter. He instantly formed his plan, and he carried it into effect.

When Mrs. Bailey returned from the country, at the end of the month, she was greatly surprised to perceive her apartments still occupied.

"I was expecting you," said Bennett, with great tenderness.

Mrs. Bailey did not understand him.

"Your furniture," said he, "is all placed properly, and I hope arranged according to your taste."

"But, sir, I see a great many things here which do not belong to me."

"Quite a mistake, ma'am—they are all yours. And just now remark, there is not too much of them. The apartment is furnished, and yet not over crowded or incumbered with an unnecessary article. That proves to you that neither of us could fill it separately, and that it was indispensable to bring them together."

"What, sir! is it your intention to give up to me your furniture——?"

"Admire," he added, "if you please, how well they suit each other! A person would say they were destined to form but one. See how gracefully my chimney ornaments range with your French clock—your porcelain with my crystal—and there see, on one side is your portrait, and there on the other is mine—both the same size, and both from the the hand of the same master."

Mrs. Bailey raised her eyes to the portrait, and instantly recognised Mr. John Bennett.

"What!" she exclaimed, "is it *you!*"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Bailey; it is I, who beg of you not to send me away, for if you do, I shall never survive this my last and most fatal removal."

Mrs. Bailey recognized in the man of forty five, the handsome young man, of whose former admiration she could not be ignorant.

"Indeed," said she, "the furniture of both does suit so very well, that I—perhaps—may ask you to leave the house for a few days."

John Bennett did marry the handsome widow—and has, I am told, made a vow never to remove out of Gower-street.

GETTING HIGH.—"Come Abner, take some bitters," said an old croney to our old friend Abner Phelps, the other day; "they say you get high since you joined the Washingtonians."

"Yes I do *get high;* I have *got high* every day since I joined the Washingtonians! I have got from the gutters—I am *high* in spirits, for my conscience upbraids me not—my credit has got *high* along with me—my meat barrel keeps *high* all the while—I carry my head *high*, for I feel I am a sober man. I used to go home singing and the old woman would cry—but now when I go she sings and the children love me, and I cry for joy, and then I am so *high*—the honest and sober only can tell!! As a friend, let me say, you had better throw down that glass and *get high* with Abner, for he has learned how to do that thing without having the head-ache or the blues."

Some citizens of Sandusky, Ohio, were a few nights ago attracted to an old outbuilding, by cries from within of "Murder! murder!—come quick—he's eating me up!!" and on entering found lying there a loafer who had gone to sleep drunk, *and two young twin calves were sucking his ears!*

"What a great matter a little *spark* kindleth," as the dwarf said to the old gentleman, whose dander he had raised by courting his daughter.

From the Richmond Whig.

AMERICAN INTERESTS—No. 1.

The extraordinary condition of our country at the present time, without money, or sound credit, and with all the elements of prosperity in it, induces me to address a few observations to our friends engaged in the cultivation of cotton; and perhaps the views I shall present, may apply to other articles, the produce of our soil.

I will here remark, that I have been an actor and close observer of, and in, the affairs of this and other countries for the last twenty five years. My pursuits and condition in life have led me to watch the march of improvement at home and abroad—Great Britain in particular, with her vast and colonial possessions, and colossal power, has been constantly before me.—The proceedings of Parliament, the East India Company, and individuals engaged in extending the possessions of the British Empire, I have observed with a deep and abiding interest.

It is known to many persons of the Southern, and in fact all the States, that an effort is now in progress to increase the quantity and improve the quality of cotton in British India, and that persons of skill and intelligence in this branch of agriculture, have gone from several of our cotton growing States to India, for the purpose of carrying out the views of the East India Company, and the British Government. I wish now to call the serious and candid attention of the cotton planters to a few facts touching this great interest, in the hope that they may be aroused from their fancied security, and look at their true situation.

In order that we may understand our own position, it would be well to examine some of the remarkable revolutions that have taken place in the world, through the instrumentality of commerce, within the last two centuries.

These changes have not been confined to this continuent or that of Europe, but have extended and become of late years marked and striking in the East. The immense productions of the soil of the East Indies have assumed an importance that may well engage the attention of us, in this new world.

These revolutions have not generally been produced or achieved by the sword, but by the introduction of the mechanic arts, manufactures and agricultural products, which have been transferred from one country to another, and with them the power of producing at cheap rates, arising from more genial climates, better soil, greater skill, or cheaper labor; and perhaps, as is the case in some instances, all these advantages combined. This adaptation to produce the same articles at lower prices, in different countries, has been carried out to an extent that seems almost miraculous, besides having been of the highest importance, in point of civilization, to mankind. These commercial enterprizes are the great missionaries, if I may so speak, that have opened up the way to the introduction of Christianity, which, I think, has always been preceded by an introduction of the common arts of life.

To proceed with my illustrations of the importance and increase of commerce with its changes:—Tea, for example, was first brought to England, about the year 1660, and now more than 30,000,000 pounds are imported into that realm annually, yielding a revenue of $15,000,000.

There are also 20,000,000 pounds imported into the United States, which is now admitted free of duty. Coffee was introduced a few years earlier than Tea, into Europe; the consumption of which, upon the continent, is much greater in proportion than that of Tea. We import and consume annually nearly 90,000,000 pounds of Coffee, and without duty. Sugar, which has become almost a necessary of life, was not in common use at a much earlier period than Tea and Coffee. Rice, which has become one of the great staples of South Carolina and Georgia, and a very important one to the whole country, was brought to the former State from India, not earlier than the year 1700.

These four great articles of European and American consumption, with that yet more important product Cotton, are all natives of the East. The soil of South Carolina, but fifty years since, produced more than 1,000,000 pounds of Indigo, which, at that period, constituted an immense commerce, and brought to her people wealth, in the commodities of foreign countries. Now, what has become of her Indigo plant? Why, its cultivation has been transferred to Bengal. And the Cotton of India, transplanted to the soil of South Carolina, has become her most valuable production.

It may be asked, how this transfer of the Indigo culture was made? And how the quality was improved, and the quantity increased to the large amount of nine millions of pounds for exportation, which commands the markets of the world? This revolution was accomplished through the aid furnished in money to the cultivators, by the British Government, combined with the persevering industry and talent of individual enterprize and power. Precisely the same means were then adopted, as regards the cultivation of Indigo, as are at the present time in progress in regard to the growth of cotton.

AMERICAN INTERESTS—NO. 2.

Opium is another article of commerce, which will illustrate the fact I have endeavored to prove. It was formerly produced in Turkey, for the China market, and 4 or 5000 chests were annually shipped from Turkey to that country. This export to China has ceased altogether, in consequence of the prodigious increase of its cultivation by the British in India.—The exports of this drug from India to the celestial Empire, previous to the late troubles in that country, reached the enormous quantity of 35,000 chests, valued at more than 20 millions of dollars. There is opium yet cultivated in Turkey, but the market it formerly found in China has been annihilated, through the transfer of its production to a country, where, from cheaper labor, and perhaps other causes, it can be produced and shipped at a much lower price. This revolution has taken place within the 20 years.

Rice is an article that finds its way from India to Europe, and at no distant day will materially interfere with that of our own country.

Tobacco is also cultivated to a large extent, beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and is increasing. The East Indians are addicted to the use of tobacco, and grow it for their own consumption. The article is one of mere revenue in England, and in fact, in nearly every country in Europe. The value of the tobacco shipped to Europe from this country is 7 or 8 millions of dollars, from which there is collected a cash revenue of 35 millions of dollars, much more than the whole annual expenses of United States. But for this revenue, Great Britain would import her tobacco from India. How long it will be suffered to remain with this enormous tax upon it in foreign countries, remains with the law makers to determine.

It is apparent that the destiny of nations often depends upon the transfer of the products of the soil, as well as those of the arts of life. I could multiply examples if it were necessary, that would satisfy the most skeptical upon this point. I will only ask those who have full confidence in the stability of their occupations, to examine the history of the woollen manufacture in England. Within two centuries the great seat of this vast trade was in Flanders. England, however, for a long ime past, has enjoyed the great markets of the world in this branch of commerce.

Since the Peace of 1815, the cheaper labor of the Continent appears to be attracting much attention, and the manufacture of broadcloth, especially, appears to be returning to its original soil. Cheap as labor is now in great Britain, it is cheaper upon the Continent of Europe.

The fabrics of Germany compete successfully in this country, and elsewhere, with those of England, particularly those of wool, as well as some kinds of cotton goods.

A continuance of peace will do much towards perfecting almost every description of manufactures upon the Continent, so that British capital and skill will find competitors in all foreign markets.

Nothing can be more striking in this connection than the manufacture of cotton. In former times, the supplies of cotton goods, the consumption of which was very limited, and confined almost entirely to Great Britain and this country, were drawn from India. The tide has now turned, and not a package of cotton fabrics is imported from India for the consumption of either country; but an immense quantity of fine as well as coarse cottons, are shipped to India and other parts of Asia.

All kinds are sent from England suited to those markets; the coarse descriptions only can be shipped from the United States at present, and these are in large quantities, and the demand is constantly increasing, the fabrics being superior to the British, from being manufactured from better cotton.

The rapid strides made by Great Britain in wealth and power, [for, in the annals of time it is but a short period since she was very poor,] arose from the liberal encouragement given by the Government to, and final encouragement of her manufactures, which stimulated the foreign and domestic commerce of the whole empire.

This grand stroke of policy has been the foundation of England's power and glory. It has been well said, that the spindles of England, in modern times, have fought all her battles, and made her the mistress of the ocean, besides subsidizing all Europe at one time, and bringing the rest of the world into her debt.

And all this has been done by the revolution produced through the magic power infused into the steam engine, the spinning-jenny, and the power-loom. But the day of monopoly, in supplying the world with cottons and woollens, has passed; the people of Great Britain have seen and been made to feel, that not only France, Germany, and Russia, but this country, will soon manufacture for themselves, all that may be required for their own people and to spare.

The policy of Great Britain is obvious to all who have noticed her legislation since the peace of 1815. She has seen that the Continent of Europe is closing to her manufactures, and that her future hopes for the sale of her home productions must be found in her colonies; and from these colonies the *raw material* must be drawn. She sees that she is *crowded out* of other countries, and that the 100 millions of people under her dominion in India, must be the consumers of her manufactures; and in return, the products of the Indian soil are to be taken in payment. This will give her a certain and permanent market; which is a cardinal point with a manufacturing people.

This policy has been steadily kept in view by every British statesman, for five and twenty years, and openly avowed by the candid of both political parties.

From the Raleigh Register.

TOE THE MARK.

As the campaign has now fairly begun in North Carolina, and the Candidates for the Legislature have commenced stumping it, there are two or three points upon which the Whig candidates should pin the Locos down, and not permit them to escape without "toeing the mark."

In the first place, the Whig candidates should call upon their opponents, for their Financial and Currency scheme. The Whigs have boldly come out with their plan—an old-fashioned United States Bank. What is it that the Locos intend proposing, if *they* get the power, to remedy the present disorders of the currency? Will they re-enact that most iniquitous of all abominable schemes, the Sub-Treasury? If this is not their plan, make them declare what scheme they are in favor of. Pin them down, and if they shuffle, or twist, or attempt to ride both sides of the sapling, give them to understand, in the language of their great exemplar, that "*concealment* is impossible." If they avow themselves in favor of the Sub-Treasury, the Whig candidates will have no difficulty in showing to the people, that if they vote for the Loco Foco ticket, they will vote to pay their taxes and debts in gold and silver only!

As the Locos too, pretend to be such thorough-going advocates for the redemption of all bank liabilities *in specie*, prove to the people how inconsistently they act. If the Whigs had not repealed the Sub-Treasury Law—had the odious exaction of specie for public dues been continued, and thereby all discrimination between sound and unsound banks discountenanced by Government, resumption would have been impossible. Because the solvent and honest banks would have been run upon, the moment they commenced paying specie, while dishonest banks would have been encouraged to continue in suspension. And yet the Loco Focos, who have been so clamorous for resumption, advocate the very measure which would have effectually prevented them from ever resuming!

There is another point, upon which the Whigs should make the Loco Focos *toe the mark*. Our party have come out manfully for HENRY CLAY for President, at the next election, and, under his banner, are prepared zealously to do battle. The Whig candidates should call upon their opponents, to declare, who is their candidate for the Presidency, also. They fire at the Whigs in an open field, from a masked battery—a course neither consistent with generosity, bravery, or the rules regulating a "fair fight." If they attempt, as the Salisbury convention has done, to evade a committal on this subject, and refuse to show their hand, let them be charged with the concealment of their opinions from the people! This will bring them to taw, and the Whigs will then know what kind of enemy they have to contend with, and whether they should use cannister or grape-seed shot.

Another important matter is, to charge home upon the enemy their former defalcations, (fresh evidence of which is daily disclosed,) and put them on the defence. They will talk about Ice Houses and chicken coops, to keep the Whigs from lancing old sores, but our candidates must turn the tables, and charge home upon them. They will be unable to stand the glare of light, for "their deeds are evil."

Paixhan Guns—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas, gives the following statement upon the Paixhan Gun:

The Paixhan gun, differs from a common 44, in having a very wide chamber; the metal is also very thick at the chamber. The bore at the muzzle is also larger than the bore of a 44 pounder, but this depends of course upon the size of ball. The hollow shot range from 64 to 120 pounds, to fire which latter ball, 10 lbs. of powder are necessary. A pound of powder is placed inside of the ball—a fuse is attached, which will burn about ten seconds—the ball is then placed in the gun with the fuse turned from the powder. When it is fired, the flames enveloping the ball sets fire to the fuse, which is intended to explode the ball, after it is buried in the object. Of the devasting effects of these missiles every one has heard.