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THE FRUITS OF EQUIVOCATION.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!"

I was married while young, to the man of my choice; and how happy my married life was, I can hardly bear to think. Mr. Percy was—, but on matter; I must not venture to give words to my full heart.

We lived in London. My husband's profession made a city residence almost necessary, and confined him very closely to his office. But what signified that? There are happy hearts, and unspeakable enjoyments, in the closest and most crowded streets of a city; and ours was a happy home.

For ten years after our marriage, we had never left London, except for an occasional day's recreation. Would that we had never thought of leaving it. But at that time we had two children—boys; and I foolishly that I was, thought that they were delicate—that they pined for fresh country air. I said so; and urged my husband; for he, too, I thought, was wearing himself away by keeping so close to his office. I urged him to retire a few weeks, and take us all into the country for a change of air. I had never proposed any plan to him. Mr. Percy was not willing to accede; and he now took pains to gratify me. He could not leave London entirely, he said; but he would look out for a cottage, a few miles in the country, to which I might take the boys, and he would come and see us as often as possible.

Well, we went into the country; I and my children. It was in a pleasant village (at least, I thought it pleasant then) about eight miles from our London home; and two or three times a week, my husband left business early in the afternoon, to spend the evening with us, and returned early the next morning.

One day—oh! I shall never forget that day—I received a note from a friend who lived three or four miles from our cottage, inviting me to spend the day with her; that friend was the mother of our dear Lucy—I determined to go; and after taking lunch with my poor boys, I prepared for the walk. I preferred walking there, and my friend had engaged to see me safe home at night in her carriage. I had no expectation that my husband would visit us that day. Indeed, I believed it impossible that he could, as I knew he had an appointment to keep with some committee on that very evening.

I had given directions to my servant, and told her that I should not return until late, but had not said whether I was going; and was leaving the door of our cottage, when my youngest boy, dear little fellow! (then not quite five years old,) ran up to me, and asked—

"Mother, where are you going?"

I evaded the question; for I feared the boys would wish to go with me, if I should mention the name of Mrs. —, and I had made up my mind to go alone.

But Willy clung to my hand, and, in his winning way, said, "You must not go, mother, without telling me where you are going." And then his brother ran out, and put the question in another way.

"Are you going to London, to see father?"

Unguardedly, thoughtlessly, and yet, oh, how criminally! I answered, "Yes, yes, to be sure, I am going to London." Little did I anticipate the train of miseries which followed upon that answer. How could I!

More than once, during my walk, the thought obtruded itself that I had deceived my children, and I felt ill at ease; and if I had, even then, listened to the reproofs of conscience, forgone my anticipated pleasure, and returned to undeceive them, all might have been well. But I quitted myself with some wretched sophistry; I have not told an untruth; I am going to London, though not to-day; and I did not say that I was going to-day.

I had my pleasure—the last day of pleasure in this world that I ever enjoyed, or shall enjoy, though I live to be an hundred years old; and then I returned. It was about nine o'clock. I found my boys out of their beds; and the first question they put to me, was—

"Did father find you?"

"Find me! Father find me! What do you mean? and why are you not in bed?" I replied.

should have come so early in the day, or how he could have come at all on that day, I could not understand, nor why he should be so anxious to see me.

I did not wait long in suspense. The sound of wheels was soon heard; a hackney-coach drew up at the door, and my husband sprang out. His first exclamation was one of thankfulness that he had at length found me. His first question was, "Dear wife, where have you been?"

My account was soon given. "But," said he, "the boys told me that you were gone to London."

"Oh," I said, "that was a mistake."

"But, mother," interposed Henry, our eldest boy, "you did say you were going to London."

I did not reply, for I saw that my husband looked terribly fatigued, and very anxious; and I busied myself in doing something for his comfort; and then put the boys to bed.

And then came my husband's explanation. He, too, had received a letter that fatal morning, of far more importance than mine—a letter that he thought required my consideration as well as his own; and, setting aside all other business, he had hastened to consult me. There was no available mode of conveyance to the village at that time unless he had chosen to hire a coach; and had there been, perhaps he would have preferred walking. At all events, he did walk, and that hastily. It was a hot summer's day; but this would not so much have mattered had he found me at the cottage, or even had he known certainly where I was to be found. Even if I had left to message as to whether I was going, no harm might have arisen; for then he would have thought of our friend —, and have sought me at her house. But my unhappy, my wicked deceit! Oh! it was that did all the mischief. The instant he was told that I had received a letter, and had almost immediately afterwards started for London, he became troubled, anxious lest some bad news had arrived from a quarter unknown to him, and hurried back still more hastily than he had walked from London, hoping to reach the city as soon as myself. He wondered that we had not met; but it was possible that we had taken different paths on some part of the journey.

When my husband reached London, he found himself exhausted and unwell with the very hot, long, and fatiguing walk; and he became nervously excited when he found that I had not reached home before him. He waited impatiently for some time, too much disturbed, both by the anxious business which had caused his unexpected visit, and by my unaccountable absence, to take the refreshment he so much needed. After waiting for some time in great and increasing suspense, he went from one to another of our London friends, imagining the possibility of my being thus found, nothing doubting the reality of my journey to London. How was he to doubt it! he asked. Had I not explicitly told our boys that I was going to London, and had I ever deceived them or him?

At length, distressed beyond measure, by the joint effects of disappointment, anxiety, business engagements, and bodily fatigue and sickness, my husband once more reached his office, and, finding that I had not made my appearance, determined to take a coach, and return to the cottage, with the vague hope that he had misunderstood the poor boys, or that they and the servant had misunderstood me. Thus ended this terrible day—terrible, at least, in its consequences.

I must pass over, continued Mrs. Percy, the remainder of my history as briefly as I can. I dare not dwell upon it.

That night, instead of enjoying the rest he so much needed, my husband complained of pain and weariness. The following day his sufferings increased; we sent for a physician. It was putrid fever! The infection might have been taken from the coach in which Mr. Percy travelled. We never ascertained whether or no it were so; but were this the case or not, mine was the guilt, and mine has been the punishment. My husband died. Poor little Willy was the next victim, and then his brother. In less than a month from the day of that vile falsehood, I had neither husband nor son!

family as it should be, but I wish to give a fair example of every day life at home.

My neighbor, Mr. Benson, a lawyer by profession, is what the world calls a respectable man. His income is small, but he married a lady who was able to furnish their small house handsomely, and they have some hopes of prosperity in reversion. Mrs. B. was educated in modern times, and somewhat fashionably, so that the host of evils which ignorant young housekeepers are heir to, come thick and fast upon her, when she started on the doubtful pilgrimage of matrimonial life.

But she had firm principles, energy of character, and devoted love for her husband—all good stimulants in the path of duty. She braved like a heroine all the "teapot tempests," which often come from the clouds not so "big as a man's hand," and in due time, succeeded in making a cheerful and faithful manager of their economical establishment. Mrs. B. has been a wife twelve years, and is a mother of five children, the youngest but a babe, and the family are as happy as a large portion of families.

It is Monday morning, and this speaks "unutterable things" to a New England wife, who has been married a dozen years. Mr. Benson has had his breakfast in season, has kissed the children, and gone to the office, where the boy has a good fire—the books and papers are all in good order, and Mr. B. sits down to answer a few agreeable demands upon his time, which will eventually turn to cash. He goes home to dinner punctually at one o'clock—it is ready for him—he takes it quietly, perhaps; frolics ten minutes with the baby, and then hurries back to the office. At the hour of tea he goes home—everything is cheerful, and, to quote the simple rhyme of an old song,

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle was on for tea;
Benson was in his rocking chair,
And least as men could be.

But how has it been with Mrs. Benson through the day? She has an ill-natured girl in the kitchen, who will do half the work, only, at nine shillings per week. Monday morning! eight o'clock—four children must be ready for school—Mrs. B. must sponge their faces—smooth their hair—see that books, slates, pencils, pocket handkerchiefs, (yes, four of them,) are all in order; and now the baby is crying—the fire is low—it is time Sally should begin to wash; the parlor, the chambers, the breakfast things are all waiting. Well, by a song to the baby, who ties kicking in the cradle—a smile to soothe the ruffled Sally, and with all the energy that mind can command, she sets to work. The tea is served, and the lofty pile of a week's rearing begins to grow less; but time shortens with it—it is almost dinner time—by some accident that joint of meat is frozen—company calls—Mr. Benson forgets to get any eggs on Saturday, Mrs. B. must do the next best way—the bell rings twelve—the door opens, and in rush the children from school—John has torn his pantaloons—Mary must have some money, then, to get a thimble, she had just lost hers—William has cut his finger with a piece of glass, and is calling loudly for his mother.

Poor Mrs. Benson endeavors to keep cheerful and delighted in the hubbub; and now the dinner by her efforts alone, is upon the table. Her husband comes in and perhaps wonders the "pie is not a little better warmed," and with this comment, and a smile on the baby, he is off, till it is time for tea. I forbear to finish the day, Mr. Editor, and shall only say, the afternoon is made up of little trials, too small to mention, but large enough to try the faith and patience of all the patriarchs.

Now, sir, this wife has surely borne the burden and heat of the day; her limbs are wearied—her whole energy of mind and body exhausted—and she is exhorted "to welcome her husband with a smile." She does it, for a woman's love is stronger than death. I would ask, should not Mr. Benson give his wife a smile? What has he done to lighten her cares through the day? How is it? In nine cases out of ten, after sitting an idle hour, he wishes Mrs. B. would put all those noisy children to bed—he should be glad to have her tell David to go to the post office for letters and papers, and at length, when half way between sleeping and waking, he looks at his pale, exhausted help-mate, and exclaims—"Well, wife, you begin to look a little fatigued."

I cannot ask you, Mr. Editor, if my picture is not a true one, for you are a stranger to the joys and cares of a married life; but I pray you be more just, and now and then exhort husbands to do their part towards making home agreeable to their wives, when the latter have, like Atlas, borne a world of cares and vexations through the day.

The Two Sisters of Survey.—The following beautiful passages on the advantages of those wonderful instruments, the microscope and telescope, is by that eloquent writer, Dr. Chalmers—whose recent death is the more to be lamented, says the Boston Transcript, when one reflects on the depth and expansion of so great a

mind, and in whom has passed away from each both a philosopher and a Christian:

"While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity; the other, that every atom may harbor the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us, that, above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impetus of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other, that, within and beneath all the minuteness which the aided eye is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold the theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold; a universe within a compass of a point, so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them with evidences of His glory!"

Consulting a Creditor.—There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and for ought I know at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage. "Look a here, 'Squire," said he, "that ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him." "Did the boots suit you?" "Oh, yes; I've got 'em on, just rate boots." "Fair price?" "Oh, yes." "Then you owe him the money honestly?" "In course." "Well why don't you pay him?" "Why cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin." "It will cost you something." "I don't keer a cuss for that. How much money do you want to begin with?" "Oh, ten dollars will do." "Is that all? Well, here's a X, so you may go ahead," and the client departed, well satisfied with the result.

Our lawyer next called upon the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against me—"Why," said he, "I kept on sending him for money till I got tired; I know'd he was able to pay, and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and the short of it." "Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceeding—but I think you'd better take this five dollars and call it square." "Certain, 'Squire, if you say so—and darned glad to get it," was the answer. So the lawyer forked over the one V. and kept the other.

In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case. "Rapidly!" cried the lawyer; "we've nonsuited him; he'll never trouble you." "Jerusalem! that's great!" cried the client. "I'd rather gin fifty dollars than have had him got the money for them boots!" *Spirit of the Times.*

The Hen-Pocked.—A friend of ours on Fourth street, had a sprightly male Canary bird which he mated a short time since, and Mrs. Canary soon built herself a nest in the cage, laid the right number of eggs and commenced sitting on them. It would seem from what followed, that she now thought herself entitled to exemption from all other labor, even that of providing food for herself, and that Mr. Canary was neglectful of her wants. On Sunday last she came off her nest and went at him, drove him about the cage and after picking him severely, returned to her seat on the nest. The result of this thrashing was soon apparent; Mr. Canary has ever since been careful to keep her well supplied with food, bringing the seed to her and putting it in her mouth in the kindest manner, the flogging having operated to a charm. *Troy Telegraph.*

Newspapers.—A man says Dr. Franklin) as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in informing his mind as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats up a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man, or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages too.

A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in ge-

neral information; besides they can never think much nor find much to talk about. And then there are little ones growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when the work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her, or divert her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who, then, would be without a newspaper?

Do as you Agree.—Do as you agree. The plighted word should never be broken. Have you vowed to leap into the dock? Go and do it. But mind and not make rash promises. Look before you leap, and not leap as thousands do, and afterwards, when too late to jump back, bitterly lament the consequence of your folly. The best course is, to keep your eyes open, your mouth shut, and your heart pure. Then, if you promise, you will not hesitate to fulfill, or run crazy because every body is pointing to you as the man who never fulfils his agreements or lives up to his word.

Science for the Kitchen.—Professor Liebig, in a letter to Professor Silliman, says: "The method of roasting is obviously the best to make flesh most nutritious." But it does not follow that boiling is to be interdicted. "If a piece of meat be put in cold water, and this heated to boiling, and boiled till it is 'done,' it will become harder and have less taste than if the same piece had been thrown into water already boiling. In the first case, the matters grateful to the smell and taste go into the extract—the soup; in the second, the albumen of the meat coagulates from the surface inward, and envelopes the interior with a layer which is impermeable to water. In the latter case, the soup will be indifferently, but the meat delicious."

An Error.—Professor Olmstead denies that he is the author of the communication attributing to the Telegraph the power to prevent thunder storms. He says, "the idea that we shall have no heavy thunder showers, or hear of lightning striking, as long as we have telegraph wires spread over the earth, could not, I should suppose, be entertained by any one who reflects how small a portion such structures of art bear, in extent, to the grand operations of nature."

Curious Fact.—There are many twining plants that ascend their supporters only from left to right. Of this description thousands perhaps have cultivated without noticing the fact, is never known to ascend from right to left. If uncoiled, and forced to assume a direction contrary to that ordained by nature, it will sicken, and perhaps die outright. There are other plants which twine indiscriminately either way, or both ways, as art or instinct may direct. *Olive Branch.*

A Good Husband.—When you see a young man modest and retiring in his manners, who cares less about his dress than his moral character, depend upon it, ladies, he will make an excellent husband. If you see one that is kind and attentive to his mother, affectionate to his sisters, industrious in his habits, and economical in his business, rest assured you have found one of whom you never will be ashamed.

A Word to Boys.—The "Learned Blacksmith" says: Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines, mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the Boys of the present age?—Boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men, of the future, are all boys, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated upon the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

Dreadful Explosion.—Among the late news from England, is an account of a terrific explosion, which occurred at the Gun Cotton Works in Faversham, on the 15th of last month, apparently from the spontaneous ignition of gun cotton. About twenty lives were lost by the explosion, many persons injured, and a great amount of property destroyed. The account from which we derive this information, says: "Before the introduction of cotton the four buildings exploded were used for drying powder, and were called stoves—being in a row one before the other, with a mound of earth in a pyramidal form, of about twenty feet, base, between each to cut off communication in the event of an accident; but this device proved utterly useless, for all were blown to atoms. Immense bars of iron even were twisted like twigs. The

scene of terror and destruction was appalling—men, women and children flying with screams in every direction.

The extraordinary effect of the explosion on the buildings in the neighborhood, and on the corn fields in the vicinity, cannot possibly be realized except by an eye-witness. The roofs of all the buildings within about a quarter of a mile of the explosion are completely stripped of their tiles, and the walls are much shaken. Even in the town of Faversham, fully a mile distant from the scene of the disaster, windows were broken and the houses otherwise damaged in some instances. On the opposite side of the stream which forms the northern boundary of the Marsh Works is a field of wheat of some extent. The explosion has completely blasted this over a space of about two acres, and the ears, drooping and discolored, present a scene of desolation in perfect character with the adjoining ruins. The willow trees within about fifty yards of the buildings No. 3 and 4, are torn up by the roots and scattered about in all directions. Those more distant are less seriously injured, but the foliage of all within a very large circle is wholly destroyed. One of the most remarkable effects of the explosion is the removal, as it appears almost bodily, of the enormous mound of earth skirting the No. 4 stove. Another instance of its power was shown in the forcible ejection from a deep well of two massive pumps, the leaden pipes of which, nearly twenty feet long, were drawn up and thrown to a very considerable distance.

The explosion was heard distinctly at the distance of thirty miles. The strength of gun cotton is stated, by the English papers, to be just six times that of gunpowder. Professor Schoenbein has said that it will not explode at two hundred and eighty-four degrees—but the facts of this case seem to prove the reverse.

Minnesota.—The following in relation to this new territory we take from the Washington Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun:

"The territory of Minnesota is looking up—a large number of industrious New-England settlers are going into it. Their mills are already making music in the wild woods. An immense amount of dressed lumber will be sent down from the Falls of St. Croix to St. Louis and New Orleans. Gen. Gushing and his Massachusetts regiment will settle in Minnesota in the close of the war. It will be a favorite resort, too, for the soldiers of the New York and Pennsylvania, and many of the Western regiments who will take their summer quarters in the wilderness of pottage."

Improvements in Manufactures.—The Scientific American announces a revolution in calico printing as at hand; house paper is to be printed so cheap that blocking must be done away. Instead of two or three weeks now required to engrave a copper roller of the highest finish, the inventor, with a few diamond point graters and acids, gets up one in as many hours. He has also invented a machine for shearing cloth, which shears five to six hundred pieces in a day, and does the work better than it is now done by the old process.

Cotton Manufactories in Georgia.—The number of Cotton factories at the present time in Georgia, is 28, viz: In Upson county, 4; Clark, 4; Greene, 2; Richmond, 2; Muscogee, 2; Newton, 2; Baldwin, 1; Putnam, 1; Morgan, 1; Butts, 1; Cobb, 1; Chattooga, 1; Elbert, 1; Troup, 1; Campbell, 1; Walker, 1; Warren, 1.

Pitcairn's Island.—This remarkable island was visited on the 26th of February by the British Government brig *Spy*. The officers went ashore, and were received by George Adams, son of the celebrated John Adams, the founder of the colony. They met with a cordial welcome, and after partaking of a repast in Adams's old cottage, the party returned on board the *Spy*. Forty-six whalers, mostly American, had called during the year 1846. It will be remembered that this island (in the South Pacific Ocean) was settled about half a century ago by several Englishmen, mutineers of an English ship, who took with them Otaheitan women.

Mr. Alexander Dickerson of Newark, has recently invented and patented a mode of melting iron ore and producing bloom-iron, which appears to be a vast improvement upon the plan heretofore pursued. Among its other advantages, (which are certified by that veteran iron master, Col. Joseph Jackson, of Rockaway,) it saves half the fuel and half the time formerly consumed in the operation it is intended to facilitate.

Some drunken chap in the country, in attempting to cross a deep stream on the shadow of a tree on a beautiful moonlight night not long since, came near being drowned.