

# HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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

VOL. XXXII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

No. 1870.

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

## LIZZIE WHITE,

Or *How Long You Can Stand a Man.*

BY M. E. A.

"Not going to Mrs. Welby's! Why did you know that Lizzie White, whom you always admired so abundantly, is to be there?"

"Yes; I knew she had returned."  
"You knew she had returned," you repeat. What has come over you, to speak so coldly of a matter which is really so interesting to you?"

"I am glad Miss White is among us again, and I shall be pleased to meet her. She is a very entertaining girl."

"But you speak of her with as much nonchalance as you would of Queen Victoria—very unlike the *impressment* with which you once dwelt on her grace, taste, and constitutional powers, her lofty character."

"Gently, sister mine, you are drawing from an imagination, and not memory."

"Now, James, this is really provoking! You certainly praised Lizzie White for more attractions and virtues than ever created before in any one individual; you made her out altogether

"Too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food!"

You were always urging me to invite her here; so that, although I liked her very much, my eagerness fell sadly in the rear of your own. You always joined her in all her pronouncements, whenever you obtained a distant glimpse of her in the street; and whenever you were in her society, you preferred conversing with her to any one else. You appeared *distracted* when she was absent, and your face always lighted up when she entered the room; and now you will deny all this. I suppose you satisfy your conscience by calling it a *White lie*! The reproaches of Miss Opie be upon you!"

"Apparently, I shall be simply punished with you own reproaches, Maria, if I ever have been so foolish as you aver."

"If you ever have! You shall not escape me so, James. What has changed you so? Has another 'bright, particular star' arisen to you?"

"Man is unconstant even;  
One foot on sea, and one on land,  
To one thing constant never."

"No slat on the sex, or I shall quote, and from the most lenient of poets, too—

"Woman's faith and woman's trust—  
Write the character in dust,  
Stamp them on the running stream,  
Print them on the moon's pale beam,  
And each evanescent letter  
Shall be brighter, fairer, better,  
And more permanent, I ween,  
Than the thing those letters mean."

"Ah, ha! poor brother, then she is the inconstant one, and she more fortunate mortal is sunning himself in her favour. I do not believe it for, the last time I saw you together, she smiled very graciously on you. So do not despise, I should like Lizzie White for a sister, of all things."

"And I prefer the sister I have."

"Don't bribe me by your flattery! You were certainly once much interested in her, and fast becoming more so. What change has come over the spirit of your dream? Have you ever seen one of her curls awry? Did she ever wear creaking shoes, or raise her voice too loud? Does not the hold her handkerchief in the approved way, leaving the corners droop gracefully from the center? Has she shown any bad match in colours, that you no longer deem her a match for you?"

"Faultless in her dress, Maria, so far as I have observed; graceful in her manners, uncommonly agreeable in conversation, with much generous feeling, and a fine mind, well cultivated—all this Miss White is; yet I will acknowledge to you, my dear sister, that a slight fable has changed my opinion of her. She is too sensitive respecting her age."

"Ah, then your objection is of years' standing; I never dreamed of such a foundation for it! Well, age is a tender point with Lizzie, I know, although how you should discern it, I do not know. She is twenty-seven or eight, and is older by some four or five years, than most of the ladies of our set with whom she is intimate, while many of her own age are married; and I suppose this is the reason why the subject of age always makes her nervous."

"But what a deplorable weakness! and it puts her whole character on a different footing. To wish for the concealment of age, shows that a person is living for an object which can be accomplished only within a certain number of years, while what should be the great purpose of life, we can always fulfill."

"Oh, you take the matter too seriously, James; and you are unjust, too. Lizzie is not living for the great goal of matrimony, for she has had and refused advantageous offers; but you know that in society, single ladies are apt to be a little puffed, and have the odium of 'old maid' fastened upon them."

"No, I do not know that an agreeable woman who enters society with the right motives, not for the mere attention she can receive from the crowd who do follow the

young and new, particularly the pretty face, I acknowledge; but from a desire for a social sympathy, and intelligent conversation,—I do not know why she should be neglected, or in any way de trop. Cultivated persons will attract, and be attracted by others who are cultivated, of whatever age; and it can only be a restless anxiety to appropriate to oneself the superficial position of the belle, which would make the credit of a number of years any object."

"And there are few who could refrain from *re-belling* when they are obliged to relinquish this position! It is no such easy thing to see the circle gradually form round other favorites which used to encircle one the instant of entrance into the drawing-room. No such easy matter to feel that the becoming dress does not tell as universally as formerly,—that the ready repartee no longer finds the repeated echoes which once kept up its point."

"But, my dear sister, you are describing the triumphs of vanity, not the genuine pleasures of social intercourse. If Miss White lives for those, I no longer wonder at her wish to protect against time's account."

"No, no; she does not live for them, but these have sometimes lived for her. And, seriously, without being the less lofty in her character, or agreeable in conversation, she may not be wholly insensible to considerations to which you will find very few blind. But come, I have altered my mind about going to Mrs. Welby's, and you must accompany me. Lizzie will plead her own cause better than I seem to do."

At Mrs. Welby's a pleasant tea-party was collected;—just the number which gives choice and variety, if one wishes, or the prolonged tete-a-tete. Among the guests was Mrs. Cushman, an early schoolmate of some of the ladies, whom she had not met since her marriage, at eighteen, with a lawyer of another city. Pleasant, amiable, and pretty, not much given to generalization, naturally speaking of whatever came uppermost, she seemed to find more satisfaction in reminiscences and comparisons of the past than in any other subject. After some humorous anecdotes which she recalled of school days,—

"Why, Lizzie White!" she exclaimed, as the lady entered the room; "still Lizzie White, I understand, and as young-looking as ever, I declare!" she added, shaking hands with a warm cordiality, which was hardly reciprocated. The epithet and its application deepened the colour on Miss White's cheek, and caused a transitory expression of vexation which the unwilling eyes of Maria Western noticed, but which she vainly hoped her brother did not perceive. She quickly turned the conversation to some general subject, on which she talked as fluently and gracefully as ever.

"By the way, Miss White," said Mrs. Cushman, "who delivered the poem at the time Judge Knowles gave his humorous lecture on Caut!"

"I do not remember; I was a very young school girl at the time. It seems to me that I have heard it was Bowring."

"Why, do you not remember our going over to — in a carriage together? It was —"

"Mr. Western," said Miss White, hastily, as she saw his attention was given to the conversation, "do you know Bowring? He is a most singular union of firmness of character with indecision of mind. No one can be more fixed in conduct if convinced in opinion; but the world in general believe him 'infirm of purpose.'"

"Oh, Miss White!" persisted the talkative, unsuspecting Mrs. Cushman, "you must remember that day of his poem. It was only the day before my seventeenth birthday, and there were only five days' difference."

"You are losing your pin, Mrs. Cushman!" almost shrieked Miss White, while the lady put up her hand to rescue the ornament, which reposed in its place as securely as ever, while Western half turned his head to conceal a contemptuous smile at the ruse.

"Ah! I was mistaken. Excuse me; but I always tremble for comets, there are so easily broken. I once spoiled one by dropping it on the pavement. It was a copy of an exquisite painting.—Consolation!" Apropos of consolation, you know that notorious, money-loving Blake. Hardly had his wife been deposited in her tomb, when, hearing that old Warren was dead, and his bereaved widow, his enriched widow, rather, was set in all his bequeathed wealth, he hastened, before any competitor could anticipate him, to bespeak an interest in her sentiment and silver. The old lady is very deaf, and as he told her he had come to offer her his heart,—  
"Offer me a harp! I never knew anything about music, except Old Hundred and a few psalm-tunes, when I hear 'em." Then he told her, with as much variety as his romantic vocabulary could command, that he was attached to her. The word *attach* reached her auricular in its most taking sense. "Impossible, Mr. Mr. Warren did not leave a debt in the world; you can't attach a thing!" At length he made her comprehend in plain English, that he was on Cupid's errand he came,—that he

wished to marry her. "Why, I have hardly buried my husband," she replied. "Well, I have not buried my wife," he returned; and the old lady, not understanding that he referred to entombment, thought he must be *daft*. "Not buried your wife! Well, sir," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, with some of the old-school dignity, "I trust I sha'n't meet you again until after her funeral!" and left him, muttering, "Stupid old simpleton! but, oh, so rich!"

All the guests laughed at this anecdote, characteristic of the parties, and told with so much life and animation; but Mr. Western's face soon relaxed into seriousness; he had noted the haste with which it was introduced to avoid a subject which a fable alone made *depoling*. Before the evening was over, he was convinced that another had observed it; for Ralph Healey soon found, or rather made, occasion to introduce the subject. Ralph was a person of shrewd knowledge of character, accompanied by some enjoyment of its foibles, which led him to tread very often on the corns of others, not from a wish to give pain, but from a mischievous pleasure in exposing and punishing what seemed to him mere follies. A man of more sensibility would have shrunk from seeing his victim writhing; but, destitute of all pride, and encased in an easy, good-natured manner and love of fun, he delighted to venture where most would retreat, and extract amusement for himself and others. Although finely educated, we suspect that he had been suffered at school to give rather a loose translation of some of Esop's fables,—the frogs and the boys, for instance.

Before the evening passed away, Ralph crossed the room to Miss White, who had been conversing with Mr. Western, for whose uncommon coldness of manner she could not account, but which reacted somewhat on her own, so that the conversation was proceeding with less animation than usual when they were together, when Ralph joined them.

"And so, Miss White," he remarked, glancing at Mrs. Cushman, who was talking with a group in another parlour, "you were a schoolmate of Mrs. Cushman. Well, it is astonishing what a difference the wear and tear of domestic cares do make in the impression one would receive of a lady's age. I should have said," he continued, apparently not observing her attempt to speak, "that Mrs. Cushman—a pleasant woman, by the way—was on the *fortified* side of thirty. But it is Hy-men, the wretch, and not Time, which has planted those wrinkles which others of her years have not."

"It is true Mrs. Cushman and I were at the same school, but she was much older than myself," replied Miss White, colouring violently, "many years older. She is not so agreeable as I had supposed her,—universally wanting in tact."

"Pardon," replied Ralph; "I misunderstood her to say that there were only five days' difference."

"I do not know what she said," hastily rejoined the confused lady, on whom her tormentor directed his eyes, with his most bland smile, calmly watching every varying expression of her face; "she has seemed to me insufferably stupid. Have you heard anything of — since he left the city?"

"No, I have not; but you must excuse me for differing from you about Mrs. Cushman, who seems to me a fine hearted, pleasant woman, and I have listened to her conversation with much pleasure. Do not you like her, Western?"

"Yes, I think her amiable and agreeable, and I imagined I had heard you praise her, Miss White, in speaking of her to my sister."

"Oh, yes, she is amiable enough, for aught I know—stupid people generally are; but I have thought her very disagreeable this evening," she replied, with a slight shade of anger.

"It must be," said Ralph, with one of his laughs, "that you have no taste for reminiscences, Miss White. After all, Western, perhaps ladies do not like to meet schoolmates as much as we do our college chums. Though talking over old times does make us feel old, undeniably old," he said, turning on his heel, while Mr. Western felt little spirit to renew any conversation with Miss White, who looked relieved, and made several attempts to introduce some amusing subject.

"This weakness makes her lose self-possession and grace, and, worse still, makes her untruthful, unjust, and irritable," he murmured constantly to himself.

For some days after Mrs. Welby's gathering, as if by mutual consent, no reference was made to the evening, either by Mr. Western or his sister, until she said to him, suddenly, "James, answer me one question!"

"As many as you wish, Maria."

"Then tell me did you receive your impression of Lizzie's sensitiveness on the subject of age from Ralph Healey?"

"I do not usually look at ladies through Mr. Healey's eyes."

"Now, James, now do not be offended at the question. You know that man's propensity to spy out and ridicule defects

in every one. He has trolf the microscopic vision which would detect the insect at the rose's heart, and he might have first called your attention to this slight flaw in a character so otherwise attractive as Lizzie. Now, *parole d'honneur*, did he not?"

No, Maria, I observed it myself from Miss White's careful avoidance of any parallel subjects, and nervousness when it accidentally came up; and I did not know, until the evening at Mrs. Welby's, that Ralph was aware of the weakness as well as myself."

"That unfortunate evening! how bitterly I repented of having induced you to go there, for I never before saw the defect so palpably manifested. But it is some consolation to me that your own observation and reflection had changed you, and not the captious, fault-finding, or invidious ridicule of another. If you perceive a fault which is sufficient to weaken your admiration of a fine mind, and your confidence in an otherwise excellent character, and which leads you to a decision, I will endeavor to acquire it; if, though with sorrow, he it confessed, but if the sneer, or ridicule, or ungenerous exaggeration of any one of a class who derive their amusement from the defects of others, just as some animals draw their nutriment from corruption; if such an one has led you, for the sake of a weakness which might best the most noble, and could be easily overcome, to throw aside all your previous conceptions of a person whose scope and merits such superficial satirists cannot comprehend; if it has been the case, I cannot respect the high independence and magnanimity of my brother as I could wish."

"I agree with you, Maria, that it requires no deep insight into character, no very lofty standard of excellence, to perceive petty motives in others;—motives which may exist in the most exalted, and which can be detected by those who have not merit enough themselves to appreciate it in others."

"My dear brother, then do not dwell so much on this trifling fault in Lizzie, which we can all of us match with a greater, for this certainly injures no one but herself, and you used to like her so much, and so justly."

"True, I have admired her more than any lady I ever met in society, but I cannot respect a desire for a deception which has no other purpose but shallow vanity."

"Not deception—concealment merely."

"Yes, deception, Maria. Does not this wish to screen her age lead her to colour and distort facts, and actually to tell an untruth?"

"James!"

"You may say that the falsehood of calling herself several years younger than a schoolmate of her own age injured no one; but it surely showed that her own soul was debased, that her standard of truth would descend to the silliest, vainest temptation. You are right to like her for her excellencies, but what confidence could I have in one whose better feelings, whose moral principles, ever are at the mercy of such a folly?"

"But she may have been once overcome by such a momentary impulse, and have bitterly regretted it. Think how unjust you may have been to judge her by one instance."

"I think not. There has been for some time past the same sensitiveness on the subject, the same desire to change it when introduced, and by indirect allusions to give a false impression. All this cannot be indulged without fostering meanness and undermining the principle of truth, although I never, before the other evening, heard her make a directly false statement. At Mrs. Welby's, her fear of a disclosure of her years led her to receive with coldness, and even regard with anger, and mention depreciatingly (so soon do meanness and injustice follow in the train), a lady of whom I had heard her speak to you with affection, led her to expose herself to the contempt of a man like Healey, who was keen enough to detect and heartless enough to laugh over such a common-place weakness, and at last even led her to violate conscience by a paltry falsehood."

"It is so common a feeling among ladies who have passed their teens."

"Well, the more common it is among ladies who imagine that their prospect for advantageous offers is confined to a certain limit of years, the more an intellectual being who does not regard this as her 'being's end and aim' should cultivate strength of mind enough to conquer such a foible, which certainly has a disadvantage when compared with the strides of other faults. It must increase in alarming proportion with the march of time. No more, Maria; do not let your partiality for a friend urge on your brother a union with one whom he cannot respect. It can never be."

"Children," said Mrs. Western, at the dinner table, "I have received a letter today from my old and tried friend, Mrs. Mead, who was so many years in my father's family, and like a sister to me, saying that her husband's brother, Mr.

Mead, is coming to this vicinity on business, and that she had induced her daughter Celia to accompany him. Mrs. Mead herself is lame now, and it is some years since she was here to see me. I shall write for Celia to come immediately here, and remain with us as long as we can make her happy. It will rejoice me to see her."

"She has never been here, then, mother!"

"Yes, she was here once with Mrs. Mead—let me see how many years ago—I remember she was seventeen then. You had just finished your collegiate course, James, and were absent at the time; and Maria, I suppose, hardly remembers her."

"Yes, mother, I do remember her, although I was scarcely eleven then; but she seemed to me very pretty, with such a pleasant voice. She was tall, with dark hair and eyes. It is nearly twelve years since her visit."

"She was a lovely girl, simple and retiring, but vivacious when excited; reminding me very much of Mrs. Mead at her age—one of the best women I ever knew. I had expected to hear of her marriage, but it seems that she is Celia Mead still."

"She cannot be very youthful," said Maria, with a scarcely perceptible glance at her brother; "twenty-nine she must be now. Well, I shall be glad to see her."

When Miss Mead arrived, she was welcomed with all the cordiality of an old friend by Mrs. Western, and soon felt herself at home, in so kind a family. After answering all the inquiries respecting those she had left behind, she began to speak of her journey, and gave an amusing description of her adventures, and the changes she found since she had passed over the sea. A broad and steam-bus had superseded the slower engineering of stages. "One sense in which 'the world is a stage,' has passed away," Celia said, laughing. "And you, Miss Western, were a little girl, and took your books very faithfully to school every morning when I was here before, while I was just emancipated from boarding-school, having many years the advantage of yourself," she added, with a humorous bow and smile. "Nearly twelve years since I have seen you; but I should have recognized you anywhere as some familiar face."

Maria glanced at her brother, in whose countenance she read, "Thank Heaven, there is one woman at least, who has the strength of mind to treat her age like any other topic!" He felt impressed in her favor from this circumstance; and as he conversed with her, he found her cultivated, high-minded, with true feminine delicacy, and without any attempt to shine, or attract admiration to herself. In a short time she seemed "quite one of them," and Mrs. Western and Maria, and even Mr. James himself, felt the influence of her presence and gifts. With uncommon resources within herself, she was happy in solitude or society; but when with others, her exuberant social feeling flowed readily into the general current. Mirthful, both from cheerful views of life, and natural gaiety, her wit was remarkably free from the exaggeration which too often betrays it, as her knowledge was from display; and you saw in her character and intercourse with others, the same transparent sincerity and openness which made her confess herself an old maid without compunction.

When Celia Mead returned to P., Mr. Western accompanied her; and if he might have chosen a younger bride, he could not have selected one who would have fulfilled better the promise of lofty truth which her freedom from the petty fault of many of her sex had led him to expect, nor one of whom Maria would have loved better as a sister.

From the N. O. Picayune.

## RED COATS vs. RED SHIRTS.

Not long since, at a convivial party, at which Mr. Webster and several distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happened to turn on the legal profession. Mr. Webster related the following story. We do not pretend to give it in his own peculiar and delightful style:

"When I was a young practitioner," said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were few men who dared to enter the lists with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit for a piece of land, brought by a little crabbled, cunning lawyer, called Bruce. Bruce's case was looked upon as good as lost when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came up for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong, and unless it could be impeached the case was lost."

"The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up for the defence, Old Barnaby commenced a furious attack on this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was, under any circum-

stances, to be believed. 'And who is this red-coat witness,' exclaimed Barnaby, 'but a descendant of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty, and who would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his land, by making any sort of a red-coated statement!'

During this speech Bruce was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited and half convinced that his case was gone, knowing as he did the prejudices of the jury against anything British. While, however, that Barnaby was gesticulating and leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent appeal, his shirt-bosom opened slightly, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red undershirt."

Bruce's countenance brightened up. Putting both hands in his coat pockets, he walked the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all the lookers on. Just as Barnaby concluded, Bruce whispered in the ear of his client: "I've got him—your case is safe;" and, approaching the jury, he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary."

Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country, and his character for truth and veracity.

"But what, gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Bruce in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eye flashed fire, "what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy my testimony on the ground that his witness wears a red coat, when, when, gentlemen of the jury—when, when, gentlemen of the jury!" [Here Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel.]—When Mr. Barnaby himself wore a red flannel coat concealed under a blue one! "The effect was electrical; Barnaby was beat at his own game, and Bruce gained the cause."

## Earthquake at Carthage.

A severe shock or an earthquake was felt at Carthage on the 23 of February. So severe was it that quite a number of buildings were completely destroyed, and several persons wounded. The Church was considerably injured. The mason work fell in large masses to the floor; the large columns in the interior of the church were broken, and the key stones of the arches were displaced. At Santa Martha, on the 20th, a severe shock was also felt, injuring a number of houses. It was supposed that the shock was more severe in the interior.

## Who Killed Tecumseh?

At a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, as we learn from the New York Commercial Advertiser, Major Richardson, formerly an officer in the British army, read a paper on the "incidents of the war of 1812, embracing particulars connected with the death of Tecumseh." The Commercial Advertiser says:

"Major R. has been an eye-witness of most of the matters described, and a personal friend of the great warrior, his narrative was of more than ordinary interest, and commanded almost breathless attention throughout. He related many instances of generosity and chivalrous gallantry on the part of the Indian chief, which would have done no discredit to the knights of feudal times. In relation to the manner of his death, Major R. is of opinion that he fell by the hand of Col. Johnson. Such, he says, was the universal understanding on the night of the battle, when all the circumstances were fresh in the minds of the witnesses, and he sees no reason to dispute the fact at this late day. The question 'Who killed Tecumseh?' may therefore be considered settled."

Major Richardson is known to the reading public as the author of "Wacousta," "Ecarie," and other novels.

## How to Produce Spontaneous Combustion.

A writer in the *Scientific American* shows how spontaneous combustion may be produced:

"Take a small lock of cotton, say from 4 to 5 ounces, and saturate it well with well boiled linseed oil, such as painters commonly use; squeeze all the superabundant oil from it, and lay it in the sun, in a hot day, and it will take fire by spontaneous combustion in twenty minutes—in the shade it may take two or three hours. I have tried it many times, to gratify the curious and convince the skeptical. The cotton must be pressed together as compact as can well be done in the hand, and it must not be disturbed by loosening it after you saturate it. It is nothing new under the sun that cotton or hemp will take fire by being saturated with oil, but that it should ignite so quick is what has astonished me. Some kinds of boiled oil will cause the cotton to ignite much sooner than others, owing, I suppose, to the dryers used in boiling. I do not know what was put in the oil when boiled, which I have experimented with, as it came from New York ready boiled for use."