

# HILLSBOROUGH RECORD.

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

Vol. XXXI.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1850.

No. 1557.

## WHO IS SHE?

BY ELLEN ARNTON.

"Mary Murray, you say—and pray, who is she?"

"These words were addressed by one young lady to another, in reference to an acquaintance to whom one of them had just loved."

"Who? The daughter of Widow Murray—a dear, sweet, amiable girl as ever lived, is Mary, too; you ought to know her."

"I'd rather not," said the first speaker, with a toss of the head. "The daughter of Widow Murray, who keeps a petty thread and needle store. Why, the next thing will be to associate with one's kitchen maid."

"But in this country, Emma, it is merit that makes the rank," replied the other. "Here, you know, we have no aristocracy. Mary Murray is more beautiful, more accomplished, and more amiable, too, than half my school-mates."

"Well, I can tell you one thing: If you keep up your acquaintance with her, you'll be out by all genteel people. Do you think that the Livingstons, Harrisons and Lawrences will come to your parties, if they are to meet shop girls there?"

"They can do as they please," replied Kate Villiers, with spirit. "But one thing is certain: I shall not give Mary up for them, as I like her for herself, and not her ancestors. Besides, for all I know, she may be as well born as they are. I never thought to inquire."

Just at this moment a handsome young man, riding a beautiful horse, passed, and made a bow to the young ladies. The first speaker was all blushes, at this public notice, from one of the richest and most fashionable young men in the city.

"Dear me," said she, "how glad I am he did not see you speak to that Miss Murray! He never would have noticed either of us again."

Kate Villiers curled her pretty lip in scorn as she replied:

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is only the more to be pitied." And, warning with natural indignation, she continued: "It vexes me beyond patience to see people, in this country, talking of the gentility of their families, when, out of a hundred, there is scarcely one that is not descended, and at no great distance, from some honest mechanic or respectable farmer. Take our richest families; a century ago they were poor, while the real old gentry of that day, are now, generally, beggared. Who was Astor? A poor German lad. Who was Girard? A French cabin boy. What was Abbott Lawrence? A Yankee wood-chopper. So too, our great statesmen, Clay, Webster, and Benton, all rose from nothing. We ought to ask, not what a person's ancestors were, but what they are themselves."

A few days after, as Kate and her acquaintance were walking together, they met Miss Murray, who, unconscious of offence, stopped to converse with Kate. Emma was evidently uneasy, the more so as her keen eye detected Frank Hastings promenading down the street towards them. Politeness kept her stationary for a moment; but as he drew near her, the disgrace of being seen with the daughter of a "thread and needle woman," as Emma called Mr. Murray, proved too strong for her courtesy, and she abruptly broke away and went into a store, pretending a wish to purchase some ribbon.

Frank Hastings, meantime, came sauntering idly down the street; and only perceived Kate when close upon her.

"Good morning," he said bowing, his eye attracted by Miss Murray's pleasing face. "Will you take pity on an idler, Miss Villiers, and allow me to accompany you in your walk?"

Kate was already engaged to a friend of Frank's, and answered frankly; for she and Hastings were almost as intimate as a brother and sister.

"I shall be pleased if you will; only you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are used to having sense talked to us; and if you don't acquit yourself creditably, we shall black ball you, as you say at the club, the next time you ask permission to walk with us."

Frank, however, needed no incentive to induce him to talk his best; for the sweet countenance of Mary, in which every emotion of the heart was reflected, was inspiration enough.

They stopped, at last, at Mrs. Murray's little store. Frank looked with surprise at the humble appearance of the dwelling; but this did not prevent his bow to Mary being deeply respectful, as he walked off with her friend.

"And that charming girl," he said, "assists to support her mother by standing behind the counter? Kate, I was half in love with her before, and now entirely so! A wife, such as she would make, is worth having; because she is worth a dozen of the foolish votaries of fashion—gilded conceited butterflies, like your friend Emma. You must take me to Mrs. Murray's, some evening, and introduce me regularly."

Kate had known Frank too well to sup-

pose he would despise Mary, because her mother had been reduced to comparative poverty; but she had not dreamed for an instant, of his falling in love with her. But now, as she hastily thought over the good qualities of each, she clasped her hand and cried:

"That I will, for you are just suited for each other. We will go to-morrow night. And again and again Frank went; and after the first two interviews, always without Kate. He was noble-hearted, intellectual, graceful and refined, and Mary could not long resist the devoted suit he paid to her. Indeed, after some maidenly struggles with her heart, she yielded herself to loving him with all the depth of her pure, yet honest nature."

Frank was too sensible to regard the mere accessories of fortune. Perhaps, indeed, he loved Mary the better for her poverty. He could never have entertained an affection for her, if she had not been amiable and intelligent; not, perhaps, even if her parents had been unworthy; but all things else he considered comparatively indifferent. Himself accustomed, from his earliest years, to fashionable society, he knew its exact value, and he was accustomed to say that worth, not wealth, was what he sought in a wife.

Mary, on her part, loved Frank for his frankness, intelligence, and generous qualities, and not for his fortune. "I would rather remain single," said she, "than marry for wealth."

About three months after the day on which our story opens, Kate Villiers called on her old school-mate Emma.

"Who do you think is going to be married?" she said. "You will give it up well, Frank Hastings and Mary Murray?"

"What!" exclaimed Emma, pale with mortification, for she had herself assiduously sought Frank's notice, "not Frank Hastings and that thread and needle woman's daughter?"

"Yes! and a happy couple they will make—Mary will now have the wealth she is so well fitted to adorn."

"I shan't visit her," said Emma, pettishly. "She's nobody. If Mr. Hastings chooses to disgrace himself, let him; but he'll find out the 'old families' won't recognize his acquaintance."

"Pshaw!" said Kate contemptuously. "You know better. Mr. Hastings is, himself, a member of one of the few 'old families' we have; and being such, is above all the ridiculous notions of mere *parvenu*. It happens, too, that Mary has 'good blood,' as you would call it. She is the grand-daughter of a signer of the Declaration, an American patent of nobility, I take it, if we have any at all."

"Then it is on that account he marries her," said the splenetic reply.

"No, he never knew it till he asked her to have him. Her virtues and accomplishments won his heart, and they alone."

In due time Frank and Mary were married, Kate being led to the altar on the same day. Emma has learned a lesson, and, since then, inquires less superciliously about a new acquaintance.

**A Faithful Servant.**—We take great pleasure in recording the following trait of a beautiful fidelity and honesty in a negro slave of this state towards his master. It is the best proof that could be given of the utter falsity of the abominable stories manufactured by designing cliques concerning the cruel treatment of slaves and their hatred of their masters:

By a sailing vessel from Vera Cruz, which arrived here on Saturday last, came the negro man Marshall, a quiet, modest, unassuming person, on his way home from California. He went out with his master, Mr. Rannels, of Claiborne parish, in this state, who was taken sick last winter at the mines, near the foot of the Nevada mountains, and after a long and severe illness died. Marshall took the utmost care of his master; was his faithful companion, nurse, and friend, and watched by him unceasingly until he breathed his last. There was nothing left to pay the funeral expenses and doctors' bills. Marshall set to work and labored hard until he managed to scrape together enough to settle these debts (\$800)—which nothing but an admirable respect and affection for his master's memory, an exquisite feeling of pride and affection, compelled him to pay. How few white men, near and dear relatives, would have done as much! He gathered together his master's clothes and personal effects, and, with about \$1,000 that he had made, started home to his master's family, notwithstanding his knowledge that he was free in California, and the many inducements held out to him to remain there. He took the cheapest and most dangerous route back, going in a sailing vessel to Acapulco, and crossing Mexico on horseback from the former city to Vera Cruz—a very dangerous route. The American consuls at both places took so much interest in him as to give him letters of recommendation, and to request of him to let them hear of him. He brought to this city several letters to persons living here or in the country, and which contained gold dust. The letters were somewhat soiled and frayed, but were perfectly intact. His expenses home were heavy,

owing to unavoidable delay on the route. The faithful negro started home last evening on a Red River boat. He had letters from various persons in California to gentlemen of this city, recommending him, in the warmest terms, to their notice and protection, which were instantly acceded. Mr. Farquhar, an intimate friend of his master, has written from California to Mr. Rannels's family, stating that the unfortunate gentleman's last request was that his faithful servant should be emancipated and provided for by them as soon as he reached his home in Louisiana. In ancient days the story of this honest and pure-hearted slave would have been written in letters of gold and handed down to posterity as a rare trait in the bright side of human nature. We can only tell the simple and affecting story as it was told to us; it deserves and will receive universal attention and commendation.

N. O. Pionyear.

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

From the New York Times.

The English people, it must be confessed, are fond of respectable conduct, and therefore they admire the Queen, who, as a mother and a wife, is an ornament to her sex. There is not a more kind-hearted woman in the world, a better wife, nor a more affectionate mother. Her political tendencies are believed to be liberal, but she acts as if she belonged to no party, and her conduct as a ruler is wholly based upon the advice of her Ministry, who are responsible by law for what they make her do. I am persuaded that, in the revolutionary events of 1848, it was the personal character and popularity of Queen Victoria which preserved the country from a bold effort to establish a republic.

The personal habits of the Queen and her family are extremely simple and plain. Breakfast is over by nine; then a couple of hours are devoted to the perusal of letters and the dispatch of business, which consists of reading abstracts of the public documents which she has to sign. Between twelve and two the Queen and her family usually walk in the private grounds of the palace, if it be fine; if the weather do not permit out-of-doors exercise, Prince Albert and she apply themselves to drawing and etching. Both have acquired some skill in the use of the graver, and have a small press put in one of the rooms of Buckingham palace, at which they work with their own hands. A present of a set of royal etchings is considered a very special compliment, and prized as such. I know that the Duchess of Bedford's *boudoir* at Woburn Abbey is hung round with the royal etchings. Some of them are neatly done—most of them in good drawing. All of them are curiosities, as specimens of royal art and industry.

Between 2 and 3 the royal party lunch. "The repast, which is in fact an early dinner, is a very private one. The Queen, Prince Albert, Princess Royal, and Prince of Wales, sit down to a single joint (usually a roast shoulder of mutton) and a few side dishes. There is very little wine partaken of at this meal. When it is ended Prince Albert goes into the garden for the Queen allows no smoking within her walls and disposes of a couple of cigars. While the royal luncheon is going on, the attendants at the palace, who are very numerous, take their dinner—a plain substantial meal, at which the liveried servants are allowed ale. For those of a higher rank, the allowance is half a pint of wine to each. I happen to know that when any artists are at work or in waiting at the palace at the hour of lunch, meat is served up to them, and half a pint of sherry is brought up for each. This is very different from the waste which did prevail in the royal household, and Queen Adelaide was the first to put a check to it. She too got indignant at the female servants wearing silks and satins, and caused a menial revolt by ordering them to wear muslins and stuffs. The economy of the household now allows the Queen to save about half the money annually voted for its maintenance.

These savings are considerable, and, being duly invested, are rapidly accumulating. Then, in addition to his £30,000 a year allowance as consort, as much more has been given to Prince Albert in various appointments, (he has \$16 a day as field marshal); and as he does not spend £10,000 a year, his savings must be great. There is a fond hope that he and the Queen mean to appropriate this money to the future pension of their children, and not to ask the people to support them.

## LORD CLIVE.

Although of a gloomy temperament, and from the earliest age evincing those characteristics of pride and shyness which rendered him unsocial, and, therefore, unpopular in general society, this nobleman, in the private walks of life, was amiable, and peculiarly disinterested. While in India, his correspondence with those of his own

family evinced in a remarkable degree those right and kindly feelings which could hardly have been expected from Clive, considering the frowardness of early life and the inflexible sternness of more advanced age. When the foundation of his fortune was laid, Lord Clive evinced a praiseworthy recollection of the friends of his early days. He bestowed an annuity of eight hundred pounds on his parents, while to other relations and friends he was proportionately liberal. He was a devotedly attached husband, as his letters to Lady Clive bear testimony. Her maiden name was Maskelyne, sister to the eminent mathematician, so called, who long held the post of astronomer royal. This marriage, which took place in 1752, with the circumstances attending it, are somewhat singular, and worth recording. Clive, who was at that period just twenty-seven, had formed a previous friendship with one of the lady's brothers, like himself, a resident at Madras. The brother and sister, it appears, kept up an affectionate and constant correspondence—that is, as constant an interchange of epistolary communication as could be accomplished nearly a century ago, when the distance between Great Britain and the East appeared so much more formidable, and the facilities of postal conveyance so comparatively tardy. The epistles of the lady, through the partiality of her brother, were frequently shown to Clive, and they bespoke her to be, what from all accounts she was—a woman of very superior understanding, and of much amiability of character. Clive was charmed with her letters, for in those days, he remembered, the fair sex were not so familiarized to the pen as at the present period. At that time, to indite a really good epistle as to penmanship and diction, was a very formidable task, and what few ladies, comparatively speaking, could attain to. The accomplished sister of Dr Maskelyne was one of the few exceptions, and so strongly did her epistolary powers attract the interest and gain for her the affections of Clive, that it ended by his offering to marry the young lady, if she could be induced to visit her brother at Madras. The latter, through whom the suggestion was to be made, hesitated, and seemed inclined to discourage the proposition; but Clive in this instance evinced that determination of purpose which was so strong a feature in his character. He could urge, too, with more confidence a measure on which so much of his happiness depended—for he was now no longer the poor neglected boy, sent out to seek his fortune, but one who had already acquired a name which promised future greatness. In short, he would take no refusal; and then was the brother of Miss Maskelyne forced to own, that highly as his sister was endowed with every mental qualification, nature had been singularly unfavorable to her—personal attractions she had none. The future hero of Plassey was not, however, to be deterred—but he made this compromise: If the lady could be prevailed upon to visit India, and that neither party, on a personal acquaintance, felt disposed for a nearer connection, the sum of five thousand pounds was to be presented to her. With this understanding all scruples were overcome, and Miss Maskelyne went out to India, and immediately after became the wife of Clive, who, already prejudiced in her favor, is said to have expressed himself surprised that she should ever have been represented to him as plain. So much for the influence of mind and matter over mere personal endowments. With the sad end of this distinguished general, every reader is familiar. His lady survived the event by many years, and lived to a venerable old age.

**A Son Anxious to Save the Life of his Father at the Expense of his Own.**

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death, as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprized of the affecting situation to which his father was reduced, than he flew to the judge who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he loved, and whose loss he thought it impossible for him to survive. The magistrate was amazed at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and would hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished to save his father's life at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the king; and his majesty immediately sent orders to grant a free pardon to the father and to confer a title of honor on his son. The last mark of royal favor, however, the youth begged leave with all humility to decline; and the motive for the refusal of it was not less noble than the conduct by which he had deserved it was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family already is in the dust? Alas! would it not serve but as a monument to

perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the remembrance of an unhappy father's shame?" His majesty, the king of Sweden, actually shed tears when this magnificent speech was reported to him; and, sending for the heroic youth to court, he appointed him to a confidential office.

**Fortune's Whims.**—Quite an interesting and affecting scene in the drama of life, occurred in our city yesterday. As it is an apt illustration of the numerous freaks Dame Fortune plays upon us mortals, we give the facts of the occurrence for the information of our readers. Some four years since a gentleman residing in our city, having a large family dependent on him for support, became very much reduced in circumstances from various unfortunate causes. In a moment of despair he enlisted as a soldier in Col. Stevenson's Regiment of California Volunteers, leaving an only son, some eighteen years of age, to provide sustenance for a mother and seven children.

For four long years did that boy toil manfully and successfully in support of the charge confided so unexpectedly to his hands. Not a single word had ever been heard of the absent parent until yesterday, when he returned from California, and in the act of searching out his (no him) lost family, he chanced to see the name of his son on a sign over the door of a store in Nassau street. We cannot pretend to describe the joy, the inexpressible happiness felt by that family on meeting with the returned father, who had brought with him from California the nice sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, the result of three years' labor on the golden shore of the Pacific.

N. Y. Sun.

**Language of Animals.**—A young lady, who resides in the country, has her chamber in the third story of a lofty house, at no great distance from an extensive wood or park. The windows are furnished with Venetian shutters, leaving a space of about six inches between them and the glass sashes. Early in the last winter, the lady observed that a beautiful squirrel had sought this refuge from the season, and snugly located himself there. She gave the little creature a kind and hospitable welcome, feeling him plentifully with nuts and other dainties, and leaving him at liberty to go to his wood, and return at his pleasure, which he did daily. After a short time he brought a companion to share the comfort and luxury of his habitation, and went on increasing their number till the colony amounted to nine or ten more, who were furnished by their kind hostess with boxes for their shelter, and soft wool for their bedding, which they arranged to their taste, and used without fear, making occasional visits to the park for variety and exercise. They showed no reluctance or distrust when the window was raised for the curiosity of visitors, or to give them their food; and they seemed as conscious of safety as they were of the comfort and luxury of their living. What sort of intelligence existed between these little animals and their friends in the woods, that they could communicate to them the good quarters they had discovered, and induce them to follow to this comfortable abode? The first adventurer, who may be called the Columbus of the settlement, must have been able to inform his followers of the warm home and delicate fare prepared for them; and perhaps he allured them by describing the gay and gentle spirit, and captivating charms, of the fair patroness.

Nat. Gazette.

**Recognition of Voice between the Ewe and the Lamb.**—The acuteness of a sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all bleating at the same time. Besides, the distinction of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things that have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearer, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice it rushes from the crowd to meet her; but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma which it left an hour or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked, shivering, most deplorable-looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight; it returns, flies and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconciliation is fairly made up.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

**Long Preservation.**—A vessel named the Neptune, was sunk at the mouth of Mayfields Creek, in the Mississippi river, some twenty years ago. The owners are now engaged in fishing up the remains of the cargo and wreck. A quantity of butter was recovered, which was quite good, and had not changed its taste.

## ANDREW JACKSON ON SECESSION AND DISUNION.

"One Mass upon his bugle-born  
Were worth a thousand men!"

These cheering and grateful prospects, and these multiplied favors we owe, under Providence, to the adoption of the federal constitution. It is no longer a question whether this great country can remain happily united, and flourish under our present form of government. Experience, the unerring test of all human undertakings, has shown the wisdom and foresight of those who formed it; and has proved, that in the union of these States there is a sure foundation for the brightest hopes of freedom, and for the happiness of the people. At every hazard, and by every sacrifice, this Union must be preserved.

The necessity of watching with jealous anxiety for the preservation of the Union, was earnestly pressed upon his fellow-citizens by the Father of his country, in his farewell address. He has there told us, that "while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavor to weaken its bonds;" and he cautioned us in the strongest terms against the formation of parties on geographical discriminations, as one of the means which might disturb our Union, and to which designing men would be likely to resort.

The lessons contained in this invaluable legacy of Washington to his countrymen, should be cherished in the hearts of every citizen to the latest generation; and perhaps, at no better period of time could they be more usefully remembered than at the present moment. For when we look upon the scenes that are passing around us, and dwell upon the pages of his parting address, his paternal counsels would seem to be, not merely the offspring of wisdom and foresight, but the voice of prophecy foretelling events and warning us of the evil to come. Forty years have passed since this imperishable document was given to his countrymen. The federal constitution was then regarded by him as an experiment—and he so speaks of it in his address—but an experiment upon the success of which the best hopes of his country depended, and we all know that he was prepared to lay down his life, if necessary, to secure to it a full and fair trial. The trial has been made. It has succeeded beyond the proudest hopes of those who framed it. Every quarter of this widely-extended nation has felt its blessings, and shared in the general prosperity produced by its adoption. But amid this general prosperity and splendid success, the dangers of which he warned us, are becoming every day more evident, and the signs of evil are sufficiently apparent to awaken the deepest anxiety in the bosom of the patriot. We behold systematic efforts publicly made to sow the seeds of discord between different parts of the United States, and to place party divisions directly upon geographical distinctions; to excite the south against the north, and the north against the south, and to force into the controversy the most delicate and exciting topics upon which it is impossible that a large portion of the Union can ever speak without emotions. Appeals, too, are constantly made to sectional interests, in order to influence the election of the chief magistrate, as if it were desired that he should favor a particular quarter of the country instead of fulfilling the duties of his station with impartial justice to all; and the possible dissolution of the Union has at length become an ordinary and familiar subject of discussion. Has the warning voice of Washington been forgotten? or have designs already been formed to sever the Union? Let it not be supposed that I impute to all of those who have taken an active part in these unwise and unprofitable discussions, a want of patriotism or of public virtue. The honorable feelings of state pride and local attachments find a place in the bosoms of the most enlightened and pure. But while such men are conscious of their own integrity and honesty of purpose, they ought never to forget that the citizens of other States are their political brethren; and that, however mistaken they may be in their views, the great body of them are equally honest and upright with themselves. Mutual suspicion and reproaches may in time create mutual hostility, and artful and designing men will always be found who are ready to foment these fatal divisions, and to inflame the natural jealousies of different sections of the country. The history of the world is full of such examples, and especially the history of republics.

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