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## COLD WATER.

The "cold water celebration" of the 4th of July at the Marlborough House, Boston, was as remarkable for its hilarity, and the many clever things said and sung on the occasion, as for the absence of the usual, and what have come to be considered the indispensable proceedings. The following is one of the songs which the occasion called out:

BY REV. JOHN PICKFORD.

As the green retreats  
A water-brook, that played  
From soft, mossy seats,  
Beneath a pine tree's shade,  
Whose rustling leaves  
Danced o'er its brink,—  
Was Adam's drink,  
And Eve's?

As the parent spring  
Of that young brook, the pair  
To a long chant would sing:  
And Eve to dress her hair,  
Kneel on the grass  
That fringed its side,  
And made its tide  
Her looking glass.

When the man of God  
From Egypt led his flock,  
Forthward, and his rod  
Smote the Arabian rock,  
And forth a still  
Of water gushed,  
And on they rushed,  
And drank their fill.

Yes! Eden thus have smiled,  
Hail come to Eden come?  
And Jacob's prophesying wild  
Have been refreshed with rime?  
And had Eve's hair  
Been dressed in gin,  
Would she have been  
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,  
And dealt out to that host,  
To every man six gill,  
An' poured him in a toast,  
How large a band  
Of Israel's sons  
Had and their bones  
In Jordan's land?

Sweet fields, by and death's flood,  
And a world in living green?  
Far from the throne of God,  
To tread on all the scene,  
A river is,  
Where all who will  
May come and fill  
Their crystal bowls.

Then's strength and bloom,  
And water thus hath given,  
Even beyond the tomb,  
It is the drink of heaven,  
Are not good wells,  
And chrysal springs  
The very things  
From HOTTELS?

From the Ladies' Repository.

## The Torn Sleeve.

BY MARY ANN DODD.

"Irene! my daughter! I am astonished to see even you, careless as you are, sitting at the piano in such disarray. I see you will doff that dress directly for a more becoming habitment."

"Oh, mother, do not speak to me now. I have conquered this difficult piece of music," replied Irene; then, after a few moments' silence, she turned round with a triumphant smile and added: "There! is it not perfect now? Mr. Cooper said it would require three hours' practice, and I have it in ten minutes. What were you saying, mother, about my torn sleeve? I thought it on the door knob, and a sad sight it made, truly; but it is not worth while to change it now, for I am going out after dinner, and cannot be at the trouble of dressing twice."

"It is unladylike, Irene, for you to appear before your father and brothers in a dress, which beside being rent, is in any way the least, not clean. I am continually troubled about your careless habits, which if not overcome, will surely lead to mortification and disgrace. I hear the bell of the street door, and you will be obliged to open it, for I have sent Susan on an errand, and must attend to her taking while she is gone; I have left it looking already."

"Well I do not care. It is some coal scold man, I suppose; or if it should be any of the girls I cannot frighten them for they all know I hate to be stared at. There is only one person," she continued, talking to herself, as her mother left the room, "only one, and that is Arthur Scott, whom I should be ashamed to

have seen me in this dishabit, he is so particular; but thank fortune he is twenty miles off, so I will e'en hurry to wait on the bell."

Before we allow any one to enter, our readers shall be favored with a more particular introduction to the characters here presented.

That Irene Willis was the most beautiful girl in H., every body said, and what every body said must be true. That she was also one of the most careless of her sex, was no less a truism. Mrs. Willis, who was a pattern for all mothers, had spared no pains to eradicate this weed which was springing up with her cherished blossom, but she was as yet unsuccessful. Irene was the only sister, and had been the pet and plaything of four brothers. Her childish sports could not always have been feminine, and I do not think it at all wonderful, if she did grow up a little wild and heedless. Her mother had trusted something to time; but time had as yet worked no wonders, though it was high time he had.

It is well we are unconscious of what people say and think about us, otherwise Arthur would not have waited all this while at the door so quietly, had he known Irene was thinking fortune for the twenty miles which she thought lay between them. Now Arthur was a promising young lawyer, and "well to do in the world"—exquisitely neat in his person, and fastidious in his choice of society, so that it was whispered about among the staid-looking gossips of M., that he surely would be an old bachelor. What worse fate could malice itself have predicted for him? He had become acquainted with Irene while she was spending a few days with a cousin in M., and was charmed with her beauty, intelligence and vivacity. When she returned to her home, he felt that the sunshine of his life had departed. His office all at once seemed lonely, and Blackstone and Coke upon Lawton had lost their power to charm. His copies of briefs, deeds, and wills, commenced and ended with the name of Irene, and a wealthy heiress she might have been, had she retained all the goods and chattels thus kindly conveyed to her. At last he was forced to think that his business called him to H.; and now after this long preamble, we will unclose the door that he may behold the angel of his fancy, the faultless Irene. Her greeting was far from friendly, for how could she extend her hand greeted with the torn sleeve! The conversation was constrained and common place. Never in her life had Irene looked and appeared so ill when she would have given worlds to have had it otherwise. She would not play and sing, though he requested it, for she knew it would be impossible to command her voice or refrain from tears, so great was her mortification. The call was short, and as Arthur left the house he mentally exclaimed, "Why should I seek perfection in woman kind? O Irene, I did not expect to find thee a slattern. Farewell for ever!" His business, if he had any, was forgotten, as he left H. directly; and such a change came over him that his friends wondered what had happened to poor Arthur.

When Mrs. Willis again entered the room, Irene was in tears.

"Oh, my dear mother, would that I had given ear to your kind counsel. I have seen one for the last time, whose good opinion I highly valued. Arthur Scott will never speak to me again—but I will conquer my carelessness, and make myself worthy of his friendship and your love, my mother. I will never more trouble you and disgrace myself by appearing in an untidy dress and tangled curls; and as a good resolution cannot be too soon practised upon, I go now to make myself decent for the dinner table."

Our friend Arthur stood at the window of his office humming a favorite air, while Mr. D., a friend from H., sat reading the papers. "Now Scott," said Mr. D., looking up, I am thinking you want a helpmate, and I know a young lady who will suit exactly. The air you are just humming is a favorite of hers, and has put the idea into my head. Come to H. as soon as possible and let me introduce you to the fair Irene Willis."

Arthur started and turned away as if observing something from the window but collecting himself in a moment, replied, "many thanks, D., for your kindness in selecting me a better half; but methinks I have heard somewhat of this same lady—that she is not overly nice in her personal appearance; and what are beauty and accomplishments in a wife without neatness? Above all things I would avoid a slattern."

"Why Scott, you wrong Miss Willis, you do indeed. She is the neatest and finest girl in H., and my wife says she is perfect in all household virtues; but it must have been some time ago when you heard of her, I believe she was a giddy

thing once; and I have heard some story—I was away at the time, and had forgotten it—about a gentleman and a torn dress. I wish I knew his name. I would go a hundred miles to tell how she is altered. But it grows late, and I must be off. Do not forget to visit H. soon, and let me take you to see Irene."

Many days did not pass ere Arthur Scott again visited the mansion of Mr. Willis. His calls became longer and more frequent, till they ended like this simple sketch with a wedding, which though no novel thing, is the end of all novels, and the gossips who had predicted a life of single blessedness for our fair friend Arthur were somewhat chagrined when they saw the following in the morning papers:—

Married at H., on Monday morning last, Arthur Scott, esq., counsellor at law, to Miss Irene Willis, only daughter of Charles Willis, esq."

## TOM TOWSON'S STORY.

Tom Towson was telling me a story the other day about the way he was first introduced to his present wife, Col. Ridgely's daughter. Now one can't tell it as well as Tom told it to me, but I will tell it as well as I can.

Tom, you see, was poor, and had but a sorry education; but he was very quick to learn, and some said Tom had the clearest head in the country. Tom lived on Poverty Plantation, as he called it, with his widow Towson, his mother, and the farm, which was small, was all they had between them. The fact is, Tom was a handsome fellow, in homespun or broadcloth. One cloudy afternoon Tom went down into Silver Valley to see old Ridgely about a division line on Joe Gibson's plot of Poverty Plantation.

A storm came on just as he drew up opposite Col. Ridgely's lane gate. Ridgely was a proud old chap—rich too—and reproved said that his daughter was "abominably" handsome. Now Lucy had been brought up in the best style, and was a high lady in the neighborhood. Some said that she had received several capital offers, but that's neither here nor there, as Tom you know, could not think of her.

Well, the storm raged, and in rides Tom—hooks his horse to an apple tree—goes up the wide steps, and ends with a loud knock at the door. Jim Squabble opened the door, an old negro, who had carried water to Tom's father, when he (Tom's father) cradled in Ridgely's green fields.

"The Colonel in?"

"Yes sir, come in," was the ready response.

Tom was led into a large old-fashioned parlor, where he found the Col. reading, his wife sewing, and his daughter writing. The old man nodded without rising, and told Tom to sit down; while the old lady very respectfully drew her chair closer to the wall. Tom felt a little curious. The daughter too, threw two or three beautiful glances at him, which made him feel still more curious. He made so many blunders in telling his business, that a kind smile began to show itself upon the faces of all in the room, which encouraged Tom, who instantly recovered his self-possession, and added to their mirth by many intentional errors and oddities.

"Colonel," said Tom, "it's quite out of the question for us to settle this now."

"Why so?" inquired the Colonel.

"On account of your daughter, Sir?" replied Tom.

"My daughter!" returned the Colonel, astonished, "pray what has she to do with it?"

"Why," said Tom, "she has knocked me into a cocked hat with those black eyes of hers."

The old lady drew up, although she could not suppress a smile, while the daughter blushed, in spite of her attempts to laugh contemptuously. As for the old Colonel he was so astonished at Tom's impudence, that for a while he lost the use of his tongue. They all looked at Tom in silence, and in the mean time they remarked his figure, high forehead, and intelligent eye; while the irresistible good humor of his countenance, entirely disarmed the Colonel, who burst out with a hearty laugh at Lucy. Miss Lucy curled her sweet lip into a sort of good humored scorn, and hastily withdrew.

The next thing we see is, Tom in his homespun, seated at the supper table, delighting the Colonel with his droll stories, complimenting the daughter, and flustering the old lady. The old lady put a plenty of sugar in Tom's tea; and Miss Lucy was a full half hour in drinking one cup.

Tom took leave shortly after supper.

"Plague take the fellow!" cried the old man as Tom rode out into the lane, and the tears of joy still stood in his eye.

"He is quite handsome," quietly remarked the old lady.

"Not he," rejoined Miss Lucy, and a few months after she was Tom's wife.

## Scenes in the West.

Correspondence of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Paris, February, 1837.

Although I have done nothing like justice, in my preceding letters, to Paris and its environs, yet I am compelled to abandon the thought of going more into detail. I propose, therefore, to make, in this communication, some general remarks respecting the French people and their manners.

The French are quick in their tempers, a little like the Irish, though perhaps less implacable. To use their own expression they are *trop susceptibles*. But they are not naturally an unamiable people, though they have, except where religion has moulded their characters, many bad faults. They generally need the transforming, all-pervading influence of pure Christianity, which is the only thing that can make a perfect human character, or what we call by that name.

I do not think the French ladies generally handsome. They are mostly too short to have handsome forms, nor are their faces what we call beautiful. But notwithstanding all this, they have a manner of speaking, a winning expression of countenance, a vivacity and life in every action, and often with a sweetness of play of the features, which render them very charming society. They contrast to great advantage, in this respect, with the more stately and finer looking ladies of England. But the latter, if more awkward than the French, have, on the other hand, solid advantages in sterling principle, and well informed minds.

Among the trades-people of Paris, and of France, so far as I know it, and among the shop-keepers of all gradations, there is a sad lack of strict honesty of principle. They almost universally ask more, not only than the article which they propose to sell is worth, but more than they will take it hard pressed; and then there is among the grocers, the butchers, &c. a comfortable collusion with servants to cheat their masters, and put something in their (the servants') pockets, which is almost wholly unknown in our own country—though it is far from being unknown in England. In a word, there is a great want of moral principle among this people. This has been owing to the want of a pure and all-pervading religious influence.

There is a far less open immorality in Paris than in London, though some very unseemly practices exist to an almost incredible extent. But few abandoned women are seen in the streets, compared with the number seen in the streets of London. Vice is more concealed, and is less abhorred in reality, for persons may live in a loose manner and not forfeit caste—a fact which shows that there is not that powerful moral feeling which prevails in good society in England and America. The danger for unprincipled and not well-principled young men, who come to this city, is very great. Yet drunkenness and some other vices do not exist to any thing like the extent to which they do with us. Gaming, however, is very prevalent, though it is to be hoped that the measures which the government is about to take to put down gaming houses, will be attended with good results.

It is rare to see any such thing as fighting with the fists in France. Yet the French are a warlike people; they, however, prefer the sword or fire-arms. Their military taste is not likely to be soon eradicated. Yet it is probably declining at this time.

France is unquestionably in a prosperous state, and but little suffering from want is to be found. The French have not, however, the vast wealth of the English, although there are some very rich people in France. The French are an ingenious people, active, far from indolent in their disposition; and if the mechanics in their cities and towns were truly moral, and would not throw away their money in frequenting the theatre, and the opera, and the ball, and the cabaret, and the gaming houses, they would soon become rich. A Frenchman can live almost on nothing. The poorest mechanics spend an almost inconceivably small amount on themselves, for eating and clothes. But then the theatres, or other public places of amusement, and too often their *cheres amies*, in other words, their mistresses, cause a great waste of their means, which, if husbanded, would soon bring them to wealth.

The character of the French has, no doubt, greatly changed within the last 50 or 60 years. They are not the same light-hearted, gay people which they once were. They are more serious, anxious, and steady. They have had enough to make them so, in all conscience. They

have tried infidelity to the heart's content of all reasonable and virtuous people. Would that they would now try pure Christianity, as it is to be found in the Bible!

## ARABIAN HORSES.—Mr. Stevens, in his "Travels in Egypt," speaking of the Arabian Horses, says:—

"The Shiek's was a noble animal. The saddle had not been off her back for thirty days; and the Shiek himself was a most restless creature, would dash off suddenly a dozen times a day, on a full run across the valley, up the sides of a mountain, round and round our caravan, with his long spear poised in the air, and his dress streaming in the wind; and when he returned and brought her to a walk at my side, the beautiful animal would snort and paw the ground as if proud of what she had done, and anxious for another course. I could almost imagine I saw the ancient war horse of Idumea, so finely described by Job.

"These two horses were twelve and twenty years old respectively; and the former was more like a colt in playfulness and spirit, and the other like a horse of ten with us; and the Shiek told me he could count on the services of both until they were thirty-five."

**Sub-marine Excursion.**—We mentioned the other day that Capt. W. H. Taylor was about preparing for a great fishing voyage, and that he intended using an India Rubber dress, for the purpose of descending to the bottom of the ocean. His apparatus being now complete, he yesterday made his first experiment on the Hudson river, a few miles above the city, accompanied by a few friends and scientific gentlemen. Capt. Taylor first put on the dress, composed of India Rubber and tin plate, and remained in the water 36 minutes. He could have staid down several hours as well as not, but he was obliged to return to the city. Afterwards Mr. J. W. Hyde, of the News Room, put on the dress, and was in the water over a quarter of an hour. The wearer has perfect command of himself, and can walk on the bottom at any intermediate space between it and the surface, or he can rise to the top of the water. After one is inhaled about half a minute, there is not the slightest difficulty in respiration. *Express.*

**Greece.**—With many people the idea of ruin is associated with Greece whenever mention is made of that country. An extract from the "Courier Grec," translated from a French paper, for the Mercantile Advertiser, gives a different character to Athens at least. Since that city became the seat of actual government, a great part of the mass of ancient ruins has been removed, and replaced with paved streets, and many handsome edifices, public and private. The palace of King Otto will bear comparison with some of the finest Greek buildings of antiquity. A printing office, a lithographic establishment, fourteen small churches, and the mint, and a military and a civil hospital, are among the most prominent improvements; and others are projected.

The population, since 1833, has increased, from seven thousand to eighteen thousand persons. Beggars are few; facilities for education many; and on the whole, Athens bids fair under Otto, to become interesting for what she is, as for what she was.

**The Craft.**—The editor of the New Orleans Commercial Herald compliments the members of the Typographical profession in the following handsome style:—"We have been journey men printers; we avow it with pride. It is our glory to be members of a body of men who, for honesty of feeling, independence of spirit, and intellectual acquirements, have no superiors in society. We belong to an art which has civilized and partially reformed the world, and which will still work greater and more beneficial changes in the organization of Governments."

**Boundary of Lynn.**—A Boston paper says that Lynn is bounded on the north by a Shoemaker's shop, on the south by a Shoemaker's shop, on the east by a Shoemaker's shop, and on the west by a Shoemaker's shop! Besides this it has Shoemaker's shops all over the middle, and is inhabited by many thousands of shrewd and sturdy republicans, who, while hammering out leather, hammer out many good ideas, and while engaged in stitching, keep up a devil of a thinking.

An idle fellow the other day complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behind hand. He believed it would have been a hundred dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all.