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## THE EDITOR.

That Editor who wills to please,  
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,  
And kiss the hand that beats him;  
Or if he dares attempt to walk,  
Must toe the mark that others chalk,  
And cringe to all that meets him,  
And see your subjects are too grave—  
Too much morality you have—  
Too much about religion,  
Too much about woe and woe tales,  
Too much about the sick and scales,  
Too much about a pigeon.  
I have to read, another cry,  
These monstrous fashionable lines—  
Is there a word that is not  
Composed of Kings and Queens and Lords  
Of other ears and other hordes,  
Too used to live in hotels.  
No, no, cry one, we've had enough  
Of such confounded lark and stuff,  
To create the fair creation,  
Give us some recent foreign news  
Of Russia, Turke, the Greeks and Jews,  
Or any other nation.  
The man of drilled scholastic lore,  
Must like to see a little more,  
A scrap of Greek and Lat in  
To merchants rather have the price  
Of southern rags and rice,  
Or Iowa silks and satin.  
As for news, I want more fun,  
A little anecdote or pun,  
A bus or a riddle,  
A goodly miscellany news,  
As some of wondrously curious views,  
Or a rather hear a fiddle.  
The man of classic soil,  
Must have a gall his gender quill,  
As well as against the paper,  
Or the literary foils.  
In our colleges and schools,  
He gets the silliest paper.  
As for news, I want to see,  
A world of variety,  
Variety in all things—  
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,  
To read, I only give the hint,  
Of all the famous small things.  
I want some marriage news, says Miss,  
I want some of my highest bliss  
To see of weddings plenty;  
From a time of general rain  
Not suffers from the drought, 'tis plain—  
At least not out to twenty  
I want to hear of death, says one—  
Of some totally undone  
Of some fire, or fevers,  
As for news, I want to see,  
I want to see the fat and ribs  
Of reason skin and beaver.  
I want to see a secret with  
Followed then a savory dish  
Of pointers to suit them,  
Where we rest at perfect ease,  
For should they swear the moon was cheese,  
We never should dispute them.  
Or have a humorous, wild or tame,  
Lody or low, 'tis all the same,  
Too haughty or too humble;  
And every editorial might  
Be thought to do but what is right,  
And let the grumblers grumble.

From Every Body's Abon.

## THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"Here's a day, a February day! an English day! rain, snow, sleet—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—retrograde! nautical, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each! If the climate! wretched beings who dwell in it! Lapland is a perpetual paradise to it! Siberia an eternal summer! Why should I stay here and die? for die I must—who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, guilty of such a lie as to say they do live in such a country? They do not, and they know they do not. It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too plainly, and sink sunk momentarily under the knowledge!  
"I'll go out!—I cannot catch more than fifty exclusively English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; or I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, and pretending to cheerfulness, the impostor!—Cheerfulness in the city! Preposterous lie! He comes here grinning, chuckling and crowing out his good humor, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man! That Johnson, too, threatened he would call. Heaven avert such an affliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French pouffe, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma! And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah! the puppy!—one of the sore-throat-catching school—follows who think a sonnet and a neck-both incompatible! He'll be coming here, with

his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way.

"I must go out; for only listen a moment to those eternal Miss Thompsons next door, beating Rossini to death, with wires! and he deserves the martyrdom; that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of the country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century! And there's that Betty below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell, (*Domestic Cookery*, p. 18.) that *Maid* should be hung up for one day at least! I must go out, for if I stay at home I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings he means, in tenner seconds; and looking at my tongue—pah! what's my tongue to him, the quack! as Figaro sings, 'Let him look to his own.'

"Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind! there's a gust! a Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it! More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a climate! Good heaven! there's a gust! Hah! hah! hah! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those of No. 11; and the box that surmounted the one at No. 9 is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8. Whew! well blow, pigeon! well run, fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and copings—oh! That slow gentleman with the umbrella—the whole on his head! down he goes! he is killed! murdered! no, up he gets again! away goes his umbrella! and now his hat!—steeply elude a sedentary in his persudition they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella and gentleman! Two to one on the hat! no takers! Oh, factitious laughter, melancholy orph!

"Mrs. Fondleman, if any thing should happen to me in my absence—Why do you smile, madam?—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will discharge your account for the last quarter."

"La, sir! are you out of your senses?"  
"Suppose I am, madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose? Not a word more, madam, but give me my parabones, my cloak, my umbrella, and let me go, for go I will!—It is a sudden and savage subtraction, in a day like this, when Nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has made her unhappy children—pish! pah! pah! rain, sleet, and snow! Merry England! But no matter—out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a hearse would be more permanent to the weather. It is of no use your disbanding me, Madam, I am determined!"

"Will, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheerfulness! What a walk I have had! Walk! wade, I should have said. Why should ducks have webbed feet?—Men, at least English men, have more necessity for them! What a rightful sense of faces I have met all along the road!—and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance, as miserable as myself—all climate-struck water-wretches, English-happy! . . . But I am wet, weary and hungry—where shall I dry myself!—where dry myself? Pshaw! what is the use of drying or dining either? *Tudet me vita!*"

"What have we here? The Marlborough Head? Another glorious cut-throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land and three amphibious! I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung up for signs. Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honours with the Blue Boats and Red Lions of less naval-and-military publicans. Horses taken in to bait—aye, and asses too—I'll enter . . . Curse the bell-ropel—woven of cobweb, that it may be added as an item to the bill. Water!"

[Enter Boots.]—"Zur."  
"What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his halfpence—a head like a hedgehog—a mandrake in top boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-Plan of cheek—the entire creature a personification of that elegant compound, *chaubaron*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one! . . . Have you any thing to eat?"

"Zur!"  
"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master."

"Is no maister. Zur."  
"What have you, then? who is your keeper?"

"Missuz"

"Well, send in the Syracoz. . . . What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me in! fit only for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils! dark, dismal, black-wainscoted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what does it matter! can it be more dreary than my mind? No. Then here will I take 'mice case in mine inn. . . . Now it's that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its looks to hint that it could sustain a hat wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it—how busy he is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares like the eye of an ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my foot; and the cricket shrills horribly under the hearth-stone! And that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age! how the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig! I cannot bear this! Water! water! [Enter the Landlady.]—What in the name of all that is monumental, have we here! 'The whole Duty of Man, in one volume, tall copy neat'—as Mr. Evans would say! I never beheld such a woman till now! six feet six, I should think, in her slippers! Respected by the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough Head! He subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater conqueror than the hero of Hohenheim!"

"What is your pleasure, sir?" (She comes respectfully.)  
"I stand up—and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist!" Mrs. Furlong.

"Furlong, sir, at your command."

"Furlong—mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!"

"Certainly, sir." (I follow like a leviathan in the wake of a leviathan!)

"Ay, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [Exit Landlady.] I have an anticipatory will women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronize her. Now, if I were not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for an one-half of Mrs. Furlong—twenty poles or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome and somewhat of the lady in her window's weeds. 'Foreheaven, I've seen worse women!—Then her voice is soft and low—an excellent thing in woman. And this is a snug inn too; a comfortable room—carpeted, clean, and cosy—a view of watery Venice, in oils, over the fire-place, and 'Before Marriage' and 'After Marriage,' in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be. . . . Hah! the chops already! and very nice they look! a shalot too! really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart—no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. . . . Hah! this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, madam."

"Sir, you are very good!"  
"Quite the contrary. A good-sized husband to you, madam!" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, showing a very handsome set of teeth, and courtesies.)

"Ah, sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, sir—for you do not look well."

"She has spoken this with such a pitying tenderness of tone that it has gone through my heart, and would, had it been iron! What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes! One touching word of sympathy? Am I then again sensible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness? Yes—then I live—I live again! Oh! honey in the mouth, music to the ear, and a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Oh, woman! woman! soul-softening, heart-wakening, life-giving, happy-making woman! Let the hard and iron dealings and cruel conflictings of this unsocial world, make man a monster—the paragon of animals—the first and worst of brutes; let all the gentler virtues be dead and buried in his breast—let them, and all is not lost; in thy lovely bosom, oh woman! thou missionary angel upon earth—there, ye that are wretched and despised among men, when ye need and hunger after them, there may ye claim freely, and receive as freely, pity, mercy, compassion and charity, assuaging tenderness, solacing tears and smiles, holy love, and all the

unbounded, self-devoting affections of her heart of hearts, unuring, unwasting, un-depraved by commerce with this hardening world—fresh as a fountain in a desert's sands—pure and undefiled as the light that shines the nearest unto heaven! . . . Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared making a fool of myself in her presence. . . . Ah, thou who wert my first hope and earliest, bitterest despair, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings; but for some of these thou must answer!—What I am, thy little faith has made me; what I should have been—but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I am, how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man, with furrowed cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes, and agony at my heart! Behold me, an unsocial man, suspected by the world and despising the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefited it! But I have done with it—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature—unforgivable in thought, if not in speech—unforgotten of slight offences, revengeful of deep ones—jealous of looks—watchful of words? I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, openminded, suspiciousless! But why should I anatomize myself? I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite!"

"Did you call sir?"  
"No madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy train of thought."

"A melancholy thought! Lud, sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy? Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the thoughtful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than even life! The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day—sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

"And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dodsley in dimity? *Nunc dimittis*, then, be my duty! pardon my expression, madam—the insolence of humbled pride! I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have right views of life; now tell me—what is the end of it?"

"Death, I should think, sir."  
"A pertinent answer, madam; but you are on the wrong premises."

"I am on my own."  
"Indeed! I am happy to hear that; and if I was a widow watcher, I should make a note of the fact. I mean, madam—what is the design, the intention, the motive, the end and aim of life?"

"Happiness here, and in another and a better world."  
"Yes, madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit, who, intrusted with so precious a boon for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?"

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others."  
"What if you would not, if you could, whiten one hair of their heads with sorrow who have sinned the whole of yours—what do they merit?"

"They do not merit so much mercy," (She leaves the room.)  
"A negro has a soul, your honor!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. My uncle Toby ran through in his memory, all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the christian conclusion—that a negro had a soul. And why not an inkeeper—especially if a woman? My prejudice is 'to let' against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath Road; they may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman with a tall man's height, humbly stationed beside one of the highways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and the bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun can do, though shut up from the world cannot give, and cannot take away! Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, propitiously placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live

without! But one half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an all name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the reputation of his depravity with a due sense of his decorum, its keeping, colour, and costume. Give him a good name and he would be ashamed to play with it. When will the world learn better? Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought—Prejudice—grow not in any path of mine, for I trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and defiles! But thinking is an idle waste of thought. Water!"

"Zur."  
"What, Cyclops again! But that's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house?"

"Missuz have, I daur to say, zur."  
"Bring it, then, my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers."

"Here be out, zur."  
"Ay, this will do—nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good, good! Blessings be with thee, Henry Fielding! for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See, the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be full fathoms five down in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye! World, I bid you good den! for here will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were. . . . Ah! yes—I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious, yet a very happy boy; my book was then a treasure, but a stolen prussel of one like this was a pleasure beyond all price, and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred: Mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands they were snatched away; and if they escaped the fiery ordeal it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth! I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for, laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin wainscot betrayed me; ere I had breathed three, the sound of a stealing foot was heard softly approaching my bed-room door—the light was out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and I was heard snoring so innocently that Somnus himself might have been deceived!"

"Ecod, you did 'em capital!"  
"Eh! what! what have you been eyes dropping at my elbow all this time, you Thus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, zur—you didn't tell I to go!"  
"No! go, then, and bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the blinds—heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you."

"Yez, zur."  
"Vanish, then, good bottle imp! And now for Joseph Andrews!"

"Imitable and immortal Fielding! 'Prose—Honour of human nature!' so Byron calls thee. And thy bones lie unhonored in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and deligher of mankind!—Well, there is no accounting for the negligence of nations. . . . Who knocks? Come in."

"Do you mean to sleep here to-night, sir?"  
"Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse."

"I thought you did, as it is so late."  
"So late! how late?"

"Eleven, sir."  
"Impossible! Have I been reading so long?"

"It is very true, sir."  
"And what kind of night is it?"

"Frosty, and the moon is shining brilliantly."  
"What, in England! Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon."

"La, sir, it is ten miles to town; and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!"

"How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong?"  
"Long enough to rob him of his watch, and ten pounds, I can tell you."

"Well, as I have no watch, and only five pounds, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Towhouse, madam—I could not be in better hands."

"I am glad to see you so merry, sir."  
"Merry, madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt, since I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile stones; that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those intelligent monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and forty-eight night following supper; a severe