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From the (German Reformed) Weekly Messenger.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

It is one of the glories of this highly favored land in which we live, that the door is open for the humblest and poorest of her sons to become useful and respectable in society. The poor may become rich, and the most ignorant may obtain such an education as will fit them for the business and consequent respectability. There is not a farmer's son who is not an apprentice mechanic, but what is more, by self-improvement and application, store his mind by useful reading to become both useful and respectable in society. One hour in a day employed in reading, will, in the course of a few years, enable him to stand side by side with one half of his fellow men who have had the best opportunities of receiving an education; if not a liberal education. How many young men of good natural talents have been neglected by their parents or guardians in regard to their education? They have scarcely had the rudiments of their mother tongue, but might, by a judicious application, surmount all these adverse circumstances, and become ornaments to the state or the church. I was led to these remarks, by referring to the circumstances of one of our most eminent men in the West, who, when he was three years of age, did not know the alphabet. He made his living by hard daily labor. At that period of life he commenced learning the A B C. He employed his evenings in reading papers, and he procured a few books, and in a few years he had a little library of books. He has been a member of Congress for a number of years, and filled that station with honor and credit; and long ago, he was Governor of a western state. Nor has he been unworthy of such a trust, as is frequently the case; but on the contrary, he is eminently qualified for it, and his high standing in the halls of legislation has never been questioned, having been one of its most eloquent and efficient members.

It is true, that not every one will be able to become eminent, but every one may, by improving his talents, do much towards his own advancement in intellectual improvement. If young men can only be induced to spend their evenings at home, in useful reading, no matter what have been their opportunities previously, they may yet become what they are not now likely to be—intelligent, useful members of society; and whether they continue to be mechanics or farmers or not, they will adorn their station, and add an innumerable amount to their personal comfort and happiness, by possessing sources of enjoyment within themselves.

From the German Telegraph.

ADVANTAGES OF TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

We are not going to write you a homily on this worn-out subject. We know you wouldn't read it if we did. But we want to tell you a little circumstance that occurred a short time since in this neighborhood, which will not occupy much more space than you have already gone over. It is this: A subscriber of ours, who like too many others who don't know their own interests, got the foolish idea into his head that he couldn't afford to take the paper any longer, as the times had become so dreadfully hard—although he being a farmer, was making more money than ever he did—and so he discontinued it. We struck his name out reluctantly, as we do all good subscribers, and according to his orders, sent him no more papers.

It wasn't long however, say two weeks, before we had another visit from him. It soon appeared that he couldn't afford to take so paper any longer, and he forthwith had his name re-entered on our list, and at the same time, suiting the action to the word, he reached us a \$5 bank note—none of Dyon's—and we instantly returned him a good three dollar corporation plaster, and a receipt for the balance; he being one of those kind, hospitable men, who fall into the good practice of paying their subscriptions in advance. But let us have the 'little circumstance,' we think we hear some of our readers say. We beg pardon—you shall have it in a trice. After handing him the three dollars and the receipt—(we always give receipts)—he said—'but no matter what—' he laid down before us three two dollar counterfeit notes of the Spring Garden corporation, which he had taken in market, through ignorance of their existence, but which the very next paper after he discontinued, would have told him all about.

Upon making inquiry of his neighbors, who of course took the Telegraph—he learnt that they too had been offered them, but having opportunely been apprised of their character, they were promptly rejected. This is the 'little circumstance,' gentle reader; and as our friend rose to

depart, he gave us an expressive smile—as he said we should now continue the Telegraph until invited to his funeral; and we, not to be outdone in courtesy, made one of the most graceful corporal inclinations you ever saw, hoping, in true Turkish grandiloquence, that he might live a thousand years.

DEACON SLOW.

Deacon Slow had three sons (it is unnecessary to mention his daughters,) who were, as deacon's sons are apt to be, the deuce only can tell why, very rascals. They were in the habit of poking fun at an old man, who endeavored to take his share of the sport by butting them over, a kind of fun which he often manifested an inclination to play off upon the Deacon as he marched down to salt the flock—for these were duties to which he paid strict attention, as he was extremely humane, except when he was made very wroth, on which occasion his anger would burn like a furnace seven times heated. Nor the Deacon's sheep pasture was on the Shawnee river, which is narrow but deep; and the pasture terminates in a precipice which rose fifteen feet above the water and shelved over it, as a beetle broued house hangs over a narrow street; and the boys, who had exhausted all other fun upon the man, were in the habit, now and then, of squatting on the edge of the precipice, and darting a hat at him, at which he would come with blind fury there. The boy who held the hat could easily leap aside, and the exasperated man was quickly cooled by a plunge headlong down the precipice into the stream. At this trick they were one day caught by the Deacon's father, who took them into a thicket close by and anointed their backs thoroughly with the oil of hurch—an excellent application in such cases made and provided. It is not always effectual, however, and in this case the disease was not cured, as the boys were a few days after waiting round the place in order to repeat the joke on the unsuspecting and innocent man; but on beholding their father at a distance, coming with his basket of salt, they hid in the thicket which they had so good occasion to remember. Slowly came Deacon Solomon Slow, and after he scattered his salt, he stood upright, and thought within himself that it would be wondrous to see the man bolt over the precipice into the river. He saw no one nigh—how should he, when the boys were hid in the bushes; and taking off his broad-brimmed hat, he made demonstrations which at once attracted the lord of the flock, who set out as usual in full speed. The deacon had squatted close to the edge—and, as he saw the man bounding along, he pitched out to his fancy the ridiculous figure the silly sheep would make, bounding with a splash into the water—he began to smite—the man at last came close, fierce on the charge, more enraged as the hat was larger than common—the deacon grinned outright—but in the midst of his delight at the man's ridiculous appearance, he forgot to jump aside, and the beast butted him over with a splash into that water where he landed the silly sheep should have gone. The boys ran out clapping their hands and shouting 'you've got it, dad!' in all the ecstasy of revenge. He was afterwards called Deacon Solomon by his neighbours, among whom he lived and died at a venerable old age.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The Boston Mercantile Journal gives the following remarkable case of murder, and conviction of an innocent person, as illustrating the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. The Journal also employs it as an argument against capital punishment.

A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore gold rings on one of her fingers; and it was said that she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in an humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favorable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed to the top of the house, stripped himself naked, and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew, in the adjoining room—who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt.

In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings—but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who being a very powerful

man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him, when by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom, having seldom seen a negro, he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had suddenly flown into the air and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places, with the blood of his victim—and this joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbors to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison—though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted and executed—protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan.

The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty—but after a wretched existence of ten years, on his death-bed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.

From 'Wonders of Nature and Providence.'

AN AWFUL PROVIDENCE.

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints.

At Amsterdam, Holland, occurred the following remarkable event: As Mr. Fleming, a pious and godly minister, was preaching on a Lord's day to his congregation, there was observed amidst the multitude three young men, whose behaviour during divine service, was so indecorous and infamous, that it not only attracted the notice of the people, but also excited the attention of the minister, who, after a little time, reproved them in public, desiring at least that they would behave decently while under the sacred roof. This gentle admonition seemed rather to increase than check their misbehaviour; and they most daringly offered greater contempt to the preaching of the word, which they signified by peeling oranges, cracking nuts, and making wry mouths at the minister. The serious preacher was moved a second time to admonish them, at which they appeared still more enraged than before, persisting in their shameful and profane practices. He was then so impressed and shocked at their hardened behaviour, that in the midst of his discourse he made a solemn pause, turned and looked them full in the face for some time, apparently with much agitation in his countenance, and then spoke to the three young men in the following awful and solemn manner: 'I am sorry to be the author of such a dreadful, alarming message to you, and I have begged of the Lord to excuse me from it, but he will not; therefore I must not shrink from the painful duty of declaring the awful and confirmed impression of my mind. I now tell you that you have not a week longer to live in this world!' This dreadful sentence, proceeding from the mouth of a man, somewhat excited the doubtful apprehensions of the congregation, who thought it proceeded from precipitancy and rashness; and some of his intimate friends were of opinion that religion would suffer reproach from it, especially if it should not prove true. The minister said, let the event prove the truth of it, for I am persuaded I was moved by the spirit of God to say what I did, as prophetic of their awful end. Monday passed, and nothing occurred; but on Tuesday one of the young men went on board a vessel to prosecute an intended voyage, (as had been fixed previous to the affair,) but in consequence of a violent storm which arose, the ship was driven on shore, whereby this poor unhappy wretch was launched into eternity. On Wednesday another of the young men was concerned in a quarrel with some person, the issue of which was, fighting a duel with swords, when in this unhappy victim fell. On Thursday the only surviving one was taken suddenly ill, at which he began to be terrified, as two of his sinful companions were already cut off. He then sent for the same minister whom he had ridiculed the preceding Sabbath. When Mr. Fleming arrived at the house, he asked the young man what he wanted him for. The young man begged he would pray with him. When the minister requested to know what he would have him petition for, the young man told him for his life. 'That is not in my power to do,' said the minister. 'for I am sure you will die.' 'Then,' said the young man, 'beg or pray for the life of my soul.' The minister so far consented as

to kneel down by his bedside, in which posture he continued for a considerable time, and then arose without speaking a word. He then said to the young man that he found his lips so closed that he could not utter a syllable on his behalf, and so took his leave of him; when soon after the young man died in horror and despair, which closed the sad and awful catastrophe.

The Methodists, a few weeks since, held a camp-meeting in Pike county, Missouri, at which a large concourse attended. A few drunken wretches attended for the purpose of disturbing those engaged in religious exercises. They had been reproved several times, publicly, from the stand. On Sunday evening, the ringleader among them, with several of his co-adjutors; stirred a few hundred yards, to a grocery, and replenished their canteens. While there, a gentleman, who was piously disposed, happened to pass by, and attempted to dissuade these fellows from further interrupting the worshiping assembly. The ringleader swore he would do as he pleased, that he had money enough to buy hell. With this expression on his lips, he mounted his horse, swearing that he would go to Hell and buy it out. His horse took fright, ran a few steps and dashed the fellow with such force against a tree, as to burst open his head.

How to make the best of it.—Robinet.

A peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market town, was running home with his basket in hand. 'What a delicious supper I shall have,' said he to himself. 'This piece of kid well stewed down, with onions sliced, thickened with meal, and seasoned with salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it.'

A noise in the hedge drew his attention. He spied a squirrel nimbly running round a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. Had thought he, what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my master. 'I'll try if I can get it. Upon this he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out a piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him;—'Well then,' said he, 'I must be content with soup meagre; and no bad thing neither.'

He travelled on and came to a little public house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited Robinet to take a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on a bench close by him. A tame raven which was kept in the house, came slowly behind him and stole away the bag in which his meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. Robinet did not perceive the theft until he had got on his way again. He returned to search for bag, but he could hear no toings of it. 'Well,' says he, 'my soup will be thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread in it, and that will do some good at least.'

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming to pass at the same time, Robinet gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she got to the middle, either through fear or sport, she shrieked out and cried that she was falling. Robinet hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out he perceived that the salt was melted and his pepper was washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. 'Well,' says Robinet, 'then I must sup to night on roasted onions and barley bread.' Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had.' So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

PENITENTIARIES.

The Governor of Alabama, in his Message to the Legislature, strongly recommends the establishment of a Penitentiary. He successfully meets several objections which are urged against them, and in reply to the statement that Criminals are too well treated in the Penitentiary, he says—

'I am for my own part, inclined to think that hard labor—coarse food and clothing—absolute silence during the day, and solitary confinement during the night, are as much as human nature can endure; especially when continued for months or years together. These, added to the ignominy of the punishment, make Penitentiaries, as I conceive, the most effectual terror to evil doers that the wit of

man has ever yet devised. I have said nothing of the salutary influence which this mode of punishment is calculated to exert upon the offender himself, as compared with the contrary influence which our present system is known to have—of the exercise of body he enjoys—the means of moral improvement thrown in his way—and the trade he acquires; as contrasted with the enervation of body, and corruption of mind which the inactivity and vicious associations of our common jails must ever produce. As it has been my purpose to glance but slightly at the prominent features of the important subject in hand, I will simply remark in conclusion of this subject, that in my humble judgment nothing which the present General Assembly could do, would so much redound to the welfare of the state, and their own honor, as the establishment of a Penitentiary, and with these impressions, I again cordially recommend to them that measure.'

A WARNING VOICE.

In noticing the result of the recent Elections in New York, the Reading Chronicle (Pennsylvania) a firm supporter of President Van Buren's Administration, thus raises its warning voice against the policy which is so fast consigning its authors and adherents to political death:

'We have only met with a reverse, and, it viewed in the proper light, with a deserved rebuke. It is a warning that the democratic party should return to its ancient landmarks, and renounce those violent and monstrous doctrines, fit only for a scheming Utopian or a less innocent schemer. The democratic party is still strong and will as usual triumph, but it must abandon the dangerous ground it has in some instances only pretended to assume, and it must address its arguments and measures to the industrious, the active, and the public spirited portion of the community, and not to the idle and riotous. We have been plainly told—through the ballot boxes—that the people will no longer permit a war to be waged against their interests—that every property holder, whether he be worth five or five thousand dollars—and whether his capital consist of cash or credit will demand that he be protected in all his rights of citizenship, and not interfered with directly or indirectly, in his lawful pursuits.'

The following judicious and well-timed admonition from the Richmond Whig meets with our cordial approbation. We hope it will be well considered and observed by every thinking patriot:

'We wish to impress the Whigs with the importance of not only indulging charity and forbearance among themselves, but to avoid that proscriptive violence and partisan bigotry (the distinguishing traits of Jacksonism) which their brilliant triumphs tended so strongly to engender. We desire to see the Whigs victorious, and to carry out their principles, but, in doing so, to act the parts of liberal and enlightened patriots and statesmen. We are not such partisans as to desire a change of rulers, merely to get another set as violent, proscriptive, and rabid. We wish for the change, for the peace and welfare, and the happiness and glory of the country. If success were unfortunately to render the Whigs frantic and furious, or, to express the whole in one word, Jacksonian in their feelings and policy, we should cease to exult in their triumphs, because they would then cease to be Whigs.'

On one occasion, John, of England, is said to have demanded money from a Jew, as a commutation of the punishment for an offence he had committed against the laws of the realm, and to have ordered one of the Jew's teeth to be extracted every day until he complied with the requisition. The Jew lost seven teeth and then paid the sum demanded. How like the Jew is Martin Van Buren! He has committed gross outrages upon the laws and best interests of his country, and the people have commenced extracting his political teeth. He has just lost an eye tooth, (New York) and we should like to know how many more the Whigs must extract, before the little gentleman is brought to his senses?

Louisville Gazette.

Curious Experiment.—It is stated that an ingenious chemist in France, having found, after many experiments, that a void produced by electricity in a glass vessel, became luminous, has at last succeeded in forming a long bottle, of three inches by thirty, from which, having exhausted the air, and otherwise acted upon it, by a galvanic battery, a light is now emitted, being hung up in his apartment, equally clear, but not so oppressive to the eye, as that of the sun.

A young man idle, an old man needy.