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

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ODE.

Sung at the Anniversary Celebration of the Chaucery Hall School, Dec 30, 1837.

VERSE—“God save America.”

Hailed to the Clarion's note—
No rattling banners float
Above the scepter;
The rolling drum is still—
No flashing weapons fill
Each plain and shadowy hill
With dazzling sheen.
No such our offering—
A simple wreath we fling
At Learning's feet.
To bless her sacred name,
And praise with loud acclaim
God, who bestows her fame,
For this we meet.
With grateful joy we come—
Let not our voice be dumb—
To greet this day,
One year has vanished by—
Our gem is set on high,
Bright to eternity
With Learning's ray!
Thus may it ever be,
Where Truth and Liberty
United reign
Upon each youthful head,
My lowly voice radiance shed,
And may our flame be fed
At Freedom's fan!
O God! to thee we turn,
Our patriot bosoms burn
In Freedom's cause;
But prompted may we be
To bright reality,
By heart's love to thee
And Learning's laws.
Four forth your voice in song—
Our notes the breeze along
In triumph swell.
Let learning be our guide,
With Freedom at her side—
Both are our Country's pride—
Oh! guard them well!

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

The late Rev. R. Robinson, of Cambridge, England, it is said, was very fond of children, and that he used to render himself very familiar with them, by adapting his conversation to their capacities, and joining heartily in their little sports; consequently, they were much attached to him. In the midst of playfulness, however, he never let slip an opportunity of throwing in some hints that might be useful in after life. The following anecdote exhibits a specimen of his easy manner upon such occasions.

Among his little favorites were two boys, sons of a much esteemed member of his congregation; the eldest, named John, was about ten years old, the youngest, Robert, about eight. Upon one of Mr. Robinson's visits to their father, Robert, being told of his arrival, came bounding into the room, and, as usual, jumped upon his knee, when they entered on the following dialogue:

Mr. R. Well, Robert, so you have taken your old seat; but how is it that my knee is unfurnished? Where's John?

Robert. Oh, sir, John is gone to London.

Mr. R. Indeed! how long has he been gone?

Robert. More than a fortnight, sir.

Mr. R. How many letters have you written to him?

Robert. None, sir.

Mr. R. How is that?

Robert. Because I do not know how to write a letter, sir.

Mr. R. But should you like to know how?

Robert. Oh yes, sir, very much indeed.

Mr. R. Then suppose you and I begin as you try to cook up a letter to John; shall we?

Robert. Oh dear, yes, sir, if you please; I should so like to do that.

Mr. R. Well, then, let us begin: "Sally Jack." Will that do?

Robert. Oh dear, no, sir, I should not like to say that at all.

Mr. R. Why not?

Robert. Because that would be rude, sir.

Mr. R. Let us try again, then: "My dear Brother." There, will that do?

Robert. Oh yes, nicely, sir.

Mr. R. Well, then, now let us go on: "Last Thursday night, half Cambridge was burnt down, and—"

Robert. Oh no, no, sir; that will never do.

Mr. R. Why won't it do?

Robert. Because it is not true, you know, sir; there has not been any fire at Cambridge.

Mr. R. Then suppose that we alter to

"Last night our tabby had three kittens." That's true, you know, because you told me just now.

Robert, (hesitatingly.) Yes, sir, it is true; but yet I should not like to write that.

Mr. R. But as you know it is true, why should you not like to write it?

Robert. Because I do not think that it is worth putting into a letter, sir.

Mr. R. O. ho! then, if I properly understand you, friend Robert, you think that when we write letters to our friends, we should, in the first place, never be rude; secondly, that we must never say what is not true; and thirdly, we must never tell them what is not worth knowing. Am I right?

Robert. Yes, sir; if I was to write a letter, I should try to think of all that.

Mr. R. Then, my dear boy, you must never again tell me you don't know how to write a letter; for I assure you, that you have a much better notion of letter writing, than many people have, who are five times your age. *Mother's Mag.*

The following appears to be a new version of an old story; but it is written in such quiet, piquet style of grave banter, that it can hardly fail to make our readers laugh; and a good hearty laugh in these hard times is an enjoyment richly worth the purchase of five minutes reading.

Alexander's Messenger.

From the Boston Journal.

A TREMENDOUS BLOW UP.

A curious affair occurred in this city a few days since, which occasioned great consternation in a very worthy family—and the knowledge of which may operate as a warning to sundry light-fingered individuals not to make too free with their neighbour's goods.

In a certain dwelling-house in the north part of this goodly city, resides two individuals, whom I shall designate as Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Spriggins, and their families. Now the house being built originally with the express design of accommodating two families, no difficulty occurred in consequence—and Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Spriggins, and Mrs. Spriggins, and Mrs. Wiggins, and all the little Wiggins's, and the little Spriggins's lived a long time beneath the same roof, as all goodly neighbours should, on the most friendly and amicable terms. But it so happened that the stock of winter's fuel, consisting principally of "down east" wood, of each family, was deposited in the only wood-house which was attached to the dwelling. Mr. Wiggins, like a provident husband, had in an abundant quantity for the winter, provided it had not been used for purposes which he had not anticipated. But Mr. Spriggins, either being situated for means, or for some other reason, which it is not particularly important to ascertain, procured but a small supply of fuel in the fall—as if he apprehended but a mid-summer winter. The wood was deposited in different parts of the building allotted for that purpose—and Mr. Wiggins often after contemplating his own noble pile, cast a glance of pity on that of his neighbour, and wondered that he had not in the fall season, had in a larger stock of this article, indispensable to comfort and house-keeping.

One day while Mr. Wiggins was examining his wood, it suddenly occurred to him that within a few weeks it had diminished in size, to an extent for which he could not account—and it also appeared to him that his neighbour's wood-pile, although contemptibly small, was nearly as large as it was two or three weeks before! Mr. Wiggins reflected on the subject for a few moments, and by a curious process of reasoning, for he was by no means a contemptible logician, he suddenly came to the startling conclusion, that his neighbour Spriggins, had, either intentionally or unintentionally, been in the habit for some time past, of forgetting the location of the respective wood-piles, and had bountifully appropriated to himself the wood belonging to the industrious and provident Mr. Wiggins.

Mr. Wiggins was thunderstruck at these singular logical deductions. He could hardly believe it possible that his very worthy neighbour, Spriggins, would be guilty of playing him such an unneighbourly trick. The circumstantial evidence was strong, but not sufficient to convict him—and Mr. Wiggins was a man who scorned to think evil of his neighbour without cause. He resolved to have positive proof.

Accordingly on Saturday last, Mr. Wiggins borrowed of a neighbour, a ship carpenter, not Mr. Spriggins, an inch and three-quarters augur, and selecting a handsome, attractive-looking maple log, bored a hole in it, into which he introduced a certain quantity of a combustible material, called gunpowder. He then plugged up the hole, and placed the log on the top of the woodpile, in a very conspicuous situation, and withdrew. Early on Sunday morning Mr. Wiggins vi-

sited his woodpile, but the log of maple bearing within its bosom a full charge of gunpowder, had mysteriously disappeared during the night! Mr. Wiggins forthwith concluded that he would not go to meeting that forenoon, but would stay at home and watch the progress of the event.

Mr. Spriggins, meanwhile, was not aware of this nefarious plot against his character and his domestic quiet, which was concocted by his neighbor Wiggins. Unsuspecting soul! He had the day before purchased a fine looking spare-rib of pork, which he intended for his Sunday's dinner. The spare-rib was accordingly deposited in the tin kitchen—and the tin kitchen was duly placed before a roaring fire, for he remembered, *en passant*, Mr. Spriggins did not use a cooking stove. The pot, well filled with potatoes, onions, and for aught we know, other palatable and nutritious vegetables, was suspended from the old-fashioned crane—the fire burnt brilliantly, and there was every reason to believe that in due season a most excellent dinner would be excellently well cooked. But alas, the most deliberate calculations, and apparently reasonable anticipations, are sometimes abruptly overthrown by some untoward and unexpected event.

While Mr. Spriggins and Mrs. Spriggins, and the several little Spriggins's were snugly seated in the room after the morning service, inhaling the fragrant fumes, which proceeded from the tin kitchen, and anticipating with watery mouths, the time when the spare-rib, done to a turn, would be placed before them, well dressed, and prepared to administer to the gratification of the organs of alimentiveness, which at that time was considerably excited—while Mrs. Spriggins was in the very act of preparing the rich gravy, which is always considered a necessary accompaniment to such a dish—and while one of the little Spriggins's was in the very act of declaring that he loved roasted pork better than any thing in the world, a horrible event took place, which dashed to the floor the anticipated top of joy, and actually shipwrecked them in sight of port!

An explosion took place, which created as much consternation, and produced almost as much confusion, as if the volcano of Mount Vesuvius had suddenly burst forth beneath their feet! The ashes and cinders were scattered all over the room—the tin kitchen was upset, and its contents, including the rich gravy, were strewn over the floor—the pot was blown "sky high"—and the half-cooked vegetables which it contained, soon afterwards came tumbling down the chimney in miscellaneous confusion. The children screamed—the dog barked—gimskins waterwailed—and Mr. and Mrs. Spriggins, supposing an earthquake had actually shaken the house to its foundation, and covered with dust and ashes, and bespattered with gravy, bawled lustily for assistance!

Mr. Wiggins, who was on the watch, heard the uproar, and rubbed his hands with delight. He then entered the apartment of Mr. Spriggins, and while he gravely inquired what was the matter, and rendered his assistance, he laughed heartily (in his sleeve) at the success which, even beyond his hopes, had attended his wicked stratagem.

Female Courage.—D. Warwick, in the course of a lecture which he delivered a few days since, at Worcester, related the following anecdote. A common sewer, of great depth, having been opened at Noyon, in France, for the purpose of repairing, four men passing by the spot, the evening unfortunately fell in, no precaution having been taken to provide so probable an accident. It was almost midnight before their situation was known, and, besides the difficulty of securing assistance at that unreasonable hour, every one present was intimidated from attempting the rescue of the unfortunate crew, who appeared already in a state of suffocation, from the mephitic vapour. Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistibly impelled by the cries of their wives and children, who surrounded the spot, Catherine Vassant, the daughter of a French peasant, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening, and, fastening a cord, with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent, round two of their bodies, assisted by those above she restored them to life and to their families; but in descending a second time her breath began to fail, and after effectually securing the cord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind, though in a fainting condition, to fix the short end of the rope which still remained, firmly to her own hair, which hung in long and luxuriant curls.

Her neighbors, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford, compatible with safety; and, on pulling up the third man's body, were

equally surprised and concerned to see the almost lifeless body of Catherine, suspended by her hair, and swinging in the same cord. Fresh air with ease, soon restored this excellent girl; and I know not whether more to admire her generous fortitude, in a third time exploring that pestilential cavern, which had almost proved fatal to her, or to execrate the dastardly cowardice of the bystanders, for not sharing with her the glorious danger. In consequence of the delay produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeless and irrecoverable corpse. Such conduct did not pass unnoticed; a petition of the corporation, and a solemn Te Deum, were celebrated on the occasion. Catherine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop of Noyon, and the town magistrates, together with a considerable pecuniary contribution, and a civic crown. To these were added the congratulations of her own heart, that inestimable reward of a benevolent mind.

Honesty.—A certain poor widow, one winter's day, had just consumed her little stock of wood in cooking a scanty meal for herself and children, without knowing where she could obtain any more. She put her children to bed, soon after, and sat shivering over a handful of dying embers, in full view of a large wood pile, belonging to her rich hard-hearted neighbor. The thought darted into her mind, "had I but one handful of that wood to keep me from freezing, how glad I should be; he has enough and would never miss it." After many struggles, she concluded to go after her neighbor had gone to bed, and get one handful, that she might be able to cook herself some breakfast. She went and picked up the wood, but the thought of stealing so overwhelmed her, that forgetting where she was, she spoke aloud, "Have I come to this! Most I steal! O. Ecannon. But if I don't I must freeze. But O, I can't steal." She threw down the wood and walked away. Again the horrors of winter drove her back, again she picked up the wood, and again threw it down, saying, "I can't steal, and if I perish, I will perish." She went home and went to bed. The rich man stood in the door and heard all that the poor woman had said, and it softened his heart. Early next morning, he sent her eight loads of wood, ready cut, and other articles, telling her that she was welcome; adding, "you fairly beat the devil out of me last night."

Anecdote of Judge Parsons.—The following was stated by a respected octogenarian, some time since, as a fact to which he was knowing;—and as we have never seen it stated before, the story may be worth telling. It is another illustration of the "glorious uncertainty of the law."

When Judge Parsons was a resident in Boston, and then practicing law, he was once employed to plead two cases in court, which were precisely alike, but in one he was engaged for the defendant, in the other for the plaintiff. It happened that both cases were tried the same day. He spoke for half an hour to the first jury, and the case was given to them and they had retired. When he appeared before the second jury, he made use of very different arguments from those before employed by him, of which the Court took notice, reminding him that he seemed to have changed his tone, and repeating to him what he had said but a few minutes before.

Mr. Parsons fixed his keen eye upon the Judge and replied—"May it please your honor, I might have been wrong a half an hour ago, but now I know I am right." He proceeded; and when the jury returned it was found he had gained a verdict in both cases!

A Conversation on Conscience.—A few friends accidentally meeting one day, were led in conversation to conclude that some men had no consciences. "There is neighbor T," said one of them, "who has borrowed of me no less than three umbrellas, and he seems to make no conscience of bringing them back." "Ah," said a student, "I have had several such neighbours, until my library consists of almost odd volumes."—"The case is bad enough," said a mechanic, but not so hard as mine, for I have been working for the rich Mr. F. for the last 12 months, and he has so little conscience, that he always puts me off when I ask for payment." "Well, well," said a physician, "I have always found that men had less conscience in paying the doctor's bill than any thing else." "Excuse me, sir," says a country clergyman, "if I doubt your conclusion. I labor hard and live poor, and although I am always descending on the pleasures of a good conscience, that is, a conscience that accuses us of no neglect of duty, yet I seldom find my parishoners with conscience enough to remember the poor parson's quarter day."

While this conversation was going on, the publisher of a newspaper stepped up and remarked, "gentlemen, none of you have so much reason to complain as I have. I go to the expense of buying presses, types and paper—I hire workmen who must be paid by the week—I send out a weekly sheet of religious news, and yet some of my subscribers have not made it a matter of conscience to pay me a cent for the last three years. And when I send them a bill they threaten to cease their patronage if I dun them." At this, most of those present agreed that it was very true that many had very little conscience in paying for a newspaper. Perhaps they felt guilty themselves.

Presbyterian.

It is a singular fact in history, that the tribe of Indians called *Cumanches*, who live a wandering life in the Mexican Territory, in and about Texas, have maintained their independence against the powers of Spain and the Mexican States since the days of Cortez and Pizarro. They are more numerous, warlike and independent than any other tribe in America, and have been for a century past the terror of the frontier provinces of Mexico. They are the Tartars of the American continent. Their warriors are all splendidly mounted, and as horsemen they are all unsurpassed by any people in the world. More than a hundred years ago, a party of them went to the sea shore, and were attacked by the Spaniards and all killed, and since that the tribe has never been known to venture near the coast. *Louisville Journal.*

Sleeping in Church.—It is a matter of record that about one hundred years ago an Indian was conducted by a discreet burgess to witness the service of the sanctuary on the Lord's day. When these services were ended, the citizen, on their way homewards, in order to impress upon his tawny friend the superiority of Christianity over heathenism, entered into a detail of the money appropriated by the congregation of which he was a member, for the support of public worship, the erection of the house, the salary of the minister, &c. To all this the son of the forest, who had observed the drowsy disposition which pervaded the assembly, replied, "Ugh! Indian sleep just as sound under a tree, and not pay any money!"

"If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and benefit your fellow-creatures, and if after all the world scarce ly thanks you for the trouble that you have taken, do not be angry and make a loud talking about the world's ingratitude, for if you do, it will seem that you cared more about the thanks you were to receive, than about the blessings which you professed to bestow."

A swarm of Bees.—Be quiet. Be active. Be patient. Be humble. Be prayerful. Be watchful. Be hopeful. Be loving. Be gentle. Be merciful. Be gracious. Be just. Be upright. Be kind. Be simple. Be diligent. Be circumspect. Be meek. Be lowly. Be long suffering. Be not faithless, but believing, and the grace of God be with you. *E. F. Whiteside.*

Popular education insured.—The Emperor of Austria has issued a decree, "that no person, male or female, shall be married, who cannot read, write, cipher, and make out, and cast up a common account." It were to be wished that some of our Republican law-givers would borrow a leaf out of this Emperor's book.

An Observation on American Society.—The sons of the poor die rich—while the sons of the rich die poor—what an encouragement to toil through life in acquiring wealth to ruin our children. Better do good with our money as we go along. Educate our sons—secure their virtue by habits of industry and study, and then let them take care of themselves. *FRANKLIN.*

The Infatuation of Vice.—In the very moment that an individual finds he has broken a well formed determination to stop in any wrong course of conduct, that moment he has great cause for alarm. It proves to him that he has not the internal power of retreating whenever he pleases, and that if once perfectly infatuated with vice, his case is hopeless. Such an individual has but one course, and that is to stop now and forever. Every new participation in the pleasures of sin but weakens his power of resistance, and sooner or later he must fall to rise no more.

"It is amusing to see how some of the papers devoted to the Federal Party, sidget and fret, under their appropriate appellation." *Standard.*
Which "sidgets and frets most, the "Standard" or the "Globe"? *Greensborough Patriot.*