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## INVENTION OF PRINTING.

The fourth Centennial Anniversary of the invention of printing was celebrated in the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh, on Wednesday, July 12, 1837. In the absence of Lord Jeffrey, who presided by indisposition, Thomas Campbell, Esq. presided. The following song was sung in the course of the evening by Mr. T. Hately—the music by Mr. George Croall.

When Liberty first sought a home on earth,  
No altar the goddess could find,  
The Art's greatest triumph to Faustus gave birth,  
And her temple she reared in the mind,  
The phantom of ignorance shrunk from the sight.

And Tyranny's visage grew wan,  
To wily he traced in the volume of light  
The pledge of redemption to Man.

All had the return of the glorious day,  
When Freedom her banner unfurled,  
And wrong from the Press the Prometheus ray  
That dawned on a slumbering world!  
When Science, exulting in freedom and might,  
Unveiled to the nations her eye,  
And waved from her tresses, refulgent in light,  
A glory that never can die.

The mighty encounter, whose magical key  
Unlocks all the fountains of mind,  
The thought of the mighty in triumph set free  
In scattered confusion confined;  
The ray of the poet, the lore of the sage,  
That bath in obscurity's gloom;  
As revealed to life in the wonderful page  
The games of Greece and of Rome.

Of rank of our freedom, the Press we adore,  
Whose glory and power are in thee:  
A voice that hast wailed to Earth's farthest shore—  
The shout of the great and the free;  
The slave's galling fetters are burst by thy might,  
The Empire of Reason is thine,  
And nations rejoice in the glorious light  
Which flows from a fountain divine.

## AN INTERVIEW

BETWEEN MAJOR PONDERWELL AND CAPTAIN TARDY.

Major Ponderwell had just lit his candle and seated himself beside a blazing fire, to read the American Temperance Union, when he heard a rapping at the door. On opening it, who should it be but his old and much esteemed friend, Captain Tardy! He had removed from the Major's neighborhood into an adjoining country, some twelve months previous, and was now on his first visit to the old and endeared friends. The Major received him with the utmost cordiality; and the most friendly salutations passed between himself and all the members of this interesting family. After an hour's cheerful conversation on miscellaneous topics, Captain Tardy, fixing his eye on a paper which lay on the mantel, said, what neatly printed periodical is that, Major?

Maj. P. That's the Journal of the American Temperance Union.

Capt. T. A Temperance Journal! Little did I imagine when I last conversed with you, that such reading would ever occupy your winter evenings.

Maj. P. Did you ever carefully read any of the numbers of this periodical?

Capt. T. Not I, indeed! My leisure hours are employed, I trust, in more profitable reading. I am really surprised to see a paper of this character in your house.

Maj. P. But, my friend, if you have never read even a single No. of it, how can you judge of its character and tendency? Is it fair—is it candid to condemn it unread, unheard?

Capt. T. Whenever I see a temperance book, pamphlet or paper, I immediately conclude at once it is stuffed with fanaticism, and of course I give it the go-bye.

Maj. P. Well, sir, this is cashing in high style and in quite a summary way, even for a military man. Do you never suspect that you may be wanting in candor?

Capt. T. Major, what has turned your head? Did we not agree in the denunciation of all such publications, aye, and all temperance societies too?

Maj. P. We did. We were hand and glove—saw eye to eye, and were, in short, "par noble fratrum," twin brothers in our opposition to the whole cause. But sir, my views are radically changed.

Capt. T. What a somersault is this! Almost equal to that which the politician sometimes turns. Pray sir, do tell me what has revolutionized your views? I am all eyes to learn.

Maj. P. Why should I conceal any thing from you, my long-tryed and bosom

friend? I will frankly tell you all about the matter. You know old Mr. Lovegood's character?

Capt. T. Perfectly well; he loves to do good—he lives to do good. The very mention of his name excites a glow of affection in my heart towards this venerable patriarch.

Maj. P. All true, you have not exaggerated—not at all. His hoary head is indeed a crown of glory, because found in the way of uprightness. Well sir, shortly after you left the neighborhood, he sent a servant with a small packet to me—on opening it, I found it contained Dr. Beecher's Sermons on Intemperance, several Reports of the American Temperance Society, together with a variety of other documents and tracts on the same subject; and with all, a note from the old gentleman himself, written evidently with a hand tremulous, from extreme age.—Here my friend is the note itself, (drawing out his pocket book) for I've kept it with peculiar care. I wish its words were written on parchment, with indelible ink. I hope, however, they are engraved on my heart—as with the pen of a diamond.

Capt. T. I am anxious to hear it. Do read it, if you please.

Major P. reads as follows:

My dear Major—I know that you will not treat with lightness or neglect, a request from one whose friendship for you has been tested by many infallible proofs. My earnest request is, that you would read the sermons, reports, tracts, &c. now sent you, by old Nicholas, (a true temperance man.) Not only read them, but read them with deep attention, with earnest prayer for divine guidance; with a fixed purpose to receive the truth, and an inflexible determination to do your duty.

POWER WELL the facts and statistics contained in these documents; and the appalling disclosures which they make in relation to the subject of intemperance. Do all this with the fear of God before your eyes, and with the judgment that is in full prospect. Remember that you are a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, who went about doing good—who requires us to deny ourselves; and not suppose "that gain is godliness." If it be morally wrong to manufacture ardent spirit, to be used as a drink, then sir, the gains accruing from this source are illegitimate and you must give them up. They will never profit you or your children. "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Forget not the claims of humanity and religion. Suffer conscience not only to whisper, but to speak out. Do what reason and conscience and the Bible require at your hands in regard to the temperance enterprise. "The time is short." I feel as if I were writing to you from the very verge of a future world. "I must work while it is called day, the night cometh when no man can work." I feel as though I could not depart in peace, without making an effort to win you over to a cause dear, very dear to my heart. Could I see ardent spirit, as a drink, banished from all our borders, I should feel as did good old Simeon, when he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." May God direct you, and give you decision of character.

Your friend, C. LOVEGOOD.

Hopewell, January 3, 1837.

Capt. T. Such a note, coming from such a man, makes one feel seriously. I almost wish I had not heard it read. The quiet of one's mind is disturbed by such solemn and pointed things.

Maj. P. Sir, it made me serious. Had that packet come from any other individual in the neighborhood, I would, most probably, have thrown it into some dark corner in the garret, for the amusement and comfort of the mice. But coming from Mr. Lovegood, with a note so serious, so benevolent, and with all, so scriptural and pointed, I felt that I must read the documents—yet I dreaded the light. But I went to work. I began with Beecher's Sermons, and read them through at one sitting. From their luminous pages a strong light shone upon my mind, and created there no little uneasiness, both as to the manufacture and the use of ardent spirit. I next took up one of the annual reports of the American Temperance Society; and there I saw such statistical revelations of the abominations, cruelties and black deeds flowing from the use of this beverage, as filled me with a horror not to be described; and there too, sir, I saw the great blessings, personal, domestic, civil and religious, growing out of Temperance Societies, so clearly set forth and so sustained by facts, as fully to satisfy my mind, that those much vilified societies had really effected an amazing amount of good. I retired to rest, but "the thoughts upon my bed, and the visions of my head troubled me!" I sometimes felt as if I ought to rise up and immediately extinguish the fires of

my distillery. I knew and felt that I had been doing wrong as a man, but especially as a Christian. Through these means, my dear Captain, have my views been totally altered.

Capt. T. Astonishing! I would just as soon have expected to find that huge rock deeply imbedded in the earth, at the corner of your garret, removed from its location, as to find you out of your former position touching this subject! What's to come next?

Maj. P. I hope next to witness a like change of sentiment and feeling in my good friend, Capt. Tardy. Our hands were united in attempts to pull down this cause, let them now be united in strenuous efforts to build it up.

Capt. T. My dear Major, thou art beside thyself. Much reading about temperance hath made thee mad!

Maj. P. I am not mad, most noble captain, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

Capt. T. You are a dealer in ardent spirit. Are you about to relinquish all the gain accruing from this source?

Maj. P. I have already done this. More than eleven months have elapsed since I manufactured the last drop of alcohol—that principle of physical and moral ruin to thousands! I feel constrained to renounce all traffic in this commodity; and had its gains been ten times as great, I would have cheerfully resigned them all.

Capt. T. Well, I marvel at this—yes, almost as much as if I were to wake up in the morning and see the sun rising in the west. Give up this lucrative business! Well, sir, wonders will never cease. I suppose I will hear by and bye, that you are a member of the temperance society.

Maj. P. I have been a member for ten months.

Capt. T. I hope you are not rash in your efforts to advance the cause?

Maj. P. No, sir, not at all; but I am steady and thoroughgoing. My face is set as a flint against all use of alcohol as a drink. You know I used to say, that as I both dealt in this article and used it, they would never get my sign-manual affixed to their total abstinence pledge. The love of gain and some degree of fondness for ardent spirit as a beverage, blinded me for years; but light poured in so copiously on my mind's eye that I could no longer resist it. I was compelled to yield or be miserable.

Capt. T. Well, my friend, I have no doubt that you are perfectly honest in all your views and feelings on this subject; but really I can't go along with you. I regret that we should part company on any subject. We have generally agreed on all important points, in morals, religion and politics; and ever since we were at college together, I have respected your judgment greatly, but—but—but—

Maj. P. Dear captain, say nothing rashly. I am not without hopes of convincing you that you now occupy a false position. I know such is the structure of your mind, that you will eventually yield to the force of truth, and be won over to a cause involving all the dearest interests of man for both worlds!

Capt. T. I am aware of your powers of argument, but you'll find it a TARDY process to bring me over.

N. B. So soon as I shall have obtained the sequel of this dialogue, it shall be forwarded to the editor of the Watchman.

B.

## The Effects of Fear.

—Some years since, while an American vessel of war was stationed at Norfolk, Va. Dr. D—, an amiable and intelligent man, who acted as physician and surgeon to it, used frequently to lodge on shore, at the house of a respectable lady, to whose only son, a child of four or five years old, the doctor had become strongly attached from having discovered in him an extraordinary precocity, and an interesting disposition. After some months, the vessel was again ordered to sea, and Dr. D— parted with his little favorite with great regret. More than a year had elapsed, when the same vessel returned to N—, when the Dr. repaired to the house of his landlady to see his little protégé. The child flew to his embraces, delighted to see him. After the first caresses was over, "Why, my dear boy," said Dr. D—, patting his head as he spoke, who has been powdering your hair?" "No body," replied the child, whose joy was changed to the most extravagant grief, and bursting into a passion of tears, he quitted the apartment. Dr. D— sat in silent amazement, for the boy's hair was as white as the mountain snow. In a moment after, the mother entered, and when the first gratulations were over, he inquired the meaning of the late scene. Saying to her, "What have you been doing to your son's hair?" "Nothing," sobbed she, and following the child's example, she left the room weeping. The next

time he called, she was better able to account for the mystery, and informed him that a short time ago, she had been aroused at midnight by the loud and piercing shrieks of her child; and on hastening to his bed, found him sitting up in it; his countenance wild with horror, and the whole surface of his body dripping with cold perspiration. On being made sensible of her presence, in a confused and incoherent manner, he told her that he had been visited by a frightful dream.

The next day it was discovered that his hair was bleached as white as though he had lived a century. This mystery, for such it may certainly be considered, was not perfectly understood till about three years since, when by the dying confession of a relation who was so inheritor the property of the child at his decease, it was confessed that on the night when the boy imagined he had been visited by a dream, he had himself made an attempt to strangle him, but was deterred from the commission of the deed by the terrific screams of the child.

## OPINION OF DUELLING IN 1771.

Letter of the Emperor Joseph 2d, to General Falkenstein.

(Translated from the German for the Christian Statesman.)

Vienna, August 10, 1771.

General—You will immediately arrest the Count de K— and Captain W—. The Count is young, passionate, and influenced by wrong notions of birth, and a false sense of honor. Capt. W— is an old soldier, who has a mania for adjusting every dispute with the sword and pistol, and who has received the challenge of the young Count with a warmth ill becoming his grayer years. I will suffer no duelling in my army. I despise the principle of those who attempt to justify the practice, and who think there is any honor in the murderous practice of running one another through the body in cold blood.

When I have officers who bravely expose themselves to every danger in facing the enemies of their country, and who at all times exhibit courage and resolution in attack and defence, they have my esteem and respect; the coolness with which they can meet death in the service of their country, redounds highly to their honor, and will entitle them to live in the grateful memory of their countrymen. But when men are to be found ready on the slightest cause, to sacrifice every thing to their hatred, vengeance, or a point of false honor, I cannot but despise them; in my eyes they are no better than the Roman gladiators of old. Order a court-martial to try these two officers; investigate the subject of their dispute with the impartiality which justice demands; and he who is guilty, let him be a sacrifice to the offended laws.

The practice of duelling is a barbarous custom, worthy only of the age of the Tamerlans and Bajazets, and a disgrace to our enlightened age and country. Do but think of the melancholy effects which it produces in private life, in the bosom of families, in hearts which nature has not made hardy enough to bear such losses. I will have it suppressed and punished even if it should deprive me of one half of my officers! There will be men enough left for the maintenance of the good cause—men who know how to unite the character of the hero with that of the good subject and the honest citizen; and these only are such as are actuated by a due regard to the laws of their country, and a proper respect for the feelings of the good and upright. JOSEPH.

## NORTH CAROLINA ABROAD.

Miss Sedgewick, the authoress of the "Linwoods" and several other popular works, has the following notice of a party of North Carolinians whom she met at Saratoga Springs, last summer. It is extracted from an article in the Democratic Review, entitled "Leisure hours at Saratoga," and the incidents are not fictitious, but real.

The next morning enriched us with a large party from North Carolina. Fortunate is the state that can send forth such citizens to represent it. Intelligent and kind hearted, simple and direct in their manners, with what evident self-respect resting on the immovable foundation of intrinsic respectability, and the modesty and deference that spring from faith in the worth of others—a faith which is the well-spring of life to humanity. There was a young person of this party who was the centre of general interest. She was not beautiful, but she had a power to rivet and charm the eye beyond a regular and reigning beauty. There was a languor in her movements, and an abstractness in her expression, as if for her the soul of life was gone, or as if (for she was suffering from ill health) she were listening to the strain, "come away!" But when a voice she loved struck upon her ear, or a word

sounded her heart chords, she raised her heavy eye-lids, and a world glowing with sunshine, warmth and beauty, was revealed at a single glance. It reminded me of the child's pretty fancy that "the stars were holes cut to let the glory through." The morning after her arrival, one of the party asked her to sing, and her father—of all the admirers of her music the most enthusiastic, (as he should be,) brought her guitar. She took it, and without prelude or affected modesty, or fluttering anxiety, or real and painful bashfulness, she played Irish melodies, Scotch airs, and old English songs, such as "The harp that once through Tara's halls," the "Ingle-side," and "Oft in the stilly night."—these household words, domestic treasures, holy spells that conjure up the dead, and pour melody over the soul from voices long silent.

When she began to sing it was some hour or two after breakfast, the hour of general dispersion. Her voice was a signal recall. The ladies came from their cells, and the gentleman poured in from the piazzas, till the drawing room was filled. "There was not the slightest change in her manner. While there were murmurs of applause, sighs, eyes wet from memory's opened fountains, while those who only tolerated Italian music were betrayed into spontaneous admiration, she sang as if she were singing at twilight, in her own mother's parlour, as unconscious of listeners, and as sweetly, as the wood thrush in its deep solitude. Sure thought I,

"Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air,  
To testify his hidden residence."

And within that breast, as I afterwards found, was one of the most loving and trusting hearts ever made perfect through suffering."

A Singular Law Suit.—A prosecution for swindling has been instituted in Savannah, Geo. against a young man named Jesse L. Burkley, under the following singular circumstances. In 1825 the accused left his native village on a tour to the west, and after an absence of some considerable time, reports of his death reached his relatives from New Orleans—his property was accordingly made over by his guardian to his next of kin, under the firm belief that he was dead. Three years passed away without any doubt as regards his decease; but at last letters were received from New Orleans, purporting to come from the said Jesse L. Burkley, then in prison, and claiming his property. These letters were thought to be a forgery, and were not answered. A few months more elapsed, and the defendant in the prosecution appeared in propria persona, and demanded his property. His relatives denied that he was the genuine Jesse, and accordingly had him arrested as a swindler.

Individual Influence.—"No station, however private, can be unimportant. Our words and our examples are often productive of most permanent effect when we least are conscious of it. We seat ourselves at our fire side and converse with those who are dearest to us, and to whom we are most dear, and our opinions are often adopted without examination. We talk to a friend, we transact business with an acquaintance, and all is forgotten, but we may have made impressions never to be erased. We may have given an impulse to a long series of causes and effects whose result may be important in time and eternity."

The fashion of wearing the hair long over the ears and eyes, was first brought about by a cropped convict who wished to hide the loss of the ears.

Hope is the last thing that dieth in man; and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use for us, that while we are travelling through life, it conducts us an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

To insinuate a thing prejudicial to another, which we are not willing openly to avow, is a kind of mental assassination.

Opinions connected with our hopes of happiness, cannot be too strictly examined.

Permanent rest is not expected on the road; but at the end of the journey.

A couple of loafers in New York waded their hats upon their comparative capabilities in the way of rum-drinking. One of them drank a pint. He won a hat, but lost his life. As the hat was worth more than the life, he was of course a gainer—and so was the public.

Louis Jour.

Wealth, fame, influence and power, can none of them be attained without much pain and application.