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

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TO HENRY CLAY.

"I will oppose this measure at every step, with all the strength that God has given me."—[Speech of Mr. Clay, on the Sub-Treasury Bill.]

Warrior, do not quit the field,
Truth the armour of thy breast,
Constitution for thy shield,
Patriotism on my crest.

With such weapons in thy hand,
Such as thou canst ne'er be slain;
Brother, 'tis our native land,
Fight the battle o'er again.

Faith for justice, mercy, law,
Let our Country still be free;
Once again the gauntlet draw,
Every eye is turned on thee.

Sharper than a two edged sword,
Is the weapon thou canst wield,
Keen and piercing is thy word,
Statesman, Patriot, do not yield.

Let our eyes rejoice again
In the light of freedom's ray,
Nought can break oppression's chain,
Like the voice of HENRY CLAY.

S. Camden, N. J.

The Adventures of the Mason.

There was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend," said the stranger, "I have observed that you are a good christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?" "With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be, but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a parlour door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor and spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak the priest put a piece of gold in his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre, provided I am well paid."

"Well then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed. "Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly men standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated.

The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hands. "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you." So saying he departed.

The mason waited patiently, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes and found himself on the banks of the

Xenil; from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work, after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep saints' days and holidays from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies.

As he was seated one morning at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses and being a gripping landlord.

The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows.

"I am told, friend, that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Senor; it speaks for itself."

"I presume, then, you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap."

"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen to decay, that costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a huge deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain.

He paused for a moment. "It seems," said he, "as if I had been in this place before; but it is like a dream—pray who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord. "It was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasure to the church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth, but nothing could they find but a few ducats, in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me; for since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear at night the clinking of gold all night long in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometime a groaning and moaning is heard about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason, sturdily; "let me live in your house rent free until some better tenant presents, and I will engage to put it in repair, and quiet the troubled spirits that disturb it. I am a good christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he come in the shape of a big bag of money."

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state. The clinking of gold was no longer heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Granada. He gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the wealth until on his death bed, to his son and heir.

Irving.

RELIGION.

We pity the young man who has no religion in his heart—no high and irresistible yearning after a better and holier existence—who is contented with the sensuality and grossness of earth—whose spirit never revolts at the darkness of its prison house, nor exults at the thought of its final emancipation. We pity him, for he affords no evidence of his high origin—no manifestations of that intellectual prerogative, which renders him the delegated lord of the visible creation. He can rank no higher than animal nature—the spiritual could never stoop so low. To seek for beastly excitements—to minister, with a bountiful hand, to depraved and strange appetites—are the attributes of the animal alone. To limit our hopes and aspirations to this life, and world, is like remaining forever in the place of our birth, without ever lifting the veil of the visible horizon which bent over our infancy.

There is religion in every thing around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in as it were, upon the heart. It comes quietly and without excitement. It has no terror nor gloom, in its approaches. It does not

rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is from the hands of the Author, and growing from the immediate presence of the great Spirit, which prevades and quickens it. It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is on the sailing clouds and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth—where the shrubless mountain top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter—or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is this which lifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation—which breaks, link after link, the chains which bind us to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

Essex Gaz.

A BRAVE GIRL.

From the Illinois Backwoodsman.

In this state, no minor can obtain from the county commissioners' courts a license to marry, without first obtaining the consent of his or her parent or guardian, and without such license, cannot marry in this state. Young couples frequently fly to the opposite side of the Mississippi, where no license is required.

These 'runaway matches,' as they are called, are very frequent. A laughable occurrence of that kind happened a few days ago, which has made much sport in this region.

A Miss—, about 17 years of age, who is the heiress to an estate valued at \$10,000, lately ran away in company with a bridesmaid and her lover, who was nearly thirty. Her guardian, believing the man totally unworthy of her, had refused his consent. When they reached the bank of the Mississippi, the ice was running furiously in the river, but the young lady, expecting every moment her guardian would arrive there in pursuit, urged her lover to lose not an instant in pushing the boat from the shore. His courage seemed to have a good deal abated; but he, with the owner of a large skiff, and the bridesmaid, embarked with his intended bride. They had nearly reached the head of an island, about a third of the distance from the opposite shore, when the current became more rapid, the cakes of ice very large, and their situation extremely dangerous. The lover, excessively frightened, and forgetful of every body but his own dear self, bawled out in the most piteous accent, "Oh! I shall be drowned—I shall be drowned!" and bitterly reproached his lady love as the cause of his probable death. She uttered not a word, her courage and presence of mind seemed to increase with the peril. A tremendous cake of ice fairly capsized the boat, but it was so large that all got on it; the lover rendered her no assistance at all. It bore them to the head of the island, and, as fortune would have it, the chute between it and the Missouri shore was frozen over, and they crossed it without difficulty. They reached a tavern near the river, and, after changing their wet garments and becoming warm at a good fire, the lover hinted to the young lady that it was time now for them to have the knot tied, as the magistrate had arrived for that purpose, and was in the next room. She gave him a most withering look of contempt, and declared she would never unite her destiny with one who was so selfish and cowardly. It was in vain that he attempted by entreaty and argument to change her resolution. She was immovable, and replied to him with scorn.

A few days afterwards she returned to the house of her guardian, thankful that she had escaped marrying a man whose only object was her fortune.

Her lover returned to this side of the river also; but such showers of ridicule and contempt were bestowed upon him, that he found it best to decamp, which he did a few nights ago, leaving behind him a host of unpaid demands.

Irving.

ADVANTAGES OF REPUBLICANISM.

Judge Story remarked with great justice as well as force, in his speech in the Massachusetts Convention:—"In our country the richest man is not above the people; the humblest is not below the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day, pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property thus is dwindled quite as fast as it accumulates. No family can, without its own exertions, stand erect for a long time under our statute of descents and distributions, the true and legitimate Agrarian law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass heaped up by toil and

diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry. Property is continually changing like the waves of the sea.

One wave rises and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss, and is seen no more. Another rises, and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away, and is succeeded by another, which, in its turn, breaks and dies away silently on the shore. The richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government; and the poor man who rocks his infant on his knee, may justly indulge the consolation, that, if he possesses talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition. It is a mistaken theory that government is founded for one object only. It is organized for the protection of life—liberty—property, and all the comforts of society—to enable us to indulge in our domestic affection, and quietly to enjoy our homes and our firesides."

ANTI-DUELLING BILL.

The Senate on Monday, passed the Duelling bill, 33 to 1—Mr. Sevier, of Arkansas, being the only negative. It was then sent to the House of Representatives. Previous to taking the vote—

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, said, that he had taken no part heretofore in the debate to which this bill had given rise; but his silence did not proceed from any indifference which he felt to the laudable object which the Senator from Vermont (Mr. Prentiss) proposed to accomplish by its introduction. No man would rejoice more sincerely than he should, in witnessing the absolute suppression, forever, of the unjustifiable practice which the bill denounces and seeks to discountenance. But he (Mr. Clay) thought that the great object of legislation, on this subject, should be directed to the correction and purification of public opinion. In sections of the Union, where the practice was not tolerated, it was public opinion that kept it down, by discouraging a resort to private combat to avenge or settle personal injustice. There it was no disgrace to decline such a combat. The man who should decline it was more, certainly not less, respected than if he had engaged in it. But it was otherwise in those sections where the practice prevailed. In these, the man who fights a duel, acts under the constraint of public opinion, which brands him with cowardice and dishonor if he does not resent with spirit, a personal insult or wrong. There the alternative presented to a person of honor and nice sensibility is, whether he shall live, covered with disgrace, an object of reproach, scorn and contempt, or encounter the hazard of death, without dishonor. But few honorable and high spirited men, were resolute enough to avoid the contest. Public opinion, which exacts the sacrifice, is as censurable as those who fall victims or conform to its stern commands. It was when public opinion should be rectified in this respect, that we might expect to see the abandonment of a practice which was contrary to humanity, abhorrent to reason, and condemned by our religion. In the mean time, it is the duty of the legislator to exert all his authority to bring about this desirable state of things. And he (Mr. C.) should vote, with pleasure, for the passage of the bill before the Senate, under the anxious hope that, being the deliberate expression of the judgment of Congress, it may contribute to enlighten the public mind; and if it should not totally eradicate, it may tend materially to diminish, a practice which all ought to unite in completely destroying.

DUELLING ANECDOTES.

The American Magazine for April has a chapter on duelling, in which the following anecdotes are related:

Lord Brudenell ran away with a married lady, who was afterwards divorced, and he married her. But not receiving, as he expected, a challenge from her first husband, he wrote him a note as follows: "Sir: Having done you the greatest injury that one man can do another, I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." The reply was this: "My Lord, in taking off my hands a woman who has proved herself a wretch, you have done me the greatest favor that one man can do another; and I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the acknowledgments which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances."

The once notorious Baron Von Hoffman lost a letter of introduction to Mr. J. R. —, who declined to take his word as evidence of his rank, and did not invite him to dinner. The Baron sent him a challenge, which being left unceremoniously at the door, Mrs. R. — opened it, and immediately replied to it as follows: "Sir: your note is received. My

husband will not have any thing to do with you under any circumstances; but whenever you produce official proof that you have been aid-de-camp to Prince Blucher, as you say, I will fight a duel with you myself.

MARY R.—
But the last and best anecdote—if true—is related of a Boston Bachelor—Mr. A. who ten years ago challenged Mr. B., a married man, with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr. A. who stated that he too had now a wife and child, and he supposed therefore the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he now had two children, consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having then two children also, but his adversary had three.

The matter is not yet settled—the 'responsibilities' being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

Boston Transcript.

ADVANTAGES OF DRESS.

The following anecdote, illustrative of the advantages sometimes to be derived from gaudy apparel, is from a late number of the Virginia Advocate.

While Mr. Rives, the American Minister, resided in Paris, General Wool, the Inspector General of the United States Army, being on a tour of observation in Europe, expressed a desire to visit the Tuilleries. Mr. R. readily consented to introduce him at the next Levee. But when Gen. W. arrived at the Hotel of the American Minister, on his way to the Palace, Mr. R. was astonished at the splendor of his dress and trappings, which, added to a fine person, made a very imposing display. On his name being announced in the audience chamber, with his title of Inspector General of all the Armies of the United States, (the gay courtiers were probably not aware of the extent of the American Peace Establishment, 5000 men, scarcely sufficient to guard the King's person from the machinations of assassins,) the richness of the court dress, and the splendor of his epaulettes and feathers, immediately attracted the eyes of the whole court. Indeed, the Inspector General was evidently the lion of the evening, and was soon seen in close confab with the citizen King.

The next day, General W. again called on Mr. Rives, equipped as before, and said he was on his way to dine with the King, and asked Mr. R. if he was not going also. Mr. R. not being invited, never before having heard of a stranger dining at the Tuilleries, assured General W. he had been quizzed. But he replied, there was no mistake in the matter, for Louis Philippe had invited him himself. It then appeared that General W. had informed the King of his intentions to set out in a few days for Antwerp, for the purpose of examining the fortresses and dock yards there, and that his Majesty, having a similar visit in contemplation, proposed that they should travel together; and in order to become better acquainted before they set out, invited Gen. W. to dine with him next day. In this case at least, nothing was lost by fine dress and splendid trappings. Mr. Rives, whose unostentatious dress and diminutive proportions were so completely eclipsed by his more happy countryman, was left to eat his own ragout and drink his own wine solitary and alone, at his own hotel.

Yankee Ingenuity.—A gentleman of Albany has invented a machine representing a female figure as large as life, sitting on a pedestal, holding in her hand an accordion, on which she performs several pieces of music. This figure, it is said, so nearly resembles life, that the motion of the chest in the act of respiration is distinctly visible. She moves her head, fingers the keys of the instrument with her right hand, and draws and presses the bellows with her left; she also beats time with her foot to the music, and does many other wonderful things. The owner intends to take the machine to England for exhibition.

Boston Post.

Worth Trying.—It is said, on the authority of a paper read before the Entomological Society of London, that a net of fine black thread, with the meshes an inch square, placed against an open window, will effectually exclude flies, owing to an optical illusion produced by the net in the eyes of the insect. If this be true, tidy housewives and watchful nurses may find it a discovery of much importance.

The imperial palace at St. Petersburg, recently destroyed by fire, was 707 feet in length, 559 feet in breadth, and covered 654,237 feet of ground.

Against for tune oppose courage; against passion, reason.