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CHILDHOOD.

From a late Foreign Journal.

Childhood is like the laughing hours
Of early spring—
The very cloud that o'er it looms
A charm can bring.
For like an April sky,
A shower, a sunny ray,
So the bright tear in childhood's eye
A smile can chase away.
But even whilst we gaze
Those early days are gone,
And soon the glowing rays
Of summer hasten on.
The bud hath opened to the flower,
The boy to manhood sprung,
And from his heart a darkening power
Its bitterness hath wrong.
He dreams that he can win from fame
As honest, deathless name;
And follow glory's business bright,
He finds an early grave;
But no airy clouds in night
The last hope of the brave.
He is forgotten—o'er his life
No nation's tears are shed;
Nought save a widowed mother's tear,
Laments the hero dead.
The poet strikes his lute—
Sweet fall is a golden string;
But pale the grave is mute—
His lyre no rapture brings.
And mournfully his heart
Echoes its tender tone;
His shy dreams depart,
His hope of fame has flown.
Like an expanded flower,
Whose leaves fall one by one,
Hope fades "a death disappointment's power,
Till manhood's prime is gone.
And age, like autumn, chill and sad,
Scatters each fading leaf,
Till not one flower remains to cheer
The path of life so sadly drear,
And yet so brief—
Till all the weary heart would crave
To be a rest from woe—
The coming winter of the grave
Its snow around him throws—
And ever thus from youth to age,
Man treads his weary pilgrimage.

The School of Reform.

A DOMESTIC TALE.
By James K. Paulding.

Nothing is more common in these times—and, indeed, all times—than to hear men complaining of their wives, and quoting the example of Xanthippe as an argument against the respectable institution of matrimony. One will rail against their extravagance; another against their love of pleasure; another against their ambition of rule; another against their vanity; and another against their spirit of contradiction. In short, there is no end to the charges brought forward against the better halves of more than half of the married men of the present age.

But nothing is more easy than to prove, that what is called a bad wife is the greatest blessing that ever fell to the lot of mortal man. Take Socrates, for example, who is, by common consent, acknowledged as the most virtuous of all the pagan philosophers. There can be no reasonable doubt that this superiority was, in a great degree, owing to his wife, who is equally renowned as the greatest shrew in all antiquity. It was she that taught him his philosophy. It was to her he was indebted for his habit of indifference to all the ills of life; for his submission to misfortune; his perfect command of temper; his abstinence from excesses of every kind; and his indifference to life. Without doubt, much of that philosophic coolness with which he swallowed the dose of hemlock juice, may be fairly ascribed to the lessons he had learned from his excellent wife Xanthippe, who had taught him the real value of sublunary enjoyments. He left nothing to regret, and so he died like a philosopher.

It would be equally easy to adduce various other instances of illustrious men of antiquity, the fear of whose wives became the apprehension of death, and who became heroes abroad entirely on the score of being odious at home. But such an enumeration might prove somewhat tedious, and we shall content ourselves with stating a modern instance which fell under our own observation, in the hope that, after this, we shall hear no more idle complaints against bad wives. It will go far to prove that what is called, by mistake, a good wife—one who never contradicts her husband, always approves of what he says and does, and permits him to do just as he pleases—is the greatest misfortune that can fall to the lot of man, and sooner or later brings him to utter ruin.

Frank Weatherhead was an only son; and his father dying when very young, he fell exclusively under the care of a weak but affectionate mother. We are aware that it is customary to lay the faults of young men at the doors of in-

dugent mothers, and that this is considered a sufficient apology. A poor excuse, they say, is better than none; and, in our opinion, of those who lay their ruin to a mother, a large portion may lay it to themselves. Lord Byron is held up as an illustrious example; but those who look closely and impartially at his conduct in early life, will probably be inclined to suspect that the evil spirit which led him astray, was not that of a parent. His nature was untamable by any process of domestic discipline, and the long continued errors of his life can receive as little apology from the example of his mother as from the alleged want of genius. Byron was naturally unamiable and vicious. His writings have done much to diffuse a false taste as well as false principles. Any one may yield, at times, to the force of immediate temptation; but he who can sit in his closet, abstracted from the seductions of the world, and coolly and deliberately indulge his imagination in abstractions of licentiousness or immorality, must be led by nature, since he sins without the apology of temptation.

Be this as it may, Frank Weatherhead was certainly indulged to excess. He was an only child; his mother was a widow, and he was heir to a plentiful fortune. In his boyhood he studied little, and spent a great deal of time as well as money in idle pleasures. He became early his own master, and his mother died just about the period he came of age. Having exhausted, or rather becoming tired of, the round of pleasures afforded by his native country, he went abroad; staid three or four years; grew tired of post-chaises, pictures, Paris, and the Palais Royal, and returned home, a little more spoiled than he went abroad. He had spent much of his time among women, who admire a man for his money; and having plenty of this, he was of course very much adored and vain of his person. Having seen all the fine pictures and statues of Europe, he valued himself on his taste, and did little but find fault with every thing he saw on his return home. In short, he was mentally and personally vain, irritable, impetuous, extravagant and overbearing. It was plain that he was destined to be an unhappy man, unless some fortunate circumstance, or train of events, interposed to restrain him in the indulgence of these faults. His vanity would subject him to a life of mortification, his willfulness lead him into perpetual errors, his impetuosity into frequent dangers, his extravagance ruin his fortune, and his overbearing habits incapacitate him for the enjoyment of society, since he could not endure contradiction.

It is a common saying, that when a man becomes satiated with the empty delights of the world, and has in some measure disqualified himself for the enjoyments of domestic pleasures, he begins to think of marrying. His case being desperate, requires desperate remedies. Accordingly Frank, after flitting about from one resort of fashion to another, and exhausting all the delights of watering places, sea-bathing, and the Falls of Niagara, began to relapse into that doleful humbug called matrimony, which seems to have been intended by Providence as a sort of leech, to bring down the varieties of pleasure to an equality of happiness with the sons and daughters of toil. He had a little touch of the despotism, too, which is another leveling principle, by which those who indulge their appetites too much, are brought to an equality with those who have more appetite than food.

All at once, Frank determined to marry and reform. Instead of reforming and marrying—which philosophers consider the better way. But Frank proved himself in the right at last, as will appear in the sequel. With the sagacity acquired in the great school of the world, he chose a quiet, retired young lady, brought up in the country, under rigid and severe parents, who had scarcely ever permitted her the indulgence of her own will on the most innocent occasion. The wise man of the world consider this perpetual curb the best security for future obedience, not happening to recollect that even the patient ox sometimes cuts a caper when relieved from the yoke. The young lady was, moreover, a stranger to all the temptations of pleasure, and had never been contaminated by the example of its votaries. Frank concluded, with equal wisdom, that this total abstinence from dissipation must have rendered her perfectly indifferent to its fascinations. Her parents supplied all her necessities, and as she was totally unacquainted with the mischievous art of spending money, she could have no temptation to extravagance; at least so thought Frank, who had travelled and seen the world.

But so thought not the young lady. They had agreed to marry, but it was with exactly opposite views. Frank was resolved to retire from the world, to the indulgence of a system of economy that might in time repair his somewhat shattered fortune; while the lady was equally resolved to enter upon a life of pleasure, spend as much money as she pleased, and make herself amends for a life of slavery, by doing as she liked after wards. Contrast is the parent of love; it is then no wonder that Frank and El-

lenor fell in love, and were married. It is agreed, on all hands, that married people are always happy for one month, let what will happen. It is presumed that this exemption from the ills which flesh is heir to, arises from their not contradicting each other. Frank enjoyed the usual exemption, but his troubles commenced the very first day after the expiration of the brief matrimonial millennium. There was an invitation to a grand ball to be answered, and they could not agree about the answer.

"I did not marry to indulge in a life of dissipation," quoth he.

"I did," thought Ellenor; but she was as yet not thoroughly initiated in the license of contradiction.

"My dearest Ellenor," and he kissed her—"I am determined to sacrifice all my old habits to yours. I am tired of the empty pleasures of the world, and to show you that in future I mean to conform to your wishes, in all respects—mean to give up balls and parties!"

"The duce you do do," thought Ellenor; and this time she had to bite her tongue to prevent giving it utterance.

"Yes," said the new born philosopher—"Yes, what is pleasure but emptiness and vanity? A bubble that, after chasing all our lives, bursts the moment we attempt to grasp it. A shadow of benevolence—a—ah—but, my dear Ellenor, you are tearing that beautiful flower to pieces, that I gave you this morning! As I was saying, you and I will retire into that snug nestling place, the domestic circle, to the enjoyment of those heartiest delights that—"

"I'll be switched if I do," thought Ellenor, and this time the words would out, in spite of her teeth.

"You'll be what?" asked Frank, almost gasping for breath—"what did you say, Ellenor?"

It is affirmed, that in certain countries the cold is so extreme as to freeze the very words before people can utter them, and that when a thaw comes, there is an awful explosion of the vernacular, sorely trying the stoutest nerves. Something of this sort happened on the present occasion. The inclinations as well as tongue of poor Ellenor, had been, as it were, frozen up for a succession of years in the cold atmosphere of domestic tyranny, as she had, as before stated, married not to enter upon, the world. To be thus taken in, she could bear, and the pent up feelings of twenty years exploded at once in a torrent of words. Passion is a sure enemy to good breeding, and if Ellenor, on this occasion of uncontrollable provocation, should discourse a little contrary to its censors, it must be laid to the account of a momentary excitement, which philanthropic jurymen sometimes consider a sufficient apology for committing murder.

When Frank asked her what she said, her apology was as follows:

"I say, Mr. Weatherhead"—which she pronounced on this occasion, Featherhead—"I say that you may, if you please, retire from the world, to the indulgence of domestic felicity; but for my part, I had enough of domestic felicity before marriage, to give me a surfeit of it for the rest of my life. You may talk about bubbles, but you won't bubble me; and as to shadows and nonentities—I—I—its a shame, Mr. Featherhead, to deceive a young woman in this cruel manner. I thought I was going to live a life of pleasure—to do as I pleased—go where I pleased—spend as much money as I pleased—and now I find I must content myself with domestic felicity! You cruel, villainous man! Ugh! you are as ugly as sin, and I wonder I ever thought you handsome!" Here she burst into a torrent of tears, and it was all over with Mr. Weatherhead. He gave in at the first round, and the invitation was accepted.

One cannot go to a ball without a new dress, which costs a great deal of money now-a-days, though milliners and mantuamakers, every body (but those who pay) knowers, are the most reasonable people in the world. It is recorded that one of them was actually admitted into the Paradise of Pools, where she met a large portion of her customers, merely on showing one of her bills. Not to be tedious, Frank was faint to open his pocket-book, if not his heart; and Ellenor was so grateful that she came all the way back from the parlour door to kiss him. When Mrs. Weatherhead returned, she brought two new dresses, just from Paris, because, as she observed, it was certain she should wear them both in the course of the winter. Frank was well enough satisfied that the money had held out so well, until the lady produced a long bill without receipt. He then commenced a tender exposition, which was brought to an untimely end, by Ellenor exclaiming—"Lord, Mr. Weatherhead, the thing is done; and there's no use in talking."

They went to the ball; and Ellenor, conscious of her ignorance of the ton on these occasions, resolved to do exactly as she saw others do; for of all the imitative animals in the world, not excepting monkeys, a devotee of fashion is the most servile. She observed that wives took not the least notice of their husbands, nor husbands of their wives, and accordingly

never looked at or spoke to Frank, except to buff the poor gentleman a little when he ventured to come near her. Frank returned home that night or rather morning with his opinion of himself somewhat lowered, and ere the second month of his marriage had expired, his personal vanity was fast changing into a most becoming humility. "Certainly," quoth he, "I cannot be so handsome as I thought myself, or Ellenor would scarcely prefer the society of every other man to mine."

The opinion he entertained with regard to his genius, acquirements, and knowledge of the world, was not destined long to survive his estimate of his personal accomplishments. Ellenor uniformly preferred the sentiments of every other man to his own, and ten times a day would exclaim, "Lord, my dear, for a sensible man you certainly are the greatest fool I every met with!" If at any time Frank undertook to make a bargain, or negotiate an affair in relation to his property, or any trifling matter, it was the same thing. He was always wrong and never failed of being saluted with, "Lord, Featherhead, what a wrong headed man you are! You know no more of business than the man in the moon." When a wife compares her husband to that old gentleman, he is in a bad way; and accordingly, in a little time, Frank began to have a still lower opinion of himself, and a higher one of his wife. "She is certainly," said he, "a clever woman, she knows so much more than I do." In three months he was cured of his vanity, and from that time scarcely ventured an opinion, even on politics or the weather.

The second great fault of Frank Weatherhead—was his willfulness, which this exemplary wife, in good time, cured by perpetual contradiction. It was not long before he discovered, or rather was convinced by experience, that he actually had no will of his own, or what was pretty much the same thing, his wife never permitted him to indulge it. Habit is every thing, and the habit of having his will, at length yielded to that of obeying the will of another. The same process cured him of his impetuosity, since it is plain that a man who never has his own way, is in no danger of doing things in a hurry, or a passion.

Ellenor was inclined to extravagance, as she was in the case with those who are indulged, and she was not content with indulging, she was also a great encourager, and generally, she observed, that a man's sense, upon compulsion, from the pleasure and enjoyment of youth, is followed by an excessive indulgence when these are placed within our reach, as none are so prone to gluttony as those who have for a long time been kept on short commons. The best way to prevent excess in men or women, is to permit the young to partake moderately in all the innocent enjoyments of life, becoming the means and stations of their parents, as well as their own anticipated prospects. The extravagance of Ellenor cured that of Frank, by making it absolutely necessary for him to retrench his own expenditures. It was impossible to supply the extravagances of both; and as Ellenor felt no disposition to restrain hers, it follows that the labor of retrenchment fell upon the husband. He accordingly adopted a system of self-denial, and it is remarkable that it was on this particular alone that Mrs. Weatherhead allowed him the free indulgence of his will. He became a model of prudence, and was often quoted as an example to all extravagant husbands.

When a single man, as has been before observed, Frank was remarkable for an overbearing arrogance. He exercised despotic power over his mother and all her household; he contradicted without hesitation, and argued without courtesy; he listened impatiently, and interrupted an argument, without the least respect to good manners; to his equals he was a disagreeable companion, to his inferiors a tyrant. In short he was accustomed to pay little or no respect to the feelings of others, and had fought two duels abroad, one, for interrupting a Frenchman in a diatribe against the citizen-king; the other, for cutting short an Englishman in his observations on the weather.

The first time Frank interrupted his wife, by encroaching on one of her most impressive actions, and pretty distinctly intimating that, having done as he pleased all his life before, he should take the same liberty in future, he received a lesson that proved the commencement of his reformation. Before he had half finished what he had to say, the thing was done that he had signified should not be, or ought not to be, performed. His astonishment and indignation struck him dumb, and though he recovered his speech afterwards, so as to be understood on all ordinary occasions, he never interrupted Ellenor afterwards, or ventured a syllable to intimate there was such a doctrine as that of free-will. The habits derived from domestic discipline, are observed to have a potent influence over our general intercourse with society. From being courteous and submissive at home, Frank became docile and polite abroad. He seldom ventured an opinion; never contradicted or attempted to impose his sentiments on others;

treated his dependents kindly; and would listen to an argument as long as a speech in Congress, without ever once attempting an interruption. Every body said he was a most agreeable companion, and every body wondered at his reformation.

At first, it must be confessed, Frank felt restless under this progress towards perfectibility. But, in process of time, it became as easy as an old shoe, and finally contributed vastly to his happiness. He was rid of those frequent mortifications, which ever lacrate the back of impetuous designs and actions; and he never afterwards risked his life for the pleasure of indulging his overbearing disposition, by interrupting a speech. If his fortune diminished, he had the satisfaction of thinking, though he did not venture to tell Ellenor so, that it was not his doing; and if any thing went wrong, he could slyly indulge in that greatest of all the delights of a husband, bying the blame on his wife.

Thus did he pass his remaining years, until, towards the close, he had become the perfect model of a philosopher—a second Socrates; for he might be said to be indifferent to all the evils and pleasures of mortality, not excepting those of matrimony. His life was one uninterupted, dead calm, which is the last sublimated stage of philosophy. He troubled himself with nothing, and nothing troubled him. He parted from the world as though he left nothing behind him to regret, not even his wife; and when Ellenor urged him to make his will, he replied, "my dear, you know I have no will of my own—do as you please." Two-thirds of his estate therefore went to distant relations—whom his wife thought rather hard, considering the pains she had taken to bring about his reformation.

On passing up the Mississippi a few days ago, we had among our passengers two friends journeying to the far west; one much reduced by sickness, the other an active, noble hearted, hot headed Kentuckian, who, during our passage, had been discussing in his attention to the subject of the rights of the colored people for wood; our Kentucky friend bounded up to the other, and said, "I have a signal made for our ship, and I have then beheld him issuing from behind a pile of wood, a bundle dangling from one hand, and with the other dragging a half-starved, unwhiling cur, (a grape vine having been well secured around his neck,) who, with his forepaws extended, was literally ploughing up the mud, vainly resisting the power of our athletic companion. All gazed with astonishment, but none thought it advisable, under his present excitement, (for he appeared in a boiling rage,) to inquire the cause of his absence and strange reappearance. He directed his course to the cabin, where the invalid was reclining, and forgetting in his fury, how brittle were the contents of his bundle, pitched it on the table, exclaiming, "there are your eggs," and "here," jerking forward the miserable looking dog, "here's my change." A general burst of laughter followed this exclamation, nor could the good hearted fellow himself refrain, when beholding the havoc he had made, for the broken eggs were now streaming from the table, and his hungry curruency most voraciously devouring the fuscious meal. His story was short; he had gone to purchase eggs for his companion; a five dollar note was the smallest he had, the eggs cost 75 cents, and when he presented his bill, the woodman told him he had no other change than a litter of pups, too young to be taken from the slut, or the dog, which had sufficed us so much amusement. And "what's his name?" said one—he had not heard it. An old negro, privileged like from his age, and the length of time he had navigated the river, stood in one corner enjoying the scene, and when no response was made to "what's his name?" said, (very respectfully though) "pose, massa, call um 'Van Buren Currency.'" Coffee's suggestion was adopted, and the miserable cur will go thus stigmatized to his grave.

New York Star.

From the Baltimore Patriot of Saturday.

LAND HO!

A Proclamation has been issued by Joseph Ruter, the Wing Governor of Pennsylvania, enjoining upon the Banks of that commonwealth a general resumption of specie payments, for all their liabilities, on or before the 13th day of August next. As goes Pennsylvania, so goes Maryland, Virginia, and the Western States. And we may now take it for granted that the measure of resumption, so far as these states are concerned, will take place within the ensuing thirty days. The Wings, collectively and individually, will rejoice at the adoption of this measure, for they have at all times been in favor of a sound currency, namely, specie, and paper convertible into specie, at will, such as the country enjoy-

ed before the commencement of the Jackson Van Buren "Experiments" upon the public credulity and common sense.

But how will Van Burensim wish the measure of resumption? We answer, not at all! For it deprives "the party" of the means of fanning the embers of excitement against the Banks, which has been, for a year past, the sweet morsel that they have rolled under their tongues. Any one might have seen with half an eye, from the course they have pursued in reference to the question, that the Van Buren politicians were, in their secret souls, altogether opposed to resumption. But resumption will come, in spite of all their efforts to postpone it, for the benefit of their master! Resumption is at hand, and now, what will Mrs. Grundy say?

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

HENRY CLAY AND ABOLITION.

The Van Buren papers are straining every nerve to make the public believe Henry Clay an abolitionist. For want of electioneering wits, they eagerly catch hold of any and every thing to subvert their unhallowed purposes. "Drowning men will catch at straws." Finding that Mr. Van Buren's administration must sink, without they can invent some new device to blotter it up, they have seized, with avidity, on a letter from J. C. Wooten, of Md., addressed to Henry Clay, for the purpose of convicting that great Statesman with favoring the nefarious designs of the abolitionists. This letter is as ridiculous as frothy declamation and windy garrulity can make it.

To do away with any impression it may make upon the public mind, we copy the conclusive evidence contained in the following resolutions, submitted by Mr. Clay to the Senate of the United States two or three months ago:

Resolved, That when the District of Columbia was ceded by the states of Virginia and Maryland to the United States, domestic slavery existed in both those states, including the ceded territory; and that as it still continues in both of them, it could not be abolished, within the district, without a violation of that good faith which was implied in the cession, and in the acceptance of the territory.

That it is the deliberate judgment of the Senate that the institution of domestic slavery ought not to be abolished within the District of Columbia; and it earnestly hopes that all sincere friends of the Union, and of harmony, and peace, will cease to agitate this disturbing question.

That it would be highly inexpedient to abolish slavery in Florida, the only territory of the United States in which it now exists, because of the serious alarm and just apprehensions which would thereby exist in the states sustaining that domestic institution.

That no power is delegated by the constitution to Congress, to prohibit, in or between the states tolerating slavery, the sale and removal of such persons as are held in slavery by the laws of those states.

PARTY DEFINITIONS.

Abolitionist.—An owner of a hundred slaves, residing in a slave-holding state, viz: Henry Clay.

Anti-Abolitionist.—A resident of a state where slavery is prohibited—a man who endeavored to exclude Missouri from the Union, because she tolerated slavery, viz: Martin Van Buren.

Federalist.—A supporter of the measures of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison—an advocate for an economical administration of the Government, and a limitation of Executive power.

Democratic Republican.—A supporter of an extravagant Administration, seeking to inflict on the country a national debt of twenty millions per annum, by the issue of Government shin plasters—a man who shouts "Gall for the Government, Rags for the People!"

Raleigh Register.

Newspapers vs. Drink.—"I positively never knew a man in the country who was too poor to take a newspaper. Yet two out of three, even respectable people, read no papers but what they borrow. As I speak generally, I hope I offend none. If I do—the greater the necessity to speak out. Every man is able conveniently to take a newspaper. How many who think themselves too poor to take a newspaper pay four times as much daily for drink! Miserable man, thou art poor indeed!"—Benjamin Franklin.

Machin for making Needles.—Messrs. Cocker & Son, Sheffield, England, have obtained a patent for, and commenced working, a machine for making needles, which draws out the wire and straightens it, cuts it the exact length, points, drills and countersinks the eye, files off the rough edges, and finally drops the needle into a box, at the rate of 40 needles a minute. The proprietors expect that fifty machines may be attended by five persons, and that these will produce one million two hundred thousand needles per day.

A friend is never known till needed.