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FROM THE WINTER'S WREATH.

THE HOME WHERE THE HEART IS.

The home where the heart is,
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
For-crowded benches or mossy dell:
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave or wind,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.
The bright where'er the heart is;
Its fiery spell can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert—spring.
There are green isles in each ocean,
Of which affection glides,
And a heaven on each shore,
When love's the star that guides.
The fire where'er the heart is;
Nor chains, nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirations,
The spirit's pealing hymn:
The heart gives a life to beauty,
Its glory and its power,
The sunlight to its raptur'd stream,
And each dew to its flower.

FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE SCOTCH BORDERS.

Sabbath Wrecks.

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1577; a small cloud tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sunbeams, while on its bosom slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce, there too, by its islands, glorying in their strength; the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a levitation, sunning in its rays; and the giant Bass covered with sea-fossils, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster, in the midst of the waters. A thousand boats lay along the shores of Dunbar. It was the herring season, and there were many boats from the south and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland. Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shoal was upon the coast, and regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and go out to set their nets.

The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then Minister of Dunbar, and as he went forth to the kirk, to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned and went amongst them and reproved them sternly for their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate; the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher, yes, some of them said to him in the words of the prophet, "Go up thou bald head." He went from boat to boat, counselling, entreating, expostulating with, and praying for them. "Sparely," said he, "the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold ye guiltless for this profanation of his holy day." But at that period, vital religion was but little felt or understood upon the borders, and they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging on the neck of her husband, and their three children also hung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and children while he laughed at their idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group, "John Crawford," he exclaimed, addressing the husband, "you may profess to work, to laugh to scorn, the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire, into your own bosom, when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the seas as well as the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him before whom the mighty ocean is a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye then glory in insulting his ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth, ye have listened to the words of John Knox, the great Apostle of our country; ye have trembled beneath their power, and the convictions they carried with them; and when ye think of those convictions and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word apostate burn in your heart? John Crawford, sign of your blood have embraced the sake for the sake of the truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified. The Scotchman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to

the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communication with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns, whose bringing up is a credit to their mother, and be not guilty of this gross sin." But, while the fisherman regarded not the supplications of his wife, he became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an oar, and with his comrades began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford and his wife followed him. That day he took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and, as he fearlessly and fervently denounced the crime of Sabbath breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled; but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her and wept also because she wept. But ere the service had been concluded the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation, and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed at each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits, stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of the Omnipotent. The loud voice of the psalm was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb in the wind that swept howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immovable, were still distended with the song of praise, but every tongue was silent, and every eye fixed. There was no voice save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled, none moved. Pale, powerless, as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple knelled in the blast, and as it bent, a knell untold by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind waded through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the sturdy oak, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was uplited on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as clouds of ice. At the voice of the deep thunder the lightning quailed, & the rage of the tempest seemed spent. Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance, loud as the war cry of embattled warriors.

The congregation still sat mute, horrified and death-like, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines:

"When in thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me;"

when the screams and howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets, rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children ran also in terror with the multitude. The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifting among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them waiting widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and over and anon an additional scream of grief arose as the lifeless bodies of one or other such relations were found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro; but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more. It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment.

In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats, with their crews, were whorled in the mighty deep; and dwelling on the shore between Spital and North Berwick, two hundred and eighty widows wept their husbands lost. The spectators were busy in carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide marks.

They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed, "See, see, one still lives, and struggles to make the shore!" All rushed to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet laboring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His heart panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death, and he strained with desperate eagerness towards the

projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp; but in its stead he clutched the deceitful wave, that laughed at his delirium. He was whirled around it, dashed on it with violence, and again swept back by the relentless surge. He threw out his arms at random; his deep groans and pining breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock; he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A murmur moaned through the multitude. They gazed one upon another. His glazed eyes frowned darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his look. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak, to implore assistance. His strength gave way; the waters rushed around the rock, as a whirlpool. He was again uplited on the white bosom of the foam, and tossed within a few yards of the waiting but unavailing crowd. It is John Crawford!! exclaimed those who were able to recognize his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name. A female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford was seen floating on the wild sea. In an instant a hundred plunged to her rescue; but before the scream of horror and surprise raised by the spectators, when they beheld her devoted and desperate purpose, had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death. Although no feminine amusement, Agnes had delighted in buffeting the waters from a child, as though she felt at home in their bosom;—and now, the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She was hidden from the gaze of the marvelling spectators, and a deep groan crept along the shore. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the wounded man! A shout of wild joy ran back on the deserted town. Her father, who was among the multitude, fell on his knees. He clasped his hands together. Merciful heavens! he exclaimed, thou who stillest the tempest, and holdest the waters in the hollow of thy hand, protect—protect my child!

The waters roared with redoubled fury. Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features, and her hand yet grasped her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenances of friends. For a moment she disappeared amongst the waves; but the next Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, and her arm resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where in a few minutes she recovered; but her husband manifested no sign of vitality. All the means within their power and that they knew, were resorted to, in order to effect resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and at length beneath her hand, his breast first began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

"He lives! he breathes!" she exclaimed, and she sunk back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended by her side, where the unconscious fisherman lay, directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

As John Crawford began to recover, the film of death that had gathered over his eyes began to melt away, and he gazed around in bewilderment, but unconscious of where he was, and he sank into a troubled sleep; he cast forth his arms, in imagination yet grappling with death. He dreamed, and in his dream he shouted for help. He prayed, and in the same breath he blasphemed, and reviled the troubled spectators that his fancy could picture on the beach.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed; he looked around wistfully. Agnes, who had recovered and returned to the room, fell on his bosom. "My Agnes! my poor Agnes!" he cried, as he gazed wistfully in her face, "but where, where am I?"

"My bairns, where are they?"

"Here, father, here!" cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously around.—A recollection of the past and a consciousness of the present, fell on his mind.—"Thank God, he exclaimed, and burst into tears. And when his troubled soul and agitated bosom had found in them relief, he inquired eagerly, "but oh tell me how was I saved? Was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel grasped me when I was sinking, and held me. But my head is confused, and I remember nothing, but as a dream, save the bursting o'er of the dreadful storm, with the perishing of hundreds in an instant, and the awful cry that rang from boat to boat—a judgment has come o'er us! and it was a judgment indeed! Oh Agnes! had I listened to your words, and to the prayers of my bairns, or to the advice of the minister, I wd have escaped the sin which I had this day com-

mitted, and the horrors with which it has been visited. But tell me how or in what manner I was saved. John, said the aged elder, the father of Agnes, ye was saved by the merciful and sustaining powers of that Providence which ye this morning set at naught. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that the awful visitation—this judgment as ye have well described it, which has this day filled our coasts with widows and orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain, while ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is nothing short of a miracle. We had beheld how long and how desperately ye struggled with the raging waves, when we knew not who you were, and it was na in the power of any being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept around it; and when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it with the grasp of death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognized your countenance, and they cried out your name. A scream burst upon my ear—a woman rushed through the crowd,—and then John! oh then!—but here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud, and after a few moments added,—"Tell him some of ye." Oh! tell me, said the fisherman; all that my father-in-law hath said, I kenbed before. But how was I saved? or by whom?

The preacher took up the tale, hearken unto me, John Crawford, said he, "ye have reason this day of sorrow, to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel, and sat at naught my reproof. True it was not the speaker but the words spoken that ye ought to have regarded, for they were not my words, and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed, so have ye reaped. But as your father-in-law hath told ye, when your face was recognized from the shore, and your name was mentioned, a woman screamed—she rushed through the multitude—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant, she was out of the reach of help!"

"Speak—speak on," cried the fishermen eagerly; and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously now towards the preacher, and again to his Agnes, who wept over his shoulder.

"The Providence which had till then sustained you, while your fellow creatures perished around," added the clergyman, "supported her. She reached you—she grasped your arm. After a long struggling she brought you within a few yards of the shore; a wave overwhelmed you both; and cast you upon the beach with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom."

Gracious heaven! exclaimed the fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom—my own Agnes! was it you?—was it you?—my wife—my saviour! and he wept aloud, and his children wept also. There's nae merit in what I have done, replied she, for who should have attempted to save you had I not ye every thing to me, John, and to our bairns.

But the feelings of the wife and mother are too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family, to whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. He found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm bell. The dead were hid in heaps upon the beach, and on the following day, widows, orphans, parents and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast to seek their dead amongst the drowned, that had been gathered together, or if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them, where the sea might have cast them wrecks. Such is the tale of the Sabbath wrecks on the last drave of Dunbar.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Old Ironsides on a Leeshore.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant Frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliot—having on board the late Edward Livingston, late minister at the Court of France, and family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls—drew near to "the chops" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P. M.—the Captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and by," remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call

of "Light O!" was heard from the fore-top-sail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points to the lee bow," replied the look-out-man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment the Captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"All hands," whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons, familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board of a man-of-war.

"All hands," screamed the boatswain's mate, and ere the last echo died away all buticest were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed, in the days of Queen Ann, sang their song of death before, and the Dead-Man's Ledge replied in hoarse notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the Captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—the hauling tip of which, contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a "lee shore" upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly or by a close graze along their outer ledge. Was this destiny to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation?

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the captain in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the Lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command, to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack."

"She will not bear it, sir," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack," thundered the Captain.

"Keep her full and bye, Quartermaster."

"Aye! aye, sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the main sheet," shouted the captain, and aft it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Aye! aye! sir! she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm; keep her full and bye."

"Aye! aye! sir! full and bye she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a beam, sir."

"Keep her away half point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady so!" returned the captain.

"Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck, except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us—unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever touched these rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illuminated only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while every thing on board seemed to be cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-ahroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them on all the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, Quartermaster, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels, but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvas less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overlaiden frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent

upon making the deep the sailors' grave, and her live oak sides, his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship,) seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and then another!—until at last, our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the bold Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the Captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail when in any other situation would have been considered a suicidal act, he weathered the lee shore and saved the Constitution.

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure and danced merrily on the deep towards the United States.

"Pipe down," said the captain to the First Lieutenant, "and splice the main brace." "Pipe down," echoed the First Lieutenant to the boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was.

"How near the rocks did we go?" said I to one of the master's mates next morning. He made no reply, but taking down a chart he showed me a pencil line between the outside shoal of the Light House Island, which must have been a small straight for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by day light.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved!

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from our mainsail to royal, and the Isles of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have past through scenes of great danger; but never, before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrific, as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt, to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

Note.—During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired of the Captain, if we were not in great danger; to which he replied as soon as we had passed Scilly, "you are as safe as you would be in the aisle of church." It is singular that the frigates Boston, Captain McNeal, about the close of the revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France, Charcettor Livingston, a relative of Edward's and also Minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the Captain—a rough but gallant old fire-eater—if they were not in great danger; to which he replied—"You had better, Madam, get down on your knees, and pray to God to forgive you your numerous sins, for if we don't carry by this point, we shall all be down in five minutes."

THE GOTHS AND HUNS.

The terrific honors which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs, are recorded in history by the interment of Attila, King of the Huns, and Alaric, King of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast champagne, in a coffin which was enclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and another of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and studded with jewels, rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged; and that the piece of his interment might forever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all those who assisted at his burial.

The Goths did nearly the same with Alaric, in 410, at Cosinova, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vassento; and having formed a grave in