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For the Recorder.

The conscience, we believe, forms scarcely the least part of the human mind, in the view of the popular system of education. It is not known that by any provision, it is regarded as a faculty to be strengthened, as a feature to be adorned, or as a room in the soul to be furnished.

Parents may desire the culture of the moral sense, and teachers may, now and then, endeavor after it; but the system, as a system, embraces it not. The duties growing out of the conscience, (indeed, it is the very fountain of duty, in man,) may be essential to our well-being. The truths relating to it directly, may be enumerated. And mediately, all truth in the mind, all knowledge has a near and special relation to it. Therefore, how it can be a systematically unrecognized, except when there is absolute necessity for its aid, we know not. And why, at each step in intellectual culture, the relation of acquired truth to the conscience, should not be pointed out, we know not. But now, the young learn, not as to the sense of duty; we refer not our knowledge to conscience, for character, and measure, the intellectual desires, like the cravings of an appetite of the body, are to be satisfied. If any thing has relation to interest, to a name, or to pleasure, let it be had, and for this the passion cries give, and the mind is made to engorge all, on the selfish view. Now in opposition to this craving so like mere passion, and in opposition to this engorging of knowledge so like mere gluttony, the conscience, recognized to this end, would afford a principle of election as to what should be studied, and what was acquired it would sanctify.

The culture of the moral sense is as nearly related to virtue, as is any cause to its effect. But, is not virtue necessary? What have we, if we gain all besides, and have not genuine virtue of mind and life? And if experience deceive not, the nice culture of the moral sense is closely connected with high literary merit also. Indeed the supremacy of this faculty enters into the very idea of merit of every kind; and there is no merit in the results of men's actions, however shining and prodigious they may be, unless duty were the impulse. But we do not see high results of intellectual efforts, when abstracted from duty and conscience. Especially in youth, noble consequences of intellectual exertion are produced only in cases connected with a ruling and supreme regard to conscience. But it is proved that they do appear in instances of this kind, by works that are now much read and admired.

The season of culture is youth, which is the time of the highest excitement, and strongest passion. But does not mental improvement demand calmness, and steady perseverance? Something there must be, therefore, to check excitement, to control passion. Passion must not rule in him who aims at even literary excellence. In mental acquisition, to disturb the mind is to overthrow its power. To strive for literary distinction, and be at the same time the slave of passion, is like trying to do two things at once; it confounds reason with sense, and sensibility with brutish instinct. Nothing but the sway of conscience will therefore give the intellect opportunity for exertion. And to forget conscience, to even depress it from the supreme place in all decisions, is equivalent to cutting off the chance of literary distinction. This, a mournful experience also is manifesting; for how small a harvest has the culture of the mere intellect of a long time yielded us? Rather, is it not "in the sweat of our brow," that we eat one morsel and truly, "thorns and briars" are the reward of our tillage.

We should remember, there is in the young a moral faculty; and there are truths kindred and correspondent thereto. The plan of education should have had as plain a reference to these, as to the intellectual faculty, and its kindred truths. The wisdom of including the one faculty and its truths, is at least as evident as is that which embraced the other.

For, can that be considered an adequate system of instruction which has reference to no more than the wants, weaknesses, and sensibilities of a single faculty? Surely the moral sense is hereafter to be brought into exercise, and chiefly depended on; it will define the character, it has its defectiveness, and there fore must be cultivated.

What has the painter done, if he has delineated and colored but half a countenance? Or what is the work of the sculptor called, who, from the marble, has never wrought but the longitudinal half of his figure? We should say, whatever skill he had shown in what he had done, since he stopped short, his half finished subject more resembled a monster than a man. I would apply this to the noble art of education, which is to the human being what the skill of the statuary, or painter, is to their respectively beautiful and finished models.

Education aims to supply what nature has left defective. But nature herself,

never leaves a man more incomplete than with too little sensibility to what is virtuous, to know how to esteem the intellectual gifts he has; and with too slight a sense of obligation to employ them aright. Nature's very subjects are never ruler than to be proud of that which is only useless, and to strive, in vain, to dignify what is wrong by partaking in it.—What advantage then have we from an education wherein the sensibilities and virtues of conscience are steadily overlooked? The absurdity of the system is in partially regarding man; and at most taking cognizance of only a single faculty of the soul.

I have reasoned as if the moral sense were only equal in importance with the understanding. But it is higher. It gives character to men. It bestows all our peculiar happiness, and all our peculiar dignity consists in it. "The light that is in us," is the appropriate, divine designation of it. What the eye is in the body, that is conscience in the mind. Therefore, "if the eye be single, the whole body shall be full of light."

But skepticism will say, "it were better to show that there are immutable truths, which you call truths of virtue." It will ask us, (for what doubt will not wickedness plunge men in?) to demonstrate the moral sense. The thought itself is distressful. But in reply we say, demonstrate even the existence of the faculty of the understanding, and its kindred truths; by the very same process then, will we evince both the conscience, and its peculiar sacred virtues. And if it be not a piece of folly to have presupposed even the understanding, and its truths in the educational system, it is wise to presuppose the moral sense, and truth of virtue in the same manner. And one of two conclusions will remain to be adopted, viz: Either it was a piece of folly to presuppose even such a faculty as the understanding in the formation of the popular system of education, or the system has reference to only one half, and that the inferior half of man's nature.

Surely, education presumes original defectiveness, which it undertakes to remedy. It presumes a susceptibility of improvement. What is that defectiveness? What is this susceptibility? These are questions you must settle in forming a plan of culture for the young. And a right settlement of them, being the basis of our work, our plan would be adequate.

From the London Visitor.

THE LAW-SUIT.

The village of Yewford very much resembles a hundred other villages in England. It has its parish church overgrown with ivy on the south side; the parsonage house is very much like other parsonages, and the squire's mansion on the hill, with its tall elms and rookery is as like what I have seen in half a dozen other countries as one pea is like another.

Again the church warden of Yewford is a man before hand with the world, one who likes to keep up the different grades in society. The lawyer is an incessant talker; and the schoolmaster, a tall thin man, with a pale face. The butcher, too, has a broad back and a capacious front; and the landlord of the Bull, a face as red as a rose.

Beside these characters, Yewford has many others, male and female, old and young, gentle and simple, all of them well worthy of being introduced into this narrative; but as such a proceeding would materially interfere with our present object, we must leave them to be severally described by those who have more talent and more leisure. One personage, however, we must not forget, especially as he happens to be the principal hero of our history.

A Mr. Douglass had taken a lodging at the widow Freeman's, but as the village knew next nothing of him, and his concerns, so the good people were at a loss how to speak of him one to another. He was a civil, well behaved man, respectful to the rich and kind to the poor; but no one can live long any where, and least of all in a village, without making friends or foes; and doubtless Mr. Douglass would have received an earlier intimation of the position which he occupied in the estimation of those around him, had it not been for a circumstance which, for a time prevented the worthy inhabitants of Yewford from making up their minds about him.

The lawyer, though not professionally employed by Mr. Douglass, had discovered a trial was pending, the issue of which would put Mr. Douglass in possession of five hundred a year, or reduce him to the situation of a beggar; who could expect then under such circumstances, that the villagers of Yewford could come to any satisfactory conclusion as to the estimation in which Mr. Douglass ought to be held, until the issue of the trial should be known?

Mr. Douglass, whatever good qualities he might possess, was evidently not a rich man; and by degrees, an opinion got abroad that he was poor. For some months he was punctual in his payments, as the church clock was to strike the hour, and more so, for it sometimes hap-

pened that the clock was sadly beyond time.

At length symptoms appeared which most people, whether living in town or country, are quick to understand. A few articles sent to Mr. Douglass by the village draper were not paid for on delivery. The butcher had a small account unsettled, and widow Freeman had whispered to Mrs. Perkins, the publican's wife, that her lodger for the last month, had not paid her a single sixpence.

Things were in this critical state, and the reputation of Mr. Douglass hung trembling in the balance, when a few of the village worthies met together at the Bull, to settle something connected with the poor rates.

The important affairs of the parish being discussed, the lawyer took up the newspaper which had been brought in by the landlord, and soon read in a rapid manner the following announcement:—

"The long-pending cause, 'Douglass versus Parsley,' is at length decided. The Plaintiff proved unsuccessful."

The lawyer immediately threw down the paper on the table. "Just as I expected," said he, "and just what I think Douglass deserves. If he had applied to me before he commenced his suit, I could have saved him hundreds of pounds. A man must be non compos mentis to take such a case into court. But I saw how the case stood, he has been led on by a swindling attorney, who will now most likely arrest him for costs. So Mr. Douglass, instead of having a rent-roll of five hundred pounds per annum, must be content to live in forma pauperis."

"I never thought that he would help to pay poor rates," said the churchwarden.

"Poor rates," cried the butcher, "was it ever likely that he would pay poor rates, when he couldn't pay his butcher's bill! It has run in my head for some time past, that his noble would come to nought, and I told my wife so."

"Had Mr. Douglass taken a lesson from those who were able to instruct him," said the schoolmaster, slowly delivering his opinion, "had he correctly calculated his profit and loss, he might have been aware that the sum total of his expectations would only amount to a cipher."

"There was always too much froth about him for me," said the publican; "for though he could talk fast enough when it answered his purpose, he was never the man to step to take a glass of wine or a glass of brandy and water, from one month's end to another. However, he has run up no score at the Bull, and I'll take pretty good care that he has not even a pipe of tobacco without paying for it."

For some time nothing interrupted the tide of unpopularity which had set in against the unfortunate Mr. Douglass; each expressed his opinion in his own way, but all agreed that too much forbearance had already been exercised, and that it was high time to let Mr. Douglass understand, that an upstart having nothing but a trumpety claim to five hundred a year to support him, would no longer be countenanced by the worthy inhabitants of Yewford.

At length, during a momentary pause, the schoolmaster took up the newspaper, with the idle curiosity of one who has pleasure in reading with his own eyes what has already been read to him by another. When, to his great astonishment and apparent confusion, he made the discovery that the paragraph had been incorrectly read by the lawyer, and that, instead of Mr. Douglass, the plaintiff, having been unsuccessful in the suit, he was reported to have been successful.

This announcement having been made by the schoolmaster, accompanied with an observation on the great advantage of correct reading, a thing which he always tried to impress upon the minds of his scholars, every countenance underwent a sudden change. The lawyer looked as keenly at the newspaper as though he would cut out the piece with his eyes; the churchwarden, half opening his mouth and rising his brows, sat like a statue; the butcher stared at the publican, and the publican stared at the butcher. A clap of thunder would scarcely have been more instantaneous in producing an effect on the whole group.

The unbelieving lawyer was the first to take the newspaper from the hands of the schoolmaster, and as soon as he was convinced of the error into which he had fallen, he burst into an affected giggle, a little resembling a laugh. "You must," he said, "really forgive the hoax I have put upon you, but I wanted to see whether it was possible to persuade you to believe so improbable a thing as that of Mr. Douglass losing his cause. I was convinced, a priori, that a verdict must be given in his favour. The defendant had no evidence to bring forward, and I quite expected that he would have allowed judgment to go by default. Never did a jury decide more uprightly, and I shall have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Douglass on his deserved success."

"Ha! ha! ha!" here burst from the open mouth of the churchwarden, who in his turn affected to be very merry. "I saw plain enough," said he, "the trick

you were playing us, and was willing to keep up the joke as long as possible. From what had been told me of Mr. Douglass, I knew he had too much good sense to bring an action that he could not sustain, and it was but the other day I was saying to justice Villers, that before long, I hoped to see Mr. Douglass in the office of churchwarden, for that a more respectable man was not to be found any where. We must set the bells to ring on the occasion, that Mr. Douglass may see that his neighbors are almost as much pleased at his good fortune as he is himself."

The schoolmaster, though not bold enough to assert that he had at first been aware of the incorrect reading of the lawyer, maintained that, had the verdict been as described, he should have been justified in the sentiments which escaped him, inasmuch as the decision of a British jury would have proved, as plain as two and two make four, that the calculations of Mr. Douglass had been worked in error. He declared he had much rather enumerate the good qualities of Mr. Douglass, who he had always considered a man of education, than subtract from his merits; pronounced him worthy to be classed among gentlemen, and considered it the undoubted interest of the inhabitants of Yewford to cultivate good fellowship with so respectable a character.

The publican confessed that he had been fairly taken in, but no wonder; as he should as soon of thought of drinking a pint of neat brandy, as differing in opinion from his good friends, the lawyer, the churchwarden, and the schoolmaster, who had so long frequented the Bull. Mr. Douglass, he had no doubt, was a good fellow at bottom, and he should be glad to take from him an order for the best hoghead of ale he had in his cellar.

Though the churchwarden saw through the deceit of the lawyer, and the lawyer understood the trickery of the churchwarden; though the publican laughed at the backing out of the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster despised the selfishness of the publican; yet every one tried to persuade himself that his hollow-heartedness was unknown to his neighbor.

When the party broke up, each individual determined in his own mind to pay some immediate tribute of respect to Mr. Douglass and secure his favor; thus affording another instance of the insincerity and meanness of those who pay homage to wealth rather than to worth; who would stoop to flatter the rich though degraded with every vice, and despite the poor though adorned with every virtue.

"Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts. All the brethren of the poor do hate him; how much more does his friends go far from him!" Prov. xix. 6, 7.

TESTS OF POLITENESS.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and unwhiskered, that may be seen in Washington street any sunshine day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons: When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the Fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remark with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they get in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wife, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and in walking with a lady they always give her the inside, and if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far, so good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he is polite or no.

I should like to see how he would act if placed at a dinner between an ancient maiden lady, and a country clergyman with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day sitting on the back seat of a stage coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with, may be, a child in her arms, and tells the gentleman that one of them must ride outside, and make room for her. I want to be near when his washer-woman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up some article in exactly the style he wished. I want to see the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns. I mark his conduct when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who are exposed without protection to the violence of the storm. If he is in company with those who he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely of himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether

he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man; and I am sorry to say there are very few that can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a well bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tables for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing rooms. Any man must be an idiot, not to be polite, in society, so called, for how else would he get his oysters and champagne?

Hilliard.

MAJ. JACK DOWNING'S LAST.

FROM THE LOG CABIN, NORTH BEND.

To my fellow-citizens from New Orleans to Birmingham, and from Salt Water to the Lake Waters, up and down the country and across the water:

FELLOW CITIZENS: Ever since the world began, all the hun's and chases tell'd on in all parts of creation haint been only a mere flea hunt to the rule fox chase that has just been completed in these United States; by the grace of God free and independent at last.

It has been known to every body that for the last ten years it has been impossible to hatch eggs, or raise poultry, or to trust any thing at large of that nature—night arter night and day arter day—neat arter neat and chicken arter chicken, was destroyed by the foxes, and they got so bold and brazen at last they would come into the poultry-yard in open day, or any where else, and kept the hull feather'd tribe a kackling pretty much all the while. At first the folks got traps and dogs; but it got so at last, that the foxes got so numerous, it was just as much as a dog's life was worth to attack 'em—and folks began to despair—especially as it was found out that all the younger foxes got their directions from one rule sly fox, who as yet never had been tracked, or trap'd, or driven to his hole; he was every where, in every state, almost at the same time. And wherever he was reported to be, there it was found all the other foxes was most knowing—and most impudent. So it was concluded that it was no use to try and trap the common run of foxes; but, if possible, make a general rally in all the states, and give chase to this old fox especially—and not give up till he was run to his hole, and then dig him out—for it was thought if he was only caught, all the rest would be pretty scarce. Well, this matter being agreed upon, the first thing next to be done was to select a good long-winded leader of the chase—one who would not give out, and whose horn could be heard furthest. And so we all agreed upon Old Tip,—and we got him pretty well mounted, and he sound his horn, and its echoes went up and down rivers, and across valleys, and over mountains, till folks all about creation got acquainted with the sound,—and on a given day, they assembled at all their stations, and put in practice the few general rules of the chase, capering a little round, and having a few sham chases, jest to get nimble,—and then on a signal from Old Tip's horn they all started, and such a chase, as I said afore, as then began, the hull created world has never before seen—for it was an everlasting wide and long country to chase over, and no one knowing yet where the fox would first break kiver, all hands at first went to work beating the bush. The first track was struck in Louisiana; and about 3,000 give chase there, and run him out of that state—and he streak'd away north as hard as he could clip it, and knowing all the secret by-ways, escaped till he reached the state of Maine. The Maine boys were wide awake, and as soon as they struck his track there, they raised an almighty shout and headed him off. He then sheared off to New Hampshire, where they are pretty much all fox—and there for a spell took breath. But hearing the coming about he struck for Vermont in hopes the "Green Mountings" would furnish a kiver,—but they were all awake there, and about 8000 fold jined in the chase, and he remained no longer in Vermont than he could get out on't. "Well," thinks he, "this is pretty tite work, and I'm off South again, for they must be friendly to me there, seeing as how I tell'd all the foxes to be civil to the Southern Chickens,"—and so he slipt along to Georgia. The Georgia folks, however, not liking the nature of the breed, had already called their fox hunters together, and on the first show of a track they all opened and about 5,000 give chase there in a most noble stile, and he turned tail and run towards the middle states. In passing through the old North State of Carolina, he finds things too wide awake there to stop a minute—and just so it continued all the way through Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania—though he bothered the hunters plagily in Pennsylvania, for they don't understand fox hunting much in that state—except in a few counties, es-

pecially in Bucks county, and that is the reason why in that county they always have good poultry and plenty on't. So he continued North. In Connecticut and Rhode Island they gave him an amazing close run—and no time to stop or double, and cenmost caught him. As for Massachusetts, he knew pritty well he stood no chance there, and so you see but one strait chase across—and taking a bite in New Hampshire, he tried for New York, and run considerable well and comfortably along the Hudson—but such a howl as met him in the west was a shister for him and he sheered off for Ohio, but that was out of the frying pan into the hot ashes—and looking around him and seeing all ready in the states—some 10,000, some 15,000, some more, some less—arousing the country and prepared to track—thinks he "its no use,—to the victor belongs the spoils" was the doctrine of my party, and I may as well go for it to the last," and he made a dead track to the Log Cabin at the North Bend—with about 30,000 Buckeyes arter him and Old Tip at the head on 'em. I was standing near the door and I seed him coming, and now thinks I, here goes for Log Cabin mercy and hospitality, and I opened the door and in he streak'd—and just then came up Old Tip all in a lather. "He is safe," says I. "Ginera; we have got him snug at last."

"Well," says the General to his friends, "fellow-citizens, the chase is up; the old fox is in my possession, and I hope that you will be satisfied that the Major and I will take good care of him, and give a good account of him. He is not in condition just now to be held up by the tail—he has had a hard run and is considerably siled; but he'll do no more harm,—let all go home and let their poultry out as in good times. You will not be troubl'd by foxes for a good spell to come, and if you are, its your own fault, not mine." And with that all join'd in three hearty cheers for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—and thus ended one of the greatest fox chases ever heard tell'd on afore, and I have only told a very small part on't.

Yours, fellow-citizens,
J. DOWNING, Major, &c.

From the National Intelligencer.

SPLENDID CHANDELIER.

The splendid Chandelier lately suspended in the Hall of the House of Representatives, was lighted last Wednesday night; when a number of gentlemen attended to witness its effect. We understand, from one who was present, that the effect was exceedingly beautiful and extremely brilliant. We had the pleasure of viewing and examining this splendid Chandelier last Thursday morning. It is certainly, without any exception, the largest, most elegant, and splendid Chandelier we ever beheld. We understand that it was manufactured to the order of the House of Representatives, by Messrs. H. N. Hooper & Co., of Boston, and cost \$4,000.

The following description of this unique and splendid luminary, kindly furnished at our request, by a gentleman attached to the House of Representatives, will, we have no doubt, interest our readers of the National Intelligencer: The Chandelier is of cut glass, and of the best workmanship. It has seventy-eight argand burners, arranged in two tiers or horizontal planes; the lower one has fifty-two, the upper one twenty-six burners, fitted with polished glass chimneys and ground glass shades; each burner having a distinct reservoir to contain the oil, and so arranged as to admit of removal separately from the rest.

The Chandelier has also, immediately above the upper row of burners, twenty-six metallic ornaments, representing shields, with the arms of the States of the Union; it has also a band around the canopy, containing twenty-six metallic stars; the whole surrounded by an eagle, with the shield of the Union. The Chandelier contains two thousand six hundred and fifty cut glass lustres, and eight thousand cut glass spangles; the bottom is finished with cut glass dish inverted, and a metallic skeleton ball.

The rod which sustains the Chandelier is made with a revolving joint, so as to admit of its being turned round, and is hollow, to receive a glass tube, hereafter, if necessary.

The suspension rod is made of iron, and of sufficient length to reach the lantern of the Hall, fitted with secure attachments for the Chandelier, and the chains of the balance weight are covered with brass; the chains are of iron, and made in the style of a watch chain; the pulleys are also of iron; the balance weight is lead, cased with copper. All that part of the frame of the Chandelier, and its metallic ornaments, that are visible, are finished in burnished gold. The diameter of the Chandelier is 13 feet; its weight 7,500 pounds; and counter-weight the same.

A Profitable Voyage.—A Boston paper says that it is estimated that the ship Delhi, owned by William Appleton and Henry Oxnard, whose cargo is now selling in New York, will make a clear profit for her owners in one voyage, of \$250,000.