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WATCH-WORDS.

A HYMN FOR MEN.
We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog, to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth in creation's
Groaning for its latter day.
Will ye play then! will ye dally,
With your music, with your wine?
Upt it is Jehovah a rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark, the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier!
Arms are charging to the shock.
Warriors are charging—Heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blessed cross enfolding,
On, right onward, for the fight.
What! still bug thy dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play:
Weathers, and dance, and poet numbers,
Float them! we must work to day.
Fear not; spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition, trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long hereafter
To be more than tempt thee now.
O! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!
Magog leath many a vassal;
Christ his few, his little ones;
But about our languished castle,
Rear and van guard are his sons!
Sealed to blush, to waver never;
Cross'd, baptised and born again,
Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever,
Oh, for Christ at least be men.
Churchman.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

The following extraordinary act was performed by a child in Lyons not long ago, according to a continental paper.

An unfortunate artisan, the father of a family, was deprived of work by the depressed state of his trade, and during the whole winter. It was with great difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then, for his famished wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him, and at length, on attempting to rise one morning for the purpose of going out as usual, in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months. The poor man felt himself ill and his strength entirely gone. He had two boys yet in mere childhood, and one girl about 12 or 13 years old. For a long time the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She had tended the sick bed of her mother, and had watched over her little brothers with more than parental care. Now when the father too was taken ill, there seemed to be not a vestige of hope in the family, except in the exertions that might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the little girl was to seek for work proportioned to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go to one of the houses of charity where food was given out, she had heard, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself, accordingly inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been deliberated upon. Alas, during this deliberation her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again into the street, and, almost agonized by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected with bread at home, she resolved to ask charity from passers by in the public ways.

No one heeded the most distressing appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could any one have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast, she must have been pitted and relieved. As the case stood, it is not, perhaps, surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold and crying bitterly, she fled homewards. When she mounted the stairs and opened the door, the first word she heard was the cries of her brothers for something to eat—bread! She saw her father swooning and supporting his fainting mother, and heard him say—"Bread! she dies for the want of food."

"I have no bread," cried the poor girl, with anguish in her tones.
The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her fa-

ther and brothers, caused her to recall what she had said, and conceal the truth. "I have not got it yet," she exclaimed, "but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money, he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I come to tell that it would soon be here."

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head, and madened by the distresses of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it into execution. She ran from one street to another, till she saw a baker's shop in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf, and fled! The shopkeeper saw her from behind. He called loudly, ran out after her, and pointed her out to the people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desire taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once. They conveyed her towards the office; a crowd of usual having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances, which seemed to seek some favorable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of kindness and compassion. Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

"Father and mother, and my two brothers are dying for the want of bread!" said she.

"Where?" asked the little girl anxiously.

"Rue No. 10." She had only time to add the name of her parents to this communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of the police.

Meanwhile, the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears of their child's safety, were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length they heard footsteps ascending the stairs. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates, but alas! a stranger appeared in the place of their own little one. Yet the stranger appeared to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought to them bread, and a small basket of other provisions. "Your girls," she said, "will not be back perhaps to-day; but keep up your spirits, see what she has sent you." After these encouraging words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then turning around to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were overcome with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little benevolent fairy was, (it is almost unnecessary to say,) the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abjector of the loaf at the police office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away; resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected a hair-dresser, who lived near her mother's house, who knew her family. He often commended her beautiful hair, and told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis-d'or for it. "This used to make her proud and pleased, and she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of a starving family, she went straight to the hair-dresser's, put him in mind of his promise and offered to let him cut off her pretty locks for what he thought them worth."

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hair-dresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hair-dresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargained fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase at some future day. The little girl then bought provisions, got a basket, and set out on her errand of mercy. But before food was given out, she had heard, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself, accordingly inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been deliberated upon. Alas, during this deliberation her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again into the street, and, almost agonized by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected with bread at home, she resolved to ask charity from passers by in the public ways.

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I WISH I WERE HE.

BEING THREE PAGES IN THE LIFE OF PETER POLK.

"I wish I were he!" said Peter Polk, as he saw the son of a rich neighbor riding gaily by, while Peter was trudging on foot. Peter at this period was about ten years of age, a good boy, a tolerable scholar, of a kind, willing, and obliging disposition. But Peter could scarcely look upon the superior comforts of those around him, without sometimes sighing that his own fortune was so humble.

"Now," thought Peter, "how delightful it would be for me, instead of trudging three miles on foot to school, to ride pleasantly on such a nice pony. I should not be tired when I got there, and could learn a great deal more." With such thoughts Peter's head was filled as he trudged along. How he should love a dear little pony, and how he could ride it, and a thousand other such childish fancies, until he got quite sad and altogether dissatisfied with his lot.

"Oh, how I do wish I were he!" exclaimed Peter. At the same moment turning a sudden corner in the road, he discovered the young gentleman quite dead. The pony had run away with him. It had thrown him off, and in falling, he had fractured his skull and produced instant death. Surveying this sad spectacle, Peter seriously thought that he was better off as he was, and trudging the remainder of his walk for that and many other days without wishing for a pony.

"I wish I were he!" said Peter Polk, as at the age of twenty-three he left his friend and old schoolmate, Richard Jones.

They had both commenced business at the same time, about three years previously to this exclamation. Peter worked hard and indefatigably. He had a tolerable share of custom, and this had enabled him to furnish two rooms in exceeding comfortable style against the time he might find a rib to make his bones complete. But Richard had far outstripped him. He had taken a whole house, and furnished it splendidly. He was always flush of money, and if any party of pleasure was proposed, Richard would form one and spend his cash freely, while if Peter went, which was very rarely, he was compelled to be exceedingly economical, which made him appear very mean. Peter could not make out how it was. Richard did not seem to have so much business as he had, and most unquestionably he was not half so attentive.

It chanced that Peter had at one time a large order to execute; and requiring some cash to complete it, he proceeded to Richard who advanced him fifty dollars on his note. He executed the order, got paid, and took up his hat to proceed to Richard to pay him.

"What a lucky fellow he is, cried Peter, 'to be able to serve an old school fellow.' Oh, I wish I were he!"

Just as he uttered this exclamation a public officer entered and requested Peter to accompany him to the police office, stating that he had a warrant for his apprehension. Peter was thunderstruck. He had done no one wrong that he was aware of. In vain he asked upon what charge he was arrested. The officer was silent, and thus they proceeded together to the police. Peter underwent a private examination as to where he got a £20 note which was proved to be a counterfeit and traced to him. Peter stated of Richard Jones, his friend. He was then more rigorously examined as to his connection with that individual, and he stated all he knew, how he had helped him, and how he added, "I often wished I were he!"

"Young man," said the magistrate, "I believe you. You shall now see the man whose situation you so much envy." Peter was now conducted along galleries and winding staircases to an isolated building which contained a long row of cells. Two doors securing one of these were unlocked, and Peter confronted his tenant—Richard Jones. He was one of a gang of forgers, and confessed to leading the identical bill to Peter which was traced to him. Peter, as he left the dreary abode of crime, thanked God heartily that he was not Richard Jones, and returned to his humble tenement with most heartfelt gratitude for all the blessings he possessed.

"I wish I were he!" exclaimed Peter two years after the last event. It seemed somehow or other that Peter's experience had gone for naught, and he could not get rid of his wishing. Yet he had perhaps more occasion to indulge in this 'wish' than at any former period. The occasion was this:

Peter had long been enamored of a very pretty, and what was still better, of a very good girl, but some how or other he did not make much advance. He was always kindly received and warmly welcomed, and the young lady's brother, as well as her father and mother, were decidedly partial to him. Whether it was his modesty, or that he believed he was not beloved again, certain it is that he had never spoken of love, except with his eyes, and that delicious awkwardness so amusing to a disinterested spectator that always embarrasses a modest lover. It was thought, too, that Ann had returned

his glance in kind, but he was too modest to perceive it, and as modestly modesty could do no more, affairs were likely to remain in this way till both parties died, or what is more likely, till the lady got tired of waiting, when an incident occurred that caused the exclamation we have written down.

An excursion up the river was proposed, in which music and dancing were to be the features. Ann and her brother and several young men who visited the house were of the party, and Peter had anticipated much pleasure in going, but a job for an excellent customer, that was to be executed immediately, prevented his attendance. The following evening, he met one of the persons who had enjoyed the trip. He spoke in terms of ecstasy of the beauty of Ann—told how often he had danced with her, and how she had given him a flower, which he produced and kissed, and said he would keep for ever for her sake.

Peter declared that it was false, with a spirit unusual for him; in the mean time he felt that it was true; but he hoped that the other would resent his words, that he might have the pleasure of giving him a good thrashing. The young man only laughed.

"I wish I were he!" sighed Peter, as he left the group.
The next day the young fellow came into Peter's store, and produced a letter written in a faint womanish looking hand and asked him triumphantly whether he would believe him then. The letter read thus:

"Dear Mr. Muggins—I have heard of the remarks you made about my flower, and of your expressions in regard to myself. I cannot see you alone in the day time, but if you will come this evening, and clap your hands three times under my chamber window, I will endeavor to reward you as you deserve. Excuse my not signing my name for fear of accident."

Peter was thunderstruck. It was evident that Ann loved Muggins—there could be no doubt of it. Peter sighed and felt as if he could do no work, and as if he did not care whether he ever worked again or not. At an early hour he shut up his store and wandered out in a restless spirit, determined to see the result of the interview.

He remembered that Ann's chamber window was at the back of the house. What lover does not know the resting place of his mistress, and invoke blessings on her head—the faint illumination of its window tells him she is retiring to sleep, as he believes, under the especial guardianship of her sister angels. At the back of the house where was situated Ann's chamber window, was a long garden, at the bottom of which was a neat arbor, and in the middle a fish pond, which, in the moonlight, looked like a sheet of silver. "It is very beautiful," thought Peter, "but it is nothing to me."

Peter esconced himself in the arbor, and about half an hour afterwards he saw cautiously entering the garden his rival. He was highly elated in anticipation of his coming happy interview.

"I wish I were he," sighed Peter, as Muggins passed him and advanced under the window. "I do wish I were he," he again exclaimed, as the three taps were given.

Instantly the window was raised, and a voice exclaimed—"Is that you?"

"Yes, it is I, Muggins," was the reply.

Peter felt as if heaven and earth were annihilated and chaos was come again. "When I from the window came no lady; but a sack of flour; with which the highly scented Mr. Muggins and his very best suit of dress black were literally covered. Before he could get the minute particles from his eyes, three stout fellows issued from the house, seized him and hurrying him along, plunged him head and ears into the fish pond."

"There, exclaim, that is what you deserve," cried a voice which Peter recognized to be Ann's brother's.

Muggins did not wait to hold conversation, but scrambled out, like a dog with his tail between his legs, and sneaked off in double quick time. Peter was astonished. It was inexplicable. He thought he must be dreaming. He was not the only astonished person. The ridiculous figure of the retreating Muggins excited the risible faculties of Ann's brother to such a degree that he could not stand, but holding both his sides, reeled into the arbor and deposited himself in Peter's lap.

A mutual explanation ensued. Muggins had stolen the flower which Ann had dropped and supposed she had lost. Her brother had heard the impudent lying boast of the gift, and had determined to be revenged. He wrote the note of appointment in a hand as much as possible like Ann's. The result has been told. But the brother did not stop there,—he sounded Peter as to his affection for his sister, and heard, as he supposed, that it was unbounded. They entered the house together, and with sweet confusion when the brother remembered he had forgot something, and Ann and Peter were left alone together, Peter stammered in Ann's loving ears his long passion.

Peter became a happy husband, and never since these three sufficient warn-

ings has he been known to wish himself any other person than his own proper self.

A Temperance Story.—The Baltimore Clipper relates a pleasant anecdote in relation to a Temperance pledge, thus:

"A very beautiful young lady on the Point, not long since, signed her name to a temperance pledge, one article of which prohibited her receiving the affectionate attention of any young gentleman who was in any way given to intemperance. It happened that the tender-hearted damsel had, at the very time she put her name to the paper, a beau with whom she was well pleased, but who, unfortunately, (according to report) took occasionally a little too much." The maiden was therefore under the painful necessity of addressing her fondly loved one a polite note, stating her situation, the nature of the pledge she had taken, and the utter impossibility of her ever receiving his attention as a lover. "I love you as purely as ever," was the language of the note, "but my word has gone forth, and honor bids me respond to your kindness only in the light of a friend." The young man found himself perfectly subdued. The words "I love you as purely as ever," were too potent. Determined not to forfeit such devoted affection, he sought the earliest opportunity to become a temperance advocate himself, signed the pledge, and is now a member of the Washington Temperance Society. Young love's dream with them has already brightened into engagement, and is a wonderland, shortly to be consummated in matrimony. Powerful and beautiful is thy influence, Oh, woman."

The consequence of Temperance.—The Dublin Mercantile Advertiser says that the manufacture of spirits in Ireland was less by three millions five hundred thousand gallons, in the year ending the 10th of October, than in the preceding year, ending on the same date. The consequent loss in revenue is close upon five hundred thousand pounds sterling, or more closely, £466,666 16s. 6d.

And what a glorious gain this has been to the poor men and their families, who, until the past year, have spent nearly all their earnings for drink, which is alike detrimental to mind and body. Another Dublin paper says: "To such an extent has crime diminished in Dublin, within the last twelve months, that Smithfield penitentiary has been closed up by order of the Privy Council."

Who would have predicted, two years ago, that Ireland would present an example of temperance to the rest of the world. Boston Journal.

EDITORIAL DUTIES.
There is no question of public import which cannot be argued without a recourse to personalities, on the part of the conductors of the press, and when they do suffer individual hostilities or ill regulated passions to manifest themselves in this way, it is, to our mind, an impertinence and an indignity offered to the reader.

The editor has higher functions to perform—his office, we trust, is of a loftier grade—than that of a prize-fighter. He does not enter the arena either to receive or to inflict personal injuries. He degrades himself and demoralizes those who are around him if he descends to the pugilist; and methinks that it manifests a mistaken zeal for his cause to assume the bearing of a tiger to all who cross his path. He neither gains proselytes to his doctrines nor consideration for himself, by thus mistaking the path of duty.

The aim of the newspaper press—of that portion of it at least which espouses certain tenets, or desires to guard the public mind from error and deception—should be to convince.

Neither personalities nor violence ever produce conviction. Men are not to be abused or to be kicked into faith in any opinions whatever. They may be led by argument, the austere blow, the violent gesture, and the angry abusive tongue defeat the purpose of those who would gain adherents. Editorial quarrels, therefore, and that fierceness and vindictiveness of tone which are too common among journalists, answer no other end than that of injuring those who conduct the press, and cause the press itself to be looked upon with both aversion and distrust.

Pennsylvanian.
When a man owns himself to be in an error, he does not tell you in other words that he is wiser than he was.

A man that does the best he can, does all that he should do.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs asked leave to make a report in reference to the burning of the steamboat Caroline, and the imprisonment of McLeod. The report excited much interest, and on the call of several members was ordered to be read.

The report complains of the British Minister at Washington, and of his identifying the terms of rebellion with piracy—of his defence of the right to destroy property attached to our soil—of his acknowledgment that the Caroline was burnt upon our shores under orders from Great Britain—of his remark that it was quite notorious that McLeod had been improperly imprisoned, &c.

The peculiar relationship between the Government and the States was explained for the purpose of showing that the State of New York has peculiar jurisdiction over the matter of the imprisonment of McLeod.

The Committee say that they deem it dangerous for the Executive to interfere in reference to McLeod, and they further say that they would not have discussed an international question at such length if the demand for the release of McLeod had not come from the accredited organ of the British Government in this country. The close of the report discloses in a manner calculated to create some feeling at home, the condition of foreign affairs both at home and abroad. The report, as soon as read, became debatable.

Mr. GRANGER of N. Y. spoke upon the report, and the remark created some feeling in the House, that he considered the Report almost equal to a Declaration of War with Great Britain. As one of the Committee on Foreign Relations, he felt called upon to state that he had dissented from the report. It was agreed to by a bare majority of the Committee. He did not agree with the report for the reason that it discussed matters foreign to the subject referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. One subject only had been referred to that Committee, viz. the Correspondence between the British Minister and the Secretary of State, growing out of the burning of the Caroline and the imprisonment of McLeod. Instead of confining their action to this subject, they had reported generally in reference to the affairs at issue between this Government and Great Britain. The effect of the report was such that the Government of Great Britain might at once take issue upon it. It was calculated also to alarm the country, already inflamed, by sending forth a fire brand.

Mr. Granger spoke ably and coolly, expressing the hope that the House would not second the efforts of the committee in an attempt to create a panic. After Mr. Granger had concluded, a motion was submitted to lay the report on the table and have it printed. The motion was divided, and the report laid upon the table. The motion in print became debatable—the House, 110 to 77, refusing to print.

Mr. PICKENS replied to Mr. Granger, and with an effort to be severe and witty. The member from New York, he said, had come into the House with a set speech, and had sung to the tune of a popular bagpipe. The same member, he said, not long since had a voice for war, as he thought, but now his courage had oozed out at his fingers ends. In regard to the Report before the House, it was true that it had been adopted by a bare majority of the Committee. Such was the fact, and he stated it with regret, but the authority was his, solely and unadvisedly, and he was ready to abide by it. He considered it the reverse of a war report, and no more than a manly vindication of American rights, and that the effect would be pacific rather than belligerent.

Mr. GRANGER in reply to the first remarks of Mr. Pickens, that it was true his voice might not be so dulcet and sonorous as that of the member from South Carolina, and if it was of the bagpipe twang, the reason was that he had not so many pipes to fill as the member who had spoken. I cannot fill my bag with as much wind as he can. [Mr. Pickens out-stentors Stentor in voice, and tears a "passion to tatters" whenever he speaks. There was great laughter in the House at the prompt and happy rejoinder to a not very dignified allusion.]

Mr. Granger was still more pointed in reply to the other allusions of the member. It was true that he clung to life with great tenacity, and regarded it with all the fondness and attachment of one who felt its value; and had he been like the gentleman from South Carolina, "born insensible to fear,"—he might have placed a less value upon life than he did. [The "born insensible to fear," was a remark original with Mr. Pickens, and the allusion to it was very happy, and again excited laughter.] Other matters were spoken of by Mr. Granger, and the discussion continued.

Mr. ADAMS complained of the Report also, and spoke of the fact that there was a divided feeling in the Committee on Foreign Relations in regard to the controversy at issue between us and Great Britain. But one subject had been referred to the Committee, and many had been discussed by it and reported upon to