

Willsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XXIV.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1844.

No. 1239.



SHEPHERD-DOG.

May your rich soil,
Fertile, and better bless'd
O'er every land.

From the American Agriculturist.

MEXICAN SHEPHERD-DOG.

Although Mr. Kendall and some other writers have described this wonderful animal as a cross on the New foundland dog, such, I think, cannot be the fact; on the contrary, I have no doubt he is a genuine descendant of the Alpine Mastiff, or more properly, Spanish shepherd-dog introduced by them at the time of the conquest. He is only to be found in the sheep-raising districts of New Mexico. The other Mexican dogs, which number more than a thousand to one of these noble animals, are the result of a cross of everything under the sun having any affinity to the canine race, and even of a still nobler class of animals if Mexican stories are to be credited. It is believed in Mexico, that the countless mongrels of that country owe their origin to the assistance of the various kinds of wolves, mountain cats, lynxes, and to almost if not every four-footed class of carnivorous animals. Be this as it may, those who have not seen them can believe as much as they like; but the eye-witnesses can assert, that there never was a country blessed with a greater and more abundant variety of miserable, snarling, cowardly packs, than the mongrel dogs of Mexico. That country of a surety would be the plague-spot of this beautiful world, were it not for the redeeming character of the truly noble shepherd-dog, endowed as it is with almost human intellect. I have often thought, when observing the sagacity of this animal, that if very many of the human race possessed one half of the powers of inductive reasoning which seems to be the gift of this animal, that it would be far better for themselves and for their fellow-creatures.

The peculiar education of these dogs is one of the most important and interesting steps pursued by the shepherd. His method is to select from a multitude of pups a few of the healthiest and finest-looking, and to put them to a sucking ewe, first depriving her of her own lamb by force, as well as from a natural desire she has to be relieved of the contents of her udder, she soon learns to look upon the little interlopers with all the affection she would manifest for her own natural offspring. For the first few days the pups are kept in the hut, the ewe suckling them morning and evening only; but gradually, as she becomes accustomed to their sight, she is allowed to run in a small enclosure with them, until she becomes so perfectly familiar with their appearance as to take entire charge of them. After this they are folded with the whole flock for a fortnight or so, then run about during the day with the flock, which after a while becomes so accustomed to them, as to be able to distinguish them from other dogs—even from the same litter which have not been nursed among them. The shepherds usually allow the dog to keep one of a litter for her own particular benefit, the balance are generally destroyed.

After the pups are weaned, they never leave the particular drove among which they have been reared. Not even the voice of their master can entice them beyond sight of the flock; neither hunger nor thirst can do it. I have been credibly informed of an instance where a single dog having charge of a small flock of sheep was allowed to wander with them about the mountains, while the shepherd returned to his village for a few days, having perfect confidence in the ability of his dog to look after the flock during his absence, but with a strange want of foresight as to the provision of the dog for his food. Upon his return to the flock, he found it several miles from where he left, but on the road leading to the village, and the poor faithful animal in the agonies of death, dying of starvation, even in the midst of plenty. A reciprocal affection exists between them which may put to blush many of the human family. The poor dog recognised them only as brothers and dear-loved friends; he was ready at all times to lay down his life for them; to attack not only wolves and mountain-cats, with the confidence of victory, but even the bear, when there could be no hope. Of late years, when the shepherds of New Mexico have suffered so much from Indian marauders, instances have frequently occurred where the dog has not hesitated to attack his human foes, and although transfixed with arrows, his indomitable courage and faithfulness have been such as to compel his assailants to pin him to the earth with spears, and hold him there until despatched with stones.

In the above instance the starving dog could have helped himself to one of his little brother lambs, or could have deserted the sheep, and very soon have reached

the settlements where there was food for him. But faithful even unto death, he would neither leave nor molest them, but followed the prompting of his instinct to lead into the settlement; their unconsciousness of his wants, and slow motions in travelling, were to much for his exhausting strength.

These shepherds are very nomadic in character. They are constantly moving about, their camp equipt with a kettle and bag of meal; their lodges are made in a few minutes, of branches, &c., thrown against cross sticks. They very seldom go out in the day time with their flocks, intrusting entirely to their dogs, which faithfully return them at night, never permitting any straggling behind or lost. Sometimes different flocks are brought into the same neighborhood, owing to scarcity of grass, when the wonderful instincts of the shepherd's dogs are most beautifully displayed; and to my astonishment, who have been an eye-witness of such scenes, if two flocks approach within a few yards of each other, their respective protectors will place themselves in the space between them, and as is very naturally the case, if any adventurous sheep should endeavor to cross over to visit her neighbors, her dog protector kindly but firmly leads her back, and as it sometimes happens, if many make a rush and succeed in joining the other flock, the dogs under whose charge they are, go over and bring them all out, but strange to say, under such circumstances they are never opposed by the other dogs. They approach the strange sheep only to prevent their own from leaving the flock, though they offer no assistance in expelling the other sheep. But they never permit sheep not under canine protection, nor dogs not in charge of sheep, to approach them. Even the same dogs which are so freely permitted to enter their flocks in search of their own are driven away with ignominy if they presume to approach them without that laudable object in view.

Many anecdotes could be related of the wonderful instinct of these dogs. I very much doubt if there are shepherd-dogs in any other part of the world except Spain, equal to those of New Mexico in value. The famed Scotch and English dogs sink into insignificance by the side of them. Their superiority may be owing to the peculiar mode of rearing them, but they are certainly very noble animals, naturally of large size, and highly deserving to be introduced into the United States. A pair of them will easily kill a wolf, and flocks under their care need not fear any common enemy to be found in our country.

J. H. LYMAN.

A USEFUL PLANT.—The Hon. Mr. Ellsworth says, the sun-flower is perhaps destined to become one of the most valuable agricultural products. One hundred pounds of the seed afford forty pounds of oil. The refuse of the seed, after expression, furnishes an excellent food for cattle; from the leaves of the plant, cigars are manufactured of singular pectoral quality; the stalk affords a superior alkali, and the comb of the seeds is a choice dainty for swine.

The Olive, it is also stated by Mr. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, may be cultivated in the Southern States, as far north as the Carolinas. It will yield in this country a fair crop for oil at four years old, and at eight as much as it does in Europe at twenty. The tree is of great longevity—living to be 1000 to 1200 years old.

For the Christian Observer.

A TAVERN KEEPER'S HISTORY.

My experience in rum-selling, and rum-drinking, for I have done a good deal of both in my time, would be rather too long a story to tell. It makes me tremble, and sick at heart, when I look back on the evil that I have done. I, therefore, usually look ahead, with the hope of doing some good to my fellow-men. But there is one incident that I will relate:—For the last five years, a hard working mechanic, with a wife and several small children, came regularly, almost every night, to my tavern, and spent the evening in the bar-room. He came to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot, working scarcely one-fourth of his time, and spending all he earned for liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing to support herself and children, while he spent his time and the little he could make at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that his week's earnings were all gone by Tuesday and Wednesday, and then I had to chink up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came. This score gradually increased, until it amounted to two or three dollars over his regular Saturday night's pay. The I refused to sell him any more liquor until it was settled. On the day after I had thus refused him, he came in with a neat mourning breast-pin, very handsomely set, enclosing some hair, no doubt of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment for what he owed. I accepted it for the pin I saw it was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think, or, indeed, care, about the question, whether he was the

owner or not. I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get it, I hesitated not to take a little more than my own. I laid the breast-pin away, and all things went on smoothly for awhile. But he gradually got behind again, and again I cut off his supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass andirons, and a pair of brass candlesticks, and I took them and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought me a large family Bible, and I took that too, thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for something. On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to do, I used to shut my bar on Sundays, thinking it was not respectful to sell liquor on that day—I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place I turned to was the family record. It was stated, that, upon a certain day, he had been married to Emily. I had known Emily, when I was young man, very well, and had once seriously thought of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and seemed suddenly to hear a tone of merry laughter. Poor creature! I sighed involuntarily, as a thought of her present condition crossed my mind; and then, with no very pleasant feelings, I turned over another leaf. There was the record of the birth of four children, the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

I never had such strange feelings as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book. But I tried to stifle my feelings, and turned over several leaves quickly. As I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page, these words arrested my attention, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, who is deceived thereby is not wise." This was just the subject, that under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read, "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. As the last, it biteh like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." I felt like throwing the book from me. But once more I turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken."

I closed the book suddenly, and threw it down. Then, for half an hour, I paced the room backwards and forwards in a state of mind such as I never before experienced. I had become painfully conscious of the dire evil resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell you how much I suffered that day and night, nor describe the fearful conflicts that took place in my feelings, and plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about nine o'clock, I think, on that evening, that I opened the drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I should meet there with something to direct me. I opened at the Psalms, and read two or three chapters. As I read on without finding any thing that seemed to apply directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow men. After I have read the Bible, I retired to bed, but could not sleep. I am sure that during that night I thought of every drunkard man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all their beggared families. In the brief sleep that I had obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long line of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children in rags. And a loud voice said, "Who hath done this?" The answer, in a still louder voice, directed, as I felt, to me, spoke up in my ear like a heavy peal of thunder, "Thou art the man!" From his troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided was, "Shall I open my tavern, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?" Happily, I decided never to put to any man's lip the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spigot of every keg or barrel of spirits upon the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I came and signed my total abstinence pledge, and what is better, never resumed until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been of so much use to me, to sign the pledge likewise. And now I am keeping at my old stand a temperance grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least half a dozen families that my tavern helped to make poor and wretched, to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, and in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar for liquor. Four of my oldest and best customers have signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man that I helped to ruin is restored to himself, his family, and society.

THE CITY BELLE.

OR SIX MONTHS IN THE COUNTY.

My sweet Louisa, the doctor has informed your pa that he can prescribe nothing for her but for you, except a six months residence in the country, which

with proper care, he says, may greatly alleviate your symptoms. We have consulted on the subject, and I have concluded to write to a relation of ours in Lebanon county, to know if she can accommodate and nurse you. Your pa and I cannot possibly leave the city at present, but Sarah shall accompany you, and she is careful and affectionate.

"Oh! no, how can I live six months in the country—away from fashion, society, and all the elegancies of life? And with no other companions than the rude, ignorant country girls! Dear ma, I cannot think of it. I had rather stay and die here."

This conversation took place between Mrs. Henshaw and her invalid daughter, in one of the most elegantly furnished parlors in Philadelphia. Mrs. Henshaw was a leader of the fashionable circle, and her only child Louisa, had been a belle from girlhood. But a depression of spirits and bodily languor had for some time lain heavily over her, and her health had begun rapidly to decline. Perhaps she could explain the cause of her illness, but she did not attempt it, and her self-conviction determined to lay upon her country relatives the burden of which she was so heavily weary; it was to her own brother she had resolved to confide her child. He was a wealthy farmer, living on the very lands on which she had passed her youth. Having been adopted by a wealthy childless aunt, she had married the rich and elegant Mr. Henshaw, and had utterly forgotten the home and friends of her childhood, until it became necessary to take Louisa to the country, and the utter impossibility of leaving the city herself awakened in her memory the idea of a brother that was once dear to her. But she spoke of him then only as a relation, trusting that her daughter's pride would justify her caution. Louisa wept bitterly at the thought of leaving her parents, the city, and her acquaintances; but Mrs. Henshaw hastened the preparations, and the invalid lady with her maid were sent away, with an earnest charge to avoid damp air and warm feet, and write if she should grow worse.

It was the latter part of March when they set out, but the day was exceedingly fine; Louisa wept until the carriage was some ways from the city, and the sun shone in the clear heaven. Then she uncovered her face and looked out of the carriage window with a determination to see some hateful, or at least unpleasant object. But her eyes fell on neat white dwellings and fair fields, with a soft shade of green on every swell, relieving the brown ground work, and orchard trees standing in rightly rows, while the light-winged songsters were flashing to and fro, and filling the air with their sweet chirping melody. "How beautiful!" she cried involuntarily. She was already in love with the country.

Mrs. Henshaw received several brief letters stating that Louisa was contented, and that her health was improving. "I wonder she can be contented," Mrs. Henshaw would exclaim—"a girl like Louisa, so genteel, so highly accomplished, so very delicate and sensitive, to be contented amongst such ignorant, unpolished people! I suppose, however, she is amused at the wonder and admiration of the country boys and belles, and enjoys a sort of quietly triumph amongst them. How must her fine figure, magnificent complexion, and refined language and manners contrast with the coarseness of the young creatures around her. I should like to see her in the rustic church, shining amongst them like a dew-spangled rose in a field of daisies. I wonder how she gets along with the young Greys. I warrant she keeps them all at her feet, for she is a queenly girl. I should be amused to see their awkward stumps at imitating her dress, speech and manners."

Towards the last of September, Mrs. Henshaw was surprised at the receipt of a large sheet of foolscap in the shape of a letter from her daughter. She was just dressing for a sailing party, so she laid it aside until the next morning, when with sundry exclamations of wonder, she broke the seal. But how did her wonder increase as she read.

"Dear Father and Mother—I have provided myself with this mammoth sheet for the purpose, and with the intention of writing you a history of my six months in the country."

"We shall find some amusement in this letter," said Mrs. Henshaw to her listening husband.

"Louisa is disposed to be facetious, I see, by her commencing with father and mother." "It was Saturday evening when I arrived at Mr. Grey's, and as you will remember a cold rain had succeeded the fine weather. I felt chilled and miserable, and the snug old farm house presented a most comfortable appearance. As the coach drew up the house door opened, and a pleasant-looking, portly gentleman came out, saying to some person within, 'no, no, I can bring her in my arms if necessary.' He looked rather surprised as I sprang from the vehicle; he, however, conducted me very courteously into the parlor. It was a large apartment, destitute of centre table, piano, or lounge, but there was a bright wood fire burning on

the hearth, and the room contained every thing necessary to comfort, and some superfluities, for before the fire stood a velvet cushioned easy chair and foot-stool, and my good aunt Gray with a large snowy pillow in her hands was waiting to accommodate her invalid niece. She looked curiously at me; I blushed for shame while my heart overflowed towards them for their kindness. And then the graciousness of my own position presented itself, and while I pressed a hand of each I burst into a hearty fit of laughing, in which my uncle joined merrily. "Girls!" he cried as soon as he could speak—"come, your cousin needs no possets or weak soups; come, and shake hands with her." The three girls entered, and while they made their compliments he went on, "away with the big chair, all Louisa wants is employment, air, and exercise, in six weeks she will be able to run a race with the fleetest beau in the township." He then sat down beside me and inquired for you both with great kindness and solicitude, until we were summoned to tea. During the evening I had leisure to observe my cousins. They are named Mary, Ellen, and Lucy. I was struck with their beauty and the propriety of every thing around them. I assure you, mother, they were perfectly elegant in their home made dresses, with white capes and aprons. When we retired for the night I found we were all to sleep in a large chamber, with a good fire in the small fire place, and two large beds in opposite corners, with wash stands, and all the et ceteras. Mary, the eldest, sat down by the table and opening a large bible began to read. I followed the example of Ellen and Lucy, and sat down and listened devoutly. When the chapter was read she said, "let us pray," and we knelt and read devoutly some beautiful evening prayers. I never laid down so happy in my life before. In the morning we arose before the sun, and when we came down we found sunbust about the breakfast, and the girls got the white pails to go and milk. I would go with them, although I was very much afraid of the cows, I went into the yard, and soon grew so bold as to put my hand on one that Lucy was milking, and finally learned to do as they did. I was very awkward and we all laughed heartily, but they said I would soon learn. And then the funny calves with their innocent faces and merry gambols—oh! how I did love them. After an excellent breakfast we dressed for church. Neither of my cousins were inferior in appearance to your elegant Louisa. The congregation at the church were highly respectable in appearance, serious and devout in their demeanor, and attentive to the services. Through the week as I observed the cheerful sociuity of my uncle and his family, saw the girls sweeping, scouring, scrubbing, churning, baking, cooking, spinning, sewing, knitting, embroidering, sketching, painting, and with all finding time to read and write. I grew very much ashamed of my own ignorance and helplessness, and resolved to make myself mistress of all these useful accomplishments. They were all busy the whole day, and seemed to take great pleasure in their occupations. Oh! if you could see their happy faces as they sat at work in the evening while uncle reads aloud; and then if you could listen to our evening hymns. Such singing I never heard, so sweet, so clear, so rational! I declare I forgot my ill health before I had been here two days. There is such pleasure in gardening. When the girls commenced I put on laced boots as they did, and went to work digging beds, transplanting flowers, sowing seeds, and training shrubs. We do not fear the dew or run for slight showers. Such a garden as we have, such a variety and abundance of flowers and vegetables, such luxuries in form of peas, beans and salads! I flatter myself I am now quite a gardener, though at first I did not know a plant from a weed. I have also learned to make cheese. Not merely to set it done, but to perform the whole process myself. I have become proof against damp air and damp feet. You should see us gathering strawberries in the meadow while the grass is wet with dew, or raking hay at the approach of a thunder cloud until the big drops begin to fall, and then running to the house laughing amid the bright shower. Oh! there is no life like a country life—no pleasure like the free exercise and pleasant labors of a farmer's family. I often smile as I recall my impressions of a country life and country people before I came here. I had been taught to sum up in these words all that is degrading, ignorant and vulgar. I find here on the contrary, all that is ennobling, truly great and excellent. What a poor, worthless imbecile I was when I left home. Only fit to be waited on, dressed at enormous expense, and admired for a season! Now I can bake good bread and cakes and pies, cook meats in the most excellent manner, make butter and cheese, and spin flax and wool. These are such accomplishments as grace a woman. Call country people ignorant! Why there is not a farmer's child of ten years old that might not pity the deplorable ignorance of a city belle. Nor are the minds of country people inferior in any respect, and most of them cultivated. Do you remember those lovely poems which

we so much admired in Peterson's Magazine? And how we wondered who the fair author who signed herself Ellen, might be? Well, it is my very little cousin here. Does not this settle the point as to intellect?—And then you know that most of our great men were farmers or farmer's sons, brought up to work until they went to college. Apropos. Do you remember the enthusiastic praise with which the revered professor Dr. D. spoke of a young Mr. Grey, a student in the seminary. Well, that Mr. Grey was your brother's son. I wonder you did not inquire him out, and invite him to the country house. He came home just in the early time of harvest. He is handsome, genteel, and highly educated; how did any gentleman of my former acquaintance, and particularly that mining, delicate Mr. Lawson, of whom I once fancied myself dreadfully enamored, and to whom was owing in part my terrible illness. In part I say, for idleness of mind and body had a good share in producing it. I could have knelt down to him the first evening of our acquaintance, and when the next morning he put on a linen frock and straw hat, and took down his sickle, I thought him, if possible, more captivating than before. What next! Why he says he will be a farmer, an independent, happy farmer, and dear parents, with your consent, your daughter Louisa, will be mistress of his farm, his house and heart. Do not get angry, dear mother, but come you and father and see how happy we all are here, and how good. I know you will approve my choice and bless your affectionate daughter, LOUISA M. HENSHAW.

"Hal! hal!" laughed Mr. Henshaw. "I agree with you, wife; there is amusement in that letter. I always told you you would get your reward for curing your dear brother so unmercifully. Your good daughter, your daughter who was so cherished, and who, I trust, will now be the wife of the younger Mrs. Grey, a farmer's wife."

"She shall not! indeed she shall not!" cried Mrs. Henshaw. "It would kill me outright," and she wept bitterly.

"But," persisted Mr. Henshaw, "Louisa will do as she pleases. She is her own mistress and our only child. And I doubt not, will be a much happier, useful and respectable woman with your nephew Grey, than as the wife of the first lord in England. We will go and see them married."

"We will go and take our poor deluded child home," sobbed the lady.

"But you know," said the teasing gentleman, "the doctor ordered her to stay in the country six months. You surely would not defy the doctor? Louisa would certainly die if we should take her away before the six months have expired."

Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw left town the next day, and after a pleasant journey came in sight of the venerable mansion with its sheltering elms, noble orchards and extensive fields, in which the lady was born, and where she sported away her childhood; but which she had not seen before since she was in her fourteenth year. Now, as she looked upon it, many a tender memory arose from every pleasant spot, and she wept for very tenderness and fond regret. Passing the orchard, they saw a group of lovely girls chatting and laughing as they gathered the large, fair apples into baskets, which a noble looking young man carried and emptied into a wagon for use.

"There is our daughter and son-in-law," said Mr. Henshaw with assumed gravity.

"God bless them!" cried Mrs. Henshaw with energy. "I have been a fool, and now feel that sixty years of artificial life in a city were well exchanged with all its pride and circumstance, for the true happiness which that dear girl has enjoyed during her six months in the country."

TRUE.—A paper published some where in Washaw Valley, speaking of what an editor should be, says: "An editor should place as high a value upon his political reputation as on his private one, and pay the same regard to truth in the columns of his paper as he would in a court of justice; his readers would then be correctly informed, and a great deal of dissatisfaction and strife avoided."

UNFORTUNATE CASE.—Catherine Hynold underwen an examination on Monday afternoon before Alderman Hoffman, of Moyamensing, (Phil.) on the charge of causing the death of an infant child of Albert G. Bird by the mal application of laudanum to a burn, which the infant had received. Drs. Sanley and Ashton, who attended the child, testified that they found it laboring under all the symptoms of a narcotic poison, and as the surface of the burn was in the condition to absorb rapidly, they were of opinion that death had resulted from the application of the laudanum. The case was adjourned for a further hearing until next Monday two weeks, in order to obtain some additional evidence of importance. The accused in the mean time was admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,500.