

# Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

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## TERMS.

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## The Garland.



With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care.

## For the Herald & Expositor.

### THE MOURNER TO HIS SLEEPING INFANT.

Sleep on, thou pure, unceasing one—in happy slumbers rest,  
No place have found, as yet within thy breast.  
But happy would it be for thee, if now, would cease thy life's breath,  
And thou shouldst slumber on in peace, the eternal sleep of death.

That cherub brow, is still untouched by sorrow's deep decay,  
And those blue lips the smiles of joy in ecstasy yet play.  
Thine eyes of blue, are still undimmed, and still they sleep as bright,  
As the sheen of night, twinkling pearls which gleam the robe of night.

But gentle one, thou knowest not that storms may cloud thy fall,  
And clouds may lower on thy path, black as the funeral pall,  
Wild passion may bewitch thy soul, as charms the serpent's eye,  
And fold thee in its death-embrace, when 't is too late to fly.

Still, my infant dear, a mother's prayers shall ever be thy shield,  
To hold thee safe from every snare to which thy heart may yield;  
Till like the setting sun you sink, amid the shades of even—  
To rise again, with glory crowned, to greet the morn in Heaven.

Then, sleep thou on, unconscious one, in happy dreams, now sleep,  
While guardian spirits, round thy couch, their angel vigils keep;  
Most joyous may each life-dream be, which now is set in store,  
And happy be thy future lot, till thou shalt sleep to wake no more.

L. E. E.  
Dickinson College, Oct. 9th, 1837.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A gentleman travelling, found by the wayside, a man he supposed to be eighty years of age, weeping most bitterly. Desirous to learn the cause of such immediate grief, he inquired of the old gentleman why it was that he was crying.—He was informed that his father had just been whipping him! "Your father?" exclaimed the astonished traveller, "is it possible your father is alive?" "Yes, sir," said the mourner, "he lives in that house," pointing to a small habitation near the road. The traveller was anxious to see the father, and accordingly turned into the house, where he saw and conversed with him on the absurdity of his conduct, in whipping an old man as his son. The old man apologized, saying that the young rascal had been throwing rocks at his grandfather, who was then at work in the garden.

**EDITORIAL LABOR.**—The *Ohio Gazette* is printed in a barn, which answers every purpose for a publication office, editorial office, printing office and chamber, parlor, kitchen, dog house, and stable for the editor, his family and cattle. He does all the composition, writing, selecting, marketing and deviling himself. He says, that with perseverance and economy, he thinks he can get along. If he don't, it will not be his fault.—*New Era.*

**Hint to the Working Classes.**—If a man of 21 years of age, begin to save a dollar a week, and put it to interest every year, he would have, at 31 years of age, six hundred and fifty dollars; at 41, one thousand six hundred and eighty; at 51, three thousand six hundred and eighty; at 61, six thousand one hundred and fifty; and at 71, eleven thousand five hundred dollars. When we look at these sums, and when we think how much temptation and evil might be avoided in the very act of saving them, and how much good a man in humble circumstances may do for his family, by these sums, we cannot help wondering that there are not more savers of \$1 a week.

## The Murderer's Paydon.

The winter of affliction, the hot sun of Iberia, and the fatigues of many a field of chivalry, had robbed six and twenty summers of the gladsome beauty, giving to the warrior Pilgrim an appearance matured and sedate. Tall and finely proportioned, his mien was dignified and graceful, while his features, regular and handsome, were touched with an expression of melancholy. His blue eyes indicated a more northern race than his dark sunburnt skin, dark mustaches and Spanish costume. In the front of his broad flapped, upwards-turned hat, he wore an escapolshell, which showed that he had been on a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Jago de Compostello. He rode an Andalusian jennet, black as jet, excepting a white star in the centre of his forehead, and a white ring above the hoof of the near hind leg. At some distance behind him rode, on an English mare, his Biscayan valet, leading a Spanish mule, loaded with the baggage and arms of the Pilgrim.

Just deep and fearful crimes—but in their enormity wholly unpremeditated, had banished him a voluntary exile from his own land. In the unthinking, impressionable rashness of youth he had felicitated himself in the success of a midnight fraud; but when the morning dawned, and the terrible truth became known to his victim, reason from that hapless fair one fled, and his own avenging brother fell beneath his unwilling sword.

With what deep anguish had he fled from that scene of horror! How profound had been his remorse, how truly penitent the following year of his life. As he now traversed the border of Hampshire, he recognized objects familiar to him in the guiltless days of youth; the pleasures they would have excited were changed into agony, as they reminded him, with all the vividness of actual presence, of that one most fatal era of his existence.

The turrets, clustered chimneys, high roofs, notched gables, and bay windows of a mansion were seen, for a moment through an opening in the trees; and more continually, from its elevated site, the ivy clad tower of a church the main body of which was concealed by some majestic lines; the sun was sinking behind the distant woods, and darted a parting beam on that battle-mented tower.

The golden light faded away, and a purple haze every moment deepened into a more sombre gloom; that golden dream was like one moment of life—that gloom the years that follow—the dark obscurity which rapidly overspreads the scene—the grave!

The Pilgrim groaned from deep and bitter agony of soul. A tum in the road, and abruptly swelling banks, now shut out from the traveller's view these distant objects of deeply painful interest, who now rode on deeply buried in thought.

At length he was roused from his reverie by the loud baying of dogs, and looking in the direction from whence the sounds came, he observed, at a furlong's distance, a cluster of buildings, corn and hay stacks, a pond, a fine ash, an aged, almost leafless oak, and some stunted pollards. A deeply rutted lane, between a thorn and a hedge, with a dappled green ditch on the left, led to this rural homestead. Desirous of shelter for the night, he turned up the lane and reached the gate of the farm yard. The house was one of those long, rambling, high-roofed, thatched buildings, which in the sixteenth century, and long subsequent, was the abode of the substantial English yeoman; in connection with which, was a cluster of buildings of various forms and dimensions, from the granary to the cow-house and pig-sty, and beyond these a cluster of corn and hay stacks, of sufficient magnitude to prove the rural wealth of the owner.

As the traveller approached, the large mastiffs, chained in the yard, growled, and the unrestrained curs and terriers ran to meet him, yelping and barking incessantly. The yeoman himself, with two or three children and a farm servant, stood in the yard, gazing on the approaching stranger in silent wonder, but he was courteous and bland in his manners, and when he claimed shelter for himself and servant for the night, the farmer dropped his hat and opened his arms, and kindly welcome. The mule was unloaded, and the farmer's lads taking the charge of the cattle, Diego gladly followed his master into the house.

The stranger had finished a homely repast, and was seated on a high-backed settle to the right of the fire, and his host on one opposite, while in a corner, still nearer the capacious chimney, up which ascended the blue smoke from the blazing wood fire, sat the aged mother of the yeoman, knitting, with indefatigable industry, a large stocking of blue worsted. The good wife was still bustling about, and two comely wenches were putting the house in order, while leaning against a long and high dresser, were three or four youths, whose sleek and rosy faces, and vacant expression of countenance, were strongly contrasted with the swarthy and shrewd visage of the Biscayan valet, who stood a little distance from where his master sat. The younger children were seated on stools, or on the floor, amusing themselves with a kitten,

but occasionally stealing a fearful look of inquiry at the travellers. The stranger sat some time musing; his eyes fixed on the crackling and blazing billets, which fully lighted the more prominent objects in the irregularly built chamber, while it left others in impervious gloom. At length he addressed some observations to his host on matters likely to be interesting to him, and, in the course of a somewhat desultory conversation, let fall that he had himself recently arrived from Spain, and not being pressed for time on his journey to London, would like to tarry a few days at the farm, if agreeable to the host.

After sundry deprecatory apologies for the lowliness of the abode and face for a gentleman of the stranger's supposed rank, his proposition was agreed to. This point being arranged, the stranger again spoke of the surrounding country, and at last mentioned the ivy-clad tower of the church he had seen in the distance, with the castellated mansion beyond it.

"I never like to look at either," said the farmer, "and am glad that it is not our parish church."  
"Why," said the stranger, and the next moment seemed to regret that he had asked the question.  
"Because, you see, sir, I loved the old knight," said the farmer, "he was a good friend to me when a friend was most needed."

The stranger shaded his eyes from the fire, but did not speak.  
"I hear," resumed the farmer, "that the heirs-at-law are claiming the estate, as though Master Charles was really dead."

"And so he is," said the good wife, stopping in the middle of the kitchen. "It was out of nature that a ship could ever cross the sea with such a fiend on board—the blessed Virgin forgive me!"

"Hold thy peace, Bridget, hold thy peace!" said the farmer, "thou knowest not what thou sayest."  
"Not know," said Bridget, coming forward, "then I should like to know who should know if I don't. Was not my poor sister—Heaven rest her soul—sworn gossip to Alice Mayfield, the still woman at the hall, and did not Alice tell the whole rights of the story to my poor sister, and did not Kitty tell them all to me—not know indeed!"

"Ay, ay, you heard enough I doubt not," said the farmer; "but I don't believe all I hear."  
"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself for doubting honest folks," said Bridget; "but I suppose you won't say the poor dear young lady did not go stark staring mad!"

The stranger groaned.  
"And that incarnate fiend, Master Charles, did not slay his brother?" continued Bridget, but looking at the stranger instead of at her husband; and as she thus plunged into the very middle of the tragical story, the various members of the family silently closed around.

"There was some sad mistake," said the farmer.  
"Mistake!" cried his wife. "What were they mistaken who found Master Edward run through the body with his own brother's sword? Were they mistaken who watched the poor crazed lady?—Was the old father mistaken when he followed his son and her to the grave, and laid down in it himself, within three short months of serpent Charles having done all these horrors?"

The stranger abruptly rose and walked from the cottage.  
The wife looked at the husband, and the husband at the wife.  
"Thou art always talking about what thou knowest nothing of," said the farmer.  
"If I had, I should not have been huddled," said the dame significantly, "and I will make no bed to-night for nobody knows who."

"Whist, giddy," said the farmer.  
"I beg pardon, young man," said the wife to the Biscayan. "Who is your master?"  
"Non Inglese, senora," replied the Spaniard, bowing.  
"I never heard the name before," said the good wife. "What do you say is your master's name?"  
"Non Inglese, senora," was the reply, and none other could she obtain from the honest Biscayan.

"I believe he can't speak English," said the good wife to her husband, "which is a proof that he is no better than his master, and so I think the sooner we send them both packing the better."  
The stranger re-entered the cottage, his face in spite of a southern sun was pallid, his eyes heavy, and the expression of his countenance full of melancholy. The farmer filled a horn of brown ale, and presented it with a kindly manner to his guest, who declined not the well meant offer; but the good wife had certain vague suspicions and imaginings, to satisfy which she would not let the subject drop.

"So as I was saying, sir," and she addressed herself directly to the stranger, "when poor Mistress Amelia died—"  
The stranger again raised his hand to his forehead. "His broken hearted old knight had her name put on the coffin as the lawful wife of his poor murdered son—what do you think of that, sir?"  
"Think," said the stranger, turning his head and looking so wildly in her face that the good wife started back two paces. "Think! why in that was the madness of the whole?"  
"The blessed Virgin protect us!" ejaculated the good wife, "why they were not all mad!"  
The stranger recovering himself, resumed his former position.  
"Do you think, sir, Master Charles knew they were married?" said the good wife, after a pause with the feminine fact at cross-examination, for which some members of the legal long-robe so greatly prize themselves.  
"If he had, he would indeed have been the fiend you have styled him," said the stranger.  
"Then as he was a friend of yours, sir," said the good wife, "I suppose you don't think there was any harm in going under cover of the night, and passing himself as his brother, because he did not know the poor orphan adopted by his father, was that brother's lawful wife?"  
"Woman, why speak you thus?" said the stranger sternly. "I would retire to rest."  
To rest! muttered his excited hostess. Can you rest?  
The stranger arose, but recovering his self-possession, he resumed his seat, and seemed to forget the presence of the person who had so greatly excited him.  
He spoke to his frank and single-minded host of cattle, corn, and pastures, leaving his hostess to bustle about, muttering and glancing at him eyes of suspicion and of dread. But her heart was not unkind; and forgetting her threat, she went and prepared her best bed for the stranger, and when she again approached the kitchen fire she absolutely started on beholding her youngest and favorite child, a boy between three and four years of age, standing on the stranger's knees, and laughing and playing with his mustaches.

Come to me, Willy, said the mother, with a voice and manner as though her words were in the hands of the evil one.  
"Hold thy peace, Bridget, hold thy peace!" said the farmer, "thou knowest not what thou sayest."  
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## From the Liverpool Kaleidoscope.

### CONVICTION UPON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1723, a young man who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sail-maker, got leave to visit his mother to spend the Christmas-holidays. She lived a few miles beyond the town of Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey; and on his arrival at Deal in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with the bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public house, who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full, and every bed occupied; but she told him that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boat-swain of an Indiaman, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer, and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest.

In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and waking his bedfellow, he asked him the way to the garden. The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen; but as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket, with which he could raise the latch.

The young man did as he was directed, and after remaining near half an hour in the yard, he returned to his bed, but was much surprised to find that his companion had risen and gone. (Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also rose before day, pursued his journey, and arrived at home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised, but not seeing her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in vain. The alarm now became general, and on further examination, marks of blood were traced into the street, and at intervals, down to the edge of the pier-head.

Rumor was immediately busy, and suspicion fell, of course, on the young man who had slept with him, that he had committed the murder, and thrown the body over the pier into the sea. A warrant was issued against him, and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession at the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances, the unfortunate youth was found guilty. He related all the above circumstances in his defence, but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless he got them when he returned to the bed, nor for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited.

The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance, and the blood at the pier, traced from his bedroom, were signs too evident of his being murdered; and the Judge too, was so convinced of his guilt, that he ordered the execution to take place in three days. At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such asseverations, that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as the modern ones, nor were drops or platforms invented. The young man was very tall—his feet sometimes touched the ground; and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows, contrived to give the body support as it was suspended.

After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in a coffin, and in the course of a few hours animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his quitting the country, and never returned. He accorded travelled by night to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a distant part of the world; and as he changed his name, and disguised his person, his melancholy story was never discovered. After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at length made a master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he, with a few more of the crew, were transferred to another man-of-war, which had just arrived, short of hands, from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstasy, when almost the first person he saw on board his new ship, was the identical old boatswain for whose murder he had been tried; condemned and executed five years before. Nor was the surprise of the old boatswain much less, when he heard the story.

An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place. It appeared that the boatswain had been blind for a pain of the side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the

young man's arrival at Deal—that when the young man awakened him, and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off the arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he arose to go to the barber, who lived across the street; but a pressgang laid hold of him just as he left the public house—they hurried him to the pier, where their boat was waiting—a few minutes brought them on board a frigate, then under way for the East Indies, and he omitted even writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. Thus were the chief circumstances explained by the two friends thus strangely met. The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man, could only be explained by the conjecture; that when the boatswain gave him his knife in the dark, it is probable, as the coin was in the same pocket, that it stuck between the blades of the knife, and in this manner became unconsciously the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England this wonderful explanation was told to the Judge and jury who had tried the cause, and it is probable they never after convicted a man on circumstantial evidence. It also made a great noise in Kent at the time.

**Respect for Wives.**—The Newark Advocate, (Ohio,) is clothed in mourning for the death of Mrs. Nancy Briggs, wife of the editor of that Journal.—*N. Y. Star.*

**Why not?**—says the Transcript.—It is not an uncommon thing for the surviving editor of a paper to put its columns in mourning for the death of his partner of the quill. But what partner of this sort is to be put in comparison with the partner of his bosom—the partner for life—the sharer of all afflictions—the doubler of all joys—even such a one, as we take Mrs. Nancy Briggs to have been.

**A bold Proposition.**—A writer of the last century remarks, "It is a great evil to be a heretic; but it is a great good to maintain orthodoxy by persecutions." Or would it not be better that every man should eat his bread in peace, under the shade of his own fig-tree? I suggest so bold a proposition with fear and trembling.

**The Bible.**—Read it with reverence! Every line you read, think God is speaking to you. Read it with seriousness; it is a matter of life and death; by this word you must be tried. Conscience and the scripture are the jury. God will proceed by it in judging you. Read the good word with affection; get your hearts quickened and warmed by it. Labor not only that the Word may be a lamp to direct, but a fire to warm. Read the Scripture, not only as a history, but as a letter of love, sent to you from God, which may affect your hearts. Pray that the same spirit that wrote the word, may assist you in the reading of it; that the Spirit of God may show you the wonderful things of the Law.—*Watson's Div.*

**Prayer.**—That is not the best prayer which has the finest words, and the best expressions—they may be scriptural, but if the heart is not moved and lifted up to God, it will be but lip service. When the heart prayeth, much will be expressed in a few words—a groan or a sigh to God may be an availing prayer. It were easy to pray, if no more were required than fine words. But when it is an earnest knocking at the Lord's door, a wrestling with him for the blessing, there is a difficulty to get the heart rightly disposed.—Hence we learn the necessity of the assistance of the spirit, to help our infirmities, for it is He alone who can reach us to cry Abba Father.

**Female Duel in Paris.**—On Monday, the 25th of July, six young ladies of Paris entered the *Academie de la Rue Royale*, St. Honor, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Bois de Vincennes. In addition to the fare agreed upon, the coachman received a handsome gratuity, which seems to have led him to believe that there must be some mystery in the proceedings of this feminine conclave. His suspicions were not unfounded. Madame Biphignie L... furious against her ex-favorite friend, Madame Adele M..., who had abstracted her lover, had challenged her fortune rival to mortal combat. The invitation had been accepted, and it was to settle this affair of honor that the two ladies, each accompanied by two seconds of their own sex, had repaired to the Bois de Vincennes. A pistol having been placed in the hands of each, the two rivals fired in turn. The murderous engines, however, had been loaded by inexperienced hands, and were discharged by hands equally unaccustomed to duelling. Neither of the girls, therefore, were hurt, and though they were by no means desirous to retire from the affair, the seconds severally declared that the principals had done all that honor demanded, and insisted upon withdrawing their women from the field.

## SHIN PLASTER POETRY.

The following lines were written on the back of a ten cent note which came to our possession yesterday. It purports to be issued by the borough of Huntington, Pa., and has somehow wandered to this place:

"A PAPER DOLLAR.  
It has been said,  
Tom Benton's head,  
Was bent on making specie dollars,  
As was bent on making specie dollars,  
If paper made,  
The knives would hide them in their collars,  
L. G. HUNTINGTON."

## ON A HICKORY LEAF.

"Oh Hickory—Old Hickory,<