

# 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 enrich'd,  
From various gardens culled with care."  
For the Herald and Expositor.  
To my Mother on my Birthday.  
Mother it is my birth-day morn, and still far, far  
away!  
From home—and thee, I greet again, thy first-  
born's natal day;  
Dreary and sad all nature seems, as closes now the  
year,  
But sadder is thy lone son's heart, my loved, my  
mother dear.

I grieve not at the low sad knell of my departing  
hours,  
Nor at the bleakness of life's way, which joy once  
deck'd with flowers;  
I care not that my future path seems dark and  
hid in night;  
Nor that the demon of despair each early hope  
may blight.  
But mother dear, I grieve to think another year  
has flown,  
And still I wander on in sin, in this wide world  
alone;  
That yet affection's prayers have been unheard  
by Him above,  
And that my heart is still untouched, e'en by His  
holy love.

Gloomy and black wears now the day, as fast the  
moments gull,  
And storm is whirling swift with storm—fit em-  
blem of my soul;  
For there, within each dark recess, blind passion  
holds her sway,  
And darkness every sun-like beam which might  
make glad my way.  
But as the night will blacker be, before the light  
may gleam,  
And as the storm will thicken fall before the sun  
can beam;  
So from my soul the night of death may soon  
fade away.  
Dickinson College, October 27.  
L. E.

## The Used Up.

The jig is up: I have been flung  
Sky high—and worse than that—  
The girl whose praises I have sung,  
With pen, pencil, and with tongue,  
Said "No!"—and I felt flat.  
Now I will neither roar nor rant,  
Nor my hard lot deplore;  
Why should a fellow look askant,  
If one girl says she won't or can't,  
While there's so many more?  
I strove my best—it would not do;  
I told her she'd regret;  
She'd ruin my heart—and chances too,  
As girls don't like those fellows who,  
Their walking papers get.  
In truth I loved her very well,  
And thought that she loved me;  
The reason why I cannot tell—  
But when I waked this pretty belle—  
"Tyas, a mistake it me."  
She's dark of eyes—and her sweet smile,  
Like some of which I've read,  
Is false—for she with softest smiles,  
Lured me 'mong rocks, near love's bright Isle,  
And then she cut me dead.  
My vanity was wounded sore,  
And that I hate the worst;  
You see, a haughty look I wore,  
And thought she could not but adore  
Of all men, me the first.  
Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—  
At every shrine I'll bow,  
And if again a girl cheat me,  
Exceeding sharp, I guess she'll be;  
I've cut my eye-teeth now.  
Oh, like the humble bee I'll rove  
Just when and where I please—  
Shaling sweets from every grove  
Tumpling round each flower I love,  
And dancing in each breeze.

## Select Tale.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

### THE GROOMSMAN.

A Tale founded upon Incidents in Real Life.

BY H. H. NOBLE, AUTHOR OF "MARY MORRIS."

#### CHAPTER I.

At the period of her mother's death, Julia Graham was in her eighteenth year, handsome she was—beautiful. There was a charm and a breathing of beauty around her, that we rarely meet with in the ordinary walks of life. She had not been much in the world—she had not mingled with the dissipations of fashionable society; and was, consequently, alive to those softer emotions of the heart, which the votaries of pleasure so early sacrifice at the shrine of their follies. Her life had been passed in retirement, but not in seclusion. She possessed the requisites of a polished education, had drank of the waters that flow from the pure fountain of poetry, and classic literature had found an admirer in her.

Theodore West was her accepted suitor—her affianced bridegroom. He had wooed with the smiles of a mother, and the heart of Julia was his. By strict integrity in his dealings and a close application to business, he had gained an extensive credit, and stood high in the estimation of the mercantile community. He was at his business during the hours required; but the time not occupied there, was mostly passed by the side of Julia, and the evening he always devoted to her. Those of my readers that have themselves experienced the delights of courtship, can appreciate the happiness enjoyed by them.

Mrs. Graham's funeral was to take place the third day after her decease. On that mournful day they were sitting round the corpse, Julia habitually in the weeds of sorrow, and relatives endeavoring to administer the balm of consolation to her sorrowing spirit. Low whisperings passed from one to another, and cautiously silent was the tread of those that crossed the room as they advanced to the corpse, looking their last upon the earthly remains of her who but a short time before was among them in life. The hour arrived—the undertaker. Julia imparted another kiss upon the cold lips of her parent. Painful, painful was the throbbing of her heart; and overcome by the intensity of her feelings, she sunk back into Theodore's arms, who was at her side. The white shroud was closed over and around the corpse, the lid screwed down, whilst Julia, weeping, sobbing, was borne to the carriage. Long was the train that followed to the place of interment, and sincere were the tears shed over that grave. The deceased was deposited by the side of her husband, in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Pine street, and the sermon delivered on the occasion, enumerated the virtues of the buried, which were audibly responded to by frequent bursts of sorrow from the breasts of those assembled. A plain marble tomb, with a simple inscription thereon, marks the spot where she rests—and there would the feet of Julia and Theodore often wander; arm in arm they would gaze upon the marble, as they thought of the past, and crop the tribute of a tear to the memory of its occupant.

Summer, autumn and winter passed away. Spring returned; and in little more than a year after her mother's death, Julia Graham was led to the altar by one every way capable of rendering a woman happy. She became the bride of Theodore—the wife of his affections: she loved him, and was loved in return.

Edward Byard, a cousin of hers, officiated at the wedding as groomsmen; but for reasons that shall hereafter be made known, he was opposed to the union. He however smothered his feeling at the time, and acquitted himself satisfactorily of the duties that devolved upon him in the character he had taken. Shortly after the nuptials—two weeks or so—he announced his determination of visiting Europe, and in less than a month started; where we will leave him for the present, and introduce the reader to a scene on the banks of the River Schuylkill; in the month of July, 1836—a year and more having passed since the wedding and the departure of Byard. The day had been warm, but was succeeded by a delightful evening. The moon was up, the innumerable stars shone out, and the breeze from the river was redolent with fruit and flowers. Arm in arm Mr. West and his wife were wandering over the lawn; by the river, through the grove, and down by the bank, whilst the sound of the boatman's horn at intervals was heard; and the whippoorwill's note mingled upon the

ear with the dashing of waters. Thus were they wandering, so quietly, fondly—and such was the scene around them; when all at once the music of a flute was wafted to their ears. Both stood still to listen, nor ever had they listened to any thing equal, or in comparison, to the sound that now floated through the air. Its silvery tones would swell till the feelings of the hearers were wrought up to an almost painful ecstasy, and then, as if aware of its magical influence, would gradually subside into those soft and tremulous notes, fainter and fainter, till the enraptured auditors were startled at the sudden conclusion of the tune.

"Beautiful!" the wife exclaimed, as turning out of the grove in which they stood to listen, they advanced into the view of their mansion, upon which the moonlight shone, and saw the figure of a man, who immediately darted into the clustering foliage of some shrubbery at his side, and disappeared. On account of the distance that intervened, it was impossible to distinguish the person; it was singular—who was he?—what did he want there?

"Who can it be?" said Julia, leaning on the arm of her husband as they approached the house. "Indeed, love, I cannot conjecture," was his affectionate reply, assisting her up the steps as he spoke for they were now at the door. They entered the house, and shortly afterwards retired for the night. Before asleep though, they heard the strings of a guitar touched, and immediately beneath their window, a manly voice deep-toned, and apparently sorrowful, sung the words of a popular sentimental song. This of course served to increase the wonder of Julia and her husband. It was strange—it was mysterious. On the following morning, Mr. West inquired of the domestics if any of them knew the person. Each answered in the negative; none knew him; they had heard the music, and seen his person, but nothing more.

Theodore was of necessity absent during the day, in the city attending to his business. On his return home the next evening, his wife informed him that a gentleman of handsome exterior had been noticed on the premises by the servants and herself, but was not near enough for her to see his features with any accuracy. Tea was announced, and they sat down to the evening meal; afterwards to the piano—and in the mutual endearments of domestic happiness, they entirely forgot the incident. To be sure, there was nothing alarming—nothing to be apprehended; but it was singular that a man should be loitering about. Rising from the piano, the happy couple left the parlour and retired to the privacy of their own chamber; where, walking out upon the balcony in front, they seated themselves to pass the social hour of love and contemplation. The moon, the stars, the shining river, and the distant view, were mingled on the sight, whilst the city's hum and the noise of busy thousands assailed the ear. The city itself was seen by them, as the moonlight lay sleeping upon its roofs, its domes its steeples and its towers. The balcony extended from a level with their chamber, and around the pillars that supported it, the flowery creeper entwined its delicate foliage—the rose, the jasmine, and the violet, too; commingling. A paradise—the very place for love! Theodore sat half-reclined, half-reclining, and Julia reposed with her head upon his bosom—his arms encircling her—and of the long, the lingering kiss—so deep—so pure—which only those that really love can really appreciate. Heaven had smiled upon their union; they were happy—and a new tie was upon the eve of being added to their bliss.

But hark! music—soft music—the tones of the flute are again heard! At a distance at first, but as it neared, more distinct was the melody, and it was evidently the same heard the night previous.

"How beautiful, how sweetly played!" cried the wife, enraptured, while Theodore fondled her to his breast, where she nestled like the dove to the caresses of its mate.

"Tis beautiful," said the husband—"like yourself," he complimentarily continued, smoothing back the ringlets from her brow, and gazing with admiration on the countenance of her whose guileless bosom heaved for him, and him alone.

The music continued—low, like the whispering undertone of the human voice, like the quiet quivering of the aspen leaf, at first—then dying away till scarcely audible—and now bursting upon the startled ear—full—swelling—melodious! As it ceased, the voice was heard again, but not accompanied with the guitar as it was the evening preceding. Clear and distinct its manly tones came up upon the

breeze, and Julia listened—intensely—almost breathless. She gradually rose from her husband's side and leaned forward over the balcony—eagerly—eagerly—straining her eyesight to catch a glimpse of the vocalist. The sound of his voice directed her eyes to the spot, but he was effectually concealed by a cluster of trees, whose spreading branches intercepted the rays of the moon. The curiosity, or rather the interest, excited in her breast, arose to an extraordinary height—so much so indeed that it began to surprise her husband. He could not account for it; there seemed to be more in her manner than admiration only. Perhaps she knew who the singer was: it might be so. If she did, why not tell her husband. What motives could she have in concealing it?

The song ceased, and was in a minute or two afterwards heard receding in the distance. Julia listened till the sound was entirely lost, and as it was by this time after midnight, expressed her wish to retire. They did so, and as Theodore laid his head upon the pillow, with her beside him, it was not altogether with as happy a heart as usual. "Suspicion" was awakened in his heart. Headed, Julia was shortly lost in slumber—the sweet sleep that nature requires—but he was awake, cautiously disengaging himself from her arms, which were around his neck, he rose, and slipping on a loose undress walked out upon the balcony again—there to gaze at the heavens and indulge in his thoughts. With eyes upturned, his cheek resting on his hand, and the railing of the balcony was he leaning—sad—sorrowful. An hour passed and still he was there;—another there he was still—his face buried in his hands and his heart subdued with grief. A light footstep was heard behind him—and Julia was there. She had missed him from her side, risen from bed, and hurried to the balcony in alarm, where she found him—but in tears—weeping.

"Why is this, Theodore," she hurriedly asked in trembling tone. "Why have you risen from your bed? Why thus expose yourself to the cold night air?" She hung around him—fondly—freely—but he returned not her caress, and the coldness of his manner shot through her heart a pang of inexpressible anguish. "What does this mean?" she continued. "Why leave your pillow? what has discomposed your mind? You are weeping! alas! am I the cause?"

"Your silence implies it—I am the cause," she exclaimed. "But in what way did I do it? what have I done? Speak let me know."  
"Nothing!"  
"Nothing!" she repeated. "Why do you speak so coldly to me? Here her utterance choked, and her eyes filled with tears. "Nothing, do you say—then why do you use me thus?"  
"Use you thus! how?"

"This was enough—she said no more, but sunk back in a swoon, exhausted; overcome by the usual excitement her feelings had undergone. The paleness of death spread over her face instead of the rose like bloom that usually tinged her cheeks. Her eyes closed—and, but for the heaving of her bosom as she respired, it seemed as if life was extinct.

"What have I done!" cried Theodore, accusing himself once with the blame—'What have I done! alas—Julia—love—revive, or I shall go wild with fright and dread!' Loud were his cries for the servants, who came around him frightened from their beds; and, ascertaining the alarm, carried their mistress in. One of them hurried for a neighbouring physician and before morning Mrs. West's accouchement took place, giving birth to a daughter.

And now, all her husband's former tenderness was renewed—his momentary jealousy forgotten. Nothing was left undone by him that could possibly attend to alleviate her sufferings. He was again the fond—the feeling husband. Confidence was restored between them. Unpleasant recollections were hushed, and the sun of happiness again shone out, as bright as ever, upon the fortunes and home of the happy pair.

The day subsequent to this event, information was brought to the mansion that Byard was home again—returned from Europe.

#### CHAPTER II.

Six weeks glided by. Mr. West returned to his business in the city, and was regularly at home in the evening—as soon as possible always. All his joys were centered in Julia—she was to him like the star that guided the wise men of the east—she influenced all his exertions, and not an hour in the day did he suffer to pass without his thoughts reverting to her and the child. The incident of the flute, and that of the singing, was thought of no more—neither was repeated. Maternal tenderness occupied much of Julia's time, and new emotions were kindled in her heart as she fondled her little offspring in her breast. And whilst it lay sleeping in her arms, or rocked in its cradle—she

watched by its side, unwearied, unceasingly. Thus was the stream of their existence flowing on, amidst flowers and shade, as it were—when again the demon of jealousy was roused in the husband's bosom, fierce in its denunciations—passionate, inexorable! From calm to storm—a sudden transition. To her it was inexplicable. What had caused it? Something he had just heard. What was it! Whatever it was, deep within his breast it rankled—boiling—raging—and causing the frequent emission of anger and passionate bursts, which might be comparatively spoken of as resembling the awful eruptions of Etna or Vesuvius in the fury of their volcanic fires. At first they were indulged in only when and where they could not be audible to the ears of any—in secret—in solitude.

His first extraordinary movement was the winding up of his business. His pecuniary circumstances were affluent, his profits in commerce large; and it was indeed to be wondered at that at such a time he should relinquish trade. But he did so—sold his house in town, converted his capital into real estate, mortgages, &c. &c. and expressed his determination of residing entirely at his seat upon the Schuylkill, where at present he was passing the summer.

The officious world is ever ready to praise or censure. Judging from a momentary impulse, it unhesitatingly passes the opinion with which it is first impressed—without consideration—without inquiring the cause. Where particulars are not at once revealed, it is sure to suppose the worst—always; when at the same time causes diametrically opposite may have transpired to produce the effects. So was it on this occasion. His friends, acquaintances and relatives, all objected to the course he was pursuing. They were certain he would repent it, they said. Retirement had its charms they acknowledged—but for those advanced in years, not for the young, the gay-hearted. Thus would they reason with him; but they felt not as he did—he felt not the convulsive pangs and conflicting throes that agitated his breast. It is easy to give advice—is it as easy to follow it?

But his wife—for her fall the tears of pity as I write, whilst her sorrows I think, and with a tremulous hand continue this page. How changed was her husband—how altered from what he was! No longer he displayed the tenderness and warmth with which he usually returned her caresses—but haughty and distant was his manner—and unmeaningly fixed on her was the hitherto expressive glance of his eye. For a long time she endured rather than upbraid, but at last it sunk deep within her heart, there to rankle. Heroically she had stemmed the torrent of her feelings—but finally sunk under it—washed upon the beach of her expiring hopes—not drowned—but mentally insensible. I do not mean that her reason was affected, but that indifference and neglect on his part had blunted it. A drowned person may be taken from the water, and the vital spark is to all appearance extinct, but by the application of resuscitatory powers, circulation of the blood is restored and the inanimate being called back to the busy throng of active life. So was it with her; her ardent love for Theodore, which had so long supported her, was now in a state of torpor, but ready at any moment to awake again with all its former energy, if called to life by him.

In order to shelter her reputation from the blight of calumny, and to hurl back on her traducers the arrows directed against herself, Mrs. West had repeatedly demanded of Theodore the nature of her offence, since offended she had. He invariably shunned a positive answer; to some other subject he would revert, or else abruptly leave her to herself, in silence and alone weeping. "Oh, that my heart would break, and end its miseries at once!" she would exclaim at moments like these, as, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven, she stood, pale and motionless like a statue—like Niobe in tears. "Why am I doomed to this? this cruel neglect—this cold indifference of his?" she would repeat. "In what, in what am I culpable? I have asked him—asked him to tell me—to explain his strange behaviour; time after time I have, but he has ever turned to me a deaf ear, and treated my inquiries with silent contempt. I've borne it with pious resignation; suffered, endured and wept; day after day of wretchedness I've passed, and sleepless nights of misery—all—all—and amidst it not one kind word have I received from him!"

Yes, frequently had she asked him—entreated, implored and prayed to share the sorrows of his heart. Around his neck she would throw her arms, imprint upon his lips the kiss of eager love, and by evening tenderness persuade. But there's a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue; when to endure is to sin; and that crisis had now arrived in the sufferings of Julia; for her to suffer longer, was to do wrong. She had done all in her power—all that she could do—and her resolution was fixed to plead with him no more.

The smiles of her daughter, the infant Julia, were the only smiles she met. She became an object of suspicion to the domestics of the establishment even, with the one exception of old Margaret, the housekeeper. For when in her presence, they silently surveyed her with glances of doubt and diffidence, considering her a guilty woman. Her husband became worse and worse daily. To his lips he raised the intoxicating cup, and drank of it; whilst in secret he no longer vented

his passions, but at any moment and before any eye. What a change!—what a source of regret!—how different from the happy pair we have previously described them! He a drunkard and she—broken hearted!

It was now the month of October, nearly three months having passed since the birth of her child. And here let me resume the narrative. "Manuel," said Mr. West, addressing one of his servants, one on whom he had conferred innumerable favours, and whom he honoured with his particular confidence. "Manuel!"

"Sir," responded the other, entering the room where his master was seated, and standing at his side. "Have you seen her?" "Where is she?" "In her chamber, reading." "And the child—where is it?" with her or has the nurse charge of it?" "Tis asleep in its mother's arms." "There was a short pause. The servant stood at his side, whilst the questioner leaned back upon his chair, shading his eyes with the palm of his hand, and a long-drawn sigh escaped from his bosom. "You have seen nothing further have you?" "No sir—nothing." "Watch her, and bring me word immediately if you perceive anything more. I will."

"A glass of wine—quick." The servant obeyed, poured out the wine, handed it to his master, and at a draught the glass was drained of its contents, then returned to the domestic, who restored it to its place on the sideboard. "Now, leave me; I wish to be alone—alone with my thoughts—alone with my misery!"

As he spoke he sunk back into a reverie, with his eyes closed and his hands over his face. Manuel left, closing the door after him as he departed from the room; and went to the chamber to Mrs. West, where he found her—but not unexpectedly—engaged in packing into a small trunk several articles of wear. He entered the apartments so stealthily that his presence startled her, and she uttered his name with surprise.

"Hush—not so loud—whispered Manuel, for else we may be overheard. You'll be ready at the time appointed, will you?" "Yes—you're sure the boat will be waiting at the spot?" "It will." "And the carriage on the other side of the river?" "Yes; at eleven o'clock, I'll cough under your window—come down immediately, and I'll conduct you to the boat."

"But the trunk?" "Tis a small one, and if you drop it from the window I can easily catch it. Remember at eleven?" "I'll not forget." Left to herself, Mrs. West continued packing into the trunk the articles of dress necessary for her purpose. Her resolution was fixed—she had resolved to leave her husband. The miseries of her present situation were more than she could bear, and it was now the only remedy left. She was young—life is sweet—and the course she was about adopting—seemed more as a duty enjoined upon her by the will of Heaven than inclination of her own. With the single exception of old Margaret, Manuel, the servant, was the only one in the establishment that seemed to take any interest whatever in her fate. Circumstances had latterly introduced them to each other, and in the resolution she had taken he greatly aided her, and was perhaps her adviser throughout. Many and painful were the struggles that agitated her maternal bosom at the thought of leaving her child—perchance to never see it again. But leave it she must—she could not with consistency take it with her.

As she finished packing, the clock on the mantel-piece struck six, and the twilight of evening began to close around her. She pulled a bell, and desired the servant who answered it to furnish her with a light. A lamp was brought, after which she fastened the door of the apartment and sat down to compose a letter. "Fear after fear, many & fast, trickled down her colourless cheeks, and with a trembling hand she traced the anguish of a bursting heart. She finished it scarcely able to sign her name at the bottom, and subscribed it to her husband.

It was now ten o'clock—another hour, and then farewell to her home! She went out upon the balcony, and taking a seat upon the place where so often she had uttered her husband, whited away the intervening hour with a retrospect of the past—the days of her childhood—courtship—the death of her mother—marriage—the birth of her babe—and then her present pitiable condition. As the moment of her departure approached, her fears—or rather her regrets at the idea of leaving her child, augmented. "But he will take care of it—oh, yes!—it never offended him if I have, and against his own he surely cannot harden his heart!"

The clock strikes—eleven—and a slight cough is heard beneath her window. "Is it you, Manuel?" "Yes—drop the trunk—and as you come through the hall be careful not let any of the doors slam. Mr. West is up and pacing his chamber—I heard him." The trunk was dropped and caught by Manuel. Julia shut down the window, put

a hat and cloak on, hastened through the entry, down the stairs, through the hall, and as she issued from the door was promptly met by Manuel with the trunk upon his shoulders. He begged her to make haste for fear of accident or discovery. She took his arm, and they hurried down to the river, where the boat lay moored with a man ready at the oars. She entered, bade adieu to Manuel, and charged him to write whenever she sent a letter herself. He promised to do so, shoved off the boat, and he turned his steps towards the mansions again, whilst the stroke of the oars reached his ears—and he laughed within himself at his own success.

The night was so dark that Julia could not distinguish the face of the rower, and as not a word was spoken by him she deemed it advisable to keep silence herself—expecting every moment to be landed on the opposite shore—there to enter a carriage which she supposed was in readiness for her. Ten minutes at least had passed, and still the rower continued his exertions. She knew the comparative width of the river—it certainly could not take so long—merely to cross it—and she was upon the point of making her alarm known, when the boat catenruptly against the side of a schooner riding at anchor in the stream. Immediately the steps were thrown over the vessel's side, and Julia was desired to ascend. In amazement she did so, and before aware of what she was doing found herself upon deck.

"For Heaven's sake, what does this mean?" she exclaimed, finding words coming to a sense of her situation. "A dark night—on board of a strange vessel—and around me I know not whom!" "There are none but friends here," said a voice. "This way, when at the same moment the cabin door was opened and she was asked to enter. Passively she complied and descended the steps—a lamp hung in the middle of the cabin, and by the light it afforded she recognized the features her cousin—Edward Byard!

"My cousin!" she exclaimed. "Ay—your cousin that loves you, Julia—loves you!" "Betrayed, betrayed!" He was dressed in the disguise of a sailor, and it was him that rowed the boat. There was now a bustle on deck—the anchor was heaved—the sails set—a fair wind was blowing—and the schooner dashed through the tide, whilst the waves washed over her deck, and the seaman sung to the charms of his lass. On, on she went—scarcely bounding—the stars and stripes from her masthead streaming, and every inch of canvas stretched to the breeze. Hark! a shriek is heard from the cabin—Julia's voice!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proposed Matrimonial Enactments.—The following clauses are respectfully proposed to be added to the late act against clandestine marriages, in case the Legislature should hereafter resume the consideration of that subject: When two young thoughtless fools, having no visible way of maintaining themselves, nor any thing to begin the world, yet resolve to marry and miserable, let it be deemed petty larceny. If a younger brother marries an old woman, merely for the sake of a maintenance, let it be called self-preservation. When a rich old fellow marries a young wench in her full bloom, it shall be death without benefit of clergy.

When two old creatures that can hardly hear one another speak, and cannot propose the least comfort to themselves in the thing, yet marry together, they shall be deemed non compos, and sent to a mad house. When a lady marries her servant, or gentleman his cook maid, especially if there be any children by a former marriage, they both shall be transported for fourteen years.

When a man has had one wife, and buried her, and will marry a second, it shall be deemed felony de se, and he shall be buried in the highway accordingly. When a woman in good circumstances marries an infamous man, not worth a groat, and knows it, it shall be made single felony, and she shall be burnt in the hand.

When a woman marries a man deeply in debt knowing him to be so, let her be sent to the house of correction, and kept to hard labor for three months; and if he deceives her, and did not let her know his circumstances, she shall be acquitted, and be deemed to beat hemp all the days of his life. When a man having no children, marries a woman with five or six, let the defendant stand thrice in the pillory, lose both his ears, and suffer one year's imprisonment. And when a man or woman marries, to the disinheriting of his or her children, let them suffer as in case of high treason. When one of a house full of old maids, marries, the couple shall be immediately removed, to prevent bloush.

[From a paper printed in 1750.

Hard Times.—The young ladies in Cumberland had complained that the gentlemen are so puffy that they can't even pay their addresses.