

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.

THE "CARLISLE HERALD AND EXPOSITOR," will be issued at TWO DOLLARS per annum, in advance. *Advertisements* not exceeding a square for three insertions, ONE DOLLAR, and every subsequent insertion, Twenty-five Cents, longer ones in proportion. Letters addressed to the publishers on business, MUST BE POST PAID, otherwise they will not be attended to.

AGENTS.

The following persons have been appointed to receive the CARLISLE HERALD AND EXPOSITOR, to whom payment for subscription and advertisements can be made.

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P. KOONTZ, Esq. Newburg, do.
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JOHN WOODRICH, Esq. do. do.
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THOS. BLACK, Esq. Bloomfield, Perry county, do.
A. BLACK, Esq. Landisburg, do.

The Garland.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

For the Herald & Expositor.

Winter.

Hark! what noise is that I hear,
That comes from yonder hill?
It is cold winter's storm I fear
It doth my vitals chill.
Those chilling winds that round us play,
How sad they are to me,
No friend I have with me to stay—
An orphan poor I be.
But hath not God in mercy said:
A father will I be
Unto the orphan and its seed
To late posterity.
Then from this, courage I will take;
I cannot, will not doubt,
And unto him my vows I'll make,
He will not cast me out.
His armour then I will put on,
It is to me a shield—
It will protect me from the storm—
To none but him I'll yield.
W. K. D.
Shippenburg, Pa.

ORIGINAL.

"Rub Beg Club."

NO. II.

"*Homo sum humani nil a me alienum puto.*"

Man by nature is a rational and intelligent being. The object of man's existence is to live agreeably to the purpose of his creation. Whatever artificial features he may assume, he cannot deteriorate from the stamp of humanity. Human character is exhibited in a varied form and aspect. The principles of our moral nature, inculcate the pre-eminence of virtue and subdue the ebullitions of passion. Our passions are the rude materials of our virtues which heaven has given us to fashion, polish, and refine into a divine workmanship.

"Virtue's pure charm the mind from passion tures,
And erring thought, though fallen, rescues eyes."

This is not only confirmed by our natural impress of virtue, but by the potent word of inspired instruction. We do not believe like Hobbes of old, that man is an incarnation of selfishness, and essentially a vicious and contemptible being. Heaven breathed the breath of life into man and he became a living soul. Therefore he is a transcript of divinity. The image of virtue is so strongly engraven upon the human heart, that every deviation from its principles, is in opposition to the prescribed laws of moral nature. Truth, candor and justice are pure emanations of the soul, and the villain steeped in vice, cannot help but love & admire them. But are these invariable truths evinced in the modern walks of society? Do the charms of virtue and the detestation of vice hold prominent places in the affections of man in the present age?

It has been said by a writer, that good is so intimately and invisibly blended with evil, that it requires not only a right feeling to love and embrace it when found, but the exercise of every faculty to separate the metal from the ore in which it is embedded. This sentiment might accord with the doctrine of the ancient eclectic school, but as applicable to the circumstances of our day it is extremely doubt-

ful. The distinction between virtue and vice now requires no very discriminating eye to discover. To judge of others, is rather a delicate point. But fastidiousness ought always give way to duty. Whatever has a tendency to retard the promotion of public morals or the social virtues, demands the resisting energies of every well affected citizen.

The meed of praise is due every man for the good he does: we approve the good, but condemn the bad. Many of the frailties of humanity admit of palliation, but the preponderating influence of vice does not. In the plain garb of nature the temple of virtue maintains a supremacy over the suggestions of erring thought. But our moral fabric is corrupted, and deluded by the Syren voice of pleasure, we live obedient to our appetites and passions.

The aspects of society in some of the pristine ages, presented human character in a much more favorable light, than the peculiar characteristics of the present age. Simplicity of manners, purity of morals, and correctness of principle, were then the simple dictates of nature. Although the meridian of civilization had not thrown the mantle of refinement upon the benighted ages of bigotry and ignorance, the ingenuousness of the human heart was appreciated. Artifice then gave place to simplicity, and truth flowed unsophisticated from the open and generous impulse of the soul. The glimmering twilight of religion, although scarcely perceptible, yet the feelings of benevolence amongst the ancients were without selfishness, friendship without deceit, and dignity free from ostentation and pompous assurance.

We do not wish to draw invidious distinctions in favor of the past, and make one wish he had lived in the age of chivalry; but as man is a creature of imitation, let him model his principles and mould his character from a source worthy of imitation, and not be a slave to the finess and glittering tinsel of European fashion; and the corruptions of a licentious court.

We hear much about the amelioration of the condition of mankind—his intellectual and moral improvement, and the general spread of christian morality; avenues are open to all the truths of religion and moral science—the general voice also concurs in the acknowledgment of their benefit and aptitude to our condition. But that the principles inculcated by these truths, are practically exhibited in our public individual spheres of action, the present state of society falsifies.

It would be supposed in proportion to the progressive improvement of society, a corresponding result would be evinced in the illustrations of our principles and conduct. The age in which we live, is certainly one of improvement. We have improved essentially in theory and speculative philosophy. System has succeeded system. It appears as though the flood-gates of learning have been unbarred, and the genius of the nineteenth century has eclipsed all ages of the world. The character and tendency of this literary spirit, will hereafter endeavor to canvass.

But the great object of our inquiry is to ascertain the improvement which has been wrought upon our social fabric. We are not constituted isolated existences; but possessing every faculty necessary for the enjoyment of the social relations. Society without moral and political virtue, would be like the warring elements. The great link of human society consists in the observance of the moral duties, and in discountenancing vice in every shape. But in our golden age, the rule is reversed: We discountenance virtue and encourage vice. Principle is now derided—virtue trampled upon, and the whole character moulded in an artificial form. The dissipated passions, which form so strong a link in supporting human society, are usurped by sordid selfishness, and almost every sympathetic emotion is repressed under the absorbing influence of the corruption of the age. There now appears to be two great beacons, established in the horizon of human hopes, and the general watchwords are "interest and pleasure." Every man is required to contribute his quota of good in the great scale of public benefit. But now, like the Dutchman, every man is for himself. We all have our private duties, but they are to be indulged only so far as not to hurt or violate

obligations due to our public connections. This is acting by the guidance and control of common sense.

We find the indulgence of private good in modern communities, overcomes every consideration of public benefit, or benevolent feeling. Those disinterested passions, which have elicited the praise of the world, are now rejected, unless necessary to pleasure or interest. Friendship now only exists in the pocket, and when that is empty, friendship loses its charm. O friendship! delusive name! the gilded strains of poetic exuberance and the livid eloquence of the rostrum, have defiled thee as a heaven-born gift. But the knell of thy departure has been tolled long ago. The whole superstructure of society appears to be reared upon an artificial basis, and all the finer feelings of the soul rendered subservient to the sordid passions. Prejudice has assumed the government of reason, friendship is the mantle of perfidy, and religion a cloak for villainy and hypocrisy. In fact man appears to have lost the sense of his nature and limited period of his existence. A mechanical system rules our actions, thoughts and speech. We see men walk with all the hauteur and dignity of nabobs, and beat the earth as if creation was too inferior to sustain them. We see some stare their eyes with knowing wisdom, endeavoring to evince the capability of their heads, when their mouths cannot give utterance to an original sentiment; and even the mouth cannot be opened without a punctilious pucker, or affected mincing. O! what a glorious era is this! an age of consistency! an honor to God and man.

Subsequently we will examine the vices and innovations, which infect community, together with a full stricture upon the prevailing characteristics of those sometimes denominated angels, but more properly the butterflies of society.

MESHACH GALBLASTER.

For the Herald and Expositor.

An Angel Visit.

On the evening of one thirty-first of December, I had been cherishing the humiliating and solemn reflections which are peculiarly suitable to the close of the year, and endeavoring to bring my mind to that view of the past, best calculated to influence the future. I had attempted to recall the prominent incidents of the twelve months which had elapsed; and in this endeavor, I was led, frequently to regret, how little my memory could retain even of that which was most important to be remembered.

I could not avoid, at such a period, looking forward as well as backwards and anticipating that fearful tribunal at which no occurrence shall be forgotten; whilst my imagination penetrated into the distant destinies which shall dependant on its decisions.

At my usual hour I retired to rest, but the train of meditation I had pursued was so important and appropriate, that imagination continued it after sense had slumbered. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," I was mentally concerned in the following scene of interest.

I imagined myself still adding link after link to the chain of reflection, the progress of which, the time for repose had interrupted; and whilst thus engaged, I was aware there remained but a few moments to complete the day. I heard the clock as it tolled the knell of another year, as it rung slowly the appointed number, each note was followed by a sting of conscience bitterly reproaching me for my neglect of precious time. The last stroke was ringing in my ears—painful as the groan announcing the departure of a valuable friend—when, notwithstanding the meditative posture in which I was sitting, I perceived that the dimness of the apartment suddenly became brighter; and on lifting my eyes to discover the cause, I was terrified at discovering that another being was with me in my seclusion. I saw one before me whose form indeed was human; but the bright burning glance of his eye, and the dazzling splendor that beamed forth from every part of his beautifully proportioned form, convinced me at a glance, that it was no mortal being that I saw. The elevation of his brow gave dignity of the highest order to his countenance; but the most acute observation indicated by his piercing eye,

and inexorable justice, was impressed on his majestic features. A glittering phylactery encircled his head upon which was written in letters of fire, "The Faithful One." Under one arm he bore two volumes, and in his hand held a pen.

I instantly knew the recording angel—the secretary of the terrible tribunal of heaven. With a trembling which convulsed my frame, I heard his unearthly accents. "Mortal," he said, "thou hast longed to recall the events of the past year—thou art permitted to gaze upon the record of the book of God. Pétuse and be wise."

As he spoke thus, he opened before me one of the volumes which he had brought.—In fearful apprehension, I read in it MY OWN NAME, and recognised the history of my own life during the past year, with all its minutest particulars. Burning words were those which that volume contained, all the actions and circumstances of my life were registered in that dreadful book, each under its respective head. I was first struck with the title of "Mercies received." Some were there, the remembrance of which I had retained—more which were recalled, after having been forgotten—but the far greater number had never been noticed at all. O! what a detail of preservation, and deliberances, and invitations, and warnings, and privileges, and bestowments!

I remember that "Sabbaths" stood out in very prominent characters, as if they had been among the greatest benefits. In observing the recapitulation, I could not but be struck with one circumstance—it was, that many dispensations, which I had considered as calamities, were enumerated here as blessings. Many a wo which had riven the heart—many a cup whose bitterness seemed to designate it as a poison, was there verifying the language of the poet:

"E'en crosses from his sovereign hand, are blessings in disguise."

Another catalogue was there—it was the enumeration of "Transgressions." My heart trembles when I remember them! What an immense variety of classes: Indifference—thoughtlessness—formality—ingratitude—unbelief—sins against the world—against the church—against the Father—against the Saviour—against the Sanctifier—stood at the head of their crowded battalions, as if for the purpose of driving me to despair.

Not one sin was forgotten there—neglected Sabbaths—abused ordinances—mistaken improved time—encouraged temptations—there they stood, with no excuse, no extenuation. There was one very long class—I remember well—"Idle words," and the passage flashed like lightning across my mind.—"For every idle word that man speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgment."

My supernatural visitor here addressed me—"Dost thou observe how small a proportion thy sins of commission bear to those of omission?" As he spoke, he pointed me to instances in the page like the following: "I was hungry and thou gavest me no meat."—"I was thirsty and thou gavest me no drink."—"I was sick and thou didst not visit me." I was conscience stricken.

In another part of the record I read the title—"Duties Performed." Alas! how small was their number! Humble as I had been accustomed to think the estimate of my good works, I was greatly disappointed to perceive that many performances of which I had looked with pride, were omitted, "because," my visitor informed me, "the motive was impure." It was, however, with feelings of the most affecting gratification, I read beneath this record, small as it was, the following passages: "Whoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward."—"Whilst I gazed on many other similar records, such was the intense feeling which seemed to be awakened within me, that my brain grew dizzy, and my eye became dim. I was awakened from this state by the touch of my supernatural instructor, who pointed me to the volume in which I had read my own terrible history, now closed, and bearing a seal, on which, with a sickening fear, I read the inscription:—"Reserved till the day of judgment."—"And now," said the angel, "my commission is completed. Thou hast been permitted what has never grant-

ed to man before. What thinkest thou of the record! Dost thou not justly tremble? How many a line is here, which, "dying, thou couldest wish to blot." I see thee already shuddering at the thought of the disclosure of this volume at the day of judgment, when an assembled world shall listen to its contents.—But if such be the record of one year, what must be the guilt of thy whole life? Seek, then, an interest in the blood of Christ, justified by which, thou shalt indeed hear, but not to condemnation.—Pray, that when other books are opened, thy name may be found in the book of life. And see, the volume prepared for the history of another year; yet its page is unrolled. Time is before thee—seek to improve it—privileges are before thee—may they prove the gate of heaven! Judgment is before thee—prepare to meet thy God." He turned to depart, and as I seemed to hear the rustling which announced his flight, I awoke.—Was it all a dream?

"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter-world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, or its hope less dear:
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air."

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

Mail Robberies.

By slips from our attentive friends of Cincinnati, we have the particulars of some daring robberies of the mail, while on its passage between New Orleans, Nashville and Cincinnati, and of the discovery and arrest of the parties concerned—the primary agents being the mail carriers themselves.—The Cincinnati Post says: "The Express Mail has been robbed at a place between Louisville and Nashville, by the carriers, of Drafts and Checks to the amount of nearly seventy thousand dollars and about three thousand dollars in Bank notes. Two of the riders (boys) were yesterday taken up and committed; on one of them was found a hundred dollars of the money. Also, was yesterday taken up and committed, a man, resident of this city, with whom the robbers deposited the most of their ready money. The territories of justice are on the track; and in hot pursuit of a fourth, whom there is little doubt they will overtake." The following more detailed account is from the Cincinnati Gazette:

ROBBERY OF THE EXPRESS MAIL.

About the first of this month it was ascertained that frequent losses had occurred with letters sent by the "Express Mail," from New Orleans and Nashville.—Gen. Armstrong, postmaster at Nashville, Tenn., and J. M. Campbell, Esq. postmaster at Louisville, Ky., and Judge Burke, postmaster here, and George Pilti, Esq. post office agent, were in correspondence to ferret out the cause.

Some weeks since, a boy by the name of Henry S. Crossgrove, who was carrying the "Express Mail," near the "Three Forks," Ky., on the route between Louisville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn., sent to his mother in this city a check, drawn in New Orleans, on a Bank in New York for \$1500.—with a request that she would send it on for collection; that it had been given to him by a man, who told him if he would collect the amount of the check he should have \$500 out of the proceeds. His mother sent it on—and her friend at New York, wrote back to her that it could not be paid without the authority of Mr. James Hicks, Jr., to whose order it was made payable.

This letter was received here on the 13th inst.—Mrs. Crossgrove called on Mr. Hicks, and then found it was a check that had been sent to him from New Orleans, but which he had not received. The day before the 12th, young Crossgrove came home. And on the 13th, immediately after the facts above stated, about the check were known, he was arrested by Mr. E. P. Langdon, our assistant postmaster, and committed by Col. Sam' L. Davis, Mayor of the city, to jail for trial.

He would make no confession at the time of arrest, but stated that another boy by the name of George W. Marsh, of this city, who had been riding Express at the same place, had also come up with him—that Marsh was to have half of the \$500.

The next morning, 14th, Marsh was arrested by Mr. Jacobs, Deputy Marshal, and also committed by the Mayor.—Marsh made a different statement from that made by Crossgrove.—The Mayor and Mr. Langdon then went to the jail and had a further investigation with Crossgrove, who then made confession that himself and Marsh had robbed the Express Mail—that checks to a large amount had been taken from the mail

and were in the possession of Marsh, with other parts that will come out in the detail. Marsh's trunk was immediately examined by Mr. Langdon and Ira A. Butterfield, Deputy Marshal, and checks, post-notes, and drafts found amounting to upwards of \$70,000; which are in the hands of the Mayor. Shortly after, Mr. John W. Reiley, R. Nocks and W. Moody, city Constables, succeeded in finding about \$1900 in bank notes which had been held by Marsh.

Peter Vanaden, who had received a part of the money from Crossgrove and Marsh, has also been committed.—He had \$700, in notes, which is secured. Another person is said to be concerned in receiving money from the boys.—The persons above named and John McLeap and Jesse O'Neill, Constables, have aided in these disclosures, and used every vigilance to ferret out the persons concerned.

The necessity of adhering to the law, in prohibiting bank-notes from being sent in the "Express Mail," must be apparent to every person; it ought not to be violated without penalty. The checks and notes so far as found are in safe keeping.

A LONG YARN UNRAVELLED.

On Tuesday morning last, soon after three o'clock, a man had climbed the top of a chimney, (upwards of sixty yards high,) now being finished at the new saw-mill; by some misfortune the rope connected with the blocks, by which the materials were raised to the workmen, broke; and as it was only by the help of the same rope that the workmen could be enabled to descend from their perilous eminence; it will be conceived that their situation was by no means an enviable one. Various means were tried to get a line within their reach, by the help of a knife and by other plans.—At length three o'clock in the afternoon had arrived, and the three poor fellows were still roosting at their awful elevation, when a distressed woman, wife of one of the unfortunates, had the joyful felicity to remember that her husband had on a new pair of knit stockings.—"Well," the reader will probably say, "and what was the advantage to be expected from the stockings being knit rather than woven?" Oh! a woman's wit united with a woman's love has often overcome much greater difficulties than that of communicating with the object of their affection seventy yards apart, whether the separation might be by height or width; and so it was that the knit stocking was to be made the happy medium.—"Use your knife," she cried out, "and cut the toe of your stocking; continue the raveling until you get a length sufficient to reach the earth; then attach a small stone to it to sink it here." The man obeyed the oracle, as many (perhaps too many) before him have done, and in a short time he had a length of worsted long enough to reach the ground, which he let down. Well, the next business was to tie the worsted to a thin cord, which the man drew up, and then the original rope for the block having been fastened to the cord, it was also drawn up, and by the men so adjusted as to enable them to wade safely to descend on terra firma. We are sure that great credit was due to the woman for the way in which she improvised a lucky thought; and those persons who may perchance be subjected to a similar disaster to the one which befel these three men, should take care above all things never to forget the value of knit stockings in such an emergency.—Preston (England) Patriot.

STAGE ACCIDENT.

We regret to learn that on Tuesday last, (says the Darien Telegraph of the 12th instant,) the Darien stage met with a deplorable accident at King's Bridge, about eight miles from this city, on the Savannah road. The carriage was broken, one of the horses killed, and Mr. SALES, a gentleman from Pawlucket, R. I., was thrown out and considerably (though by no means dangerously) wounded. The other passengers, of which there were three; did not sustain any injury. The cause of this accident is entirely owing to the wretched state of decay in which the Bridge has long been permitted to lie; and the driver has often stated that he expected one day or other an event of the kind.

Birds of Paradise.

Before the natural history of this beautiful species of birds was known, travellers told many wonderful stories in relation to them. It was alleged that they were ever on the wing, nature not having provided them with feet, and that they subsisted entirely on air. The question is, how they could do so; and how their young under such circumstances was answered by a man who has written their eyes upon the wings of another, upon which they sit until their young one are fledged.

SLAVERY.

Interesting and Important.

A highly interesting debate took place in the Senate of the United States on Monday, on a motion to lay on the table a petition praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

Mr. CLAY of Ky., begged that the motion be withdrawn; the motion was withdrawn. Mr. Clay took the floor and said he was anxious to learn from the Senators representing the free States what were the causes and what the extent of the Anti-Slavery feeling in the North? Was it upon the increase or upon the decrease? Was not the increase caused by the supposition on the part of the petitioners, that the right of petition had been invaded by a refusal on the part of Congress to receive and refer petitions? Would not the petitions decrease if they were referred to a committee; and a report, calm, dispassionate, tranquil, reasoning report, be presented for the consideration of the American People? Such was the purport of the questions presented by Mr. Clay.

Messrs. Wall, of New Jersey, Prentiss and Swift, of Vermont, Niles, of Connecticut, and other Northern Senators, all responded affirmatively to the questions of Mr. Clay. Without exception, they said that they believed that a reference of the petitions would limit agitation, check discussion, heal the public wounds, and in a measure end the getting up and reception of petitions.

The discussion branched out—Northern and Southern feeling both became enlisted; and the discussion finally seemed to rest with Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun. The South Carolina and Kentucky Senators both addressed the Senate three or four times, and with much warmth of feeling. Mr. Calhoun persisted in his determination against the reception of petitions—against all reference, all reports and all discussion.

Mr. Clay as warmly persisted in favor of a reception, reference, consideration, and a report from the Committee against the prayer of the petitioners. The Senator from South Carolina said the question of Union and disunion hung upon the result. Mr. Clay answered that he believed no such thing. He felt convinced, he said, that the people would listen to reason, to argument, and to all dispassionate appeal, most willingly; and with universal respect. Disunion he did not fear, and he wished the Senator from South Carolina would, instead of opposing the reception of petitions, bring in a Joint Resolution that every member of Congress should be called to order by the presiding officer when he even made allusion to disunion. For himself he would join heart and hand in the support of such measure.

Thus the discussion continued, until 4 o'clock when the petition was laid upon the table by ayes and noes: Ayes 25—noes 19.

Previous to the discussion on this subject, Mr. Preston gave notice that he should, at an early day, introduce measures for the annexation of Texas to the Union.

THE PEOPLE ARE COMING.

The following is taken from *Missouriian*, a leading paper published in Missouri.—Thus it is, from one end of the Union to the other, the people are declaring for HARRISON. Vermont has said she wants no other; Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, all wish states and true, decidedly prefer him to any other candidate. Ere long the balmy breezes of the chivalrous south will waft to every part of the Union the expression of its support of the man who numbers the people, the rank and file of all parties, among his flags.

FLAG OF THE PEOPLE.

[A single term for the Presidency, and the office administered for the whole People and not for a Party.]

[A sound, uniform and convenient National Currency, adapted to the wants of the whole country, instead of the Shin Plasters brought about by present rulers.]

Economy; Retrenchment and Reform in the Administration of public affairs.

Tired of Experiments and Experimenters, republican gratitude, will reward unobtrusive merit, by elevating the subaltern of Washington and the disciple of Jefferson; and resuming the safe and beaten track of our Fathers, FOR PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

OR OHIO.

The intrepid, yet deeply injured soldier, who has fought more battles than any other American General, and never lost a victory!

The upright citizen, and soldier, who has filled almost every grade of public station, both civil and military, with zeal and probity that has made him poor, but with a singleness of patriotic purpose, and a degree of public confidence, which has placed him where he is now.