

# 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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## POETRY.



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

### The Dying Student.

Yes, I must die! I know the hectic blush  
Upon my cheek tells of my life's decay,  
As truly as the lingering twilight's flush  
Upon the sky, tells of the death of day.  
The shadows of long night reel through my brain,  
And visions of the spirit land are there—  
The sluggish blood is curdling in each vein,  
And bids me for the life to come prepare.  
My languid pulse proclaims that life's dull tide  
Is ebbing fast towards that shoreless sea,  
On which my spirit, bark-like, soon shall ride,  
In hope and strange expectancy must flee.  
Why do I shudder at the thrilling doom?  
Why is my mind at times so tempest tost?  
Why should the spirit fear the grave's deep gloom,  
Or dread the wonders of the heavenly host?  
Oh, it is hard that one so young as I,  
Should say to the earth and its scenes, adieu!  
For the last time should look upon the sky,  
And watch the stars fade slowly out of view.  
These eyes no more at daylight's closing hour,  
Shall see the moon rise brightly from the sea,  
Nor shall my steps again press to the bowser  
Where I vowed love and deathless constancy!  
Fair girl! my Mary! Mistress of my soul!  
My heart is breaking while it clings to thee;  
I feel, while sinking, that thy sweet control  
Could make this world a paradise to me.  
But oh, my love! my lip is ashy pale,  
And, like a sick bird, thought is fluttering low—  
Yet, till the cloud shall o'er my heart prevail,  
To thee its current ceaseless still shall flow.  
Long have I struggled in the lists of fame,  
And decked my brow to wear the laurel's shade,  
And now, when men begin to slip my name,  
The night comes on and glories from me fade.  
In vain, most vain, at midnight's solemn hour,  
I've bidden spirits from the mighty deep,  
And felt, with pride, my own exhaustless power,  
Wide o'er my mind's realms, soar with an eagle's sweep.  
Oh, for one day upon the mountain's crest—  
Oh, for one night beneath the jewelled sky—  
Oh, for one hour where I have been most blest!  
With my heart's love and love with mine!  
Vain is each wish—these fluttered nerves, thine,  
Shrink from the thoughts on which I love to dwell:  
Night gathers o'er my mind, and I can say  
But one word more, and that one word, farewell!  
Thus spake the student, as life's fulfilment gleams,  
Like an expiring taper, yielded death's gleam—  
Still clinging to the hopes and cherished dreams  
Which on his heart had shed a blissful light.  
He passed away, and many a manly eye,  
Unused to tears, in sorrow for him wept—  
And many vowed, till met within the sky,  
His name enshrined should in their souls be kept.

### PAPER MAKING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"In the presence of 78 persons in London, a parcel of rags were recently taken, made into paper, dried, and printed on, in five minutes! When this celerity becomes universal, loafers must dodge paper mills, or their ragged vestments will be whipped off, and tucked under their noses in shape of a handbill advertising vagrants before they know it."—N. F. Sen.  
"Pol! This is nothing," adds the Philadelphia Inquirer. "The same thing has been done at the Inquirer Office time after time, within the last year or two. The very steam by which the first operation is effected, also performs the last, as our printing presses are all worked by the steam-engine connected with the paper manufactory." John Bull is no doubt very ingenious, but Jonathan is quite a match for him."

**Whipping Men and Women.**—In 1837, Jane, Queen of the Two Sicilies, in order to mend the morals of her subjects, made a law for the regulation of intrigues, &c. If a Jew was found guilty of any infraction of this law, it was specially ordained that he should be summarily arrested, and whipped through the town with all convenient dispatch. It was also ordained that if an abess permitted any visitor even to call upon her on a Good Friday, Saturday, or Easter Sunday, she must be whipped; and if any lady was unchaste enough to fall in love with unappropriated trifles, she could not easily "escape the whipping."

## SELECT TALES.

### From the Lady's Book. LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE. (Concluded.)

"I bring you a messenger, who I trust is the bearer of glad tidings," said Mr. Manning, entering, with a benevolent smile, and ushering in a young gentleman, whom he introduced by the name of Clarence. "Augusta, you will greet him with joy, for he comes with letters from Mr. Allison, your husband." Augusta sprang forward, scarcely waiting to go through the customary form of introduction, and took the letter with a trembling hand. "Tell me, Sir, do you know him?" and is he well?" The stranger bent his dark and lustrous eyes upon her face, with a look of undisguised admiration. "I know him intimately, madam—when I last saw him, he was in perfect health, and animated by the prospect of a speedy return."—Augusta waited to hear no more, but retired to her own chamber, to peruse the epistle, she had so anxiously anticipated. It was in answer to her last, and breathed the language of hope and confidence. There was a warmth, a fervor of sentiment, far different from his former cold, but kind communications. He rejoiced in the knowledge of her altered fortune, for he could prove his disinterestedness, and show her that he loved her for herself alone, by returning and devoting himself to the task of winning her affections. "Say not, my Augusta," said he, in conclusion, "that I cannot win the prize. All the energies of my heart and soul are enlisted for the contest. I could look upon your beauty, all dazzling as it is, without much emotion; but the humility, the trust, the gentleness and feeling, expressed in your letter has melted me into tenderness. Dare I indulge in the blissful dream, that ere long you glide this page, with the lines of heaven? Augusta, the sad, reluctant bride, transformed into the fond and faithful wife, cherished in his yearning bosom, and diffusing there, the life, the warmth, the fragrance of love?" Augusta's tears rained over the paper. "Oh! Allison," she cried, "the task shall not be in vain—I will love thee for thy virtues, and the blessing my dying father called down, may yet rest upon us." She was about to fold the letter, when a postscript on the envelope met her eye. "Receive Clarence," it said, "as my friend—he knows all my history, and the peculiarity of our situation—he is interested in you, for my sake—as a stranger and my special friend, may I ask for him the hospitable attentions of Mr. Manning's family?" When she descended into the room, where Clarence was seated, she could not repress a painful blush, from the consciousness that he was familiar with her singular history. "He must despise me," thought she, "for the defence and respect of his name forbade such an impression. Gradually recovering from her embarrassment, and finding him directing his conversation principally to Mr. Manning, she had leisure to observe one, who possessed strong interest in her eyes, as the friend of Allison. And seldom does the eyes of woman rest upon a more graceful, or interesting figure, or a more expressive and glowing countenance. There was a low but brilliant light in his eyes, a manly bloom upon his cheek, that indicated indwelling light and conscious virtue. His hair clustered in soft waves round his temples, relieving by its darkness, the unassuming whiteness of his forehead. Yet the prevailing charm was manner, that indescribable gleam, that like sunshine in the summer landscape, gilded and vivified the whole. The acquisition of such a guest gave life and animation to the domestic circle. Mr. Manning was a man of varied information, and the society of this accomplished traveller, recalled the classic enthusiasm of his earlier days. Mary, though usually reserved to strangers, seemed fascinated in the fulness of herself, and found herself the partner of a conversation to which at first she was only a timid listener. Augusta, while she acknowledged the stranger's uncommon power to please, was pre-occupied by the contents of her husband's letter, and longed to be alone with Mary, whose sympathy was always as spontaneous as it was sincere. She was not disappointed in the readiness of Mary's sympathy, but after having listened again and again, and expressed her hope and joy that all would yet be for the happiest and the best, she returned to the subject next in interest, the bearer of this precious document. "Ah! my dear Augusta," said she, "if Allison's noble spirit had been enshrined in such a temple, you had not been parted now." Augusta felt the comparison odious. It brought before her the person of Allison in too melancholy a contrast with the engaging stranger. "I thought it was Mary Manning," answered she, in a grave tone, "who once reproved me for attaching too much importance to mainly beautiful. I never thought you foolish, or unkind till this moment."  
"Forgive me," cried Mary, with irresistible frankness; "foolish I may be, indeed I know I am; but intentionally unkind to you—never—never." It did not require the recollection of all Mary's tried friendship and sincerity, for Augusta to accord her forgiveness. Mary was more guarded afterwards in the expression of her admiration, but Augusta, in her imagination, had drawn the horoscope of Mary's destiny; and Clarence shone there, as the star that was to give it radiance. A constant guest of her father's, she thought

impossible for him to witness Mary's mild, yet energetic virtues, without feeling their influence. She was interesting without being beautiful, and Clarence evidently delighted in her conversation. "To her, he was always more reserved, yet there was a deference, an interest, a constant reference to her wishes and opinions, that was as delicate as it was flattering. He was the companion of their walks, and nature never more lovely than in this delightful season, acquired new charms from the enthusiasm with which he sought out, and expatiated on its beauties. Mr. Manning was passionately fond of music, and every evening Mary and Augusta were called upon for their favourite songs. Now the music was finer than ever, for Clarence accompanied them with his flute, and sometimes with his voice, which was uncommonly sweet and melodious. One evening Augusta was seated at the piano; she was not an excellent performer, but she played with taste and feeling, and she had endeavored to cultivate her talent, for she remembered that Allison was a lover of music. She had played all Mr. Manning's songs, and turned over the leaves, without thinking of any particular tune, when Clarence arrested her attention, when she said Allison's favorite air—"Tut us play and sing that," said he, repeating the words, "your husband loves it, we were together when he first heard it; it was sung by an Italian songstress, whom you have often struck me as resembling. The manner in which you play, half is now parted in front, with those falling curls behind, increases the resemblance. It is very striking at this moment."—Augusta felt a strange pang penetrate her heart, when he asked her for her husband's favorite. "There was something, too, in his allusion to her personal appearance that embarrassed her. He had paid her no compliment, yet she blushed as if guilty of receiving one. "I cannot play it," answered she, looking up, "but I will try to learn it for his sake. She could not prevent her voice from faltering; there was an expression in his eyes, when they met hers; that bowed them down, in shame and apprehension. It was so intense and thrilling—she had never met such a glance before, and she felt to interpret it—"Shall I sing it for you?" asked he; and leaning over the instrument, he sang in a low, mellow voice, one of those impassioned strains, which the fervid genius of Italy alone can produce. The words were eloquent of love and passion, and Augusta charmed, melted by their influence, could not divest herself of a feeling of guilt, as she listened. A new and powerful light was breaking upon her; truth held up its blazing torch, flashing its rays into the darkest corners of her heart; and conscience, discovering passions, of whose very existence she had been previously unconscious. She saw revealed in prophetic vision, the misery of her future existence, the misery she was entailing on herself, on others; and a cold shudder ran through her frame. Mary, alarmed at her excessive paleness, brought her a glass of water, and asked her if she were ill. Grateful for an excuse to retire, she rose and took Mary's arm to leave the room, but as she passed through the door, which Clarence opened and held, she could not avoid encountering again, a glance so tender and impassioned, she could not veil to herself the language it conveyed. Augusta had thought herself miserable before, but never had she shed such bitter tears, as bathed her pillow that night. Just as she had schooled herself to submission; just as she was cherishing the most tender and grateful feelings towards her husband; resolving to make her future life one long task of expiation, a being restored her path, who realized all her early visions of romance, and who gently and insidiously had entwined herself in the very chords of her existence; and now, when she felt the fold, and struggled to free herself from the enthralling passion! It could only be in desperation; yet her eyes so serene, and her smile so kind, it was impossible to believe that contempt was lurking beneath. "Then you do love him, Mary, and I am doubly treacherous." Mary blushed, "with the affection of a sister, the tenderness of a friend; do I regard him? I admire his talents, I venerate his virtues." "Virtues! oh! Mary, he is a traitor to his friend; what reliance is there in those virtues, which having no root in the heart, are swept away by the first storm of passion?" "Passion may enter the purest heart," answered Mary—"guilt consists in yielding to its influence." "I would pledge my life, that Clarence would never give himself up to the influence of a guilty passion." "Talk not of him, let me forget his existence, if I can; I think of one, who will return from his long exile, only to find his heart devoted, his confidence betrayed, his hopes broken." Here Augusta, with a sigh, said, "that Mary, finding it vain to console her, threw her arms around her, and wept in sympathy; yet she smiled through her tears, and again and again repeated to her, that heaven had long years of happiness yet in store."  
Augusta, in the solitude of her own chamber, recovered an appearance of outward composure, but there was a deadly sickness in her soul, that seemed to her, like a forest of mortality. The slightest sound made her tremble; and when Mary returned to her, softly, but hurriedly, and told her, father-wisely to see her, she went to him, with a blanched cheek and trembling step, like a criminal, who is about to hear the sentence of doom. "I have something to communicate to you," said he, kindly taking her hand, and leading her to a seat.

"But fear you will be too much agitated," "Is he come?" cried she, grasping his arm, with sudden energy—"only tell me, is he come?" "Your husband is arrived; I have just received tidings that he is in the city, and will shortly be here." Augusta gasped for breath, she pressed her hands on her bosom, there was such a cold, intolerable weight there; she felt the letter of her husband, which she had constantly worn as a talisman against the evil she most dreaded. That tender, confiding letter, which when she had first received it, she had hailed as the precursor of the purest felicity—"It is all over now," sighed she, unconscious of the presence of Mr. Manning. "Poor unhappy Allison, I will tell him all, and then I will die down and die." "I hear a carriage approaching," said Mr. Manning;—"the gate opens—support yourself, my dear child, and give him the welcome he merits." Augusta could not move, her limbs were powerless, but perception and sensibility remained; she saw Mr. Manning leave the room, heard steps and voices in the passage, and then the door re-opened. The shades of twilight were beginning to fall, and a mist was over her eyes; but she distinctly recognized the figure that entered—what was her astonishment to behold, instead of the lank form, bald brows, and green shade, marked in such indelible characters on her memory—the graceful lineaments, clustering looks, and lustrous eyes of Clarence? She looked beyond in wild alarm for her husband—"Leave me," she exclaimed, "leave me, or you drive me to desperation."  
But Clarence eagerly approached her, as if defying all consequences, and reckless of her resentment. He clasped her in his arms, he pressed her to his heart, and imprinted on her brow, cheek and lips, unnumbered kisses. "My bride, my wife, my own beloved Augusta, do you not know me? and can you forgive me for this trial of your love? I did not mean to cause you so much suffering, but I could not resist the temptation of proving whether your love was mine, through duty or inclination. I have been the rival of myself, and I have exulted in finding, that love in all its strength has still been mastered by duty. Augusta, I glory in my wife." Augusta looked up, in bewildered rapture, hardly knowing in what world she existed. She had never dreamed of such a transformation. Even now it seemed incredible—it could not be true, her present felicity was too great to be real. "Can Allison and Clarence be one?" "Yes; my Augusta; these arms have a right to enfold thee, or they would not clasp you thus. No miracle has been wrought, but the skeleton is re-clothed with flesh, the locks of youth have been renewed, the tide of health has flowed back again into the wasted veins; lending a glow to the wan cheek, and a brightness to the dim eye; and more than all, the worn and feeble spirit, always sympathizing with its frail companion, has resumed its drooping wings, and been soaring in regions of hope, and joy, and love." Without speaking metaphorically, Augusta's heart actually ached with its excess of happiness. "I have not room here," she cried, "for such fulness of joy," again laying her hand where that precious letter was deposited, but with such different emotions. "My friends, must participate in my happiness, it is selfish to withhold it from them so long." "They know it already," said Allison, smiling, "they have known my secret from the first, and assisted me in concealing my identity." Augusta now understood Mary's apparent inconsistency, and vindicated her from all unkindness and wilful palliation of guilt. "I am not quite an impostor," continued her husband, "for my name is Sydney Clarence Allison—and let me still wear the appellation you have learned to love." It was my uncle's, and he left a condition in his will that I should assume it, as my own. I find myself, too, the heir of sufficient wealth to be almost a burden; for my uncle, romantic to the last, only caused the report of the failure of his wealth, that I might prove the sincerity of your father's friendship. My wife, my own Augusta, is not his blessing resting on me now?"  
Mr. Manning and his daughter sympathized largely in the happiness of their friends. Their only sorrow was the approaching separation. Mary, whose disposition was naturally serious, was exalted on this occasion to an unwonted vein of humour. When she saw Augusta's eyes turning with fond admiration to her husband, she whispered in her ear, "Is it possible, that bald, yellow, horrid looking creature is your husband? I would not marry him, unless I were dragged to the altar."  
And Allison, passing his hand over his luxuriant hair, reminded her, with a smile, of the subscription and the wig.  
**Intemperance.**—The Young Men's Temperance Society of Dover, in New Hampshire, have published, from a careful investigation, the facts, that of 975 voters in that town, 108 are drunkards; and that 72 widows of 110 were reduced to widowhood by intemperance. Seventy-eight of the pauperism is owing to this cause.

An Irish bookseller, about to be tried for an offence against the dignity of the law, was informed by his learned counsel, that if he had any personal objections to any of the jury, he must challenge them. "Faith, and so I will," replied he; "if they do not bring me out of hand-somely, I will challenge every son of a woman of them."

### From the Gentleman's Magazine.

#### The Romantic Young Lady.

There is at present existing, in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady whom we have christened "the romantic young lady," ever since she came to an age of discretion. We have known her from her childhood, and can safely affirm that she did not take this turn till her fifteenth year, just after she had read "Corinna," which at that time was going the round of the reading society. At that period, she lived with her father in the next village. We well remember calling accidentally, and being informed by her that it was "a most angelic day," a truth which certainly our own experience of the cold and wet in walking across would have inclined us to dispute. These were the first words which gave us a hint as to the real state of the young lady's mind; and we know not but that we might have passed them over had it not been for certain other expressions on her part, which served as a confirmation of our melancholy suspicions. Thus when our attention was pointed at a small sampler, lying on the table, covered over with a miniature green pyramid at the top, she observed pathetically that "it was done by herself in her infancy;" after which, turning to a daisy in a wine glass, she asked us languishingly, if we loved flowers, affirming in the same breath that "she quite doted on them," and verily believed that if there were no flowers; she should die outright. These expressions caused us a lengthened meditation on the young lady's case, as we walked home over the fields. Nor, with all allowances made, could we avoid the melancholy conclusion that she was gone romantic. "There is no hope for her," said we to ourselves. "Had she only gone mad, there might have been some chance." As usual, we were correct in our surmises. Within two months after this our romantic friend ran away with the hair dresser's apprentice, who settled her in the identical plain brick house as honorably mentioned above.

From our observations upon this case, and others of a similar kind, we feel no hesitation in laying before our readers the following characteristics, by which they shall know a romantic young lady within the first ten minutes of introduction. In the first place, you will observe that she always draws more or less, using generally the dewy pathetic, occasionally diversified with the draws sympathetic, melancholic, and semi-melancholic. Then she is always pining or wondering. Her pity knows no bounds. She pities her friend's shawl, if it gets wet. She pities poor Mr. Brown, "he has such a taste! nothing but cabbages and potatoes in his garden." "This singular that, with all this fund of compassion, she was never known to pity a deserving object. That would be too much matter of fact. Her compassion is of a more ethereal texture. She never gave any thing to a beggar, unless he was an exceedingly picturesque young man. Next to this picture of pity, she is blest with that of love. She loves the moon. She loves each of the stars individually. She loves the sea, and when she is out in a small boat, loves a storm of all things. Her dislikes, it must be confessed, are equally strong and capacious. Thus she hates that dull woman, Mrs. Briggs. She can't bear that dry book, Rollin's history. She detests high roads.

Nothing with her is in the mean. She either dotes or abominates. If you dance with her at a ball, she is sure to begin philosophising in a small way about the feelings. She is particularly partial to sneezing fresh flowers in her hair at dinner. You would be perfectly thunderstruck to hear, from her own lips, what an immense number of friend friends she has, both old and young, male and female. Her correspondence with young ladies is something quite appalling. She was never known, however, in her life to give one actual piece of information, except in a postscript. Her hand-writing is exceedingly lilliputian, yet she always crosses in red ink, and sometimes re-crosses again in invisible green. She has red all the love novels in Christendom, and is quite in love with that dear Mr. Bulwer. Some prying persons say that she has got complete works of Lord Byron; but on that point no one is precisely certain. If she has a younger brother fresh from school, he is always ridiculing her for what she says, trying to put her in a passion; in which, however, he rarely succeeds. There is one thing in which she excels half her sex, for she hates scandal and gossip.

To conclude, the naturalist may lay down three principal eras in the romantic young lady's life. The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second from nineteen to twenty, while she keeps the draws; and the third, from twenty to twenty-nine, during which time she gradually subsides into common sense. Last week at one of the Hotels in this city an old fellow from the country was declaiming in a loud voice upon the character of Gen Jackson. "The General," said he, "is the greatest man that ever lived on earth." "I deny it," calmly replied a bystander. "You deny it!" exclaimed the old man in a tone of hot impatience. "Pray, where is there a greater?" "Here!" said the gentleman, taking the number-grate, from the hand of the bar-keeper and holding it up to the old fellow, as pointed station.

### From the Michigan Observer.

#### LO, THE POOR DRUNKARD!

Is there any humanity in the rum sellers' heart? If so, if he claims brotherhood with mankind, and desires a heart of flesh in his bosom, then he may perhaps listen with profit to the tale of woe which we are about to relate. Every word of it is true. Seven years ago, a miserable looking object in the shape of a man, clothed in rags and covered with filth, travelling to the west, entered a house in the state of New York, as night was coming on, and asked permission to stay until morning, remarking that he had no money. The man of the house, perceiving that he was partially intoxicated, and not caring to have so filthy a being in the house, declined entertaining him, but at the same time proffered him his supper and a shilling to pay for his lodging at the tavern, which was only a few rods further on. This generous offer, one would suppose, should have made the heart of the poor drunkard leap for joy. But no; he was sad and sorrowful, and pressed his appeal for permission to stay, begging that he might not be sent to the tavern. "You see what I am," said he, "a poor miserable drunkard. Once I was a respectable man, and my prospects were bright and flattering. I was born and educated in England. My education was thorough, and had been conducted with a view to my taking orders and becoming a minister in the established church. I had completed both my literary and theological course, but having been in the habit of associating with vicious companions, I acquired an appetite for intoxicating drink, and soon became a drunkard and a wanderer on the earth. I came now from the State of Vermont. Before I started upon this journey, I had restrained my appetite for some time, and had clothed myself well, but on the way I have indulged myself every where, squandering my money, and pawning my clothes, or exchanging them for rags, and I am reduced to this wretchedness, and now I entreat you not to send me to that tavern, for the very first thing I shall do after entering the house, will be to spend the shilling which you propose to give me, for grog."

The appeal was too touching to be without effect, and he was permitted to remain. In the mean time, to test the truth of his story, in some degree, his host put into his hand a book, containing a letter written in Latin, requesting him to translate it, which he did with the utmost fluency and correctness, his translation corresponding in a remarkable degree with the printed translation on the other side of the leaf, which he did not see.

In the morning, after getting directions as to the route he was to travel, he resumed his journey. The eye of his host followed him on his way, until, all at once, he came to a dead pause, at the place where the road divided itself into two. There he stood, as though he were chained to the spot, first looking one way and then the other. "What was the matter? Did he not know which road to take in prosecution of his journey? Perfectly well, for he had been told only the moment before. What ailed him then? Ah! this was what held him to the spot—the tavern to which he had been directed the night before, stood a little way down the one road, while the other was the road to take him on his journey."

And there he remained, looking each way alternately; until at length he summoned up all the moral and physical energy left within him, and started off upon the full run in the road which he was directed to take, and continued to run until he was fairly out of sight of both the tavern and his host.

The above was related to us by the person who entertained the miserable man, and may be relied on as entirely authentic. And what a moral is here for the rum-seller! How much better than murder does the traffic in which he is engaged, appear, in the light which is here poured upon it!

**WHIG NEWSPAPERS.**—We beg the attention of our political friends, one and all, to the important duty now attending to the business of extending the circulation of the Whig newspaper. It is an obligation which all ought to feel, and a duty which every man ought to undertake in his own way and in his own neighborhood. It is not the newspapers which are filled with political strife and animosity, during the heat of the contested election, which make converts or which build up and sustain our party. But it is the silent and gradual influence acquired by an honest and fairly conducted newspaper, regularly received and quietly read at the family fire-side, which is what we value and seek for. Every man ought to subscribe to some newspaper; not only for the amount of knowledge and entertainment which it will impart to himself and his family, but for the animation it imparts and the mental action it awakens, especially in useful minds.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

A farmer was once met by his landlord, who told him he had some thoughts of raising his rent; to which the farmer replied—"I am very much obliged to you, sir, for indeed I cannot raise it myself."

A drunken fellow, having sold all his goods for poison, excepting one feather bed, at last sacrificed that at the shrine of Bacchus. He was reproved by a friend, to whom he replied—"As I am very well, thank God, my soul will keep my bed."