

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

Edited and Published for the Proprietor, by George W. Crabb, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 6.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1840.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4.—NO. 61.

FOR RENT.

The subscriber will rent that well known, large and convenient house, for many years occupied by Christian Humrich, and more recently by others, as a **TAVERN HOUSE.**

The house is remarkably well calculated for entertaining **BOARDERS**; there being three stair-ways, and five places in each of the rooms. The situation is very pleasant and desirable, being on the north-west corner of Hanover and Louthier streets; while, for convenience, it exceeds any other house in the borough or country. It possesses the usual advantages of 12 rooms on the first floor, 12 rooms on the second, and 4 rooms on the third floor. Two wells of water (one at the front door on Louthier street, with a pump therein, the other in the yard at the kitchen door) a Cistern made to contain eighty-five hogheads; large and convenient stabling, with carriage house and sheds, large and excellent garden attached to the buildings, besides many conveniences not specified. For particulars enquire of **CHRISTIAN HUMRICH,**

Carlisle, Nov. 25, 1840.
The Lanester's Fork's Friend, (German paper) insert 5 times, and send bill to this office for collection.

At a stated Orphans' Court began and held on Monday the 9th day of November, 1840, at Carlisle in and for Cumberland county, before the Hon. James Humrich, President, and John Stewart and John Lefevre, Associate Judges of the same, assigned, the following proceedings were had to wit:

Upon the Petition of John K. Longuecker, administrator of Henry Longuecker dec'd., respectfully representing that your petitioner was appointed administrator of the estate of the said Henry Longuecker dec'd., that he has filed his administration account and there is upon the same an account of said account a balance belonging to the estate except the recognizance entered into by John K. Longuecker, for farm taken by him at the valuation. He therefore prays the Court to grant a Rule on the heirs, to show cause why the amount overpaid by him should not be credited on the said recognizance as of the 1st April, 1840.

10th Nov. 1840. Rule granted personal notice to be served on those in the county and notice to be given to those out of the county by publication in two newspapers in the county for six weeks, returnable at the January Court 1841.

By the Court.
Cumberland County.
John K. Longuecker, Clerk of the Orphan's Court in and for said county, do hereby certify the foregoing a true copy of record.
W. J. O. C.

Nov. 25, 1840.—6t.

Splendid December Schemes.

Virginia State Lottery.
For the benefit of the town of Williamsburg. Class No 10 for 1840.—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday, the 5th of Dec. 1840.

GRAND SCHEME!
\$30,000—\$10,000.
\$5,000, 3,500, 2,000, 1,500, 1,000, 500, 250, 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, 2, 1, 50c.

30 Prizes of \$1,000.
50 of \$250—75 of \$200.
75 Number Lottery—14 Drawn Ballots.
Tickets \$10—Halves \$5—Quarters \$2.50
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole Tickets \$130
Do. do 25 Half do 65
Do. do 25 Quarter do 32.50

5 Prizes of 10,000 Dollars.
14 Drawn Nos. out of 75.

Virginia State Lottery.
For endorsing the Leeburg Academy and for other purposes. Class No. 11 for 1840.—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday, the 12th of December, 1840.

GRAND CAPITALS.
5 Prizes of \$10,000.
2 prizes \$5,000, 1 of 2,500, 1 of 1,250.
25 Prizes of 1,000 Dollars.
25 of \$500—20 of \$400, &c.

Tickets only \$10—Halves \$5—Quarters \$2.50
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole Tickets \$130
Do. do 25 Half do 65
Do. do 25 Quarter do 32.50

3 Prizes of \$25,000!
MAKING
75,000 Dollars.

Alexandria Lottery.
Class C for 1840.—To be drawn at Alexandria, D. C. on Saturday, the 19th December, 1840.

GRAND CAPITALS.
\$10,000—\$5,000—\$2,477.
50 Prizes of \$1,000—50 of \$500—50 of \$250 Dollars.

13 Drawn Nos. out of 78.
Tickets \$10—Halves \$5—Quarters \$2.50
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole Tickets \$130
Do. do 25 Half do 65
Do. do 25 Quarter do 32.50

VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY.
For the benefit of the Monongalia Academy. Class No 11 for 1840.—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. Saturday Dec. 26th 1840.

BRILLIANT SCHEME!
\$30,000—10,000.
\$5,000, \$3,500, \$2,000, 1,500, 1,000, 500, 250, 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, 2, 1, 50c.

50 Prizes of 1,000.
50 of 500—20 of 250, &c.
Tickets only \$10—Halves \$5—Quarters \$2.50
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole Tickets \$130
Do. do 25 Half do 65
Do. do 25 Quarter do 32.50

Orders for Tickets and Shares on Certificates of Packages in the above Lottery will be promptly attended to and the drawing sent immediately after it is over.
Address, D. S. GREGORY & Co., Managers, Washington City, D. C.
Nov. 23, 1840.

LOOK OUT!

Caution! is the Parent of Safety.
An attack of the "Prize" may be positively prevented by using (when the prospect is open) the "LIMBET" LINIMENT. There are more than one hundred people in this city, and in the United States an immense number, who have suffered beyond endurance by the dreadful complaint, who keep themselves wholly free from attacks by applying this Liniment when they feel any symptoms of its approach: of this there is the most abundant proof.
None Genuine without the name of CONROCK & CO., written on the wrapper.
SOLOMON HAYS,
Sold at No. 2 Fletcher street, N. Y., and by Stearns & Dinkie, Carlisle, Pa.
[Nov. 25, 1840.—6t.]

SELECT TALE.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE WAGS.

In a town which we call Middletown, because it was of the middle size, dwelt a shopkeeper bearing the odd name of **Jeremiah Wag.** By dealing in all sorts of commodities, and steady attention to his business, he had managed to keep up his respectability, and doubtless would have considerably increased his store, but for the gradual increase of his family. For several years after his marriage a new little **Wag** would wag annually into the world; and though there had lately been somewhat less of regularity, as many as ten small heads might be counted every evening in his back parlor. Jerry, the eldest boy, was, however, almost fourteen years of age, and therefore began to make himself useful; by carrying out small parcels and assisting his father in the shop. All rest-writers to use their parent's phrase, "dead stock," and "were eating their heads off," for sooth to say, they were a jolly little set, and blessed with most excellent appetites. Such was the state of family matters at the time when our narrative commences.

Now, on the opposite side of the street, exactly facing the modest board on which Jeremiah's name was painted, with the usual announcement of certain commodities in which he dealt, was another board of a very different description. On it were emblazoned the arms of his Majesty, with the supporters, a lion and a unicorn, as the country folks said, "a-fighting for the crown."

The establishment indicated by this display, was upheld by a very different class of customers to that which patronized the shop. Two or three times in each day some private carriage or post-chaise would stop to change horses at the King's Arms, and occasionally "a family" took up their quarters there for the night, but the latter was a piece of good luck not often to be expected, as there were no lions to be seen in Middletown, save the red rampant guardian on the sign-board.

It was haymaking time, and business was very "slack" with the worthy Jeremiah; but he said that he didn't care much about it, as the country folks were earning money, part of which he trusted would find its way into his till in due course. So, after rummaging about among his stock to see if he was "out of anything," he took his stand at the door, just to breathe a mouthful of fresh air. Thus Twist, the landlord, made his appearance at the same moment, in his own gateway, apparently with the same salubrious intent, and immediately beckoned to his neighbor just to step across.

"Well, how are ye, Master **Wag**?" said he, when they met. "Did you observe that green chariot that stands down in the yard there, and came in more than an hour ago?" Jeremiah answered in the negative. "Well," answered mine host, "it belongs to one of the oddest, rummest, little old gentlemen I ever clapped my eyes on. He's been asking me all sorts of questions, and seems mightily tickled with your name above all things. I think he's cracked, — howsoever, he's ordered dinner; but hush, here he comes."

The little gentleman in question seemed certain silliness of complexion, excepting his eyes well, his motions being lively, and wearing a good humored smile, as though habitual, on his countenance. His dress was plain but good, and altogether becoming his apparent rank.

"I shall be back in a quarter of an hour," said he to the landlord; "I'm only going down the way to the shop to buy something; and away he went, and of course was followed by Jeremiah, who, immediately on entering his own house, skipped nimbly behind the counter to wait upon his new customer.

After trying on some gloves, and purchasing two pair, the little strange gentleman looked round the shop, as though examining its contents to find something he wanted.

"Anything else I can do for you, sir?" said Jeremiah. "You sell almost everything, I see, Mr. **Wag**?" observed the old gentleman. "Mr. **Wag**? Your name is **Wag**?" "I suppose so?" "Yes, sir," replied the shopkeeper, drily.

"**Wag, Wag, Wag!**" replied the stranger, briskly. "Funny name, eh? It was my father's before me," observed Jeremiah, scarcely knowing what to think of the matter.

"Very good name!" continued the little gentleman, "like it very much. Got any children? Any little **Wags**, eh? Like to see 'em. Fond of children; little **Wags** in particular—eh, he, he, he!"

"Much obliged to you for inquiring, sir," replied the senior **Wag**; "I've got just half a score, sorted sizes. That's the eldest!" said he, pointing to young Jerry, whose lanky limbs were at the moment displayed, spread-eagle fashion, against the shelves, from the topmost of which he was reaching down some commodity for a customer.

"That's right. Bring 'em up to industry," said the little gentleman. "Well, I can't stay now, because my dinner's ready; but I see you sell Irish linen, and I want a piece for shirts; so, perhaps, you'll be so good as to look me out a good one and bring it over to me."

"You may rely," commenced Mr. **Wag**; but his new customer cut him short, by adding, "I know that well enough," as he briskly made his exit.

The industrious shop-keeper forthwith selected certain of his primest articles, folded them in a wrapper, and at the appointed time, carried the whole across to the King's Arms.

He was immediately ushered into the presence of the eccentric elderly gentleman, who was seated alone behind a bottle of white and a bottle of red. "Suppose you'd dine, Master **Wag**?" said he. "So come! No ceremony, sit down and take a glass of wine."

"I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure, sir," replied Jeremiah; "but I have just brought over half a dozen pieces of Irish for you to look at and choose."

"Phoo, phoo!" quoth the small stranger, "I don't want to see them. I know nothing about 'em. Leave all to you. Only come to have had a piece; but as you have brought half a dozen, I may as well take 'em. Store 'em no more, they say. There's a filthy pound note! Reckon 'em up, and see if there's any change."

Jeremiah stared at this unusual wholesale mode of dealing, stammered his thanks, and observed that the goods would not amount to half the money.

"So much the worse," said the little gentleman. "Must see if one can't buy something else in your line presently, but sit down now; that's a good fellow! I want to have some talk with you."

The bashful shop-keeper hereupon perched himself on the extreme front of a chair, at a respectful distance from the table; but was told to draw up closer by his hospitable entertainer. Then they took three or four glasses of wine together, and gradually Jeremiah found himself more at home, and scrupled not to reply to the odd stranger's questions respecting his family and occupations. And so they went on chatting till they appeared as two very old and intimate friends; for Mr. **Wag** was of an open, unsuspecting disposition, and talked as though he had no objection that all the world should know all about his affairs.

"Well, but, my dear **Wag**," said the stranger, "can't you tell what part of the country your father came from?"

"No, sir, I can't," replied Jeremiah, "he died when I was about eight years old, and the London merchant to whom he was apprenticed me to old Dick, who lived over the way where I do now. There I served my time, and then married his daughter, and so came in for the business, when he died; but I've increased it a pretty deal, and if I'd more capital, could make a snug thing of it by going into the wholesale, and serving village shops with grocery, and so on."

"Why don't you try it?" asked the little gentleman.

"I won't do unless one has got the ready to go to market with," replied Jeremiah, "and then one must be able to give credit, and ought to keep one's own wagon to carry out goods. No, no, it won't do. Many a man has made bad worse by getting out of his depth, and, as it is, thank God, I can live. The only thing that puzzles me now and then is, what I shall do with all the children."

"Hark ye, my worthy **Wag**," said the odd stranger, "I have not got any children; so, if you'll let me pick among the lot, I don't care if I take two or three off your hands."

"Sir!" exclaimed the astonished shop-keeper.

"I mean what I say," replied the old gentleman, demurely. "Take me with you. Introduce me to your wife and family, and let us all have a friendly cup of tea together in your back parlor. Don't stare, my good **Wag**; but fill your glass. I don't want to buy your little **Wags**; but I happen to have more of the ready, as you call it, than I want; so I'll put them to school, or what you like. What say you?"

Jeremiah rubbed his eyes, as though doubtful if he were awake, and then uttered his thanks for such extraordinary kindness in the best way he was able; and, about an hour after, the whimsical little old rich gentleman was sitting by the side of Mrs. **Wag**, with a little curly-headed **Wag** on each knee, while the rest were playing round, or gazing open-mouthed at the stranger with childish wonder.

By degrees all stiffness wore off; and, before the evening concluded, nothing could exceed the merriment of the whole party. The eccentric elderly gentleman had learned to call all the **Wags** by their names; and he played, and frolicked, and rolled upon the floor with the little people, in a style that made the parents suspect, with the landlord, that he must be cracked?

However, at parting, he became more serious, and invited Jeremiah to come and breakfast with him in the morning, and to bring with him a copy of the names and birthdays of his children, as entered in the Family Bible.

Mr. and Mrs. **Wag** of course lay awake for an hour that night, talking over the strange incidents of the day; and perhaps building a few castles in the air, after the style of affectionate parents for their children.

On the following morning, Jeremiah dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and repaired to fulfill his engagement. His new friend received him in the most cordial manner, and they breakfasted together, chatting over family concerns as on the preceding day. When their coffee was cleared, the little gentleman said over the list of the young **Wags**, and smilingly observed, "a jolly set of them! We must contrive to make them all good and happy

Wags if we can, eh? Eldest, Jerry, almost fourteen—useful to you in business. That's right. Leave him there, eh? Next, Thomas, almost thirteen—fond of reading—told me so. A good school first, eh? Then three girls are running, Mary, Anne, and Fanny. Pack them off to a good school too. Never mind! Then comes William, eight—and Stephen, seven—Think I know where to place them—be opened in your name with the London bankers, whose check-book I now present you with. They will have assets in their hands, and instructions to honor your drafts any sum or sums not exceeding four thousand pounds. You understand?"

"I hear what you say, sir," stammered Jeremiah; "but really, I'm so astonished, that—"

"Well, well," observed Mr. Goodfellow, smiling, "it certainly is not an every day transaction; but my respected client is a little eccentric, and we must allow him to do things in his own way." He has taken a fancy to you, that's clear; and when he takes any thing in hand, he doesn't mind trifles."

"But so much!" exclaimed Mr. **Wag**. "One thousand—four thousand—five thousand pounds! It is like a dream! Surely, sir, and he hesitated, surely the gentleman can't be in—ahem!—in—his—right senses?"

"Sound as a bell," replied the lawyer. "You may have as clear a head to carry on your new business. At present you are a little bewildered, that's plain enough; but no great marvel. However, my time is precious, so just let me have your signature, and I'm off."

He then placed the papers before Jeremiah, who, after a little more demur, and a great deal of trepidation, wrote his name twice, and received the money order and the banker's check-book. Mr. Goodfellow then ordered a chaise, and chatted familiarly till it was ready, when he shook Mr. **Wag** by the hand, wished him good luck, and departed.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Mrs. **Wag**, when her spouse related the morning's venture. "He seemed so fond of the children. I knew how it would be. But you should have asked his name. I wonder who he can be! Some great lord, no doubt. Well, bless him, I say! God bless him, whoever he is. Oh, Jerry! my dear Jerry! I feel as if I was going to cry. How foolish! Well, I can't help it, and that's the truth; and the good-housewife wiped her eyes, and then threw her arms round the neck of her dearly beloved **Wag**, who, albeit that he was unused to the melting mood, found his eyes suddenly grow dim, and so they performed a sweeping duet together.

It is pleasant to record, that at the termination of this natural paroxysm, they neglected not to return thanks to a higher power for the wonderful change that had so suddenly taken place in their prospects.

Their subsequent task was to take counsel together; but that was a work requiring more of calmness than they possessed for the first few days. However, by degrees, as time rolled on, the industrious couple made their arrangements, and, at the end of six months, Mr. **Wag** had so increased his business, that it became advisable for him to have recourse to his London bankers. In the meanwhile, he had sent his son Tom and the three eldest girls to school, agreeably to the intimation of his unknown friend, which he considered as a command that he was in duty bound to comply with. Still it appeared very extraordinary that the little elderly gentleman, neither communicating with nor coming to see them, but, as the whole affair was out of the common way, resolved to industriously to avail himself of the advantages of his new position, as the best means of testifying his gratitude during his benefactor's absence.

Much marveling, of course, was done in the town and neighborhood at the steady increase in Mr. **Wag**'s "concern," in spite of his very plain statement that a kind friend had advanced him a considerable sum.

"Who could that friend be?" was the puzzling question which no one could answer, but his unremitting attention to business, the punctuality of his payments, and other evidences of his prosperity, sufficed to ensure him general respect, though certain envious busy bodies would venture now and then to hint significantly that "fall is not good that glisters."

So matters went on pleasantly till **Wag**'s till winter, when Tom and his three sisters came home for the holidays, and the latter assisted their mother in preparing for the festivities of the season.

It was Christmas eve, and the whole of the family were congregated in the little back parlour, when young Jerry started up at the well-known sound of a customer at the shop door, at which he arrived with a hop, step, and jump; and, jerking it open, beheld a little old gentleman wrapped in a large cloak.

"Please to walk in, sir," said Jerry **Wag**. "Hush!" whispered the stranger, placing his forefinger on his mouth; "I want to surprise them. You're all together to-night, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jerry, smiling, for he thought he knew to whom he was speaking.

"That's right," said the old elderly gentleman, advancing cautiously towards the darkest part of the shop, and throwing off his cloak. "Now for a Christmas frolic! Come here, you rogue! Why, you've grown taller than me. That's right! a thriving **Wag**! Now, mind, you go back as if of nothing had happened, and give me hold of your coat-tail, so that I can't be

seen. That'll do. No laughing, you young monkey. There step along."

Jerry did as he was bid, save that, though he bit his lips unmercifully, his risible muscles would not remain inactive; and thus the oddly joined pair made their way into the family apartment just as the eldest daughter burst in, exclaiming, "Now, mamma, it's your turn to wait!"

"They were sitting in a semicircle before the fire, and the stranger and his shield, of course, stood behind them."

"Heigho!" said Mrs. **Wag**, "there's only one thing I wish for to-night, and that is the addition of one more to our party."

"Name! name! You must name your wish!" cried three or four juvenile voices, in full glee.

"I wish I could tell his name," said Mrs. **Wag**, "but your father knows who I mean. Don't you, my dear?"

"I can't mistake you, my love," replied Jeremiah, affectionately, "and I wish he could see how happy we are. It would do his heart good I really think."

"Who can he be?" exclaimed the eldest daughter.

"Perhaps it's somebody like me?" cried the little old gentleman, stepping briskly forward.

"It is! it is!" shrieked mamma, and up jumped the whole party, and down went Mrs. **Wag** upon her knees, while, utterly unconscious of what she did, her arms were clasped round the neck of her benefactor whose bodily frame, being unable to sustain her motion, weight, gave way, and so they rolled together on the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the eccentric elderly gentleman, as soon as he recovered breath, but without attempting to rise.

"This is a Christmas gambol, eh? Master **Wag**? Eh! my merry little **Wags**!—Needn't ask you all how you are."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah, "allow me to assist you. I hope you are not hurt."

"Hurt!" cried the little gentleman, jumping up and offering his hand to Mrs. **Wag**. "Younger! Why I feel myself twenty years younger than I did five minutes ago. Never mind, ma'am. Like Christmas gambols, always did. Happen to have such a thing as a bunch of mistletoe, eh?"

"I am sure, sir," whispered Mrs. **Wag**. "I am sure I shall never forgive myself. To think of taking such a liberty; I—can't conceive how I could!"

"As often as ever you please, my good lady," said the eccentric, handing her to a chair; "but sit down and compose yourself, while I shake hands all round; and, turning toward Jeremiah, he commenced the ceremony, which he went through with from the eldest to the youngest, calling them all by their names, as correctly as though he were a constant visitor.

A right merry Christmas eve was that. The young **Wags** were, ever and anon, obliged to hold their sides, as they laughed and screamed with delight at the funny stories told by the funny little old gentleman, who romped and played with them with as much glee as though he had been the youngest of the party. So the hours passed quickly away till the unwelcome sound of "bed time" was whispered around the little circle; and then one after another departed, until Mr. and Mrs. **Wag** were left alone with their honored guest.

The hearts of both were full, and they began to endeavor to express their feelings; but the singular old gentleman stopped them by saying, "Needn't tell me. Know it all. Shall run away if you go on so. Remember, I told you I had more of the ready than I knew what to do with. Couldn't have done better with it, eh? Out at interest now. Best sort of interest, too. More pleasure this evening than receiving dividends, eh? Never was happier. So come, let us wind up for the night. It's gone, and he placed it on the table, and a memorandum or two for you in my pocket-book," and he placed it on the table, and began to turn over divers papers, as he continued, "Hem! ha! Yes. Those two—You'd better take them, my good sir. They'll admit William and Stephen to Christ's Church—what they call the blue-coat school. Capital school eh?"

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Don't interrupt me, that's a good fellow," said the old gentleman. "Hem! do you ever smoke a pipe?"

"Very rarely," replied the wondering Mr. **Wag**.

"Well," continued his guest, "take that paper to light your next with. Put it in your pocket, and don't look at it till I'm gone. Hem! Tom's master says he will make a good scholar; so, if you've no objection, I was thinking he might as well go to college in a year or two. Not in your way perhaps? Never mind. I know some of the big-wigs. See all right, and enter his name. Should have one person in a large family, eh?"

Here Mr. **Wag** could no longer refrain from giving vent to her overcharged feelings in certain incoherent ejaculations, which terminated in a flood of tears.

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, "my spectacles want wiping; and he took the opportunity of rubbing them and blowing his nose, while Jeremiah was comforting the wife of his bosom, and telling her, not to be so foolish, although he could scarcely avoid snivelling himself.

"Hem! hem!" resumed their guest; "think I've got some of the nice-pie sticking in my throat. Stupid old fellow to eat so much, eh?"

"Better take another glass of wine, sir," said Jeremiah. "Give me leave to pour it out."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. **Wag**, starting

up and smiling through her tears, "let me! Nobody else! God Bless you, sir!"

"And you too!" ejaculated the old gentleman gaily; "come that's a challenge! glasses round! and then we must say good night. Don't let us make a dull end of a merry evening."

Warm benedictions were forthwith uttered, and the "compliments of the season" were wished, with more than common sincerity, by all three, as their glasses met gurgling together. Then, the whimsical guest tossed off his wine; jumped up, shook his hosts heartily by the hand, wished them good-night, and sallied into the shop to find his cloak. Mr. and Mrs. **Wag** followed, and expressed a hope that he would honor their Christmas dinner by his presence on the following day; but all they could draw from him was—"Can't promise. Ate and drank a little too much to-night, perhaps. Getting shockingly cold. See how I am in the morning. Enjoyed myself this evening. A jolly set of **Wags** altogether! Merry **Wags**, all, eh? Young and old. Well, well, was always happily, my dear Mr. and Mrs. **Wag**! Good-night! and after once more shaking hands with them he nimbly whisked himself out at the shop-door, and trotted across to the King's Arms.

No sooner were the worthy couple alone than curiosity led them to examine the piece of paper which their benefactor had presented to Jeremiah for the purpose of lighting his pipe; and it proved to be the promissory note which the latter had signed for the first thousand pounds. The donor's intention was plain enough, as it was regularly cancelled, so Mrs. **Wag** was obliged to use her pocket-handkerchief once more; and her spouse after striding three or four times rapidly across the room

to himself also, under the necessity of taking out his nose, and blowing his nose with unusual vehemence. Then they congratulated and comforted each other, and said their prayers, and offered up their thanksgivings with a fervor and sincerity that proved they were not unworthy of their good fortune. Then they retired to rest, though not immediately to sleep, for they were each beset by strange waking dreams, and beheld in their mind's eye a black clerical **Wag**, two long-coated little blue **Wags**, with yellow neckerchiefs, and other **Wags** of assorted sizes, but all very happy.

On the following morning, being Christmas day, our fortunate shop-keeper equipped himself in his best apparel, and, before breakfast stepped across the road, and found Mr. **Wag** sitting rubbing his eyes in his own gateway. Mutual salutations, and "compliments of the season," were exchanged in good and hearty style, and then they must exclaimed, "There's a box here for you, Master **Wag**, let's by that queer little gentleman. I'm sure he's cracked! If he comes here yesterday, just after dark, posting in his own carriage. Well, he ordered up any thing as we happened to have ready, and I sets him down to agood dinner as ever any gentleman need sit down to, though I say it, because why, you see, our larder's considerably well stocked at this season. So down he sits, rubbing his hands, and seeming as pleased as Punch, and orders a bottle of wine; but, before he'd been ten minutes at table, up he jumps, claps on his cloak and hat, and runs smack out of the house, and never comes back again till past eleven o'clock, when he pays his bill and orders horses for six o'clock in the morning."

"Is he gone then?" inquired Jeremiah.

"Off-sure enough," replied Tius; "but he's left a great box for you, which I was going to send over. So, I suppose you and he have some dealings together."

"Yes," said Mr. **Wag**; "I shall have cause to bless and thank him the latest day I have to live; but I wish he had stepped here to-day. Well, God bless him, wherever he's gone. Hark ye, neighbor—you have often heard me speak of having a friend—well, that's him. I don't know why, but he's taken a fancy to me and my wife and family, and has done for us more than you'd believe, if I was to tell you. However, we can chat that over another day, as I can't stop now, as Mrs. **Wag** and the children are waiting breakfast. But, where's the box? I'll take it with me, if you please."

"If he gave the strongest fellows in my yard can take it over; it's as much as they can," replied Tius; "However, they shall try; and I hope you'll come over this afternoon and crack a bottle of my best to drink the little queer old gentleman's health. But, mind me, he's cracked to a certainty, and you'll find it out some of these days. The box was accordingly delivered, and, on being opened, was found to contain a dozen separate packages, each directed for one member of the **Wag** family; the largest for Jeremiah, the father, and the smallest for little Philip, a rising three year old **Wag**. Their contents were far too various for precise specification; but could not have been more judiciously appropriated nor more gratefully received, so that Christmas day was a day of rejoicing; and the only regret felt by one and all the **Wags** was that their very kind friend had not stayed to spend it with them.

When the festive season was over, matters went on as usual with Jeremiah, save that perhaps there was more of cheerfulness in his manner, while pursuing his course of steady industry. The fact was that he never felt perplexed about money affairs, which were wont formerly to occupy much of his time by day, and cause him many sleepless hours by night. Those who called for payment were as welcome as those who came to pay, and consequently his credit stood high, and the travellers and London houses strove

to do so, and smiling through her tears, "