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 William M. Porter, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 45. WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5,—NO. 38.

Valuable Farms For Sale.

The subscriber intending to remove to the West, offers for sale the farm on which he now resides, situated on the line between Cumberland and Franklin counties, Pa., 2 miles north west of Newburg and about 7 miles from Shippensburg,

Containing 175 Acres,

of first rate slate land, the principal part of which is cleared and in a high state of cultivation. The improvements are,

A Large Two Story LOG HOUSE,

with a well of water at the door, and a never failing stream of water, with a pump in it in the basement; a large BANK BARN; a stone spring house and other necessary outbuildings, and an excellent Orchard of choice fruit. There are also a comfortable TENANT HOUSE and Stable on another part of said farm, and an extensive SHOP and MACHINERY for *sawing, slitting, &c.* with VERY VALUABLE WATER POWER.

ALSO,

A tract of land in Cumberland county, within one mile of the farm above described,

Containing 152 Acres;

about 20 acres are cleared, and the residue covered with thriving timber. The improvements are

A LARGE TWO STORY LOG HOUSE, A LOG STABLE,

and a never failing well of water. The land is patented, and clear of all incumbrances.

The farms will be sold separate or together, as may best suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the land can do so, and receive every other information by calling on the subscriber, residing as above.

JACOB WHISLER.

August 4, 1841.—tf.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

WILL be offered at *private sale*, a farm situated in West Pennsboro' township, Cumberland county, on the turnpike leading to Chambersburg, containing,

NINETY ACRES

of Limestone land, 100 acres of which are cleared, and the residue well timbered; the farm is bounded by lands of John Paul, Ex-Governor Ritner and others. The improvements are a two story log house and kitchen, and a never failing well of water at the door, a log barn and other out-buildings, two choice orchards of fruit.

For terms apply to the subscriber living at Middlesex mills, 3 miles east of Carlisle on the turnpike leading to Harrisburg.

MICHAEL FISHBURN,
Agent of Jonas Fishburn.

August 11, 1841.—4t.

N. B. A number of other Farms and Mill properties for sale.

Lebanon Courier, Reading Eagle, Lancaster Examiner, York Republican, and Harrisburg Intelligencer, insert 3 times and send bills to this office.

NOTICE.

Estate of Henry Pilgrim, dec'd.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the estate of Henry Pilgrim, late of Southampton township, Cumberland co., dec'd., have been granted to the subscriber residing in Hopewell township: NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement.

DAVID S. RUNSHA, Adm'r.

Aug. 11, 1841.—6t.

WM. R. EMORY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Office Fayette street, second door South-west of St. Paul street.

REFERENCES.

Baltimore, Md.—Messrs. Emory & Stevens; Jas. A. & Geo. E. Sangston, & co. and Armstrong Harris & Co.

Carlisle, Pa.—Col. Thomas E. Sudler, Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering, Dickinson College.

August 4, 1841.—4t.

New Goods!
STILL CHEAPER.

ARNOLD & ABRAMS have just received a great variety of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, &c. &c. which they are determined to sell cheaper than ever before offered in this place or elsewhere.

The public are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Shippensburg, August 4, 1741.

To all claimants and persons interested.

Notice is hereby given that a writ of Scire Facias, to August Term, 1841, to me directed, has been issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, on the following "Mechanic's Lien," entered and recorded in the Court of Common Pleas aforesaid, viz:

John Sherick vs. Casper Sherick, with notice to Jacob Rupp.

Sci. Fa. sur. Mechanics' Lien, No 65, August Term, 1841.

PAUL MARTIN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Carlisle, Aug. 4, 1841.

DR. WILLIAM IRVIN,

Office and dwelling in High street, next door to Rev. J. V. E. Thorn.

Carlisle, August 4, 1841.—tf.

CABINET MAKING.
WM. C. GIBSON

Still continues the Cabinet Making in all its various branches, at his old stand in North Hanover street, two doors above the store of Wm. Leonard; where he is now manufacturing, and intends keeping on hand, a great variety of

CABINET FURNITURE,

such as Sideboards, Bureaus, Secretaries, Card, Pier, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Bedsteads, &c., of the most fashionable kind, all of which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms. He is also prepared to fill all orders for SPRING SEATED SOFAS and FANCY CHAIRS, warranted to be of superior quality.

He will also furnish COFFINS at the shortest notice, and having recently procured a NEW HEARSE, he is prepared to attend funerals in the country.

Carlisle, August 4, 1841.—1y

NATHANIEL HANTCH,
TAILOR,

North Hanover street, Carlisle, Penn's.

To our Creditors.

Take notice that we have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this Commonwealth, and they have appointed *Tuesday the 31st day of August next*, for the hearing of us and our creditors, at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, when and where you may attend, if you think proper.

GEORGE CUNNINGHAM.*
JACOB HECK.*

August 10, 1841.—3t.

MORNING.

BY A CARPENTER.

There is a streak of red along the east,
Straight as a chalk line, where the horizon shuts
With bevelled edge, earth's huge circumference in;
How gradually its tints deepen to blue,
And thence to darkness, where receding night
Steps slowly down the ladder of the west!
And now it brighter grows, and brighter still,
So gloriously bright, it seems a plate
Where mortised rest the temons which support
The imponderable rafters of the skies,
Whose springing arches and enormous length
Do drop the ridge-pole of the firmament.
As brass nails through a velvet cushion driven
So glitter in the distant west the stars;
While, 'twixt the dying night and coming day,
The twilight forms distinct a pediment.
A vapory mass there is, far in the south,
Whose eastern edge, like ogee moulding shaped,
Reflects in golden tints the approaching sun.
Its western edge, carved by the sporting winds
In wildest tracery, towards the zenith sends
What might a final seem, but that it hath
An astragal above it, like the top
Of some odd column in Palmyra found.

Nature! fantastic architect! 'tis thine
With equal ease to build or to destroy.
Sun, and the winds, thy servants, at thy will
Bring to the workshop in the upper air,
Material, which thy plastic art doth frame,
Into the weather of this lower world.
The ascending current of the tropic climes
Bears equatorial vapors to the north.
And winter stores them, ready for thy use,
In his vast lumber yard around the pole;
There on some arctic cape thou rearest high
A frozen temple, curiously adorned
With pilasters and pinnacles of ice.
Each storm now roofs it, till its eves
Just o'er its fearful plinth, 'tis plumb no more;
Sudden it rolls to the retreating sea,
Whose frightened waves for many a league around,
Of ocean's flooring tear the sleepers up,
Till the shrewd northwesters make a swift repair.

But lo! the sun *has risen*; and as brass
And treasured bon mots for some supply
A lack of native goodness and of wit,
Or even as mahogany thin sawn
Doth cover and conceal the worthless pine
So yonder clouds, that lowering, late
Were hateful and inert,) made beautiful;
Life giving, life preserving, joy imparting,
Lit up with sunshine when the god of day
Veneers it with his beams. Yon fleecy clouds
How swift they sail upon this biting breeze!
Like shavings taken from an iceberg's top,
When Boreas wields the foreplane of the storm.

But hark! the bell calls to the daily toil,
Which gives me cheerfulness—the poor man's wealth;
Nor do I envy those who burn the midnight oil—
Nor ask for knowledge at the expense of health.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brady's Adventures.

GENERAL HUGH BRADY has stated to us that the subjoined narrative is substantially correct. The General, also, assures us that the child was not recaptured by his brother, as he was so strongly fastened to the Indian that he was not able to release him and save his own life, and that of the boy's mother. The General also informs us that in 1837, at Beaver, Pennsylvaniq, he became acquainted with a young man of the name of Stupes. On enquiry, he had the satisfaction to learn that he was a son of the boy in question. He informed the General that his father remained with the Indians till after the treaty of Greenville, in 1795—that he then returned home, and when the Beaver country was settling, his father purchased the spot where the scene took place, and lived there to the day of his death, which happened about one year before, and now lies interred on the very spot where he fell with the Indian sixty-one years ago. We find the narrative in the Pittsburgh American.—*Detroit Adv.*

In 1780, a small fort, within the present limits of Pittsburgh, was the head quarters of General Brodhead, who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Allegheny river was in possession of the Indians. Gen. Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity had provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to General Brodhead to select a suitable officer and despatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the force of the British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence, against the depredations and attacks to be expected from thence.

General Brodhead had no difficulty in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Captain Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a map or draft of the country, he must traverse; very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger, nor ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprise. But he saw the anxiety of the Father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river, and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march—the season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen; neither road, bridge nor house facilitated their march, nor shielded their repose. Part of their provisions was picked up by the way, as they crept, rather than marched, through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its brambles by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a man's foot on the sand of a river, might have caused the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian "stratagic," and dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky, he saw a fire, approached it, and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy. However, he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him, if taken prisoner, he passed on until he stood beside the town, and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventure, he waded the river to an island, partially covered with drift wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

Leonidas was brave, and in obedience to the institutions in any country, he courted death, and found it in the pass of Thermopylæ.

Napoleon was brave, but his bravest acts were performed in the presence of embattled thousands.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the Captain of the Ranger will compare with the examples quoted, or any other. Neither banner or penon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of an enemy's country. An enemy, had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire, adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause o'er such a scene, and in imagination contemplate its features.

The murmuring river, the Indian village wrapt in sleep; the sylvan landscapes; as each was gazed upon by that lonely but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense frog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off, afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians engaged in the amusement of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky with some very fine horses.—One gray horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten.

The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing any thing betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were there; took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by General Brodhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much less than it really was. The provisions and amunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle.—They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had gone but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan, and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touchole, and then started on. After going a short distance, the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before him and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but as he raised the rifle, he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind a tree and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from the horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and give them a general fire. He sprung to the fallen Indian's powderhorn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indain, the woman thought he was one, and said, "Why did you shoot your brother?" He caught up the child, saying, "Jenny Stupes, I am Captain Brady, follow me and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him by this time; but no ball harmed him, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort McIntosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war-whoop, and knew it was Indians he had encountered, and having no ammunition, they had taken to their heels and run off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

It is a bad heart in which the companionship of childhood produces no kind feelings, and he must be truly wretched whom their innocent and light-hearted joyousness will not cheer.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN-PUMP.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(SCENE—*The corners of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist.—Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cogniac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or single glass, and not a cents to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes! I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and like the wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a grog-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.—What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir!—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands upon his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did ever your worship have the gout?

Are you satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shade of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores did drink of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Gov. Winthrop, after a journey on foot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. Thewelder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years, it was the watering-place; and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On the Sabbath, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one.

Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a fitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets. In hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk *into the source of the ancient spring*; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, *to serve you with my iron goblet*. Drink and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of this story, that as this wasted and long-lost fountain is known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield or somewhere along that way. No part of my duty is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe in it, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll up their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though on that occasion alone I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amidst the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore, which has found men sick and left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountain of the still. In this mighty enterprize, the cow shall be my great confidence. Milk and Water! The *Town Pump* and the *Cow!* Such is the glorious co-partnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and, finally, monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter herself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart and die. Then Sin, if she die not, shall lose half her strength.—Until now, the phrenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When the inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, then, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake.—Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My deaf hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected every where, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fierce pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure that I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his *brandy bottle*? Anyone can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and woefully scalding yourselves and other people?—Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage; and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives; you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, the sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach the deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachael did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP."

DRAWING A CHALK LINE,

OR RESERVING THE RIGHT OF PASSAGE.

An Incident founded on Facts,

This is a strange world, or, if you please, many strange things occur in this world—either way suits us—and amongst the strange things which happen in this strange world, some are ludicrous and some are serious—some are one thing and some another. Many things, too, which take place, are shrouded in the dark pall of mystery, and remain unknown and inexplicable, till some chance of fate or fortune draws aside the veil from our vision, and we behold objects which before we had not thought of. Thus has it been with the present story, which we are about to unfold. Like a sweet flower blushing unseen, it has long remained concealed. But chance has given it to us, and we shall now give our readers the story of *Drawing a Chalk line, or Reserving the Right of Passage.*

"Once upon a time" there came to this city a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the science of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a little sprinkling of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the room also as a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners—courteous yet cold—and he thus addressed his new companion:

'Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room-mates, with none of whom could I ever agree—we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim that nearest the window.'

The Kentuckian assented.

'Now,' says the Frenchman, 'I'll draw the boundary line between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's right's,' and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division, mid-way, from one side of the room to the other. 'Sir,' he added, 'I hope you have no objection to the treaty.'

'None in the world, sir,' answered the stranger, 'I am perfectly satisfied with it.' He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged; while 'Old Kaintuck' was watching him, and thinking what a singular genius he must be, and how he might fix him.

Thus things went on until dinner time came. The bell was rung—the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and mustaches, and essayed to depart.

'Stan, sir!' said the stranger, suddenly placing himself with his toe to the mark, directly before the French student, 'if you cross that line, you're a dead man!'

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed—'Is it possible that I did not reserve the right of passage?'

'No, sir, indeed you did not; and you pass this at your peril.'

'But how shall I get out of the room?'

'There is the window, which you *reserved* to yourself—you must use that; but you pass not that door—*my* door which you generously *left* me.'

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a three story window was not 'what it was cracked up to be,' said to his new friend—'*Sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable*, I'll rub out that hateful chalk-line and let you pass.'

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of that 'boundary question' they have been the very best of friends.—*Picayune.*

The annexed, from the London Court Journal's correspondent, dated "Manheim, June 19th, 1841, proves, most incontestibly, that truth is stranger than fiction."

A BROKEN HEART.—A circumstance occurred here on the 15th ult., so singular and affecting, so much more incredible than most tales of fiction, that, though the parties were of an humble station, it deserves to be recorded among the romances of real life. On that day a young woman of an interesting and respectable appearance, was seen to enter the city, carrying in her arms an infant, and leading another child of three or four years of age. Immediately on her arrival she inquired for the house of a man to whom, it appears, she had been affianced at Hamburgh, and who had left her there under a vow to shortly return to keep his promise of marriage; but finding that he continually, on some new pretence, put off the fulfilment of his engagement, she herself though it best to go in search of him.

Having easily discovered his abode, she proceeded at once to it, and there found him, by an extraordinary fatality, in company with another girl and her relations, and about to proceed at the very moment with her to the altar. It was in vain that the first claimant threw herself on her knees defore her faithless Brantigham (a person to whom a woman is engaged in Germany is so called,) neither her tears nor prayers, nor the sight of his children moved him: she was repulsed by the whole party, and the door closed against her, and shortly after the marriage ceremony was being performed in the church, and the ring just placed on the finger of the second bride, when her rival entered with the children. The shock was too much for her; she fell down dead. The body was carried to an inn, where it was afterwards dissected, *and the veins of the heart discovered to be torn asunder* a proof that the term "a broken heart," is not a mere poetical one, but that, however rare the occurrence, it may, as in this instance, actually take place.

This tragic story being soon made known, the populace, to the amount of many hundreds, followed the funeral of the unfortunate woman: but before committing her to the grave, the *cortege* repaired with the coffin to the house of the just married couple. There they broke the windows, and, in a vociferous manner, called on the bridegroom, whose name was Pral, to open the door. The police were now assembled, and had much difficulty in preventing the mob, many of them armed, from executing summary vengeance on the moral culprit.

It is worthy of notice that while all this passed, the opera of Don Juan was representing in the theatre, (the celebrated Madame Hassel playing Johanna,) and the audience evinced their feelings of indignation by noisy acclamations at any particular parts that bore reference to the real drama that had just been acted outside.

The Graud Duchess Stephanie, with her well known goodness of heart, has taken the children under her protection, and a large subscription been made for them by the opulent merchants of the city. The whole scene speaks well for the Germans, and reminds us of the old adage—*Vox Populi, vox Dei.*

SIMPLE REMEDY.—A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his ruinous habit of drinking intoxicating liquors.

Can you tell me how to do it? said the slave of his appetite.

Quaker.—It is just as easy as it is to open thy hand.

Drunkard.—Convince me of that, and I promise you, upon my honor, that I will do as you tell me.

Quaker.—Well, friend, whenever thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it, before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again.

The toper was so pleased with this plain advice, that he followed it, and was a toper no more.

Many thousand dollars have been paid for inconvenient and painful prescriptions, which were worth far less than this. We publish it gratis for the benefit of those who may be afflicted with the disease it is intended for.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

Jabez says that he has read of Generals Stark, Wayne, Washington, Jackson, Harrison, and a thousand other eminent military chieftains, but he never knew there was such an officer as *General Stage office*, until he saw his name upon a sign the other day.