condition, supplied her with means to reach the town in which Isabel resided. She lived but a few weeks after her arrival at the hospitable mansion of Dr. Dillingham, but her death-bed was soothed by the kindness of her friend, and by her assurances of continued protection to her orphan daughter.

This promise Isabel most faithfully performed; and when, in after days, a group of smiling children gathered round her knee, no one could have told that one of those children was the daughter of those who had outraged and insulted the gentle being, whose maternal kindness was extended equally to all.

THE POWER OF FORETELLING DEATH.

Some persons have an idiosyncrasy to be affected by emanations which have no perceptible effect on mankind at large. Some have catarrh and asthma when near certain grasses in flower; some when near a hare, dead or alive; some have indescribable sensations of a most distressing kind when near a cat. Elizabeth Okey has a sense of great oppression, sickness and misery when within a certain distance of persons whose frame is sinking. The emanations which are constantly proceeding from us all are so altered in their composition, I presume, in extreme debility, that a high susceptibility may suffer from them.—Whenever the effect upon her has been of certain intensity, I understand that the patient who produced it has died. The phenomenon has been known to the nurse, and invariably verified by her for a long period before I heard of it; and Elizabeth Okey only by chance communicated it to me in November during her delirium.—When not in a mesmeric state, that is, when not delirious nor somnambulist, she has not this idiosyncrasy, and is perfectly ignorant that she ever has it. In her somnambulism she has it simply; but, in her delirium, it is attended by an allusion that she sees a figure, something like the representation of death, wrapped in a white robe. The more intense the oppression from the emanations, the taller the figure; *the stronger, therefore, are the emanations, and the nearer the person is to their end.* This is perfectly in accordance with the phenomena of dreams, which are a sort of delirium. If we have an inflammation of the foot, the heat of this is very likely, in our dreams, to make us fancy the part is roasting on the bars of a grate; if we have the rheumatism, we may dream that some one is giving us the bastinado: in oppression of the breath, we may dream that we see a demon sitting upon us—in short, have the night mare, and it is very conceivable that, the more distressing the oppression, the larger might the figure be imagined. Thus, the sensation, which she knows to arise from the influence of a person hurrying to the grave, gives her a fancy that she sees the figure, when in her delirium; but, if she is near a sinking person when in a state of somnambulism, in which her reason is sound, she not only has not the sensation merely—sees no figure, but tells you that the idea of the figure in her delirium is delusion—the product of delirium.

On learning this wonderful fact, I examined carefully into it, and ascertained its reality. But having had, among a few of the students who have signalized themselves, some by scribbling and some by talking, experience of the falsehoods and absurd objections to which all the mesmeric phenomena of my patients were exposed, I resolved to remove her into my other ward, in which she was unacquainted with the diseases of the patients and with the patients themselves, and to conduct her there at the close of the day when she could not see the patients. Accordingly, about five o'clock, in December, I begged the nurse of the ward to accompany us. I enjoined the little girl not to utter a word, and I led her, not to the bedside of patients, but up one side of the ward and down the other, without stopping; and no one knew the object I had in view. I felt her shudder as she passed the foot of two beds, and after leaving the ward, she told me that she had felt the sensation and seen the figure which she saw in her delirium, but in her delirium only calls Jack, at two of the beds. The nurse informs me that in passing one bed she heard her whisper, "There's Jack," while she shuddered, but I did not, although I had hold of her hand the whole time.—The patient, who was then in a state of perfect insensibility, soon died; the other, I hear, is still alive, but his disease will be, from its nature, necessarily fatal. I considered it my duty to inquire into this interesting fact. There was nothing in it contrary to physiological and pathological truths; but it was an unusual modification, and had I not inquired into it, I should have been devoid of all spirit of professional inquiry, and moreover should have exposed the innocent and excellent little girl to another false and base accusation of imposture.

AN AMERICAN LADY'S OPINION OF THE OPERA—THE QUEEN.—We had the ballet of "La Gitana" after the singing, and Taglioni. No praise of her grace is exaggerated. There is much in every movement of her arms, and, if she would restrict herself within the limits of decency, there could not be a more exquisite spectacle of its kind than her dancing. I would give in to the ravings of her admirers, and allow that her grace is God's beautiful gift, and that it is fitting it should be so used. But could not this grace be equally demonstrated with a skirt a few inches longer and rather less transparent? To my crude notions her positions are often disgusting, and when she raised her leg to a right angle with her body, I could have exclaimed, as Carlyle did, "Merciful Heaven! where will it end!" Familiarity must dull the sense to these bad parts of the exhibition, for Mrs.——quoted a French woman, who said of Taglioni, "One must be virtuous to dance like that." I should rather have said differently; and I would divide the world, not as our witty friend——does, into men, women, and Mary Woltsonecrafts, but into men, women and ballet dancers, for surely a woman must have forgotten the instincts of her sex before she can dance even as Taglioni does. I am not apt, as you know, my dear C. to run a tilt against public amusements, but I hold this to be an execrable one: and, if my voice could have any influence, I would pray every modest woman and modest man; for why should this virtue be graduated by a different scale for the different sexes?—every modest man and woman, then, in our land, to discountenance its advancement there. If we have not yet the perfection of a matured civilization, God save us from the corruptions that prelude and intimate its decline!—*Miss Sedgwick's New Work.*

Lord Chatham.

The following passage is the conclusion of an able and eloquent review of the "Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," in a late London Quarterly:

We are now arrived at the closing scene of this illustrious life. On the 7th of April, 1778, the Duke of Richmond, hitherto the ally and supporter of all Lord Chatham's American policy, moved an address to the Crown, recapitulating in detail the expenses, losses, and misconduct of the war, entreating his Majesty to dismiss his Ministers, and to withdraw his forces by sea and land, from the revolted provinces. There was hardly a topic in this motion which Lord Chatham had not himself repeatedly urged; and it was, no doubt, so framed with a view to secure his concurrence; but he saw that it involved, though not in direct terms, the acknowledgment of American Independence; and on the motion being communicated to him the day before it was to be made, he apprised the Duke, "with unspeakable concern, that the difference between them on the point of the independence and sovereignty of America, was so very wide that he despaired of bringing about any reasonable issue. He was still ill, but hoped to be in town tomorrow." On that morrow he appeared in the House of Lords for the last time.

"Lord Chatham came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated.—Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; *we saw—we see* a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his friends. He took one arm from his crutch and raised it, casting his eye towards heaven, and said, 'I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day——to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot in the grave—I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House.' The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting: if any one had dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, and perhaps more than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spake.

* * * * * * *

"He rejoiced that he was yet alive to give his vote against so impolitic, so inglorious a measure as the acknowledgment of the independence of America; and declared he would much rather be in his grave than see the lustre of the British throne tarnished—the dignity of the empire disgraced, the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be when the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain was given up."

After speaking for some time with great enthusiasm, he sat down exhausted, and the Duke of Richmond rose to explain.—While he was speaking, Lord Chatham listened to him with attention and composure, and, when his grace had ended, rose to reply; but his strength failed him, and he fell backward in convulsions. He was immediately supported by the peers around him, and by his youngest sons, who happened to be present as spectators. He was conveyed first to the house of Mr. Sargent, in Downing street, and then to Hayes, where he lingered for three days, and Monday, the 11th of May, terminated a glorious life by a death, it may be said, in the service of his country, and on *the very field of battle.*

That same evening—on the motion of Colonel Barre, formerly the bitterest of his enemies, but lately become a close ally—the House of Commons voted him a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey, a tribute in which men of all parties generously and cordially joined.

We have so fully expressed, as we proceeded, our opinion on the several points of Lord Chatham's policy, and the varying features of his character, that we have little more to add.

That he was the most *powerful* orator that ever illustrated and ruled the Senate of this empire—that for nearly half a century he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but "The foremost man in the world"—that he had an unparalleled grandeur and affluence of intellectual powers, softened and brightened by all the minor accomplishments—that his ambition was noble—his views instinctively elevated—his patriotism all excessive—that in all the domestic relations of life he was exemplary and amiable—a fine scholar, a finished gentleman, and sincere Christian—one whom his private friends and servants loved as a good man, and all the world admired as a great one—these are the praises which his contemporaries awarded, and which posterity has, with little diminution, confirmed.

But, on the other hand, there were serious defects which decreased his splendor, impaired his authority, and rendered his great abilities rather inglorious to himself than, for any practical purposes, beneficial to his country. These defects, though of course well known to the political circles in which he moved, and deplored and censured by the sober few, were so much in the fashion of the times, and were so glossed over by his own wonderful powers, as to excite comparatively little contemporaneous observation—but since his life has become history, and been elucidated by contemporaneous letters and memoirs, they have appeared every day more and more flagrant; and the present publication has brought them out in still bolder prominence.

In the first place, it would not be easy to specify any positive advantage (except, perhaps, the possession—*vulgat quantum*—of Canada) which the country has inherited from Lord Chatham. The very existence of so great a man, is, no doubt, a national glory, and therefore a national good; and his direct influence may have been highly useful. Can we calculate the extent to which his *lectures*, so to call them, may have educated and improved the public mind in both the science and art of government? How many statesmen may his example have formed? How many improvements may his precept have produced? How many errors and evils may his authority have repressed? But of direct, permanent, practical ameliorations of our social and political condition, few of our statesmen—even those who had not a thousandth part of his abilities—have, we believe, left such scanty traces.

Though so sagacious and so accomplished a mind could not be insensible to, and did in fact highly appreciate, the value of mental cultivation, social improvements, commercial enterprize, and all the fair and fruitful arts of peace, yet he did little for them. His genius and his voice—"quo non præstantior alter—Ære ciere vivos, Martemque accendere cantu"—"were still for war,"—a fearful lottery, in which one or two brilliant prizes are dearly purchased by the misery of individuals and the calamity of nations. We believe the world is by this time pretty well disposed to subscribe to Sir Samuel Romilly's opinion, that the *glories*, as they are called, of Lord Chatham's Administration, produced no solid advantage to his country—and how short a space of his career was that epoch of doubtful glory."

The Gentleman.

True gentlemen are to be found in every grade of society. The ploughman, with his broad sunburnt hand, his homely dress, and *his open honest* countenance, is oftener found to be possessed of the real attributes of a gentleman, than the enervated man-milliner, who is much more careful of his gloves than of his honor; whose shirt bosom must be as pure as a virgin's fame; and who, if one curl of his glossy wool were displaced, would be thrown immediately into strong convulsions. The blood which flows in a rich and generous stream through the heart of a Russian serf, is as pure in the eyes of God as the life current which eddies round the princely fountain of the highest of England's noblemen. It is a false, illiberal idea, that because a man cannot claim alliance with the proud and wealthy, his name should be stricken from the list of gentlemen. We are all created alike—our mothers suffer the same pangs; and shall the one who is ushered into life upon a silken couch spurn him whose limbs were first laid on a truss of straw? Which class, from time immemorial, has shed honor and glory on the earth—the proud aristocrat or the poor peasant? Whose names are enrolled in the dazzling pages of history—the gentleman of fashion or the gentleman of nature? What voices are most heard, and to most effect, throughout the world? Why, those of men born in poverty, but clothed by truth with the jewelled robe of honor. Does the mere fact of a man's being able to make a bow with scrupulous exactness constitute him a gentleman? Shall the children of one mother be divided, because one portion are gifted with gracefulness of action and coxcombry of demeanor, while the others will not stoop to cringe at flattery's fawn, or waste the hours given them by Heaven to improve; in the useless study of the puerile forms of fashion? Oh, how glad it makes one's heart to see the "painted lizards" trodden under foot by the gentleman of nature! to see them shrink away at the approach of honest men, fearing that they may be called upon to acknowledge their own inferiority!

Who is the gentleman? he who can boast of nothing but a name, upon which dishonor has never thrown its leprous poison. He who can lie down upon his pillow at night knowing that he has done his neighbor no injury; whose heart is never locked to pity, and whose arm is always nerved to redress the injuries of the oppressed. Who smiles not at misfortune, and who mocks not the affliction of his fellows. He who looks upon all men as equals, and who fears not to stand in the presence of a king. The man who is guided by moral honor, and not obliged to have laws made for his observance. He who has true democracy in his soul—who desires and gives to every man the enjoyment of his own opinions, provided those opinions do not infringe the decrees of justice in its most rigid sense. Such a man and only such a one, should dare lay claim to the proud appelation of a "gentleman."—Thank God! we are in a country where the field of honor and renown is open to all. The lowest freeman in the land is in part the governor of its proudest officer.—He who tills the earth walks erect in the proud dignity of natural right, knowing that he cannot be oppressed while he respects himself. There is no distinction of classes here—the blacksmith and the senator—the shoemaker and the President all hail each other as "gentlemen."—*Crescent City.*

OCTOBER.

October has come, the sweetest, saddest month of all the year. Its sunsets and its gorgeous forest, how beautiful, and brief as their gorgeous dyes.

There is a pensive beauty in October days; Autumn is now clothed in her loveliest drapery; the forest leaves are not yet dry and crisp; Nature has not yet put on her frigid aspect, but the sighing of the breeze and the falling leaf, are Nature's knell for her fallen glories; soon all these beautiful things will have lost their beauty, all these bright things their brightness.—These changeful, though lovely sceneries, lend a touching interest to Autumn days. Go into the thick deep wood; listen to the hushed, deep murmur of the evening breeze as it gently undulates the glorious and richly colored foliage; look away into yonder vault of Heaven, in this sunset hour; how the resplendent hues of topaz, and amethyst, and gold, beautifully blend with each other, and stream in living light across the ether sky. It is the very gate of Heaven—and that lone star seems to be a beacon-light, hung out from her golden portals to guide us, erring wanderers, home. We can also hear their blest voices, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High.—Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with ecstacy on contemplating scenes like these? Who does not feel that he is holding converse with pure beings—that he is

"Just on the boundary of the spirit land,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth?"

How eloquent is nature!—who is not purer and better when he listens to her voice? How impressively does God speak to us, at this sweet, sad season. He makes all nature beautiful, and gives us faculties to enjoy its beauties. Sweet flowers, ye too, in your ever varying hues and delicious odors, whisper the name of your Creator. Ye wear the richest dyes, and send forth the sweetest fragrance, as you are about to fade and die. Apt emblems of life.

The autumn of our days is coming, but if we are ready, like the glorious forests and beautiful flowers, we may wrap our garments about us, and wait in holy peace, till we are called to bloom in "beauty immortal," in the gardens of God.

MORE EXPLOITS OF EDWARDS, THE FORGER.

We find the following correspondence in the Boston Daily Advertiser of yesterday. Edwards, the forger, now in prison in Philadelphia, has practised his forgeries with as much adroitness in England as he has in this country:

MARSHFIELD, Oct. 8, 1841.

Mr. Hale—I know not how I may better guard the public against further practices of an impostor, than by publishing the following letter from Earl Spencer, received by the Acadia. The accompanying letter, purporting to be written by me, is an entire forgery.

Of this Edwards, I had some previous knowledge; as he attempted similar frauds, some time ago, upon the late President of the United States, and my predecessor in the Department of State.

Yours, with much regard,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

WILSETON, Sept. 12, 1841.

My Dear Sir: I have thought it right to let you know of some transactions in which I have been engaged, and in which, as I now believe, your name has been most improperly made use of, and your writing forged. I enclose you a letter which, when I first saw it, I believed to be your handwriting, and which I now believe to be a forgery.

Some time last spring, while I was living at Althorp, I received a letter from a person who signed himself Monroe Edwards, enclosing the letter which I herewith transmit to you. He stated that you had given him a letter of introduction to Lord Brougham, as well as this one to myself, that he made use of the letter to Lord Brougham when he first arrived in England, and that Lord Brougham having done for him every thing he wished, he had not thought it necessary to trouble me with this letter. But that now he was in a great difficulty, Lord Brougham was abroad, which I knew to be the case, that neither the American Minister, Mr. Stevenson, nor any other of his fellow countrymen, would assist him, because they were so hostile to his objects about the negroes, to which allusion is made in the enclosed letter, and that he was actually without a farthing to pay for his lodgings, or to carry him and a son of his he had with him home to New Orleans. He therefore sent me your letter, and asked me to lend him two hundred and fifty pounds, offering as a security certain bonds and receipts upon some bank in the United States. As to these securities I thought very little about them, but I concluded they were good, as they were offered by a friend of yours. Now this story was a very plausible one, with the exception of the assertion that Colonel Edward's fellow-countrymen would not assist him.

But I thought it very probable that you would give any friend of yours about whom you were interested, a letter of introduction to Lord Brougham, and I hoped it was not very improbable that you might also give him a letter of introduction to me. I accordingly referred Colonel Edwards to my Solicitor in London, and sent up this letter purporting to be from you. My Solicitor took the letter to Messrs. Baring, who said they knew your hand-writing perfectly well, and were sure the letter was a genuine one. I have said I cared very little about Colonel Edwards's securities, but I felt that I should behave very ill to you, if I permitted "a valued friend" of yours to be arrested when I could avert it by the loan of £250. I accordingly advanced the money.

Colonel Edwards promised to repay me during this month of September, saying that he took so long a period in order to be quite certain that he should have arrived at New Orleans and been able to transmit the money to the day. I felt myself quite secure of repayment till about 3 weeks or a month ago, when my Solicitor received a letter from Colonel Edwards, at Philadelphia, not written in his own hand but only signed by him, saying that having had business to transact in London, he had employed a person of the name of Justin, an Englishman, to transact it for him; that with this view he had put his papers into the hands of this Justin, and sending my Solicitor a copy of a letter purporting to be from Justin to him, Colonel Edwards, in which he tells him he had abstracted certain securities from these papers, and had upon them borrowed £250 from my Solicitor, but making no mention of the letter purporting to be yours at all, Justin saying that with this fraudulent object he had personated Colonel Edwards. This, I confess, appeared to me rather suspicious. I accordingly spoke to Brougham, when I found out that this story about Justin was a pure invention—that Colonel Edwards had really been here—that he had presented to him a letter of introduction from you, and had asked for a loan of money, but that General Hamilton, the Minister from the Republic of Texas, having heard something of this, wrote to Lord Brougham to say that this Edwards had been convicted and imprisoned for forgery in Texas, and had escaped from jail; that he, General Hamilton, had told him that he knew all about him, and that Edwards had made no reply to this letter. In consequence of this information I had communication with General Hamilton, and my Solicitor showed him the enclosed letter, which he says he is confident is a forgery.

As to the recovering the £250, that of course is out of the question; it is also hardly possible to do any thing towards the legal conviction of Edwards for this forgery, but it may be possible, by exposing him to prevent him from defrauding other people. I fear, therefore, you may think I am giving you a great deal of unnecessary trouble in sending you this long detail, but as your name had been so much mentioned in the transaction, I think it is as well that you should be aware of what has taken place. And as we seldom act without some selfish influence operating upon us, I must also admit, that I am not sorry to be able to lay before you this proof that I am and always shall be most happy to attend to your wishes, and do all I can to show hospitality to any friend of yours whom you may wish to commend to me.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours, most truly,
SPENCER.

Hon. Daniel Webster, &c. &c. &c.

MARSHFIELD, (near Boston) Oct. 29, 1840.

My Lord—I have taken the liberty to introduce to the honor of your acquaintance my valued friend, Colonel M. Edwards, a highly respectable and wealthy farmer of Louisiana, who visits England with a view of conferring with H. M. Gov't. on the subject of 200 African captives, now illegally held as slaves in Texas. Said Africans were sold with an estate to Col. Edwards, and imposed on him as "*bona fide*" slaves. Subsequently learning their true claim to freedom, he, with a magnanimity before unknown, attempted their restoration to freedom, by sending them to an English colony, but was prevented from so doing by the direct interposition of the Government of Texas. These poor Africans have claims on H. M. Gov't. and it is with the view of representing those claims in their proper light that Colonel Edwards visits England.

Any service it may be in your Lordship's power to render Colonel Edwards in promotion of his most praiseworthy object, will be properly appreciated.

I have the honor to be
Your Lordship's most ob't. serv't.
DAN'L. WEBSTER.

Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, London.

"CONFLICTING INTERESTS."—The Raleigh (North Carolina) Register makes the following sensible remarks on the subject of the "*conflicting interests* of the North and South," about which much is said now-a-days:—

"We demand to know what these conflicting interests are? Is the interest of the North distinct from that of the South?—There is not a spear of Rice, or Wheat, or Tobacco, or a Cotton plant, that springs on the remotest part of our Southern territory, that does not contribute to the support of the Northern Merchant, Manufacturer and Farmer. There is not a vessel that sails from a Northern port which does not, directly or indirectly, bring wealth to the Southern Planter. The God of Nature, if we regard only the geographical situation of our country and productions of its soil, or consider man as the creature of sordid interest, seems to have ordained this mighty Republic to be forever one and indivisible. No part of the inhabitable globe is more intimately, more indissolubly connected. As to "conflicting interests," we know not where to find them. Our interests are the same, our manners the same, our language the same. Springing from one common stock, we are bound together by every tie of endearment that can operate on a people. Who is the man that would sow discord among us?"

Temperance Department

PLEDGE OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE ANY INTOXICATING LIQUORS NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM AS A BEVERAGE; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, OR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT, IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS, WE WILL DISCOUNTENANCE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

For the Herald & Expositor.

To the Temperance Societies,

Auxiliary to the Cumberland County Temperance Society.

The Executive Committee of the Cumberland County Temperance Society, deem the quiet that always succeeds a public election, a favorable opportunity to call the attention of the friends of temperance, and of our auxiliaries in particular, anew to the consideration of the high claims of the temperance cause upon our zealous and constant support. *Our* comparative silence on this subject for the last two or three months, has been the result of circumstances which we could not control. We are now ready again to co-operate with you—*first*, by sending you such aid from time to time, as you may want, and as the talent of our society can supply. And we take this occasion to say, that we hope each auxiliary will, sometime between this and Christmas, arrange a suitable occasion for the reception of a delegation from us, and give to our chairman seasonable notice of the appointment. We are anxious to hold a public meeting with each of our auxiliaries at as early a period as they shall see fit to appoint.

We are ready to co-operate with you, *secondly*, by furnishing you, through the agency of our borough papers, as far as we may be permitted, such temperance intelligence as we can command, for your encouragement, together with such moral considerations connected with this great and good cause as we may be able from time to time to present.

Allow us, also, specially to solicit a continuance of your co-operation, in carrying forward this wonderful enterprize of benevolence; and to urge on you the necessity of *adding* to your past efforts. Who, in our day, has ever seen so great a work effected in a single year, as has been effected in this country during the past year, by the sole agency of the principle of *Total Abstinence from all that can intoxicate*—the only temperance principle which we recognize as having any power for good; and if we have not shared fully in the efforts of this great movement, it is not our fault!

We have in our hands all the means of efficient action on this subject, and all the motives to impel us to it. The use of intoxicating drinks is yet working desolation all around us—carrying the drunkard to his grave, making drunkards of the moderate drinkers, and sowing the seeds of future ruin even among the *children* of our rising population. Nothing but frequent meetings, which every man, woman and child should be invited and urged to attend, and in which every friend of temperance can take a part, will be found sufficient to meet the wants of our case. Apathy and neglect are what have heretofore retarded the work in our county. There are scores of men all around us to whom the pledge has never been offered. Let us harness ourselves up for the work; prepare ourselves for some little personal sacrifices, if necessary, for the public good; organize our committees, &c., for efficiency of action, and see what, by the blessing of Heaven, we can effect before the close of 1842. It is already time for us to begin to prepare for another year's operations.

M. CALDWELL,
H. AURAND,
L. G. BRANDEBURY,
HENRY DUFFIELD,
Executive Committee.

LIVING UP TO PRINCIPLE.—The Captain of a boat from the State of Maine was a short time ago at St. Croix, and was there offered $1000 to bring home a cargo of rum, but refused, preferring to return in ballast.—*Journal of Commerce.*

From the Olive Leaf.

THE EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.—"The great Lord Chancellor Bacon's opinion of drunkenness was, that "All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness."

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Carlisle, October 1, 1841.

☞ Enquirers will please say advertised.

Anderson Benjaman S	Lyne J P Col
Armstrong Joseph	Lockhard Jane
Black Sarah A	Lechler Peter
Black Thomas	Low Catharine
Barlet Sarah	Lauck Rachael
Breneman Melchoir	McMillen Michael 2
Bracht David	Marias Jane
Brown Wm	McKean Samuel jr 2
Barley John	McManus Terrence
Beidler Jacob	Martin John M or
Baughman Thomas J	Nicholas Ulrich
Bury John Davis	Mackall Bazel
Boyer Peter	Mordorff Conrod
Burns Elizabeth	Moore John (Dickinson)
Baily Rosanna	Morrow Hannah
Brown John	Miller John
Bleck Robert	McCabe Sarah
Brown Robert	Myers Abraham
Cart William	McManus Margeret V
Cross Samuel W	Miller William
Comings Alexander	Neidig Jonathan
Cart William S	Netro Margaret
Clarke Daniel	Nevel Jacob
Carry Joseph	Noel Cecilia
Culbertson Joseph	Negley Peter
Crever Augustus J	Oatman Andrew 2
Crabb Plunket A.	Pechart Daniel
Dale Rev James W	Paull William Esq
Dixon or Dickinson John	Putson A
Deitz John	Park William
Elliott James	Russel Mason W.
Ebersole Barbara	Reed George
Fohl Red John	Randolph Susanna
Fry Martin 2	Ralston James M
Granger Thomas	Roberts A F
Griffith R	Richeson Mary
Coodman Jacob 2	Robinson E & Co.
Gerhart Benjamin	Robinson E.
Gallicher J.	Rankin James
Gotshall Jacob	Smith Eli
Hill Peter	Stotler Elizabeth or Barba
Hoffmann George Philip	ra Ann
Hortman Christian	Slusher Henry
Hoover David	Sterrett R C
Hartzler Abraham sen.	Shetron Peter
Hunter Saml	Slyder Jacob
Harmer Justice	Steinmitz John
Handshue George	Shickhoney
Hoffer John-han	Stoner Christian
Hall Owens	Sord David
Hathaway Mr or	Thomas John
Mr Robertson	Vandergrift Archibald
Irvine Philip	Waterbury Ann
Koughenour John	Welcome Catharine
Ketch John	Welin John
Kiehl George Sr	Wallace Mr
Karr Alexander	Woodard Leonard
Lauck John	Welsh John W
Line Emanuel	Zearing John H

CARLISLE BARRACKS.

Ackerman Otto P. W.	Townsend John F. Sergt.
Dayton Berkly	Thompson Charles C.
Keeler Geo. B	Turnbull Thomas
Moulton Larkin B.	Gage Edward
Ryerson Peter	Green William

W. M. PORTER, P. M.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. SAMUEL HEPBURN, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the 9th District, composed of the counties of Cumberland, Perry and Juniata; and the Hon. *John Stuart* and *John Lefevre*, Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of the county of Cumberland; have issued their precept, bearing date the 14th day of August, 1841, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at Carlisle, on the

Second Monday of November, 1841,

(being the 9th day) at ten o'clock in the forenoon: NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the said county of Cumberland, that they be then and there in their proper persons, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectfully appertain. And those who are bound by recognizance to prosecute against the prisoners that are, or then may be, in the Jail of Cumberland county, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Dated at Carlisle, the 29th day of September, 1841; and the sixty-sixth year of American Independence.

PAUL MARTIN, Sheriff.

SPECIAL COURT.

BY virtue of a writ from the Hon. ANSON V. PARSONS, President Judge of the 12th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, bearing date at Harrisburg, the 17th day of July A. D. 1841:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that a Special Court will be held by the said Hon. Anson V. Parsons and the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, at the Court House in the borough of Carlisle, commencing on *Monday the 29th day of November*, A. D. 1841, to continue one week, for the trial of certain causes depending in the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, in which the Hon. Samuel Hepburn was concerned as counsel for one of the parties prior to his appointment as President Judge of the 9th Judicial District—said causes being embraced within the provisions of the 39th section of an Act of the General Assembly, passed the 14th April 1834, relative to the organization of Courts of Justice. Of said Special Court, Jurors and all persons concerned will take notice;

PAUL MARTIN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Carlisle, October 6, 1841. }