Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

BANK NOTE LIST

And Counterfeit Detector.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CITY BANKS.

Bank of North America, par.

5's, spurious, vignette, figures of Justice and Liberty, reading, we promise to pay, &c., on demand in specie, or paper of the Bank of North America."

5's and 10's, old plate; none genuine remaining out.

10's and 20's, altered from 5's; vignette of 5's and of altered notes, a figure of Commerce sitting, an eagle before her, and ships in the back ground.

20's, lett. D i, Jan. 19, 1815; pay D. Cuthoard and D. Vaill; lett. H, April 20, 1817, pay R. Chesney.

Bank of the Northern Liberties, par.

10's lett. C; Oct. 18, 1837; pay J. Taylor; signatures poorly imitated; vignette heavily shaded.

10's, lett. A; July 4, 1838; pay J. Starr; printing ink pale and yellowish.

20's, altered from counterfeit 10's; badly done.

20's, lett. G; Jan. 1, 1815; pay J. Jenks.

Bank of Pennsylvania. 12 *a* 13

5's, lett. M. 8; April 2, 1836; pay G. W. Warder; a plain white circle around the 5 at top, not in genuine; lett. C; April 7, 1829, pay E. Evans.

5's lett. P. 8; Nov. 6, 1838; pay N. Nole; coarse.

10's, of various filling up; the E in President considerably larger than the other letters.

10's, lett. F; Sept. 10, 1836; pay J. Hicks, signed E. G. Lewis, Pres't; no such officer; Aug. 6, 1836; pay S. Bray; April 4 1829, pay O. Say; motto on Pa. coat of arms roughly done; others, Sept. 10, 1837, pay C. Clay.

10's, letts. C and E; April 16, 1833; pay H. Clay.

10's, lett. B; April,, 1823, and July 10, 1833; engraver's firm & Co. for Co.; others, Aug. 27, 1838, pay H. Clay; E. Chauncy, Cash., instead of Chauncey.

50's, lett; B; Jan. 1, 1817.

50's, lett. C; March 22, 1821; pay J. Boone.

Bank of Penn Township, par.

10's. Washington on the LEFT instead of RIGHT end.

20's; various dates; well done, except the Franklin on right margin, which is coarse.

50's; altered from 5's; Vignette of 50's, commerce sitting on a bale of goods; right-end piece, Franklin; left, Penn.

Bank of the United States, 55 *a* 56

10's and 20's; letts. A & B, heads and each end coarse.

50's, lett. D; Dec. 2, 1836; end pieces coarse.

50's and 100's; letts. A a and G; Oct. 1, 1838; pay Jno. Somerville, Cash., at 10 days; paper thin and reddish.

100's, lett. H; Sept. 1, 1838; pay J. Ross at 10 days.

1000's, altered from 100's; Oct. 11, 1838; pay to and endorsed by R. Buchanan, at 5 months.

Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania, par.

5's lett. D; March 4, 1819; pay T. Astley.

5's, alter from the Commercial Bank of Millington, broken, by substituting Pennsylvania for Millington, which observe; vignette of genuine 5's, Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

10's, spurious; vignette of genuine, Washington and Franklin.

10's, lett. A, Nov. 17, 1830, pay R. R. Lee; March and June 2, 1828, 29 and 30, pay Geo. W. Ash; Sept. 15, 1830, pay S. Girard.

10's, letts. A a, Nov. 17, 1832 pay E. Lyman; Nov. 4, 1829; pay M. Carey; letter C, pay H. Clay.

20's, signed Benj. P. Smith, dated before he was Cashier.

100's, altered from Commercial Bank of Millington Md. Railroad cars on one end, denomination of note on the other. Entirely different from genuine

500's, 50's, 20's and 10's, altered from 5's, which only has Penn's treaty with the Indians for vignette. ☞Genuine 500's are printed in RED ink.

Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, par.

5's, 10's and 25's, altered from Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank of Wisconsin; vignette of 5's, a female holding a cup in right hand, left arm resting on an eagle; of 10's a female reaper; of 20's, a female spinning. None genuine engraved by Burton & Gurley.

10's, letter E; Feb. 5, 1825; pay P. Saley; letter C; Feb. 5, and 10, 1820; '25; pay A. Moses, C. Dull, J. Rom; letter G, Ap il 2, 1826; pay H. Clay.

20's, well done; paper redder and signature lighter than genuine; some letter A, Nov. 20, 1804, pay G. Hurl.

20's, letter E; Nov. 29, 1834; engraving very bad.

50's, letter C; Dec. 25, 1819; pay G. Hirst.

Girard Bank, 46 *a* 48

10's, 20's and 50's, altered from 5's, whose vignette is the Philadelphia Exchange. Held up to light.

Kensington Bank, par.

Manuf. & Mech. Bank, 5 *a* 7

10's, altered from 5's; vignette of genuine 10, a female and SPINNING WHEEL, which last is not on the altered notes.

50's, altered from 5's; the word FIFTY is crooked, and bunglingly inserted.

Mechanics' Bank, par.

3's, old emission; long since withdrawn.

20's, altered from counterfeits on Mechanics's Bank, New Haven; miniature of Washington on the right, and Clay on the left.

50's, altered from 5's, April 1, 1833; FIFTY is placed too close to DOLLARS; small lettering of FIVES around the edge robbed clear.

Moyamensing Bank, 5 *a* 6

Philadelphia Bank; par.

5's old plate, withdrawn. The plate in use has for vignette a females, and end pieces, Washington on the right, and Robert Morris on the left.

10's, lett. C, Jan. 1, 1819; Sept. 7, 1819; Dec. 8, 1820.

10's, letter D, Feb. and May 8, 1832; pay J. Kam and D. Evans. Vignette, three female figures with a ship in the distance, and a view of the banking-house on the left, very imperfect. Franklin on the right, and Washington on the left end.

10's and 20's, altered from 5's; vignette of 5's, two females sitting, between them, a shield, on which is a ship and plough; of 10's, a female reclining, her right hand resting on a shield, on which is Pa. coat of arms; of 20's, Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

20's, old plate, letter E, May 9, 1814, 1824, 1825, and 1827; pay D. Edwin.

Southwark Bank, par.

500's, altered from 10's, old issue, of large size; "on demand" extracted, and "Five Hundred" substituted.

Schuylkill Bank, par.

5's, old plate, of various filling up. The heads of Washington and Franklin imperfect and coarse.

Western [illegible] par.

[illegible] TRY BANKS.

Bank of Chambersburg, 7 *a* 8

Bank of Chester Co., Westchester, par.

Bank of Delaware Co., Chester, par.

[illegible] 5's, well executed.

[illegible] 5's, letter A, Jan. 1, 1838; pay [illegible] Bolwell, Cash. The word FIFTY [illegible] is blotted, the circle dark.

Bank of Germantown, par.

20's altered from 5's; all the note to right.

Bank of Gettysburg, 7 *a* 8

5's, Nov. 14, 1836; pay H. Smith's [illegible] circular work, not in genuine.

5's, old plate, 2 figures reads Gettysburg Bank.

Bank of Lewistown, 17 *a* 20

Bank of Middletown, 7 *a* 8

Bank of Montgomery Co., Norristown, par.

5's, letter A, Oct. 2, 1829, pay E. Litez; Nov. 1, 1823, pay J. Wells; others in 1825-6, some, 2d May.

5's, letters B and F, July 2, 1825, variously filled out. Vignette light and coarse.

Bank of Northumberland, 7 *a* 8

Bank of Pittsburgh, 1 *a* 2

5's, letter C, old plate, withdrawn from circulation; vignette, a blacksmith, tools, &c.

5's, letter C; Dec. 4, 1831; pay Wm. Wilkins; others, May 4, 1825; pay H. Baldwin.

10's and 20's, altered from counterfeit 5's; badly done.

20's, vignette, a female leaning on a vase of flowers; of genuine, a blacksmith with his tools.

Bank of Susquehanna Co. Montrose, 8 *a* 10

Berks County Bank, Reading, 55 *a* 60

2's, relief notes, letter B; vignette, State Arms, rather coarsely executed.

Carlisle Bank, 7 *a* 8

5's letter B, April 1, 1829; pay J. Cressler. The heads of Washington light and coarse.

10's and others, altered from 5's; poorly done.

Columbia Bk. & Bridge Co. Columbia, 1 *a* 2

0's, altered from 5's; Mercury and a female resting on bales of goods; of 100's, a large female figure, one arm resting on a shield with a plough and ship, on right end, a figure of Commerce.

Doylestown Bank, par.

Easton Bank, par.

5's, old plate, lett. [illegible] Aug. 1, 1827 and 1830; pay C. Rice; some May 6, 1829; May 1, 1831; pay J. Duntz; engraving much lighter than genuine.

10's, letter C, Feb. 1, 1824; pay J. Post.

Erie Bank, Erie, 6

Exchange Bank, Pittsburg & Branch, 1 *a* 2

Certificates, 1 *a* 2

Post Notes, 1

5's; the vignette is a sailor leaning against an anchor, while the genuine 5's have Justice and another female figure.

5's, letter B, pay R. Nash, R. Lansing, and Wm. B. Wallis; June 1, 1836; paper rather heavy and coarse, and the whole appearance clumsy and indistinct.

10's, altered from fraudulent Exchange Bank and Savings Institution of Philadelphia; vignette, Perry's victory. The genuine 10's have for a vignette a female figure seated between two chests. All notes signed Thomas M. Howe, Cash., since July, 1839.

10's, letter A, dated Sept. 7, 1839. The names of the Cashier and President are lithographed.

Farmers' Bank of Bucks Co., Bristol, par.

5's, dated Bristol, March 1, and April 12, 1828.

10s letter A; Feb. 6, 1815; pay F. Pincer; March 29, 1815, and 3, 1817, at Hulme Viller pay H. Ely, Sept. 4 and 10, 1819; others, letter B.

50s, altered from 5's the vignette of 20's is a husbandman, horses and harrows.

Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, Waynesburg, 9 *a* 10

Farmers' Bank of Lancaster, 1 *a* 2

5s, letter A; March 7, 1832; pay J. Wind; no genuine notes of this description in circulation; others, March 17, 1831, and other dates; pay Geo. H. Krug, filling up and signature in same hand.

10s, letter A; March 9, 1833; pay J. Wind; vignette, a mill.

10s and 50's, altered from 5's of the above counterfeit.

Farmers' Bank of Reading, Reading, 7 8

5s, letter A; Jan. 1, 1835; pay G. Ludwig. Paper has silk mark; fair appearance.

5s, letter D, Jan. 1, 1838 pay G. Smith; May 20, 1836; pay A. Strong; Course.

10s, lett. A; pay John Harrold; none such genuine.

Franklin Bank, Washington, 3

5s and 10's, altered from the broken "Bank of Washington," by prefixing "Franklin." This Bank opened in 1836. Observe the date.

5's, letter A; Nov. 1, 1836; pay R. Wylie; John Marshall, Cash.; these names engraved. Impression somewhat faint, particularly the lines under signatures which are distinct in the genuine.

Harrisburg Bank, 8 *a* 9

5s, letter D. pay H. Alward, dated May 14, 1819.

5s, letter C, pay J. Ross, dated Nov. 3, 1820.

5s, letter C, pay R. King, adted Jan. 1, 1823.

10s, May 4, 1829, letter A. pay J. E Whiteside.

10s, vignette, a steamboat, railroad cars, &c The genuine 10's have the goddess of Liberty, and the Capitol in the back ground.

20, altered from counterfeit 10's; vignette, a view of the State Buildings.

Honesdale Bank, Honesdale, 1½ *a*

Lancaster Bank, 1 *a* 2

5's, altered from 5's, letter A, October 3, 1836, No. 4987.

Lancaster County Bank, 1 *a* 2

Lebanon Bank, 7 *a* 7

Merchant's & Manuf. Bank, Pitt'g. 1 *a* 2

Miners' Bank of Pottsville, 8 *a* 9

5's, letter F, pay J. Lyon, June 13, 1841; others, C. White, Aug. 1, 1840. The letter under the K in Schuylkill; in the genuine, it is below the L and K; the cross of the TTs in Pottsville inclines upwards, instead of horizontal.

Monongahela Bank, Brownsville, 3

20's, altered from 5's, easily detected.

50's, this Bank has no 50's out.

New Hope Delaware Bridge Co. 20 *a* 25

(Removed to Lambertville, New Jersey.)

Northampton Bank, Allentown, 20 *a* 22

5's, letter B, Aug. 28, 1839; pay S. Lippincott; signatures and filling up engraved; vignette, coat of arms, while the genuine 5's issued since 1837 have a view of Mauch Chunk.

Towanda Bank, Towanda, 75

West Branch b'k, Williamsport, 50 *a* 55

10's of various filling up; some to I. Kellum; T. Coryell, Cash; J. R. Cowden, Pres.; vignette, a flying eagle, railroad cars in the distance. President's signature too light and stiff; general appearance light; the first I in Williamsport resembles more a figure 1.

50's, altered from 5's; vignette, which is that of the 5's, is a view of the town on the left end of note.

Wyoming Bank, Wilkes Barre, 13 *a* 17

York Bank, 7 *a* 8

5's, letters A and B; Feb. 2, 1830; old plate; pay W. Wagner, which name is spelt Wagnor. In the word FIVE, on the left hand margin, the I is not dotted. The F of Five, in the body of the note, does not exactly line with the other letters. Vignette imperfect in many places.

10's, altered from counterfeit 5's. See preceding.

Taylorsville Delaware Bridge Co. 10 *a* 15

MARYLAND.

BANKS IN BALTIMORE.

Bank of Baltimore, at Baltimore, 1

5's, April 15, 1829, pay J. Coleman. Paper light, engraving dark, filling up bad. ☞In the word BALTIMORE the letter O is but half finished; and the E badly done, resembling a B. The genuine on the left hand figure 5 have a circle of bold white dots; in the bad are hardly seen.

5's, letter A; dated Sept. 15, 1840; pay J. Coleman, W. Lorman, Pres. James Cox, Cash. the President's name is rather heavily written—well calculated to deceive.

5's, letters A and C, dated June 18, 1830.

10's, letter B, of various dates and filling up, signed James Crane, Cash. L. Baker, Pres. No persons of these names were officers of the bank.

10's, A, trebly lettered, C. Kreel, Jan. 12, 1835, signed James Cox, Cash., Wm. Lurman, Pres. instead of Wm. Lormah. Others, E. Clifford, Cash. C. Thomas, Pres.; others, Jan. 10, 1837, No. 1645.

20's, letter I, dated Oct. 1, 1838, pay C. Keerl; it reads, "The Bank of Baltimore promises to pay," while the genuine reads, "The President, Directors & Co. of the Bank of Baltimore promises to pay, &c."

50's, altered from 5's, letter B; pay to J. Cowan, June, 24, 1834. In the 5's, the words "Bank of Baltimore," commence in the first and end in the second line; in the genuine 50's, "Bank of Baltimore" stands wholly in the second line.

100's, letters A, P. Lillig, Cash; J. Bier, Pres.

Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road Com. 40

Chesapeake Bank, Baltimore, 1

Citizen's Bank, Baltimore, 1

POETRY.

TO MY WIFE THAT IS TO BE.

Oh, fair Unknown! we have not met—
We ne'er have seen each other;
Nor in this heart has love been yet,
Save that of son and brother;
But close though these affections twine,
There's one that twineth nearest;
One that will knit my heart to thine,
Of all dear things the dearest!

I know I cannot love too well
These kind ones now around me;
To these true friends I cannot tell
How many ties have bound me;
Yet oft when vacant seems this breast,
A consciousness will thrill it,
That there is room still unpossess'd,
And your sweet self should fill it!

I miss thy smile of quiet mirth,
When other friends are merry;
But more I miss thee from my hearth,
When sad and solitary.
It blunts the ills that life annoy,
From Sympathy to borrow
That charm which heightens every joy,
And lightens every sorrow.

Should sadness rule my heart's deep chords,
Or wrongs that wildly stir it,
How strong shall be thy gentle words
To soothe the wounded spirit!
And yet to hush thine own alarms
Will be employment dearer;
The more they trouble thee, my arms
Shall fold thee; love, the nearer.

How wilt thou, dearest, win my view?
With form for love's entwining?
And brightly dark, or deeply blue,
Thine eyes, of tender shining?
Wilt thou be fair? Will midnight be,
Or sunshine, on thy tresses?
Thy voice of witching melody,
And lips that woo caresses?

But oh! I care not for the line
Wherewith thine eyes shall greet me,
If but the soul that trembles through,
Sincerely, warmly meet me!
A noble mind within the brow,
Who heeds what locks enwreath it?
The bosom may forget its snow,
When pure the heart beneath it.

But vain are these imaginings!
My phantom spouse soon perishes;
And fades before the 'truth of things,'
A Each picture Fancy cherishes:
How dull our life-substantial seems,
Compared with life-ideal!
'Tis with a sadness from its dreams
We waken to the real.

Farewell then, love! already dear:
It will perchance be pleasant,
To read in some far distant year
The vows I write at present;
Fair be the world before thy feet,
Serene the sky above thee,
And when we (if we ever) meet,
How dearly will I love thee!

FRIENDSHIP.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! Life's humble dwelling would seem indeed bare
If the bright rose of Friendship cut win'd not its door,
And Misery's self would find residence there,
If Friendship's glad voice might inspire it no more!
Then wherever the star of my destiny shine—
Whether pleasures await me or perils attend—
Whilst one lingering pulse of existence is mine,
Oh, give me the hand and the heart of a friend.

If sorrow sits dark on our spirit, what sound
Like the footsteps of Friendship, to chase it afar?
If danger surround us, still safety is found
In the light and the guidance of friendship's true star.
Then, wherever the light of my destiny shine—
Whether pleasures await me or perils attend—
Whilst one lingering pulse of existence is mine,
Oh; give me the hand and the heart of a friend.

THE REPOSITORY.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

How few "look before they leap," even in an affair of so much moment as matrimony. We fear the fault is in our system. We educate our daughters superficially—for *display* rather than usefulness—to catch the eye rather than win the heart. Our girls are taught in early life, either directly or indirectly, that marriage is the *great* object of woman's ambition, and in endeavoring to secure that object, and to surpass in the race of conquest their companions and rivals, they sometimes wed rashly, and to the sacrifice of happiness. Difficult, we are aware, is the task of discrimination with the young and inexperienced. Pure and artless themselves, they are apt to imagine the possession of like virtues by all others, and to conceive it impossible for a fine form and a handsome face to be associated with a false heart. Alas! how often are they disappointed! How frequently do the sudden attachments of early life prove hollow and unsubstantial! How often is it discovered that the first dream of love, which has been so extravagantly eulogised by poets and romancers, was a mere delusion that would not bear the test of time and of reason! With what bitterness of disappointment have many started from the dream! Stripped of the rainbow coloring with which the fancy is apt to paint an object of idolatry, how prominent appear the darkness and the deformity! How broad the contrast between the just view of truth and the rapid and prejudiced survey of passion! How often do we see beings standing before the altar, pledging themselves to each other for weal and for woe, who, comparatively speaking, were strangers but yesterday! Knowing little of each other's lives and dispositions, merits or demerits, they are willing to risk peace of mind for long and brightened around her. Despite her years, and to indentify, destinies, for time, perhaps for eternity! Can we wonder that strife sometimes mars the domestic circle—that wives are left lonely and deserted—that the agency of man should so often be invoked to part beings who have been joined together by an ordinance of God!

A happy union is indeed a scene upon which without irreverence, we may suppose the angels in Heaven gaze from their bright places of abode with delight and approval. An unnatural or a discordant marriage, on the other hand, must form a source of delight to the arch enemy of mankind, for in it he can recognize the soul of evil. That the young should seek for and cling to a kindred spirit is natural. The undivided possession of a pure heart is perhaps the very acme of human felicity. "One home, one wife, and one God," is the sentiment of one of the wisest of his race, and it is only when man is on the shady side of fifty that he begins to appreciate the truth of this philosophy in all its solemnity and force. Then his pleasures of life are derived as much from the past as the future, and the associations of that past, if mingled with virtue, fidelity, patriotism, and religion, are indeed blissful.

We pity the lonely and the desolate—the loveless and unloved—the being without a wife or a friend—without one trusting and confiding spirit, to whom the heart may turn in its hour of sorrow, and pour out its inmost and saddest thoughts. The cold and selfish mortal who passes year after year without experiencing the delightful concord of sentiment to be found in a kindred soul, is indeed the most miserable of his species. Even his joys are robbed of half their delight, because unshared by another, by one to whom he is allied by love and friendship. Wretched indeed is the isolated individual who, mingling with the multitude, can single out no destiny identified with his. no faithful and devoted heart, the breath of whose existence seems bound up with his. Nature has denied to such a being the holiest impulses that warm and agitate the human breast. Even the birds are mated, and without a ministering angel 'a sweet companion,' the first born was lonely and desolate in the garden of Eden. So it must ever be with the frail and feeble things of mortal existence. If Paradise could not be appreciated and enjoyed alone, how can man reconcile loneliness to his fallen condition! The desire of the heart is for sweet companionship—the inward craving of the spirit is for a being to love. Can we wonder then, that in this country, where early marriage is taught to be desirable, so many would choose rashly?

We remember Annette Delisle as a being of yesterday. She sang well—she danced well—and in many respects she was a beauty. Not one of our beauties at the time, for her form was too slight and sylph-like—her joy was too gushing—her spirits too redundant. She dressed from early childhood with taste and elegance, and wore her dark hair in long ringlets over her shoulders. She had many friends, and even at sixteen her admirers were liberal in number and profuse in flattery.—Her mother, a weak and vain woman, was proud of her daughter—proud of the attention that daughter had received, and eager to display her on every occasion.—Thus she not only frequently accompanied her to public balls, which were then more fashionable and somewhat more select than at present, but she permitted her to accept numerous invitations to parties, and to mingle almost nightly during the winter season in the gay scenes of the metropolis. The father, good-natured man, was a manufacturer, and was so wedded to business, that he could not spare time even for the proper care of his favorite child. Alas! this good nature in fathers! It sometimes degenerates into a sad vice, and is the source of much misery in after life. The man who lacks the energy to control his own household—who is either too negligent, or too weak to point out the true path and direct the footsteps of his offspring therein, is guilty of much that is unpardonable.

But such a father was Mr. Delisle, while the mother, worse if possible, gave the reins almost wholly into the hands of her daughter, and was but too fond of the hollow and unmeaning admiration which the practised in art and in compliment among the sterner sex are so apt to bestow upon the vain and empty, whether old or young. The result of this course upon Annette Delisle may well be imagined. While she sparkled in the ball room, and glittered in the giddy throng, her heart, her mind, and her morals were neglected. The mazes of the world, its quickstands and its hypocrisy were unknown to her. She flirted, laughed and trifled with the many, caught one hour by a glance, form, another by a rich voice, and a third by a dashing exterior.—And yet, in the depths of that young girl's breast, were rich and true affections. Properly trained, she would have graced any circle. Her mind was good by nature—her heart was benevolent and cheerful—and many of the lights of beauty flashed

artificial manner, and her air of coquetry, her feelings were deep and strong. Her being was one of impulse, and her attachments, even to her school companions, were animated by truth and fidelity. Thus it was when Annette discovered that the society of Howard Leroy possessed an unusual charm for her—that she saw him approach with pleasure—that she listened with more than her wonted attention to his remarks—that she felt the blood mount to her cheek at his compliments—that she found her eyes following as he wandered through the ball room—that she lisped his name even in her dreams.

Never can I forget the dashing Leroy. He was what is usually denominated 'a handsome fellow,' one of the butterflies of society—a ladies' man, in the general acceptation, and a favorite also with his own sex. He rode well, talked well, and sang an excellent song. This latter qualification was in some respects a fatal gift, for it introduced him into many a gay circle from which he otherwise would have been excluded, made him sought for, and vain of his voice, and thus won him away from the more useful pursuits of life. Leroy, moreover, was fond of poetry, was able to quote glowing passages, and had withal, a touch of romance in his character which served not a little to enhance him in the estimation of some of his female acquaintance. He assumed a remarkable degree of independence, was rather bold and reckless in his manner and language, and possessed the faculty of talking for hours in relation to the prominent beauties of Moore, Byron and Bulwer. These were the traits of character which won upon the mind and heart of Annette Delisle. Her education and mode of life had fitted her for the arts of such a man. She fancied him something superior to the ordinary fop, to the mere merchant or shopkeeper. Leroy became her ardent and enthusiastic admirer. The fact soon reached the ears of her father.—He roused himself for the moment, and proceeded to investigate the realities of the case. Leroy he ascertained to be an idle dissolute pretender, and dependent, he feared, upon the gaming-table for his means of subsistence. He was of good family, and had received a fair education. But he had gone astray from the path of rectitude in early life, and now contrived to appear on the principal promenades as a fashionable lounger—but the world wondered how!

The manufacturer was terrified at the prospect for his daughter, whom he really loved, but it was too late. Leroy saw the storm coming, and prevailed upon Annette, by falsehood and misrepresentation, to consent to a secret marriage. Fondly and long she clung to the delusion that her husband had been slandered—that one who could talk so well, and profess so much, could not be a villain. He was not one, perhaps, in the usual interpretation; but we can conceive of no more heartless wretch than the man who deliberately deceives and betrays a fond and confiding woman. Leroy never loved Annette with a true and exalted affection. He felt himself bankrupt in fortune, and nearly so in character, and he was base enough to become the husband of an unsuspecting girl, in the hope of a dependency upon the bounty of her father. Deceived in this, for the old manufacturer would have nothing to do with him, he soon threw off the mask. At first cold and indifferent, he speedily grew harsh and unkind. True, there were moments when his better nature prevailed, and he would endeavor, by apparent contrition and well turned promises, to atone for his conduct. But, they were few and far between, and diminished in number as time rolled on.—Strange, despite the giddy chacter of Annette—despite the little care which had been bestowed upon her principles, she clung to him with the true fidelity of woman. She loved him with her whole soul, and while the pride of her woman nature repelled the idea of any exposure of her situation, and while she even concealed from her parents much of the unworthy conduct of Leroy, she still cherished a belief of his ultimate reform. Night after night she sat in her quiet chamber, or gazed earnestly from the window, in the hope that the form of her husband might appear before the midnight hour. Who may paint the agony of her mind at such moments—the jealous fears that shot like daggers through her breast, as to his haunts and his society—the apprehension of danger and of death—the terrified fancies which mingled him in some dreadful scene at the gaming-table—and, worse than all, the oft-repelled, but still returning conviction, that the wine cup was too familiar with his lips!

God, in his pity, look down upon, and impart moral courage to the lonely wives of the world—the dejected ones to whom home is desolate, whose hearts are breaking slowly, secretly, string by string—who live only for their little ones, and because they know it is wrong to plunge unbidden into eternity! Beings who have ventured their all of earthly happiness, and have lost all—who have been deceived, betrayed, and are now deserted! Pity and console them, Great Creator, for the misery of unrequited love, of wounded pride, of crushed affection, of hopeless despair throughout this life, can only be soothed and softened by a heavenly influence!

Poor Annette! Step by step her husband plunged on in the downward path.—Ray after ray departed from the light of her beauty. Wider and wider became the gulf between the manufacturer and his son-in-law. But, horror of horrors, the crisis soon came. The resource of gambling failed at last with Leroy—and *then*—he resorted to forgery!—aye! He forged the name of George Delisle, the father of his wife, and fled the country in order to escape the penalty of his crime!

* * * * * *

But a few days have gone by since we saw Annette. Only five years have elapsed since her marriage. What a change! The lily has supplanted the rose—the eye has lost its fire—the step its buoyancy—the form its grace. She is a doomed and broken-hearted woman. Disease has marked her for his own. Loss of sleep, mental anxiety, the disgrace, the shame, the ignominy of her husband's career, are hurrying her rapidly to a premature grave!

Mothers, be warned! Virtue, Integrity and Religion are the only safe companions for your budding and beautiful daughters.

From the Rochester Democrat.

THE LOST FOUND.

We had frequently observed a heart-broken looking lad pass by with a gallon oil can in his hand. His tattered garments and his melancholy face, were well calculated to excite observation and pity.—It was but too evident that the vessel which he carried had been diverted from its legitimate use, and that it was now used, not as an oil can, but as a Whiskey jug. Having seen him pass twice in one day with his ever present can, we had the curiosity to accost him, and did so by inquiring his residence.

'I live,' said he, 'five miles from the city, on the——road.'

'You have been to the city once before to-day?'

'Yes sir, I came down in the morning; but I couldn't get what I was sent for, and I had to come again.'

'What was you sent for, my lad? It must be something very important to make it necessary for you to walk twenty miles in this storm.'

'Why sir, it was whiskey that I was sent for. Father had no money, and he sent me to Mr. ——'s to get trusted; but he wouldn't trust me any more, so I had to go home without the whiskey; but father sent me back again.'

'How do you expect to get it now, when you couldn't get it in the morning.'

'Why sir, I have brought a pair of shoes which sister sent mother. Mr. —— will give whiskey for them. He has got two or three pairs of mother's shoes now.'

'Do you like to carry whiskey home my boy?'

'Oh no, sir, for it makes us all so unhappy; but I can't help it.'

We took the responsibility of advising the boy not to fulfil his errand and returned home with him. The family we found consisted of husband, wife, and four children—the oldest, (the boy) was not more than ten years of age, while the youngest was an infant of a few months. It was a cold, blustering day. The north wind blew harshly, and came, roughly and unbidden through the numberless crevices of the poor man's hovel. A few black embers occupied the fire place, around which were huddled the half naked children, and the woe-stricken mother and wife. Her face was haggard—her eyes sunken, her hair dishevelled, her clothes tattered and unclean. She was seated upon an old broken chair, and was mechanically swinging to and fro, as if endeavoring to quiet her infant, which moaned piteously in its mother's arms. It had been sick from its birth, and it was now seemingly struggling to free itself from the harsh world into which it had a few months previously been ushered. There was no fear in the eye of the mother as she gazed upon the expiring babe. The fountain had been, long before dried up by the internal fires which alcohol had kindled and fed. Yet she was the picture of despair; and we could not but fancy, as she sat thus that her mind was wandering to the happy past, the days of her own infancy and girlhood, and her early home. Poor thing! She had given her affections and her hand to a man who had taken the first steps in intemperance. She had left her home full of buoyant hopes, hopes never to be realized, to spend a life of misery with a sot. Broken hearted, cast out from the society of her former friends, frowned upon by the 'good society' humane, spoken of as the miserable wife of a miserable drunkard, with no hand to help, no heart to pity, she very soon became a tippler and a drunkard herself.

By the side of this woe smitten mother, kneeled a little girl of five or six years old, whose sallow cheeks tears were coursing, who ever and anon exclaimed, 'Poor little Willie, must you die!? Oh mother! must Willie die!? and then kissing the clammy sweat from little Willie's brow, covered her face with her tattered apron and wept.

In the opposite corner of the chimney, and among the ashes which covered the hearth, sat a boy of about seven years, dragging from the half dead embers a potatoe, which he broke open, with the remark, 'Mother give this to little Willie, May be he's hungry. I am hungry too, so is sister, but Willie's sick. Give him this potatoe, mother.'

'No poor boy,' said the mother, 'Willie will never be hungry again. He will soon be dead.'

This remark drew all the children around the mother and the dying child.—The father was sitting on what was intended for a bedstead, without hat, shoes, or coat on, with his hands in his pockets, apparently indifferent to all that was passing around him. His head was resting upon his breast, and his blurred eyes fixed upon the floor, as if he were afraid to look up at the sorrowing group who were watching the countenance of the dying infant.

There was a moment of silence. Not a sound was heard. Even the sobs of the little girl had ceased. Death was crossing the hovel's threshold. The very respiration of the household seemed suspended, when a slight shivering of the limbs of the infant, and a shriek from the half conscious mother, told that the vital spark had fled.

For the first time the father moved.—Slowly advancing to where his wife was seated, with quivering lips he whispered, Is Willie dead?'

'Yes, James, the poor babe is dead!' was the choaking reply of the mother, who still sat as at first, gazing upon the face of her little one.

Without uttering another word, the long brutalized father left the house, muttering as he went, 'My God, how long?'

At this moment, a kind hearted lady came in, who had heard only a few moments before of the dangerous illness of the child. She had brought with her some medicine, but her angel visit was too late. The gentle spirit of the child had fled, and there remained for her but to comfort the living. This she did while we followed the father. We related to him the circumstances that had led us to his house, and briefly spoke of the misery which inevitably follows in the wake of intemperance.

'I know it, sir,' said he. 'I have long known it. I have not always been what you now see me. Alcohol and my appetite have brought me to this depth of degradation.'

'Why not master that appetite? You have the power. Thousands have proved it.'

'Sir, I believe it. I have seen others as far reduced as myself, restored and made happy. But you are the first that has ever spoken to me on the subject, and I had too strong a passion for liquor to think of a reformation myself.'

'Well, will you not now make an effort?'

'I will. It has occupied my thoughts during the whole morning; and now, in the presence of Almighty God, I swear never again to touch the accursed thing which has ruined me and made beggars of my family.'

Happy enough to hear this manly resolution we returned to the house with him. In due time we made the fact known to the wife, and produced a pledge. *The whole family signed it upon the table which held the body of their dead child!*

The scene was an affecting one.

Two years had passed, when the incident was recalled to our mind by a shake of the hand from a gentleman who was returning west with a stock of dry goods which he had just purchased in New York. IT WAS THE MAN WHO SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE BY THE BODY OF HIS DEAD CHILD.

☞Campbell, the English Poet, some time since, published the following lines to the American Flag:

United States! your banner wears
Two emblems: one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!
The white man's liberty in types
Stands blazoned by your stars—
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars.

George Lunt, in his new volume of poems, has the following retort to the English Flag! However true Campbell's satire may be, the reply very courteously points out truths, equally to be regretted, as disgracing England.

England! whence came the glowing hue,
That tints you flag of "meteor light"—
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly white?
The blood and bruise—the *blue* and *red*—
Let Asia's groaning millions speak;
The *white*—it tells the color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman riding a very sorry horse, asked a negro whom he met, how far it was to a neighboring town, whither he was going. The negro looking at the animal under the rider with a broad grin of contempt upon his countenance, replied, 'Wi' dar or hoss, massa, it's jis fo'teen miles. Wi' a good chunk of a hoss, seven miles; but if you is ridin' Massa Jim's hoss—your *dar now*