

W. G. Gibbons

# WILMINGTON EXPOSITOR.

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J. V. GIBBONS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

### TERMS.

The WILMINGTON EXPOSITOR will be published weekly on a Super Royal sheet, at Two Dollars per year in advance; or Three Dollars at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued, until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher—and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be conspicuously inserted three times for One Dollar, and for every subsequent insertion Twenty Cents. Those exceeding a square in the same proportion. If communications relating to the business of the establishment, if sent by mail, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### From the Atlantic Souvenir. THE RECONCILIATION.

—FASTER, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life! cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their shod hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

'Ellen, my love,' said Morley tenderly, 'I fear this will be too much for your delicate frame.'

There was no reply!

Morley leaned his face nearer to her's, and, by the moonbeams saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

'God of Heaven!' exclaimed Morley 'what means this? Ellen, beloved, adore! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me?—to Morley, your Morley? and he gently pressed her in his arms.'

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her.—A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breathing heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh mountain of tears burst forth, and with an hysterical sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

'Morley,' said she, in a voice of thrilling tone, 'do you love me?'

'Dearest best Ellen,' replied he, 'do you, can you doubt?'

'Do you love me, Morley?' she repeated with increased earnestness.

'Truly—devotedly—madly!' cried Morley, on his knees. 'By the heaven that is shining over us.'

'No more oaths—enough of protestations. Are you willing, by one action—at this moment to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?'

'I am, though it carry with me my destruction!'

'I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. R turn!'

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

'Return!'

'Return instantly!'

'Ellen, are you serious—are you,' he might have added, 'in your senses?' but, she interrupted him.

'I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; nor inconstant, nor fickle,' she added reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance.—'That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father—'

'To your father?' exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

'Ay, to my father, my gray headed, my dotting, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him,' she cried in wild agony, seven now, as I lay in your arms, well bound in my trance, while the carriage, rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying; yet even then was I with my father,' she said with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: 'he lay on his death bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed glaring eye, it rested on me, as I lay in your arms: he cursed me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late—'

'Compose yourself, my beloved—my own thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse: it would have been signed this night: for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father.'

'O my father!' interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned, 'in pity my dear father—'

'Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever exalted Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life.'

BOW STREET, LONDON.—Among the odd fish, who were caught by the watchmen in casting their nets on Friday night, was a Hibernian wag, rather advanced in years, of very needy exterior, but possessing all the dry good humor, and joke cracking disposition of his whiskey loving countrymen.

On being put to the bar, the watchman was called on to state his charge, and this was done in a very few words. In fact, Mr. Butler, the detainee, was found dead drunk, under the piazzas, in Covent Garden, at 3 o'clock, in the morning.

'Well,' said Sir Richard, 'how do you account for your disorderly conduct?'

Mr. B. (with a grin) O! Faith, Sir Richard, I never was much of an accountant, and if I was myself when I was dead drunk, as the watchman says, what I'd be saying would not do me much good, for dead men tell no tales.

Sir R. What brought you in such a state?'

Mr. B. I suppose I brought myself that way by drinking liquor.

Sir R. It would have been well if you had taken yourself home to bed.

Mr. B. 'Fore God, you're right it would have been well, but there were two reasons against that—first, I was blind drunk, as well as dead drunk, and so I could not see a way; and next, if my eyes were as good as your Worship's, I could not have seen what I have not got, which is a bed.

Sir R. Have you no lodgings?'

Mr. B. Devil a lodging, except the words of the owl song, 'O the cowld ground.'

Sir R. What are you?'

Mr. B. Faith, I'm a prisoner, I believe.

Sir R. I mean how do you get your living?'

Mr. B. Through the blessing of Providence.

Sir R. Have you no trade?'

Mr. B. It is me—for—the devil a trade.

Sir R. Were you brought up to no business?'

Mr. B. No, by my soul, I was underly rare, and my education was my own patrimony.

Sir R. That sort of money does not go far with a man of your inclinations.

Mr. B. (with a laugh) 'Fore God, you're right again; all the learning in the world is no use at the bar. I mane at the bar of a public house, unless you back it with the circulating medium.

Sir R. I am afraid you have been circulating your earnings through a very improper medium.

Mr. B. Devil a truer word you ever spoke in your life.

Sir R. If I let you go now, you'll set off and get drunk again?'

Mr. B. I'll go bail I won't, for I havn't a rap in the world; and as for my credit, it's like my coat, worn out.

Sir R. I'm half disposed to try you.

Mr. B. Not for tipping, I hope, your Worship; for if you do I'm sure to be found guilty.

Sir R. You seem to be a good-humored fellow.

Mr. B. There's a pair of us your Worship, Sir Richard laughed, and told Mr. B. to go about his business, and mend his ways.

Mr. B. Before I go, I'll ask you one favor, Sir R. Well, what is it?'

Mr. B. Just to give me a bit of a note to your countryman, Mr. M'Adam, and as I despair of mending my own ways, perhaps he'll give me a job of mending the ways of others.

Sir Richard again laughed, and bid him go out and wait, and he would endeavor to put him in the highway to industry.

Mr. B. shrugged his shoulders with good humor, and pulling up his unmentionables, trotted out of the office. The worthy magistrate subsequently gave him a letter, which would probably procure for him present occupation.

Vermont.—The Middletown Free Press of Wednesday, September 21, gives the latest news from the poles of Vermont. The returns of Governor votes from 171 towns, (all that are heard from on that ticket) give Palmer (A. M.) 12,168—Allen (N. R.) 11,250—Meech, (J.) 5,328. The whole Anti-masonic Councillor ticket is supposed to be undoubtedly elected, as the vote is by plurality. As to Representatives, each town sends one;—there are 209 towns, 204 of which have been heard from, which have elected 97 Antimasons, 68 National Republicans, 31 Jacksonmen, 8 doubtful, 13 towns have made no choice. The probability is strong as to be nearly a certainty that the Antimasons will have a majority of the legislature in joint ballot, and elect their Governor.

### MORNING.

The sun never sheds more cheerful beams, and never proclaims more loudly God's glory and goodness, than when he returns after the coldness and dampness of night, and awakens man and inferior animals to the various purposes of their being. A spirit of joy seems breathed over the earth and through the sky. It requires little effort of the imagination to read delight in the kindled clouds, or in the fields bright with dew. This is the time when we can best feel and bless the Power which said 'let there be light' which 'set a tabernacle for the sun in the heavens,' and made him the dispenser of fruitfulness and enjoyment throughout all regions.

If we look at ourselves, what materials does the morning furnish for devout thought? At the close of the past day, we were exhausted by our labors, and unable to move without wearisome effort. Our minds were sluggish, and could not be held to the most interesting objects. From this state of exhaustion, we sunk gradually into entire insensibility. Our limbs became motionless; our senses were shut as in death. Our thoughts were suspended, or only wandered confusedly and without aim. Our friends, and the universe, and God himself was forgotten.

And what a change does the morning bring with it! On waking, we find, that sleep, the image of death, has silently infused into us new life. The dim eye has become bright and piercing. The mind is returned from the region of thoughtlessness to its old possessions. Friends are met again with a new interest. We are again capable of devout sentiment, virtuous effort and christian hope. With what subjects of gratitude, then does the morning furnish us? We can rarely recall the state of insensibility from which we have just emerged, without a consciousness of our dependence, or think of the renovation of our powers and intellectual being, without feeling our obligation to God.

There is something very touching in the consideration, if we will fix our minds upon it, that God thought of us when we could not think: that he watched over us when we had no power to avert peril from ourselves; that he continued our vital motions and in due time broke the chains of sleep, and set our imprisoned faculties free. How fit is it, at this hour to raise to God the eyes which he has opened, and the arms which he has strengthened; to acknowledge his providence; to consecrate to him the powers he has renovated; How fit that he should be the first object of the thought and affection he has restored! How fit to employ in his praise the tongue he has loosed, and the breath he has spared.

### THE HUMAN MIND.

As is the heart to the animal constitution, so is the mind the vital impulse of the universe—the wonderful origin of all its complicated mechanism: its glory and its terrors. Confined to corporal letters, yet free as the air of heaven—knowing all things yet unknown—perceiving all, yet unseen—creating all, yet uncreated—the everlasting fountain of all earth's misery, and its happiness—the arbiter of human destiny—the invincible chain which links us with the present, past and future. Centering in the Eternal, it encircles all intelligent existence and binds it to the throne of God. How infinite in capacity! how vast in conception! how mighty in its energies! how terrible in its darkness! every grain of the animal creation, every agent of nature bows to its supremacy.—Without it, earth is but rayless and eternal prison house, and a man a mere animated machine—a living mass of corruption—a fetter-d slave—a moving sepulchre. By this alone he can bind the very elements to his will, and wield the collected engines of millions. He can develop the hidden mysteries of nature and analyze the intricate combinations of matter and motion.—He can trace the course of the planets, and condense to a point the remote events of empires and of countries. By this he can roll the ocean upon the land, or bring the treasures from their depths. By this he can ride upon the wing of the storm, or grasp the lightning that plays around Jehovah's foot-stool. At its bidding the forest falls, and the gorgeous fabric rears itself to the skies. At its bidding the sleeping statue springs from its marble bed, and canvass glows with the splendors of earth and heaven. What darkness is too profound for its research? What summit too lofty for its aspiration? What visions of blackness or light does it spread before the eye of memory and of fancy! What soaring plumage does it lend to genius! It can wander through all time and all space. It can stretch back into the remotest part and expand itself into eternal ages. How increased its powers—how triumphant its bliss, when the fetters which clog its progression shall be stricken off, and the redeemed and unchained spirit may struggle upward and onward forever.

Intemperance, says a witty writer, drives wit out of the head, money out of the pocket, wine out of the bottle, elbows out of the coat, and health out of the body.