## Petilmington Rowertigex.

F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

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" BE JUST .AND FEDR NOT."
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EVERY THURSDSAED MORNIN

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From the Frith Penny Journal.
REMORSE AT NIGHT.


 wards the imn trable firmament, and frr
thence down the blank waste of the earr and then breathed $d$ groaning prayer. that
those eeves might neyer survey that firm in truth, that old Man, beyond all pa
and beyon all consolation -for lisis
g lay open for him, as it seemed, by ho
sidide it was thinly overed over, not
the flowers of Youth, but by the snows





 on.
Alas t the serpent Were now eoiled
about him-the poison was iniling through
bis
 despair, that languagec cannot even, fiaint
y portray, he uplited his withered towards heaven, elasped his hands an
cried doun, $\begin{aligned} & \text { O! ive me makk, give me bac } \\ & \text { my youth! } 0!\text { my father, lead me one }\end{aligned}$ my you to
more
mol
mol
More choose
Coreknowledge
But
bis cries
here, and his ay, for his father was had alike long, Iong way o anishoden neveren to
reappear. He knew this, and he wept yes, that miserable old man wept; but hid hid
tears reieved him not; they were tik
like burning brain.
He looked
hights-wilis-o-- bee-wisp--dancing extingerthe in
morasses and
the burial grounds; and he haid, esuch were my riotous days of folly!" He
again looked forth, and he beheld a a star fall from heaven to earth, and there em
ava in ilarkness that left no traee
hind, and he said, I am that star !-a with that woeful, thought were torn open
nnew the leprous wounds in his bosom
ane the which the serpents that clung ard
voold never suffer to be healed.
$H$ His morrbid imagination, wandering a
trand till it touched on the confines on
frenzy showe frenzy, showed hiim figires
ers raversign like shadows
houses
the windmilils forth fifted upes their monstersKoten sceptre leff belind in a deserted harnel house, glared on him with a h
tible expression of malignity, and tit On a sudden there flowed out upon
 welfih hour. Its cadences fell with


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