Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &C. &C.

Printed and Published, Weekly, by George M. Phillips, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

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TERMS.

The "*Carlisle Herald & Expositor*," will be issued WEEKLY, at Two Dollars per annum, *if paid in advance*, $2,50 at the end of six months, and $3,00 if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

Letters addressed to the editor, on business, MUST BE POST PAID, otherwise they will receive no attention.

AGENTS.

The following named persons have been appointed Agents for the "Carlisle Herald & Expositor," to whom payment for subscription and advertisement may be made.

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GARLEGANT'S BALSAM OF HEALTH.

Prepared only by JOHN S. MILLER, at his Drug Store, opposite the Market House, Frederick, Md.

THIS valuable Medicine has already acquired a celebrity to which few others perhaps in so short a time ever arrived, and its extensive use for 4 or 5 years, in various parts of the Country, Cities, and Towns, in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Kentucky, Missouri, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, and New Orleans, which has attended it with unparalled success.

Hundreds of persons have used it, and nine out of ten cases have been permanently cured of Dyspepsia, Cholics, Nervous Tremors, Lowness of Spirits, Palpitations of the heart, and all those train of Diseases resulting from a disordered condition of the stomach and liver, or derangement of the Digestive functions, such as General debility or weakness, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Sour Eductations and Acidities of the Stomach, Costiveness, Headaches, Jaundice, Flatulent and Bilious Colics, &c. &c.

To Adults and Children who are troubled with Worms, it will operate as a safe and thorough vermifuge. It is entirely Botanical in its composition, and may be used by both sexes and of any age, with perfect safety, without any change of habit or diet.

It is not recommended like most patented Medicines as a cure, all but the proprietor recommends it, for what he has full confidence it will and has cured, which can be substantiated by the testimony of hundreds of persons, that have experienced its good effects.

It is neatly put up in square half-pint Bottles, with the name blown on the glass thus, Garlegant's Balsam of Health, prepared only by John S. Miller, and his signature on a label, pasted on the outside wrapper of each Bottle, which completely secures it from being counterfeited.

A *full* and satisfactory Direction accompanies each Bottle, and by the quantity at a liberal discount of the proprietor and of all his agents, which are named at the bottom of each direction.

New testimony of its cures are frequently received, a few of which follow this advertisement, and many more can be seen on the directions around each Bottle.

John S. Miller.—Dear Sir.—I do hereby certify, that I have been afflicted with Dyspepsia for the last 4 or 5 years, which has been increasing on me ever since, to such a degree, that for 3 or 4 weeks previous to using your valuable Garlegant's Balsam of Health, I am certain I have not eaten one ounce a day of any kind of diet, neither was I able to sleep with any kind of comfort during this time, for a severe pain in my stomach, in fact I had given myself up as incurable, as I have had resource to so many different remedies without any kind of benefit, at length heard of your Balsam of Health, being advertised, I purchased a Bottle of your agent Wm. Miller in Winchester, Va.—After taking the three first doses I found my stomach to retain in some degree what I eat, and the pain in my stomach subsiding gradually, and after using one and a half bottles, I found myself entirely well, and have eat anything I have an inclination for, and sleep well at night. It was surprising to see the quantity of morbid matter I discharged from my stomach, which I once inclined to believe was thick with it, which no doubt rendered all diet indigestible.

Given under my hand, this 1st day of December 1836. JOSEPH SNAPP,
Living near Winchester Va.

Certificate of Nicholas Weaver.

This is to certify that I bought of your agent at Gettysburg, several bottles of your valuable Balsam of Health, which completely cured me of the Dyspepsia. I had taken much of other patent Medicines, but found no relief, until I made use of your Balsam of Health, which affected a radical cure, *and do recommend it to all those Who are troubled* with that obstinate disorder Dyspepsia.

N. WEAVER.
Gettysburg, Pa. Nov. 2, 1836.

Certificate from the Rev. D. F. Shaeffer, Pastor of the Lutheran Church.

John S. Miller.—Dear Sir.—I deem it my duty to inform you that I consider Garlegant's Balsam of Health, prepared by you, a superior medicine. My wife has long been in a delicate state of health, and of course no means were left untried of which we could hear; myself, opposed to nostrums and patent medicines—I nevertheless consented to purchase a bottle of your Balsam of Health, and do hereby certify that Mrs Shaeffer derived more benefit from the use of it than any other medicine. My opinion is that if a cure can be effected, as regards the disease you mention, your Balsam will, if used in the first stage of the disease.

F. D. SHAEFFER.
Frederick, Aug. 23, 1836

This Medicine has been used by many persons in this vicinity, and invariably proved beneficial.

P. S. I used the Balsam in my own family and administered it to some indigent persons and invariably found it a most efficacious vermifuge.

For Sale by SAMUEL ELLIOTT.
Carlisle, December 25, 1838.—1y.

FURNACE & FORGE FOR SALE.

THAT well known, and first-rate property, called *Mount Holly Iron Works*, situated about six miles south-east of Carlisle and the Cumberland Valley Rail Road, having appurtenant about 8000 Acres of fine timberland, and having erected thereon a Furnace and Forge, 1 Smithshop, 2 Carpenters' shops, a Warehouse and Office, 2 Mansion houses of stone, a Bank Barn and Stabling, thirty Tenements for workers, with a stream of water of great power, sufficient for an extensive Rolling Mill, or a National Foundry, and also several banks of Ore.

By the payment of a reasonable sum in hand, a liberal time will be given for the remainder of the purchase money.

Mr. William Weakley, residing near Kiddermintier, will show the place.

Application (if by mail, post paid,) to be made to WM. GRIMSHAW.
Harrisburg, Dec. 31, 1838.—tf

FLOUR.

JUST received and for sale a quantity of Family FLOUR, a supply of which will be kept constantly on hand, and delivered to families in any part of the town by

MIDDLEY & WEAKLEY.

POETRY.

"SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES."

A BALLAD.

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling,
Beneath her curls of jet;
Her footsteps had a lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart
Where sorrow is unknown;
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of summer flowers,
Upon a snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms
When next we met she wore:
The expression of her features was
More thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove and not in vain,
To sooth her, leaving that dear home,
She ne'er might see again.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of orange blossoms
Upon a snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widows sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away a tear;
I see her broken-hearted,
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

SELECT TALE.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

DORCAS LINDSAY;

Or, the Bachelor's Writing Desk.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR'S DEATH BED."

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Harris saw the state of his mind, and was rather at fault to perceive nothing like it in Dorcas. A great mind may thoroughly comprehend a little one but a little mind can never understand a great one. Mrs. Harris had the right theory in regard to the every-day characters we meet with; but Dorcas Adelmar was as far above these, as the heavens are higher than the earth. She was as infinitely remote from every petty jealousy as the east is from the west, and she could not possibly have been aroused to discover any impropriety in the attentions of Tyler to Sarah. He was happy, and that was enough for her. Mrs. Harris soon learned better than to make any unguarded attempts with this design; for, if she was in this one instance too blind to see, she was too prudent not to feel her way. She soon found out where she could direct her exertions to the best advantage, and accordingly began with Tyler. She observed him one day when his countenance was sad, and having withdrawn with him, she sat for some time with her hands folded and her eyes bent downwards. At last she said—

"Tyler, my dear son, do I love you?"

"Yes, my aunt; I can believe that you love me, though I doubt all the world besides."

"And, my dear boy, does the world contain any in whom you have a right to trust, yet whom you are forced to doubt?"

"Aunt!"

"Nay, Tyler, my own son, I cannot see grief working its way through your heart without feeling a correspondent emotion in my own. We need not talk in secrets. My dear boy, let me entreat you to hasten your marriage with Dorcas. She is a dear, good girl, Tyler, and you may never meet with such another, should you lose her."

"Aunt, you have been to me a mother, and in this have proved yourself more than a mother; but do not be offended that I follow not your advice—I reject it simply because there seems to be a necessity for it being given. What I have felt and do feel I can never express, but the reason you give for hastening our marriage shall be to me a reason for deferring it; and if in the meantime Dorcas is confirmed in her attachment to Roberts, I will release her from her engagement, though the act should release my soul from my body."

Mrs. Harris gazed upon him as he left the room, and hardly waited for him to get out of hearing before she exclaimed triumphantly—

"Why, the very fates are in my favor! It could not possibly have turned out so, unless they had interfered. But to improve advantages—ah! here comes Dorcas! the very thing!"

When Tyler left the room, he walked moodily down stairs, and met Dorcas in the hall. "Oh!" said she, running gaily up to him, "I have just been out to walk, and I met Mr. Roberts, and he said he would ride with us to-morrow—but, dear Tyler, what is the matter?"

"Nothing; I have a headache, and was going out to enjoy the fresh air."

"You will let me go with you?"

"No, Dorcas; I had rather be alone. I shall return soon." She gazed at him as he went out, and stood motionless. It came upon her like a torrent, that he had more than once of late spoken to her coldly, and the thought bewildered her. She looked up toward heaven, and exclaimed, "Father, look upon me;" and then turning, said to herself, "I have but one mother to go to, and God be thanked, she is not only a temporal but a spiritual adviser." With this confidence she sought her—temporal and spiritual adviser?

Tyler took refuge from the approach of intruders in the solitude of a neighboring grove. "Why," mused he, "should I repine, that Dorcas has transferred her affections to one so much better calculated to make her happy? It is true he cannot love her more, yet he cannot help loving her as much as I do; for love for such an angel is an irresistible impulse as involuntary as obedience to fate. She loved me, because she was grateful to me; and shall I make her gratitude the plea of insisting on an alliance that is disagreeable to her? What have I done for her that—and is not the fact of my having benefitted her, the dearest consolation of my life? It is I who ought to be grateful for the opportunities afforded me of being of service to her; and shall I make her pay so dearly for what has been my own gratification, as to force her to give her hand to me when her heart is another's? Perish the thought! and if I cannot have the joy of possessing her, give me at least the consciousness of having nobly resigned her."

Dorcas, with a heavy heart, entered her aunt's chamber, and throwing herself into her arms, poured out to her the source of her grief.

"My dear daughter," said Mrs. Harris, "it is our duty to take meekly the chastenings of our Heavenly Father."

"I know it, my dear mother, but my heart *will* rebel. Tyler has been my all in all. I have loved him too well for my spiritual good, and it is but just that I should be punished with the frowns of my idol. Yet oh! that some milder instrument of punishment had been mercifully adopted."

"Be patient, my dear," said Mrs. Harris encouragingly; "it is but the infirmity of men to be jealous. His suspicions will soon die away of themselves, and then you will again be happy."

"Ma'am?"

"Do not take it to heart; it is only a passing whim. He feels hurt, it is true, because he thinks you manifest a partiality for Roberts; but believe me, my dear, the feelings will be but transient. In the meantime it perhaps might be as well to be a little less pointed in your manner towards Roberts. You know we are commanded to feel for each other's infirmities."

The words of Mrs. Harris drove away every tear from the eye of Dorcas, who, rising in her own simple native dignity, said:—"I do know it, aunt; but I cannot help Tyler to bear a burden that implicates my own honor. Walter Roberts has entitled himself to my esteem, and I have but treated him as he deserves to be treated. If Tyler is offended that I reciprocate the attention and courtesy of your visiters, I must submit to lie under his displeasure—though it be my sorest trial, next to the frowns of my Maker. I trust, though called upon to endure those of the one, I shall not be visited with those of the other; and though my heart be wrung by the reproaches of its best beloved, it will still be enlivened with the peace of conscience."

"I leave you, dear Dorcas, to your own meditations. Look to Him who is the strength of the weak, *and the helper of the helpless.*"

As Mrs. Harris closed the door behind her, she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed in a low voice, though from the bottom of her heart—

"Good!"

"And has it come to this?" sighed Dorcas bitterly, as she cast herself on the bed. "Slighted, despised, suspected by the idol of my bosom! I could bear his frowns—but his suspicions!" and here the poor girl wept as if her heart would break.

Mrs Harris had rightly conjectured. Dorcas was a proud, high-souled girl, and supposed others as free from guile as herself. But to be suspected! this, if any thing, could force her to fear that she was not beloved; and she said, sorrowfully, "oh! had he felt for me as I do for him, he never could have believed me so unworthy his regard;" and with this thought she rang the bell, and sent for her aunt to come to her immediately.

She was in tears when Mrs. Harris entered the room, but drying them, she said, "Mother, do you think if Tyler had loved me as he ought, he would have acted so towards me?"

"My child," said Mrs. Harris, "do not ask me?"

"But are you not my only adviser?"

"I know I am, my dear, and this alone forces me to confess that as much as my heart has been set upon your union with him, yet I have been forced to entertain fears when I have observed his very apparent partiality for Sarah Roberts. I have loved him from his cradle; but though he were in truth my own son, I would cast him off for ever, should he prove himself capable of such perfidy."

"Say not so, dear aunt; he has known me under peculiar circumstances, when his sympathies were all alive, and these may have prompted his affection for me. But why should I hope that he is the same now? The circumstances that gave birth to his feelings have been buried in the past, and it is but natural that his feelings should have been buried with them. What claims have I upon him? It is he who has claims upon me, and gratitude alone should prevent in me a desire to interfere with his happiness. I will write to him and tell him so."

"You had better not be too hasty," said Mrs. Harris, affectionately. "We may be wrong, though I fear we are but too right. But let me watch for you, and you may depend upon my faithfulness. Besides, should you thus write to him, you would make yourself liable to misconstruction, especially if your fears are correct. In the meantime, my dear, act with the same high-minded propriety as ever. Appear not too anxious by altering your due treatment of Mr. Roberts, and be assured that if Tyler's feelings toward you are of the proper stamp, they will compel him to be the one to make the becoming overtures."

"Bless you, my mother, for this and for every thing else. I will show my sense of your judgment by following your advice, and of your affection by repaying it with my warmest gratitude."

That evening, Dorcas, from a sense of duty, treated Tyler with as much cordiality, as his coldness and her own wounded sensibility would admit of. The next morning when Walter called, she cheerfully complied with her engagement, but her heart did faint within her when Tyler said he believed he would stay at home, if Sarah would consent to remain with him and look at some pictures. She of course gladly consented.

The reader's imagination can easily supply to itself how matters went on for several days subsequent to this event. The breach became gradually wider and wider. Tyler endeavored to stifle his emotions by being particularly attentive to Sarah, and Roberts had become more than ever enamored of Dorcas.

About two weeks after the ride, Sarah rode up hastily to Bellevue, and running into the parlor, said to Dorcas, "do throw aside that sober look for just one minute, while I tell you the best news in the world.—My uncle has just written to me, that a large party of pleasure is about leaving London for Paris, and that I must come on and go with them under his protection. I am to start immediately, and have ridden over but for one minute to say good-bye. So here it is—good-bye. But where is Tyler? ah! there he is," and kissing the parting farewell, she ran out of the house at heart as she saw him turn his horse to accompany her home.

"I have been thinking, Tyler," said his aunt, one day, when they were conversing on the subject, "that you would have a better opportunity of really testing the attachment of Dorcas, by going away from home for a short time, and leaving her entirely unrestrained. Ardently as I desire your union, I cannot consent to it at the expense of your happiness. Suppose then you make a short trip to the continent—say to Paris, and in the meantime Roberts can develope his intentions, and Dorcas feel at full liberty to pursue her own inclinations. I know you desire to act honorably."

"You are right, aunt; and the sooner I follow your advice the better. I can endure any thing but this suspense, and will start to-morrow."

"Dorcas," said Mrs. Harris, when they were holding their nightly consultation a little before bed-time, "I am grieved to tell you, but have you not observed Tyler to be unusually gloomy since Sarah's departure?"

"I have."

"You will be less surprised then when I tell you that to-morrow he leaves for Paris, and I strongly suspect, by a previous arrangement between themselves."

"I am by my fears prepared for the worst, as I am by your counsel and by heavenly assistance fortified to bear it. There are but a few dregs remaining in my cup of bitterness, and these I am prepared to drink."

"Bid him farewell affectionately; and I cannot advise you to hint a word to him about the past, present, of future."

"Mother! I am a woman—and trust me, not wanting in a woman's pride."

"I can trust you, my dear; but it is late—shall we not to bed?"

"Yes, but I fear not to sleep—good night," and kissing her, she left the room.

"Not to sleep! no! but it will not be long before I shall sleep and that soundly. Revenge they say, is a sweet pillow for the soul to rest upon, and I'll have it!"

Not long after this, Sarah wrote to her brother that she had been very agreeable surprised by Tyler's arrival in Paris; that he had been devotedly attentive to her, and that she had every reason to expect daily an offer of his hand. Roberts, overjoyed, communicated the intelligence to Mrs. Harris, who mused upon it for sometime and inquired,

"What then is to become of Dorcas?"

Walter replied, "if I might hope, my dear madam, that you and she would permit *me* to supply his place! especially since my own sister has captivated her swain."

Mrs. Harris looked at him steadfastly a moment and replied, "Mr. Roberts, I have noticed Dorcas and Tyler, from the beginning. I have always been fully satisfied that they were not intended for each other.—I love her well enough, but I love him better; and, really, Mr. Roberts, between ourselves, (we understand each other?) I am not sorry that he has thought better of it—particularly, since he has been convinced of his folly by a girl of such tried worth as your sister. While then I shall be glad to second your inclinations, I will not attempt to force those of Dorcas. I will see her myself; convince her that she has nothing to hope from Tyler, and in two days from now you may call upon her yourself."

There is an old story of two sharpers who met, and by uppearing each to each the most simple hearted of beings, cheated each other out of five hundred dollars apiece. Somewhat after the same sort was the game now to be played by Mrs. Harris and Roberts. Each had to affect the utmost disinterestedness and simplicity, and each put every art in play to make a tool of the other. We shall see how they succeeded.

Soon after the departure of Roberts, Martha came into the room and walked listlessly up to the glass, with the ostensible design of arranging her ringlets; but as these were already in perfect order, we may charitably suppose that there was some person in the glass whom she felt inclined to call upon. She took one finger and lightly, very lightly, touching here and there a curl, said, while thus engaged, to her mother,

"What did Mr. Roberts want, mother? Didn't he ask to see me? As soon as I saw him coming, I took the papers out of my hair and dressed myself, and waited for him to send for me; but when I saw he didn't, I thought I would come down any how, and see what you were talking about. But he has gone, and I have had all my trouble for nothing. Did he say nothing about me—not even ask how I was? I think he might."

"He came over, my dear, to tell me that Tyler and Sarah are going to be married."

"Why, mother, I thought you said I might have Tyler?"

"I used to tell you so to keep you quiet when you were a little girl, but only then. Since the Lord opened my eyes, I think it wrong for first cousins to marry."

"But, mother, good people often marry their first cousins, and I don't see why I can't have Tyler. He's handsome, mother."

"We should feel it our duty to set a better example, and then, may be, they will not do it any more. But go and call Dorcas; she will feel more interested in the matter than you do, for you know she and Tyler were to be married."

"Well; if *she* wants Tyler, she may have him, for she is so good. But Sarah Roberts shall not, because I want him myself!" and, so saying, she went up stairs and told Dorcas to go down and tell her mother that Sarah should not have Tyler;—"for," said she, "a letter has just come from Europe, I mean from France, that says they are going to be married. But, la! how queer you look! I am sorry—are not you?"

With an aching heart, Dorcas sought her aunt, and found her ready to confirm her worst fears. After having played about with her victim, and fully satisfied her that there was no hope, Mrs. Harris, and to provide for herself a plausible way of escape in case of accident, affected to turn consoler. She was careful, however, to delay her hypocritical conversation, until there was no hope of its being received.

"Cheer up, Dorcas," said she; "you know Sarah is, like all girls, fond of making conquests, and her natural desires may have led her to attach more importance to the attentions of Tyler than he actually designed. Perhaps, too, he only has devoted himself a great deal to her that he might forget his suspicious jealousies." This last was artfully brought in, and Mr. Harris well knew the effect it would have upon Dorcas.

"I love you tenderly, aunt, for your attempt to pour oil on my wounds; but I have no hope of their [illegible] closed until closed by death." It is not his attentions to Sarah, so much as his suspicions of me that has given me up to despair. Had he loved, he could never have doubted me."

"Well, my dear, if clouds are about you, you know who sent them; and, knowing who sent them, you know where to seek light amid your darkness."

"And I will seek that light," said Dorcas, gratefully. "And I will not forget to thank Him that I have one to remind me whence our help cometh."

"Know, who sent them!" said Mrs. Harris scornfully to herself. "She knows not that! but she *shall* know it."

Seated by a writing desk, in one of the splendid hotels in Paris, Tyler was inditing a letter to his aunt. "Soon," mused he, casting his pen on the table, "will my fate be decided. Roberts will take advantage of my absence to offer her his hand, and she shall not know the struggle it costs me to give her up."—Resuming his pen, he wrote that Paris was the most delightful place in the world; that he was enjoying himself highly, and that he need not be expected home until after a certain event had happened, (meaning the marriage of Dorcas and Roberts); in conclusion, he begged to be remembered to Martha, Dorcas, and his mother. The letter he enclosed in a blank envelope, and the day after the conversation of Dorcas and her aunt, it arrived at Bellevue.

Mrs. Harris, herself, read it to Dorcas; admitted the clause in relation to a *certain event* to be "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ;" and wound up her torture by commending her "dear, forsaken daughter" to the favor and protection of the Almighty; vowing if she was not to see Tyler before the certain event, she would not see him after it—for he should never cross her threshold as the husband of Sarah Roberts.

Her aim, her horrid aim, was to drive Dorcas to the commission of—suicide! She had never an idea of that mental and moral greatness, that borrows vigor from being trampled on, and distils energy from despair.

On the day following, Roberts, trembling with anxiety, called upon Dorcas. Heartless libertine as he was, he had felt how powerful is the holy alliance between virtue and beauty. He had been accustomed to look upon the sex as decorated wax-dolls, made solely for the convenience of man, and subject to his caprice.—But a new light had broken in upon him; he had been brought under influences to which he had ever before scorned at the idea of being subjected: but the same soulless hypocrisy—the same unscrupulousness as to means, was still identified with his existence.

He found Dorcas buried in thought by the parlor fire. As he approached, she rose, and extending him her hand, endeavored to veil her emotions under the semblance of cordiality. Now and then a faint smile would wander over her features, but it so belied her heart that she could with difficulty restrain it from being followed by a gush of tears. They, for a while, conversed familiarly on their usual topics; but Roberts endeavored, step by step, to bring the conversation nearer home, until he made her an open avowal of his love and an unqualified offer of his hand.

Had a thunderbolt fallen from Heaven, it could not have shocked more utterly the heart of Dorcas. But poor girl! thunderbolts *had* fallen—and they had so accustomed her to endurance, that the present shock was but one among the many. She had learned in the school of affliction to command her feelings, and rising from her chair, she said, with an ice-like calmness—

"Mr. Roberts, we have met too often. I admire you as a man, and esteem you as a friend, but we meet not again;" and when he awoke from the trance into which her words had thrown him, he found himself alone.

It may seem unnatural that Dorcas, during all this time, had fallen so unwarily into the snares that were spread for her. But it must be remembered that she was a perfect child of nature. She had been nurtured in a distant land, where her father and mother, sensible of the dissipations of East-Indian society, had kept her secluded from it, lest she might yield to its enchantment. And here, we may observe, is one great error of parents. Fearing lest their children may become victims to the world, instead of giving them an early knowledge of its temptations, and at the same time instructing them by example and precept how to avoid them, they immure them in ignorant solitude, believing that the mechanical principles here acquired, will avail them when removed from their own influence. Hence they have no trials of faith to work out patience; no gifts of patience to work out experience; no treasures of experience to enliven them with hope. The consequences of disagreeable follies have never taught them discretion; they have no knowledge of human nature to guard them against its deceits: their whole minority has been passed in the nursery, and when they leave its walls, their minds are the same unlettered, blank sheet, as when their eyes first opened on the darkened light of Heaven. The result is, that where one such, by a happy combination of circumstances, is saved from destruction, thousands become the slaves of the vicious, the victims of the vile, or the dupes of the artful.

Recovering from his stupor, Roberts exclaimed, "Rejected! 'Meet not again!' But we *do* meet again, and that speedily." As he uttered this, Mrs. Harris who had been awaiting, feverishly, the termination of their interview, entered the room.

"Well," said she, advancing towards him: "What said my pretty bird? But what!—downcast? dejected? Not nay, surely?"

"Even so madam;" and here he disclosed the decided conduct of Dorcas.

"You opened your attack too soon," said Mrs. Harris, who had now struck upon a new vein, and thought if Dorcas could be forced to marry Roberts, her ends would be accomplished, though her malice would not be so completely gratified. "We have but yesterday received certain intelligence, (or directly implied, if not certain,) that Tyler and Sarah are to be married before their return, and she has not yet recovered from the shock. When she hears that they are actually married—as she doubtless will in a day or two—you will find her less impregnable;" and here she handed him Tyler's letter, with the envelope, telling him to read it at his leisure. She had given him his clue, and knowing her man, was just as well aware what he would do with that envelope, as if the future was already before her.

He took the letter, put it in his hat, and before he was on his horse, his plan was fixed. Going immediately home, he, by the aid of the letter in his possession, counterfeited Tyler's hand-writing—wrote that the marriage ceremony having already been performed, the couple would be home in a week. This letter he enclosed in the envelope which Mrs. Harris had given him, of which he had contrived to alter the date of the post-mark, and three days after, dropped it in to the letter-box of the neighboring post-office. When Mrs. Harris received it, knowing well the source whence it came, she went immediately to Mrs. Ethelwaite, and commenced in her usual way:

"Mrs. Ethelwaite, you are my own husband's sister."

The poor woman, well aware what was coming, sat trembling in her chair, and simply faltered out,—

"Well, sister?"

"You know, Mrs. Ethelwaite, I have kept that ugly secret of your's *well*—too well, I fear, for my eternal happiness; for you know, as the Bible says, the partaker is as bad as the thief. I must now disclose it—and, first of all, to Tyler." She saw her sister was fainting, and handing her the camphor bottle, said, "Come, come; it is not time to faint yet. Do you want me to tell him?"

"Great heaven! *No!*"

"Well, listen to me, Mrs. Ethelwaite. That boy of yours was my darling hope. I meant him to marry my Martha, and he as much as promised me he would. He went to India, and there fell in love with that viper, and had the impudence to write and tell me of it. But he shall not marry her—I swear it; and you are to help me prevent him."

"But, sister, he is going to marry Sarah Roberts."

"It's a lie! and it's all my doings. *I* estranged him from Dorcas—*I* sent him to France—*I* started the report—I shall soon say he is already married, and at your peril you are not to deny it—nay, you are to affirm it, if called upon."

"But, sister, I cannot tell a lie."

"Very well—*I* then can tell the truth!"

She cast on her a scowl of the blackest malignity, and seemed about turning away. Mrs. Ethelwaite imploringly raised her hand.

"Your hand is up. Swear by it then, as you hope for peace, that you are mine, to do my pleasure."

She signified her assent.

"Well, then, have done with your folly. Your secret is yet with me—how long, depends upon yourself; and so saying, she went in search of Dorcas.

"My dear girl, I did not think to be, so soon, the bearer of such unpleasant tidings—Tyler and Sarah are married—the heartless ingrate! Here is the seal of his perfidy," and she read the letter.

Dorcas received its contents with a dumb, lifeless grief, as if the fountain of her soul was already frozen. Both sat in silence, till Mrs. Harris said, "Dorcas, be a woman! I would not advise you to your harm—but, be a woman! I feel my own nature outraged with yours. Consult your dignity, and if another inducement is necessary, save Tyler the remorse of having broken your heart."

"How?"

"You know Mr. Roberts—he is dying for you.—Save his life and your own by marrying him. Be spirited!"

"My own life is of no consequence. I have another way of ending my griefs than that. Marry him! marry any body!—no body but death!"

Mrs. Harris thought a moment—"perhaps she means to ——; better!" and then said, "well my own child, I only advised you as a woman. Now let me advise you as a christian. Remember!" and here she pointed heavenwards, and left her.

She saw Roberts, and told him there was no hope; Dorcas would die soon—and begged him to say nothing more about it. But he was not one to be so easily baffled.

Dorcas remained half alive and half dead, until the day before Tyler was said to be expected. Mrs. Harris arose every morning with the hope that she had destroyed herself; and her first demand of the servant was to know how she was—expecting to receive the intelligence. But now she could wait no longer. "The fool has got no heart," said she, as she mixed a cup of poison, intending to do herself for Dorcas, what she thought her too 'pusillanimous' to attempt. "But no! this is the last night; she may have reserved herself for this. Let her kill herself if she will, and then I shall be revenged on her soul too, if she has one. But if she is alive to-morrow morning, her shroud shall be made before nightfall!" and with this hellish design, she put the deadly mixture into the sideboard.

Dorcas' room was an eastern wing of the house, and opened into the yard. Hither she repaired on that momentous night.

Roberts, thinking this the most favorable time for his designs, had stationed a carriage in the road, under the idea she could then be the more easily persuaded or compelled to abandon a place where she must die with misery, and retire to one of secrecy, where she could brood over her sorrows alone—without being mocked by the presence of Tyler, as the husband of another. This was to be his pretext; but once in his power, he intended to force her into a compliance with his importunities. He saw her enter the room, and felt his heart fail him as she sank upon her knees, and committed herself to the Father of the fatherless. A noise disturbed him, and he hastily retreated in an opposite direction, but still not so far but that he could see the candle burning. He watched patiently for nearly an hour: still it burned on. He stole up closer, yet saw no one—crept nearer—lifted the latch—opened, entered the door—the room was empty!

Maddened with rage, he stood undecided for a moment, and then proceeded toward the carriage.—"Curse it!" muttered he, as he told the postillion he should have no more use for him that night.

"Looking for a lady, master?" said the man, who had been employed on such duties before; "cause I seed one get into the diligence when it came along, about a half an hour ago."

The thought struck him that Dorcas had banished herself from home. "The very thing!" said he; "drive on; follow the diligence, but do not catch up with it. See where she gets out, and then we part."

The horses dashed on. Morning revealed the object of their pursuit about a mile ahead. At breakfast they ascertained that a pale young lady, closely wrapped up, was one of the passengers. They followed on to London—saw where it stopped; and to the joy of Roberts, Dorcas left it and entered the hotel. Towards evening, he saw her driven away in a carriage, and was told that she had gone on board an American packet that was to start the same night. At midnight, he had himself conveyed on board the same vessel, just before she weighed anchor, and left England—forever!

In the morning, when the passengers came on deck, Dorcas was thunderstruck to behold Roberts standing before her. He addressed her—

"My dear Miss Adelmar, how have we met! Deprived by your coldness of all that made England dear, I last night left it forever. But most willingly shall I endure the transportation for life, if my fair judge goes with me to help me bear the burden of her own sentence."

"Mr. Roberts, this will not do." She took a miniature of Tyler from her belt, and pointing to it, said, "Though I might blush to own it, my heart is still there. I am sorry that any thing from me has made you desert your home. Return there, and be happy. On this vessel you address me not at all, or only as a passing acquaintance."

In the meantime, solitary amid the gaities of Paris, with them, but not of them, Tyler came to himself. "What if I have been unjust?" said he, after returning one night from a crowded saloon. The next dawn saw him on his way to Bellevue.

His aunt met him at the door.

"Where is Dorcas?" said he, hurriedly.

"Gone!"

"And Roberts?"

"Gone too—with her!" She intimated they had eloped.

Tyler went to his room with a stricken heart. He threw himself on the bed; and shortly after, an old woman, a house servant, brought a letter, saying Miss Dorcas had left it. With a trembling hand he tore it open, and read—

"I have not a word of reproach. I love you too well to embitter one drop in your cup of joy. Be happy with your bride; and sometimes, when far separated from you by the waste of waters, cast a thought on

DORCAS."

Stupified at first, and then frenzied, he rushed with the letter to his mother, and in an unguarded moment, drew from her the foul conspiracy.

Snatching her by the arm, he dragged her to his aunt, whom he also seized in the same manner, and thus confronted the guilty pair.

"Speak!" shouted he; "confess! or rather spare your confession, you fiend! My mother has confessed for you, you foul hypocrite!"

Mrs. Harris condensed her features into a withering expression of hatred, and rejoined—

"Your mother? do you call that thing your mother?"

"Yes! and you are a woman, or you should be taught how to speak of her.

"And who was your father?"

Mrs. Ethelwaite burst out in a wild, piercing scream, and fell dangling from the unrelaxed arm of Tyler.

"My father died before I was born; but what is that to you?"

"He might have been your father, but he never was her husband! But listen to me, Tyler Ethelwaite."

Tyler did listen till she cast the foul blot on his birth; and then the thought flashing on him that it *had* been involved in mystery, he fiercely clenched both his hands round her throat, and flinging her with all his might against the wainscotting, rushed from the house in a raging madness, and rode in a frenzy towards London.

When Mrs. Harris recovered from her stunning fall, she saw no one in the room but her sister, still lying where she had fallen when Tyler released her from his grasp.

"And so you thought me a fool like yourself, to be trifled with and betrayed with impunity," said she, touching her scornfully with her foot. But immediately she started back in horror—

"Her sister was dead!

She walked away mechanically, and opened the sideboard. There was the fatal cup she had prepared for Dorcas. Like Judas Iscariot, she felt that she had betrayed innocence. The deed was done! the scorpion was warmed into sudden being by the fires that were raging in her bosom. These she sought to quench in a moment with the deadly draught, and

"Sooner than the devils hopes, arrived in hell!"

When Tyler reached London, he immediately hastened around from quay to quay, inquiring incoherently if any one had seen Dorcas. Repeated insults aroused him to a sense of the fruitlessness of his search, till when turning away in despair, he was met by one of the lower order of the police, who said to him significantly—

"Looking for a gal—eh?"

Tyler shuddered at his profanity and turned to leave him.

"Look here, my larkey; may be you wouldn't look so spiteful, an' you knew as much as I do."

He put a guinea in his hand and awaited his intelligence.

"Well now, that's clever. Pale, and wrapped up as if she didn't want nobody to see her?"

Tyler bowed assent.

"Seed her myself—went abroad the ship Caroline, and is this minute three days out, bound for Amerikey."

Tyler having given him another guinea, took ship immediately in another packet that was just starting for the same port. On the way, enlivened by the prospect of finding Dorcas, he became more calm. He had a rough passage, and during a gale was the happy instrument of saving the captain's life.

When the pilot came on board, the captain asked what news—and was informed that the Caroline had been wrecked during the storm, and every soul lost.

"What's that?" said Tyler abruptly; "the ship Caroline?"

"The very same."

"Any ladies lost?"

"Every soul! captain, crew, passengers and all.—Three ladies aboard, and by this time cat up by the fishes."

"Where is that ship going?" said he, as one came out the channel.

"She's the Emperor—bound to Russia."

"Captain," said Tyler, "are you myrficent?"

"I ought to be—you saved my life."

"Well, then, put me on board that ship."

"Aye, aye, sir;" and he was off his way—to Russia, or any where else—to him it mattered not.

Had he kept on, he would have found that one of the passengers, a lady, had survived the wreck. She had been washed on shore, and with difficulty restored to life. When asked her name, she replied it was Dorcas Lindsay. Under this humble title she buried the proud old English name of Adelmar. She came to our village, spent her life in acts of charity and benevolence, and left a record of her worth not only on the walls of our temple, but in the hearts of our villagers.

Tyler, after wandering in other climes, came to America, where he learned the fate and shared the grave of his beloved.

But the saddest feature of the miseries of poor Dorcas, was that she never knew but that her sorrows were all deeply felt and pitied in reality. She wandered long as like a banished angel, never knowing how wronged, how much she had been, until her soul expanded in the presence of heaven.