

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

Edited and Published for the Proprietors, at Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIV.—NO. 10.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1842.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, — NO. 10.

CHEAP READING!

Persons wishing to purchase cheap reading, are requested to call on the subscriber in Carlisle, where can be had Magazines of all descriptions, and sold at the publishers prices free of postage.

For Sale as above:

Graham's Magazine, Young's Book, Ladies' Companion, Hall's Magazine, People's Library, Young People's Book, Ladies' Assistant, Knickerbocker, New York Visitor, Fowles on Matrimony, Bicknell's Courtship, Brother Jonathan, Deceptor, New York National, Weekly Herald, Public Ledger, Daily Chronicle, Spirit of the Times, New York Daily Herald, and children's tales as they played, Tragedy of the Seas, Life in a Whale Ship, and a variety of Comic Almanacs for 1842.

Subscriptions received for all the principal publications of the day.

N. B. The Brother Jonathan and New York Visitor, will be received and for sale on the first of January, 1842.

JOHN GRAY, Ag't.

Spitting of Blood,

Is another dangerous symptom of "Pulmonary Affection," and difficult to arrest when neglected; it commences with cough, copious expectoration, which consists of bright frothy matter, or black, and dotted with blood; there is mostly some fever, headache, palpitation of the heart, flushes of heat, and redness of the cheeks; difficulty of breathing, soreness of the throat, and salivary taint in the mouth, &c. "Dr. Duncan's Expectant Remedy" will be found to arrest this complaint. One single bottle will answer if used at the first attack, but when neglected, it may require many more. Those who may be afflicted with "Spitting of blood" should lose no time in procuring the above medicine, as this disease mostly proves fatal when not early attended to.

Principal Office, No. 19 North Eighth street Philadelphia.

For sale at the Drug Store of J. J. Myers & Co. Carlisle, and Wm. Peal, Shippensburg. Jan. 12

Assignment Account.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, December 14, 1841.

The account of Moses Ely and Melchor Breneman, Assignees of Maj. John Crawflood, has been presented to the Court by Melchor Breneman, and the 2d Monday of January Court (being the 17th day) appointed for its confirmation and allowance, if no objections be made—of which all concerned will take notice.

GEO. SANDERSON, Proth'y.

Gum Shoes!

A lot of Men's Gum Shoes for sale at cost by the subscriber.

Carlisle, Dec. 22, 1841.

G. W. HITNER.

BONNET SILKS & RIBBONS,

of the very latest style, just received at the store of

SHIPPENBURG & CAREY.

Shippensburg, Dec. 22, 1841.

Groceries! Groceries!

A fresh lot of Brown and Light Sugar, prime Coffee, Molasses, Cheeses, Chocolate, and all kinds of Spices, &c., &c., just received for sale by

CHAS. OGILBY.

Carlisle, Dec. 1, 1841.

Gum Shoes.

Just received 150 pair of Gum Shoes, and for sale cheap by

CHARLES BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Dec. 1, 1841.

Indian Vegetable Pills.

Just received a fresh lot of the genuine Indian Pills.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Carlisle, Dec. 1, 1841.

Caps! Caps!

Cloth, Silk Velvet, Tabby Velvet, Celett, Hair Seal, and Fur Caps of all sizes and shapes, just opened and selling off at reduced prices.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Dec. 1, 1841.

Tannery for Rent.

The subscriber offers for rent the superior Tanning establishment, recently the property of David S. Farney, dec'd, situated on the corner of East and Louthier streets, in the borough of Carlisle Pa.

It is the most complete property of the kind in the place, and its location is a large

Two Story Stone Dwelling

HOUSE,

fine garden and all other buildings, &c. necessary to carry on the tanning business.

Possession given on the 1st of April 1841. Terms made known on application to

P. F. EGE.

Opposite the Carlisle Bank.

November 24, 1841.

WINTER GOODS.

A large lot returned from the city with a second supply of Winter goods, such as Cloths, Casimers, Battinettes, Flannels, Blankets, Shawls, &c., &c., which have been selected with care, and which will be sold at cheap if not cheaper, than at any other establishment in the borough.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

Boots and Shoes.

50 Cases of boots and shoes received from auction, which I have purchased at prices that will enable me to sell cheaper than any other establishment in the county.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 23, 1841.

HATS & CAPS.

I have just returned from the city with the latest style of Fur, Cloth and Glazed Men's and Boys' Caps. Also, Brush Hats, for sale cheap, by

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

Shoe Dealers.

Call and see the large lot of Boots and Shoes I bought at auction, which I intend to sell by the case or dozen, cheaper than ever.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

Shawls! Shawls!

Elegant Embroidered Thibet Shawls from \$7 to \$20, also Brooch, Blanket, Merino, and other shawls in great variety, and very cheap.

Dec. 1st 1841

CHAS. OGILBY.

MORE NEW GOODS.

ARNOLD & ABRAM have just received at their new store, an additional supply of

Fall & Winter Goods,

to which they invite the attention of the public. Great bargains will be given.

Shippensburg, Dec. 8, 1841.—4t.

GUM SHOES

of all kinds just received

and for sale at the Store of

SHIPPENBURG & CAREY.

Shippensburg, January 12, 1842.

POETRY.

A DREAM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I had a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Saw a clear voice at early light;
And even yet its shadowy form
To linger in my waking sight.

Earth, green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morning's softest glow,
And air just wafted softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds sang within the sporting shade,
Bees hummed amid the whispering grass,
And children rattled as they played
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

Fast climbed the sun—the flowers were flown;
There played no children in the glen;
For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming glades and bearded men.

'Twas noon, 'twas summer—I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
A mighty stream, with creak and lay.

And here was love, and there was strife,
And martial shouts, and warlike cries,
And strong men, struggling as for life,
With knitted limbs and angry eyes.

Now stopped the sun—the shades grew thin;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves;
The sun-beams glowed were gathering in,
From the aloft field, its fruit and sheaves.

The river heaved with sudden sounds;
The sun-beams glowed were gathering in,
Black hedges passed, and burial grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day; the wind that chased
The ragged clouds blew chilly yet;
The woods were stripped, the fields were waste,
The wintry sun was near its set.

And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Lingered, and shivered to the air
Of that bleak shore and water break.

Al! age is drawn, and death's cold net
I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee withered, bowed, and old,
And woke all faint with sudden fear.

'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
And had her clear her cloud-draw;
For thou and I, since childhood's day,
Have walked in such a dream till now.

"Watch we its shadows as they fly,
And mark the path that leads us on,
The vision's meaning, till we wake."

HE COMES NOT YET!

'Tis night—from Heaven's sapphire loft
The moon smiles on the sea,
And zephyr's sighs are stealing soft,
Across the calm and blue.

The sister spirit of the even,
In their blue home above,
Have lit the twinkling lamps of Heaven
To light the hour of love.

And every herb, and tree, and flower,
With twilight dew is wet;
Have on their breast moonlight, hour—
But oh! he comes not yet.

"Each little wave hath murmured o'er
Its moon-beam-winked bliss,
And sighs to give the shore,
A holy vesper kiss;

Each flower from the lip of night,
A drop of dew hath pressed,
Then folded up its leaves in light
And perfume-scented rest;

And every charm that sea and sky
Have on their breast moonlight, hour—
But oh! he comes not yet."

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the house of every thing of value, and driving away the cattle and mules, they murdered the wife and two young children of Melendez before his eyes, in spite of the desperate resistance offered by the frantic father and husband, who himself, after being barbarously beaten and mutilated, was bound hand and foot to his horse, to which the robbers set fire in three different places. Fortunately the neighboring peasants extinguished the flames as soon as the departure of the bandits permitted them to do so with safety. Melendez uttered not a word in reply to the consolation offered him by his pitying friends and acquaintances. He silently allowed a village barber to bind up his head, from which El Patudo had, with his own hand, severed the ears, and then seizing his staff he left the valley.

It was a feast day in the cheerful little town of Villavayas, in Castile, and the church-bells were gaily ringing their invitation to mass. As is usual in Spanish towns, the flagged platform before the church door was thronged with the male inhabitants, assembled to discuss the news of the day, and to catch a glance of their fair towns-women as they repaired to their devotions. Amongst the coarse gray or brown jackets of the peasantry, and the black Sunday coats of *escribanos* and other civilians, were scattered a number of men in military dress, without being exactly a military uniform, but evincing them to belong to one of the free corps then so numerous in Spain.

They had much the appearance of Carlisle soldiers, which, however, their peaceable presence in a Christian town rendered it impossible they should be. Leaning against one of the stone pillars which flanked the church door, was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, upwards of six feet high, and of powerful make. His long hair, which fell in thick curls upon his shoulders, was surmounted by a broad brimmed gray hat, decorated with a small plume; and his loose green velvet trousers were fastened and slightly drawn together at the bottom by a bunch of colored ribbons. He wore nothing over his shirt, which was of dazzling whiteness and fine texture, but on one shoulder he wore a pair of epaulettes. On his feet he wore algaras or high-heeled sandals, and his knife and a brace of pistols were stuck in his crimson silk sash, the ends of which were fringed with silver thread. His features were handsome, although tanned a deep brown by exposure to the weather—a beautifully penciled moustache shaded his upper lip, and two silver rings were passed through holes pierced in his ears. His passing acquaintances saluted him by the name of Pepito, and the free companions described above acknowledged him as their chief.

The mass had commenced, and a numerous congregation of devotees and idlers had entered the church. Pepito was about to follow their example, when an old man, whose clothes were dusty and travel-stained, and whose gray hair and a bandage which he had round his head were streaked with blood, laid a trembling hand on the arm of the gigantic guerilla. Pepito turned his head.

"Father!" cried he joyfully, and clasped the old man in his arms.

Two hours later the free corps of Pepito Melendez had left Villavayas, and was on its road to the province of Cuenca. So few and short were their halts, and so much expedition did they use, that on the evening of the second day's march, they had accomplished five-and-twenty long leagues, and established their bivouac in a ravine at a short distance from the valley in which Melendez's house was situated.

About sunset on the same evening, the convent of El Patudo—were supping in the open air at the opposite extremity of the valley. They were thirty-eight in number, including the chief and two or three subordinate officers. El Patudo himself was a bull-necked, double-jointed ruffian, clumsily but strongly built, with hands and feet so disproportionately large a size as to have procured him the sobriquet by which we have here designated him.

On a well wooded platform, about a mile in the rear of the revellers, arose the towers of a convent, which commanded one of the principal entrances to the valley. The Franciscan monks, who inhabited it, were rarely seen outside of its walls, with the exception of some half dozen, who were accustomed to levy contributions in the form of alms, on the piously disposed among the peasantry of the district. The convent was large, and had formerly afforded shelter to a numerous community; but the inmates, at the period we write of, were not supposed to exceed forty or fifty. The reserved habits of the brotherhood, were the cause that little was known of them, even by those who dwelt within sight of the walls.

"The reverends are late in coming to-night," said El Patudo to his second in command—a wicked looking Andalusian, who was lying on the grass, and picking his teeth with his poniard; "yet they know that we shall not be too many, with all our number's for to-night's work. The peasants are beginning to furnish their escape, and Lopez brought in word yesterday that they were going to organize a corps for the defence of the valley. The affair of Melendez has put them on the qui vive."

"And with good reason," replied the lieutenant. "It was all very well to sack the house and carry off the cattle; but I told you that if you amused yourself with cutting off ears, and ripping up children,

we should some day or other pay for our imprudence."

"Pshaw!" replied El Patudo, "how long have you been the advocate of humanity! But what is that amongst the trees?" cried he hastily, and pointing to the direction of the convent. "Ignacio, by heavens! and in his habit. What can be the meaning of that!"

As he spoke, the white robe of a Franciscan monk became visible as its wearer advanced down a path which led from the convent to the bivouac of the *partida*. El Patudo hastened to meet the new comer, and after a short conference, returned to his comrades.

"We may make up our minds to remain idle to-night, instead of taking a merry ramble in the moonbeams," cried he, with a grin of disappointment. "Old Melendez has been to show his ears, or the place where they ought to be, to a son of his, who, it appears, commands a free corps—and he and his men will reach the valley to-night or to-morrow morning. A spy has just brought the intelligence to the convent, and Ignacio hastened to put us on our guard."

The banditti grumbled at this unwelcome news, which interfered with a plan of rapine and slaughter projected for that evening. The chief informed them that they were to be perfect safety remain where they were for the night—but that with early dawn they would have to seek a place of greater security. Two or three men, whose turn it was for sentry, took up their muskets and repaired to their posts, whilst the remainder, wrapping themselves in their cloaks and blankets, turned their feet to the smouldering ashes of the fire, and were soon asleep.

The horizon was tinged with the gray streak which announces the approach of day, and the huge outlines of the mountains were becoming gradually visible against the blue sky. The early morning breeze called out the fragrant odors of the flowers and shrubs which had laid quelled and dormant under the heavy night dew. Pepito Melendez and his corps advanced rapidly and silently towards the end of the valley where the brigands of El Patudo were supposed to have their haunts.

At length they perceived a line of dark forms which they perceived to be the walls of the convent, and the appearance of some huge shadowy phantom. Arrived within half a league of the extremity of the valley, Pepito and his men turned to the left, and continued in that direction until they reached the foot of the mountain, at a spot where the bed of the torrent ran between two high rocks, on the summit of which a scanty layer of earth afforded nourishment to numerous creeping plants, which overhung and shaded the dry water-course below. In this hiding-place the guerillas entrenched themselves, whilst Pepito climbed the rocks and concealed himself amongst some bushes, at an elevation which enabled him to have a full view over the upper part of the valley. He had not many minutes at his post of observation, when he perceived a line of dark forms which they perceived to be the walls of the convent, and the appearance of some huge shadowy phantom. 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