THE GARLAND.

'With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care.'

DOUBT.

Bright laughs the sun, the Birds that are to Air
Like Song to Life,—are gaily on the wing,
In every mead the handmaid Hours prepare
The delicates of Spring;—
But, if she loves me not!

To me at this fair season still hath been
In every wild flower an exhaustless treasure,
And, when the young-eyed violet first was seen,
Methought to breathe was pleasure;—
But, if she love me not!

How, in thy twilight, DOUBT, at each unknown
Dim shape, the superstitious Love will start;
How Hope itself will tremble at its own
Light shadow on the heart;—
Ah, if she love me not!

Well; I will know the worst, and leave the wind
To drift or drown the venture on the wave;
Life has two friends in grief itself most kind—
Remembrance and the Grave—
Mine, if she love me not!

THE REPOSITORY.

ELLEN LANING,

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Ellen went reluctantly. Herbert saw the cloud, and without divining the cause, said kindly, "You seem to be as little disposed for gaiety to-night as I am. I am really not well, my dear Ellen, and am almost selfish, I fear in requesting you to remain with me." Ellen looked up quickly. All that Miss Warrender had said flashed through her mind and rendered her unwilling to remain.

"Your illness is nothing serious, I hope?" she said.

"No, but I have a severe headache, and am really unfit for society. Will you stay with me, Ellen?" She was silent, and Herbert saw with pain she was displeased also. "It is of no consequence; do not think of it for another moment, Ellen. Perhaps for a headache a sound sleep would be a better panacea than even the tones of your sweet voice." He smiled on her, but there was no answering smile, and disappointed, Herbert slowly left the room. Ellen's first false step was leading her on, until her hold on herself was fast loosening; a thousand miserable thoughts were in her heart and she felt herself angry at Herbert, although her conscience warned her it was without just cause. With a heavy heart and many troubled feelings she arrayed herself for that evening of pleasure. When she informed the Miss Warrenders that her father would escort them, they expressed some surprise; Ellen coldly said, "Mr. Montague had a severe headache—home was the best place for him." To Mrs. Marsden's they went. Miss Warrender separated herself from her companions, and joined Mr. Laning in another part of the room, begged him to see her safely home—"I am really faint and sick and shall recover the moment I breathe fresh air, and will not have one word said to Ellen, who is enjoying herself so much." Mr. Laning acquiesced, attended her to the carriage, and in two hours from the time she had left it, she was in Mr. Laning's house again. Entering the drawing room, she interrupted a comfortable nap Mr. Montague was enjoying—hoped his head was better—was grieved to hear of his illness. He thanked her; and was surprised at her early return. "Oh! the heat was intolerable—such a crowd one could scarcely move. I wonder that woman ever gives parties in such a house; it won't hold thirty people comfortably, and she has not less than two hundred! I did my best to persuade Ellen to return, my illness was such a good excuse, but she voted the company charming, and refused to stir a step. To be sure she had secured the beau in the room; few women can be dull with Richard Loring's undivided attention. Don't you think Loring perfectly irresistible?" and here Miss Warrender paused, literally to recover breath.

"Irresistible!" laughed Herbert; "why not exactly; but fascinating, most certainly he is; I have rarely known his equal in conversational power."

"Just so. I have heard Ellen say the same often;" and then she rambled on to other subjects, interesting and amusing her auditor. Returning to the subject ever present in her mind, she lifted a miniature likeness of Ellen from the table!

"How beautiful Ellen is," she said, "and what an admirable likeness this is of her!"

"It is indeed," replied Herbert, "I think I have never seen a better." Miss Warrender looked at it intently, seeming to be lost in thought. "I really think Loring is mistaken," she said at length.

"In what?" asked Herbert.

"Why I heard him tell Ellen this evening, that a painter could no more transfer the varied beauties of her sweet face to canvass, than he could touch the varying shades of sunlight on the water; it was mind that threw its irradiating and glorious light over all!" Herbert was silent, and it must be owned not altogether pleased.—Miss Warrender turned the conversation easily and skilfully, and Herbert was sufficiently interested to listen, or appear to do so. He was not of a jealous disposition, but somewhat exacting in his demands on the affections of those he loved. He could not but remember Ellen's unwillingness to remain at home, and often during that night his fancy imagined her listening with wrapt attention to the gracefull flattery of Richard Loring.

Ellen Laning's eyes opened slowly and reluctantly as the sunshine of early morning poured its bright light into her sleeping room. In some surprise she saw Miss Warrender standing at her bedside.

"Anna! you are an early visiter, truly. By the way, how did it happen you left so soon last evening? I should have been happy to have attended you home if I had known of your illness."

"It was of no consequence—the heat overcame me: I could not think of disturbing your enjoyment."

"Enjoyment!" said Ellen bitterly—"I was bored to death, and would have been glad of any excuse to get off. Herbert was lucky in his headache.

"Oh! I rather think he was afraid of the horrors you encountered. I found him quite well when I returned—we chatted two hours at least. What a fund of humor he possesses, and how charming he can make himself!" Ellen's brow contracted, but she was silent. "I think," continued Miss Warrender, "you must have made a new conquest, Ellen. I heard Loring pay you a compliment last night such as few women ever receive, or indeed deserve."

Ellen's eyes sparkled and her color rose. "Once before, Miss Warrender, I explained to you fully my feelings towards Richard Loring—never name him again to me in the character of a lover. I never converse with him without mournful feelings, for his high and glorious gifts of intellect are dimmed, dishonored, and will eventually be destroyed by the dissipation into which he plunges so madly. His nights are devoted to excess, his days are frittered away in unmeaning frivolities—there is nothing left him but the pity and contempt of the wise and good." Ellen sighed, for she had thought often and long of Loring, with a mingling of admiration for his high qualities, of scorn for their utter prostitution.

Miss Warrender lingered in the room, and assisted playfully in arranging the curls over Ellen's bright brow. At length she said laughingly—"If you don't punish that recreant knight of yours for such wicked excuses as he is given to make, the world will think you have made him master before his time. I would not allow it."

"Nonsense! Miss Warrender, will you just be quiet about Herbert?" Ellen was angry, and she thought now with very good cause.

"I have seen more years than you, Ellen, and you may take my word for it, there is nothing gained by being too submissive. I tell you this as a friend; I hope you will not take it amiss." Now Miss Warrender's manner had an air of such warm sincerity, was so earnest, so anxious not to give offence, that Ellen was impressed by it. A frown gathered over her brow, and it was still there when Herbert met her at breakfast. It wanted but a spark to kindle the flame, and that was supplied by the watchful Miss Warrender. Regardless for herself in Ellen's estimation, she ventured some remarks, equivocal, but insolent if understood; Ellen's eyes flashed, and she showered down upon her a whole volley of sarcastic and bitter words, which Miss Warrender bore with invincible good temper. The boundary once passed, Ellen cared for nothing, and her perfect recklessness in saying the most aggravating things she could possibly think of was only one of her characteristics when in the mood. Herbert did not hear all this with the pain he would have done twenty-four hours earlier; he did not hear it with the patience he had promised; he did not speak kindly, or even gently, but he said with cold severity—

"Whatever you may think or feel towards us all, and to Miss Warrender in particular, the rites of hospitality should not be infringed. Your duty as hostess should have taught you to spare the feelings of your guests!" Ellen grew pale with anger. "When I need a monitor I will employ one; for the present I feel it unnecessary, and Mr. Montague will understand now and hereafter, that I regard such language from him as insolent"—and here Ellen rose up and fixed her flashing eye upon him—"most unwarrantable and presumptuous, and such as I will not *under any circumstances*, permit!" She left the room. Herbert did the same, and in the solitude of his own chamber gave himself up to the sad and troubled thoughts that oppressed him. This was the end of all the fair promises and bright hopes that had cheered him. Folly! folly to depend on them! and bitterly he reproached himself now, as these thoughts hurried through his mind. If he remembered his promise, it was only to think the day of patience had gone by. He wrote to Ellen and more than once the tears filled his eyes while he penned that letter, but it was done with the manner of one who believed there was no other alternative. He left town the next morning, on a visit to the "far west" of our country.

Let us turn to Miss Warrender, who had been told by Ellen that a further extension of her visit at present would be inconvenient. The tears actually forced their way from eyes all unused to the "melting mood," when she heard of Herbert's departure.—"Foiled!" she muttered; "foiled in every way. Oh the fool, the bitter fool! to give up every thing for that spoiled beauty. I have no patience with him; gone off, nobody knows where. Well! I have done for her! there is some comfort in that; the presumptuous creature! She will cary a weary heart to her grave; I don't regret the trouble she has given me; she may wrap her robe of pride around her, but it will cover a broken heart!" It is certainly true, Miss Warrender's satisfaction was so great, at the misery she had inflicted on Ellen, that she was in a measure consoled for her own disappointment. She left Mr. Laning's house the next day, taking leave of Ellen with as much manifestation of friendship as she had ever shown.

The last and loneliest, was Ellen. Pride, the strong pride of her nature, bore her up on the highest wave of passion. She would not retract—no! not one word—What *right* had Herbert Montague to use such language? There were many who would gladly lay their fortunes at her feet on her own conditions—she would not submit to it! Thus she thought through all that day; but when night came, the tranquil night—when the stars shone out from their distant homes, and the pale moon looked down reprovingly on the restless world, and all sounds had died away on the unquiet earth—a change came over her. "It was the first offence," she murmured, "and Herbert promised to have patience. Oh surely he will come again, and we shall be happier than ever!" But there was a consciousness of guilt that oppressed her heavily, and hope, the polar star of life deserted her. The night passed, and the morrow came; Ellen chanced to be alone in the library when Herbert's letter was handed to her. Ah! how well she remembered that interview in that apartment, her *promises*, and their miserable end. That letter seemed the presage of coming ill; she gazed on the direction until the characters grew dim, she opened it slowly, and with a fearful sinking of the heart, that in after days she remembered as her severest punishment. It was the agony of suspense, and there is no heart so strong as to bear it without shrinking. Every syllable of that letter seemed graven on the mind of Ellen as she read, ay in characters that time might never efface.

"You may think it presumptuous in me to address you, Miss Laning, under the circumstances in which we parted. I do not feel that it is so. You will listen to me, Ellen, for the sake of the mother who loved us both; to the latest hour of my life, I shall feel in your welfare the interest of a brother—to more I shall never aspire. God has given you splendid gifts of mind and person—they were given to be a blessing to others; if we live rightly it is for those around us. Without the power to control yourself, you could neither give or receive happiness. I speak plainly—it is better you should hear the truth. The world is before you; hundreds will worship at your shrine, and see no imperfection; let the one ray of truth prove stronger than the flattery addressed you. Ellen, I conjure you, to be mistress of *yourself*; conquer your temper, or the fair fruit so tempting to the sight will be ashes at the core. When I think of what might have been, the pen drops from my nerveless hand. Ellen! Ellen! if with this great defect in your character I could have rendered you happy, how gladly would I have taken you to my heart! How worse than vain to talk of this! I feel assured you were satisfied of my affection; there is some comfort in that thought. May you be saved such suffering as mine at our separation. O, Ellen! if it had been different—if you could have persevered in your good resolutions, how changed would be our situation now! But this is madness. May the blessing of that God, who ever strengthens the repentant, rest upon you forever!

HERBERT MONTAGUE."

And this was the end! Where is the eye that could go down into that agonized heart, and portray its utter desolateness?—Heavy, heavy and stunning was the shock. Who can tell of the sleepless nights, the anxious days, the sinking of the heart when hope goes out forever? Ellen, in the bitterness of that time you paid the heavy penalty of an indulged sin; in the hush of mid night, when no eye saw but One, was the agony of your deep repentance pitied and pardoned.

We pass over a year. The object of Ellen Laning's life seemed greatly changed. She no longer lived for self; her gentleness of character was now apparently its most striking trait; and if she was sometimes thoughtful to sadness, she never yielded to melancholy. She struggled with steady firmness against such feelings; was constantly occupied in mind or body; and gained so strong a mastery over the emotions of her heart, that no eye could detect the truth without long and close observation. When Ellen thought of her reformation, she hoped it was perfect, but she felt herself little tried where all united in attentions to contribute to her happiness. It was at this period an attack of the gout brought Mr. Laning to the verge of the grave; he recovered slowly, unable to walk without assistance, and suffering almost constantly.—From being a very active business man, he was reduced to the monotony of in-door life; so often in pain as to be unable to read.—Always irritable, he was of course much more so in his illness, and Ellen's task was no easy one. Most faithfully she performed it; she read to him and sang also, and her gentle voice was ever ready with its sweet tones to soothe and sustain. More than once her father questioned her of Herbert's absence; he had not been present at the breakfast scene; but she seemed to suffer so much, that he desisted from further inquiry. Ellen kept her secret, and feeling grateful to her father that he allowed her to do so, redoubled her attention to his comfort.

We will now leave them, and passing over an interval of some months, return to Herbert, who was at —— Springs. Immediately on his arrival he encountered Edward Thornton, a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made in the west. Thornton was a very peculiar character, and a great favorite of Herbert's withal. The small, keen, gray eyes, that looked out from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, saw far and clearly into the devious ways of the human heart; he loved to talk to Herbert of his success in his favorite study—human nature—how, to his eye, every varying shade of the face had come laden with the secrets of the heart. Indeed, his power was almost wonderful, and he rarely if ever mistook character. Herbert had entire confidence in his judgment, and was always attracted by the ceaseless variety of his vigorous and well stored mind. It was the morning after Herbert's arrival the following conversation passed between them:

"How long have you been here, Thornton, and how do you like it?"

"Two weeks—and I like it. I have been at my old study," was the reply of Thornton.

"Plenty of subjects here," said Herbert smiling.

"I have but one subject."

"Man or woman?" queried Herbert.

"Woman—they are better worth studying when they have heart and intellect combined," was Thornton's reply.

"Let us have it," said Herbert; "if you have spent two weeks in making out one woman, she must be extraordinary."

"And so she is," rejoined Thornton, seriously, "extraordinary in every point of view. I don't know her name, I did not choose to have any clue to her character, and would not ask it. And I tell you she is a woman as we rarely see in this soul destroying world!"

"You grow crazy, man!" said Herbert, laughing outright, "why you are caught in spite of your resistence. What does your divinity look like?'

"I will tell you—she possesses beauty of the most striking character; a form that would grace a throne; an intellect whose clear light is softened down by the thousand tender charities that love to dwell in a woman's heart. She is all this, and more, far more. Surrounded by all that proclaims of wealth, she declines social enjoyment, and devotes herself unremittingly to an invalid father. She never leaves him; her time is given sweetly, and freely; and if she had not the temper of an angel, the man's irritable humors would break her heart.'

"You are 'clean gone,'" cried Herbert, with a burst of irrepressible laughter.—"Why you rave like a Bedlamite! your day of freedom is over."

"Mistaken!" said Thornton shaking his head. "I have made a *discovery*—she has loved, and been disappointed."

"How do you make that out?"

"My old study!" said Thornton significantly, "there is an expression of suffering that at times steals over her face, which tells of bitter memories: she has no hope; patient endurance I can read plainly; I have thought, too, self-reproach. And once, when she deemed no human eye was on her, I saw tears, large, blistering tears roll slowly, one after another, down her white cheek, while her thoughts were far back in the regions of the past. Herbert, there was suffering there!"

"I can well believe it," replied Herbert in a low tone, for there was a chord stirred in his bosom that made it tremble.

"Yes there was grief there," continued Thornton, "the bitter grief of wasted reflection thrown back on itself. Poor girl! the world sneer, and the heartless laugh, but the good and gentle will pity you."—Thornton was silent for many moments ere he resumed: "One evening I saw them when the father had been unusually irritable, it seemed almost impossible for her to soothe him. Without asking his consent she sat down at his feet and sang. Oh! what a voice was hers! the rich tones, and, even in their exquisite beauty, still linger on my ear; they went to my heart, and the old man's too; for he laid his hands on her head, saying—"God bless you, my sweet Ellen!"

"Ellen!" exclaimed Herbert, and he turned so pale, and bent such a startled look on Thornton, as filled the latter with amazement.

'Ellen, I said; 'tis a common name."

"True, most true; and there is no similitude!" murmured Herbert.

"I don't exactly understand you," said Thornton dryly, "but it is late. Good morning. By the way you had better go to the rooms to-night, there will be some fine dancing." To the rooms Herbert went, when evening came; and there at the farther end, stood—Ellen Laning! The satin she wore, was scarce whiter than her face—her large, radiant eyes, subdued and softened in their expression, gave to her countenance a beauty that was almost spiritual. Yes, she was beautiful, even as in the days that Herbert so well remembered. It was the first evening she had appeared in public, and there was a hush throughout the room as she moved down in the dance; all eyes were upon her, and Herbert heard one lady say to another: "She is beautiful—a queenly beauty—but to me, the life has gone out of those eyes—so large, so lustrous, and so lovely! See you not how cold they are! they do not brighten; there is no flush on the cheek; no excitement in her manner, yet music is pouring its glad notes in her ear, and the noblest are paying homage to her matchless beauty! Ellen Laning has a sorrow in her young heart, that has left its shadow on all her enjoyments." And Herbert knew the lady who spoke was an earnest and accurate observer of character. More than once his conscience smote him, as he threaded his way through the crowd; he remembered his promise to be patient, and he thought if he had blighted the young heart of Ellen Laning, he scarce deserved forgiveness. He was pale, and had some difficulty in controlling his agitation; he saw that Thornton was Ellen's partner, and had just reached the place where they stood as the dance was over.

He stepped forward—"Miss Laning!"

Ellen started, and grew pale, but commanding herself by a strong effort, she bowed her head—and "hoped she had the pleasure of seeing him well."

She turned instantly; and Thornton led her to a door opening on a balcony, and out into the fresh air. She trembled, notwithstanding her efforts. "Sit down," he said gently, "the fresh air will revive you, the heat has been too much for you."

"Thank you!" said Ellen feebly, and the sweet tones of her voice sank into the very heart of Thornton. "I will bring you a glass of water," he said abruptly, believing a few moments of solitude would benefit her more than any thing else. He passed Herbert as he went in, and with a warm heart, throbbing with indignation, and all the fiery rashness characteristic of him when fully roused, he caught Herbert's arm and led him aside: bending his mouth close to his ear he said fiercely—"Let me tell you, my friend, if you have wronged that girl in word or thought you are a scoundrel not fit to cumber the earth! And I would blow your brains out, as quick as I would do that!" snapping his fingers in his face.—Herbert shook off his grasp with a quiet dignity peculiar to him, and said calmly: "Regain your senses, Thornton, and then you will know I am incapable of such baseness." He turned away, but it was with a heart heavy, and full of misery; Ellen had shrunk at his approach, if not in anger, at least in coldness; love for him had gone out from her heart forever; what right had he to hope it would be otherwise? He had no doubt she was changed—he felt that Thornton had judged rightly, and he clung to the hope, that he was not wrong in believing she still loved and suffered. In half an hour Herbert saw Ellen leave the room; he followed to the parlor where she had left her father, knocked gently but there was no answer, with a trembling hand he opened the door. On a low stool at her father's feet, sat Ellen, tears were on her cheek, and she had laid her weary head on his knee. He seemed to be soothing her, and regretting that he had urged her to go out that evening.

"Ellen! Let us be friends, Ellen! and forget the miserable past"—and Herbert was by her side. "Oh Ellen, if you can forgive—for I too have been to blame—and can love me, as once you did, we may be happy yet." Ellen's father drew the poor trembling girl into his arms, and kissed her.—"Speak frankly, my daughter," he said; "if you can indeed love Herbert, it would be a happiness my old age hardly hoped for, to see you united." Ellen stood up, and extended her hand, looked on him she had loved so long and so well, and for whose dear sake she had conquered self; and though her voice faltered, there was a smile struggling through her tears as she said—"Herbert should judge my love by his own!" and Herbert took her to his heart and called her his own forever. When they were alone he told her Thornton's story, and such encomiums as lovers' lips so often frame, and loving woman is so glad to hear, fell sweetly on Ellen's ear. She went back to that first promise, and its disastrous conclusion, and in detailing her feelings, Miss Warrender's insinuations came to light; this reminded Herbert of his own experience, and he related the kindly efforts of that excellent lady in his behalf. "Do you not see, Herbert, how good has come out of evil? I never should have succeeded in conquering myself, but for this frightful separation; and thus it is Providence so often permits the evil-minded to triumph, that a blessing on others may be the result." She lifted up her earnest eyes, and Herbert thought as he looked, that life had come again into those shining orbs.

There are seasons in this world, over whose unclouded happiness there falls no shadow from the earth, when the heart goes up in gratitude to God and the mind is surrendered to the intense enjoyment of the present. Such feelings were Ellen Laning's, and oh! how the rapture of that re-union was increased by the consciousness that she *deserved* it—that her efforts had been unwearied, and had been rewarded as such self-exertion ever will be. The next day they walked some distance from the house, and unexpectedly encountered Thornton.—He started in astonishment—there was no mistaking the beaming eyes of the now happy Ellen, or the bright color that tinged her fair cheek; gladness dwelt in her joyous smile, and the quiet happiness of a heart at rest. Herbert lifted his hat, "Good morning Thornton; I hope you are in a better humor now than you were last night. Come Ellen, plead for me, he was going to blow my brains out on your account, so it is but fair that you should defend me." Ellen smiled and bowed, but she colored deeply; she could not avoid noticing Thornton's confusion, she suspected his secret, and with a woman's tenderness she pitied. "I see I was taken. I leave to-night. God bless you both," and he hurried from them. It was the first woman, and the last, that ever produced any impression on the wayward, but generous heart of Edward Thornton.

Our friends returned to the city. Mr. Laning, aware of his failing health, hastened on the marriage, and Ellen consented—it was Herbert asked.

They were married; in the course of a wedding tour they passed through the village where Miss Warrender resided. She came to see them in a perfect paroxysm of delight, overwhelming Ellen with congratulations, and declaring Herbert to be a "most perfect man."

"I really cannot stand that!" exclaimed Herbert; "no one in this world should claim perfection—unless indeed it is Miss Warrender."

"Not even your wife?" inquired Miss Warrender.

"Not even my wife"—said Herbert, looking fondly on Ellen—"she is too truly good, to make any pretension"—and he lifted her small white hand to his lips, with an expression of countenance that dwelt on Miss Warrender's memory for months. There was entire and perfect confidence between them; and Herbert Montague had given no divided love to sweet Ellen Laning.

☞"My dear sir," said a gentleman to a hard drinker, "do stop toping so, or you will wear out the coats of your stomach." "Then let the stomach work in its shirt sleeves!" was the reply.

☞Hon. Mr. PICKENS, of South Carolina, declines a re-election to Congress.

☞State elections will be held this month in North Carolina, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Alabama, Missouri and Tennessee.

Mechanics, Read This!

☞Mr. Habersham, the free trader who made a minority report to Congress in answer to Mr. Saltonstall's position in favor of a discriminating tariff, meets the objection that our manufacturers cannot stand without duties higher than twenty per cent, by telling us that WE MUST REDUCE THE WAGES OF THE LABORER—that the free white man of Georgia, in the iron and gold mines get only fifteen dollars a month, out of which they support themselves and families; and if we insist upon paying $25 a month, we ought not to tax others for our benefit. How do our mechanics like such doctrine as this?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Electors of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I beg leave to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of

REGISTER

at the ensuing general election; and if elected will discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

WILLIAM GOULD.

Carlisle, August 3, 1842. te-40

"Sich a Gittin' up Stairs!"

THE Subscriber, at the solicitation of many of his friends, offers himself to the consideration of his fellow citizens for the office of

Register

of Cumberland county, at the election in October next, "subject to the decision of the" ballot-boxes. He deems it superfluous to prate about honesty, capacity, modesty, fidelity, &c. &c., but if elected he pledges himself to be as honest as the times will admit, and to perform the *arduous* duties of said office to the satisfaction of all interested.

JAMES R. SMITH.

Carlisle, July 27, 1842. te-39

To the Electors of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I offer myself to your consideration for the office of

REGISTER

of Cumberland county at the ensuing general election, (Subject to the decision of a Democratic county Convention) and if elected will discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

WESLEY MILES.

South Middleton tp. July 13, 1842 te-37

To the Electors of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of

PROTHONOTARY

of Cumberland County, at the election in October next, and if elected pledge myself to perform the duties of said office with fidelity, and to the best of my ability.

WM. M. BEETEM.

Carlisle, June 22, 1842. tf.34

To the Electors of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I offer myself to your consideration for the office of

Recorder and Clerk of the Courts

of Cumberland County at the ensuing general election, and if elected will discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

GEORGE F. CAIN,

Mechanicsburg, June 22, 1842. te-34

CIRCULAR.

To the Friends of Immediate Emancipation in the Middle Counties and parts adjacent of Pennsylvania.

IN the progress of our just and righteous cause towards the redemption of our country from the iniquitous system of Slavery, the period we believe, has arrived when the friends of Equal Rights should awaken from the apathy in which they have so long slumbered, and prepare for renewed and more vigorous exertion. Hitherto our labors have been divided and our efforts weakened for want of co-operation. Shall we remain inactive until this moral warfare shall have been decided—recreant to our faith? Or, rather *shall we not* in the language of conduct declare, that Slavery in every *form* and in every *clime* is abhorrent to our feelings; at variance with our convictions of truth and justice; and that we are *called upon* to use all just and lawful means for its complete and final destruction.

If we are disposed to forget the claims of oppressed humanity, *self preservation* should rouse us to action. Do we value the inherent liberty of our natures, *bestowed* upon us by a beneficent Providence, and *guaranteed* by the laws of the land? Do we desire to see the Constitution of our country preserved inviolate? "Citizens of each State, entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the several States"? Then must we "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." In the present crisis our cause is identified with theirs. Can we then hesitate on the course we ought to pursue? Urged by a sense of duty; by the calls of suffering millions; by all that is dear on earth, let us prepare for a more energetic action.

In furtherance of these views it is proposed to call a *CONVENTION*, to take into consideration the means best calculated to advance the cause of Immediate Emancipation, of such of the Middle Counties and parts adjacent, as may have in them persons prepared for such a measure, to be held in Petersburg, (York Springs,) Adams County, on the *23d of 8th month* (August) 1842, at 10 o'clock, A. M.;—at which time and place all who are friendly to the cause are invited to attend.

WM. WRIGHT,
Chairman of the Publishing Committee of York Springs Anti-Slavery Society.

August 3, 1842. 3t-40

Estate of Jacob Harnish, dec'd.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that Letters Testamentary on the last will and testament of JACOB HARNISH, late of South Middleton township, Cumberland County, deceased, have this day been issued by the Register of said County to the subscriber who resides in the said township of South Middleton. All persons having claims or demands against the Estate of the said decedent, are requested to make known the same without delay, and those indebted to make payment to

JOHN PETERS,
Executor of Jacob Harnish.

July 20, 1842. 6t-39

Estate of John Tanger, deceased.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of JOHN TANGER, late of South Middleton township, Cumberland county, deceased, having been granted to the subcriber, residing in the same township, all persons indebted to the estate will make payment immedaitely, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

CHRISTIAN HERR, Adm'r.

July 27, 1842. 6t-39

MRS. WM. E. CAMP,

FORMERLY of the Washington Hotel, has removed to

THE MANSION HOUSE,

Corner of Second and Rail-Road Streets,

Where she will be pleased to accommodate her old customers and others, in the best style and on the most reasonable terms.

Harrisburg, March 16, 1842. tf-20

DRAP D'ETE,

A BEAUTIFUL Material for Gentlemen's Summer Wear, just received by the subscriber

GEO. W. HITNER.

June 22, 1842. tf-34

FRIDLEY & ROBINSON,

Tin, Coppersmith, and Stove Business.

JACOB FRIDLEY & ELIAZER ROBINSON, having entered into Co-Partnership, in the Tin, Copper and Stove Business, under the firm of FRIDLEY & ROBINSON, respectfully inform the public that they intend carrying on their business in all its branches, at the old stand of Jacob Fridley, North Hanover street, Carlisle; where they will at all times, be prepared to serve purchasers with any article in their line, on the most reasonable terms.

In addition to all other varieties of stoves, which they will constantly have on hand, they have purchased of Mr. J. G. Hathaway, the exclusive right to manufacture and sell, in the counties of Cumberland and Dauphin

Hathaway's Patent "Hot Air Cooking Stoves."

And being aware that the people in this place and vicinity, have been much imposed upon by the introduction of new and highly recommended articles which they have been induced to purchase, and which have been so slightly made, and of such bad material, that in a short time they have failed and become useless. We, therefore, do not intend offering stoves for sale until they are fairly tried in this community, and pronounced more durable in their construction, better adapted to the purposes of boiling, baking and all the varieties of cooking than any other stove; also, that they are a great saving of fuel as well as labour.

☞We earnestly invite farmers as well as residents of this place and the neighboring villages, to call on us at S. Wunderlich's hotel, or notify us by letters (postage unpaid) that they are willing to try our stove—and the stove shall be placed in the kitchen of every person giving us such notice, and taken away after trial, without any expense to persons making the trial.

The stoves will be kept for sale at the Tin Shop of Mr. Jacob Fridley, and at the Foundry of Messrs. Lay & Stouffer, in Carlisle.

Having contracted for *One Hundred Tons* of Castings, we will, in a few days, supply stove dealers with all the different sizes, on the most liberal terms.

ELEAZER ROBINSON, of Carlisle, is agent for selling the right to make and vend the HOT AIR STOVE, and will dispose of counties in this and the adjoining States.

We publish the following recommendations from some of those who are using the stove, to encourage others to try it.

CARLISLE, Sept. 12, 1841.

I have in use in my kitchen one of Hathaway's Patent Hot Air Cooking Stoves, and can recommend it as a very superior article. The one I have is No. 3. It has 5 boilers and an oven sufficiently large to bake six loves of bread. The baking, roasting and broiling can all be done at the same time and with much less wood than is required for any stove which we have used.

This size appears to be peculiarly calculated for Farmers, and for their benefit I invite them to call and see this stove in use, as I shall take pleasure in showing this stove to all whom interest or curiosity may induce to examine it.

SIMON WUNDERLICH.

CARLISLE, Sept. 11, 1841.

Messrs. E Robinson & Co.—GENTLEMEN, I have during the few days I have had your Hathaway's Hot Air Stove in use, become convinced of its great superiority over all other stoves I have used or seen. I find by the trial that boiling, roasting, baking and broiling may all be done at the same time, in a most perfect manner, and with less than one fourth the fuel I have ordinarily used for the same purposes. I have heretofore been of the opinion that bread could not be well baked in a cooking stove, but I am convinced upon trial that it can be done as well in your stove as in a brick oven.

I believe that the general introduction of your stove into use will be very beneficial to the public, therefore I shall take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM MOODY.

CARLISLE, Sept. 10, 1841.

Messrs. E. Robinson & Co.—Gentlemen, I have fairly tested the "Hot Air Stove" which you put up at my house, and can recommend it as possessing principles of economy and convenience far surpassing any other store which I have ever seen.

The boilers coming in immediate contact with the fire gives great facilities for boiling, and the oven is heated on such a principle that bread is baked in as fine a manner as in a brick oven. I find it also a great saving of fuel and labor, and would advise all to adopt it.

MITCHEL McCLELLAN.

CHAMBERSBURG, Sept. 6, 1841.

I do certify that I am now using one of Hathaway's Patent Hot Air Cooking Stoves, No. 3, and do recommend it as superior to any stove I have seen, the great saving of fuel, and the variety that can be cooking at the same time, makes it an object to those who wish to facilitate the operations of the kitchen.

JOS. CULBERTSON.

Carlisle, June 22, 1842. ts15-34

READ WHAT IT HAS DONE.

AND if you have a friend, a relation, or know any one that is afflicted with that distressing disease, "CONSUMPTION," persuade them without delay to try that famous and unrivaled medicine, the

"Balsam of Wild Cherry,"

which has cured thousands of this complaint after everything else had failed. Read the following undoubted proofs of its efficacy:

ROXBOROUGH, Sept. 10 1841.

DEAR SIR:—Please send me two more bottles of your Balsam of Wild Cherry, like that you sent me before. I have taken nearly all of the first two, and confidently believe this medicine will cure me. I have used a great many remedies within the last year, but have never found any thing that has relieved me so much. It has stopped my cough entirely, checked my night sweats, and I sleep better at night and feel better in every way, than I have for many months. Yours, respectfully,

JAMES KELLY.

HOLMESBURG, Sept. 12, 1841.

FRIEND WISTAR:—I must again trouble thee to send me two bottles more of thy invaluable Balsam. I have now taken three bottles in all, and can assure thee that it has done more good than all the medicine I have ever taken before. Send by the stage as soon as possible, and oblige thy friend,

JOSEPH HOLLOWAY.

BRISTOL, Sept. 8, 1841.

DEAR DOCTOR:—Hearing so many people talk of the wonderful cures your Balsam of Wild Cherry has made in Consumption, I sent to one of your Agents the other day for a bottle, and have found it to have relieved me so much, that I want three bottles more sent soon, as I believe it will cure me too. I have used Jayne's Expectorant and other medicines besides, but nothing has done me as much good as yours has. Send by the steamboat Bolivar.

Yours, truly,
WILLIAM THOMAS.

☞Besides its astonishing efficacy in Consumption, it is also the most effectual remedy ever discovered for LIVER COMPLAINTS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, &c., as hundreds will testify who have been cured by it after all other remedies had failed.

DRUGGISTS and DEALERS will find this medicine a valuable addition to their stock, and should always keep it on hand, as it is universally acknowledged to be one of the most useful family medicines now in use.

☞Be very careful to ask for Dr. *WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY*. Sold wholesale and retail by WILLIAMS & CO., Chemists, No. 33, South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

☞The genuine Balsam sold in Carlisle by, SAMUEL ELLIOTT, appointed Agent. Price—$1 per Bottle.

June 22, 1842. 1s20-33

COACH & HARNESS MAKING.

EBENEZER D. NUTZ,

SUCCESSOR to F. A. Kennedy, Coach Maker, takes pleasure in informing the public generally, that he is prepared to render satisfaction in the construction or repair of

CARRIAGES,

of every description. His workmen are of the first class, being originally from the city of Philadelphia, (and himself likewise)—and his materials are of the best kind.

CARRIAGES will be finished in the most improved style, and nothing shall be wanting to give full satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. He therefore hopes to receive a share of public patronage.

The establishment is in Pitt street, south of High, in the rear of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Carlisle, March 30, 1842. tf.22

N. B. Old carriages, or any kind of trade that is marketable, taken in exchange for new work.

E. D. N.

Dr. LEIDY'S TETTER & ITCH 25 Cts OINTMENT 25 Cts

THIS OINTMENT is a safe and agreeable application, and has never been known to fail in curing various affections of the skin, when used according to directions.

Hundreds of certificates might be procured of its efficacy from Captains of Vessels, School Teachers, Principals of Factories, and Parents, were it not for the delicacy of having their names published in connection with so loathsome and disagreeable affections.

☞Price, Twenty-five cents a box.

Prepared and sold only, wholesale and retail, at Dr. LEIDY'S HEALTH EMPORIUM, 191 North Second street, near Vine. (sign of the Golden Eagle and Serpents) Philadelphia.

For sale in Carlisle, by
STEVENSON & DINKLE,
Agents for Cumberland County.

Carlisle, May 18, 1842. 1y-29

Splendid Lotteries for August '42.

J. G. Gregory & Co. Managers.

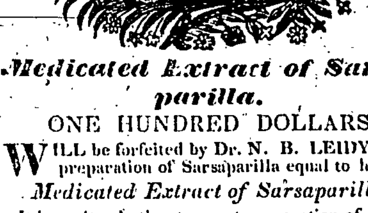
$35,294 Capital—making $30,000 Alexandria Lottery, Class A for 1842. To be drawn at Alexandria Va. on Saturday, August 20 1842. Brilliant Scheme: 1 prize of $35,294 1 do 12,500 1 do 10,000 1 do 5,000 1 do 3,000 1 do 2,500 1 do 2,000 1 do 1,975 1 do 1,600 1 do 1,500 2 do 1,250 2 do 1,200 20 do 1,000 29 do 500 20 do 400, &c. &c. Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2,50. Certificates of packages of 26 whole tickets $130 do do 26 halves 65 do do 26 quarters 32 00.

Capital 30,000 Dollars!—Union Lottery—Class No. 12 for 1842. To be drawn at Alexandria, D. C. on Saturday, August 27 1842. Brilliant Scheme 100 prizes of $1,000, 1 do $30,000, 1 do 10,000, 1 do 5,000, 1 do 3,000, 1 do 2,500, 1 do 1,017, &c. &c. Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2,50. Certificates of packages of 25 wholes $130, do do 25 halves 65, do do 25 quarters 32 50.

For tickets and shares or certificates of pakages in the above splendid Lotteries, address

J. G. GREGORY & CO., Managers,
Washington, D. C.

Drawings sent immediately after they are over to all who order as above.



Medicated Extract of Sarsaparilla.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

WILL be forfeited by Dr. N. B. LEIDY, for a preparation of Sarsaparilla equal to his

Medicated Extract of Sarsaparilla.

It is positively the strongest preparation of Sarsaparilla in existence, ONE BOTTLE is equal to six pints of any other Syrup that is made, and is bought by numerous persons throughout the city and country for making therefrom, and who sell it at seventy-five cents or one dollar per bottle (about half a pint.)

The efficacy of Sarsaparilla is well known in Scrofula or King's Evil, Erysipelas, Diseases of the Liver, Affection of the Skin and Bones, Ulcers of the Nose, Throat and Body, as well as an Antidote to Mercury and the Minerals, Constitutional Diseases, and a general purifier of the Blood and Animal Fluids. Comment upon its virtues is unnecessary, every body knows its efficacy. It is only necessary when using it to get a good preparation of it, and then there will be no disappointment in its effects.

Dr. Leidy would refer to the most respectable physicians in Philadelphia, as well as throughout the United States, for the character of his preparation, as well also to the numerous certificates from physicians and others, that have been from time to time published, now deemed unnecessary, as the character of his preparation is firmly established. Throughout the Southern States it is used altogether, and throughout the North takes the precedence over all others, particularly among the physicians, who, for the benefit of their patients, always recommend it.

The reader is referred to the directions accompanying each bottle, for recommendations, certificates, and further certificates.

☞PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail at Dr. LEIDY'S HEALTH EMPORIUM, No. 191 North Second street, below Vine, sign of the Golden Eagle & Serpents, Philadelphia; and for sale in Carlisle, by

STEVENSON & DINKLE,
Agents for Cumberland County.

Carlisle, May 18, 1842. 1y-29

Notice.

A PETITION for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, has been filed by WILLIAM S. ALLEN, late Innkeeper, Cumberland County,

and Tuesday the 30th day of August next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy at the District Court Room in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioner, who have proved their debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRA'S. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District Court.

Philadelphia, June 11, 1842. 10t-33

☞The postage must be paid on all letters of business, otherwise they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

CONSUMPTION!! COUGHS, COLDS &c.

Every Body Ought to Know of DR. BECHTER'S

Pulmonary Preservative.

SO effectual in Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Catarrhs, Asthma, Pains of the Side and of the Breast, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Whooping Cough, all Diseases of the Breast and Lungs, and for the arrest of approaching Consumption.

So popular is Dr. Bechter's Pulmonary Preservative throughout all Germany, and so affectual in Diseases of the Lungs, that from its miraculous effects and wonderful cures—it is there generally known and styled "Dr. Bechter's Life Preserver."

As numerous certificates of its very good effects, and wonderful cures in this country, have been frequently published, it is deemed necessary only to remind the public of so valuable a medicine, and inform them where it can be procured genuine.

☞Price—Fifty Cents a half pint bottle.

* Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at Dr. LEIDY'S HEALTH EMPORIUM, No. 191 North Second street, below Vine, (sign of the Golden Eagle and Serpents) Philadelphia.

For sale in Carlisle, by
STEVENSON & DINKLE,
Agents for Cumberland County.

Carlisle, May 18, 1842. 1y-29