

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

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HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

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CONFECTIONARY, FRUITS & C.

LINE & MONYER.

WOULD inform their friends and the public that they have just received a store on High Street, next door to Beatty's Hotel, containing a large, fresh, and elegant assortment of CANDIES, FRUITS, and other articles in their line, which they are ready to dispose of, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms. Their assortment comprises the following varieties, all of which are of the choicest quality:—CANDIES—Wine, Riband, curls, spruce, mint, plum, cakes and rolls, cinnamon, saffron, lemon, Bourbon, clove, cream and bird-eye. Temporary or pepper candies, Jackson and Clay balls, lemon balls, French and common Neuge's French, cream and exploding secrets, mint, drop rock and vanilla, sugar and burnt honey, citron candy, tarts, &c. &c. NUTS—Almonds, filberts, English walnuts, shell hazel, chestnuts, and Brazil, cream, coconut and ground nuts. FRUITS—Oranges, lemons, raisins, figs, prunes, dates and citron. Also the best Swedish tobacco and Segar:—No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Their assortment is kept constantly supplied by fresh, authentic, Country merchants are invited to call, as they can be supplied on terms as advantageous as city prices. The patronage of the public respectfully solicited. Carlisle, April 25, 1843.

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale at very reduced prices, a full assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs,

Stationery, Fine Cut Pipes, in the Room, Letter C. Slates by the dozen, Silver Pencils, Drawing C. Sable hair do., Drawing Paper, Sealing Wax, Water Colors, and a variety of fine quality, Painting Brushes, Graining do., Shaving do., Teeth do., Feathers, Ink, and all the usual assortment of Stationery. Variety, &c. &c. *Spices Ground and Engground.* Together with every other article in the Drug line, at the attention of Physicians, Merchants and Dealers, is solicited as I am determined to sell at very low prices for Cash. Carlisle, March 15, 1843.

Small Profits & Quick Sales.

THE subscriber has just opened his new GOODS, which will sell for Cash, consist of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satines, drillings, vestings, &c. &c. for 12 1/2, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Bleached Muslin for 12 1/2. Bleached Muslin for 13. Bleached Muslin for 14. Bleached Muslin for 15. Bleached Muslin for 16. Bleached Muslin for 17. Bleached Muslin for 18. Bleached Muslin for 19. Bleached Muslin for 20. Bleached Muslin for 21. Bleached Muslin for 22. Bleached Muslin for 23. Bleached Muslin for 24. Bleached Muslin for 25. Bleached Muslin for 26. Bleached Muslin for 27. Bleached Muslin for 28. Bleached Muslin for 29. Bleached Muslin for 30. Bleached Muslin for 31. Bleached Muslin for 32. Bleached Muslin for 33. Bleached Muslin for 34. Bleached Muslin for 35. Bleached Muslin for 36. Bleached Muslin for 37. Bleached Muslin for 38. Bleached Muslin for 39. Bleached Muslin for 40. Bleached Muslin for 41. Bleached Muslin for 42. Bleached Muslin for 43. Bleached Muslin for 44. Bleached Muslin for 45. Bleached Muslin for 46. Bleached Muslin for 47. Bleached Muslin for 48. Bleached Muslin for 49. Bleached Muslin for 50. Bleached Muslin for 51. Bleached Muslin for 52. Bleached Muslin for 53. Bleached Muslin for 54. Bleached Muslin for 55. Bleached Muslin for 56. Bleached Muslin for 57. Bleached Muslin for 58. Bleached Muslin for 59. Bleached Muslin for 60. Bleached Muslin for 61. Bleached Muslin for 62. Bleached Muslin for 63. Bleached Muslin for 64. Bleached Muslin for 65. Bleached Muslin for 66. Bleached Muslin for 67. Bleached Muslin for 68. Bleached Muslin for 69. Bleached Muslin for 70. Bleached Muslin for 71. Bleached Muslin for 72. Bleached Muslin for 73. Bleached Muslin for 74. Bleached Muslin for 75. Bleached Muslin for 76. Bleached Muslin for 77. Bleached Muslin for 78. Bleached Muslin for 79. Bleached Muslin for 80. Bleached Muslin for 81. Bleached Muslin for 82. Bleached Muslin for 83. Bleached Muslin for 84. Bleached Muslin for 85. Bleached Muslin for 86. Bleached Muslin for 87. Bleached Muslin for 88. Bleached Muslin for 89. Bleached Muslin for 90. Bleached Muslin for 91. Bleached Muslin for 92. Bleached Muslin for 93. Bleached Muslin for 94. Bleached Muslin for 95. Bleached Muslin for 96. Bleached Muslin for 97. Bleached Muslin for 98. Bleached Muslin for 99. Bleached Muslin for 100. Carlisle, May 3, 1843.

Forwarding & Commission BUSINESS.

GEORGE FLEMING.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he is prepared to receive, forward and dispose of Produce of every description, either at the Philadelphia or Baltimore Markets, or at any other point in the South. As he will attend in person to the delivery and sale of all articles entrusted to his care, the most satisfactory and speedy return is guaranteed. He is also prepared to transact the most prompt and the most profitable business entrusted to him. Farmers and others having any article which they wish to dispose of, will do well to call on him, immediately opposite the Mansion House, and Rail Road Depot, West High Street, Carlisle. G. F. is authorized to purchase several hundred barrels of Grain, for which the highest price will be given. Carlisle, May 17, 1843.

FARMERS' HOTEL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the

PUBLIC HOUSE.

located at the corner of East High Street, a few doors east of the Court House, where he will at all times be ready to receive and accommodate the comforts of those who may favor him with their custom. His BAR shall be constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and his TABLE with the best market can furnish. A careful OSTLER always kept in attendance, and nothing shall be left undone to please all who may call. BOARDERS taken by the week, month or year. WILLIAM BROWN, Carlisle, April 12, 1843.

Jayne's Family Medicines.

AN additional supply of the above valuable Medicines, consisting of—Jenny's Expectant, Tonic Vermifuge, Hair Tonic, Scurvy Pills, and Compound Balsam. Received and for sale by S. ELLIOTT, Agent for Carlisle.

FARM FOR SALE.

WILL be sold at private sale a FARM of 100 acres

LIMESTONE LAND.

Situated in South Middle town, one mile West of Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa., lying on the Walnut Bottom Road, containing 120 ACRES, more or less, having thereon erected a two story

STONE HOUSE.

A large and comfortable house of granite, water, a young and thriving apple GROVE, &c. &c. Also a lot of land, containing 100 acres, situated on the Walnut Bottom Road, passing through this Farm which gives a market for all the produce raised upon it by government. The above property will be sold upon easy terms, and the purchaser will please call upon Andrew Hays, in Carlisle, or on the subscriber at 1011 Mill & a half street, in Philadelphia. JOHN HAYS, Agent, Carlisle, Pa., Dec. 27, 1843.

HOUSE PAINTER, GLAZIER, PAPER HANGING.

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Carlisle and the public in general, that he has commenced the above business at the residence of Mr. Beatty, on High Street, and hopes that by his skill and industry, he will be able to please all who may favor him with their patronage. He may be found at the corner of South High Street and East Chestnut, every evening from 7 o'clock to 10 o'clock. JOHN HAYS, Agent, Carlisle, July 10, 1843.

POETRY.

The following Ode was pronounced by Coleridge to be one of the best he ever read. The author of it is Mr. Pringle who formerly travelled in Africa.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the arrows of Life the soul o'ercast,
And the sorrows of Present Life the soul o'ercast,
And sick of the Present I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears
From the shadows of things that had long since fled;
Flit o'er the brain like ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed e'er manhood's noon
Attainments—by fate or by falsehood's veil;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name,
Thereto the desert like a siren's song,
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—now now forsaken—forgotten—forgone!
And—A lone exile—remembered by none;
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is here and there,
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may see,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the mild (ordeal) of this is a carolous life,
With the scenes of oppression, corruption and strife;
The proud man's brow and the lame man's tears;
The sorrow's laugh and the sufferer's tears;
And molter, and memento—and falset and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed;
With the death fraught fire-lock in my hand—
The only law of a Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot has never passed,
And the universal Corona or Bechuan,
Hath scarcely crossed his rising sand;
And regions of captives, howling and dead,
Which man hath abandoned from gentile and fiend,
Which the sneaker and lizard inhabit alone—
With the twilight bat from the yawny stone
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub take root;
Save poisonous thorns which pierce the foot
And the bitter malar for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake brink—
A region of death where no river glides.

Nor rippling brook with its grassy sides—
Where scaly pool, nor bubbling fountain,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the lone earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon, rotund and round,
Spreads—void of living light or sound.

And here, while the night winds around me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky;
As I sit afar by the desert stone,
Like Elijah by Horeb's cave alone,
I will soul voice come through the wild,
Like a father's counsel, loving and dear,
Which banishes bitterness, sorrow and fear,
Saying—"MAN IS MORTAL, BUT GOD IS BLESS'D."

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ing, its nobler and more tender feelings, and she trusted to time and her own truth to conquer the one and arouse the other.

But in the mean time she would be no pining victim to neglect. Her sweet lip curled—her dark eyes flashed—her high spirit revolved at the thought! She would sooner die than humble herself in his eyes!

She would love him, it is true, dearly, deeply, devotedly; but it should be in the silent depths of a soul he could not fathom. Not till he should own a love, fervent and devoted as her own, would she yield to the tenderness he inspired. Not till then should he unveil to him the altar on which his image dwelt enshrined like a deity of old, with the breath of affection for its incense, ever burning over and around it, and the fruits and flowers of feeling and of thought—its sacrifice.

She would wed him, because her fortune could assist his efforts for the good of his country and his own distinction. She would have bestowed that fortune upon him without her hand, but she knew his pride too well to dream he would accept it, and her resolution was taken.

For his life Mr. William Harwood could not have told whether his intended bride had any claims to beauty or to talent. He saw that her manners were refined, he knew that her fortune was immense, and he was satisfied. He heeded not—neither he ever dreamed of the riches of her heart and mind. But while ambition and selfishness blinded his eyes to her superiority, it was not so with others. A dazzling fire complexion, soft, wavy hair, of the palest brown, hazel eyes, intensely dark and fringed with long, thick lashes of the same hue, a straight Greek nose, a mouth of exquisite beauty, in the expression of which sweetness and spirit were charmingly combined—these were the least of her attractions.

A thousand nameless graces, a thousand lovely but indescribable enchantments in manner, look and tone, betrayed the soul within and yet with all this, she was so modest, so timid, so thoroughly feminine and gentle in all her ways and words, that she would never dream of calling her a beauty, or of making her a belle. It was thus she loved that she enchained.

CHAPTER II.

She stood like a beautiful statue by his side. She quelled her tears—she hushed her heart, and spoke in accents calm and cold as his own the vows which were to bind them for life unto each other. She received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances without a sigh—a blush, a sign of emotion—modestly but coldly. Even Harwood himself wondered at her strange self-possession, and while he wondered rejoiced that she had so little feeling to trouble him with. But when her father approached to say farewell, and lead her to the carriage, which was to bear her far from home, her proud resolve gave way! She threw herself on his breast and sobbed passionately and wildly, like a griefed and frightened child, till her husband, astonished at such a display of emotion in, one usually so quiet and subdued, drew her gently away, and seating himself beside her in the carriage, ordered the driver to proceed.

Harriet withdrew from his arm, pleaded fatigue, covered her face with her veil, and soon succeeding in conquering every outward sign of emotion, sat still and silent during the journey.

It was the evening of the wedding-day. The bride had retired to dress for dinner and Harwood sat dressing before his library fire, when a note was put into his hand by a footman. What was his surprise at the contents!

"You do not love me!—and no pretence of love which you may adopt from motives of duty or compassion will avail with me. You had your object in proposing this union—I had mine in accepting that proposal. Be content that those objects are gained, and let me be your wife but in name, I beseech you."

Harwood started at the paper with astonishment at first; but he had always looked upon Harriet as a child, and his soon began to consider this as some childish and romantic whim, which required his indulgence.

Amused, perplexed, and, if the truth must be told, a little piqued without, he hastily wrote on a slip of paper—"Be it so!" and folding it, laid it on the table by the side of her chair.

Harriet blushed as she entered, but took her seat quietly and silently. She glanced at the paper, and with a trembling hand unfolded it. Her cheek and eye kindled as she read, and her pretty lip quivered for a moment. The next she put the letter by, and proceeded, with calm and graceful self-possession, to the duties of the table.

And Mr. Harwood, thinking to himself, for the first time, that his wife was a woman, was by and by dismissed, and the subject was from his mind, and dismissed the dinner with great calm, and the political topics of the day with still greater.

But that was by no means the case. He had been, from childhood, so devoted to intellectual pursuits, that he had never found time even to think of love. Had his good angel but whispered to him, at that moment, that his beautiful *vis a vis* loved him as her life, and that her full heart was waiting and expecting his love in return, he would have given it as in honor bound, and have wondered that he never thought of it before; but the trouble was, he did not happen to think any thing about it; and I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to scold him, for if he had thought I should have had no story to tell.

CHAPTER III.

Seeing Harriet only at meals, and absorbed in his ambitious schemes, Harwood at last almost forgot that he had a wife, and the poor girl strove to content herself in her own silent and secret worship of her husband.

But love, unloved, is but a weary task at best! Better being in the grave, in dreamless, careless rest!

She mingled sometimes with the gay; but society had no excitement for a mind like hers. She could not long enjoy a conversation in which her heart was not in some way interested. For, while the poetry of feeling was her element, Harriet was not an intellectual person—she was more spiritual than intellectual—her heart supplied the place of a mind.

One evening, at a party, a young English officer approaching Harwood exclaimed, "My dear sir! do you know, can you tell me the name of that beautiful creature leaning by the window? There, that pale, dark eyed girl in white! You ought to know, for she has been looking at you, with her whole soul in the look, for the last five minutes."

Harwood looked up; he caught the eloquent gaze of those beautiful eyes; he saw her start and instantly avert them, with a sudden blush, as if detected in a crime, and strange and new emotions thrilled his heart. The hour had come. Love, the high priest had suddenly appeared at the altar, and the fire was kindled at length, never again to be wholly extinguished. For the first time aroused to a sense of her singular loveliness, for the first time possessing her hidden passion for himself, he colored, smiled, and seemed so confused, that his friend was turning away in surprise. But Harwood recovered himself, and taking his arm, led him forward and introduced him to his wife.

As we have said before, Harwood by no means without a heart, but his giant intellect and his situation in life had hitherto rendered him unconscious of so valuable a possession. After listening for a few moments impatiently to Harriet's graceful and naive conversation with the handsome young officer, he drew her hand within his arm, and pressing it tenderly, whispered, "Let us go home, dear Harriet; I am weary of this scene."

"Dear Harriet!" Was she dreaming!—the words, the tone, the look, the light of eyes, all thrilled to her inmost heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and trembling with the heavenly ecstasy of the moment, almost fainting, indeed, from excess of emotion, she murmured,

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