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Poetical.

THE SIGNAL STAR.

By Fanny Forester.

Come back, come back, my childhood!—L. E. L.

I'd recall my childhood, With all its sweet delight, Its simple, bird-like glances,

It was not spring bright, E'er morning had her dew drops, And on the fairest cradle I've seen the shadows lie.

I'd not recall my childhood, Though tender memories throng Around its rosy days, Preclusive to life's song;

The full voiced living chorus, In swelling round me now, And a rosy light resting Upon my maiden brow.

I have made a cheerful journey Up the hill of life's ascent, I have gathered flowers and blossoms, I've been plucked by many a thorn;

But from out of the core of sorrow I have gathered sweetest joys, Which mortals gather In their careless strife with care.

Now I grasp life's burning breaker, And bow'er the bubbles glow, I'll pause not till I've tasted No deeper wave below;

Though bitter drops may mingle, The crimson tide shall roll, In full and fearless currents Through the fountains of my soul.

No! I'd not go back to childhood, From the radiant fane of noon; And when the sunbeams round me, I crave one only boon—

Amid the valley's dark, And shadows and its dread, To shine above my head.

Is not this beautiful? It is contributed to the Home Journal by Mrs. T. H. Beveridge, of Galveston, Texas.

I saw a youthful mother One, on a summer's day, Seated on a grassy lawn, To watch its frolic play.

It gambol on the flowers That decked the carpet o'er, And seemed to sport with wonder, Each object to explore.

A something on the instant It glared upon her face, And earnestly it gazed where A golden sunbeam rests;

While all the new found glory It fixed its wondering eyes, And trustfully reached forth its hand, To seize the glittering prize.

And now, its tiny fingers clasp The treasure rich and rare, Which, in its baby innocence, It solely thought was there.

But ah! that hand uncles, And to its earnest gaze Reveals no gem of beauty— No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears Fall on that cherub face— The first and deepest agony, In life's uncertain race!

And thus it hath been with us all, Drooping the weeping hands in despair, We're sought to grasp the shining, And only found the shade!

Miscellaneous.

THE MOTHER'S DEFENCE.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER WAR.

"My husband's rifle!" she shouted springing to her feet, and rushing across the cabin to the weapon and accoutrements from the wall. But on trying the piece with the ramrod it proved to be unloaded. She thrust her hand to the pouch, but it contained nothing but musket balls, which she hurled and pushed a few days before, her lunatic bullet-proof for his rifle. The powder horn was full, but of what use was the powder without the ball?

Dropping the weapon she turned her hands in despair. Suddenly an idea struck her—she seized one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and with a tremendous exertion bit it in two. Dashing the rest of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments, primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle pointed through the aperture, and covered the body of the chief now advancing at the head of the party towards the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle sight as the sun fell upon it, and he stopped, but before he had time to make a rush, Miriam's finger pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke cleared, she saw the chief lying dead in the yard, and she turned to her husband with a look of triumph and joy.

A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam as she saw the effects of the avenging shot, and then withdrawing from the loop hole, she commenced re-loading the rifle.

The Indians remained motionless for a few moments, transfixed with astonishment, and then lifted the body of their chief, withdrew to a respectful distance from the cabin, and thenceforth believed their peril was over. But they were deceived.

After getting out of gun-shot, the savages clustered together and appeared to be in close conversation. At the expiration of their parley, having apparently agreed upon their plan of action, the whole gang took open order and dashed at full run, with wild yells, toward the dwelling.

As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who was now stationed at another loop-hole again discharged her rifle, and the unclucky Wyandott with an involuntary shriek of agony. The bullets kept, and reaching the cabin, six of them clattered over the roof, while the other five commenced firing on the doors and cutting openings in the logs. These on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a blaze. The destruction of the cabin and its inmates now seemed inevitable.

There was a hoarse half full of water in the house. Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the loft and here she applied her efforts to extinguish the flames as by which they broke out, while she herself enveloped and almost suffocated by steam and smoke, was invisible to the assistant. As long as the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians observed that the efforts of the besieged party were slackening.

American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 41. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1854. NO. 7.

LOSING ONE'S TEMPER.

I was sitting in my room one morning, feeling all out of sorts, about something or other, when an orphan child, whom I had taken to raise care in with a tumbler in her hand, and said, while her young face was pale, and her lips quivered: "See, ma'am! I've found this tumbler from the dresser, to get Anna a drink of water, and I let it fall."

I was in a fretful humor before the child came in, and her appearance with the broken tumbler in her hand didn't tend to the best of my state of mind. She was suffering a good deal of pain in consequence of the accident, and needed a kind word to quiet the disturbed beatings of her heart. But she had fallen to in an unfortunate moment.

"You are a careless little girl!" said I, severely, "I saw the fragments of glass from her tumbler lying on the floor, and very careless little girl, and I am displeased with you."

I said no more, but my countenance expressed a stronger rebuke than my words. The child lingered some time before she went, and then she came back with a new tumbler, and said, "I had a new one made for you, ma'am, and I am pleased with it."

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THE TABLE TALK.

What a pleasant, cheery room it is in which John Thornton and Edward Altes with their wives sat on Saturday evening! Such a room as one would hardly expect to see in a narrow, dingy Manchester-street. Yes there it was; and just listen for a few moments to the conversation of the little party;—the men were well-worked men and friends.

"I do wonder, John, how you contrive to get so many things by way of ornament as well as utility for your room, and can't imagine it, though I am all tacticians as well as you."

"That one to the right is 'War,' and the one to the left is 'Peace.' Behind are the cornfields and the busy men; in the foreground flowers and the children at play; over all the blue sky bends lovingly. That picture refreshes me."

"It is beautiful," said Edward Allen and his wife together.

"This reminds me, John, of my Sunday night sermon; what do you think of it?"

"Think of it! Why did my heart go. If our ministers would always be as brave and speak out, we working men would like it much better."

"So say I. I cannot help thinking they lose much of their power by not speaking on such questions. Now our minister feels the evil of the Spirit, and he is not afraid to speak of it openly."

"Yet, I fancy, many would think his words out of place in the pulpit."

"The words of a man are getting to be thought differently. And whose work is it, if not the minister's, to teach the principles of peace, and to show the people that peace is not only in our every day life."

"And were you not pleased," said Mrs. Thornton, "with the picture he drew of what the world would be if we were to give up our arms and let the world be ruled by peace?"

"I don't believe that," said her husband; "few of our friends would be so ready to give up their arms and let the world be ruled by peace."

"Edward Alfred, try to get the idea of it. We don't let the power of gentleness rule."

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The Thorn in the Pillow.

Mabel went to spend a few days with her grandmother. She rode in a stage coach, with her father or mother to go with her; for though a little girl, she could take good care of herself, and the driver promised to set her down just where she wanted to stop. Mabel thought it was very fine to go off just like grown-up folks, to think and act for herself, and she was much pleased with the idea of taking grandmother and her father and mother to go with her. So she kissed her parents and the baby, and jumped into the coach, and drove away with a very smiling face. When she reached her journey's end, about fifteen miles off, her grandmother was surprised and glad to see her; she had a letter from Mabel; the cap fitted, it was called "a beauty," and Mabel was very happy.

When it came night, she was tired, and very thankful to go to bed, and her grandmother put her into a little chamber, opening to hers. It had white curtains, and a straw carpet. After the lamp was put out, and all was still, it might have been expected that she would drop directly to sleep; but it was not so—she lay awake for some time, and then she lay on her pillow, and thought of her father and mother, and how she would like to see them again.

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The Unclad Horseman.

Widowers should look out for breakers. Absalom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particular men in the world, when his wife was alive he used to dress as common as a field hand, and did not use to take pains with himself at all. Everybody knows how he spruced about six weeks after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he went to church regular every Sunday, but people did not have much confidence in his religion, and used to say he went to church to show his new