TERMS:

Subscription.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, baild in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, baild in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASH, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

ngth in proportion. Jos-Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

DREAM NOT. BUT WORK.

Discam not, but work! Be hold to brave!
Let not a coward spirit crave
Escape from tasks allotted!
Thankful for toil and dauger be?
Duty's high call will make thee flee
The victous—the besotted:

Think not thy share too great; Speak to thy post, erect, elate;
Strength from above is given
To those who combat sin and wrong,
Nor ask how much, nor count how long
They with the fee have striven!

Wage coasiess war 'gainst lawless might; Speak out the truth—act out the right— Shield the defenceless. Be firm—be strong—improve the time— Pitty the sinner—but for crime, Crush it relonitess i

Strive on, strive on, nor ever deem
Thy work complete. Care not to seem,
But be, a Christian true.
Think, speak and act gainst mean device;
Wrestle with those who sacrifice
The many to the few.

Forget thyself, but bear in mind
The claims of suffering humankind;
So shall the welcome night
Unseen c'ortake thee, and thy soul,
Sinking in slumber at the goal,
Wake in eternal light!

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here—
The Dalsy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hands in lines as clear,
For who but he who arch'd the skies,
And poured the day-spring's living flow
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could real the Dalsy's purple bud?
Monid its green cup, its wiry slem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem;
That, set in sliver, gleams within?
And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desort sod,
That man where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

And clit the gold embossed gem;
That, set in silver, gleams within!
And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er bill and dale and desort sod.
That man where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

MISTELLITIOUS.

LOVER'S SACRIFICE; OR,
A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.
CHAPTER I.

I can no longer struggle against the current of misfortune, 'exclaimed Mr. Whiting, a small inerchant, who had by the pressure of hard times become somewhat involved, I am ruined.'
'Nay, my husband, do not be distressed.—
Worse calamitles than this might happen, and we will make the best of it.'
'But wife, I must fail; I cannot sustain myself another day.'
'You have done all you can do to avert the misfortune, and if it must come, let us not repine, but bear it like Christians.'

I will try hard to keep calm; but it seems hard after weathering the worst of the storm, in the order was surely and sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lovers for a lover, she would sacrifice a dozen lover in the fact. The she had the she was sure the sacrifications of some stations of

pine, but bear it like Christians.'

I will try hard to keep calm; but it seems hard after weathering the worst of the storm, to be wrecked in sight of land.'

Perhaps your oreditors will give you make time,' suggested Mrs. Whiting.

I cannot hope it: the note which comes due to-morrow, and which I am utterly unable to pay, is in the hands of my bitterest enemy.'

He will not distress you.'

Know him well. He is a villian.'

Who do you mean?'

CHAPTER III.

'God help us if he is your creditor.'
'As near as I can learn, he bought the note on purpose to perplex me and perhaps to obtain big recent?'

on purpose to price in each permaps o orders his revenge.

'Why is he so bitter against you?'

'Because I exposed a swindling operation in which he was engaged.'

'How much is the note, father?' inquired a beautiful, hazle-eyed girl, who had not before spoken, but who had been listening with intense interest to the conversation between her father and mother.

'Three thousand dollars, Sarah,' replied Mr. Whiting, fixing a glance of anxiety upon the fair girl.
'Can't you borrow it, father?'

over something.

As the evening advanced, John Barnet, a clork, who had for some months been attentive

to Sarah, and who, report said, was a favorite suitor, made his accustomed evening visit. suitor, made his accustomed evening visit.
Everybody said that John Barnet was a nice
young man, and every way worthy of so amiable and beautiful a wife as Sarah Whiting would
underlybelly make.

undoubtedly make.

If there is anything in smiles and gentle words, the affection of the young clerk was warmly reciprocated by Sarah. They were not ungaged thowever, though he called at Mr. Whiting's house from four to seven evenings in a week.

warmly recuprocated by Sarah. They were not engaged however, though he called at Mr. Whiting's house from four to seven evenings in a week.

Mr. Whiting and his wife retired at an early hour in the evening, leaving the lovers to have it out.

As usual, John Barnet begged her to make him happy by promising to be his foreyer. To his utter surprise and consternation, she could never be his wife, and entreated him to think no more about her. Of course, the lover presed her for an explanation of this sudden and remarkable change in her manner towards him. But the could not even do this, and John took his leave feeling that he had not another friend, his leave feeling that he had not another friend, who, after withstanding the assaults of thousands of bright eyes and bewitching smiles, had laid his heart, at the feet of the beautiful heroine. We don't blame the old fellow for falling in love with her, any more than we blame Sarah for laughing at him when he throw himself at her feet and 'popped the question.'

Mr. Ladyke Somerset mused. He appeared to be in doubt. He was a high-souled man, and the idea of buying the hand of his wife, was, it to he last degree, repugnant to him.

You hesitate, sir;! know you do not love mo, said Sarah with apparent pique.

On my soul I do! I agree: here is the check, replied Mr. Somerset, as he seated him self at the table and drew the check.

Now inclose it in a note to my father, saying you heard of his trouble from a mutual friend, and then beg the privilege of loaning him the amount of the check.

'And you sacrille yourself to your father, my fair Sarah i' said the bachelor, as he seaded the note.

'I' do.'

Nay: I must go now.'

The check did the business, and Mr. Whitting hake recould not sleep that night because he had been foiled in his rovenge.

American

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10. 1854.

in his heart, and was actually disconsolate when she told him 'no.'

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was not an ill-looking man, though he was an old bachelor. True, his hair was not so black and glossy as it had been twenty years before; there was an occarsional iron gray hair, which looked a little suspicious, yet when he began to make his court to the divinity of his dreams, even these disappeared, and the people were malicious enough to say it was through the influence of a certain compound applied by the barber. True, also, there was now and then a wrinkle in his face, which some young ladies affect to dislike.

But what of all these things? Old ago is honorable, and the iron gray hair and wrinkles did not in the least mar the kindly impression of his phiz.

He was a very clever fellow, and though the merry little Sarah Whiting could not help laughing when he popped the question to her, she would very willingly have had just such an article, or something of that sort. In short, she liked him but did ht love him.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a firm believer in the ancient verity, that "faint heart ne'er won give up the chase, till he had bagged the game, or had seen her the wife of another. Consequently he held out all the inducements in his

When she dropped it—which was glory enough for one evening, to one as moderate in his wishes as the bachelor beau of our heroine. When she dachelor beau of our heroine, star about eight o'clock, to Sarah's utter constraint, john Barnet paid his usual visit.—

The presence of Mr. Somerset was all the explanation of the cool manner in which he had been dismissed.

The presence of Mr. Somerset was all the explanation he desired. He was tureat, but did in the explanation of the cool manner in which he had been dismissed.

The was sadly distressed, as well hom ight he ad about eight o'clock, to Sarah's utter constraint, John Barnet paid his usual visit.—

The presence of Mr. Somerset was all the explanation of cited was sailly distressed, as well hom ight about of our heroine.

The poor cl

of his phiz.

He was a very clever fellow, and though the merry little Sarah Whiting could not help laughing when he popped the question to her, she would very willingly have had just such an article, or something of that sort. In short, she liked him but did'nt love him.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a firm believer in the ancient verity, that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and he determined not to faint or give up the chase, till he had bagged the game, or had seen her the wife of another. Consequently he held out all the inducements in his power to engage her heart in his favor.

He was not what young ladies call on "old fool," for he had sense enough to feel that he never could gain the victory on the strength of his physical attributes—his personal beauty.

But ho was an amiable man at heart and trusted solely to the influence of his moral and mental qualities for success. They had thus far failed him, though he still persovered.

Mr. Whiting, readily understanding what it these attentions meant, did all in his power to favor his suit: for he was an old-fashioned man and placed more confidence in the power of a good heart and plenty of money, to make his

favor his suit: for he was an old-fashioned man and placed more confidence in the power of a good heart and plenty of money, to make his daughter happy, than he did in the more common attributes of youth and good looks, even though the possessor of 'the first named commodity has passed the meridian of life.

But Sarah had a mind of her own in these matters, and though she appreciated her kind father's motives, she could not think of throwing herself away on a man of forty even if he was an angel.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a nabob, and re-tained a private parlor to which the obsequious servant conducted Sarah Whiting. Of course the bachelor was reasonably aston-

shed at the visit.
'Indeed, Miss Whiting, I am delighted to se

'Ah, you are so good-and so pretty, too.'

'Take my hand.'
The bachelor took it, pressed it to his lips, and began to think himself the happiest man in

Sarah recounted the story of her father's em-

'I am yours, Mr. Somerset.'
'Bless you, Sarah.'
'One one condition.'

'Indeed, Miss Whiting, I am delighted to see you,' exclaimed he with rapturous enthusiasm. I knew you would be, and that's the reason I came,' laughed Sarah, and at the same time she blushed so sweetly that Mr. Ladyke Somerset had almost dissolved in a rapture of delight.

'Ah, my dear Miss Whiting, you are not always so kind to me as you are to-day.'
But I always will be hereafter,' and Sarah smiled, though her heart beat like the bounding of a race horse.
'Ah, you are so good—and so pretty, too.'

'Allas, my child, my credit is very much impared. My notes have been too thick in State Street, for mot to borrow without paying are so good—and so pretty, too.'

It is not very dreadful to fail, is it father?'

It would be ruinous to me, my child. If I could pet alone to me, my child. If I could pet alone to me, my child. If I could pet alone to me, my child. If I could pet alone to me, my child. If I suppose it must be, and we must content of Jones.'

But I suppose it must be, and we must content ourselves to live a little more closely than we have been accustomed to.'

Barah asked no more questions, and though the conversation was continued between her father and mother, she seemed to pay no attention to it. Sho appeared to be musing deeply over something.

'Alls, you are so good—and so pretty, too.'

It is lawe you the trouble of all these use of all the substitute of all these use of all the use of all these use of all the use of all these use of all these use of all these use of all the users used to all the said ustry, but of sarghity, but of sarghity, but of sarghity, but of sarghity, but of sarghity that shames labor saving Yankees. Thus he makes labor that the poor man side. They toil early and late, men, women and children, with an industry, but of s sport of me.

'I will give you my promise in writing with my signature, if you desire it.'

'Is it possible that you mean so?' said the doubtful Mr. Somerset.

CHAPTER II.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old backelor, as he scaled the note.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old backelor, as he scaled the note.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old backelor, as he scaled the note.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old backelor, as he scaled the note.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old backelor, as he scaled the note.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old backelor, as he scaled the note.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old backelor, who, after which has no bottom. The note of the one of the one of the one of the note of the permisse. And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the one of the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the one of the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the one of the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the one of the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endour the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the one of the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the one of the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the one of the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endoured—'so confound-the permisse.' And the bill was returned to the permisse.' And the bill was returned

YESTERDAY AND TO HORROW. DY CHARLES BWAIN.

As the sun now glows on cath,
Ages have beheld it glow?
As the flowers now spring to birth,
Spring they thousand yearsjage!
So each day must pass away,
Bringing smiles or sending torrow;
As the world was yesterday?
So twill be to morrow.

As the world was yesterday?.

So 'twill be to-morrow.

Wherefore should we own out pain,
Since the pain, like all thinks, goeth?
Where's the wisdom to compain,
Since our feeling no one knoweth?
Hearts may bloom, yet show to flowers;
Eyes may mourn, yet hid their sorrow;—
As the world went yesterday.
So 'twill go to-morrow.

Life is like the wind that blow;
When the clouds of morn he breaking;
Life is like the stream that flows—
Something leaving—something taking,
Better cherish what we may,
Than recall the past with sorrow;—
As the world rolled yesterday.
So 'twill roll to-morrow.

So 'twill roll to-morrow.

"Give me freedom in everything," said a man to us a few days since "I have been a member of a church for forty years and up to this day it has not cost me a penny."
This reminds us of an annoclote of Rev. Mr. R., a distinguished Methodist preacher well known in the West, who was remarkable for his piety and elequence as well as for his occasional eccentricities. He went to his rest a few days since, after having labored long and faithfully in his master's service.

Molunteer.

since, after having labored long and faithfully in his master's service.

On one occasion he was preaching with great ferror on the freeness of the gospel, and around him was an attentive congregation, with eager eyes turned to the preacher and drinking every word into their souls. Among the rest was an individual who was more remarkable for opening his mouth to say amen than for opening his purse. Though he naver gave money for the support of the gospel yet he might be said to support the pullpit, for he always stood by it.—He had on this occasion taken his usual station near the preacher's stand, and was making his He had on this occasion taken his usual station near the preacher's stand, and was making his responses with more than usual animation. After a barst of burning eloquence from the preacher, he clapped his hands in a kind of cetacy. "Yes thank God! I have been a Methodist for the contract of the contra

as his breaks, and taking the rood in his band, probably the saw. And leavily the last products in the last proton, the last breaks are the last proton, the last proton, the last breaks are the last proton and the last proton, the last breaks are the last proton and the last proton, the last proton are the last proton and the last proton are the last proton are

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 9.

Making Bread.

The Rhode Island Society for the Promotion of industry gave the first premium on bread to Mrs. Hirs Hill, of Providence. The following is Mrs. Hill's receipe for making the bread exhibited by her:

"For two loves of the ordinary size take two potatoes, pare them, all condend the most and able to the which to impack, until quite soft, them mash to a fling maker, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling let the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the mash to a fling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of the work of the work

Sing the second of the second tor a burst of bursing eloquence from the prescher, he chapped his hands in kind of cetacy.

"Yes thank Ged I I have been a Methodit for the complete the prescher of the complete the prescharge the prescher of the complete the prescher of the complete the prescher of t

An Attack, secrett