TERMS!

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for each augments masses.

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Bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., oxceuted with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

YOU ASK HOW I LIVE. BY JOSEPH ROBBINS.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to us again.
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging noue by word or deed;
But forbearing, seothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Marsh condemning, flerce conten Harsh condemning, norce contemning is of little Christian use,
One softword of kindly peace
Is worth a torront of abuse;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night,
If thou wouldst improve thy brother,
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter I have felt and known now otter Human coldness makes the world, Every heart around me frozen, Not an eye with pity pearled; Still my heart with kindness teaming, Glad when other hearts are glad, And my heart a tear-drop findeth At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are soldon sad ones,
Blessings ever bringeth biss;
Lend a helping hand to others,
Smile though all the world should frown,
Man is man, we all are brothers,
Black or white or red or brown,

Man is man through all gradations, nan is man through all graduators,
Little recks it were he stands,
God's image is impressed upon him,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too,
Man, is all on a common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

> CALL THE ROLL. BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

Who is ready for the contest?
Who, with helmet, sword and shield,
Will go forth to conquer Error,
On Life's battle-field?
Who will strike at Superstition,
In his goblin-haunted cell,
And unlose the myriad victims
Fottered by his spell?
Oall the roll--Call the roll.

Who will strive, on God relying,
With unwavering faith and hope,
To pull down the gory scaffold,
And the gallows rope?
Who will break the yoke of bondage,
And unbat the prison door,
Saying to the trombling sinner,
''Go and sin no more!''
Call the rol Call the roll

Who forgotting self, will listen
To sweet Charity's appeal?
Who will labor for the lowly
With uniting zoul—
Casting bread upon the waters,
Not for human praise,
Trusting heaven again to find it,
After many days?

Gall the

Who will put what God has given,
Wisely to the noblest use I.
Wisely to the noblest use I.
Who will clothe the homeless orphan,
Fill the widow's cruise,
And, like him of old Samaria,
Help the stranger in his need,
Reckless of his name and nation,
Reckless of his name and nation,

eckless of his creed ?

Call the roll. Who that finds a child of sorrow,

Will not tarry to inquire
What has made it so,
Ere he freely shares a pittance
From his meagre hard carned store,
Or bestows a cup of water,
If he can no more?

Call the roll.

Who when Slander's tongue is busy
With an absent neighbor's name,
Will excuse his faults and fallings,
And defend his fame?
Who will view poor human nature
Office of the brightest aide,
Leaving God to judge the ovil
Charity would hide?
Gall the roll

American Molnateer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

VOL 41.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1854.

make us both forget it. I wish something wonderful would happen to divert us—'
As he said these words, they turned the corner of the path, and came suddenly upon the
open glade, where the balloon was floating a few
feet above their heads, sustaining a light,
pretty car, which seemed to be swimming over
the grass.

the grass.

Florence could not restrain a cry of surprise and admiration. It was the first time she had ever seen a balloon closely. She drew nearer. 'Two more places!' cried the man who held the could be seen as the co

the cords.

One man was sitting in the car, in the dress of a traveller, with one of the iron-spiked walking sticks used on mountain excursions.

'Two places! Who will go for a ride in the

wo places! Who will go for a ride in the air? repeated the man.
'Is there no danger? asked the girl.
'None in the least,' answered the man; 'more than ten thousand souls have taken these little rides.'

rides.'
'And can one descend when one likes?'
'You need only ring the little hand-bell.'
'Let us go!' cried Michael. 'And so saying he lifted Florence into the car. The man loosed the ropes, and in another moment the balloon slowly began to ascend. The young girl turned pale. The stranger saw it, and moving towards the hand-bell said, smilling—'shall we ston?'

wards the hand-bell said, smining—anan we stop?'
A thousand thanks!' said Florence. 'I shall soon be used to it:' and her color returned.—They rose above the trees, and the girl forgot her fears in the newress of the sint. The Black Forest and the Rhine appeared on either hand, and the Necker meandered among rich meadows dotted with villages toward the horizon.
'Happy country,' said the stranger, as if speaking to himself, 'of fertile fields and wooded mountains!'

mountains!'
Michael sighed, and said in a low voice: cutions and calum

The stranger turned to him.

'Ah, sir,' said he, 'no one knows that better Ann myself.'

'Are you, then, also condemned to defend you ust rights?' 'Yes, and from an adversary who acglects no

'Acs, and non-cans of annoying me.'
'Like mine,' returned Michael. 'If he gains is cause, I lose everything I have gained in my 'And I, all I have been looking to in the fu-

'The fruits of my labors will go to enrich an And all my hopes will be destroyed to profit

And all my hopes will be destroyed to profit a hypocrite, 'c' chil I see,' cried Michael, 'our positions are alike; you plead against some Christian Loffman, like me.' 'Christian Loffman!' cried the stranger.—'Why that is my name! And my adversary is Michael 'Kitter!' 'Why that is mina!'

'Why that is mine!' And the two men exchanged glances of sur-prise, passion, and hatred. Florence looked rightened. She laid a hand on her brother's arm. 'Let us descend!' said she. But he would

not listen:

'What Mr. Loffman said of his adversary is calumny!' exclaimed he with clittering eyes.

'And what Mr. Ritter said of his is false, replied the young man foreibly.

'Oh, heavens! let us descend!' cried the girl,

'0h, heavens! let us descend!' cried the girl, trembling.
'Yes,' said Michael; 'explanations will be more satisfactory on the ground.'
'And I hope they will be decisive,' added Loffman, in a significant voice.

He rang the bell; but the balloon remained stationary; again, a second and third time, with as little effect. They looked over the side of the car.
'Gracious Heavens!' cried Michael, 'there is an emeute in the gardens! They are tearing down the railings, and making a bonfire of the seats, and breaking the lamps!'
'There! they are now under the balloon!'
'What are they doing?'
By Jovo, they are cutting the cords!'

By Jove, they are cutting the cords!'
The three travellers shricked aloud—but in vain: believing the car empty, the students had cut the cords, and in another moment the bal-loon darted up high into the air, and disappear-ed from their eyes into the gathering clouds of sight

ed from their eyes into the gathering clouds of night.

The unfortunate prisoners in the air wasted some breath in uscless cries and exclamations; but despair soon succeeded, and they remained silent and quiet, believing themselves doomed to a speedy but incritable death. Florence hid her terrifled face on her brother's shoulder, but he had no word of consolation to give her.

Loffman sat at the other end of the car, sceming somewhat less disturbed, and now and then

still, and for them; and the balloon continued to descend. They, soon distinguished the villages and fields. Suddenly Ritter joyfully exclaimed:

the hand trembled. Florence took it between hers; and looking timidly at Losiman, said

hers; and looking timidly at Losiman, said gently—
'Whatever happens, do not let us forget that we have forgiven each other!'
'The letter! the letter!' cried Michael, impatiently. The girl drew back a step.
'Promise to submit quietly, and not angrily to the decision, 'she said. And pointing to the hill, where the pine-tree which had entangled them was visible, she added, solemby—'Have you so soon forgetten our night in the clouds?'
Ritter and Losiman looked at each other.—

clouds?'
Ritter and Loffman looked at each other.—
For a moment they besitated, and then held out
their hands both together.'
'Ah,' cried Michael, 'it' shall not be said that indanger alone our hearts were disposed to mercy! Saved by the goodness of God, let us prove our gratitude by our submission. We have left our enmity in the clouds—do not let us return to it on earth. Whatever this letter may announce, I declare that I will accept my fate with peace and calmoss.

may announce, I declare that I will accept my fate with peace and calmness.'
And for myself, I shall thank Heaven for having gained a friend,' answered Christian, 'even if it tells me of the ruin of all my hopes.' Florence gave the letter to her brother. He opened it with a firm hand, and turned slightly pale.
'You are in your own house, Lossman,' said be, turning to the young man.

he, turning to the young man.
'In my favor!' cried Lossman, joyfully.
'You are master of all that belonged to your cousin; his demesne is yours—'
'A demesne is not worth as much as the happiness of a friend,' interrupted Lossman, and he torathe latter in pieces.

he tore the letter in pieces.

Now about the Military Execution.

as still, and for them; and, this halloon continued to descend. They, soon distinguished the village and fields. Suddenly Ritter joynilly to descend. They, soon distinguished the village and fields. Suddenly Ritter joynilly to descend the standard of the standard recognized their old house and make the standard recognized the standard

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From the Home Journal, August 5.

Acceptance of the control of the state of the control of the contr

LETTER OF THE BEY. JOIN CHAMBERS.

The following letter from Mr. Chambers, in reference to the celebrrated, unseed; "Bigler was to the celebrated, unseed; but the celebrated, unseed; but the celebrated, unseed, the celebrated was the celebrated, unseed, and invited to address the people of Bed-following. In fact the five-minuteomissicience that is expected of dectors is expecting too much. It would be much viser to go first to careful lavyer, who will sit down and cross-examine you, put your symptoms into condensed and comprehensible language, reconcile your contradictions, sith of your reluctances and superfluities, and take the side-evidence of your friends and attendants; and from this prepara a digest of what you yourself know of your case, which the physician, can read while be looks at you and feels your pulse for the professional corroborations. In no shorter way, I am inclined to think; will any common patient yet the best advice from a "physician with extent of the contradiction of the competition of the c