as and of ERM B21 all Surisonarrios.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, pid in advance; Two Dollars in paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, in not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly addresd to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid

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# Poetical.

### The Reason Why.

- Why does Kate look so pale, mother?
  Why are her arms so small?
  Why does she never smile, mother?
  Why do her cyclids fall?
- v. Why does allo walk alone, mother?

  As if she had no friend!

  Why does sho sigh so off, mother?

  Is she so near her end?
- \*\* Why does she breathe so quick, m
  And start as if it shocked her;
  To hear the quist rap, mother,
  Of Smith, the village doctor?
- " Why does he come so oft, mother?
- Can be prolong her days,
  By leaving pills and gifts, mother,
  And singing love-sick lays?
- "Twas but the other night, mother, When Kate lay near my heart, She urged me to be good, mother, And said we soon must part.
- "She said she was to go, mother, Away from home and me, / And leave papa and you, mother, To dwell near by the sea.
- "Is it on Jordan's stormy banks, mother Where she is to be carried?" Shut up, shut up, you little brat,---

# Miscellaneous.

# THE INCONVENIENCE OF PRIDE.

There are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labor of two. And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the read, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a co-adjutor.

That was precisely this Nerman's discountered.

# THE PURPLE OF EACH POTHINGER. Domiteer. de el comb de l'endre van de l'endre

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 42. will not also be some orthogonal type of relief of

# CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1855.

dignant galtop. By way of passing the time I thrice repeated my offers to the old maiden and endured as many rebuffs. I was, contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was mad from the carriage window, and Humphreys, ha

from the carriage window, and mumphrey open in hand, opened the door.

Procure me a post-chaise.

A po-shay!' schood Humphreys, but like an Irish echo, with some variation from the original—Bess ye, ma am, there beant such a thing to be had for ten miles round—no, not for love

A nother pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys who had been blackberrying came up, and planted themselves with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carrings.

the carriago. Miss Norman had now no single glass through Miss Norman bad now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favoring the circle with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words—

'I choose to be alone.'

It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain. I confess I took pity of the pangs over of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth, but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

Fellow, you are insolent!'

After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward, the fresh tapping at the window summoned the descriptions illumphysic to greens.

Thad a friend whose naturally smiling face grew so much larger every week, that I made up my mind; that his house was the resert of some gigantic skeletor; and I resolved to effect an entrance and view it. When I called at his house; however, he was never there, and began to believe that his home had become so unipleasant to him, that he never went there when he could help it. And at, his place of business I had the same ill luck, for he had, invariably gine out to ship some freight: But, at length, I espied 'him,' and immediately bore down and grappled.

tion and lift a cobble stone, while the fifth would stand by, in preparation, to exchange with the one who first become tired. Then, having dropped the stone five or six feet off the whole party would sit down for a quiet chat, and one or two of them would light their pipes; and, after the smoke was exhausted, would leisurely rise and chase up another cobble stone. In the meantime, my friend looked on in great admiration.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor doom it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-waited seed,
Walting its matal lower.
A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

Nor care how small it be; God is with all that serve the right, The holy, true, and free! PAUL JONES:

The subject of this sketch, John Paul Jone occupies a position in the history of the American marine, shared by few others. His exploit were always marked by a daring confidence in his ultimate success, and he achieved ends in

There are several objections to one-tones we had been several to the control of t

The instance of the control of the c

whose neaves like influence should case that forgettulness man's remembrary of the fall by building up in his his beatt another. Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

A Little German Story.

A countyman one day returning from the city, took home with him five of the fluest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and, as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them fine apples, with rosy checks, and soft plum like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, cre the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking:

them by asking:
"How did you like the rosy apples?"
"Vory much, indeed, dear father," said the clidest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit, so acid and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have care fully preserved the stone that I may cultivate tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father away," said the youngest, "besides which, mo-ther gave me half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet and melling in my mouth," "Indeed," answered the father, "thou hat not been prudent. However, it was very natu-ral find child-like, and displays wisdom enough

## From the Literary Casket, EMBLEMATIC COLORS.

In very early art, we find colors used in a symbolical or mystic sonse; and, until the ancient principles and traditions were wholly word out of memory, or set aside by the later painters, certain colors were appropriate to certain subjects and personages, and could not arbitrarily be applied or misapplied. In the old specimens of stained glass, we find these significations scrippliously attended to, thus:

White, represented by the diamond or silver, was the emblem of light, religious parity, innocone, virglaity, faith, joy, and life. Our Savier wears white after his resurrection. In the judge, it indicates integrity; in the sick man,

YELLOW, or gold, was the symbol of the sun

Yexlow, or gold, was the symbol of the sun of the geodeness of God, initiation, or marriage, faith or fruitfulness. In pictures of the apositics, St. Peter wears a yellow mantle over a blue tunic. In a bad sense, yellow significs inconstancy, jealousy, deceit; in this sense it is given to the traitor Judas, who is generally habited in dirty yellow.

General, the emerald, is the color of spring; of hope particular hope in immertality; and of victory, as the color of palm said laurel.

Violey, the amethyst, signified love and truth, or, passion and suffering. Hence it is the color often worn by the martyrs. In some instances our Saviour, after his resurrection, is habited in a violet instead of a blue mantle. The Virgin Magdalene, who as patron saint wears the red robe, as penient wears violet and blue, the colors of sorrow and constancy. In the devotional representation of her by Timotee della Vita, she wears red and groon, the colors of love and hope.

Bleek.corpressed the earth—darkness, mourn—

nd hope.

BLACK, expressed the earth—darkness, mourn ing, wickedness, negation death—and was appropriate to the Prince of Arkness. In some old illuminated MSS., Jesus, in the temptation, wears a black robe. White and black together signify purity of life, and mourning or humiliation; hence adopted by the Dominicans and the Carmellius.

How To Prosper In Business. In the first place, make up your mind to ac omplish whatever you undertake; decide upo ome particular employment and persevere is. All difficulties are overcome by dilligence

An difficulties are evereene by dilligence
and assiduity.
Be not afraid to work with your own hands,
ind dilligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches
to mice." Attend to your own business and never trus t to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse bolled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot fill make.a pot ild."

Be abstemious. "Who daintles love shall

Rise early. "The sleepy for catches no poultry."

Treat every one with respect and civility.—
"Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot."

Heaven helps those who help themselves.

If you implicitly follow those precepts, nothing will binder you from accumulating.

A Prompt Clerk.

I once knew a young man, said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermion to young men—that were commencing life as a clerk.—One day his employer said to him: "Now to morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighted, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangement over night, spoke to the men

arrangement over night, spoke to the mer about carts and horses, and resolved to begin very carly in the morning, he instructed the laborers to be there at half past four o'clock So they set to work, and the thing was done About ten or eleven o'clock his master comin, seeing him sitting in the counting room looks very blank, supposing his command had not been avenued.

not been executed.
"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out the cargo this morning?"
"It is done," said the young man, "and here

is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fiked: confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon became one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the fiirm as any of the partners.—London Youth Instructor. is the account of it.

DECLINE OF DRESS .- The New York Times, says very sensibly:

"Then as to dress—it is great nonsense to say says vory sensity:

"Then as to dress—It is great nonsense to say that all must dress fashlonably or lose caste.— What is the fashlon? Who wears a fashlonable coat, and how do you know it is the fashlon?— Tell us of one substantial merchant; one thrifty mechanic; one successful lawyer, or one gentloman who wears it, and we will name ten of each, equally noted and successful, who do not, and ton fops, whom you uttorly despise, that do.— The fashlon in New York for men, just now, requires a clean decent garment, with no parches on it—no more, no less. A lady night wear her grandmether's shawl on Broadway, and not be noticed. The timid ones, and those just in from other cities and villages, alone are worried about their looks, when they wear last winter's bonnet to the locture, or to the church. Let the young imitate the substantial and the common-sensible, rather than those whore keeping up appearances at a sacrifice. It will be a saving in this item.

A Picture.—A tall ladder leaning against a house, a darkie at the top; and a hog scratching himself against the bottom. Gray-grown impatence, I will say that the remaining half is not more than quarter as long as you have heard.

The Aperson meeting an old man with silver halr, and a very black bushy beard, asked him how it happened that his beard was not so gray as the hair of his heal? 'Beause,' said the old gentleman, 'it is twenty years wanter.' younger,?

A little boy, going to church on Sunday, remarked—

'Ma, there goes a woman with a hat on; and oh, see, ma, she's got boots on, too!'

'th, no, my, son, you are mistaken,' replied the mother; 'this only a gentleman with a

oman's shawl on!

# detual south-east trade-winds. Though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great South Sea boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The south-east tradewinds in the Atlantic Ocean first strikes the water on the coast of Africa. Travelling to northwest, they blow obliquely across the ecoan until they reach the costs of Brazil. By this time they are heavily laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and stipplying with it the sources of the Rio dela Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon-Finally they reach the snow capped Andes, and here is wrung from him the last particle of moisture that that very low temperature daily extract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slopes beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and with no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain tops, they reach this ocean before they, become charged with fresh vapor, and before, therefore, they have any which the Peruvian climatecan extract. Thus we see how the tow of the Andes become the Teleukinio.

Why there is no Rain in Peru.

In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of per-leval, south-cast, trade-winds. Though the cruyian shores are on the verge of the great

White, represented by the diamond or allver, was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocance, virginity, faith, loy, and life. Our Sarvior wars white after his resurrection. In the judge, it indicates integrity; in the sick man, the individual of the very consecrated to the Virgin, who, however, in more wears white, except in pictures of the Assumption.

Red, the ruby, signified fire, divine love, the Holy Spirit, heat, or the creative power, and the land nought to do, but lounge as best his color consecrated to the Virgin, who, however, we as with the color consecrated to the Virgin, who, however, and they suppose the little of the little of the virgin, who, however, we as with the color score of the Assumption.

Red, the ruby, signified fire, divine love, the Holy Spirit, heat, or the creative power, and with which the angels crowned St. Coellia. In a bad sense, red significant of the color control of the devil.

Blue, or the sapplire, expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, fidelity. Christ and the Virgin wear the red unic and the blue mantle as signifying heavenly love and heaven by truth. The same colors were given to St. John the Evangellat, with this difference, that he were the bue tunic and the red mantle in later pletures, the colors are sometimes red and green.

"I have," cried Montgomery, turning back his sleeve, and displaying a very broad and ugly

his sieere, and uspraying array scar.

"I didn't get this for nothing, for the brave fellow who made me a present of it I repaid with a gash across his skull."

The Frenchman bent down his head, parted, his hair with his hand, and said—"you may look at the receipt."

The next moment they were in each others arms. They became bosom friends for life.

and next moment they were in each others arms. They became bosom friends for life.

A SaD Sronr.—The Boston Times gives the following particulars of a truly sad case:

"It appears that Mr. Geo. Gills, of Salem, a young man about twenty-five years of age, of good abilities, returned some tifteen months since from California, where he amassed a few thousand dollars, which be has lived on since his return. Last summer much of his time was passed at Hingham, in company with a cousin, a young lady of fortune and genius, who received his addresses on the score of relationship, but gave him no encouragement to hope for an alliance. Some months since ho wrote a letter, threatening self-destruction if the lady did not consent to unite herself with him in marriage. A mutual friend of both partice expostulated with him, and he expressed his regret for what he had done and announced his intention of leaving the county for Valparaiso. On Thursday evening last he visited Cambridge, where the young last resided, and while she was entertaining her friends within, the report of a pistol was heard, and Gills was found dead on the piazza. It may be but justice to the young lady to add, that her reasons for rejecting his suit were most commendable in her, though not reflecting in the elightest upon the character of the deceased."

three.—Men rejoice when the sun is risen; they rejoice when it goes down; while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives.—Men rejoice at seeing the face of a new season, as the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless the revolution of the seasons is the decay of the human life. Fragments of driftwood meeting in the wide ocean, continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, relatives, friends and riches, remain with us but for a short time—then separate, and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lof; he who mourns for departed relatives has no power to cause them to return.

Enough that the end of life is dust were.

Knowing that the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with ultimate bliss.

MEMORIES OF CILLDHOOD.—The memories of childhood, the long far away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the ancient church and school-house, in all the green and hallowed associations, come up in thodark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time like the passage of a pleasantly repremered. like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

Lady Mary Duncan was a rich heiress, and Mr. William Duncan was her physician, during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to get married, and upon his asking the name of the unfortunate chosen one, she bade him go home and open the Bible, giving him the chapter and verse, and how would find out. He did so and thus he read: "Nathan said to David, thou art the man."

The following verdict, delivered at Rome, Georgia, in the case of Abe Jolinson vs. Thomas Cameron, shows that Phila. does not monopolize all the intelligent jurymen' in the United States: "We the gury choozen and sworns agre that tom kamyron must pa aba gonsing the full amount of 20 five sents that the planetif pa over the won kwart of leker for the benefit of the gury and kosts will be rooled out." Trifles.—Never be cast down by trifles.—If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times he will mend it again. Make upyour minds to do a thing and you will do it.—fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep your spirit high though the day be a dark one.

Is the boy that got flogged for telling and the same 'trembling lyre' that the poet speak of ?

To A man hearing that a raven would live would.

\*Hontz, what's the matter?'
Mint Cot, do sorrel wagon has run away mit de green horse, and proke de axle-tree of do brick house what stands by de corner lamp post across de telegraph. Mine Cot, what a beep-

The An office-holding chap being asked how he contrived to hold office under successive administrations, replied that administrations must be darked smart that could change oftener than he could.

The strongest kind of a hint: A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would go on his little finger.

Mr. Justice Ashurt had a long, lanky risage which led Erskine to pen the following couplet: Judge Ashurt, with his lantern jaws, Throws light upon the English laws.

The Emperor of France was fifty-one years old on the 21st of April. •

COLOR HOUSEHOLD: REFLETONS: 100 100

to be had for ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there beant, coach, cart, nor dog.barrow but what has gone to it. 'No matter,' said the mistress, drawing her's life in with an air of lofty resignation—I revoke my order, for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding I prefer. And Humphreys—'. 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Another time—' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Another time—' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Remember once for all—' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Id on ot choose to be blest!' Another pause in our proceedings, during

# LITTLE THINGS.

No actifulis finitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be:
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.
Work and despair not, give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;

THE SCOURGE OF THE OCEAN.

nany cases with remarkably inadequa

who supposed he had come out to surrender.—At this moment Jones gave the word, his ship, the Alliance, became a cloud of canvass, and he flew past the the astonished admiral, delivering a full broadside as be passed! Onward he flew delivering and receiving broadside after broadside, and while in the channel captured two valuable prizes bound for London, with which he arrived safely in port.

On the 18th of October, 1787, Congress roted him a gold medal in honer to his services. Jones quitted America, in November, 1787, and never again visited its shores. He was afterwards engaged in the Russian service, being sent to the Black Sea by the Empress Oatharine, as rear admiral, immediately, after his arrival in St. Petersburg, April 22, 1788, he joined Prince Potemkin, who had command of the Russian forces in the Black Sea. His complex history of disappointment and intrigue.

While in this service he was in many severe engagements, and showed great personal courage, though the opportunity never seemed to present itself, for the cribition of any remarkable exploit, or a quality worthy of his provious career.

He resided for some time preceding his death

sus career.

He resided for some time preceding his death in Paris, where he died on the 18th of July, 1792, at the age of forty-five.

A distinguished writer, himself a sailor, in peaking of Paul Jones, sums up his qualities in the following manner:

A Little German Story.

or your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my little brother threw away,