TERMS,

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cried Faith in terror. She caught the hell rope in her hand, but Miss Alewynne grasped her

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

American

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1857.

llie bands rose and fell on the wind, and the ground seemed to shake under the tread of the people. "Glory!" ejaculated a friend by the side of us, "I could march to the Mississippi to that music, and back again without eating or sleeping." Ho was not the only one who was that hour chafing under the wild estacy of music.

Volunteer.

"But, Faith, "Said Alexy Mee, detaining ther friends, as about to leave the room of my a balk brother. Your maiden name was Faith Anderson; pray what was his?"

"Walter Roscoe," she replied, "He was the son of my step mother. My own mother died when I was very young."

"Will sho die, Faith?" he asked.
"I hope not, my poor Walter. But she is very ill, "a nswered Faith, laying her hand and say. "Will sho and fire him. Walter Roscoe," she repeated. "My boy is named after him. Walter Roscoe, "she repeated. "My boy is named after him. Walter Roscoe, "she repeated. "My boy is named after him. Walter Roscoe," she repeated. "My boy is named after him. Walter Roscoe, "she repeated. "My boy is named after him. Walter Roscoe Egerton." "The jeweled hand that had been playing with the child's soft carls was drawn away as suddenly as if a serpent had stung it, and Gertrude, what alls you? Are you ill?" "Oh, yes. I have never seen him, but she sent me his portrait once. You know," she add with a faint blush, "it was quite a dream with as when we were girls—that is—she wished me to marry her brother, and Lywanted to the thoor.

"Gertrude, what ails you? Are you ill?" cried Faith in terror. She caught the bell-rope in her hand, but Miss Alewyung grasfed her "in know," said Walter, and an protect dashed. "Lis. The without looking, up Gertrude asked. "All was sited for a 60 moments." "I know," said Walter, and an intered the house, and seeing him her hand seeing him her hand seeing him her hand seeing him her hand hand and gert him and the right had an assenge with a faint blush, "it was quite a dream with as when we were girls—that is—she wished me to marry her brother, and Lywante for a 60 moments."

"I know—I know," said Walter, and an intered this hough of the prompeted her face with her hard all faint had his face in Faith, lough her is not and the feet, and hid his face is all derived with a faint blush, "it was quite a dream with as when we were girls—that is—she wished me to marry her brother, and Lywante for a 60 moments

Then without looking, up Gertrude asked, Faith are you there?

It was a stronger arm than Faith's that "I know—I know," said Walter, and an indefinable expression of pain flitted over his

in her hand, but Miss Alewyone grasped berhand firmly.

"Don't ring: I shall be better soon," she said in a low roice. "And, Faith, for the sake of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were school girls toge of the old time when we were suited saked. "And so spe sent me Edward's portrait, "I was a stronger arm than Faith's that was around her, and a monstached lip, that kissed her hand. She looked up in sudden bewilder ment, and saw her husband bending over her with his eyes full of tears. The sudden joy was one smalled glance at it—another—and the stairs. Her husband met her in the hall and stopped to speak to her. 'Has your friend arrived?' he asked.

"I know I leave, a stronger arm than Faith's that was around her, and a monstached lip, that kissed her hand. She looked up in sudden bewilder ment, and saw her husband bending over her with his eyes full of tears. The sudden joy was to much for her, and a monstached lip, that kissed her hand. She looked up in sudden bewilder ment, and saw her husband bending over her with his eyes full of tears. The sudden joy was to one much for her, and a monstached lip, that kissed her hand. She looked up in sudden bewilder ment, and she with the same than Faith's that was a stronger arm than Faith's that w

On every side we are bewildered with gods on developments and dryads. Mare frowns with his giant hand on his sword. Neptune grasps his trident, with which he shakes land and sea. Minera presides over the arts. Venus is radient with lore and beauty. Ceres solemnly holds her cornucipia. And from yonder ceiling all the seasons at once are pouring out their pictorial treasures. But the most beautiful, solid, and enduring memorials are those of Crawford, the sculptor, who designed some exquisite statues, some of which are flaished; on the marble blocks of others, the workmen are now engaged. The

STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF TH

twenty years to the accumulation of means to purchase enjoyment, and then sit down domfortable and enjoy it. But the order of inputer is entirely averse to any such investment of time; she permits onling of the sort. Payar by us good senius, and cheerfully subscribe something to your ideal life, to your taste for the beautiful. to your domestic happiness; or when the ten years are past you may find your self with a large account at the bank, but with very little capacity to enjoy anything that your money can purchase.

It is not for ourselves alone, but for the sake of our children, that we should love to make our homes whether they bu villas, cottages or log-houses, beautifully and well. Men and we, mon can go abroad and fake their pleasure elsewhere; they can grafify bole desire for variety and excitement in a hundred different ways but their store-house for amisement, their opportant is their store-house for amisement, their opportant is the processingly; their uppliable, sneepfible in minds take in its whole expression with the fulling all the soon learn thoroughly to enjoy every possibility of enjoyment it possesses; and their and still good in the petualty seeking in if or a gratification of their nacent preventions of the beautiful. It is only The contraction of the plant was a finding of the contraction of the c

The true way to live, says the production of the state of the production of the production of the production of the production. If we wish to rea

the place where his to teamed to listen to the replurous notes of the free hippy, orchard melodists—the robin and her associates to the chattering swallowing, and the plaintive whip-poor-will.

The place where first we learned to lisp the first pure sentiments of fraternal love for broth-er, and for "sister dear."

But shove all, and to got then all the soot

Summer Summer

Poetical.

UNSEEN TEARS.

Unseen tears are like a river,
Springing from the mountain high;
Gliding noiseless—flowing ever—
Hidden from the gazing eye;
None may mark the tear-drop starting
From affliction's bitter smart—
None may heed the hope departing,
From the broken, bleeding heart.

When alone, in silent sadness, Comes the heart-felt gushing tear, Quenching every ray of gladness— Quickening every anxious fear; Then, indeed, we feel the sorrow,

Bursting from a soul of woc-Stadow of the gloomy morrow, Growing darker as we go. Heart-felt anguish is retiring From the world's unhallowed eye;

From the world's unnahowed cyc; Solitude to grief's inspiring, Freeing every struggling sigh. Yhus the spirit bears the winging Sorrow brings in dreary tone, While our ceaseless cares are bringing Countless fears, because alone.

Tie within the soul's recesses. Where the heart-pang closely presses Smiting every vital through,

Scalding tears will reach the furrow, And the cyclids feel the smart. Could we see the inner weeping
Of the dark despairing soul,
Think you we'd neglect the keeping,
Or unheed our brother's call? Startling things of human woo,
While ten thousand hearts are dwelling
On the griefs but One can know.

I AM NOT HAPPY. You think I have a happy heart Because a smile I wear, But none can tell the bitter grief That's daily gnawing there.

Ot once I had a happy home, And friends and parents dear; But now they all are passed away, And left me wandering here.

But yet I would not wish them back, In this lone world of care; But rather would I leave this earth, And rise to meet them there.

I, too, like them, am passing on, Death soon will seal my fate; Nor do I care how soon he comes, Nor mourn he stays so late.

Nor do I heed, though frowning wealth May scorn my form to see, Where they are seen I hope to rise, Where I am they must be. But I will strive my falent here To improve as God has given That I may rise at last above, To share the joys of Heaven.

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