2 /	о. 19	Carlisle Herald.	۰. ۲. ۲۰	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Joetry.	brow, and the very voice of the grave sound ing in the cough which shook her fragile	I first knew him; bring me one of it's buds,	Miscllaneous.	AGE OF THE WORLD.
	-leame. We knew that she must die, and	I have seen brides radiant in healthful		In a recent work of Hugh Miller's, the ge-
HE WILL NOT WOO AGAIN.	the, like many consumptives, knew it also	bloom, glittering in jewels dazzling in satins,		ologist, we find the following view of the an- tiquity of the world: Along the cliffy shore
"Twas but a word—a careless word, In pride and passion spoken : That side dust must also shown that bound	Ler absent lover with the formul truth She	rich veils and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully	Soyer the great cook, has written a novel	near his native town, as in other parts of the
But with that word the charm that bound Two loving hearts was broken.	'vrote to him that she had been ill-was still	benutiful as that dying girl, with her dress of	in which the art of the kitchen is set forth in	cosat of Scotland, there is a line of dry caves
The hasty wrath has passed away. No bitter words remain ; In win she looks with tender glance—		simple white, her one floral ornament, the	a rather novel manner. The two heroines go among the poor and impart the receipts of	in the face of the rock, about twenty feet
He will, not woo again.	beltroubled about it, nor be painfully sur-	dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the	the chef.	above the line of similar objects which the
No other love may light use path; No other move us heart;	prised by her changed appearance, when he	deepened hectic of her cheek. When the	Although this book ought to be in every gen-	sea is at present engaged in hollowing out
Yet changing seasons come and go, And find them still apart : Her once bright check is paler now ;	of the drond last partire before them, of	ceremony was, to be performed, she wished to rise; and as she was too weak to stand	tleman's kitchen, still we do not think that	Surveying this set of objects impresses on Mr Miller the "fact of the awakening antiquity
His bears a trace of pun;	the grave, which might	alone, I stood by her side and supported her.	Mr. Soyer has made the most of his subject.	of the globe. I found," he says, "that the
Their days are weary, sad,-and,yot He will not woo again.	"Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,	She smiled sadly, as she whispered—	Could he not in his second edition give us a few scenes something like the following?	caves, hollowed by the surf, when the sea had
They meet as strangers calm and cold,	The repose in its bloom, his beautiful bride."	'You remember, Grace, I promised that	It was a lovely night. The warm breezes	stood from fifteen to five and twenty feet above
As camly, coldly part; And none may guess that tranquil micn	At length May came around again, and		floated by, laden with the perfume of flow-	its present level, or, as I should perhaps rath-
Conceals a wounded heart. To him the world hath lost its light;	with it returned William Gordon, the young	As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that	ers-sweet incense, rising from nature's	er say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper on the average, by about
For her all joys are vain : For hope, nor momory bring relief-	by the great and unlooked for affliction which	of the English Church) proceeded, the face	kitchen! The moon shone brightly as a bird's	one-third, than those caves of the present
He will not woo again.	awaited him-yet meekly drank he the bit-	of the bride became expressive alternately of carthly and of heavenly love, of softness	eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays,	coast-line that are still in the course of being
Alas! that love, long tried and warm, Should wither in an hour;	ter cup, for his God had mingled it.	and sublimity, of the woman and of the an-	seemed silvered and pure as a wedding cake. "Let us walk in the garden," said chere	hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves
Alas! that pride o'er human hearts Should wield such fearful power:	Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from	gel, till it grew absolutely adorable. At the	Hortense, clasping dear, Eloise to her hea-	have been breaking against the present coast
Oh! weep thou not for those who die	earth-growing more and more fragile in		ving bosom.	line during the historic period. The ancient wall of Antonius, which stretched between
But weep o'er living hearts grown cold, Who ne'er can love again.	form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and	of her friends with a graceful manner and	In a few seconds the noble and enthusias-	the Firths of Fourth and Clyde, was built at
	their union might take place. Annie's friends	with the most-cheerful smiles playing about	tic girls were 'neath the orchard trees."	its termination with reference to the exist
Select Cale.	readily assented, but she, to our surprise, fi-		"Do you perceive those apples?" remark-	ing levels ; and ere Cæsar landed in Britain,
	nally refused to grant the mournful request		ed Hortense, scarcely able to repress her emotion.	St. Michael's mount was connected with the
A SKETCH FROM LIFE.	of her broken hearted loyer,	"Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,	"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise	mainland, as now, by a narrow neck of beach
	One evening he was sitting alone by her		Then turning her large pale grey eyes in the	laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish minérs used
BY GRACE GREENWOOD	side, as she was half reclining on a couch ;	Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by	direction of the fruit, she added, in a disap-	to drive at low-water their carts laden with
"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life . In its most subtle luxury. The air		an open window, with her fair head support- ed on the breast of her husband. And she	pointed tone. "They are baking apples if I	tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand
B like a 1 reath from a rarer world;	ed much that day, and as he thought how	-a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife	mistake not !"	six hundred years against the present coast
And the South wind is like a gentle friend, Parting the hair so softy on my brow."	very near might be the dark wing of God's	of two short weeks was leaving us now. Ev-	"They are! they are!" cried chere Hor- tense, bursting into an agony of tears.	line-and no geologist would fix his estimate
he delicious morning which is glowing		ery'sunbeam which looked into her eyes saw		of the term lower-then it must have stood
ind me, and which has called forth the	and said-	her violet hue grow paler, and every soft air	Some moments elapsed before chere Hor-	against the old line, ere it could have exca vated caves, une-third deeper than the modern
aisite description of our gifted country-		which kissed her faded lips bore back a faint-	tense could resume her, wonted calmness	ones, three thousand fine hundred years
. 1, brings also to my mind the recollection	fore you leave me ! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you	er breath on its light pinion. Her doating father kuelt in a deep trance of grief at her	At length with an effort, she "said, "forgive	And both sums united more than exhaust the
one as fresh and beautiful, 'in the days at are gone.' L well remember how "the	b aring that sacred name in Heaven. Re-	side. I stood holding one of her hands in	me, dear Eloise. I was silly, very silly! but	Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere be
ise of that morn's exceeding loveliness	fuse me not love."	mine, while at her feet sat her younger broth-	whenever I see an apple, I always think of him."	ginning of geologic history does the epoch
rdened my heart with a sweet weight-		er, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the un-	"You must indeed have loved," sighed El-	of the old coast-line form!
d how, at last flinging aside the dull book	er,' she replied, ' it must not, cannot be. I	controlled passionateness of boyhood.	oise.	HAD A 'WINNING WAY' WITH HER
ich I had attempted to study, I caught	am the bride of Heaven, you must not be	Annie had lain for some moments appa- rently insensible, but she looked up yet once	"Loved! aye child, madly!' continued:Hor-	A wayward son of the Emerald Isle "left
· light sun bonnet; and bounded out of the	my husband, and hear me, dearest, you must no longer be near me_your love is precious,	more to William, with her own sweet smile,	tense. "The day we parted, I remember, we	the bed and board" which he and Margaret
use, which outward bloom and beauty had addered prison like. I then turned my steps	but it is earthly, and comes as a cloud be-	and murmured-	had apple fritters for dinner. He himself	had occupied for a long while; and spent his
wards a fine old mansion, the home of a	tween me and the glories of that upper world	' Pray once again my beloved, it will plume	prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced crossways, a quarter of an inch	time around rumshops, where he was always
ry lovely girl who had been endeared to	to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is	my spirit's wings for its upward flight, but	thick, the rosy fruit before him, he breathed	on hand to count himself 'in,' whenever any
by years of constant and intimate inter-	sweeter to me than the hymns of angels,	place your hand upon my heart that you may	in my ear the first avowal of the love he felt	body should 'stand treat.' Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and en
urse. Of late there had been-formed a	heard in my dreams of heaven! We must	know when I am gone.' William Gordon, lifted up his voice in a	for me. He then placed in a basin about	deavored to get her husband home again
s tie to bind our hearts-she had become	part, now-for every hour renders you dear- er, and how can I leave you at last.	prayer, all saint like submission and child	two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoon-	We shall see how she succeeded :
befrothed of "one of ours," a favorite	With heroic and martyr-like calmness	like love. He solemnly and tenderly com-	fuls of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moisten-	"Now, Patrick, me honey, will yo come
usin, and the engagement was a joyful one all concerned.	spoke the mistaken girl-mistaken, for a	mitted the passing soul of the wife, the	ed by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring it with a spoon. I thought	back?"
Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore; how	pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and	daughter, the sister and the friend, to her	I should have fainted for my heart was brea-	No, Margaret, 1 won't come back."
ou glidest before me, in thy soft othereal	sweetest preparation for His presence who	Savior and her God, and meckly implored	king."	. "An' won't ye come back for the love of the children ?"
veliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier	'is love.'	for the stricken mourners the ministration of the blessed spirit. Suddenly he paused-her	"Dear Hortense," exclaimed Eloise. "Ah!	"Not for the love of the children, Marga
me! With thy form of lily-like grace,	William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the ex-	heart had ceased its beatings. His brow be-	how you must have suffered !"	ret."
l and fragile-	citement of the scene, and	come convulsed and his water mer the and	"It is past now," sighed the brave girl	"Will ye come for the love of mesilf?"
"With all thy young head's shining bands, And all its waving curls of gold,"	"In close heart shutting up his pain,"	trêmulous as he added—	Then resuming her story, "when the whole	"Niver, at all. Way wid ye."
th thine eyes of softest violet, and thy	resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining	'She has left us; oh! our Father, she is	formed a smooth consistency to the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till	"An' Putrick wont the love of the church
neek of delicate rose bloom—	obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly	with thee now !'	firm, mixing it with the batter. I could in-	bring ye back?"
"I must think of thee,	und imprinted on her forchead a kiss of	'Gone 1 our Annie dead !' exclaimed poor	dure my agony no longer. 'Alexis!' I cried	"The church to the divil, and then I won come back."
Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long,	mingled love and anguish, turned and was	little Arthur Moores, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he	'beware how you trifle with me!"	Margaret thought she would try one other
A young glad creature with a lip of song, An eye of radiance, and a soul of glee	gone! Annic buried her face in her thin	st-etched his arms upward and cried—'Oh!	"Proceed! you interest me greatly," re-	inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whit
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,	white hands, and remained in agony of grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she	dear sister, come back to us, come back !'	marked Eloise. "What was his answer?"	key from her pocket, and holding it up to he
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June.'	had taken, and painful doubts of the neces-	We arrayed her in her bridal-dress, even	Hortense with an effort, continued:	truant husband, she said : . " Will ye com
William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore as an exalted, yet a most lovenble charac-	sity of the sacrifice she had made. Present-	to the white rosebud twined in her golden	ples in one at a time, turning them over with	for the drap of whiskey ?"
er, an embodiment of intellect, manliness,	ly she heard a well known step-William had	hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's	a slice as they were doing. Suddenly he	"Ah, me darlint," answered Patrick, una

ble to withstand such a temptation, "it's yerself that'll always bring me home again-ye has such a winning way wid ye. I'll come home, Margaret!" - Margaret declares that Patrick was "reclaimed" by moral suasion ! 10 "Why is it, my son, that when you let your bread and butter drop, it is always the butter side down?" "I don't know. It hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side out to be uppermost, hadn't it ma? and this here is the strongest butter I ever seed in all my life." \*\* "Hush up; it's some of our aunt's churning." "Did she churn it? Why, the great lazy thing !" di la "What, your aunt?" "No; this yere rank butter! To make hat poor woman churn ; its strong and rank mough to churn itself." "Be still, Zibal it only wants-workin' over." "Well marm, if I was you, when I did it,

side, in a lovely rural grave yard; and a few months after I took her favorite rose tree from the garden and planted it over her breast.

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attriat anections and reivent plety. He	! r
was a young student of divinity-had been	h a
well supported, annost sen calcaled, and at	Ϋ.
he time of the commencement of this sketch	. le
was in the expectation of entering upon the	; f
ministry in the course of a year.	
	I C

And this man, poor, unknown and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared! "Twas passing strange '--our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circle gossipped about the matter for a month or two, and the ruffled tide of our village flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit. William Gordon had called the night before, to bid as adicu, as he was to be absent many months and I thought his betrothed needed a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work as usual, and a glistening of the long brown eyelash, told of the painful parting which had taken place.

· When will William return?' I presently inquired.

'In May-little less than one year.' " And then ?'

'And then we are to be married-so hold ourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid.' The summer passed, a season of earnest, intiring and prayerful toil, with the young tudent, and patient, hopeful, and sustaining bye, on the part of his betrothed. Then ame the chill autumn, followed by a winter f uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on a visit to a dying friend, was exposd to a sudden fearful storm-took cold-ah, loes my reader anticipate the mournful consequence. Her mother, and elder sister had ied of consumption, and soon, very soon, he seal of death was on her blue veined L..., . . .

ceturned! His calmness had forsaken him, 

'If I must leave\_you to die alone, Annie, et me fold you once more to my leart before I go-it will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbed like a child as she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving sorrow of the soul's great deep was broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt-William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart .--At last he raised his \_eyes heavenward, and those lips moved in whispering prayer-he unwound his arms, would have risen, but Annie moved not-she was clinging to his breast 1 A smile of joy irradiated his face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching

than the wildest bursts of grief-<sup>34</sup>Are you not stronger, dear William?' 'Ah, I fear-not, my love.' AThis is strange, for when I felt the strength

obbing from my heart, I thought it had flow ed into yours.'

'Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength ! I must never leave you, Annie !"

'Never!' The morning of the wedding day had come and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress -a beautiful muslin; guiltless of ribbon or lace, I wished to twine in her hair a small string of pearls, which was once her moth-

er's, but she gently put it from me. 'What, no ornaments ?' I inquired.'

'None,' she replied; 'but-yes-if you The old line Democracy are routed completewill go into my garden, you will find a lovely | ly for Congress, Governor' and the Legislawhite rose tree, which William planted when | ture,

Our Annie had been gone from us a year and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be a last adieu. He was going out as our lost. We remained till the grass was er." glittering with dew and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times poor-William turn-Annie wore on her marriage and at that sec- main here." ond bridal, when she was wedded to the dust; and when at last William summoned strength | Eloise. to go he plucked this and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, in that darkened land where he toiled for Christ's sake, that flower is a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching remembrancer of a shore to which he hasten-"the rose of love," in the bloom of immortality, in the sunshine of God's smile.

I, too, am far from the grave, but I know almost to a day when that rose tree is in Fritters."-London Diogenes. bloom. Every morning another bud is un-

folding over her resting place; how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways in the neighbor's prospects used too short a fuse, breeze ! and as starlight trembles around it. and got blown up himself. how sweetly sleeps the cold dew drop in its glowing heart. 1 4001

nor The Maine election on monday resulted, in a complete anti-Nebraska triumph.-

turned towards me, his face glowing with passion''---'

"Nny say not sol" interupted the kind Elo ise; "perhaps the heat of the fire, and not passion had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl; "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he a missionary to India. On the last evening whispered, 'the apple fritters are now cooked. and faithful unto death, while the flood of of his stay, I went with him to the grave of Let us perhaps for the last time eat togeth-

> For a few seconds Hortense was speechless from grief. Rising from the mossy ed to dopart, and turned again. We both re- bank, she gasped out, "Eloise, as you love marked a singular rosebud, very like the one me, let us hurry home! I shall die if we re-

"And the fritters ?" inquired the gentle -400.....

"They were excellent;" continued Hortense, in a calmer tone. "That evening he presented me with a receipt for making them, together with a lock of his hair. Two hours afterwards he was on his road to London, and the Reform Club. But to this day even the sight of an apple makes me tremble .-eth, and an unfading chine, where ever liveth Alas! such is the love of poor fond wo man!"

That night Eloise slept but little. She was thinking over the story of the "Apple

The man who undertook to blast his "The fellow who 'took it coolly' threw it up again somewhat heated. The lady who 'stuck to her point' was soaked off with warm suds.

The man that 'struck a bargain' was fin-

ed for the assault. The person that 'raised an objection' had touch it !" his shoulder put out of joint.

The man who was 'filled with emotion' was unable to make room for any dimer.

I'd put in whole lots and gobs of 'lasses." "You good-for-nothing! I've ate a great leal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding house !" "Well, all great people of rank ought to eat it l"

"Why people of rank ?" "Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! What makes you alk so smart?"

"The butter's taking the skin off my tongue, mother l"

"Ziba don't lie! I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify." "I tell you what I'd do with it, marm. I'd.

keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over and die, as soon as they

"Ziba, don't exaggerate ; but here's twenty-five cents, go to the store and buy a pound of fresh."- [Exit Ziba,