

with rapture on the beauties of his native South, and strike the chords of his guitar to her favorite songs.

The wedding day was fixed; the bridal hour was appointed. The union of two so devoted hearts was hailed with joy by the friends of both: and he who came a stranger to the village, was about to bear away one of its loveliest flowers from the simple valley. Never did youthful lovers anticipate their union with fonder hopes for the future; and if ever the angels delight in witnessing the happiness of mortals, the shadow of their wings must have rested on the brows of Arthur and Alice. It came at length—the day which decides the fate of so many for happiness or woe, the day which of all others is the crisis in our life. There were many bounding hearts that chided the slow wheel of the hour which was to see the lovers united. Early in the morning, the many friends of Alice were assembled at her father's house to witness the ceremony which would separate from them the pride of her native village; and the venerable pair, who had watched the budding of her childhood and the bloom of her youth, with parental solicitude, were ready to impart their last blessing to the idol of their affections. There was no gorgeous entertainment to honor the festival. Alice, herself was clothed in a traveling habit; the coach was standing at the door, which by night fall would bear them far from the scenes of their betrothal. Never had she looked so beautiful as on that eventful morning. The excitement of her novel feelings had tinged her cheeks with a rosier hue, and her young heart beat high with its bright anticipation of its future bliss. True, she was about to leave scenes which had been endeared from her infancy—she might never again roam over the hills which skirted her native valley, nor pluck the flowers which sprung up beneath her feet, nor be as she once was, the pride of the circle which had cherished her youth; but she felt that with the love and presence of Arthur she could be happy even in a desert. But she was going to a land of perennial beauty and unending sunshine, and even amid the hurry of that eventful hour, she pictured the green Savannahs of the verdant South; and the rills whose music would chime with the melody of birds, and the songs of dark haired girls; and the perfumes from the orange and lemon ever to be wafted on the summer air. And Arthur had promised, too, to come for her a courser fresh from his native prairie, with bounding hoofs, and arching neck, and flashing eye; and how delightful would it be, in the cool air of the dewy morn, or the tender twilight, to mount her beautiful courser, and scour his native plains with Arthur at her side!

Such were the visions of happiness that floated across her mind. But the hour had passed when the bridegroom should have come to bear away his prize, and still he was not there. It was evident to all that Alice had become restless and uneasy; and the shadows flitted over her brow in token of the fears and anxieties which were busy within. Half an hour elapsed, and the visitors were hurrying out in quest of the truant lover, when a messenger breathless with haste and terror, rushed through the crowd, sought the awaiting bride, and whispered that Arthur's disease had reappeared, and he was unable to quit his couch.

Suddenly like the flash of thought, her brow was as pale as the bridal wreath which bound it. She tore herself from the grasp of those who would have detained her; she sprang into the street in breathless haste; and in the agony of her heart she glided rapidly along, with dishevelled hair, and the cornet of flowers streaming in the wind. She reached the door of Arthur's chamber, in vain the attendant strove to detain her; she tore herself from his grasp and hurried to the sick man's couch. And the scene she there beheld! It was a dark gloomy chamber—there was none of the pure light of heaven to fall on the horrors of the scene, but all was sad and dismal as the tomb. And far in one corner of the room lay the sick man on his bed of death, and the physician watching there in hopeless anxiety. And the bride so soon to be a widow, and come from the throng of the gay and light-hearted, and bowed in agony beside his bed;—what a step from the altar to the grave!

"Oh God!" she exclaimed, casting herself beside her lover—"Oh Arthur!—that I should live to see this."

He raised himself feebly on his arm—cast a wild glance at the wilder features of Alice—whispered something of a meeting in heaven—fell back again and expired, with her name upon his lips.

Poor Alice she imprinted a long kiss on his cold brow—looked fixedly on his marble features—saw one flush of tears

holiest sorrow, and all was calm and silent as the grave.

The same throng which had met to witness the union of lovers, followed in solemn procession to Arthur's grave; and as they cast the cold sod over him, wept that so much of gentleness and virtue had departed from earth.

But Alice was not there. They had borne her away almost lifeless to her chamber.—Her malady was almost literally a broken heart. For long weeks she remained insensible of all around her, and at length awoke into existence a maniac. She seemed to have forgotten all her old associates, and though she never spoke of Arthur, it was a touching sight to see her in her widow's weeds, gazing out on the garden that was now untitled, and on the bower where he had first whispered the tale of his love. So mellow and plaintive was the song she warbled from her open lattice, and so touching was the story of her life, that there were many of her former admirers who could have loved even this wreck of departed beauty and loveliness.

Weeks and months rolled away. Spring came again with its flowers and gentle airs; and with it reason was partly restored to Alice. Her doting father hoped that travel and exercise would restore her as beautiful as ever to his arms, and at her request, he journeyed with her to the land of which Arthur had spoken in the rapturous moments of their intercourse. She saw the green Savannahs, and sparkling rills, and dark haired girls of her native South; she clasped to her breast the sister of whom he had spoken—told her the story of her love, and mingled her tears with hers to the memory of the departed.

She had now accomplished her last pilgrimage. The discerning eye of her father easily saw, that instead of recovering, her frame was daily wasting away. And now they had passed safely over flood and mountain, and there was a placid serenity on her features, as the coach rolled along the streets of her native village. The fields and the spires she had beheld since her childhood, once more greeted her eyes; and when they bore her from the vehicle, her brow was as pale as Summer's first lily, and her smile as soft as the last ray of the evening sunshine. The mother hurried out to welcome her long absent child; the daughter with a last effort sprang to meet her, and fell into her arms—a corpse.

Arthur and Alice! She was buried beside him in the village church yard. It is a quiet holy spot, just suited for the repose of youth and beauty. The long grass waves and the willow bends in mourning over this common grave; the birds of the air sit by it with noiseless wings; and the silvery stream where she once sported in girlish merriment, laves the margin of their tomb, and sighs a requiem to the memory of the departed.—The giddy stripling checks his boisterous mirth, while passing the spot; the traveler pauses by the road side, and drops a tear, while the villager recounts their simple history; and youthful lovers by twilight steal away from the bustle of the world, and plight there their vows to love as constantly and devotedly as did Arthur and Alice.

Shall we pause here? Is this all of life?—to be ever seduced by the whispers of hope—to smile and weep, like an April sky, and then pass away and be forgotten? Is there no balm for those whose history has been but a tissue of disappointments? There is a world beyond the tomb—there is an asylum for the heart broken! Where the rainbow of peace ever spans the unclouded sky; where the verdant plains stretch away beyond an eagle's ken, where the stars are undimmed by the mists of earth, and the tear is wiped from every eye—there the disconsolate will be happy, "and the weary at rest."

A JUROR WHO HAD "SCRUPLES."—During the recent trial of Portman, at Covington, Ky., one of the jurymen returned was asked by the prosecution if he had any "conscientious scruples about inflicting the death penalty?"

"Scruples?"

"Yes, sir, conscientious scruples."

The jurymen scratched his head, and thought deeply for a moment.

"Yes, sir I have them scrup—scrup—"

"Scruples," suggested the attorney.

"Yes, sir, I have them conscientious scruples."

"Will you explain the nature of your scruples to the Court," said the lawyer.

"My scruples," said the jurymen, facing His Honor, "is that the Dutchman ought to be hanged and I'm in for it."

He was ordered to "stand aside for cause."

Men never talk amongst each other about their scruples: women always do. With the latter it is the passport of conversation.

Miscellaneous.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

We lay before our readers this morning the Lord's Prayer, beautifully paraphrased into an acrostic, by Thomas Sturtevant, Jr., a soldier in the 26th regiment United States Infantry, and prisoner of war in the province of Upper Canada.—*St. Louis Recreille.*

Our Lord and King who reign'st enthroned on high,
Father of light! mysterious Deity!
Who art the great I AM, the last, the first,
Art righteous, holy, merciful, and just,
In realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
Heaven is thy dwelling place of God our King.

Hallowed thy name, which doth all names transcend,
Be thou adored, our great Almighty Friend;
Thy glory shines beyond creation's space,
Named in the book of justice and of grace;
Thy kingdom towers beyond the starry skies;
Kingdom satanic falls, but thine shall rise,
Come let thine empire, O thou Holy One,
Thy great and everlasting will be done!
Will God make known His will, His power display?

Be it the work of mortals to obey:
Done is the great, the wondrous work of love;
On Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above,
Earth bears the record in Thy holy word,
As heaven adores Thy love, let earth, O Lord,
Shine radiant in the eternal skies,
Is praised in heaven—for man the Saviour dies.

In songs immortal angels laud his name,
Heaven shouts with joy, and saints His love proclaim.

Give us, O Lord, or food, nor cease to give
Us of that food on which our souls may live;
This be our boon to day, and days to come,
Day without end in our eternal home:
Our needy souls supply from day to day;
Daily assist and aid us when we pray.
Bread though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend.

And make us grateful when thy gifts descend,
Forgive our sins, which in destruction place
Us the vile rebels of a rebel race;
Our follies, fruits, and trespasses forgive,
Debts which we never can pay, nor Thou receive;
As we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults overlook,
We beg Thou'd blot ours from Thy memory's book.

Forgive our enemies, extend Thy grace
Our souls to save, even Adam's guilty race,
Debtors to Thee in gratitude and love,
And in that duty paid by saints above,
Lead us from sin, and in Thy mercy raise
Us from the tempter and his hellish ways.
Not in our own, but in His name who blest,
Into Thine ear we pour our every need.
Temptation's fatal charms help us to shun,
But may we conquer through Thy conquering Son!

Deliver us from all which can annoy
Us in this world, and may our souls destroy;
From all calamities which men betide,
Ereil and death, O turn our feet aside;
For we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
Thine 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
Is not Thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
The whole creation knows no God but Thee,
Kingdom and empire in Thy presence fall;
The King eternal reigns the King of all;
Power is with Thee—to Thee be glory given,
And be Thy name adored by earth and heaven;

The praise of saints and angels is Thy own;
Glory to Thee, the everlasting One!
Forever be Thy triune name adored,
Amen! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

PAT AND THE OYSTERS.

Pat, who had just been transplanted, had been sent by his master to purchase a half bushel of oysters at a quay, but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the musical style.

"Where have you been, Pat?" exclaimed his master.

"Where have I been? why where, should I be? To fetch the oysters."

"And what, in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?"

"Long! by my soul, I think I have been pretty quick, considering all things!"

"Considering what thing?"

"Considering what things! why considering the gutting of the fish to be sure."

"Gutting what fish?"

"What fish! why bluran' owns, the oysters."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? why I mean, that as I was resting down foremost the Pickled Herring having a drop to comfort me, a gentleman axed me what I'd got in my sack."

"Oysters," said I.

"Let's look at em, says he, and he opens the bag. 'Och! thunder and prates,' says he, 'who sold you these?'"

"It was Mick Carney," says I, "aboard the Pol Doodle-snack."

"Mick Carney! the thief of the world! What a blackguard he must be to give them to you without gutting."

"Ain't they gutted?" says I.

"Mischief a que," says he.

"Musha then," says I 'what'll I do?"

"Do? says he, 'I'd sooner do it myself than see you abused."

"And so he takes 'em in doors, and guts them nate and clean, as you'll see," opening at the same time his bag of oysters, that

was full of the same. He then took out a half bushel of the same, and said, "There you see, they are all gutted."

ADVICE.

Advice, in these times, is just about the meanest as well as the cheapest commodity in the market. It's had enough at any time; and, indeed, whenever we feel desirous to be universally hated, avoided, and despised, the means are always in our power. We have but to advise, and the consequences are infallible.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded on the rock of eternal attachment, was once terminated in the following manner. On a certain occasion, one remarked to the other,

"My dear friend, I don't think your figure is particularly suited for dancing; and as a sincere friend of yours, I would advise you to give it up in future."

The other, naturally affected by such a mark of sincerity, replied,

"I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice. This proof of your friendship demands some return. I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race."

The advice of neither was followed—the one continued to sing and the other to dance—and they never met afterwards but as enemies.

So much for giving "advice."

SLANDER.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:

"Thy flying rumors gathered as they rolled
Scarcely any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement too:
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew."

FALL STYLE OF HATS for 1854.—GEORGE KELLER respectfully announces to his Patrons and the public generally that he has just received the FALL STYLE OF GENTLEMEN'S HATS, manufactured at one of the best establishments in Philadelphia, to which he invites special attention.

He has also constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of his own manufacture as well as city made Hats and Caps, suitable for the season, comprising every variety of English, Beaver, Mohair and Silk Hats, finished in the latest style, together with a full assortment of CAPS of every shape and description, and at every price. He particularly invites the public to call and examine his extensive assortment, which in style, material and finish, cannot be surpassed by any in the market, and which he is able to put at prices lower than ever.

Remember his old stand on North Hanover street, between Haver's and Finner's stores.

FALL STYLE OF HATS & CAPS.—W. H. H. THOMAS, desires to inform his old friends that he has removed to his new establishment on High street, near the Railroad Depot, and is now opening a large and elegant assortment of the FALL STYLE of Hats and Caps, suitable for the season, comprising every variety of English, Beaver, Mohair and Silk Hats, finished in the latest style, together with a full assortment of CAPS of every shape and description, and at every price. He particularly invites the public to call and examine his extensive assortment, which in style, material and finish, cannot be surpassed by any in the market, and which he is able to put at prices lower than ever.

Remember his old stand on North Hanover street, between Haver's and Finner's stores.

CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENS.—W. H. H. THOMAS, desires to inform his old friends that he has removed to his new establishment on High street, near the Railroad Depot, and is now opening a large and elegant assortment of the FALL STYLE of Hats and Caps, suitable for the season, comprising every variety of English, Beaver, Mohair and Silk Hats, finished in the latest style, together with a full assortment of CAPS of every shape and description, and at every price. He particularly invites the public to call and examine his extensive assortment, which in style, material and finish, cannot be surpassed by any in the market, and which he is able to put at prices lower than ever.

Remember his old stand on North Hanover street, between Haver's and Finner's stores.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! The subscriber is now having made up a lot of fashionable and substantial clothing which he will sell as cheap if not cheaper than any establishment in the borough. The stock will consist of OVERCOATS, Blue DRESS COATS, SACK COATS, PANTALOONS, VESTINGS, &c.

The Clothing will be made out of none but the best quality of cloth, by an experienced tailor and good cutter, and the work got up in the best manner and by the best of hands. We have now on hand a lot of choice Clothing, and all we ask is for purchasers to give us a call and they will be pleased with the work and prices. At the old stand on East Main street.

CHARLES O'GILLY.

FOR THE MILLION.—I am just receiving my Fall stock of PAPER HANGINGS, which surpass in style, quality and price any that have ever been exhibited in Carlisle. I respectfully solicit a call from persons in want of Paper Hangings of any description, as I am confident by assortment far surpasses any in the Borough; and in style and price has but few rivals in the city. I only ask of the public to call and examine my assortment before purchasing, as I am confident my choice designs cannot fail to please the most fastidious.

West side of North Hanover Street, South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, Carlisle.

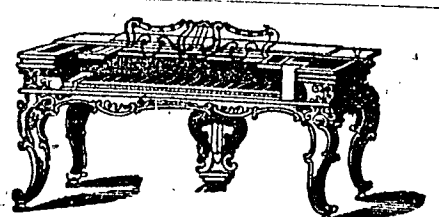
BOOTS AND SHOES.—The subscriber has now on hand a very extensive and well selected stock of BOOTS and SHOES, which he will sell at unusually low prices. Purchased from wholesale dealers, and made up by such inducements to purchasers as will make it their interest to visit his establishment. He has every article in the best and shoe line for Ladies or Gentlemen's wear—their feet need not be sacrificed to particularize.

Persons desiring good and cheap goods are invited to give him a call.

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May 20, 1853-1y

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CRY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store,"

Number 26 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.

Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 ct. at case, \$20 00

Gold Lining, 18 carat cases, 12 00

Silver Jewels, 18 carat cases, 12 00

Silver Lever, full jewelled, 12 00

Superior Quarters, 7 00

Gold Spectacles, 7 00

Five Silver Spectacles, 7 00

Gold Bracelets, 3 00

Ladies' Gold Pencils, 1 00

Silver Tea Spoons, set, 5 00

Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver Holder, 1 00

Gold Finger Rings, with Watch Glass, 1 00

Plain, 12 1/2 cents, Patent 1-3, Lunet 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

STAFFORD & HALL, 26 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

On hand some Gold and Silver Levers and Lining still lower than the above prices.

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OF LIME, DEBURG'S Original and Guaranteed, 1000 Tons, the cheapest manure in the world. Farmers and dealers supplied at low prices.

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DEBURG'S GUANO.—This article was offered in a large quantity to our customers as equal to any imported, and superior to most of the domestic.

1000 bags of this superior Guano for sale at their own market rates. Also, Patagonian Guano, 1000 bags of Grand Guano, &c., &c.

C. FRENCHELL & CO., At the Steam Plaster Mills, Junction of York Avenue and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia.

FRENCH TRUSSES, Weighing less

than 2 1/2 ounces. For the cure of Hemorrhoids, by the aid of the highly elastic and compressible French Truss, incomparably superior to any other in use.

Subscribers will be gratified to learn that the occasion offers to procure not only the highest and most steady, but also a Truss as any other, in the line of the number and uncomparable article usually sold. The Truss is not only attending the fitting and when the pad is placed it will retain its position without change.

Persons at a distance unable to call on the subscriber can have the Truss sent to any address, by express, for five dollars for the single Truss, or ten for the double, with measure round the hips and stating side affected. It will be exchanged to suit if not fitting, by return of mail, at once, unconditionally. For sale only by the subscriber.

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Corner Twelfth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

26-27 LAMBS, requiring the benefit of Mechanical Surgery, including the derangement of the Hip-joint, and the dislocation of the Ankle, Acute, Chronic, Dyspeptic, Nervous, and Spinal Weakness, are invited to a competent and experienced Lady will be in attendance at the Rooms, set apart for their exclusive use, 114 TWELFTH ST., 1st door below Race, July 26, 54.

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ARRANGE, various sizes to suit Families, Baking Houses and Hotels.

Those in want of a superior Baking Apparatus are invited to call at our Warehouse and examine the same. For durability, economy and simplicity in operation, stands unrivaled. It has a perfect hot air ventilation, and stands baked in this oven will retain their juice and flavor equal to that roasted before a fire. The oven and pastry cooked at the same time without one affecting the other. It will supply sufficient heated air for additional rooms for the best weather. It has descending or return flues, and is equally well adapted to lituminous or common hard coal. The steam valve over the baking part of the range carries off the steam and scent of cooking, as well as heat in summer.

Extensive range sold warranted to give satisfaction, or a refund to the purchaser.

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E. N. & Co. received the only Prize Medal awarded the Crystal Palace exhibition, N. Y., 1853, in the United States for Glass, Decorated, Mosaic and Pier Glasses.

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Articles for Collectors, Druggists and Tobacconists lower than ever and in greater variety.

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The important fact, that those alarming complaints may be removed without MEDICINE, is in this tract clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly and at the least possible cost, avoiding thereby all the active and dangerous

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