

Poetry.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

Three pair of dimpled eyes, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embraces;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this eve;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet good night!
Three little forms to m' heart!

Ah, 'tis well that little ones should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our pure, favorite tale
Bring little ones to him!

Said he not, 'Of such is heaven,' and blessed them,
And held them to his breast?
Is't not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis there they go to rest.

And yet, ye three angels of my house!
Ye hearts enused in mine!
How 'twould be shattered, if the Lord should say,
'These angels are not thine.'

Select Tale.

A WOMAN'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

Sudden sorrow.

Seems to say thus—how good things come tomorrow

ONE might have thought the picture had been studied, so graceful was that of the family group assembled on the piazza of North Hall; but it was a scene of every day. Mr. Etherwood, full of the airs and whims of an obsolete valetudinarian, reclining in an immense chair, ensconced to the extreme of luxury, his dressing-gown of richly quilted tannock folded round his stooping and attenuated limbs, and his long gray hair falling beneath his velvet cap, and mingled with the transparent ruffles that covered his bosom. So also was the position of his gentle daughter Lucy—his only child—Aunt Lu she was called, to distinguish her from a younger inheritor of the name. She was kneeling at his side, a lovely, devoted looking woman, and smoothing his fleecy white stockings, the work of her own fair hands, under his embroidered slippers, with as much tenderness as if his passive feet had been those of an infant. The remaining figure, however, presented a new aspect. This was the grandchild and niece—little Lucy still—for though nearly eighteen and well grown, the affected watchfulness of her aunt had so preserved her girlish simplicity of character, and consequently of appearance, that she looked full two years younger. She stood leaning against a column, and twisting in her fingers the fringed blossom of a passion-flower which festooned it; and though her eyes were fixed upon the gilded wires of a bird-cage suspended among the vines, it was evident that neither the sparkling glances, nor the cooing twitter of its little inmate attracted from her a single thought.

The old gentleman had watched her anxiously for some minutes, and at length remarked:

‘I have not seen you feed your bird this morning, Lucy!’

‘No, grandpapa; but Aunt Lu thinks of everything, or now, that Clement Noel has gone, there would be many things forgotten.’

Lucy’s face glowed as brightly as the rose-colored ribbon round her neck—which to her grandfather was very unaccountable, as he had spoken kindly and with perfect singleness of meaning; and after a pause he resumed:

‘I am afraid you are not well, child. What is it ails you? You know how it worries me to see anything about me looking out of the usual way!’

‘There is nothing the matter with me, sir; at least, I have only a little headache!’ A woman’s answer.

‘Dear child, you can’t make me believe that, when people have headaches they always complain—I never knew anybody that didn’t; and you have not said a word about it before. You know that my greatest earthly solicitude is about your health—yours and your aunt Lu’s; I am always trembling lest you should inherit some of my own distressing maladies. I feel confident that if your father had lived long, enough he would died of some of them! And now you look listless, your eyes are dull, and I have heard you sigh heavily a dozen times. Have you any fullness in the chest, any difficulty of breathing—particularly of nights. It will be a shocking thing if you get the asthma.’

‘Oh, dear no, grandpapa!’

‘Is your digestion good? Do you ever feel any nausea after eating, or any burning sensation here? Do always on your guard against dyspepsia, for it would make you miserable for life! You must be abstemious! I’ll give you some of my bran bread for dinner, and you must always take tapioca, after this, for your breakfast.’

‘Indeed, grandpapa, it is quite unnecessary.’

‘Or perhaps you have taken cold—your people are always so deplorably careless.—Have you any shooting pains in your limbs? Any burning and stiffness about the ankles? Any aching in the toes? Any—’

‘Any symptoms of gout, dear grand papa? Oh, no, no.’

And Lucy’s languid face brightened for an instant with the merriest of smiles, and her voice rang with a momentary laugh, which was echoed by her Aunt Lu.

‘Indeed I am quite well; and to prove it, I will go and get your hat and wrappings ready for your ride.’

‘The foolish child can’t deceive me,’ said Mr. Etherwood, who, after having studied symptoms for twenty years, had no want of confidence in his own sagacity; ‘you must have noticed the change, daughter Lu—her pale face, her slow step, her low voice, her fits, now of stupor, now of restlessness, her disinclination to her usual employments—if it is nothing more, it must be an affection of the nerves! As I am going to town to execute a certain new plan of my own, I’ll just stop at the doctor’s, and ask him to come out and give her an examination. Look at your watch, dear; it is time for the carriage to be round! I’ll go at once—for it is very imprudent to allow such things to gain ground. I must take care of her, as she is my only grandchild, and I don’t expect to have another. She has been in this state—let me see—ever since the day Clem left us—and that was Monday.’

Miss Etherwood never opposed her father’s habits—so she muffled him up in his own peculiar fashion, and assisted him into his carriage. Then, as she stood looking after him, she smiled to herself to think that, if his skill in discovering causes from effects, the question had never struck him whether the event from which he so carefully dated Lucy’s indisposition might not have had something to do with it. This said Clement Noel was a fine, handsome youth, possessing every qualification, gentle reader, that you expect and admire in a magazine hero; and had been luring his minority, two or three years ago, the ward of Mr. Etherwood. He had just bidden adieu to North Hall, after a visit of six months, to begin an extensive tour, which he had deferred from week to week during all that time, and had left behind him the memory of his society as an indispensable household comfort. Never was there a more useful young man. He had performed all sorts of philosophical experiments for the old gentleman, and read Zoroaster in the original, ay, and Hippocrates himself; and had arranged cabinets for Aunt Lu, and constructed Eolian harps, and classified dried plants, and tied up living jessamines; and towards little Lucy he had said and looked a hundred things too valuable even to be hinted to other people. These she could not have failed to understand and appreciate—yet he had gone away without asking her if she had done so; and there was now nothing for her to do but to pine herself into a melancholy.

Aunt Lu, with feminine intuition, had perceived how matters stood, and that it was timidity alone that had prevented the young lover from declaring himself. She was the very person to sympathize with the sorrowing girl—for she, too, had had her early romance and disappointments; but she was of a happy hopeful spirit, and, suppressing a sigh which started at the thought of her own past experience and Lucy’s present trial, she trusted for a brighter future, and went cheerfully about her domestic vocations. With all her elegance and accomplishments, Aunt Lu was a notable housewife—as any phrenologist would decide by a glance at her portrait; and her niceness and habit of systemising were all the indications ever named of her having been foredoomed to be an old maid. Yet this portended to be her lot. The indefatigable, uncomplaining nurse and companion of a confirmed humorist, whose jealous fondness was no atonement for his exactions, she was bound, as well by promise as by her scrupulous sense of duty, to devote her heart and hand to a life which, in spite of the drawbacks of a diseased fancy, might prove almost as long as her own.

Mr. Etherwood continued his morning drive considerably later than usual, but at last the carriage stopped at the gate, and he advanced to the portico with an alacrity altogether uncommon, forgetting even to limp. Aunt Lu hastened to receive him, and he saluted her with the question:

‘What do you think I have been about all this morning, daughter?’

‘Something very pleasant, I have no doubt sir, as you look stronger and more animated than you have done for months!’

‘You are right! I have been attending to business for you, which is always the most pleasant occupation I can have! After leaving a note for the doctor about Lucy, I drove round among some of your young friends, and promised to send the carriages to bring them out this afternoon to a collation on the grounds, in honor of your birthday!’

‘My birthday?’

‘Hal hal my dear! did you think I had forgotten it! This is your thirtieth birthday!—I told them all so, and that, as I knew from your correct perception of the fitness of things you would now give up all youthful amusements and frivolities, I would like them to take a lesson from you on entering a new state of life properly! Allow me, my dear, step-

ping up to her delightedly and kissing her cheek, to congratulate you on arriving at the period of mature womanhood!’

For one moment Miss Etherwood looked vexed, but in another her good sense had conquered the little weakness, and she thanked him with her usual cheerful smile:

She was at length aroused by a servant handing her a packet. She glanced at the superscription, and hastily broke the seal. An enclosure fell beside her, but she started up, seized the fallen letter, and, with a countenance all radiant, flew out of the room. She had quite forgotten her own griefs in the prospect of being a messenger of happiness to another—just like her.

‘Stop—stop, daughter Lu—what letter is that?’ called her father, meeting her; but for once his voice was unheeded, and, with her collar half blown off in the rapidity of her motion, and standing up from her neck like an Elizabethan ruff, she passed him swiftly as a bird.

Meanwhile Miss Lucy, at the request of her grandfather, had made her toilettes, though carelessly and with great reluctance, to receive the first invoice of guests, and their gene into the garden to arrange a seat for him in his favorite summer house. She had broken off, as she strolled listlessly along, some sprays of the brilliant pomegranate and the delicate weberberry—unconsciously, it seemed, though she had a latent remembrance that Clement Noel admired the contrast of the rich scarlet balls of the one with the pear-like globules of the other; and when she had executed her errand, she placed herself on the pile of cloaks and umbrellas, with the largest in her hands. She thought over again the same things she had thought every hour for the last three days and nights; that never had anybody been as miserable before; that she never could be happy again in this world, and if it were not she, she would wish to be out of it, and there would be some consolation to know that, should she die of a broken heart, there would no one person to grieve for her—no particular person besides her grandfather and her Aunt Lu.

Thus she sat with her pale face and compressed underlip, when her aunt approached and peeped at her through the shrubbery. Her right step had not been heard, and, softly entering the door, Aunt Lu stole close behind her dejected girl, and, reaching the letter over her head, dropped it into her lap.

Lucy turned round with an ejaculation of fright, but the seal of the letter caught her eye, and, growing red and then whiter than before, she exclaimed:

‘Oh, Aunt Lu, where did you get it?’

Aunt Lu assumed an expression of surprise at her agitation, and when Lucy made a trembling effort to open the letter, she caught her hands, saying:

‘Not so fast, my dear—you are not sure that it is for yourself! It is directed to Miss Lucy Etherwood,’ and quite as likely it may be for me!’

Lucy clasped the letter closely, and looking impudently at her aunt, drew it away.

‘This is a matter of some delicacy,’ pursued Aunt Lu, mischievously; ‘it is unlucky that it is not customary to use the convenient little words ‘senior’ and ‘junior’ after ladies’ names. On common occasions we need not care to open each other’s letters; but when they come from gentlemen, there is no telling what they may contain!’

‘It is for me, dear aunt—I know it is!’ exclaimed Lucy, nervously.

‘You should not be so positive, child; it appears to be the hand of Clement Noel—and it is much more probable that he would write to me than to you. It is amazing what strange things these young men sometimes get into their heads! Supposing it is a love-letter? At all events, as I am the elder, it is nothing but proper that I should read it first!’ And as Aunt Lu pretended to snatch it, Lucy retreated to the furthest corner of the summer-house.

‘Why, Lucy, child, this is singular behavior about a gentleman’s letter! But we will compromise it by leaving it to chance; this waxberry will be for you—the pomegranate leaf for me!’ Taking them from the bouquet and concealing them in her hands: ‘Now, here— which hand will you have?’

The lot fell upon Aunt Lu, and Lucy burst into tears.

‘Ah, Lucy—Lucy!’ said her aunt, tenderly throwing her arms around her, ‘I have hardly deserved such treatment at your hands!—After having shared all your feelings from childhood as a mother could scarcely have done, do you think I would have withheld my sympathy in this most trying crisis of your life? Had you confided in me, perhaps you might have been spared this three days’ unhappiness—for in such trials we women are sometimes good comforters to each other. I know everything! Clement enclosed your letter to me, begging me to deliver it only if I thought it would be favorably received. He has been loitering about the city, undecided to go, yet dreading to return, lest he should meet with disappointment. But read your letter dear child, and I’ll turn my back and look after my geraniums!’

‘I shall have to learn to love my flowers better!’ resumed Miss Etherwood, as if to herself; ‘I shall have nothing else when little Lucy gives herself up to another. And she looked around in time to see the blushes with which her niece closed the letter. ‘You’ll go now and have your hair dressed—won’t you, Lucy? Your Madonna locks don’t suit you so well now that you look bright and rosy again. But I believe you told grandpa yesterday that you would never curl your hair again—didn’t you? And not to trouble himself to send your bonnet after you—for you did not care how dark you got—that beauty was of no use, that you could see! But Clement thinks differently, and you will now have to take care of yourself for his sake, and he will be out this evening! I know he will, as I shall write to him! You must do the honors this afternoon—for I am not quite in spirits! Do you know, darling, that to-day which yields you so much happiness, and shows you a future so fair, makes your Aunt Lu an old maid for life?’

The expected guests arrived, and left to little Lucy’s charge, were speedily dispersed about the beautiful grounds which environed the house. Among them was a distinguished looking man, of thoughtful and intellectual countenance, who seemed rather a spectator of the festivities than a sharer in them. It was Walter Sidney, Miss Etherwood’s lover, who, strange to say, was always received as a welcome friend by her father, notwithstanding his nervous horror of her marriage. At length she is seen in apparently earnest conversation with him, and what has been said betwixt them may be judged by her reply:

‘No, Walter, you must obey me, and never allude to the subject again—at least with that vain word—hope! Don’t forget what my father brought you all here for—to rejoice with him at the prospect of my initiation into the sober mysteries of middle age!’

‘And it is ten years since!’ said her companion, musingly; ‘we would have thought it a long time then, Lucy!’

‘Yet to me it has passed so slowly!’ said Aunt Lu, taking up his thought.

‘And to me, I have lived upon hope, and you in the earnest discharge of arduous duties, for the performance of which I have loved and honored you the more, much as I have suffered by it!’

‘I know it, and thank you, Walter! But it is time that we should look upon things as they really are. Though my father’s health is, and promises to be, better than it was then, yet he grows more and more jealous of my attendance, regarding my undivided care and affection as the very breath of his life.—My course is plain: I must still live on as I have done, and, gradually losing my capacity for returning your feelings, become reconciled to the change. But you—you are still young—far younger than I am—though I have not numbered as many years. You may yet be very happy, and you owe it to Providence who places the means of happiness in your hands, to accept them. You must marry—for you are formed for domestic life—and see how gently even these gay young children around us would listen to you!’

Do you think I would value you any the less; you have given me noble proofs of your truth, and I should be proud to resign you to a tie that would prove a blessing to you! I should know that I still retained your esteem—and even now of what worth is anything else to me?’

The lover listened with a grave smile, and when she had concluded, he replied.

‘I have now become accustomed to my affection, Lucy, and even if I would, I could not part with it; therefore, if it must be so, I will wait ten years more!’

The company departed early, according to the arrangement of Mr. Etherwood, and after they had gone, Aunt Lucy went her accustomed round in the apartment of the invalid; she spread out his night robes, arranged his lamp to a proper dimness, prepared his lotions and panaceas, and then, waiting for further orders, took her seat at an open window.

There was a calm, soft moonlight, and she might have found it a sedative to her unquiet thoughts; but though the luxuriant foliage she could perceive the white dress of Lucy, who was now flitting gaily about with Clement Noel. The scene recalled similar ones in the early intercourse between herself and her faithful Sidney, who in her heart she still persisted should be weaned from his hopeless pursuit—and no wonder that a sigh escaped her.

‘Do come away from the window daughter Lu, and sit behind that screen!’ said her father; ‘You are surely old enough now to understand the danger of the night air! Your breath sounds wheezing already, and I should not wonder if you had taken a complaint in the breast already! What has become of Lucy?’

‘She is engaged with Clement Noel, father!’

‘Sure enough; it was very foolish in that lad when he found the ship or steamboat wouldn’t go—which was it?—not to come back to us! He ought to know how hard it goes for me to do without people when I once get used to them! It was a very foolish pro-

ject in him to go travelling, putting himself in the way of all sorts of dangers, when he could so well afford to stay at home! But you never answered me when I asked you what letter that was?’

‘A love-letter!’

‘What—what a love letter? Who is disturbing our quiet by sending love letters again? I hope, daughter Lu—’

‘It was not for me sir—but for little Lucy!’

‘For little Lucy! Why! If that isn’t comical! Little Lucy getting love letters! And who under the sun would send one to her, poor child?’

‘Couldn’t you guess, father? Clem at Noel!’

A light seemed to break upon the old gentleman, and he looked at her without replying a single word.

‘You think very highly of Clement, my dear sir!’ pursued his daughter encouraged by his silence; ‘and he has begged my influence to gain your favor to his cause! He will suit you better than any one else—for, of course, you would not wish little Lucy to live unmarried, too!’

Still he returned no answer, but at musing for full ten minutes. At last he muttered to himself:

‘I wouldn’t like my family to be extinct—but give up my little Lucy—give up my only grandchild—how would that do? I couldn’t live without a grandchild!’

‘What did you say, dear father?’ asked Aunt Lu, approaching him.

‘I don’t know what I said, but that is what I have been thinking about—that if I must give up little Lucy, you had better get married!’

Aunt Lu sprang forward, and the wig her arms around his neck, burst into tears, and the old man wept with her.

‘If we must begin to make changes,’ said he, ‘I can as well put up with two as one!’

And now an inflexible clue being given to the termination of our story, who would I thank us to go on? of course nobody.

Dry Goods.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
THE LATEST SPRING STYLES!
I am now receiving from New York an immense stock of the most desirable and fashionable goods, and in order to attract the attention of all my old friends and customers, as well as the public generally, I have purchased most of my goods from the best and most sporting houses in New York, and am enabled to offer better bargains than can be had at any other house in the county. Our assortment of—

NEW STYLE DRESS GOODS.
is large, complete and beautiful. Another lot of these elegant and cheap BLACK SILKS, embezzled handkerchiefs, sleeves, collars, ruffles, capings, and insertings, a stock that for extent and cheapness defies all competition. Muslins, gingham, calicoes, de laines, de laines, tickings, checks, a tremendous assortment of gloves and Hosiery cheaper than ever. Cashmere, cardigans, coats, &c. &c. a full assortment and very low in price.

CARPETS AND MATTINGS.
An entire new stock of three ply, burras cotton and velvet carpeting, bought very cheap, and will be sold very low. Also white and colored Mats.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
A large supply of ladies and gentlemen’s boots, shoes and gaiters. Intending to give up the boot and shoe department, I will dispose of what I have on hand at low prices. Also some well made clothing on hand, which I will sell for less than cost. I want to clear it out. Come one and all to the old stand, on East Main street, and select your goods from the largest and cheapest stock ever brought to Carlisle.

DRY GOODS NEW STORE & NEW GOODS!
The undersigned is now opening in the store room of William Leonard, on the corner of Hanover and Louder streets, in the Borough of Carlisle, a large and general assortment of STABLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, embracing almost every kind and variety of goods obtainable in this market, together with an assortment of GROCERIES. His stock having been newly all purchased within the last two weeks, buyers will have the advantage of selecting from a FRESH STOCK, as well as of the late decline in the price of many articles. It will be happy to exhibit his goods to all who may favor him with a call, and pledges himself to sell every article as low or lower than they can be purchased elsewhere.

Carlisle, Nov. 15, 1854. ROBERT DICK.

NEW SPRING GOODS.—The subscriber is now opening a large and general assortment of LADIES’ GOODS, consisting of Black and Colored Silks, Challis, Barges, Mus de laines, French and English Lawns, also a general variety of goods for boys wear, a full assortment of Ladies and Children’s Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, also English and other STRAW BONNETS, Bonnet Ribbons, Bonnet Lawns, with the usual variety of Spring goods at a moderate price.

GEORGE W. HITNER.

DRY GOODS NEW AND SEASONABLE!
The undersigned, having enlarged and fitted up the Store-room formerly occupied as the Post Office, immediately opposite the office of the American Volunteer, in South Hanover Street, has opened a large and general assortment of NEW AND SEASONABLE DRY GOODS, comprising a great variety of fancy and staple French, British and domestic goods, a general assortment of Ladies’ Leghorns, Straw, Neapolitan and Gimp Bonnets, Bloomers of various kinds and quality, Gentlemen, Youth and Children’s Panama, Leghorn and Straw hats, white and colored Carpet Chain, Gilesters &c. &c. all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

May 16, '55 ROBERT DICK.

BONNETS, BONNETS.—The subscriber is just receiving another supply of Spring and Summer Bonnets consisting of English Straw, chip, Brail, satin Straws, Neapolitan, and Hen Brail, also a new supply of very choice Colored and White Bonnet Ribbons varying in price from 12 1/2 to 50 cents per yard.

Also a large assortment of Childrens and Misses Straw and Brail Mats. GEO. W. HITNER. May 16, '55.

HAY AND STRAW CUTTERS,
CORN SHELLERS.—A large assortment of improved Hay, Straw and Fodder Cutters, now on hand. Also double and single corn shellers of other hand or horse power, of the very latest manufacture, including the premium warehouse at the late Pennsylvania State Fair. For sale by PASCHALL MORRIS & Co., Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, corner at 7th and Market, Philadelphia. Dec. 6, 1854.

WOOLLEN YARN.—A lot of very superior Heavy and Even Woollen Yarn just received, much better than the city yarn, all colors, 20/28.

CHAS. OGDEN.

SAVE YOUR OLD METAL.—Cash paid for OLD METAL, such as Copper, Brass and Iron, at the Carlisle Foundry and Machine Shop. FRANK GARDNER.

FRESH SHAD.—A few barrels of prime No. 1 SHAD just received at—

WILLIAMS FAMILY GROCERY.