		Uarlisle Herad.		
and holy—her lips wreathed with the blessing vision, Tom? Take all the fortune, and let rious gaze. To my dying hour I shall not eyes as they looked on me in the forest on t				
· · · huance	and holy—her lips wreathed with the blessing	vision, Tom? Take all the fortune, and let	rious gaze. To my dying hour I shall not	eyes as they looked on me in the forest on th
traftery	of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through the	" He have her, and I'll call it square." "Just what I was going to propose to you.	forget that gazo; to all eternity it will re-	mountain road. I have never left her, neve
From Graham's Magazine.	scenos around her as you have seen the angel-	Be reasonable now, Jerry, and get out of the	main in my soul. She looked at me one look;	grown away from her. It, in the resurrectio
"POP GOES THE QUESTION."	ic visitors of your sluinber move through		and whether it was pity, sorrow, surprise, or love. I cannot tell you, that filled them and	we are to resume the boules most exactly fi
BY CHARLES JARVIS.	crowded assemblies, without effort, apparent.	for you.'	overflowed toward me from out their immeas-	ted to represent our whole lives; 11, as 1 have
List to me maidon, pray:	ly with some superhuman aid.	'I twirled a rosebud in my fingers that she	urable depuns; but, Philip, it was the last	we wave when some great event stamped a
Pop, goes the question !	'The child of wealth, she was fitted to adorn		inght of those eyes 1 ever saw-the last, the	souls forever, then I am certain that I sh
Will you marry me, yea or may? Pop. goes the question!	the splendid house in which she was born and	"Poor devil! I did not think you could	last.	awake in form and feature as I was that d
I've no time to plead or sigh,	grew to womanhood. It was a grand old		'Is there any thing left in that bowl ?	
No patience to wait for bye and bye,	place, but in the midst of a growth of oaks that might have been there when Columbus		Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish	life after her burial.
Share me now or I'm sure to fly Pép goes the question!	discovered America, and seemed likely to		it. My story is neraly ended, and I will finish	We buried her in the old vault close
• •	stand a century longer. They are standing			the house, among the solemn oaks. Beauti
"Ask Papa," Oh ! fiddlo de deo} Pop goes the question !	yet, and the wind to-night makes a wild la-	ticle more of encouragement than the other	" 'We had not noticed, so absorbed had we	angel-like, to the very last.
Fathers and lovers can never agree,	ment through their branches that sounds		been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud	my voice is broken. I can not say mo
Pop goes the question 1 He can't talk a bet I must be burn	mournfully above her grave.	dared break the spell of our perfect happiness	had risen in the west and obscured the sun,	Philip. You have the story. That is two of it. God bless yon, Phil, my be
He can't tell what I want to know, Whother you love me, sweet, or no,	'I must pause to recall the scenery of the		and covered the entire sky ; and even the sul-	VOI have listened matter the terms to
To ask him would be very slow,	old familiar spot. There was a stream of wa- ter that dashed down the rocks a hundred	'And so time passed on.	try air had not called our attention to the	'Good night, boy. Go to bed. I'll st
Pep, goes the question!	yards from the house, and which kept always	• One summer afternoon we were off togeth-	coming thunder storm. 'As she looked at me, even as she fixed her	here in the old chair awhile. I don't-exa-
· I think we'd make such a charming pair,	full and fresh, an acre of pond, over which	er on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were re-	eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce,	ly-feel-like-sleeping-vet.
Pop. goes the question! For I'm good locking and you're very fair,	hung willows, and maples, and other trees.		fell on the top of a pine tree by the rondside	1
Pop. gres the question!	while on the surface the white blossoms of the	road down the side of the hill	not fifty yards from us, and the crash of	
We'll travel life's road in a gallant style,	forus nouced fairly on the ripples with Egyp-	'Philip, stir the fire a little. That bowl of	the thunder shook the foundations of the	and heavy, as if with suppressed grief. I own eyes were misty.
And you shall drive ev'ry other mile, Or if it pleast you, all the while,	tian sleepiness and languor.	punch is getting cold it seems to me, and I am	hills.	In the hall I found John, sitting bolt w
Pop, goes the question ?	• The old house was built of dark stone, and	a little chilly myself. Perhaps it is the recol-	'For a moment all was dazzling, burning,	right in a large chair
If we don't have an enchanting time,	had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine	lection of that day that chills me.	blazing light ; then sight was gone, and a mo-	Why Johns I thought the Materia
Pop, goes the question t	- seldom penetrated to the ground in the sum-	· 'I had made up my mind, if opportunity		to bed long ago ?'
I'm sure it will be no fault of mine, Pop. goes the question !	" mer months, except in one spot, just in front	occurred, to tell her that day all that I had	horses croutched to the ground in terror, and	1 , and integer analysis senus me
To be sure my funds make a feeble show,	of the library windows, where it used to lie	thought for years. I had determined to know	Sarah bowed her head as if in the presence of God.	
But love is neurishing food you know,	and sleep in the grass, as if it loved the old	once for all, if she would love me or no.		not go. He's been a telling you the old stor
And cottages rept uncommon low, Pop, goes the question!	place. And if sunshine loved it, why should	'If not, I would go I cared not where; the world was broad enough, and it should be to	the next Tom's horse sprang by us on a furi-	
,	not I.	some place where I would never see her face	ous gallop, dragging Tom by the stirup. He	What old story, John ?' Why, all about Miss Lewis, and Mist
Then answer me quickly, darling, pray, Pep, goes the question!	General Lewis was one of the pleasant, old-	again, never hear her voice again, never how	had been in the act of mounting when the	Tom, and the General ?'
Will you marry me, yea or may?	fashioned men, now quite gone out of memo- ry, as well as out of existence. He loved his	down and worship her magnificent beauty	flash came, and his horse swerved and jump-	'Yes.'
Pop. goes the question!	horses, his dogs, his place, and his punch	again. I would go to Russia and offer myself	ed so that his foot caught, and he was dragg-	John laid his long black finger knowir
I've no time to plead or sigh, No patience to wait for bye and bye,	He loved his nephew Tom, wild, uncouth,	to the Czar, or to Syria and fight with Napo-		ly up by the side of his nose, and looked
Suare me now, or 1'm sure to fly,	rough cub as he was; but above horses, dogs,	leon, or to Egypt and serve with the men of	There was a point in the road, about fifty	1
Pop. goes the question.	house, or all together, he loved his daughter	Murad Bey. All my notions were military, 1	yards ahead, where it divided into two. The	
	Sarah, and I loved her too.		one was a carriage-track, which wound down the mountain by easy descents; the other was	'All the punch, Sir."
Endant Tala	'Yes, you may look at me as you will, Phil	denth on the field.	a footpath, which was a short, precipitous	'What! Sarah and the black horse, and-
Select Cale.	Phillips, I loved Sarah Lewis, and, by all the	occasionally, and thought she was looking	cut to a point on the carriage track nearly a	
and the second	gods, I love her now as I loved her then, and	- lendidly. I had never seen her more so.	quarter of a mile below.	He is either asleep or drunk. Curious that
THE THIRD BOWL.	as I shall love her if I meet her again where	Every attitude was grace, every look was life	'Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait, 1	Why didn't I think that a man was hardly
·	she has gone. • Call it folly, call it boyish, call it an old	and spirit.	drove the spurs into my horse and went down	be believed after the second bowl, and perfe
Draw your chair close up. Put your feet	man's whim, an old man's second childhood,	'Tom clung close to her. One would have	the steep path. Looking back I saw her tol-	ly incredible on the third. By Jove! he is
those skins. You will find them, soft and	I care not by what name you call it; it is en-	thought he was watching the very opportunity	lowing, her horse making tremendous speed-	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
rm. Light another pipe and fill your glass, ilip. It is a bitter night. My old bones	ough that to-night the image of that young	I was after myself. Now he rode a few paces	She kept the carriage road, following on af	
adder when I hear the wind wail over the	girl stands before me splendidly beautiful in	forward, and as I was catching my breath to	ter Tom, and I pressed on, thinking to inter- cept his horse below.	dreamed about that night.
use and through the oak-tree. Capital	all the holiness of her young glad life, and I	say, 'Sarah,' he would rein up and fall back to his place, and I would make some flat re-	'My pace was terrible. I could hear them	Drn hoods
ach, that! John has a knack at the article	could bow down on my knees and worship her	nark that unde me seem like a fool to myself,	thundering down the track above. I looked	Dry goods.
t I have rarely seen equalled-never sur-	now again.	if not to her.	up and caught sight of them through the	NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS-
sed. He is a prince of servants, is John,	Why did I say again? For forty years I	"What's the matter with you, Jerry ?' said	trees. I looked down, and saw a gully be-	1 am now receiving from New York and Philadel
he is black. I have had him with me now	have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to	she, at length.	fore me full eighteen feet wide, and as many	an immense stock of new, desirable and theap Good which I would call the attention of all my old frie
et me see, it must be thirty years, at least	pray in the morning, she passes between me	"Jerry's in love,' said Tom.	deep.	and customers, as well as the public generally. Has purchased most of my goods from the largest import
it is thirty-two years next Christmas week, d I have never quarreled with him, and he	and God. If I would read the prayers at evening twilight, she looks up at me from the	'I could have thrashed him on the spot.	A great horse was that black horse Cæsar	houses in Now York, 1 am onabled to give better gains than can be had at any other house in thereous
never quarreled with me. A rare history	page. If I would worship on a Sabbath moru-	"In love! Jerry in love!' and she turned	and he took the gully at a flying leap that	Our assortment of
master and man. I think it is because we	ing in the church, she looks down on me from	her large brown eyes toward me.	landed us far over it, and a moment later I	NEW STYLE DRESS GOODS is large, complete and hearting. Another lot of th
e each other's weaknesses, and here he	some unfathomable distance, some unappreach-	'In vain I sought to fathom them, and ar-	was at the point where the roads again met, but only in time to see the other two horses	is large, complete and beautiful. Another lot of the elegant and cheap BLACK SILKS, embroidered has konsister down and the more than the
nes.	able height, and I pray to her as if she were	rive at some conclusion whether or no the sub- ject interested her with special force.	go by at a furious pace, Sarah's abrest of the	korchiets, sleeves, collars, ruttles, ed.ings, and ins ings, a stock that for extent, and cheapness defies
John, another bowl of punch, if you please.	my hope, my heaven, my all.	• The eyes remained fixed, till I blundered	gray, and she reaching her hand out bravely	competition. Muslins, ginghams, calactes, do heges latues, tickings, checks, a tremendous assortmen
hat, not another! Certainly, man, I must	Sometimes in the winter nights I feel a	out the old saw, "Tom judges others by him-	trying to grasp the flying rein, as her horse	tiloves and II siery cheaper than ever. Cleths, ca meres, cords, ectionades, &c. &c. a full assortment:
ave it. This is only the second, and Philip,	coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are	unif?	went leap for leap with him.	very low in price.

have it. This is only the second, and Philip, vonder, has drank half, of course. Not drank any! You don't mean to say he has been drinking nothing but that vile claret all the blessed evening? Philip, you deg, I thought you knew my house-rules better than that .---But you always would have your own way.

coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are self. feeling about my heart, as if to grasp and still . Then the eyes turned to Tom, and he it. I lie calmly, quietly, and I think my hour plended guilty by his awkward looks, and half is at hand; and through the gloom, and the blushes, and averted eyes, and forced laugh. mists and films that gather over my vision, I

"By Heaven ! thought I, what would I not see her afar off, still the same angel in the dis- give for Tom's awkwardness now ! The rastant heaven, and I reach out my arms to her, cal is winning his way by it.

went leap for leap' with him.

To ride close behind them was worse than useless in such a chase. It would but serve to increase their speed ; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

At the foot of the mountain the river ran, broad and deep, spanned by the bridge at the

An entire new steek of three piy, ingrain, cotton and venitian carpeting, bought very chicap and will to soid very low. Also white thd colored Mattings. boards: AND Shirks.

very low. Also while tud colored Mattings, BOOTS AND SHOLS. A large supply of indice and zentlemen's boots, shoes and gatters. Intending to give up the Greerey depart-ment, I will dispose of what I have on hand in that line, at how prices. Also some well made (lothing on hand, which I will sell for less than cost as'l want to clease it out. Come one and all to the Oid Stand on East

One more bowl, John-but one. It shall be the last; and, John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick black bottles with the small necks, and open it gently. But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

'How the wind howls! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years old, and seven days over. My birth day was a week ago to-day. 'An old bachelor! Yea, verily. One of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you think I am any older in my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think because " my heart beats slower, that my mind thinks more slowly, my feelings spring up less freely, my hopes age less buoyant, less cheerful, if they look forward only weeks instead of years ? I tell you, my boy, that seventy years are a day in the sweep of memory; and once young forever young, is the motto of an immortal soul. I know I am what men call old, I know my checks are wrinkled like ancient parchment, and my lips are thin, and my hair gray even to silver. But in my soul I feel that I am young, and I shall be young till the earthly ceases and the unearthly and eternal begins.

'I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that has been one day-one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked any advance.

"Philip, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory-by the light of one grave.

'John, set the bowl down on the hearth .-You may go. You need not sit up for me. Philip and I will see each other to our rooms to-night, John. Go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

. Phil, she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heaven-her brow, white, calm,

and I cry aloud on God to let me go find her, and on-her to come to me, and then thick darkness settles on me.

"The doctor calls this apoplexy, and says sistible, and I could not suppress a smile that I shall some day die in a fit of it. What do grew into a broad laugh.

doctors know of the tremendous influences "Tom joined in it, and we made the woods that are working on our souls? He, in his ring with our merriment. scientific stupidity, warns me against wine "I say, Tom, isn't that your whip lying and high living; as if I did not understand back yonder in the road ?'

what it is, and why my vision at such times ... Confound it, yes; the cord has broken reaches so very far into the deep unknown. from my wrist;" and he rode back for it. . Jerry, whom does Tom love ?' said she, "I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her cousin. quickly, turning to me. Rumor said he was the old man's heir in equal

proportion with the daughter; for he had " You,' said I, bluntly. "Why, of course; but who is he in love been brought up in the family, and had always been treated as a son. He was a good with, I mean ?'

fellow if he was rough, for he had the gord ness that all who came within her influence must have.

way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at all 'I have seen her look the devil out of him often. I rèmember once when the horses had events, asking Tom's question for him, and it saved me the embarrassment of putting it as behaved in a way not to suit him, and he had my own. I determined this in an instant. let an oath or two escape his lips proparatory "Sarah, could you love Tom well enough

to putting on the whip. We were riling together down the avenue, and he raised the to marry him ?' "I! Jerry; what do you mean?" lash. At the moment he caught her eye .---

She was walking up from the lodge, where she will you marry him ?' had been to see a sick child. She saw the

from each other. 👘 📼

tune, and let me have the other half ?'

money, if that's all you want.'

raised whip, and her eye caught his. He did ... I don't know-I can't tell-I never have thought of such a thing. You don't think he not strike. The horses escaped for that time. has any such idea, do you ?' He drove them quietly through the gate, and

. That was my answer. It was enough as three miles and back without a word of anger. far as it went, but I was no better off than be-'Did I tell you I was her cousin also? On her mother's side. Not on the General's. We fore. She did not love Tom, or she would

never have answered thus. But did she love lived not far off, and I lived much of my time me? Would she marry me? Wouldn't she at his house. Tom and myself had been inseperable, and we did not conceal our rivalry receive the idea in just the same way?

"I looked back. Tom was on the ground, "Tom,' said I one morning, 'why can't had picked up his whip, and had one foot in you be content with half the General's for- the stirrup, ready to mount again. I gulped down my heart that was up in my throat and "Bah! Jerry,' said he, 'as if that would spoke out:

"Jerry, is Tom in love ?"

"Sarah, will you marry me ?" be any more even, when you want Sarah with it. In Heavon's name, take the half of the Philip, she turned her eyes again toward me-those large brown eyes-those holy eyes have never ceased to think of her as on that

road took a short turn up stream, directly on | * The naivete of the question, the correctness the bank. of it, the very simplicity of the thing was irre-

gray was the heavier horse. He pressed her close; the black horse yielded, gave way to. ward the fence, stumbled, and the fence, a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went "It was a curious way to get at it. Could I over, all together into the deep black stream. be justified? It was not asking what I had 'Still, still the sound of that" crash and intended, but it was getting at it in another plunge is in my ears. Still I can see them go headlong down that bank together into the black water !

'I never knew exactly what I did then .-When I was conscious, I found myself swimming around in a circle, diving occasionally to find them but in vain. The grey horse swam ashore and stood on the bank by my "Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, black, with distended nostrils and trembling limbs, shaking from head to foot with terror. The other black horse was floating down the surface of the stream, drowned. His mistress was nowhere visible, and Tom was gone also.

•I found her at last.

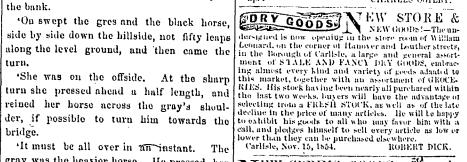
'Yes, she was dead ! "Restore her ? No. A glance at her face

showed how vain all such hope was. Never

Philip I said I had never grown a day

older since that time. You know not why. I

narrowest point. To reach the bridge, the Main street, and select your Goods from the largest and cheapest stock ever brought to Carlisle, april CHAR CHARLES OGILBY.



YEW SPRING GOODS .- The sub-Scriber is now opening a large and general assort-ment of LADESDRESS GOODS, concisting of Black and Colored Silks, Challi Bareges, Mous de laines, French and English Lawns, also a general variety of geods for boys wear, a full assortment of Ladies and Childrens Hostiery, Gloves Handkerchlefs, also English and other STRAW BONNETS, Bonnet Ribbons, Bounet Lawns, with the usual variety of Spring Goods at moderate pri-ses. GEORGE W. HITNER.

Comprise of various kinds and quality, Conthemén, NEW AND SEASON-Ing enlarged and fitted up the Store-room formetly ec-cupied as the Post Office, immediately eposite the office of the American Volunteer, in South Ilamover Street has opened a large and general assortment of NEW AND SEASONABLE DIAY GOODS, comprising a great variety of funcy and staple French. British and domestic goods, a general assortment of Ladies' Leghorn, Straw, Neapolitau and Gimp Bonnets, Bioomers of various kinds and quality, Conthemén, Youth and Childron's Panama, Leghorn and Straw hats, white and colored Carpet Chain. Groceries &c., &c. all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. May 10, 765 ROBERT DICK.

BONNETS, BONNETS.— The subscriber is just receiving another supply of spring and Summer Bonnets consisting of English Straw chip, Braid, satin Straws, Neopolitain, and Ben, Braid, also a new supply of very choice Colored and White Bonnet Ribbons varying in price from 121/2 to 50 cents ner vard.

Der yard. Also a large assortment of Childrens and Misses Straw and Braid Flats. GEO, W. HITNER. and Braid Flats. May 16. '55

was human face so angelio. She was already one of the saintly—one of the immortals—and the beauty and glory of her new life had left some faint likeness of itself on her dead form and face. For sale by PASCHALL MORRIS & co., Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, corner of 7th nd Market, Philadelphia. Dec. 6, 1854-tf

WOOLLEN YARN -A lot of very * Can't we fix it so as to make an even di--and blessed me with their unutterable glo-CHAS. OGLLBY.

and and a