

VOL. LVII.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLESLE USE POINTLEATION TO CARLESLE UP AND THE ADDITIONAL AD

ADVERTISEMENTS;-

Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of tweive lines for three insertions, and 23 cents for each subsoquent insertion. All advertisements of less than tweive lines considered as a square. Advertisements inserted hofore Marriages and deaths fronts per line for first insertion, and 1 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on sub-facts of limited, or individual interest will be charged be east per line. The brogitter will not be responsed be damages for errors in advertisements, Obitmary notices or Marriages.

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liste Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the d must complete establishment in the county. lar jest and most complete establishment in the county Threas good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Exiney work. If every kind coubles us to do Joh Printley at the shortest nutice and on the most reasonable terrains. Persons in want of Illia, Blanks or anything in the Johding line, will find it to their interest to give us a call, Every variety of Blanks constantly on hand.

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BOROUGH OFFICERS. Chief Burgess- Robret Irvine Jr. Assistant Burgess-George Hendel. Town Council-sd. B. Parker (President) J. hilj James Galilo, sr., Franklin Garcher, Sar in, Jeter Monyte, Sanual Wetzel, J. D. Hall Par.

tin, Feter Monyer, cancel Ducy, Girra to Oquacit.-Win. H. Wetzel, Ganatables-John Sphar, High Constable; Rober McCartney, Ward Constable.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Cen re stuars. Rev. Conway 4. Wing Pastor -- sprice yor, Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock The good that men do, lives after them.

sex, and see if their greatness is not conspicuous in their goodness. It is true that wo-Poetrn. man's might is gentleness, her strength is developed in her affections, and her most appro-

voted mother has gone to her reward, animate

the heart of her son, prompting him to noble

deeds, and promoting him to places of the

highests trust among his fellows. Thus we see the seed sown by affection, yields an abun-

dant harvest. While we revere the memory

of "The Father of his Country," how sweetly

falls upon the earilike strains of distant music

the name of " Mary, the Mather of Washing-

ton." The two are inseparably connected as

Who can estimate the amount of influence

exerted upon the world by the circulation of

good books, the faithful transcript of the su-

thor's mind." How have we been strength-

ened by the pure and lofty writings of Hannah

Moore, clothing morality and, religion in such

an attractive garb, that we involuntarily make

her contiments our own, and feel that the offer-

ings of grateful hearts is the proudest tribute

to her memory. We might enumerate many

others, such as Mrs. Hemans, and kindred

spirits, whose sweet strains of possy have

ponding one of enrth, but it is unnecessary.

The good they have done, lives after them.

In recording the noble deeds of women,

hat name more deserving to be remembered

han that of Grace Durling ? . fler noble, self-

orgetfulness in the hour of greatest peril, has

Have we need of further proof ?- See the

nissionary as he hids adjeu to the endear-

he immutable laws of cause and effect.

THE CASTLE OF SLEEP. BE T. B. ALDRICH. There is sleep in all things!

On still nights, There is a hiding of a million wings : The purple honey-bees in gloomy woods, The speckled butterflies, and tiny broods In dizzy poplar heights!

The wild wood ruse is dreaming when a blush Rises from scanted darkness is its check, Touching the crimson to deeper had! Its parted lips would seem as it could speak, nd tell what dreams of fautasie and love Bearded its cyclids with a sliver dow! Would not these red monthed Peries tell a tale Could they but break, some mild mid summer night,

Their clasps of silence, and delifious lesp Into melodious utteraree? Who knows What sombre gluests, what visions of delight, Flit through their brains in the dim world of sleep i

The world of sleep! The beautiful old world

Propped up with rainbows out of space and time: The Elderado! Fancy's fairy climel. The Lotys Garden, where the soul may lie. Lost in Elysian, while the music mean Of some uncarthly river faintly caught, Seems like the whisperings of angels blown Up in Applian harp strings 1 And we change Into a scenning something that is not i Princess of dreams and elden memories;

floated down to us, soothing the weary heart, Fahinstic skeep! One who is weary with his thesome days Brings thes a soul that he would have thes keep and appearing an angel of mercy to the do-Their record is on high, and their names are A captive in thy mystical domain, "Mong wild Puck-fancies and the grotosque train fondly cherished as household words. That do inhabit siuml cr. Give his sight Immortal shapes, and bring to him again Strew lotus leaves and poppies on my breast The sleepy buds from the inisty floodands brought The flowers of forme! Then with a viewless hand urnished a theme for Historian and Poet, Lead-me into-thy-Castle, in-the hand Touched with all colors like a barning Wegtand will continue to do so, while memory retains her place in the mind of men. When Obliterating their own shadows fall the night was darkest, and the tempest the Like m the leaves, and yet not make a sound In all the corridors? most fearful, and when to have braved the In all the cornaces: The bell sleeps in the telfry-from its tongue A drowy murnur fleats into the air Like this bedown! Shunlas - everywhere. perils of that stormy passage, would have been a triumph for the stoutest heart and strongest frame--what must we say when we The rook's asleep, and is his dreaming, caws! hink that this was accomplished; mainly And silence no passwhere aighting thes have sung The Syren lie in grettees coel and deeps through the stiength of a female arm, prompted by the warm, ourgushings of sympathy, The Ldy-wreathed Naiada in streams: light I, in chilling twilight stand and wait On the portrulis of thy Castle gate, Yearning to see the golden door of dream 1 urn on the noiseless hinges of a sleep !

ments of home, to the friends of his youth, and bears to India's sultry clime, to the Isles of the een, "the story of the Cross. Fullow Original. him as he arrives a "stranger in a strange land." yet he falters not in his glorious enter-"THE GOOD THAT MEN DO, LIVES prise, and the story of salvation falling from AFTER THEM."

his lips, thrille the hearts of those who for the first time, hear of the wondrous plan-of redemption. True, he may "fall at his post.!" This is a truth, which has been attested by and find a grave in that distant land, far from he experience of all ages, from the creation his loved ones, yet his life of devotion has not of the world, until the present time. The sabeen in vain. His is ored Scriptures, the oldest authentic record

rom her own loving heart.

"One of the few, the immortal names, That were not bern to die."

He has cast his bread upon the waters, and shall gather it after many days. The influence he exerted for good, shall continue to increase as time rulls, on, the spirit of that

CARLISLE, PA, WEDNESADY JULY 1, 1857. a hundred other things all at once-when he

Select Cale. MY OLD WIFE AND L. printe sphere is flome It is there she exerts an influence which moulds the youthful mind, BY PUTNAN. and instils principles which long after the de-

great-wings.

uo,'

see the mother's eyes watching every carelers She is sitting close beside me in the old movement, with a sad, sweet sympathy in rm-chair, mate to my own-theearnest, true- them-why is it ? Sometimes, when Robert brings his beautihearted friend of a long lifetime-my own meek-eyed Ruth. Years ago, sa very long. ful young wife home, and Paul dallies with ago, that memory sees those years as far-aff the ourle of his adored bride, had here in his iotures, indistinctly and dreamy Years Inp; when Sarah sits down on the footytool by ago, my Ruth whispered to me in the purple her husband and laughingly tumbles the hair wilight of a mid-summer wathing, "Whither of her first-born-sometimes, I say, when Grathou goest, I will go"-nud trustfully has the bam helps to make up the family party, and chatters of the markets, of politics, of the fine romiso been kept. .

reads with a frowning brow, the list of fail-

ures among the merchants, pitying this, con-

demning that-when he tears open business

letters and runs them through in a twink-

ling, always burried, always hurrying, I can

Sometimes, when the winightare burns low, arts and of the farm, I have seen silent tears and coals glow blood-red in the broad, open fall from the quiet eyes of Ruth, as if all this chimney, I take her withered hand in mine, hurry and worry of her boy was a mask. Per-and we talk with hushed voices of those buy ied days, and of the buried dead, who danced ing whose Boul was twined with the woul of with us in the hey-day of youth. Voices st. Graham. How the changing years carried lent, hearts pulsoless, and eyes close veiled her away to sleep in a green grave, and left Ruth and I are gladly looking forward to the the boy alone. Maybe, memory is goading hour when we shall see the bank of dear de him to his incessant action, this constant laparted ones, beyond the golden gales of the bor. Who knows? We all have a name written somewhere among the records of the heart, ity "Beautiful." "We shall go soon, very soon, Jack," says dearer than all other names beside- a nam

he tranquil voice ; and I answer hopefully, that brings with it either pure enjoyment or Very soon." Then she strikes the sweet old bitter, bitter yearnings. It must be so with Graham, for I have seen nelody of "Summer," and the tones of our him-stand, silent as the frozen snow, for hours, old trembling voices ring through the quiet room, like the echoes of a far away song, sung leaning over the bannisters and gazing on a simple picture hung in the hall, with the name by a group of forms known and loved in the

of " Rosamond" written underneath it Rose of the world,' and yet the world knew only as In the warm summer nights we sit, each by the other, on the veraudah that comminds a much of her beauty as had ripened under fifview of the heaving sea, and the white-sailed teen summer's suns. She was my cousin. and a fuirer face usver bloomed out on the ships that glide hither and thithes with their bleak-winter alis of New England, but I was not suffered to marvel at her exceeding loveli-Life is like the billowy ocean,". I say "to he mild face and the dim eyes, " ovvered with neas long, for God took her, and the simple picture and an old man's memory are all that countless backs, some filled with every thing remain of her now. Perhaps, I only say perrich and glorious, laden with wealth and beauhave, the rare vision that stoals through Graty of other lands; others idle and bare with htm's silent bours, and even glides between goping seams and tattered sails. ... They, float lim an I the rustling ledger, bore the name of erenely on the bine depths, tossed, unhurmed, Russimond ; it she did, or if my cousin's face by the fickle winds, while the nobly-laded bears a faint likeness to his 'lost one,' I wonnes, freighted with the hope of loving friends, der not that the boy loves to linger on the go down even in the soft sunlight and the stairs and watch the castern red runlight steal lightest of breezes. Yunder go two fairy sails, in and glow suddenly all over the bright, side by side, like old companions, happy, if beaming countenance. How sad and how strange that so many of our best beloved the winds do not drive them asunder. So we, rocked by the billows, wafted by prosperous memories are scented with the perfume of cybreezes, have kept closely together, till our press and of shrouds. barks have grown almost unseaworthy.

Ruth says The reason of this is because "The pilot will come to us, Juck, ere many such memories would lose their sweetness. moons,' says the old wife, cheerfully, ' and I had we the power of making them oft-recurthunk God that He has suffered us to wear out ring. .. Those we love go home to their Father, o nearly in the service of what is good and when we remember only what is beautiful of them-years of, long life might rob them of

'I thank Him, also, deep in my beart of what makes us cherish their memory so fondcarte, that Ile gave me the unappropriated If ; now their beauty will remain unfaded loveliness of Rath Seymour. when the golden clauds of manhoud's dawn this over methrough the long lapse of kn unlapsing sternity, and no stain on their purity can make us love them less.' . She has whispered the life, and have kept undying and immortal, same words to Graham in the twilight's puramid mortality, the pure love of husband and ple hush, and he has gone back to his city

home more cheerfully ; ab ! I'll dare to say he Now, though age has sown a tilvery harvest has gazed down memory's long gallery with among the silvery girl-locks, and made wrin- less regret as his eye drinks in the beauty of kles where once smile played bo peep to smile his beautiful ' Rose.' He thinks of the changeamong dimples, she i still donr as in the first less years beyond the narrow sea, and of the years of married life-still beautiful-still my changeless form watching beside its banks for Ninon-D'Enolos. I-love her for-the-memory him. The has often closed the day book and of what she has been to me through the devi ledger. I doubt not, with the unattered wish ous pathway of circling days-for the freely. I that he might step across that narrow sea as given trust, the perfect confidence, the un- easily as he can cross the busy streets. marked obedience of love and faith. Dear old Ruth and I have a whole troop of lovely and wife 1 We can now talk fearlessly of the poverty in specified, and whom I persist in bringing. Truly wife l days. Days, when we ato sphringly, and lited up as they should be brought up. Truly sparingly, that the nuble children God gave enough, the young rogues are always hunting us, might climb over the rugged heights more my large pockets for sweetmeats and stray easily. bits with which to Duy toyn, and my wife We shall yet reap bountifully, Jack,' said sometimes tells me I am spolling the whole Ruth, and 1 believed her. Have we not troop, instead of herself. renped a plentiful harvest? Robert blesses But children, are children, and I have too his gray baired parents every day for the edugreen a memory not to know that plums and. cation he won by their self denial-our Robert condies are so sweet to small line. Dear chilthe orator and the statesman,' -.... dren, they are all lumps of pure gold, and Then the proud smile creeps over the write | cunning must the artisan's hand be that can kied chiek, and lights up the fading eye, and mould the pure gold aright. Paul's young as I read slowly and carefully, the burning wife, with her asure eyes and amber ourls, words of the young politician, Ruth comes looks far too young and frail to guide the closely to my side and steals ber shrunken fin- stout youngster whose snucey black eyes, are gers between my own, hor fout tapping the for all the world the exact counterpart of his floor nervously, as I speak of applauding old grandpa's ... Who then, like Ruth and I, oan feed small crowds and engerly excited multituder. Simetimes a tear slides down the thin check, a tear lips and daudie baby limbs ? What though her of gratitude that all our efforts, were not in hands have grown unsteady and weak, who can fold the tiny form in a drowey robe like my There is Paul, too, the artist and poet-be- dear old wife ! Ab, me! how we are shutoved by the noble and great. He onne, last ting out slowly and more slowly this feeble summer, with the odor of hugels, ab at him, lamp of life! By-and by the flickering light bere to the old homestead, with its gables and | will fall, and of us-bits of poor worn elayqueer roofs; its gnarled onks an i wide-sprend-ing orchards, came to blend, in unfading coling orchards, came to blend, in unfading only interviewing the sea, overlooking the sea, over buckward over the purple hills, the twain whe en the white locks or grave index and the danced merily in many a refr. when youth south south south south and the south will minister to us and fred their hearts with happy dreams, and all interstate of youth. Will nor ablidters folimmortality of youth. Will our children fol the bands of girls and boys, that has for years low tou?

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP. "Pledge with wine -- pledge with wine," ried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

- D.

The beautiful bride grew pale-the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath rembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker and her heart beat wilder. "Yes, Marion, lay sside your soruples for his once," said the Judge, in low tones going towards his daughter ; "the company expect t. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as on please, but in mine, for once, please me." Every eye was turned towards the bridal nir. Marion's principles were well known.

Henry had been a convivialist, but of inte his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his babits-and to-night they week Madam De Capin's description of a simwatched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if ple, but we apprehend a very useful contrihe was tied down to a woman's opinion so

was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the orystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her wards you o'n have a chance to amuse yourpiercing exclamation of 'Oh! how terrible."

together, for she had slowly carried the glass to arms longth, and fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired weaver may desire. It is about five inches light shone from her dark eyes, " wait, and I wide, and must be fastened to the corset, and will tell you. " I see," she added slowly, point- form a part-of-it, and-must-always fit-the ing, one jeweled finger at the sparkling liquid, lower part, and, by doing so, carry the whole a sight that heggars all description, and yet of the bands and strings which usually comlisten-I will paint it if I can. It is a lonely press and enlarge the waist entirely over the spot; tall mountains-around; a river runs hips. It will in this case form a base of supthrough and bright flowers grow to the water's port to the whole of the underolothing, and edge. There is a thick warm mist, that the distribute the weight on the parts best adapted aun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees lofty and to bear it. The hook, which I invented some beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the years ago, and which has now come into such birds ; but there a group of Indians gather ; general use, was intended to accomplish this they flit to and fro with something like sorrow | end; and to some extent it has done so; but, upon their dark brows. And in their midst as strings were necessary, the object was but is a manly form-but his check how deathly partially accomplianed. They are, however, his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fevor. One no longer necessary with the petiticoat susfriend stands beside him-nay I should-say pender; for, by sewing three rows of buttons kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head into it, the petticoats are buttoned on in tiers upon his breast. "Genius in ruins-oh ! the high, holy-look- proper position.

ing brow! why should death mark it, and he so young ! Look! he throws back the damp at once perceived, by all who have paid the curls I see him clasp his hands I hear the thril. least attention to the art of dressing, so as to ling shricks for life I mark how he clutches at avoid injuring the body by any undue presthe form of his companion imploring-to-be sure upon the thorax and abdomen, and by saved. Oh ! hear him call pitcously his fa- those also who seek to display the grace and ther's name; see him twine his fingers toge. elegance of the female figure, and preserve ther as he shrief for his sister- his only sis-ter-the twin of his soul-wseping for him for, by making the curve gradual as is done. in his distant native land.

party shrank back, the untasted wine trem- ting to which it is usually subjected. This I bling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat-" see his those ladies who will appear slender, if proarnis are litted to heaven; he pruys, how perly constructed it will also do away with the wildly, for meroy ! hot fever rushes through veins The friend beside him is weeping ;

The Ladies Department.

THE WIFE. On earth, to man there is but one His heart can love-his soul can own ; Though myriads fit before his view, There is but one to whom he's true That one can sway him too and no fi-Can make him drain the cup of woe, Can give him joy or blast his life; And that one's name is simply wife! But in that name a world is sphered, A world by all beloved, revered, And spurn the gaudy joys of earth; For that full heart in her dear breast-If rightly prized—eternal rest Is not with blissful sweets more rife, Than that pure heart-a loving wile!

NO. 43.

For the benefit of the ladies, to whom this column is specially devoted, we insert this vance, called a skirt suspender. We have no. doubt it will tend to the health and comfort Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it of the wearers ; as the description is very ; with tempting smiles towards Marion. She full, and so plain that any one may understand it, we are anxious to give it a wide cirgulation.

Stranger, you can rock the oradle, while your wife is reading this article, and afterself with the news and politics, which you. "What is it ?" oried one and all, thronging will find in another part of the paper .- ED. HEBALD

> " The petticoat suspender, then, is made of linen, coutille, or any light material, as the one over the other, and are thus kept in their

"The advantage of this contrivance will be by the petticoal suspender, the waist has the "See !" she exclaimed, while the bridal appearance of being small without that outtake to be a matter of great importance to necessity for crinoline dress-improvers, or hoops, and, by throwing the underclothing

p. M. Second Prestyterian Church, corner of South a mover and Yom retate eta. Rev. Mr. Kants, Paster. Services St. John's Church, (Prot. Lpike-pai) northeastangloof St. John's Church, (Prot. Lpike-pai) northeastangloof Church (Prot. Lpike-pai) northeastangloof ening as it passer, fertilizing and deep-ening as it passer, fertilizing and beautifying and faathor strebts. Rev. Jacob Fry, Paster. Services e eivy region it vills, until it is last in the iny myrind's of redeemed spirits, converted iny myrind's of redeemed spirits, converted and houther streats. Rev. Alcon rry, raster. Services every region it within both it is lost in the statistic region it within both it is lost in the fore and first stored. Lower, have a stream of the service is it with moral influence. It may be a little thing at first, but its effect. It easy be a little thing at first, but its effect is consistent at lock of the stream first, but its effect is both to be a stream of the stream of from heathenish darkness to the neht of Christianity, shall call him blessed.

BY GRACE GORDON.

abound in illustrations of this truth. Life is

real, life is cornest, and involves solemn al

" It is not all of life to live,

Nor all of death to do.

just fearful responsibilities.

We might multiply instances to attest this great fruth, but it is unnecessary. It is one that appenls to our hearts and consciences, rousing our dormant energies, and nicking Age, could month. Age of a could month. Ademan Latherate Church comper of Pomfret and self, and living only to bless his race, dice, Bedrod streets. Boy. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. Fervice and leaves behind him a name which shall 200d word and work.

n changes in the above are necessary the endure through time, and the unending ages ons are requested to notify us. of eternity. Neither does the nower of doing good depend up on the length of ting we spend on earth, for as a certain writer has beauti-Charles Collins, President, and Professor of fully said :

Science. A sman M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy glish Literature. as W. Anrhall, Professor of Arclent Languages. M. M. Markall, Professor of Arclent Languages. M. M. Starkall, Professor of Methods in the second seco

James W. Marshall, Professor of Arciant Languages. William (I. Will on, Professor of Matural Science and urner of the Museum. Wies due and the Museum. We have muty exhibites to prove that the We have many examples to prove that the Languages. Sannul D. Hillman, Principle of the Grammar School. James P. Marshall, Arsistant in the Grammar School. good that men do lives after them, and none mere illustrious than our own great and glorious Washington. His life of pure morality, EDARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS

And names that cannot wither."

Christian virtue, and caulted patriotiem, ex Andrew Blair, Prosident, H. Faxton, P. Quigley, E. graman, J. G. Williams, J. Banniton. zooreiary Jason

DICKINSON COLLEGE

CORPORATIONS.

Cantiste Derosti Bask.--Irosident Richard Parker, Cashirr, Vm. Meeteni Clarks.J. I. Jinsjer, N. C. Mue-reinau, G. W. Laed, Litectors, litchard Iarkor, John Zug Hagh Stuart, Thomas Paxton, R. C. Woodwand, Koboit Mooro, John Canaerson, Houry Logan, Sanuel Wherry-Cusangrithm Vatt.TAIAL ROAD. CONTAN.--I resident. Frede Ick Wattes i Seriotary and Treasurer, Ldward M. Riddlio, Superintendent, O. N. Lul. I assenger trains swice a day. Enstvand Icaving Carilde at 0.38 o'clock A. M. and G.Io o'clock F. M. Two trains overy day Westward, Jeaving Carilsie at 10,00 o'clock A, M., and 2.20 P. M. 2.20 P. M. CARLELE GAS AND WATER COMPANY .-- President, Fred-erick Watter, Secretary, Lemmel Toud; Treasurer, Wm.

Cuntate Gas AND WATER COMPART—President, Frod erick Watts; Scereitry, Leanuel Toudi Treasurer, Wm. 31, Heitem; Diroctors, F. Watts, Nichard Parker, Lenau el Yodd, Wm. M. Beetenm, Dr. W. W. Dale, Franklin tardner. Henry Class and E. M. Hiddle. COMDELAND VALUE BASK.—President, John S. Eter-rett; Cashier, H. A. Sturgeen; Teiter, Jos. C. Hoffer,— Directors John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Brene-man, Hichard Woods, Jrin C. Dunlang, Iobt. U. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captali John Dunlap.



Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at larlon Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every 105.1. Johns Ludge No 269 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thurs-

٣.

day of each month, at Mariou Hall. Carlisis Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

UNION FIRE COMPANY, ORGANIZED 1789. PRESENT OFFICERS. FRESIDENT-E. CORNMAN. VICE PREST.-SAMUEL WETZEL, SR. SECRETARY-ALEX. B. SWING. TREASURLR-PETER KONYER. Most the first Saturday in March, June, September

RATES OF POSTAGE.

which is 10 cen.s propaid. Postage ou the "florald" - within the County, free, Within the state 13 conts per year. To any part of the United States 2's conts ' Pesiago on all transition papers inder 3 conces in weight, I cout pre-paid 'or two conts unpuid, 'Adverised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising: rished:

June 10, 1857.

 \mathbb{C}^{r}

us better and happier. Let its contemplation ever stimulate us to renewed diligence in overy "Lives of great mon, all remind us, We may make our lives sublime, And departing, leave behind us, Fost prints in the sands of time. Footprints, that perhaps another. Saiding o'er Lite's darkened nain, Some follorn and shipwreeked I rother, Seeing, may take heart again.

Lot us then be up and doing, With a heart is any fate, Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor --- and to wait."

18vise, June 25, 1857.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Cornnan, J. G. Williams, J. Baunton, S. eritary, Jasen W. Ely, Treasurer, John Spiar, Messenger, Neet on which while its author sleeps in death, shall black, with moistened eyes and long more, ueation Hall. more Follow him from loyhood, and ob-We are requested by misanthropes to consid-

seive the development of these virtues which er life a forlorn proc s lon, dusty and tollafterwards made him the admiration of the some, the travellers weary and soiled, and the world.__.Deepising the allurements of case and journey-having-a-like-terminus for-all ; -a-papleasure, he devoted his life to the good of gennt, with drooping fluery ; a gilded show, his country, counting no sacrifice too great, so of macking mirth and hollow j ys; a battle that her liberty and independence might be fierce and wasting ; a constant struggle, and arcured. Compare his lie with that of Na- constant overthrow. Nature has no beauty po'con. What a contrast ! The latter, laborfor them. There is no melody in the murmuring for the applause of man, trampling undering of the brook ; no freshness and beauty in foot the rights and privileges of his fellow, the trees and flowers ; no rapture in the song and succeeded in placing his name high in the of the tird. Earth is an arid and sterile desannals of fame, but the laurels he wore were ert, and her fair places leprous in their sight. of an carthly nature, stained with blood, and Their souls are dead to the magic measures of the tears of widows and orphans. Now turn the post, the speaking inspirations of the to the immorthe Washington. To him the ap- sculptor, and the growing tracery of the painplause of the multitude was as an empty | ter. Music finds no coho in the empty cham

sound. He aimed higher than this. His laft burs of their hearts. They accord no welcome tiest ambition was to bless his race, and gain to the outstretched hand of generous friend the approval of Heaven, and his reward is a ship. Wrapped in a cloud of gloom, distrust, crown of never fading glory, in the better and discontent, they sniffly away their exis-

land. We look back upon the early history tence. Every new instance of man's depraof our country in her struggla for freedom. vity or the world's ingratitude is seized apon A dark cloud rested everywhere, even Hope by such creatures as a fresh endorsement of had almost failed. Yet amid all the gloom their pet theory, that this is a used, wicked and despondency around - him, there brave world." They live amid, a throng of mental men declaring that "America shall be free," Bugbears and vampyres. The mere chance with unblanched cheek, and hand as firm of a comet, with a tail of fire, jostling ur as in their happiest moments place their playet in its mad carver fills them with connames to that noble Declaration of Independ- sternation: Their boots never will fit, por ence which shall ever be the admiration of the their oorns stop growing. They are invariworld, although it might be that/ in so doing ably behind time on all occasions. They are they were signing their own death warrant. sure to be caught in the rain with no umbrelis Bostage on all letters of one half onnes weight or un-der. 3 conts por paid, except to California er Oregon, which is to conts por paid. people have a heart to feel, shall the names ment at home. They always happened to he.

Adams, Jefferson, and others be foudly cho walking when a mad dog or a mad buil, is onreering through the streets. Their buttons are always bureting; and their collars per-"For THESE are deeds that do not pass away, versely stand down when they ought to stand

But the Lords of Creation are not the only up. They acre chave without outting their DAR & C. L. ROBES, DUCALS But the Lords of Creation are not the only up. They never cauve minute confort never the samples we have to prove that the memorial chin. A meat in utiliterrupied confort never to goodness is eventable, . While we acknow occurs to them. Their rich relations never

CHAS. OUILEY. lidge the superiority of thoir physical strength die, and their poor relations are always dywe turn with) rleasure to the so called weaker ing. Their side is the shaly alde.

been troken ; anw them gathered again in fes-NO USE FOR TROWSERS. tal mirth, a rosy train with smiling lins and In minit, a rosy train with anning tips and laughing voices. Perhaps, too, she looked forward over the white sea, to that growd of forms waiting mong the brightness and glory for us, their commandes of old, We shall renew a youth, which will be eter-We shall renew a youth, which will be eter-

nes shall sonow in youth, pingo will be store which and an and the sono fire, and that the day nal, I said softly, as she turned away from of judgment had come. the canvass. By-and-by we shall quaff from if store for a moment gaving in spechless the contrast, in - and by we shart quant from | He stood for a moment gasing in spechless that fountain for which Ponce se Leon sought. and sought in vain. — Thankful ought we to be rather, that our growing old has made our children what they are.' A soft smile floated over the pale worn face, and Lasy for a moment of the shift of the sub of the soft o kened in the meantime, and seeing old Peytor ment how she would look hereafter. For our son in the slive, the even hurrying out to him to know what in the name. our son in the city, the ever hurrying out to him to know what in the pane of sense city of New York, I think Ruth bas a warmer the was doin' out thar, dancing' round without the was doin' out thar, dancing' round without place in her beart, than for the reft; nateven bis clothes But Peyton heard not the judge

place in her beart, than for the reft; not even his clothes but revice heart not-the judg-our daughter the dark histed Sarah-whose home is with us, and whas children shout and sing about our door argy hour in the day his the deep sympathy, that Graham chares the deep sympathy that Graham chares in that mother's heart. It is, strange to me, her lungsbut I know she knows best the woule of her children, and I try not to wouler. When he come home to the rouf-tree, full of Old Peyton, whose fears had non overpor-

cares and business, talking parnesity with Ed. ered him, faintly answered as he fell sprawl Trowsers, Peggy what the h=-ll's the use wird, Sarah's husband, upon the rise of stocks, the full of cotton, the news from Europe, and o trowers when the world'an fire."

awe stricken, the dark men move silently way, and leave the living and the dying toetber." There was a hush in the principal parlor,

roken by what only seemed a smothered sob rom some munly bosom? The bride stood set upright with quivoring lin, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her eyelashes. der beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass with its troubled red waves, came slowly owards the range of her vision. She spoke igaiu-every lip was mute. Her voice was ow, faint yet distinct she still fixed her sorrowing glauce upon the wine-cup.

"If is scaning now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not? bis eyes are set in their sockets ; dim are their pierchar glances ; in vain his friend whispers the name of his father and sister; denth is there. Death and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His, head sinks back | one con vulsivo phudder-ho is dead."

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivia was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described. seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping. "Dead I' she repeated again, her lip quivering faster, and her yoice more and more broken, " and there they scoop him a grave. and there without a chroud, they lay him down-in-that damp-recking-earth-The-only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies-my father's sonmy own Iwin brother I a victim to this deadly phison. Father," abe exclaimed, turning anddenly, while the tears raised down her beautiful sheeks, " father, shall I drink it now I" The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony He raised not his head, but in a smathered voice he faltered no, no, my ohild, in God's name no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in

ten thousand pieces. Many a tearful ere -atched her movement, and instagtaneously me, never to touch or taste that terrible poi-son. And he to whom I have given my hand who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear

hotne, 'J Those who were present at that wedding

can nors who were prosent at the weating can nors forget the impression thus welemnil made. Many from that hour forswors the se-olal glass.

properly off the hips, give ample sweep to the lower parts of the garments, and accomplish every-purpose for which these articles were vented.

" My original intention was to register the article, and to reserve to myself the exclusive right to manufacture it. Upon second thoughts, however, I abandoued the idea of making a nonopoly of a simple and useful article of dress, which has been adopted by every lady that has seen it. I hope all who have read, this have fully understood my description ; if they have done so, they are at perfect liberty, to make the article either for themselves or others. The only thing that I ask is that i. those who adopt it, will, in justice, give me the credit of the invention."

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WASHING SILVERWARE. - It seems : that houseksepers who wash their silverware with every wine glass was traisferred to the man ble table on which it had been prepared. Then as abe looked on the fragments of crystal, she table of the oldest silver establish-she turned to the company, saying, "let no she surned to the company, saying, "iet no ments in the city of a failadeipnic says" that friend hereafter who loves me tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping and it will relate its original lustre. When it

in that last solemn hour, and burled the dear winderer there by the river in the land of gold, will. I trust, too, sustain me in this re-berve. Will you not, my husbrad ?" His gliataning eves, his sad, aveat smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when as hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the su-tertainment of the bridle guests, no one could fail to read that he too had determined to ba mile file enouy at once from his princery house. I

Now I hay me down to blepp, I pray the Lord mp sout to keep : If Lebould die beforel i weitig

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