# BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

VOL. 36.

## "OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT RIGHTOR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2 00 PERANNUM.

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American

CARLISLE, PA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1849.

## Poetical.

# DISCUSSING A CUSTARD. Delicious custard I and delicious Mary Who baked it-maiden with the raven bair, And face and hands exceedingly contrary. In other words a maiden passing fair. I hold the bakery delicious, very-And fail comfortably in my chair Between the munthula, and an meditative About this custard that I have a plate of.

Delicious custard 1 what uncommon aggs-, Fresh as your face, my deer, those must han by ficking to enter on this out door scone, and were humble your inquitor breas That care humble your inquitor breas That care to estimate a score a score That care to score a score a score Bo much above the broad of common hens.

Bo nuclea were a set of the set o

Another plate-yes, thánk you; I would súy This milk has been delieuue, almost cream, You milk, of course, quile early every day. Bomething before the rising sun's first beam; It must be fine, this getting up in May. Just when we sluggards first begin to dream; You have the dew upon the grass; I think-A ginseful of the milk, and I will drink.

Yon use fine custord sugar-leaf of course, White as your forehead-never use the brown, And white Havannals one quarter worse, Stigart's best had will always bear the crown For crystal uniform, but not too conste-Bi much fillk to sincet the custord down, Thi have your, Mary, dear when I get rich, For cook or who, or hold, I don't care which.

## Miscellancous.

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