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AT\$200 PE ANNUM: NO. 49.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1851.

Boetical.

OUR LOCKS ARE GETTING GREY, NOW

The white is mingling with the brown, now-lis sliver's written there, and furrows, too, are creeping on, Kayears trend by with care.

And yet the Autumn frosts
And yet the Autumn frosts
And yet the Autumn frosts
And the Autumn frosts
And the Autumn frosts
And the Autumn frosts
And fourer in Autumn tossed.

know we're growing old, now, What yet the Summer sun work beaming in the upper sky, he human sands are run.

Work living there again, now,
In memory's sacred dreams—
A child again to laugh and shout
Amid the boyish scenes.

How swiftly gone—we're older now,
And bronzed with sternor strife,
And turn from spring forever past,
To winter's close of life.

Our locks are getting gray, now,
More swift as years go by,
And yot we would not change their hu
For those of darker dye.

One by one they are fading now.

The frost is gathering o'er;

and yet they grow more sacred, now-

From the Saturday Gazette. TO ANNA.

Thus mine for thee, dear Anna, and May May hat be breathed in song.
They have no spoken melody
Their echoes to prolong.

Fair pearls of purest lustro Lie neath the stormy sea, Fair has amidst lin's condicts Shall be my thoughts of thee.

Miscellancous.

LAST HOURS OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

This morning, November 11th, at half past 11 a Most precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Phost per underweat the extreme ponalty of infatuation, by explaining his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar-railings of St. Mary's

hirdh, Islington. of the parties who were at Jones' party at Brixton.

Two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there, and
then first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he
instally began to direct particular attentions—
damoing with her no less than six sets that evendazoing with her no less than six sets that even-ing, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the fullmacy between them which terminated in

The state of the control of the cont

WHO OR SELLE, P. A. THURSDAY, INV. 15, 180.

**TOTAL PROPERTY PROPERTY AND ALTOCATED STATES A

The happiest man in the world is said to be a

Without friends the world would be but a wilf Riches should be admitted into our houses, but

Industry is fortune's right handt frugality hel The chamber of sickness is the chapel of devo-

Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Music serves to make a home pleasant by engaging many of its inmates in a delightful recreation, and thus dispelling the sourness and gloom which frequently arise from potty disputes; from mortified vanity, from discontent and envy.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men; covers a mighty truth, for every beautiful, pure and good thought; which the beart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guard-

The theologies of Scripture and of Nature are the same. Both preach against injury to life each proves that to strengthen and to purify the mind and the body, is to immortalize the soul.

Some connoiseans would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks. Usefulness is confined to no station, and it is

astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolonce of heart and activity of mind.

There is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is, that they can never spare time to carry out their meaning. When you think how good your parents ares

ust think how much better must that being be who Speak with calmness and deliberation on all co-

There is no grief without some beneficent provi-

"Marm," said a little flaxen-hoad utchin-

"Yes, sonny, but don't go near the water, And recollect, if you are drowned, I shall skin you, as sure as you all alive." Why is a lover popping the question like a tailor running a hot goose over a suit of clothes? Because he is pressing a suit.

The latest Jenny Lind rumor is, that a marriage took place in Havana between her and Signor Bellietti, but that it is to be kept secret until the termistation of her engagement with Barnum.

Here is a specimen of "tall writing" in the way of poetry: "There is a man who came to town, he swallowed a keg of melasses down—the barrel worked, the melasses bust, the man lay scattered