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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

and the first

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-DUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1852.

AT \$2 00 PEE ANNUL.

NO. 44.

and and the Boetteat.

MISS SPRING IS COMING. jus, galdina vision Cuo, Miss Spring is coming that is Again Lagain I with the cheering smills of mith ; With her cheering smills of mith ; that With her wirhing sun, the With her flowers to straw In the garden and plain; And her watbling birds that Whoke Joyuus strain that Whoke Joyuus strain that Whoke Joyuus strain that Whoke Joyuus strain

Mr. Winter is goning,

Ar. Wintor is goning, Horris hurra ! What a. hateful old follow is he ! Thoje'll bo many dry opes When he scens his last day : Why, he hasn't a friend That would like him to stay ! Ha ! ha ! we'll be glad When he totters away— Good riddance, old Winter, say we.

Miss Spring is a coming And well we know

She's a bright and a laughing thing !
She's a bright and a laughing thing !
And her balmy, breath
Will molt the snow;
And the ice bound stream
There glance will flow;
And the birds will sing.
And the birds will sing.
Then a welcome to boautiful Spring !

Then a velcome to beautiful Spring 1 Not Drumks, bat. Gality-A. Correspondent of the Domoratic Courier,³ writing from Cincinnati, tells a story of a follow who was found in a gutter drunk, and taken before the Mayor, when the following dialogue took place i David, said his honor, as soon as he laid his oyes on Mr. Jones, tre you, here again ? Did yoù not pronise, mie last wock that you wold not get drunk again, if I would lot you off? "Keep cool your honer," replied Dave, with brazen impudeuce; 'keep cool-that's what I have been trying to do.

"Drunk-nor guilty. Lying in the gutter-outrr." "What wore you lying in the gutter for if you were not drunk." "You see, your honor," replied Dave, with the air of a lawyer, it was monsterous hot last night-hot as blazes-couldn't eleep-drinked three glasses of hot yet jumped into the tiver-felt nice but cooldo't aleep-their, your thour, I come out again-drank another gallon of pump water-pumped gutter full -laid down in it-felt confortable-wont to sleep dreamed I was rich, riding in a coach and four round the north pole-woke up, found myself in the watch house-trying to keep cool, that's all.' His honor was somewhat armused at Dave's cool-ness in making up, such a cool lie, and let him slide.

<text>

Polmteer.