VOL. 39.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1852.

Poetical.

A LOCK OF WILLIE'S HAIR.

- All else of him in death has faded, Skeept this little lock of pair— Which once his nobie foreineal stated, And clustered in bright ringlets there, Its kindred locks are tying too, Uoul, cold, within the sitest grave, Nut this is all that's left us nuw— "Tis all that we could save.
- From off his noble brow we sheared it.
 When Death had placed his signet there;
 And sacred do we hold this relucThis intile lock of Willies hair.
 This ittle goiden, shining tress.
 It bids a thousand memories sant;
 The all that's tell of loveliness.
 And I will bind it to my heart.

- This a momento of the past,
 That brings to mind his lovely form—
 Too sweet, too beautifut to last,
 Ton fair to buffet wind and storm.
 And though no more we see his face
 And our little circle move,
 "It's pleasing still to have a trace
 Of one who shared our ard-nt love.

Power or Music.—A clergyman, says Mr Signar meterial then from the communest and of brick.—A roadway plastered with this insterial, becomes a smooth and solid flooring of rock in about ten days, instructed his daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were sll observed to be exceedingly anuable and happy. A friend injurred if there was any secret in his niede of education. He replied,—"When anything disturbs their temper I say to them, sing," and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have some says all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domegic attar, breathing sucred music, at the hour of morning and bloom of the same of the sacoms. Here should be infinitely greater than crumbing accomplish to the company of a specific production and the domegic attar, breathing sucred music, at the hour of morning and secons. devotion, are a sweet and touching accom-

PRECIOUSNESS OF TIME.—Coming hastily into chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal, hour glass; fear, least I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it; but alse! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour glass was but crystal, each hour a peril; that but like to was but crystal, each hour a peril; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that causually, this done wilfully. A better hour glass might be bought; but time lost once, lost forever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for tressure. Lord, give me an hour glass, not to he by me, but in me. 'Teach me to number my days.' An hour glass to turn one,—'that I may apply my heart to wisdom.'—Fuller's Good Thoughts.

KEEF MOVING.— If you over expect to be anything, keep moving. Indelent and slow people now a days stand no chance at all. Make a beginning. This is half the battle. A beginning keyn, you will be gin to forget that slothfullness is in you; and with honor in one hand and perseverance in the other, success is sure to follow your wake as night the day. If anybody in this world looks contemptible, it is your stand still gentleman. He is a plague to him solf and a nuisance to the community. Give us a real tearing fellow before a real steady one. The first will have his breakfast before the latter gets his byes open. Keep moving.

Milton was ushed by a friend, whether he could instruct his daughter in the different languaces. To which he replied, No, sir, one tongue is ges. To which he re bufficent for a woman.'

Painting Offices—When Dr. Franklin's motherin-law first discovered that the young man had a
hankering for her daughter, that good old hady said
she did not know so well about giving her daughter
to a printer, there were already two printing offices
in the United States, and she was not certain the
country would support them. It was plain young
Franklin would depend for support on the predits of
a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If
such an objection was unged to a would be son-in law
when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now,
when the present census shows the number to be
1567. PRINTING OFFICES - When Dr. Franklin's mother

SAY NOT HUMAN LOVE IS WASTED.

Say not human love is wasted,
In a selfish world like ours,
Would you check the dew that falleth
On earth's drooping flowers?
Know you not; love unrequitted
Still may live, to bless
Many a weary pilgrim, toiling
Through life's wilderness.

Cenerous love is never wasted!

Like the gentle rain,
It refresheth earth's waste places,
Bids them bloom again;
Ah! despise not thou love's mission,
Much of suffering to endure,
What is there on earth so hely
As affection pure?

SOURCES OF PERFUMES.

And form that it any search are presented form. The event, he heard responsible of the parts.

The event, he heard responsible that the performance of the parts.

The event, he heard responsible that the performance of the

Attribute of an infant of the shared in the shared of the special of the special

"Hore stond a temple of vast antiquity—here rose a Bable of invisible height, or there a place of sumptu-ous extravagance;" but here—a painful thought!— the noblest work of human glory, the fair cause of Freedom rose and fell!

The following is a copy of a note sent to the clerk of a parish in London—" Mister, my wief is ded. of a parish in London—" Mister, my wief is dec You knows where to dig it, close by my other wief;

A western editor says that " a child was run ove in the street by a wagun three years old cross-eyed with pantalets on, which nover spoke afterwards."

A prolar indignantly domanded why a man cannot hawk goods without a license, in this land of liber is informed by a justice of the pouce, that liberty

"The cure of all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and crimes of humanity, lies in that word Love. It is the divine vitality that every where produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles, if we will."

"No sincere desire of doing good need make an enemy of a single human being; that philanthropy has surely a flaw in it which cannot sympathize

with the oppressor equally as with the oppressed."

DEATH OF KINGS.

William the Conqueror died from enormous at, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.
William Rufus died the death of the poor stags

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags that he hunted.

Henry the First died of gluttony, having eaten too much of a dish of lampreys.

Stephen died in a few days, of what was called iliac passion, which we suppose may be a royal word for prussic acid or something like it.

Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children. A broken heart is a very odd complaint for a monarch to die of. Perhaps "rat's bane in his porridge" meant the same thing as a broken heart.

Richard Cour de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archor.

- "Why, la, I heard a gentleman talking about a coiler flue."
 "Pa, can that gold ring of ma's run."
 "No, child, no."
 "Well, I heard a gentleman say that it was chased."
 "Ma, can steamboat wheels hug?"
 "No, child, what put such a thought in your
- "No, child, what put such a thought in you
- Rich.—At a late festival, a pretty miss wanted will be necessary to occasionally add some water, to keep the mass thin and prevent burning, and give it a thorough stirring every five or ten minutes.

the less game there is the more hunting you have.

JOHN ALCOHOL, MY JOE. John Alcohol, my Joe John, When we were first acquaint,

When we were first acquarit,
I'd money in my pockets, John,
Which now I know there sin't.
I spent it sill in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But, mark me, how you've treated me,
John Alcehol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,
We've been too long together,
So you must take one road, John
And I will take the other;
For we must tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have the bill to foot,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

The Bousekeeper.

buy a hen, so we could have all the eggs we want?"

"My dear, one hen would not lay ell the eggs we want?"

"Why, yes it would, Pa, we only use a dozon of eggs a day, and a good hen would certainly lay that many."

"Our devit says this youg lady is a sister to the one who thought that milk was pumped out of cows and the tail was the pump handle!

A few days since s lady of our town narrated to us the following curious incident, which sho derived from a near relative, the mottoned they not a yess old. The child was one day sosted that many."

Our devit says this youg lady is a sister to the one who thought that milk was pumped out of cows and the tail was the pump handle!

A few days since s lady of our town narrated to us the following curious incident, which sho derived from a near relative, the mother of ar bright little hand as soon as opportunity presented, he mottoned the young lady to his side, and pointing with the knife to the lines said:

"Your pay is ready, whenever you present your behavior in the mother happened to look toward the bale, and perceived that it was leaning over the bale, and perceived that it was leaning over the porch, and coulously extending the spoon toward short time the mother happened to look toward the "Your pay is ready, whenever you present your bill!"

A young sailor passing up Washington street, Boston, in a somewhat inattentive manner, came very near running down a lady who came sailing along just below the Old South Church. Hastity stepping to one side in order to pass, he encountered the lady, who made a precisely similar movement at the same time. Another mutual dodge through them again at a stand still, face to face; at which Jack planted himself ficulty on the curbatione, saying, "Look here, madam, I'm anchored now, see if you can pass; for shiver my timbers if I weigh anchor again until I have a clear sea!"

When the Rev. Jesse Lee, the father of Methodism in New England, was asked why there were no dectors of divinity in his denomination, he promptly said "Because our divinity is not sick."

"Well farmer you told us your place was a good place for hunting, now we've trampled it for three hours and found no game."

"Just so—wall I calculated as a general thing, the less game there is the morehunting you have."

A young sailor passing up Washington street, but a was addenty withdrawing it, with a bable, and perceived that it was leaning over the bable, and cuttously extending the spound that it was leaning over the bable, and cuttously extending the spound that the spound there is the suddenty withdrawing it, with a hearty laught on the first playing with a kitten. This mancouvre the infant trepeated frequently, it is not not play and in protonged enjoyment of the spounds of the reputation of the spounds of the reputation of the promptly said "Because our divinity is not sick."

"Well farmer you told us your place was a good place for hunting, now we've trampled it for three hours and found no game."

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A Wife Stared at Cards.—We have heard of slave the spounds of chance on the Mis

A WIFE STAKED AT CARDS .- We have with the oppressor equally as with the oppressor.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the ung sense of hearing mere acute. A way suggests that so the right cheek, turn who him the other also, "she of the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches on Sunday.

"The sun is all very well" said an Irishman, "but in my opinion the meon is worth two of it; for the bear of the many closed eyes that are seen in the day time, who we really want it, whereas we have the sun with us in the day time, who we have no occasion for it."

A young lady once remarked that there was out season to the Bible she wished altered and that hut we believe it has been reserved for the French to was in the passage, whose overshall smite thee on introduce the staking of wives at a game of cerdat her in our churches on Sunday.

A young lady once remarked that there was out the own of the bible she wished altered and that hut we believe it has been reserved for the French to was in the passage, whose overshall smite thee on introduce the staking of wives at a game of cerdat her and the was functional to the rails that we believe it has been reserved for the French to was in the passage, whose overshall smite thee on introduce the staking of wives at a game of cerdat her and that hut we believe it has been reserved for the French to was in the own of the staking of wives at a game of cerdat her and that hut we believe it has been reserved for the French to was in the own of the staking of wives at a game of cerdat her and that hut we believe it has been reserved for the French to was in the passage. If the said the was in the passage, who seed to the thee who had an all the said that we believe it has the bein the we taking of wives at a game of cerdat her and the was in the passage. The court granted an at of saparation on an all the said that there was the word anticology the force the saking of wives at a game of cerdat her and the word anticology the force the saking of wives at a game of cerdat her and the word anticology the A young lady once remarked that there was but sissipply, and wives being gut at auction in England, one word in the Bible she wished altered and that veracity. A witness was called to the stand.

"Do you know Samuel Butterworth?"

"You quarrel with your wife, my friend, and the hop of the stand with a Butterworth?"

"You quarrel with your wife, my friend, and wish allke?" "God knows we do?" said poor Caudle, "each of us wants to be master."

"Ohio was fifty yoars old (since the stand to the stand to the winners and the key of her room banded over to the winners? In the first case she escaped by junning out of the window, and in the content we then winner was to much intoxicated to be dangerous. The Court granted an act of separation his mind to consider every color searlet, come before day and catch your wife sawing a substant state a curious picture of French manners and why 1—do you not think and wish allke?" "God knows we do?" said poor Caudle, "each of us wants to be master."

"You quarrel with your wife, my friend, and why 1—do you not think and wish allke?" "God knows we do?" said poor Caudle, "each of us wants to be master."

Ohio was fifty yoars old (since the price).

Mr. Jones—""

Miggledy Piggledies.

An Important Question.—The following question was first propounded by an anonymus Scotch maid on, many years ago, but to our knowledge, has never been answered:

"If a body meet a body coming through the rye -If a body kiss a body need a body cry !" So far as we are informed in such matters, (says the Lowell Vox Populi,) we do not hesitate to express our opinion that, under these circumstances, there is not the slightest occasion for tears.

An old gentleman by the name of Gould, married girl of ninoteen. He wrote a letter to a friend, in girl of minuteen. He wrote a letter to a fri orming him of the event, with this couplet:

"Bo you see, my dear friend, though eighty years old, A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

He received a reply in these words: "A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true, But, believe me, dear sir, it is Gould without U."

When Maj. Jack Downing called on Gen Andrew Jackson at the White House for the first time, he was regailed by the President with champagns and olives. The doughtsy Major tried both—the first he liked, the second he did not fancy, and laying the fruit back upon the plate, searcely lested, said,—"General, your erder is good, but darn your pickles?"

The burial case is of a very noat patien, cuvered with black velvet and ornamented—not profusely, however—with silver plated mountings and handles. The inside is lined with white satin, Isid in small plates. A planthough massive silver plate upon the lid contains the simple inscription, "Daniar Was-area."

medium size, with an upon, choerful countenance, affecting in disposition, and capable of taking care of a large family."

PONCH says the end of man's life is glory. The end of woman's life is about two and thirty.

Dutchinan—Coot morver, Patrick, how you just?

Inishinan—Good mornin till ye, Mike, think ye, will we get sny run the dry?

Dutchinan—O, I kess no; vo never has much rain n a fery try dime.

The own chartable spirit; but the surprise of the whole congregation was inexpressible. When instead of geing in the vestry, they sure the minister and their sealing upon him to deliver up the change, will we get sny run the dry?

Buttoninan—O, I kess no; vo never has much rain n a fery try dime. ter, to Poscit says the end of man's life is glory. The give it end of woman's life is about two and thirty.

па fery try dine.

Instantly mounting his horse, which was an ex-

A western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of greediness the showers that fall, but burieth them seen to pay his brood man, told him he could not in its bosom, and produceth nothing."

There is a place in New Hampshire where hey never have any old maidtion, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one

'My lad,' said a traveller to a little fellow whom he had met cluthed in 'pania' and roundabout, but vithout a very necessary serticle of appared t My lad, where's your shirt?

'Manmy's washing it.'
'H. vo you no other?'
'No other?' exclaimed the urchin, with indignant scorn; 'would you want a body to have a thousand

HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pletures hung and glided;
Home is where affiction calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded;
Home!—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heavens above us—
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love ns.

Home's not only roof and room,

It needs something to endear it; Home is where the heart can bloom, Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meat!
None to welcome, none to greet us!
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

MR. WEBSTER. The following paragraphs are from a letter from he Marshfield correspondent of the New York

General, your order is good, but darn your pickles?

A Kentucky paper says it is getting to be very fishionable in that quarter to enclose a dollar with marriage notices, when sending them to the printer A good custom, that ought to prevail everywhere:

Six dollars to printer and priest,
No sensible man could reluse;
Five dollars to render him blest,
And one to publish the news!

A country physician went to see a patient, and took with him his gun, that he might wing any game he encountered in crossing the fields. A fixed meeting him on the way, saked him whither he was going. "To see a patient," was the snewer. "Whith then, said his friend, "do you really fear you will miss him in the ordinary way, that you have to take your gun with you?"

An I rishman on arriving in this country, took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wise. "Dear Norah: These melancholy lines are to inform you that I deed yesterday, and hope that you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to mark the proper stay of the scale of the childer. From your affoctionate husband till death."

One J mes Hayes advertises in the Hamilton, Can'da, Spectator, for a wife: "He dearres a lady worth in two thousand dollars, of good common sense, with a taste for fine aris, a lover of science, wbout the middless of fine aris, a lover of science, whout he is the with a taste for fine aris, a lover of science, which a laste for fine aris, a lover of science, when the science in the taste girl of science, which a laste for fine aris, a lover of science, wouth the sciencing in disposition, and capable of taking care of a large family."

An laste of the fine aris, a lover of science, wouth the last good care of the middless of the proposition, and capable of taking care of a large family."

water with the skin side uppermost. If it be thin, a precent four pounds will be done in fees than a phour; a leg of right pounds will take three hours. A part pounds will be done in fees than a phour; a leg of right pounds will take three hours. Perk should be done enough; but if build to feel or too long it will become jelly. Keep the pot well skimmed, and send it to the tells with perspected and greens. Some persons like carrots, parsnips, and turnips also turnips a

and thin, whenever it gets in the way o' rainin, the divil a bit o' dibry wither will we git as long as the ously injured when a steamboller exploded, re-plied: "I have become so used to being blown

A person lately complimented a lidy on hor improved appearance. "You are guilty efflattery." said the lidy. "Not so," replied he for I yow you are septump as a partidge." "At first," said the lidy, "I thought you guilty of flatory only, but I find lidy, "I thought you guilty of flatory only, but I find lidy, "I thought you guilty of flatory only, but I find lidy, "I have become so used to being blown up by my wile, that more steam has no effect upon on."

"The heart of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, but her heart of said, which swallowsh with them."

keep him any longer.

Why, a did the man; I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money.

But what shall I do when my cows and oxen are all gone?

Why, you can then work for me, and get them hack again.

RAILEAD IN RUSIA.—The great railroid, which girl reach f expecta-time and the same statistic burg and Mission is 400 miles long, and hes a doubt incock the while length. It is substantially built, and his trains at the rate of 30 miles per hour. Some people are never quiet, others are always

Some people are now quire, ours are unavised as and they are both to blame; for that which looks like vivacity and industry in the one, is only a reallessness and agitation; and that which passes in the other for moderation and reserve, is but drowsy and inactive sloth. A "WEALTHE CITIZEN."-The Boston Mull states

shirts?

I wish I was a ghost, blamed if I don't,' said a poor covy the other night, as he sat solidonising in the cold. They don't owe nobody nothing and that's comfort. Who ever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? No body. They nowe buy has and wittels, nor has to saw wood and run errands us I do Their shirts nover gets dirty nor their trowners not at the kneess a I ever heard tell on. I railly wish I was one.

coffee?

The arms of a practy girl wound tight around the track out of the cartic being any house in the service of the cartic being any house, such as the cartic being any house.

It bears popper tea.