VOL. 39.

AT \$8 00 PER ANNUM

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1852.

NO. 25.

Poetical.

THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor, And rocks in her easy chair; She's clad in her silks and sating, And jewele are in her hair-And slowers are in the training of the winks and giggles and simpers, And simpers and giggles and winks, And though she talks but a little,

Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in his russett,
And ragged and seedy at that—
His coats are all out at the elbow,
He wears a most shocking bad hat.
He's hoarding and saving his shillings,
So carefully day by day,
White she, on her beaux and poodlee,
Is throwing them all away.

She lies a bed in the morning,
Till nearly the hour of noon;
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in the papers,
Her cheeks still dabbted with paint,

Remains of her last night's blushes Before she intended to faint. She doats upon men unshaven, And men with " the flowing hair,"

And men win " the trowing nair,
She's elequent over moustaches,
They give such a foreign air.
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon,
And tho' but a mouse should meet her
She sinks away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little, Her hands are so very white, Her jewels are so very heavy, And her head so very light; Her color is made of cosmetics, Though this she never will own, Her body's made mostly of cotton, Her heart is made wholly of stone

She falls in love with a fellow, Who swells with a foreign air, He marries her for her mo ne marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair;
One of the very best matches—
Both are well mated in life,
She's got a fool for her husband,
He's got a fool for his wife.

I WAIT FOR THEE.

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for thee;
The cloth is spread—the lamps are light,
The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home love, home, thy task is done; The clock ticks listeningly. The blinds are shot, the curtain down, The warm chair to the fireside drawn, The boy is on my knee.

Come home love, home, his deep, fond eye Looks round him wistfully; And when the whispering winds go by, As if thy welcome step was nigh, He crows exultingly,

In vain—he finds the welcome vain, And turns his glance on mine, Bo earnestly, that yet again His form unto my heart I strain, That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam;
No heart will spread such kindly cheer, No beating heart, no listening ear, Like these will wait these home.

Aba, along the crisp walks fast. The bolt is drawn—the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last,
A thousand welcomes home!

Thrilling Adventure. From the Bier Spangled Banner

THE WINDOW IN THE FOREST

BY GEORGE L. AIREN.

The inmates of little the hostelliere gathered with-

the distact sound of his borse's tread baying apprised them of his conting.

He tides rapidly up and springs lightly from his saddle, giving his horse in charge of the hostier, who, after receiving his instructions, leads him away to the stable.

The new comer observed the looks of wonder cast upon him, and was at a loss to account for the curi.

With all my heart, captain," cried Heinrich, promptly.

"We know not. None that have seen him have lifed to tall of their encounter."

"Did you are nothing can greatly you are telling me."
"Did you are nothing can your way through the fight on the left, the left clove, if you wish the call my attended in silence for over a hour. He was a seen and content and constant anomalism of the soul my attended in silence for over a hour. He was a seen and content anomalism of the soul my attended in silence for over a hour. He was a seen and content anomalism of the soul my through it is fight on the log of the last and content anomalism of the soul my through it is fight of a tale principal special my through it is fight of the last campaign it of the last campai

To ask the publisher of a new periodical how To ask the publisher of a new periodical now many copies he sells per week.

To make yourself generally disagrecable, and wonder that no one will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it.

To get drunk and complain next morning of the

CALINDING, P. A. PHILESIAN, PROVINER 9, 1985.

SOLICIAN DELLA SERVICIAN SERV

All a control with part limits and wast a loss to exceed for the corbinary in excelled. He was a mean about thirty for high and wast a loss to exceed for the corbinary in excelled. He was a mean about thirty for high and wast a loss to exceed for the corbinary in excelled. He was a mean about thirty for high and wast a loss to exceed the form of a dragon in the German service.

"What is make you gave upon me with open monitor in the internal control in many in the service of the corbinary of the service of the service of the corbinary of the service of the se

"Not so fast," said Peter, "have you ever been to purgatory 1"
"No," said the alderman; "but what is that to inform them of all the improvements of the age, and amelgants 1."
"But he has been married," said Peter.
"Married!" exclaimed the alderman, "why have neem arried twice."
"Then please to go back again," said Peter, "Then please to go back again," said Peter, "Then please to go back again," said Peter, "The December of Life.

There are persons in the world, who, in order to fast and the charge of extravegance of extravegance. And "Gollic, was entered upon our fast and seed to go be the place of extravegance of extravegance. And "The Ostentatious Man—who learns the ophicleide because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbors."

The Ostentatious Man—who lillaminates the marrially, and sits in-

Does it resemble your writing?
'Yes, sir, I think it don't.'
'Do you swear that it don't resemble your ting ?"
"Well, I do, old head."

A poor dovil in one of our western jails, says that although he has been in prison six months, the only being that has "dropped him a line" is a friendly spider that belongs to a burgler in the

Benzinger township, Elk county, gave 173 for Pirace, every vote that was polled!

his or hor means.

It is not decent for a person to run in debt when le does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for a person to run in debt when le does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for a person to be always talking ill of his neighbors.

It is not decent for a person to be always talking ill of his neighbors.

It is not decent for a person to be always talking ill of his neighbors.

It is not decent for a person to be always talking ill of his neighbors.

It is not decent for a person to be always talking ill of his neighbors.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his decent for one to appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for a person to the appropriate souther's pecuniary means for his decent means f

one contrary as their master was cross. If one desponding and hopeless, but a third class of men one found a bone, the other would snart and growl it is not decent to be praising yourself always.

It is not decent to be praising yourself always.

It is not decent to keep yourself as a show for others to look at.

It is not decent to keep yourself as a show for musement to incommede others in various ways.

It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness when you have debts that ought to be paid.

It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to say one thing and mean another.

It is not decent to say one thing and mean another.

It is not decent to say one thing and mean another.

It is not decent to be it always to say one thing and mean another.

It is not decent to be borrowing papers when you can get the Volunteer for the trifling sam of (wo

the Cleveland Herald:

INFORMATION WANTED.—" Scott leads the column— sure." Any information as to the wheresboute of that "column," will be thankfully rewarded at this office.

"Sin," said a little blustering man to his religions' opponent, "I say air, to what seet do you think I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the others "but to judge from your make, size and appearance.
I should say you belonged to a class called the in

"The man who has no music in his seel," was votes last seen listening to a saw filer while at work......"
The man seemed highly delighted.

'Woll, I do, old head.'
'You take your selemn eath that this writing doe
not resemble yours, in a single letter?'
'Y-a.a.s, sir.'
'Now, how do you know?'
'Cause I can't write.'

next story above.