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Poeticul.

"TRUST IN GOD, AND PERSEVERE."

Brother, is life's morning clouded,
Has the sunlight coased to stine?
Is the earth in darkness shrouded,
Would'st thou at the lot replac?
Cheer, up, brother, let thy vision
Look aboye, see! light is near,
Soon will come the next transition,
"Trust in God, and persevere."

Brother, has life's liones receded, I last thou sought its joys in valu.? Friends proved fals swhen mostly needed, Y from rejoicing at thy pain!
Cheer up, brother, there's a blessing
Waiting for thee-never fear;
Foes forgiving, sins confessing;
"Trust in God, and persevere."

Bröther, all thing; round are calling
With united voice, the strong!"
Though the wrongs of earth be galling,
They, must lose their strongth ere long.
Yes, my brother, though life's froubles
Drive this now thee dark despair,
Soon 'twill vanish like a bubble,
"Trust in God, and persivere."

He, from His high throne in Heaven, He, from His high throne in Heaven,
Watches every step you take.
He will sae each fatter riven,
Which your fees in mger make;
Cheerup, brother, he has power
To dry up the bitter tear,
And though darkest tempest lower,
"Trust in God, and persovere."

Brother there's a quiet slumber
Waiting for thee in the grave;
Brother, there's a glorious number
Christ in mercy deligns to save;
Wait, thou, till life's quiet even
Closes round thee, calm and clear,
And till called from earth to heaven,
"Trust in God, and persevere."

SEARCHER OF DEARTS.

Scarcher of hearts!—from mine crase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee.

Hearer of pray'r!—oh, guide aright, Each word and deed of mine; Life's battle teach me how to fight, And be the victory Thine.

Giver of all !- for ev'ry good, In the Reddemer came,
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

Father and Son and Holy, Ghost, Thou glorious Three in One, Thou knowest best what most I need, And let Thy will be done.

Miscellaneous.

THE COUSINS.

Lawyer Molesworth was a rich landlord in Cranley, the native town of Miss Mittord. He had two dughters, to whom his pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Agnos was a beautiful woman, Jessey was a pretty girl. The fond father intended that Jossey should marry a poor relation, one Charles Woodford. Charles had been brought up by his uncle's kindness, and had recently returned into the's family from a great office in London. Charles was to be the immediate partner and the oventual successor to the flourishing lustices of his bonefactor, whose rogard seemed fally justified by the excellent conduct and remixeable talents of the orphan nephew. Agnes, who secretly emertained an affection for Charles, was destined by her father for a young baronet, who had lately been much at the house.

But in affairs of love, as in all others, says

But in affairs of love, as in all others, says Miss Mifford, man is born to disappointments.—So found poor Molesworth, who—Jessey having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two and twenty—offared his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully declined. The young man was much distressed and agitated and said that he had the highest respect for Miss Jessey, but could not marry her—he leved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his inconsed patron, who better them in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

The interview had taken these leves there is a facility of the confidence of the confidence of the confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his inconsed patron, who better them in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

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The interview had taken the leves the confidence in the local distress the confidence is unexpected as it was undesired by his inconsed patron, who better the first and increased perplexity.

Zmerican

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS DE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. VOL 40.

CARLISLE, PARTHURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1854.

NO. 51.

more obliged to him for refusing my hand, than to you for offering it. I like Charles well-for a consin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done. And off the gipsey ran—declaring she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister; and expected them every minute. The father and the favorite daughter remaine

in the conservatory.
"The heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.
"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubt edly,' replied Agnes; 'but has he really refused

ny sister?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And does he love another?"

"He says he does, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

borne.

The Multipub Crickins.

From the Cincinnati Commercial. A ROMANTIC MATCH.

We have just learned of some romantic adventures, which took place at. Cynthinia, Ky., a few days ago. It appears that a very clever, fine looking young gentleman from Philadelphia, had occasion to visit Cynthinia, on business during the past winter, and while there, became acquainted with a young lady, Miss B.—, somewhat celebrated for her charms.—Mr. S.—, the Philadelphian, was not proof against the bright eyes of the Kentucky maiden. Heland noverseen such a glorious, liquid, sparkagainst the bright eyes of the Kentucky manual. Hehad noverseen such a glorious, liquid, spark-ling pair of orbs among the daughters of the Old Keystone. He was ravished, intoxicated, and finally proposed to the bright eyes and was accepted. With a light heart he started back to the Quaker City to make the necessary arrangements for the celebration of his nuptials, the day for which having already been agreed

last words of the Godlike Webster,' I still live?

A gentlemanromarked, Life is very uncertain.' Ah yes,' replied the farmer "that's true every word,' of the and yet he way Captain, that makes me think of what one of your big Massachusetts mensald when he died a spell ago.' Who was it? Inquired the Captain.

'Woll, I don't jest call his name to mind now, but at any rate hie was a big politicianer, and lived near Boston, somewhere. My newspaper said that when he died, the Boston folks put his image in their windows, and had a funoral for a whole day.'

'Perhaps it was Wobster,' suggested the Captain.

Lines. BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The sunset's sweet and holy blush

The sunset's sweet and holy blush Is imaged in the sleeping stream, All native's deep and solemn hush Is like the spince of a dream; And each segms be oding like a dove O'er scenes to musing spirits dear—Sweet Mary! 'til the hour of love, And I were blest if thou were here. Thy myrlad flowers of every hue Are sinking to their evening rest, Each with tinted drop of dew Soft folded on its sleeping breast, The birds wildlin you silent grove 'Are dreaming that the spring is near-Sweet Mary, 'fishe hour of love, And I were blist if thou were here.

**Self-and the follows and it follows that "self-and the follows the self-and the self-

Ing melodies of the noblest of instruments.

I soon as the rower of the same that it through Crickton's body.

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And the same through Crickton's body.

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And the same through Crickton's body.

And that distance the same through

A Scene from Real Life .-- Woman's Love.

Bollnier

We saw last evening an apt illustration of the affection of woman. A poor inebriated wretch in the afternoon had been taken to the calaboose.

We saw last evening an apt illustration of the affection of woman. A poor inebriated wretch in the afternoon had been taken to the calaboso. His conduct on the street, and after he was put in the cell, was of such a violent character that it became necessary to handculf him. The demon of rum had possession of his sool, and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as to shock the senses of his fellow prisoners, one of whom, in the same cell, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment. A woman appeared at the grating, and in her hands she had a rude tray, upon which was placed some slices of bread, fresh from the hearth stone, and other little delicacies for her erring husband. She stood at the bargazing intentity into the thick gloom where her manacled companion wildly raved. Her voice was low and soft, and as she called his name, its utterance was as plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit.

The tears streamed from her eyes, and there, in the dark prison house, the abode of the most wretched and deprared, the tones of her voice found their way into that wicked man's heart, and he knelt in sorrow and in silence before his young and injured wife, while his heart found relief in tears such only as man can weep.—Though the iron still bound his wrists, huplaced his hands, with their heavy insignia of degrandation, confidingly and affectionately upon the brow of his fair companion, and exclaimed, et 'Katy, I will be a better man." There upon a rude seat she had spread the humble meal which she had prepared with her own hands, and after he had linished, she rose to depart, bidding him be calm and resigned for her sake, with the assurance that she would bring a friend to go on his bond, and that she would return and take him home. And she left him, a strong man, with his head drooping upon his breast, a very coward humiliated before the weak and tender being, whose presence and affection had stilled the angry passions of his soul. True to the histinets of her love and promise, she

The Kisses of Girls. Hardly any two females kiss alike. There is as much variety in the manner of doing it as in the faces and manners of the sex. Some delicate little creatures merely give a slight brush of the lip. This is a sad aggravation. We seem to be about to "have a good time of it," but actually get nothing. Others go into us like a hungry man to a beef steak, and seem to chew up our countenances. This is disgusting, and soon drives away a delicate lover. Others struggle like hens when burying themselves in the dry dirt. The kiss is won by great exertions, and is not worth so much as, the trouble it costs. Now, we are in flavor of a oceroin shymer when the structure of the Hardly any two females kiss alike. There is

Carpets Versus Blankets.

Curpets Yersus Blankets.

There is a town up in New Hampshire where so little is known of the appliances of modern days, that throughout the village, until the debut of Rev. Mr. Al——, who had just moved in from Massachusetts, there was not a carpeted room. Of this the minister was not a ware, or perhaps he would have hesitated at the idea of indulging in such unwonted article of luxury. One day a young farmer, having occasion to visit the minister, was shown by the minister's daughter into the "best room."

When the minister came down to see him, he found him sitting in a chair on the door sill with his legs extending out into the entry.

Amazed and somewhat puzzled by this unexpected sight, Mr. M. asked him why he didn't go into the parlor.

The Baffled Lawyer.

At the last sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the Court in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner well known in the surrounding country by the

sobriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon "Crazy Pat" being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost entent his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a "point," but he was excessively annoyed to find that Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly. obriquet of "Crazy Pat."

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.
"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but —"
"Crazy Pat, ch? A very cuphonious title,
quite romantic, ch?"
"Romantic or not, sur, it wudn't be a bad
idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself,
and leave me to chuse another."

continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

'I'n a tanner, sur.'

"A tanner, ch! And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox-hide?'

"Well, sur, since it sames to be very important fur yo to know, it's myself that'll jist tell ye—that's intirely own' to circumstances, intirely.''

ye-time s same stricty."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No sur, but if you'll just step down the lane, afther the Coort, be jabers I'll give ye physical demonstration that I cud tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of three

minutes."
The unexpected reply of the witness brought forth rears of laughter, in which the Bench hearthy joined; whilst the baffled atomey, blushing to the eyes, hastily informed "Crazy Pat" that he was no longer required.

Pat and the Oysters.

Put, who had just been transplanted, had been sent by his master to purchase a bushel of oysters, at the quay? but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety.—Ito returned at last, however, puffling under his load in the musical style.

"Where have you been?" exclaimed his master.

ter. "Where have I been I why, where should I

ter.

"Where have I been? why, where should I be but to fetch the cysters."

"And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?"

"Iong! by my sowl, I think I have been pretty quick, considering all things."

"Considering what things?"

"Considering what things? why considering the gutting of the fish, to be sure."

"What this l'awity blur an-owns, theoreters, which is l'awity blur an-owns, theoreters, which do I mean it why? I mean that is I was resting down forment the Pickled Herring, having a dhrop to comfort, me, a jintleman axed me what I'd got in my sack."

"Oysters, said I."

"Let's look at 'em," says he, and he opens the bag. "Och! thunder and pratics," says he, "who sold you these."
"It was Mick Carney," says I, 'abord the Poll doedle smack."

"Make Carney the thief of the world—what Poll doodle smack."

"Mick Carney, the thief of the world—what a blackguard he must be to give them to you

a blackguard he must be to give them to you without gutting."

"Ain't they gutted," says I.

"Devil a one," says I.

"Musha then," says I, "what'll I do ?"

"Do!" says he, "I'd sooner do it myself than see you so abused." And so he takes 'em' in doors, and guts them nate and clean, as you'll see: opening at the same time, his bag of oyster shells that were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.

A MERITED REBUKE. - A lady took umbrag A Albhried Reduke.—A hady took umbrage at the use, by a gentleman, of a very common word, of which the primary and most obvious sense was unobjectionable, while its most remote and unusual signification was indelicate.

"I beg pardon," said the offender, apologetically, "I certainly did not mean what you were thinking of"—a retort which was as philosophical as it was just and severe.

pected signt, part, an usage and way go into the parlor.

go into the parlor.

"O," said he, "I was afeared of spilin' your blanket by treadin' on it."

What is Virtuel—A student put this question to the late Dr. Archibald Alexander. His impactment fixture of the room, and was kept for the very purpose of being and admirable reply was: "Virtue consists in doing our duty, in the several relations that we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our better the very hand the impulse of nature; when Miss is a wit, I am up to suspect her mother is not overwise.

The Education is incompatible with self-indulgence, and the impulse of nature; when Miss is a wit, I am up to suspect her mother is not overwise.

The Allocation is incompatible with self-indulgence, and the impulse of nature; when Miss is a wit, I am up to suspect her mother is not overwise.

The Allocation is incompatible with self-indulgence, and the impulse of nature; when Miss is a wit, I am up to suspect her mother is not overwise. that we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our fellow men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience, and revelation.

would consent to cook three meals a day for during life!

Jail in Cincinnati, heard one of the female one victs singing with gaiety and spirit. "Ah! my canary bird!" said he, looking through the bars of her cell. "Your canary." she replied:

"I wish you would hang the cage where I could get a little sunshme!"

Would consent to cook three meals a day for during life!

The distribution of her friend who had asseed her eighth year—"What causes the rain?" To which the following beautiful reply was given: "The drops of rain are the tears she by angels over the sins of the world."

Two Irishmen were in prison—one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch.
"Mike," said the cow stealer, one day, "what o'clock is it?"
"Och, Pat, I haven't my watch handy—but

suppose it is about milking time.

Pat felt cow'd. Some contemporary accounts attributed his death to an accidental midnight brawl—others to a premeditated plan of assassination; but all seem to agree that he fell by the hand of the Prince, and a belief, or popular tradition in Italy was, that the calamities which befell the house of Gonzago shortly after, were judgments of the Almighty for that foul murder.

Friend Grace, it seems, had a very good horse and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter than any other vegetable whatever. Boiled cabbings ter, he was usked the reason, (it turned, out that his better half had taken the good one.)—"What," said the bantering backelor, whow "What," said the bantering bachelor, "how comes it you let your wifer rid the better horse?" The only reply was, "Friend, when thee beest married thee'll know."

Tit is said that we are born, live and die in a hurry, and most true is it, that all the tes-tamentury dispositions of hard-carned wealth are executed in the last agony. When a man comes to die, instead of being able to turn his forest the wall in receiving the lives of out the

Learn to live and live to learn.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop Anger dieth quickly with a good man. A thousand probabilities do not make I He that changeth often his trade, makes

Scolding is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper boxes

The blackest ingratitude to sweep refus-ing to go up his master's chimney.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example. The more a man accomplishes, the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty.

Charity, says the old adage, begins at home. True, but it should not end there. Those who have had the most forgiven hem should be the least addicted to sland

The sea is the largest of the concernes and its slumberers sleep without a monument Govern thy life and thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and read the

BA firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best physic.

If most married women possessed as much prudence as they do ranity, we should find many husbands much happier.—Belknap. A spiritualist says if all mankind should wink at once, the muscular effort would be sufficient to jestle the earth out of its orbit.

This caused a slight laugh in the court room and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the attorney, as much as to say, "You have your match new."

"And what did you say your trade was" continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

A thief who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excused himself on the ground that he merely went there to take tea.

EXACLY SO.—Franklin says. "a poor man must work to find meat for his stomach; a rich

ne, to find a stomach for his meat. Gas.—It is said that the man who first in-troduced gas to the public, was disposed to make light, of the affair.

CONONDRUM.—Why is the wealth of the Indics all imaginary? Because the term wealth there is applied to a lack of rupees!

Monsyr.—There is a young gentleman in one of the large cities so very modest that he will not embrace an opportunity.

Married life sometimes begins with rose-wood, and ends with pine. Think of this, young folks, before you furnish your parlors.

TRUTH.—There is nothing like wishing for enough when you are wishing, and there is nothing like bluffling boldly, when it is necessary to bluff at all.

OF A lazy genius being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambitton, replied: "To marry a rich widow that's got a cough." Happiness is a butterfly, which when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

A genius has invented a spy glass of wonderful power. He said he looked through it at a third cousin, and it brought him relatively nearer than any of his brothers. Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

opens asys of becoming one.

Dirby, will you have some of this buf-ter?" "Thank you, marin; I belong to the temperance society, and can't take any thing

There is a man in Hull whose voice is so husky, that he is always suspected of being corned. The other day he was thrashed to make him shell out.

Speaking of the "times that tried men's soles," a man in New Orleans has worn out four pair of boots in trying to collect enough of money to pay for them. A FACT.—A man is more faithful to the se-cret of another than to his own r a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another.

[] Λ loving heart encloses within itself an unfidding and eternal Eden. Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.

nend that she running single, replied by saying, that she never knew the man yet, that she would consent to cook three meals a day for

Marriage between persons of the same age is an institution of God. Marriage between an old man and a young woman is an institution of man. Marriage between an old woman and a oung man is an institution of the devil.

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do a mean thing."

A TRUE ANSWER.—A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked. What relation do we most neglect? He answered with much naivete. A poor relation, sir.!

Cabbage, says the Edinburgh Review.

The twervemouth as a man can can, the All a man, has to do in these days, to pass for a genius, is to button his coat behind, and wear his hat wrong side out. If he can contrive to tumble over an apple stand two of three times, it will help the matter rastly.

An English paper mentions a conscient tions clergyman who prached against the use of the American threshing machines, upon the ground that it was an invention of the deviated used by slave owners to punish the agrees!

A Lost Ant.—The Chinese of the present day are said to have lost a curious secret. They formerly knew how to paint their porcelain with fishes and other creatures, in such a manner, that these figures never appeared to the eye until the vases were filled with liquor.

My Whether you are playing on the stage of in the world, your character should be well dressed. Broadoloth is generally received with a smile though covering a rascal; while linear woolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot. te mai se la militari, na terra esta terrang.

Odds and Ends. A.A.