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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1857. NO. 25.

Poetical.

I WEEP BESIDE THY GRAVE, MOTHER. I weep beside thy grave, mother, My heart is weeping still, And fondly lingers near thy tomb, On yonder lonely hill.

Miscellaneous.

The Old Man's Story. BY CHARLES DICKENS. A chilled, slow, earthy, fixed old man. A caravanserai of man of measured speech. An old man who seemed as unable to wink as if his eyelids had been nailed to his face.

had no character, no purpose. A weak, credulous, incapable, helpless nothing. Not like her mother. No, no. It was her father whose character she reflected.

He looked at her. He looked at her with a look that was not a look, but a stare. He looked at her with a look that was not a look, but a stare.

My dear fellow, let me entreat you not to do it. I will. No, no—oblige me, and don't. I will. No, no—oblige me, and don't.

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Courting—Sad Predicament. An Iowa paper tells the following good joke which has happened some time ago, but will lose nothing by its age.

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A Singular Suicide. In the little town of Dover, which is situated on the Cumberland river, in Middle Tennessee, there lived, some time ago, an eccentric and intemperate old bachelor of the name of Kingston.

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Scalping a Woman on the Plains. Some weeks ago, news from Carson Valley, was published of the almost total destruction of the emigrant train. A woman, who was one of the train, was scalped and left for dead.

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