

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND

PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—Bishop Hall.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1851.

VOLUME LI. NO. 41

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARDS. DR. H. HINLEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON... DR. I. C. LOMMIS, WILL perform all operations upon the teeth...

DR. J. C. MILLER, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR... DR. A. M. & J. STAYMAN, respectfully announce to the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity...

DR. J. W. HENDEL, Surgeon Dentist... DR. J. BAUGHMAN, informs his friends and the public, that he will continue to attend to all professional duties...

DR. W. M. PENROSE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county... GEORGE BEG, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE...

Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c. I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock...

Plainfield Classical Academy, FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE, PA. The Tenth Session commences on MONDAY, MAY 14th, 1851.

WHITFIELD ACADEMY, Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa. THIS Institution will be open for the reception of students on MONDAY, the 5th of May...

NOTICE, The Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it proper to inform the public, that the 1st and 2nd meetings of the Board of Commissioners will be held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month...

AVE YOUR PROPERTY FOR A TRIFLE! ALL persons wishing to rescue their property from fire without the aid of insurance companies, should have their roofs covered with Blake's Patent Fire-Resisting Slate...

GROCERIES, JUST received a fresh lot of GROCERIES which will be sold very low at the old cheap store, East Main Street. C. OGILBY.

Poetry.

PEGASUS IN THE YOKE. FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

To a horse-mart, once, or fair; Where various things are turned to ware, A hungry post brought 'tis said to bow, The Muse's steed to sell or trade...

The start went well, The prancing steed Fancied the trot; with arrow speed The wagon flew; but what's wrong now?

That's going at a thundering pace, Says John, with very lengthened face. It never will succeed, I doubt— I'll start you with the ground to beat...

The starry eye, kept on you, upon his back, The steady hand that ruled his starry track He felt as ever used, And spurred the bare rein, and rose on high...

And, laughing, leaped on your back, The steady hand that ruled his starry track He felt as ever used, And spurred the bare rein, and rose on high...

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Select Tale.

THE SECOND WIFE.

Subordination is the apparent lot of woman. From the domination of nurses, parents, guardians, and teachers, during infancy and youth...

There are two ways of meeting this destiny of the sex. One is merely to kiss the rod, and bend before the will of the oppressor, meekly turning both cheeks to be smitten at once...

to the grave of a broken heart—or what if fate is sometimes just—the said pined wife is replaced by some undaunted avenger of her wrongs, who in her turn dragons and hectors Othello, until indeed his "occupation is gone."

My old acquaintance, Charles Boldenough, was pronounced to be, by the tutors, as well as by the students of D— College, "the most unlicked cub" who ever miscontrived Virgil.

The Hippogriff neighed clear and loud, And nuzzled himself so rolly proud, Each limb astonished stood and cried, "The royal beast! pity his side, So slim and graceful, wore deformed."

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petually haunting her, and his loud questions, to which he would have answers, and the eternal remedies, with which he disturbed her feverish sleep...

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ted some pity from her acquaintances and friends, if it had not been for two things, namely, that he had no friends, and that he merely received himself the same treatment which he had given others.

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PARADOXICAL—A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young woman said to the old maid.

BY HENRY W. SHORTFELLOW. Tell me not in idle jingle, "Marriage is an empty dream!" For the girl is dead, that's single, And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! Single-blessedness a fib! "Man's thorn that, man returns," Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to so, that each to-morrow, Finds us nearer marriage-day.

Life is long; and youth is fleeting, And our hearts, thought light and gay, Still, like pleasant dreams are beating, Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero, a wife!

Trust no Future, however pleasant, Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act—act in the living Present! Heart within, and hope ahead!

Such examples, that another, Wasting time in idle sport, A forlorn, unmarried brother, Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart on triumph set; Still contriving, still pursuing, And each one a husband get!

THE OLD WATER BOY. BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH. When I was a child, as every body knows, The drinking of rum, brandy, and other sister spirits, was a much more general thing in the community than it is now.

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CAPITAL GHOST STORY.

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