

Poetry.

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BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Here is one of those sweet faces Made to light earth's darkest places. Wherein childhood's playful archness brightens earnest thought's repose— She is fairer, purer, sweeter, Than when woman's years shall greet her, For 'tis as the bud unblossomed sweeter than the ripened rose.

Miscellaneous.

LIIFE OR DEATH.

A True Story of the Natural Bridge in Virginia.

BY ELIHU BURRIT.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the vast arch of un-hewn rocks, with the almighty bridge over these everlasting abutments, when the morning stars sang together.

They are satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that shall be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Caesar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there were hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the ridge above all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of now and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: 'William! William! Don't look down. Your mother and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you. Don't look down. Keep your eyes towards the top.'

How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each niche he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stand his father, mother, brother, sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone. The sun is half way down the West. The lad had made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get over this overhanging mountain.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy, lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend himself to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

QUESTION.—What would you do if you were a young man? ANSWER.—I can hardly tell; but I can tell you what I think I should do: 1st. I should endeavor to excel in every good thing. I would endeavor to excel in my business. I would try first to have a good business, I mean a business fine in itself; a useful one; one calculated to promote the comfort and welfare of man.

my employer's interest. I would not waste, or abuse, or injure his goods. I would not be servile, but respectful. I would be manly but not rude. I would preserve my independence but would not be insolent. I would, of course prefer a good, a kind, a just, a liberal employer to a dishonest, exorbitant, and fat bloated one.

Mr. Peperage's 4th of July Oration.

'I shall close,' said the eloquent orator, by an allusion to the vital greatness and sempiternal importance of the national Union. This sentence was greeted by a salvo of the meopulous cheers and cries of 'Go it, Peperage!'

'The Union! perorated Mr. P.—'Inspiring theme! How shall I find words to describe its momentous magnificence and its beautiful lustre? The Union—it is the ark of our safety!—the palladium of our liberties!—the safeguard of our happiness!—and the axis of our virtues!!!! In the Union we live, and move and go ahead. It watches over us at our birth—it fans us in our cradles it accompanies us to the district school—it gives us our victuals in due season—it selects our wives for us from 'America's fair daughters,' and it does a great many other things; to say nothing of putting us to sleep sometimes, and keeping the flies from our innocent repose.

The accursed myrmidons of despotism, with gnashing teeth and blood-stained eyes would rush at large over this planet. They would lap the crimson gore of the most wealthy and respectable citizens. The sobs of females and the screams of children would mingle with the bark of dogs and the crash of falling columns.

What are we coming to when our literary periodicals poke fun at our glorious, sacred Union, like the above.

Of all things, says the Dublin University Magazine, 'avoid a vulgar whisker. This is of various kinds! A short, scrubby, indomitable red whisker is a vulgar whisker; a weak, fuzzy, white, moth-eaten whisker is a vulgar whisker; a twisting, twining, sentimental, corkerow of a whisker is a vulgar whisker; a big black, brutal-looking whisker is a vulgar whisker; a mathematical, methodical, master-of-art-ical diagram of a whisker is a vulgar whisker. Whatever is not any of these—will do.

Snake Stories.—There are a great many Snake Stories running the rounds of the papers. The most extraordinary one is the last from Elba, Alabama. A fight between a large rattle snake and four hogs,—all the parties being killed,—but not exactly like the Kill-kenny Cats, with nothing left but their tails. The snake was torn to pieces, but had two rattles left—quite enough to identify him!

A NEW YORK CABBAGE.—A Gothamite contemporary tells us that a farmer on Long Island has just raised a cabbage of such extravagant dimensions, that he had to blast it with powder in order to get it fit for eat.

Barnabas Bates, a professional inebriate in Albany, having twice suffered ten dollars and costs for indulging, tried to make an arrangement with the magistrates to pay by the year. He calculated to be drunk a day a week on an average, and proposed for a discount of 10 per cent. to pay for a year's advance. The proposal was rejected by the justices.

Business Cards.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER Office in North Hanover street two doors from W. M. Penrose & Co. Dentist.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS South Hanover street, next door to the Post Office. Will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days of each month.

DR. GEO. W. NEIDICH DENTIST carefully attends to all operations upon the teeth and adjacent parts that disease or irregularity may require. He will also insert Artificial Teeth of every description, such as Ivory, single and Block teeth, and teeth with "Continuous Gums," and will construct Artificial Palates, Obstructors, Regulating Plates, and every appliance used in the Dental Art. Operating room at the residence of Dr. Samuel Elliott, West High street, Carlisle.

DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ, DENTIST. OFFICE at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have, this day, associated with me in the practice of my profession, Wm. M. Penrose and Thos. M. Biddle, Esqrs. All business in future will be attended to by the above under the firm of "BIDDLE & PENROSE." Feb. 14th 1855. W. M. BIDDLE, Atty at Law

C. P. HUMRICH, Attorney at Law. Office in Boston's Row. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

WILLIAM C. RHEEM, Attorney at Law. Office in Main Street, Carlisle, Pa. Business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Feb. 7, '55.

N. GREEN, Attorney at law, has settled in Mechanicsburg, for the purpose of his profession. All kinds of Legal Writing, Collections, Court business, &c., promptly attended to. Office opposite Dr. Long's residence. SURVEYING in all its different branches promptly attended to.

G. B. COLE Attorney at Law, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him.—Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover street, Carlisle. April 20, 1852.

G. W. BRANDT, Manufacturer of Mineral Waters, French Mead, Bottled Ale, Porter and Cider. North East Street, near the Rail Road Bridge, Carlisle.

SCRIVENER AND CONVEYANCER.—A. L. SPONSLER, late Register of Cumberland county, will carefully attend to the transaction of all such business as may be entrusted to him, such as the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, &c. He will also devote his attention to the procuring of Land Warrants, Penions, &c. as well as the purchase and sale of Real Estate, negotiations, of loans, &c. Office on West High Street, formerly occupied by W. M. Penrose Esq., near the Methodist Church.

T. N. ROBINSTEEL, House, Sign, Fancy and Ornamental Painter, Irvine's (formerly Harper's) Row, near Hiltner's Dry Goods Store. He will attend promptly to all the above descriptions of painting, at reasonable prices. The various kinds of grain attended to, such as mahogany, oak, walnut, &c., in improved styles.

TOOLS.—A mammoth assortment of TOOLS of all kinds now opening at Call and see them. J. P. LYNES.

THRASHING MACHINES of the best make constantly on hand and for sale at the Carlisle Foundry and Machine Shop. FRANK GAIDNER.

FRENCH CORSETS.—Just received a further supply of French Corsets of extra size. Also narrow Lined Fringes for trimming. HENRI GEORGE W. HITNER.

WALL PAPER.—Just received a splendid stock of Paper Hangings, Window Shades and Fireboard Prints, embracing all the newest and most approved styles. The designs are neat and chaste, and the prices such as cannot fail to give satisfaction. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and examine our assortment before purchasing elsewhere. H. B. VYON, East Main Street, Carlisle, March 21.

Job Printing promptly executed. Fancy Printing cheaply done.