

# CHARLES HERALD

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

THERE 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.*

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CHARLES, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1854.

VOL. LIV. NO 15

**CARRIERS' ADVERTISERS**  
TO THE PATRONS OF THE CHARLES HERALD,  
JANUARY 1, 1854.

Old year farewell!—One parting tear  
We drop upon thy early brow,  
Then haste to pay the honors due  
To young success.—Brief review  
Becomes thy works ere thou we part,  
And like the politicians turn  
To him in power. Not to the dead  
Look we for spoils or daily bread;  
"It will not pay" in hoarse cry  
To praise the dead.—The wiser time  
Our fawning flatteries to utter  
When they'll bring us bread and butter.  
The living pay for land and puff,  
The dead don't care a pinch of snuff  
For stacks of eulogistic stuff.  
What boots to know that snows and sheet  
Thy swaddlings were and winding-sheet;  
That Spring paid court to thee with flowers,  
And Summer cooled thee with his showers,  
Autumn brought fruit to please thy taste  
Thill Winter laid his labors waste?  
Thou art the bell that tolls last night  
You "cut" our world and died outright?  
Thou art our grave ways to lead  
With mighty States and mighty men.  
As King or President—gentle man.  
In speech or message annual rates  
Of glory, self, and all creation,  
And "universal yankee nation,"  
So we—windsy as they long—  
Burlen, with all the world, a song,  
Begin, like charity, at home,  
And o'er the globe as blindly roam,  
Queen of this mundane, sweet Carlisle,  
On all the mundane design to smile.  
With these what burgh may claim compare  
In whiskered lewis and frizzled hair,  
In valor, wisdom, wit and cash,  
Poets and Editors' balderdash,  
Parsons and pedagogues' learned swell,  
Dancers and lawyers up to sell,  
Barbers and merchants—(who beside  
So close can shams and spurs the hide?)  
Market and court-house, check by job,  
Tavern and church—stomach and soul—  
"Bars," the tribe of political fools,  
Jail for rascals, College and Schools—  
That Cumberland all her stumps may send  
To moral Carlisle their manners to mend,  
And neighboring States increase their gains,  
By peaceful barter—brass for brains—  
At our stone mart, where sage D. D.'s  
O'er musty tomes nod at their ease,  
While Freshmen study, "fast" young blades,  
The art of winning love-sick maids,  
And "spongy Juniors" jolt their boots,  
For novelties and ogling looks,  
And bristling Sophs o'er "honor bright"  
Dare all the world, and die in fight,  
Learned our bench and learned our bar,  
With crime and loss of costs at war,  
Yet convulsors and judges blank  
Before the tavern-bar and bench;  
Justice and right have sought to fear,  
The Herald Office brags up the rear!  
And politicians get the blues  
O'er the "prohibitory" screws;  
O'er "rights and farming interests" drivell,  
Kick in the traces (most unwell)  
And, as of old the lesser evil,  
Consign their party to the devil.  
"Give us Maine Law!" the people cry,  
"Constitutional flaw!" "old fogies" reply;  
"Up Steam!" at each bar-keeper's beck  
"Whistle and break!"—your thirsty neck.  
Visit the "spirits." In magic glass,  
They show the past and coming pass,  
Raps!—"prest!o! CHANGE!" the spirits come,  
Brandy or Gin, Old Rye or Rum,  
Cock tips!—with love the beakers wave  
In sparkling bliss, let fancy rave,  
Or moment might raise fane and clatter,  
And paradise in dream arise,  
Till sense returning breaks the spell,  
And, as from glory Satan fell,  
You, too, like lightning plunge to hell.  
Our Borough Council's learned "talk"  
On dirt and ditch and side walks  
Thill Assembly's self of Old Kestoue,  
A thing or two, how things were done,  
Might teach, and our law-makers glady  
Might learn—they need example bludy,  
Too sage our borough "sires" for gibes,  
Too honest they for trade in bribes,  
Too honorable, as I'm a sinner,  
T'write all Maryland to dinner,  
Blow off their gas in speeches fine,  
Run up cool thousands too for wine,  
Then leave the bill, as 'twere no matter,  
Or moment might raise fane and clatter,  
T'expressors, who might do the same,  
And in their own hide others' shame,  
Or leave the whole for men to settle,  
Of prompt mould and better metal.  
Dear people! look like men this bill  
For legislative show and swell,  
Trudge to your plows, wild hard your axes,  
Digners and taverns—double taxes.  
Our borough, too, might teach the nation,  
And lessons give to all creation,  
Could we our glorious way make known  
Of letting men's affairs alone,  
And how we hate with curious eye  
To finger everybody's pie;  
How we despise the prying few,  
Who, restless as the Wandering Jew,  
Roam o'er town in noisy squads,  
With hats behind on ugly wads,  
As if the empty house below  
Needed no cover but for show.  
Our new elected look king  
Will doubtless finish every thing  
Keep the "harsh" and "softs" in order,  
And fillusters from the board,  
Senate from choosing their own printer,  
Mouth shut on compromise all vinders,  
Showing which side the fence he stands  
Upon the gift of public lands,  
Highways to open to Pacific,  
To States in trade and gold profuse,  
And find no cause for great vexation,  
Unless it be that all creation  
Won't toss up hats for "annexation."  
Owhyee, Ireland, Afghanistan,  
Cuba, Greenland and Japan,  
Whene'er the perchance might think it better  
To send a hat to fetch a letter.  
But keep the "harsh" and "softs" in order,  
And fillusters from the board,  
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**DR. C. S. BAKER**  
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional  
services to the citizens of Carlisle and sur-  
rounding country.  
Office and residence in South Hanover street,  
directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office."  
Carlisle, July 20, 1853.

**DR. GEORGE Z. BRITZ**  
WILL perform all  
operations upon the  
teeth that may be re-  
quired for their preservation. Artificial teeth  
inserted, from a single tooth to a complete set,  
in the most scientific principles. Diseases of the  
mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Of-  
fice at the residence of his brother, on North  
Pitt Street, Carlisle.

**DR. I. C. DOOMIS**  
WILL perform all  
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Pitt Street, Carlisle.

**DR. R. S. HEEFER**  
OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining  
Mr. Wolf's store. Office hours, more particu-  
larly from 10 o'clock, A. M., and from  
7 to 7 o'clock, P. M. June 1853.

**DR. JOHN S. SPRIGGS**  
OFFERS his professional services to the  
people of Dickinson township, and vicinity—  
Residence on the Walnut Bottom Road, one  
mile east of Centreville. Feb 1854

**G. B. COLE**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Will attend  
promptly all business entrusted to him.  
Office in Centre street, door to Mr.  
Williams, near North Hanover St., Carlisle.  
April 20, 1853.

**HENRY J. WOLF**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office, No. 2, Betens' Row.  
ALL professional business strictly attended  
to. The German language spoken as readily  
as the English. Sep 14 1853

**Carlisle Female Seminary.**  
MISS PAINE will commence the  
winter session of her Seminary on  
Monday, the 1st of April, in a new  
building on Centre street, door to Mr.  
Williams, near North Hanover street.  
Instruction in the languages, drawing, no  
extra charge.

**Plainfield Classical Academy**  
Near Carlisle, Pa.  
The 15th Session (five months) will com-  
mence Nov. 7th. The buildings are new  
and extensive and are situated in a  
beautiful location. The situation is all  
that can be desired for healthful-  
ness and moral purity. Removal from  
the excitement of the village. The  
Student may here prepare for College, Mercantile  
pursuits, &c. All the branches are taught  
high to form a liberal education. A con-  
siderable discharge of duty has been  
Providence, the present flourishing condition  
of the Institution. Its future prosperity shall  
be maintained by the same means.  
Terms—Board and Tuition, \$50.00  
For Catalogues with full information address  
R. K. BURNS,  
Principal & Proprietor.  
Plainfield, Camb. Co., Pa.

**THE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE**  
Of the State of Pennsylvania.  
South West corner of Market Street and West  
Penn Square, Philadelphia.  
THIS College, incorporated by the Legisla-  
ture, April, 1825, is designed to afford a thor-  
ough Professional Education to students in-  
tending to engage in the various branches  
of the Mechanical Arts.  
The Trustees announce that the Lectures on  
Chemistry and its application to the Arts will  
be commenced in the Lecture Room of the  
College by Prof. ALBERT L. KESTNER, M. D.,  
Tuesday, November 1st, at 12 o'clock, M., and  
be continued on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thurs-  
days and Fridays, throughout the session.  
The Analytical Laboratory is also open for  
Students in Practical Chemistry.  
MATTHEW NEWKINK,  
President of Trustees.  
JOHN McINTYRE,  
Secy.  
Trustee in Cumberland county JAS. HAM-  
ILTON, Esq. (Nov 25)

**WHITE HALL ACADEMY.**  
Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.  
THE SIXTH SESSION will commence on  
Monday, the seventh of November next.  
Parents and Guardians and others in-  
terested are requested to inquire into the merits of this  
Institution. The situation is retired, pleasant,  
healthful and convenient of access; the course  
of instruction is extensive, thorough, and  
the accommodations are ample.  
Instructors,  
S. D. Dellinger, Principal, and teacher of Lan-  
guages and Mathematics.  
Dr. A. Dismore, A. M., teacher of Ancient  
Languages and Natural Science.  
E. O. Dore, teacher of Mathematics and  
Natural Science.  
Hugh Coville, Teacher of Music.  
T. Kirk White, teacher of Plain and Orna-  
mental Penmanship.

**MISS MORGAN**  
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**Railroads cry out "how fast we go!"**  
In tele-tele with him. You have seen a dog  
meet an unknown female of his species; he be-  
comes—such was Dolignon after Swindon,  
and to the dog justice, he got landowner  
Prison and alms-house on our shores.  
Woman to honors that aspires,  
Reverends, Lawyers, Doctors, Squires;  
And who but may not live to see  
A Presidentess "L. L. D."

"Young America" rules the day,  
And hastes to do all things away.  
Our street "Republic" is no go,  
Fearing of fight she may run the day.  
O'er empire old hangs ruin red,  
About to tumble on their head.  
The round of government is run,  
Mankind's millennium is begun,  
And man in his own mighty manhood  
Dissolves for eye oppression's clanship.  
No more "neath Emperor and King,  
To skulk a chattel or a thing;  
But without ruler, law or book,  
Patrol the universe on his own hook.  
John Bull exults in his domain,  
O'er sea and land extends his reign;  
While "Vic" with heirs supplies his throne,  
As bees keep queens for spawn alone.  
Russia and Turkey—simple gulls—  
Find fun in snatching each others skulls,  
And while the Danube, Pasha Omar  
Hestridges, to look horns with the Zar,  
Austria's chief of to see fair play,  
Fearing of fight she may run the day.  
England and France's combined fleets  
Lie by to row with the cock that beats.  
Santa Anna still climbs the tree clad,  
Aspires to Kapp's coup d'etat,  
Bargains to swell his glorious reign,  
A slice of national domain.

So wags the world, and so our song,  
Like a dull hummy too long.  
Then lend your Carrier "material aid,"  
Just for the honor of the trade,  
And a twelvemonth hence he'll joy to hear  
That you're had what he wishes, a HAPPY  
NEW YEAR.  
CARRIER BOY.

**A Very Improbable Story.**  
From Bentley's Miscellany.  
KISSING IN THE DARK.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

The 1015 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, singularly enough, two were worth de-  
scription. The lady had a smooth, white, deli-  
cate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long  
lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and  
a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as  
white as milk. A man could not see his nose  
for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and  
have told us some nonsense about it. She  
wore an unpretending greyish dress, buttoned  
to the throat, with laced-up buttons, a Scotch  
shawl that gracefully added the respon-  
sibility of color. She was like a duck, so  
tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there  
she sat, smooth, snug and delicious, with a  
book in her hand, and a supposition of her  
neighbor was what I call a goodly style of man  
—the more to his credit, she belonged to  
a corporation that frequently turns out the  
worst imaginable style of young men. He was  
a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a  
moustache, but not a very repulsive one. It  
was far from being one of those subnasal pig-  
tails, on which soap is suspended like dew on  
a leaf. It was a thick, and black as a  
coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by  
tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice; his  
clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they  
sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and  
what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was  
inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart,  
not in his face, jostling mine and other peo-  
ple's, who have none;—in a word, he was what  
one often hears of these meetings—a young  
gentleman. He was conversing in an animated  
whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer—  
they were talking about what it is far better  
not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not  
wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and  
loved his voice. She seemed completely  
absorbed in her book, and that reassured him.  
At last the two soldiers came down to a whis-  
per, and in that whisper (the truth must be  
told) it was about the dog, and was to be  
told to posterity, but not to be told to the  
man who was going down with us to Bath and  
immortality, would kiss either of the ladies  
opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!"  
Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto pre-  
sented should have lent himself, even in a whisper,  
to such a speculation, but "nobly is wise at  
all hours," not even when the clock is striking  
five and twenty; and you are to consider his  
profession, his good looks, and the temptation  
—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three;  
at Twyford our lady dropped her hankerchief,  
Captain Dolignon fell on it like a tiger and re-  
turned it like a lamb; two or three words were  
interchanged on that occasion. At Reading,  
the Marlborough of our tale made one of the  
safe investments of that day; he bought a  
"Times" and a "Punch" the latter was full  
of steel-pen thrusts and wood-cuts. Valour  
being denied to our lady, she was obliged to  
bug or other punctured by Punch. Now long-  
ing together thava our human life; long long-  
ing together it was a talking match at Swin-  
don, who so devoted as Captain Dolignon—he  
handed them out—he souped them—he tough-  
tickened them—he branded and cooched them  
one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the  
other; on their return to the carriage, one lady  
passed into the inner compartment to in-  
spect a certain gentleman's seat on that side  
the line.

Reader, had it been you or I the beauty  
would have been the desecrator, the average one  
would have stayed with us, till all was blue,  
ourselves included; not more surely does our  
slight of hand and butter, when it escapes from  
our hand, revolve it ever so often, slight face  
downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit  
of a fop, Adonis, dragon—so Venus remained  
in tele-tele with him. You have seen a dog  
meet an unknown female of his species; he be-  
comes—such was Dolignon after Swindon,  
and to the dog justice, he got landowner  
Prison and alms-house on our shores.  
Woman to honors that aspires,  
Reverends, Lawyers, Doctors, Squires;  
And who but may not live to see  
A Presidentess "L. L. D."

"Young America" rules the day,  
And hastes to do all things away.  
Our street "Republic" is no go,  
Fearing of fight she may run the day.  
O'er empire old hangs ruin red,  
About to tumble on their head.  
The round of government is run,  
Mankind's millennium is begun,  
And man in his own mighty manhood  
Dissolves for eye oppression's clanship.  
No more "neath Emperor and King,  
To skulk a chattel or a thing;  
But without ruler, law or book,  
Patrol the universe on his own hook.  
John Bull exults in his domain,  
O'er sea and land extends his reign;  
While "Vic" with heirs supplies his throne,  
As bees keep queens for spawn alone.  
Russia and Turkey—simple gulls—  
Find fun in snatching each others skulls,  
And while the Danube, Pasha Omar  
Hestridges, to look horns with the Zar,  
Austria's chief of to see fair play,  
Fearing of fight she may run the day.  
England and France's combined fleets  
Lie by to row with the cock that beats.  
Santa Anna still climbs the tree clad,  
Aspires to Kapp's coup d'etat,  
Bargains to swell his glorious reign,  
A slice of national domain.

So wags the world, and so our song,  
Like a dull hummy too long.  
Then lend your Carrier "material aid,"  
Just for the honor of the trade,  
And a twelvemonth hence he'll joy to hear  
That you're had what he wishes, a HAPPY  
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ple's, who have none;—in a word, he was what  
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whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer—  
they were talking about what it is far better  
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wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and  
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absorbed in her book, and that reassured him.  
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told to posterity, but not to be told to the  
man who was going down with us to Bath and  
immortality, would kiss either of the ladies  
opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!"  
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sented should have lent himself, even in a whisper,  
to such a speculation, but "nobly is wise at  
all hours," not even when the clock is striking  
five and twenty; and you are to consider his  
profession, his good looks, and the temptation  
—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three;  
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Captain Dolignon fell on it like a tiger and re-  
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safe investments of that day; he bought a  
"Times" and a "Punch" the latter was full  
of steel-pen thrusts and wood-cuts. Valour  
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handed them out—he souped them—he tough-  
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one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the  
other; on their return to the carriage, one lady  
passed into the inner compartment to in-  
spect a certain gentleman's seat on that side  
the line.

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would have been the desecrator, the average one  
would have stayed with us, till all was blue,  
ourselves included; not more surely does our  
slight of hand and butter, when it escapes from  
our hand, revolve it ever so often, slight face  
downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit  
of a fop, Adonis, dragon—so Venus remained  
in tele-tele with him. You have seen a dog  
meet an unknown female of his species; he be-  
comes—such was Dolignon after Swindon,  
and to the dog justice, he got landowner  
Prison and alms-house on our shores.  
Woman to honors that aspires,  
Reverends, Lawyers, Doctors, Squires;  
And who but may not live to see  
A Presidentess "L. L. D."

"Young America" rules the day,  
And hastes to do all things away.  
Our street "Republic" is no go,  
Fearing of fight she may run the day.  
O'er empire old hangs ruin red,  
About to tumble on their head.  
The round of government is run,  
Mankind's millennium is begun,  
And man in his own mighty manhood  
Dissolves for eye oppression's clanship.  
No more "neath Emperor and King,  
To skulk a chattel or a thing;  
But without ruler, law or book,  
Patrol the universe on his own hook.  
John Bull exults in his domain,  
O'er sea and land extends his reign;  
While "Vic" with heirs supplies his throne,  
As bees keep queens for spawn alone.  
Russia and Turkey—simple gulls—  
Find fun in snatching each others skulls,  
And while the Danube, Pasha Omar  
Hestridges, to look horns with the Zar,  
Austria's chief of to see fair play,  
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England and France's combined fleets  
Lie by to row with the cock that beats.  
Santa Anna still climbs the tree clad,  
Aspires to Kapp's coup d'etat,  
Bargains to swell his glorious reign,  
A slice of national domain.

So wags the world, and so our song,  
Like a dull hummy too long.  
Then lend your Carrier "material aid,"  
Just for the honor of the trade,  
And a twelvemonth hence he'll joy to hear  
That you're had what he wishes, a HAPPY  
NEW YEAR.  
CARRIER BOY.

**A Very Improbable Story.**  
From Bentley's Miscellany.  
KISSING IN THE DARK.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

The 1015 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, singularly enough, two were worth de-  
scription. The lady had a smooth, white, deli-  
cate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long  
lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and  
a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as  
white as milk. A man could not see his nose  
for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and  
have told us some nonsense about it. She  
wore an unpretending greyish dress, buttoned  
to the throat, with laced-up buttons, a Scotch  
shawl that gracefully added the respon-  
sibility of color. She was like a duck, so  
tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there  
she sat, smooth, snug and delicious, with a  
book in her hand, and a supposition of her  
neighbor was what I call a goodly style of man  
—the more to his credit, she belonged to  
a corporation that frequently turns out the  
worst imaginable style of young men. He was  
a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a  
moustache, but not a very repulsive one. It  
was far from being one of those subnasal pig-  
tails, on which soap is suspended like dew on  
a leaf. It was a thick, and black as a  
coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by  
tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice; his  
clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they  
sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and  
what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was  
inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart,  
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**Railroads cry out "how fast we go!"**  
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