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Poetry.

THE DREAMER.

(The following remarkable lines, says the N. Y. Tribune, are from a volume of "Poems" by a Southerner, and are said to be truly the production of a poor English girl. They are, indeed, beautiful, and under the circumstances, thoroughly an "thoughtfully appropriate."

Net in the laughing bower,
Whence by green twining stems, a pleasant shade
Is cast upon the noon-day bower.
Stole the rich boughs of the sheltered gloaming,
From I. Nor where the golden grecie,
At sunset, playeth o'er the dewy sea:
To pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace a sunbeam from earth to heaven.
Not on the earth of peace,
With all the appliances of joy at hand—
Sate light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command;
Visions that bright a golden pale please,
And Music's sedately earnest tones,
Brooks. Not sitting o'er a wild estate,
The earth, soft-sounding heart esteems,
Well satisfied with all its mortal birth,
Right glad for hours of earthly worth.
But where the peasant dwelt,
Others bade, and others bemoaned the scene,
While the kind-souled day was passing by.
That day is gone, and darkness drear descends:
Drew I long in the evening who I see,
On weary nights, and covered from the sky,
Sue is my first, and last, and it seems
Such that blind, sound-souled girl I dream!

And yet I dream—

What now, were not more just? I might have been
How strong, how fair, how kind and serene,
Glowing of heart, and glorious of men;
The墩ous Crown to Nature's blissful scene;
In just and equal bower to gleam
With all mankind, exhausts pleasure keen.
Such is my dream—

And yet I dream—

The deepest of fortune, His min' eye,
In unquenching wreathes on high,
And the last rays of day—

Resigned alone to Hye—alone to Hye—

Nor swell the tide of human misery.

And yet I dream—

Of a sleep where dreams no more shall come,
Hest-my-first, my-only-welove home!

Hest—myself—since life's beginning stage,

Seal remnant of my glorious heritage,
Unfeigned, I shall find thee yet

And in thy soft embrace, the past forget.

Thus do I dream.

—

Select Tale.

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

A kettle singe upon the glistening hob; the fire, small, burns very brightly; the wind blows cold and wild about the solitary house.

In this fair sized, old fashioned parlor, with its quaint spider-legged furniture, its faded carpet, its sun-parched neatness, are two elderly gentlewomen; one is an invalid, for she lies covered up with a shawl, upon the spider-legged sofa; the other sits beside a small round table, on which burns the very dimmest and bluest of dip candles. This latter has been reading a newspaper to the invalid; but the listener having fallen into a doze, she ceased now for some minutes, and sits gazing abstractedly upon the electric blaze. In the half suffusion it gives expression to some hidden source of great perplexity.

This is thought over, the look deepens into one of agony. But the sleeker, awaking, sees a rustling of the pillow, a low cough, a moving of the tea-sign, as it is in an instant buried in an assumed look of melancholy. But you're not going to walk all the way in?" says the woman, anxiously.

"My master says he reads before Margaret sets off. At about half a mile distant from their lonely house lies a rustic village. Here she calls at a cottage, and asks the mistress to take her girl while she is gone, as Miss Eleanor is quite alone. To this the maid, young Miss Rose, whom I expect to inform, is well pleased to go, but the Misses Butler have but few friends in many an hour—of poverty and sickness, and she is anxious to judge.

"I have a week," says Margaret, "and old

Squire Wootton has been there, and made the

quarrel up, and says the captain shall do just

as he likes, if only for the sake of the brave

few fellow he is. So I guess, as you seem ill,

this will make all the better for some time.

"Oh, he is already come, he has been for several weeks at Southwark! And old

Squire Wootton has been there, and made the

quarrel up, and says the captain shall do just

as he likes, if only for the sake of the brave

few fellow he is. So I guess, as you seem ill,

this will make all the better for some time.

"Margaret makes no answer, though the blood which rushes into her pallid and aged cheeks tells how the truth strikes home.

Appearing not to heed her agitation, Willis

again asks if she will see the Canon. To

this she tremblingly replies in the affirmative;

and she is forthwith conducted to his study.

"She nods rather than speaks—such

hesitation—end follows the old man

in-his-exhaustion—and follows the old man

through divers narrow and arched passages

into a low vaulted chamber, hung round with

verger's cloaks, staves, and other things; in

the grate of which burns a cheerful fire.

Here he bids her seat herself on an old oak

seat, and whilst she warms her hands and feet, he goes to a curious three-cornered cupboard, and brings forth a coffee pot, and warms what's therein, pours it out into a cup and sugar, and places it in her hand. She takes it gratefully, stern and self-enduring as she usually is in her pride.

"Excuse my offering this to you, Miss Butler," says the old man; "but you are ill, and it is the best I have to give. I know you must be glad to see you in the old cathedral. I hope you will come again when the days are brighter."

"I will, thank you. I must always love the old place. But you practice the precepts you listen to; you have given the cup to me."

"Well, ma'am, I think one word worth many words, in the church especially. Tomorrow is Christmas day, and the poorest amongst us may testify to our remembrance of it on this eve, if we will."

"Well, ma'am, and Margaret again—

"Margaret, again—warns

"Margaret, again—warns</