

TERMS OF PUBLICATION. The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty-eight columns and furnished to subscribers at \$1.00 per annum in advance...

ADVERTISEMENTS. Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and so on for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than three lines will be charged 50 cents per square.

General and Local Information. U. S. GOVERNMENT. President—JAMES BUCHANAN. Vice President—JOHN CALHOUN. Secretary of State—LEWIS CASWELL.

STATE GOVERNMENT. Governor—WILLIAM F. PENN. Secretary of State—WILLIAM M. HENRY. Treasurer—HENRY S. MORGAN. Auditor General—JACOB FAY, JR.

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BOROUGH OFFICERS. Chief Burgess—WILLIAM F. PENN. Assistant Burgess—JOHN CALHOUN. Town Clerk—WILLIAM F. PENN.

CHURCHES. First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing, Pastor. Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South 1st and Centre streets. Rev. Wm. E. Ellis, Pastor.

DICKINSON COLLEGE. Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science. Rev. E. M. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS. Andrew Blair, President. H. Saxon, P. Quigley, E. Johnson, C. W. Wood, Directors.

CORPORATIONS. CARLISLE DEPOT BANK—President, Richard Parker. Cashier, N. C. Mendenhall. Directors, Wm. H. Hooper, James M. Marshall, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages.

FIRE COMPANIES. The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, J. E. Saxon. Secretary, Wm. H. Hooper. Porter, Thomas. Treasurer, P. Quigley.

RATES OF POSTAGE. Postage on all letters half-cent weight or under, 3 cents per post. On all letters over half-cent weight, 5 cents per post.

HERALD JOB & BOOK PRINTING OFFICE. 8, E. Cor. of the Square, Main St. The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty-eight columns and furnished to subscribers at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

POETICAL THE LAST DEVIL'S WALK. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Essex his brilliant had a break of day He walked, and over plain, To trample and clear the flowers to death, To infuse the air with his pestilent breath, And to cloud the morning sun.

RAILROAD ACQUAINTANCE.

It is highly important for those who travel from London to Edinburgh in a day, and who cannot read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable travelling companion.

What partake of the nature of that calling? so much did it smack of ready reasoning and acuteness. Learning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind out of his eyes...

"My hat box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one in the box is a new one, and it is probably, since we have barely left the station that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train."

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous sneer, "but I do not think it probable that the articles would fetch so small a price as the reward would be likely to be."

"I don't understand thieves' logic nor the language of the respectable classes of this country you do afford, indeed the other, coolly, in this your successive obstinacy and conceit. You have no intention to learn, and you are not to be taught."

"The country would be sadly depopulated," replied the other, "if you and I would actually never meet again."

"This is downright insult," I exclaimed, with indignation. "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the next station, and I will not be in your power again."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet for me," he said, "and I saw that you were a young man of some talents. I have been thinking of you ever since."

"I am very glad to hear that," I replied, "and I am sure you will find me a most agreeable travelling companion. I have been thinking of you ever since."

"What was said." "Well, go on with your story," said Mrs. Gray, as with her young friend Mattie she sauntered through the crisp and rustling leaves that carpeted the bare old woods.

"Ah! it is such an exposure of my weakness," answered Mattie, "that I honestly confess having been changed and hurt at the time of the occurrence. I am mortified now to acknowledge it."

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LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA. CHICO, (CAL.) Oct. 18, 1858. DEAR HENRY:—In this part of California, the present is the dullest season of the year. There isn't a thing doing nowhere, as I heard an individual remark last night, the sinners are lounging around the saloons, playing "poker" and praying for rain.

The result of our last election has like as not surprised the victors, and has disappointed the vanquished. The former expected nothing very much, and the latter anticipated much and got nothing at all.

Our papers are doing all they can to circulate false impressions in the East relative to Fraser river. They argue that the new mines are coming down, whereas they are well aware that the non-receipt of gold from there is owing exclusively to the fact that there are at present no means of transporting men and provisions to the new gold fields.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. This beautiful and popular song or ballad is said to have its origin under the following circumstances, which give it additional interest. Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several other Old New Yorkers, were hired to print a printing office, which was situated at the corner of Chestnut and Church streets, there were very few places in the city of New York where good drink could be had.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. When I find recollections present to my view I think of the old oaken bucket, the well that was dug in the year of '36, and the well that was dug in the year of '36, and the well that was dug in the year of '36.

SLEEPING WITH THE LANDLORD'S WIFE. A friend in the State of Massachusetts, sends us the following anecdote of Rev. Zeb T. Welch, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont conference.

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