

A. K. RHEEM, Proprietor, Wm. H. PORTER, Editor.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty columns, and furnished to subscribers at a price...

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Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county...

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SOCIETIES.

Carlisle Star Lodge No. 107, A. Y. M. meets at Barton Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1830. President, E. C. Coker.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents per paid, except to California or Oregon.

JAMES. 500 pairs Hames on hand of all kinds, Birmingham pattern, London do, German do, with and without buckles, cheaper than ever at H. SEXTON'S, East Main st., March 25, 1862.

THE BURNING SHIP.

Late in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy.

On the following morning a light was described to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but lament the master's error and submit to it. They watched the fire mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure.

object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marselles will occur to your mind with our repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms, and was rendered at once a rich man.

Without any noteworthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marselles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and when the French papers were opened within our cabin, our captain read with unexpected delight that so small a vessel had passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail.

My peace of mind was gone forever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went that day, I was haunted by remorse, I retired to bed, that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the night; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the configuration, with the roar of the signal-guns. I awoke with horror.

A clerical gentleman writing from the West, gives the following sketch of a Hard Shell Baptist sermon.— "When I was an agent of the Bible society, and canvassing Fulton county, Illinois, I called on the Rev. Mr. Adger—a Hard-Shell Baptist—who, not having a Bible, was persuaded to buy one; 'Not that he needed it,' he said, 'it would be convenient to have one in the house.'"

"This is told in much better language than Mr. Adger is given to writing, when addressing his people. The following is a specimen of his style of oratory and communication, as reported to me by one who heard it."

FIRST LOVE OF AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Sir John Ross, the well-known navigator, who died a few years ago, lived to be nearly eighty years of age. An acquaintance of his heard him, a short time before his death, tell the following story of his first love.

"I had been reminding him of a very old friend, and of whom we had heard nothing for many years; as I spoke, a tide of early recollections swept up and filled the old man's eyes with tears."

"I had just been standing by a big river in Zahary desert, what was dried up. The sun shone so all-fired hot, that I was obliged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes, to keep from being blinded; and as I was standing there, I happened to look down the river, and see a big boat without any bottom, come floating up the stream, with a hull full of fellows in arms."

"I was late. All the children were in the room; and at the master's desk stood Margaret, with scarlet cheeks but triumphant eyes, just receiving the last blow of the leather strap on her open hand."

"The Boston Post lets off the following squib: 'Say, Pompey, nigger, where you got dat new hat? 'Why at de shop, ob course.' 'What is de price of such an article as dat? 'I don't know, nigger—I don't know, de shopkeeper wasn't dar.'"

OUR CHIMP BASKET.

Motto for a Windmill—"Blow me!" When is an Irish girl most disposed to take compassion on her lover. When her heart goes pity-Pat.

"Tell your mistress that I've torn the curtain," said a lodger to a servant.—"Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as extra rent."

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