ERMS OF PUBLICATION

Carlisle Herald is published weekly on alarge containing twenty four colums and furnished bscribers at \$1,50 if paid strictly in advance, \$1,75 id within the year; or \$2 in all cases when pay t is delayed until aiter the expiration of the year ubscriptions received for a less period than six idhs, and none discontinued until all the arrearages paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers t to subscribers living out of Cumberlund county st be paid for in advance, or he payment assumed some responsible person living in Cumberland inty. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all ices.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advortisements will be charged 1.00 per square of class lines for three insertions, and 25 couts for the ubsequent insertion. All advertisements of a than twelve lines considered as a square.

ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE

CARLISLE HERALD.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

Prologue:

"Let Milton cease to rhyme Let Watts lie in his tomb, Let Shakespeare stand behind the door, To give this 'poic' room."-M. Goose.

Come hearken now good people, List to a man of letters, We carriers of the weekly press, Acknowledge none our betters. My New Year's song. I'll try to sing, When I have made my bow sirs, And have told you I'm a man of note, And my name is GEO. L. GOUCHER.

Our currency is very bad, I hope 'twill soon be better, But people don't regard the law, Or mind it to the letter. For used up stamps, There's no excuse, Nor any such disasters, For every town is flooded o'er. With ragged, old shinplasters.

As when I last addressed you, The war is going on, We still try to whip the Rebels. With efforts great and strong. To Maryland They came one day. And Mac' went out to meet 'em, And gave them a good lamming, At a creek they call Antictam.

Our Governor, Andy Curtin, Called out our soldier boys, And they went off to Hagerstown, With lots of fuss and noise. Like the King of France, Was their advance, With fifty thousand men, They all marched into Maryland, And then, marched back again.

They now are home among us, These vet'rans strong and stout, They have seen the smoke of powder, And heard the battle shout, To tell hard yarns, Of war's alarms, Does seem to quite delight them, How Franklin county hens and ducks, Had often tried to bite them.

There was the Anderson Cavalry, Men both brave and true, Who were sent here, near the border, To scare the rebel crew. They did intend, Us to defend, From focs, in all directions, But all that they accomplished was. To steal the girls' affections.

The troop was ordered off one day, But each one had a comforter, To keep his body warm The ladies fair, In force were there, They risked both cough and croup, For to the cars they all must go, Oh! "Good-bye Anderson Troop."

And now my friends and patrons, My story I've related, I've told you all about the war, The incidents have stated, And yet, forsooth To tell the truth. I'm not quite done my tale, For when I've said that I've 'nary red, My luck you'll all bewail.

Then if you wish to warm my heart, Just open up your purses, There's nothing like a little cash, To atone for all reverses. And then indeed. I can say "God speed," To every one who greets me. And shall no er regret, that we have met, On this morn of '63.

Miscelluneous.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

please you, dear," said Mr. Hamlin to met the words and vanquished them, and his wife. "If I did, I'd go a great ways, that was all the reply Mr. Hamlin got. and spend a good deal of money, to get

the gift for this New Year's." comfort and general self-complacency, childhood. which overflowed on others in kind speeches and promises, but never went er and my little sister Ellen," struggled

any further than that. On the contrary, Mr. Hamlin's deeds always went farther than his words, and about them?" questioned the now keenly his wife knew that he would go far and interested merchant. do much to bring her, as he said, some

heart on this New Year's day. "We have very much to be thankful "Oh, tha band's knee. She had a fine, kindly, in- you been in the store?" telligent face; not exactly handsome, but "I've been here a me with some charm more attractive and per-just two weeks after mother died." sistent than beauty. "Well, my child, come with me into

Tarring 12

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1863. VOL. 63.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

of his handsomely furnished rooms, on which taste and wealth combined had lavished luxury and beauty. The car-

sharp and bitter one to him, that the went on questioning him in a kind, deli-chiefest beauty and grace had gone from cate way, until he had become possessed that stately dwelling, and that all its wealth and luxury could not woo it back, for you here, my young readers. and that a shadow brooded heavy and dark over his home.

wife; that cold brooding shadow from the grave; for up in the nursery two little cribs, with curtains soft and light as the new winter's first flakes of snow, were with the sound of rain drops on the velvet carpets; and two little faces, a boy and a girl's, the one brave and eager, the than the preceding one. other sweet and tender, lay under the autumn grass, which the winds had combed, and the rains had crushed, until now there was no more life left in it, no more than there was in the two small nrarble figures laid under it, the figures which a year ago had been so full of warmth and glow, and motion, and all that we can call the grace of life

And so it was no wonder that Mrs. Hamlin sat in her stately home on the new year, in her mourning dress, with her-heart aching and-desolate Her husband looked in her face. He knew well cheer for his sake; and he felt, too, that the grief which lay under it was too deep and solemn for any words which he could summon to reach and solace. But his silence spoke his tender sympathy with it all, and his wife understood it. At last

Perhaps I shall come across some thing that I think will strike you before night, and I'll bring it up in that case, Mary," stroking her hair with his hand.

"Bring yourself up, Gerald," smiled the wife, tenderly. "That will be worth and he had a fixed salary of a dollar and a great deal more than any other gift; be a half a week. sides I've outgrown my old girlish rap tures over all sorts of pretty presents.'

"But I like to bring them just for the old association's sake," answered the gen tleman, getting up and giving his wife her good-mourning kiss.

That morning, as the gentleman sat in his office, at the back of his large ware house he happened to be for a few moments alone. which was a very unusual thing with him, for the small room was usually invaded by head-clerks and under clerks, salesmen, book-keepers, and business men outside, on all sorts of errands; but this being a kind of holiday for the city in general, and Mr. Hamilin's em ployees in particular, that gentleman found the ordinary stream which flowed into his office somewhat intermitted And in the silence it seemed to him that he caught a repressed sound, that was like a low, grieved sobbing, not far away. The gentleman sitting by the desk leaned his head on his hand as d listened sedulously. Yes, there came the sound again; he

could not be mistaken now. Somehow it touched the rich merchant and troubled him. Perhaps on this day his heart was unusually tender, for his thoughts had been much with the little graves under the faded grass; and it was never a long way nor a cold one to the heart of Gerald Hamlin. He opened the office door softly, and went out in the di-

rection whence the sound proceeded. In a few moments he came suddenly upon a small figure, seated on a high stool in a dark corner of the warehouse -a small figure, with his head bowed down on the counter, and sobs shivering it to and fro. The boy was so absorbed in his own grief that he had not observed the footsteps of the man, and the first intimation which he had of Mr. Hamlin's on his shoulder, and a kind voice asked.

you?" The child looked up-surprise, consternation, fear, all striving for mustery in his face, stained with tears. He tried "I don't know what in the world will to speak, but the great sob in his throat

The gentleman thought, as he looked on the pitiful upturned face, that it was Mrs. Hamlin looked up, and smiled in not altogether a strange one to him, tho' her husband's face. She knew that these | certainly not a very familiar one It was were not mere words with him, spoken a delicate, intelligent face, with little of in some after-dinner mood of physical the robust look of a strong, healthful

"I was thinking about my dead mothout the boy.

"And how did you come here to think

"I promised to be on hand for an hour gift to gladden her eyes and rejoice her or two, to see if there were any errands

"Oh, that explains; so you are errand for, Gerald," said the lady, leaning for boy here. I must have come across your ward, and resting her arm on her hus face once in a while. How long have

"I've been here a month, sir. I came

"So we have, Mary," and the gentle- the office," and Mr. Hamlin took hold of man glanced through the long perspective the small, thin hand, and led the loving boy into his warm, pleasant office.

He placed the boy, whose years could not yet have run into a dozen, in a compets soft as summer mosses, the walls fortable arm chair, and said some of those flushed with rare pictures, the glow of kind, reassuring words to him which alrose-wood, the gleam of marble, would ways comfort the heart of a child. And have feasted the æsthetic sense; but Mr. | then, when Mr. Hamlin saw that he had Hamlin knew, and the thought was a somewhat won the boy's confidence, he of the boy's story, which I must condense

This boy's name was Edward Thayer; his father had been dead almost four It rested, too, on the sweet face of his years. His mother had struggled after his death as a mother will, for her children's sake, to keep fuel and food for the boy and girl that the father's stout arm and brave heart could shelter no longer. silent and empty; and the two pairs of But her health, always delicate, had brolittle pattering feet, that used to falter ken down at last; they removed from one poor lodging to another, the last lodging always being poorer and smaller

> At last, Mrs Thayer was unable to sit up, and the sole dependence of the family was on the small sum that Edward could earn by the sale of his newspapers. Fi nally—the sobs broke thick in the boy's tale here—the poor emaciated young mother died, receiving with her dying breath a promise from her son that he would always watch over and take care of his little sister Ellen, so long as they both should live.

The woman who rented the floor beneath the chamber where Mrs. Thayer died, had been kind, and by the sale of she was trying to put on its look of good the scant furniture had defrayed the expenses of the funeral, reserving a few chairs, an old table and some crockery for herself, and offering the little girl a few weeks' board for this; and her brother, who was one of the porters at Mr Hamlin's warehouse, had obtained the situation of errand boy for Edward, at a dollar and a half a week; and the boy was quite certain that his mother would have approved of this change in his business, as it was much pleasanter than sel ling newspapers out in the cold and rain.

But his little sister had now quite hoarded out the remnant of her mother's furniture, and the women who owned is could not afford to keep her any longer at less than a dollar a week, this being the price he paid for his own board; and so, the new year was opening for Edward Tha er and his little sister, and in all the wide world there was not a roof to shelter them; and the heart of the boy was breaking as he thought of-not of himself, but of the tender, helpless little girl, who, too young and weak to take care of her self, would be thrust out into the cold, pitiless world.

"Oh, sir, what will become of hermy poor little sister?" and the child closed his pathetic story with another

break of sobs and tears "My boy," answered the merchant, whose heart had been deeply touched, your little sister shall not be thrust homeless out into the cold world. I will see to that "

"Oh, sir!" What a radiant glance of surprise and gratitude beamed up from that boy's face. He could not find any words; he did not need any after that

look! The merchant was interrupted at this moment by a gentleman, who detained him on some business for the next halt hour; and when he was gone, Mr. Ham-

lin said to Edward-"No, my boy, put your hat on—I am going to see this little sister of yours."

They went together, and Mr. Hamlin took the little boy's hand tenderly as a father would have done, and the delighted child hurried the merchant through several brood thoroughfares into a narrow back street, and to the door of a brown, decayed dwelling, that looked as though it had nine-tenths of a mind to give up at once, and turn over, roof and all, into presence was when a hand was laid softly the street; and this dwelling stood among a good many others just as old and decay-'My little man, what is the matter with ed, and possessed of the same indecision respecting the further maintenance of their equilibrium.

And Edward Thaver led the rich merchant up a long flight of stairs, and opened the door on the landing, and there among half a dozen dirty broad-faced, staring, tow headed children, was a little girl, with wide, wondering blue eyes, and pretty, delicate features, and short, golden curls, astray about her face; and this was Ellen Thayer, looking like some sweet lily, blossoming in that strange, uncongenial atmosphere.

She came forwards when her brother called her, and nesded up to his side, her blue eyes growing wider for wonder; but in a little while, the gentleman's kind face and voice won her to sit on his knee, and play with his golden chain; and at last, the child looked up in his face with her bright, wistful one, which had only seen half a dozen years.

"Oh," said she," you are just as kind to me as mamma used to be when she was here?

form, "would you like to go with me to a lady-a very sweet, kind tender-hearted lady, who will be to you what your own mamma used to be, and who lives in a nice, warm, large, beautiful home, a long ways from here?"

The listening face brightened and brightened with longing and eagerness.

"Oh, I should like to go with youand Edward !" lisped the child, her shyness all lost in wondering eagerness, and she slipped softly from the gentleman's knee, and laid her small hand in his large one, and said wistfully-

Can we go to see the beautiful lady that is like mamma, now?"

At that moment, the mistress of the chamber entered. She was a coarse, rough untidy woman, but not altogether heartless, as her conduct towards the orphan boy and girl had proved

The amazement and bewilderment of this woman, when she encountered the merchant surpasses description; but afew words from Mr. Hamlin, explained all, and quite satisfied her, and she prepared child's wardrobe admitted, and followed the three to the door, with loud and reiterated thanks and blessings, after Mr. Hamlin had bestowed on her a ten-dollar note, which amply repaid her for the shelter which the orphans had found under her roof.

"Mary, I' ve brought you a New Year's gift that I think will please you," said Mr. Hamlin, an hour later, as he entered the sitting room, leading by the hand a little, wondering, shy, sweet-faced child; and he removed her bonnet and stroked the short, golden curls

"Why, Gerald, what do you mean?" asked the astonished lady, while the book

dropped from her hands to the floor. And then Mr. Hamlin told his wife, briefly, the story which Edward Thayer had told him, sitting in his office that day, and the ludy drank in every word, and before her husband had concluded, her soft, brown eyes were full of tears and she had reached forward and taken the the small hand of Ellen Thayer in her own white ones, and stroked them tenderly, as a mother might have done. And in conclusion, Mr. Hamlin said.

" I thought, Mary, that as the children God gave us had left our home for their home in heaven, you might take this lit-

which has been so lonely and desolate.' And Mrs. Hamlin's arms wrapped themselves around the sweet child tightly, and her heart overflowed with warmth and tenderness towards the little girl, as she

Poor little motherless darling! Oh, Gerald ! it is the best New Year's gift you could have brought me!

And afterwards, there was no more cold nor loneliness-no more poverty nor suffering for them; for Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin surrounded with all loving care the children of their adoption, Edward and Ellen Thayer. — Peterson's Magazine.

"ABI UT THIRTY." _ "Madam, at what age shall I put you down?"

No direct answer. " How old is your husband?"

"Sixty one.

"And your oldest son?"

"Twenty-five."

" And the next."

"Twenty one."

"And how old do you call yourself?"

"I do not know my age exactly, but it is about thirty?" "Did I understand you madam that your oldest son was twenty five?"

" Yes " "You must surely, then, be more than

thirty." "Well sir," (quick and snappingly,) I told you about thirty. I cant tell ex-

actly; it may be thirty-one or two, but I'm positive its not over that."

WELL KEPT BUTTER -" In 1814." says the Journal de l' Aisne "a woman of Cassey, being surprised by the Cossacks, concealed a crock of fresh butter which she did not want them to have in only one offered his tribute of thanks. a field near her Louse. After the departure of the foreign visitors she endeavored to find the exact spot in which the butter after a while the whole matter was forging the foundation of a house came upon kings. the pot in question, and on opening what they expected to be a treasure, discovered the butter as white and firm as when buried forty-eight years before. Since exposure to the air it has, however, acquired

an extremely rank taste." A ROVING PAPER.

The Memph & Appeal is a migratory journal, which follows or precedes the rebel army in the Southwest. It carries its name with it wherever it goes, and so comforts itself with the fiction that Memphis has not been taken by the Union forces. When the city was first captured, it moved to Granda, from which ace it uttered treason and fury against the United States The other day when General Hoover was approaching Grenada, the editor hurridly packed up his effects and ovacuated This time he determined to get at far out of reach as possible, and the Memphis Appeal is hereafter to be published at Marietta Georgia, about three hundred and fifty miles from Memphis. This place is chosen partly be cause there is a paper mill there, and partly because it is a good distance from any threatening Union army. When the editor moves next, the heart of the rebellion will be "My little girl," and involuntarily the next, the heart of the rebellion will be he stuck his musket in the ground and gentleman's arms closed about the small reached Let us hope the day is not far very complacently remarked: "It's rath:

much water as a cow.

对你还是

NO. 1. TERMS:--\$1,50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year. This thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as

many colors as a mainbow, and is as changeable as a chamelon. One man subscribes for a newspaper and pays for it in advance; he goes home and reads it with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands in an ad vertisement, asks the price and pays for it. This is newspaper patronage. Another man says please to put my

name on your list of subscribers; and he goes off without as much as having said pay once. Time passes, your patience is exhausted and you dun him. He flies in a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not.

Newspaper Patronage.

Another man has been a subscriber a long time. He becomes tired of you and wants a change. Thinks he wants a city paper. Tells the postmaster to discontinue, and one of his papers is returned to you marked "refused." Paying up Ellen for her departure as well as the for it is among the last of his thoughts besides he wants his money to send to a city publisher.

After a time you look over his account and see a bill of "balance due." But But does he pay for it cheerfully and freely? We leave him to answer. This

too, is newspaper patronage. Another man lives near you-never took your paper-it is too small-don't like the editor-don't like the politicstoo Whiggish, or too something elseyet goes regularly to his neighbor and reads his by a good fire—finds fault with its contents, disputes its positions, and to the table?"
quarrels with its type. Occasionally sees "She says an article he likes—gives half a dime and begs a number. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another sports a fine horse, or perhaps pair of them-is always seen with a the northern part of this county who had whip in hand and spur on foot-single man - no use for him to take a newspaper-knows enough Finally he concludes to get married -does so -sends a notice of the fact with a "please publish and send me half a dozen copies.' This done, does he ever pay for notice or papers? No "but surely you don't charge for such things!" This, too, is newspaper patronage

Another man (bless you it does us good to see such a man) comes and says, the year for which I paid is about to expire, and I want to pay for another. He does so, and retires.

Reader! isn't newspaper patronage a Reader! isn't newspaper patronage a "only I thought you didn't take the pacurious thing? And in that great day pers, that's all!" when honest men get the reward due to "Take the papers! No sir, not I. their honesty, which say you of those enumerated above, will obtain that reward? Now it will be seen that, while certain kind of patronage are the very life and 'existence' of a newspaper, there

A Pack of Cards both Bible and Almanac.

Richard Milton, a soldier, spreading a ack of cards before him in a carried him before the mayor, who asked him what he had to say in excuse for his

indecent behavior. Please your worship, he made reply,

they are my Bible.

A two, of the Father and Son.

Ghost. A four, of the four Evangelists.

A five, of the five wise virgins who vere ordered to burn their lamps. A six, that in six days God created He wen and Earth.

A seven, that on the seventh day he rested from his labor. An eight, of eight righteous persons

three sons and three daughters. A nine, of the ungrateful lepers, cleansed by our Saviour-there were ten, but

A ten, of the Ten Commandments. The queen reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts was concealed, but did not succeed, and of the earth to listen to the wisdom of Solomon, as her companion, the king, gotten. Last week some workmen dig- does of the great King of Heaven and of

> You have answered all except the knave; what is he?" The knave I should say, is the sergeant

> vho brought me before you. For my almanac, I find. Fifty-two cards in a pack, for fifty-two

> Thirteen cards in each suit, for thirteen lunar months in a year. Twelve count cards, for the twelve cal

weeks in a year.

endar months. Four suits of cards for the four sea-

A GREEN SENTINEL .- A drafted man on guard at Camp Howe, recently, hailed Colonel Stockton as he was passing thus: "Say, here, who the are you?"

Colonel S-"I believe I'm colonel of a regiment." "The-you are; colonel, give us

chew of tobacco." After getting a supply of the weed he er wet out here believe I'll go in and Ben A pail of milk often drinks as sit down awhile," and went to his quartors.

The Moon and the Weather. Mr. Perk Harrison, from a study of the thermometric observations, at Greenwich, finds that there is a tolerably constant increase of temperature from the new moon to full, and a decrease from the full moon to the first quarter. He also finds that the maximum of rain or cloudy days corresponds with the first half of the lunar period, and the maximum of fine, clear days with the last half. He explains the fact by the dispersing action of the full moon upon the clouds. The dispersing action is in turn accounted for by Sir John Herschell thus; The heat rays of the moon are almost inappreciable even to the most delicate instruments. Mellani found that the index of an extremely sensitive thermo-clectric pile THE Moon AND THE WEATHER, Mr. Park an extremely sensitive thermo-electric pile searcely moved when a moonbeam was concentrated on it by a lens so powerful that a sunbeam thus converged would have burned platinum into vapor. The heat rays sent from the moon, therefore, must be intercepted and absorbed by our atmosphere. Being thus concentated in the upper strata of the atmosphere, the heat necessarily warms that region, and thus dissipates the clouds and hinders their formation. The full moon will, therefore, clear the sky, and by so doing will lower the temperature of the earth, for clouds act as a blanket to the earth, for clouds act as a blanket to the earth keeping its heat from radiating into epace. The new moon, deprived for some time of the sun's heat, is incapable of exercising a similar influence, and the rainy or cloudy days are, therefore, more frequent during the first half of the lunar ranked. period. Leverrier accepts this hypothesis of Herschell, but it has been combatted by other astronomers, and must still be considered sub

The following is said to have passed in a school down east:

"What is the most northern town in

the United States?" "The North Pole."

"Who is it inhabited by ?" "By the Poles sir." "That's right. Now what's the mean-

ing of the word stoop? "I don't know sir." "What do I do when I bend over

"You scratch your shins, sir." "What's the meaning of the word carve?"

"I don't know si." "What does your father do when he

sits down to the table?" "He axes for the brandy bottle" "I don't mean that. Well, then, what does your mother do when you sit down

"She says she will wring our necks if we spill any grease on the floor."

IT PAYS TO TAKE THE PAPERS .- A capital story is told of an old farmer in been "saving up" to take up a mortgage of \$2,000 held against him by a man near the seashore. The farmer had saved up all the money in gold, being ufraid to trust the banks in these war times. Week before last, he lugged down his gold and paid it over, when the following coloquy ensued.

"Why, you don't mean to give this \$2,000 in gold, do you?" said the lender.
"Yes, certainly," said the farmer, "I was afraid of the peaky banks, and so I've been saving up the money, in yellow

boys for this long time."
"All right," responded the lender,

They have gone on so since the war's been agoing that I wen't have one of the d—lish things about. But the money is all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, all right, \$2000 in gold. All are certain other kinds that will kill a right, here's your note and mortgage."

And well might he have called it all right, as the premium on gold that day was 30 per cent, and his gold was not only worth the face of his bond, but \$600 besides, enough to have paid for his village newspaper for hi refusing to put them away, the sergeant posterity for at least centuries. It pays to take the papers. - Norwalk Gazette.

STRONG CHARACTERS .- Strength of charactre consists in two things-power of will and power of self restraint. It re-A one, reminds me that there is but quires tachings, therefore, for its existence strong feelings and strong command them. Now it is here we have a great over A three, of the Father, Son and Holy mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake beeause he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that this man is weak. it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak You must saved from the deluge-Noah, his wife, measure the strength of man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength.

Did you ever see a man receiving a fingrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering bimself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what gankered his home peace? That is strength. Or who, with strong passions, remained chaste: he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet retain himself and forgive—there are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—Rev. F. W Robertson.

TO CURE A FILM IN THE EYE OF A Horse.—Take the white vitriol and rock aium one part-pulverize finely, and add clear spring water. With a finely pointed camel's hair pencil or soft feather, insert a single drop of this solution into the diseased eye every night and morning, and in a week the film usually disspears, and the eye becomes bright, sound and healthy. In some cases, pulverized loaf-sugar blown into the eye through a quill, will prove a remedy. Powdered glass should never be med in such cases, although recommended by some, as it is much more likely to produce injurious effects, than to cure them .- N. E Farmer.

Time is like a verb that can only be used in the present tense.