

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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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 'poet' room."—M. Goose.

Come hearken now good people, List to a man of letters, We carriers of the weekly press, Acknowledge none our betters.

Our currency is very bad, I hope 'twill soon be better, But people don't regard the law, Or mind it to the letter.

As when I last addressed you, The war is going on, We still try to whip the Rebels, With efforts great and strong.

Our Governor, Andy Curtin, Called out our soldier boys, And they went off to Hagerstown, With lots of fuss and noise.

They now are home among us, These veterans strong and stout, They have seen the smoke of powder, And heard the battle shout.

There was the Anderson Cavalry, Men both brave and true, Who were sent here, near the border, To scare the rebel crew.

The troop was ordered off one day, 'Twas in a hard snow storm, But each one had a comforter, To keep his body warm.

And now my friends and patrons, My story I've related, I've told you all about the war, The incidents have stated.

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.

Miscellaneous.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

"I don't know what in the world will please you, dear," said Mr. Hamlin to his wife. "If I did, I'd go a great ways, and spend a good deal of money, to get the gift for this New Year's."

Mrs. Hamlin looked up, and smiled in her husband's face. She knew that there were not mere words with him, spoken in some after-dinner mood of physical comfort and general self-complacency, which overflowed on others in kind speeches and promises, but never went any further than that.

"On the contrary, Mr. Hamlin's deeds always went farther than his words, and his wife knew that he would go far and do much to bring her, as he said, some gift to gladden her eyes, and rejoice her heart on this New Year's day."

"We have very much to be thankful for," Gerald said the lady, leaning forward, and resting her arm on her husband's knee. She had a fine, kindly, intelligent face; not exactly handsome, but with some charm more attractive and persistent than beauty.

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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS.—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

"So we have, Mary," and the gentleman glanced through the long perspective of his handsomely furnished rooms, on which taste and wealth combined had lavished luxury and beauty.

He placed the boy, whose years could not yet have run into a dozen, in a comfortable arm-chair, and said some of those kind, reassuring words to him which always comfort the heart of a child.

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.

"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.

That morning, as the gentleman sat in his office, at the back of his large warehouse he happened to be for a few moments alone, which was a very unusual thing with him.

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.

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 child looked up—surprise, consternation, fear, all striving for mastery in his face, stained with tears. He tried to speak, but the great sob in his throat met the words and vanquished them, and that was all the reply Mr. Hamlin got.

"I was thinking about my dead mother and my little sister Ellen," struggled out the boy.

"Oh, that explains; so you are errand boy here. I must have come across your face once in a while. How long have you been in the store?"

"I've been here a month, sir. I came just two weeks after mother died."

the office," and Mr. Hamlin took hold of the small, thin hand, and led the loving boy into his warm, pleasant office.

His father had been dead almost four 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.

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.

The woman who rented the floor beneath the chamber where Mrs. Thayer died, had been kind, and by the sale of 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 selling newspapers out in the cold and rain, and he had a fixed salary of a dollar and a half a week.

But his little sister had now quite hoarded out the remnant of her mother's furniture, and the woman who owned it 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.

"Oh, sir, what will become of her—my 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 half hour; and when he was gone, Mr. Hamlin 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 broad 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 the street; and this dwelling stood among a good many others just as old and decayed, and possessed of the same indecision respecting the further maintenance of their equilibrium.

And Edward Thayer 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, low 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, un congenial atmosphere.

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 you—and 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.

"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 lady 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 small hand of Ellen Thayer in her own white ones, and stroked them tenderly, as a mother might have done.

"I thought, Mary, that as the children God gave us had left our home for their home in heaven, you might take this little girl in their stead to your mother's heart, which has been so lonely and desolate."

And Mrs. Hamlin's arms wrapped themselves around the sweet child tenderly, and her heart overflowed with warmth and tenderness towards the little girl, as she said—

"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.

"ABU 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."

"Well, sir, (quick and snappily,) 'I told you about thirty. I can't tell exactly; it may be thirty-one or two, but I'm positive it's not over that.'"

WELL KEPT BUTTER.—"In 1814," says the Journal de la Seine "a woman of Cassey, being surprised by the Cosacks, concealed a cask of fresh butter which she did not want them to have in a field near her house. After the departure of the foreign visitors she endeavored to find the exact spot in which the butter was concealed, but did not succeed, and after a while the whole matter was forgotten. Last week some workmen digging the foundation of a house came upon 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."

Newspaper Patronage.

This thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as a rainbow, and is as changeable as a chameleon.

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 advertisement, 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.

Another man has been a subscriber a long time. He becomes tired of you and wants a change. He thinks he wants a city paper. Tells the postmaster to discontinue, and one of his papers is returned to you marked "refused." Paying up 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 politics—too Whiggish, or too something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor and reads his by a good fire—finds fault with its contents, disputes its positions, and quarrels with its type. Occasionally sees an article he likes—gives half a dime and begs a number. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another sports a fine horse, or perhaps a pair of them—is always seen with a 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 curious thing? And in that great day when honest men get the reward due to 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 are certain other kinds that will kill a paper stone dead.

A Pack of Cards both Bible and Almanac.

Richard Milton, a soldier, spreading a pack of cards before him in a church, and refusing to put them away, the sergeant 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 one, reminds me that there is but one God.

A two, of the Father and Son.

A three, of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

A four, of the five Evangelists.

A five, of the five wise virgins who were ordered to burn their lamps.

A six, that in six days God created Heaven and Earth.

A seven, that on the seventh day he rested from his labor.

An eight, of eight righteous persons saved from the deluge—Noah, his wife, three sons and three daughters.

A nine, of the ungrateful lepers, cleansed by our Saviour—there were ten, but only one offered his tribute of thanks.

A ten, of the Ten Commandments.

The queen reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to listen to the wisdom of Solomon, as her companion, the king, doles of the great King of Heaven and of kings.

You have answered all except the knave; what is he?"

"The knave I should say, is the sergeant who brought me before you. For my almanac, I find. Fifty-two cards in a pack, for fifty-two weeks in a year. Thirteen cards in each suit, for thirteen lunar months in a year. Twelve count cards, for the twelve calendar months. Four suits of cards for the four seasons."

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.—Mr. Park 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-electric pile scarcely 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 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, keeping its heat from radiating into space. 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 period. Leverrier accepts this hypothesis of Herschell, but it has been combated by other astronomers, and must still be considered a sub-judice.

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 meaning of the word stop?"

"I don't know sir."

"What do I do when I bend over thus?"

"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 to the table?"

"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 the northern part of this county who had 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 afraid to trust the banks in these war times. Week before last, he lugged down his gold and paid it over, when the following colloquy 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 pesky banks, and so I've been saving up the money, in yellow boys for this long time."

"All right," responded the lender, "only I thought you didn't take the papers, that's all!"

"Take the papers! No sir, not I.—They have gone on so since the war's been agoing that I won'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 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 himself and posterity for at least centuries. It pays to take the papers.—Norwalk Gazette.

STRONG CHARACTERS.—Strength of character consists in two things—power of will and power of self restraint. It requires talings, therefore, for its existence strong feelings and strong command them. Now it is here we have a great over mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frowns domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake because 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 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 flagrant 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 himself? 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 alum one part—pulverize finely, and add clearspring 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 disappears, 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 used 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.