

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty-four columns and furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 per annum in advance...

ADVERTISEMENTS.

All notices must be charged 1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 1/2 cent each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

Selected Poetry.

Cumberland County Teacher's Institute.

IN MEMORIAM.

I sing no more of war's alarms, And deeds of valor high, I sing no more, and his arms, Nor praise of pleasure's fairy charms, Nor sunsets' radiant sky...

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence of the Herald. GRAVESEND COTTAGE, Nov. 12th, 1860. Editor of the Carlisle Herald.—Dear Sir:—Your last number, a copy of which I have just been reading, revives some slumbering recollections which demand expression...

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1863.

NO. 6.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

that you are actually taking steps to get up a Directory. What a contrast does this present to the old times when we learned our lessons by the ferver of a "tallow dip," and slaked our thirst at the Market House pump...

As for a directory, we had a half a dozen living ones at every corner; who by word of mouth could tell you anybody's residence and everybody's business. They were to be found supporting the posts of the public square, or propping up the walls of the Old Court House...

And then comes "old Jenny," with her man's hat and flaxen hair streaming from under it, her dingy white frock, and her inseparable bundle in one hand and club in the other...

As for poor old Betsey George, none of the boys, reckless and running over with mischief as they were, had the hardihood to plague her. Her naturally sunny face and vacant eyes, her low muttering voice as she recited passages from her well worn Bible, and the quiet aspect of her whole manner...

But there was another whose proportions were much more Daniel Lambert like than those of Matthew Miller. I allude to a very respectable gentleman, who was known in his time as "Old McCLAN, the big bellied man."

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

Then there was a wonder of wonders! the CARLISLE BAND. How I wish I could listen now with one tenth the delight to Dods-worth's or Haasler's, that I then experienced in hearing the strains of that extraordinary group!

attraction was the red-coated bugler. ANDY SCOTT, usually served in that capacity, though the place was sometimes filled by JOHN SPONNER—that many-talented genius, who could walk the wire, stave oysters, blow rocks, keep a sweet-stick, and do at least a hundred other things in a style that admitted of no superiority...

Then there was the Carlisle Band of which our fathers were so proud, whose members were objects of our juvenile admiration. JOHN D. MAHON was its bright particular star, young, graceful, eloquent, and with a shrewd and superior intellect...

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

Then there was on the pavement at the door, GEORGE HARRISON, with her long, yellow, flexible melting "stick" of molasses candy, called not inaptly—"abdominal intestines."

A PERILOUS HOUR.

I was apprenticed to a decorative painter, but being of a bold, danger loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out.

After some years of knocking about, I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys...

We had on one occasion to fasten a lightning conductor which has sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men.

Colly had only been married a fortnight; and as we stepped into the cradle, he banteringly asked him if he held it a last tiny speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr. Staming having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up.

Good heavens! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away, with out slackening speed in the least!

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling line, and the pain rope with its block, fell down. Thus were the two poor men left in a most desperate situation.

Where are you? and where is this rod? he asked in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left.

There was a great bustle down below; people were running round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away towards the engine house.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making cat-calls, and yelling as he was passing.

he covered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it into my pocket, intending to get our time-keeper to read it for me.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it.

Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favor that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him in, I scrambled in myself; and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, we wrestling and fighting with me all the way.

It was in a madhouse for some months, and then went to scavenging, for he never could face any height again; and I have never had the same clear head since that adventure.

Artemus Ward's Serenade. THINGS in our town is workin'. The canal boat "Lucy Ann" called in here the other day, and reported all quiet on the Wabash.

The artist I spoke of in my last has returned to Philadelphia. Before he left I took his lily white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphia to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder shutters on their houses, and white door stones, he might make a fortune.

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordingly. I asked the brass band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade.

I wrote my impromptu speech several days beforehand, being careful to expunge all ingratiatingisms, and paying particular attention to the "pinkification."

have a hypomyros on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.

At this point the Band began to make hideous noises with their brass horns, and a exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles after the concern broke up?

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectable company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.—Variety Fair.

Highly Honored. The Rev. Mr. Rogers, of New York city, tells a good story of a pious sister connected with his church in New Jersey, where he was stationed two years ago.

This good sister had a good way of expressing herself in church, when any thing suited her, by shouting at the top of her voice, "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" etc., etc.

When she attended a Presbyterian church, and the deacon gave her a seat near the pulpit. The minister commenced, and grew more eloquent as he proceeded.

ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.—I know a man; he is not a Christian. His daily life is not in accordance with even principles of morality. He has three beautiful well behaved children.

"Perhaps some people would think it sacrilegious, but I don't; but, for some time back, I have been in the habit of reading the Bible, and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed.

EXPLANATION.—A proprietor of a cotton mill, who is something of a philosopher, posted up on the factory gate the following notice:—"No cigars or good-looking men admitted."

WHAT SHE WANTED TO BE.—The other day, a friend, wishing to teach a little three-year old Susie the hymn beginning—"I want to be an angel," told her to repeat the first line, when she looked up and with animation exclaimed:—"No, I don't, I want to be a soldier!"

THEY have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his legs six times in vain, and retired in disgust.