

Selected Poetry.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Treason's Last Device.

Who deserves greatness, Deserves your hate. You common cry of curs, whose breath I loathe As rook of the rotten fens.

[Nursery Rhyme]

Sons of New-England, in the fray, Do you hear the cheer behind your back? Do you hear the praise of Blanche, and Tray, Sweetheart, and all the mongrel pack?

Do you hear them say that the patriot fire Burns on her altars too pure and bright, To the darkness heaving higher,

Do you hear the hissing voice, that saith That she—who bore thro' all the land The lyre of Freedom, the torch of Faith,

Do you hear the traitors who bid you speak That she shall sever the sacred tie? And ye, who dwell by the golden Pledge,

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Miscellaneous.

THE £1,000 NOTE.

Mr. Douglas was in business. Not so far from the Bank as is Snowden's summit from its base was Mr. Douglas's establishment, which he contemplated with great satisfaction.

Mr. Douglas had risen from the ranks to his present position, and it was his wont to boast he had never made a bad bet, or was "done!"

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NO. 8.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

"No time like the present: allow me to show you some," and the courteous Douglas led the way into the show room, where he was more than ever convinced of his customer's genuine gentility.

"Thank you, no; my circumstances would not justify it. I have already purchased more than I intended. Make them into a parcel that will do for the rail."

"Yes—Douglas," said the naval gentleman. "Douglas!" repeated the silversmith.

"Yes, sir, a namesake. I remember, when Berry told me I should recollect whom I wanted by that coincidence, Douglas said I ought to support the family name."

"He might have said family with the name. There never was but one family of the Douglasses, though that is scattered now through all the known world, and every county of England has its branch."

"My family are of Derby," was the reply of the naval gentleman, who was evidently pleased with the shop-keeper's civility.

"Directly, sir," said the jeweler, and conducting his customer to a private room behind the shop, he went to give the necessary orders.

Meanwhile the naval Douglas helped himself to sherry from a decanter on the table, and taking up the newspaper looked back at the other comfortably.

"Would you like them to go to-night?" asked the silversmith, presenting the bill.

"I think not; they will be safer here till we go down to Derby, which will be very shortly, for London doesn't agree with me."

"In the meantime a friend, who is absent in the north, has placed his establishment at my disposal," said the captain, taking up the bill, and then continuing, "one thousand two hundred and fifty. Discount for ready cash."

"Yes, sir," said the shopkeeper, descendant of the Douglasses, "certainly."

"Oblige me with materials for writing. I must send to my wife; I never care to carry notes of value with me; said the naval Douglas, preparing to write with the left hand, but after several vain attempts he threw down the pen in disgust.

"Done! I have found a new relation. He will dine with us to-day. And I have made a rather large purchase of plate. You will find a roll of notes in my desk; send me one thousand pounds by bearer, who has the key."

"And then taking out a bunch of keys he selected one, and dispatched the servant bidding him to drive quickly, and lose no time in returning to him there. The two Douglasses then returned, and talked and drank a bottle of wine very amiably together.

"I see Berry is promoted," said the captain, taking up the paper again.

"He deserves to be so," was the reply. "That he does. What an audacious fraud on the bank, that!"

"Terrible!" I am sure nobody knows when they may trust a servant."

"Indeed they don't. Did you ever suffer?" "I have been very fortunate," said the shopkeeper, with a complacent smile.

honesty of his customer, or the correctness of his own estimate of that gentleman's character, and while he mused on these things he was going near to home, where he determined to go, have a hearty dinner, and return to the shop. It must be all right, he said, and yet he was far from easy about the matter.

"It isn't late, the city dines so early, and he might get back and find his newly-found relative waiting for him at the shop. This rather reassured him, and he ascended the stairs into the dining-room and his wife's presence, tolerably good humored and well contented with the day's business. But it was happened for particularly reasons, Mrs. Douglas wanted to dine early that day, and here was an hour later than usual, and she consequently out of temper.

"What name, sir? and will you call and affix the address?"

"To what?"

"To purchase a thousand pounds worth of plate."

"Good God, wife!" he shrieked, rather than said, and, like a madman, the shrewd, wider awake Douglas raved about the room—the light had burst upon him in a moment, and he overwhispered him. His wife sat and looked almost unable to guess the meaning of his strange behavior.

"You gave it to him?"

"It isn't mine," cried he, putting out a bunch to compare them. Alas! they are alike, though. I am ruined forever!"

It was a long time before he was sufficient to calm to explain, and ere he had had time to do so, the last words of the departing captain, spoken in the foreman's hearing, recurred to him, and he rushed frantically out of the house back to the shop, but it was too late. But few minutes elapsed before he was leaving the shop and the removal of the hammer in a carriage with the one-armed sea captain, who had doubtless watched his departure. All efforts to trace the nautical Douglas proved fruitless. Nor could any clue be attained to his mysterious possession of the key, or knowledge that the notes which were on the desk one day, and would have been in the bank the next, were in the keeping of Mrs. Douglas. This in one day was repeated. Mr. Arkwright's shrewdness, "done" out of one thousand pounds and an equivalent in plate. When he next hears it said that a man must rise early to get the best of him, we doubt that he will reply as before, that "the most is to go to bed at all, and then it could not be done."

What a clear cold day it was! The earth all wrapped in white, sparkling snow—the frozen river gleaming in the distance like a ribbon of steel! How the wind shook the cedar boughs—driving over the strained glass-bases of Mr. Arkwright's library—but it could gain no entrance to the pleasant room, with its crimson walls and rhye velvet carpet, and polished grate, heaped high with glowing anthracite.

Tap, tap! came softly to the door, and Mr. Arkwright looked up from his book.

"It's only me, sir! I called to see if Miss Ariel would like to drive down to the river and look at the scenery this afternoon."

"Well, I thank you for your frankness; and not to be behind-hand in courtesy, I will."

"Done like a Douglas," said the captain; and now for the note."

The silversmith took up the pen. "Will you dictate?"

Thus he dictated, while the unsuspecting "wide-awake" Douglas wrote:

"DEAR WIFE—I have found a new relation. He will dine with us to-day. And I have made a rather large purchase of plate. You will find a roll of notes in my desk; send me one thousand pounds by bearer, who has the key."

And then taking out a bunch of keys he selected one, and dispatched the servant bidding him to drive quickly, and lose no time in returning to him there. The two Douglasses then returned, and talked and drank a bottle of wine very amiably together.

"I see Berry is promoted," said the captain, taking up the paper again.

"Oh, dear!" said Ariel demurely. I am afraid you're hurt!"

"Pray let me help you up," said Tom. "I am not—a bit—hurt!" gasped Felix, spasmodically rubbing the back of his head, as if he were in pain.

"Now you're all right," encouraged Tom. "Hallo! there you go again! You are in too great a hurry Mr. Arkwright!"

"It isn't me!" gasped Felix, hanging to a pine branch in abject terror, "it's these confounded slippery skates. It may be great fun, but I must confess I don't see it!"

"Oh, you'll alter your mind soon!" said Tom. "Just see how simple it is."

"Away he glided in marvellous curves and angles and came up again, with sparkling eyes and dashed cheeks."

"Excuse me, sir," said Felix, loftily. "Mr. Arkwright wished that I should skate with Miss Ariel!"

"As she don't purpose skating on the palms of her hands or on her head, I don't see that your plan is practicable," said Tom, provokingly as he and Ariel vanished.

"Hang those skates!" said Felix, "they won't stand still! Well if Tom Havens can skate about in that fashion, I don't see why I can't! Here goes!"

And Felix, rashly desperate, "struck out" as he had seen Havens do. Alas! for our hero, blindly confident, he came to grief, with his nose prone against the ice.

It isn't agreeable for any young man to have the damsel of his affection behold him in a sitting posture on the ice, staring hopelessly around with his hat, kneeled in, and his coat sleeves fully torn. So Felix felt as Ariel shot by him leaning on Tom Havens' arm and calling out:

"Tell papa I'll be home before dark!" "Miss Arkwright!" he shouted. "Miss Arkwright!"

No answer—she was gone!

Could he not have seen her, dashing over the ice, still on Tom Havens' protecting arm, past the solemn pine thickets—under the shadows of still pine turrets, still Felix felt as Ariel shot by him leaning on Tom Havens' arm and calling out:

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Among the blue laws formerly in force in Connecticut, we select the following: They are amusing specimens enough of blue legislation. No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter without first obtaining consent of her parents; five pounds penalty for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

No one shall read common prayer books, keep Christmas, or set days make mince pies, dance, play cards, or perform on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet or jews-harp.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted, and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectman, who are to deprive him from the liberty of buying and selling.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, except reverently to and from meeting.

Whoever publishes a lie, to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall be set in the stocks, or be whipped ten stripes.

No Roman Catholic priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return.

No one shall travel cook victuals, make beds, sweep floors, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day.

If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic.

No one shall buy or sell lands, without permission of the selectmen.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath fasting day.

How to be miserable.—Sit by the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out—Oh that I was a rich man!

Get angry with your neighbor and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, When shall I be buried here?

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour of the day whisper to yourself—"I wonder if he will ever pay that note."

Think every body means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every nine pence passed you is but a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid of it if you should venture to take it.

Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue. Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor. Buy as cheap as you can, screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no very distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these recipes strictly, and you will be miserable to your hearts content—if we may so speak—sick at heart and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you—nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart.

was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you." Benedict repeated, "Now I lay me," etc., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Go my son, said the Eastern sage to Talmore, go forth to the world; be wise in the pursuit of knowledge—be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name—what a responsible office? She must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife! She must be the guardian angel of his footsteps, on earth, and guide them to Heaven: so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon his firm foundation: so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile. Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife—and reflect well ere thou chooseth.

Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose not thy head on the breast that nurseth envy and folly and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honor from her who honoreth not the God who made her.

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes and the countenance of royalty beam upon thee—though thy riches be as the pearls of Oinar, and thy name honored from the East to the West, little will it avail thee if thy darkness and disappointment, and strife be in thine own habitation. There must be passed thine hours in solitude and sickness—and there must thou die. Reflect then, my son, ere thou chooseth, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in other things—little will it avail thee if thou chooseth not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

I AIN'T DEAD.—A Boston lady having a drunken husband, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman for a stipulated amount, to carry Philander to the watch house, while yet in a state of incensibility, and to "frighten him a little when he revived."

In consequence of this arrangement he was waked about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange dim apartment. Raising himself on his elbow, he looked round until his eye rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander. "In a medical college," said cigar smoker.

"What a doing there?" "Going to be cut up!" "Cut up!—how comes that?" "Why you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make anatomy."

"It's a lie—I ain't dead!" "No matter; we bought your carcass, early how, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you are not dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot. "To be sure we will—now—immediately, was the resolute answer.

"Well look o' here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"

A SMART MAN.—My friend lives three miles from the post office; and one stormy night last winter he told his new help to harness the horse, go down to the office, and see what there was in the box, giving him the number.

In due time Jerry returned, and put up his horse at the library door of Mr. C—, who sitting in gown and slippers, was impatiently waiting the arrival of the mail.

"Well, Jerry, what was there at the post office for me?" "Two letters and a paper, sir."

"Well, hand them to me! What are you standing there for?" "Indeed, sir, and you didn't tell me to bring them, at all, at all!"

Mr. C—, finding that Jerry had the best of it, asked him what he went to the office for.

Jerry replied: "You told me to go to the office and see what was in the box, and haven't I done it, sure!"

Jerry had to harness up again, and take another ride in the cold, muttering as he went that he wished his Honor would 'ho after meaning what he said next time."

POVERTY.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year, suffer more for want of means, than others with but three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand, and by habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never been rich, will believe this, but it is as true as God's word. There are people, of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth; but there are thousands upon thousands, with princely incomes, who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people, than among those who are called rich.

Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Women," remarks, with some truth, that "Beauties generally die old maids."

"They set such value on themselves," he says, "they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."