

Selected Poetry.

SPRING CONCERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SPOONER.

There's a concert, a concert of gladness and gloom, The program is rich and the tickets are free!

Miscellaneous.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

A CALL TO MY COUNTRYWOMEN.

In the newspapers and magazines you shall see many poems—written by women who meekly term themselves weak, and modestly profess to represent only the weak among their sex.

The women of to-day have not come up to the level of to-day. They do not stand abreast with its issues. They do not rise to the height of its great argument.

This soul of fire is what I wish to see kindled in our women,—burning white and strong and steady, through all weakness, timidity, vacillation, treachery in Church or State or press.

O my country-women, I long to see you stand under the time and bear it up in your strong hearts, and not need to be borne up through it. I wish you to stimulate, and not crave stimulants from others.

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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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with your spirit. The great army of letters that marches Southward with every morning sun is a powerful engine of war.

determination of this or that party to power. It is the question of the world that we have before us to answer. In the great conflict of ages, the long strife between right and wrong, between progress and stagnation, through the Providence of God we are placed in the vanguard.

O women, stand here in the breach,—for here you may stand powerful, invincible, I had almost said omnipotent. Rise now to the heights of a sublime courage,—for the hour has need of you.

A true philosophy and a true religion make the way possible to us. The Most High ruled in the kingdom of men, and he is still to whomsoever he will, and he never yet willed that a nation strong in means and battling for the right should be given over to a nation weak and battling for the wrong.

rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for my insurance. Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old coronator that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the center was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the foundation.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumstanced in foundation for such a project. In vain did the board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner. "Forty." "You seem a strong man." "I am the strongest man in Ireland." "But subject to the gout?" "The rheumatism.—Nothing else upon my soul."

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most striking beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves.

"Ah, madam!" observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not like to last; but I never thought he would die so soon after his marriage."

apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, madam," I am sure I can not at all offend with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after marriage.

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a 'chiff' d'œuvre.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the coronator. "I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my wits about me, lest she should, as she had done again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced. "I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction." "How so?"

"Yes, that pretty, disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will lay you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

The third and the fourth and the fifth days, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, as once, to decide the question with the insurance office, and determine the course of my travels.

"Come, now, will it please you to be candid and tell me honestly that all I have said is intelligible story about your father and the liver complaint, and heaven knows what,—was a mere fabrication?" "Will it please you to let me threaten that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

ANECDOTE OF POPE.—One day, as Pope was engaged in translating the "Iliad," he came to a passage which neither he nor his assistant could interpret. A stranger, who stood by, in his humble garb, very modestly suggested that, as he had some little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps he could assist them.

"Try it, try it!" said Pope, with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat red pepper. "There is an error in the print," said the stranger, looking at the text. "Read as if there was no interrogation point at the end of the line, and you have the meaning at once."