

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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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.

rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for my share. 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.

much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be further examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me; but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound.

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. He had not time—he had not time, madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."