

The Carlisle Herald.

Brevities.

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1863.

NO. 20.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of Administration on the Estate of Benjamin, late of the Borough of Carlisle, dec'd, having been issued by the Registrar of Cumberland County to the undersigned residing in said borough. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate, to present them properly authenticated, and those indebted to make payment to, ROBERT MOORE, Administrator.
April 24, 1863—64.

STRAW GOODS.
Of all the NEW Styles, For Ladies Misses & Childrens Wear. French & American FLOWERS.

Donnet Ribbons, and a general assortment of MILLINERY GOODS! At the lowest Cash prices—Wholesale & Retail—MILLENBACH & COMPANY, No 213 Arch Street, Philadelphia, March 20, 1863.

MILLINERY GOODS.
1863. SPRING, 1863. WOOD & CARY, No. 725, CHEST-NUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. STRAW & MILLINERY GOODS. Including STRAW HATS & BONNETS. MISSISS & CHILDREN'S STRAW GOODS, FANCY & CHAPE BONNETS, French Flowers, Ribbons &c. In which they respectfully invite the attention of Merchant & Milliner. CASH BUYERS will find special advantage in examining this stock before purchasing. March 20, 1863—3m.

Watches, Jewelry,
SILVER WARE, and ROSEN'S SUPR-RIOR PLATED WARE. HENRY HARPER, No. 520 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. N. B. All kinds of Silverware made in the Factory, back of the Store. March 20, 1863—3m.

NEW STORE.
GEO. P. MYERS & SON, GREENGROCCERS. We have taken the Store Rooms formerly occupied by Greenfield & Shaffer in East Main street, next door to the Jail, where we intend to keep all kinds of GREENS and GROCERIES. Our stock is now and fresh, carefully selected in the best Cities. We invite the public and friends in general to give us a call and examine our stock of goods as we are determined to sell at the lowest prices. Our stock consists in part of SIGARS, COFFE, TEAS, SYRUPS, Molasses, Quinces, Willow ware, Cedar ware, Brooms, Brooms, Cards and spools of every kind, warranted pure. Green and Dried Fruit, Foreign and Domestic, and a full assortment of Groceries generally. Price by the barrel or pound, Country produce received in exchange for goods. G. P. MYERS & SON. March 20, 1863.

Watches Jewelry and Diamonds.
LEWIS LADOMUS & CO. 802 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. HAVE always on hand, a large stock of Gold and Silver Watches, suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen or Boys wear. Some of our own importations, and of the most reliable quality. We manufacture the most fashionable and rich designs; as also the plainest and less expensive. Silver Spoons, Forks, Pie, Cake and Fruit Knives; also a large variety of fancy Silver Ware, suitable for gift presentations. We have also on hand, a most splendid assortment of Diamond Jewelry of all kinds, to which we invite special attention. Our prices are moderate, and considerably less than the same articles are usually for. All kinds of Watches repaired in the very best manner, and warranted for six months. WEDDING RINGS on hand and made to order. Call at address LEWIS LADOMUS & CO. 802 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. P. S. The highest cash price paid for old Gold and Silver. All articles from the Country will receive special attention. April 24, 1863—1y.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS!!
WE have the largest and finest shirts ever offered in Carlisle. SHIRTS at 1200 per doz. do. " 1500 " do. " 2000 " do. " 2500 " do. " 3000 " do. arranged to be of the best and most celebrated makes, sought before the retailing in agents, sold by the dozen or single, if you want a Perfect Fitting Shirt, call at ISAAC LIVINGSTON'S North Hanover Street Emporium. March 13, 1863.

SPRING TRADE, 1863. NEW GOODS!!!
NOW offering an immense variety of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, COTTON GOODS &c. For Men and Boys' Wear. A larger variety, than can be found in any establishment in this place, and at as low prices as can be had any where, to suit taste and pocket. We manufacture the above goods to order. In the latest styles, ready to hand. Customers wishing to have the goods made to suit, can be accommodated free of charge, a special inspection of our goods and prices, respectfully solicited. ISAAC LIVINGSTON, North Hanover Street Clothing Emporium. March 13, 1863.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
(Assets \$1,151,789.60.) -ISESUS LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES, on favorable terms. The Board of Trustees have declared a Scrip Dividend of forty per cent. upon the Cash Premiums received in 1862, and all dividends in force on the 31st of December, and have decided to receive the Scrip Dividend of 1863, 1864, 1865 and 1866 in payment of Premium Notes or Policies due the Company, which will be credited on the same with the Scrip of said year. The undersigned is ready to deliver certificates to parties entitled to receive them, at the Carlisle Agency, at his office on Main street, at any time after the date of this notice. Pamphlets, tables of rates, applications and every information furnished without charge. A. L. SPONSER, Agent, Carlisle. March 13, 1863.

1863. NEW GOODS!! NEW GOODS!!
SINCE the decline in Foreign Exchange Laidley Sawyer & Miller have received their stock of Foreign Spring dress goods, embracing all the latest fabrics in the newest styles in the market. PLAIN AND FANCY SILKS, Wool and silk Poplins, Pongees, Tinta Cloth, Shepherd Plaid, Groundings, Barages, Lawns, Dubines &c. All kinds of Mourning and funeral goods. Bismarck, Mopsters, Spring Mantles, Shawls, Baltimore Top Silks, Sun Umbrellas, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, Plain and fancy; all kinds of patterns, at low prices. We have a large stock of desirable goods, such as any silks, dress goods, Dolmans, Barages, Lawns, many other goods left over from last season, which we will sell at last year's prices. We have an immense stock of Domestic goods, also Jarpets, Oilcloths, Window Shades, Looking Glasses, House furnishing goods, &c. We will make additions to our stock as the season advances. Thankful for past patronage, we hope to merit a continuance of the same. LEIDIGH SAWYER & MILLER. April 3, 1863.

Ready Made Clothing,
OF our own manufacture, the most extensive stock ever exhibited, warranted as represented, sold Wholesale or Retail at the lowest market price, got up in the most fashionable style. FASHIONABLE STYLE. please the most fastidious taste, be sure and call before furnishing elsewhere at ISAAC LIVINGSTON, North Hanover Street Clothing Emporium. March 13, 1863. HANKERCHIEFS, Ties, Stocks, Ribbons, Suspender Bands, Shirts, Drawers, a beautiful assortment can be found at ISAAC LIVINGSTON'S North Hanover Street Emporium. March 13, 1863.

Selected Poetry.

THE CARELESS WORD.

A word is ringing through my brain,
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away,
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle moment fall;
It was when first the sound I heard,
A lightly uttered, careless word.

That word—oh! It doth haunt me now,
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently played
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power thro' life to wound.
There! no voice I ever heard,
So deeply fixed as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear I shrink—for then
The careless word comes back again.
When alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home fire blaze,
Lo! freshly as when first 'twas heard,
It hurls that lightly uttered word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
And all we wish could not hold;
And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart—
And its beating echoes clear
That little word I seem to hear:
To see I say, while it is heard,
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep!—'twas but a foolish word.

Miscellaneous.

ROASTING A MAN ALIVE!

A True Story of Irish Burglars.

BY J. GOLDBRICK.

I was visiting at my grandfather's, when a little boy, a long time ago. I was I think three or four years after the memorable battle of Waterloo. The armies then stationed in the towns and villages of the interior of Ireland, were not yet disbanded. A great number of the yeomanry were still under arms. The country was much disturbed; farmers burdened with enormous taxation; law partially administered; Orangeism rampant; while robbery, outrage and vagabondism of the darkest die, were matters of almost every day occurrence.

My grandfather was reputed rich; one of those Irish farmers denominated Middlemen in good circumstances. His house was comfortable, a good-looking mansion of the cottage order of that day, substantially built on the roadside, one mile from Drumhear, in the hospitable county of Leitrim. The old gentleman was, at the time I write, about eighty years of age, yet sturdy and active, for a person so far advanced in life. His consort, who was not my grandmother, but his wife by second marriage, was nearly twenty years younger than he. She was in personal appearance anything but a pleasing woman to look on, and was besides, cursed with a sour temper, always ungracious, sulky, and dissatisfied. So very disagreeable was she to the children of his first wife, that several of them could be induced to visit the old man's mansion, or endure to call her even by the cold, icy appellation of step-mother. Yet, strange to say, I believe she liked me, in some queer kind of way peculiar to herself, though I must confess to my shame that her cold partiality was never duly reciprocated.

Besides the old couple, the other inmates of the cottage consisted of a middle-aged man, brought up in the family almost from infancy. It was in the latter end of September, a dark, cold, windy night, about 11 o'clock; the old man and his wife had retired to their chamber, a sleeping room off the parlor; the hired man crept to his bunk on the garret, and in a short time was sound asleep. The girl and I were still up at the kitchen fire, telling stories of fairies, goblins, King's sons and daughters of good old Ireland in happy days gone by. She was a fine, fat, fair, bouncing young blonde of about twenty-two summers, full of good humor, Irish wit, and vivacity; honest and faithful to her old guardian; devoted to her religion; and, I really believe, as virtuous as a vestal of the Golden Age. I was at the time eight or nine years of age,—a little slim, spindle shanked, white-headed, gabby kind of coddler, immoderately fond of listening to tales of the marvellous, and as—Winnay—possessed an inexhaustible fund of that kind of lore, and had a most fascinating way of telling her stories, it was only natural to suppose that I loved the girl, and the time preferred her society to that of any other living being on the face of the earth.

viding the fair damsel herself should have no objection. Winnay hadn't the least, neither had I, and accordingly at about half-past 11 o'clock, we found ourselves in the warm pouch bed, with the fire raked and the lights extinguished.

It might have been half an hour after we retired, when a gentle rap was heard at the front door.

"Who's there?" asked the girl, with a kind of tremulous voice, giving me at the same time a slight nudge with her elbow to arrest my attention.

"A friend, Winnay; open the door," was the reply from rather a genteel voice outside.

I can't tell I know who you are, and what's your business," spoke the girl, sitting up in the bed and commencing to dress herself.

"Make no fuss, Winnay," said the voice; "don't wake the old man, a colleen, I only want to hand in this story-book to the little boy. It was sent to him by me, and in truth it'll make him laugh till the buttons fly off his jacket. Here, take it out of my hand, and don't keep me standing in the cold all night."

The girl still hesitated, but the temptation of a story-book, and one so funny, was more than a little boy could of the marvellous could resist. I kicked off the blanket, leaped out of bed, and in two springs was at the front door, drew back the bolt, removed the cross-bar, and swung the heavy door full open.

But horror of horrors! instead of the smooth tongued bearer of a funny story-book, in marched six or eight huge fellows, with guns in their hands and faces blackened!

The foremost of the villains stroked me on the head, called me a good boy, bid me not fear, and taking me up in his left hand as if I had been a young kitten, laid me back in the bed and commanded me to cover up my head, and keep my mouth shut, on pain of being instantly shot, if I gave the least alarm.

Poor Winnay! she was bound hand and foot, blindfolded, and put to keep me company. The man on the garret was similarly dealt with, after receiving a crack from the butt end of a musket that nearly fractured the poor fellow's skull.

One scoundrel stood sentinel at the door with fixed bayonet. Another in the centre of the floor, with cocked musket, threatened shoot the first who attempted to utter a syllable. Two others went into the old gentleman's room, while two more commenced to ransack the house for booty. Everything valuable that could be borne away was collected.

Yarn, linen, bacon, butter, bed covering and wearing apparel were stuffed into sacks brought for the purpose, and piled on a table waiting at the door. The old gentleman was then rudely lifted out of bed, blindfolded, and placed in an arm chair in front of the kitchen fire. His wife was served in the same manner. He was then commanded to give up his money, on pain of being roasted alive!

"I have no money in the house, gentlemen," said my grandfather, "except ten pounds, which you will find there in the till of my box."

"That's a lie for you old Dives," spoke the leader. "Where's the 100 guinea your wife there, and the mother of the little boy in the bed, took out of the feather pad yesterday, and hid by your order in some safer place," continued the robber, giving the old man a rude shake that nearly jostled him out of his seat.

"No such thing, sir," said my grandfather. "I can safely swear on the Bible, there is not a copper under this roof at the present, except the ten pounds already in your hands."

"It's some place else out of doors then," answered the villain, "give us the whereabouts, or take the value in good sound roasting."

With arms outstretched, and with a look of intense agony, he fell back on the ground, and in a few moments he was dead.

THE MILESTONE.
Along the road, two Irish lads
One summer's day were walking,
And all the while, with laugh and grin,
To lively strain were talking.

THE YANKEE.
BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.
There lies between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, a little grove of land, a few hundred miles wide and long, which seems to have been made up of the fragments and leavings of the rest of the continent.

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Lines for Music.
The death fanes of rosy light
Are clinging round the amber dawn,
As crimson sails of verdure bright
Lie hatched in order freshly drawn.

Sensations of the Dying.
The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubtedly to some extent erroneous. The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling.

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The child who cried for an hour, did not get it.
A person in speaking of wigs, says they are "lies with the hair on."

Embrace many opportunities as you please, but only one woman.
He that loses his conscience, has nothing left worth keeping.

Which of the feathered tribe lifts the heaviest weight?—The crane.
A single woman has generally a single purpose, and we all know what it is.

To make hens lay. Wring their necks—they will lay any where then.
To see if a girl is amiable—step on her dress in a ball room.

The fellow who picked up a living has become round-shouldered.
You can get a crack most any where, but for a cracker you must go to a baker's.

The printer who has nothing but "the devil to pay," may think himself lucky.
Juries, like guns, are often "charged, and sometimes with very poor ammunition.

An object of "interest." A girl whose income is three thousand dollars a year.
The man who minds his own business has obtained steady employment.

The "Golden Rule." One made of the real California ore.
A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were, "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den gib one general convulsion."

The man whose "soul was in arms, isn't reported to have been very heavily burdened.
Summer costumes are simple in Egypt. They consist of a straw hat, a small shirt-collar, and a loon-pick.

The editor of the Albany Transcript says that the New York Day Book is set up entirely by girls, and adds that he should like to set up with them.
An Irishman complained of his physician that at he so stuffed him with drugs that was sick after he was well. A common case.

It is said that the man who first introduced gas to the public, was disposed to "make light of the affair."
Our "pilgrim" fathers derived the name from the wry faces they used to make at a physick.

The man who changed his mind, probably got something more valuable by the operation.
"Sam, I have lost my watch overboard, it lies here in twenty feet of water. Is there any way to get it?" "Yes," says Sam, "there are 'divers' ways."

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," he said, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbours are all too stingy to take one."
The daily papers all record the fact that the stone cutters have struck. Wide awake inquire how they can cut stone without striking?

Old bachelors do not live as long as other men. They have nobody to mend their clothes and clean their stockings. They catch cold, and there is nobody to make them peppermint tea, and they drop off.
"Mr. SHOWMAN," said a greenhorn at the menagerie, "can the leopard change his spots?" "Yes, sir," replied the individual who stirs up the wild beasts, "when he gets tired of one spot he can easily go to another."

The human heart like a leather bed, must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns to prevent it becoming hard.
The fellow who tried to get up a concert with the band of his hat is the same genius who, a few weeks since, played upon the affections of a lady.

A "camp follower," at a late regimental parade, excused the irregularity of his gait, by saying, that he was trying to march after two tunes!
"Sir," said a little blustering man to a regimental opponent, "to what act do you think I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class called 'insects.'"

A newspaper reporter in New Orleans recently had his pocket picked by some expert thief, who extracted therefrom a purse with two cents in it, a steel pen, half a pencil, a tailor's bill, a rent bill an omnibus ticket, and a diekey. He requests the robber to sell the valuables, pay the bills, and keep the balance himself.
A young gentleman feeling restless in church, leaned forward and addressed an old gentleman thus: "Pray, sir, can you tell me a rule without an exception?" "Yes sir," he replied, "a gentleman always behaves well in church."

DISINTERESTED MATCHES: Among the ancient inhabitants of France, females could not inherit property. Marriages, therefore, were not contracted from the sordid ties of interest, but from pure inclination. Women were then loved for themselves alone. "Nous avons change tout cela." The question is not now, "Is she fair?" Is she honest?" but "how much is her dowry?" Apropos to this matter is the following illustrative anecdote from the *Picayune*— "A fellow who was arranging marriage matters with the father of his dulcinea, had a great deal to say about 'dollars' and 'cents,' and 'doeds.' 'Why, hang it,' said the enraged parent of the lady, 'one would suppose you come here to speculate in land, instead of, as I supposed, to marry my daughter.' 'Well,' replied the other, 'with much *sang froid*, 'I look upon wedding the fair Eliza as a fair business transaction.' The fair Eliza must have felt herself highly honored upon that important occasion and vastly indignant, but, we think her fortunate in discovering what particular charm had entranced her suitor ere it was too late to repent of having bestowed herself upon a worthless fortune hunter. Marriages *de convenance* and marriages for wealth are, unfortunately too much the fashion now on both continents. Joys from infancy are taught that nothing short of an heiress should receive their attentions; and young ladies from their cradle are kept on the lookout for a fine establishment and an opulent husband—in the world's vocabulary this is embodied in the term, "making a good match." We think some of these *outré* ideas of society would but extermination, and its code of morals yet remain uninjured.