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The Carlisle Herald.

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A. K. RHEM, Editor & Proprietor. TERMS--\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

Selected Poetry. From The Yale Literary Magazine. RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO 'The Prettiest Girl I ever Saw.'

'I've seen pretty things in my day-- Coal black horses and letters lay; The first faint tinge of my pipe of spray; The taper waist of a country fay; And eyes--now dim--now never so gay; Flashing about in a dangerous way; Lips whose kisses and dimples play; Shoulders that steal your heart away; Jetty hair, nose rufous, Beautiful figures in suits of gray; Children frolicking out in the hay, Sunny days in the month of May, Brooks that laugh as they flit away, Fresco-scenes--where our hearts still stray-- Lit as they are by memory's ray; Warriors armed for deadly fray-- And a thousand others--but I must say The prettiest thing of this many a day Is the foot of that little quill over the way.

Not that it's little--though the trembling fly But kiss--the touch that has made it sigh, And the roos, kneeling as they coo by, Rise from her step in honor to vie-- Not that it's little--though five woe do, And the dusty despair of flitting a shoe; Not that it's little in the hospice of, Though water would flow, without wetting through It's not in the gaiter, or stocking of snow, That makes one's heart like a hammer go; Nor the dainty ankle and well-tanned limb-- Nuns that seek cloister, yet loving a hymn-- No, none of these, nor the beautiful girl, Who greets the street like the child of an earl. I can't tell what--but it must be all,-- Face and figure, waist and curl,-- Snowy neck, and arm and glove,-- Smiling and gliding and ankle--the love's Lamb's nose so mild, foot so petite, Firm, yet elastic, high and fleet-- The toe and more make the reasons why That dainty foot just fills my eye.

I dare not skate, for that glowing face, Edmond, shirt, and form of grace, Close-cutting shawl and coat so free, Would not provoke the heat of day, I can't but survive seeing strangers put A skate with rude hands on that delicate foot. A skate with rude hands on that delicate foot. And fondly bid with the cunning gear, I dare not walk far--where'er it be-- Those feet go back 'neath the skirt at me-- Those feet go back 'neath the skirt at me-- Those feet go back 'neath the skirt at me-- Those feet go back 'neath the skirt at me-- Those feet go back 'neath the skirt at me--

Miscellaneous. JAKE BURNS' STORY.

The dog watch had passed, and it was our first four hours below; but as the gale, before which we had been scudding all day, was rapidly abating, the jury, we the starboard watch, did not turn in, but awaited the expected orders--'All hands make sail.' We were two days out from Porto Praya, Cape Verde Islands, where our crew passed some hours in jollity. We were a merry set, with the exception of 'Old Jake Burns,' as we termed the oldest sail among us. It had been noticed that during our stay at the island, he had been more dejected than usual. He took no part in the scrapes ashore, the actors in which received many a hearty curse from the dark-eyed--and generally dark-skinned natives. Jake was understood to be an 'educated' man, but there was a peculiar sadness weighing upon him, if not an actual mystery. He was ever the first on the yard-arm, and never shirked his duty, which was more than could be said of some of our shipmates.

We were all assembled in the fore-cabin, awaiting, as I have said, expected orders. Jake's brow was bowed upon his bosom in deep thought. I had determined to ask him, to unburden himself to me alone sometime, but as I heard a smothered sigh escape him, and perceived that it was noticed by all, I remarked, 'Burns, you should have visited some padre in the island, and, in a hasty confession, sought relief from your distress.' Jake raised his head at these words, and, fixing his wild eyes upon me, asked, 'How do you know that I have a grief?' 'Men don't sigh for hours together, and seek whatever solitude they can in a happy mood,' I replied. 'And you have noticed my abstractions?' 'Not only I, but all the crew have noticed them.'

'Would you ask the cause?' he inquired, gloomily. 'I would not seek an unwilling confidence, but you know that I am generally communicative, and you being an exception--' 'Enough!' interrupted Burns, 'as if you will listen a few moments, I will gladly make known my story, not altogether to satisfy your curiosity, but to relieve my heart.' We were all attention. What sailor does not love a yarn! Old quids were ejected, and new 'chaws' indulged in all around when our hero commenced:-- 'As my sadness is the particular object of your curiosity, shipmates, I shall speak only of the events that caused it. Some twenty years ago, I left my native place to seek my fortune. Trade and enterprise were at that time pointing towards the West Indies, and the other islands of the Atlantic, as likely to afford fair chances of success. At the Cape Verdez many vessels had of late been calling to recruit or trade, and acting upon the advice of an eminent Boston merchant, I decided to make Porto Praya the scene of my efforts. I embarked on board a whaler with my small means well invested, and in due time arrived at my destination. I found that an American trader was wanted there, and business was not long in coming to me. Vessels were arriving daily, the furnishing of supplies for which gave me constant employment and large profits. 'I can swing to the profits,' remarked Hale, one of our crew, 'if you charged as

much as old Pedro Gonzas does for rum and bacon.' 'An old resident,' continued Jake, 'by name Annetta, shortly after this, proposed to enter into partnership with me. His means were vast, and as such a connection promised to give me local, as well as greater commercial advantage, I accepted his terms, and was soon in possession of funds enough to monopolize the entire trade of the port. Fortune smiled upon me. Don Jose Annetta had a lovely daughter--' 'I thought there'd be a gal in the partnership,' drily interrupted Hale. 'Can't you let the mention of a gal go without putting in your oar, Belay your jawing tackle,' cried Harry Bunt. 'Aye! aye! sir,' answered Hale. 'Go on, Jake.'

'Marie was one of those gentle creatures that creep into man's affections unknown to herself or him. She was born in that sunny land, Portugal, and possessed the rare beauties of many of its most favored daughters. I had previously taken lodgings with Senor Annetta, so that Marie and I were frequently in equal intercourse--the teaching me to speak Portuguese, and I teaching her English. We robed together--walked together, and often, in the mild twilight of that almost cloudless time, we would wander to the shore, and sit and listen to the murmuring of the mighty ocean, or talk of our childhood's home. Was it strange that I came to love her--' 'Strange!' cried the ever ready Hale, 'it was as natural as a duck seeking arid water. I'd a loved her long afore you did.'

'Well, shipmates, we were married!' continued the old seaman. 'To say that we were happy would be but a tame expression of our condition. For two years, during which time Marie had become a mother, an event occurred to mar the brightness of our joyous lives. She had a brother, a weak sickly lad, whom the governor of the island wished to send to Lisbon, to be educated for a soldier, but he might afterwards become an officer at Porto Praya. This desire arose from no interest in Artine, but rather from enmity to Don Jose, whom he feared might, from his influence and wealth, supercede him in the confidence of the parent government. He knew, too, that Senor Annetta would not part with his son, even to serve his sovereign. He knew, too, that the boy's health for some time past had been declining, and he earnestly desired to see him in Artine's charge, that would eventually fit him for military position, and he still urged his wish. My partner's opposition was represented as disaffection to the ministers at Lisbon, and the orders finally came, bidding the lad to report himself at that capital. Don Jose remonstrated in a gentle but firm way by the next mail. The misrepresentations of the governor had, however, no enemies save my father in law and his letter was unheeded.

Soon an order arrived for him to pay ten thousand dollars for contempt and disobedience. He grudgingly paid this to save his child. The promissory which the demand was met evidently aroused the enmity of grasping policy, and another order was issued, bidding that my business might be injured. Don Jose, with leaving the amount he had invested with me as his daughter's marriage portion. A suspicion had for some time existed in our minds as to the truth of the governor's pretended friendship and declared intercession with the power that had oppressed us. Meeting him some short time after, Don Jose was led to make some distant allusion to the circumstance. In reply to the governor's remarks he indulged in some amusements, and the conduct of the ministers. His words ensued. Annetta struck his oppressor, was seized by the minions of power, and thrown into prison. After the expiration of a few months, he was brought to trial, and upon the testimony of a perjured villain in the pay of the governor, he was sentenced to death, and his property to confiscation.

'I'd like to have had the keel hauling of skulliwag,' muttered Hale, in a low tone. 'To appeal to any existing power in the island or in Lisbon would have been vain-- Many around us sympathized with the good man, but their feelings found no expression in words--their fears kept them dumb. Poor Marie suffered intensely from these repeated reverses. Her health was declining fast. At last I was attacked with a fever, and an necessary and abettor of Don Jose. Annetta was preferred against me, and a fine imposed the payment of which was to sweep away every dollar that I possessed. I murmured, but it was useless. I found deaf ears turned to my remonstrances. I then determined to seek protection from my own government-- With this object in view, I stole from the island and could not leave honorably. I was soon picked up by a trading vessel, and carried to the United States. My case was brought before the Cabinet at Washington, but not acted upon for some time. At last, however, I obtained the promise of assistance. I was directed to return to my wife, and rest secure. Return to my wife! Oh, heaven! would that the sea had swallowed me ere I reached our home.'

Jake drew his hand across his eyes, to remove the tears his emotion had called, and continued-- 'My heart was as light as the bounding bark that carried me over the placid waters. My mission was accomplished. Even my dear wife to more oppress me. The stronger arm of my country was extended to protect his son. With feelings of intense love and gratitude, I saw once more the rocky eminences of my adopted home, as they towered away into the deep blue above our vessel. Impatiently I awaited the casting of our anchor. To hurry our progress to the shore, I lent my strength to the oarsmen in the boat. We flew through the current like an arrow. I jumped upon the beach, and, unheeding the gaze of the numbers around me, I passed on to my dwelling. Shipmates, would you believe it?--My home was in ruins! His bosom heaved with his efforts to suppress his mental agony. 'I sought my warehouse--it was empty. The accursed rapacity of our foe had not left a real's worth of it. Everything was gone! As I strode from the door, a placard stared me in the face with my name upon it. I paused a moment to gather the word 'fugitive from justice!' 'miscreant!' 'confiscation!' and rushed madly on. I encountered an old slave of Don Annetta, and learned from his almost incoherent eye-

lables that Marie was confined in the prison from which her father had, a short time before, been led to execution. I was provided with a brace of pistols, and hastened to the calabose. My prayer to be admitted to my wife was laughed at; entreaties, the offer of a bribe was unheeded. Exasperated, at length I seized the vile handling who kept watch, and dragged him through the prison until he pointed me to where Marie was confined. He opened the grating, and stilling his cries with one hand, with the other I threw him to the opposite side of the cell, when, presenting a weapon at his breast, I threatened to fire if he made the least outcry. He sank, coward-like, into the far corner. I looked around, but, from the half-gloom cast upon the objects there, I did not at first see her whom I sought. As my eyes became more accustomed to the uncertain light, I beheld her upon her knees, in a recess beneath the high windows.

'Marie!' I cried, as my arms were extended to grasp her. 'Hush!' said she, stooping over some inanimate object before her. 'Approached, and oh! nattering agony! I beheld my child dead, on the cold pavement. Her dark tresses fell upon the pallor of his cheek, making it the more ghastly by contrast. 'Marie!' I cried again, as I lifted her from her kneeling position, and pressed her to my bosom. 'Marie! wife! speak to me!' 'Dearest,' she said, while her eyes rested upon her lost treasure, in his cold, stark stiffness; 'he sleeps! wake him not! His dreams are as peaceful as an angel's.' Then turning to me, suddenly, she continued-- 'Why came you not before? The deed is done that makes me accused, and you do not dare had I had my power.'

'Her wild laugh rang through my brain with a crushing power. 'Marie,' I cried; 'tell me what has happened.' 'Again her wild laughter smote my ear. 'He dared wrong me when you were absent. He came in the calm silence of the night to my couch, and stole my honor.' She shrieked, throwing her arms wildly in the air. 'I would have pierced his heart, but alas! I was powerless. With a ruffian's might he overcame my feeble resistance. But I shall be avenged! You shall be avenged! The black-hearted Governor shall answer ere long, at the bar of his Maker, for a catalogue of crime!'

'A motion on the part of the goater caused me to raise my pistol towards him. My wife perceived the motion, and with a bound, seized it. I would have retained it, but she snatched it away, and, flourishing the death-dealing instrument above her head-- 'Step back, not! I have waited for this-- The hour has come for vengeance! They would keep me here until the memory of our wrongs would be obliterated in madness! Ha! ha! ha! I am free! Vengeance is mine!'

'She fled from the room--a maniac! I followed in haste, but she far outstripped me in speed. She seemed to fly. At last, I turned into the square, before the Governor's mansion, and found our progress impeded by a crowd of slaves, soldiers, and other inhabitants. One hasty glance gave me the knowledge of what had passed. A number of officers were bearing the lifeless body of the Governor into the house, while pierced by a dozen bayonets, my wife lay weltering in her gore.'

Tears, bitter tears, now bedewed the face of the hardy sailor, as he concluded. 'Pressing my way into the crowd, I bore my poor wife's body from their midst. A panic had fallen upon them all. Unchecked, I carried her to a remote spot--unconfined--in her bloody robes--just as she fell beneath the ruthless bayonets, I laid her in a grave, dug with these hands. I uttered no prayer above her lifeless form, but hastily covering it with the damp earth, I fled, never to return. 'Since then I have found no rest. I have known no home. The wildness of the storm has alone found the best parallel to the tempest within. I have tracked the boundless main; I have travelled in every land; but the undying sorrow clings to my heart with a tenacity that mocks my efforts to unset it.'

'All hands make sail!' cried the mate from the deck. Jake Burns' story was finished.

GOOD ADVICE. Never out a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you at first intended to appropriate. Never put salt in your soup before you have tasted it, I have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so. Never burn your fingers every day, when they might have been used in other ways. Don't put your feet upon the table. True, the members of Congress do so, but you are not a member of Congress. If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, for Heaven's sake, even although it be only 'Fine evening sir!' Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask how he has been; tell him you know his friend, so and so--anything that will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on their debut before a new circle. Take the Herald yourself; do not borrow it from your neighbor, and pay for it in advance.

A. Ward Meets Bollen The Copperhead Editor. 'Win or the Poits, I forgot with wan, 'so the proper study of mankind is man,' but to understand human nature perfectly requires sum nollege of the animal ex fur instance snax! There's a grate eel of human natur in snax! Speakin' of snax, reminds me of an incident which happened to me the other day. I was a travelling in the cars, wen a man cum in with a countenance which looked ez if he had been bilged and the skum not properly tuk off. He was accompanied by a very young man in a very darty yaller suite of close. The young man stared hard at me, whereupon I said in my most insinuatoin' manner, 'Yare aw vaint, sur; do y'es eo anythink green about me?'

'Neigh, rovever sur,' he replied, 'purmit me to intruce to yu a patriot.' 'Whereabouts,' sez I. 'I'm sez I. [This was spoke sarkasific, for I hate travellin' patriots like dog pi.] 'Nothing to speak of,' sez he, 'I am simply an unbul patriot.' 'How much kin yu make a week at it?' sez I. 'It's followed up well?' 'Sur,' sez he, 'I am surprised at such liberality. I make wonds by it sur; also stripes likewise by impuringsums. I have been incarcerated in ferret Lafayette sur.'

'Indeed!' sez I. 'Yes sur,' sez he, 'I was incarcerated in that federal bastill, becoz I would not obey a tyrannickal government.' 'Sumthing like Jas. W. Hampton, sez he, wen he objected to settling his shule tax?'

'It's rather singular to find a pease man who is so a patri t. I should like to hev yure waz figger in my show.' 'You datter me,' sez he. 'Not a datter,' sez I. 'Wot other bizness do yu foller wen times is dull?' 'I am neddin', sez he. 'I tole Mr. Lin kun wot I thort of him, sur, in my paper. I tole him the wor woz a unholly wor. The rebuz, woz a fin for thare burthrites an the constitution. That J. Davis woz a great man, an no body couldn't stop him. I appealed to the peple, sur. I tole them to arise in thare name and magery, but A. Lincoln to save the Union. For this sur, I was incarcerated in a dungen.'

'How did yu get out?' sez I. 'Wuz yu let to see on the rit of Hocus Pocus?'

'Neigh sur, he. 'I woz deprived of my constitutional rite in that rit, which was arrested from being John by the bowld baron at Kennebec, and witch bez been watered by the blad of our sires and antistes.'

'But how did yu get out?' sez I. 'The majesty of the state of Pennsylvania, he continued, 'chez bin violated in my unble person--that mity stait witch woz founded by W. H. Penn, in pease--witch wuz purchased by him from the noble red man of the forest.'

'You are pizen wherover found,' sez I. 'How did yu get out?' 'The Legislator of my natif stait,' he continued, 'is resolutin--the Legislator of my natif stait is a going to avenge her violated sovereignty.' 'My fren,' sez I, 'my patriotic fren, kyeb these lines of imadgeration, subdoz these hours of ritterick, an inform me, O, inform me, 'let me not burst in ignorance.' 'But inform me--how did yu get out?' 'Sez he very short, I wold not bough down an take the oath. I woz released on my pay roll of honor.'

Brevities. 'The New Bedford Mercury says that Miss Lavinia Warren's fingers are all thumbs.' 'What ails your eye, Joe?' 'Nothing, only I told Sam he lied.'

'I don't remember having seen you before,' as the lawyer said to his conscience. 'What is that which belongs to yourself, yet it is used by everybody?--Your name.'

'I CAN'T support you any longer' as the rotten bridge said to the elephant. 'SPEAK LOW, LADIES, and yet always endeavor to be high toned women.'

'THE three things most difficult are--to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure. A HINT TO EAST YOUNG MEN.--People sometimes undertake to go ahead and find they cannot go a single foot.

A HANDSOME young lady being asked if she ever gave a kiss replied, 'No; but I often had one stolen.' 'It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape shipwreck.'

'THE hardest cut the Copperheads have yet received Connecticut. How they wriggle! 'Thought death is before the old man's face, he may be as near the young man's back. 'Gent--Boy, give me a light, will you? Boy--Who you call boy? I've smoked and chewed this two years.'

'Paddy, where's the whiskey I gave you to clean the windows with?' 'Och, master, I just drank it and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same!'

'IT is said that the original of 'My Sam'lard' is a German song, beginning with the sentiment, 'Don't hug me now--some other time.' WOMAN--she is the only enduring aristocrat--elects with out voting, governs without law, and decides without appeal. The coarser deserves with.

DENVER reduces everything to... He got married bona a kissing, saving fifty per cent on his sugar tax. Old bachelors, please take notice. 'What object do you see?' asked a doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments and then replied, 'It appears like a junk-ass doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow!'

An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says, that 'without incensing any disengagement to the estn, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented.'