

Sweetheart of Long Ago.

I love that lady-boy, and why? I loved his mother long before She ceased to sing her lullaby...

The Homestead.

BY LADY SPENCER. It is not as it used to be When you and I were young...

Miscellaneous.

THE LAST FAIRY.

I had passed my sixteenth year when she appeared to me for the first time. It was, I well remember, one beautiful evening in May...

I saw the sun sink into an abyss of purple and gold; the shadows descended from the hills to the plains; the stars were kindled one by one in the deep blue of heaven...

I was going along, opening my soul to all these perfumes, when I perceived a troupe of young girls, who with clasped hands were singing, on their way to life city...

When they had disappeared, I felt myself seized with an unknown disquietude, and having seated myself on a hillock by the side of the meadow which spread out at my feet like the ocean of verdure...

Her light hair fell in freedom around her neck, her cheeks had the freshness and brilliancy of the flowers which crowned her head; on the rose-tinted alabaster of her face, her eyes shone like two open peri-winkles on the snow, warmed into life by the first kisses of April...

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earthly loveliness, and I saw shining over her an atmosphere which enveloped her like a luminous vestment. "Who, then, art thou?" I exclaimed at last, distractedly stretching out towards her arms...

"Friend," she replied, with a voice sweeter than the night zephyr, "I am the fairy which the King of the Genii laid slumbering in thy breast at the hour of thy birth. This morning I slept there still; I have just awoke at the first anguish of thy heart...

"What wishest thou of me?" I demanded. "Friend, the hour is come when we must separate; before leaving thee forever, I have desired to bid thee an eternal adieu," murmured she in a plaintive voice, sadder than the wind of winter...

"I am neither the Spirit of Evil nor the Genius of Sorrow," replied she sadly, "but it is the destiny of man to know me only after having lost me; to know the value of my blessings only after there is no more time to enjoy them. Friend, thou hast been ungrateful like thy brethren...

"I continued to go across the fields, sometimes running like a lunatic, sometimes throwing myself on the turf, which I wet with scalding tears; sometimes I pressed to my bosom the slender stem of the birches, which I believed I felt trembling and palpitating under my wild clasp; sometimes I extended my arms towards the stars, and spoke to them with love...

I hid my face in my hands, and mentally reviewing the days that had rolled over me, between that evening in May and this evening in October, I was soon lost in a sad and profound reverie. When I rose, I saw a few paces off a pale face which looked at me with a sad expression...

Life and Love. What lessons are embodied in thy teachings! stern lessons, as we in our days of hope and happiness could never think of encountering as we sat under sunny skies, and our bark glided pleasantly over smooth waters; we did not dream of the clouds, the storm, the tempest that came all too soon and awoke us from our fond security...

NOT NOW. BY ALICE CLARY. The path of duty is clearly traced, I stand with conscience face to face, And all her plans allow I call and crying the while for grace...

Worth of Money. We hear a good deal about the worth of property. A house is worth ten thousand dollars; that lot is worth five thousand dollars; a farm is worth eight thousand dollars; a horse three hundred, and so on endlessly...

CONFEDERATE SCRIP.—There was a Pennsylvania Dutchman in camp at Tribune, Tennessee, some what noted for a dry humor and shrewdness. A group of farmers were, one day, in the presence of the Confederate States Government...

PLEASE EVERYBODY.—Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever saw anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him. You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; submit to the tyrannical; be a tool for the ambitious; and be careful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbor...

REAL GENTLEMEN.—A waiter was examined the other day before one of our courts. We annex his testimony:—"Yes, sir, Robert Plunkney." "Well, Mr. Plunkney, you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?" "Cause, sir, he always says thank you, when I hand him a mutton chop, or even a bit of bread. Now, a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out, 'Here, Bill, get me a mutton chop, or I will throw this pepper box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I have associated with too many of them at the race course."

from thy heart I drew my life, it is on thy heart that I die! "Thou shalt not die!" I cried, opening my arms to receive her; "but, strange creature, speak! Who, then, art thou?" "I am no more—I was thy youth!" she said, and at these words I tried to seize her, but she had already slipped from my embrace and disappeared, and I perceived in her place only some withered flowers, fallen from her hair. I gathered them all up, but alas! I found not one had retained its perfume.

Who has not seen some of their loved ones wrapped in the cold cerements of the grave, and some to the innumerable city of the dead? When we remember that in our wanderings through life's path we should meet them no more, see their kindly beaming smile, heard the loved no more, have we not, in anguish of soul, uttered the wail of a bleeding heart, 'let me die, for this broad earth, I have sought to live for,' but we cannot die when we wish most; we may weep at many a grave before we reach our own...

Another man sees in a thousand dollars a snug little homestead, a home for his children, a shelter to his old age, a place to live in, and a good place to die in. But his neighbor only sees one more link in the golden chain of wealth. It was only thirty-nine thousand last month, he is worth forty this. And his joy is in the growing numerals. He imagines how it will sound, full round and hearty, when men say, 'he is worth a hundred thousand dollars.' Nay, when it comes to that, he thinks five a better sound than one, and five hundred thousand is a sound most musical to the ear...

Another man wishes to see the world. Every dollar means Europe. Two thousand dollars means Egypt, Palestine and Greece. Boys dealing in small sums reckon the same way. A penny means a stick of candy; a sixpence is but another term for a ball; shilling means kite, and fifty cents a jack knife. The young 'Crack' sees in his money a skeleton wagon and fast nag, a rousing drink, a jolly drink, and a smashing party. But many and many a weary soul sees in every shilling, bread, rent, fuel, clothes. There be thousands who hold on to virtue by hands of dollars; a few more save them; a few less and they are lost. Their gay sisters see feathered hats and royal silks in their money, or rather in their fathers' and their husbands'...

He ponders whether there is not some new economy which can save a few shillings. And when good luck at last brings a score of dollars to him, with a fervor of hate does he get rid of them, furiously running to the stall, and fearing at every step, lest some fortunate man should seize the prize. Wasteful man! that night saw too much oil burnt in pouring over the loyal treasure. Books are what his money is worth. But others see different visions. Money means flowers to them. New roses, the latest dahlia, the new camelia, or others of the great floral band of flowers that fill the florist's paradise—the garden. Some men see engraving in money; some pictures; some rare copies of old books; some curious missals. Others, when you say money, think of fruit trees, of shrubbery, of aboretums, and plantations, and fraticutans. And we have reason to believe that there are some poor wretches who, not content with one insanity, see pretty much all things by turns...

A poor invalid gentleman, very much reduced, lately read in a medical paper something about 'letting blood.' The unhappy weakly creature writes to us to know if we can inform him 'who lets it,' and whether he can on moderate terms hire some for a few years. We refer to the Lancet. A Western editor was lately shot in an affray. Luckily the ball came against some unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder couldn't get through that. Did you ever know a man too poor to take a paper, that did not spend one dollar a week upon rum and tobacco?

with shade trees, a free library established, and a thousand such things. A man is not known by how much he has, but by what that money is worth to him. If it is worth only selfishness, meanness, stinginess, vanity, and haughty state, a man is not rich if he own a million of dollars. If it means generosity, public spirit, social comfort and refinement, then he is rich on a few hundred. You put your hand on a man's heart to find out how much he is worth, not into his pocket.

Never Despair. "While there's life there's hope," is an old adage; therefore, never despair. The prospect may be gloomy, the sky clouded, the face of fortune averted, yet never despair. The worst circumstances have been surmounted, the greatest perils passed by enduring energy and faith—faith in the future, that there must, or might come a brighter turn of destiny's wheel. It is always darkest just before day-dawn; there is never a thunderbolt or tempest but the atmosphere is made purer thereby. So with our lives; overclouded and stormy they may be, but it is either of our calling and for our dispersement, or it is the work of a providence wiser than we, as we shall see, if we only buffet the gale out. Despair is an impulse; it is a token of our superiority to the brutes that perish that listen to reason, and reason connects life, in all its moods, with duty. Duty calls us to struggle and to submit—to submit to the order of Providence, and yet struggle to achieve the highest thought that is in us. Life is given us, not to be cut short or laid down at our pleasures. Virtue is born of doing and forbearing, and heroism oft-never achieves through suffering. Heroes were cheap if victory were foreordained and never failing; but our human record marks him the greatest hero—who could turn defeat to victory—Fabius conquered by retreating—Washington was not discontented because he could not always "forward march." A less wise and heroic man would have halted where he advanced, fallen back where he stood firm, and despaired where he gathered fresh hope. In whatever strait, let us do whatever manhood and duty did, and we shall conquer; even though we fail. Lawrence felt the true inspiration when he sent forth his death cry, "Don't give up the day!"

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures, differ about as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing is more melancholy, particularly to person who has to pass much time in his room, than bleak walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loop holes for escape for the soul, leading to other scenes and to other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, when fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a relief to a jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisonment of thought; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

An awkward bashful man who was getting into a coach at Norwich a few days ago pushed his foot through the hoop skirt of a passenger. In the course of several ingenious expedients to extricate himself he only succeeded in putting his other foot through the hoops of another lady. Sinking back in seeming despair he shouted, "Hallo, driver, hold! I thought I was getting into a stage, but I find myself into a cooper's shop!"

KENTUCKY SCHOOL.—First class in Geography come up; Bill Toots, what is a cape? "A thing that mother wears over her shoulders." "What's a plain?" "A tool used by carpenters for the smoothing of boards." "What's a desert?" "Its goodies after dinner." "That'll do, Bill, I'll give you the 'goodies after school.'"

"You say Mr. Jay, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house. Was it in haste?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not sartin, but I think it was the boot of Mr. Stubbis, the gentleman he boards with?" "That will do, Mr. Jay. Clerk, call the next witness."

"Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay?" "Yes, my son. Sixpence or shilling bundle?" "Shilling." "Is it for your father?" "No, guess 'tain't—it's for the boss, my father don't eat hay!"

I wish you would not smoke cigars! said a plump little black eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke as well as your chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order!" "He has quit smoking."

A gentleman riding through Sydenham saw a board with "This Cottage for Sale" painted on it. As he was always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her very politely, "when the cottage was to sail?" "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was the quiet reply.

It is not half the trouble to learn in youth that it is to be ignorant in old age. We should never go in debt for a purse. Kindness is a language that even the dumb brutes can understand. There is no harm in being wealthy provided we come by it honestly? Hope is a pleasing acquaintance but a very poor financier. Printers should have the right to print a kiss but not to publish it. When the danger is over we generally forget both God and the doctor. The quickest way to make a fortune in this age is to fail in business. A change of heart now-a-days is brought about by the change in the pocket. Lust is a precipice over which thousands are virtually rushing to destruction. How we printers lie, as our devil said when he got up too late for breakfast. You're a queer chicken! as the hen said when she hatched out a duck. Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head. Death and the sun have this in common—few gaze at them steadily. Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. Never marry a woman for her beauty, as she will be sure to think more of it than you. Some professors of religion thirst more after the spirit of rye than after the spirit of grace. The greatest number of our most tried friends are these who have been tried and found guilty. People should keep their marriage certificates in their casket and not on their eyebrows. We should never regret being homely, as beautiful persons are generally the most worthless. We should always put the handsomest face on everything without the ugliness of our own. There is a great deal of dying for love now-a-days, but it is generally in the wish-kid. When the death of adversity comes upon our friends, our charities generally dry up. We are the only things that can fly without wings, as the most of us can fly into a passion. If we had glorious dreams when we are asleep we must act gloriously when we are awake. The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on. To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater. When men are together they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another. Young ladies should certainly be subject to the conscription—because they are accustomed to "bare arms." The proud and haughty can never have friends. In prosperity they are a-bove everybody; in adversity everybody is above them. Flattery if not cunningly used will, like the bail, be almost sure to thrash your own head instead of that of the grain. There is always more pleasure in giving than receiving, especially with the doctors if they should happen to take their own medicine. If those persons who are always in search of news would only read the bible they would find the very latest news to them. SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor "stop the press to announce," what would he do to a pound? THE HEIGHT OF PANIC.—When the Germans got scared at Chancellorville, they fled and left their Shurtz on the field. Some rascal proposes that ladies who clamor for their rights, should be made to do military duty. They wish to enlist and become their "companions in arms." Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest, says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be an occurrence every night for a sentry to be relieved of his watch." An inscription on a tombstone at the La Point, Lake superior, read as follows: "John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." "Malina, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby. Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts?" A Frenchman, wishing to say of a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, thus expressed himself, "She bo moech tame, like the petite mouton."

A chap down in Connecticut, after the construction act, got married to evade the draft. He now says, if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as, if he must fight, he would rather do so for his country. Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arrived at an inn, called out, "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir, replied the knight of the napkin, we dine at six."

A yankee poet describes the excess devotion to his true love: I sing her praise in poetry; For her at noon and eve; I crive whole plates of butter, tarts, And wipes them with my sleeve. Hear the outpourings of an honest heart in regret for the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables: Farewell, farewell old trowsers, Long time we've stuck together— Variety of wares gone through, And braved all sorts of weather.

It is very perplexing to a church member when he lifts his hat to make a fine bow to a sister across the street to have a pack of grasy cards rain down over his face to the pavement.