

Where are the Copperheads.

Go look upon the battle-field,
Where the shot and shell fly fast—
Where Freedom's sizzling battle cry
Is heard upon the blast;

LOVE LINES.

"COME TO ME!"
I come!
To thy heaven of the arms;
To thy bosom's hidden charms;

Miscellaneous.

THE REBEL SPY.

The other day I met a friend who was formerly one of the Red Devils. During the conversation which ensued he asked me whether I remembered Bill—

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1863.

NO. 44.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

came very nearly being precipitated over a barrel.
'It's all right!' shouted Bill. 'Come on!'

'The moon, which had hitherto been obscured by clouds, was now shining brightly, revealing every outline of the approaching figures. They were rebel cavalrymen.'

'By all means,' said I, 'let me hear the story.'
'Well,' began my friend, 'one day we were sitting in the shadow of a pine tree near our encampment at Fortress Monroe.'

'The English Criticism on President Lincoln. The following ably-written and interesting criticism on the character of President LINCOLN appeared in the Liverpool Post, of October 1. It will be seen that it was immediately suggested, or called forth, by Mr. LINCOLN'S letter to Mr. HACKETT, the celebrated actor.'

'I recognized as that of the lieutenant. Before the sharp report of the carbines rang out upon the air, I dropped quickly to the bottom of the skiff, and the storm of lead passed over me and flew hissing into the water beyond.'

'I answered in the affirmative, and my friend continued:
'At the head of that troop rode Bill or more properly speaking, the rebel captain. I saw him as plainly as I now see you.'

'I turned impatiently, and perceived that both himself and the quonoon had deserted the apartment!
'I shouted his name aloud, but there was no response; at that moment a gust of wind swept through a broken pane of glass and, blowing out the candle, leaving me in total darkness.'

'I immediately commenced to ascend as noiselessly and as swiftly as possible. Arriving at the top, I discovered a door which I pushed open without ceremony, and found myself in a small apartment lighted by the rays of a lamp which streamed into it from another room connected with this one by a door which had been left open.'

'I know that, captain,' answered the lieutenant, 'but Magruder will wait until he sees how long the d—d Yankees are going to stay. If he sees a prospect of being into winter quarters here, you may depend upon it he'll burn the town.'

'I turned impatiently, and perceived that both himself and the quonoon had deserted the apartment!
'I shouted his name aloud, but there was no response; at that moment a gust of wind swept through a broken pane of glass and, blowing out the candle, leaving me in total darkness.'

'I immediately commenced to ascend as noiselessly and as swiftly as possible. Arriving at the top, I discovered a door which I pushed open without ceremony, and found myself in a small apartment lighted by the rays of a lamp which streamed into it from another room connected with this one by a door which had been left open.'

'I know that, captain,' answered the lieutenant, 'but Magruder will wait until he sees how long the d—d Yankees are going to stay. If he sees a prospect of being into winter quarters here, you may depend upon it he'll burn the town.'

'I turned impatiently, and perceived that both himself and the quonoon had deserted the apartment!
'I shouted his name aloud, but there was no response; at that moment a gust of wind swept through a broken pane of glass and, blowing out the candle, leaving me in total darkness.'

'I immediately commenced to ascend as noiselessly and as swiftly as possible. Arriving at the top, I discovered a door which I pushed open without ceremony, and found myself in a small apartment lighted by the rays of a lamp which streamed into it from another room connected with this one by a door which had been left open.'

'I know that, captain,' answered the lieutenant, 'but Magruder will wait until he sees how long the d—d Yankees are going to stay. If he sees a prospect of being into winter quarters here, you may depend upon it he'll burn the town.'

New Proofs of Vallandigham Treason.

The following letter, according to the Cincinnati papers, were recently captured in Tennessee, among the baggage of a rebel officer:

DEAR COLONEL: Your kind note and invitation of yesterday was this morning handed me by your brother-in-law, who will hand you this in return. It would give me much pleasure to visit you and your command before leaving the Confederacy, but it is now impossible to do so, as I have made arrangements to start this A. M. with the earliest train for Wilmington.

You surmise correctly when you say that you believe me to be the friend of the South in her struggle for freedom—My feelings have been publicly expressed in my own country, in that quotation from Lord Chatham—'My lords, you cannot conquer America.' There is not a drop of Puritan blood in my veins. I hate, despise, and defy the tyrannical Government which has sent me among you, for my opinion's sake, and shall never give it my support in its crusade upon your institutions. But you are mistaken when you say there are but few such in the United States, North. Thousands are there who would speak out but for the military despotism that strangles them.

Although the contest has been, and will continue to be, a bloody one, you have but to persevere, and the victory will surely be yours. You must strike home. The defensive policy lengthens the contest. The shortest road to peace is the boldest one. You can have your own terms by gaining the battle on your enemy's soil.

Accept my kind regards for your personal welfare, and sincere thanks for your kind wishes in my behalf, and hoping and praying for the ultimate cause in which you are fighting, believe me, as ever, your friend,

C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

Col. D. D. Inshall, 5th Ala. Vols.

Resources of the South.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

EAST TENNESSEE.

East Tennessee is a mineral region, one of the very best adapted for manufacturing purposes in the United States—coal, iron, copper, lead, zinc, and some other metals are produced in the mountain ranges, and all the most valuable in inexhaustible quantities.—Iron is made and sold at \$10 per ton, and for several years immense quantities of copper have been mined at Ducktown and carried to the Atlantic, notwithstanding the great difficulties of transportation. Indeed, the mountains bordering on North Carolina and Tennessee are full of copper, and will, no doubt, prove the best copper region of this country. Gold is probably plenty in these mountains, but it is far less important than coal, iron, copper, and zinc, all of which, with some and number of the best quality, may be found there in any quantity. Such a country as this ought to be converted to the use of men by labor, capital, and enterprise.

But what can be done in a country ground by a slave aristocracy? That country was settled before Ohio; but the whole State has not more than one-third the white people of Ohio! Nothing could be done, with all those vast, countless blessings of God—a free gift to man—while man himself degrades himself, and refuses his own inheritance. Some capitalists set to work at Ducktown, dug up great quantities of copper, and set the steam of history in motion; but, unluckily, they did not think that Slavery and rebellion were great virtues, and where are they? And where's Ducktown? The property is confiscated, the mines gone to ruin; and the laborers scattered.

If the future of peace ever returns to that unhappy country, there will be both a revolution and a renoval in Tennessee. It is a healthy, fertile, and rich country, and the labor of one white man is worth that of two negroes. The slaves are not so numerous but what they can be spared without inconvenience.—Probably half of them are free now, since one army occupies two-thirds of the State, and liberates as it goes. Tennessee, left to itself, will become a free State, and what it is, it will be one of the richest and most productive States in any part of the world. The mountains of the East will glow with manufacturing industry, the fields of the Middle West will whiten with grain, and the plains of the West will whiten with cotton. Loyal in heart, gallant in spirit, the land of Jackson will vindicate its right to stand among the most noble of States.—N. Y. Times. A VETERAN OBSERVER.

Somebody told Douglas Jerrold that George Robins, the auctioneer, was dead, "and of course," added the gentleman "his business will go the devil." "Oh, then he'll get it again," replied the wit.

GOOD EYESIGHT.—The lion and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was the best. The lion saw, on dark night, a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in pitch. So the horse won.

A French journal has arranged a marriage between Queen Victoria and her late husband's uncle, Ferdinand of Portugal. There is something decidedly Frenchy in the arrangement.

An eminent medical man has just discovered the true cause of a patient's sour disposition on one particular day. The poor creature so afflicted, had, it appears, early that morning turned in bed.

An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote to the secretary as follows:—Also enter me for the best jacks. I am sure of taking the premium.

A TRUE picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies only a few inches beyond his reach.

"Do you want your audience attentive?" said Dr. Bunmons; then give them something to attend to.

Rents are enormous, as the poor fellow said when he looked at his coat.

Flash talk.—Scientific discussions about lightning.

Censure is a tax which those who fill eminent positions must expect to pay.

The swell of the ocean is said to be a dandy midshipman.

ARTEMUS ON THE DRAFT.

ARTEMUS WARD (Mr. Chas. F. Browne) has issued the following circular:

As the undersigned has been led to fear that the law regulating the Draft was not wholly understood, notwithstanding the numerous explanatory circulars that have been issued from the national capital of late, he hereby issues a circular of his own I and, if he shall succeed in making this favorite measure more clear to a discerning public, he will feel that he has not lived in vain:

I. A young man who is drafted and inadvertently goes to Canada, where he becomes embroiled with a robust English party, who knocks him round so as to disable him for life, the same occurring in a licensed bar-room, on British soil, such young men cannot receive a pension on account of said injuries from the United States Government, nor can his heirs or creditors.

II. No drafted man, in going to the appointed rendezvous, will be permitted to go round by way of Canada on account of the roads being better that way, or because his "Uncle William" lives there.

III. Any gentleman living in Ireland, who was never in this country, is not liable to the draft, nor are our forefathers. This latter statement is made for the benefit of those enrolling officers who have acted on the supposition that the able-bodied male population of a place included dead gentlemen in the cemeteries.

IV. The term of enlistment is for three years, but any man who may have been drafted in two places has a right to go for six years, whether the war lasts that length of time or not—a right this Department will insist on.

V. The only sons of a poor widow, whose husband is in California, are not exempt, but the man who owns stock in the Vermont Central Railroad is. So, also, are incessant lunatics, habitual lecturers, persons who were born with wooden legs or false teeth, blind men, (unless they will acknowledge that they "can see it,") and people who deliberately elected for John Tyler.

VI. The only sons of a poor widow, whose husband is in California, are not exempt, but the man who owns stock in the Vermont Central Railroad is. So, also, are incessant lunatics, habitual lecturers, persons who were born with wooden legs or false teeth, blind men, (unless they will acknowledge that they "can see it,") and people who deliberately elected for John Tyler.

WOMAN A CIVILIZER.—If God were to take the sun, and moon, and stars out of the heavens, the chances of husbandry would be what, if God were to take woman out of life, would be the chances for refinement and civilization. Woman carries civilization in her heart. It springs from her. Her power and influence mark the civilization of any country. A man that lives in a community where he has the privilege of a woman's society, and is subject to woman's influence, is almost of necessity refined, more than he is aware of; and when men are removed from the general influence of virtuous womanhood, the very best degenerate, or feel the deprivation. There is something wanting in the air when you get west of the Allegheny mountains on a sultry day of summer. The air east of the mountain is supplied with a sort of pabulum from the salt water of the ocean, by which one is sustained in the sultriest days of mid-summer. Now, what this salt is to the air, that is woman's influence to the virtue of a community. You breathe it without knowing it. All you know is that you are made stronger and better.—And a man is not half a man unless woman helps him to be! One of the mischiefs of camp life is that women are removed from it. The men may not know what it is that lets them down to a lower state of feeling, or what that subtle influence was that kept them up to a higher state of refinement, but it is the absence of woman in the one case, and it was the presence of woman in the other. Woman is a light which God has set before man to show him which way to go, and blessed is he who has sense enough to follow it.

Experiments have shown that a man's finger nails grow their complete length in four months and a half. A man living seventy years, renews his nails one hundred and eighty-six times. Allowing each nail to be half an inch long, he has grown seven feet and nine inches of finger nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs, an aggregate of seventy-seven feet and six inches.

An Irishman, who was troubled with the toothache, determined to have an old offender extracted; but their being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself: whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, and then ran to get out of the way.

A Miss Joy was present at a party recently, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I should'n't like to be a Joy forever."

A man's wife often gives him all the moral strength he has. She is at once his rib and backbone.

"Good morning, Mr. Jenkins!—Where have you kept yourself this long time?"

"Kept myself! I don't keep myself—I board on credit!"

WHY is an orderly schoolmaster like a letter C? Because he makes lasses into classes.

We should never be afraid of expressing those sentiments which our experience prove to be true.

It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood, and that of his sweetheart, mingle in the same—mosquito.

He that accuses all mankind of corruption ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one.

The English Criticism on President Lincoln.

The following ably-written and interesting criticism on the character of President LINCOLN appeared in the Liverpool Post, of October 1. It will be seen that it was immediately suggested, or called forth, by Mr. LINCOLN'S letter to Mr. HACKETT, the celebrated actor:

Perhaps no leader in a great contest ever stood so little chance of being a subject of hero worship as Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States. That he was once a rail-splitter would be pardoned if it could be proved that he were now a "swell." But there is nothing of the swell about "Old Abe." Every visitor that goes to Washington has something disrespectful to say of his very long legs, and consequently very long pantaloons; of his shuffling figure; of his awkward speech, and doubly awkward silence; of his general untidiness in appearance and manners to mix in high society.

Those who only know him from his exertions in print conceive but a little better opinion of him. His grammar is decidedly self-taught and, perhaps, not quite remembered; his style is not at all; his arguments seem sometimes to have been written rather on the principle of Sanson, making sport for the Philistines, than as at all adapted to advance his cause; and some of his metaphors are voted decidedly below par by the crowd of arraigned pretenders to taste, who never admitted a saying that was not timed with vulgarity, and never said one that could be suspected of vigor or originality.

When the enemies of the North have nothing else to say they deride the President, and when they feel the point of his homely jokes, they bitterly denounce him as a sort of Nero fiddling away to a ribald tune, while the empire he rules is in flames of civil war. Scarcely any one has a good word to say for him; and even his own party in the States seem too ready to remain silent about his merits, and to base their defence of the administration on any grounds rather than confidence in his head.

Yet a worshipper of human heroes might possibly travel a great deal farther and fare much worse for an idol than in selecting this same lanky American—the personification of free-soil principles—the representative of the idea that slavery, without being forcibly interfered with, must not be allowed to spread itself over the North American continent—and the impersonation, also, of the victory of that idea—a victory, which, as it were, stands on the defensive against those who would turn it into a defeat. Absolute truth, stern resolution, clear insight, solemn faithfulness, courage that can't be dashed—these are qualities that can't be long way to make up a hero, whatever side the possessor of them may take in any lawful conflict. And it would not be easy to dispute Mr. Lincoln's claim to all these. He has never given up a good servant or a sound principle. He has never shut his eyes to facts, or remained in ignorance of them. He has never hesitated to do his work, or faltered in doing it. No resolution has remained in nabobs with him because it was a strong one. No measure has been adopted merely because "something must be done." The exigencies of a fanaticism, or have never betrayed him into fanaticism, and the sharp stings of satire have never drawn from him an exclamation of ill humor, or even an imprudent rejoinder.

Depend upon it, the whole history of the war proves that this quiet, unpretending, awkward man is on the whole a fitter subject for respect than ridicule even as a public man, leaving altogether aside the consideration—once a favorite one in England—that he has raised himself literally from nothing. But it is not from the history of the war that we draw to day an illustration of this conspicuous man's honest, generous, and thoughtful character. We derive it from what little private life he has had while he has been at the wheel—where he must have been a very lion—of the great American ship. Last winter or spring—Mr. Lincoln does not well remember which—he went to the theatre and saw Hackett, an excellent actor, as few even in England would be bold to do. "Sous le vent," Mr. Hackett sent the President a letter, with a complimentary note. But, having something more serious in hand, Mr. Lincoln omitted for some time to use the play after his own honor, and did not acknowledge the present. At length, however, in August the acknowledgment was sent. Now let us see in what terms Mr. Lincoln, the rough, uneducated, empty-minded President, as some think him, addressed the actor whose Falstaff, after delighting tens of thousands, had chanced to be played before him:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, August 17, 1863. My Dear Sir—Months ago, I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note, and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so. For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of "Falstaff" I ever saw was yours here last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read, while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any professional reader. Among the latter are Lear, Richard III, Henry VIII, Hamlet and especially Macbeth. I think none equals Macbeth. It is wonderful. Unlike your gentleman of the profession, I think the soliloquy in Hamlet, commencing "Oh my offence is rank," surpasses that commencing, "To be or not to be." But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of Richard III.

Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do please call, and let me make your personal acquaintance. Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

Now, to us this letter speaks for itself.

mont I had passed through the archway into the open air, and with two or three bounds reached the skiff. Unfortunately, by the ebbing of the tide, it was now high and dry upon the beach. I seized the stern with both hands and by a great effort of strength succeeded in launching it. But the time occupied in this manœuvre enabled the foremost of my pursuers to gain upon me. With his piece clubbed and elevated on high to deal me a powerful blow, he came on. But while he was yet a few yards distant I stooped and quickly unfastened the rope of the skiff from the stone to which it was tied. Lifting the heavy piece of rock, I suddenly rose upright and hauled it with all my force at the head of my pursuer.

"It struck him on the temple, and he dropped to the beach like a log. "The skiff was now drifting away from me, but I darted into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, soon succeeded in reaching it. I clambered into it, and then looked toward the beach.—Cavalrymen were drawn up in line, with their pieces pointed toward me.

"Fire," exclaimed a voice which I recognized as that of the lieutenant. Before the sharp report of the carbines rang out upon the air, I dropped quickly to the bottom of the skiff, and the storm of lead passed over me and flew hissing into the water beyond.

"I now sprang to my feet, and with a shout of defiance seized the only oar the boat contained, and adopting the sculling process, sent the light vessel shooting through the water like a rocket. Assisted by the tide, the skiff flew over the waters so rapidly that before the men could reload I was out of range.

"Half an hour afterwards I arrived safely in camp, and was just in time to take my place in the ranks, for, having heard the firing, and supposing that our picket was attacked, the officers had ordered the men under arms. A message from the front; however, must soon have convinced them that this was not the case; and the men were allowed to 'break ranks' and disperse to their quarters.

"Well, Com," continued my friend, "this isn't the end of the matter; for I saw Bill again at the battle of Big Bethel. You probably remembered that, during the fight a troop of rebel cavalry attempted to make a dash upon us, and were driven back?"

I answered in the affirmative, and my friend continued: "At the head of that troop rode Bill or more properly speaking, the rebel captain. I saw him as plainly as I now see you. But it was only for an instant.—He tumbled from his horse the next moment, with his head torn from his shoulders by a shot from one of our brass pieces. At his side rode a rebel, who upon seeing the captain fall, drew a pistol, aimed it at his own head and fired. The horse becoming unmanageable, galloped into our lines, dragging the rebel after him, the foot of the dead soldier having become entangled in the stirrups as he fell. As the steed dashed wildly about the field the rebel's foot became disengaged from the stirrup, and he fell to the earth a few yards from the spot where I was standing. His jacket had become disarranged and torn around the breast, revealing to my astonished gaze the beautiful but blood-stained bosom of a female. I advanced and looked down upon the corpse, closely scrutinizing the features. The face was familiar. Once seen it could never be forgotten. It was the face of the captain's mistress, the lovely quonoon!"

GIVE HIM A TRADE.—If education is the great buckler and shield of liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailling resource in life give your son, equal with a good education a honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample room for adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man; but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor chooses to exercise it. Let him feel, that honest labor crafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades—the real creator of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with. They, above all others, in whatever repute they have been held by their most fastidious followers, must work at the oar of human progress, or all is lost.—But few brown handed trade workers think of us, or appreciate the real power and position they compass. Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have.

A VOUCHER.—A man once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker. "Will he draw?" asked the buyer. "Thee will be pleased to see him draw, friend," answered Nehemiah. The bargain was closed, and the farmer tried his horse, but he would not stir. He returned: "The horse will not draw an inch." "I did not tell thee he would draw, friend," said the Quaker, "I only remarked thee would be pleased to see him draw, and so should I, but he never would gratify me in that respect."

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah," replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

Why is life the riddle of all riddles? Because we must all give it up.

Never do that in prosperity where, in adversity, you may repent in adversity.