

Poetical.  
From the Atlantic Monthly for January.  
The Planting of the Apple Tree.  
BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Down, let us plant the apple tree!  
Choose the tough groundward with the space;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mould in its tender care,  
And press it over them tenderly.  
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,  
We softly fold the cradle sheet:  
So plant we the apple-tree.

Miscellaneous.  
THE WRONG PICTURE.  
The full sunshine came pouring through  
the plate glass windows of the great  
photographic saloon, where Virginia  
Lynne had become very tired of waiting  
"just one minute" for her turn to face the  
camera. If the camera had been the  
young gentleman, it probably wouldn't  
have objected much to the process, as  
Virginia was not all disagreeable to look  
at—on the contrary, she was very, very  
pretty, with a clear, olive complexion,  
deepening to carmine on her round cheeks  
and large, blue-gray eyes just the color  
of violets, blossomed in the shade. Jet  
black hair, plainly brushed from her forehead  
and confined in one knot at the  
back of her neck, and a little red mouth,  
very saucy and somewhat haughty, also,  
in its curves.

# The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 64. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1864. NO. 2.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

after a short absence, he returned bearing  
the plate. "Only let me get one  
peep at it!"

"How delighted Raymond will be!"  
whispered one of the young suns to her  
sister, as she caught the baby in her  
arms, crushing her shining brown curls  
against his silky little head.

"Where shall I send the cards, ma'am?"  
asked the operator.

"To Captain May—Raymond May,  
Philadelphia. Just the address, please;  
no other word. We intend it for a  
birthday surprise to my brother."

"Very well, ma'am. Theodore!" as  
soon as the ladies had disappeared, "just  
write down that address, and tell the  
young lady below we are ready for her."

Virginia Lynne must have been hard  
indeed to please, had she been dissat-  
isfied with the face reflected in the mirror,  
as she took a last glance before leaving  
the saloon down stairs. A proud young  
beauty and a heart free as the wildest  
fawn upon the eastern hills.

"When can I have the picture?" she  
asked.

"In about five days, ma'am."

"No sooner? I leave town to-mor-  
row!"

"We can send it to you by mail,  
wherever you are, ma'am!"

She hurriedly wrote upon a card,  
"Miss Lynne, Philadelphia," and pushed  
it towards the man.

"This is my address; please send it  
as soon as possible!"

Captain May's sitting room in the  
great Philadelphia hotel was as snug a  
little den as man need wish for, with its  
carved marble mantle, bright patterned  
carpet, and luxurious sofas and lounging  
chairs, and Captain May himself, as he  
looked smiling up from the perusal of a  
heap of papers to greet the entrance of  
an old companion, was no unfair specimen  
of a handsome young officer.

"Well, Charley?"

"Well, May; upon my word, if you're  
not up to your ears in those old naviga-  
tion charts again. It's enough to make  
a lazy man ache to see you work!"

"It's time to work," said May, good  
humoredly. "I expect sailing orders in  
about a fortnight, and I shall be very  
glad when they come."

"Glad!" ejaculated Charles Monroe,  
throwing himself into a chair, and biting  
the end of one of his friend's quill-pens.

"May, you're a perfect problem to me  
—as uneasy on dry land as a fish. I  
can't understand it!"

"Perhaps you could," said May, calmly.  
"If you have no home ties—nothing to  
look forward to—nothing to make life  
pleasanter in one spot than another, since  
Minnie died—"

He stopped abruptly. Monroe leaned  
over with frank spontaneity to grasp his  
friend's hand.

"Pardon me, Raymond! I'm a stupid  
blundering fellow, I know, but I  
don't mean to hurt you by my careless  
words. Still, there is your child left  
you."

"Dear little Harry," said May, half  
smiling; "but a year old baby isn't  
much company for a man of thirty. You  
must admit. Besides he is far better off  
under the loving care of my sisters than  
he could be with me."

"True," said Monroe, twisting the  
quill round and round his finger: "Who's  
that looking? Letters, eh? Don't  
mind me; open your correspondence."  
May complied, tearing open the envelopes  
and glancing carelessly over their  
contents until he came to the last one;  
as his eye fell on it he uttered an exclamation  
of astonishment!

"What a beauty!" ejaculated Monroe,  
who, with the privileged impertinence of  
long established friendship, caught up  
the letter as it fell from Raymond's  
hands. "Well, I just like to know  
what this means!"

"Upon my word—upon my honor,  
Charley," ejaculated the astonished young  
man, "I never saw the face before! I  
cannot imagine who she is, nor how she  
came here!"

"Not a word! But the direction is  
certainly plain enough—'" Captain Ray-  
mond May, Philadelphia.

"Well, I can only recommend you to  
wait patiently, and I am sorry to see the  
question," said Monroe, rising. "Come, do  
look up for a moment from that entranc-  
ing photograph, and give a fellow a little  
attention—I want to know if you are go-  
ing to Mrs. Leaford's Saturday night?"

"Yes—no—I don't know. I haven't  
made up my mind."

"All right; I'll call for you at nine  
to-morrow."

Away went Monroe, leaving Raymond  
May still bending over the countenance  
which seemed to enchant him.

The exotics in Mrs. Leaford's bay win-  
dows were in full blossom and bright-  
ness; the fire which one or two days had  
rendered far from disagreeable, even in  
April, glowed cheerfully in the grate,  
and a half dozen young guests patron-  
ized by their pretty hostess and Mrs.  
Walter, from New York, were busy, some  
reading, some chatting, some engaged  
in the graceful mysteries of embroidery  
and crochets.

"By the way, where is Virginia?"  
asked Mrs. Leaford.

"She will be down presently," an-  
swered her sister; "she has took her let-  
ter up stairs to read."

That very instant Miss Lynne's light  
touch fell on the door knob, and she came  
into the room, looking prettier than ever,  
in a white Cashmere morning wrapper,  
relieved by the flutter of ribbons.

"Lizzy," she said, coming to her sis-  
ter's side, "I have had the strangest ad-  
venture this morning!"

"O, let me see it!" shrieked aunts  
and nurse in a confused treble chorus,  
crowding around the photographer, as

Message of Jeff. Davis.  
The Message of Jeff. Davis to the  
Confederate Congress was sent on the  
7th instant.

It is very desponding over the losses  
of the strong holds of Vicksburg, Port  
Hudson, and many other points.

It says there has been no improve-  
ment in our relations with foreign coun-  
tries since his Message last January. On  
the contrary, there is greater divergence  
in the conduct of European nations, as-  
suming a character positively unfriendly.

He adds: "The marked partiality of  
Great Britain in favor of our enemies is  
strongly evinced in their decisions re-  
garding the blockade, as well as in their  
marked difference of conduct on the sub-  
ject of the purchase of supplies by the  
two belligerents. This difference has  
been conspicuous since the commence-  
ment of the war."

He continues: "The public finances  
demand the strictest and most earnest at-  
tention. A prompt and efficient remedy  
for the present condition of the cur-  
rency is necessary to a successful per-  
formance of the operations of the Gov-  
ernment."

He recommends taxation instead of  
further sales of bonds or issues of Treas-  
ury notes, adding "that the holders of  
the currency now outstanding can only  
be protected by substituting for it some  
other security. The currency must be  
promptly reduced to prevent the presen-  
tly inflated prices reaching rates more ex-  
travagant."

He calls upon the people to come to  
the rescue of their country.

He recommends putting an end to the  
substitution business, and a modification of  
the exemption law, so that the armies in  
the field may be largely increased as rap-  
idly as possible.

He regrets the suspension of the ex-  
change of prisoners, and that communi-  
cations with Trans-Mississippi is ob-  
structed.

He concludes as follows:  
"The enemy refuse proposals for the  
only peace possible between us. The only  
hope for peace now is in the vigor of  
our resistance."

HOTEL LIFE IN REBELLION.—The  
Baylor House thus describes the adventures  
of its "Mike" in one of the "private"  
hotels "now so numerous in the South:

He says their goings and bellings make  
as much noise as if there was something on  
the table to call the waiter's attention,  
but when he gets there he sees nothing but  
empty plates. Presently waiters will be seen  
dispensing different articles of provender  
—pretty generally to the military gent-  
lemen with stars and bars on their collars  
—and when you ask them to give you  
"some of that what that feller's got," the  
waiter will look at you just as a faro deal-  
er does when he "takes down your pile"  
looks as if he had "chawed" you—and  
innocently says:

"That's private, sir!"

"Then you look around to see what  
else might suit your taste, and you see anoth-  
er chap with eggs. You think, 'Well,  
eggs are common enough, dear knows.'"  
"Well, give me some eggs, then."

"Dear's private, too, sir. Do german  
fatch 'em here, and we cook 'em for him."

"Give me some potatoes, then; I sub-  
stitute they're private," I said, loud enough  
to attract all the eyes around the table.

"Yes, massa, dem's private, too; but I  
git you some corn bread."

"Give me some of that butter, you  
black rascal," I said, aggravated, as, in-  
deed, it would make anybody feel who  
was paying eight dollars a day for board.

"Well, massa, 'clare, massa, dat's pri-  
vate, too! Here's some salt."

Spying another nigger, I motioned him  
to me, thinking I would slip a bribe into  
his fingers, and possibly get some of the  
private dishes. He came reluctantly, and  
as I extended my hand with a promise to  
pay in it, he stopped, and said, in a low  
tone:

"It's a private servant, massa."

This clapped the climax, and I deter-  
mined to finish my meal of corn dodgers  
and salt, and take the next train for a  
change.

At one of the agricultural fairs in this  
State, a thimble-rigging genius was ar-  
rested by the constables of the town, and  
taken before the justice of the peace for  
examination. The justice, desirous of  
understanding the ways of the world, re-  
quested the culprit to give him a sample  
of his skill. "The party," instantly pro-  
duced a leather strap, gave it a scientific  
whisk across the bench, and remarked:  
"You see, judge, the quarter under  
this strap?"

"What?" interrupted the dignified  
functionary, "do you mean to say that  
there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing!" said the justice.

"I'll give you a dollar on it!" said the  
prisoner.

"Agreed!" exclaimed the bench.

With accustomed adroitness the strap  
was withdrawn, when lo! there was the  
quarter.

"Well," said the astonished justice,  
"I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't  
seen it with my own eyes! There is your  
dollar; and you are fined five dollars for  
gambling contrary to the statute in such  
case made and provided."

The eloquent countenance of the dis-  
comfited gambler required no additional  
evidence to testify his appreciation of the  
sell.

UNDER THE LEAVES.  
Oft have I walked those woodland paths,  
Without the least foreboding,  
That underneath the withered leaves  
The first buds were growing.

Today the south wind sweeps away  
The types of autumn's splendor,  
And shows the sweet actual flowers—  
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O'er prophetic souls, with lips of bloom  
Outspringing in their beauty  
The purest dews of ocean shells—  
Ye teach me Faith and Duty.

With Love's divine foreboding,  
With Love's divine foreboding,  
That where man sees but withered leaves,  
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

Small Treasures.  
We are chiefly rich where we think  
ourselves poor. Money is a token of prop-  
erty itself. It is a power, too, but only  
in a certain direction, and to a certain ex-  
tent. Not the whole of our treasure is  
reckoned up with our money possessions.

If we have a faculty to be happy with  
small occasions, if we know how to enjoy  
little now, we are not and expense does  
not enter into the calculation, if we can  
go into the small nooks and corners of  
our lives and fill them up so that they  
shall overflow with our joy, we possess re-  
sources which abide forever; no tax-gath-  
erer can find them, for they are invisible,  
like the spirit itself. How many persons,  
now fretful and uneasy, would find life a  
round of endless delights if they could  
but earn how to cultivate all the little op-  
portunities, and improve all the occa-  
sions. When we were children, every  
day was a new existence to us, and it  
overflowed with its own pleasures; as we  
grew up and find out the world, we could  
be just as happy, even in the midst of all  
our worldliness, if we could become as  
children again. It costs little to make  
ourselves happy. An inexpensive pleasure  
brings a great deal more delight, for a  
long time afterwards, than the costliest  
which the purse is able to pay for.

ARTEMUS WARD TOASTETH THE LAN-  
DIES.—While attending a county fair re-  
cently, the omnipresent "moral showman"  
was a guest at a banquet, when he found  
occasion to drink a toast to the "phar-  
isees," which he reports:

"Ladies," sez I, turning to the beauteful  
female, whose presents was performing  
the fair grounds, "I hope you're enjoyin'  
yourself on this occasion, and the fam-  
ily in and in water, or weigh you air drink-  
in," may not so agoin you. May you air  
be as fair as the sun, as bright as the  
moon, and as beautiful as an army of Union  
flags—also plenty of good close to wear.

"To your sex—commonly kawled the  
pharisee—we are indebted for lumin'  
as well as many other blessings in these  
low grounds or sorrow. Some poor sper-  
rited fools blame your sex for the diffi-  
culty in the garden; but I know men are a  
desertful set, and when the apple had be-  
cum ripe, I hev no dowt Adam would  
hev rigged a cider press, and like as not  
went onto a big bust, 'n' been driven off  
anyway—Your 1st mother was a lady,  
and all her dawters is ditto, and none but  
a lord's case will set a word agin you—  
Hopin' that no wave of trouble may ever  
ride across your peaceful breasts, I kon-  
klude these remarks with the fullern'  
contentment: Woman—She is a good  
egg."

"Our acquaintance W—had a  
few years since, a female ancestor on the  
maternal side who although residing in  
the vicinity of Mobile for a life time had  
never yet been there. After repeated  
solicitations, however, she was induced  
to pay the family a visit. Her grand  
son, young W—, exhibited that peculiar  
faculty for pertrating 'practical jokes'  
which characterized him yet, persuaded  
the cook to place a large dish of boiled  
crabs before the old lady, well knowing  
that she had never before set her eyes  
on one. Upon seating herself at the table,  
the unusual dish attracted her atten-  
tion. Carefully drawing her spectacles  
from her case, she adjusted them firmly  
on her nose, and took a long stare at the  
singular looking "edibles;" at last seiz-  
ing a fork, she made a desperate thrust  
at one of them, exclaiming with a long  
breath—

"Heavens and yearth, who ever seen  
such spiders before!"

A gentleman was going out, one day,  
in his carriage, to call with his wife,  
when he discovered that he had left his  
visiting cards. He ordered his footman,  
who had recently come into his service,  
to go to the mantelpiece in the sitting-  
room, and bring the cards he should see  
there. The servant did as he was or-  
dered, retaining the articles to be used  
as directed, and off started the gentle-  
man, sending in the footman with cards  
wherever the "not at home" occurred.

As these were very numerous, he turned  
to the servant with the question, "How  
many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman very in-  
nocently, "there's the king of spades,  
the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs."

"The deuce!" exclaimed his master.

"That's gone," said John.

Crazy as George the Third was said to  
have been, there was evidently a method in  
his madness at times. Speaking to Arch-  
bishop Sutton of his large family, he used  
the expression, "I believe your grace has  
better than a dozen?" "No, sir," replied  
the archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," re-  
joined the king, "is not that better than a  
dozen?"

A drunken man made a speech from  
the window of Major Gen.—, the other  
evening in Washington announcing  
the important statistical fact that he was  
"five drinks ahead of anybody in the  
room."

A CHERFUL HEART.—I once heard  
a young lady say to an individual, "Your  
countenance gladdens me with a cheerful  
look." A merry or cheerful counte-  
nance was one of the things which Je-  
remy Taylor said his enemies and perse-  
cutors could not take away from him.—  
There are some persons who spend their  
lives as if shut up in a dungeon. Every-  
thing is made gloomy and forbidding.—  
They go mourning and complaining from  
day to day that they have so little, and  
are constantly anxious lest what little  
they have should escape out of their  
hands. They look always upon the dark  
side, and can never enjoy the good that  
is present for the evil that is to come.—  
That is not religion. Religion maketh  
the heart cheerful, and when its large and  
benevolent principles are exercised, men  
will be happy in spite of themselves.—  
The industrious bee does not complain  
that there are so many poisonous flowers  
and thorny branches in his road, but  
buzzes on, selecting the honey where he  
can find it, and passes quietly by the  
places where it is not. There is enough  
in this world to complain about and find  
fault with, if men have the disposition.

We often travel on a hard and uneven  
road, but with a cheerful spirit we may  
walk therein with comfort, and come to  
the end of our journey in peace.

HOW TO PREVENT WET FEET.—A  
writer in the *Mechanics Magazine* says:  
"I have had three pairs of boots for  
the last six years, and I think I shall  
not require any more for the next six years  
to come. The reason is that I treat  
them in the following manner: I put a  
pound each of tallow and resin in a pot  
on the fire; when melted and mixed, I  
warm the boots and apply it hot with a  
painter's brush until neither the sole nor  
the leather will soak any more. If it is  
desired that the boots should immedi-  
ately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of  
wax in a teaspoonful of lampblack. A  
day or two after the boots have been  
treated with the tallow and resin, rub  
over them this wax and turpentine, but  
not before the fire. Thus the exterior  
will have a coat of wax alone and shine  
like a mirror. Tallow or grease becomes  
rancid, and rots the stitching and leather;  
but the resin gives it an antiseptic quali-  
ty, which preserves the whole. Boots  
and shoes should be so large as to admit  
of wearing cork soles. Cork is so bad a  
conductor of heat that with it in the boot  
the feet are always warm on the coldest  
stone floor."

A SURE ROAD TO A COMPETENCY.—  
Not one man in five hundred will make a  
fortune. But a competency and an inde-  
pendent position is within the reach of  
most men. This is obtained most surely  
by patient industry and economy. "If a  
man has ordinary talents and ability, in  
any profession or trade he can, by pur-  
suing an economical prosering course be  
pretty sure of finally obtaining an inde-  
pendent position in life. Let his expen-  
ses fall below his income. Let him live  
cheap, very cheap if necessary; but let  
him be sure and make his income more  
than cover his expenses, it can be done  
in almost all cases, notwithstanding the  
positive denial of ever so many house-  
keepers. A man may not have more  
than two or three hundred dollars a year,  
and may have a family as large as that of  
John Rodgers, and he can find a way to  
live comfortably, and lay up something in  
the bargain. There is much, may all in  
knowing how the thing is done. And  
that is the thing people who are going to  
make money have got to learn.

It is wonderful how few real wants we  
have, and how little it takes to give gen-  
uine happiness. If we could get rid of  
our artificial, senseless and expensive way  
of living, we should find ourselves better  
off in purse, in prospects and in heart.—  
Let any one who has any ambition to go  
ahead in life, try the experiment this  
year, and see how much there is in econ-  
omy. Make your expenses less than your  
income, and see how much you will have  
gained not only in money, but in feeling  
that you are in the condition which the  
Yankees denominated "forehanded."—  
Try it.

INFALLIBLE REMEDIES.—We have no  
faith in quack medicines, but think it is  
always best when sick to apply to a regu-  
lar physician. There are, however, some  
simple remedies for certain disorders,  
which we can recommend as infallible:

For sea sickness—stay at home.  
For drunkenness—drink cold water.  
For accidents—keep out of danger.  
For fear of sheriffs—pay your debts.  
To be happy—be honest.  
To please all—mind your own business.  
To make money—advertise.  
To make a clear conscience—keep the  
commandments.  
To keep posted up—take the *Herald*.  
To prevent stammering—speak nothing  
but the truth.  
To sleep well—be industrious.  
To have your memory blessed—pay the  
printer.

Not long since the keeper of a la-  
ger beer saloon was arrested upon a charge  
of selling intoxicating liquor without li-  
cense, when he attempted to prove that  
the Teutonic beverage was not an intoxicat-  
ing drink.

A number of witnesses who had amply  
tested its qualities, were called one after  
another, until finally an old German named  
W—, to keep the stand, and the question  
was asked him,

"Do you consider lager beer intoxica-  
ting?"

"Well," replied W—, "as for dat I  
can't say, I drink fackly or seaxty glass-  
es a day, and it never hurth me, plus I  
don't know how it would be if a man wash  
to make a hog of himself!

Mr. Popp, of Poppville in Popp  
county, fancying himself to be very popu-  
lar with his lady love, popped the ques-  
tion under a poplar tree, when she reformed  
him to her poppy, who, when asked for  
his consent, laboring under the influence  
of ginger pop, popped Popp out of the  
door to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weas-  
el."

"My Party, sir, will not lie in idlo-  
ness," said a politician. "Very true, sir,"  
retorted his opponent. "Your party is  
neither chargeable with lying in idleness  
nor idleness in lying."

Why is an orange like a church  
steeples? Because we have a peel from it.

NEW USE OF CRIMOLINE.—The Do-  
troit ladies put their old principles to good  
use. They suspended them by a pole run-  
ning through the centre, thus forming a  
circular trellis, around which cypress vines  
and morning glories clamber in the wild-  
est luxuriance.