| 算vatical. <br> ATTLE HYMN OF THE RE- PUBLIC. <br> PUBLIC. <br> agos have seon the glory of the coming of then <br> Lord; trampling out the viatage whero the grapes <br> Wrath are stored; <br> swife sword; His truth |  |  |  |  | , | I give no undue license, but make ing orows feel that they have a friend mind crowe feol that they have a friend gund superior in the same person. For nine years I have sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me aave for an offioor's birth. And Jaok Withers remained with me thirteen yuars. He was my oabin boy; oue of my 'fore mast hands; my Booind mate ; and the last time he yalled with nue, he rofused the command of riem |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | CARLISLĖ, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1864. |  |  | N0. 13. |  |
|  | A. K. Reterm, Editor \& Pr |  |  |  | withn the year. |  |
|  | blood | mad sao worries mother comes in |  |  |  | Married, sometime about the year 18 56, by his Satanic Majesty, Mr. Copper- |
| Thayo read a fiory goapol writ io stol: |  | try to get angthi | the very image of his father; und there |  | passed away, and when evening oume a | head Democracy and Miss Rattlesmako Slavery, both of the United States. |
|  |  | to iodo and ol 1 give it ip Now, it Mant to |  |  |  |  |
| Let tho hero, born of moman, crush hls heol. $\quad$ Since God is marching on." |  |  |  |  |  | ot |
|  |  |  |  |  | + |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Copperhead Democracy. <br> This unsiyhtly child, born siz months |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | $\xrightarrow[\substack{\text { how } \\ \text { coun }}]{ }$ | doesn't sleep for a wiok beforehand, getting ready for it, and for a week after, | the old, cracked, rickery furniture a n.iyhboring aucticu-shop could afford, |  | saw a space where Jack mighi easily have gone down, and to this point I ctawled |  |
|  |  | getting things put away; and then she tells me, that, in Soplice's dulicule state |  |  | on my hands and knees. I called out | EECOND BORN. |
| 'With a glory in IIts Bosom that transfigures you and ma; |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Af He diad to make men holy, lot us die to make men free, Whillo God is marching on. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| mekeeping <br>  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| teep a house, but there are but few |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| but it is a thing that may lies-in-the region of the |  |  |  | from his widuwed mother aud bed prow. |  | pathetic fits." |
| region |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { fiee } \\ & \text { fieg } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| but spiritual, |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| (1remember in iny biteteler |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| to: |  |  |  |  |  | The fatajity which has attended thene |
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| that baichelere friends would. How could |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | mulant halsurds till he oould hardly |  | ple will rejuice and cry Amen at the extinction of the whole raze. |
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| he sprang cheerily yop the teters sid und un |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| ed |  | t |  |  |  |  |
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|  | Uidings tait have to be kept in lavenuser, |  | ins, |  |  |  |
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|  | Lheres's Aunt | fold up the prpers and puts book on | nuy |  |  |  |
|  |  | / | and Siun woid be bi |  |  |  |
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|  | $\mathrm{I}^{1}$, " |  |  | "Hluw's that?" said I <br> "There's a litte more life in me, you'd |  |  |
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| phie's governor furnishes tho house, and |  |  |  | ken of It then hirust himud down, und | tho ersh, ,ndt then called for forlp But |  |
| you see. Hessrs. Cartain and Collamore |  | cely |  |  |  |  |
| mol | ${ }^{\text {the }}$ |  |  |  | voios. |  |
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