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VOL. 64.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1864.

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Moetical.

[For the Baltimore American.] MARYLAND REDEEMED.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

Turrah | hurrah ! let joyous shouts resound deafening peal, Till hills and rocks shall to the sea;

How sux lously we listened for the sovereign While doubtful murmurs filled For, hark | it tells, like silver bells, "Our

land is tree!

own Allegheny's mountain heights, up From every dash From Washington's green, lovely hills, and e'en the flowery lea,

A mighty shout comes pealing out. "Let Maryland he fortile farms of Frederick in noble chorus join, with Baltimore and Cocil too, and little Caroline; And with them in the City, ten thousand men agree 'Let Rebels fig: t with rage and spite, Our Marylan For many armed citizens when dreadful carr

ed, Still thought upon their native State and the that on her laid and hands that many a bullet sped against the Reb The ballots gave that lossed the slave and Marylau

three weeks he might be expected in Dieppe | She advances, swiftly making her way tobondsman's sighdays gone by.

With deeper

And you, ye erring ones, O! et joyful p

off our eyes ray Peace and Union, Truth and Right, man And millions say,

Alliscellaneons.

MAD ANNETTE. Most persons have paused for an hour or wo on the road between Paris and London to lounge round the quaint old sea-port town of Dieppe. We, at least, did give so much time to the port as was necessary to note Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Pro- these its peculiarities before wending our onward way to Phris : and we did even mor than this. Securing the guidance of a grayatmosphere containing as much dust as oxygen to the topmost platform of the roof. their blue and red clothes, were burrying hither and thither over the place, and filling the clear fresh morning air with their chaffering cries. From a thicket of black masts and cordage rese the chimneys of the packet which sea spread blue and placid till it was up and down the beach and the port for waves had crawled over her, she was all wet seen the Virgin. "Yes, my lord; I assure lost in the curve of the earth. The tall whether I wore the colors of the Bearnais or them give him time; she trusted him. of Mayenne-no light matter when to wear the wrong ones was death. But the cicerone recalled me from the past by calling attention to a pick-and-span new house, in a quarter where bright red walls and green shutters were more frequent than the older yellow plaster, and exclaiming, with civic exultation, "See there the house of the Prefect!" my companions, "down there between the

> "Ah! it is mad Annette that you regard down there, monsieur. Yes, she is truly droll; but it is sad, it is very sad that, if monsieur knew the history." "A story! By all means; out with it, old

Cockywax !"

"Comment. monsieur ?" "Jack, don't be absurd. If you would ave the obligingness to recount the story it would give us much pleasure to hear." "But below, monsieur means to say, with-

out doubt.'' But we all agreed that we were very well off where we were. The sun was not too hot: we were out of the immediate influence of the smells: each had a preparation of to bacco to consume. So, one sitting on the top | I am about to describe. Along to the west, step of the stairs, another on a perilous piece down there, the beach is shelving shingle of balustrade, and a third on the ancient lead, and slip y masses of chalk under the cliffs. our guide began his story of the mad woman. At low-tide long tracks of rock are discov-I can not pretend to repeat it with half the ered stretching out to sea, divided in all divividness of the original narrator. It must rections by wide, ragged fissures. Very lose much in translation; more from want of green and very slippery are those tracks of accent and gesticulation. The old man was rock. One day I had occasion to go a little it.

really no mean "conteur." As we had seen, the poor mad woman was not at all dangerous; she never did any beach. It was a bleak day in December; should not be allowed the liberty she had. steadily and briskly to keep out the cold. She had a friend-the husband, indeed, of her sister-who was very good to her, and headlands of the cliff? What but Annette Annette may yet be healed." gave her a home and food and clothing. And Pochon wandering on like a woman in a mancy were ready to help her, for they knew | dream! Quite slowly, as if she cared nothing her sad story. But how did she become mad? Yes, that is the important part of the tale. Twenty years ago she was not mad at all: she was the prettiest, merriest, brightest girl in all Dieppe. And as old Pochon, her father, was one of the most flourishing fishermen in all the Quartier de Pollet, it was hardly necessary to say that Annette and her sister Marie were very popular with all the lads, and were much envied by all those damsels whose eyes were less bright, whose skin was less clear, and whose ear-rings were less massive. Marie was soon disposed of to wretched." the worthy Pierre, who had a shop in the

am sorry to say, was an Englishman. This on my left hand, I thought on a sudden of Carreterre was huge of body and strong of Annette. Is she there still? I said to mylimb; and on the occasion of the periodical self. She will be terribly frozen. She visits of the brig in which he served to will be terribly frozen. She should be kept Dieppe, made great havoc among the hearts at home: she should not be allowed to go of the fisherwomen. At last he paid peculi- out. I must speak to old Pochon. Now I ar and special attentions to Annette Pochon, will mount the edge of the cliff, and see if and met with nothing like a rebuff. The she is still on the shore. It was just about old guide could well remember how he had here that she was, when I passed below two seen the pair strolling on the beach—he big | hours ago. I turned quickly from the road, and burly, with light-brown hair knotted on messieurs, and in a moment I was on the his round head in thick close-cropped curls, brink, with the great shelving chalk cliff at and brown shiny skin, towering above the my feet. The tide had now quite gone down. smaller race of Frenchmen: she, with little and the surf seemed a long way from me. trim figure, fresh and clean in blue woolen Green rocks, and sand, and pools stretched skirt and starched cap, with great black away for many, many yards. Was Annette eyes that were always meeting the gray there? Yes, sitting on a white fragment of nes of the perfidious Briton and never said | cliff below me. So I stood watching the fair anything but "I trust you." He also re- prospect and the sea stretching out as we see embered how once, when Carter's ship was it now; then it was dark and troubled, and xpected in the port, Annette would watch | white waves broke on the furthest ledges of on the quay for hours; and how, when the rock. As I gaze down at Annette, sudden good brig was really within a few yards of ly she rises: she springs forward with a loud and, and but for some almost miraculous cry of delight, runs rapidly across the highnishap would in a few moments be safely est bank of shingle and sand, and waits an noored in still water, she ran to her home, and hid herself in the inner room in maiden she see? Mythoughts jump directly to the obbashfulness. And now Carter was mate of the ject of her desire. Is there any sign of the brig, and gave his word that when he should | coming husband? Is there a craft in sight next come to Deippe he must return with that the girl recognizes? Nothing. Two Annette as his wife to his own land, and or three fishing-boats close in shore—boats that she should be taken to see his mother that I know well-no boats that have come and his home, as well as the wonders of from England. Nobody on the shore, and London, and that then the locality of their nothing at sea. If Annette sees anything it uture abode might be decided upon. In is in imagination. My eyes are fixed on her.

Old Pochon affirmed, quite confidently, That is a man in whom we may put our rust : that face can not be the face of a liar. He says, "Annette, do you love me with all hidden in a pool. She has fallen. No; she your heart?" She says, "Robert, what is rushing on again. She has reached the shall I do to prove my love." "When I | tall rock. With hands and knees she clambome to fetch you, shall you be very happy, and shall you be ready to come to me directy ?" " When you come to fetch me, whenever it may be, I will spring forward to meet you, and no one shall ever make me distrust

If her own father had confidence, what vailed the fears of the neighbors? The old guide had never liked that Carreterre, but steps from rock to rock; sometimes falling; what was he but a grumbler! Things must take their course without interference. And, n truth, nobody had any thing very valid to rge against the match. It is not difficult to imagine the excited | Should I have tried to get down? By the

ward to the expiration of the allotted period. looking-I could not take my eyes off. Beletters passed between the parties; indeed it the shore, with an almost straight course was improbable that either of them could along the top, so that were the last rock write. At the end of the third week the meets the advancing tide there is a fall of collier by which Carter was to have traveled some height. She runs-runs; she is as a passenger appeared in the port, but no close to the sea; she will stop? No! She Carter was on board: nor had the collier's falls: I see her no more. She will be hurt skipper had any dealings with any man an- by the fall. The tide will mount, and she woring-to the faithless mate's description. can not move: she will be drowned! low that she was in the least degree doubtful. I was far on my way to the nearest path that I up many foot-scooped steps, and through an Of course he would come; of course some knew from the cliff to the shore. I ran ple of life as not worth a moment's purchase, way that all her friends grew seriously cut, from which the red blood trickled out Hains, and questioned him as to the truth of frightened for her health. She would stay into the sand; and twice or thrice the harsh his conversion, and whether he had really hours and hours together, always declaring and cold. Ab, messions, it was sad, sad, you it is a fact." "How was it, pray?" cones of the eastle seemed to belong to ant that she was looking for her Robert—always sad! What could I do? Was she drowned?

So two months went by. And though, lover's return she was then already crazed, than one of fresh and unhealed grief-a state tions. "Poor girl!" said the neighbors; "And look there, Martin," cried one of and very impossibly, only saying. "I know trees in that sort of close. There's that him I shall go to him." And of course sounding sea she walked, waiting for the am coming-I am coming." So she went on, vainly-expected summons of her lover.

Up to this time she could not be said to be thing else. mad: she was only very sorrowful and very fond of solitude But now came the re markable part of the story.

"Messieurs probably know the environs of Dieppe?" said the narrator.

"Never in the place till last night." yourselves the appearance of the coast which journey in that direction, and, as the tide would serve, I determined to go along the What did I see as I turned round one of the good God will punish him. And perhaps

for the cold wind." "Good-day, Mademoiselle Annette. It very cold down here by the sea, is it not?" "'I am not cold, Monsieur Godin."

" For I call myself Godin, messieurs. And she smiled such a sad smile." "'What does mademoiselle seek norning on the cold beach?" "Monsieur," I have a rendezvous

a friend." " Poor girl! I thought; your friend will never come; and you will be very cold and

"When my affairs were finished, now, I town, and who was still the generous main- said, I will return along the road on the top thiner of his afflicted sister. But Annette, of the cliff; that beach is too damp and much to the confusion of all the sturdy slippery; so I set off briskly again. Ah, Dieppois, showed no fayor to any one of messieurs! I could walk then as I can not them. Not that she was inclined to celiba- walk now. But, as I have had the honor to cy. There was a certain Bobbe Carreterre tell you, it is nearly twenty years ago. As (it is all but impossible to suggest the man- I was going along the road, with the rising something or other in something in somener of the enunciation of this name,) who, I ground that ended soon in the cliff edge, thing of that sort, you know."

As children of Thy gracious care, We well the eye—we bend the knee— With broken words of praise and prayer, Pather and God, we come to Thee. For thou hast heard, O God of right! The sighing of the hapless slave;. And swells from all our country's coasts The mathem of the free to heaven.

instant where the rocks begin. What does

ward a tall rock on her right hand. She is

ers to the summit, throws her arms wide

ing-nothing but air. She starts again-

As with Thy cloud and fire before But unto Tags in fear and dread, Joe. Haines the Actor.

The noted Joe. Haines died in 1701. agile and sure-footed. She steps over the chasms between the rocks. She stands poised for a moment on a weedy ledge; she is half open, gives a loud shriek, and clasps-nothstarts off to the left, messieurs, looking no bigger than the men and women you see in up, now down; sometimes splashing the on again in a moment. Soon she stands still again, once more opens her arms, gives another loud cry of disappointment, and

unhappy gentleman t were not sanguine, but she would permit no had fallen. Ah! it was sad to see. Annette ing story of him: In James the Second's and Annette moved and spoke and looked matted round her beautiful face; and one of convert, and gave out that the Virgin had Potomachas always fought. Patience, then, in such a miserable, apathetic, lack-lustre her little brown feet a shell had made a cruel appeared to him. Lord Sunderland sent for till we have the end of this present waiting.

than four months had gone by. Annette's thee. Thou art come now to fetch me, and are duller than might have been expected .monument to his memory. messieurs: and never since has she said any-

"I went back to Dieppe; I informed the old Pochon. For weeks Annette lay in a of doing anything acquired by the frequent fever at old mother Callot's; for weeks rav- repetition of the same action. Habits are ing (always on the same subject,) for weeks generally formed in childhood and youth, more too weak to walk. Since that day she and may be either good or bad. When I see children unmannerly and has been quite silly. She never seems to "Ah, truly. But you can imagine to know any one, or to care for anything, ex- rude, I am quite sure that they will lack cest once. Yes, once she did seem to have manners when they become older. Their some feeling of real things: that was when bad habits will not leave them when they her dead baby was taken away from her. Then she wept for a little time, messieurs." And two big round tears rolled down the old man's wrinkled cheeks as he spoke.

"What a threnody!" cried Jack; though don't believe he had understood half of

man Carter?" see him. I will—but what am I, Sir? The in manhood.

Annette was at the porch again. Looking out on the merry world with mechanical, meaningless smile, she was habit, and by and by they become inveterate seated on a rude stool under the shadow of the church wall. The old guide touched her hand and said, "Good-day, Annette!" No a sip of liquor by their parents of friends. greeting came in reply, The smile remain- Soon they get a relish for strong drink, ed, but did not change. As we turned away which lays the foundation of a habit, bea little lad of some half-dozen years, evidently full of importance at " minding" the poor fill a drunkard's grave! lunatic, came running up, and cried, " Come.

niv aunt, it is necessary that thou return : my mother awaits von. The little hand was suffered to close round while they cannot tell truth from falsehood, the long thin fingers, and to lead away an unresisting and impassible charge. We settled our hotel bill, drove to the sta-

tion, and sank cozily on the comfortable cushions of the railfond running southward. About three miles out of Dippie Jack broke a long and meditative silence with a end their days in prison! remark: "Do you know, you fellows, I believe that sort of thing generally ends in

"THE ARM OF MIGHT." BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O Holy Father! Just and true
Are all Thy, works and words and ways,
And unto Thee slone are due nksgiving and oternal praiset

And stretched for him " THE ARM OF MIGHT. Not shortened that it could not save. Speed on this work; Lord God of Hosts! When the bondsman's chain is riven.

O, not to those whom Theu hast led,

was a strange compound of opposition. A buffoon, swindler, scholar, linguist, mountebank, fortune-teller, A. M. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a comic actor of great humor, with an irresistible pushing facetiousness, which introduced him not only to the acquaintance, but the familiarity of persons of the first rank. He contrived to get himself employed on the staff of two distinguished statesmen, Sir Joseph Willamson and the Duke of Buckingham, but his constitutional impudence and laxity of speech marred his promotion in diplomacy. He passed himself off in France for a count, and became a general favorite in society for a time, from his fluency in the language and incomparabledancing. Through life he was up and down a pauper or a spendthrift, rolling in ephemeral wealth or without a penny in his pocket. His great fortescems to have been in speaking prologues and epilogues, particularly those written by himself. But he was ever a licentious dog, loose in morals the place down below. I see her, and now and without religion. Once he played off a was danger of misleading our readers, who practical joke on a parson, by pretending to are accustomed to place a great deal of conwater from some rock basin-taking long appoint him chaplain to the players, which fidence in such deductions as we may think led to some unseemly equivoques. The par- it safe to make. We counsel now the ut-

son happened to have a son, a member of the most calmness and patience. The overland thrasonical family, a talking bully, and, of route to Richmond is one of immense difficourse, a coward; but he avowed publicly to culty, one which we have been assured, on atmosphere was now looked for, and there harries off, this time time direct to the sea. avenge the trick put upon his father. Ac- high military authorty, would always be cordingly, he watched Joe from rehearsal found hazardous and costly. General Grant, the giant, who was now become a pet among agerness with which Annette looked for- cliff before me, impossible with life. I stood one day, and swaggering up, desired him to doubtless, counted the cost before he underdraw. Joe demanded to know why, and took it, and has already intimated his deterward to the expiration of the anotted period. Tooking—I could not take my cyes on. BeNever was there a more joyous bride. No fore Annette now a ridge of rock rises out of they adjourned to a tavern that he might be mination to adhere to the line, if it takes all ment to the interests hitherto felt. The gun* told. Joe, receiving the information, con-summer. Certainly the people may take had now in a full charge of one hundred sented at once, but said, "I am a religious example from the patient tonacity of pur- pounds of powder and a 1,080 pound ball. man, and must have five minutes to say my pose thus indicated. We may have imme- At length it was loaded, and it was anprayers." He then retired to the next room, diate results from a renewal of the battles, or | nounced that the fuse was about to be fired. and in a loudstone, distinctly heard by his | we may have no results for some time to | Every one rushed out of the way, and many challenger, expressed his repentance for come. We may hear of the most brilliant took shelter behind the redoubts of the fort. Killing seventeen persons in duels, and con-success, or we may hear of reverses. Let no The fuse bissed and flumed, but while all cluded by asking forgiveness for being man be ashauned to reserve his judgment in waited breathlessly for the flashit only turnunforseen hindrance had kept him from as fast as Annette. In five minutes I was ran down stairs, and left Joe to pay the we have an Administration that has evinced coming as he had proposed. Her friends down and on the rock whence the poor girl reckoning. Quinn told Garrick the follow- great anxiety in the selection of Generals to low the tower market men and women, in questioning. A week went by: Annette was lying in the moist sand, quite still, time, when Romanism was a sure road to sion; our soldiers have already fought heroibegan to look a little sad. Another week: as one who is dead, the height of a man beblue lines rose round her dark eyes. A third: low me. And her long black hair was all rank and more weight, professed himself a doubts they will fight as the Army of the you to think that the greatest gun known to

Habits. Habit is the effect of custom; the power

become men and women. "O the dreadful

Some very small boys begin to take a whiff at the pipe, or a chew of tobacco, just because they see their father or some other person smoke or chew. They soon form a

tobacco users. Others, when quite young, are treated to come confirmed drinkards, and finally they

Some children relate an anecdote or a story that they have heard with a little variation: they stretch the truth a little; until after s and more often utter the latter than the for

Some commence the habit of stealing by

taking little things from their parents or

playmates, and they go on step by step. taking still greater things, until at last they Those who commence in early life to spend the precious Subbat in idleness or play, in stend of attending the Sabbath-school or go-

ing to the house of Godo are generally vicous and unhappy, and good people shut

Before commencing any practic or habit however triffing it may appear, consider carefully what it may lead to; for important consequences flow from trifling beginnings. Strive to form good habits, to store your industrious, temperate, truthful, studious, life, for that is the only sure way to escape. them when you become old.

PATIENCE. There was never more need of patience than now. The American people are passing through a fearful trial, a trial of suffering and blood. It is by no means easy to wait, doing mean while the calm routine duty of citizen life. Yet that duty is all important, and has its place in the grand sum of ter to fear bad results and hear good news, than to expect good results and hear bad news. We should always be taught to guard against the worst contingency. It is safer to hesitate before receiving as true either very good or very bad news. During the past two weeks they have been wisest and the most true patriots who have waited in profound anxiety, neither unduly depressed nor elated, weighing carefully the intelligence as it came, and sifting the small amount of

truth out of the large amount of words and falsehood which have come to us. We have made no attempts to analyze the news, for such attempts were vain, and there exion of the news, and let all possess their souls in patience. We have raised a grand army suit their views of the necessity of the occa-

LIITLE THINGS. B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, is the author of some of the most exquisite arti-"Why, as I lay in bed the Virgin appeared | cles that run through the papers now-a-days. other age, and made me think for a moment quite sure that he would come-only let Ldo not know. I lifted her up: I carried to me, and said, Arise Joe." "You lie, you Read the morsel below and say if as beautiher in my arms, poor child I about a half a rogue," exclaimed the Earl; hif it had re- ful pictures cannot be made with the pen as mile to a cottage in the hollow were the cliff ally been the Vir in herself, she would have with the brush. Everything is beautiful indeed, on the one subject of her faithless sinks down. I tried to run; indeed I made the said Joseph, if it had only been out of respect when it is little, he says—little souls, little best haste I could, messicurs. Might nother to her husband." Haines, upon his re-ad- pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kitno one regarded her state as being worse life depend upon my speed? Under the re- mission to the theatre, after his return from tens, little children. Little martin-boxes of medies known to the good women of the the Church of Rome, acted "Bayes," and homes are generally the most happy and remediable by lapse of time and new associa- house the patient gradually recovered. spoke his recantation prologue in a white easy: little villages are nearer to being atoms Warinth and life came back together. Then sheet, with a burning taper in his hand. — of a shattered paradise than anything we and Annette received their pity very kindly I was very thankful, for I yearned over that The prologue is printed in Tom Brown's know of; little fortunes bring the most conpoor motherless, miserable child. She came works. Among Tom Brown's "Letters tent, and little hopes the least disappoint- ing a little at the mouth, the smoke of the he will come to fetch me; and when I see to herself: but no, I can not say that—she from the Dead to the Living" are three long ment. Little words are the sweetest to hear; has never since come to herself. But she ones upon Joe Haines to his friends at Wells' little charities fly farthest, and stay longest | He had consented to roll bimself back five crazy woman who was at the porch when we Carter never came: he was never seen lived, and she began to mutter in a low, or heard of at Dieppe again. And now more plaintive voice, "Yes, my well-loved, I see tain little or no theatrical information, and hearts the fullest, and little farms the best The gun was now tested. The range is to wanderings became longer and more dreamy. I go to thee without a moment's delay. Stay Joe Haines was buried in that favorite the- little songs the dearest loved. And when naper elevation, and with one hundred and Nothing done by her father or her friends | fer me, my darling! I am close to thee. atrical necropolis, the church-yard of St. | ture would make anything especially rare availed to break her sorrowful stupor. Back- What! thou art farther off? Only wait Paul's Covent Garden, but we never heard and beautiful, she makes it little-little pearls, ward and forward on the shore of the much- and I will reach thee. Thou beckonest; I that any of his aristocratic friends erected a little diamonds, little dews. Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is for little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said: Veni, Vidi, Vici-I came, saw, conquered; but dispatches now-a-days are longer than they tell of. Everbody calls that little they love the best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his wife, and we funcied she must be a perfect bijou of a wife. We saw her; she weighed two hundred and ten pounds; we were surprised .--But then it was no joke; the man meant it. power of habit!" exclaimed a professing | He could put his wife into his heart, and have Christian, bursting into tears, and confessing | room for other things besides; and what was his sin. In an unguarded moment he had she but precious, and what could she be but uttered an oath. "I began to swear when a little. We rather doubt the stories of the child," he continued, "and I kept on swear- | great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, ing until the grace of God arrested me; and | because Nature deals in little, almost altonow, even now, this wicked habit steals upon gether. Life is made up of little; death is me when I am not thinking." Swearers in what remains of them all. Day is made up "Never have I seen him since, Sir. He childhood and youth-and I am sorry to say of little beams, and night is glorious with litharm. There was no reason at all why she the sky was very black, and I had to walk was not likely to come to Dieppe. If I do there are many-make the violent swearers the stars. Multum in parvo-much in lit-

tle-is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most and remember the longest.

A WHITE HOUSE ANECDOTE. Setchell, the comedian, says he was present at the White House the other day when the following was perpetrated : An old farmer from the West, who knew President Lincoln in days gone by, called to pay his tespects at the Presidential mansion. Slapping the Chief Magistrate upon the back, he exclaimed:

"Well, old hoss, who are you?" Old Abe, being thoroughly democratic in his ideas, and withal relishing a joke, re-

sponded: So I'm an old hoss, am I? What kind a hoss, pray?" Why, an old draft hoss, to be sure," was the rejoinder. Good, even for Sotchell."

AN AMERICAN DRAMATIST, observing to the plays, added he supposed it was owing are two parties to a love affair—the party have been as well without the Harbert Additional to the party have been as well as the party have been as well as the party have been as the party have b to the war. "No," replied the wag, "I who loves, and the party who consents to be should judge it was owing to the piece." so treated. MEMORY has been defined as a bundle

of dried time.

NO. 36.

THE GREATEST GUN IN THE Fort Hamiltonat New York was the thea tre of a very interesting and instructive scene on Wednesday last. The trial of the great twenty-inch Rodman gun came off there successfully. The gun weighs nearly one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds mind with useful knowledge; to be honest, The carriage is in proportion, its diameter or thickness is nearly six feet at the breech and preserving. Pray for the direction and and its bore is twenty inches. The solid assistance of your heavenly Father, that you shot it throws is one thousand and eighty may be enable to shun all bad habits in early pounds in weight, and the regular charge of powder is one hundred pounds, which may be increased to one hundred and twenty-five pounds, if great range or extraordinary momentum is required to be imparted to its terrible missiles. It is calculated that there are few armored ships affoat whose sides this

monster would not crush. THE PIRST SHOT. The gun was first loaded with the regular

charge of powder—one hundred pounds—a than practice such as shall cause my commite, blank cartridge, and fired amid the applause matriotic duty just now. The struggle that of the spectators. The report was not loud- do. I should think what will become of it is before us is a terrible one. We do wrong er than that of a ten-pounder Parrott loaded to yield to the assurances of enthusiastic men with solid shot, nor was it near so shrill. that we are just at the end. There is not Probably it did not create so great a concusenough reason to believe that we are so near sion of the atmosphere and could not be the end. It is a great mistake to teach that heard so far. On examining the monster to patriotism requires men to receive and be- see the effect, it was noticed that it had only lieve all the good news, and reject and dis- | deigned to roll itself back disdainfully about believe all the bad news. It is infinitely bet- two feet. The air was sulphurous for a con siderable distance around it.

THE SECOND SHOT. This time the "big fellow" was loaded with fifty pounds of powder and a solid shot weighing one thousand and eighty pounds. The shot was driven six hundred or eight hundred yards, when it dropped in the bay, icochetted two or three times, knocking up flashes of spray as large as ship in full sail and twice as high, and finally disappeared in the water. On examining the gun after this discharge it was found to have moved on its carriage just enough to show that it knew how to work and work easy.

THE THIRD AND LAST TRIAL.

The final trial yesterday was by far the nost interesting and important of all that receded it. Great impatience for the result was manifested by the spectators. A heavy ing a miniature building of clay. The doconcussion of the ground as well as the was just enough of anxiety for the safety of those who were not familiar with its powers as to lend the additional charm of excitehave had great confidence in the gun, and ground; there's fresh water oceans inside snapped the cap and off went the big gun. | that ye might dround ould Ireland in; an' The report was very little louder than the as for Scotland, ve might stick it in a corner, one which immediately preceded it. There an' ye'd niver be able to find it out, except was no perceptible concussion of the ground, it might be by the smell o' whisky." and indeed very little of anything to lead

exist had then been fired. The shot whirled through the air from the angle of twentyfive degrees at which the gun was elevated, and after describing a beautiful arc, which was visible to the naked eye, dropped into he mentions her weakness than his own vice. the water about four miles off. The noise made by the collision of the ball and the air the flight of the former was like the wail of giant. It was something like the peculiar noise made by a hurricane passing through ship's rigging. It was the scream of the in your village two shoemakers with just sufeagle. The volumn of spray thrown up by ficient employment to enable them to live the ball after its contact with the water was so great that we could not see whether it ricochetted or not, though many said it did. On examining the effect on the gun it was discovered that this time the giant was foamburnt powder still oozing from the muzzle. tilled. Little books are the most read, and be tested some future day; but at the protwenty-five pounds of powder, it is expect-

ed to be between five and six miles.

Tarry Not. This world is to you a strange inn, and re are like a traveler who has a bundle upon his back, and a staff in his hand, and his Accordingly, on one occasion, as he was sitfoot upon the door threshold. Go forward ting in a second class carriage, a sweep, who in the strength of your Lord, with your face had previously been in a third class comtoward him who longeth more for a sight of partment, was invited out and placed by the you than ye can do for him. If ye knew marquis's side. His lordship immediately, the welcome that waiteth ye when ye come got out and purchased a first-class ticket, on home ye would hasten your pace; for ye delivering which to him the clerk laughed. shall see your Lord put up his own holy as if the company had gained the victory, hand to your face, and wipe all tears from But Lord Waterford quietly returned to the your eyes, and I trow that then ye shall have some joy of heart.

James II remarked one day to his court

"I never knew a modest man make his way at court." To this a gentleman present replied: "Please your Majesty, whose fault

that 2"

dema.

and remained silent. A STUPID PERSON one day seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the ta-

The King was struck with the answer

ble, said: ... So, sir, philosophers, I see, can indulge in the greatest delicaces. "Why not?" rejoined the other. "Do you think Providence intended all the good things for fools ?"

WHERE GEORGE II was once expressing his admiration of General Wolfe, some one observed that the General was mad. "Oh! sottle." he is mad, is he?" said the King, in his short, quek manner; then I wish he would bits some other of my Generals." IT is much better to be called over-liberal! rant!" than ungrateful; the first, good men will appland; the latter, even bad men will con-

Tate to which a managed in a realization of the second

WISDOM, WIT, AND HUMOR-- If a traitor strikes down the American lag, shoot him on the spot! has become into us a law of war and a law of honor. Bays the Lord Dundreary, of democratic politics, "Exhwaust all the reswources of states-manship to perswuade the individual to lift.

it Bath, for the metric system, Bishop Colasosaid: "I remember well my ownsol oy days, and the difficulties which I found mastering the details of Bonnycestle, and ther dreary, books with which boys were plagued in those days. My arithmetical les-copywere a perpetual misory, and, if I was ver punished, it was always certain to be for my sums." The bishop's troubles with arithmetic are, we suspect, nor yet over

A man in St. Louis, who has constants rinvested in lotteries; and invariably lost or the last five years, was one of the first pen drafted the other day. Hesays his luck as come at last:

-The females of some of the Indian tribes a in order to keep silence, fill their mouthed with water. Our women fill theirs with teal

and gossip more than ever. gradiand to -It is said that the greatest concert feat n record is when the foreman of a Boston fire engine played on eighty piano-forten at ne times with one hand at the burhing of Hallett's manufactory.

gares Bring, Lackton ville, -Time is like a ship which never anchors; while I am on board I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, ment when I come ashore. Whatsdever I when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where! I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion; but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser .- Feltham.

-Give not the tongue too great liberty. lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard; thine, if vented, the sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise; be so wise as to hold thy tongue. - Quarles.

-Alas! how unreasonable as well as unust a thing it is for any to censure the inwards of another, when we see that even good men are not able to dive through the mystery of their own! Be assured there can ne but little honesty, without thinking as well as possible of others; and there can be no safety without thinking humbly and distrustfully of ourselves .- Dean Young.

-A celebrated divine in the West of Scotland tells the following story: "While one day taking his usual walk, he happened tocome on a little boy busily engaged in formtor, always fond of conversation with children, at once began his interrogatories as follows "Well, my little man, what's this you're. doing ?" "Making a hoose sir." "What kind o' a hoose?" "A kirk, sir." "Where's the door?" "There it's," replied the boy, pointing with his finger. "Where's the pulpit ?" "There," said the boy. The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked, "Ay, but where's the minister?" The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, again replied, "O, I hav'na enough o' dirt to make him."

-An Irishman, in-describing America, failed. An officer then went up, who must thru it, an' it wouldn't make a diffit in the

> -An old angler says that no one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in

-When man writes of woman, it is curius to observe how much more frequently

drawing it out.

-Archbishop Whately was endeavoring o elicit a candidate's idea on the market value of labor, with reference to demand and supply, but being baffled, the prelate put-a question in this simple form : "If there are tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village ?" "What would follow, sir ?" said the

candidate, "why, a fight to be sure." -Despair gives the same fatal ease to the mind that mortification does to the body.

was bragging of his tall relations, declared that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. "He had," he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

-The late Marquis of Waterford, of Ireland, was in the habit of riding in the second. class carriages of the railroad in his vicinity. Such a course very highly disgusted the proprietors, and they resolved to cure the marquis, as they said, of his eccentricity. train, gave the first-class ticket to the sweep, gravely escorted him to his place of honor, and then resumed his own place in the second class, from which the proprietors never again sought to remove him.

-A woman having occasion to visit an acquaintanceliving in a neighboring town took her seat in a railroad carriage. Surprised at the short time in which the journey was accomplished, she remarked that if she had known she could have got there so quickly she would have walked.

A victim of sea-sickness described, his sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; the second hour I was more

afraid I shouldn't. The man sleep sld rate a I'M GLAD this coffee don't owe me anvthing," said an accountant at his break-

"Why so?" inquired his wife. "Because I don't believe it would ever

A GENTLEMEN late one evening met his servant. "Hallo! where are you going at this time of night? for no good, I'll war-

"I was going for you, sir." I was going for you, A PERSON passing through a villago and observing upon a door !! Haswell, surgeon! a friend the thinness of the house at one of A CYNICAL FRENCHMAN once said there remarked, "that gentleman's name would

In what color is a secret best kept? Invio- tagonist, the more he appears to go to La-