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Secretary of Interior—JAS. HARLAN.
Secretary of Treasury—HUGH MCCULLOCH,
Secretary of War—EDWIN M. STANTON,
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Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Hon. Hugh Stuart.

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Coroner—David Smith

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Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder

Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.

Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale

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Assistant Burgess—William Cameron,

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CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C. Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. F. J. Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Sam'l Sprecker, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Philips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge,) Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 1 o'clock A. M., and 3½ P. M.

Church of God Chapel South West cor. of West St and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 5 p. m.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev.   Pastor. Services every other Sabbath, at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

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☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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SOCIETIES

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

St. John's Lodge No. 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building.

Letort Lodge No. 63, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

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The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789.—House in Louther between Pitt and Hanover.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb. 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main.

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December 23, 1864—tf

DR. WM. H. COOK,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Surgeon and Accouchour

OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church.

July 1, 1864.

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 65. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1865. NO. 26.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors. TERMS:--$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

Poetical.

For the HERALD.

Sing Your Pet Song Dearest.

Sing your pet song, dearest, sweeter to me
Than warbling of bird or humming of bee,
Than musical sound of the brooklet's flow,
Or tones of the dulcimer soft and low,
Than the solemn organ's swelling notes
Down the grand cathedral aisle that floats

Smile your pet smile dearest, bend those dear eyes,
Deep in their blue as the distant skies,
Lids may droop but my heart can still see,
The love that lights up thy spirit for me,
I can live through life's darkest night,
If no shadow clouds their lustrous light

Speak your pet word, dearest, O, how my heart,
Thrills to its sound with a joyous start,
And my pulses fly like a frightened bird,
To each tender tone of that dearest word,
Rapture of heaven I seem to hear,
While its musical breathings fall on my ear.

Blended song, and word and look
I can read like an open book,
I can trace in each lovelit page
Truth to last through youth and age;
And only chilled shall its fervor be,
In the wave of Death's resistless sea.

Carlisle, June 20, 1864.

Miscellaneous.

The National Humilation.

BY REV. JOSEPH CLARK.

That is a memorable day in any man's life in which he gains a new and thrilling experience. Experience gives value to life. Experience gives form and force to character. Experience develops mind. Experience gives wisdom. Even the experience of a great calamity or a sore affliction is not without its value to a well ordered mind. And though painful and crushing at the time, the dark season in which it was endured is afterward looked back upon with the feeling that it has left a rich legacy for the immortal spirit, and afforded a valuable training for the intellect and heart

What is true of the individual is true also of communities and nations. No national life can be rich or valuable as a source of instruction to mankind which is wanting in a wide and varied experience. No national character can be fully formed or maturely developed, which has not felt the play of all the main forces which heave and impel the great life-currents of humanity; and that national history is the richest and r rest, the most interesting and instructive, which leads the student through the most varied and vivid phenomena of human experience.

If these trite remarks be true we may safely say that the experiences of this country during the past four years, and especially during the past two months, must be exceedingly rich and valuable for all the uses and interests of the future Such heights of lofty endeavor, such vast and far reaching problems, such gigantic and portentous perils, it has rarely been the lot of any people in so short a space of time, to attempt and to conquer. And such extremes and alternations of hope and fear, of danger and deliverance, of confidence and despondency, of exultation and grief, it has rarely been the lot of any people to experience in such quick and rapid succession. This varied and shifting experience has been ours, in greater or less degree, from the time of the first battle of Bull Run until the recent and final decisive triumph of the national arms. And what an intense experience was that for the national heart when it was called to plunge from the giddiest heights of exultation to the deepest and darkest shades of gloom and grief, as it realized the monstrous and almost incredible fact that the nation's chosen head was stricken down by the dastardly hand of an assassin! The eagle of the Alleghenies, soaring in majesty and pride on his broad wings just beneath the clouds, shot at and struck in the wing by the well directed aim of the hunter, and obliged to sink and flutter away to the escapement on some friendly rock, there in solitude and silence with drooping pinion to nurse his wound and his grief, is but a feeble emblem of the plunge made by the wounded heart of the American people from the gilded cloud land of joy, to the valley of sadness and humiliation. The contrast could not be greater, or the fluctuations of feeling be more violent, if the bridegroom in his nuptial hour were to fall dead at the feet of his bride, and the wedding robe be exchanged for the weeds of mourning. The nation seemed to be in the ecstacy of the marriage hour—illuminations and rejoicings and the salvos of cannon from the Atlantic to the Pacific—"all went merry as a marriage bell," when lo, a flash of tidings swept over the land, and men looked into each other's faces in blank amazement,—the laborer left his toil, the student his books, the merchant his wares,--the heart of the nation stood still. Such a grief, such a sorrow will not be forgotten by this generation.

Precisely such an experience as this was perhaps never given to any other people. The assassination of William of Orange was a far more terrible event for the Dutch Republic than the murder of Abraham Lincoln was for us. In point of severity the blow was far heavier. A man of wonderful sagacity, firmness and heroic endurance, he had concentrated upon himself in an extraordinary manner, the affections and hopes of that much suffering and enduring people; and for twenty years he had been the guiding spirit of their stubborn resistance to the gigantic power of Spain. When he fell by the pistol of Balthasar Gerard the whole people, like a family of orphaned children, bowed their heads in the dust and wept. But between their experience and ours there was this difference Their blow fell upon them at a time of general disaster and adversity The armies of Philip had been steadily encroaching upon their limited territory. Several of their strongholds had just surrendered, and a general despondency would have seized the minds of any less resolute people. But they were inured to suffering. They were accustomed to disaster. They seemed to know they could not be conquered, and though the fall of the great Stadtholder added a feeling of momentary paralysis, the mind of the people soon rose above it; and there was not that sudden and violent transition from the exultant feelings of joy to the gloom and sadness of distress which we as a nation experienced. Ours was like a harsh, grating, discord breaking in upon the magnificent symphonies of the Oratorio of the Creation; or like a dark blotch cast upon the canvass of Raphael or Titian; or like a grinning death's-head appearing amid the mazes of the merry dance.

And this is the event my fellow-citizens which has brought us together today. In view of it, we have assembled at the call of the chief Magistrate, to humble ourselves before Almighty God, and to lift up to the throne of the universe the voice of confession and supplication. For the first time in the history of this Republic has its Chief Magistrate fallen by the hand of violence. For the first time has assassination, in the form of regicide, raised its bloody hand amid the temple of our liberties. That foul and monstrous crime which we supposed to belong to the past ages of despotic oppression and lawless violence, has suddenly re-appeared in the middle of this 19th century, and in this Republic in which is being conducted the magnificent experiment of self government.— When we have read of the Great Cæsar, who bestrode the world like a Colopus, falling in his robes by the dagger of Brutus in the Roman Capital, or of Henry of Navarre falling by the hand of an assassin in the stormy period of French history, or of William the Silent being shot in his dining room at Delft by the fanatical emissary of Philip of Spain, we have been accustomed to read of them as we read of the centaurs and hippogriffs of mythology, as things that could not be reproduced in modern history, and as things, especially, that were not to be expected away from the shadow of European despotisms. That foul crime which has served the double purpose of being the tool of the despot, and the desperate resort of oppressed and maddened peoples, has suddenly reappeared in this country when there can be no despot, and no oppression save that which the enforcement, of law visits upon offenders

How wonderfully, my friends, have many of the easy and comfortable delusions of these latter years been dispelled by the hard ordeal of facts! In the midst of the syren song of the *peace tendencies* of the present age, in which it was hoped that arbitration would take the place of the sword, a congress of nations supplant contending armies, the arts of peace, the interests of commerce, and the bonds of trade make war impossible, and *liberty, equality, fraternity* be the motto of all mankind—in the midst of this syren song, a civil war of unparalleled magnitude breaks out among us and deluges the land in blood. Whilst political economists were theorizing upon the economy of production and the husbanding of the national wealth, we rush into a war that expends fabulous sums on engines and means of destruction. Whilst we were congratulating ourselves on our comparative freedom from taxation, and the unequalled cheapness of our government, we are forced into a war which piles upon us a load of national debt, which perhaps no other nation could successfully carry. And now with all our boasted enlightenment, our christianity and our common schools, we are called to face the fact of a crime as foul and hideous as ever blackened the pages of history. Verily, says the wise man, that which hath been shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun!

In view then of this portentous event, which has come upon us as a nation, with what feelings and meditations does it become us to assemble together to-day? How shall we present ourselves before the majesty of Heaven and offer an acceptable worship? It is designated as a *day of humiliation*. And in this view there is a propriety in it which cannot be questioned. It is always proper for such a being as man, in seasons of special calamity, or public distress, or public crime, to humble himself before Almighty God, to confess and bewail his sins and shortcomings, and the sins of the people, and to supplicate the favor and blessing of God upon the land, and the rulers and people thereof. Whether great public distress, or national calamity, or public crime, can be charged upon any particular form of public sin or not, they are still evidences of the general depraved and disordered condition of mankind, and as such may properly lead to abasement and contrition before God.

I am free to confess that I have no theory of the Divine Providence, consistent with the commonly received opinions of the purposes and methods of the moral government of the world, which will at the same time involve such a deed as that which laid low in death the form of Abraham Lincoln on the night of the 14th of April. It must remain to my mind a dark and mysterious enigma; so far as concerns its immediate relation to a personal God. If it were necessary (humanly speaking) to remove Abraham Lincoln from the head of this government, how easy would it have been for God to have removed him in many ways, without involving the monstrous crime which filled the brain and nerved the arm of the assassin. But this is a question which we are not competent to discuss, and however dark and mysterious it may be, our confidence in the Divine character and the Divine government must remain firm and unshaken. It is impossible for any sane man, in any event, to question either the Divine wisdom, or the Divine goodness, or the Divine power.

But however defective may be our theories, and however imperfect our grasp of the wide scope and meaning of the Divine Providence, we have clearly before our view the hard and palpable *facts* of this Providence as developed in history and life. We have *events* which are the great instructors of mankind; and we can trace tendencies, we can discover laws, we can perceive the current of influences, we can trace the combinations and corelations of causes which determine events, and herein we study the foot-steps of Providence and may do so more properly than by wearying ourselves with fruitless theories respecting the Divine purposes and intentions We think it cannot be denied that the act which aimed a fatal blow at our lamented Chief Magistrate and at the other heads of Government, was the legitimate flower and fruit of the social disorder, the anarchical violence, and the envenomed madness which have been rolling the waves of rebellion against the fabric of our Government for the past four years. This we think no candid and honest man will deny, even though the leaders in rebellion be exhonerated of all direct complicity in the plot. The published views and opinions of the chief criminal, prior to the act, clearly prove that the inspiration of his horrid deed was derived from sympathy with rebellion, and that the climax of the fatal purpose was reached through desire to avenge a sinking cause. Secession and rebellion have culminated in assassination, and a crime against society and against Government, has resulted in a crime against mankind. Go forth into the fields and see what lessons nature will teach us. You stand in the presence of a bush, or fruit tree, or gigantic forest oak. You examine its bark, it is soft and flexible. You examine its fibre, it is hard and compact. You examine its roots, they go far down into the damp and dark earth. You go up among the branches, the leaves give a pleasant shade, and the airs of heaven whisper and play among their bowers. You go farther up, and upon the topmost twigs, you find a little flower, which will ripen into a fruit, a seed, a vital germ. That flower, that fruit, that seed, is the highest representative of the vital force of the living organism, its last expression—the most consummate product of the seminal power of the tree; small and insignificant as it seems in itself, it required the highest vital force for its production, and beyond it cannot go, so with this great Southern Rebellion. If we examine it at various stages of its progress, though we may find it ribbed and panoplied in steel, bristling with cannon, and surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of war, though we may find it assuming the dignity of Government and putting forth claims for a position among the nations, yet its final flower and fruit, its last expression, its dying effort, is found in the deed which the nation mourns this day! Like the fabled reptile which thrusts its deadly sting and *dies*. The rebellion smote down the chosen head of the nation, and perished itself amid the execrations of the civilized world.

Whilst we mourn and humble ourselves before God this day, it becomes us to remember some things with gratitude. It is a most wise and merciful provision of God's moral Government that crime generally defeats its own ends; and often occasions results quite the opposite of what was intended. We ought to be grateful that this foul deed was not permitted to occur until it could do the nation no harm —but may be an occasion of good. When we look back over the vicissitudes of the past four years, and remember how at times the tide of war seemed to surge against us, and heart of the people to quail in view of the titanic task to which the nation was committed, we can point out several periods, in which, had such a blow fallen upon us, the most disastrous results might have followed. Had an assassin taken the life of Abraham Lincoln and dangerously wounded the Secretary of State, just after the retreat from the Peninsula and the second battle of Bull Run, or when our relations with England were in a critical state, or when the hordes of Lee were pouring into Pennsylvania, no human sagacity could have foreseen the possible extent of the disaster. We then might have had no Antietam and no Gettysburg; and the great results which have recently culminated in the downfall of the Rebellion, if achieved at all, might have been delayed for years, and gained only at the price of exhausting and ruinous expenditure of blood and treasure. Whilst therefore we may properly and profoundly humble ourselves before God, I confess that the severest of his judgments are light compared with what our sins might justly deserve, yet at the same time we may lift up the voice of grateful acknowledgment and bless God that in judgment he has remembered mercy. Dreadful and monstrous and soul harrowing as this assassin's deed is, and deeply as it has shrouded the land in the habiliments of woe, we cannot see that it imperils in any way our national welfare. The hour for such danger is past. It was deferred until the Rebellion, tottering to its fall, was too weak to follow up the blow. And whilst we mourn the honored dead, and regret that his generous and magnanimous soul was not permitted to live to share in our triumphs, we may still rejoice that the cause he loved so well still lives.

Another feeling which it is eminently proper for us to cherish to-day, is the feeling of resolute determination to maintain the great idea of our nationality and unity, for the sake of which so many lives have been sacrificed, and to which Abraham Lincoln has fallen as a martyr. Never perhaps in the history of the world, has the idea of *nationality* in its broadest, most comprehensive most Ethnic sense, attained so intense, intelligent, and so resolute expression, as in the minds of the American people And this great civil war, now, we hope so happily ended, has been a war for that idea. An intense and tremendous protest in the shape of war, against whatever would disturb or imperil that idea in its realization. It has been a war for unity, nationality and strength against disintegration, anarchy and weakness. And in this view it was a war for the life of the Republic. For the sake of this all the tremendous sacrifices of the past four years have been cheerfully made, all its vast burdens borne, and the blood of the nation poured out like water. No more sublime spectacle could well be afforded to the muse of History, than that of the Herculean efforts put forth by this people, to vindicate an idea.

It appears to be a law of God's natural and moral world, that no good thing can be gained and held without *labor and trouble*. Hence we see that all the great interests of human society, all the great achievements of human progress, all the priceless benefits of civilization, liberty, law and religion have been purchased at the price of human blood and treasure. The ponderous chariot wheels of human progress, ever rolling on through the ages, slowly but surely as the stars move in courses, are even found to leave in their track the crushed bodies and mangled limbs of thousands of victims. And now could the mouldering bones be gathered from the swamps of the Peninsula, the fields of Corinth and Chattanooga, the hills of Antietam, the cemetery of Gettysburg and the trenches of Petersburg, and piled into one cloud-kissing monument like Tamerlane's pyramid of skulls, it might well bear the inscription "Hallowed by devotion to the great idea of American nationality and human progress.' And could we go to-day into the stricken and sorrowing homes of this land, were the widow sits in her weeds, and the mother mourns her manly son, and the sister weeps for the brother who will never return, we might read in them all the terrible ransom which this land has paid for its national life. And espiecally could we go to that quiet, far off western town, and stand by the grave of that incorruptible and sagacious statesman who now lies low in death, we might not only meditate there profitably upon the uncertainty of human greatness, but we might read there a part of the terrible price, exacted by destiny, which made him a martyr to our national unity.

And now, my hearers, in view of all this, should we not resolve resolutely to maintain that which has cost us so much. Should we not swear by the blood of all the heroes that have fallen in deadly strife; by the wasted forms of the thousands who, in famishing captivity, have endured a more terrible fate, and by the sacred sorrow of a nation, mourning as for a father slain, that we will forever maintain the great cause of our national unity and life, that we will be true and devoted patriots, loving our fatherland more than ever since its baptism of blood, and serving our country rather than party, or faction, or local interest. When William of Orange was slain, in the hour of his country's greatest disaster and danger, the gloom produced by the event was tragical. Never in human history before was a more poignant and universal sorrow for any individual. The despair was, for a brief season, absolute; but it was soon succeeded by more lofty sentiments. It seemed, after they had laid their hero in the tomb as though his spirit still hovered above the nation he had loved so well, and was inspiring it with a portion of his own energy and wisdom. Even on the very day of the murder, the Estates Holland, then sitting at Delft, passed a resolution " to maintain the good cause, with God's help to the uttermost, without sparing gold or blood," and this decree was communicated to all their commanders by land and sea, and they and all civil functionaries and people were besought to " bear themselves manfully and valiantly, without faltering in the least, on account of the great misfortune which had occurred, or allowing themselves to be seduced by any one from the union of the States." A noble example for us, my fellow-citizens, to imitatate in the less severe and trying crisis in which this great affiication has come upon us.

It remains to add but a few words in honor of the memory of the man whose violent death we mourn to-day. I do not propose to speak of Abraham Lincoln as a party man. He is not to be thought of now as a member of this party or that, but as a name dear to every true American heart. That he possessed large capacity, great honesty and singleness of purpose, a far seeing and sagacious statesmanship, and great benevolence and kindness of nature, is now generally, perhaps universally, conceded. Beneath his grotesque exterior lay the jewel of high and true manhood, and under his apparent levity and drollery, lay concealed a practical wisdom which never failed him. Even his unsparing satirists in England, are now forced to confess that he was a "true-born King of men." But no truer indication need be sought of his genuine and intrinsic worth, than the honors and obsequies paid to his remains by the American people, and the deep and heartfelt lamantation over him by the whole nation. As when the rebel cannon opened on Fort Sumter, all party lines in the North were dropped, and the whole people rose up as one man to vindicate our imperiled nationality, so when the pistol of the assassin had done its deadly work, all party lines disappeared, and the whole people, as one man, bowed the head in sorrow and mourning for Abraham Lincoln! And what obsequies, what funeral pageants, what draping of the land in the habiliments of grief; was there ever such a progress of a human body as that of his from the Capital of the Nation round though the great cities of the continent, to its last resting place in the distant west. Did ever such an army of mourners follow a funeral train! The instincts of mankind are seldom mistaken, and we may safely assume that the subject of all these honors war no common man.

And what a monstrous perversion of a sentiment or motto, which in a certain circle may have a noble dignity and meaning, was that with which the dastardly assassin blazoned his own infamy before the world, "*sic semper tyrannis.*" Thus be it ever with tyrants! What! Abraham Lincoln a tyrant! A man in whose nature dwelt not one single element which makes a tyrant. A man whose name was a synonym for honesty, and purity, and magnanimity, and generosity, and forgiving sympathy even for the most persistent and malignant of rebels—this man a tyrant? No! thou foul-mouthed miscreant—the unanimous voice of civilized men hurls back with scorn the base slander. Had some monster in human shape, some Nero, some Caligula, some Borgia, some Philip or Alva, fallen that night to avenge the outraged liberties of men there might have been some sense and meaning in the sentiment, but not when the victim was one who all men recognized as a generous and unselfish patrot.

In conclusion, my hearers, there is but one other topic which shall detain us a moment. There are many thoughts still crowd upon the mind on an occasion like this, but we will add but one. It does not become us to cherish feelings of resentment, or alienation, or hatred, toward those who have been in arms against us, and whose military power is now crushed, and who are beginning to show some disposition to return to the observance of law and order. Deeply as they have wronged us, and deeply as they have offended against the cause of government and order, they are our brethren and fellow citizens still, of the same blood, lineage and language, and we trust that in the future their children and ours are to stand shoulder to shoulder in support of the gorgeous ensign of the Republic. Now that "wild war's deadly blast is blown," and the piping times of peace are, we hope, again returning it becomes us to assuage the animosities which war engenders, and prepare the way for the amicable relations which can alone form a true basis of peace. I pronounce no opinion as to the punishment which should be meted out to great offenders. Whatever duties a true and indispensible regard to the claims of justice and law demand, ought to be fearlessly discharged. The safety of the people is the highest law. But I would fain hope these inexorable demands may be few and brief. All leading offenders will find their own punishment. There is a Nemesis, an avenging divinity in history, whose step is destiny and whose stroke is fate, and the guilty will flee him in vain! But with the masses of the people, who have been more sinned against than sinning, let us endeavor to prepare the way to dwell together in unity.

I cannot do better than close with that magnificent peroration of America's greatest orator, now clothed with a double significance. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time, the sun in the heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerents—on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that sentiment dear to every American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*

Bryant's "Song of Wooing."

Dost thou idly ask to hear
  At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
  Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
  To the careless wooer;
Maidens' hearts are always soft,
  Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one, when around
  Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
  Early herbs are springing;
When the brookside, bank and grove,
  All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—
  Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her, when, with rosy blush,
  Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that gently gush,
  Stars are softly winking;
When through boughs that knit the bower,
  Moonlight gleams are stealing,
Woo her, till the gentle hour
  Wakes a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
  Tinge the woody mountain
When the drooping foliage lies
  In the half-choked fountain;
Let the scene, that tells how fast
  Youth is passing over,
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
  To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
  At the lattice nightly;
When, within the cheerful hall,
  Blaze the fagots brightly;
While the wintry tempest round
  Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ear shall sound
  Love's delightful story.

What the Cable is Made of, and How and When it Will be Laid.

[From the London Times.]

The present Atlantic cable is just twenty-three hundred nautical miles, or in rough numbers about twenty-six hundred miles long. The central conductor is composed of seven fine copper wires, twisted into one complete strand, which is insulated with Chatterton's patent compound. Outside this come four distinct layers of gutta percha, each also insulated with the same material that encloses the conductor. Outside the gutta percha again are wound eleven stout iron wires, each of which, before being twisted on, is itself carefully wound round with strands of hemp, soaked with tar. Thus, then, there are no less than twenty-five thousand miles of copper wire in the conductor, about thirty-five thousand miles of iron wire in the outside covering, and upwards of four hundred thousand miles of strands of hemp—more than enough in all to go twenty-four times round the world. The cable has been made on an average at the rate of seventy miles per day complete, and in some days its outside covering of hemp and iron has been overlaid at the rate of one hundred and seventy-three miles a day, though not a fathom or a foot has been manufactured without every part being kept under constant test for "conductivity" and insulation, and to this hour it is as regularly tested as it was a year ago, when the first mile was twisted. In strength the cable is equal to bearing a strain of seven and three-quarter tons, while its specific gravity is so low that it can with safety be depended on to support eleven miles of its length in water. It has been made mile by mile, joined up in long lengths of seven and eight hundred miles, and shipped on board the Great Eastern into three enormous tanks.

The first will hold a coil of six hundred and thirty miles of cable, the second one of eight hundred and forty, and the third one of eight hundred and thirty. Five hundred miles have still, to be stowed away on board, and it will take a fortnight to complete this work, though the last mile of the coil will come through the machines of the telegraph works, at three o'clock on Monday next. All three tanks are kept filled with water, and when each is stored with cable as well, the ends of the wire will be joined up, and a constant system of signals kept through every part from the moment the expedition starts till the cable is laid. The mere cable, however, is but an item in the mass of heavy weights the Great Eastern will have to carry on this occasion. Her draught of water will be rather over than under thirty feet, and all told, her weights, when starting from Valentia, will come near the stupendous mass of eighteen thousand tons. They are all, however, stowed high, and so, according to present arrangements, it is believed that the Great Eastern will start in the very early part of July, and certainly, if possible not later than the 10th. With her will also sail her Majesty's ship Terrible, and another paddle wheel steam frigate of great power not yet chosen, but which, like the Terrible, will give towing aid to the Great Eastern in case of mishaps to her machinery, either screw or paddle. Every care has been taken to get these engines into the highest state of good working order; but it cannot be denied that the very possibility of their breaking down is looked upon with something like anxiety. They will certainly not be overtasked, as it is intended, if possible, not to let the vessel go beyond a speed of six knots, a minimum of velocity which it will be difficult to keep to if steerage way is wanted quickly, and which will we think be found absolutely impossible to retain in a seaway. On this occasion, however, the middle of July is chosen as being thought even more favorable in point of weather than the middle of June, when the last Agamemnon cruise was commenced. Captain Anderson, we believe, is in favor of starting towards the early part of July, and his long experience in command of the China, has very properly, induced the directors to give every weight to his opinion. In addition to Captain Anderson, all the officers connected with the ship, with the exception of the chief engineer, have been chosen from the Cunard service. With ordinarily fair weather, and steaming at the rate of six knots, it is expected that the voyage from Valentia to the Bay of Heart's Content in Newfoundland will occupy from twelve to fourteen days, during every hour of which regular communication will be kept up with England.

A Memphis paper heads its list of divorce cases in court, "Matrimonial shipwrecks."

"Now mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbor, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but, between you and me, the decanter don't keep full a day."

As people usually sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, says an old bachelor, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pockets.

One of the Western editors speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

A cute Yankee, in Kansas, sells liquor by the barrel. Of course the cute Yankee's customers are liable to go off half cocked.

The fellow who took the mantilla from the boudoir of a pretty girl in Fifth Avenue, justifies himself on the ground that "it is no harm to steal from a thief;" as the owner of the mantilla has stolen the hearts of some forty or fifty old bachelors.

A favorite magpie, which had been used to receive its dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress, the other day perched, as usual, on her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not as it proved, to receive, but to give or to hide, for as one good turn deserves another, the bird dropped a large, green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.

Dr. Adam Clark, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at a dinner, where the principal dish was a roast pig. He is reported to have said: "O Lord, if thou canst bless under the gospel what thou didst curse under the Law, bless this pig."

A very happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive travel was made by a little girl who had ridden fifty miles in a railroad train, and then took a coach to her uncle's house some five miles farther. "We came a little way in the train," said she, "and then all the rest of the way in a carriage"

A class was reciting a lesson in metaphysics—the chapter on *motives* operating on the human will—when a mackerel vender went by shouting, "Mackerel, fine fresh mackerel!" Suddenly, disturbed by the noise, the master inquired of the class what motives the man had for making such a noise No answer being made, he said they must be deaf as *haddocks* and flat as *flounders* not to perceive that it was a *sell-fish* motive.

A friend of ours, who is a clerk in a New York mercantile establishment, relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in the same store came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring—

"Any knives or scissors to grind?"

"Don't think we have," replied the young gentleman facetiously; "but can't you sharpen wits?"

"Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt response, leaving the interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

Why, Sambo, how black you are?" said a gentleman the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel, "how in the name of wonder did you get so black?"

"Why, look a here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis chile was born, dere was an eclipse."

Ebony received a shilling for his satisfactory, explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued:

"I tell you what it is, massa, this nigger may be brack, but he ain't green, no how!"

Sea Serpents of New Holland.—Among the Rosemary Islands, on the coast of New Holland, water serpents are found in great numbers. They are about twenty feet long, and five or six inches in diameter. Sometimes their bodies will be found distended to the size of a large bucket, which leads to the belief that the reptile sucks or bolts its food whole. There is no particular in which the water snake differs from the common land snake, except that the tail is furnished with flukes.

Another peculiarity of this animal is the power which it has of contracting the substance of the body within the skin. Instances were mentioned to us by our friend, the waleman, in which boats had made fast to these snakes, and after hauling them over the gunwale, the fleshy portion of the body would be contracted and entirely withdrawn from the boat, leaving nothing to hold on to but the skin.

How Witches Were Hung.—They were rather hard on the Salem witches. Among the court records in that ancient town there is preserved an order from the sheriff to his deputy, in which the latter is commanded to take one of the poor witches and hang her by the neck "*till she be dead and buried!*" And the deputy subjoins his testimony that he has executed the order!

Opinion in Kentucky.—Kentucky is still a slave State, and will probably be one of the last to adopt the constitutional amendment. No negro can cross the Ohio River without a pass. One of the colored churches of this city has recently had for its minister a slave, and has been obliged not only to raise money for his salary, but to pay his master three hundred dollars for his time! The ruling sentiment of this community is scarcely more than semi-loyal. The minister of the principal Episcopal church has been a chaplain in the rebel army, and is even now obliged to report to the military authorities from time to time. To-day it is only the firmness of the general commanding this department that secures protection to unconditional Union men. The returning rebels from Hood's and Lee's armies, though not allowed to wear their uniforms, receive a welcome from the sympathizers with the South. Prejudices and social ties outweigh a regard for the honor and interests of the State.—*Correspondence of Christian Register.*