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Secretary of War-i busin M. Stavton,
Secretary of Way-Gideon Welles,
Post Mister General-WM DENNISON.
***Ornay General-Jumes S. Speed.
Chief Justice of the United States—Salmon P. GHA

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Physician to Poor House - Dr. W. W. Dale,

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The first state of the first open on the state of the state of the state of the state of the first open site of the state of the state of the state open site open sit Rev Pastu Servees every other Sab Sath at Florenck Vespess at 19. W. Farain Litheau Surreb, corner of Pointer and Letter strees. Rev Scritze, Tastor Services a Voictors P. St. Note loss P, stages in the above are increasing the coordinates in the above are increasing the coordinates of same requested to notify us

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St. John's Lodge No 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thurs day of each mouth, at Marion Hall.
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The Cariste Ferald

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NO. 45.

Poetienl.

VOL. 65.

NOT QUITE IN VAIN. BY MILES O'REILLY. How often in days of our sore distress, When we faint with an absolute wearines The sickening thought in our souls will rise, Clouding with gloom even the brightest skies And chilling the pulse and filling the eyes-"We have lived-we have lived in vain!"

When the hearts we thought golden and truste Which the Fates for all friendships ordain As we turn the false picture with face to the wall. Or veil the lost idol with charity's pall, w cold on the soul seems the whisper to fall-"We have lived-we have lived in vain! When some prize of ambition, for years postponed

Is at length attained, yet we feel unatoned For the struggle that gave us the gain spurning the dead-sea fruit we sought. "Must it ever be thus?" is the weary thought And again to our ears is the whisper brought-'We have lived—we have lived in vain!" h friends! how rare in this workaday life

Are the prizes, if won, that are worth the strife. The clangor, the dust, and the strain l here is only one in the world below. But one, that, whatever its price of woe, Bids the soul in the veins to exultingly know That we have not lived in vain!

Tis that moment unsheakable—best unsaid... When blushingly downward the dear drooping head To our breast for the first time we strain: and the promise is given, not in words, but in sighs, ed the sweet, humid tenderness filling her eyesth soul of my soul! If my love be a prize, Then you have not lived in vain!

Milistelluneons.

THE ROYAL WAGER. An Incident in the Life of Napoleon I.

CHAPTER I. "The bell for vespers had just rung, nd the Empress will pass around the che of the engine her for she is taken combined here are will wakes little

gathering, and whose singular beauty was rendered still more conspicuous by a pair of dark, lustrous eyes, which had a sad, beseeching expression more eloquent

The pale lips moved, as if to express her thanks, but they gave forth no audi-

or Hage 1 c guard, as his quick ear caught the soun

"Courage mon enfant," he added, he young girl leaned up against the corner of the corridor, trembling in every limb, "the good Empr. ss is like a mother to her people ?"

As he said this, he hastily resumed his post, and when the Empress made her appearance was pacing backwards and forwards with his montonous tread, a stolid look upon his countenance, as though he was the mere machine, that the discipline to which he was subjected was intended to make him.

Josephine, then in the zenith of her charms, was attired in her usual elegance in a robe of black velvet, whose very folds swept the floor ; rubies gleamed upon her bosom and in the heavy braids of dusky hair, a custoza which well accorded with her rich trobical beauty, and she moved along with that graceful, undulating motion peculiar to the French

As she reached the spot opposite to where the girl stood, she stepped out from the shadow, and sinking down upon one knee laid her hand on Josephine's obe, as if to arrest her progress.

Poor Marie! during her long and lone ly walk she had said over and over again the little speech by which she had hoped to win the kind heart of the Empress to pity and aid her, but as she knelt there, every word of it vanished from er mind But those white, quivering lips, the imploring impression in those lifted eyes spoke volumes, and Josephine looked would sav.

Signing the other ladies to proceed. she took the roll of paper from her hand But as her eyes glanced over it her coun

tenance fell. "I fell that I can do nothing for you, my good girl," she said, turning to tle suppliant; " desertion is an offense that the Emperor never pardons."

"O! say not so, royal lady!" exclaimed the young girl imploringly. "The Beautiful Albums! Beautiful Frames! good Fuperor's heart is ever open to you! It was to see his dying mother, and after other means had failed." Still the Empress shook her head. "It

is a hard case," she said; " but it will be pardon."

As Josephine said this a stifled moan escaped from the poor girl's lips, the convulsive grash upon her robe relaxed, and she lay still and pale at her feet. o

Alarmed, the Empress beckoning the rendarme to approach. "She has fainted," he said as he bent

ver her. "And no wonder; she has walked from since the break of day."

', Do you know her?" betrothed of Henri Laferve, who is to be not the real offender that was to be ax. tion Josephine had witnessed the triumph Immediately on landing, he directed his shot to morrow morning for desertion." | couted, but his affianced wife, who by her of her protege.

passionately "Take her away, good Jenna," she added, as the girl began to show signs of consciousness, "and see that she has rest and refreshment, and if she be The Emperor himself was present, attend hence to my private apartment.

The Empress passed along, but the kind-hearted soldier noticed, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she held the little roll of paper, while her countenance had a thoughtful aspect.

Napoleon was seated alone at the table covered with papers and maps. A courlook.

The door opened, and Josephine en | with an air of indifference. tered. She paused a moment upon the thres hold, giving his countenance a but composed, and she walked to the fa furtive look whose ever varying mood she | tal spot with a light, firm step. Yet, as learned to read.

the Emperor holding out his hand to her as it tell, a visible shudder convulsed her Josephine saw that this was a propione knee, she kissed his hand, and pression of holy serenity. presented him the roll of paper she had received from the girl.

"If it was for any other offence, it fied that she was ready. should be granted; but as it is, it is impossible

"But there are extenuating circum nances in this case," pleaded Josephine: the poor fellow had just received news that his mother was just at the point of death !

" That was no excuse The soldier had no mother save France; he owes first

ed wife sire. I know your heart would

The emperor shrugged has shoulders "we must treyo console her" he said hviv to eeure we cannot grant her another husband." "She would never accept one!"

Josephine, with indignant emphasis. She would scoper die with her lover!" Napoleon again shrugged his shoulders and took a pinch of snuff.

"My dear friend, such things may be bund in romances, but not in real life .-I'll wager most anything you like that she would much prefer living with some young good looking man, and which I should find little difficulty in persuading her to do."

Josephine whispered a few words in her roval husband's ear "Let it be so." he said smiling.

now suffer your young protege to be sum moned, and I will soon put the truth of my assertion to the proof." The Emperor listened attentively to the

touching rlea, broken by tears and sobs that Marie poured out at his feet. Then bidding her rise, he said gravely, but kindly, for he was touched by the artless beauty of the suppliant, no less than by her unfeigned sorrow.

"I'am sorry, my daughter, that I cannot grant your petition. But I will provide you with another love, and bestow upon you a bridal dowry besides, which

will do just as well, if 'not better." "Surely you jest, sire," said the young girl, casting upon him a glance of sorrow ful surprise. "No one can take Henri's place in my heart. For the love of mer-

cy, spare his life!" "He has committed an unpardonable offense," was the stern reply, "the penalty of which is death. He must die! unless, indeed," he added, in a lower

tone, "some substitute be found to suffer n his stead. Marie caught eagerly at the hope concyed by these last words. Again sho hrew herself upon her knees, bathing the

Emperor's hand with her tears -Would your majesty indeed accept a substitute?" she exclaimed. "Let me one." down upon them, she understood all she take his place then, and suffer for him!" "What! would you take his place to-

morrow and be shot in his stead?" in quired Napoleon, looking steadily into her

"If there is no other way to save his them. life, willingly, gladly, sire !" was the fervent response.

The Emperor's stern, impassible face gave no token of the feeling that filled heroic soul.

"If you desire it, certainly," he said, cide which it shall be."

CHAPTER II. less. At the first streaks of dawn, the that the brave soldier never leaves his large square in front of the palace was post of duty." alive with soldiers, while outside of the the point and circumstance of a military shouts of "Vive 'l Empereur!" execution; and in this instance, rumors. But Napoleon quickly withdrew to the leveliness. He was still watching them nothing. Mr. Speaker, I am now through." "Yes Madam; she is Marie Duval, the had reached the people, that it was little alcove, where, secure from observa- when he received an order to go on shore.

"Poor child! said the Empress, com- own free choice was to take his place made the crowd unusually large.

Circumstances indicated that it was to be the scene of more than usual display. sufficiently recovered bring her an hour ed by his staff. His tried and faithful body guard were drawn up in long array. together with the whole regiment to which the culprit belonged.

At the appointed hour, Marie made her appearance, attended by a priest, and es corted by a guard of six soldiers. A murmur of mingled pity and admiration ran through the crowd as they noted her ex ier had just left him, who was evidently treme youth and beauty. Every eye exthe bearer of good news, for his counter | pressed sympathy, excepting, indeed, the tal volley; they alone regarded the scene | the heart of woman.

Marie's beautiful countenance was pale her eye fell upon the coffin, that was ar-"Welcome my good Josephine," said ranged so that it would receive her body frame. But it quickly passed away, and tious moment, and playful sinking down on her countenance regained its former ex-

Closing her eyes, her lips moved a mo ment in voiceless prayer; then she signi Just then one of the Emperor's aids rode up, and beckoned to the priest, said

a few words to him. Father Godefroy immediately returned to his patient. "Daughter," he said, "our good Emperor sends thee word that if thy courage fail thee, there is, even now, time to retract '

"Tell the emperor that I thank him tather," returned Marie calculy; "bu that it is easier for me to die for my bi nothed than to live will out him."

But Lett ink time daughter " persis er the good priest, this is a cribble fate tale is sweet, especially to the young Lie Emperor empowers me to offer to the acceptance another lover, equal in ever respect, to the one thou wilt lose, and bridal downy. Tush not, from so fair pro-pect to so cruck a death."

"Urge me no more, holy father," was the firm reply; "my-resolution is immovable Neither distract with vain and so well. worldly thoughts the soul, that is fixed steadfastly upon that country it is so soon to enter.

The priest drew back, and one of the soldiers approached to bandage her eyes told that it was indispensable, quietly sub

silence reigned throughout that dense prisoners' He then turned to go away are proved by the figure nine, there are fire was given, every heart stood still; even the rough, stern soldiers, accustominvoluntarily, turned their eyes away from | who had twice been consul; but he re | amount when added together, will be 9 or

the painful sight. There was a sharp report of musketry, and when the smoke cleared away it was discovered that Marie had fallen forward

Mon Dien!" he exclaimed as he threw himself hurriedly from the saddle, should continue. Then, as to the excan it be that those stupid fellows have change of prisoners, the Carthagenian blundered?"

"She has only fainted, sire," said Fathr Godefroy, bending over her, and layutes Marie lay as still and deathly as exchange of prisoners should be made. though life had indeed departed. When she unclosed her eyes she looked up bewildered into the face that she had never

thought to see again in life. exclaimed Hedry; look up our sufferings bound by it to return to his captivity.are over! The emperor was but testing your But Regulus was too noble to listen to love. He has pardoned me and Father this for a moment. "Have you resolved Godefroy is even now waiting to make us to dishonor me?" he said. "I am not

And before Marie could hardly realize

was a wife.

Overcome with gratitude and joy, they would have knelt at his feet, but he prevented them.

"No thanks are due me," he said, ad his heart, as he looked upon the counte dressing Henri. You owe your life neithnance of the speaker, every feature of er to your own deserts, nor," he added, which was distinct with the fervor of her his eyes resting kindly on Marie's happy permission to him to remain; but noth face, "to dey elemency, but the heroic ing could prevail with him to break his courage and devotion of her, you have word, and he turned back to the chains after a momen's pause. "But remem- just called wife. Endeavor in all your and death he expected, as calmly as if has not entirely died out. The following ber that I am not trifling with you? One future conduct, to prove yourself worthy he had been returning to his home.useless for me to attempt to obtain his of you must die! You will have ample of her! I give you a month's furlough in Book of Golden Deeds. time between now and the dawn to de- which to enjoy your honeymoon; to which the Empress adds five thousand france as a dowry to your bride At the expiration of that time, return to the service of The next morning rose clear and cloud. your country: and remember, hereafter, cabin of a sloop on the lake of Santa

"You have won," he said smiling, | owner, whom he happened to know slight-"But how is it," he added, "that you ly, having met him once before. read the heart of this simple maiden so much better than I?"

"I judge her by my own heart, sire .-This lovely peasant girl has done nothing that I would not gladly do for thee!" "My good Josephine !" said the Em-

his, "I believe it?" A few years hence, when upon a lonely island, forsaken by all his summer friends, she, whom he had rejected from his heart and throne, wrote to him for permission to share his exile, did Napoleon receive another proof of that self nance had a pleased, almost exultant platoon of soldiers detailed to fire the fa- sacrificing which is seldom found save in | tioned by her Christian name of Amita.

· A ROMAN HERO.

In the war between Rome and Car thage the consul Regulus was taken captive. He was kept a close prisoner two years pining and sickening in his loneliness, while in the meantime the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself-tor his

word than for his life. Worn and dejected, the captive warior came to the outside of the gates of us own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. "l' am no longer a Roman cit izen ' he said; 'I am but the barbarian's slave and the senate may not give an

dience to strangers within the walls His wife Marcia ran out to greet him with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave and he continued, in spite of all entreaty to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he loved

The Roman senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna

The embas-adors spoke first, then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeatslave to the Carthagenians, I come on concerning peace, and an exchange of that the fundamental rules of arithmetic crowd of people, and when the signal to with the embassadors, as a stranger might among others the following curiosities not be present at the deliberations of the connected with the figure. senate. His old friends pressed him to ed to view death in its most cruel forms stay and give his opinion as a senator please, and the figures indicating the fused to degrade that dignity by claim. 9 repeated. The same is true in multiplying it, slave as he was. But, at the com- ing any number of times-the sum of mand of his Carthagenian masters, he

remained, though not taking his seat. Then he spoke- He told the senators The Emperor, who had been a passive to persevere in war. He said that he out attentive spectator of all this, instant | had seen the distress of Carthage, and ly spurred his horse to the spot where she that a peace would be only to her advantage, not that of Rome, and, therefore, he strongly advised that the war generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength whilst he himself was too much broken ing his hand upon her wrist as he spoke | down to be fit for service again, and in Yet, though the muskets were loaded deed he believed that his enemy had givwith blank cartridges, so that not a hair en him a slow poison, and that he could of her head was injured, for some min | not live long. Thus he insisted that no It is wonderful even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against him. self, and their chief priests came forward and 5 are 9. and declared that as his oath had been "Maria, my good angel! my savior! wrested from him by force, he was not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what this happy change in her prospects, she are these to the name of an infamous action or the wounds of a guilty mind !-As so n as the priest pronounced the Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still benediction, the Emperor approached the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return It is my duty to go, let the gods take care of the rest"

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him; they could merely repeat their

Garibaldi's Wife.

The story of Garibaldi's wooing in this :-- He was one day sitting in the Catharina, and looking toward the shore, when suddenly he saw, at a farm house tention for her uncommon grace and show you a man that is tantamount to know

The impulse which had prompted him to go to the house was to address the girl he had so admired. On seeing her, he immediately besought her to become his wife. The girl, it seems, conceived an affection as warm and sudden has he had peror, pressing affectionately her hand in | felt for her; and after the lapse of a few short days they were man and wife. The the province of Santa Catharina, who circumstances, the wife of Garibaldia, has never been revealed. In all the biographies of our hero she is alone menrich, warm complexion, with black and piercing eyes; of a beautifully rounded figure, and a sort of queenly majesty of in deportment; active, during, high-spirited and in every respect worthy of being the

> baldia Her courage was remarkable. A short ime after their marriage she went through an engagement at sea, with her husband. refusing to go ashore and during the fight; would stay nowhere but on deck, where she wielded a carbine and cheered the men. In the heat of the battle she was standing on deck, flourishing a sabre, and inspiring the men to deeds of valor, she was knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball that killed two men standing close by her side. Garibaldia was spring ing forward to her, thinking that he would find her a corpse, when she rose to her feet. covered with the blood of the men who had tallen close to her, but quite unhurt He begged her to go below and remain here unto the action was over. " I wil orbelow "was her reply, "but only to arve out the su aking cowards who are skucking there; for only a few seconds before she had somethree men feave the deck and harry rapidly down the hatch vay, so as to escape out of danger of the storme of bullets that were sweeping

the deck. And going below, she immethe three men, overcome with shame that they should have been surpassed in courage by a woman. She accompanied her husband in all his undertakings, and smith came forward and said. died while flying with him from the

Austrians. THE FIGURE NINE -This is a neculiar figure, with which numerous tricks may the part of my masters to treat with you be performed. Not to mention the fact

Add together as many nines as you the figures in the product will be nine or

a number of nines-For instance-Twice 9 are 18-1 and 8 are 9. Three times 9 are 27-2 and 7 are 9 Four times 9 are 36-3 and 6 are 9 And so on until we come to 11 times 9 are 99; here we have 2 nines, or 18

but 1 and 8 are 9. Twelve times 9 are 108-1 and 0 and are 9

The curious student may carry this on still further for amusement Another curiosity is exhibited in these different products of the 9 when multi-

plied by the digits, as follows: The nine digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 9, when added, amount to 5 times 9; or instead of adding, multiply the middle figure by the last, and the amount will be the mysterious nines, or 45, and 4

Once more. Let the digits as written

123456789 987654821 1111111110

And we have 9 ones and of course once more. Or let the upper series of numbers be subtracted from the under:

987654321

123456789

864197532 once more we have the 5 nines or 45, or We multiply the same figures by

123456789

1111111101

and we have 9 ones again, or 9. THE SHEEP QUESTION .- Eloquen is given as a verbatim report of a speech

in the Illinois House: ---"Mr. Speaker-I think sheep is paramount to dogs, and our laws hadn't oughter be so that dogs can commit ravages on sheen. Mr. Speaker, I represent sheen on this floor. [Laughter, and cries of "that's so." Up where I live, sheep is more account than dogs, although you The meaning of this scene was not situated on a neighboring hill, three or may tell me that dogs is useful, still I paling, and in every available place were long in passing from lip to lip through four girls busily engaged in domestic ducrowds of spectators, eager to view what the excited throng of people; and as Natities. They were all remarkable for beautand show me the man that represents dogs the village of L _____, full eight leagues is so dear to every Frenchman's heart, poleon ceased speaking, the air rang with ty but one in particular arrested his at as more important than sheep, and Twill

> When is silence likely to get wet? steps to the house. He was admitted by the When it reigns.

Unahppy Marriages among men of

The rare occurrence of genius (says ar English paper) with domestic comfort is perfectly awful. Take Dante, the exile. who left his w fe, never wishing to see her more; Tasso, wifeless; Petrarch, wifeless; Ariosto, wifeless; Milton, thrice married, but only once with much comsurname of this lovely Brazillian girl of fort; Dryden, wedded, like Addison, to a title and discord; Young lives alone till became, under such peculiarly romantic past fifty; Swift's marriage is no marriage; Sterne's, Churchill's, Byron's. Coleridge's marriages, broken and unhappy. Then we have a set of celebates-Herrick, Cowley, Pope, Thompson, Prior. She seems to have been a brunette of a Gay, Shenstone, Gray, Akenside, Gold smith, Collins, Cowper, and I know not how many more of our best poets. John son had a wife, loved and soon lost her It is almost enough to m ke women tremble of allying themselves with genius, or giving birth to it. Take the philosophers companion for life of such a man as Gari-– Bacon, like his famous legal adversary. Coke, seems to have enjoyed little domestic comfort, and speaks for, as he says, 'certain grave reasons," disapprovingly of his partner. Our metaphysicians-

Hobbes, Locke, Bentham, Lutler-are as solitary as Shinosa and Kant. The celi bate philosopher Hume conducts us to the other great bachelor historians Gibbon and Mucaulay, as Bishop Butler does to some of the princes of English divinity -Hooker cajoled into marrying a shrew Collingworth unmarried, Barrow also sin gle. I only take foremost men; the list might be swelled with monarchs and gen-

What A Rum-Seller Contributes to Society. We find the following to an exchange orthour any indication to its origin. I nesents the business of the liquor dealer attiking contrast with trades which are useful and honorable:

Every individual in society is expected to contribute something to its advancement and interest. We remember to have read, years ago, of a company of diately reappeared, diving before her tradesmen, who had united themselves together in a mutual benefit society, and on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers each one had to relate, what he could contribute to its support First the black

> "Gentleman, I wish to become a member of your association?" "Well, what can you do?"

your horses, and make all kinds of imple

ments." "Very well; come in, Mr. Blacksmith. The mason applied for admission into

the society. "And what can you do, sir?" "I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in; we cannot do without you." Along comes the shoemaker, and says: "I wish to become a member of your

society." "Well what can you do?" "I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker, we must have you.' In turn all the differnt trades and professions applied, till lastly, an individual

"And what are you?" "I am a rum-seller." "A rum-sel'er! and what can you do?" "I can build jails and prisons, and poor

houses." "And is that ail?" "No, I can fill them; I can fill your juils with criminals, your prisons with

convicts, and your poor houses with pau-"And what else can you do?"

to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent and fill the land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"I can b. i ig the gray hairs of the aged-

"Is that all you can do?" "Good heavens! cries the rum seller: is not that enough?"

How Milton Spent the Day .- At his meals he never took much wine, or Plato. Add the figures of the difference, and any other fermented liquor. Although not fastidious in his food, yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a prefer ance for such viands as were agreeable in flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, but in his later years he retired every night at nine o'clock his waistcoat. and lay till four in summer and five in winter. If not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a dat time itself can't heal it." chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him. and then after breakfast, studied till lub." twelve. He then dined took some exercise, for an hour, generally in a chair in which he used to swing himself, and afterwards played on the organ or bass viol, utterly refused to mend him; and he says and either sung himself, or requested his dat he is so bad dat de debble himself wife to sing, who, as he said, had a good | couldn't heel 'im." voice but no ear. He then resumed his studies until six, from which hour till eight he conversed with all who come to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank

the stiliness, warmth and recumbency of bad favorable to composition; and his wife said, before rising in the morning, he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his, when dictating his verses as we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over an arm chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in winter.

WIFE AND SQUAWS -I heard an anecdote of Kaffirland to day, which, though perfectly irrelevant to our adventures here, is so amusing that I must record it. particularly as my informant vouched for its truth. At an outpost far up the country resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house: but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild looking Kaffir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. 'He made her sit down, and untying her bonnet, let down her long fair hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands; and then proceeded to divest her of her shoes and stockings, and wondered at her little white feet. The next morning the lady and husband were awakenes at an early hour by a chattering under their window, and on inquiring the cause of the disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so impressed by the charms of our fair countrywoman, that he had come with twelve squaws to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused. - Major Puget's Camp and

Cantonment. NEY'S DEATH SCENE. -The vengence of the Allied Powers demanded some victims, and the intrepid Ney, who had well nigh put the crown again on the head of Bonaparte, was to be one of them. Condemaed to be shot, he was led to Luxembourg, on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up in line to kill him. -One of the officers steppe I up to bandage his eyes, but he reputsed him, saying : "Are you ignorant that for twenty five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet? He then lifted his his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that steaded his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, s id: "I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country; may my de the render her happy. Viva la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the bravest of the brave"sank to rise no more. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but oath of allogiance -so did the othere, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still he was no traitor.

"I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend quizzing another.

"Democratic; my father was a Democrat," he replied. "And what is your religion?" con tinued the other.

"Protestant, my father was a protes tant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other.

found it, don't bother me with your stunid questions." HAD HIM THERE .- A friend of ours who is a clerk in a New York mercantile came in who wanted to become a mem- establishment, relates a colloquy in which

"Because my father was a-oh, con-

a sprightly youth in that store came out second best A boy came along with a machine, inquiring :-"Any knives or seissors to grind?" "Don't think we have," replied the

young gentleman, facetiously: "but can't you sharpen wits?" "Yes, if you're got any," was the prompt retort, leaving his interrogator rather at

a loss to produce the article. THE LADIES AND THE GENTLEMEN .-At a recent festive me ting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed: "The ladies-the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed: 'The gentlemen-the sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and trable our troubles." The married man didn't stop to hear any more "Pete, what am lub?" asked a sable youth of 1 is compunion, a perfect African

"And you don't know nuffin' bout

"Why, your education is dreadfully in perfect. Don't you feel him in your bussum, to be sure?" The other inserted his hand, beneath

"No, I don't Uncle Pete." "Ignorant nigger! It am a strong passion which rends de soul so sewerely

"Den Unele Pete, I know who am in

"No Uncle Pete."

"Who am it?" "Dis old boot of mine. Its sole am rent so sewerely, dat Johnson, de cobbler,

"Sam, are you one of the Southern chivalry?" "No, massa, I'see one ob de Sourthern SHOVELRY; I shoveled dirt at the Dutch Gap Caual."

a glass of water; and afterwards retired Why is the leader of an orchestra the most wonderful man of the age? Because Like many other poets, Milton found he beats Time.

OFFICE at his residence in Pitt July 1, 1864.