

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

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REPLY OF

Messieurs Agenor de Gasparin, Edouard Laboulaye, Henri Martin, Augustin Cochon, and other friends of America in France

To the Local National League of New York.

GENTLEMEN: We would have thanked you much sooner but for the prolonged absence of one of our number. It would have been painful to us to have lost the collective character of this reply; for the blending of our four names is a proof of that great unity of sentiment upon all that concerns the cause of justice which by God's favor manifests itself here below, in spite of political and religious differences.

Yet we are careful not to overrate our personal importance. The League does not address us as individuals; it speaks to France, who cherishes as a national tradition, the friendship of the United States. It speaks to European opinion, which will rise up and declare itself more clearly as it recognizes that the struggle is between Slavery and Liberty.

You have comprehended, gentlemen, that neither France nor Europe have been free from misapprehensions. Light did not at first dawn upon the nature of the salutary but painful crisis through which you are passing; it was not plain to all, at the outset, that the work inaugurated by the election of Mr. LINCOLN yielded nothing in grandeur to that which your fathers accomplished with the aid of LAFALETTE and under the guidance of WASHINGTON.

Europe has had her errors, her hesitations, for which we are paying dearly to-day on both shores of the Atlantic. What blood would have been spared to you, what industrial suffering avoided by us, had European opinion declared itself with that force which you had the right to hope for! There is a protest of the universal conscience before which mankind necessarily recoils; moral forces are, after all, the great forces.

The revolted South, which needed our aid, which relied and perhaps still relies upon us, would not have dared long to affront the indignation of the civilized world.

I. Why has this indignation been withheld? Why has a sort of favor been granted to the only insurrection which has had neither motive or pretext—to the only one which has dared to unfurl the banner of Slavery? What has been the merit of this insurrection? By what charm has it conciliated the sympathy of more than one enlightened mind? This is a question humiliating to put, but useful to solve.

In the first place Europe doubted whether Slavery was the real cause of the conflict. Strange doubt, in truth! For many years Slavery had been the great, the only subject of strife in the United States.—At the time of the election of Mr. Buchanan the only issue was slavery. The electoral platforms prove this fact; the manifestos of the South were unanimous in this sense; her party leaders, her Governors, her deliberative assemblies, her press, spoke but of Slavery; the Vice-President of the insurgent Confederacy had made haste to declare officially that the mission of the new State was to present to the admiration of mankind a society founded on the "corner-stone" of Slavery. Lastly, it would seem to all reflecting minds the acts of Mr. Buchanan and others Presidents named by the South were proof enough of this truth. The South thinks only of Slavery. In her eyes all means are right to secure to Slavery its triumphs and boundless conquests.

But, it is objected that Mr. Lincoln and his friends were not Abolitionists. That is certain: their programme went no farther than to stop the extension of Slavery and shut it out from the Territories.—Was this nothing? Was it not in fact everything? Who could have foreseen that, on the appearance of such a programme, of a progress so unexpected, of an attack so bold upon the policy which was lowering and ruining the United States, the friends of liberty would not have all hastened to applaud. Was not this the time to cheer and strengthen those who were thus entering on the good path!

Was it not due to urge them on in their liberal tendencies, so that, the first step taken, they should take the second and so on to the end? Ought not that which terrified and dismayed the champions of Slavery to rejoice the hearts of its adversaries?

Your letter, gentlemen, puts in bold relief the reasons which hindered Mr. Lincoln from adopting at the outside an Abolition policy. The President could disregard neither his oath of office nor the Federal Constitution; he had also to keep in mind the opposition which a plan of emancipation would encounter in the loyal States. The head of a great Government cannot act with the freedom of a philosopher in his study. In truth Mr. Lincoln should be accused neither of timidity nor indifference. Your letter recalls the measures of his Presidency, abolition of Slavery in the Capitol and the District of Columbia, the proclaiming of freedom to fugitive slaves, the principle of compensated emancipation submitted to all the loyal States, the death penalty actually inflicted on Captains of slaves, the treaty with England admitting the right of search, the establishment of diplomatic relations with the black Republic of Liberia and Hayti, the arming of free negroes, and at last, when the length and gravity of the war sanctioned an extreme exercise of the powers of Commander-in-Chief, the absolute and final suppression of Slavery in all the revolted States.

We, gentlemen, are Abolitionists; and we declare that we have never hoped nor wished for a more steady, rapid, and resolute progress. We have understood the difficulties which surrounded Mr. Lincoln. We have honored his scruples of conscience with regard to the Constitution of his country which stopped his path. We have admired the courageous good sense with which he moved straight on, the instant he could do so without danger to his cause or violation of the law.

Wonder is expressed that Slavery is abolished in the revolted States and yet preserved in the loyal States! In other words there is wonder that he who is sworn to obey the Constitution, should respect it. Let no one take alarm at this. There is no danger that the "domestic institution" crushed in the Carolinas and Louisiana will long survive in Kentucky or Maryland. Already as you have stated to us, a solemn proposition has been made to all the loyal States; already one of the most important, Missouri, has set the example of acceptance. To be thus uneasy about the maintenance of Slavery in the North argues to our minds quite too much tenderness for the South. We look with suspicion upon this pretended Abolitionism whose unfriendly exactions were first put forth on the very day illumined in America by the dawn of abolition. We frankly say we could never have foreseen that the election of Mr. Lincoln and the several acts which we have just enumerated would be an endless cause of complaint, and distrust and unworthy denunciation from so many men who plume themselves in Europe upon their hatred of Slavery.

And since to destroy the North in public opinion it was not enough to accuse it of too much favor for Slavery, another grievance has been found. The North oppressed the South? The struggle was for two nationalities! The South had risen for independence!

Its independence! there were then subject provinces in the heart of the Union? Doubtless these provinces had no part in the government of the country, the South had not the same rights as the North?—Of course the South was held in this state of inferiority and subjection by numerous Federal garrisons? Not at all. All the States enjoyed the same rights, took like part in elections. If any section was favored it was the South, to which a further suffrage was granted in proportion to the number of its slaves. If any advantage had been enjoyed it was by the South, which had given the majority of Presidents and chief officers. Yet in this free country, a country without an army, and whose material means as well as laws were a sufficient barrier against oppression, in such a country we are told of a province claiming independence!

We are of your opinion, gentlemen, that independence and nationality are words too noble to be abused. In their abuse, things are compromised, and the more noble and sacred these things, the more careful should we be not to confound them with what is neither noble nor sacred—a revolt in the name of Slavery, a fratricidal revolt which would destroy a free Constitution and tear asunder a common country for fear lest there might be interference with the internal slave traffic, the continued breeding in Virginia, the sale and separation of families, and lest perchance some Territories should be shut out from the conquests of Slavery.

In vain we seek in the United States for a nationality striving to regain its independence. Not only has independence been nowhere assailed, but there is absolutely no trace of a separatist nationality.—Nowhere is there a more thorough national homogeneity. North and South the race is the same; faith, language,

history, and, we boldly add, interests are all the same. All these States have struggled together, suffered together, triumphed together. Their glories, their defeats, are common. Their Constitution sprung from the free consent of all; all pledged themselves alike to remain faithful to its obligations.

This pledge is no empty word with which caprice may idly sport. Among the inventions of our epoch there is none more extraordinary than the right of secession. Those who discovered it will no doubt teach us where it should stop. If each section has the right of secession from the Country as a whole, why not each State a right of secession from such section?—Why not each County a right of secession from the State? Why not each town a right of secession from the County?—Why not each citizen a right of secession from the town?

The truth is that, but for Slavery, the South would not talk of its suppressed independence, nor of the right of secession. Slavery has brought the two sections to strife. The extinction of Slavery will restore Unity. The North and the South will some day wonder that they could have failed to appreciate the most complete and homogeneous of nationalities.

A last resort remains. That we may not here see the great struggle on the subject of Slavery, an attempt is made to present the struggle as one for domination.

But this latter struggle is the very life of free countries. It is not surprising that the North and the South strove actively, energetically, noisily, for the triumph of their candidate and policy. But when one of them, losing the battle of the ballot, plunges without hesitation into another kind of battle; when it resists, arms in hand, the result of a regular election; when on the very day that it ceases to rule it tears into fragments the common country, it is guilty of a crime for which it is difficult to imagine an excuse.

II. You will crush the revolt, gentlemen. You will succeed—such is our belief—in re-establishing the Union. It will emerge from the bloody trial stronger, more free, more worthy of the noble destiny to which God summons it.

It has been demonstrated to us, it is true, that the re-establishment of the Union was impossible; but was it not also demonstrated to us, and by irrefutable argument, that you would be always and of necessity defeated; that you would never know how to handle a musket; that re-creating would become impracticable; that your finances would be exhausted; that your loans would not be taken; that you would become bankrupt; that riots would ravage your cities; that your Government would be overthrown. You have given to all these oracles the simplest and best answer. You will reply in the same manner to those who assert that the re-establishment of the Union is impossible.

What seems really impossible is not to restore the Union. Where draw the line between North and South? How maintain between them a state of Peace, or even of truce? How shall Slavery and Liberty live side by side? How, moreover, restrain the South from European protectorates, and by what means arrest the frightful consequences of such protectorates? Geographically, morally, politically, separation would create an unnatural situation; a situation violent and hazardous where each would live, arms in hand, waiting for the hour of conflict.

We have full faith, gentlemen, that such a trial will be spared you. It is not that we overlook the difficulties which still remain for you to overcome; they are great, greater perhaps than we imagine. War has its vicissitudes, and you may perhaps be called upon to pass through periods of ill-fortune. Yet one fact always remains, and shows on which side the final triumph will be found, supposing that there be no foreign intervention. The flag of the Union has now, for two years, never paused in its advance. It floats to-day over the soil of every revolted State without exception. The South has had its victories; it has never gained an inch of ground. The North has had its defeats; it has never fallen back. Master to-day of the entire course of the Mississippi, master of the Border States and of Louisiana, all that remains is to stifle the revolt in the narrow territory where it first burst forth and back which it has been driven. We believe that you will succeed in this; the only hope of the South, seems now little disposed to give her aid.

Concluded next week.

The brain of a hasty man is like a sooty chimney; it is constantly in danger of taking fire from the flames beneath. The brain of a well-ordered and quiet citizen is like a chimney newly swept; the sparks of passion pass through it, and escape without danger into the cooler regions of thought and reflection.

DID YOU EVER.

BY ELLEN SIMONS.

Did you ever have a friend,
When wealth did you surround,
That if suddenly left poor,
That friend could ever be found?

Did you ever see a well,
Strutting about the city,
(As if he was worth ten thousand pounds),
But he should have your pity?

Did you ever see a girl,
Fresh from a boarding school,
With flashing eyes and waving curls,
Who had lived up to a rule?

Did you ever see a mother,
With a baby young and fair,
Who thought there ever was another
That could with it compare?

Did you ever see a husband know,
Whose wife was pretty and bright,
But was afraid she'd have a beau,
If he was out of sight?

Did you ever hear of a school-boy
(Catching flies), exclaim, "Now for it!"
And if he had you ever read a tale,
Like Dickens' "Little Dorrit"?

WIT AND WISDOM.

THE worst had English is profane swearing.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

No cloud can overshadow the Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

Always fight till you die—after doing it five or six times, it is just as easy as anything else.

A miser is but a human version of the turnspit dog that toiled every day to roast meat for other person's eating.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order to reap.

Which is the left side of a plum pudding? That which is not eaten after you and I have been to dinner.

Why is an Ohio railway contractor like a German emigrant? Because he makes tracks for the West.

If you wish to know how many of your neighbors want "a little loan of ten dollars," get nominated for Congress.

Praise, when judiciously bestowed tends to encourage the pursuit of excellence.

A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy.

Why is a dram drinker like the hay crop? Because the hotter the weather the sooner he gets "cocked."

"Do you drink *hail* in America?" asked a cockney. "Hail, no—we drink thunder and lightning."

COOL—for a lady of 20 to ask her husband who has passed the "three score and ten," if he would prefer a plain or ornamental tomb-stone!

A Western paper says that an Arkansas rebel cavalry colonel mounts men by the following order: "Prepare for to get onter yer creeters." Second order—"Git." "NIMROD, can you tell me who was the first man?" "Adam somebody. His father was'n't nobody, and he never had a mother on account of the scarcity of women and the pressure of the times."

A FRIEND peeling plumpkin pignurative punishes the phollowing—"4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitously 4tifying 4loru 4tresses, 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4muing 4agging 4ees."

At a Spiritual Meeting, a short time since, Balaam was called up and asked if there were any Jackasses in his sphere? "No," replied he indignantly; "they are all on earth."

A witness in court, being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately well. He had "supped with him, sailed with him and horsewhipped him."

A waggish spendthrift said—"Five years ago I was not worth a cent in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions." "Well, where are you?" "Why I owe more than three thousand dollars."

WHAT heading shall I put to this account of a man cutting off his toes with an ax?" asked a young paragrapher pastor of his superior, in a certain newspaper office. "What heading, sir; why melancholy ax-ident, to be sure."

JOHN Reeves was accosted on the Kensington road by an elderly female, with a small bottle of gin in her hand:

"Pray, sir, I beg your pardon—is this the way to the work house?"

John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, gravely said—

"No, madam, but that is."

"Mr. Brads, you say you know the defendant—what is his character?"

"For what, sir—speering or integrity?"

"For integrity, sir."

"Well, all I can say about Jones is, that if he's honest, he's got a queer way of showing it, that's all!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just this—that the night before he dines on turkey, somebody's poultry coop is always broken open."

"That will do, Mr. Brads."

Somebody's Son.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

A runaway horse was one day seen dashing through the streets of New Haven at a terrific rate, dragging a wagon that contained a small lad who was screaming with fright. The wagon brought up against the sidewalk with fearful crash. A crowd hurried to the spot. One old lady, with cap-strings flying, rushed out into the street, although her daughter exclaimed, "Mother, mother, don't get into the crowd; you can't do any good." Seeing her agitation, a lady who was passing by kindly inquired, "Is he your son?" "Oh, no!" replied the true-hearted matron, "but he is somebody's son."

The good mother was ready enough to lend a hand to save somebody's boy; but we fear there is many a matron and many a daughter who, during the approaching holiday festivities, will lend a hand to lead somebody's son right toward destruction. They are already planning a Christmas party or a New Year's entertainment; and in their liberal bill of fare will be included a full supply of champagne and sherry, perhaps, too, of hot punch and brandy. These are days of fast living; money comes easy; who cares? Good Friends! there are many of us who care for our children if we do not for our purses; and before you set forth those attractive poisons, suffer me to make an honest appeal in behalf of one hundred thousand tempted young men.

I. Let me say to you that true hospitality does not require intoxicating liquors on such occasions—nor any occasion. We honor the kindly spirit which, on the birthday of the year, prepares a liberal entertainment. We honor the hospitality which flings the door to all who wish to come in and enjoy it. But the well furnished markets and groceries of every town have an ample store of "creature-comforts" without drawing upon the liquor-cellars and wine-vaults. There are many drinks both palatable and proper that may never cause redness of the eyes, or thickness of speech, or delirium of the brain. Under their influence young men do not reel on the sidewalks, or mistake the door-plates of their friends, or venture on silly impertinence toward the ladies who entertain them.—Under their influence nobody's son is carried home drunk—to shame and rend a parent's heart. But the pernicious custom of wine-giving and punch-brewing on New Year's day produces many a sad scene of excess and inebriation. On all festive occasions temptation grows strong and self-restraint grows weak. On every New Year's day, hospitable dwellings are turned into drinking-houses. Young men enter them with flushed faces, and with tongues quite too rapid for propriety.—Many a merchant's clerk has whetted an evil appetite that has cost him a valuable situation. A returned officer who went out last New Year's day to receive the congratulations of his friends, found the deceptions more fatal than the rebel shells, and when he reeled home, his shame-stricken family would rather have received him wounded and bleeding from the battle field. He was somebody's son—and somebody's husband, too. Friends! you have no moral right to tamper thus with other people's appetites, or to rob other households of their hopes and their happiness. "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor!"

II. As a second reason against offering strong drinks on holidays of any social entertainment, we would urge that many persons are confirmed by them in habits of intoxication. Social drinking, yea and drunkenness, were never more prevalent than now. There are members of my own church, probably, too, of most other churches, who are already sliding insensibly over that "glass railroad" whose smooth track leads downward to perdition. Thousands of young men are facing an enemy more deadly than ever frowned from the heights of Fredericksburg. With such young men a contest is now waging between conscience and appetite. They see their danger.—They realize in their calm moments, that they will soon lose their self-control, and are periling their places, their health, their lives, and their undying souls. Those young men enter your dwellings with a sharp conflict going on between their sense of right and their appetite on their regard for fashion. If no intoxicating cup is held out to them, they are comparatively safe. They will not seek the drink, unless the drink seeks them. But one glass may ruin them. On the summit of a hill in a Western State is a Court house so situated that the rain-drops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie, and thence through the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic; the drops on the other side trickle down from rivulet to rivulet until they reach the Ohio and the Mississippi and enter the ocean by the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destination of these rain-drops for three thousand miles. So a single act determines some-

times a human destiny for all time and eternity! A fashionable young man partially reformed from drinking habits came home to his father's house, rejoicing in his emancipation. His gay, light-hearted sister thoughtlessly proposed a glass of wine to drink his safe return. He was excited and off his guard; he yielded, and the single glass rekindled a thirst that carried him back again into drunkenness. The hand that should have sustained him laid him low. If all the ruined men who have first received the fatal glass from woman's hand could utter their testimony, how many a drunkard's grave would become vocal with terrible upbraids! Surely one would think that woman had already suffered enough from the poison of this adder to make her refuse to touch the cup that conceals his serpent fang.

Mothers! fathers! It is not only somebody's son who is in danger. There is a boy nearer home who is watching your example. The darling who nestled in your own arms may be the victim of the glass you offer to others. And how dare you warn your own children against dissipation when they see the decenter on your own side-board, and are confronted by the tempter on your own tables? You may remember the anecdote which Dr. Lyman Beecher loved to tell of the London clergyman, who, while walking the street, saw a loaded dray coming on rapidly toward a school-girl who was just crossing the way. The foremost horse was almost upon her. Forgetting self he rushed into the street—caught the child in his arms—bore her safely to the sidewalk, and, as her bonnet fell aside and she looked up with per pale face to see her deliver, the good man looked down into the face of his own little daughter! In attempting to save somebody's child he saved his own. Banish then the wine-cup from your house, and you may preserve not only somebody's son from temptation, but also the lad whom your dear wife taught to say his prayers on her knee.

SHOEMAKING BY MACHINERY.—A shoemaking machine is now in successful operation, says the Patterson, New Jersey, *Guardian*, which is one of the greatest wonders of industry, mechanism and genius. This is in reality a sewing machine, but altogether different in principle from all the ordinary kinds of those implements. It is a small affair, costing perhaps not more than \$30 or \$50 to build, and which after the shoe is arranged together, travels inside and sews through the thickest sole with a wax end of any thickness. This little machine or traveler goes all around the edge and way down into the toes, like a thing of magic, and does the hardest work of the shoemaker with the greatest ease and rapidity. It will sew 300 pair per day, and keep fifty men employed in finishing up the work, all the sewing of which has been done by machinery, from the finest stitching to the heaviest waxed ending of the thickest boot soles. The work is better than hand work, will out-gear anything ever before put together, and is destined to supersede all other kinds of shoemaker's work. In fact all the shoemaker will be needed on the machines to do the more agreeable finishing up part of the work. These little machines sell readily to manufacturers for \$500, and afterwards a stamp tax of one cent per shoe has to be paid the inventor. All manufacturers will be driven into the purchase of these shoemaking machines, which are creating a perfect revolution in the shoe business in our large towns, and which will in a year or two drive all nailed, pegged, or hand-sewed shoes and boots out of the market. We have seen manufacturers who have the instruments in use, and who say they are worth \$1000 to all who use them.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—An officer of the Government, just returned from Newbern, N. C., reports that our scheme for the occupation of abandoned plantations works admirably, the rental already producing quite a revenue, beside relieving Government of the support of thousands of poor people, both white and colored. The principles of free labor, and the dignity of self-support, are being inculcated, and arrangements are making for the perfection and extension of the system. The President's Amnesty Proclamation is generally approved there, and could the protection guaranteed be given, there is but little doubt that loyal men could be found to return North Carolina to her allegiance. Gen. Butler's call for negro cavalry created much enthusiasm, and the second regiment, now forming, was receiving over one hundred recruits a week.

Did you say, sir, that you considered Mr. Jones insane? asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case.

Yes, sir, I did.

Upon what grounds do you base that inference?

Why, I lent him a silk umbrella and five dollars in cash, and he returned them both!

The object of conversation is to entertain and amuse. To be agreeable, you must learn to be a good listener. A man who monopolizes a conversation is a great bore, no matter how great his knowledge.

The Amnesty Proclamation.

A Washington letter says:

The President has had several thousand copies of his proclamation of December 8th, declaring an amnesty to all rebels of the rank of Colonel and under, providing they take a prescribed oath, printed in the shape of a handbill, and at the end of the proclamation is the following:

"The book wherein to record the taking of the above oath by such persons as may apply, is in the custody of — at —, who is authorized to administer the said oath to such persons of that vicinity, and is required to give every person requesting it a certificate in form below, until some other mode of proof shall be authoritatively provided, sufficient evidence of the facts certified to entitle the holder to the benefits as provided in said proclamation.

"CERTIFICATE.—I do hereby certify that on — day of — 186—, at —, the oath presented by the President of the United States in his proclamation December eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, was duly taken, subscribed and made matter of record, by —."

This handbill is to be posted through all the rebel territory occupied by us, and it is expected that thousands of secessh will avail themselves of it; that Tennessee, Texas and Louisiana will be the first to return as States to their allegiance.

HOG-OGRAPHY.—The following article went the rounds of the papers a few years ago, but we reprint it for the information of those who never read it:

Francis Pigg has strayed off from Indianapolis, leaving Mrs. Pigg and the little pigg to hunt their own feed hereafter. We'll do our share towards penning them.

Since reading the above, we are happy to learn that Pigg left a small *sti-penned* for his interesting family. By the last advises we are informed that this young boy Barkis, was *wellin*!

Mrs. Pigg, though she always professed to consider her husband a great bore, has consented to accept this stipend as a suspension of hostilities, though she is apprehensive that he has another *stye* in his eye. We can comfort her with the assurance that he will be cured one of these days as many a *rasher* one has been. He is at present probably hanging about some of the *stop-shops* of the city.

We believe that Mr. P. is resolved to go to the root of this matter or die; but it must be remembered that there are two sides to a quarrel like this, and however *brisk* it may be kept up, each one must *shoutler* a part of the responsibility. We anticipate a *prince mess* as the consequence.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—People of strong nervous temperament are great slaves to the whims and caprices of their imagination, and hence people of good metal, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary sort of person—that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are unsustained, and so partially undeveloped—suffers from this peculiar fact in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the best physical authority) one half the ills that flesh is heir to are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever, and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those fearful maladies.

A case is recorded, wherein a felon condemned to death by phlebotomy had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side applied the lancet to his arm with a click: the poor culprit heard the muffled stream outpouring, and soon growing weaker and fainter, he fell into a swoon, he died; when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed—a surgeon having merely snapped his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into a basin.

Another case in "pint" was that of a Philadelphia amateur butcher, who, in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, instead of the beef, upon the barbed point. His agony was intense; he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination) that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor in cutting the coat and shirt-sleeve from about the wounded arm! When at last, the arm was bared, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin; and torn the shirt-sleeve.

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