CARLISLE HERALD

A. K. RHEEM, Proprietor.
Wm. M. PORTER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 if paid strictly in advance $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 8 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills Blanks or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY

THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED.

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most certain, speedy and only effectual remedy in the world for all private diseases, weakness of the back or limbs, strictures, affections of the kidneys and bladder, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, dyspepsy, languor, low spirits, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, timidity, tremblings, dimness of sight or giddiness, disease of the head, throat, nose or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach or bowels—those terrible disorders arising from the solitary habits of youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting the most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously consider in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately cured, and full vigor restored. This distressing affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those yielding to improper habits than by the purest? Besides being deprived the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of the reproductive power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility and a wasting of the frame, cough, consumption, decay and death.

OFFICE NO 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET.

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Full not to observe name and number. Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs. Dr Johnston, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known, many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the back and limbs, pains in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsy, nervous irritability, derangement of the digestive functions, general debility, symptoms of consumption.

MENTALLY—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—loss of memory, confusion of ideas, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, aversion to society, self distrust, love of solitude, timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating

MARRIAGE

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness—Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this a awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that deadly poison, Mercury, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many unlearned and worthless pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly educated physicians, incapable of curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credentials or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive private practice than any other physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this Institution, in the following manner: JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
May 2, 1862—1y

NEW SPRING GOODS.

I am now receiving a large assortment of new and elegant Spring goods, to which I respectfully call the attention of my old friends and customers, and all in want of handsome and cheap goods. Particulars in next weeks paper. I will sell as cheap as any store in the Borough.

CHAS. OGILBY Trustee.
April 4, 1862.

BOOTS, SHOES & GAITERS.

At Ogilby's cheap cash store. Just received an assortment of Ladies, Misses, and Childrens Gaiters. Boots & Shoes of the best quality and handsome styles. April 4, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

The New Ballad of Lord Lovell.

Lord Lovell he sat in St. Charles' Hotel,
In St. Charles' Hotel sat he,
As fine a case of a Southern swell
As ever you'd wish to see—see—see,
As ever you'd wish to see.

Lord Lovell the town had vowed to defend,
A waving his sword on high,
He swore that his last ounce of powder he'd spend.
And in the last ditch he'd die.

He swore by black and swore by blue,
He swore by the stars and bars.
That never he'd fly from the Yankee crew,
While he was the son of Mars.

He had fifty thousand gallant men,
Fifty thousand gallant men had he,
Who had all sworn with him that they'd never surrender to any tarnation Yankee.

He had forts that no Yankees alive could take,
He had iron clad boats a score,
And batteries all around the Lake
And along the river shore.

Or Farragut came with a mighty fleet,
With a mighty fleet came he.
And Lord Lovell instanter began to retreat
Before the first boat he could see.

'Tis fifty thousand gallant men
Dwindled down to thousand six;
Then heard a distant cannon and then
Commenced a cutting their sticks.

"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell!" Sir Farragut cried,
"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell!" said he;
"I rather think not," Lord Lovell replied,
"For I'm in a great hurry."

"I like the drink at St. Charles' Hotel,
But I never could bear strong Porter,
Especially when it is served in the shell,
Or mixed in an iron mortar."

"I reckon you're right," Sir Farragut said,
"I reckon you're right said he.
"For if my Porter should fly to your head,
A terrible smash there'd be."

Oh! a wonder it was to see them run,
A wonderful thing to see,
And the Yankees sailed up without shooting a gun,
And captured their great city.

Lord Lovell kept running all day and night,
Lord Lovell a running kept he,
For he swore he couldn't abide the sight,
Of the gun of a live Yankee

When Lord Lovell's life was brought to a close
By a sharp shooting Yankee gunner,
From his head there sprouted a red red nose,
From his feet—a Scarlet Runner.

Miscellaneous.

For the Herald.

The Parson's Midnight Ride.

BY "JOHN OF GAUNT."

I am an old man now, the snows of full sixty winters have whitened my hair, and often when alone I sit and dream over the days of my youth, "those merry days now gone forever." The story I am about to relate happened some forty years ago, and made a great stir in the little town of E——, where I was a student at the time. I do not intend it as a slur on my clerical friends, but only to show that accidents will happen to both good and bad

It was near the end of the college year and the boys were getting somewhat restive as the time of vacation drew near. Everything was dull, awfully so, and the boys waited impatiently for their annual deliverance from the thraldom of college life, and longed to be out of reach of the sound, of what was to too many of us, the ill-omened recitation bell.

One night three of us were gathered together in my room, reveling in the befogging delights of ale, and short stemmed, well begrimed "*dudheens*" and thinking of the good times we would have at home, how many times we should fail next day and divers other subjects agreeable and otherwise. We had been quiet for some time, when Sam F——suddenly broke in upon our meditations by exclaiming:

"I have it boys! Let's have some fun to night."

Every fellow's ears were cocked in an instant.

"Well, what is it?" said T——, my chum.

"Let us get old Parson K——'s horse, tie a tin pan to his tail, put an effigy of the old gentleman on his back, start him down through the town, and frighten the whole population out of a year's growth."

"But how will you get into the stable?"

"I'll soon fix that," said Sam, and going to his room, he returned with a short iron bar, technically called a "jemmy" and a dark lantern. We disguised ourselves so that our sweethearts would not have known us, and, having prepared the effigy and lighted the lantern, took up our line of march for the Parson's stable. The procession moved in the following order:—

First—Sam, bearing the "jemmy" and dark lantern. Second—my chum, with the effigy thrown over his shoulders, after the manner in which the farmers were formerly supposed to carry their pigs to market. And lastly, myself, bearing two ancient and dilapidated coffee pots, wherewith to decorate the caudal appendage of the Parson's Rozinante and accelerate his speed.

We soon arrived at the stable, which was situated at the upper end of the town, just in rear of his residence, and with the aid of the "jemmy" opened the door, and putting the bridle on the old grey, led him out in the rear of a cornfield belonging to the Parson. We then proceeded to attach the coffee pots to his tail and were about to put the effigy on his back, when we were suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a figure, dressed in white, making its way rapidly towards us.

"Look out, boys, here he comes," cried Sam, and away he bolted, followed by T——. I took refuge behind a convenient hedge, and proceeded to watch operations.

The old gentleman had, no doubt, seen the light, and imagined that some one was stealing his corn. He came up to his horse and appeared somewhat astonished to see him in that place at that time of night. He took hold of the bridle, and as the ground was wet from a recent rain, and not noticing the coffee pots, on account of the darkness, he mounted with the intention of riding to the stable. The horse started and the coffee pots, striking his heels, frightened him and away he went at a speed that would have shamed one of Baldwin's best locomotives Down through the Main street of the town he went, followed by all the dogs in the neighborhood, reminding me forcibly of John Gilpin's ride.

"Away went Gilpin neck or naught,
Away went hat and wig."

Imagine to yourselves, a respectable clerical gentleman about fifty years of age, riding half dressed, at midnight, through a town, followed by about two dozen dogs all in full cry!

Rattle! rattle! bang! bang; bow wow wow! Up went windows, and out came divers night-capped heads of the good people of the town, wondering what devil's game was to pay at that time of night. Oh! how he went! "Tam O'Shanter's" ride was not a circumstance to it.

How far he rode I never knew, but some of the market people said they saw a gentleman about half dressed and covered with mud, making his appearance about five o'clock in the morning and wending his weary way towards the Parson's residence.

We kept our secret, and every time we met for some years afterwards we would ask each other,—who stole the Parson's horse?

Herrmann in the Lexington Market.

Those who have read the little pamphlet recounting the Marvellous deeds of Herrmann, the magician, have no doubt been constrained to believe that much which is thus written is more funny than reality. If, however, they could have witnessed his performance in the Lexington market on yesterday, all doubts would have been removed, and they would have considered that nothing was impossible with the master of the magic art. Accompanied by a number of gentlemen connected with the press of that city, together with several of his personal friends, M. Herrmann yesterday morning paid a visit to the Lexington market. On entering it the company parted from him, and he walked carelessly from stall to stall, pricing articles and talking with the venders. A number of persons who had no doubt been attending his elegant and interesting entertainments recognized him and paused, anticipating an exhibition of his wonderful powers. The people seeing the gathering crowd were soon there and were in mortal anxiety to witness an important arrest they knowing up to that, and it was only when a member of the press informed them that it was the great magician, they ceased their surveillance. After moving about for a few minutes, Herrmann stopped in front of a stall on which there was a bushel and a half basket of eggs, and behind which there sat a pleasant faced Irish woman. He looked at the basket a moment and then remarked:

"What is the price of eggs, this morning?"

"Fifteen cents a dozen. Fresh.

"I want a dozen, and will pay you your price, with this understanding: I desire to break them, and whether I or you do it, whatever they contain belongs to me."

"Bless your heart certainly. Sure I don't want their contents."

Herrmann took an egg from the basket and broke it. He poured the yolk out, and in the shell were four two-and-half gold pieces. At the sight of the glittering metal the old lady's eyes dilated, she twitched her nose, looked at the crowd who were gathering around her stall, put the index finger of her right hand in her mouth and with a look of amazement, she exclaimed;

"My conscience!"

"Valuable eggs, madam," said Herrmann. "Will you please break this one for me?" handing her one.

She took it, at the same time staring Herrmann in the face, and nervously broke it. It was as rich as the first; four gold quarters were lying in the shell. She involuntarily closed her hand, when the magician remarked:

"Stay, madam; what the eggs contain belongs to me;" and as she handed him the money, he asked:

"What will you take for all you have?"

A female in the crowd, who occupied an adjacent stall, cried out, "Don't sell another one. You've as much right to the gold that's in them as any person else."

"They're not for sale, sir, she replied.

The crowd which had gathered around the magician now numbered hundreds. Herrmann broke another egg, and the gold was there; and alternately the woman and he broke eggs, until a dozen were destroyed and each one contained ten dollars in gold. The crowd had gained such proportions, and were so eager to witness the scene, that he was compelled to leave. The throng could not be stood off, however. They pressed around him, and wherever he went hundreds followed him. He was "the observed of all observers," and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could move through the market. Fifteen minutes were spent in walking about,, when he paused in front of a coop of chickens. Instantly the crowd pressed around him, and with such eagerness that it was almost impossible for him to maintain his position. Venders left their stalls, and purchasers carelessly dropped their baskets; boys dropped on their hands and knees and crawled through the dense crowd, which swayed to and fro like a wave.

Herrmann asked the price of a chicken, and then took it in his hands, remarking that "it would be easier to carry it home with its head off than with it on;" at the same time he commenced to wring its head off. Blood spurted out over his hand and over the fowl, and in an instant he threw the chicken's head on the stall and held the body in his hand. It lay thus for a moment, when he picked it up and remarked that he believed he would put it on again. There was a rub or two of the neck, a quick shake, and he pitched the fowl on the stall alive. The market woman instantly caught it, and taking hold of its head endeavored to pull it off, but it was no go, Herrmann had fixed it on too fast. An expression of the utmost astonishment settled on her face, and she gazed at Herrmann with bewildering wonder. The crowd cheered and Herrmann found it almost impossible to extricate himself from his pressed position.

At this juncture a policeman came up and requested him to leave the market, as the excitement had become so great and was every moment on the increase, it was seriously interfering with the market. He was glad to get away, and hurriedly passed towards Baltimore street, the crowd still following him. He was finally compelled to enter the piano store of Messrs. Knabe & Co., to get clear of it A member of the press offered to buy the chicken whose head had been torn off but the woman refused to sell it, although a dollar was offered for it, remarking that she would carry it home and allow it to die of old age. The egg woman found no difficulty in disposing of her stock. People flocked around her stall and purchased her eggs, anticipating that each one would prove a placer. The performance of yesterday morning is convincing evidence that there is but one magician—and he is Herrmann.

A Sermon Six and a Half Centuries Old.

In the Dean of Chichester's History of the Archbishops of Canterbury, lately published in England, occurs a curious sermon preached about the year 1200, by Bishop Lanston. The text is a popular dancing song of the day:

Fair Alice rose up in the morning,
Her body she clothed and adorned,
Into a garden she entered
And five little flowers she found.
And there, too, of roses the fairest
A chaplet she made
"Now all you who love me not, leave me in God's name," she said

We read that of every idle word we shall have to give an account at the Judgment Day. Therefore, we ought to correct our wanderings, to repress our errors, to expel base things with good, and to abandon vanity for truth.

Now listen! when I sang that song of "Fair Alice" you were reminded of the musical dance for which it was composed; and you know that in a musical dance three things are needed; a singing voice, pleasant and graceful feet. In order, then, that we may come musically before God we must have these three things in us a singing voice, that is, holy speech, pleasing God and men; pleasant arms, that is, charity, or love towards God and towards our neighbors; and graceful feet, that is, words which accord with our speech, after the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who began first to do good himself and afterwards to teach it.

Now let us see who Fair Alice is. It was of her that this was said "Behold, thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." This is the fair Alice, this is the flower, this is the lily of whom it was spoken. "Like a lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."—She is called by this name Alice from *a*, that is, *w thout*, and *his*, strife; as it were, without strife, without reproach, without early dross. She is the queen of justice, she is the mother of mercy. It is said.

Fair Alice rose up in the morning.
Her body she clothed and adorned.

And it is said in scripture, "Make ready thy chamber, oh daughter of Zion!" Do you not know now who fair Alice is? She is the blessed Virgin Mary, who made ready her chamber when she conceived the King and Lord of Heaven.—Then,

Into a garden she entered.

And of her it has been said, "She is a virgin, a rod, and a shrub." A virgin, whence we have, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." A rod, "There shall come forth a rod out of stem of Jesse." A shrub, the fruit of which was announced when the angel said, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Then,

Five little flowers she found.

Fair Alice found on that shrub five flowers, which are neither burnt by fire, nor parched by heat, nor crushed by storms. What are these flowers? They are faith, hope, charity, chastity, and humanity. Whoever wears these flowers has better than a crown of precious stones. Again,

There, too, of roses the fairest,
A chaplet she made.

By the chaplet we must understand the golden crown which God placed upon her head when he crowned her Queen of queens. And lastly,

"Now all ye who love me not, leave me
In God's name," she said.

To whom is this said? To heretics, pagans and false Christians, who believe not Christ's resurrection, who openly blaspheme Him. To them it is said, "All ye who love me not, leave me;" that is, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

From what has been said observe that this fair Alice, of whom you vainly sing and of whom we have been preaching, is none other than the mother of justice, the queen of mercy, who brought forth the King and Lord of Heaven, who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit ever liveth and reigneth, one God. Amen.

Some one was telling an Irishman that a fellow had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; where upon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a nod, Pat answered, "I belave in the crame, but not the saucers."

GOT HIM NOW!—*Vanity Fair* has an illustration of an interview between Jonathan and John, in Plymouth harbor. John's ships moored before them, and the former, addressing him thus: "Say neighbor, you seem in a fix about them 'ere wooden ships of yours—what'll you take for 'em by the cord?"

WAR ANECDOTES.

The army correspondents of our exchanges glean some interesting stories among our camps. Here is a bit from a Nashville letter in the Cincinnati *Gazette*:

ARMAGEDDON SOFTENING.

"Armageddon Baldwin is a poetic, visionary sort of sinner. I learn from a gentleman who heard him pray yesterday in the First Methodist church of this city—he is the pastor—that a petition something like this was put up; 'If this war is of hell, be pleased, O Lord to crush it. If in Thy wisdom, good is to come of it, Thy will be done!' Is not Armageddon softening down into a "submissionist."

A SECESSIONIST YOUNG WOMAN AND A CORPORAL.

Another letter writer at Nashville tells this anecdote;

"The Sixty-ninth Illinois regiment after marching in column through the principal streets of Nashville, cheering for the Union come to a halt and in line of battle in front of the St. Cloud Hotel where Governor Andy Johnson was stopping, and offered three cheers for the "Union, the constition and the enforcement of the laws,' whereupon Governor Andy Johnson appeared, hat in hand, and made a very little war speech. While these things were going on a pretty young lady, expensively and tastily dresses, promenading the streets, was put to the inconvenience of having to pass round the right wing of the battalion, which blocked up two streets. As she swept along she turned up her pretty nose (as is their custom) at a manly, soldierly appearing corporal in Company D.

"The corporal promptly stepped out ranks, caused three soldiers to do the same, and invited the young lady to pass through the interval. She accepted the invitation, but in passing through the lines gave the corporal a "withering glance," as Reynolds would have it and said to him, 'you had better all of you go home.' 'Oh no' answered the corporal, 'we like your country, your climate your *people*.' Our people, the young lady exclaimed, sucking in a good supply of breath, 'are, you not ashamed to drive our poor men from their homes and their families?' But we don't want to drive them away,' said the corporal, 'if they will only have any sense—we don't want their niggers—don't want to free them—have too many niggers North now—all we want is to keep together the old government and to keep up the old flag, and that we are going to do."

GENERAL TERRY AND THE REBEL COLONEL OLMSTEAD.

Major Gardiner, of the Seventh Connecticut regiment, now at home on leave, tells a characteristic story of General Terry, the late colonel of his regiment.

"After Fort Pulaski had been placed in General Terry's charge, and as its rebel commander, Colonel Olmstead, was about to be sent North as a prisoner of war, General Terry, appreciating the embarrassments to which he might be subjected, told him that as it was not probable that he was supplied with current money, and as confederate money was valueless except as a curiosity, he desired that he would accept of a sum that might free him from temporary inconvenience, and presented him with fifty dollars in good money. The offer was greatfully accepted, of course, with suitable acknowledgements of the generosity which prompted it. How strikingly the act contrasts with the development of rebel ruffianism toward Union-men, as shown in Senator Wade's report.

"MILITARY NECESSITY.

A knot of Newspaper correspondents in the Department of the Rappahannock, lately took formal possession of certain rebel premises, and adopted the following declatory resolution;

"Resolved, That the house belonged to the federal government, by reason of its owner's secession and abandonment, and not to the officers who occupied it. That we were equally children of Uncle Sam, and that inasmuch as Uncle Sam has repudiated primogeniture from his first start out in life all his children were entitled to share alike at present and in prospective, and that the house was ours to use as, much as the officers. That we, therefore, should take possession of any unoccupied portion of it. That the dining room was unoccupied for the night, and that there we should take up our lodgings.

"2. Resolved, Of all the appliances of comfort that we could find unappropriated, ditto. That we should take some wood, enough to keep a roaring fire all night, to warm our feet by.

"3 Resolved, Of everything to eat, ditto; provided that we could get cook's consent, acknowledging valid authority over the matter in him, derive from his skill and labor in making it eatable.

"4. Resolved, That we do all these things as a military necessity, and in strict conformity to, and most devoted regard for the constitution of the doers.

The account adds:

"These resolutions being carried without a dissenting voice in the whole assemblage, we made tracks for the cook's quarters."

A crowd assembled round a man who announced that on the pay ment of a penny from each person, he would show them a cherry-colored cat which he had in a bag. The money was soon collected, and the man, ordering the crowd to fall back so as to give room for the exhibition, opened his bag when out jumped a large black cat. Off bolted the man, shouting as he went, "There are black cherries as well as red!"

AN Irishman in a time of revival, joined the church, but was found sinning grievously not long afterwards. "Did'nt you join the Methodists?" inquired a piously disposed person. "Faix and I did; I jined for six months, and behaved so well, that they left me off with three!"

Curative Effects of Grapes.

Dr. Herpin, of Montz, has published an interesting account of the curative effects of grapes, in various disorders of the body. They act, firstly, by introducing large quantities of fluids into the system, which, passing through the blood, carry by perspiration and other excretions, the effete and injurious materials of the body; secondly as a vegetable nutritive agent, through the albumeroid of nitrogenous and respiratory substance, which the grape contains; thirdly, as a medicine, at the same time soothing, laxative, alterative and defarative; fourthly, by the alkalies, which diminish the plasticity of the blood, and render all more fluid; fifthly, by the various mineral elements, such as sulphates, chlorides, phosphates, &c., which are an analogous and valuable substitute for many mineral waters.

Employed rationally and methodically, aided by suitable diet and regimen, the grape produces most important changes in the system, in favoring organic transmutations, in contributing healthy materials to the repair and reconstruction of the various tissues, and in determining the removal of vitiated matters which have become useless and injurious to the system Directed by a skillful physician, this valuable agent can be made to produce the most varied effects on the constitution. It also possesses the advantage of being acceptable to most invalids The treatment lasts from three to six weeks. The quanity of grapes that may be consumed varies from one to four pounds a day, commencing with small quantities, which are gradually increased. The skins and seeds must not be swallowed.

A SHARP ANSWER.—There was a physician in the neighborhood of Franklin, Mass., where Dr. Emmons preached for seventy-one years, who was corrupting the minds of men by his Pantheism. The physician being called to a sick family in the Franklin parish, met the Franklin minister at the house of affliction. It was no place for a dispute. It was not a place for an unbecoming familiarity with the minister. It was no place for a physician to inquire into the age of the minister, especially with any intent of entangling him in a debate, and, above all, where the querist was too visionary for any logical discussion But the abrupt question of the pantheist was:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, sir, was the triumphant response. "Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly—I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard there was a third person in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was *you*."

The pantheist did not follow up the discussion.

The destruction of cotton and tobacco by the rebels will call to every ones mind the proverb of "cutting off the nose to spite the face." The U. S. army protects property wherever it goes, but the rebels have got into their sconces the opinion that cotton and tobacco are masters of the world, and that the destruction of these two great productions of their own would ruin all creation Their conduct brings to mind the anecdote which used to be told of an incident in the great Irish rebellion. A banker at Dublin had made himself very prominent in the government cause. Of course he was most essentially hated by the insurgents, and their progress through the country, whenever they came across any of his notes of issue—his "promises to pay"—they threw them into the fire and burned them up, with the exclamation, "We'll ruin the rascal."—This is the only antecedent which we can draw from history, for the insane conduct of the rebels, in destroying their own property, which no one ever dreamed of taking from them.

One Simeon Hazen, now living in the town of Sprague, Connecticut at the age of 93 years, has lived in three different towns without removing from his home, Sprague having formerly been known as Norwhich and Franklin; and he also lived under three Governments—the monarchy of George the Third, then under the Confederacy, and under the Government of the United States. He has seen four wars, and was drafted at New London in the war of 1812, and had a son in the same company, and one in the Mexican war, and the present one.

A prudent and well-disposed member of the Society of friends once gave the following friendly advice: "John," said he "I hear thou art going to be married." "Yes replied John, "I am"—"Well," rejoined the man of drab," "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry to a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth fifty shillings and she was worth fifty-one; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shilling."

WHEN some stupid fellow charged Sheridan with inconsistency, the wit replied that the accusation reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who, hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying past three, observed—"Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He changes his story every half hour!"

Extraordinary hast to discharge an obligation, is a sort of ingratitude, because it shows that the person obliged does not trust the mental generosity of his benefactor.

That was a fearful jest of Lord Norbury's on sentencing to death a thief, who had stolen a watch: "You made a grasp at time, my lad, but you clutched eternity.

Joe Harris's Panther Fight.

Joe Harris was the youngest of three brothers, the eldest, Bill and Sam, being tall raw boned, fair haired, fair complexioned men, noisy, insolent, and quick of quarrel, and constantly engaged in fights, in which, by the way, from their great personal strength and activity, they generally proved victorious.—Joe on the other hand, was about the middle size, with dark skin and eyes, and his bullet head covered with short, grisp curls, of the jettiest black. Quiet and cool in his demeanor, he seldom or ever got into a difficulty, but when he chanced to be drawn into one, gave ample proof that he was by no means behind any of his family in fistic prowess and accomplishments. They lived in Crawford county, Arkansas, some thirty years ago. It happened on one occasion at a quarter race—at a little place familiarly known in those days as Pin Hook, but is now the thickly settled town of Van Buren—that Joe got mixed up in a fight with one of the bullies of the neighborhood and was knocking the conceit out of him "hand over fist," when Bill, the eldest brother, who was standing by, and hadn't had a fight for more'n a week, jumped in between, took the fight off Joe's hands, and demolished the fellow in the twinkling of a bed-post.

After the affair was over, and before they had time to liquor on it, Joe took Bill one side out of ear-shot, and very deliberately remarked to him—

"Look here, Bill, I'll tell you what it is, I've no objection in the world, if you see that a feller's gitting the better of me, that you should get in and get us apart, but I've no notion, when I've got a feller as good as whipped, that you should run in and take all the credit of the fight! 'Tain't the first time you've done it; an' if you ever do it again, I give you fair warnin', I'll turn right round an' lick you like h—ll! Now mind if I don't!"

"Very well," says Bill, who was well aware that Joe would be apt to be as good as his word.

"I'll try and remember."

They then went back to the crowd, and clinched the understanding with a smile of Baldface.

A few weeks after the conversation and fight aforesaid, Bill and Joe walked down into the river bottom, either to hunt up some cattle or hogs, or to look for timber stocks.—Bill had his rifle, but Joe was unharmed. After forcing their way some half a mile or such a matter, through the thick underbrush, composed in part of the red buckeye, with its brilliant blossoms, they were suddenly startled by a low, savage growl, which sounded uncomfortably near, and ere they could look about them, or make any preparation, with a wild shriek of exulting rage a large female panther sprang from a limb overhead full upon the shoulders of Joe.

To twist himself around and seize the animal by the throat was but the work of an instant on the part of the intrepid borderer, and then commenced a struggle for life or death. After being stripped to the skin and receiving some severe scratches, Joe got his knife in requisition and put an end to the panther by ripping up her bowels. Meantime Bill had been looking on, quietly resting on his rifle. When the beast was dead, and Joe had recovered breath somewhat, he noticed the calmness of Bill.

"Why, Bill! why the h—ll didn't you shoot the varmint, when you seed her a doin' me so?" inquired he.

"Hum!" says Bill "Very good reason why! Didn't you tell me, t'other day, if I ever mixed in a fight of yourn agin, when you was gitting the best of it, that you'd lick me, say?"

"If I'd a seed the panther have you down, and putin' it into you, I'd a shot him; but long as I seed you was gittin the best of it, I wouldn't a touched him for half of Crawford county, d—d if I would!"

Of course Joe saw that Bill was right, so he patched up his scratches and said no more about it.

BREVITIES.

THE most potent kind of witch-hazel is the hazel eye of a pretty woman.

When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step toward wealth.

We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

A grocer advertises in the following manner: "Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked."

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each as they would that men should do unto them.

One firm in Sheffield produces every week twenty tons of crinoline. It is estimated that enough crinoline has been manufactured in that city to encircle the globe several times.

A MAN recently hanged in a neighboring state, confessed upon the gallows that his first commencement in crime and villiany, was stopping a paper *without paying for it*.

AN Irishman, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high— for they hanged him."

To shake off trouble, we must set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolation of religion.

"A fine old Irish gentleman" at Lynn, who did not own a flag, wishing to celebrate the Union victories, hung out a blue shirt and a white one, together "wid the ould woman's red petticoat," saying, "Be jabers! I'll have the imblems out any how."

A QUEER looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and gravely inquired:

"Can I bid?"

"Certainly," replied the auctioneer.

"Well, then," said the wag walking off, "I bid you good night."

SOON after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a man met a farmer of the neighborhood, and said to him: "You had a great loss." "What loss," "Why, you have lost the great poet." "Oh! ay," said the farmer, "he is dead, but ah hev no doubt t' wife'll carry on t' business, and make it as profitable as ivver it was."

A western publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for the purpose of getting up a "new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it. Better keep the money, and buy a new head *for the editor*."