CARLISLE HERALD

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

$1 50 per annum in advance
$2 00 if not paid in advance

VOL. 62. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1862. NO 33.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty ig t colums 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 o' the year No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and no one discontinued until all the 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 he payment assumed by some responsible person living i 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 materials 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 their 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 confide 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 falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures 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 procreative power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility 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. Fail 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 conubial 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.

DISEASE 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 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 reciving 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.

Speech of Col. John W. Forney.

DELIVERED AT LANCASTER, PA., AUG. 2d.

The resolutions being adopted, Col. John W. Forney was introduced to the meeting and received with tremendous applause. He said:

OLD FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: It gives me sincere gratification to appear before you on this impressive occasion. However the circumstances by which we are surrounded may sadden our hearts, it is cheering to one like myself, who has been buffeted by the varying winds of fortune, to come back to his old stamping ground and be welcomed by such a demonstration as this. [Applause]. The spot whereon I stand is filled with peculiarly pleasant associations to me. In this very neighborhood I began life as a printer boy, and within the circumference of five or six hundred yards I published two newspapers, advocating certain definitive principles, up to the period of my removal to Philadelphia. Situated as I now am in another sphere, I often look back upon this old town with singularly agreeable feelings. I remember the old court house, which seems, at least to my eyes, to have been removed by some rude and wanton sacrilege from the spot where it so long stood. I remember the old signs which used to look down upon me from this Centre Square. I remember the men who are gone—names honorable, names never to be forgotten, names always to be cherished. I remember too, gentlemen, that on one occasion, in April of 1856, in this very place, and probably from this very stand, I participated in the reception of a distinguished citizen who came back from a foreign land, bearing, as we supposed in his hand, the olive branch that was to still the troubled waters and make us all peaceful and united. Strange to say, you, my venerable friend [Dr. Muhlenburg], also presided on that interesting occasion, and headed a vast throng of people who welcomed this statesman back to his own home, indulging with them the hope that he would be the saviour of his country. Your presence, as chairman of this great meeting, to-day, is a suggestive comment upon the manner in which this high expectation was disappointed

Remembering these things, I also call to mind how many of you, now before me, pledged yourselves to his cause, stood by him through the succeeding controversy, aided to elevate him to the Presidency, looked with pride upon the commencement of his Presidential career, and rested content in his integrity and his patriotism. These recollections are pertinent to this occasion. Their revival certainly cannot offend any man who is the friend of his country. And I do not believe in that philosophy which restrains the utterance of essential truth in a dark and dismal hour like this, lest it may give offence to some tender gentleman who hesitates whether he shall stand by the flag of the stars and stripes, or by the flag of the rattlesnake and the scorpion [Hear, hear, and cheers.] How the distinguished gentleman, to whom I have alluded as being thus honored and thus elected, carried out the pledges he made to the people of the United States, and confirmed the expectations entertained in regard to him, you yourself, Dr Muhlenburg, have fearlessly stated in your opening address. The page that records it is now being written with the heart's blood of some of his own neighbors and friends. [Hear, hear]

Gentlemen, the occasion that has called you here to day is to contribute of your pecuniary and physical wealth to the maintenance of the Union and the protection of the Republic, and I propose, in the few words I shall say, to devote myself to the object of securing unity among all the people of the free States to these ends. Our trouble is not that we have not a good cause; not that we have not a gallant army; not that the wishes of all patriotic men are not with us; but that, with all these advantages, we conceive we can go on discussing the various issues involved, embarrassing, criticising, and interrupting the operations of our constitutional leaders, precisely as if we were in the midst of a profound peace. And many honest men fall into this blunder, without thinking that they are being misled from a high public and conscientious duty by partisans, who desire to create a division among the people of the free States, in order to bring about a disgraceful peace, and reinstate to power the men who are now fighting against the Federal Government. (Cries of "That's it.")

If the veil that conceals the secrets of every household could be lifted, Mr. President, we should find that one lesson of life, frequently taught to ourselves, has as frequently been impressed in lasting characters upon others hearts. Differences between brothers and sisters; between wives and husbands; between parents and children—differences that have run like a bitter stream through many years, are checked and closed forever, when the Angel of Death passes over the stricken threshold. As the long-alienated kindred meet at the bedside of the dying father, mother, brother, or sister, and behold the tranquil spirit preparing to wing its way to the throne of God, that spirit often implores, with dying accents, that peace may descend upon the divided circle; may relight the fires of love on the chilled hearthstone, and warm the bosoms too long estranged. Rarely is this innovation ineffectual. The tears shed for the parting soul mingle with those that reconcile the separated living, and the family, long lacerated by its own strifes, joins hands in token of perpetual affection over the bed of death.

Mr. President, our country is not dead, nor, let us hope, dying; but she is tied like a martyr to a stake, and is surrounded by "a wild and many weaponed throng". There is a shade of grief upon her brow; her sufferings are great, for her wounds are many. She sees with agony that those who plunge the dagger into her side and try to light the faggot at her feet, are her own children—children she has nursed and nourished at her own generous breast, and, in imitation of Him who bled upon the cross eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago, she exclaims, through all her acts and signs, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Turning from these degenerate children she appeals to us. She tells us that her reliance now is upon those who have been always loyal and true; who have returned her bounties and blessings with a constant gratitude, and have rewarded her trials and toils for them by spreading before her eyes the triumphs of their genius and the trophies of their industry. (Applause.) But, as she calls us to the rescue she bids us, first of all, be at peace with each other. Methinks I hear her divine accents now! "Obedient you have been to me, my children; you have made yourselves a wonder among the nations; you have builded a government unparalled upon earth, but you have not been united among yourselves; you are not united now. Oh! let your bleeding country, your mother and your friend, your guardian and your stay—let your country, in this her darkest hour and her direst strait, implore you to cease all dissensions, to seal up forever the pestilential fountains of party, and to move in serried array to her defence. There is only one other power, sir, that can make a more irresistible appeal—that power which speaks in thunder from the skies Shall we, then, be deaf to the voice of our country, when we feel that that country is almost commissioned to speak the voice of God himself? (Cheers.)

Sir, I plead for the unity of the free people of the free States. Great Heavens! why should they not be consolidated into one vast, overpowering mass? Look at the rebellious South! The atrocious crimes and the inhuman objects of the conspirators, so far from creating divisions among them, have produced a unity, not a unity of conscience, but a unity of organized and savage fanaticism. They seem to be inspired by the demon desperation, which made Macbeth exclaim:

"I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

These bad men fight against a good Government as if it had not been their best and most constant benefactor. They are driven upon our bayonets in drunken and infuriated thousands. Our flag to them is the emblem of infamy, and our Union a covenant of crime. From their hearts they have blotted the glorious memories of the past. Every battle-field of the Revolution fills them with remorse. The tomb of every patriot is a monument of reproach. The effigies of Washington, and Jackson, and Jefferson almost speak through their marble lips in rebuke of their sacrilege. And yet, Mr. President, these people are united.

Behold, sir, what a heritage we are fighting for! No people ever had such a cause Not the myriads who went forth centuries ago to recover the Holy Sepulchre—not the legions who followed Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon. Never—never, sir, has such a creed and such a country appealed to human hearts. (Cheers.)

Mother, over the grave of your only son, who died of the malaria or the murderous bullet in the swamps of the Chickahominy, as you weep for the loved and the lost, do not your prayers ascend for the brave boys he has left behind him? Do you not feel that the stout men at home should go forth to succor them? And does not your noble woman's heart swell with indignation at the sight of party quarrels around your own threshold?

Fathers, whose gallant lads have gone forth to the field, tell me how you regard the spirit of discord in the free States? Is it not an insult to you, and an insult to them? When you are told that safe and prosperous men shall not pay the tax that is to support the soldiers of the Republic, that the property of the traitors shall not be seized and used to sustain the army, that their farms and persons shall be protected by Union bayonets, that the stout arms of the Southern negroes shall not be invoked to save your own sons from the dreadful work of the camp, the trench, and the fort, and, above all, that sordid sympathizers with this bloody treason shall be permitted to revel in luxury under the ægis of a Government they are seeking to destroy, do you not feel that the day of vengence must come to all who, in this dread crisis, remain indifferent to their country's sufferings, and refuse to respond to their country's call? (Great cheering.)

Man of toil,—mechanic,—laborer,—hear me! Shall this great, free people be broken up and destroyed, only to gratify your natural enemies—to satiate the ambition of those who denounce you as an inferior class? The world has its aristocracies, but none so base and baleful as the aristocracy of Secession. Its soul and body are compounded of hatred and contempt for Northern industry and toil. Born of slavery—resting upon slavery—living upon it,—in luxury, laziness and ease, the race thus pampered has become a race of tyrants, regarding you as its foes, and clutching to its embrace as natural allies, the despots of the old world. (Cheers) There is not a traitor in the South to day who does not believe, or has not said, that the ultimate design of this great conspiracy is to establish upon these shores a monarchy, or, failing in that, to drag the Republic to a dishonored grave; and either result is your degradation.

Farmers of Pennsylvania, a word with you! Come with us and perfect the work of popular unity! Happy in your quiet homes, blessed in the midst of abundant harvests, heretofore more independent than any other class, do not be deluded by the hope

"That trenching war will not channel your fields,
Nor bruise your flowrets with the armed hoof of hostile paces;"

Unless, indeed, now as I speak and as you hear, you send your sons to hold back the invader. If rebellion is not crushed by Northern concentration and courage, our borders will soon be baptized in blood; the fairest of our valleys will shake under the thunderous tread of mighty squadrons. Now that your crops are gathered in,—your barns filled to bursting,—your broad acres shorn of their bounteous burdens,—now let your young men advance to gather glorious laurels on other fields, and to crowd the national archives with the names of other heroes In the olden time, when the foreign foe sent his myrmidons among us, the plough was left standing in the furrow; the sickle rusted among the ripening sheaves, and the husbandman flew to battle to follow the train of artillery, and to exchange the reaping hook for the sword O! rouse ye, then, tillers of this golden soil, and swear by the memory of Putman, and Morgan, and Wayne, the farmer heroes of the glorious past, that you will preserve and defend the legacies they have bequeathed to you. ("We will go," and great cheers.)

Men of wealth, will you hold back? Every dollar of your money has been accumulated under the fostering care of that good Government, whose life is now at stake. You have prospered beyond example. You have been fortunate as others have been fortunate What value would attach to your heaps of gold if the Republic were gone? In that hour your houses, your bonds, and hidden stores would pass away, as the clouds before the storm, or the mists before the sun. Come forth, O Dives, and help your country! Appear, O Midas, with your shining tributes; for, of all your investments, none have rewarded you so much, or returned such solid premiums, as will that speculation which proves your trust in, and gratitude for, the Government which has protected you.

I now address the politicians—the leaders of parties—the controllers of Conventions—the creators of Presidents and Governors. You have one Divinity that you worship—the Divinity of Public Opinion. Easily swayed and moulded in peace, it is eagle-eyed, keen scented, and jealous in time of war. The ordinary tricks of the partisan will not pass current now. It is in an inquiring and suspicious mood. It seeks to know for itself—to weigh every assertion in the scales of a most exacting judgement. Deceived on former occasions, it remembers the adage, "Cheated once, it is my enemy's fault, but cheated a second time, the fault is mine." Whatever may be said of the fickleness of public opinion, in one thing it has always been steady and unchangeable—and that is in love of country. Public opinion has sometimes been compared to a great ocean tossed by contrary winds and torn by many currents. Faction may disturb it—misrepresentations of measures and men may convulse it, but, beware, gentlemen politicians, of the other sea that rolls beneath the tempest—the tranquil, deep, and eternal flood that finds its source in every loyal heart—love of country and devotion to the American Union. And if ever this emotion existed before it exists now. If ambitious men desire to place or promotion, let them carefully consult the auguries before they offend their chosen idol. [Cheers.] I would not in this presence revive party names; but I will appeal to the politicians to come forward and assist in combining and consolidating the people in favor of the war. Is there before me one who was a Breckinridge Democrat two years ago? To him do I address myself. Your candidate has gone into the rebellion; but many who acted with you are now leading the hosts in the army and firing the public heart in civil life—standing like heroes by the flag, and denouncing every man who dares to be indifferent to the cause of the country and to sympathize with the traitors. Let me name in this connection Gov. Dickinson, of New York, Andrew Johnson, the noble Governor of Tennessee, the soldier-statesman Gen. F. Butler, and in our own State, such men as Wm. Wilkins and Wilson McCandless. [Cheers.] They show their sense of the error of 1860, by acts of gallantry and patriotism that cannot fail to be felt by all the honest men who co-operated with them in the Presidential campaign. But, oh! gentlemen, those of you in this quarter who are to-day following the lead of a certain "O. P. F."—[laughter]—as indicated in certain of his newspaper organs hereabouts should look well at the same time to the lessons that are taught to you by the Breckinridge Democrats, Butler and Johnson.—If these men have one feeling of hatred and hostility more bitter than they entertain against the traitors in arms, it is for those men in the loyal States who dare to stay here and secretly aid and sympathize with the foes of our glorious country. [Cheers.] Is there a Douglas Democrat before me? He cannot be one to aid in dividing the people in this dark and trying hour. Such a man would forget his own father and slander the mother that bore him. His great leader sleeps in holy and unforgotten solitude near the metropolis of Illinois. In life the embodiment of high principle, enlightened progress and daring purpose, he rallied to his standard a mighty army of believers and devotees. The highest type of a knightly gentleman, he was the best ideal of an undaunted patriot. He died early, after leaving behind him a fame that will endure as long as the great lake that rolls by its busy and populous shores; and with his last words he uttered truths and warnings that should stir the souls of all his countrymen, and should confound the men with shame who, in their blind party hatred, hold the Republicans responsible for the war, and thus relieve the murderers of our country's liberties of the damning guilt of having commenced and continued it. I cannot avoid, as well to awaken the Douglas Democrat to his duty, as to shame those who sympathize with traitors, calling your attention to these familiar farewell words of the lamented Douglas:

"The election of Mr. Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present Secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since—formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago. They use the slavery question as a means to aid the accomplishment of their ends. They desired the election of a Northern candidate, by a sectional vote, in order to show that the two sections cannot live together. When the history of the two years from the Lecompton question down to the Presidential election shall be written, it will be shown that the scheme was deliberately made to break up this Union.

"They desired a Northern Republican to be elected by a purely Northern vote, and then assign this fact as a reason why the sections cannot live together. If the Disunion candidate in the late Presidential contest had carried the united South, their scheme was, the Northern candidate successful, to seize the Capitol last spring, and, by a united South and divided North, hold it. Their scheme was defeated, in the defeat of the Disunion candidate in several of the Southern States.

"But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known; armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States, or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war; *only patriots or traitors!*" (Cheer after cheer)

Can Douglas Democrats require other inducements to duty? Need I tell them that all the men who sustained his course in 1860, with some disgreditable exceptions, are now the uncompromising and unquestioning friends of the war—that they are trusted by the President and his Cabinet, and that they are as eloquent in the council as they are intrepid in the field? Were Stephen A. Douglas living this day—and I speak as one who knew his inmost thoughts on this great question—he would be among the foremost champions of the whole policy of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. (Applause.)

We should hear from him no criticism upon our public agents, who have no interest save to prosecute the war vigorously; no demands for leniency to the traitors; no lamentations over the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; no advice to the people to resist enlistments and taxes, and no advice to his friends to unite with his foes to embarrass the Government of the country.

As my eye rests upon this vast throng, I recall many of the scenes of other days, when, in this luxuriant region, the adopted citizen grew from poverty to opulence in his efforts to improve the modern thoroughfares of our noble State. Coming from a foreign land, he found here a welcome and a home. Some of the descendants of this brave and brawny race are no doubt listening to me to day.—Many of them are away in the athletic columns of the Union army, under Hambright, and Welsh, and McCarter.—(Cheers.) Many have died in the imminent deadly breach, and some have returned among you mutilated monuments of unselfish intrepidity. Side by side with their German brothers, they have marched to victory or to death; the one shouting the war song of Schiller, the other advancing to the exhilarating strains of Erin-Go-Bragh. There is something impressive in this practical gratitude of the adopted citizen. How hideous the spectacle of an Irish or German taritor! (Cheers.) If a native born recreant is entitled to infamy, what must be thought of him who, having grown to wealth on the generous bosom of this country, should seek to take the life he was specially sworn to defend?

Have you ever reflected, fellow-countrymen, upon the signal evidence of the loyalty of our adopted citizens, that there is not an Irish or a German general in the rebel army? (Great applause.)—What more significant protest could be uttered against the bloody ritual of treason? There is no Meagher, or Shields, or Mulligan, or Corcoran, or O'Brien—no Sigel, or Blenker, or Schurz under the flag of the rattlesnake and scorpion.—Why is this? It is because the traitors fear to trust our adopted citizens in the lead. They drive the Germans and Irish at the point of the bayonet in their ranks, but when they want leaders they select from their slave drivers and aristocrats, who look upon labor with contempt, and hold their soldiers as we do our dumb beasts, as so much cattle to be driven, to be worked, to be slaughtered. ("True," and applause.) But if the oath of the adopted citizen and his gratitude to his adopted country restrain him from treading the hellish labyrinths of the rebellion, his nerves will be strung with a new resolve as he casts his eye beyond the seas and beholds the enemies of freedom preparing to assist the slave-murderers in their war upon this Government. I have heard the intimation that the best process to bring about complete unity among our people would be the intervention of the foreign Powers, and it has been whispered that some of our adopted citizens needed this incentive to action Sir, it is impossible to add to the justice of the appeal of the Government to our own people, and it would seem equally difficult to add to the infamy of the rebellion. But I can readily conceive that when the despotic designs of the traitors are confirmed by the intrusion of the armies of Great Britain or of France, or of both together, there will be a new rapture in the strife, a new motive to make it desperate and decisive, and a new opportunity for the development of our national manhood. Cheers. Let us be frank Mr. President. The royalties of the old world are holding a carnival. The very last speech of Lord Palmerston, and the very last leader of the London *Times*, which arrived on Thursday, admonish us that they are preparing to take a part in the struggle. Their fleets are hanging like clouds upon two of our frontiers, and the English Premier is making "impressive and warning speeches" to the volunteer riflemen in Hyde Park. This prospect must not discourage us, Mr. President. If we are to fight this great battle against domestic slavery and foreign despotism, why so be it. With all our advantages, living as we now do upon ourselves, borrowing from each other, and indebt only to each other, with a soil as prolific as the Garden of Eden, may we not for a higher and a holier purpose emulate that self-sacrificing spirit which was exhibited by the French people in the most fearful period of their extraordinary history? When they entered upon the work of reforming the abuses of centuries of corruption and tyranny they found arrayed against them the sentiment of the European world, the prejudices of an English king, and the keen, unscrupulous intellect of the greatest of English Prime Ministers. They found an insurrection of the aristocracy in La Vendee—they found disaffection and treason among all classes. Rising to the sublimity of Spartan heroism, they crushed treason at home, and, with bleeding feet and famished forms, and no weapons but the pike, they resisted invasion and saved the honor of their country. The insurrection was crushed—the old tyranny was destroyed—and the sword of a Republican general, in a spirit of magnificent revenge, punished the perfidy of his foes with Marengo, Austerlitz, and Ulm. (Shouts of applause.)

Thus, Mr. President, this may become the war of the world; and if so, it may prove to be to the enslaved nations of the earth what the earthquake, which nearly overthrew Lacemon, was to the Helots of Sparta. For this is indeed a moral earthquake. It is historically stated that many centuries ago an earthquake, unprecedented in its violence, occurred in Sparta. The greater portion of its capital was overthrown, and it is said, probably with exaggeration, that only five houses escaped. This calamity did not cease suddenly as it came. Its concussions were repeated—it buried alike men and treasure—and one historian states that no less than twenty thousand persons perished in the shock. In the midst of this fearful convulsion the slaves, whom the cruelty of Sparta had nursed in her bosom, resolved to seize the moment to execute their vengeance and consummate her destruction. Now was the moment when Sparta lay in ruins—now was the moment to realize their vengeance. From field to field, from village to village, the news of the earthquake became the watchword of revolt. The earthquake that levelled Sparta rent her chains Nor did the shock create one chasm so dark and wide as that between the master and the slave. It was as if the great mother herself had summoned her children to vindicate the long-abused, the all-inalienable heritage derived from her, and the stir of the angry elements was but the announcement of a stern and solemn union between nature and the oppressed. Mr President, the fettered tribes of mankind may hail the great moral earthquake in this country as the signal opportunity for their deliverance. And the attempt of European despots to destroy this Government may end in their own overthrow, and in the disfranchisement of their own oppressed and down-trodden millions (Immense applause.)

At the conclusion of this speech Col. Forney was greeted with nine cheers.—Before retiring from the stand a note was handed to him, which he thus alluded to:

A note has just been presented to me, which I will reer to, at the risk of speaking after having finished a speech. It is a tribute to the patriot daughters of your glorious old city and county.

[A voice—Three cheers for the patriot daughters of Lancaster.]

The windows of the houses surrounding the square were crowded with fair ladies, smiling down upon the crowd, and the cheers that rose in response to the call fully showed that the patriot daughters of Lancaster were appreciated by her gallant sons.

Colonel Forney—I intended to pay them an extended compliment, but the cheers you have given are so much better than anything I could say, that I rest here [Laughter and applause.]

A MATRIMONIAL CARD.—I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with, then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition and hair of any color than red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. In height I am either five feet eight or eight feet five, I forget which. Weight 135, 315, or 531, one of these; recollect each figure perfectly well but as to their true arrangement, am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Butternut brindle, tinged peagreen. Nose blunt according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the Composite, and mouth between a catfish and an alligator's, made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters.

Ears palmated, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog hair, moss and briar bush, well behaved, fearfully luxuriant.

I am sound in limb, and on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 9, when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile with double rhyme on both edges, to read backward and forward, crosswise, diagonally. Can play the jews-harp and bass drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in morals, and first-rate at ten pins; have a regard for the Sabbath, and never drink, only when invited. Am a domestic animal and perfectly docile, when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle.—I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting; and as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want some one to tell me.—Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any, never expect to be.

☞ Some persons would seem to have a right to spend their lives in trifling, since nature set the example by trifling when she made them.

☞ An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kittle."

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

General Samuel D. Sturgis.

General Samuel Davis Sturgis was born in Shippensburgh, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, in the year 1822. At the age of twenty he was appointed a cadet at "West Point," and graduated in 1826, in the same class with Gen. McClellan. The same year he was ordered to join the army under General Taylor in Mexico.

He was taken prisoner on the 20th of February, 1847, a few days before the battle of Buena Vista. He and one other man, while reconnoitering the enemy two or three miles from the company, before reaching the top of a very high hill dismounted and hitched their horses, and climbed upwards; but they had not gone far before the Mexican cavalry were upon them, and they were taken prisoners. The report of pistols was heard by Captain May, who returned to General Taylor and informed him of the facts. This was the first information General Taylor had of the exact whereabouts of the Mexican army, which caused him to fall back and select the strong position where he gained such a glorious victory, the success of which, no doubt, in a great measure, is to be attributed to that daring undertaking.

Shortly after the battle he was exchanged as a prisoner, and left immediately for the army on a mule, which the Mexicans furnished him in place of his own horse. When over half way he met an aged Mexican, very feeble, riding on an old mule, hardly able to carry the old man, his wife leading it by the bridle. As soon as Sturgis saw the condition of the old folks he immediately dismounted, told the old lady to take his mule, who, after being seated on it by the help of the stranger, looked at him with wonder and tears. Sturgis bowed to the old folks and left them pronouncing blessings on his head He walked the remainder of the distance to the camp, realizing that it was more blessed to give than to receive. After the close of the war in Mexico he was sent to California, where he remained two years, performing hard service. Afterwards he was ordered to "New Mexico," where he remained about three years, during which time he was engaged in the battle of Ojo Caliente, under Col. Cook; and afterwards commanded an expedition against the Indians gaining a brilliant victory, for which the legislature, judges, and other distinguished gentlemen in New Mexico passed a vote of thanks, and a resolution asking the President to promote him. In compliance with this request he was commissioned captain of the First Cavalry, in 1855. In 1856 he was in the battle with the Cheyenne Indians, under the command of Col. Sumner. In 1859 he commanded a very important expedition against the Kiowa and Comanche Indians. His force comprised six companies, and his victory was signal.

We next hear of him in command at Fort Smith, where he was posted when the present rebellion broke out. It was a time of great interest to him, all the officers of his command having resigned and gone South. With a garrison of two companies of cavalry he thwarted a well-contrived plan of the citizens of the city, in conjunction with the governor of the state, to take the post. He got his small force ready, and about half an hour before the governor's forces arrived from Little Rock with ten pieces of artillery he withdrew his command, taking with him all that was valuable, including twenty-five wagons, commissary stores, etc. For this he was promoted to the rank of major of the First Cavalry in the regular army, May 1861. At the head of 2 300 men he soon hastened to unite and co-operate with the Union men Gen. Lyon, with whom he formed a junction on Grand River, July 7, and from thence marched to Springfield, Lyon commanding. The great danger that threatened our army at Springfield at this time was, perhaps, never realized, only by those who were immediately cognizant of it. Gen. Lyon seeming to have a presentiment that all would not go well with him, told Major Sturgis to keep near him, which he did; and Lyon, supported by Sturgis, led the attack in front, while Sigel was to conduct the flanking movement. When the general fell, about a quarter to 9 A. M., Major Sturgis succeeded him in command.

On taking command Sturgis convoked his officers, and while they were discussing the probability of retreating a column in front bearing the United States flag, was seen approaching. This was supposed to be Sigel's brigade, and they at once formed into line of battle and prepared to join columns; but what a surprise when the enemy opened fire upon them and showed their true colors. Here was a dilemma. Lyon was dead, Sigel routed, and the forces he had engaged in the rear, now united with their main column, marching forward, and already engaged in deadly conflict with the remnent of the little army with a new commander, known to not more than half his men. But under all these discouraging circumstances Sturgis, by his own coolness and heroism, inspired his men with enthusiasm, and led them into the hottest of the battle, driving the enemy before them, and then turning on some other points of their line, he would break and throw it into confusion, and so continued for three hours, giving orders and leading his men, until the centre and right flank of the enemy, broken and panic stricken, fell back in disorder. At this favorable moment, when the ammunition of one of the regiments was exhausted, he thought it best to retreat and having collected the wounded of the army, he retreated in good order until they reached Springfield, when they were joined by Sigel Believing that Sigel held the rank of colonel, Sturgis gave him the command. On the following day they continued retreating towards Rolla. It was soon disclosed to Sturgis that Sigel held no commission, and he again resumed the command, and reached Rolla in safety. For his services on this occasion he was made a brigadier-general. The army had good reason to rejoice that a competent officer was so soon found after the fall of the heroic Lyon. In a letter to the writer after the battle he stated that "it was a hard fought battle. We drove the enemy three times from the field, but we were too far from our base of operations, without water, and with no reinforcements."

C. B. BROADBERRY.

☞ An old gentleman traveling some years ago, inside the Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters' for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health.—"Ah, yes indeed," sighed the sister, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me!" was the sympathetic response, "at her age? Ossification, perhaps?" "Oh no, sir, a lieutenant!"

☞ "Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart a few moments." Smith—(who wasn't the least frightened)—"Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

☞ A young conscript fell sick and was sent to the military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay; he looked at it hard and for some time, then he threw up his hands and bawled—"Doctor! I can't drink that."

☞ Carefully avoid either praising or disparaging yourself; doing the one is a part of a fool, the other that of a coxcomb.