CARLISLE HERALD

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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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 5 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, trembling, dimness of sight or giddiness, diseases 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 connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect heavily 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 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.

AN EDITOR WANTED.

BY J. PARISH STEELE.

We have been without a paper
In our town a year or more;
Though we've had of printers plenty,
And of editors a score,
Some of them were "jam up" fellows,
Good at writing, good to plan;
But they all, without exception,
Failed in—pleasing every man!

For this mighty sin we 'shipped" them;
Now, we're sending forth a call
For an editor to join us
Who will write to please us all;
Others need not ask for favor,
For of such we've had our fill;
We will heed no applications
Save from those who fill the bill.

Well I mind the first among us—
He, by no means was the worst—
But we didn't seem to like him,
Simply 'cause—he was the first;
For, you know it is the custom,
Just to sacrifice a few;
So we placed our heels upon him,
'Ere we knew what he could do.

Next there came a gifted fellow,
With a prepossessing way,
Who, but for a fatal blunder,
Would have, doubtless, won the day,
Blank, a crafty village merchant,
Bought a 'puff' to gain a lift,
'Twas offensive—other merchants
Sent the editor a drift.

Next we sent a learned committee
To a man in Baltimore,
Whom we knew to be a writer,
Full of cunning, full of love;
They solicited, he yielded,
Came, delighted young and old;
But he got in debt, and toddled,
Leaving us 'the bag to hold.'

Then a host of others followed,
Lived a while, and passed away;
Leaving this, our thriving village,
Minus of a press to-day;
Hence we send this little notice,
Knowing that some fellow can
Make a fortune here among us,
Just by—PLEASING EVERY MAN.

ADDRESS

OF THE

UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTE

TO THE

LOYAL MEN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE, Commonwealth Buildings, No. 613 Chestnut street

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26, 1862.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In times of war the political organizations of peace are surrendered or postponed to the public emergencies. During the Revolutionary war there was no party against Washington but the Tories or the traitors. During the war of 1812, the enemies of the Administration of Mr. Madison soon became as infamous as the foreign invaders themselves. The war with Mexico was waged, as results have proved, by slave-holding statesmen, in order that one State more might be added to the number they have so lately forced into treason; yet the public man who opposed it soon became unpopular, and its victorious general was nominated for the Presidency by the very party that dissented from the policy which resulted in the war. These are the eloquent teachings of the past. We are now in a death struggle with the most powerful foe to human liberty on earth. This enemy is strengthened by slavery in America, and sustained by the monarchies of the Old World. The issue is clearly made—the contending parties openly arrayed against each other. There is not a nation, an individual, or an idea opposed to human freedom that is not enlisted against this Government and in favor of the rebellion. We are ourselves our only friends. Within ourselves is our only hope. We can have no sympathy from any other Power in the world—no sympathy that is sincere and effectual. The State Central Committee, appointed by the Union State Convention, composed of the loyal men of Pennsylvania, who met to consider what was proper to be done in this crisis, have a simple duty to perform in this their first address. They have only to ask whether the examples of the two wars with Great Britain, and the admonitions of the war with Mexico, shall be recollected or rejected in this gloomy hour, and whether the American people will cordially support the Government in putting down the rebellion.

The State Central Committee would impress upon the people of Pennsylvania that the one great subject for them to consider *is the danger to the Republic.* There is no prejudice or opinion that should not be postponed, and if necessary, sacrificed, to avert this common peril. The Convention from which the committee derived its authority acted in this spirit, and it is now your duty to come forward and sustain the candidates that Convention placed in nomination. We make this appeal to all loyal men. They only are loyal who recognize this war as one waged for our national existence—who give an ardent and unquestioning support to the Administration—who sustains all the measures of Congress for the maintenance of the war-making power—who see in the Southern Confederacy, and those who are in alliance with it, the enemies of Civilization and Liberty—and who do nothing to weaken the hands of the Executive. They are not merely disloyal who take arms in their hands, and combine themselves into an army. He is a rebel who abjures his allegiance and becomes an enemy to his flag; but he is a traitor, who, while enjoying the protection of the Government, and ostensibly observing his pledge of allegiance, contrives to bring dishonor and defeat upon his country. These rebels and these traitors we are called upon to meet. We must encounter them upon the battle-field and at the ballot-box. The ballot-box is the great source of popular power. If beaten there, our victories will be fruitless, our sufferings unrewarded, our sacrifices barren, and the glory and valor of our soldiers will end in the triumph of the Southern rebellion and a dishonorable peace.

It is unnecessary to restate the causes of the war. Our opponents have made them the substance of calumny and misrepresentation. For answer, we appeal to to the living history familiar to all men. We need not remind the people that at the basis of the Southern rebellion there exists a hatred of Northern men and Northern institutions—of our social, political and revenue systems. This has inspired their leaders during two generations. Wedded to an institution which has demoralized them in demoralizing their labor, and cultivating the earth by an enslaved race of men, they have made their slaves the source of their political power, and have ruled the nation with the products of slave labor. The happy hours of our national progress have for years been embittered by their insolence. All legislation that looks to the prosperity of the Northern States and protection to their industry has been opposed and defeated by them. With the growth of Northern strength, as the result of free institutions and free toil, came the possession of political power and the gradual resistance to the encroachments of slavery. Nor need we remind the people of the outrages that followed the efforts of the slave-holders to recover their unholy and despotic dominion. The outrages upon Kansas; the studied insults to Northern Senators and Representatives; the ceaseless abuse of the Northern people, and the gradual concentration of the military and naval power in the hands of the traitors, all contemplated the restoration of their ascendency, and enabled them to inaugurate the treason which culminated in war. Strengthened by a wicked Administration, and sustained by timid and treacherous public men in the free States, they were permitted to organize an armed resistance, and to make fearful advances, before the Government could strike a blow in its own defence.

The election of Mr Lincoln to the Presidency, so fortunate for the country, and so fruitful of saving consequences to the whole people, baffled the immediate purposes of the conspirators

The adversaries of Mr. Lincoln's Administration are in nearly every case the adversaries of the Government. They attack the one to weaken the other. We recognize in the Executive the embodiment of that authority which can alone destroy the rebellion and rescue the Republic. If the Executive arm is paralyzed, there can be neither unity among the people, victory for our armies, nor hope for the preservation of the Government.

While the enemies of the war propose adhering to the form of a mere party organization, the loyal men have yielded their preferences and systems, content to defer until the day of peace the revival of disputes which can only be repeated now to the injury of the common cause.

Let the people decide whether that interest is deserving of confidence which, in the midst of war, refuses to abandon the prejudices of party strife, and in the midst of national peril devotes itself to the work of dividing the people.

The opponents of the war are more anxious to prove their hatred to a party than to the public enemy. They insist that the "demon Abolition" is the most dangerous foe of the public peace. We can see but one great criminal—but one great enemy of the Republic—and he is now in arms against our countrymen and brothers. To defeat him at once and forever is our first and most imperative duty.

The adversaries of the war insist that they contend for the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is. We, too, are for the Union as it was; but not for the return of the armed associates of the sympathizers with treason to the places they so long occupied and so basely deserted. And while we renew our fealty to the Constitution as it is, we also insist upon the addition of that duty which the opponents of the war so steadily ignore, viz: "The enforcement of the laws," whether these laws are for the confiscation of all rebel property, the emancipation of all slaves who aid to defend the flag of the Union, or the punishment of the reckless partisans in the adhering States, who aid and comfort the rebel enemy, demoralize the people, and paralyze the arm of the Executive.

If, in a word, we have sympathy to bestow it is not for the murderers of our country's liberties, but for the defenders of those liberties. The gallant soldier teaches us by his example to persevere in devotion to our country. He offers his life to the Republic with uncomplaining spirit, reposes full confidence in his superiors, sustains the Government of the United States, and sees but one antagonist before him—the rebel who strikes at his own heart and at the Union of these States. We should be unworthy of the advantages of peace and home if we did not strive to imitate at the ballot-box an example so freely set before us by our fellow citizens on the battle field.

In the fulfilment of these grave duties, we invoke to the standard of our country men of every class and opinion. We scorn the baseness that invokes party hate or popular prejudice. When we behold the adopted and the native citizen, the Democrat and the Republican fighting side by side in the army, we are inspired by the lesson to do likewise in the quiet walks of civil life.

Loyal men of Pennsylvania, it is for you to determine between the friends of the Government and the war, and the opponents of both. It is for you to declare for the sympathizers with freedom or the sympathizers with slavery and the rebellion. It is for you to decide whether you will strengthen Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis. It is for you to say whether the traitors shall be crushed or whether our free institutions shall be crushed. There is, and there can be, no middle pathway. There are, indeed, but two parties—patriots or traitors—those who are for the Union and those who are against it. And all men who are not openly for the Republic must be counted among its enemies.

It is a fact that you cannot too carefully ponder, that the leaders of the opposition to the Government in this State are the same, with discreditable exceptions, who encouraged the policy which encouraged the traitors to commence the rebellion. Their whole effort since the war began has been to divide the people of the loyal States. They announced, early in 1861, that Pennsylvania should join the South in the event of a separation, and this is their secret hope to-day. They would have held the hands of the Government that the rebels might strike at its heart, and would have succeeded but for the prompt courage of President Lincoln. They followed the fortunes of General Breckinridge up to the period of his desertion into the ranks of the rebels. They repeat his arguments in this their country's darkest hour. Their plea for the Constitution was his plea before he drew his sword against it. They clamor, as he clamored, against the Abolitionists. They deplore emancipation, even while they deny that the most effective emancipationist are the slave holders themselves. They bewail confiscation acts, while Jefferson Davis sequestrates property of all loyal men in the South. And, as if to complete the parallel, and to show how sincerely they love the traitors, even as they pretend to despise the treason, they see our brave men perishing on the battle field and in hospitals, from the disease of the swamps and the bullets of the foe, and discourage enlistments in order that they may be relieved; and, while prating of a negro exodus into the free States, to terrify our labouring whites, denounce the employment of the escaped colored men of the South to lighten the burdens and lessen the labors or the white defenders of the flag!

We address you, loyal brothers and friends, in the earnest hope that you will not desert your country in this momentous crisis. We feel that we have the right of this great argument. We are supported by the hope that all good men are with us. Everywhere, in the free States, the same organization for which we speak is supported by citizens without reference to former party distinctions. The Republicans have come forward to give this organization their sanction. The most distinguished and orthodox Democrats have joined the ranks of the great army of loyal men, and from every battle field our brave soldiers send us words of approval and of thanks. In Pennsylvania, the great People's party have enrolled themselves in this mighty movement. Shall it fail? Will you permit a few discontented leaders, the relics of a debased and guilty Administration, who are in fact more responsible for the war than any other class but the rebels themselves, to sway you from your obligations to your country? This cannot be—this must not be.

Every inducement invokes us to consolidate and co-operate. The comfort and necessities of our fellow citizens in the field of war—the support of our patriotic President and our fearless Governor, that they may fulfil their great trusts efficiently—and the threatening aspect of foreign Powers—call upon us to sink all considerations before the one absorbing duty of the hour.

The nominees of the loyal men of Pennsylvania for State officers, Hon. Thomas E. Cochran, of York county, for Auditor General, and Hon. W. S. Ross, of Luzerne, for Surveyor General, deserve your united and ardent support. Mr Cochran has served with great credit to himself and advantage to the State, for the last three years in the position for which he is again presented. He is known and esteemed for his pure personal and upright public character, and his high abilities and extended experience, are additional assurances that he is worthy of the suffrages of the friends of the Government. General Ross has belonged to the Democratic party, and is one of that large and influential body of men who have forever broken the shackles of the slave power, and who see in the present troubles the opportunity to prove their independence of those treacherous leaders, who, during these trying times, degrade the name of Democracy by using it as a cloak for sympathy with treason. Beloved at his own home, and in a long course of public service having earned the confidence of the people and gathered a valuable experience he is eminently fitted for the trust that has been conferred upon him.

To elect these gentlemen, will require the concerted and cordial co-operation of the loyal citizens of the State. It would be most culpable if, with every other advantage, we should fail to win a great victory in October for want of an effective and extended organization; or if we should, by dissensions among ourselves, on minor issues, give the victory to our adversaries. The duty of securing a strong and able representation in Congress, to sustain the President in his noble war policy, and to defeat the candidates of the Breckinridge sympathizers, is paramount and binding. Let us not forget that we have also to elect a Legislature that is to choose a United States Senator, and that in every county important officers are to be elected. If we act up to the call and to the council of the State Convention from which we derive our authority, we shall achieve a great and lasting triumph. In this struggle it is the duty of all men to forego personal preferences for the common cause; and he who shall refuse to respond to this sentiment is unequal to the awful responsibilities of the times. To accomplish complete unity, and to prepare for a successful result, it is advisable that the loyal men should meet together in their respective wards and districts frequently. These are the fountains not only of all power, but, in this emergency, of all patriotic purpose and popular enlightenment. Armed with the weapons of truth and love of country, and strong in the sense of a perfect understanding among ourselves, we can defeat all the hosts of our adversaries, and encourage our public servants in council and our gallant brothers in the field of battle.

CYRUS P. MARKLE, Chairman.

GEO. W. HAMMERSLY, W. J. HOWARD, } Secretaries.

The Dying Mother.

The following pathetic and beautiful sketch is related by "Ruth Hall," in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*:

"The pain-wearied mother of six small children—the oldest ten, the youngest barely a year old—lay on the lowly pallet where she had counted the long, long hours in suffering, ever since the birth of her last pet, Barney. The cabin was surrounded by a lonely moor, and there were no neighbors; the hard-working father, forced to toil that he might eat, had shared the night watches, necessary only within the last two weeks, with his little daughter, who drudged incessantly each day, feeding and tending the other children, still too young to share her labors. On this particular night, a fearful storm moaned and wept around the hut, and the rain lashed the thatched roof and one window with terrific violence. It was Peggy's turn to watch, and she sat by the remains of the peat fire frightened and very sorrowful, when her mother, with the sweet, low voice she loved well, called her to her side.

"I am going at last, darlint," said she, kissed the poor little tear-drenched face bent down to her's, "and ye must mind the father and be good to the childer"—for an instant the deep grey eyes were raised Heavenward—"and be sure and teach my bowld blue eyed boy to say his prayers. I shall never see him here again; I must meet him in Heaven. See that he gets there, Peggy; he's your boy now."

"Oh, mother! let me call father and the rest, that ye may kiss 'em once again."

"Whist, acushla, I am tired; sure I could not bide their tears, they'd scald my heart and hinder me from heaven.—Time enough for them to raise the keen when I am gone; let me die in peace;" and the slender fingers, laid in tender blessing on the young head, slipt slowly down, then felt for the little brown hand employed in crushing back the tears, so with a yearning look of love in her soft eyes, turned toward the child she could no longer see, and, with a deep sigh, left her motherless.

"Motherless!" O, death! thou bringest many a sorrow, but we might forget and fogive all, were it not for that one word, "Motherless." Other wounds are healed, and other troubles are forgotten; over the harshest rifts of the soul time casts a mellow, softening shade; but long years bring no forgetfulness of the great grief "when mother died." Young reader, if you yet have a mother, be all you can to her, grieve her in nothing, for a day will come when you would give the best joy of your life and the treasure dearest to your heart, to recall one unkind word to "mother."

LAUGHTER.

It is an old proverb that laughter is akin to tears; and, according to Doctor Lempriere, the one seems to have grown very naturally out of the other. When Momus was born he filled all Olympus with his lusty cries; all the goddesses hastened to appease the terrible child; and Jupiter, who could not look without inextinguishable laughter at his last creature—Man—at once dedicated to him the weeping clown.

Laughter draws backward the corners of the mouth, draws up the upper lip—especially young women who have pretty teeth—wrinkles the cheeks, smooths the brow, causes the eyes to sparkle, and draws down the corners of the eye-brows, while the cheeks swell so that, in those fat persons who are given to laughter, one scarce sees the eyes. At the same time the veins of the neck swell, and the blood rushes with pleasant violence to the head, the heart, and the lungs. These are the phenomena of laughter, which, if unduly increased, are capable of endangering life. It is curious that we read only among the ancients and the French of people laughing themselves to death. We Americans have either no jokes, or a poorer appreciation of wit. Zeuxis is said to have died of laughing at a painting of an old woman, his own handiwork. Philemon expired of a donkey who so contentedly ate the philosopher's figs, that with his last articulate breath, he sent out a glass of wine to the beast, who drank it with equal enjoyment, and thus proved himself, it seems to me, not such a donkey after all. Pomponious Mela has a story of a blessed island in which were two springs, at one of which mortals could imbibe till they laughed themselves to death, when a swallow of the other restored them to life again.

In an essay in the Guardian, laughing is defined to be 'an agreeable kind of convulsion, a symptom of inward satisfaction; and those who practice it are divided into dimplers, smilers, laughers, grinners, horse laughers, and sneerers.'—This is to lay down a science of laughing, for which there might be need if General McClellan or General Beauregard should take up the idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form troops, in the face of the enemy, in line of battle, and order them to advance with their arms at a shoulder and salute the foe with ringing bursts of laughter. 'Be sure,' said Bulow 'that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn about and run off.' This plan, perhaps, would not do so well while the present long-range artillery is used; but as nothing is too absurd to succeed once, it is related as a matter of fact that the Mamelukes once turned tail from an assault upon the French in Egypt, on hearing the roar of laughter with which Napoleon's veterans greeted the command, '*Un quarre, les anes et les savans au millieu*—Form in square, asses and men of science in the centre.'

Since Adam, who invented laughter—doubtless when he awoke and saw Eve by his side—no two men have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice; perhaps more so, for the laugh of a full bearded man is very different from that which he laughs when he has been clean shaven by a barber. Women laugh differently from men, children from women, and some writers even profess to detect national peculiarities in the laugh; as for instance, say they, the Frenchman laughs with his teeth, like the apes.—The Abbe Damasceni thought he had discovered, in the various enunciations of laughter, a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus he said *Ha ha ha* belonged to a choleric man, *He he he* to the phlegmatic, *Hi hi hi* to the melancholic, and *Ho ho ho* to the sanguine. It is true that men laugh commonly in *A* and *O*, and women in *E* and *I*, and it is singular that with all people, even the cockneys, the aspirate, *H*, precedes the vowel.

The old theologians held laughter to be one of the consequences of the first sin, and believed that Adam did not laugh till he was driven out of Paradise.

Great men have often fancied it a part of greatness to refrain from hilarity.—Philip IV. of Spain is said to have laughed outright but once in his life, when his bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing that the Queens of Spain had no feet.—She took with German literalness an old piece of over-wrought Spanish courtesy. As she was journeying toward Spain some German nuns met her, and desired to present some stockings of their own knitting. The worthy princess was about to accept the gift when a Spanish grandee of her suite interfered, with the remark that it would be against etiquette, as the Queens of Spain were not supposed to have any use for stockings! whereat the princess began to weep—understanding, poor lady, that on her arrival in Madrid her feet would be cut off. Lord Chesterfield said: 'Nobody has seen me laugh since I have come to use my reason;' and Congreve makes his Lord Froth, in the Double Dealer say, 'When I laugh I always laugh alone.'

Nevertheless, the singer Robert gave lessons in laughter in Paris and London in 1805, and with considerable success—so far as filling his own purse went. He held that men and women could not laugh 'decently and systematically' without proper training; and said that a person who could laugh in but one tone seemed to him like one who could say only *oui* and *non*; but that a trained laughter could express many things without words, and would often thus be spared the utterance of unpleasant words.'

Don't Forgot Me.

How often do we hear the words "Don't forget me," when separating from our friends. How often they come to our ears in every variety of tone—from the light impulsive school girl's to the deep tremulous accents of those who love us as true and faithful hearts can love. "Don't forget me," lisps the rosy cheeked cherub, scarcely conscious of the import of words. "Don't forget me," says the aged man, whose hair is white with the frosts of many winters. All wish to be remembered. All wish some little nook of the heart preserved for their words and images. But are they all forgotten? Ask the lonely being resting his weary head upon his hands and listening to the wild requiem of the wailing winds. While the thick shades of approaching darkness fold their wings around him—ask him if those he once loved—those who once cast sunshine in his path of life—are no longer remembered through the long lapse of time which has intervened? If the day of separation and those from whom he separated are now mouldering beneath the dust of later scenes and trials? Ask him if the sylph-like form which stood by his side, and the sweet blue eye which sought his with tears of sorrow, are now no longer remembered? Ask him if the half-whispered request, "Don't forget me," is unheeded? Ask him, and he will tell you that friends of former days are still embalmed by memory's magic power, and their images are still within his heart; that the sylph-like form and soft blue eyes have always in fancy remained the same, and that the last request is whispered in his ear by every passing breeze. Oh! there is no fount on earth more pure, more sacred, than the fountain of Memory! There is no costly gem hidden in the depths of earth so precious as the relics contained in the heart. There are no words so sweet as those affection breathes, and no sculptured marble so true as the images, the heart images, of our friends.

GRAVE WORDS.—The following ringing sentences are from the conclusion of a late sermon of Henry Ward Beecher:

"I am not a prophet. I am not sanguine, tho' hopeful. I think victory awaits us at every step, but if God thinks victory too dear to be purchased so cheaply, we can give more sons, more treasure—we will give everything, but this country shall be one and one undivided. The Atlantic and Pacific shall say it, deep answering to deep.

"Hear it, England, one People! one Constitution! one Government.

"One God, one country, one flag, and one destiny—cost what it may we will have it. Let God name the price and it shall be paid."

SPLITTING HAIRS.—Some years ago, Roger M. Sherman and Perry Smith, of Connecticut, were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case, before a court of justice. Smith opened the case with a wild and foolish tirade against Sherman's character. Sherman rose in a composed manner, and remarked:

"I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith before this court, but am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, to chop logic, or even to split hairs with him."

"Split that, then," said Smith, at the same time pulling out a short rough-looking hair from his own head, and handing it over towards Sherman.

"May it please the honorable court," retorted Sherman, "I didn't say bristles!"

"Sir, you are just the motion of a dog's tail." "How so?" "Because you are a wag."

The solar system has a large family but only one sun.

A Clergyman'S Joke.

I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I came into the sitting-room, when I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveller, who like myself was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on several topics, until seeing two young ladies met and kissed each other in the street, the conversation turned on *kissing*, just about the time the train was approaching. "Come" said he, taking up his carpet bag, "since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge. "The proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deep in it as I could possibly be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat as I saw his black eye fairly sparkle with daring. "Yes," said he, "I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her." I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw at the first glance one of the lovliest looking women my eye ever fell on. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright sunny-face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened, and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger slyly, to her never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge; and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over kissed her with a relish that made "my mouth water," from end to end. I expected, of course, a shriek of terror and then a row generally, and a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with compound interest.

Quick as a flash he turned to me and said, "Now sir, it is your turn;" pointing to a hideously ugly, old woman who sat in the seat behind. "Oh, you must excuse me, you must excuse me!" I exclaimed. "I am sold this time. I give up. Do tell me who you have been kissing." "Well," said he "since you are a man of so much taste, and such quick perception, I'll let you off." And we all burst into a general laughter as he said. "This is my wife! I have been waiting here for her. I knew that was a safe proposition." He told the story to his wife, who looked ten-fold sweeter as she heard it.

Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopalian preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever I go to Chicago, I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural, and more eloquent preacher it is hard to find. He was then but a young man; he is now well known as one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination in the West.—*Harper's Monthly.*

THE THOUGHT WHICH CHEERS A DYING HOUR.—Said a dying man in my hearing once, "My life has been a failure; I have made a fortune to leave to my relatives to quarrel over when I am gone, and what is there in that thought to cheer me now? There is but one green spot in the dreary waste of a long life, and that is the fact that I took a number of poor boys by the hand, and aided them in becoming men. I can run over in my memory more than a dozen such, who are now, useful and honored men, both in church and state, whom I aided and encouraged in obtaining an education. They will do some good in the world if I did not." The tears ran down his cheeks as he thus spoke, and he turned himself in his bed and gently sunk into the arms of death. We shall never forget that scene. It daguerreotyped upon the page of memory, never to be effaced.

Reader, what are you doing that you will look back on with pleasure on your dying bed? Have you any green spot in life upon which memory will delight to linger? Is your life a success so far as the great business of life is concerned? You will soon lie upon your death-bed, and it becomes you to ponder these questions now.

The "State of Matrimony" has at last been bounded and described by some western student, who says: It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side and cradle and babies on the other side. Its chief productions are population, no dinner, broomstick, and staying out late o'nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you meet.

Said Napoleon one day, in the Council of State: "I am inexorable on the subject of exemption from conscription—it would be criminal. How could I reconcile it to my conscience to expose the life of one man for the advantage of another? I do not even think I would exempt my own son?" Has an American citizen, in the life or death struggle of his country, less "conscience" than Napoleon on the road to personal domination? Napoleon was right.—We should all take our chances. With such a cause appealing to us—the most momentous that ever appealed to humanity—it is a disgrace for any man to expect that his neighbor rather than himself should respond to it.