# The Farmers' Department.

### CULTIVATION.

How fair and sweet the planted rose,
Beyond the wild in hedges grow!
For, without it, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds:
Dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polished, looks the diamond!
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care,

## Pruning Fruit Trees.

There is, perhaps, no subject in horticulture so little understood as the principles upon which pruning is founded. The object in pruning fruit trees is chiefly to hasten or regulate the crop of fruit, and induce or retard the development of wood growth.—With reference to the former more depends upon summer pruning and disbudding. Trees are frequently barren from excessive wood growth, which is weakened by pruning during the summer. It is a well understood fact among scientific cultivators, that summer pruning weakens, and winter pruning strengthens the wood growth. Hence the practice of nurserymen in pruning young trees after the season's growth is completed, to increase their luxuriance. Trees that have arrived at a bearing state, if properly managed during growth would probably require no winter pruning unless the removal of misplaced branches. In the abstract, it seems a negative practice to encourage a luxuriant growth, and then cut it down in winter. It is, quite possible to manage trees without having recourse to winter pruning, unless for special objects, as already alluded to. It is certain that much injury is inflicted by the indiscriminate use of the saw and pruning knife, at this time, especially on young bearing trees.

Make it a study, next season, to disbud and summer prune all growing trees, so that you may weaken and check the wood; pruning such trees now increases their future vigor, since, by diminishing the branches after the fall of the leaves, the roots gain a greater preponderance. On the other hand, it is no less necessary to prevent weakness from overbearing. Since the introduction of the dwarfing system, by grafting on weak growing stock; this error has been frequently committed, and unprofitable trees have been the result. It has also had a tendency to throw discredit on the system, by those who from want of knowledge and experience, have been unsuccessful in cultivation. There are many kinds, naturally of slender growth, grafting them on a slow-growing stock induces fruitfulness, and represses wood growth to an injurious extent. Such trees should have every blossom picked off that appears in spring all growth carefully retained during the summer, and pruned down in winter. Such treatment will be followed by increased vigor, which may be maintained by taking moderate crops, and continued good cultivation. So much depends upon individual peculiarities in trees, that it is difficult to form a definite rule that would serve as a safe guide to the uninitiated. Close observation, extended experience, and at the least, a slight knowledge of physiology, are indispensible requisites to a successful cultivation of fruits.—[Horticulturist.

MUTTON VERSUS PORK.—An exchange says:—"Mutton can be produced pound for pound, at less than half the price of pork; yields more nourishment when eaten, and keeping sheep does not exhaust a farm to the extent feeding hogs does. Sheep can be kept through the winter on hay and turnips or mangle wurtzel, or suger beet, while hogs will not do without at least some corn, and are comparatively much more expensive.

FATTENING TURKEYS—The ailmentary properties of charcoal are very great; indeed, it has been asserted that domestic fowls may be fattened upon it without any other food, and that too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritous grains. In an experiment, made to test the value of the article, four turkeys were taken and fastened in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood were also confined at the same time, in another pen,. and fed daily upon the same articles, but with one pint of finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their meal and charcoal, in their pens. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fatter and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor. This would appear to establish, beyond a doubt, the benefit of charcoal for fattening purposes.

AMONG the novelities of the age is seedless apples. A tree has been found in Duchess county, New York, bearing this fruit. There are no blossoms; the bud forms and without any show of petals, the fruit sets and grows entirely destitute of seeds. In outward appearance the apples resemble Rhode Island Greenings.

☞ There is a man in Connecticut so opposed to anything bordering on monarchy, that he will not wear a crown in his hat.

THE mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would furnish the apartments.

IF you want to see a black squall, just look at a negro baby attacked with the cholic.

BORN to rise—People who tease bulls during the continuence of "fly time."

# Educational Department.

### TO ANNIE.

BY MISS M. CROSBY.

Then fare the well! my dream is fled
'Twas all too bright to last;
The hopes I cherished long ago
Are buried in the past.
I'll try to banish memories
So fraught, alas! with pain:
The hopes that once illumed my path
Must never come again!

I loved thee, oh how fondly,
This broken heart must tell,
And pride will sometimes whisper,
I loved thee but too well.
I loved thee! oh, I love thee yet—
This heart still clings to thee—
And though we part, where'er I roam,
Thine, thine it still must be!

☞ There is no more striking instance of the silent and imperceptible changes brought about by what is called "time" than that of a language becoming dead. To point out the precise period at which Greek or Latin ceased to be a living language would be as impossible as to say when a man becomes old. And much confusion of thought and many important practical results arise from not attending to this. For example, many persons have never reflected on the circumstance that one of the earliest translations of the Scriptures into a vernacular tongue was made by the Church of Rome. The Latin *Vulgate* was so called from its being in the vulgar, i. e., the popular language then spoken in Italy and the neighboring countries; and that version was evidently made on purpose that the Scriptures might be intelligibly read by, or too, the mass of the people. But gradually and imperceptibly Latin was superseded by the languages derived from it—Italian, Spanish and French—while the Scriptures were still left in Latin; and when it was proposed to translate them into modern tongues, this was regarded as a perilous innovation, though it is plain that the real innovation was that which had taken place imperceptibly, since the very object proposed by the vulgate version was that the Scriptures might *not* be left in an unknown tongue. Yet you will meet with many among the fiercest declaimers against the Church of Rome who earnestly deprecate any of the slightest changes in our authorized version, and cannot endure even the gradual substitution of other words for such as have become quite obsolete, for fear of unsettling men's minds. It never occurs to them that it was this very dread that kept the Scriptures in the Latin tongue when that gradually became a dead language.—*Archbishop Wheatley.*

CAPTAIN PRIEST ON THE 'VEGETABLE KINGDOM.'—The term vegetable—sometimes wegetable—is probably derived from the peculiar long and pointed form of this description of esculents, hence originally called wedgetables, then wegetables, and now refined into the present term.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they came up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistils.

Like dandies, the coating of many trees is their most valuable portion. Cork trees and boot trees, for instance.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous except when about to shoot.

Several trees, like watch dogs, are valued mostly for their bark.

A little bark will make a rope, but it takes a large pile of wood to make a cord. Though there are no vegetable beaux, there are a number of spruce trees.

It is considered only right and proper to axe trees before you fell them.

Fruit trees have military characteristics; when young they are trained, they have many kernels; and their shoots are straight

Grain must be treated like infants; when the head bends it must be cradled; and threshing is resorted to fit it for use.

Tares are mostly found with the smaller grains—which require sowing.

Great indulgence in fruit is dangerous—and too free a use of melons produces a melon colic effect.

Old maids are fond of pairs, but cannot endure any reference to dates.

Sailors are attached to bays; oystermen to beeches, love sick maidens to pine.—*Yankee Notions.*

☞ Eighteen things in which young people render themselves very impolite:

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestations of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting persons older than yourself, especially parents.
15. To commence talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. And—
18. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

# Religious Department.

Selected for the Citizen.

## How to Enjoy This Life.

The Orientals relate a beautiful legend of their renowned calif, HAROUN AL RASCHID. He was riding one day with his train along a narrow street in Bagdad, when one of the camels stumbled. By its fall a casket of pearls was broken, and its precious contents scattered upon the ground. Nodding to his attendants, the calif gave them permission to gather the costly spoils for themselves. In an instant they rushed from his train to gather up the guerdon of their master—all but one stout, hideous-faced Ethiopian.—"Moveless as the steed he reined," he still sat behind his lord. Surpised, the calif said: "Tell me, good fellow, why you seek not your share of the perils? What will you gain by thus lingering near to me?" "My gain will be this, sire," replied the Ethiopian; "I shall know that I have faithfully guarded my king."

That noble reply won the calif's heart. Speaking of his faithful Ethiop to his friend, he said:

"No features fair
Nor comely mien are his;
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And love his glory is."

This legend finely illustrates a difference between the Christian and the worldling. The former finds his good in the Creator himself, as the Ethiop found his gain in serving his king; the latter seeks his good in the "*creature*," as the calif's servants sought their gain in the scattered pearls. The former remembers, the latter forgets,

"That if thou not to Him aspire,
But to his gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to his throne."

As a worldling you, beloved youth, are falling into the sad mistake of the latter class. You are looking for the happiness not in God, but in his gifts alone, in the scattered pearls of earth's broken casket. That this expectation must be quenched in the dead sea of disappointment, your past experience fully demonstrates. Permit me now to unfold a truth which is probably new to you. Let me show you that the way to extract the utmost pleasure from the things of this life is not by a "studied indulgence of the appetites and passions," but by seeking your chief happiness in God. Before entering further, however, in this subject, I must guard you against the dangerous idea that your personal enjoyment is the true end and aim of life. The poet, in his "Psalm of Life," teaches you better. He says:

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

The poet is right. Your chief end is neither selfish joy nor selfish grief, but such earnest action—such a right use of your powers—as shall daily carry you farther from the selfish and the carnal, and nearer to the pure character of Him, who is both the embodiment and the source of all real felicity the result of that action will be the highest happiness, physical, mental, and spiritual, of which you are capable. If you will make it your object to attain the image of God, he will make it his care to promote your enjoyment.—If his service is your delight, he will see to it that all things within you and without you contribute to your happiness. His whole nature, which is love, moves him to do this. Look backward along the far stretching aisle of time.

See the first pair as they came from his hands in Eden. So long as they made him the sole object of their loving service, he made every thing tributary to their pleasure. Beauty filled their eyes, melody charmed their ears. Every movement of their limbs, every excitation of their senses, every gratification of their appetites, every agitation of their emotions, every exercise of their reasoning faculty, every thought of each other, every perception of the Creator, caused a fresh wave of delight to pass over their happy spirits. But when they turned their eyes from their Creator and set themselves to the work of seeking their own interests and pleasures in their own way, then alas! happiness fled from Paradise and them. Then pain, and sorrow, and discord and fear, were born into their hearts, and misery became the heir-loom of sinning mortals. Still God's desire for human happiness, like his loving nature, remained unchanged. But as man lost it by turning away from God as the supreme good, so he must recover it by turning to him again with devoted love and faithful service. Sought on selfish principles, and as a selfish end, happiness can never be found; but sought in God, it bubbles up within the soul "a well of water springing up unto eternal life."

You probably hold the opinion that to be pious, you must so separate yourself from the world as to take no pleasure in anything but strictly religious exercises. You fancy that true piety prohibits you from enjoying any pleasure in earthly objects, pursuits, and associations; that it requires you to walk amid all the delights of this terrestrial life with elongated countenance, rigid muscles, and mournful step, like some grave mute at a funeral, or some half burried old monk of the middle ages, whose mystic creed taught him that he was in the high road to saintship because he could say:

"I have torn up the roses from my garden
And planted thorns instead; I have forged my griefs,
And hugged the griefs I dared not forge; made earth
A hell for heaven."

If you hold such views, you, like the monkish mystic, cherish a false opinion. True piety does not so war with your nature as to prohibit you from enjoying all the delight which springs from the *legitimate* exercises of your bodily senses and appetites, of your social affections, of your various emotions, and of your intellectual faculties. You may be eminently pious, and at the same time find pleasure in eating, drinking, hearing, seeing, feeling; in the transaction of business, and the accumulation of property; in cheerful, social intercourse with congenial minds; in intellectual pursuits, in the cultivation of the imagination and the esthetic tastes; in historic, philosophic, scientific studies.—In brief, you may be a devoted Christian, and enjoy every pleasant sensation, emotion and affection that can be called into activity, by external objects, *without violating the laws of your physical, moral, or intellectual nature.*

To be continued.

THE POETIC VIEW OF AMERICA.—In the history of the earth hitherto the largest and most stirring nation appears tame and orderly to our ample largeness and stir. Here at last is something in the doings of the man to corrrespond with the broadcast doings of the day and night.—Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming nation of nations. Here is action united from strings; necessarily blind to particulars; magnificently moving in vast masses. Here is hospitality which ever indicates heroes. Here are the roughs, and beards, and space and ruggedness, and nonchalance that the soul loves. Here the performance, disdaining the trivial—unapproached in the tremendous audacity of its crowds and groupings, and the push of its perspective—spread with crampless and flowing breadth, and showers its prolific and splendid extravagance. Other states indicate themselves in their deputies; but the genius of the United States is not the best in its executive or legislatures, nor in its ambassadors, or authors, or colleges, or churches, or parlors,, nor even in its newspapers or inventors, but always most in the common people. Their manners, speech, dress, friendship—the freshness and the candor of their physiognomy—the picturesque looseness of their carriage—their deathless attachment to freedom—their aversion to anything indecorous, or soft, or mean—the practical acknowledgement of the citizens of one State by the citizens of all other States—the fierceness of their roused resentment—their curiosity and welcome novelty—their self-esteem and wonderful sympathy—their susceptibility to a slight—the air they have of persons who never knew how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors—the fluency of their speech—their delight in music, the sure symptom of manly tenderness and native elegance of soul—their good temper and openhandedness—the terrible significance of their elections the President taking off his hat to them, and not they to him—these are unrhymed poetry. It awaits the gigantic and generous treatment worthy of it.—*Leaves of Grass, by Walter Whitman.*

BOOTS AND SASSENGERS.—"Nancy, my dear, did John black them boots?"

"How should I know? I hain't got nothing to do with your boots. This is washing day."

"But, my love, you needn't speak so cross."

"Speak cross! I didn't speak cross."

"Oh, yes you did."

"I didn't."

"I say you did."

"I say I didn't.

"By gracious! I won't stand this! it's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you, madam. I will have a separation.

"Was ever a woman so abused! Here I've been washing and scrubbing all day long as hard as I could, and then you come home and act so to me—jest 'cause I don't know nothin' 'bout your boots!—Oh, it's too bad, it is—boo hoo! boo hoo?"

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots—is them 'ere sassengers to be fried for supper?"

"Y-e-s, my dear; I got 'em for you particularly." Ahem!

MAN A FAILURE.—A year or two ago when the Millerite fanaticism was at its heighth, Mr. B., an eccentricold gentleman, in one of our western towns, was walking in the hall of the village inn, listening, at the same time, to the talk of a distinguished 'disciple' who was prophesying the prompt fulfillment of Miller's calculations. Mr. B., stopped, and in his short bitter way asked—

"Do you really think now that the world is soon coming to an end?"

"Certainly I do."

"And on the twenty-fifth of April?"

"As much as I believe in my own existence."

"And you really pretend to believe that there's to be a regular smash of the whole world in less than three weeks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I'm glad of it! I consider this experiment of Man a miserable failure; and the sooner the whole thing is broken up, the better!"

Saying this, the old gentlemen started off, muttering imprecations on the human race in general.

☞ A Western editor perpetrates the following—"A flock of sheep composed of all "weathers" may be said to resemble our climate."

A "STRANGE" PREACHER.—His name was Strange. Many will think his conduct was strange also. He was a zealous preacher and a sweet singer. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to go about the country preaching and singing. A benevolent gentleman, well off in worldly gear, desiring to make him and his family comfortable in their declining years, generously presented him a title-deed for three hnndred and twenty acres of land. Strange accepted the donation with thankfulness, and went on his way, preaching and singing as he went. But a few months he returned, and requested his generous friends to take the title deed. Surprised at the request, the gentleman inquired—

"Is there any flaw in it?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is not the land good?"

"First rate."

"Is it not healthy?"

"None more so."

"Why, then, do you wish me to take it back. It will be a comfortable home for you when you grow old, and something for your wife and children, if you should be taken away."

"Why, I'll tell you. Ever since I've owned that land, I've lost my enjoyment in singing. I can't sing my favorite hymn with a good conscience any longer."

"What is that?"

"This:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,
I dwell awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wonder to and fro,
Till I may Canaan gain.
Yonder's my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home!"

"There," said Strange. "I'd rather sing that hymn than own America. I'll trust the Lord to take care of my wife and children."

He continued singing and preaching, and preaching and singing; and the Lord did take care of him, and his children after him.

THE WAY TO CAPE ANN.—Some forty-five years ago there lived in Boston a Frenchman, and who spoke our language imperfectly. He had occasion to visit Gloucester, Cape Ann, and in those days there were no railroads; consequently, he had to make his journeys by some other conveyance.

Accordingly he procured a horse and started off on horse back. He found but little difficulty on the road, until he passed Beverly bridge, when, not knowing which way to turn, he did as any other wise man would have done in such a case, inquired of the first person he met which was the right road. There happened to be a free and easy Yankee passing along just at the time, and our traveler raised his hand to his hat and bowed, as Frenchmen often will do, and thus addressed the Yankee:

"Voulez vous tell me the way to *Keep on?*"

"Well, I don't know any better way you can keep on unless you tie your legs together under the horse."

"Be gar, I no vants to keep on de horse; I vants de place Keep on."

"Oh! you want the place to keep, on do you? Now, down this way we always think the place to keep on is the saddle; and I guess you're in the right spot."

"You no understand; I no vant de horse or the saddle. I vant vat you call de Keep Ann."

"Well now you are an old rogue. This is a very moral town, and our selectmen won't allow any body to keep Ann, or any other woman."

"You be vom tick head, you rascal: I no vants your madame Ann, 'tis de town, de place Keep Ann."

"Worse and worse; you want the town to keep Ann, do you? No, Monsher, that won't go down at all, you would ruin the reputation of Beverly. 'Twont do, stranger."

"I vill vight you, sare, you insult me. I ask you de way to Keep Ann, and you tell me about de horse, de saddle, and de voman. Now, sare, vill you tell me de way to Keep Ann, de Glossether?"

"Oh, ho! now I take. I suppose you want to know the way to Gloucester, Cape Ann, do you?"

"Oui, oui; dats it.

"Well, why in thunder didn't you say so at first? Keep straight ahead and turn to the right."

"Tank you, tank you, Monsier; I no vight you now. Bonjour,',

MISERABLE PEOPLE.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays.

A witness in a bribery case.

A printer who publishes a paper for nothing and finds himself.

A smoking nephew on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt.

A star actress with her name in small letters on the bill.

An editor with nothing but cold potatoes for a Christmas dinner.

☞ The Earl of Cork, being under the correction of his schoolmaster, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod: "One of your ancesters invented a orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pinery; but you, I fear, will never invent anything but mischief, nor translate anything but an idle boy into a foolish man; so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honored with birch."

PRINTERS' DEVILS.—The following toast was given at a celebration of Franklins Birth Day, by the printers of Syracuse, N. Y. We commend it for the wit it contains: By Dr. Gone. There are two kinds of devils. Satan's devils and printers' devils; the former are subjects of degeneration; the one lies to wash his black on, the other lyes to wash his black off; all the nose of one is horridly peaked, all the other knows must be horridly pica'd; one has a tail that goes out behind, the other has a tail that goes out before the mail closes; the presence of the one gives us a feeling of dread, the feet of the one are all hoofs, and the feet of the other are often huffy; the horns of one grows on his head and the horns of the other goes into his head; gentlemen, my sentiments are with

The Printers, Devil—May his aspect never change, except to his boss.

REVERIES OF A DRUNKARD:—"I think liquor's injuring me; it's a spoiling my temperament. Sometimes I get mad when I am drunk, and abuse Betty and the brats—it used to be Lizzie and the children—that's some time ago; I can just mind it. When I used to come home then, she put her arms around my neck, and kiss me, and call me dear William.

"When I come home now, she takes her pipe out of her mouth, and puts her hair out of her eyes, and looks at me, and says something like, 'Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you; we're cold cold enough, having no fire, without letting the snow blow in that way;'"

"Yes, she's Betty, and I'm Bill, now. I ain't a good bill neither—'speckt I'm a counterfeit—won't pass—a tavern, without going in and getting a drink. Don't know what bank I'm on; last Sunday I was on the river bank—drunk."

"I stay out pretty late now—sometimes I'm out all night. Fact is, I'm out pretty much all over; out of friends, out of pocket, out of elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty—so Betty says; but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself."

"There's one good quality I've got—I won't get into debt; I never could do it. There, now, one of my coat tails is gone; got tore off I 'spect, when I fell down here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me, the other day, I'd make a good sign for a papermill; if he wasn't so big, I'd lick him. I've had this shirt on for ninety days, and I'm afraid it won't come off without tearing. I ain't no dandy, although my clothes is nearly all greasean style. I guess I tore this hole in my pants, behind, the other night, when I sat down on a nail in the carpenter's shop.—I've got to get it mended up, or I'll catch cold."

"Lend me three cents, will you? I feel an awful goneness—clear way down into my No. 9."

THE MISERIES OF A BRIDEGROOM.—The editor of a country paper had been absent for a few weeks, and during that time a drunken compositor had been employed half a day, but he had made so many blunders, that it was not deemed advisable to endure his presence any longer. One day after the editor's return, he was seated in his office, writing a "crusher" against a political opponent, when the door was flung violently open, and a stranger rushed in, bearing in one hand a copy of the Crabtown Clarion, and in the other a huge family umbrella, *a la* battering ram.

"☞ Lame! shed Mrs. Partington, 'there I have been suffering the bigamies of death these three mortal weeks. Fu t I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by the stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflamation in the borax, and now I am sick with the chloform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you are sick?"

A GREEN HAND.—A sailor, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that just at the close of dark night he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light.—As he was no great favorite with the lieutenant he was not hailed for some hours.

"Aloft there!" at last was heard from the lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir."

"What light?"

"Daylight, by jingo!"

☞ Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?'

"Oh, I'se a carpenter and jiner."

"He! I guess you is. What department de you perform, Sambo?"

"What department? I does the circular work."

"Wat's dat?"

"Why, I turns de grindstone."

☞ "Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Loche to a talkative person who was constantly suiting the action to the word, as he sat next him at dinner. "Indeed, my lord," replied the babbler, "we are so crowded at table, that I do not know where to put my hand." "Place it upon your mouth," said the Prince.

ONE of the worst things to fat on, is envy. In our opinion, it is as difficult for a grudgeing man to raise a double chin, as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan.—Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart, a cheerful disposition.

☞ A fool in a high station is like a man on top of a mountain—every body appears small to him and he appears small to everybody.

☞ An editor out West has married a girl named Church. He says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the church, than he ever knew in all his life before.

# IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF ENROLLMENT,
*29d District of Pennsylvania*
Allegheny City, Dec. 5, 1863.

THE IMPENDING DRAFT.—In pursuance of the requirements of Circular No. 101, "War Department, Provost Marshall General's office, Washington, D. C., November 17, 1863," we have printed copies of the enrollment of each sub-district within this District, and have caused the same to be put up in the most public places in each Ward, Township and Borough for the purpose of correcting any errors that may exist in the enrollment as made in June last.

Any person enrolled before the Board at any time between the 10th and 20th days of December, 1863, and claim to have his name stricken off the list, if he can show to the satisfaction of the Board that he is not and will not be at the time fixed for the next draft, liable to military duty on account of

1. ALIEN AGE.
2. NON-RESIDENCE.
3. UNSUITABLENESS OF AGE.
4. MANIFEST PERMANENT PHYSICAL DISABILITY.

Persons who may be cognizant of any other persons liable to military duty, whose names do not appear on these Printed enrollment lists are requested to notify the Board of Enrollment, who will thereupon direct the enrolling officer of the sub-district in which the parties reside, to ascertain the facts and enroll the person so reported, if they are found to be subject to enrollment, or they may communicate the information dirbctly to the Enrolling Officer, who is hereby directed to make the inquiry above specified and enroll the person, if found subject to enrollment. All persons so enrolled may avail themselves of the privilege of appearing as specified above, as if they had been originally enrolled.

Applications for election by parents, in accordance with the act of March 3, 1863, must be made before the 20th of December. No election can be made after the Draft.

No other claims for exemption will be considered by the Board, except those above mentioned until after the Draft. The quotas for the several sub-districts will be published as soon as they are received, and any sub-district that may furnish its quota cy volunteering will be exempt from the Draft, or if they furnish part of their quota by volunteering they will be exemyt to that extent.

Office hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 5.

J. W. KIRKER, Provost Marshal,
JOSIAH COPLEY, Commissioner,
Dec. 9, 1863. A. PERCHMENT, M. D., Surgeon.


## Arthur's Home Magazine

**For 1864. Edited by**
**T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.**

VOLUMES XXIII. AND XXIV.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1864 will be conducted in the same spirit that has distinguished it from the commencement; and continue to unite in one periodical the attractions and excellencies of both the Ladies', or Fashion Magazines as they are called, and the graver literary monthlies. *Our arrangements for 1864 include*

THREE ORIGINAL SERIAL STORIES, written expressly for the Home Magazine (one of these will be by Miss Virginia F. Townsend, and commence in the January number. Another will be by T. S. ARTHUR. And the third from the pen of MRS. M. A. DENISON, a writer who has long been a favorite with the public.

Besides these, OUR LARGE CORPS OF TALENTED WRITERS will continue to enrich the Home Magazine with shorter stories, poems, essays, and sketches of life and character, written with the aim of blending literary excellence with the higher teachings of morality and religion.

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS appear in every number, including choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing fashions, and a large variety of patterns for garments, embroidery, etc. etc

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Address, T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
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## WAVERLY MAGAZINE.

FOR FAMILY AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

**Edited by Moses A. Dow.**

This paper is the largest Weekly ever published in the country. Its contents are such as will be approved in the most fastidious circles—nothing immoral being admitted into its pages. It will afford as much reading matter as almost any one can find time to peruse, consisting of Tales History, Biography, Together with Music and Poetry.—The paper contains no ultra sentiments, and meddles neither with politics nor religion, but it is characterized by a high moral tone. It circulates all over the country, from Maine to California.

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## Arrival and Departure of Mails.

The mail from Butler to East Sandy, by way of Holyoke, Coultersville, Anandale, Murrinsville and Clintonville, 36 miles; leaves Butler on Monday and Friday of each week, at 6 o'clock, a. m., returns on Tuesday and Saturday of each week at 7 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Salem Cross Roads, by way of Saxonburg, Sarverville, Freeport, Shearer's Cross Roads, McLaughlin's Store and Oakland Cross Roads, 43 miles; leaves Butler on Tuesday and Saturday of each week, at 5 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Friday and Monday of each week, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to New Castle, by way of Mount Chesnut, Prospect, Portersville and Princeton, 28 miles; leaves Butler on Monday and Tuesday of each week, at 6 o'clock a. m; returns on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Lawrenceburg, by way of North Oakland, Barnhart's Mills, Baldwin and Bruin, 25 miles, leavs Butler on Monday and Friday of each week, at 9 o'clock, a, m; returns oh Tuesday and Saturday of each week, at 9 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to New Brighton, by way of Petersburg, Break-Neck and Zelienople, 29 miles; with two additional trips between Break-Neck and Zelienople; leavs Butler on Wednesday of each week, at 7 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Pittsburg, by way of Glade Mills, Bakerstown, Tally Cavy, Etna, Dequesne and Allegheny City, 32 miles; leaves Butler every morning, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock, a. m.; arrives at Butler from Pittsburgh by the same route, every day, Sunday excepted, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Mercer, by way of McCandless, Brownington, Slippery-Rock, North Liberty, Londen and Baim, 32 miles; leaves Butler every day, Sunday excepted, at 1 o'clock p. m.; returns by the same route, every day, Sunday excepted; arriving in Butler at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The mail from Butler to Indiana, by way of Coylesville, Worthington, Kittanning, Elderton and Shelocta, 48 miles; leaves Butler on Monday and Thursday of each week, at 4 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 7 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Boydstown, 6 miles, leaves Boydstown on Friday morning of each week, arrives at Butler in the forenoon; departs for Boydstown same day after the arrival of the mail from Pittsburgh.

## Stray Sheep.

STRAYED from the residence of the subscriber in Penn township, on or about the 1st of July, 1863, Fourteen head of SHEEP, to wit: eight Ewes and six lambs, five of the ewes were marked as follows: Two crops off and slit in the right ear, and three not marked; Lambs marked—a crop off the left ear, and the letter G. on the side of all.—Information that will lead to the recovery of the above strays will be thankfully received at the office of the "CITIZEN," or the residence of the subscriber.

Dec. 23, 3t. JOHN GRAY.

## Stray Steer.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber in Washington township, about the first of June last a BROWN STEER, with crop off the right ear and spreckled face, one year old last spring; no other marks perceivable.—The owner is requested to come forward, prove property pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law. DAVID SHIRA.

Dec. 23, 3t.


## A. M. NEYMAN, M. D.

**Physician and Surgeon.**

Office immediately opposite Walker's buildings,
Butler Pa.

Dec. 9, 1863:tf.

JAMES G. CAMPBELL.....WM. CAMPBELL.

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Dec. 9, 1863:tf.