Mm Dettinore

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

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

VOLUME 1. BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1864. NUMBER 5.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN,

IS published every Wednesday in the Borough of Butler, by Thomas Robinson & C. E. Anderson on Main street, opposite Jack's Hotel—office up stairs in the brick formerly occupied by Eli Yetter, as a store

Terms:—$1 50 a year, if paid in advance, or within the first six months; or $2 if not paid until after the expiration of the first six months.

Rates of Advertising:—One square non., (ten lines or less,) three insertions $1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square, ... 25
Business cards of 10 lines or less for one year, including paper, ... 5 00
Card of 10 lines or less 1 year without paper 4 00
¼ column for six months 7 00
¼ column for one year 12 00
½ column for six months 15 00
½ column for one year 25 00
1 column for six months 25 00
1 column for one year 50 00

From the Spectator.

THE GOD OF EARTHQUAKES.

The recent earthquake at Manilla had, like almost all earthquakes, a very striking religious aspect. There is no other natural phenomenon which strikes the masses of ignorant men as so exclusively supernatural. Mr. Buckle, as is well known, considered them one of the great sources of spanish superstition, and as snapping by their imaginative terrors the chain of civilization. Even the Greeks, by no means apt to take the characteristic attributes of their gods from the more terrible of earthly events, gave to their god of the ocean, Poseidon, the epithet of the Earthshaker; while the Jews, possessed by a truer inspiration, spoke of God as the root of all that was most fixed and enduring—the Rock of Ages who had made "the round earth so fast that it cannot be moved." Elijah was expressly taught that "God was not in the earthquake," and though the Psalmists frequently ascribe the tumbling of the earth and the falling foundation of the hills to His especial wrath, yet they never fail to conclude the picture of storm and chaos by one of peace and deliverance, and, like Elijah, see the earthquake passing away before the tranquil voice of divine promise. But this, as Mr. Buckle warns us, has not prevented the close association of the earthquake with divine power in the Christain ages. That there is something in this phenomenon which, more than any other, expresses with awful power the collapse and nothingness of human things is obvious enough. Even the lower animal creation perceive its approach, as some of them have been said to discern and quail before disembodied spirits, or at the approach of death. In the earthquake at Naples, in 1805, the sheep and goats rushed in dismay against their folds before any human being had felt a shock, the dogs howled, the horses became furious in their stalls, the cats' hair bristled with terror, rabbits and moles rushed from their holes, the birds rose scared into the air, the fish crowded to the shore, the ants abandoned their ant-hills, the locusts crept through the streets toward the sea—and all this before the danger became sensible to any observer. But even men become sensible of horror before they become sensible of danger. A gentleman of Copiapo wrote to Captain Basil Hall: "Before we hear the sound, or, at least, are fully conscious of hearing it, we are made sensible, I do not know how, that something uncommon is going to happen; everything seems to change color; our tho'ts are chained immovably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; as nature looks different to what it was wont to do, and we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power. Then comes the terrible sound, distinctly heard, and immediately the solid earth is all in motion, waving to and fro, like the surface of the sea. Depend upon it, a severe earthquake is sufficient to shake the firmest mind." And, no doubt, its phenomena are more apparently preternatural than those of any other human event. The ground assumes the appearance of running water—indeed, *does* transmit tidal waves as distinctly as the ocean itself. Not only are valleys exalted and hills made low, but nature appears to be working out on an awful and tragic scale the wonders of a pantomime. After the great earthquake of Quito in 1797, many whom the earthquake surprised in the town of Riobamba were found as corpses on the top of a hill separated by a river from the place, and several feet higher than the site of the town. The place was shown to Humboldt where the whole furniture of one house was found buried beneath the ruins of *another*, and it could only be accounted for by supposing that it had sunk into the earth at one spot, and had been disgorged at the other. In Calabria, 1783, whole estates were litterally *shuffled*, so that, for example, a plantation of mulberry-trees was set down in the middle of a corn field, and a field of lupines was removed into the middle of a vineyard. For several years after, lawsuits were actively carried on in the courts of Naples to reclaim landed property thus bodily conveyed, without legal forms, from one man to another.—Who can wonder that people who thus see what Englishmen emphatically call real property flying like shadows before their eyes, prostrate themselves before the great Earthshaker in paroxysms of fear and superstition?

But it was not only superstition which these terrible phenomena contrive to elicit. If Catholic country did not happen to have two or three specially holy days in every week, it would be rather curious that the most memorable earthquakes have so often supprised the crowds kneeling in their churches and cathedrals, so that the rocking earth has availed itself, as it were, of the picturesque piety of the masses to bury them in hosts among the sacred ruins.

The great Lisbon earthquake, in 1775, which buried or destroyed some sixty thousands in a few minutes, occurred on "All Saints Day," in a high festival among the Portuguese; and every altar was blazing with wax tapers, when the sun grew dim, and the Palace of the Inquisition fell in. The conflagration which succeeded the earthquake was thus directly due to the universal situal illumination. The less fatal, but almost more scenic castastrophe, in Caraccas, the capital of Venezuela, on the 26th March, 1812, occurred on Holy Thursday. The priestly processions were just about to start, and "the crowds assembled in the churches were so numerous that between three and four thousand persons are said to have been crushed by the downfall of their vaulted roofs." And the effect upon the mind of the people was naturally enough that of a religious rather than of an earthly catastrophe: "People applied themselves to the exercise of those religious duties, which in their opinion, were most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Many assembled, and past thro' the streets in processions singing funeral hymns; others, thrown in a state of distraction by these calamities confessed their sins aloud in the streets; numerous marriages were contracted between persons who for many years had neglected to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction; children found parents by whom they had not been acknowledged up to that time; restitutions were promised by persons who had never been accused of fraud or theft; families, which for many years had been estranged from one another by enmity and hatred, were drawn together by the tie of common suffering." And this summer in Manilla, the fearful earthquake similarly found the population on its knees, on the eve of the *Fete de Dieu*. The prayers of thousands appeared to be answered by the sudden crashing of the masonry and collapse of the earth. "After dressing," says an eye-witness, who describes what he saw in *All the Year Round* of last week, "I walked slowly homeward, and having to pass near the cathedral, I went in. Being the eve of the *Fete Dieu* I found it crowded with worshipers. Men and women of every hue of color were mingled with children whose farier skins contrasted strongly with that of the elders, especially those whose parents were Europeans. There is at all times a striking devoutness displayed in the churches, but this struck me especially on this evening, no doubt because of the solemnity of the occasion. How many were in the building I cannot say, but the number was very great, for though the cathedral was exceedingly large, I could not see a space large enough for a single additional person beyond a few feet from the door by which I entered. Some notion may be formed of the number present, from the fact that at this time there were not less than twenty-five priests officiating in different parts of the sacred edifice.—The air was so bad that I did not remain more than two or three minutes, tho' the service had not long begun."

Not many minutes after, the same spectator returned to the spot where the cathedral had stood. Not a dozen of people, he thinks, had escaped out of the building before it came crushing down upon the two or three thousand which its walls alone must have contained. The scene to which he was witness was one of no common order. "When I reached the ruins," he says, "men and women were already working at those parts where appearances indicated the possibility of most speedily reaching bodies. The largest group was collected round a chapel, a small portion of which was upheld by the peculiar way in which a beam had fallen. Women were sobbing, and men were listening anxiously at a small opening, where a window had formerly been. . . . . Faint groans issued from it, and I could hear a voice—that of a girl, I thought, but it turned out to be one of the choristers*—asking piteously for help and deliverance. Then a low but deep bass voice, doubtless that of the priest who was so officiating at the time of the calamity, uttered the well-known words, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors. As these words came forth, those outside burst into a passion of tears, which was soon choked, in order that they might hear if the voice spoke again. There were some deep groans, apparently wrung from the speaker by intense pain, and then the same voice spoke in a calm and even tone, as though addressing a congregation, 'For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the arch-angel, and with the trump of God.' Silence followed for some minutes, and then a deep voice came forth which was so low that only I and a few others near the hole could hear it. 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit,' and with the utterance of those words of faith and prayer the spirit must have left the tortured body, for not a sound was heard after this except the piteous prayers of a child." It is not easy to imagine a sublimer instance of the faith which, encountering in His own visible person the awful Earthshaker and destroyer, can see in Him nothing but the Eternal Rock of stability and of peace.—The voice comes in the earthquake, but the earthquake does but disguise to the priests' glazing eyes still small voice which bids him rest from his labors. It reminds him only of that greater earthquake which rent in twain the veil of the temple, when a deeper dismay was vanquished, and a greater work was finished.

There is something profoundly impressive about the manner in which this poor Spanish priest encountered the horror of such a situation. The kind of faith which great catastrophes, are apt to *inspire* is something very different, indeed, from this priest's. For *that* is, as Mr. Buckle teaches, a poor, superstitious sort of thing, impeding civilization and paralyzing the human confidence which is the root of all industry and energy. But the religious use of great catastrophes is not to inspire faith, but to call out and bring to light what is already inspired—to shake not merely the earthly supports, but all the external scaffolding of the mind, and throw it back on its true nakedness or its true strength. There are, probably, crisis for most men and all nations in which God appears somewhat as the God of earthquakes, shaking everything which is not at the very centre of their life to its foundations, and solving pretty decisively for them the problem whether they have anything to lean on or not. Are there many, even of our more "enlightened" faith, as we truly call it, who would be found firm on the living Rock, when the earth seemed melting away beneath their feet, and every vestige of human aid and support, and graceful association, and emblematic promise had been scattered into ruins, and they could hear, through pain and the darkness and the suffocating air, nothing but groans of terror and cries for help? Was there any voice as tranquil raised to the crowd of minors, who, for nearly a week, were dying in hope of succor in the Hartley Colliery? It is seldom that the God of earthquakes, when he has shattered all the artificial growths of association which we mistake for faith, finds at the kernel of the soul that spirit, one clear glimpse of which by other men turns the most destructive and negative of outward calamities into the most creative act of divine love.

*He was dug out alive seven or eight hours afterwards.

Advice to Apprentices.—When serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your mind with useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study during his leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business—be frugal be economical, never complain that you have to work; go to work with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by his master or employer; make it your business to see to and promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own. Young men at the present day are too fond of getting rid of work. They seek for lazy employments, and frequently turn out poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes your food, clothing, and every other thing necessary, and frees you from temptation to be dishonest.

An Ingenious Slanderer.—An English statesman having charged an officer of the Government with dishonesty, was required to retract it before the House of Commons, which he did in the following words:

"I said he was dishonest, it is true; and I am sorry for it."

This was satisfactory; but what was the surprise the following day, to see the retraction printed in the paper thus:

"I said he was dishonest; it is true, and I am sorry for it!"

By a simple transposition of the comma and semicolon, the ingenious slanderer represented himself, not only as having made no recantation, but even as having reiterated the charge.

To Preserve Timber.—It is said that if one pound of sulphuric acid is mixed with forty pounds of water; timber therein immersed will not rot and that the underground portion of posts will last many more years for being so treated.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY MARY A. BIGELOW.

The fallen leaves the zephyr spread,
In a soft carpet where I tread;
And the elm rustles dark and sere,
Like plumes above a warrior's bier.

Yet beautiful September's ray,
And bright October's shortened day;
While clear light leaps the arches blue
Of heaven's open casement through.

The sunset hurries down the west,
And closer folds her golden vest;
For chill winds sweep across the plain,
And dews congeal upon her train.

Yet deep, the spell in earth's low sigh,
The charm of this rich starlight sky;
And letters drawn in golden haze,
Speak the Creator's matchless praise.

These clouds that slowly float along;
That winging swallow's farewell song;
This leaflet, with its crimson hue—
Tell me I am a voyager, too.

It whispers of a home afar,
Brighter than evening's brightest star,
Where fadeless flowers shall ever bloom
Beyond the winter of the tomb.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

Pin money—the receipts of a bowling alley.

"Come in children, out of the wet," as the shark said when it sucked in the little fishes.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said to the cat when he robbed her of her dinner.

A wag on hearing that a man had given up chimney sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business sooted him.

"I say, mister, how came your eyes so all-fired crooked?"—"by sitting between two gals, and trying to look love to both at the same time."

"Gentlemen," said a public speaker, "is not one man as good as another?"—"Yes, be jabers," said a huge Patlander, "and a good dale better, sure."

A part of a mountain of sorrow, which an inebriate had heaped upon his own head, lately slid off, and broke down the bridge of his nose.

It is said that there are more lies told in the brief sentence "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.

"I shall never get out of this scrape alive," as the hog said when they were rubbing the bristles off his back with clam-shells and scalding water.

A school girl was married here lately. One of her schoolmates, a little girl of 12 years, told her mother—"Why, don't you think, Susan is married, and she hasn't gone through fractions yet."

An honest Patlander, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year, without having calves, "bekaze it runs in the brade, for, be jabers, she came out ov a cow what never had a calf, sure."

A man having given a quantity of peaches to the laborers on the road, one of them was asked how he liked them; he said the fruit was very good, but the seeds scratched his throat.

There are three sorts of nobility—divine, worldly and moral; the divine depends upon the power of God, the worldly upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind.

Dean Swift hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

A female in the Utica Lunatic Asylum is a lady of enlarged ideas. She talks of becoming the empress of the world and using the next rainbow for a waist ribbon.

Epitaph.

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Lied hard enough, folks say—on they!

There are two eventful periods in the life of women: one, when she wonders who she will have—the other who will have her. The first occurs at 16, the other at 40.

"Halloa, Steward!" exclaimed a fellow in one of the steamboats, after having retired to bed. "Here, massa." "Bring me the way bill." "What for, massa?" "I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this berth, before I did; if not, I want 'em turned out."

A lazy fellow named Jack Hole, living near Covington, Ky., has adopted a way of spelling his name which throws Fonotype clear into the shade. He makes a big "J," and then jabs his pen through the paper for the Hole.

A lady said to a gentleman who had accompanied her and her sister to church, "It rains—send for an umbrella." "Why," said the beau, "you are neither sugar nor salt, rain won't hurt you." "True, but we are—lasses," said the lady. Umbrella sent for.

A young man and a female, stopping at a country tavern, their awkward appearance excited the curiosity of the host, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled. "Traveled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly, "we didn't travel—we *rid!*"

Dialogue on Supplies—Scene: Richmond.—The Richmond *Whig*, of December 21, has the following dialogue:

Mem. of Cong.—How do you supply yourselves with fuel?

Clerk—Go without it, for the most part.

Mem. of Cong.—What, in this cold weather?

Clerk—Yes, we and our families suffer equally from hunger and cold.

Editor—Why don't you take your family to a hotel or boarding house?

Clerk—Because the boarding houses are broken up, or charge from $8 to 10 a day.

Mem. of Cong.—How, then, do you live?

Clerk—A gentleman with a family rents one or two furnished rooms at from $50 to $100 per month, and, if he does not live on bread, hires a cook from $10 to $20 per month—a laundress at $4 to $6 per dozen, while the doctor's bills depend upon the number that have perished from cold, hunger, insufficient clothing and other causes. That is the usual mode of living among the clerks, if living it can be called.

Mem. Cong.—Well, we must do something for you; raise your salaries—say 25 per cent.

Clerk—What a gratuity! Enough to purchase, once a month, a decent breakfast. Were you to double our present pay, you would only give us a fifth of what the Government promised us.

Mem. Cong.—But that would be $3,000!

Clerk—In Confederate currency worth, say $250—a mighty income, but the least that you should give till the currency is restored to the specie standard; and as most of us have run in debt, the allowance should look back and commence its operation from the first of July last.

The Health of Our Armies.—The Army of the Potomac correspondence of the New York *Tribune*, in speaking of the health and intelligence of our armies, says:

The health of our troops at the present time is excellent, many of the regimental hospitals being without a single patient. A more cheerful, willing and uncomplaining army never listened to the sound of the "tattoo." People at home can form no conception of the vast amount of innate "Yankee" ingenuity, which military discipline and army life have developed. To one visiting the army for the first time, the evidences of perseverance, industry and ingenuity that surround him; are the strongest proofs of the material and *morale* of the Potomac Army. You should visit the humble and primitive winter quarters of the privates, if you would learn what necessity is the parent of. What a perfect exhibition of the heterogeneous tastes of the occupants. The useful, beautiful and comical are blended, and oftentimes curiously huddled together regardless of all artistical effects or rules of architecture.

It is not my purpose to attempt to enter into any minute description of the quaint interiors of these martial habitations, but suffice it to say each table, stool and bedstead indicated plainly the mechanical genius of the indweller. You can tell the slothful, untidy man by a glance at his quarters, quicker than in any other way, and in the same way one can easily detect the neat and refined by the air of perfect cleanliness that invariably surrounds their log huts. As an illustration of the skill abounding in our ranks, I saw several meerschaum pipes which were carved in the most elaborate and artistic manner with the emblems of our Union and the names of the owners cut in raised letters on the bowls, the entire work executed with an old jack-knife and a nail. These pipes were wrought in a style of workmanship of which any Broadway artizan might feel proud. It is exhilarating to the heart of a true American to know that such intelligence is fighting our battles, but mournful to contemplate the streams of such precious blood that stain our beloved land.

Origin of Getting the Sack.—Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard and the other a German who were recommended by their birth and services to the Emperor, Maximilian II., both coveted his daughter, the fair Helena Scharfequinn, in marriage. This prince, after a long delay, one day informed them, that esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the life of either and consequently would not permit weapons to be used, but had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into the bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular encounter between the two gentlemen consequently took place, and before the whole court. The contest lasted for more than an hour, when the Spaniard yielded, and the German Eberhard von Talbert, having "planted" his rival in the bag, took it upon his back and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he then espoused.

Important Seizure—A very important seizure of Confederate bonds and treasury notes, to the amount of seven million, was made in New York by the United States Marshal Murray's detectives.

A large quantity of plates, dies, tools, machinery, &c, was also seized, and the parties concerned arrested.

An Irish Will.—I leave and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget, the whole of my property, real, personal and mixed. One half of the remainder to my oldest son Patrick, the balance to my youngest son Davis, the blackguard; and should there be any left, it goes to Terance McCarty.

Young America in Society.

American society at least in our great cities is fast becoming silly and stupid. "Young America" reigns paramount in it. Boys, who but yesterday were being flogged for false Latin, and girls who have just escaped from pianofortes, and bread and butter, take on themselves all the airs of grown up people, actually thrust their parents aside, and assume the whole control of amusement. At most parties, the tone is given by comparative children. Conceited youngsters, on whose chin the down has scarcely begun to appear, strut about in high shirt collars, short tailed coats, deep cuffs, and tight pantaloons; take the head of cotillions, as by the right of precedence; effect to be as blaze as a noble of the ancient regime, and annoy women old enough to be their mothers, and with more sense in a finger than these little monkeys have in all their bodies, with ridiculous compliments, absurd criticisms on music, or slang intended for wit. Little Misses, also, with bare shoulders, and mind more bare than either, look contemptuously around, and express their imperial wonder that the hostess could be so stupid as to invite so many married ladies. In American society, it is at present, "the day of small things."

The conversation at these social assemblies is what might be expected from the character of those who control them. It is as flat as stale beer, and as insipid as skim-milk. The little girls giggle, and the little boys look solemn; the former smooth down their tresses, and the latter pull up their collars; but with this difference, they behave much alike. At the supper-table, they push forward into the most prominent places; help themselves first; scatter terrapin, cream and jellies indiscriminately over the dresses of such married ladies as happen to be in their way drink what they elegantly call "lots" of champaigne; and keep up such an incessant chattering and laughing, that nobody, as the phrase goes, "can hear their own ears."

It would be fortunate, however, if "Young America" confined his presumptuousness to parties. But the lady who has opened her house is subjected, for days afterwards, to the morning visits of boys seeking to play the fine gentleman, who talk to her in a style half silly and half impudent, treating her as if she were still unmarried; and this, though they were not invited to her ball, perhaps, but only came with some female guest, and though they knew, or ought to know that the mother of a family in America, has something better to do of mornings, than to listen to the empty talk of idle young fools.

Yet it must be confessed, this sovereignty of "Young America," is partly the fault of grown up people. Married women, too generally subside into household drudges; neglect the cultivation of mind and manners; and, by abdicating their true position in society, make way for the usurpation of the Misses and Masters of the "polka."

We do not advocate the disregard of domestic duties. But we contend that their fulfilment is quite compatible with a proper degree of social recreation, and that, indeed, a wife and mother is healthier, in both mind and body, for occasional relaxation in society. Moreover, as a general rule, women do not begin to think till they are married. A man of sense finds the conversation of a raw girl insufferably stupid, for it has lost the valvette of childhood without acquiring the solid character of experience in life; and intelligent women complain continually of the annoyance of having to talk to conceited boys. Why do not the real heads of society, therefore, assert their supremacy, and, by putting down the reign of Mazourka, the Schotisch, and their concomitant "Young America," restore to society a higher tone. The informed, the intelligent, and really well-bred, who now avoid what is called society, would then return to it, and a party would become the place for the exchange of ideas, and grow to be that national amusement.—But, while "Young America" keeps the lead, heels will carry it "all hollow" against the head.

☞ Gen. Pillow was sometimes rather premature in his orders, and had, besides, a pompous, oratorical style of delivering them, which he preserved even in battle. On one occasion, during an engagement, Capt. Ducan commanding the Flying Artillery, he called out to this officer, in his usual solemn manner: "Captain Duncan, fire, the crisis has come."

Ducan withoutn saying a word, turned to his men, who were slightly surprised at the ordes—there being no particular object within range—when an old grey-headed Irish sergeant stepped up with, "Plaze yer honor, what shall we fire at?" "Fire at the crisis," said Duucan.—Did'nt you hear the General say that it had come?"

Bounties for Veteran Troops.

The following is the message sent to Congress to-day by the President of the United States:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives: By a joint resolution of your honorable bodies, approved Dec. 23, 1863, the paying of bounties for veteran volunteers, as now practiced by the War Department, is to the extent of $300 in each, provided that after the 5th day of the present month, it shall terminate. I transmit for your consideration a communication from the Secretary of War, accompanied by one from the Provost Marshal General to him, both relating to the subject above mentioned. I earnestly recomend that the law be so modified as to allow bounties to be paid as they now are, at least until first day of february. I am not without anxiety lest I appear to be importunate in thus recalling your attention to a subject upon which you have so recently acted; and nothing but a deep conviction that the public interest demand it, could induce me to incur the hazard of being misunderstood on this point. The Executive approval was given by me to the resolution mentioned, and it is now, by a close attention and fuller knowledge of the facts, that I feel constrained to recommend a reconsideration of the subject.

Abraham Lincoln.

Important from North Carolina.—The *North Carolina Times* the new loyal paper at Newbern, says:

"North Carolina is beginning to furnish her quota to the federal Government.—One loyal white regiment has been raised in this district, and it is under the command of Col. McChesney; and the second, under the command of Captain Charles Henry Foster, is rapidly filling up, and about three hundred men have been enlisted within the last six or eight weeks by his personal exertions. Another regiment of white soldiers from North Carolina has been raised by that most excellent man, Gen. Burnside, in East Tennessee. To all this we must add the two regiments of colored volunteers that have been raised, and are now in service. A cavalry regiment of blacks is also recruiting by Major Garrad, of the Third New York cavalry. This last regiment is obtaining about one hundred recruits a day. If the Department of North Carolina has been an expensive one, it must be allowed that she has become partially able to repay the government for the treasure expended, by furnishing her with men who are use to the country and know how to use a rifle."

Sagacious and Faithful.—A Norfolk exchange paper states that a gentleman of that city having business at the Navy Yard, proceeded thither on horseback, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. As it is contrary to the regulations of the yard for any but foot passengers to enter, unless by a special permit, he dismounted at the gate, the dog remaining with the horse. On his return he was informed that during his absence a drunken fellow had mounted the horse, with the apparent intention of taking a free ride, but much to his astonishment, doubtless, he had no sooner reached the saddle than his leg was seized by the dog, and the faithful animal not only succeeded in dragging him off, but got between the loafer and the horse, keeping the former at a respectful distance, and finally compelling him to leave. The fact is somewhat singular, as the dog was merely a pet, and had never undergone the training to which such animals are usually subjected, and his conduct on this occasion could only be attributed to the workings of his natural instincts.

☞ A year or so ago there used to be on "our floor," in one of the hotels of this city, a very lady-like, tidy, pretty, Irish chambermaid, whom it is well enough to call Rose. A grave-seeming, good-looking but gray haired gentleman of fifty odd, occupied 103, and as he sat at his little table one morning, Rose came in to brush a little.

"Rose," quoth he, "I've fallen in love with you. Can I veuture to hope you will think well of me?"

Be shure you may, your honor," replied Rose, with a twinkle of her bright eyes; "for me father and me muther iver told me to rivirince gray hairs all the days of me life!"

Rose swiethed out of the room, and the elderly gentleman went to the barbers.

The Future of North Carolina.—An Eastern paper says: "A scientific gentleman who for several years previous to 1860, was engaged in explorations throughout the mountain ranges of North Carolina intimates to us, and with force that a new field of competition is about being opened by which New England must ultimately be a great sufferer.

1. Wool can be grown at about half the price at which it can be produced in New England, because green pasture can be had all the winter for the sheep, so that they will not require to be fed, as in New England.

2. The mountain ranges of North Carolina pass centrally, almost between the grain-growing and cotton States, and will afford ample power to turn all the spindles in the United States. The mildness of the climate, he feels assured, must, attract capital and population, so as to make that region the paradise of manufactories.