

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, FEBRUARY 3, 1864.

NUMBER 8.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN,
is published every Wednesday in the borough of Butler, by Thomas Eastman & C. E. Anderson, on Main street, opposite to Jack's Hotel—office on stairs in the brick structure occupied by J. E. Vetter, 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 (ten lines or less), three insertions..... \$1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square..... 25
Month's cards of 10 lines or less for one year, including paper..... 5 00
1/2 column for six months..... 7 00
1/4 column for one year..... 12 00
1/2 column for six months..... 12 00
1/4 column for one year..... 20 00
1 column for six months..... 25 00
1 column for one year..... 50 00

Publishing—Before Printing.

That the Roman populace was not shut out from literature, and even newspapers, by the want of a printing press, is certain. What their newspapers may have contained, I do not know; but Tacitus tells us that in the provinces, and even in the camp, these papers were read with great avidity, every one being anxious to hear what Thraseas had not done—as in our day they are to hear what Louis Napoleon has said or has not said. The existence of several well known publishers proves the activity of the book trade.—Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, speaks of "the thousands of writers," on the single subject of the early Roman history; and although there is, of course, hyperbole in his phrase, yet even as an hyperbole it indicates a large number. And there is no exaggeration, but a statement near to the precise, in the notice of the two thousand copies of the pseudo-Sibylline books which Augustus confiscated in Rome alone.—Here, also, is a fact which points in the same direction; Pliny laughingly writes to a friend that Regulus had taken it into his head to weep ostentatiously for the loss of his son; and no one weeps like him *habet ut nemo*. "He sets sculptors and painters to work and composes an oration which he is not content with publicly reciting in Rome, but must enrich the provinces with a thousand copies of it—in *exemplaria transcriptum mille*."—There is one important source of demand which must not be overlooked, I mean for school books. When Juvenal says the "verses which the boy has just counted over on his bench he stands up to repeat," it is clear that the Roman boys had their lesson books, which they tumbled, tore and lost, as their descendants have done. And it is worthy of remark, that in the Roman schools the popular poets were studied; nay, Persius tells us that it was the ambition of poets to be read in school; and Nero, in whom literary vanity, as we know, was intense, gave express orders that his verses should be given to the boys. But perhaps the strongest indication of the activity of the library is seen in the fact that the library formed an essential part of every house, which is far from true of houses of our own day, even among the easy classes.

* * * The prices told a similar tale.—If books had been costly, they must have been rare; if they had not been cheap, they could not have been common. Thus, on the one hand, the evidence which proves that books must have been abundant, proves that they must have been cheap; and, on the other, the evidence, scanty as it is, but decisive, which proves that books were cheap, points to their abundance.

A learned Frenchman, who has investigated this point of price, comes to the conclusion that the price was lower than those in our own day. Let us hear what Martial says. The first book of his Epigrams was to be bought, he tells us, for five denarii (nearly three shillings) elegantly bound; but in a cheaper binding for the people, it cost six to ten sestertii (1s. to 1s. 8d.). His thirteenth book of Epigrams was sold for four sestertii (about eightpence); and he said that half that price would leave a fair profit. * * *

The reader, doubtless, jumps to the conclusion that books were cheap in those days, because authors were not paid. But the reader is rash, and in his rashness wrong. Authors were paid. I do not assert, nor insinuate, that they ever received the sums which our magnificent bibliophiles pay celebrated authors—sums, the very mention of which would, a few years ago, have fluttered the attics of Grub street to madness. Horace never got a guinea a line for his odes; nor did Petronius receive sixteen thousand pounds for his romance. Livy was not so well paid as Macaulay. But the Roman authors were paid, nevertheless, and were paid sums greater than were usually received long after the invention of printing.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

AN IRISH GIANT.—At Dromelilly, Ireland, recently, while digging for potatoes, the laborers found a coffin of silver coin, and in digging for more they found a leaden coffin about nine feet long, that contained the bones of what had been an Irish giant. The thigh measured two feet eleven inches, and the cranium was half an inch thick, showing how admirably heads were adapted to meet contingencies in the formation of an Irishman in the olden time. No shillalah could get through such a scull as that.

FROM HARRISBURG.

Correspondence of the Franklin Repository.
HARRISBURG, Jan. 10, 1864.

The greatest event of the week was the appearance of Gen. Gantt, of Arkansas, and Col. Montgomery, of Vicksburg—two old Southern Breckenridge Democrats. They spoke in the Hall of the House on Thursday evening to an immense audience, including many ladies.

Gantt is quite a young man—hardly over thirty; tall and slender; bearded in Southern style, and a most fascinating and eloquent speaker. He reviewed the war; its causes; its progress; its disasters and disappointments; and his denunciation of the Democratic leaders of the North was terrible. He did not mince words on the subject. He declared that they were encouraged to rebel against the government, by positive assurance from the Democratic leaders in the North that they would not sustain the war, and that they would revolutionize the North, destroy our army credit, and give the Southern Confederacy Pennsylvania and such other portions of the North as might be deemed desirable. He boldly charged them with perfidy and cowardice, and as the responsible parties for the bloody war.

But the most startling declaration made by Gen. Gantt, relates to Pennsylvania Democratic leaders. He said that after his capture by the Union forces, (he was a General in the rebel service,) at Island No. 10, he was brought North through this State as a prisoner of war, and he declared that prominent Democrats of Pennsylvania then conferred with him and assured him that if the rebels would hold out a little longer they would be successful, for the Democrats of the North would arrest the war by defeating the conscription and otherwise rendering the administration powerless to prosecute it. And he added with withering emphasis—"I CAN GIVE YOU THE NAMES IF WHAT I SAY IS DISPUTED!" A number of Democratic members of the legislature were present, but they did not dare to question the statement or call for the names. He said the Democrats of the North advised them to war, promised to come to their assistance, and then left them alone in the struggle and confined themselves to cowardly, perfidious, stealthy assaults upon their own government. He said that instead of Northern Democrats coming to their assistance, the soldiers of the Union came in overwhelming force and conquered us; but, said he, they brought government with them and rescued us from a tyranny more terrible than death. His speech made a most profound impression. He is on his way to Washington to make arrangements for the restoration of Arkansas to the Union. Mainly through his efforts 6,000 Arkansians are now in the Union army.

Col. Montgomery followed in a speech replete with humor and eloquence, and at times with biting sarcasm. His review of the course of the revolutionary Democratic Senators was amusing and caustic beyond description. He said that if Jeff Davis held the balance of power in all the loyal legislatures, as he does in Pennsylvania by the imprisonment of Major White, with Davis everything would be lovely and the goose would hang high!

The dead-lock in the Senate continues, and all legislation is at a stand. The vote for Governor was counted on Thursday. Senator Kinsy went into the joint-convention for that purpose; but all the other Democratic Senators refused to participate.

Hon. Henry D. Moore was nominated for Treasurer on Thursday evening without a contest. He is eminently fitted for the financial trials we may have to undergo during the next year. The joint-convention for the election of State Treasurer will meet on Monday, but it will probably adjourn to another day. Everything is in readiness for the inauguration of Gov. Curtin. It will be a grand demonstration.

HORACE.
Quite a joke happened to one of the doctor craft some little time since.—He ordered some powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called again, and enquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied, "No we did not give it to him."
"Good heavens!" said the doctor, "is the child living?"
"Yes, but the cat ain't—we gave it to her."
The doctor sloped.
Our information from rebeldom generally all goes to show that President Lincoln's amnesty proclamation has caused much excitement among the people and soldiers, and it was feared that many would accept it and abandon the rebel cause. It was believed that a large majority of the troops, if left to themselves, would lay down their arms, and consent to the terms proposed.—*Exchange*.

THE DESPAIRING SOUTH.—The signs of want and misery at the South multiply daily.

The people are no longer able to bear the enormous evils which have been brought upon them by their guilty madness, from one end of the Confederacy to the other, the feeling of dissatisfaction with Davis and his Congress and their war measures is threatening new rebellions and secessions. It seems utterly impossible that the chaos and confusion can ever be moulded into an effective organization to continue the war. And yet more desperation often accomplishes wonders, and there is reason to fear that we shall have an example of its terrible power before the war is over. The people of the North should not feel too confident. Davis and his co-conspirators know that their necks are in imminent peril, and they can still rally a great force by their remorseless conscription of every man in their territory who is capable of holding a musket.—They intend to do it, and the true course for us to pursue is to fill up our ranks and pour armies into the field that shall overwhelm the most numerous and desperate force producible by the foe. The one thing needful above all others in the present state of things is fresh and abundant military strength on the side of the Union. Let the South know that we are stronger than ever; that the power and the will to crush this rebellion are mightier than at any previous time; that where they raise one man by force, we raise five or ten cheerful, resolute volunteers, and the struggle will soon be over.—*Pittsburgh Gazette*.

A FIGHT IN THE REBEL CONGRESS.

Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, and Judge Hanley, of Arkansas, members of the committee to investigate charges against the commissaries and quartermasters, came to blows in the committee room the other day.—Mr. Foote, it seems, laughed at some of the evidence elicited. Judge Hanley replied that he (Mr. Foote) need not laugh. Mr. Foote said that his laugh was an honest laugh at least. Judge Hanley said he doubted that. Some other belligerent words passed, and Mr. Foote rose and struck him. Both clenched, and blows were given and received by both parties. Mr. Foote laid violent claim to Judge Hanley's shirt bosom, tearing it out from his bosom. Mr. Commissary Northrop was knocked into one corner of the committee room like a man of rags, which he is not; committee tables were overturned and the recorded evidence sent hither and thither. More ink than blood was shed. The witnesses present in the room observed their neutrality, but strove to ally hostilities by seizing both of the combatants by their coat-tails and attempting their separation. Judge Hanley's coat-tail gave way in the struggle, involving severe loss on the wearer. Finally, both desisted, and the business of the committee proceeded.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

LUDICROUS WAGGERY.—The Pioneer,

a magazine published monthly at San Francisco, California, contains the following paragraph:

"And this again reminds us of a facetious performance of the late J. P. Squibb was, 'once on a time,' while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, was sorely mystified by a modest little sign standing in the window of a neat little shop on the left hand side as you go down. The sign bore, in gaily painted letters, the legend, 'Washington Ladies' Depository.' Flattening his nose against the window Squibb descried two ladies, whom he describes as of exceedingly beauty, neatly dressed and busily engaged in sewing behind a little counter. The foreground was filled with lace caps, baby's stockings, compresses for the waist, caps, collars and other articles of still life. Hat in hand, Squibb reverently entered, and, with intense politeness, addressed one of the ladies as follows:

"Madam, I perceive by your sign that this is the depository for Washington ladies; I am going to the North for a few days and should be pleased to leave my wife in your charge—but I don't know, if by your rules you could receive her, as she is a Baltimore woman!"

"One of the ladies," says Squibb, "a pretty little girl in a blue dress, turned very red, and holding down her head, made the remark, 'to her!' But the elder of the twin, after making as if she would laugh, but by a strong-minded effort holding in, replied:

"Sir you have made a mistake; this is the place where the society of Washington ladies deposit their work to be sold for the benefit of distressed natives of the Island of Fernando de Noronha," or words to that effect.

Gravely did the wicked Squibb bow, all solemnly begging her pardon, and putting on his hat, walked off, followed by a sound from that depository, as of an autumn brook, gurgling and bubbling over its pebbly bed in a New England forest."

A FRAGMENT.

BY HARRY BARNWOOD LEECH.
I listen, but I hear no sounds;
My thoughts are far away,
Toms the lights are dull and dead;
I hear no music play.
The soft wood flute and deep bassoon
Strike harmony complete;
But what are hollow sounds to me?
I hear my child's heart-beat.
Sweet flowers in the marble hall
Give out their honey breath;
But I am crushing in my hand
A red-rose bud to death.
I smile, and dance, or even sing,
Ours is the full gladness,
And in the woman's nature sunk
Into the thing I seem?
The wine is blood, the jests are bold!
You are not shadows here,
And every woman's smile to me
But glasses o'er a spear.
I see a form, I hear a voice—
It comes and goes and goes;
Down it, ye visit and besoon,
Or it will drive me mad!
Poor heart! I know I sold your throbs,
You are not lost as fast.
One offered love, and one much gold—
O God! I choose, the last!
But I am punished. All my hopes,
Sweetest, forever dead,
And doomed like ghosts to walk apart
In places for the dead.
O years! leap back, and let me stand
In my gay childhood's feet!
Or, Sea, roll up the rushing land,
And swallow it and me!

WIT AND WISDOM.

A BARREL of beer may be compared to an industrious man, because it works.

If forty rods make a furlong, how many will it take to catch a cat-fish?

A CORD of wood is 128 feet in the United States; in France 576 feet.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

SOMEbody says that the best way to keep food upon a weak stomach is to bolt it down.

An old maid sometimes bites her lips in rage at finding that nobody wants to bite them in love.

TIMON remarks that a soldier is superior to a civilian, because the former is the ration-al being.

ONE of the greatest robbers is temperance, for it robs the poor house and the prison of their victims.

PRENTICE thinks it no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all the hair out.

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

"I AM going to the post-office, Bob—shall I inquire for you?"

"Yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there?"

The rebel government talks of paying the soldiers liberally after the war. Its liberality reminds us of the poor fellow's will: "I have nothing—I owe everybody—the rest I give to the poor."

One of the German Almanacs remarks: "A young girl is a fishing rod, the eyes are hooks, the smile is the bait, the lover is the gudgeon, and the marriage is the butter in which he is fried."

The loud wind roared, the thunder rolled
Force lightning split the sky,
And all the west seemed fringed with gold
As it was raining fire.

I laid my sickle down to view
The grand and awful scene;
But I didn't stop to see it through—
Oh, no—I wasn't so green!

A CAPTAIN of a rifle company was guilty of an unheard-of barbarity on a cold day last winter. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "fall in."

"Pa, has dogs got wings?"

"Wings? No, child! Don't you know better than that?"

"Why, pa, a boy says in this paper that a big dog flew at him and bit him. So I guess dogs has got wings too."

In the days of Robert Fulton, the House of Representatives of the United States was refused him for the purpose of a lecture on steam navigation, on the ground that it was a discussion on a visionary scheme.

"HUMBLE as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass meeting of the untrified, "I still remember that I'm a faction of this magnificent republic."

"You are indeed," said a by-stander, and a vulgar one at that.

The Buffalo Express says the author of this rhyme deserves to be "nipped by untrifled frosts."

"This winter, no more the breeze
Runs among the trees;
And while the boy with ragged trousers,
Shivering, shivers down his nose,
Newly frosted are his toes,
And Miss me, how does his nose is?

A STINGY fellow, in making love to a young lady, said that his affections were "riveted upon her." She told him that she did not want to have any dealings with rivets or screws like him. Of course, after that, the fellow couldn't expect to nail her.

A LITTLE boy once said to his aunt, "aunt, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God."

"He must be trouble enough, indeed, I should think," she answered.

"I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no devil to put him up to it."

Critical Condition of Europe.

The latest arrivals from Europe furnish intelligence of a very dubious nature bearing upon the future amicable relations of the nations of that delectable portion of the globe. Instead of meddling in the affairs of America, where they have no business to poke their carbuncled noses, they will probably have their hands full in keeping the peace at home. Napoleon may talk as much as he pleases about his selfishness—his peaceful intentions—the good of Europe, &c.—but it will not null his wary neighbors into a listless security. They are pretty well posted as to his quarreling and grasping disposition; as well as that no war can occur in Europe without his having a finger in it.—He does not love the Germans; neither did his uncle before him, who had reason to remember them bitterly to the day of his death. A big war, in which England, Russia and France would take the field in favor of Denmark and against the German confederation, in the hope that the Rhine, at least, might in some way by the fortune of war mark the boundary line of France on the North, would be very acceptable to his imperial majesty, no doubt. But should war come, and the signs of the times would indicate trouble of a serious nature before three months elapse, Napoleon will be found on some side, actively engaged in showing off the prowess of his eagles.—The French people live upon glory—that is a sort of glory of their own, in manufacturing which they have always shown inimitable skill; and as the supply has become nearly exhausted, they must seek somewhere to fill their granaries for another decade.

This glory is not likely to be found in Mexico, for although their armies appear to be over-running that Republic with but little opposition, yet there may arise paramount political reasons why the original purpose of the Emperor—the founding of a monarchy—should not be consummated.

The cloud in the horizon of Europe may be one of them; but another, and perhaps the principal one, is the waning proportions of the pro-slavery rebellion in the United States. Napoleon knows only too well that with the traitor's war off our hands, we should not look with composure upon his occupancy of Mexico at all, much less the placing of a crowned head in the halls of the Montezumas, in contravention of the ideas of Mexican liberty, and in antagonism to the wishes of the Mexican people. He knows farther that with all his armies we would drive every French soldier out of the country in six months, and that all his naval forces would be no match for our own, which would be in the very height of efficiency.

It is rather a remarkable fact that of the parties to the treaty of London, affecting the Schleswig-Holstein question, being the three "great powers" of Europe, England, France and Russia, only the first named has shown her hand in maintenance of the conditions of that treaty, and she only in a milk-and-water protest against the occupancy of Schleswig by the Federal troops. Denmark, it appears, has not only withdrawn her troops from Holstein, but was also on the point of doing so from Schleswig, thus seeming either tacitly to admit the justice of the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg, or to obey the suggestion of powerful allies.

In regard to the Polish rebellion we have little reliable information by the late arrivals. From some obstacle or other, the news as to the situation in Poland is of the most homoeopathic description. It comes to us in infinitesimal installments, and then so vague, misty and unsatisfactory as to leave us as much in the dark as before. One thing is certain, that Russia, with all her powerful armies, has not put the rebellion down; and that there are still skirmishes, in any case hardly to be called battles, with varying results.

Then we have Italy, watchful as ever, with one eye upon Rome and the other upon Venetia, awaiting the happening of events which may promote her schemes with regard to these coveted territories. Garibaldi, too, is ready to unseal his sword with his accustomed valor when the eventuality shall arise, to strike for Italy's own. Being dissatisfied with the slow movements of the Italian government in carrying out these national projects, he has, in undissembled disgust, resigned his seat in the Italian Parliament.

Then again there is Hungary once more in a ferment. Kosuth has emerged from his garret in London, and through a National Committee, so-called, has issued a proclamation to the people of Hungary, and been placed in his former position of Governor of that unconquered kingdom or principality, whichever it may be; and he will, thus prepared, await events in other parts of Europe, now apparently looming up. That there is something in this additional speck of war, is to be inferred from the fact, judging from the Vienna papers,

that the imperial authorities are considerably exercised at the increasing discontent in that turbulent portion of the empire.—*German Town Telegraph*.

A BURST OF ELOQUENCE.—Western eloquence continues to improve. A Wisconsin reporter sends the following sketch. A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her radiant in the glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy but could eclipse; before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim, and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself in the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amidst the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the Jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give."
The Jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY ON NEGROES.—During the thunder storm of last week, a friend relates the following: A gentleman residing a few miles out of town, recently carried home a small electrical machine for making experiments.—As soon as he got home, the negroes as usual flocked around him, eager to see what their master had got. There was a boy among these darkies that had evinced a strong disposition to move things when they wanted moving, or in other words to pilfer occasionally.

"Now Jack," says his master "look here; this machine is to make people tell the truth, and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."
"Why, Master, I never lied or stole anything in my life," said the boy.

"Well, take hold of this," and no sooner had the lad received a slight shock, than he fell on his knees and bawled out:

"Oh, Master! I did steal your cigars and a little knife, and have lied ever so many times; please to forgive me."

The same experiment was tried with like success on half a dozen juveniles.—At last an old negro who had been looking very attentively, stepped up.

"Master," said he, "let dis nigger try; dat masheen is well enough to scare the chider wid, but this nigger knows better."

The machine was then fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last rolling his eyes, said:

"Master, it ain't best to know too much! dars many a soul gets to be damned by knowin' too much, an' it's my 'pinion dat de debil made dat masheen jest to ketch your soul somehow, an' I reckon you had best jest take an' burn it up an' have it done gone."—*Montgomery Advertiser*.

SLAVERY IN MARYLAND.—Gov. Bradford, in his late annual message, thus pointedly urges the abolition of Slavery in Maryland:

"I believe to-day, as I have for years, that if we had long ago provided for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the State, we would be—as regards all the material elements of prosperity—far in advance of our present position. The products of our State and its natural resources are not such as are adapted to or can be developed by the labor of the slave. I am satisfied that the people of the State in their moments of calm and deliberate reflection, have long since come to the same conclusion, that when the leaders of the conspiracy at the South lifted their hands against the Union, and pointed to slavery as the institution upon which their visionary republic was to rest, they struck a blow at its very vitals in every Border State, under which it has continued to languish, and which will end in its destruction. It becomes us, therefore, to whom the whole question rightfully belongs, to take immediate measures for its removal, and which should be no longer delayed than may be required by a proper respect for those industrial pursuits with which the institution has been so long and so intimately interwoven, and a humane regard for the slave himself, which forbids us to cast him, all-unprepared for so great a change, too suddenly upon his feeble resources."—*Franklin Repository*.

The bar-rooms in Louisville, have been closed for selling liquor to soldiers.

THE READ NOTHINGS.

There is throughout this country, as through most others, a very numerous and highly influential party, which is destined to work wonders not only at the coming election, but at a great many coming elections, and not only on elections but upon many other phases of national life.

This numerous party may be termed the Read Notthings, and their platforms plain and simple, as it merely amounts in a greater or lesser degree, to ignoring the existence of all typography in every form. It is from this order that penitentiaries are stocked, jails filled, engine houses crowded with brutal loafers, and the anti-prohibition ranks enlarged. It is among the Read Notthings that apathy and indifference to every public duty is cultivated, for it is only by reading that a man at the present day can hope to be an *courant* or "posted up" on the questions which are daily becoming of more importance, and which to neglect will be like neglecting the most sacred obligations.

It may be objected that we have made more ignorance of the art of reading, or its neglect, a too decided source of evil.—But it is not so! We do not deny there are legions of well-behaved, honest, industrious beings, who plod and vegetate onward without ever reading, and who in nowise belong to the classes above alluded to. But it is equally true that if a young man is to be kept from mischief, from vulgar associates, and above all if it is hoped to form for him a rising mind which will some day give him social distinction, it cannot be done more effectually than by cultivating in him a taste for reading.

What is a man at the present day who does not read newspapers? Is he not an imbecile at the mercy of every one who chooses to give him an opinion or to warp his mind? Is he not a social nonentity, and when, as occasionally happens, he is a man of wealth, or with a family, is he not—we ask in sober calmness—a drawback, a dead weight and an anomaly?

And yet we have met with educated men who would tell you with a calm, simple smile they never read the papers, or that they had no taste for reading at all, and this with as cool an air as if they were mentioning that they had no taste for olives or tomatoes. In our humble opinion no man has a right to have no taste for reading—it is a duty which he owes to himself and to those who educated him, and to the country which requires a certain medium of mental ability from every one living in it.

There is a variety of the Read Notthings who think that if they do read they are quite right in being as one-sided as they please in their literary pursuits. One of these, on being questioned in our hearing as to what constituted his favorite reading, replied "prose." To him *prose* or *poetry* were two distinct forms of mental food, which like the tomatoes and olives aforesaid, he was at perfect liberty to like or dislike. This is a free country.

There is one branch of the Read Nothing order for whom—when they speak the truth—we always have a sincere pity and sympathetic esteem. These are the ones who would read if they had time. These last occupy a compulsory place in the order, and they remind us of gentlemanly, well behaved lovers of liberty cast into an Italian prison in company with the most desperate ruffians and "outsiders." These who have no time generally fly from the order at every opportunity, and it is most generally from these whose natural love of reading has thus at first been checked and subsequently indulged, that the most intelligent literati have arisen.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

When Mrs. F., of Pennsylvania, was in England, she attended York races, where she met the celebrated Lawrence Sterne. He rode up to the side of the coach and accosted her:

"Well, Madam, which horse do you bet upon?"

"Sir," said she, "if you can tell me which is the worst horse I will bet upon that."

"But why, Madam," said Sterne, "do you make so strange a choice?"

"Because," replied the lady, "you know 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'"

Sterne was so much pleased with the reply that he went home and wrote from the text, his much admired sermon, entitled "Time and Chance."

The Constitution of the United States—Like one of those wondrous rocking stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child may vibrate to the centre, yet the might of an army could not move it from its place, our Constitution is so nicely poised and balanced that it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, yet so firmly rooted in the heart and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain.