

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 I.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1864.

NUMBER 9.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Published every Wednesday in the borough of Butler, by THOMAS HOBBS & C. E. ANDERSON on Main street, opposite to Jack's Hotel—office up stairs in the brick corner occupied by J. H. Yetter, as a store.

Terms—\$1 50 a year, if paid in advance, or within the first six months, or \$2 if paid until after the expiration of the first six months.

RATES OF ADVERTISEMENTS—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
1/2 column for six months..... 7.00
1/2 column for one year..... 12.00
1/2 column for six months..... 12.00
1/2 column for one year..... 20.00
1 column for six months..... 25.00
1 column for one year..... 50.00

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

Dr. Robertson published an edition of Xenophon's Anabasis, in 1850. In the preface he gives the following account of the youth who was a member of one of his classes. It is a most interesting document, and shows how the character which Col. Fremont has ever exhibited, was formed, and illustrates the early development of the energy and talent that have borne him on through life:

"For your future encouragement I will here relate a very remarkable instance of patient diligence and indomitable perseverance.

"In the year 1827, after I had returned to Charleston from Scotland, and my classes were going on, a very respectable lawyer came to my school, I think some time in the month of October, with a youth apparently about sixteen, or perhaps not so much, (fourteen) of middle size, graceful in manner, rather slender but well formed, and, upon the whole, what I should call handsome; of a keen, piercing eye, and a noble forehead, seemingly the very seat of genius. The gentleman stated that he found him given to study, and that he had been about three weeks learning the Latin rudiments, and (hoping, I suppose, to turn the youth's attention from the law to the ministry,) had resolved to place him under my care for the purpose of learning Greek, Latin and mathematics, sufficient for entering Charleston College. I very gladly received him, for I immediately perceived he was no common youth, as intelligence beamed in his dark eye, and shone brightly on his countenance, indicating great ability, and an assurance of his future progress. At once put him into the highest class just beginning to read Caesar's Commentaries, and although at first inferior, his prodigious memory and enthusiastic application soon enabled him to surpass the best. He began Greek at the same time and read with some who had been long at it, in which he also soon excelled. In short, in the space of one year, he had, with the class, and at odd hours, with myself, read four books of Caesar, Cornelius Nepos, Salust, six books of Virgil, nearly all of Horace, and two books of Livy; and in Greek all Græca Minora, about half the first volume of Græca Majora, and four books of Homer's Iliad.—And whatever he read he retained. It seemed to me, in fact, as if he learned by mere intuition. I was myself utterly astonished, and at the same time delighted with his progress. I have hinted that he was designed for the church, but when I contemplated the bold, fearless disposition, his powerful inventive genius, his admiration of warlike exploits, his love of heroic and adventurous deeds, I did not think it likely he would be a minister of the Gospel. He had not, however, the least appearance of any vice whatever. On the contrary he was the very pattern of virtue and modesty. I could not help loving him, so much did he captivate me by his gentlemanly conduct and extraordinary progress. It was easy to see that he would some day raise himself to eminence. While under my instruction, I discovered his early genius for poetic composition, in the following manner. When the Greek class read the account that Herodotus gives of the bravery of Miltiades and his ten thousand Greeks at the battle of Marathon, it raised his patriotic feelings to enthusiasm, and drew from him expressions that I thought were embodied, a few days afterward, in some well written verses in a Charleston paper, on that far-famed, unequal, but successful conflict against tyranny and oppression; and suspecting my talented scholar to be the author, I went to his desk and asked him if he did not write them; and hesitatingly at first, rather flushingly confessed he did. I then said, 'I knew you could do such things, and suppose you have some such pieces by you which I would like to see. Do you bring them to me.' He consented and in a day or two brought me a number which I read with pleasure and admiration at the strong marks of genius stamped on all, but here and there requiring, as I thought, a very slight amendment.

"I had a hired mathematician to teach both him and myself, (for I could not teach that science,) and in this he also made such wonderful progress that at the end of a year he entered the Junior class in Charleston College triumphantly, while others who had been studying four years or more, were obliged to take the Sopho-

more class. About the year 1828 I left Charleston. After that he taught mathematics for some time. His career afterward has been one of heroic adventure, of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, and of scientific explorations, which have made him world-wide renowned. In a letter I received from him very lately, he expressed his gratitude to me in the following words:—'I am very far from either forgetting you or neglecting you, or in any way losing the regard I had for you.—There is no time to which I look back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent, and of anything I have learned I remember nothing so well and so distinctly as what I acquired with you.' Here I cannot help saying that the merit was almost all his own. It is true that I encouraged and cheered him on, but if the soil into which I put the seeds of learning had not been of the richest quality, they would never have sprung up to a hundred fold in the full ear. Such, my young friends, is but an imperfect sketch of my much beloved and favorite pupil, now a Senator, and who may yet rise to be at the head of this great and growing Republic. My prayer is that he may ever be opposed to war, injustice and oppression of every kind, a blessing to his country, and an example of every noble virtue to the whole world."

Advertising—Put Out the Bush.

It seems very singular that there are so few business men who understand how to advertise their business as they ought to, and who content themselves with letting people guess at what they have, while they might so easily make it known all over, and while they go often to great expense for what does not make their business known to any extent.

Merchants will often get up a sign at a cost of one or two hundred dollars, that will scarcely be looked at all, often one that is hidden by an awning, or placed almost out of sight, and that, at the best does not attract the attention of half-a-dozen people daily, while the same sum judiciously expended in advertising, would attract more attention, draw more customers, than fifty such signs.

There are many who rely upon the old saying that "good wine needs no bush." This is and ever was a mistake. A bush before a door used to be a sign for the sale of wine, and though it is true enough that when a vintner had in olden times got up his reputation, he was otherwise known than by the advertisement of the bush, yet he had need of the bush to gain his reputation, and still needed it for all chance custom.

In the present day, and in this country all is changing, a new face shows itself in every store a dozen times a day, and to the new man you may sell just the thing he comes for, but it is more than probable you have a good many other things he wants, though he does not know it, and you cannot tell every man who comes just what you have, or guess just what he wants.

You advertise in the newspapers, it is true, but you advertise groceries, or dry goods, or hardware of various kinds. If a customer whose tastes you know, comes in, you will show him a new or fresh article, that you think he likes, and the chances are he becomes a purchaser. He knew that you had an assortment in your line generally, that you had what is called "all kinds," but he did not know that this was among that all kinds, or if he did, he did not think of it until you mentioned it, and then he wanted it.

Well, would it not be better to tell it all at once, as you can through a paper? You pay a great rent, gladly too, for a good stand, that is for one where people can pass, and see what you have. A less expense will send more to you who will know what you have.

You do advertise, perhaps. You advertise in your own paper. All right, but why not in others? You want to sell to your political opponents, don't you? Of course; then tell them, too, what you have. Men seldom buy of you on account of your politics, they buy because you have what they want, and sell for what they are willing to pay.

But when you advertise, don't merely advertise things generally. That you have them people generally know. Say what the things are, that you recommend them because good, or cheap, or rare, or for some reason. A great many people don't know what they want to buy, but you know what you want to sell. Let others know it too.—*Milwaukee News.*

In one of our seminaries, the other day, a little boy appeared before his teacher with his lesson unlearned. On being asked the reason, the little fellow, with great naivete, replied, "Mamma wasn't in last night, and the cook's spectacles were too small to take in the big words."

Taking up a Collection.

Rarely have we heard a better story or a better told story than this, from a reverend gentleman in Missouri:

The life of a preacher in a new country, from a secular point of view, is hardly as smooth and free from difficulty as a position in more cultivated and populous communities appear to be. The people are thinly scattered here and there, engaged in different pursuits, though chiefly agricultural. Being collected from all parts of the older States, and gathered from every class of society, they meet upon the same common ground, upon terms of easy familiarity, and restrained by no irksome conventionalities. People in a new country generally have a pretty hard time of it. They live a sort of "rough and tumble" life, wearing out their best efforts in a struggle for existence. Under these circumstances the material sometimes absorbs completely the spiritual; and the people not unfrequently "get so far behind" with the preacher, they have to be powerfully "stirred up," from the pulpit.

On one occasion we had a visit from the presiding elder of our district at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our preacher "nary dime" as the boys say, and we expected a scorching from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. He preached us a moving discourse from the text "we owe no man anything." At the close of the sermon, he came at once to the subject in hand.

"Brethren," said he, "have you paid Brother—anything this year? Nothing at all, I understand. Well, now your preacher can't live on air, and you must pay up—pay up, that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

Here some of the audience near the door began to slide out.

"Don't run! don't run!" exclaimed the elder "Steward, look that door, and fetch me the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand table in front.

The Steward locked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now, Steward," said he "go round with the hat. I must have twenty-five dollars before you leave the house."

Here was a "fix." The congregation were taken aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered.—The Steward gravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties.

The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table.—The elder poured "the funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half!" A slow start, brethren! Go around again, Steward. We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the Steward with his hat again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three quarters. Not enough yet. Go round again, Steward." Around goes the Steward the third time.

"Twelve dollars and a half!—Mighty slow, brethren? "Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat them!" Go round again, Steward!"

By this time the audience began to be fidgety. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly but surely, the "pile" on the table swelled toward the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half. Only lack half a dollar. Go round again, Steward."

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside; a hand was thrust holding a half dollar between a thumb and finger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed:

"Here, Parson, here's your money.—Let my gal out o' there! I'm tired of waiting for her."

It was "the last hair that broke the camels back," and the preacher could exclaim in the language of Ike Turile, "This ere meetin is done."

STRAY SHOT.—There is no adhesive label like a nick-name!—Waiting for dead men's shoes is, in most measures, a boot-less affair!—Ladies generally shop in couples. When a lady has any money to spend, she dearsly loves to take a friend with her to see her spend it!—The number of poor poets is, if anything, greater than the number of poets who are poor!

Bad words, like bad shillings, are offered brought home to the person who has uttered them!—Life, we are told, is a journey; and, to see the way in which some people, eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole of the journey!

THE BURIAL OF ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

For the Citizen.
The burial was gathering damp,
The flame was flickering in the lamp,
When in the rude barbarian's camp,
But more come associated.

For at the middle watch of night,
When heaven, with stars was spangled bright,
And Cynthia cast her sombre light—
Alaric died convulsively.

They dressed him in silken gown;
They stretched him on a bed of down—
Upon his brow they placed a crown,
And sang for him a requiem.

The captive ranked in dread array,
Blood trembling at the break of day,
Beside the stream that rolled away
Forward to the sea triumphantly.

Then came the fiery Gothic brave,
And back he turned the turbid waves
Of river Boudonice.

With sacks of sand and massive stones,
Beneath which weight each captive groans,
In middle stream with sighs and moans,
They formed a great triangle.

That curled the turbid waters might;
That raised the trembling captive high,
And sent it in its giddy flight,
In sister streams voluptuously.

Then in the apex of the cone
They formed, they laid the cold stone
To hold the mighty conqueror.

Whose powerful arms did once create,
That ruled the Roman States;
A breach that none could renovate,
Save Death's own indolent sway.

Then to the tomb they slowly wound
Their way o'er that first trading ground,
While Roman hills gave back the sound
Of their strange mournful melody.

They laid his body in its grave,
And piled their gold upon the bier,
An offering to the welcome wave,
And to the Gothic deity.

The train from out the channel drew,
And bade the trembling captive crew
Their work of toil and pain undo,
And give the wave its liberty.

Then worked they all with horror rife—
The breaking waves dashed on the strife,
And wended many a precious life,
Adown to dark oblivion.

And those who reached the shore again,
By thirty vigils' shades were slain;
They split their blood like April rain,
To keep that tomb a secrecy.

In secrecy as dark as night
I rest, far never yet to light,
Has been my lot's chosen site
Of fierce Alaric's sepulchre.
Penna Sp., Jan. 1, 1864. L. W.

WIT AND WISDOM.

PLAYED OUT.—Driving the Republican party to power.

WHAT cravat would nicely fit on Southern necks—or nothings? Russia hemp.

A SICK cobbler must be regarded as being well when he begins to mend.

CROTCHETS are very well in a music-box, but bad in people's heads.

Of all the dust thrown in men's eyes, gold dust is the most blinding.

WHAT do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint.

POETRY and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

THE paper containing many fine points—the paper of pins.

WHAT are excellent overcoats for stormy weather? Cos-sacks.

"JUST let me, catch you at it," as the man said to the mouse when he had set the trap.

THOSE who, before a glass, look most at themselves, are apt to know least of themselves.

"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would take him to the station-house if he did not move on.

"MAN," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this; no dog exchanges bones with another."

An old lady, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

A CERTAIN sign board has the following classical inscription:—"All persons found fighting or trespassing on this ground will be executed with the utmost wigger of the law."

THERE are many people who cannot get rid of the notion that they have a private property in truth, with the right to fence it in and put up a signboard warning all trespassers from the ground.

WHEN you see a gentleman at midnight, sitting on the stoop in front of his house, combing his hair with the door-scraper, then you may conclude that he has been out to some evening party.

A BIBLE and a good newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, and all appreciated as they should be, are the support of virtue, morality, civil liberty and pure religion.

At a lecture of Bayard Taylor's, a lady wished for a seat. When a portly, handsome gentleman brought one, and seated her. "Oh, you're a jewel," said she.—"Oh, no," he replied, "I'm a jeweler—I have just set the jewel!"

An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'my fathers, where are they?' and echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick McGlathery?'"

A WINDY Orator once got up and said: "Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly, deliberately, and carefully come to the determined conclusion,—that in those cities where the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women and children than in cities where the population is less.

Army Correspondence.

For the Citizen.
The Boston Traveller says that Union Leagues, pledged to the total eradication of negro slavery in the United States, are multiplying throughout Massachusetts, and are receiving large accessions of members.

In the opinion of well informed persons, (says the Traveller,) similar Union Leagues in the Northern States are already strong enough to carry the next Presidential election.

A Springfield (Ill.) letter, published in the St. Louis Republican of the 30th ult. gives a full exposition of the ceremonies, passwords, etc., of the Union Leagues, as derived "from a correct and literal copy of the Ritual adopted by the National Convention of the Union League of America, at Cleveland, on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1863, duly certified to by the signature of J. M. Edwards, G. P., and W. R. Irwin, G. R. S." This work is described by a pamphlet of three by four inches, containing twenty pages. The oath administered to initiates is as follows:—"I, A—B—, do solemnly swear, (or affirm,) in the presence of these witnesses, that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States, and the flag thereof, against all enemies, foreign and domestic; and that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will defend this State against any invasion, insurrection, or rebellion, to the extent of my ability. This I freely pledge without mental reservation or evasion. Furthermore, that I will do all in my power to elect true and reliable Union men and supporters of the Government, and none others, to all offices of profit or trust from the lowest to the highest, in ward, town, county, State, and General Government. And should I ever be called to fill any office, I will faithfully carry out the objects and principles of this League.—And, furthermore, that I will protect, aid, and defend all worthy members of the Union League. And, further, I will never make known in any way or manner, to any person or persons, not members of the Union League, any of the signs, passwords, proceedings, debates, or plans of this or any other Council under this organization except when engaged in admitting new members into this League. And with my hand upon the Holy Bible, Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States of America, under the seal of my sacred honor, I acknowledge myself firmly bound and pledged to the faithful performance of this my solemn obligation. So help me God."

This oath having been taken "with clasped and uplifted hands," all repeat the "freeman's pledge," as follows:—"To defend and perpetuate Freedom, the Union, I pledge my life, my fortune, and my sacred honor. So help me God." A "patriotic ode" is then sung, a number of which are given in the ritual. The following stanza from one of the "patriotic odes" will suffice to illustrate the animus of the whole:—"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me, As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free—While God is marching on."

ONE OF THE GOLDEN YOUTH.—A German poet compared life to a vast forest full of young and vigorous trees, in the midst of which a wood-cutter is strolling. At first the forest is still, dense and flourishing; but the wood-cutter's axe continues to strike its incessant blows scattering death all around it. The trees fall one by one, this one first and then another; where their trunks stood close together the light begins to break through; here and there broad vacant spaces grow larger and larger, soon the regretful eye counts the victims by hundreds. The axe pursues its work of destruction; it assaults the oaks which still remain erect, hurls them down and widens the vacant space. Its blows redouble in speed, and you might almost fancy that, like a good workman, it was anxious to finish its task before the close of day. In the morning the forest was as dense and tufted as a meadow where the grass grows luxuriantly; by evening it is a bare expanse. With but another hour and the last tree will have fallen.

That forest is youth with its many friends; that wood-cutter is death. It never wears of its blows, and by the time that age has come; when the first wrinkles furrow the pensive brow, what gaps are already visible, and how many of those we loved best are gone! First one died in the very flower of youth, her forehead decked in its flaxen curls, and she snuffed still upon life, her heart still brimming with joyous anticipations. Then another followed; and then another; a fourth fell suddenly, and in the very pride of his strength. Death strikes on, and soon we no longer count those we have lost; we think of them sometimes, and those who remain last have their memories full of phantoms which beckon them to hasten.

A UNION SOLDIER.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to rove where he pleases on Sabbath. 4. Give him full success to his wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account for his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue either of these ways and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to the grave.

A TOPEK'S OBJECTION TO WATER.—An old toper was urged to drink the beverage prepared by God himself to nourish and invigorate his creatures, and beautify his footstool.

"No," said the toper, "Water is dangerous—very. It drowns people—it gets into their chest—into their heads, water on the brain for instance. And then too, it makes that infernal steam, what's allers blowin' a feller up. Water! No, I will drink none on't, let them drink it what likes."

A Turkish enthusiast at Constantinople lately cut off two yards of the telegraphic wire, which he brought to his house in the hope of being the first to know the news. When taken up for the offence, he admitted the fact, and said that all he wanted to learn was the fall of Sebastopol. Another Turk cut the wire in two in order to see if the interior was hollow.

Consider whence thou comest, whether thou goest, and before whom thou art to stand.

From the Union Herald.

Radical Union Leagues.

The Boston Traveller says that Union Leagues, pledged to the total eradication of negro slavery in the United States, are multiplying throughout Massachusetts, and are receiving large accessions of members.

In the opinion of well informed persons, (says the Traveller,) similar Union Leagues in the Northern States are already strong enough to carry the next Presidential election.

A Springfield (Ill.) letter, published in the St. Louis Republican of the 30th ult. gives a full exposition of the ceremonies, passwords, etc., of the Union Leagues, as derived "from a correct and literal copy of the Ritual adopted by the National Convention of the Union League of America, at Cleveland, on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1863, duly certified to by the signature of J. M. Edwards, G. P., and W. R. Irwin, G. R. S." This work is described by a pamphlet of three by four inches, containing twenty pages. The oath administered to initiates is as follows:—"I, A—B—, do solemnly swear, (or affirm,) in the presence of these witnesses, that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States, and the flag thereof, against all enemies, foreign and domestic; and that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will defend this State against any invasion, insurrection, or rebellion, to the extent of my ability. This I freely pledge without mental reservation or evasion. Furthermore, that I will do all in my power to elect true and reliable Union men and supporters of the Government, and none others, to all offices of profit or trust from the lowest to the highest, in ward, town, county, State, and General Government. And should I ever be called to fill any office, I will faithfully carry out the objects and principles of this League.—And, furthermore, that I will protect, aid, and defend all worthy members of the Union League. And, further, I will never make known in any way or manner, to any person or persons, not members of the Union League, any of the signs, passwords, proceedings, debates, or plans of this or any other Council under this organization except when engaged in admitting new members into this League. And with my hand upon the Holy Bible, Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States of America, under the seal of my sacred honor, I acknowledge myself firmly bound and pledged to the faithful performance of this my solemn obligation. So help me God."

This oath having been taken "with clasped and uplifted hands," all repeat the "freeman's pledge," as follows:—"To defend and perpetuate Freedom, the Union, I pledge my life, my fortune, and my sacred honor. So help me God." A "patriotic ode" is then sung, a number of which are given in the ritual. The following stanza from one of the "patriotic odes" will suffice to illustrate the animus of the whole:—"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me, As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free—While God is marching on."

ONE OF THE GOLDEN YOUTH.—A German poet compared life to a vast forest full of young and vigorous trees, in the midst of which a wood-cutter is strolling. At first the forest is still, dense and flourishing; but the wood-cutter's axe continues to strike its incessant blows scattering death all around it. The trees fall one by one, this one first and then another; where their trunks stood close together the light begins to break through; here and there broad vacant spaces grow larger and larger, soon the regretful eye counts the victims by hundreds. The axe pursues its work of destruction; it assaults the oaks which still remain erect, hurls them down and widens the vacant space. Its blows redouble in speed, and you might almost fancy that, like a good workman, it was anxious to finish its task before the close of day. In the morning the forest was as dense and tufted as a meadow where the grass grows luxuriantly; by evening it is a bare expanse. With but another hour and the last tree will have fallen.

That forest is youth with its many friends; that wood-cutter is death. It never wears of its blows, and by the time that age has come; when the first wrinkles furrow the pensive brow, what gaps are already visible, and how many of those we loved best are gone! First one died in the very flower of youth, her forehead decked in its flaxen curls, and she snuffed still upon life, her heart still brimming with joyous anticipations. Then another followed; and then another; a fourth fell suddenly, and in the very pride of his strength. Death strikes on, and soon we no longer count those we have lost; we think of them sometimes, and those who remain last have their memories full of phantoms which beckon them to hasten.

IMPORTANT EXPEDITION.

The Chicago Journal, of Tuesday, has the following important intelligence:

For some time past we have been withholding the information we were promptly put in possession of, as to a grand movement of our forces southward from Cairo, to be swelled by accessions at other points, until it should leave Vicksburg in great strength, for a blow at some point in rebellion. We are not yet permitted to release the bond of secrecy required on prudential grounds, but enough has been leaking out through the dispatches, to indicate very much as to the nature of the movement, and guide conjecture as to its destination. It left Cairo powerful in numbers on a fleet of transports. It was strengthened at Columbus, and still more at Memphis, and the order of embarkation, for we have it before us, shows that the troops went down the river prepared to remain. We are not forbidden to borrow the hint from the rebel dispatches elsewhere, received via Richmond, that the expedition left the river at Vicksburg, and struck off across the State of Mississippi. A movement on Jackson, the Black river having been bridged by pontoons, is stated as having already become ascertained. And what next? We doubt if a glance at the map leaves much room for hesitation in the matter. But the other day we were told of a large Federal force landed on the Gulf coast near Mobile.—The fleet, too, has been made more formidable off that point. Is it not likely that the force under Gen. Sherman is now far on its way to co-operate with Gen. Banks and reduce that last rebel stronghold, the only remaining rebel city on the Gulf? The next news from that quarter will tell us what we all wish to know.

The day is short; the labor is great; the workmen are lazy; the pay is much; and the master of the house is urgent.