

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.

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A Connubial Sketch.

A few days ago, there arrived at a hotel in Boston a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined, quietly, in the bonds of matrimony. As soon as they were fairly domiciled, the would-be bridegroom—who was a rough, but apparently honest specimen of the country Yankee—sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered the summons.

"Say, lan'lord," proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest dulcinea, in the corner of the parlor, "this is my young woman. Now we've cum all the way from Rhode Island, and want to be spliced. Send for a minister, will yer? Want it done up, rite straight off?"

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterward a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliging host, with one or two waggish friends, were called in as witnesses to the "scene."

"Now, Mr. Stiggins," says the Yankee, "den it up brown, and yure money's ready," and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join their hands. The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady-love like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick, seized her hand, and as much pleased as a ragoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr. A.," said the parson, to take this woman—

"Yaas," said the Yankee at once.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife."

"Yaas—yaas."

"That you will love and honor her in all things."

"Yaas."

"That you will cling to her, and her only, so long as you both shall live."

"Yaas, indeed—nothing else?" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend gentleman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and discomfort of the intended bridegroom.

"Yaas—I said," added the Yankee.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister slowly, for it suddenly occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts did not permit this performance, without the observance of a "publishment," &c., for a certain length of time.

"Wo'tn'thunder's the matter, minister? Doan't stop—go on—put'er threu. Nothin's spilt, eh? Ain't sick, minister, be yer?"

"Jut at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't you'natur's the reason? I like her, she likes me; wot's to hinder?"

"You haven't been published, sir, I think."

"Haint a goin' to be, nuther! at's wot we cum 'ere for. On the sly; go on—go on, old feller."

"Really, sir—"

"Really! Wal, go ahead! 'Taint fair you see, 'taint I swaow; you've married me, and haint teched her. Go on—doan't stop here! 'at ain't jess the thing, now, by grashus 'taint!"

"I will consult—"

"No you want—no you don't—consult nothin' ner 'nobody, till this 'ere business is concluded, now mind I tell ye!" said Jonathan, resolutely—and in an instant he had turned the key in and out of the lock, amid the titterings of the "wit nesses," who nearly choked with merriment!

"Now say, minister, as we ware—," continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—"go on, rite staid from where you left off; you can't cum nun o' this halfway business with this child; so put'er threu, and no dodging. It'll all be rite—go it!"

The parson reflected a moment, and concluding to risk it, continued:

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your loyal husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey—"

"Them's um!" said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him, so long as you both shall live?"

"That's the talk," said John; and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—"

"Hoora!" shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

"Hoora!" continued John. "Wot's the price?—how much?—spit it out—don't be afeared—ye did it jes' like a book, old feller!—eres a V—never mind the change—sen' for a back, lan'lord—give us yer bill—I've got her!—Hail Columbus—happy land!" roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward, he was on his way to Providence depot with his wife and the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye-witness of the ceremony, and could not avoid putting it down as one of the weddings.—N. Y. Illustrated News.

AN ALARM.—Going to see a pretty girl on a winter's night is a pretty thing, and anybody can see it with half an eye. 'Tis delightfully delightful to sit in a parlor where there is a blazing fire and where there's a pretty girl by your side "with a taper finger resting on your sleeve."—And, to this be it added, it is delightful to know that about nine o'clock or "somewhere along there" you'll be treated to some pie and some cider—the pie of the lady's own making—the cider of her dad's own making. This is all delightful, but sometimes these "sparkings" or "cornerings," or whatever else we may call them, are broken in upon and instantly and unceremoniously ended. We have an instance of this kind to relate. Not long since a young man who resides not a thousand miles from "Pintle Hill," ("Pintle Hill" everybody knows is in North Fayette township,) called upon his fair inamorata. His coat and hat were taken, the lady was smiling her sweetest smile and everything looked fair and propitious to the young man for a pleasant evening—

"Twas a windy night—a very windy night—but doubtless the young man thought that though old Boreas should whistle his loudest whistle and shriek his loudest shriek, it wouldn't effect the pleasures of the evening. With the wind whistling without, the fire would only burn brighter within, and the "sparkin'" would be remembered longer and considered better, being done on a wild, howling night. Well, as we said, in spite of the whistling wind and the blinding storm the young man went sparking. The evening was passing pleasantly, beautifully, delightfully, and the hour was 8 o'clock—pretty near the time for the pie and the cider—when Boreas in one of his biggest gleees brought down the chimney with a crash. The young man thinking a whole regiment of the most savage rebels in Jeffdon had charged on the house, instantly fled, leaving his hat, coat and girl, and never once giving a thought to the pie and cider. History says he never stopped nor looked back until he was under the quilts and coverlets at home.

WHAT BECOMES OF DEAD HORSES.—Some people will no doubt be astonished to learn that large fortunes have been made every year since the commencement of the war, out of the dead horses of the Army of the Potomac. The popular idea is that when Rosinante yields up the ghost, he is buried in some field, or left to moulder into mother earth in the woods somewhere. Not so. He has made his last charge, and gnawed his last fence rail, but there is from \$20 to \$40 in the old fellow yet. A contract for the purchase of the dead horses in the Army of the Potomac, for the ensuing year, was let a few days ago, to the highest bidder, at \$1.76 per head, delivered at the factory of the contractor. Last year \$60,000 was cleared on the contract, and this year it is thought \$100,000 can be made on it. The animals die at the rate of about fifty per day, at the lowest calculation.

At the contractor's establishment they are thoroughly dissected. First, the shoes are pulled off; they are usually worth fifty cents a set. Then the hoofs are cut off; they bring about two dollars a set.—Then comes the caudal appendage, worth half a dollar. Then the hide—I don't know what that sells for. Then the tallow, if it is possible to extract tallow from the army horses, which I think extremely doubtful, unless he die immediately after entering the service. And last, but not least, the shin-bones are valuable, being convertible into a variety of articles that many believe to be composed of pure ivory, such as cane heads, knife-handles, &c. By the time the contractor gets through with the "late lamented" steed, there is hardly enough of him left to feed a bull-pup on.

Hereafter, kind reader, when you see a dead "hoss," don't turn up your nose at him, but regard him thoughtfully, as the foundation of a large fortune in a single year. He may, individually, be a nuisance, but "there is that within which passeth show"—\$100,000 a year.

Letter from a N. Orleans Rebel Lady.

The following letter, written by a lady distinguished in the literary world, and addressed to her friend in Mobile, has been kindly placed at our disposal for publication. The pungent style of the fair southerner is good humoredly sarcastic, and evinces how much spirit and endurance our country women manifest under the most trying circumstances of Yankee despotism:

NEW ORLEANS, November 9, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND EDWIN:—Your little note of last July came safely to hand, but no opportunity has since presented itself until now. We were glad to know that you were not yet entirely "starved out," (vide Yankee accounts) but still alive and jubilant.

How is it, O, Hermit! that thou canst not manage to get us through a nice, long letter, full of Confederate news, &c? There are a million ways to cheat the Yankees, and they are so invariably verdant and soft, that every way is successful. I have "sold" them with impertinent and scotch acrostics at least half a dozen times. I am not caught yet, and don't intend to be. My last effort of the kind but one caught me a nice Yankee bean, if I had chosen to put him to service. It was published in a New England paper. The proprietor of the paper Major—, happens to be in our city at present strangely enough. He dropped me a note begging, politely, to be permitted to become acquainted. But I dropped him an answer, begging, politely, to be excused, as I had a constitutional weakness which displayed itself in an uncontrollable and deadly nausea at the sight of a Federal uniform. He returned an answer that he didn't wear his uniform only on XX occasions (as they write on flour barrels), that he had his own private ideas in regard to the war, as well as myself, and was open to even still further enlightenment. Fearing just hereabouts that this might be a Yankee trick to catch a bird for Fort Jackson, I replied not further to my gallant major. One thing, however, I want to remark on here—the perfect infatuation of these Federalists for secess women. How is it, if they hate our brave men so much, that they melt so—majors, colonels, and generals—under the glances of our Southern women?—There is not one of them, or at least, but few, that could not be turned wrong side out, like an old glove, by any cute rebel of my sex; and let me assure you, that the only salvation of some high in office here, has been the unbending pride and purity of the Southern female character, which cannot stoop to the semblance of unbecoming friendship and familiarity, even for the advancement of the cause dearest to our hearts.

We hear much of the suffering for food and clothing in the Confederacy. Provisions were exceedingly plentiful and cheap here until some time back, when the guerrillas (more power to them) administered a peppering to one of their gunboats, which rendered her a complete sieve, and made the Yankees rather shy of the river for the nonce.

The star of negroism is still culminating with blinding brilliancy in this city. We have now free schools for negroes in all directions, under white teachers. They also petition for the right of suffrage, through the columns of the Era.

Let me know how you all are, and how what Hesperus is doing. How much I would give to tell you some of my adventures since last we met.

Oh, when shall we, friends old and tried, Unite round oysters stewed and fried, As in those days without alloy, When Driscoll's C. J. made us joy!

Yours, with friendly regard, MARY.

A PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.—There is now before the Legislature of West Virginia, a bill concerning spirituous liquors. It provides that from and after the first day of February, 1865, it shall not be lawful for any person in this State, to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors, in the same. Any person in this State, who shall, after the day and date aforesaid, manufacture or cause to be manufactured, sell or caused to be sold, any intoxicating drinks whatsoever, shall be punished by the fine not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment not less than six nor more than twelve months in the jail of the county in which the offense was committed. The form of arrest and trial shall be the same as in other cases of misdemeanor. All fines arising under the provisions of this act, shall be paid into the school fund of this State. If the bill should pass, and its friends think it will, it will knock all classes of liquor dealers into a cocked hat. It takes "all the pretty chickens" and their dam, at one full swoop.

A VEIN of gold as big as a man's arm has been found in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. Considerable excitement prevails in consequence.

Mr. Brooks on the Negro.

Mr. James Brooks is one of the editors and proprietors of the New York Express, once a Whig paper of decency and influence, afterwards a Know-Nothing organ and advocate of the "straight out" Filmore ticket in 1856, but of late years a pro-slavery Democratic sheet of the most malignant type. Mr. Brooks is also a member of Congress from the city of New York, and has heretofore shown no disposition to approve a single measure of the Administration intended to subvert rebellion. He has been emphatically, to use the significant words of our neighbor of the Post, a member of "the Democratic party at the present time."

But Brooks is sharp. He is no novice in the politician's art of reading the signs of the times, and no stickler for political consistency when it serves his purpose to turn a sharp corner. In this latter particular he is certainly wise and eminently Democratic. He does not forget the traditions of his party. If a tenet of party faith won't go with the people, or if it is not profitable to hold fast to it, the Democracy drops it and takes another. *Exempli gratia*: one year ago the Democratic party was bitterly opposed to the three hundred dollar clause in the enrollment bill; just now Democratic editors and members of Congress are dumb as oysters upon the horrid iniquity of the "rich man's law." Doubtless they think it a wise enactment just about this time, and we expect soon to hear them say so. Nor do we now hear any of those loud indignant protests against negro soldiers with which the "white man's party" once filled our Abolition cars. Every member of that party to-day, like Private Miles O'Reilly, is perfectly willing to admit the right of the negro to be "kilt" if thereby his own white skin can be kept unblackened by "villainous gunpowder." In further illustration, we have recently seen many of the Democracy attempting to steal one-half the thunder of all Abolitionism, "fanatical" WENDELL PHILLIPS included, by shouting lustily in favor of an amendment to the Constitution which shall abolish slavery in short meter.

Mr. Brooks is one of the most "progressive" of his party in trimming his political sails to suit the varying "winds of public doctrine." He might well have pasted in the crown of his hat, if he has not, this convenient and sublime motto:

"New editions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good obsolete; He must open with the world and onward, Who would keep ahead of Truth."

A man of Mr. Brooks' overshadowing goodness could not, of course, allow himself to fall behind Truth when she is "marching along," and he doesn't. Mr. Brooks, therefore, throws the "ancient good" to the dogs, and accepts the modern good as the very thing he had been looking for and longing after.

Mr. Brooks has recently been making a speech in Congress, in which he showed himself equal to any acrobatic feat that the exigencies of his party or the rapid steps of Truth might require of him.—The speech was delivered on Monday last, upon the proposition to establish a Bureau of Freedmen's Affairs. The speaker duly condemned the policy which had emancipated the slaves, and deplored the pitiable condition of the freedmen on the banks of the Mississippi and elsewhere, which was the direct result of emancipation.—So much of his speech was in the way of buncombe for the lower class of his New York constituency, and as a means also of letting himself down easily to the confession he was about to make. He continued: "While he, with others, mourned the destruction of the laws of his country he must cease protesting and resisting—must see things as they are. Must accept facts accomplished and abide by the consequences. Hence he recognized the abolition of slavery; and he intended to act hereafter upon that recognition, because it is inevitable. So far as he had influence he intended to withdraw that question from the exciting canvass of the day, and to go before the people upon other matters of difference." As if this admission were not enough to satisfy the country that hereafter Mr. Brooks would "recognize the abolition of slavery," he goes on: "I recognize the abolition of slavery as existing for other reasons that I have given, and call to a law of the rebel Congress which I now hold in my hand. The first section of this act declares that all male free negroes shall be conscripted and brought into the Southern army.—The second section of the act provides for organizing twenty thousand of the southern slaves, not exactly as soldiers, but as sappers, miners, and navvies, or laborers, in the Southern armies. The South therefore, has taken the secondary step to the first step which was taken by the people of the North. There is the Southern act for arming first the free negroes of the South, and second for arming the Southern slaves. This of itself is the abolition

of slavery in the rebel States; for the moment arms are put into the hands of slaves, that moment slavery is abolished, South as well as North.

* * You have made this a negro abolition war. You have changed its original purpose, and therefore the negro should be called out, and should fight the battles of the party which has taken them into their keeping. I do not, for one, intend to resist your movements in that respect any longer."

Thus has Mr. James Brooks, one of the shining lights of the Democratic party, taken a position upon the slavery question almost the opposite of that he has heretofore held. He recognizes the abolition of slavery. His speech may be regarded as the first prominent avowal of the intention of the Democratic party to abandon its position of opposition to the rapidly developing anti-slavery sentiment of the country. The Democratic papers from which we have heretofore quoted merely paved the way for these *ex cathedra* declarations of Mr. Brooks. He manifested his shrewdness in perceiving the fact that this war is destined to break the chains of the slave and let the oppressed go free, and he showed his boldness in admitting that fact upon the floor of the House. We look for the whole Democratic party in the coming Presidential campaign to follow his example.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

The New Western Campaign.

Gen. Sherman's expedition is now so far advanced that the Western papers seem to think no harm will come from publishing pretty full details of its composition, and even hints as to its destination. A heavy cavalry force is already sweeping through Central Mississippi.—Infantry from various points have gathered in great numbers at Vicksburg, the army corps which form its nucleus having been reinforced by the garrisons of all posts along the river, the holding of which is not a military necessity. Under command of Gen. M'Pherson they are moving eastward upon Jackson. A third column of considerable strength is marching from Natchez. The three are to unite at a point not yet indicated, under Gen. Sherman's command, and together to enter upon a campaign in the heart of the enemy's country.

The advance of this formidable force may furnish a clue to the sudden retreat of Johnson from Dalton. He held a position near that place, of great strength to resist an attack in front, but it seems to be the characteristic of the campaigns through this vast territory that no position is defensive, against a movement in flank. If Gen. Sherman starts his columns from Vicksburg, five hundred miles marching due East, Johnson is instantly sensible that they may reach a point in Alabama which threatens his hold upon Northern Georgia. They may attack events attack a point which the Rebels cannot afford to surrender without a struggle.—Hence, on either theory, Johnson has no choice but to abandon Dalton, and fall back to cover Montgomery or Selma.

The distances which Gen. Sherman, supposing him to contemplate such a movement, has to traverse are enormous. Seldom has an army penetrated a country so barren of resources and far removed from supplies. It is only the railway and river transportation which makes the effort in any degree feasible. Gen. Sherman may reconstruct, as he advances, the railway from Vicksburg to Jackson, and from Jackson to Meridian, and if he is able to maintain such a line and to fortify the latter point as a secondary base, he may pursue his campaign hence in whatever direction he chooses. What the direction is to be, everybody is at liberty to settle for themselves. It is sufficient to say today that the campaign is of vast importance not only in itself, but in relation to the other movements which under the guidance of Gen. Grant the Spring is to witness. There need no longer be any apprehension, if any has been felt, that the war on our part is to be waged as a defensive struggle. Armies in motion so early as this do not mean to halt till they have fought and won decisive battles.—Gen. Sherman has a taste for active work, is competent to command an independent column, and may be relied on for an energetic campaign. The wishes of the country go with him on his perilous way.

A "big Injun" of Capt. Andrews' company, Michigan Volunteers, got into Chicago a day or two ago, and after wandering about that he was lost. He hunted for directions awhile, then stopped and scratching his head, exclaimed, "Waugh! Injun lost! No! no! Injun not lost.—Wigwam lost—Injun here!" A very convincing reflection.

The quota of Philadelphia is semi-officially stated to be 13,338 men. Over 5,000 of these, it is said, have been obtained by enlistment.

POPULAR BALLS—Cannon Balls.

POPULAR DANCES for 1864—Squad-drills.

WHAT the will of heaven ordains is good for all.

THE more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

WHY was St. Paul like a horse? Because he loved Timothy.

WHY is a darkey never dead broke? Because he always has a cent left.

A TEACHER of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

"I AM going to draw this bean into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymenial altar.

THERE is an old maid out west so tough and wrinkled that they use her head to grate nutmegs on.

THE young man who "wrestled with fortune," is learning the science of boxing.

OUR Jim says that getting in love is like getting drunk, the more a fellow does it, the more he wants it. He knows.

WHY are the girls unlike Napoleon? Because they favor the freedom of the press.

WE apprehend that, during the coming season, a great many oak, ash, chestnut, hickory and apple trees will bear butternuts.

"I WANT a safeguard," said a violent rebel to General Negley the other day.—"Hang out the AMERICAN FLAG," replied the General.

A PIECE of common sense that ought to be remembered by every soldier when his regiment is about leaving for the seat of war—It is not right to be left.

"SAM," why am Senators like fishes? "I don't meddle with de subject."

"Why, don't you see, dey am so fond of de bait."

TOM MOORE compared first love to a potato, "because it shoots from its eyes." OR, rather exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by pairing."

What folly the "young man of fashion" displays! To what childish parades he is unwilling to stoop, From morning till evening, he leads now-a-days No better amusement than chasing a hoop.

"HANS, what is de matter?"

De sorrel wagon has run away mit de green horse, and broke de axel-tree of de brick house what stands by de corner lamp-post across de telegraph.

A FACET.—Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web—if neglected, it becomes a thread of twine; next a cord or rope; finally a cable; and then, who can break it.

WHITFIELD was accused of rambling in his sermons by one of his hearers, to which he replied:

"If you will wander to the devil I must wander after you."

A DUBLIN paper contains the following paragraph:

Yesterday Mr. Keany returned to town, fell down and broke his neck, but fortunately received no further injury!

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt. To communicate these with which we are entrusted, is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

A SCHOOL-BOY being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the down ones light!"

HOW TO GET A HOUSE OUT OF A WHISKEY BARREL.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water, or the road to the grog-shop; go as far as the spring, drop the money through the bung-hole, take a good drink of water and return home. Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, knock out the head, and you have the price of a splendid brick building.

A COLORED firm in Newark, N. Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "notis":—De disholution ob coparships heretofore resisting swixt me and Moses Jones in de barber profession, am heretofore resolved. Pussons what ose must pay to deseriber. Dem what de firm owes must call on Jones, as de firm am insolverd.

WIT AND WISDOM.

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The New Western Campaign.

Gen. Sherman's expedition is now so far advanced that the Western papers seem to think no harm will come from publishing pretty full details of its composition, and even hints as to its destination. A heavy cavalry force is already sweeping through Central Mississippi.—Infantry from various points have gathered in great numbers at Vicksburg, the army corps which form its nucleus having been reinforced by the garrisons of all posts along the river, the holding of which is not a military necessity. Under command of Gen. M'Pherson they are moving eastward upon Jackson. A third column of considerable strength is marching from Natchez. The three are to unite at a point not yet indicated, under Gen. Sherman's command, and together to enter upon a campaign in the heart of the enemy's country.

The advance of this formidable force may furnish a clue to the sudden retreat of Johnson from Dalton. He held a position near that place, of great strength to resist an attack in front, but it seems to be the characteristic of the campaigns through this vast territory that no position is defensive, against a movement in flank. If Gen. Sherman starts his columns from Vicksburg, five hundred miles marching due East, Johnson is instantly sensible that they may reach a point in Alabama which threatens his hold upon Northern Georgia. They may attack events attack a point which the Rebels cannot afford to surrender without a struggle.—Hence, on either theory, Johnson has no choice but to abandon Dalton, and fall back to cover Montgomery or Selma.

The distances which Gen. Sherman, supposing him to contemplate such a movement, has to traverse are enormous. Seldom has an army penetrated a country so barren of resources and far removed from supplies. It is only the railway and river transportation which makes the effort in any degree feasible. Gen. Sherman may reconstruct, as he advances, the railway from Vicksburg to Jackson, and from Jackson to Meridian, and if he is able to maintain such a line and to fortify the latter point as a secondary base, he may pursue his campaign hence in whatever direction he chooses. What the direction is to be, everybody is at liberty to settle for themselves. It is sufficient to say today that the campaign is of vast importance not only in itself, but in relation to the other movements which under the guidance of Gen. Grant the Spring is to witness. There need no longer be any apprehension, if any has been felt, that the war on our part is to be waged as a defensive struggle. Armies in motion so early as this do not mean to halt till they have fought and won decisive battles.—Gen. Sherman has a taste for active work, is competent to command an independent column, and may be relied on for an energetic campaign. The wishes of the country go with him on his perilous way.

A "big Injun" of Capt. Andrews' company, Michigan Volunteers, got into Chicago a day or two ago, and after wandering about that he was lost. He hunted for directions awhile, then stopped and scratching his head, exclaimed, "Waugh! Injun lost! No! no! Injun not lost.—Wigwam lost—Injun here!" A very convincing reflection.

The quota of Philadelphia is semi-officially stated to be 13,338 men. Over 5,000 of these, it is said, have been obtained by enlistment.

The Enrollment Bill as Passed.

The following is at once the briefest and best summary we have seen of the provisions of the new enrollment act. It is from the New York Times. Persons interested can rely upon the accuracy of this condensation of the new law, which is a very long one:

"The bill provides that the quotas of localities shall be as nearly as possible in proportion to the number of men resident therein liable to military service, taking into account, as far as practicable, the number which has been previously furnished. Those enlisting in the naval service will also be taken into account, as well as all who may volunteer after the ordering of the draft. It also provides that if the quota of any district shall not be filled by the draft, further drafts shall be made, and like proceedings had until the quota of the district is filled.

Persons enrolled may furnish at any time previous to the draft an acceptable substitute who is not liable, and such persons thus furnishing a substitute shall be exempt from the draft not exceeding the time for which such substitutes shall have been accepted. Any person drafted may, before the time fixed for his appearance for duty at the rendezvous, furnish an acceptable substitute. If any drafted person shall hereafter pay money for the procurement of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to relieve the person from the draft on that call, and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future quotas. But in no instance shall the exemption of any person on account of his payment of commutation money for the procurement of a substitute, extend beyond one year; but at the end of one year in every such case the name of the person so exempted shall be enrolled again, if not before returned to the enrollment list under the provision of this section.

The following persons are exempted from enrollment and draft, viz: Such as are rejected as physically or mentally unfit for service; persons actually in the military or naval service of the United States at the time of the draft; and all persons who have served in the military or naval service two years during the present war, and been honorably discharged. No persons but such as are herein exempted shall be exempt.

"So much of the Enrollment Act, as provides for two classes of enrollment is repealed, and they are now consolidated.

No person of foreign birth shall on account of alienage be exempted from enrollment or draft, who has at any time assumed the rights of a citizen, by voting at any election held under the authority of the laws of any State or Territory, or of the United States, or who had held any office under such laws, or any of them, but the fact that such person of foreign birth has voted or held, or shall vote or hold office, shall be taken as conclusive evidence that he is not entitled to exemption from military service on account of alienage.

All able-bodied male colored persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, resident in the United States, are to be enrolled according to the provisions of the Enrollment Act, and form a part of the national forces. And when a slave of a loyal master shall be drafted and mustered into the service of the United States, his master shall have a certificate thereof, and thereupon such slave shall be free, and the bounty of \$100, now payable by law for each drafted man, shall be paid to the person to whom such drafted person was owing service or labor at the time of his muster into the Service of the United States."

MR. LINCOLN'S LAST.—A Washington correspondent gives the following as Mr. Lincoln's last:

"My opinion as to who will be next President," said Mr. Lincoln, not many days ago, "is very much the opinion that Pat had about the handsome funeral. You see Pat was standing opposite the State House in Springfield, with a short black pipe in his mouth and his hands deeply buried in his empty breeches pockets."

"Pat, who's funeral is that passing?" Inquired Old Jake Miller, who seemed impressed with a belief that an Irishman must know everything.

"Please yer honor," replied Pat, removing his pipe for a moment, "it isn't meself can say for sartin; but to the best of my belief, the funeral belongs to the gintleman or lady that's in the coffin."

"Now, it is very much the same," continued Mr. Lincoln, "about the Presidency. I can't say for certain who will be the people's choice; but to the best of my belief it will be the successful candidate."

THE Wisconsin Legislature is seeking some constitutional mode of punishing those who have skeddaddled to Canada to escape the draft.