

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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For the Citizen.

A TRIBUTE TO A. LINCOLN.

When all the glow of their mortal worth,
When every patriotic name,
High on the golden page of fame,
Is traced by history's glowing hand,
Through countless centuries, till the
Upheld by sacred Liberty,
And Lincoln's star shines with them,
In glory's glittering diadem.
In vain may men betray their trust,
And strive to trample in the dust,
To outrage the unsullied name,
Of him who gently bore the rein,
Of government in Washington;
Protecting every legal right,
That freedom sends upon the field,
To make the weary slave a freeman,
Till fully won to urge the claim
Of any new aspirant name.
How could we use the patriot's cold,
Who stands like Jackson did or old,
Defying treason's bloody hand,
Now given to waste our goodly land,
What has he done to raise our shame,
Or cause our hatred to his name,
Nothing save of which I know,
Unless purchase has moved to his side,
Yet he has moved to it I know,
Blood-dyed with his own blood-given.
Men rare and rare, and stern I see,
About the "one term" policy,
"One term," 'tis but a poor excuse,
For the new strategy to reduce,
The fact that Lincoln's name has won,
For patriotic deed's he done,
Suppose you not a word of treason,
And sling back in our very face,
The charges he to him have given;
Not sooner fall the stars from heaven.
Some would his righteous acts forget,
Because they in his cabinet,
Did not a seat, and this I know,
Is why they're railing forth their spleen;
And some weak hearts have faintly quitted,
Because across their view has shined,
By devilish, skillful hands is spread,
The slime of Mr. Copperhead.
Not of numbers each have they,
To brush the filthy coze away,
Yet, too many to brush with fear,
To join in their nefarious scheme.
So ashamed of A's without a cause,
They've made a short "political pause,"
But when we make our business by,
In glittering light along the sky,
And shout aloud A's Lincoln's name,
They'll join the traitors and the same,
State a "frisky stand," A's Lincoln's name,
You've got the odds, you'll find the same;
Stand firm, traitors, and with fear,
When ever Lincoln's name they hear.
L. WISE.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

A SERMON.

By Rev. Harwick Johnson, Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh.

I therefore to run, not as uncertainly, so fight I, not as one that beaeth the air;—1 Cor. ix. 26.
Truer auto-biographic words were never spoken than those of the apostle concerning himself. No man ever had a better conception of life than Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ. No man ever seemed to measure, with a clearer eye and a fuller comprehension, life's grand interests. No man ever succeeded beyond this faithful preacher of righteousness.—He ran for a goal and reached it. He fought for a prize and won it. He aimed at success and succeeded. Almost alone, in the great and wicked city of Rome, in prison, in chains, with the unprincipled, murderous, Nero hard-by in the palace, thirsting for the blood of Christians, with the certainty of an unjust sentence before him, to be followed by the axe of the licitor or the sword of the executioner, the Christian hero wrote these triumphant words: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." And yet, how many who saw that small troop of soldiers silently threading their way through the dust and tumult of the busy crowd, conducting the venerable apostle out beyond the gate to be beheaded, imagined the life thus ingloriously ending, a success? How many do you suppose, thought that victim of the bloody Nero other than a poor religious fanatic, whose hot, unreasoning zeal in behalf of a sect, had brought him to the block of the executioner? Yet look now, the Roman emperors are all dead. The great empire of the Caesars has long been a thing of the past, severed and destroyed. The detestable Nero is remembered only to be execrated and abhorred. But what multitudes praise God for the toils, and chains, and fortitude, and martyrdom of Paul of Tarsus. He, himself, wears the crown of the ransomed, and millions on millions of hearts have been thrilled and inspired by the contemplation of his successful life. He had a right to say, "I therefore so ran, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beaeth the air." He draws his illustration from the Grecian games. His meaning is, I know at what I aim; it is not a matter of doubt, or a running at hap-hazard; the goal and crown are in view; and I make it the great and grand point of my life, so to live that there may be no room for uncertainty as to the result. And in the conflict, I am not as one missing his aim, so that the blows are spent in the empty air. Paul spoke the truth. Every blow that he struck, told. He did not exert himself, and spend his strength for naught. He got a conception of success, aimed at it, and succeeded.

But success! what is it? And failure! what is that? It is important, before considering the causes of successes in life and canvassing the means and methods by which it may be secured, to have some distinct idea of what it is.

Unto what do we wish to attain, when we talk about attaining success in life?—It is as essential that we start out with some definite conception, as that the sculptor should, before putting his chisel to the marble, or the artist before putting his brush to the canvass. To succeed in being successful, we must know what the object is at which we aim; else we shall only run with uncertainty and spend our strength in beating the air. What, therefore, is the true and just import of the phrase; *success in life?*

I. Answer, in the first place, *success in this life is not necessarily success in life.* If men were brutes, and the death of the body ended the life of the soul, then by no possibility could this statement be true. If man had no future, if across the grave there stretched no immortality, then our estimate of success or failure would be based solely on the records of *time*, and the computation of eternal interests would not enter into the account. But life has no such limits. Death changes; it does not annihilate. The grave is a passage way, not a resting place. We go through the doors of the sepulchre—we do not tarry there. "Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven," said one, as they put aside the beautiful blossoms and broke the sod to make a place for the dead babe. Oh, yes! our tombs are but gateways into the great hall of the universe of God. We are pilgrims on the earth. The abiding places are all beyond the river. We are, and cannot die.

Success in this life, therefore, is not necessarily success in life. Both worlds must be taken into the account. All of life must be thought of when we compute the gain and loss. Men count the moments when they should count the ages. They look this side of the grave when they should look beyond it. Time, sense, the world, wealth, place, fame, the breath of human applause, these absorb them.—Eternity, spirit, Christ, heaven, hell, realities that are everlasting, the smile of an approving God—these are unthought of and forgotten.

True success, then, is an interest secured that death cannot rob us of.—That we need not part with when we die. All else is disastrous failure. The best of life, the most of life, well nigh all of life, is on the other side of what we call death. Surely to fail there, to go in the bitterness of disappointment, poverty-girt and poverty-stricken, with unrealized expectation and blasted hopes through all the ages, is not to succeed. Paul, the Apostle, was Saul of Tarsus once; the foe and persecutor and slayer of the vile Christian legs. He had learning, talents, reputation. He was held in high estimation. He was honored by his nation; he was on the high wave of popularity, but if he had died so, think you the starred crown that now rests eternally upon his brow would ever have been placed there? No. He would have been, at the last, as one that beaeth the air. Every blow that he struck at the Church would have recoiled with terrible force to weaken and crush his own spirit. Every martyr's death unto which he consented, would have given the sufferers place in the commonwealth of heaven.—citizenship in the democracy of everlasting life," while the heavy links would thus have been added to the chain by which he in the end would have been bound in eternal bondage to Satan. But he changed all this. He came to view life in its relation to God and eternity, and turning his back upon worldly honors, leaving the proud place with which his countrymen had honored him, he took up the despised and execrated cross, and with the same wealth of resources and resistless energy and fiery zeal that he had lived for this world, he lived for both. Human applause did not greet him now; scorn instead and poverty, opprobrium and hate. He was hunted, arraigned, imprisoned, whipped, tortured, murdered. But did he fail? To human eye, then and there, he did. But that triumphant avowal—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," echoing from his prison walls until it has gone round and round the world, has convinced us all that he did not fail. He pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and he won it.—And any achievement that comes short of this, taking life in its truest and highest sense is failure. Success in life, is success in the whole of life.

II. Again, success in life, is in character rather than in reputation. He who forms a good character, who builds himself up of materials that will stand the fiercest fire of temptation and comes out from it unconsumed and unharmed, he is suc-

cessful. A man may achieve a great reputation, and yet his life be the saddest of failures. Reputation that has no basis in moral character is ephemeral. Character is as lasting as life. Reputation is the child of circumstance. It may be made in a day and in a day destroyed.—It is affected by the popular breeze.

It is not in our own keeping. Character, however, is not born in an hour. It is a thing of growth and culture. We build it up. It is in no wise affected by the favoring or opposing winds of circumstances. And when once firmly established, it is as enduring as the eternal hills, to achieve a character, therefore, well-proportioned, completed, perfect, is to achieve success.

A man may be great without being good; and popular without having much merit of any kind. Many whom the world are accustomed to call great, have no better title to that distinction than the fallen spirits—great in talents and great in wickedness and crime. To be popular, to be celebrated, to be famous, is in itself no evidence of success. The unprincipled demagogue is popular with his party.—The bold pirate-captain is popular with his piratical crew. The low buffoon is popular with the rabble that shout their huzzas over his profane squibs and jests.—But in all this, popularity or reputation indicates nothing so much as an utter worthlessness of character. To call this success in life is to degrade our moral nature and insult the God that made us.—But a good character is a priceless possession, though it give us no name. It is a good thing to go into eternity with. Tho' it bring us no revenue of praise from human lips this side the grave, it may give us the gladness and joy of praise beyond it, and from Him whose very smiles heaven.

III: And this leads me to say, thirdly, that *apparent failure* is often true success. Success is not so much a matter of outward conditions, as many are led to suppose. We are deceived by appearance. Inflexible adherence to principle may cost a man his wealth, his position, his very life, yet the world never after all when the record is at last made up, writes such men failures. To go to the grave with intelligence, virtue, integrity—with cheerfulness of mind, contentment under the allotments of Providence, and faith in God, though poor and neglected, though misunderstood and misrepresented and maligned, though laughed and jeered at because your purposes have seemingly come to naught, and failed of accomplishment, is to be successful. The future shall honor the seed of such a life, and God will make the fruitage glorious. He always has. Look at Bunyan. Look at John Huss. Look at Paul, once the pride of a nation, ending his life there on the block of an executioner. Look at Jesus, who had claimed to be equal with God, and had boldly declared his purpose to establish a kingdom, and had openly avowed his power over death, dying there upon an ignominious cross between two thieves.—Oh, if ever there was apparent failure in this world, it was on Calvary, where he who had claimed to save others, seemed as if he could not save himself. It did certainly appear to human view as if his cause was lost. And yet that very death, that seemingly fatal end of all the hopes that had been centered in Jesus of Nazareth, was the grandest triumph this world ever witnessed. And in all the universe of God there will be no other crowned with so complete and perfect success, as he whose life ended amid such overwhelming evidence of apparent failure and loss there on the middle cross of Golgotha.

The most unfavorable and unpropitious outward circumstances may therefore be consistent with the truest and highest success. To possess intelligence and virtue, to have an inflexible moral character and to secure the best and truest happiness both of this life and of that which is to come—this is success; this is to be like Paul, "to so run not as uncertainly, and so fight not as one that beaeth the air." And this rules out of course, "all low and vicious pleasures; all grasping after great wealth; all greediness after worldly honor; all dishonesty and falseness in the business and intercourse of life; all in a word that is forbidden by conscience and the word of God as wrong in principle or in act, and derogatory to the true dignity and destiny of man, as a social, moral, accountable and immortal subject of the divine government."

But let me not be understood as advocating a sickly, sentimental, do-nothing piety, and recommending that to you, young men, as my idea of success in life. Far from it. My object is to impress upon you the vital importance of keeping both worlds in view while you are dwelling and workers only in this. Whatever else you do, if this be not done, your best achievements here, your most applauded

successes will seem at the last, and to no one else more certainly than to yourselves, follies stupendous and eternally to be regretted, while conscience and the Word of God will brand your lives failures. But to be merely pious is not all. Paul lost no vitality by becoming a Christian. He laid aside none of his native energy and force of character, no element of his royal manhood, when he took up the championship of the Cross. And had he followed an other calling than that of the ministry this would still have been true. While, then, it is to be remembered that there can be no true success in life unless that success pertain to the whole of life here and hereafter; and while both worlds are thus to be kept in view, you are to bear in mind that God has placed you in this—that this is a world of realities, a busy, bustling, stirring world, with grand opportunities for usefulness in it, and high responsibilities and holy trusts that wealth and honor and worthy achievements in the various walks of life are not to be shunned but sought and sought with all the ability and appliance God has given you; yet sought always and everywhere with supreme regard to his will and not to man's and with reference to eternity as well as to time; so that though you fail of them your life shall not fail.

Now, how is true success to be achieved? What are the means and methods of its attainment?

My first remark is, that success will never come to you, young men, *without your own personal agency.* Under God you are the carvers of your own fortunes—the arbiters of your own destiny.—From the highest end at which it is possible for you to aim, down through all the minor and subordinate ends that may be worthily set before you for attainment, this is true. Success in life depends upon yourselves. How many, with reference to religion not only, but everything else, are ruined utterly and forever by neglecting this cardinal and fundamental truth, and relying on some other agency than their own for success. As regards spiritual things, what multitudes have failed and lost their all in losing themselves, through waiting God's time or looking for some outside circumstance or mysterious external influence that should somehow compel them to enter the kingdom. As regards what is great and good and worthy to be possessed in this world, what prizes have been lost through failure of direct personal effort. Birth, wealth and social position are often relied on, but these can no more command true success than Satan could in his war in heaven.—Some young men are constantly dreaming of a favorable turn in the wheel of fortune; some look for success through the influence of influential friends; some despair of it, and let go all effort because they have not these adventitious surroundings; but they succeed who resolve and do. Resolution is well nigh omnipotent. Noble and worthy resolution, nobly and worthily carried out, or sought to be carried out, will seldom fail of bringing a young man to the object at which he has aimed, and will never fail of making life successful.

There is very much of strength in a resolute and determined purpose. Resolve that you will be worthy of esteem, young men; that wherever God places you, no matter on what spot of this wide earth, however near or remote from your wish or hope, and in the midst of whatever favoring or opposing circumstances, there you will serve Him and your generation; there you will stand and labor, contented to stand and labor until, in His providence, you are given another field; there you will surmount all obstacles, and rise in the world, and that resolution will make you the master of circumstances and surely crown with success. The mould of a man's fortunes, says Lord Bacon, is in his own hands. It is true of time. It is true of eternity. Whether our lives shall be a failure or not, depends upon ourselves.

A clear, well-defined knowledge of moral distinctions, and inflexible, unbending regard for them, are among the important means of success in life. Thoroughly settle your convictions of right and wrong, and abide by them, though the heavens fall. Views of duty should not be vague and fluctuating, deprived from the maxims of a plant morality, but fixed and immovable as given in the word of God and the utterances of an enlightened conscience.

Custom and usage wield a vast influence in the marts of trade and conformity thereto is something advocated. I am just aware, as a necessity, if a young man just commencing business would be successful. Is this true? Must a standard of morals be adopted more lax and pliable than that of the gospel, in order to get a good balance sheet in the annual settlement? I think not. God is not guilty of the great wrong and crime of

placing us where even the slightest defection from the line of rectitude and moral uprightness is unavoidable in order to success. He neither is tempted of evil nor tempteth he any man. Usage may sanction the defection. There may be certain rules according to which this or that branch of business is understood to be conducted, yet which are not drawn up with the strictest regard to moral distinctions; but God, you may be sure, makes approving recognition of no such convenient morality. And that being true, no extent and respectability of custom on this broad earth, no amount of sophistical reasoning, no plea of necessity whatever, can convince me that it is the road to true success in life. Custom is a dangerous rule of action. Adopted, it may give promise of more immediate gain—it may temporarily run up the profits; but independently of custom, independently of the will and laws of man; there are such things as truth and falsehood, right and wrong. These are in their nature eternally obligatory upon every moral being in every relation of life. No circumstances can possibly be imagined where it would be right to disregard them.—And the setting aside of the eternal rules of rectitude is unauthorized and sinful, and will in the end inevitably result in failure. Settle your convictions of right and wrong, then, in the clear light of a good conscience and God's word, and make unalterable commitment of yourselves to them. Let no alluring bait of temporary interest, no fair promise of large gains swerve you from one hair's breadth. You may be over-credulous; you may be deemed over-scrupulous; for awhile your rigid adherence may bear hard upon you possibly you may see fortune flowing into your neighbor's lap that might have been turned into yours had you yielded but a little to the usage of the world; possibly he may find a more expeditious way to position and wealth. But religious probity and religious rectitude will ultimately make you friends even in this wicked world; and these will bring you honor, fortune and material success. But even if these fail, you will have the precious, priceless possession of an approving conscience, and the smile of an approving God. And, mark my word, the hour is coming when you will esteem these of more value than the wealth of a thousand worlds—when to possess them will be eternal success, and to want them will be everlasting failure.

Diligence and faithfulness in one's calling, is another cause of success in life.—To whatever honorable pursuit a young man gives himself, to that he should devote the best of his energies assiduously and untiringly. If under an employer, he should make that employer's interests conscientiously his own. For the time being they are his own, and to be thoroughly identified with them is the dictate of policy and duty. It will open, as nothing else, doors of future enterprise and bring to his hand every facility of prosperity. And having chosen for himself an occupation, he should determine steadily to rise, and excel in it. It was the modest confession of Newton that he owed his success, as a philosopher, more to *patience and attention* than to any original superiority of mind. Excellence and eminence may be the outside of mountainous obstacles and discouraging circumstances, but *diligentia omnia vincit*, said Cicero,—diligence conquers all things.

There are various other elements that need be named, all entering into the problem of success and failure, such as the improvement of time, the acquisition of knowledge, the choice of companions. But I pause to speak very briefly, before closing of only one: *a deep and practical conviction of responsibility to God.*—Nothing short of this can arm the young man against the wiles of the devil, and make him steadfast in the path of duty, and assure him of true and great success.

Webster once said, the greatest and most important thought that ever entered his mind, was the thought of his individual and personal responsibility to God. This great truth once fully apprehended and lodged in the soul, is a means of safety, a source of power, an inspiration to duty, an incentive to exertion and a pledge of triumph. The great Edwards left it when he wrote this as one of the resolutions of his life: "Resolved, that I will do what I think to be most for God's glory and my own good on the whole, without any consideration of the time, whether now or never so many myriads of ages hence." Failure, with such a resolve faithfully and prayerfully kept, is just as impossible as for God to fail; for by his nature and his oath he stands pledged that such shall not fail. And this brings me to the point for which I started. *Success in life has reference to all of life.* This great thought of personal responsibility takes us away across the valley of the shadow of death,

and puts us in connection with everlasting realities. It flashes light on earth's scenes and makes them luminous, by borrowing rays from the throne of God and the judgment. It corrects our decisions. It rights our conclusions. It helps us to put a true estimate on events. It pricks the bubble of some successes and proves them vanishing. It puts some apparent failures high on the roll of victories, and crowns the heroes of them with eternal honor.—Deeply imbedded in our hearts, fixed there as an ever present and controlling thorn, it will enable every one of us to say, with Paul, "So run I, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beaeth the air." Yea, to say that, even when the world might be ready to shout that our cause was lost, just as they exultingly shouted around the cross when Jesus gave up the ghost. Success at the cost of truth or honor, or any other right and noble thing—success purchased by the least defection from the path of moral rectitude is not success. Failure that comes from keeping faith with principle, from unbending regard to conviction—failure that is ours, because we will do no wrong, is no failure. The statesman who said, "I would rather be right than be President;" the merchant who said to a Southern customer, "We sell our goods, not our principles," the reformer who said, "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, I cannot and will not retract. Here I stand. I can do no other, so help me God;" and the Christ who said, "If I have done evil, bear witness of the evil; if well, why smitest thou me." These all succeeded; while Pilate, and Nero, and Pope Leo X, and many another of the so-called great ones of the earth, though backed by empires and thrones, ignominiously failed.

O, young men, when you think of success and failure, look to the Great White Throne. Let the judgment and eternity dash light on your path. The most of you have, doubtless, seen Thomas Cole's series of pictures representing "The Voyage of Life." He attempted another allegorical series, entitled "The Cross and the World," but died before they were completed. A friend of the painter, however, has given a graphic and eloquent description of them, and the word picture furnishes me impressive illustration with which to close my subject. The eye of the beholder first strikes the bold termination of a chain of mountains, with craggy peaks lost in the clouds. To the left a straight and narrow path takes its way up a rugged gorge, down which their beams a silvery light from a bright cross in the sky. To the right a gracefully winding way leads down into a gently undulating and pleasant vale. Stretching forward through delightful landscapes, it finally fades away and leaves the eye to wander on to dim pinnacles and domes of a great city.

Two youths, companions in the travel of life, having come to the parting of their road, are earnestly directed to the shining cross, while one heeds the direction, the other, caught by the enchantment of the earthly prospect, turns his back upon the cross, and speeds forward upon the pathway of the world.

Let us first follow the pilgrim of the cross. "A wild mountain region opens on the view. It is an hour of tempest. Black clouds hang overhead; a swollen, torrent rushes by, and plunges into the abyss. The storm sweeping down through terrific chasms, flings aside the angry cataraet, and deepens the horror of the scene below. The pilgrim, now in the vigor of manhood, pursues his way on the edge of a frightful precipice. It is a moment of imminent danger. But gleams of light from the shining cross break through the storm, and with steadfast look, and renewed courage the lone traveller holds on his perilous and narrow path."

We turn now to the pilgrim of the world: Here is a broad expanse. On the right are the gardens of pleasure. On the left is the temple of Mammon. Beneath its dome, a curiously wrought fountain throws out showers of gold, which is eagerly caught up by the votaries below. Far distant, in the middle of the picture, a vision of earthly power and glory rises upon the view. Splendid trophies of conquest adorn the imposing gateway; suits of armor, gorgeous banners, and the victor's wreath, colonades and piles of architecture stretch away in the vast perspective and suspended in the air at the highest point of human reach, is that glittering success, the crown. The picture symbolizes the pleasure, the fortune and the glory of the world.

But the next, is of the Pilgrim of the Cross at the end of his journey. "Now an old man on the verge of existence, he catches a first view of the boundless and eternal. The tempests of life are behind him; the world is beneath his feet. Its rocky pinnacles, just rising through the gloom, reach not up into his brightness; its sudden mists, passing in the dark obscurity, ascend no more into his serene atmosphere. He looks out upon the infinite. The Cross, now fully revealed, pours its effulgence over the illimitable scene. Angels from the presence, with palm and crown of immortality, appear in

the distance and advance to meet him!"—Need I interpret the picture? Shall I speak the word? Success! And where now is the other pilgrim? Desolate and broken, descending a gloomy vale, he pauses at last on the horrid brink that overhangs the outer darkness. Columns of the temple of Mammon crumble, trees of the garden of Pleasure moulder on his path. Gold is as valueless as the dust with which it mingles. The phantom of glory—a baseless, hollow fabric—fits under the wing of death, to vanish in a dark eternity. Demon forms are gathering around him. Horror struck, the pilgrim lets fall his staff and turns in despair to the long neglected and forgotten Cross. But veiled in melancholy night, behind the mountain peak, it is lost to his view forever!" Need I interpret this picture? Shall I speak the word? FAILURE!

The choice is yours, young men, and you must make it. Choose ye, which it shall be.—Pittsburgh Commercial.

THE STORY ABOUT MRS. WHITE.—The N. Y. Tribune publishes the following: We have the highest authority for the following statement in connection with the story that Mrs. M. Todd White (a sister of Mrs. Lincoln) was permitted by the President to carry contraband goods South: Mrs. White went south with only the ordinary pass which the President gives to those persons whom he permits to go. The President's pass did not permit Mrs. White to take with her anything but ordinary baggage, nor did she attempt to take anything more. The President's pass did not exempt her baggage from the usual inspection; and her baggage did undergo the usual inspection. Gen. Butler found no contraband goods or letters in her baggage. She did not insult or defy Gen. Butler; nor was there anything in her words or actions which led him to suspect that she was either a rebel spy or emissary, or that she was violating any of the rules under which persons are sent through the lines. As the Copperhead papers throughout the country are quoting the Tribune as authority to sustain assertions never made through our columns, we hope they will give this statement a speedy and wide publication.

QUEER PAPERS.—The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco. Paper for roughs—Sand paper. Papers containing many fine points—the paper of needles. Rule paper—the French press. The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins. Spiritualist's paper—(W) rapping paper. Paper illustrated with cuts—Editorial exchanges. Drawing paper—the dentist's bill. A taking paper—the sheriff's warrant. The paper for the family—THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

THE CAPITAL NOT TO BE REMOVED.—The House of Representatives at Harrisburg on Wednesday night decided by a vote of 19 yeas to 71 nays, that the capital should not be removed from that city to Philadelphia. At the same session, by a vote of 54 yeas to 35 nays, it resolved to purchase the Coverly Mansion for the use of the Governor of the Commonwealth, the consideration being the transfer to Mrs. Coverly of the old Executive Mansion and the payment of \$20,000 donated for the purpose by the city of Harrisburg. The Representatives from this county without exception voted "nay" on the removal question. It will be remembered that our Senators voted the other way.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In the State Legislature on Saturday last, the Committee on Federal Relations reported a series of resolves in relation to national affairs, favoring the prosecution of the war, and pledging the resources of the State in its support; recommending an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery; and declaring that the President has discharged the duties of his office with fidelity, sagacity and courage, and his administration deserves the confidence of the public.

In the late battle at Pleasant Hill, says a correspondent, General Banks, while encouraging his troops in the midst of a galling fire, had his coat pierced with a bullet. Gen. Frank in maneuvered his troops with great skill, and while leading his men on Friday he had two fine horses shot from under him, while a missile ball grazed his boot.

GEN. SEYMOUR.—A Washington dispatch says that Gen. Seymour has been ordered to that city, and that he will probably be dismissed the service.

All day on Sunday last, at Dubuque, we learn "the heavens were black with wild pigeons flying northward." That must have been a dark day.

The greatest fall on record was the fall of Satan. The next greatest was the fall of Adam. The next will be the fall of the Southern rebellion.

In one Rhode Island regiment are fourteen brothers named Postly. Four of them are twins. Their average height is six feet two inches.