

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

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

VOLUME 1.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1864.

NUMBER 25.

## The American Citizen,

Published every Wednesday in the borough of Butler, Pa., by JAMES H. HARRISON, at the office of the American Citizen, No. 101 Main street, Butler, Pa. Terms: \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.25 per annum in arrears. Single copies, 5 cents. Entered as second-class matter, June 8, 1864, under post-office No. 101, at Butler, Pa., under special authority of the Postoffice Department. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized for mailing at this rate on July 1, 1920. Postpaid.

## The Massacre at Fort Pillow.

The glorious old star spangled banner floated proudly to the breeze of heaven over the black ramparts of Fort Pillow; the golden sun at morning, shone down upon the green earth, through the amber tinted clouds that were sailing like flocks of gorgeous wool across the orient vault of heaven; the wild birds of the southern woodlands were singing their matin lays, were hanking melody in the boughs of the holly and the cedar, pouring forth their souls in song, upon the balmy air of morning, in wild organs that floated upward like gossamer upon the gentle air of heaven. All nature seemed revived by the hours of peaceful rest; all might have been as paradise, had not man awoke from slumber soft and sweet to conflict fierce and wild.

That proud flag floated over the battlements of an ill-fated little band of heroes; that golden sun looked down, to view a scene at which she might have veiled her face in sadness; a scene of horror unsurpassed in all the annals of that crime, at which our very souls revolt at the crime of murder; the dark appalling murder, whose victims never rest within their graves, but stalk forth at the midnight hour, to hunt the soul of the guilty perpetrator; the wild birds gleeful song was hushed by the roar of cannon, and the rattle of musketry, for man was now playing at the grand game of glory; the god of war now rode upon the sulphury siroc and emptied the vials of wrath from his iron car upon the contending hosts, now marshaled for the bloody conflict; and death, that grim king of terrors, rode upon the iron hail that was belated forth from the heated throats of the blackened ordnance; the red glare of the rocket, as it burst upon the dense cloud of battle, made livid that dark, wild scene of carnage, and, while smoke and sulphur filled the air, and made it ghastly everywhere, a true token was seen to wave like a spirit of light through the black canopy that there engulfed them; the flames ceased for the moment, and our brave boys bravest of the brave, water in respect to that flag, that none but the blackest hearted villains could dishonor; and that flag flew Pillow's walls, the traitor's flag floated around that little band, like the coils of the deadly unaccommodating as soon as their demands were rejected, they vaulted over the breastworks and bore down that little band, like an avalanche bears down the stunted fir. We faint would erase our memories here and say, the rebel horde in victory won the day. Our heart sickens at the thought of the hell prompted slaughter that followed after the victory, like the withering frost that follows in the train of a deluging vernal rain; the wounded with uplifted bleeding hands, called out in vain for mercy; their piteous cries were only answered by the cruel stab stroke, the cold bayonet pierced them to the gory ground whereon they lay; the whizzing ball brought down the fugitive in his vain attempts to fly the wrath of those diabolical men; our brave soldiers begging for quarters, were shot down like dogs, and cast into the fire, or into the turbid waters of the Mississippi, and, some agonizing from their wounds, were cast into the pit among the silent dead. O, cruel! wonton murder, murder! Where shall we turn to find its equal? The red skinned savage of the northern wilds, moved by pity, unbound and set his victim free; the wild beast of the forest, has been known to spare its vanquished foe, but treason cause has hatched a brood, unknown to pity and of compassion void, fiends are they in human shape, emissaries of the evil one, going about seeking whom they may devour; mercy which is not contraband of war, is a white winged angel, floating on the piteous cloud of battle, willing to be wooed and won, alike by friend and foe, mercy is an attribute of deity, one of the bright celestial virtues that saves our world from sinking down beneath the wrath of God. Our great redeemer once said, "blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." God is on the side of the merciful, and since he is, how can an army hope to prosper which is dumb to the cries of pity? Fear not O ye of little faith! That God which brought our fathers out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage, still lives, still reigns the king of kings, is still the God of battles, is still mighty to save to the uttermost, all

those who put their trust in him; he caused the earth to open wide her mouth and swallow up the rebel clans of Korah, Dathan and Abiram; and, if he so punished rebels under the old dispensation, thank you that he will smile on those under the new. God is a God of peace and not a God of confusion, then how think you, that he could look approvingly upon the traitorous band now stretching forth their hands to smite down a government ordained of him? Be assured a just retribution will be meted out to these inhuman butchers, who were engaged in that fiendish massacre, which took place at the down fall of Fort Pillow; the blood of the murdered victims cries aloud from the ground for vengeance, the wailing children made orphans, cry aloud for vengeance; and the familiar spirits, from hearthstones made desolate, cry aloud for vengeance; "vengeance is mine and I will repay saith the Lord"; he visited upon Pharaoh in the waters of the Red sea; upon the Philistines by the hand of Samson and David, and upon the persecutors of the early christians by the hand of the persecuted. Truly, God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.

L. W.

## Unpardonable Sin.

Doctors of theology teach that some sins are unpardonable either in this world or the next, and though they may differ as to the particular sin, they are, doubtless, right in the main assumption, for reason and natural instinct are in perfect accord with their revealed doctrine. There are sins, crimes, wrongs, atrocities, whatever the term employed to designate them, that cannot be forgiven—that can no more be repented of than disease can be transmitted to health, or old age into vigorous youth, or day into night, or indeed the dead moldering in their graves can be restored to life again. It is a frightful thing to contemplate, an individual who commits this sin, who is without conscience, who has no remorse, whose soul is dead; but what an appalling spectacle to contemplate, a vast multitude of these dead and damned spirits, who, with eyes wide open and intellect unclouded, are, at this moment, impelling countless hordes of brothers to battle, murder and sudden death. An impious and disgusting lunacy has been gradually growing up in the northern States and now threatens to destroy the civilization as well as prosperity of a mighty people. It fancies that God has made a mistake, and it sets itself up to "reform" His work. He has made negroes men, of course, just as crows are birds as well as eagles, and catfish as well as shad or salmon, or as bull dogs as dogs as well as hounds.

Having made the negro a different and subordinate man, of course the Creator has designed him for a corresponding condition as in the South, where four millions of them, three years ago, were the healthiest, happiest and best situated, in every respect, of any similar number of human beings that have ever existed on the face of the earth. Of course that condition would not be best, or as all possible for white people. The whole world, and all human power combined together, could not keep white people in such a condition twenty-four hours. Indeed, if such a thing could be imagined as four millions of white people in the status of the so-called slaves of the South, they would not propagate, and like the slaves of Rome, would, of course, die out in time. But to the negro it is the normal condition, the condition adapted to his wants and the nature God gave him, and, we repeat, three years ago these negroes were the happiest, healthiest, and, in every respect, in the best condition of any four millions of human earth. But a huge, a horrible madness has gotten possession of a large portion of the northern people, and, forming a great political party, they got possession of eighteen States, and, according to outward forms, elected Mr. Lincoln, and usurped the common government of the States to force the people of the South to "abolish" the natural order and equalize with these negroes in their midst. What a monstrous crime to set aside the natural order and force eight millions of white people and four millions of negroes into a common condition! What a huge and appalling impiety to thus attempt to set aside the work of the Almighty, and make equal what He has made unequal!

But they are madmen, lunatics, the most horrible and disgusting lunatics, the world ever saw, and when Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation that the decrees of omnipotence should be thrust aside, and four millions of subordinate negroes made equal with eight millions of white people, millions of impious wretches shouted with joy at the "great work" that was to "abolish" the order of nature and reform the blunderings of the Almighty! But these mad men, these straight-out friends of "impartial freedom," these honest and impious lunatics, are, after all, but a small portion of the American people and though they have the common government of the States in their hands, it is not likely that they really constitute one fourth of even the northern people. How, then, is it that scarcely one-fourth of the northern people are able to do all this stupendous mischief, who, within the past three years, have probably caused the slaughter of a million of our brethren, and killed, or thrusting from their natural orbit, are in the way of destroying half a million of hopeless and hapless negroes—who have fastened a debt of four thousand millions on the laboring classes, and destroyed altogether some-

thing like ten thousand millions of property! Why, they have accomplished this gigantic ruin through their allies, the "war Democrats" and "conservative" Republicans, through those who are not lunatics at all, who say they "care nothing for niggers, and are fighting for the Union"—that is, those who do the work of the devil, but do not even believe in a devil! They, forsooth, are not Abolitionists—they "care nothing for niggers"; indeed, to them it is a matter of no moment at all whether four millions of negroes should be amalgamated with twenty-seven millions of white people or remain in their normal condition, or whether this should become a "nation" of mongrels, or remain a confederacy of white men forever!

The Abolition lunatics honestly believe that the sacrifice of a million of white men and a mortgage of four thousand millions on the bones and muscles of future generations well expended if "impartial freedom" can be secured—that is, if eight millions of white people can be degraded to a common condition with negroes, and the white Republic of Washington and Buchanan defamed into a mongrel concern of mixed breeds. The "rebels," on the contrary, believe that a nation of lives and four thousand millions of debt well expended on their side if they can preserve the social order and a (white) Confederation. Both sides are honest. The lunatics are willing to ruin this generation if they can carry out their "idea" and set up a mongrel "nation" composed of degraded whites, worthless negroes and miserable mongrels. The "rebels" are willing to sacrifice the fighting population of the South if they can preserve a (white) Confederation of States and Democratic institutions for future generations of Americans.

This frightful contest between lunacy and reason, niggerism and Democracy, despotism and Confederation, ruin, desolation and death against American civilization, would soon be decided, were it not that your War Democrats, your Conservatives, your professedly sane men, who are not Abolitionists, but do the work of the Abolitionists, hope to "crush the rebels." Whether we shall beat down confederation and collapse into a consolidated despotism, and instead of a white people, degenerate into vagabond hordes of hybrids and mongrels, is to these people of no moment whatever. Well, they will have their reward. They will ruin the North, if not the South, and when the day of judgment comes, all will agree—"rebels," copperheads, and even the reformed lunatics—that those who were not Abolitionists, but with eyes broad open and minds unclouded, did their work, are the responsible authors of the most appalling ruin the world ever saw. They, and they alone, will be regarded as the destroyers of their country, for they cannot even pretend the mournful merit of madness.—N. Y. Day-Book.

A FEMALE VETERAN.—This war has furnished many cases, both in the Rebel and Federal army, of females entering as soldiers. The war terms with romance. An army correspondent, writing from Cairo, May 19th, relates the following: The Provost Guard went on board the steamer Missouri, yesterday, and there arrested a soldier with the uniform of the veteran, ready to start on his downward trip with his comrades to do battle for the Union. On being taken to the Provost Marshal's office the veteran was accused of being—a woman, this he—she, we mean, flatly contradicted, but upon being assured that it was no use to deny it, that her sex was known, she burst into tears and acknowledged the fact. It seems that her name is Elizabeth Arcey. It is the old story told anew, of how love, more strong than discretion, forced her to don the apparel of her country to follow him whom she loved to the tented field. Whether she "loved not wisely, but too well," we know not, but the object of her affection followed her before the Provost Marshal's office, and begged for her release; but as the stern law of the military must be observed, and as his regiment was on board the steamer which expected momentarily to depart, he was ordered on board cursing the unrelenting fate that thus separated him from his "true love."

SPIRIT OF THE COLORED TROOPS.—The conduct of the colored troops, by the way, in the actions of the last few days, is described as superb. An Ohio soldier said to me today: "I never saw men fight with such desperate gallantry as those negroes did. They advanced as grim and stern as death, and when within reach of the enemy, struck about them with a pitiless vigor that was almost fearful." Another soldier said to me: "These negroes never shrink nor hold back, no matter what the order. Through scorching heat and pelting storms, if the order comes, they march with prompt, ready feet." Such praise is great praise and is deserved. The negroes here who have been slaves are loyal to a man, and on our occupation of Frederickburg pointed out the prominent secessionists, who were at once seized by our cavalry and put in safe quarters. In a talk with a group of these faithful fellows I discovered in them all a perfect understanding of the issues of the conflict, and a grand determination to prove worthy of the place and privileges to which they are to be exalted.

If you are in debt, somebody owns part of you.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.  
BY GEORGE HERBERT.  
Give us your hand, General Grant—  
You're a man!  
You were not the coward to say "I can't!"  
Nor did the leader to say "I can."  
But you went to work with a will, and won,  
To prove that the thing could be done.  
Oh, God was kind, and Heaven was true,  
When it gave us a man like U.  
When it gave us a man like you.  
We honor you, General Grant!  
The hearts of the nation with joy to pant,  
That were lying cold in the shade;  
And they tingle you ever for what you've done.  
For the glorious victories won,  
And pray that kind Heaven may grant us a few  
More such brave fighting men as U.  
More such brave fighting men as you.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

CONTENT is the wealth of nature.  
RUDE—Gazing rudely at strangers.  
IMPOLITE—Loud and noisy laughing.  
THEY must beg in harvest who will not sow in the spring.  
NEVER boast of your family connections until they begin to boast of you.

A STRONG GENERAL.—He must be a strong general who can storm and carry a fortress.

JOHN BILLINGS says that it is 5 dollars fine, in Cincinnati, to strike a hog in anger.

HE who violates a pledge to which he has written his name, strikes down his honor with his own hand.

THE loveliest faces are to be seen by moon light, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

WHEN do chickens cross the road?—  
Ans. When they want to get to the other side?

TONGUES and sounds are estimated as the best parts of codfish, but they are often the worst parts of woman.

THERE is no sin a man may be tempted to, but he will find greater comfort in resisting than indulging.

HOW can you be all sweetness to the face of an acquaintance, and speak disparagingly of him when his back is turned?

AT church some clasp their hands so tight at prayer time, that they cannot get them open when the contribution box comes round.

A WAG seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she "out-stripped the whole party."

WHAT is the difference between a swallow and a cat? It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but any cat can make a spring.

THE reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat, is, that, not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

"MA, is the portrait of father torn?" asked a little cherub of three summers.

"No, child. Why do you ask?"

"Why, this morning he said, 'dam my picture!'"

An Irishman, who had been asked to furnish proof of his marriage, took off his hat and exhibited a scar on his head.

"Here," said he, "is my marriage certificate—that's the Judy's mark."

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged of him not to repeat it.

"It's all right," was the reply, "I will be as close as you were."

An avaricious man "out west" is reported to make a practice of always riding in the last seat of a railway train, to save the interest on his fare until the conductor gets round to him.

A GIRL, hearing the lady of the house, at dinner, ask her husband to bring *Dombey and Son* with him when he came home to tea, laid two extra places on the supper-table for the supposed visitors.

MR. JONES called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore old paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

A NEGRO at the point of death, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain dorkie against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings.

"Yis, sah," he replied, "if I dies, I forgive dat nigger; but if I gits well dat nigger must take care."

"MA, said a little girl to her mother, do the men want to get married as bad as the women?"

"Pshaw, child, what are you talking about?"

"Why ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't do so."

In a not distant city, the wife of one of the City Fathers presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father took his little daughter, four years old, to see her new relations. She looked at the diminutive little being, a few moments, when turning to her father she inquired, "Pa, which one are you going to keep?"

## Irish Round Towers.

It is not an easy matter to travel back into ages which are enveloped in a gloom which renders everything ill-defined, and, as they recede, enshrouds them in almost impenetrable darkness, so that we may be said to feel, rather than see our way.

This, for a long time, was eminently the case with the Round Towers of Ireland, and caused much speculation, both to the learned and the unlearned. But of late, the great analyzer of heathen traditions, Mr. Bryant, has so nobly traced the superstitions of early nations, that he at once gives us a standing front on which to build an hypothesis.

Idolatry and its twin sister, Superstition, commenced at a very early period of the world's history, by the abuse of the revealed or patriarchal religion, and the gradual corruption of certain commemorative honors which we paid to Noah in memory of his preservation from the Deluge.

Noah, the just man, would naturally be revered by his immediate descendants, and the Ark, as the means of his miraculous escape, would be contemplated with a degree of veneration bordering on worship. Thus arose the Arkite system of idolatry, which in a little while became mixed up with the Sabian, or worship of heavenly bodies.

As Noah was esteemed the regenerator of the world, the sun, as the source of all good, came to be his representative, and the moon as the egg or ark where the germ of life lies concealed, were identified in heterogeneous confusion, finally eventuating into the still more corrupt mythology of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Then, in the absence of the sun, fire was venerated as his emblem. Hence the first temples have a marked reference to the Zodiacal circle in which that luminary performs his course, and sacred fire blazed perpetually in the Aedytum.

As a knowledge of the arts improved, a better style of architecture naturally took the place of the rude circles of stones, and the tower, which the men in the plains attempted to build, may be considered the next step in design, as well as of the infidel character ingrafted on their religion. The foundations were square, but the building itself was round, and uncovered at the top, agreeably to the notion that it was very impious to confine the Deity within an enclosed shrine.

Watching the motions of the heavenly bodies was closely connected with the rites of religion, and we find the Chaldean priests were distinguished for the accuracy and extent of their astronomical observations, at an extremely high era in the annals of our race. Consequently, for the purpose of ending these studies, the temples were usually erected on elevated spots, or on hill-tops, until the idea suggested itself of building the temples themselves high.

As the tide of emigration and refinement was borne westward into savage lands by those celebrated merchants and planters of colonies, the Phœnicians, they left the foot prints of their religion wherever they wandered; and to these navigators Ireland owes her towers of the Fire worshippers.

By that time, the simplicity of the Irish ages had yielded to a more splendid order of things, and we find these towers lofty cylinders, with four windows at the top—the roof arched with stone, and ornamented with a ball, or spike, to represent the sun. The doors are elevated some twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, and are supposed to have been entered by ladders, as every theory connected with religion was veiled from the vulgar by the priests, who revealed only what they chose, and that in mysterious symbols. Further, the names of these towers, which have been handed down in the vernacular of the country from time immemorial, as Gall-tower, Gall-vaille, &c., meaning fire, and divinity, proves not only that the theory is correct, but the early connection of Ireland with the East.

Why none of these towers are to be met with in England, and only two in Scotland, is an inquiry for the curious, as Druidical Caer, or Carns, are scattered over the three islands. Nevertheless, there is evidence that fire was held sacred by the Druids; and the dance around the Maypole, which the English youth perform even to the present day, when the ancient bard says,—

"The cuckoo cresses the dance on the green," is commemorative of the religious rites of their first fathers, called the feast of Beltane. The motion in a circle, from right to left, is in conformity to the course of the sun, and is supposed to express a desire that all things might go in conformity to the will of the Supreme Being.

In Scotland, on the first of November, the boys kindle a hollow fire, or the fires of peace, another great occasion of sacrifice and feasting amongst the Druids, when all persons had to extinguish their fires

carefully, and were religiously obliged to take home a portion of the consecrated fire to light them anew. The custom of carrying live coals from the sacred fire is still perpetuated by the lads who kindle these hollow fires, running about with blazing turfs at the end of a stick, unconscious, by the force of habit, that they commemorate a rite, the real purpose of which they never knew.

So with the Round Towers of Ireland, which stand as records of by-gone usages, long after the solemnities they were intended to illustrate are completely lost.

## The Sunset of Life.

When, toward the close of some long summer day, we come suddenly, and, as we think, before his time, upon the broad sun, "sinking down in his tranquility" into the unclouded west, we cannot keep our eyes from the great spectacle; and when he is gone the shadow of him haunts our sight; we see everywhere, upon the spotless heaven, upon the distant mountains, upon the fields, and upon the road at our feet, that dim, strange, changeful image; and if our eyes shut to recover themselves, we still find in them, like a dying flame, or like a gleam in a dark place, an unmistakable phantom of the mighty orb that has set; and we were to sit down, as we have often done, and try to record, by pencil or pen, our impression of that supreme hour, still would it be there. We must have patience with our eye, it would not let the impression go; that spot on which the radiant disc was impressed is insensible to all other outward things for a time; its best relief is to let the eye wander vaguely over earth and sky, and repose itself on the mild, shadowy distance. So it is when a great, good, and beloved man departs, set, it may be, suddenly, and to us, who know not the times and the seasons, too soon. We gaze eagerly at his last hours, and when he is gone, never to rise again on our sight, we see his image wherever we go, and in whatsoever we are engaged; and if we try to record by words our wonder, our sorrow, and our affection, we cannot see to do it, for the "idea of his life, is forever coming into our 'study of imagination,'" into all our thoughts, and we can do little else than let our mind, in a wise passiveness, hush itself to rest.—John Brown, M. D.

ASK THE CAPTAIN.—While crossing the plains to Santa Fe, General Kearney was some distance ahead with the advance guard. One of the officers belonging to the rear division singled Bob out and sent him away with a letter to the General. When he came up with them they had camped, and Bob sauntered into the General's marquee.

"We're gittin' along right sharp, General," said he.

"Yes, sir," answered the commander.

"I wish you'd just look at that hoss o' mine, General, and give me your 'pinion how he'll stand the racket clear through to where we're goin'."

"Have you a captain at the head of your company?" inquired the General.

"Wall, we hev, hoss, and he's some punctious, too," answered Bob.

"Whenever you wish to learn anything in regard to your movements, then," said the General, "inquire of him."

"That's military, is it?" inquired Bob.

"That is military, sir," answered the General.

"Well, General, they gin me a letter for you, but cuss me if I know whether I oughter give it to you in pussion, or send it thro' your orderly, so I'll go back and ask the Cap'n," and back he went, sure enough, with the letter in his possession.

A UNION STAGE TEAM.—A passenger coming down from the Tower House not long since with Gus Scammon, who drives to Westerville, said: "Gus what kind of a team is this you're driving?" "Well," said Gus "it's a Union team." Drawing up his whip and letting it fall lightly on the near leader, he continued: "That's the Low—don't you see 'veto' on his rump, and that 'hitting his mate'—is Dave Broderrick, poor fellow, he's gone now, and this 'off wheel' is Ben Butler. He looks mighty tame now, but wake him up and he goes ahead of all. This near cuss looks just what he is—a little slow, but he's a body honest—he's Abe Lincoln, any one would know that. How do you like 'em?"—and giving them all the word, they started off as if they were fully entitled to their names.—Shasta Courier.

ADMIRAL LEE has organized a torpedo and picket division for clearing the banks of the James river of torpedoes. The division consists of three gunboats, seven armed boats and 150 men, and precedes the fleet in its advance up the river. They have already secured eleven infernal machines, four of which contained four hundred pounds, and one contained two thousand pounds of powder. They are all very scientific and perfect affairs.

GEN. SIGEL was relieved by Gen. Hunter on the 21st. Gen. Sigel has been appointed by Gen. Hunter to the command of the Reserve Division, which will comprise all of the troops on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

## Educational Department.

For the Citizens.  
ENIGMA.  
I'm often heard, though never seen;  
The boys up the village green,  
Full often wonder what I am,  
When evening air is all a calm,  
And they are full of glee,  
For then I'm heard across the street,  
With laughing voices and patting feet,  
When they come near, I see  
The hunter in the forest wild,  
Oftentimes I have longed;  
Upon some crag or some hill,  
Or rocky cliff I sit, and still,  
I'm never really there;  
Invisible places I am found,  
Where serpents lurk, and toads abound,  
For I am everywhere.

Changing Teachers.  
The work of Education is not only a laborious work of long years, but it is an arduous work which must be carried forward by a series of gradual steps. One good result after another must be systematically planned and fully achieved, and each must be harmoniously accomplished in its proper order. The most successful Teacher is he who definitely works out the great results to be secured by his ardent labors, and then steadily pursues the means of arriving at them.

He, in the first instance, makes himself fully acquainted with the dispositions and mental peculiarities of his pupils, measures their capacities, discovers their intellectual tastes and habits of thought, and then applies himself industriously to correct whatever is imperfect, and to preserve whatever is meritorious in their natures. But this invaluable knowledge cannot be obtained except by long association with them in the school room, at the fireside and in the walks of life, and when obtained, can only be advantageously applied by plans judiciously laid, requiring months, and even years for their successful execution. But as the practice now is, in many places, the Teacher in one short term of four months just begins to acquire this important preliminary knowledge, and is then prepared, the better to witness the best fruits of his stupendous labors, and to show his efficiency in its true colors, when his connection with the school ceases, and another takes his place to go over the same experimental routine.

It is impossible to measure the magnitude of the evils resulting from the removal of good Teachers; yet when a poor apology of a Teacher has crept into a school merely to fill the house, we have no hesitation in saying that the sooner he is removed the better. The removal of good Teachers, is perhaps one of the greatest retarding influences connected with the operations of the schools, the workings of which are very seriously felt in every circle. It is surely an error and gross misconception to suppose that a change of Teachers every term is beneficial; nevertheless the idea is generally prevalent in rural districts. Where it can be done, we think it would be wisdom on the part of Directors to secure the service of the same Teacher as long as they can, provided the Teacher's influence and control over his school is sufficient to enable him to have the proper command at all times and under all circumstances.—Belford Enquirer.

MENTAL EXERTION.—It has been asserted by persons whose intellectual powers were of the highest order, and whose industry was as remarkable as their ability, that more than six or eight hours every day could not be employed effectively by the generality of young for the purpose of mental improvement. If this be the case—and it is probably not very far from the truth—in vain does the ambitious student rub Nature of that sleep which Providence has made necessary for the renovation of the exhausted powers of the mind; and in vain, also, does he attempt to combine simultaneously the efforts of mental attention with bodily exercise, or to pursue his severest studies during the hour of meals.—Prof. Kidd.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.  
I am composed of twenty-seven letters, and my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 16, has caught many a cunning foe;  
My 2, 20, 9, 10, 13, 22, is needed at present in the army;  
My 27, 10, 24, 6, 1, is what some men delight in;  
My 3, 14, 26, is the name of a female;  
My 12, 21, 27, 16, 15, is what we would all like to see look into;  
My 23, 25, 27, is a scarce article at present;  
My 8, 7, 13, is a very useful number;  
My 20, 11, 25, 8, is the name of a flower;  
My 12, 19, 16, 18, is an element;  
My whole is what our country needs, and should be well looked after.

A GRANDSON of General Harrison is a Colonel in the Union army, and is serving under General Hooker. His name is Benjamin—it was Benjamin Harrison, his great grandfather, who signed the Declaration—and he is a worthy chip off the old block. He is a brave and skillful officer.