

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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LI. T. G. Williamson,

Son of William Williamson, was born in Allegheny county, Pa., and at the breaking out of the Slaveholder's rebellion was 22 years old and resided in the borough of Butler. The news of the taking of Fort Sumter, by the Rebels, reached our peaceful village, and aroused the people from their slumber. The patriotic heart was awakened and the people of all parties, sects and creeds, joined together heart and hand, to revenge the insult and outrage which had thus been perpetrated against the Government of the U. S.

The President issued his Proclamation calling out 75,000 men; our citizens responded by raising a full company, but before this was done some of our brave young men, among whom was Jas. G. Williamson, went to Pittsburgh, where companies were organizing, and volunteered to vindicate, support and defend the government. Lieut. Williamson joined company I, 12th Regt., Pa. Vol., commanded by Capt. G. W. Tanner, and served his time, honorably and faithfully, and was honorably discharged on the sixth day of August, 1861, his term of enlistment having expired.

On the 24th of the same month he again volunteered in Co. K, (Captain Henry Reese, Jr.) 23d Regt. P. V., and was promoted to Orderly Sergeant, in which capacity he served faithfully and efficiently, and in consequence thereof by special order of Maj. Gen. Sedgwick, dated September 12th, 1863, he was discharged and promoted to 2d Lieut. of Co. K, 23d Regt., said promotion to date from the 17th day of June, 1863. He continued in active service during the whole time, from his first enlistment up to June 1st inst., always discharging his duties as a soldier; and on June 1st, at the memorable battle of Cold Harbor, near Richmond, while gallantly and bravely leading his men in a charge upon the enemy, he was mortally wounded in the groin, he lived about 23 hours after receiving his wound. The sad intelligence reached his home, friends and admirers by telegraph, and on Tuesday evening the 14th inst., his remains reached Butler and was taken to the residence of his father, where a great number of his friends and relatives had congregated.

J. D. M. Junkin, and Isaac Ash, Esqrs., acted as a committee of arrangements for conducting the funeral. The following gentlemen were selected as Pall Bearers, and appeared in full uniform: Capt. E. L. Gillespie, Lt. Wm. Lowry, Sgt. Geo. Purviance, Capt. W. M. Clarke, Maj. C. E. Anderson, Lt. J. B. Meekling, Sergt. Robt. M. Linn and H. C. Graham, Esq. At half-past ten o'clock, on the 15th inst., the solemn sound of the Court House Bell admonished the citizens of Butler and vicinity, that the time had arrived when they were called upon to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed brave.

The remains of the departed hero were conveyed to the U. P. Church, and placed in front of the pulpit. A large and respectable audience was in waiting at the Church, and the Court which was in session, adjourned and repaired to the church. Rev. J. H. Niblock, had been selected to preach the funeral sermon. A number of other Clerical gentlemen were also present.

The services were introduced by singing part of the 90th Psalm, 3d & 7th verses inclusive, and reading the 90th Psalm entire; Prayer by Rev. Wm. H. Tibbels, after which the Rev. J. H. Niblock, delivered the funeral oration, which we give below, and which he has kindly furnished us it is replete with Christian instruction, and breathes forth the true spirit of patriotism and is a fitting tribute to the departed hero.

After the conclusion of the discourse the large audience joined in singing the 11th, 12th and 13th verses of the 39th Psalm, and were dismissed with the Divine Benediction. The corpse was then placed in the hearse, which was followed by the largest funeral procession that we have ever witnessed in this place. The procession was formed in the following order. The celebrated Brass Band of Butler immediately in the rear of the hearse, with muffled drums; Pall-Bearers next; parents and relatives next; followed by a large

number of both sexes; and at about half past twelve o'clock the body was consigned to the silent tomb, and all could not help but say: that a brave hero had been lost to the country in whose defense he had given his life a willing sacrifice.

FUNERAL SERMON.

PSALM 90:12—"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after Death the Judgment." The life of man in this world is presented to our view, as mortal and fleeting. A few days, or at best, a few short years, comprehends the history of the longest life. Every day of our lives, we see Death laying his icy finger on multitudes, of all ages, classes, and conditions—here—there—everywhere, changing their countenances and sending them away.

In view of this fact, so well established by the world's observation and experience, we have the sweet Psalmist of Israel, in one of the most beautiful of his Poems, putting up this prayer to his God, expressive not only of his own desire, but like-wise beautifully expressive of what should be the prayer and earnest desire of every true Christian, especially, who realizes properly his duty respecting time and eternity, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." And the language here, my friends, I would have you observe, would seem to indicate, that the duty of individuals thus to make a wise use and improvement of their time, as expressed in the prayer of the Psalmist, although one, which every consideration of wisdom and prudence, and safety, would dictate, should be attended to without delay, is a duty nevertheless, which is widely and almost universally neglected; and at this solemn hour and place—when we are assembled to perform the sad offices and pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friend and brother, and to some of us here, our fellow soldier, it may be well and fitting for us each one, to have our thoughts turned for a few moments at least, to this subject, so that we may be led to adopt as the language of our hearts, the prayer of the Psalmist, "Lord teach us to number our days that our hearts may be applied unto wisdom."

The fact will doubtless not be controverted by any one, that this world in which we live, is a state of trial or probation. And the destiny of every individual of the human race, whether for weal or for woe, is to be decided, the scriptures teach us, by the character of the life and the actions of the individual in this world. If the life that he spends here has been one of usefulness, activity, and devotedness in the cause of his Lord and Master. If he has lived to some good purpose in the world—in promoting and showing forth the glory of his God—in relieving the temporal and spiritual wants of his fellow men—in obeying the commands and imitating the conduct of the Blessed Master in doing good—living thus a life of devotedness to the service of his God, and trust in his Saviour—that Saviour who, he is assured, loved him with an everlasting love—who has purchased for him complete redemption, and that too, at no less a cost and price than his own precious blood, as a lamb without blemish and without spot; that Saviour who has promised and who he is assured is able to keep that which he has committed unto him against that day, is not this, I ask you my friends, the truly happy individual. Is it not the part of such an one, whether it regards the present or the future, to be glad and rejoice in the Lord, yes, to be joyful in the God of his salvation? And may not we, my brethren, in such a case as this, if such be our experience, well obey the injunction of the Apostle, "To rejoice and be exceedingly glad, knowing that great is our reward laid up in Heaven." Christian faith, and triumph, and joy, are intimately blended and associated. For "all things are yours," says the Apostle, addressing the Christian brethren, "whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's, and when Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory."

But, although such a course as that to which I have referred, would seem to be one proper and reasonable to be observed and followed by every individual, taking into view the fact, that not only is this the true course to be pursued, but likewise that every other course besides, is delusive and false, and in the end must prove disastrous. How strange it is my friends, yes how passing strange it is, how men live as they do live in this world; men too, professedly Christian—forgetting for the time being, their high vocation to which they are called in the Lord, leave the paramount professions and duties of the present, to be enamored of other pursuits—pursuing for example, the unhallored rounds of pleasure—frequenting the haunts of vice—treading the halls of giddy fashion—or wasting life and energy in greedy hunt for gold—allowing the soul and its interests, and eternity with its high destiny, to be buried beneath the rubbish of worldly cares and business, which mar the Christian life so sadly and so chase out Christ and religion from occupying the chief seat in the heart and affections as they should.

In this busy world in which we live, it is expected of men to be busy, and it is right they should be busily employed, but while the cares and business of the world do necessarily engross a share of the time and attention of every individual, there are at

the same time, my friends, duties far higher and nobler and more important, than the gaining a mere living or competence, or wealth. These are all right and proper in themselves, but what are they all, I ask, when viewed in the light of eternity—a few fleeting years in this world, spent in the enjoyments of its riches and honors, its toys, vanities and pleasures, and an eternity of existence with God in the blissful and sanctified enjoyments of Heaven. There is no comparison here to be instituted. Says the blessed Saviour himself, "What shall a man profit though he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

It is the part then, of true wisdom, dear friends, to spend our time and energies in the service of our God, in all that we do, glorifying his name here, that we may be fitted and prepared for the enjoyment of himself in heaven forever. But in this respect, we may see likewise, how trifling and wickily the men of the world do act. Why they manifest less of wisdom and discretion, and forethought, than even the lowest orders of creation, for while bird and brute, and insect, make wise provision for the future and lay up store against the time of need and trouble, man, reasonable man, O! how unreasonable he acts; lives for the present regardless of the great, the eternal future that lies beyond. Men frequently live in this world, as if there were no God above them to whom they were accountable—to whom service and honor is due, and the promotion of whose glory should be their highest end and aim in life. Live as if there were no duties important enough to make a life in this world worth living for; no high and holy interests and destinies, stopping not within the narrow boundaries of the present, but reaching out to the widest limits of eternity. But instead of thus improving time and opportunities to the glory and service of their God, they act rather like playing children, chasing winged Butterflies, quaffing desire from earthly fountains of business or pleasure; plucking bright flowers along life's way—pursuing empty bubbles which burst ere they reach them, and trifling vanities and toys, which perish in their hand, while lying and iniquity are in their hearts, and Christ, and religion, and eternity, are not in all their thoughts.

The feelings of false security which the devil sometimes sends to men, to lull them to spiritual death and slumber, to retain them within his grasp, to keep them away from God and Christ, and from heeding the strivings and motions of the good Spirit in their hearts, and thus making them as hell-deserving as himself, are the means and influences most abundantly effectual in hurrying multitudes away into the darkness of remediless perdition.

The voice of God, in his word and by numerous Providences, speak to men loudly and warningly, addressing them, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die," calling upon them to awake from their spiritual slumber and slumber—to shake off the garments of their wickedness and iniquity, and arouse them to a true consciousness of dangers to be feared and duties to be performed—of a Heaven, with all its amount of bliss and happiness to be gained, as likewise of a Hell, with all its accumulation of darkness and horrors to be shunned.

How strange it is, my friends, that men should be led to think of everything else almost in this world, but that, which above all others, should be their highest, their chiefest, their deepest concern. The one thing that is needful. The pearl of great price—the soul's salvation. Though with the Apostle, we should possess all knowledge; though we should have all faith, so that we could remove mountains; though we should possess all the pleasures, the riches and the honors that this world can bestow, and yet, with all these, are destitute of this, we are of all men most miserable.

To number our days then, so that they may be spent profitably in the service of our God, so that our hearts may be applied unto wisdom—so that we may be benefited and blessed, presently and eternally, O this, my friends, is the dictate of reason and judgment, and yet, simple as this knowledge may seem to us, it is that something, nevertheless, which will never be comprehended properly by man's understanding alone, until God shine in upon that heart, with the light of his holy spirit, opening the eyes of the darkened understanding and discovering to the soul a sense of its nakedness, its needs, its ignorance—making us all so to compute the days, hours, and moments of this fleeting life, that true wisdom will characterize them all, making every moment and every opportunity, to be properly treasured and improved.

By all God's Providences towards us, dear friends, and around us in the world; by this solemn Providence that we are called this day to contemplate, let us take home to our hearts the solemn lesson we are taught; the lesson of our own frailty and mortality. Lieut. Williamson, a young man well and favorably known to a large portion of my audience, who, but a few short weeks ago, went out from our midst in the bloom of health and full vigor of life and manhood, to join his comrades in arms; whose prospects for life and usefulness in the future, seemed as bright and as flattering to human view, as any whom I now address—who, from all we can learn, had secured a high place in the respect and confidence of his superior officers and soldier companions. A soldier who has borne himself bravely and gallantly on many a hard fought and blood stained battle-field, during the war of rebellion, after having come safely through nearly three years of campaign and blood-shed, and more than twenty battles, has at length fallen gloriously in the fight—fallen where every true soldier loves to fall; in the face of the en-

emy. I can conceive, my friends, of no noble, sacrifice than this; of no more honorable death than this; to die nobly in defense of country.

The poet has sung, "Dulce est pro patria mori." "It is sweet to die for one's country," and the long array of patriotic, noble-hearted young men, who, during the progress of this unholy Southern rebellion, have offered their lives willing sacrifices upon the altar of their country—who have gone out to defend and uphold the honor of the old flag, and sustain the Government, testify to us in the strongest manner possible, that the love of country still exists among us—that this is a principle living still and glowing in American hearts. Testify to us, that we yet have a government, one worthy of living under—a government, worth fighting for—a government worth dying for—a government that is able, and will yet vindicate itself successfully against the rebel horde who have raised their impious hands to pull down the fair fabric of our civil liberty and good government. Against the traitors who have attempted to murder the mother who has fostered and protected them from the beginning. Another victim has fallen in the bloody strife; another name has been added to the already swelled list of martyrs in the holy cause of Liberty and Freedom.

I know not, my friends, what were this young man's religious experiences, or if he had any. I trust that while he was a soldier of his country, that he did likewise a soldier of the cross, with an interest in Jesus Christ, and a good hope thereof. But this much I would say to his sorrowing parents and friends for their comfort, that while this is indeed a sad bereavement, a deep, and in some respects, an irreparable loss, yet, it is an honor conferred upon you, in having contributed a son and brother to your country—an honor more noble and lasting, than a monument of brass or marble. Your country demanded the sacrifice, and nobly was it given. Let this be your comfort; his life was given in the best and holiest of causes—that of Liberty, Union, Government—Peace to his ashes, and peace to the ashes of all the noble heroes, who have sacrificed their lives in the cause of our glorious Union, and whose names are enshrined in grateful hearts and memories.

Let us all, my friends, whether Christians or as patriots, be led to consider what our duty is, and knowing our duty, let us, in the fear of God, endeavor to discharge the same faithfully.

By the voice that speaks to us from the coffin and the grave of our departed hero, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh." By the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death—by all the solemn admonitions of Gods Providence, addressed to us, in this manner from day to day and from time to time—by the Saviour's cross and passion—by all that he endured and suffered—O, be constrained to consecrate your time, your energies, your all, to the service of your God. Endeavor "so to number your days that your hearts may be applied unto wisdom."

By all the death-bed scenes you may witness, all the open graves, the coffins, the hearse, the funerals—all the evidences and instances of mortality that may be brought to your notice, O, my hearer, take note of time. It is hurrying on with rapid wing—bearing you and me nearer and nearer each day, to the Judgment seat of Christ. So live that you may be prepared for meeting the grim messenger, death, whenever he comes, or under whatever circumstances, prepared for going away and being with Jesus, which is far better than to live here—fitted not only for death, but for Judgment, for Eternity, for giving in your final account with joy and not with grief—receiving from your Saviour and Lord, the welcome plaudit, "Well done good and faithful servant," and then entering upon the enjoyment of the heavenly inheritance Christ has laid up in reserve for his faithful. So live that when life's fever is over, you may sleep well. You may, like the true Christian, sink calmly and peacefully to rest, Eternal Rest, in the bosom of your God.

NEW YORK, June 15.—The World's correspondent relates from personal observation a most horrible outrage perpetrated by the French troops on the march in several places captured by them. By order of General Donia the town of Tula was burned, its male inhabitants butchered, all the women and girls raped in open day and the place given up to the beastly soldiers for three days. The same outrages are reported at Guadalajara.

Tabasco, after forty-eight days' siege, had been taken by the Liberals with the French garrison and all the artillery.—General Bazaine had ordered his army from the City of Mexico to retake Tabasco.

When General Grant set out on the campaign in Virginia, he was accompanied by an immense artillery force; so great, indeed, as to be a subject of surprise among military men. A large portion of this force consisted of reserve artillery. He has recently effected an organization in this branch of the service, and with a view to increase its mobility, has reduced the number of pieces to four instead of six in each battery. The number of caissons has been increased, and the large reserve artillery has been consolidated with the regular batteries. By these means he is enabled to carry a larger supply of ammunition, and otherwise render his pieces more effective in action.

TOUCH THEM TENDERLY.

O touch them tenderly; they fell
In the harsh storm of shot and shell,
When, like a vast Phœnix host,
Rang the responding air
To thrilling thunder-strokes,
Shivering a chained nation's yokes,
The stepping plumes and spreading oaks
Fell with the soldiers there.

Touch tenderly those sons of Mars:
Wrap Sedgwick in the flag of stars;
Sponge the brave blood from Washworth's scars,
To fall from the flag of stars;
From honor here to glory where
The banner flies in fields of air
Is bright with stars forever fair,
Without the stripes of red.

Touch tenderly the living brave:
Bleed be the gentle hand that saves
A hero; while our longer waves
The loyal heart will beat
With quicker pulses where they tread.
Bid softly the poor wounds that bleed
Where the wild-dewers their colors shed,
Making the free air sweet.

Touch tenderly the gallant men
Who smile at their red wounds, and then
Ask to be ordered back again,
To join the fight once more;
To go where Grant and Hancock lead;
To fight Grant, Beauregard, Lee;
To watch and march and charge and bleed
Where waits the starry blue.

Touch tenderly the man whose life
Is dear to mother, sweet-heart, wife,
Whose blood was poured out in the strife
Of liberty with crime;
For brethren from the Spirit land
Are the defenders of the land,
Who like a living bulwark stand,
Each crowned with deeds sublime.

WIT AND WISDOM.

He who will stop every man's mouth
Has a great deal of meal.

PAT O'SHANGHASSY didn't enlist;
Did not wish to "lave his old mother an orphan."

On a child being told that he must be
broken of a bad habit, he actually replied:
"Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

"Jon, go to the pump and bring me
a can of water—I am as dry as a fish."

"So is the pump, father."

If an elephant can travel eight miles
an hour, and carry his trunk, how fast
could he go if he had a little page to
carry it for him?

Mrs. BLOBS is quite convinced there
is something in spirit rapping for she can
take her "sclemn oath," she saw her saucy
pan run over the other day!

THE city hotels charge three dollars
and a half a day for regular board—three
dollars for smelling of the kitchen, and
fifty cents for kissing the cook.

A DISGUSTED client having read that
there were eighteen hundred lawyers in
New York City, said he could name a
place where there were ten times as many.

MANY a person has two distinct selves,
one that promised and lied, and one that
believed the other. After awhile they
both lie to each other, and neither believes.

"You have only yourself to please,"
said a married friend to an old bachelor.

"True," replied he, "but you cannot
tell what a difficult task it find."

A KISS on the forehead denotes respect
and admiration; on the cheek, friendship;
on the lips, love. The young men of our
acquaintance have not much "respect"
for young ladies.

ONE of the frozen roosters found hang-
ing by its claws to the limb of a tree, at
New Albany, Ind., had his last crow
sticking eleven inches out of his mouth,
and froze stiff.

THE ladies of East Tennessee are re-
presented as unquestionably loyal. They
improve every opportunity to "kiss the
dear old flag," and now and then kiss its
good-looking defenders.

A LITTLE boy on coming home from a
certain church where he had seen a per-
son perform on an organ, said to his moth-
er,—

"Oh, mammy! I wish you had been to
church to-day to see the fun! A man pump-
ing music out of an old cupboard!"

"BRIDGET! why don't you bring the
iced lemonade?" said Mrs. S., on the 4th
of July, from the top of the kitchen
stairs. "Why, marm," said Bridget, wip-
ing the sweat from her red face with her
checked apron; "why, marm, you see
the ice that I put into the lemonade is so
hard, that it is not melted yet, though its
stirring it over the fire I've been for the
last fifteen minutes or more."

At some religious ceremony at which
the late Archbishop of Dublin was to of-
ficiate in the country, a young curate,
who attended him, grew very nervous as
to their being late. "My good young
friend," said the Archbishop, "I can only
say to you what the criminal said to those
around, who were hurrying him, 'Let us
take our time; they can't begin without us.'"

OLD Marm G—was never regarded
as a paragon of neatness; and if "clean-
liness is next to godliness," as St. Paul
asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady
never attained to the latter state. Not
only was she anything but neat herself,
but she showed a sovereign contempt of it
in others. Speaking of neat people, one
day, she remarked that her son Joshua
was one of the most particular men in
the world.

"Why," said she, "he threw away a
whole cup of coffee the other morning
because it had a bed-bug in it!"

Educational Department.

Parental Visitation

Education does not begin in the school room, but at the home fireside. The mothers and fathers of our land, be their characters what they may, are those by whom the first principles of an education must be inculcated. In the parent we find one of the most responsible positions as an ethical being. Parents must in a great measure answer for the moral and mental training of their own children.—Nor is it sufficient that they be trained mentally and morally; they must be strengthened and developed in their physical functions also. Mental, moral, and physical training combined, is requisite in order that children may attain that degree of perfection which evidently was the design of the Almighty in their creation.

Teachers need and desire the co-operation of the parents. Were the teacher an infallible being, it might be that the influence and co-operation of parents could be wholly dispensed with; but, such not being the case, a full and hearty co-operation of teacher and parent must exist, that we may arrive more directly and more easily at the designed end of education. Did parents interest themselves to the extent they should in school affairs, our schools would stand on a much firmer base, and more might with propriety be expected from our school teachers.

What a noble cause is inviting, yea, even begging your espousal! A cause not to be hemmed in either by state lines or national boundaries; not so unstable as the political factions, which are ever being born and nurtured in the lay of fanaticism; not so transient as the meteor that flashes across the heavenly arch, and leaves the world only in greater darkness as it again sinks into nothingness; but a cause whose breadth is only limited by the bounds of the universe; its height, only by the exalted position of our own and other enlightened countries, and by the flights through which it has borne the human mind; its depth, only by a state far beyond the bounds of hopeless insanity and idiosyncrasy; a cause firmer than the everlasting hills and mountains by which we are surrounded, and lasting as eternity. Is it a light, trivial, and unimportant work? Is the training of the human mind, that master-piece of all God's creation, that most Heaven-like attribute of humanity, to be despised as a work unworthy the attention of mankind? Let the world answer. Happily the work is not so regarded.

Parents should manifest a livelier interest in the education of their children. As a general thing parents are too negligent of the educational interest of their children. Their interest should manifest itself not only in the amount of knowledge inculcated but also in the kind, as, also in the health and comfort of their children while at school. How few parents comparatively ever think of entering the school room for the purpose of seeing what is really taught and in what manner it is taught! It is very seldom, indeed, that the parent is ever seen in the school room, and then in many cases it is for the mere purpose of lodging complaint or seeking to quarrel with the teacher. In no way can parents better promote the welfare of their children at less expense than by visiting the school while in full operation. Pupils, knowing that their parents will be spectators, make greater efforts to learn; and having occasionally the presence of their fathers and mothers in the school room, they naturally arrive at the conclusion that to be educated is really of some account, and therefore strive more earnestly to do well. The teacher also is encouraged in his work by knowing that parents are really interested in what he is doing for their children. Much of the unnatural prejudice existing against teachers would be removed, if parents did but attempt to see and judge the teacher on the strength of his own merits and from his own actions, instead of listening to, and encouraging the idle tales of disrespectful and disobedient children.

Few parents know the real inconvenience and want of comfort to which their children are subjected in many schoolhouses. By visiting the school they learn these, and if they have any affection for their children they will no longer tolerate the existence of these wants. The children in our public schools have been riding rails and slabs in the school room quite long enough. The comfort and health of the pupils must be consulted to a greater extent. The stereotype argument urged by many parents, that inasmuch as they "got their learning" in these houses, and inasmuch as they were good enough for them, they are also, therefore, good enough for their children, is now worn out. Because they were compelled to freeze their toes in some far corner of the old log school

house, they would now have their children undergo the same torture. But the real reason is behind this. This argument has ever been used merely as a cloak to conceal their own penuriousness and love of gain.

Parents should visit the school, that they may see that full justice is done the teacher as well as the children, and that he endeavors strictly to discharge his duty. To rely on the idle reports which children are apt to carry home, is worse than folly. Teaching is no more free from roguery, than perhaps most other callings, and there are many no doubt who offer themselves to the patrons of a district, who are not conscientious in the discharge of duty. Such as these need the attention of parents, that they adhere strictly to what is right.

It is only by visitation that parents will be enabled to understand the *modus operandi* of the school, and be able to determine what is right and what is wrong in the teacher's methods, and thus do full justice to pupils, teacher, and all others connected with the system.—Bradford Argus.

How Gen. Oglesby Became an Anti-Slavery Man.

[From a speech, made at Chicago, by Gen. Oglesby, Union candidate for Governor of Illinois.]

May I indulge myself for a moment, to give you a few of the reasons why I became an anti-slavery man? (Yes, yes.) I know that what affects the character of any one man in this country, is of but little consequence; still it was a big thing with me, and controlled all the future thoughts of my life—made me honest on the questions, made me purely honest.—My father was a slaveholder; he had a wife and eight children, and—only one negro (laughter), and identified himself with the institution of slavery. He was a Virginian born, living in Kentucky, a cooper by trade. A negro fell to his lot, somehow, with other things from his father's estate. He took that negro, learned him the carpenter's trade, he lived in the family, while all the children were being born, he nursed us, took us, led us along by the hand, and father, (so I am told, and I believe it is true) never gave him a lash or lick or an unkind word. [Applause.] He was one of the noblest black men I have ever seen. After a while in the course of events, my parents died and left us poor—very poor. I was eight years old. I saw that negro put upon the stand and sold off at auction. That did not concern me very much, I scarcely knew what it meant. I saw those who were my friends—whom I loved dearly, and still love. I saw them about it, and supposed as a boy that it was all right. That negro came often to see us, as he was taken away only about eight or ten miles; he was then 40 years of age. Shortly afterwards a son of the purchaser, in the wrath and fire of the moment, exposed his old bare back, and gave him one hundred deliberate lashes. The news came to us children through my married sister, that sad story of how old uncle Tim had been treated. Something settled hold of me then young as I was, and I made a resolve for a boy, of quite a serious character, that if ever in the Providence of God I grew up to be worth anything, enough to buy him back to freedom, I would do it. His master, I presume, was as kind as they generally are. It is not the owner of a slave I am abusing, but the institution. I am striking at something higher than a man—the system. Time passed on, and I remained poor. Finally, California became the rage, and I went there. I got together money enough to come back home and go to Kentucky; I kept my promise; I bought him and set him free, and I then swore eternal vengeance on the institution of slavery. [Tremendous cheering.] The institution of slavery never favored me. I love the people, for they were my dear friends, and owned slaves; most of my relations were nearly all Kentuckians, and nearly all slaveholders. I saw I had nothing to gain by it. There were no free schools—no such thing as learning to read and write. I lost my attachment for the institution. I never saw the day when I wanted to own a slave—when I desired to have the control of one. My purposes were fixed upon. I came to this free State where there was no such thing.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—It is supposed that Gen. Grant's whole army has effected a crossing of the James river before last evening, as the work had begun in the morning without molestation from the enemy, who appeared to be retreating below Malvern Hill and White Oak Swamp.

Gen. Smith had attacked Petersburg and carried the first line of fortifications. The 13th Army Corps, Gen. McClelland, has been discontinued, and Gen. Canby authorized to assign the troops composing it.

CINCINNATI, June 14.—The Times' correspondent at Flemingsburg, Ky., writing on the 12th, says the remnant of Morgan's command, numbering seven hundred men, passed through there this morning, of the 12th, en route, possibly, for Pound Gap. They admitted a loss of nearly one thousand at Cynthiana. A Federal force of 1,600 in pursuit arrived at Flemingsburg about six hours after Morgan left.

Vallandigham is still at Dayton and all is reported quiet there.

If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to spend much time and many words in saying it.